

Saga *of the* *Sanpitch*



Volume 10

1978

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume X

Containing

Winning Entries

for the

1978 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Also

Pictures of Sanpete's early Main Street

Sponsored by

Manti Region of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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By Lillian M. Fox

For

Manti Region

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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A DECADE OF SUCCESS

This year the Saga of the Sanpitch celebrates ten years of successful writing, awarding and publishing. We who are stewards of its destiny are looking forward to another ten years of continuous growth and progress. Our pioneers did not cease in their efforts, after clearing the sage from the land they established homes and institutions, then crowned them with a temple. May we, following the footsteps of our pioneers, strive for greater perfection and higher achievement.

The circle of "saga" friends is ever widening and the number of entries increasing. From a humble beginning of only a few entries in Volume I, the 1977 edition received seventy-three entries, and this year Volume X had ninety participants. We now print 1500 books each year. This supply soon disappears as they are sold in Utah, mailed to many parts of the United States and into foreign lands. Previous volumes are also in great demand. Citizens who write family histories and their own life stories are finding them valuable pools of information.

We admire the writers who do not give up when an entry does not win a place in the Saga. These people often come back with a contribution of higher perfection, greater sensitivity and stronger purpose. And who knows, other judges another year, often select a previous reject.

Mrs. Findlay, founder of the Saga, believes that the people of Sanpete have a special quality. She had this to say: "When my husband and I came to Sanpete, we discovered here a quality that seems to be unique in this area, a local pride, mixed with a goodly concern for all people. A humility that can accomplish many things that would lie dormant in other places. It is a quality that we've been trying to define, because Utah and the west is full of pioneers, their descendants and many stories, but there is something that makes anyone who ever lived here proud of his heritage."

Dr. Halbert Greaves, a judge for Volume IX, 1977, said: "To my knowledge there is no other group of people who have put forth effort to preserve local history, as have the people of Sanpete. Those who have made contributions in any way to the Saga of the Sanpitch are to be highly commended."

It is disheartening that all entries cannot be published, but publication is limited by cost. However, a copy of all unused entries is retained, and hopefully someday they will appear in print. The knowledge they contain is priceless

Lillian Fox

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The committee is grateful to those who search for treasures of wisdom, thought and courage. They are grateful also to those who give countless hours of time and energy to make the volumes a reality. No one receives pay for his efforts. The low price for the books covers costs for the typing, paper, printing, and awards, only. Those who serve have answered a call from their church as a public service.

The picture theme for this edition is scenes from the old Main Streets of Sanpete. The committee thanks those who loaned these fine prints. They depict a way of life difficult to describe.

We extend a special thank you to the judges. All three are former Sanpete citizens who moved to Provo area as professors at the Brigham Young University. All three finished local elementary and higher degrees of learning. Dr. Dean Christensen, chairman of the group, since judging the entries, has moved to Hawaii to fulfill a mission in the visitors center of the LDS Church. Dr. Ralph Britsch served in the Division of Humanities and Comparative Literature, and has retired to a new home in Heber City. Dr. Floyd Brienholt, BYU artist and teacher, helped as a judge and has permitted us to use one of his paintings for our cover page. Dr. Christensen sent this note along with the judged manuscripts: "Thanks for inviting us to participate in this

exciting and worthwhile project. You are a tremendous people to keep Sanpete History alive, keep going. We enjoyed reading and visiting together during the judging sessions. All the entries were fine works and hard to judge.”

THE COVER:

The cover picture by Floyd Brienholt, formerly of Ephraim, and now a Brigham Young University artist and teacher, can be identified by the white ledges in the background. They are the ledges just below the Skyline Drive in Manti Canyon.

Committee Members: Lillian M. Fox, Thelma Smith, Lorna Nell, Vivian C. Hermansen, Sonja Towne, Manti Stake; Gertrude Beck, Gunnison Stake; Loa Cheney, Mt. Pleasant Stake; Jessie Oldroyd, Moroni Stake.

Typist: Shirley N. Florence

Honorary Judge: Dr. Halbert Greaves, a judge of 1977, for his continuous help and expert advice.

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SANPETE COUNTY HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST 1978

DECISIONS OF THE JUDGES OF MANUSCRIPTS SUBMITTED

THE SAGA OF THE SANPITCH COMPETITION

<u>CATEGORY</u>	<u>DECISION</u>	<u>TITLE</u>
Professional Anecdote	1st	"Incident on a Train"
	2nd	"the Boy and the Bear"
	Honorable Mention	"Incident at a Well"
Hon-professional Anecdote	1st	"Confusion in the Cemetery"
	2nd	"Ten Common Pins"
	Honorable Mention	"The Bishop's Watermelon Patch"
Senior Anecdote	1st	"So They Were Finally Wed"
	2nd	"Claim Jumpers"
	Honorable Mention	"The Three Pipes"
	Honorable Mention	"The Apple Catcher"
Professional Short Story	1st	"Mary Prayed, John Henry Heard a Voice"
	2nd	"The Dauntless Dane of Sanpete County"
Non-Professional Short Story	1st	"A Hole in the Snow"
	2nd	"Why Me"
	Honorable Mention	"Going To Xanadu"
	Honorable Mention	"Diary of Cox – I Remain"
Senior Short Story	1st	"The Ephraim Bank Robbery"
	Honorable Mention	"Hamilton School Days with Pauline"
Professional Essay	1st	"Fruits and Flowers"
	2nd tied	"A Vignette"
	2nd tied	"Portals of the Progress"
	Honorable Mention	"Within My Walls"
Non-Professional Historical Essay	1st	"Mary Thorpe Beal"
	2nd	"Medical Wonders"
	Honorable Mention	"A True Pioneer Cowboy"
	Honorable Mention	"Rare Treasures from the Past"
	Honorable Mention	"The Begging of the Presbyterian Church in Manti"
Senior Historical Essay	1st	"The Sanpete Valley Creeper"
	2nd	"Indian Sport"
	Honorable Mention	"Growing up in Mt. Pleasant"
	Honorable Mention	"A Pioneer Child Speaks Out"
Professional Poetry	Honorable Mention	"Bits of Early Sanpete History"
	1st	"To A Pioneer Mother"
	2nd	"Thirty-and Five"

Non-Professional Poetry	1st	"Graveyard, Dover, Utah in October 1794"
	2nd	"Dress Up to Heritage"
	Honorable Mention	"Ephraim Nicknames"
	Honorable Mention	"Some of Me Will Remain"
	Honorable Mention	"Memories of Sanpete"
Senior Poetry	1st	"Mountains, Meadows, and Friends"
	Honorable Mention	"A Tale of Terror"

INCIDENT ON A TRAIN

Margaret Russell

Ephraim, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Place Anecdote

Lovisa Cox Johnson looked like a bride as she sat beside her husband on the northbound train. She didn't quite qualify, though, having been married for more than a year to Sixtus Ellis Johnson of Henrieville, Utah. Sixtus had recently bought into a Wyoming shepherd, and they were headed that way.

The train was producing smoke, soot, creaks, and groans, but Lovisa didn't mind. Barely seventeen years old, she was embarking on what she considered to be the ultimate adventure. She was leaving home for the first time. Her eyes were darting from scenery to passengers to husband to scenery again. Excited though she was, however, she didn't forget her manners and remained true to her upbringing. She kept her hands clasped in her lap and was careful not to speak to strangers.

When Sixtus struck up a conversation with the lady across the aisle, Lovisa felt strong disapproval and turned her head toward the window. Her husband was young and outgoing and trusted everybody. He just didn't seem to know any better.

The lady across the aisle was convivial also, and a lively conversation ensued. Sixtus tried to draw Lovisa in once or twice, but she just smiled and looked pointedly back at the window. After about an hour of this, the lady mentioned that she had been born a Cox.

Sixtus said, "Why, that was Visey's maiden name! Maybe you're related!"

They were.

Lovisa was the twenty-sixth and youngest child of Orville Sutherland Cox, daughter of his third wife. The lady was the daughter of the first wife.

They were sisters!!

That night, during a stopover at the lady's home in Fairview, Utah, the Sanpete branch of the Cox clan gathered to meet Orville Sutherland's youngest. And even though they were strangers, Lovisa found that she loved them.

Source: Conversation with Lovisa Cox Johnson, my Grandmother and Conversation with Mrs. Orlan Cox.

THE BOY AND THE BEAR

Halbert S. Greaves
Salt Lake City, Utah
Professional Division
Second Place Anecdote

More than sixty years ago my mother's parents lived "down by the tracks," two blocks west of our home. One of my chores was to carry a pail of our evening's milk to them. One night, when I was very young and impressionable, I was sent on this errand after dark. I begged my parents not to send me, protesting that I was afraid I would be attacked by a bear. I don't know why I thought a bear would be loose on the streets of Ephraim, unless I had heard bear stories from "Grown-ups."

After gently but firm, reassuring persuasion I took the pail fearfully and walked the two blocks with side-long, backward, and forward glances to try to see what fearsome dangers might be waiting to pounce upon me.

I saw no dangers; nor did I see my father, who quietly followed me to the door of grandmother's house, he followed me, placed his hand on my shoulder and probably said that now I knew there had been no bear to be afraid of.

Why did he show such concern for my childish fears and yet "make" me carry the milk when I was truly frightened? Perhaps he thought I should learn to cope with childish fears, or discover that my feelings were of deep concern to him and my mother. A strong feeling of relief and assurance hit me when I realized he had "been there" if I thought I needed help.

Perhaps he knew that by carrying the milk, apparently alone, I would grow up a little by conquering childish fears, and discover again that my parents cared for me. Their wisdom and love I have remembered more than sixty years.

Source: Vivid personal recollection

INCIDENT AT A WELL

Eleanor P. Madsen
Ephraim, Utah
Professional Division
Honorable Mention Anecdote

Before the turn of the century many families in Sanpete County depended on water drawn from wells for household use. The wells were usually "bricked up" two or three feet high, making a circular wall with a place for a bucket to stand on either side. The buckets were tied to a rope which went over a pulley under the slanting roof. The roof was about six feet above the circle of bricks around the well, supported by pillars on either side.

Christoffer Iverson was one of the residents in Ephraim that had such a well. Since there were a number of young boys in the Iverson family, other young men often congregated at the Iverson home to play.

On one occasion, Charley Iverson, who was then in his early teens, bet one of his friends that he could jump across the well in two jumps. He climbed up on the brick edge and proceeded to make good his dare.

Charley made one jump and landed in the middle of the well, falling forty feet into the cold water.

The boys shouted and screamed as they lowered a bucket into the well to get Charley out.

Mrs. Iverson, hearing all the commotion, came running out of the house just as the boys pulled Charley from the well. She gave him a good spanking and said, "Charley, did you pollute the water?"

Source: Incident related by Ali Olsen

CONFUSION IN THE CEMETERY

Lois Brown

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Place Anecdote

Sheep were grazing peacefully near a small cemetery in Sanpete in the early 1900's. The shepherd, feeling the sheep were doing so well all by themselves, rested as the sheep fed from place to place, although he had been warned by the owner to watch carefully and be sure that the sheep did not go into the cemetery.

The sheep grazed from one bunch of grass to another, ever nearer the cemetery. Finally they were finding food especially to their liking among the small wood markers on the graves in the cemetery.

Before the shepherd noticed what had happened, the owner of the sheep appeared and barked orders for the herder to get the sheep out of the cemetery immediately. The shepherd became all action. He called his four sleeping dogs, and the sheep moved, fast, in all directions, so fast indeed that the little wooden markers fell and flew in all directions.

The sheep were quickly out of the forbidden territory and the owner of the sheep viewed the havoc they had created. He flew into action, gathering the little wooden markers and shoving them into the ground in the rows where he could see markers had been. Then he herded shepherd, dogs, and sheep quickly out of the vicinity. He never heard of any problems in the cemetery and he hoped he never would, but secretly he felt that in a little neglected cemetery some people would always be decorating the wrong graves.

Source: Related by the owner of the sheep and the shepherd.

TEN COMMON PINS

Norma S. Wanlass
Manti, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Anecdote

July, 1827. Emeline would be six years old on the twenty-third. For weeks she had tried to guess what her birthday gift would be: a pink silk ribbon for her hair, fine lace trim for a Sunday dress, or a new pair of shoes to keep her feet warm and dry next winter?

She knew it would be a practical gift: being six meant she was growing up. Now she could take her turn at churning and ironing the flat pieces. Perhaps it would be her own wooden knitting needles. She was learning to knit now and would soon be knitting her own stockings. But no one had remembered, for she had searched everywhere and could find nothing.

The family had eaten their supper, and as they sang "Happy Birthday, dear Emeline," her mother drew a packet from under the pillow on her bed and handed it to her. Excitedly she unfolded a pair of fine tan stockings. It was the first of that color she had ever owned. They would be for church and very special occasions.

But wait; there was a ball in the foot of a stocking. Cautiously she pushed her hand inside and drew out a, a, a, pin cushion? Sticking in it were tow common pins. Her mother said they were shipped all the way from England. They must have cost a huge amount, at least a penny apiece.

On her birthday for the next ten years, one or two pins joined the first two, depending upon the family's financial situation. When she was sixteen years old, ten common pins were sticking in her pin cushion. Each time they were used, they were carefully returned to their place of safekeeping.

In 1852, when Emeline, Walter, her husband, and their family crossed the plains to the Great Salt Lake Valley, ten common pins went along.

Many times she loaned them to her neighbors. Once, only nine pins were returned, but after the dirt floor had been swept and sifted very carefully, the lost one again took its place with the other nine.

Ten years later Emeline still had ten common pins. In a world where it was a constant struggle to provide the necessities of life, they were used continually.

Source: Orville S. Cox Genealogy Bulletin, page 4.
Book of Knowledge, Volume 9, "Pins and Needles", page 3040.

THE BISHOP'S WATERMELON PATCH

Carolyn Christensen
Gunnison, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Honorable Mention Anecdote

I don't know why we climbed that fence that lead to the watermelon patch. I don't know why we took out our pocket knives and cut one open. We had no sooner taken the first few bites when out of

nowhere rode Jim. He spotted us and raced to tell Mother. How were we to know it was the Bishop's patch?

Mother was waiting for us, and announced that no dinner would be served until we had "made it right with the Bishop". We weren't hungry anymore, but after an hour good smells began coming from our house. We started out to tell the Bishop.

The four of us proceeding Indian style planned each step carefully as we walked across the public square covered with sagebrush. Which wife should we check first? The door opened in front of us. "Hello, come right in boys," said the pretty, smiling face.

We stuttered and stammered, "Is the Bishop home?" we found ourselves saying.

"Yes, he's down stairs. Bishop!" she called.

He started up the stairs and we braced for the worst. He was a big man. "What can I do for you?" was his unsuspecting response.

"We ah, we ah, we were walking along and saw this melon patch, but well, we didn't know it was yours." We added quickly. "If we had we surely would have let it be." We breathlessly awaited his response.

We didn't have to wait long. "God bless you boys!" he exclaimed. And then eh added, "Hanna, go down in the cellar and get these boys some melons." The Bishop patted us on the head and blessed us as if we were real heroes!

Source: Family history 1849-1925 Sanpete County

SO THEY WERE FINALLY WED

James L. Jacobs

Ogden, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Place Senior Anecdote

A wedding I watched when I was very young made a lasting impression. This was an unusual marriage which took place in our Mt. Pleasant home.

My father was bishop of the Mt. Pleasant North Ward, which included the Mountainville Branch of the Church. He was asked to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple from Mountainville, and he agreed. The small wedding party arrived showing none of the customary frivolity, but rather a subdued feeling. My mother acted as hostess, wearing her beautiful new blue figured silk dress.

My sister and I were not permitted to attend, but we were very curious so we raised the window blind slightly so we could see the ceremony from outside the house without being discovered.

The circumstances were most extraordinary. The couple had made a trip to Manti to be married. At the County Courthouse they had stated their intentions, answered all the questions asked by the attending official, signed on the proper lines, paid the assessed fee, and received a very official marriage license. They assumed this fulfilled the requirements for marriage, so they returned to Mountainville and set up housekeeping.

Several weeks later they discussed their trip to Manti with a friend, who explained that a marriage license did not make them man and wife, but a ceremony was needed to make their marriage legal. They were shocked into immediate action.

So they arranged for my father to marry them, which he did graciously in our parlor, and on a summer evening, with my sister and me looking on surreptitiously through the window.

We assume they lived happily ever after.

Source: Personal recollection of the author and his sister

CLAIM JUMPERS

John K. Olsen

Ephraim, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Senior Anecdote

The Tuesday that Gobblefield was all “gobbled” up (claimed), Ole Miller hired “Charley Buck” Jensen. They had taken the plow, gone out to the graveyard and had plowed a furrow around about twenty five acres of land immediately north-northwest of the now Pioneer Cemetery.

With the plowing of the furrow finally finished, they began to grub the brush. This was the first step toward clearing the land for farming.

About 3 p.m., “Old Henry” Beal and his son David N. drove up in a wagon, in which they also had a plow. Leaving their team and wagon on the road they walked to where Ole and Charley were working. After a very brief conversation, “Old Henry” announced in the tone of voice that was his alone, and in all probability caused some of the saints entombed in the cemetery to believe that the first resurrection was at hand, “In the name of the Lord, I prophesy that this land belongs to my son, David N. Beal!

To this Old (in substance) replied, “Brother Beal, I have always been taught and I have always believed in obeying the authorities of the Church so I guess David better have the land.”

Charley Buck was admittedly not the very best saint in Ephraim as he was just a little wayward, but he knew how some leaders were taking advantage of their flocks. He had listened to the conversation and been shocked by the daring announcement. In righteous indignation, Charley drove his grubbing hoe firmly into the ground and with no friendly gesture declared, “In the name of the Devil and for \$5.00 this, land belongs to Ole Miller. Now, let’s see you get it!”

Charley Buck’s bluff worked. The Beals acted as though they had more important business elsewhere. They left in haste.

Source: Ole often said as he told this story, “I believe it was the power of the Devil that scared “Old Henry” Beal. Ole Miller owned this land for some fifty years.

THE THREE PIPES

Stanford Madsen

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention Senior Anecdote

Niels Peter Domgaard was my wife's grandfather. After joining the Latter-day Saint Church in Denmark in 1851, he was called to preside over the Aalborg Branch. After accepting Mormonism there was one bad habit he knew that he must break that of smoking tobacco.

The following episode depicts Niels Peter's character as a man of honesty, strong willpower, and determination. He owned three pipes. One was short, made of wood, and when he smoked it, it hung down from his lip. The second was longer, twelve inches to be exact. He enjoyed smoking this one when he had a chance to sit down and converse with his friends. It was beautifully carved on stem and bowl. The third pipe was five feet long, highly carved polished, and ornamented with tassels along the stem. These last two pipes were carved from wood brought from France.

Because of the length of the third pipe, Niels Peter was unable to light it himself. He would lie down on a couch after a hard day's work, and his wife would light the tobacco with a candle while he puffed to get it started. This was an hour of restful enjoyment for him.

One day a friend came to his shop. He looked around and hardly recognized Niels Peter without his pipe in his mouth. Then the friend noticed all three pipes tacked to the wall. He was somewhat surprised and somewhat shocked as he asked, "Why are your pipes fastened to the wall?"

Niels Peter turned, looked his friend in the eye, and answered, "I made a decision today. The missionaries told me that smoking is harmful so I have put my pipes up and there they will stay."

Thus the pipes became conversational objects. Many gospel truths were discussed and explained because of them.

Source: Taken from an entry made by Grace Madsen for Saga 1976, but not published.

THE APPLE CATCHER

Lowell Brady

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention Senior Anecdote

The early citizens of Fairview soon found out that apples were not a best crop. Due to the high elevation, about 6,033 feet, the fluffy, white blossoms were frozen and fell from the stems. However, there were two apple orchards, near the mouth of the canyon, protected by a canyon breeze that usually survived. Grandfather Brady owned one of these orchards.

Grandfather Brady was blessed in another way. He had a large crop of grandsons, at least two dozen hungry striplings. In fact, there seemed to be a mouth for every ripened apple. Grandpa was finally forced to issue a complaint. He sent out word that everyone was to stay out of his orchard. What a blow this was for me.

Now it happened that a stream of water ran through the orchard and down the street near my home. As autumn winds shook the trees, the apples fell into the stream and came floating our way like ships in a harbor. We boys lined the ditch banks to make our catch.

This worked very well until school began in the fall. I recall sitting at my desk dreaming of floating apples. That was when I devised a plan. I placed a board across the ditch to catch and hold at least the largest apples that floated by. When noon hour arrived, out of the building I darted, raced home as fast as I could to beat the other boys to my apple catcher. How good those apples tasted along with a bread and cheese sandwich!

Source: Personal experience.

THE EPHRAIM BANK ROBBERY

J. Ford Anderson
Pleasant Grove, Utah
Non-Professional
Senior Citizen Division
First Place Short Story

My children have asked me to tell this story which happened in November 1921 in Ephraim, Utah. An attempt was made to rob the Bank of Ephraim and I was the City Marshal.

While performing my duties as the City Marshal I noticed several strangers in town during the day and during the night; sometimes very late at night. I was very suspicious of these men and I had a feeling that they were up to something suspicious. They seemed to be watching me.

Up until now the City Council didn't see any need for a City Marshal to carry gun. All I carried was a small lead-filled 'Billy Club'. We hadn't had any real need for a gun. The city had been quite peaceful with very little violence. The respect for the law that the local people had and the 'Billy Club' seemed to be all that was necessary.

It seemed that times were changing some in the Sanpete and surrounding county area. I was receiving news of robberies all over the country. Banks and stores and other businesses were being robbed and I had a feeling that Ephraim might be on the list for a robbery. This was the main reason for me being suspicious of these strange men that had been appearing on the streets.

About a week before this bank robbery happened, I went in to the City Council and asked them to furnish me a good gun. In fact, I asked for two guns, a sawed-off shot gun and a forty-five automatic. I told them how I felt and what I had experienced in the past several weeks, and that I didn't relish the idea of being out there on the streets with my bare hands and those guys with forty-five automatics. I said there would be a robbery here before long and I knowed.

The Council discussed the matter and finally turned me down on my request. Dave Beal, who used to be the marshal of Ephraim said, "Oh, don't worry about it, go home and go to bed." The council said they didn't think it would happen. The money to buy things was real scarce and they were very careful in buying anything.

I was very worried about the situation, so I borrowed an automatic shotgun and put it just inside the door of the old barber shop building just south across the street from Ephraim Bank on the corner. This

building was then being used by the city. I also borrowed a 45 automatic pistol from Weymor Christensen. I, at least, was ready for anything that might happen.

The City Council finally began to worry a little. Pete Bishop, who worked some with the Bank Manager, Fred Rassmussen, advising him on bank matters, convinced the council that they should hire a night deputy. The hired Pete Bishop's cousin, Denzil Beal to work in the down town area at night for security reasons.

About two nights before the robbery happened, I came down in town at about one o'clock. I was worried and thought I had better check. I arrived at the old barber shop corner and couldn't find Denzil, and supposed that he had gone home.

I noticed a fellow coming across the street from the bank corner. It was cold and he had a big overcoat on and the collar pulled up around his head and over his face so I couldn't see his face, and I had the same thing. He had something in his pocket that looked like a gun sticking there, and I had the same thing in my pocket. I had seen this fellow there before. He walked right past me and on past the Post Office. He then turned around and when he turned I turned around also. We walked toward each other. I walked right up to him. I had my gun ready in my pocket and it looked like he had his the same way. We met there and I know damn well that he figured on holding me up, but he must have been afraid. I believe he was scared of me. I said to him, "Are you looking for somebody?" He mumbled off something which I couldn't understand and wandered off cater corner toward the Drug Store which was across the street west of the bank on the corner.

I then noticed a car coming from the north with its lights out. It was moving very slowly. It stopped and picked up this man and moved off toward the south. I couldn't find where the car had gone or any further trace of them that night.

I was so damn sure even before this incident that a robbery was planned for Ephraim, because they were robbing all over the country. I knew that the Ephraim Bank was the best deal that they could have to rob. It wasn't even a bank. They had a box inside to put money in. All it took was a screwdriver and a monkey wrench to open it. I knowed that, and so did they.

About two nights after this, Mother (my wife) and I were walking home from town. We met a rough looking fellow about a half a block from our home. He looked like a real toughy. He passed us and walked on. Annie says, "By Gosh," she says, "There's something wrong with that fellow." And I said, "I guess he's kinda watching where I'm going. I think he is keeping track of me." And mother said, "That don't seem right that a stranger should be walking around out this way that late at night. There's never any strangers come out this way at this hour."

Well, we went home and into our house and turned the lights on, then a little later we turned the lights off as if we had gone to bed. I layed there on the couch awake until about one o'clock. I got up and thought that I had better go down there because I was afraid Denzil would be scared. Mother was as uneasy about it as I was. She fixed my lunch, and I left. She never even turned the lights out and she didn't go to bed. She stayed up because we both looked for trouble.

When I got down town near the old barber shop building, I couldn't find Denzil and figured he had gone home. I was clear stung and dumbfounded. I didn't know what to think of it. Why wasn't he there?

There was a light on in the bank and the blinds were pulled down. I didn't really know for sure whether it was bank robbers or the cleaning boys who very often cleaned the bank at a late hour. I looked around and saw a fellow stick his head up in the bank window and look out. I also noticed a man moving

behind a tree on the bank corner. He moved up and got behind the pillar on the bank. It didn't look like the cleaning boys. Dale Thompson was one of these boys who did the cleaning.

I had my keys on my inside pocket and had a difficult time getting them out to get the barber shop door open. Denzil had locked the door when he went home. I finally got it open and got hold of the automatic shotgun which I had placed just inside the door. When I came out, I had the gun up and down against my side hidden in my clothes so they couldn't tell what I had. I thought well, I'll find out who they are and I started across the street. I knew what they would do, but I figured they wouldn't know what I would do, but I figured they wouldn't know what I would do. When I got out in the middle of the street, one of them came out from behind the tree in the light there. He had two guns pointed straight at me and he said, "Stick'em up you son-of-a-bitch." I didn't stick 'em up. I told him to "Stick 'em up". He fired both loads at me and missed. I fired at about the same time and shot a little high. My second shot from the automatic shotgun hit him in the shoulder. It knocked him down and he rolled off the steps. He couldn't hit the side of a barn. They one stuck his head up in the bank window, and I fired at him, but the shell didn't seem to hurt him much. I backed up to the corner and got behind the big tree there and continued firing until I ran out of shells. I ran into the old barber shop after more ammunition. I didn't dare to turn the light on because I figured there might be a man behind the shop. I couldn't find the shells; they were not where I had put them. The shells had been placed way down on the lower shelf. I didn't know it and so I didn't get them.

I was frantic; I couldn't let them get away. I ran down the street to Harvey Hansen's store. He had promised to loan me a gun if I needed it. I called and knocked on the door until he woke. I asked him for the gun and ammunition. I don't know why, but he laced his damn high top boots clear to the top before he brought the gun. I was excited and anxious, and the delay in bringing the gun irritated me. I yelled at him and said they could be clear to Mt. Pleasant or Fairview by now.

I ran back as fast as I could and found they had left the bank. I could have captured them if he had brought the gun to me sooner. I could have captured them if I could have found the shells in the old barber shop; or if I had of just thought to hold one shell back. Well, I didn't get either of these things done. The robbers had left the bank and gone up the street through the Denzil Beal's (the night watchman) lot.

George Sorenson, who lived just up the street heard the shooting and came down the street, accompanied by Byron Kofard, who lived in Castle Valley and was visiting George. They were across the street and east of the bank. They tried to help me but they didn't know where I was and was afraid to shoot. There were several people in the same boat who would have helped had they known just what to do. These people all had guns.

The robbers had escaped when I got back from Harvey's with the gun.

The Sheriff had been called. Josie Olsen, who was the night telephone operator, had notified all the law men in the country.

When the Sheriff arrived, I got in the car with him and we followed them.

When we got to Fountain Green, Utah, we found the Mayor standing behind a tree with good guns. They had let the robbers go by them. They could have easily shot their tires, but didn't know for sure just who they were, and it is not easy to walk out and stop them to find out.

We then followed them down Salt Creek Canyon. It was getting light then. We noticed a car parked by a cabin, but we thought it belonged to the people in the cabin, so we didn't check.

We went on down into Nephi and found Nephi officers there watching and waiting. They informed us that no one had gone through there.

The manager of the Nephi Bank was there and he came over to me and said, "Say, do you know what I would do for you, if you had saved my bank as you did the one in Ephraim?"

I said, "No, what would you do?"

He said, "I would write you out a check for \$5,000."

"Well," I said, "That would be pretty good."

We then went back up the canyon because we knew that the robbers were somewhere in the canyon. We came to this car parked by the cabin. We very cautiously looked around for them. There were signs of them having been under the highway bridge which was near the cabin. After a thorough search of the area, we gave up and returned to Ephraim.

We found that the bank had not lost a penny. Money had been scattered around in and out of the bank. There were some bonds laying around.

I didn't want a lot of money for doing this job. All I wanted was for them to appreciate it a little. Some really appreciated it and some didn't say much.

Soren Sorensen called up from Richfield and was worried about the \$1800 he had in the bank. I think this is the money he used to start the South East Furniture Co. in Sugarhouse, Salt Lake City.

The bank finally gave me a hundred dollars, and a Mr. Powell from a road construction company gave me \$50 for saving the bank. Andrew Bjerregaard, Pete Nielsen, Taylor Johnson and a number of others came to me and really appreciated what I had done.

There was one man, Peter Justison, that rode up after it was over and wanted to know how it all happened. I tried to explain it to him. I said I came out of the sidewalk and started across the street towards the bank there. And he said, "Well, that's your word for it."

Lewis Anderson was standing there listening, and he said, "Well, let's prove that." So he went right out on the road there and found the shells that were thrown from my guns. He picked them up and turned to Pete Justison and said, "Well, I guess this will satisfy you, won't it, Pete Justison?" Pete turned colors and didn't know what to say.

The robbers were never heard from since except that I received a letter from a nurse from the Dee Hospital in Ogden, Utah. She said that there was a fellow in the hospital that was shot in the shoulder. He claimed to have been fighting with some dogs and the gun went off and hit him in the shoulder. She said it looked mighty suspicious to her that a man would hold a gun and be shot in the shoulder like that. She thought it was one of the robbers.

Fred Rassmuson didn't want to press charges.

I would have liked to have gone up there and checked it out, but Fred didn't want me to go.

Source: Personal Experience

HAMILTON SCHOOL DAYS WITH PAULINE

Pauline M. Rasmussen

Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Non-Professional

Senior Citizen Division

Honorable Mention Short Story

The 8 o'clock school bell rings loud and clear with precious memories as I recall my many years at Hamilton School in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. Let me tell you a story about it while there is still time.

The school should have rightly been given the name of "Hambleton" because the first settlement in Mt. Pleasant in 1852 was given this name in honor of Madison D. Hambleton, leader of the company, but through some misunderstanding in the spelling it was named Hamilton. This beautiful three story red brick building was completed in 1896, just in time for me to be enrolled in the beginner's grade when I was 6 years of age.

Our first principal, D.C. Nelson, was an exceptionally fine man. My first teacher was Mary Johansen, a young single girl with unusual ability. We used a slate with a slate pencil for writing and each one of us had our own private little desk with a shelf underneath the top for our reading books and other school supplies.

I remember the beautiful stories of the golden rod, and asters in our first primer. Our teacher brought the world of nature right into our classroom with her stories of the clouds and interesting projects. I will never forget the squirrels in their metal wheel turning around like a Ferris wheel. Reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling and penmanship were everyday routine.

The girls dressed pretty much the same in our calico dresses and the boys wore blue denim bib overalls. In the winter we wore heavy clothing because we had to walk to school or ride in a wagon. I wore leggings that buttoned around my legs with overshoes buckled over them. After a long walk to school in the snow they would be so wet I would take them off and dry them off on the radiators. In the spring when the snow melted we wore rubbers to keep the sticky mud off our shoes and often times the mud would be so deep it would pull them off.

At recess we had a lot of fun playing games. One of our favorite ball games was "Rounders", similar to our softball today. The girls usually played together under the supervision of a teacher, but if we were left alone the boys would grab our ball and run. Of course the boys played ball, too, but one of their favorite sports was the "The Giant Stride". A dozen chains with handles on hung from a large metal pole and they would grab one and run until they could swing way out in the air. It took skill, strength and courage so we girls enjoyed the regular swings better.

One of our very choice pastimes was to "Jump the ditch". There was a big ditch across the road from the school grounds and in the spring we liked to challenge our friends to see who could jump the widest parts. It took some practice and a little growing up before we could do it without falling in. Nip Cat was another challenging game that everyone liked to try their skill at. We used a piece of wood sharpened on both ends and a stick to hit it with. A circle in the dirt was our target and we got so many points for getting close to the goal. Hopscotch and marbles were always very popular for boys and girls.

We had excellent teachers because they like to teach and wanted us to succeed. If a teacher could not control the class he didn't last long. Our parents always took the part of the teacher in those days so we didn't want to tell our parents if we had to be corrected in school for fear of further punishment from

them. A few teachers manhandled the boys if they needed it, but we all had a great respect for our teachers.

I graduated from the 8th grade at the age of 14 with a special promotion and then attended the Normal School at Snow Academy in Ephraim for 4 years. North Sanpete High School was started in 1908 on the 3rd floor of the Hamilton School.

My first year of teaching was at Redmond, Utah, but the following year I stayed at home to be of help to my parents and was a substitute teacher at Hamilton.

On 22 March, 1911, I was married to Royal Victor (Dick) Peterson and we lived on a farm at Shumway Springs, southwest of Ephraim. We had 4 children; Eugene, Ray, Ila, and Audrey. We moved to Ephraim when our first child was old enough to start school. My husband was struck by lightning 17 June, 1918, so after a year and a half I went back to teaching to make a living for my children. I replaced a teacher in Indianola that first year, teaching from January to May in 1920. The following year I started teaching full time again at my dear Hamilton School.

School was about the same then as when I attended except they had added music and art with special teachers for these subjects. We had many operettas and even an elementary school band. Each grade had their own room and teacher unless it was so large it had to be split.

When the school was first built there was an entrance for boys on one side and girls on the other, but later we marched in by grades from both east and west. I was one of the teachers who played the piano (on the second floor) for them as they marched in just like soldiers, never missing a beat or they may get jerked out of line. When John Mower became principal he did away with the marching.

The school bell always rang at 8 a.m. and again at 8:45. A little gong was sounded at 8:55 and if we were not in our seats we were counted tardy.

Elmer Johansen was our principal when I started teaching and he was an excellent teacher as well. On March 24, 1922, I woke up to a beautiful morning and was just a little later getting to school than usual because I had been admiring the early signs of spring. As I was coming up the walk by the Library I met Vern Winters and she said, "Oh, our principal and janitor have just been killed by electricity." The shock of such a tragedy was a terrible blow to the school and whole community.

The night before there had been a terrific wind storm and it had knocked a great big limb down over the electric wires that let into the furnace room. The furnace had been moved into the basement of the boys and girls rest rooms because it would get so hot it "scorched" the floors in the school building. This little red brick house was about one fourth block south of the school. A large underground pipe carried the hot water from the boiler to the radiators in each class room.

This fateful morning our janitor, Kanute Terkelsen, opened the door at the head of the stairway leading down into the basement and as he turned on the light switch he fell dead and rolled to the bottom of the stairs. Elmer Johansen came to school and found there was no heat so he went to check the furnace and saw Mr. Terkelsen laying on the floor. He immediately ran for Dr. Olaf Sundwall who lived just a block north of the school and he slipped on his robe and ran back to the scene with Elmer. They both reached the light switch, but Elmer knowing where it was, touched it first and fell dead, so Dr. Sundwall knew immediately they had both been electrocuted. Mr. Terkelsen was taken home and they put Mr. Johansen on the couch in the faculty room until his family could be notified. The children gathered around like flies to see what was going on, and Supt. J.W. Anderson told them what had happened and that they were all excused to go home and stay until after the joint funeral. Marjorie Pratt who was the music teacher was the principal for the rest of the year and also took Elmer Johansen's classes.

The restrooms were later moved to the 2nd floor of the school and a nice kitchen was installed in the little red brick house where nutritious lunches were prepared for the children. ; our first school lunch was a bowl of soup prepared in a room on the 3rd floor by Sadie Allred and Esther Lindberg for one penny a bowl.

Fire drills were held frequently and the building was evacuated in 2-3 minutes. A gong with a metal chain running from the first to the third floor served as a signal. Five gongs in rapid succession meant "FIRE" and everyone knew exactly what to do. The grades on the ground floor marched out with precision and the children on the second and third floors slid down the spiral metal fire escape as fast as they could fly and a teacher was near to assist them if needed.

Mordsen Allred started a band in our school that really made a hit in our community and elsewhere. They were in demand for all celebrations in our county and participated in the 24th of July parade in Salt Lake each year. They looked very colorful in their white pants, blue capes and hats lined with gold. Max Blain did much to lay a foundation in art for our students in his kind gentle way.

Since most of my life was centered around Hamilton School. I cannot help but have many fond memories of students, faculty and incidents. They are all choice experiences of the good things in life and if there were any bad, I have forgotten them. There were little accidents like the day my son Eugene had a sharpened stick run through his lip when they were playing gladiators at recess. I was reminded of a time I picked up one of my students and kissed her, the observer thinking it impossible for a teacher to love a student that much. One day I asked my students to write a little story about what they were going to do during their summer vacation. One sweet little girl said, "I want to play school all summer. I have a black board but I don't have any chalk. I wonder what I will do." I smiled to myself and saw to it that she got her chalk.

Some of my wonderful teachers were: Mary Johansen, Lydia Hasler, Margaret Reynolds, Fannie Candland, Jennie Jorgensen, Ada Nelson, P.C. Peterson, Daniel Rasmussen, Annie D. Stevens, John O. Lovegren and Joseph Hughes. Others who were teaching there during these years were: Andre L. Larsen, Voila Whitaker, Ida Larsen, Ida Merz, Sena R. Madsen, Tressa Larsen, Andrea Johansen, Mina Hasler, Addie Anderson, Florence Monsen, Elma Noland, Olaf Anderson, Caroline Lovegren, R. W. Livingston, Alberta Larsen, D.C. Jensen, C.J. Jensen, and P.M. Nielson. Those who were there when I was teaching were: Elmer Johansen, Anders Nelson, John F. Mower, Mable Rasmussen, Ervin Bohne, Vern S. Winters, Tillie Borg, Merrill Sandberg, Helen Larsen, Merlin Christense, Christie Clark, Ethel Lund, Fawn Madsen, Louise Drandsen, Josephine Peterson, Pearl Jorgensen, Louella Jorgensen, Fontella Langlois, Emeline Kindred, Mildred Knudsen, Deon Allred, Bernice Madsen, Max Blain, O'Leah Wall, Alta Jensen, Loa Allred, Gwen Allred, Betty Wall, Ethel Rasmussen, Edna Jensen, Marie Jensen, Ruby Sorensen, Ellen Carter, Flossie Staker, Lizetta Seely, Very Millet, Loa Bangerter, Beth Larsen, Catherine Fowles, Beth Ericksen, Grace Simpson, Ruth Reynolds, Mae Clemenson, Edith Aldrich, Verl E. Johansen, Helen Bohne, Delma Jorgensen, Claris Stevens, Beth Briton, Abe Little, Florence Little, Howard Kay Lay, Mordsen Allred, and Fern Jacobs. If any were not mentioned it was not intentional.

I retired in 1956 at the age of 65 after 34 years of teaching. My two lovely daughters died in the prime of their lives, but my sons carried on the Peterson name proudly. I was married to Arthur Rasmussen later in my life so I was called Miss Monsen, Mrs. Peterson, and Mrs. Rasmussen by my many students, but to all those who knew me best I was just Pauline. Time marches on and a new generation has taken over a new building which was completed in 1962. Hamilton School was truly a landmark of Pioneer industry and a monument of their integrity. The bell was placed in a Monument by the D.U.P. on the lawn of the Pioneer Museum and it still rings loud and clear for special occasions.

MARY PRAYED, JOHN HENRY HEARD A VOICE

Kathy B. Ockey

Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas

Professional Division

First Place Short Story

Mary sat looking out of the window for a moment, got up and put the baby in her cradle and began to pace the floor in worry.

Earlier, she had taken the cradle outside. Little Henry had played contentedly by his sister while Mary had done the washing. She had just finished the diapers and was starting on the white things when Paul Taylor came around.

“Sister Mary, gather the children and get in the house, the Indians are on the warpath.”

Mary had dumped Henry in the cradle next to the baby. Leaving the clean clothes and soap to a fate of their own, she had rushed to her cabin, which formed part of the outside wall of the fort. She had then fed Henry and changed and nursed the baby. Now that both were finally napping her thoughts turned to her husband. Her frenzied pacing kept step with her worrying.

John Henry had left early in the week for the saw mill. The other men had come home last night, but John had spent the night, wanting to have an extra day to get some logs ready for a fence for their garden which was nearing maturity. It promised to help provide them with food during the long winter if it could be protected from rabbits, groundhogs and deer. So they needed the fence and Mary had been glad that the task was getting done, but now that word had come of the approaching hostile Indians, she was frightened.

Finally, in desperation, Mary knelt and petitioned her God, the one who had brought her from Canada to Winter Quarters, from there to Salt Lake to Manti and from Manti to Ft. Hambleton. As she folded her arms, her hand brushed the lump on her chest. It had been caused by the stick she had used to dig sago lily roots that first fall when food was scarce. For some reason it had never gone away. Now it served to remind her of one of God’s miracles: His providing food when there seemed to be none.

The thought of this brought to mind another miracle. This time it occurred a few months after she and John Henry were married-the crickets and seagulls. Their crops were in the fields in the sugarhouse area and were thus completely destroyed before the seagulls could save them but the seagulls devoured the crickets quickly enough that many of the crops, especially on the northern side, were saved. So through bartering work for food and gleanings, they had survived that first winter as man and wife. Again God had helped them.

Now Mary, her faith strengthened by her memories of God’s miracles, asked for one more. Everyone knew the fate of the lone settler confronted by warring Indians, so Mary asked that John Henry please be brought home in safety.

At the saw mill, John Henry had about two-third of the logs needed and was taking the bark from a particularly stubborn specimen. He stopped to wipe his forehead with his handkerchief. It was hot, one of the hottest days he could ever remember. As he stuffed his handkerchief back in his pocket, he seemed to hear a voice: “Go home.” He turned and looked around. Seeing no one, he decided it was the heat and picked up his axe and went back to work. Again he heard the same two words: “Go home.” This time,

knowing that he was alone, he didn't even pause. But a third time, it came again: "Go home!" This time it was so forceful, he could do nothing but obey. He saddled one horse and leaving the other horse and the partially loaded wagon started for home. He rode slowly at first, but a strange urgency pushed him to ride faster and faster, even his horse seemed to sense a need for hurry and needed no urging to hurry.

Mary had started some stew and biscuits in case John Henry did come home, and too, to keep busy. She had bathed both children, and trying to keep her thoughts from John Henry and his possible danger, had started worrying about the cow. She had been left in the clearing near the vegetable patch and was mooing unmercifully, her full udder giving her great pain. Mary went to the window to try to locate the poor animal, wishing she could do something. Brother Taylor had said no one should leave the fort and she couldn't see the cow to try to call her. But something else caught her eye, there in the northeast, the sky held an ominous glow. Since it was a clear night, it could mean only one thing; the saw mill was on fire. Mary choked back a cry, said a silent prayer and checked the biscuits.

Darkness was falling as John Henry entered the home stretch. The horse was getting tired so of necessity he had slackened his pace. He glanced over his shoulder; maybe it hadn't been wise to leave the saw mill with his work only half finished and without the wagon and other horse. He, too, saw the glow on the horizon and knew it could only be one thing; the saw mill on fire. There had been so much rain; it couldn't have been an act of nature either. A cold feeling set in at the base of John Henry's spine. There had been rumblings the last few weeks of the Indians, wanting to drive the settlers out. If that were the case, if the Indians were indeed on the warpath again, he had been very lucky, or more likely, very blessed in hearing the strange warning.

One lone settler at the sawmill facing a band of resentful, hostile Indians would not fare well. The cold at the base of John Henry's spine rose, until, in spite of the heat, he was shivering with delayed reaction. He quickened the tired horse's pace.

The night was cooler and the stars glistened brightly as John Henry came within sight of the fort. Mary must have been watching for him, for as the gates were opened, she came running toward him, tears streaming down her smiling face.

"The Indians....."

"Yes, I know."

The rest was lost in an embrace that after almost five years of marriage said so much more than mere words could.

It was a good week before Mary and John Henry pieced together both sides of their story. Morning brought the Indians headed toward Ft. Hambleton. Because of their small numbers, the settlers decided it would be better to go to Alfred's settlement. On August 22nd, the Indians attacked Alfred's settlement and stole all of the livestock except for a few calves which had been in the corral. The men formed a posse and started after the band of Indians. As they neared the Indians, the Indians turned and headed toward the settlement so the men were forced to return and protect it.

The people sent to Manti Fort for help, They were evacuated to Manti for the winter.

When Mary and John Henry finally found time to compare notes, the saw mill they had worked so hard to start was gone, as was their wagon. All of the lumber was burned, the livestock had been run off or killed by the Indians and most of their household items had also been stolen by the warring band.

They were left with almost nothing, except each other and the children. But they felt blessed.

John Henry Owen Wilcox lived to be almost 86 years old, Mary Young Wilcox lived to be 98 years old. They were married 67 years and reared 11 children, four sons and seven daughters. Fifty-six of these years and nine of these children came after Mary prayed and John Henry heard a voice.

Source: A sketch of the life of John Henry Owen Wilcox

ANDREW PETER'S PROMISE

Eleanor P. Madsen

Ephraim, Utah

Professional Division

Second Place Short Story

The day was hot and sultry. Andrew Peter had been up since before daylight coaxing the small stream of water through the sparse alfalfa patch. "Golly, I'm tired! I must be getting' old," he said aloud, more to himself than to his nephew who was cutting some weeds out of a ditch nearby. The older man sat down on a clump of grass on the ditch bank to rest a few minutes before resuming his task.

The younger man, whose name was also Peter, leaned on the shovel handle as he said, "Old? Why, you'll outlast me twenty years. I'll tell you what. If you go first, no matter where I am I'll be to your funeral. If I go first, you gotta promise me you'll come to mine no matter where it is."

"It's a deal," exclaimed Andrew Peter as he stretched out his arm to shake hands on the bargain.

Many years passed. Peter left Sanpete County and moved across the mountain to Ferron, Emery County, where he lived for some time.

One day in August 1914, Andrew Peter, who was then 82 years old, was out in his field north of Ephraim harvesting peas. Word was brought to him that his nephew Peter, had died and the funeral would be on Wednesday, just two days away.

It was a busy time of year for farmers and that black cloud in the west looked like rain. Andrew Peter had given his word to be to the funeral of his namesake so the farming would have to wait.

It rained most of the night but Andrew Peter had no intention of breaking his word. He arose early and said to his wife, "Martha, tell Ali and Minnie they can ride with us and Nels and Lilly can take Suzy with them. We'll be better off taking the two cars of it's going to rain.

It was 9 a.m. before the Olsens with their two Model T's were on their way. There was still a fine mist of rain in the air as they left Ephraim and drove south. All went well until the group reached Sumper's Ranch in Salina Canyon. To their dismay the road leading through the railroad tunnel had been washed out by the heavy rain.

"We better go back, Dad," Ali suggested. "We'll never get through this."

"We're not going back!" exclaimed Andrew Peter. "I promised Pete I'd go to this funeral and that's what we're going to do."

The boys knew it was no use to try to persuade their father to turn around. They started making their way cautiously over the steep bank. Martha sat motionless hardly daring to breathe as one wheel slipped into a deep gulley made by the flood water. She wanted to get out and walk but knew that was impossible. Just as she thought they were on more sure ground again, the car sank into the sticky mud and stopped.

Andrew Peter climbed out of the car and looked around to see what could be done. As he kicked around in the mud with his toe, he shouted, "Look, here's a piece of rail! Maybe we can pry the wheels loose with it."

Ali scoffed, "Why you can't even lift one end of that rail let alone pry the wheels up with it."

"Well, I'm going to try. We've got to do something," answered Andrew Peter. After several tries he found that he couldn't lift the rail. On closer examination the elderly man found a piece that had broken off which he could use. With this to aid him and the boys and the other car helping to push they were out of the mud hole and on their way again.

A second tunnel proved to be less hazardous. There was enough road not covered with mud and water that the cars could get through. Martha kept her eyes focused on the road ahead. Her fingers ached from claspings them together so tight. As they rounded each precarious curve, Martha wondered if the floor board under her feet would last to their destination.

The Model T's made it across the top of the mountain and down Red Creek. Here the boys were ready to turn back again. The complete road had been washed out and floods had piled mud and debris as much as eight feet high.

Martha moaned, "What on earth can we do now?"

"Now, Martha, don't get excited." Andrew Peter tried to reassure her. "We'll go down in the creek bed." At once he started driving his car in that direction.

Ali said, "Dad, you can't do that. We'll never make it through. We can still go back."

Andrew Peter was determined. Martha and the boys knew it was no use to say any more. Martha shut her eyes, held her breath and prayed silently. She was numb all over. As the car lurched forward into a deep gully she wanted to scream but even her jaws were too rigid to move. She was sure they were going to roll down the hill. Somehow the car stayed upright and at last they were on level ground. The mud holes were almost a welcome relief to her.

It was getting dark as they drove on to the road again. Martha could barely see the outline of the solid rock wall that towered 100 feet above them. The headlights were so mud-splattered that it was difficult to see where the road was. Martha's prayers helped and the little party traveled for some time without incident. As they reached the division of the road that led to Emery and to the Pony Mines (the road that now leads to I-70) once more the first car mired in the swampy mud.

Ali, peering through the blackness said, "I think the road is full of water."

Andrew Peter replies, "I'll soon find out. I think it's just mud."

He got out of the car and found himself wading in water up to his ankles. With the aid of the second car and more pushing and pulling, the men were able to get the cars moving slowly again through mud and water.

It was 3 a.m. when the weary travelers reached the town of Emery and made their way to the home of Minnie's brother, Lou Peterson. After waking the Petersons, they were treated to bowls of bread and milk and sank into bed and exhausted sleep.

It was late in the forenoon before the Olsen's were able to get on their way toward Ferron. Their problems were not over as they encountered roads that had been washed out. The mud and water caused some mechanical problems with their cars. Martha was afraid they would never reach Ferron in time for the funeral. Andrew Peter and the boys were so covered with mud they didn't look very presentable to be going into a church, she thought. Martha rubbed some of the mud from the bottom of her own black skirt and pushed a stray lock of her gray hair from her face.

It was very quiet as the group stopped their cars by the small adobe church in Ferron. The hearse with its two white horses and several other cars and buggies were standing by the fence where the mud had been scraped away for the mourners to park. As she climbed out of the car, Martha lifted her eyes to a ray of light pushing its way through the clouds.

Andrew Peter led the way as they entered the church. They could see the Bishop standing at the pulpit and the rest of the congregation standing. The funeral was over. As the Bishop saw the door open and the Olsen's enter, he announced to the audience, "Here are the Kesko's from Sanpete."

There was handshaking, embracing and words of welcome for Andrew Peter, Martha and the others. The body of Peter in the wooden casket was forgotten for a moment.

Ali, Nels, and their families never forgot that when Andrew Peter made a promise, he kept it.

Source: A true story told to the author by Ali Olsen, 92, of Ephraim, Utah.

THE DAUNTLESS DANE OF SANPETE COUNTY

Donald F. Kraack

Salt Lake City, Utah

Professional Division

Honorable Mention Short Story

Early in 1857, a trim sailing vessel under full canvas, glided stately out of a bay in Denmark, bound for America. For one individual aboard, young Andrew Bjerregaard, born June 6, 1851, in Aalborg, the embryo of a destiny and varied career was beginning to form.

After disembarking at New York harbor, the Bjerregaard family headed straight-a-way for Missouri. There was a brief period of re-grouping and outfitting, then in the year of 1857 or 1858, they joined a creaking wagon-train of hopeful souls, and rumbles westerly out of Missouri to Brigham Young's newly found, and so called "Land of Zion." Many were leaving the east for the west to avoid religious persecution, which flourished at that time, and to a new way of life, some to find financial security, and a few for just plain adventure.

For the Danish immigrants, the thought of establishing a home in a new land with all the opportunities afforded, was wonderful. The Bjerregaard family was anxious to reach the recently established Salt Lake City, in the territory of Utah, or "Deseret" as the Mormons chose to call it. After many wearisome weeks filled with numerous adversities, the wagon-train reached the Mormon stronghold, with six-year old Andrew.

A short time for resting from the plain's crossing was enjoyed and welcomed in Salt Lake, while the next move for some of the members was being evaluated by the church leaders. Finally the decision was made and the Bjerregaards, along with others, were dispatched to one of Brigham Young's far away areas to colonize and help build the little settlement of Ephraim, which was established in 1854, about 110 miles south and east of Salt Lake City.

It is only speculation, and an uncertainty of reason, as to why his parents would leave a child with another family, after having taken him on such a perilous journey to an unknown wilderness, and among strange people. This happened to young Andy. It is also theorized, and with reason, that a conflicting opinion arose over the idea of polygamy, which was then advocated by the Mormon Church. It is believed

the Bjerregaard family would not conform to this co-habitive way of living, so as a result of this contention, the family moved back to Missouri, leaving Andy in the care of another family in Ephraim. The senior Bjerregaards were disillusioned, and disenchanted with the doctrines of the church.

(Many years later, while on a trip back east, Andrew surprised his aged parents with a visit. They had not seen him since leaving him in Utah as a small child, however, his mother exclaimed, "Oh, its Andrew!" A tearful but happy reunion followed.)

As Andrew was entering into his formative years of boyhood, tension was building in Sanpete County between the Indians and settlers. Numerous depredations had been inflicted on outlying farms and ranches. Isolated cattle and shepherders had been massacred. Brigham Young's policy toward the Indians was one of appeasement. He advocated it was better to feed, than to fight them. In a way, this was understandable, for at least a two-fold reason. First, the Indians vastly out-numbered the settlers, and secondly, to have trouble with them would hamper colony expansion that was being established throughout the Territory of Utah at that time. The situation then at this point, in Sanpete County was akin to a lighted match over a powder keg.

And then it happened, the seemingly inevitable. The Black Hawk War of 1865 to 1868 had its beginning. This was the turmoil that was going on when Andrew Bjerregaard was trying to accumulate a herd of cattle on his own. Constant Indian attacks and the threat of total annihilation kept him and the townsmen continually on guard while trying to eke out a livelihood at the same time. At an age when most boys ere indulged in, Andrew realized that with him, it was either "sink or swim". He had to think, work and assume responsibilities of a man. In short, he was a man many years before he should have been.

The treaty with Black Hawk had been signed in 1868. It was about this time Andy decided upon entering the freighting business. Settlers needed clothes, tools, equipment and almost everything. Here was an opportunity to make big money if only he could get started right. He had saved a little from his "hiring out" and had managed to buy a pair of oxen from a man in the small settlement of York, (later becoming the present town of Mona, Utah) approximately forty-five miles from his home in Ephraim. Andy had to go there to collect his stock.

Undaunted by the still raging aftermath of the Black Hawk War and with the hills and canyons full of warriors, he decided to make the trip by himself, traveling by night and hiding by day. The weather had turned cold, being late fall and he had scarcely worn enough clothes to keep warm. His only food on the trip consisted of raw potatoes bargained for from a farmer along the way. After suffering bitter cold, hunger and fear of being detected by Indians, York was finally reached and Andrew claimed his prize oxen.

Thus his freighting business was started, which took him to the hell-roaring mining camp of Pioche, Nevada. By late 1891, a branch-line of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad had been completed from Thistle to Gunnison Valley, Territory of Utah, passing through Sanpete County. Thereafter, long-haul freighting by wagon was, for the most part finished in that locality.

Deprivation in his early youth eventually molded Andrew Bjerregaard into a shrewd and tactical businessman. One venture led to another, so that by the turn of the century, his enterprises included farming, livestock, freighting, owner of much real estate and, eventually, banking was undertaken.

Bjerregaard accomplished much good in the community of Ephraim. He frequently gave help to young folks and organizations, but since he was an "outsider", (a name the Mormon Church chose to give a non-member) and also since he shoes not to always give to the Church, his many philanthropies seemed to go un-heralded.

Bjerregaard became one of the first settlers and land owners of Mayfield and Christianberg, communities built on twelve mile creek, twenty two miles south of Ephraim. He extended his domain still farther south into the willow Creek area, now known as Axtell.

As he sat on his horse atop a bluff overlooking the rich, fertile lowland, his eyes traveled slowly up and down the Sevier River. He noticed a settlement or two up-stream and a few more vaguely discernible in the distance down-stream. Eventually his gaze came to an abrupt halt at the confluence of the river and the Willow Creek. This was it! A large area of loamy, virgin soil just for the taking. The availability of water made this land more priceless than gold. This is where he would homestead a section, 160, 40 acres each for two of his sons and two of his daughters. Andy had married pretty Caroline, known as Betsy, Whitlock, and to this union ten children were born.

Half turning in his saddle, he noted lush summer range land across the valley in the mountains to the east, which he acquired to add to his already established empire, and his eventual title of "the cattle-baron of Willow Creek."

Although not a large man, what he lacked in physical bigness he made up for in many other ways. He was too active and ambitious to get obese, but was rugged and hearty. Possessing all the needed qualities a pioneer and frontiersman had to have to survive those abusive years. He loved life and living, but not to the point of over-indulgence and squandering of time and money.

He rode for cattle each fall up to the year before his death in 1932, at the age of 81, and always enjoyed hunting deer each year during season and with rather good luck, selling the deer hides and giving the money to his grand-children. His one excessive indulgence was the rolling of many "Bull Durham" cigarettes in his lifetime. This old west western stand-by was his favorite, even when the financial stage was reached that he could afford "tailor-mades." Although being shrewd, efficient, thrifty and somewhat of a taskmaster, he displayed a grand sense of dry humor. All this is encompassed in a story told of him in his later years.

One day he met one of the town "sports" on a street in Ephraim. The man who had been imbibing and was feeling pretty high said to Bjerregaard, "Andy, why don't you loosen up, spend some of your money, and have a good time?" "You know silver dollars were made round to roll." Andy retorted, "Like hell they were, they were made flat to stack up."

One of the great highlights of Andy's life was when at the age of eighteen; he attended the ceremonies of the driving of the golden spike at Promontory, Utah, May 10, 1869, which joined the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads.

Bjerregaard, as other pioneer frontiersmen and cattlemen, was individualistic, but they had many virtues in common, courage, determination and stamina, which boil down to one word, guts; a quality largely lacking this day and age.

At one time during the course of interviewing his descendants, his use of domestic animals was mentioned. It was noted that when he needed milk for himself and families, he simply cut a wild range cow from the herd, roped, tied and milked her. He would also butcher choice cattle from his herd to be shared with the families for eating.

Andrew Bjerregaard became president of the Bank of Ephraim, which position he held for quite a number of years up until the time of his death. His wife, Betsy, had died in 1930.

One night in April of 1932, while living alone in his home, he was attacked and murdered. Later an attempt was made to burn his body. The man accused of this crime (Draper) and Andrew had previously

had words over a daughter whom Draper had been seeing. Draper had been told to stay away, and apparently this had infuriated him (Draper).

The events surrounding the trial were exploited by an article in a cheap pulp magazine. The facts of the case were distorted beyond decent comprehension. However, Draper was sent to prison for a life term. About five or six years later his name came up during a meeting of the board of pardons. Legal wheels were set in motion for his release. While whatever machinations, if any, were in progress, members of Bjerregaard's family were constantly trying to block Draper's release. Although the State Board of Pardons may have been satisfied that his debt to society had been paid, Bjerregaard's family were not.

The family effort was met by temporary success, but it developed that an annual pilgrimage had to be made in order to keep Draper incarcerated, so that at least a semblance of his sentence would be carried out. However, the State seemed determined to affect his release; so after about nine years had been served for one of the most heinous, brutal and sadistic crimes that one man could perpetrate upon another, Draper was turned free. His freedom was short lived however. It can be called fate, retribution, or whatever you please, but by some power his crime caught up with him in all its fury.

A few years after his release he became a fatal victim of burning himself.

And so, the little boy from Denmark, who became colonizer, freighter, cattle baron and banker, who helped tame the wilderness and who carved such an indelible and lasting impression on generations to come, was eventually avenged for a senseless and unnecessary demise.

Source: In collaboration with Ruth Simonsen Kraach formerly of Axtell, Utah.

MOUNTAINS, MEADOWS, AND FRIENDS

Halbert S. Greaves
Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional
Senior Citizen Division
First Place Poem

In one way my father and I were "Close friends."
For he was fifty-eight years old when I was ten.
Sixty years have passed since then.
But one day we were close friends, in a different way,
Walking side by side in the fields of hay
West of Ephraim. I felt good inside and proud to be
Alone with him, walking, talking, holding to his hand,
In the beautiful valley meadow land,
With mountain peaks both east and west, miles away,
About ten to the west and twenty to the east, I'd say,
And a mile, more or less, above the valley floor
If you could fly straight up, then east, from where
We were, and land on top. Who could ask for more

Than to stand and stare at all the grandeur that is there,
No matter where you look wherever you might be?
It's almost more than you can bear to see:
Mountain meadows, crags, a million flowers and trees;
Here and there, hiding from the sun, a patch of snow;
Checkerboards in the valley down below.
If you've never been in such a place
(In the meadows west of town I mean), on a balmy summer day
You cannot know how wondrous it can be
Green, gray mountains several miles away,
Around, beneath your feet sweet-scented hay,
A young boy listening to a close friend talk that day
About things he had never talked about before;
Landmarks on the mountain slopes, and more
How to mow a straight line in a long field of hay,
"Look between the horses' bobbing heads
And line up three marks ahead of you;
A fence post at the end of the field, a tree a mile away,
A bare spot on the mountain. Keep them all in view;
Your line will then be straight and true."
He talked about the birds, all around;
Killdeer running swiftly on the ground,
Magpies, crows, blackbirds, mourning doves, and hawks,
Sitting in the willows, on a fence-post, or a wire.
Sometimes, without their songs, there would be no sound.
But a flock of yellow-throats can sing more sweetly than a choir;
Meadowlarks sing solo, joyfully, brightly;
Mourning doves sing (or weep) softly, quietly.
I've remembered those sweet songs, those scenes, these many years,
Sometime with tears;
And the friendliness between my father and me,
(Like the friendship that birds earth and grass and tree)
On that long-past summer day, and the clear and certain way
He knew and so did I, without being told,
That this one day, for us, was something great,
Though I was only ten years old and he was fifty-eight.

A TALE OF TERROR

Vic Frandsen
Springville, Utah
Non-Professional
Senior Citizen Division
Honorable Mention Poem

As I came down Manti canyon
With a wagon load of wood
I beheld in the road ahead
A situation not good.
A big old diamond-back rattle snake
Was lying coiled up in the road
He looked as if he were big enough
To swallow me and the load.
His noise was almost deafening;
His tail swished a million an hour
Popping off all the fence posts
I never saw such tail-power.
The frightened horses bolted
With the rattler blocking the road
I could not control the horses;
I was losing half of the load.
The snake struck at a horse
But missed the horse as he swung.
His fangs sank four inches deep into the wagon
tongue.
I quickly unhitched the horses
While the rattler was still stuck there.
His fangs dinning deeper and deeper
Until they came through the air.
From each of the fangs green venom
Was spraying the air in a stream
Filling the air with vile odors
Worse than those in a nightmare dream.
Thrashing while his fangs were stuck

He was popping the wagon around
Spilling parts of the load of wood
Over an acre of ground.
The snake was about as thick as my head
And three times longer than me.
I went to work with my double-bit axe
And cut his head off at stroke three.
I counted the rattlers on that snake
And there were a hundred and two,
But several more developing
And I watched them as they grew.
Then I beheld the wagon tongue,
Fast swelling and turning gray;
To save the wagon I chopped off the tongue
To keep spreading poison away.
Then I surveyed the damage sustained;
The wagon now had no tongue,
The swishing tail have broken a spoke
And the reach was badly sprung.
I cut an oak tree and hewed a tongue;
From a limb I fashioned a spoke,
I hitched the horses, reloaded the wood;
I was tired enough to croak.
Now that was a true experience
Its memory will never grow stale.
Though it happened eighty years ago,
I remember its every detail.

A HOLE IN THE SNOW

Dana S. Ekins
Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Short Story

Tense bubbles of hot grease rose from the black-bottomed kettle and then relaxed, returning to the hot liquid to rise again. The wooden-spoon, an oversized oak one her mother had brought from Illinois, seemed to be simply an extension of the young woman's arm as she rhythmically stirred the rendering lard. The belching pot which contained the molten fat was connected to a tripod with three lengths of chain and hung over an outside fire just above the shimmering coals. Adelia B. Cox Sidwell, who had married George Sidwell just eighteen months earlier, was new to the task of wife and mother, but not to the necessities of hard work, processing the fat with the lye to make soap would insure clean clothes throughout the coming winter. Rivulets of perspiration had gathered on her forehead and on the back of her neck, and the bodies of her calico apron revealed a wet circular stain. Her only relief from the early afternoon weather came when a portentous breeze blew transiently from the north, cooling her momentarily.

November in the year 1865 had been an endless Indian summer. Yellow leaves of aspen quaked, shimmering in the autumn haze; pumpkins and winter squash bulged in pregnant orange growing to unusually large sizes with the extra long growing season. The chirping of crickets grew quicker as nights became colder, and the sound of the more vociferous insects extended lamentably past sunrise in an attempt to rob winter of a few cruel days. The azure sky, ever cloudless until today, was filled with migrating birds that made letters in the sky.

The mixture of fat and lye, now complete, seemed to be congealing satisfactorily; Adelia removed the container holding the newly formed soap from the fire to let it cool and harden before being cut into brick-like chunks. Dousing the coals, she walked toward the log structure she called home and entered the one room cabin. To her left on the kitchen cupboard was a battalion of dried apples lined up like soldiers called to attention in calculated rows. Corn lay likewise drying for winter storage. The corn crop had been abundant and proven President Young's prediction true that if the Mormon settlers planted corn they would not go hungry. What had been the food of the Indians for centuries sustained the newly arrived saints in the Sanpete Valley.

As Adelia walked toward the pine cradle, baby Susan, her soft innocence enveloped by hand-made quilts, did not stir. The cherubic being was heaven sent, a delight to both George and Adelia. She had just begun to laugh and goo and was the first of eight children who would eventually come to the Sidwell home as they obeyed the Lord's command to multiply and replenish. Susan seldom cried, giving Adelia time to accomplish the innumerable tasks that were a pioneer woman's lot.

Hearing the sounds of young voices outside the cabin, Adelia glanced through the open door in time to see the two young daughters of the Washburn family race by, their long homespun dresses covered with white pinafores. They raced along, side by side, the young a mirror image of her older sister, hitting the metal hoops that once encircled the wheel of a wagon, with long sticks. Adelia watched with pleasure the exuberance of the young girls in their attempt to keep the hoops upright as they bounced from one rock to the next, serpentine sagebrush as they rolled.

"Sarah," Adelia beckoned, attempting to shout above the laughter of the two girls, "Come here a moment, I have something for your mother."

"Hello, Adelia," Sarah replied as she ran to the door of the log structure, leaving the hoop and stick to gravity. "Come on, Mary Ann. Let's go see Adelia."

A visit to Adelia's home was always a treat, and Mary Ann and Sarah often planned afternoon play so that it would bring them close to Sidwell's cabin. Their mouths watered as they thought of newly churned butter and honey heaped into sticky mountains onto, homemade bread.

"I guess you girls wouldn't care for a piece of new bread, would you?" Adelia teased, wiping a lock of blonde hair from her forehead.

"Oh, Adelia," screamed Mary Ann with delight. "You know how we love your bread!"

"Well, sit right down here by the table then, and I'll see what I can find." Adelia sliced hunks of bread for the girls.

"Adelia," the older girl inquired between mouthfuls of bread, "did you know that the Indians are at it again? Father say they've been threatening a raid for weeks now and with winter coming on they need food or they'll starve. I'll bet some of those redskins would surely like some of this bread and honey."

Adelia was used to news of trouble with the Indians. President Young's advice from the first had been to feed the savages rather than to fight them. Although some white men had been killed and Indians boasted of "white scalps", the settlement of Manti had been lucky. She felt reassured having a strong healthy husband around to protect her and baby Susan. Adelia sometimes wondered, however, what the savages did with the very young white children they abducted during their raids.

Suddenly, almost ominously, Susan awoke and began to whimper fitfully. Adelia moved quickly to the cradle and picked up the crying baby, attempting to comfort her. Outside what had earlier been a few scattered clouds now covered the entire sky, growing grayer as the moments passed. Bushes of tumbleweed, loosened by the sudden wind, grouped and rolled end over end in a seeming attempt at self-preservation. Adelia was alarmed. She turned to the girls sitting at the table and spoke nervously.

"Mary Ann and Sarah, it looks like winter is coming on fast. The wind is blowing up a big storm and I think you girls might have just enough time to make it home before the snow flies. Quickly, now, take this crock of honey to your mother and don't dawdle on your way!"

The young girls, sensing urgency in Adelia's voice left their seats at the wooden table without argument and headed for the cabin door. As the latch of the heavy door clicked open, the wind forced it back and the girls covered their eyes to protect them against the flying dust. They huddled together in the blowing cold and headed toward home. Their farewell was muted by the growing intensity of the storm. Before long the dust and debris blown about by the gale obscured Adelia's vision of the two young girls. She hoped they would make it to shelter before the snow actually started to fly.

Adelia, whose mind had been concerned with the safety of the Washburn girls, suddenly realized that not only had Susan not quieted down, but her wailing had grown more intense. This realization coupled with the fact that George was somewhere out in the storm unnerved Adelia momentarily. She walked to the large wooden rocker, sat down and began to nurse the fitful baby. George, a tall robust man, who was a builder by trade, had left by sunrise that morning without his winter coat. He normally worked until sundown, which was still three hours away, and then had a mile and a half to walk to the cabin. Perhaps if the storm gets too bad, Adelia contemplated, he can stop off at one of the cabins along the way and wait for clearer weather. As this thought crossed her mind the first flakes of snow swirled underneath the cabin door.

Susan sucked in rhythm with the rocking chair and Adelia, grateful that she was at least protected by the shelter of the cabin, laid her head back and closed her eyes. One good thing about it, she thought,

the Indians won't be doing much raiding with a blizzard outside. Comforted, she fell into an exhausted sleep, the baby napping in her arms.

It must have been the ominous silence that awoke Adelia a long three hours later. She lifted the still sleeping baby and placed her in the nearby cradle. Outside the sky had grown dark prematurely, but the thick snow still whirled with the howling wind and already drifts of the white stuff had made mounds against the cabin door making it difficult for Adelia to open it. Although George was due home within the hour, she somehow knew he was safe in someone else's cabin and had not attempted to make it through the storm.

Adelia built a fire and walked to the table where the bread, honey, and butter still lay out. She lit a candle and hungrily cut a thick piece buttered it generously and spread it with honey. By the time she had finished, little could be seen in the dark cabin except immediately around the two sources of light. Extinguishing one she moved again close to the hearth, wrapped a quilt about her, and sat in the old rocker. It is going to be a long night, she thought, grateful that the baby was still sleeping and amazingly so. Adelia heaped large logs on to the fire, enough to last for several hours, and returned again to the rocker. Kneeling beside it Adelia prayed earnestly for safety for her small family. The wind seemed to penetrate every crack, creating a mournful tune as the sounds mixed in harmoniously.

"Adelia, open the door. Adelia!" the young voice urged as she pounded sporadically on the wooden door. "Let me in Adelia, it's the Indians, they are coming."

Adelia's heart was already pounding as she awoke abruptly, realizing that it was light outside and she and the baby had slept through the entire night. The wind had ceased but an ominous chill engulfed the cabin. She jumped to her feet, walked quickly to the door, and attempted to open it. The snow and wind had piled up great drifts making it impossible to open the door more than about a foot. Adelia peered through the crack.

"Adelia, oh Adelia, I'm so glad you are here and all right." Mary Ann Washburn exclaimed, terror in her eyes. "Father sent me over to warn you and I must hurry back. As soon as day broke this morning the Indians began raiding. I don't know what got into them or how many cabins they've raided, but many people have fled into the mountains for safety. Mother and father are waiting for me now so we can leave the cabin before those wild savages find us."

Waiting for no reply, Mary Ann turned and began trudging as quickly as the knee-deep snow would allow. All the world was white and except for the footprints of the messenger it lay an untarnished blanket.

The crimson blood of the white men would be in sharp contrast to the whiteness of the snow.

Adelia moved now with a sense of life-and-death urgency. Into a cloth draw string bag she placed dried meat, apples, peaches and apricots. Quickly she donned some of George's long underwear, grabbed his heavy leather coat with the sheep skin lining, a cover for her head, and a pair of winter gloves. Dexterously she changed Susan's dripping diaper and her clothes and wrapped her warmly but comfortably in her quilts.

Placing the baby against her breast so she could nurse, Adelia knelt again and prayed fervently for the safety of herself and the small baby. Their preparation had been hasty but sufficient. Adelia, still horrified, opened the door to the cabin as far as she could and turned sideways to make it through the narrow exit.

In all the preparation a singular thought had continued to trouble Adelia's mind. What if the Indians did find her and the baby? She feared for her own life, but worried far more for the life of the child. Would the burden of the small child make hasty retreat impossible? Would it be better to try and hide the child in

hopes that she would successfully escape and then return when the area was again safe? Adelia searched for a place some distance from the cabin, a protected spot where the baby could be hidden. Eying a medium-sized knoll some three hundred yards away, she walked hurriedly to the spot and began to hollow out a hole that would be just large enough for the infant, but as inconspicuous as possible. She placed Susan in the depression and covered the area back up with snow, leaving an opening for the baby to breath. Adelia felt reassured about her decision, turned and headed for the obscurity of the foothills that surrounded the valley.

She walked only a short while until she reached a hill covered with thick scrub oak. She moved behind it, wiped snow from a rock, and sat down. Closing her eyes she envisioned the raven hair, pulled to either side and encircled with beaded leather and the dark brown bodies clothed in rabbit skins. Rust-colored thick-haired buffalo robes would warm the Indians today. Please, God, she pleaded, don't let them find my baby!

Adelia stood up and peered over the small hill to see if she could see anyone in the distance. Narrowing her blue eyes she looked westward. Although she saw no Indians, what she did see filled her again with alarm. Below her, glistening in the snow, were hundreds of tracks that made a perfect trail for the Indians to follow. Why hadn't she thought of that? She blamed herself. They'll follow me right to this spot as if I had wanted them to find me! Alternatives began to race through her mind. Should she go back, retrieve the baby and attempt to confuse the Indians by making another trail? Would there be time?

Two simultaneous events made up Adelia's mind for her. Without warning a strong wind began to blow from out of the mouth of the canyon. Adelia stood again to see each of her distinct footprints become obscure as they filled up with the drifting snow. Looking beyond the disappearing trail she could now see a group of horses with buffalo covered mounts moving in a group in the direction of her cabin. Bringing the horses to a stop, what looked like six or seven braves dismounted and walked toward the cabin. Adelia thought she could see two of the Indians leave the main group and walk behind the log house. She strained and squinted, watching each movement of the Indians as they seemed to be drawn like iron to a magnet to the spot where Susan lay. They are going to find her, Adelia's voice screamed silently within her. Thinking that by watching she might somehow dissuade the Indians from their path, Adelia continued her vigil. She saw the Indians encircle the knoll she had chosen to protect the baby.

How could I have been so foolish, she again scolded herself, her body now shaking and sobbing from within. Dropping humbly to her knees she prayed vocally to the Lord, entreating Him for the safety of the child.

She stood again a few minutes later and saw the men astride their spotted horses riding in the direction from which they had come. Had they found the baby and decided to leave with the unexpected bonus? She could do little now but watch, wait, and pray. As soon as the Indians seemed to be a safe distance away, Adelia left the protection of the oaks and ran frantically toward the hole in the snow. She arrived, out of breath, knelt beside the undisturbed hiding place and scooped the snow from off the buried child. Beneath it Susan lay unharmed, her tiny body sweating profusely; the snow had served as good insulation. Ecstatic, Adelia picked up the baby and pressed her against her breast. To the left and right of the hole where the baby had lain were innumerable moccasin prints. Silently she whispered a prayer of gratitude, rose to her feet, steadied herself, and moved toward the cabin, following the Indian tracks in unstained snow.

WHY ME

Donna G. Brunger
Fairview, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Short Story

A picturesque valley in the northeast corner of Sanpete County, encircled by mountains on three sides, has been affectionately called "Beautiful Milburn" by its residents, but July, 1902, was an exception.

Death, illness, and privations were an everyday occurrence for the adventurous group of people who came from Fairview to settle Milburn. Elnora, a very young widow, was living with her widower father, and together they were trying to raise their fourteen children. She had lived through more than her share of tribulation and often asked herself, "Why me?"

During the winter of 1901, there had been very little snow and the spring rains had forgotten to come, so the alfalfa and grain crops were very bad.

This morning when Father awoke he noticed some clouds over the Horseshoe slopes. Maybe rain would finally come. The boys helped him milk the cows and get the horses harnessed while Elnora and Mamie prepared breakfast. They also prepared a lunch for the men to take with them as they were going to the west side of the valley to work in the fields.

Their water turn on Dry Creek started at 9:00 a.m., so Elnora put the older girls to work washing the dishes while she went to get the water. The ground was so dry and parched. The deep irregular cracks made the garden plot look like a picture puzzle. As she turned the water into about seven furrows it ran into the cracks and seemed to disappear, but finally it would over flow and run into the next crack. She put it on the potatoes first because they were so important for their winter food. After making sure the flow into each furrow was even, she started back to the house. As she came closer to the house, she could hear Earnest screaming. Her heart pounded. Now what had happened?

"He got stung by a bee," informed the frightened Mamie.

Well, this was just a trivial thing, but some days there seemed to be too many. When dinner was over and the younger ones were put down for a nap, Elnora sat down a minute to rest. It was good to have it quiet; then she heard a noise against the window pane. She looked up. It was rain.

"Mother! Mother! It's raining," yelled Monte as he flung open the kitchen door and came running into the house.

"Yes, dear, but don't awake the little ones. Come in and shut the door."

Rain and more rain shot from the enormous, cumulonimbus clouds. Never in her twenty-six years had she seen so much rain fall for such a long time. The more it rained the more concerned she became because she knew a cloudburst could cause a flood. Finally the storm stopped as quickly as it came.

"Mamie, I am going to see about the garden. I don't want the extra water to wash the plants away."

She slipped on some old shoes, grabbed the shovel and went to the plot. There was extra water in the ditch so she dammed off the opening sending the water down the ditch into the alfalfa field. As she

walked back toward the house she could hear a sound up in the canyon, but when the wind blew through the pines it always did made a roar. She left her muddy shoes on the porch and went into the house. She was a little uneasy, but she kept telling herself there never had been a bad flood and this would not be any different.

"Monte would you please go to the shed for some more wood? Maitland, you help him too."

Out the door they went, but a sound caught their attention and they stopped short. Back to the house they ran.

"Mother, Mother!" they yelled, "Come here. Listen!"

She hurried to the door, almost afraid to listen, for in her mind she knew what it was. As she moved away from the shelter of the porch she heard a roaring, rumbling sound, a sound like nothing else in the world. It was a flash flood and a big one! She must not panic. The canyon was short and directly east of the house, but there was still time to get away.

"Mamie, you take Earl and Loyal and start up the road north and keep going until you get north as far as Milburn Hill. It should be high enough there so you will be all right. Maitland, you and Monte run and tell the neighbors."

"Mother, we don't have to. Look! They are outside too. They can hear it."

"Very well, you go with Mamie then. Don't stop for anything!"

She ran back to the house, grabbed what money there was from the bowl in the cupboard, picked up Ernest and started after the children. She heard the neighbors to the south and west shouting orders to family members as they too were leaving their homes. Every second the sound became louder. She could hear rocks as they were dashed against each other. It sounded like all the pink rock cliffs were being hurled down upon them. Her heart was pounding, her lungs burned. She had to stop a minute to rest. She put Ernest on the other arm and looked around.

"Elnora, you silly thing, don't get so excited, there is plenty of time. There are others behind you," she thought as she tried to ease the tension. Just then a series of sharp cracks were heard and her neighbor screamed, "Did you see those trees fall?"

It seemed like two hours, but in less than a half hour all the inhabitants of lower Milburn were safe on high ground. A wall of water came rolling, tearing and carrying everything in its way. Fence posts snapped as if they were matches. No one could do a thing but watch as mud, rock, and splintered trees tore through alfalfa and grain fields. Elnora's house was the farthest east and in the direct path of most of the water. A big rock hit the window on the east side of the house and water poured in, washing chair, dishes and clothes out the door. For a while they wondered if the house could stand the pounding of the flood, but it held.

As the water went west, in and around other houses and yards, it spread out more and lost a little of its forces. When Father and the boys arrived from the west fields, Elnora ran towards them. She threw her arms around Father. No longer could she retain her feelings and she just sobbed.

"Why us? Why us? Why do all the troubles come to us?"

He held her tightly, but no words would come, as he tried to reassure her with gentle pats on the back, for he too wondered how much more they could endure.

Just then a very ill neighbor was helped to where Elnora and Father were standing.

"Elnora, I couldn't help overhearing what you just said. I think we were all asking the same question, 'Why did this have to happen to us?' I can't answer the question, but I do know that to us you

are a pillar of strength. We all pray that God will give you the courage to carry on for without your good example we would all give up.”

Source: Taken from verbal and written material of Elnora Jenkins. Also verbal descriptions from Mirinda Brady and Loyal Graham.

GOING TO XANADU

David Rosier

Moroni, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention Short Story

When I was younger, I thought constantly of Xanadu. For an English class at Snow Academy I memorized the poem, and thought “Kubla Khan” and Coleridge were perhaps the world’s greatest. A vision like Coleridge had of Xanadu would be marvelous, and I, who thought myself part of it, would be equally marvelous, forever young, forever the same. That is not an uncommon belief for a young man.

Not everyone agreed that Xanadu was the romantic Utopia. Violet Kesterson, for example, hated the idea. It was her one fault. Otherwise she was a perfect girl.

It was the summer we both graduated from Snow Academy, when we both lived in Ephraim. We each had plans for all: she would go somewhere to teach an elementary grade, perhaps as far away as Fairview; but not I, I would go to Xanadu. And besides all this, I, at least, had plans for us.

In those days, I played piano at the Opera House to accompany silent movies. Movies were still very new and novel in Ephraim, and no one quite entrusted himself to be entertained by a shadow in the light. So to keep closer to what we thought reality was, Mt. Olsen, the theater owner, employed Violet to sing between every showing of the feature. I, of course, accompanied her also.

It was a Friday night, between the first and second show. The theatre was filled, and Violet was on stage:

“Bedelia, I want to steal ya,” she sang.

I watched her almost more than I watched the music. Her long brown hair, plumpish figure, and turned-up nose pleased the audience as much as her clear, high voice, and in a happy song her enthusiasm was catching. “Oh, Bedelia, -elia, -elia, I’ve made up my mind to steal ya, steal ya, steal ya...”

She bowed to a hearty round of applause. I stood and bowed too. Seated on the front row was Willard Jeppesson. He didn’t notice my bow. His eyes were fixed on Violet.

She did a slow version of “After the Ball,” tried to be touching, and no one cried. She bowed again and left the stage. Soon she came out the side door near the piano.

“Violet,” I whispered loudly, “Wait for me after the show, alright?”

“I can’t. It’s too late!”

“I’ll walk you home. Now wait!”

“Oh, Robert...” But I noticed she found a seat near me.

The feature was beginning, and I was too occupied to see Violet. I pounded out ragtime for the chase scenes and tinkled Beybach’s “Fifth Nocturne” for the romance scenes. The picture changed so quickly I could hardly afford a glance anywhere but screen-ward; still I noticed through the corner of my eye that Willard Jeppesson had moved closer to Violet.

When the picture ended, Violet came over to the piano; I gathered up my music, and we left by a side door. Once outside, I asked if Willard had been sitting next to her.

"What does it matter to you if he was or he wasn't?" She teased. "He's perfectly decent, and he doesn't want to take me to Xanadu. He's happy staying here."

"Not Xanadu, Violet! Boston, or New York, or maybe even Paris! You can't just stay here. You have to go places and do things, or the whole world will go by without you."

"I don't want to go those places. I won't know what to do there."

"You can't be a fraidy cat. I'll show you."

"How will you know?"

"I'm going to learn. There's too much to learn out there, Violet, and I want to go and see it. But you have to come too! I wouldn't know what to do without you." We were walking across a bridge over the creek, and on down the street, moving slowly, the way couples do when they don't want to get home too quickly. "It's marvelous out there, remember? 'In Xanadu did Kubla Kahn a stately pleasure-dome decree....'"

"But it isn't a good place."

"Ours will be! Remember the maiden who sings:

A damsel with a dulcimer

In a vision once I saw:

It was an Abyssinian maid,

And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora.

"You're the damsel, Violet, and I'm the one who worships you: 'For he on honey-dew hath fed, And drunk the milk of Paradise.'"

I found myself looking up at the stars with my arm out stretched in a strange, dramatic way. I turned away a little, pulled it down, and said quickly, "We'll make a good Xanadu somewhere, Violet, but not here."

We were getting too close to her house. I had to rest my case with strength. "I've never told you this," I began, "because I thought it was kind of private. But if we're going to go places together I guess we can't keep things too private." She looked at me expectantly. I knew I had just gained a foot at least in her esteem for having private, maybe even, spiritual knowledge. "A long time ago, when I was maybe twelve, I was helping with the hay in a field near the railroad tracks. The train came along, and I watched it. I thought to myself, someday I'm going to get out of here. And suddenly a warm flush came over me and I knew it was good. And so I want to go to a place as wild and wonderful as Xanadu, and for me it will be good!"

We were at her gate, and I didn't want to let her walk up the path and leave me there alone. I paused at the gate and there was silence. Then, in the distance I heard the faint howl of a train's whistle. "Listen," I whispered excitedly, "Listen! A train!" I could see Violet peering into the night, as if squinting would help her hear. "It's saying we should go!" My voice quivered in her ear.

"Oh Robert," she sighed, and brushed past me and through the door.

I didn't see Violet all day Saturday, and so I was anxious for night to come. On Saturdays Mr. Olsen let me bring one guest free to the theatre, and since Violet worked there too I couldn't ask her. My little sister Agnes loved the movies and always begged to go free on Saturday night. I never wanted her to

because of the way she messed up things for Violet and me. Agnes always stayed through all the showings and tagged along while I walked Violet home. If I said anything private and quiet to Violet, Agnes invariably told Mother I was flirting. I don't know how Agnes knew all that at ten, but in any case, it caused a lot of embarrassment for me.

On this Saturday, as on every other, Agnes begged and pleaded until my mother could take no more, and she made me promise to let Agnes come along. Just moments before time to go to the theatre, Violet knocked at our door. I answered, was surprised and a bit elated, but I didn't ask her in. Instead, I said over my shoulder, "Agnes bring my music will you? I'm going over now with Violet." And before Agnes could answer or tag along, I was on the porch holding Violet's hand, then going down the street.

"I have something to tell you after the show. Will I see you then?" she asked, blushing a little.

"Of course, but why not now?" But she wouldn't, and soon we were at the theatre.

Mr. Olsen was ready to begin the show. Suddenly I realized Agnes had not come with my music. "Ready, Robert?" Mr. Olsen asked in a bass tone that was more command than question.

"Just a moment," I called, and hurried to the side door. No sign of Agnes there. I ran to the front. No sign of Agnes there. I looked up and down the street, but still no Agnes.

"Robert!" Mr. Olsen called from the side door. I couldn't wait any longer. Never before had I tied playing from memory or by improvising, but I had to keep my job, I thought.

Shaking a little, I sat down at the piano, the picture began and I started playing. At first I was hesitant and my notes jerked unevenly, but as the movie went on I was more relaxed, and soon was playing with as much ease as if I had my music in front of me. The picture ended and I felt exhausted, but I jumped to the side door again. Still no Agnes! Violet was waiting for her cue, and the audience was expecting her. I slid back on the piano bench, and played her introduction. Luckily I had memorized "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay" because I liked watching Violet doing it; she performed the bouncy number with great animation. I wasn't so lucky with "You Tell Me Your Dream, I'll Tell You Mine," but at least we ended together and in the same key.

I didn't wait for Violet to brush past me from the stage door, as I usually did with anticipation. Once again I was out the side door and in front of the theatre. I was thinking of all kinds of torture to inflict on Agnes, should I ever find her. I rushed around the corner and there she sat, crying, her knee scraped and my music beside her in a heap.

"Agnes," I cried, "What's the matter with you? What have you done?"

"Oh, oh," she sobbed, "I fell down on the bridge." Her voice shook with the convulsions of her chest. "All the music scattered."

"It's here. You should have at least brought it in to me."

"No," she choked. "'You Tell Me Your Dream' went down the creek." I saw now that the bottom of her dress was wet and she was shoeless. Against my better wants, I was touched by her pathetic little tear-stained face.

"It's all right, Agnes. Why didn't you come and tell me?"

"I thought you would be mad," she sniffed.

"I'm not mad. You can even walk home with Violet and me."

"Mr. Olsen was calling from the side door. 'I have to go back in. Come on,'" I said, dragging her to her feet.

Even with my music the second show did not go well. I had begun wondering what it was Violet was going to tell me, and wishing I hadn't told Agnes she could walk home with us. It wasn't easy trying to play a lost "You Tell Me Your Dream," and we didn't even end it well.

By the time Violet and I came out the side door Agnes was waiting there with her shoes on now and her dress poking out in funny places because it had been starched with mud. She had forgotten her tragedy and was happy at the prospects of walking home with the two of us.

"Tell me what you were saving, if you can now," I said, glaring at Agnes with disdain.

"Of course I can tell you now," Violet laughed, "or I can keep it longer." She must have sensed my patience was whittled to a shaving, and she went on: "I got a letter today promising me a position in Fairview. So now I can't go to Xanadu."

"Xanadu?" cried Agnes. "Where's that?"

It felt like pin prickling my lip. "Can't go? No, the answer is you can't stay! You have to see places!"

"Where's Xanadu?" Agnes asked again.

"Fairview's places enough for me right now."

"But what about me? What about us?"

"Where's Xanadu?" Agnes persisted.

"In Africa. It's where they eat your head." I said icily. "Violet, I don't understand. Remember the damsel, and the worshipper, and the pleasure-dome..."

"Is that a movie?" Breathed Agnes.

"No! Agnes, you're tired. Why don't you sit and rest here for a few minutes?"

"How do you know I'm tired when I'm not?"

"I can tell. Just sit down." I pushed her towards a low rail on the fence around Violet's house. She resisted, but stayed there.

"Violet," I said, hurrying to catch up with her. "We have to talk!"

"No, Robert. We can't just go away. Think about it. It wouldn't be right. You know that. Besides, I want to stay here. I like the people here." She was silent a moment, then, "Maybe you should to find Xanadu by yourself for a while, and then come back after you've seen it."

"Come back? I want to stay there!"

"But I don't."

"Violet, remember:

.....that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! As holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

"That can be you, Violet! Doesn't it sound marvelous? And we can be married and everything!"

She blushed a little, but only said, "You can come for me in a year, or whenever you are ready to stay home." And then she was gone.

For a moment I stood gaping and speechless. Slowly I turned away from the gate. Across the street was Willard Jeppesson, watching. Then I hoped no one had heard me say "married and everything."

"Come on, Agnes," I said.

The night was long and sleepless. How could she be so afraid? How could she be so narrow? No one could suppose the whole world's makings were here! And how could she say to come in a year, when an hour was too long for me? How could she pretend I didn't love her, and how could she not love me, for she really couldn't, and say this, could she? My eyes were wet, and I thought the damsel had thrown me into Kubla Kahn's "caverns measureless to man."

Interspersed with these gloomy thoughts were sparkling ones about my achievement: I had played well enough without my music, and I had improvised successfully. I was ready to go now. I was ready to show the world what I could do, and see what it would do. I was ready for Xanadu.

In the morning I counted my money. I had saved a good deal, and could afford to go. I bought a ticket on the evening train, and told my parents this was the day.

At church I saw Violet, and told her I was leaving that night, and asked her to tell Mr. Olsen for me. I think she was more relieved than sad, which pricked me because I thought she should at least cry a little. And then I asked her to come to the station to see me off.

I was there earlier than she, and when she came I stood with her apart from my family. Suddenly it all seemed ridiculously unreal. I didn't know what to say, and besides the lump in my throat would have stopped it. At last, I stammered, "I guess I'm going to Xanadu now. But just wait; I'll come back for you in a year, maybe even six months."

"Yes," she said, blinking rapidly to hold back the tears. "After you've found the pleasure-dome," she laughed.

I was encouraged. "And then I'll take you there with me." I said brightly. She didn't speak. I added hesitantly, "You think I'm right, don't you? I can tell by a feeling."

Still she didn't speak. I went on: "It must be right, for you, too," I said hopefully.

She stopped blinking. "No, Robert. It's no good dreaming that. I've read 'Kubla Kahn,' too, and I can't go to Xanadu, no matter where it is. I have to stay here where I don't have to be afraid."

"But I'll take care of you..."

"No. Listen:

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

Caves of ice, Robert! We don't know about things like that. It won't be so good as you think."

I stared incredulously. "I won't go either then! No, I won't go! I'll turn my ticket in!" I whirled toward the ticket clerk.

Violet clutched my arm. "No, Robert," she cried. Her up-turned nose, her poignant eyes, her faltering voice made her seem extraordinarily young and wise at once, and I knew she was right. I knew I could find Xanadu, and I knew she never could. I was mute.

My train came; Mother and Agnes cried; I boarded; and as the train pulled away I saw Willard Jeppesson offer Violet his handkerchief, and then he took her hand.

That was years ago. I have been many places since then, and I found Xanadu, if anyone ever did. But Violet was right: no place is so warm and secure, so stable and young as my childhood home with its gentle companions, least of all Xanadu.

Source: Memories of Deniece Guymon Blackham, Moroni and LaVar Jenson, Manti.

DIARY OF COX – I REMAIN

Norma S. Wanlass

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention Short Story

To My Loved Ones in Manti,

It is with some misgiving and apprehension that I write these words of farewell, knowing that it will be at least two years before I return to my family again.

I have thought often during the past two weeks, of all the work that must be done there in the spring of the year, and wonder if my efforts would not be more appreciated there than here.

I do not worry about your spiritual well being, the Lord will see to that. I am concerned for your physical welfare, but I am confident that Will and Fred will do all in their power to provide for your sustenance.

You children must mind your mothers and do everything possible to help those in charge; taking all precautions that no one will cause any undue problems.

Today there were forty-seven missionaries 'set-apart' for foreign missions. I have been assigned to England, the land of my forbears. I am greatly blessed, and am ashamed of my earlier doubts and weaknesses.

It would be folly for you to try to communicate with me until I send a permanent address. This will be after my arrival in England. Until then I will keep you informed of my whereabouts and observations.

Now I must try to get some rest, for there is a company moving East tomorrow, and we are expected to be a part of it.

I remain,
Your Father in the Gospel
Frederick Walter Cox, Sr.

Frederick Walter Cox, Sr. by John Clifton Moffitt

Traveling Eastward

To My Dear Family,

I am well and hope this finds you the same. I traveled across the plains to Florence (Nebraska) arriving June 19th without accident or anything strange happening. Bought a diary today. Here I changed my course to Sidney, reaching that place on Tuesday, June 23rd. Saw Mr. Nelson Tallcott. He did not ask

me into his house. I did not realize that so many held so much bitterness against those of us who migrated to the West. I then went to Manti (Iowa) and visited with our folks there, they are all well. Left them June 27th on Coach. I am at Ottumwa. For the first time I have been trying the IRON HORSE. He snorts along and shows you the country very fast.

On the 2nd of July I left Buffalo on the wrong train. I traveled 36 miles and am now waiting for the train to take me back. Had we taken the right one we would have been in New York at 8:00 p.m.

I just bought five apples for 5 cents to eat on the train. I have eaten two pretty quick and am 16 miles from where I bought them. Quite a difference from the two miles an hour our oxen travel. The timber is beech, birch, maple, ash, hickory, elm, butternut, pine, and hemlock. Just passed Plymouth, the town where I was raised, and am ¼ mile of cousin Scovilles.

Reached New York City on July 3rd. found some for which liars is no name, but found a place to stay for \$1.50 a day.

On July 4th I boarded the City of Manchester and started for Liverpool at 12:00 noon. I have been thinking that I should feel some regret at leaving the land of my birth, where I have learned all I ever knew, enjoyed all I ever enjoyed, loved all I ever loved, but it is not so. I am out of sight of land and am glad of it. God be thanked. I have not in my whole life seen as much misery, nor as much rascality as I have in the last two days. Three men go \$10.00 from me (I have their receipt) by telling me that Brother Eldridge had gone home and left them to arrange things for his friends that were coming from the West. My homespun made me a fit subject. They thought I was green, and so I was, but I think I am not all the green thing for Eldridge had his watch worth \$175 taken from him. He says they got a small rip on some of the boys that have gone on before me. I do not remember how much.

I remain,
Your Father in the Gospel
Frederick Walter Cox, Sr.

On the Atlantic Ocean
July 5, 1863

My Dear Family,

It has been a foggy sea. Rough enough to make it quite disagreeable. That everlasting whistle almost deafens me, giving warnings.

I had a pleasant dream last night. I returned home sooner than expected, but you all ran to meet me. It was very good. It is Tuesday the 7th, most of the day fair. All sails are spread. Sea a little rough but making good speed.

Friday, the 10th. The wind blows and the ship rolls so it is difficult to walk on deck. We have passed several icebergs. I saw one this fore-noon. It is cold most of the time and I must wear two coats to keep warm. Time passes very lazily, yet the days wear away. My appetite is very poor. It is almost dark and we have seen quite a number of ships.

16th. Fine morning. We are in sight of Fastneth lighthouse.

July 17th, this morning the coast of Ireland is to the left and Wales is on the right, both in sight. About 11 o'clock at night got on shore at Liverpool, found the Brethren. I am feeling quite unwell but am truly thankful to God for his mercies.

I thought I saw Emily on the street today and caught myself running after her. Missing my family has played quite some tricks on me.

If God is not angry, his feelings do not correspond with the frowning of the heavens, for it rains almost constantly.

I find the circumstances of the Saints calls very heavy on my sympathy, so much so that it spoils my sleep.

I remain,
Your Affectionate Father
Frederick Walter Cox, Sr.

P.S. Today Oct. 9th I read a letter, the first one from home. It is a welcome messenger from a God blessed land.

Manti, Territory of Utah
August, 1863

To My Dear Husband,

I am writing to tell you about our new baby daughter, born August 10¹. She has a perfect little body and lots of black hair, but she seems quite frail to me. Perhaps it is that I forget from one baby to the next, just how tiny newborn ones are.

I am reminded of you saying that all babies look alike, but this one is different somehow. I have the feeling that the Lord has not yet decided if he is going to let us keep her. Already she has taken her rightful place in my heart. She will be named Luella Adelia, the name we chose for her before you left Manti.

There is always some bitter with the sweet, so I must inform you that Jemima's Sarah Eleanor and Alice were severely burned. They were sitting on the floor watching the flames in the fireplace when the hook holding a huge kettle of boiling wash-water broke, and the scalding water poured out onto the two little girls. When their clothes were removed the skin came with them. We had no medicine with which to treat the burns, for there was none available, so we covered them with a dressing of lard and cat-tail down.

It has been one long nightmare. The poor pain wracked babies have cried constantly. They are only babies, for Sarah Eleanor is under four, and Alice is less than a year and a half. We had to keep the burns soft and change the dressings as needed, and have spent hours trying to pick the cat-tail fuzz from the wounds without hurting them. They are healed now and there are no scars.²

Is it our faith and prayers or the medicinal value of cat-tails and lard? Whatever it is we are very thankful. We all think of you constantly and count each day as it passes, knowing it brings you one day closer to home.

I remain,
Your loving wife
Emeline

¹ Taken from a chronological list of names and dates of Frederick Walter Cox's children.

² Sarah Eleanor Cox Peacock, compiled by Wilber and Helen Peacock.

Manti, Utah Territory

May 1, 1865

Dear Walter,

Your being so far away makes it difficult to keep you informed of what is going on here at home, however, I am taking this opportunity to inform you that yours and Jemima's Carmelia, age 7 ½, took sick and eventually died on the 28th of May¹. Words of comfort were given at her passing but Jemima continues to grieve and will not be comforted.

Emeline still suffers with her affliction, cancer of the breast. We have recently heard of a doctor in Springville who claims to have a slave that will eat the cancer out. Will is taking her there where she will stay with Uncle Edwin Whiting for a long as the treatment takes. Eleven year old Emily will go with them to care for the baby Luella during that time². It has been a great strain on Emeline as well as the rest of the family.

Everyone else is well at this writing and working hard. We trust that you are the same. Enclosed is a draft which I hope will eliminate some of your discomfort and sacrifice.

I remain,
Your loving wife
Cordelia

¹ from a chronological list of Frederick Walter Cox's children.

² History of Emily Cox Tuttle – compiled by Maude Olsen.

Manti, Utah Territory

May 1, 1865

Dear Pa,

I am inclined to wonder if all our luck has to be bad.

The Indians are up to their old tricks again of running our livestock off. We are being called constantly to follow them into the mountains to retrieve our stolen cattle and horses. Black Hawk is their war chief, and a meaner one you have never seen. Several men, women and children have been murdered and their bodies mutilated. The name of Indian has become hateful, and the sound of the drum is like a stab in the heart.

In 20 days I brought 21 wagon loads of firewood out of the mountains alone, while the Indians were still down South in their winter camp.¹

The grasshoppers came in such numbers this spring, as to almost destroy everything. We turned the chickens out to eat the pests, but finally had to force them into ditches and burn them.²

I wonder what it would be like to know that our bellies were going to be full, and not have to worry about it.

I will be well qualified when I get married, to manage a home and family. I am referred to as the Cox foreman, and with sixteen sisters I have been plagued with every kind of question and decision.

The assassination of President Lincoln on April 14 was a great shock to all living in the territory. We know he was our friend, but what of his successor?

The family would gladly share their supper, if they could send you their love, and tell you everything as it happens, but that would make quite a sizeable packet to send at \$2.00 per half ounce. We all send our warmest regards.

I remain,
Your dutiful son,
William Arthur Cox

¹William Arthur Cox, by his wife Margaret McMahon Cox.

²History of Sanpete and Emery Counties, by W.H. Lever.

Manti, Utah Territory
June, 1865

My Dear Husband,

We have learned of your release from your missionary labors, and worry that a letter written at this time will pass unnoticed, however, I must relay my message regardless, and trust that it will find you quickly.

On June 21, Fred's little Lucy Passed away. She was such a joy to her parents, and will be missed greatly by all in the family. Then on June 24, your little Luella, whom you have never seen, was taken. She was the pride of Emeline's heart, and was chattering and running about.¹

We learned, too, on June 24, of the passing of Father Isaac Morley in Fairview.² They had called for his family, and Cordelia had gone to be with him in his last hour. I know the Lord planned it this way. Our little Lucy and Luella needed someone to accompany them to the other side. What better man than your trusted old friend!

Emeline's treatment, to all indications, is a success. The doctor in Springville removed a lump from her breast the size of an egg after killing the cancer with treatments of the miracle salve.³

We are getting anxious for your safe return.

I remain,
Your loving wife
Jemima

¹My Memories of Emeline Whiting Cox, by grand-daughter Belle McAllister.

²Church Chronology, by Andrew Jensen.

³My Memories of Emeline Whiting Cox, by grand-daughter Belle McAllister.

New York City
June, 1865

My Dearest Family,

I was released from my missionary labors on January 3, to return home, but considerable time passed before we could make arrangements for passage to the United States. Since that date I have continued with my missionary assignments.

The Saints gave me a flute as a token of their kindly regards, and on this note I ended my business in England on April 26th. On Saturday the 29th, eleven Elders, in company with about 600 saints sailed for New York on the ship Belle Wood. It is now Wednesday, May 31, and a steamer is towing us up to New York. We will land in Castle Garden, but we have to stay all day and night.

Sunday, June 4th. Still in New York but a great anxiety to be on the move toward home. I pray God to open our way that we may go speedily.

Bed bugs plenty, and but little sleep. If I was where I could, I would walk out with my blanket where I could have more room for a flight.

It will take some time to make preparations for land travel for this large crowd of British converts.¹ We are working day and night.

I remain,
Affectionately Your Father
F.W. Cox, Sr.

¹Journal of History

August 15, 1865

TELEGRAM

To Brigham Young

President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

"The third company of this seasons emigration from Briton, Scandinavia, etc., left on this date with about two hundred souls, with Elders W.S.S. Willes, Captain, and F.W. Cox, Chaplain"¹

¹Journal of History.

TELEGRAM

WILL ARRIVE MANTI OCTOBER 3, 1865. MEET ME WITH TEAM IN SALT LAKE CITY.

Signed
F. W. Cox, Sr.

Today we are so excited we can hardly contain ourselves. We have had our chores done for hours, have sung every song we know, and played every game we can think of, as well as some we've made up. It is Adelaide's turn to go to the round window at the North end of the top room to see if there is a whirl wind of dust moving along the road beyond Temple Hill. It is agreed that the first one to see Father coming, will be the first to greet him. Yesterday we timed ourselves to see how long it would take to run to Temple Hill. Our mothers have suggested that we use our energy to better advantage on the spinning wheels, but we are so excited that we would only make mistakes, and we have to take them out, and do it over again. They allowed us to do as we wished, but I wonder that they have kept their wits about them.

Six year old Amanda was the first to see the tell-tale cloud of dust and we all ran, mothers and all, to meet him wherever we came together.

Father stopped the team and jumped down from the buggy. Suddenly we were all overcome with shyness, and someone had to push Amanda toward him.

He picked her up saying, "My how you've grown, Alvira."

"I'm not Alvira, I'm Amanda." She answered.

To Lucia he said, "This must be Harriett."

Giggling she answered, "No, I'm Lucia."

"You have all grown so fast, I can only guess who you are.¹ You must each tell me your name in exchange for a kiss and a hug."

As Sarah Eleanor came up to her father, she remarked in wonderment, "I thought you would be a big as the woodpile. You're not as big as the woodpile, are you?"² Everyone laughed and she withdrew embarrassed.

For the rest of the day work stopped, even for Will.

We all ate supper together, and Father talked into the evening about his missionary experiences, and of our family that stayed in the East. Then he brought his flute out that the Saints in England had given him, and he played while we sang. It was the most glorious day of our lives.

The best part of it is that Father will still be here tomorrow.

¹Frederick Walter Cox, Sr., by John Clifton Moffitt.

²Sarah Eleanor Cox Peacock, written by Wilbur and Helen Peacock.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS

Halbert S. Greaves

Salt Lake City, Utah

Professional Division

First Place Historical Essay

"A boy's will is the wind's will

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."¹

One long, long, thought of my youth is the memory of an apple tree north of our home in Ephraim and east of a fine, thick hedge of lilac bushes that separated our attractive front yard from the shabby chicken run, chicken shed, and pig pen.

The apples were called early harvests. The tree was of medium size, with sturdy branches close to the ground, easy for young boys to climb, to sit in, to pick apples and eat them. And they did ripen early. My memory of the delightful taste of those small apples after a hot day's work in the meadows west of town, the alfalfa fields, or pea patch is bright and clear. The shade of the branches over head made me feel cool and made the apples taste cool as well as sweet and juicy.

My mother never seemed to worry about the apples spoiling my appetite for supper; good food is good food whether it comes from an apple tree or the supper table of a fine Danish cook. (In those days, 'down on the farm,' dinner was eaten at noon and supper toward evening.)

A family of hungry boys could strip a small apple tree in a couple of weeks. But there were other taste-treats.

Southeast of the apple tree was a giant black-cherry tree that we were also permitted to strip. This tree was not too easy to climb, for it was tall, slender, and its branches farther apart than those on the apple tree. It did not bear many cherries, and often we had to hang on to a high limb with one hand while reaching out with the other to get a few cherries. I wonder that I did not lose my balance, tumble to the ground and crack my head. But I survived the perils of climbing the cherry tree and enjoyed the cherries as much as the apples.

East of the black-cherry tree was a smaller pie-cherry tree that bore heavily. The small, red cherries had a wonderful sweet-and-sour flavor when warmed by the sun of a summer afternoon and allowed to become completely ripe. I liked them as much as the black ones; there were more of them, and they were easier to pick.

In late summer and through the fall other choice fruits and berries were ours to relish: red currants, black ("stink but") currants, and raspberries in the garden; greengage plums, pears, purple plums (or prunes), and large red plums Mother called French plums. Wonderful! She made a juice from the red plums that she 'put up' in quart bottles she stoppered by old-fashioned corks tied down to the necks of the bottles with strong string to prevent them from being blown out after two and three months of fizzing. When opened perhaps after Christmas, enriched with more sugar and whatever Danish magic mother mixed with it, it tasted delicious enough to make a success of any family gathering.

When I recall the red currant jelly, black currant jelly, and raspberries fresh from the bush, I believe the decline of our culinary civilization has begun. Not for years have I been able to buy black currant jelly (never more than a third-rate competitor for the jelly mother made); and it has been years since I picked raspberries fresh from the bush. (Last year, in the sweet, warm berries picked freely sixty years ago.)

Father had planted three pear trees at considerable distances from each other; two were Bartlett, the other a winter pear. We didn't get many winter pears, a fair supply from on Bartlett, and only a few from the other. It was located between the chicken shed and the pig pen, where it didn't get much water but the flavor of its fruit was not impaired by the nature of its environment. One year it bore so few pears that they were all big. I entered perhaps three or four in the County Fair, and was might proud when they won an award, first, second, third, I cannot remember which.

Then came fall and winter apples: porters for fall eating, Rhode Island Greenings for pies, and winter pearmain. We also had a winesap tree. I have always regarded 'winesap' as an appealing name for an apple, but ours didn't do well and I cannot say I enjoyed it much. But the porters 'came on' in the fall, later than the astrakhans, which were not especially good for eating but were supreme for applesauce and pies. We had three or four porter trees. I don't believe we climbed in them as much as we did in the early harvest tree, but attacked the apples with sticks and stones and brought them down in this war-like

manner. They were of medium size, pale yellow, fairly sweet, but not so juicy as the early harvests nor so rich and crisp as the superb pearmain.

We had three pearmain trees south of the house; the apples did not ripen before frost. So we picked them in the fall and placed them in the cellar to ripen. I believe they kept us supplied through December, January, and perhaps February. They were of medium size, juicy, green in color, sweetly-tart, and so crisp that when one brother bit into one at one end of our large dining room (now called living room) another brother at the other end could hear the crack of the bite.

I did not enjoy our Ephraim yard between 1915 and 1925 (ages eight to seventeen) simply because of the fine taste-treats it gave me; there were treats for the eyes as well. I have learned to love them more in retrospect than I did when I was young; I couldn't eat the flowers and vines.

My mother loved flowers, and we had many of them. One rose bush she had more than sixty years ago still blooms, along with two 'slips' taken from it years ago. I have grown old with the idea that some of her flowers were unique in Ephraim then. I do not recall that any other yard had two beautiful, large red Hawthorne trees. They are still there, as are two ancient snowball bushes. Nor can I recall another clematis vine. Its flowers were a gorgeous deep purple and it climbed the southeast corner of a porch that fronted on the 'parlor.' When a monstrous bed of ants made their home at its base and destroyed it before we could destroy them I cried a little inside. From the north side of the same porch a Virginia creeper vine grew up the porch and spread out over a wide area of the front of the stucco house.

The great, ancient wisteria vine that grew at the south end of the front porch is still there, twisted and gnarled. No living person knows how old it is. In the middle of the side lawn south of the house was an oval flower bed that supplied peonies for Decoration Day, bleeding hearts, tulips, and other flowers. Decoration Day received help from the lilacs and from one row of flags (we never called them iris) that grew across the foot of the garden, close to the outhouse. They never demanded extra care and they always bloomed. Against the fence south of the house, some scraggly bushes that bore small, sour Pottawatomie plums supplies us with more jelly for the winter and made harmless missiles for mischievous boys to throw at scruffy, stray dogs. At the southeast corner of the yard, where it received water from our irrigation ditch as well as the city's main ditch, was a giant Carolina poplar tree, which may have become the tallest tree in town before it was removed a few years ago because it had grown so big it became dangerous, especially after being struck by lightning.

Credit for the crowning glory half surrounding our corner yard, east and south, must go to the City Fathers. These were the tall, slender, unique city sentinels, the beautiful Lombardy poplar trees. There were hundreds of them all over town, planted, no doubt, early in Ephraim's history because they grew fast. On Memorial Day, 1977, my wife and I drove around town to see how many were left. Alas! Most were gone. Next Memorial Day we may be tempted to place a wreath where the biggest Lombardy in town grew, on the southwest corner of First North and Main. Trees have life-spans as men do; and sometimes 'the best go first,' as men sometimes do.

"We never know how much we learn
From (that which) never will return
Until a flash of unforeseen remembrance
Falls on what has been."²

These flashes have been a few bright ones from 'Golden days in the sunshine of (my) happy youth.'³

¹H.W. Longfellow, "My Lost Youth."

²E.A. Robinson's poem, "Flammonde."

³Line from the song "Golden Days," from the Student Prince of Heidelberg.

Documentation: I lived in the house from the time of my birth in 1907 until 1925; then returned and lived there again from 1929-1931, and again in 1933-1934, and the summer of 1935. The memories of the fruits and flowers are clear, but I also checked with the owners of the home from 1925 to the present date. They helped me correct a couple of errors, and added two or three facts, such as the lightning that helped strike down the Carolina poplar tree. They both corroborated the statement about the rose bush, and other facts. In the main, they substantiated what I have written here. Matter of fact, one of the owners lived in the house as early as 1922, and I boarded and roomed there when I returned to Ephraim after 1925.

A VIGNETTE

Jenny Lind M. Brown
Salt Lake City, Utah
Professional Division
Second Place Historical Essay

I wonder if anyone who took piano lessons from Elma Fjeldsted remembers a little melody called, "Heliotrope"? Years ago, before I was even ten years old, she gave me lessons for a while. "Heliotrope" was one of the first pieces I learned to play. Though it was short and very simple, I was filled with excitement because I could finally play a real melody. I still remember the magic of the printed notes, and the wonder I felt as I repeated the melodic syllables of the new word. I had never seen a spray of perfume, but I could imagine and dream. As I played, I was certain the heliotrope must be one of the most beautiful flowers.

Then someone gave me three tiny bottles of perfume. They weren't at all like the intricately shaped vials of today with their fancy glass stoppers. There were cylindrical, perhaps two inches high, with stubby brown corks and tiny flowered labels, but, oh, the magic they brought as I read: Lilac, Wild Rose, and most fascinating of all, Heliotrope!"

I knew the fragrance of lilac and wild rose. They were as familiar to me as the brightly colored sweet peas which grew along the fence in my mother's flower garden. How many times had I come home with my arms filled with lavender blossoms cut from Grandma's lilac tree, and how often had we walked along the winding creek where the wild rose grew as a bramble bush. Its waxy, pink petals were as beautiful to me as any of the rare blossoms growing in a rose garden today.

I liked the essence of lilac and wild rose, but can you imagine how my eyes must have sparkled when I read the other label? Did my fingers tremble as I touched the tiny white flowers pictured there? Was I almost afraid to remove the cork, but I do remember a Sunday afternoon when, wearing my newest organdy dress, I entered the cool, quiet parlor, rubbed just one drop of the cherished mixture on my wrist, and played softly and carefully as I had been taught, the wonderful melody, "Heliotrope." The beauty of the music and the fragrance of the perfume seemed to work a magic charm. I became, for a time, not a long-legged, awkward little girl, but a special being touched with the infinite joy of the beautiful things in life.

I don't know why I have remembered this little experience out of the past, yet I am glad I do for it makes me wish I could thank Elma for the beauty she brought into my life, and into the lives of so many other young people who sat at her piano. Even today I have never seen a heliotrope, nor smelled its sweet perfume, but its name is one of magic and will always remind me of my childhood and of a teacher I loved very much.

PORTALS OF THE PROGRESS

Dorothy J. Buchanan

Richfield, Utah

Professional Division

Second Place Historical Essay

Enchantment can mean many things to many people, but whenever I think of it I see, rising out of the rose clouds of childhood, the fascinating facets of 'The Store.'

I know just how lucky I was to have had a father who was manager and part owner of a fairly large country store, The Progress Mercantile Company in Mt. Pleasant, from the year 1908 to 1917.

Those were some of my most impressionable years, and 'The Store' as we always spoke of it in our family, possessed a resplendent glow throughout, from the depths of the cellar to the airless attic.

The carved double front doors were to me the portals to a land of wonder and excitement. Upon passing through those doors into the store one was immediately aware of a pleasant medley of sights, smells and sounds.

The dry goods section which was located near the entrance was attractive to my eyes. Bolts of cloth on the shelves were of many colors and fabrics, from calico to shimmering foulards, crepe de chene, baronet satin and summer organdies and dimities, etc. Embroideries and beautiful laces were wound around large cards and placed on the shelves. They were attractive with their pretty edges showing.

Naturally, that was a favorite spot for the female sex of all ages. The clerks would measure the desired amount of cloth on the edge of the counter (gold headed tacks indicated the inches and yards), then he or she would whip out a pair of glinting scissors and cut off the cloth. This was something I enjoyed watching, especially when my father was doing the cutting. His scissors seemed to move with lightning speed and I secretly thought he was the fastest of anyone. I treasure a pair of his scissors of round pointed steel engraved with the words, 'Compliments of Theo Rechow, Smith, McCord, and Townsend Co., Made in Germany.'

Copies of a fashion magazine, the 'Delineator' were on hand which could be bought every month. It contained pictures of ladies in stylish clothing made from Butterick patterns that were displayed in a large rack nearby. This was a pleasantly busy place for the ladies as most every housewife did all of the sewing for her family, including shirts for men and boys.

Another feature of that department was an upright black chest containing Diamond Dyes. The front of it was painted with a scene of young girls braiding a maypole. They wore brightly colored dresses that whirled as they danced. That picture always gave me a sense of happiness. I liked its feeling of color and motion.

I think one of the most exciting things in the store was an army of buggy whips that hung from a small elevated platform. The black leather whips extended nearly to the floor, forming a soft, flexible curtain through which we could dart in and out, setting the whips quivering and swinging every which way.

Did candy ever taste better or look more tempting? Long tin trays were filled with a variety of luscious candy in a large show case in the well stocked grocery department. Pink and white creams decorated with silver dots, Conical J. G. McDonald chocolates, coconut balls and an assortment of hardtack are some that come to my mind. The penny pieces were displayed in jars that stood on a shelf back of the

counter. Children were deliciously tormented in making choices between licorice nigger babies, black or red jawbreakers, pink and white horseshoes (resembling gutta percha), and Italian squares, to name a few.

The grocery department was a popular gathering place for customers. A round cheese on a revolving stand with accompanying cutting knife stood temptingly near the edge of the counter. It wasn't unusual to see a contented customer sitting on the counter's edge munching a slice of cheese that he had cut for himself while he continued his discussion with the clerk about the price of wool or the big Sells Floto circus that was coming to town.

I definitely must not forget the shoe department in the Progress. A large section on the east side was stacked with boxes of shoes from floor to ceiling. I remember Florsheim and Dorothy Dodd shoes for adults and Buster Brown brand for the children. The alluring feature of that department for my younger brother and me was a tall slanted ladder suspended from a track on the ceiling which enabled it to roll effortlessly back and forth on small rubber tired wheels. A clerk could mount the ladder and quickly find the pair of shoes he was hunting.

We thought it was great fun to ride swiftly back and forth on the ladder with a minimum of effort and noise. We tried not to be observed at that sport, but one day my brother miscalculated and pushed the ladder too fast, with the result that it went on without him and he was obliged to hang precariously from the ceiling track until our screams brought not only our father to the scene but several other people as well, much to father's annoyance.

An interesting addition to the shoe department was a shoe button machine. As most people wore button shoes at that time, they were constantly losing or breaking the buttons. That machine gave them an opportunity to replace the buttons, a popular feature.

In those somewhat relaxed and uncomplicated days, we were still having cellars under our homes and buildings. They were real cellars, not basements, dark and damp caverns, usually, but they fascinated me, for some mysterious reason. The store had a cellar, a large, square room under the rear of the building. Two narrow barred windows provided meager light bulb hanging from the ceiling offered a dim supplement to the windows.

I was pleased when a clerk would allow me to accompany him to the cellar to full a customer's can with aromatic kerosene. I liked to hear the song of the liquid as it imprisoned itself in the can like the magic spirit in the old fairy tale. After the can was filled I was allowed to jab a gumdrop firmly on the spout.

After the clerk had departed up the creaking staircase I often remained happily in the room with the dim light bulb casting weird shadows over the rough rock walls and the indistinct conglomeration of objects, rotund vinegar and coffee barrels, boxes of shiny boots and rubbers, stacked up wooden buckets of candy, coils of rope and fat balls of twine. I was glad that the large gunny sacks filled with peanuts always had generous holes in the corners. The variety of bulky shapes and sizes fused to form a mysterious array from which emanated the most intriguing and indescribable odors imaginable.

Shortly after Thanksgiving our family spent an evening at the store opening the Christmas toys. It was the ultimate experience of the year for us children. The wooden boxes were pried open and we lifted out the toys, admiring, examining and demonstrating to our heart's content. Looking back now, I sometimes wonder if we didn't enjoy that evening almost as much as Christmas itself.

The country store of those days belonged to a more leisurely time. Today's shopping has become an intensive, accelerated process. True, many of the articles make for a more effortless living, but where is the charm, the individuality, the magnetic atmosphere, the actual enriching of the soul that we could experience simply by passing through the portals of the Progress?

WITHIN MY WALLS

Eleanor P. Madsen

Ephraim, Utah

Professional Division

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

I stood on the corner of first east and first north for sixty years. During this time I saw the traffic change from horse and buggy to Fords and Pontiacs, bustles and petticoats give way to short skirts and sheaths, bobs and braids bow out to curls and necklines.

I had been there long enough to see small seedlings grow into tall, stately poplars, long enough that the once black, iron fence began to rust and sag, long enough that the firm, new adobe, from which I was built, began to crumble and weather with age.

I was the Ephraim North Ward church. I was built shortly after 1877 when the town of Ephraim was separated into two wards,¹ the division being from the depot along center street to Kane Valley.² At that time I was as proud of my new look as the adobe maker who made my walls and cemented them together with mortar made from red sand, brought from the hills northeast of Ephraim. The adobe had a coat of white plaster on my inside walls and stucco on the outside.

The members, who attended the North Ward, were pleased to have a fine, new building in which to meet. Prior to this time both wards had met in the Tabernacle on Main Street, taking turns for their meetings.

Picture yourself attending church within my walls before the turn of the century. I'm sure you would stop first to admire the tall, four paneled, glass windows with an ornamented façade across the top as you walked up the wide, cement path toward the entrance.

The custodian arrived early and unlocked the huge padlock on the double doors that let into the vestibule (foyer). Inside, were two sets of double doors, one that led to the chapel on the west, the other to a long classroom on the east of the building. A similar room adjoined the first one where tall windows caught the rays of the morning sun. In a corner on the north side was a small room where the Kindergarten children met on Sunday morning.

Very few adults attended the early Sunday School. Only the children, teachers and supervisors came. It wasn't until Leon W. Jennings moved to Ephraim in 1923³ that an adult class was started in the North Ward with Mr. Jennings as the teacher.⁴ As the Sunday School grew and more space was needed, curtains were strung on long wires to divide the large chapel into six classrooms with other groups meetings in my rooms to the east. I'm sure the children, within these thin curtain walls, had to concentrate to hear the lessons.

The waning shadows of the afternoon sun fell on my maple floor and home-made wooden benches as the members gathered in the large room for Sacrament meeting. Lars S. Anderson was the first Bishop. Others who followed him and served prior to 1925 were Christian Thorpe, John S. Beal, Thomas A Beal, and David N. Beal.⁵ Each one had his problems and special experiences.

Many times, in the early meetings, the speakers would talk in their native, Danish tongue.⁶ Since this language was used a great deal, even the young people understood much of what was said, although this may have been one of the reasons that few young men attended the services. Because of the absence

of boys at the meetings, older men often passed the sacrament and were hired to bless and bread and water at 50 cents each week.

The bread was passed from a pretty, china plate. A silver mug, with a handle on one side, contained the water from which each person took a swallow. In later years, a set of trays was purchased for \$40 and used instead of the plate and mug. Two young girls were hired at 25 cents each to keep the trays clean.

I think the part I enjoyed most about the meetings was the music. Some of the words which I heard many times were, "Come, come, ye Saints, o toil nor labor fear", "Come to Zion, come to Zion, and within her walls rejoice," "Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, Glides swiftly away, and the fugitive moment refuses to stay."⁸ As I listened, I felt my time hurrying on with the fast-moving tide. Many more hymns were sung, a mixture of the Danish and English accent, accompanied on a fine, pump organ or the new upright piano. Children and adults mingled their voices together in love if not always in perfect harmony. There was always music in every season.

The summer sun kept my floors and walls warm and also my high ceilings. As early snow made its first appearance on Towhead and later blanketed the roads and fields, I was glad for the cheerful fires in the black, pot-bellied stoves that stood in the chapel and the classrooms. When January temperatures reached a sub-zero level, I enjoyed the cozy picture of benches pulled near the stoves and young and old huddled close to them, listening to the lengthy sermons.

It took piles of wood to keep me warm in those days and watchful care to see that the stoves didn't get too hot. A number of times the stove pipes were red hot as the sparks flew up the chimney. Often the Bishop would announce that help was needed, from men and boys, to bring firewood from the mountains.

Fires had to be kept continually since the benches were filled each week day with children, from the public schools, learning their three R's. An old history states: "The school board rented three rooms in the North Ward chapel¹⁰ (used until 1908) when "an all purpose house was erected to include both grade school and high school. In 1900 there were four schools with a total population of 702 pupils, each teacher having 55-60 pupils in a room."¹¹ No wonder my floors creaked and my windows rattled.

In 1896 'due to expanding curriculum and increased enrollment, part of the courses (then being held at the Sanpete Stake Academy) were moved to the old North Ward meeting house, then new and consisting of two, large, well-lighted rooms.'¹² Later, I was pleased to have the little room on the north side used for Institute classes for the College.

Some of the happiest times I witnessed were the dances held in the large room. An invitation to a social in 1894 read: "Apple Ball! At North Ward School House, Tuesday evening, Dec. 25, 1894. Yourself and gent cordially invited to attend. Music by Ephraim Quadrille Band."¹³

The folks at that time really knew how to dance and have a good time. At many of the dances held under my roof, Mark Christensen played the accordion while Geneva Peterson played the piano.¹⁴

So many happy times and some sad events took place through the years. Funerals always made me feel depressed and lonely. Many of them before 1900 were held in the homes. "There were no commercial institutions to take away the realities and to smooth the hard places."¹⁵ There were many occasions I remember when the large, double doors were opened, allowing a home-made wooden casket to be carried in, with the mourners in black clothing, following closely behind. Flowers were few. Many of them were 'willow wreaths as a foundation and covered with evergreen, leaves and flowers.'¹⁶ The beauty and fragrance of white snowballs, pink moss roses, and purple lilacs carried a certain nostalgia that has permeated my walls. Arrangements of white, pink and red geraniums were welcome tributes when snow lay deep upon the earth. They were 'usually placed in the casket for they were few and precious.'¹⁷

Some days I felt the weight of many footsteps across my worn floors, the lash of many winters upon my stuccoed walls. I almost looked forward to the day when a new generation would, perhaps, scrape the red mortar from my adobe and use some of the best ones in a new and modern building. I hoped a remnant might be preserved, when nothing was left of me but a heap of rubble, as a reminder that within my walls had been a place for worshipping, for learning, for amusement, a place where people came closer to their Maker, where they taught one another, touched hands and hearts to build a bond of love and friendship.

Although the congregation, who used the worn benches, have followed many diverse paths, their names and faces now forgotten, still, among those whose paths may cross at a far distance time and place, may a warm glow enter their hearts as the name, Ephraim North Ward, is spoken.

¹ These Our Fathers, p. 70.

² Ali Olsen

³ Bruce Jennings

⁴ Ali Olsen

⁵ Ephraim's First One Hundred Years, p. 30.

⁶ "Supplementary Ephraim History", Soren Caleb Ross

⁷ Ali Olsen

⁸ Latter-day Saint Hymns, p. 194, 213, 195

⁹ "Supplementary Ephraim History", Soren Caleb Ross

¹⁰ "Supplementary Ephraim History", Soren Caleb Ross

¹¹ Ephraim's First One Hundred Years, p. 40.

¹² Ibid., p. 47.

¹³ These Our Fathers, p. 85

¹⁴ Ali Olsen

¹⁵ "Supplementary Ephraim History", Soren Caleb Ross

¹⁶ "Supplementary Ephraim History", Soren Caleb Ross

¹⁷ Ibid.

MARY THORPE BEAL

Afton C. Greaves

Salt Lake City, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Place Historical Essay

Many great acts of faith and deeds of courage are told in stories of early pioneers, but imagine, if you can, the faith and dedication of a young woman whose first three babies had died, yet while pregnant with her fourth, walked across the plains, suffered a terrible accident which left her crippled, and whose husband abandoned her a few months after they arrived in Utah. This remarkable woman was my great grandmother, Mary Thorpe Beal.

She was born May 27, 1827, in Amber Mills, Derby, England. She was converted by Mormon missionaries and was baptized when she was sixteen. In 1846 she married Joseph Morris, also a convert. Their great desire was to come to Zion, so they worked hard to earn money for their passage. Their first child was born in England, but lived less than three months.¹ In 1849, they crossed the ocean, and settled in

St. Louis, Missouri, where they worked and made plans for the trek across the plains. There, two more children were born to them; one lived only three weeks, the other eight months.²

In the spring of 1853 they joined a company to begin their journey to Zion in a covered wagon. Mary was pregnant, but she felt certain there would be time to make the trip to Salt Lake City and get settled in a home before time for the birth of her baby. But this was not to be. Although she had already lost three babies, she had enough faith to walk all the way from St. Louis to Green River, Wyoming where she gave birth, two months prematurely, to a baby girl. The 3 ½ pound baby was born on a load of freight with only the help of another woman. For three days she and the baby rode on the wagon and seemed to be getting along all right, but one day the oxen were frightened by a herd of buffalo, stampeded, and Mary and the baby were thrown to the ground. One wheel of the heavy wagon ran over Mary's body just below her arms and crushed her. The baby was unharmed, and even though the wheel ran over the long skirts of her dress, it miraculously missed her body. Try to visualize this terrible accident out on the plains with no doctor, no nurse, no hospital to care for Mary! It was a miracle that she lived, but she carried the grim reminder the rest of her life. Her body was deformed and crippled, with one side shorter than the other. Of course, it wasn't possible for the company to wait for her recovery, neither could she be left behind; there was no alternative but to continue the journey. The jolting ride in the heavy spring-less wagon bumping over deep rut and hard ground must have been an agonizing experience for her pain-wracked body, with the only bright side being that her precious child was unharmed.

They arrived in Salt Lake on September 11, 1853, but were permitted to stay there only five months, and then were sent with others to strengthen the Manti colony. Mary didn't mind greatly because her brother, Thomas Thorpe, had been sent there with the first company in 1849; later a second brother, William came to live there. In cold and snowy February, 1854, they once again packed their few belongings in a wagon and started on the slow, wet, miserable journey to Manti.

Joseph Morris became discouraged and disillusioned when they arrived in Manti and he saw the privations and hardships they would still have to suffer. He begged Mary to return to England with him where he knew he would be able to care for her. But she had come too far, through too much, and had too much faith to leave; so she refused. His poor health, the sorrows of the deaths of their children, the accident that crippled Mary, the delicate health of baby Eliza and the harsh life ahead of them strained his faith so much that he abandoned his wife and baby, and went to Ogden where he founded the schismatic 'Morrisite Church' and committed other rebellious acts until he was excommunicated from the Mormon Church. Mary had no other choice but to divorce him.

In 1850 Henry Allen Beal, his father and two brothers had been sent from Salt Lake to Manti, and now Henry was asked to help settle Ephraim. He helped construct a fort with walls seven feet high enclosing about an acre-and-a-half of ground to protect the people and their livestock from the often hostile Indians. Only July 4, 1854, the first Independence Day in Ephraim, Mary Thorpe, age 27, and Henry Allen Beal, age 19, became the first couple to be married in the Fort, and made their home in the second adobe and rock house built inside the Fort. In 1855 the fort was enlarged to enclose almost seventeen acres.³

Hardships continued to plague them. The first year frost killed their crops; in 1856 grasshoppers devoured their crops until they were forced to eat roots and pig weed. In 1857, they were sealed to each other. Later, in 1888, the four children born to her and Joseph Morris were sealed to Henry and Mary in the Manti Temple.⁴

In 1860, as danger from the Indians subsided somewhat, Henry built the second home in Ephraim outside the fort on property at what is now 177 North Main Street. But for years afterwards the people had to be on guard against Indian raids. On April 9, 1865, the Black Hawk War was provoked⁵ and great precautions had to be maintained to guard against the Indians. Even with the Indian warning system they had organized, it was not enough. On October 17, Chief black Hawk led his Utes on a raid and stole the town's herd of cattle. Seven Ephraim people were massacred that day, among them Mary Thorpe's brother, William, who was scalped by the Indians near Guard Knoll, another heartbreaking incident for her to bear.

Nine years after their marriage Henry entered into polygamy. Mary was the first of three wives. The three families lived in relative harmony; and exception is illustrated by the following humorous incident: Mary Thorpe and Henry's third wife, Mary Ann Thompson, had homes next door to each other on Main Street. Henry kept telling Mary what a good wife and wonderful companion his third wife was proving to be. This rankled in Mary's mind one Sunday morning. When the pigs began to squeal, Henry, without getting out of his bed next door, shouted, "Mary Thorpe, go slop the hogs!" Mary took the bucket of swill and started toward the pigs, but suddenly indignant, she went to the open window of the house next door and threw the contents on the couple in bed.⁶

Henry had had no chance to attend school, and his mother had died crossing the plains; as a consequence, he hadn't learned to read. Mary Thorpe enjoyed reading. Books were scarce, but she borrowed them to read to him until he developed an interest in books, then she taught him to read simple books and progressed to more difficult ones until he became proficient. Paradoxically this uneducated man became such a strong believer in education that while he was in the Stake presidency he worked diligently with Stake President Canute Peterson, Second Counselor John B. Maiben, and others to found Sanpete Stake Academy, which became Snow College.

My mother said she visited her grandparents every day in their last home, the solid rock house on the southwest corner of Main Street and Second North (next door to the adobe and rock one he first built for her), and this reading habit continued. Every time she visited her grandparents in the evening she found Mary reading to Henry.

Mary lived to have seven children by Henry Allen Beal, and all but the first lived to have homes of their own. Even frail baby Eliza Morris Beal Pehrson grew strong and lived 86 years.

In spite of Mary's crippled body, the tragedies she endured, her hard pioneer life, this faithful, loving woman helped build a town in a desert, supported in every way a husband who was a leader in the Church, the community, and in educational endeavors. She remained in the background caring for her home and children, and even provided for them by having a community store in a room of her home for two years when her husband and his second wife were called to colonize Circle Valley. Truly she exemplified one of her favorite sayings, "The back is made to carry the burden." She left a rich legacy of love, pride, faith and courage to her children and grandchildren.

¹ Family genealogy records.

² Ibid.

³ Ephraim's First One Hundred Years, 1854-1954, edited by Centennial Book Committee, p. 8, and 10.

⁴ Family genealogy records.

⁵ Ephraim's First One Hundred Years, 1854-1954, edited by Centennial Book Committee, p. 12.

⁶ Henry Allen Beal, A Sanpete Valley Pioneer, Merrill D. Beal, V.W. Johns Printing, Garland, Utah, 1971, pp. 44, 45.

"Mary Thorpe Beal, 1827-1905, " a history of her grandmother written by Mary Bendetta Beal Christensen.

MEDICAL WONDERS

Marjorie Madsen Riley
Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Historical Essay

I was born the day the noted San Francisco earthquake occurred. It was never established whether by being born caused the earthquake or whether the earthquake brought about my birth!

At any rate, since there was no hospital in our town, I was delivered at home with Doctor Winters and practical nurse, Nora Reynolds, doing the honors. I wonder how many babies capable, dependable Nora helped to bring into the world, plodding through the snow after an early morning's summons and functioning with light from a kerosene lamp and with heat from a coal stove. God bless her! The general practitioner took over only if there were complications such as the mother's developing 'milk leg' or if a 'wet nurse' had to be located.

Generally speaking, at that time of the century, people who were wick either got well or died from self administered home remedies. There were medical books to consult; of course, books purchased from door to door salesmen. Mama had such a wonder book, a 1901 publication titled, Perfect Womanhood, for Maidens, Wives, Mothers. What a volume! Sometimes I sneaked a look through its pages, finding the colored pictures both scary and exciting.

Mama's cookbook was helpful, too, with its "Druggist's Department" and innumerable printed cures for everything from summer complaint to dog bites and bee stings. Everyone knew, however, without even consulting a book, that putting mud on a bee sting or spider bite, drew out the poison, and that an application of turpentine brought out a wood tick embedded under the skin. Truly, medical wonders!

Many medicines had common usage when I was a child, olive oil, commonly called, 'sweet oil', was stored in every household cupboard, for supposedly it healed earache, sore throat, a child's 'growing pains' and many other complaints. And, Watkin's salve, Ginme's black ointment, 'Castoria,' 'Syrup of Figs,' sassafras tea, or a mixture of sulphur and molasses cured many ills of mind and body.

There were no antibiotic drugs, as such. Even so, our family managed to escape dreaded diseases such as diphtheria and typhoid fever. And, we survived common childhood diseases with few complications: Measles, mumps, whooping cough, and chicken pox with all the itching and scratching.

Doc winters was a general practitioner and he functioned as a dentist, as well. I remember his holding me on his lap as he performed the task of pulling by baby teeth with a plain, ordinary pincers. Sometimes a loose baby tooth was yanked out by tying one end of a string to the tooth and the other end to a door knob and then closing the door real fast.

Out came the tooth!

Toothache was bad, but a bit of oil of cloves placed at the root of the trouble seemed to ease the pain. And, a mixture of nutmeg and sugar or a mixture of salt and soda usually cured small mouth canker sores.

I hated warts! Once, when I had a wart on one of my fingers, a kid at school told me the wart would disappear if I rubbed it with a dirty dish rag and then buried the rag. Sure enough the advice worked. Cross my heart and hope to die....

Kids received bruises and cuts and scratches from playing with sharp knives, from stepping on nails, from falling out of trees, or maybe, from climbing over barbed wire fences. Infections, however, were

prevented by applying poultices made of bread and milk, one of Grandma's hand-me-down remedies, to the injury. The poultice was good for bringing a sliver in a finger 'to a head' and it worked as a cure for felons and in growing toenails, too. Another medical wonder!

Pinkeye was cleared up with hot water packs and a sty was cured by placing hot tea leaves over the affected eye. A single flaxseed placed in the eye somehow attached itself to any foreign matter, such as a minute particle of dust, and made removal possible.

Various blood infections and boils were treated with a solution made by boiling a lead bullet in plain, ordinary cow's milk. And, nervous disorders and stomach ailments were treated with store-bought tonics, such as, 'Tanlac'. Women doted on headache powders which came in paper wrappers.

Mustard plasters worked miracles in our home. A hot kind, made from powdered mustard and flour, literally burned the skin off a patient's chest. But, it did the job and the chest congestion and the wheezes disappeared, as they usually did with an application of a less powerful concoction made from lard, ground peter and a pinch of mustard.

Mustard foot baths, they were for grown-ups as well as for kids like me. Soaking one's feet in a wash basin filled with steaming hot water, to which several spoonfuls' of dry mustard had been added was the world's best for clearing up bad colds and fevers. But, the treatment was effective only if the footbath was kept piping hot with boiling water poured from a teakettle. And, another thing, the patient's legs and knees had to be covered with a warm, woolen blanket.

Common colds were as common when I was a child as they are today. Instead of dashing out for an immediate shot of penicillin, the sick person 'sweated it out' by sipping cups of "Brigham tea," "Mormon tea", or hot lemonade. There were many ways of breaking a cold, such as applying camphorated oil to swollen gland and inflamed areas, or by applying a flannel cloth dipped in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine on the chest. One of our neighbors recommended wrapping a wool sock around the throat to get rid of a throat infection. But first, the sock had to have been worn and the infected area had to be rubbed with lard beforehand. Gargling with salt water offered relief for a sore throat and chewing honey candy made with ginger helped, too. If I had a cough or the croup, I had to swallow a big spoonful of a patented remedy called, 'Pinex'. But, Mama's cough medicines, mixtures of honey and lemon juice, or mixtures of butter and sugar, tasted lots better.

Grandma suffered greatly from rheumatism, especially during the winter months. Dear Grandma, I can still hear her say, "It hurts so," when I tripped lightly into her bedroom and asked, "How do you feel today, Grandma?" Anyway, it was comforting to know that the copper wire bracelets which she wore around her wrists seemed to ease the pain. Once I asked if I could wear one of the bracelets, for I thought it was so pretty.

All sorts of precautionary measures were taken to alert folks that communicable diseases were going around. It was common to see a quarantine sign tacked to a house or placed in a front window, or a red or a yellow flag tied to a gate post, indicating that a person there in was down with a case of the measles, scarlet fever or whatever. The quarantine remained in effect until occupants of the house had recovered and gone beyond the period of exposing others. Once I walked around an entire block to avoid passing the Renberg house which displayed a quarantine sign.

After a member of a household had been down with a communicable disease, the house had to be fumigated. Burning sulphur in a tin plate on the top of the stove was the most common method of fumigating. Windows were flung wide open, blankets were washed and aired, and I suspect family members ate at someone else's house in order to avoid the choking fumes.

I was in the seventh grade when the influenza epidemic of 1918-1919 broke out and I remember how terrible it was, with deaths and broken homes. My own Aunt Mary died during the epidemic, leaving behind a family of eight young children. The spread of the contagious disease was difficult to control, for vaccinations and inoculations were little heard of. Some folks consented to try 'flu'shots, at their own risk. I got in on the group shots at Aunt Sarah's home, for I just happened to be around at the time.

My parents insisted that my brothers, sisters and I take every precaution against catching the influenza. Doctors recommended the wearing of gauze masks for extra protection against exposure in public, going to the store and to the post office, mainly, for schools, churches and places of amusement were closed. We followed this advice, wearing masks which Mama made of clean, disinfected gauze.

Asafetida was the precautionary medication I hated most during the influenza epidemic. It was a brownish-grey, dreadful smelling substance purchased at the local drug store. Wearing a little cheesecloth sack, containing a small portion of the asafetida, around one's neck was supposed to prevent infectious disease exposure. It probably worked, for no one could get close enough to a person wearing the medication to expose him to anything!

There were advantages that came with being sick, or so I thought at the time. I got special things to eat, like sweet soup and oyster stew, and all the lemonade I could drink. I got to stay home from school and got out of doing the dishes. I lived through it all, the childhood diseases, the common ills, and the hurts that came from skinned knees and bruised elbows.

Thinking back, whatever the pain or the discomfort, the most helpful of all medical wonders were Mama's soothing word, "Let me kiss it better."

Source: Personal recollection of the writer.

A TRUE PIONEER COWBOY

Maxine Sorenson Green

Salt Lake City, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

The years have added to and deepened the furrows in the brow of this venerable pioneer cowpoke. After eighty-eight years his legs are bowed and he sprints along with a limp, but he still has more agility and zest than most men. His sporty western Stetson hat and his Justin boots are his earmarks of dignity.

George Willard "Dykes" Sorenson of Ephraim, Utah, was red to the saddle and still vigorously rides the range twelve and fourteen hours a day. He started riding horses when a mere child of six and now when worried town folks say, "George, it's time for you to turn your horse to pasture", he replies, "No, by golly, ridin' and ropin' and workin' cattle is the best part of my life. I guess I'll die with my boots on." Then he mounts his horse and is off as smoothly as a milkweed seed floating with the wind.

His horse is his true companion and as much a part as his own family. His saddler was always the best he could afford. Often he skimmed on necessities when buying a saddle to get the extra bit of fancy tooling around the shiny horn. A bright, genuine, hand-woven Indian blanket was a must, to go next to the horse and under the saddle.

George was born to pioneer parents, June 28, 1882, in Ephraim, Utah, Sanpete County. It was a small farming community where people believed it was better to "wear out" than to "rust out". George

was not exception and being the eldest son in a family of nine children, upon the early death of his father, he helped his mother rear and raise the children. He farmed, raised cattle, and to earn the much needed money, he custom-branded, dehorned and vaccinated cattle for livestock men all over the country. He is still called upon to brand, dehorn and round up cattle for his friends and acquaintances. He never turns anyone away and performs his task without monetary compensation saying, "Nothing is really work unless you would rather be doing something else."

Mr. Sorenson has had many close calls, but only one serious accident while in the saddle. One of his closest and jumped quickly before George could release one foot from the stirrup. He was dragged some seventy-five yards and kicked several times by the running horse, had his head bumped up and down on the pavement, then he wiggled his foot out of his riding boot and escaped with only bad bruises. He admitted though, that he thought he had taken his last ride except maybe one in a funeral coach.

He took a short vacation from the saddle in the winter of 1947 after his horse fell on him. He was taken to the hospital where he underwent bone surgery to mend a badly broken leg. As soon as the cast was on and he was released, he was back in the saddle again.

His most recent experience which was a near fatality happened last fall when he was on the cattle drive on the range in the Manti Mountains. George's horse lost his footing on a side hill. He reared suddenly and because it was unexpected, Mr. Sorenson was thrown off, landing on his head. He rolled on down the slope through scrub oak and rocks. After regaining his composure and wiping the blood from his head, he mounted his horse expecting to continue on the drive. The other cattlemen insisted on his going home and wanted to drive him to town in a truck to the doctor. George spoke up as if he had been insulted; "When I can't get back the way I came, I'll call it quits and I expect to have many more years in the saddle."

He rode back to town on his horse, but refused to see a doctor. He was in much pain, but insisted he was alright. He said he could feel three broken ribs, but the good Lord made his head hard which protected him from more serious injury.

When George was eighteen years old, he went to Sunnyside, Utah on a cattle drive. He was standing in front of the town saloon waiting to meet the cowhands in his party so they could start the trek back home. Four riders rode up and dismounted their horses. Three of them went into the saloon while the fourth held the horses by the reins. George walked over to the fellow who was holding the horses and started asking questions about the handsome buckskin stallion. The fellow answered casually and curtly and rather evasively. When George kept prodding, the man became nervous and said, "Beat it, kid!" Just then the three other men came running from the saloon and one had a bag in his hand. They jumped on their horses and were off like a shot. George suddenly realized it was a holdup. The people came rushing from the saloon, shouting, "Holdup! Where's the sheriff?" The sheriff was not around. George then jumped on his horse and went racing after the bandits. They rode through trees and shrubs and because it was dark George was unable to track them. It was fortunate that he couldn't as little did he realize the potential danger of catching up with them.

The next day the sheriff organized a posse to search for the robbers. George went along because he had furnished a description of the men and their horses and knew the trail they had taken.

They searched in the hills east of Sunnyside and found a camp which showed evidence of the robbers having been there the previous night and on several other occasions. Remnants of food were scattered around. Fresh ashes and whiskey and home brew bottles were strewn all over the ground. This camp from then on was referred to as "The Robber's Roost Round-up Camp", even though the robbers

were never caught or rounded up. Several more robberies took place after that, but the robbers were never apprehended.

George “Dyches” as he was called in the community where he lived, rode and participated in western rodeos and county and state celebrations. He raised thoroughbred horses, specializing in raising and training quarter horses.

In 1950, when he was sixty-five years old, George was chosen to reign as “King Cowboy” of an annual county celebration. He sat tall in the saddle riding his favorite mount “Silky.” He was bedecked in his finest cowboy regalia as he proudly reigned at the gala occasion.

George boasts of having completely worn out seven saddles and is now on his eighth. While on the cattle drives and round-ups, he sometimes rode seventy-five miles a day. When water was scarce, he often drank from cow track holes or from rain puddles in the rocks.

He lived in a tent on the desert one winter when the temperature was 30 degrees below zero. His skin became tough and weathered like dehydrated buckskin which gave him immunity from the penetrating cold.

When riding, he and his companion, Nels, took turns preparing the evening meal. They surprised each other, not telling what the entrée was until they had finished eating. This gave them variety which included skunk, squirrel, rattle snake, porcupine, rodents and scrambled bird eggs.

When Nels had an abscessed tooth, George extracted it using a pair of pliers. Nels returned the favor when George suffered from a toothache.

Mr. Sorenson was hired by the state Agriculture Commission as the county brand inspector and served in this capacity for thirty-nine years. The Commission tried to retire him when he was at the age of sixty-eight. He wrote them a letter saying this was nonsense that he was too young to retire and because he knew every brand in the county, they would not be able to find a man to replace him.

The state agreed to let him stay on a few more years. When he was seventy-five years old they put pressure on him and said it was absolutely necessary to retire him as the law was opposed to a man of his age still holding a government job. Again Mr. Sorenson wrote them a letter citing cases where politicians seemed to be sitting in their chairs and drawing big salaries. He argued that he was active and capable of doing a good job and pleasing all of the livestock men with whom he worked. He challenged them by telling them if they could find a man in Sanpete County who knew the brands and could satisfactorily take the responsibility, he would relinquish the job.

Mr. Sorenson didn't hear any more concerning this matter until he was eight-two years old when they finally outsmarted him. The state department planned a retirement party for him and invited everyone in the county. They had an honorary program and reviewed his life activities. He received a congratulatory letter from the President of the United States.

When Mr. Sorenson arrived home from the party he said, “That was a nice program. It did me honor. I guess that winds up my brand inspection job, but I could have carried on for another ten years.”

When asked if he felt old, Mr. Sorenson replied, “No, I've still got a lot of ‘get up and go’. I'd rather be eighty-seven years young than to be forty-seven years old. When the final round-up does call, then I'll be ready to mount old Silky and ride the trail to the tune of ‘Don't Fence Me In.’ Close the casket with a loop of my hard twist lasso and adorn my grave, not with roses and carnations, but with the bloom from the western sage.”

RARE TREASURES FROM THE PAST

Lucille K. Allen

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

How old these treasures are I cannot say, but this I know, they are old. We came to Manti seventeen and a half years ago. We had looked at many homes and had prayed about it. Finally we found just what we wanted, a big old home. It was called the "Hoggan Home" After some deliberation we made it ours. We had no idea what treasures this spot held.

The house is so old the nails¹ in the floors upstairs are handmade and have square heads. I am told that square-headed nails were made before the turn of the century.

The house is made of adobe. The bricks² are large, ten by four by two and a half inches. The window sills are deep, the walls thick, and the rooms beautiful! There are three rooms upstairs, six on the ground floor and three, roughly finished, in the basement.

When we arrived, the yards were strewn with trash and wood ashes. We hauled many loads of trash away; that down deep we didn't get. We planted flowers where the ashes had been dumped, wondering if the soil would be too rich and burn the tender plants. To our delight they grew and thrived and bloomed. Our treasures were appearing one by one. A piece of old scrip³ was dug up in the flower bed. Scrip was used in the early days in the mercantile business in lieu of money. This piece was issued by J. W. Hoggan.

When we ploughed the garden spot every year its yield was great. We gathered rocks and hauled most of them to the dump, but some grace our rock garden with others we have found. As we worked the soil ploughing, leveling, furrowing, planting, hoeing we found more of our treasures. It was most rewarding to find a tiny china doll arm, leg, body or head. These fragments ranged in size from one tiny body with stationary arms and legs, which was less than two inches high, to some parts which were larger than the midget body. One doll arm was made of bisque, a form of porcelain used in making statuettes. China dolls were very popular in the late eighteen hundreds and early nineteen hundreds.

There is evidence that little boys also lived in this very spot many years ago. We found 'commys' marbles, sometimes called 'dough babies'. They were homemade from molded clay and then baked, while others were made from sandstone smoothed and rounded.

Bits of old Blue Willow⁴ china were scattered here and there, indicating that the occupants of this home lived in style. China was not easily obtained at that time.

Imagine my surprise when I picked up an arrowhead while hoeing in the garden one summer day. It was broken but still an arrowhead, evidence that the "Red Man" had also inhabited this land. Another day I found a second arrowhead. I wonder what their use had been. Had they been used in battle or shot from ambush at some "White Man's" back; or had they been sent to fell a deer or bear?

One day I found a tiny doll cup, thimble size, and made of porcelain. Had some child played at keeping house and invited neighbors in to tea? Brigham tea was made from steeping stems of a plant found in the foothills nearby. It was discovered by Brigham Young. The tea was quite tasteless and also quite harmless. It may have been Mormon teach which was made by pouring hot water into a cup and simply adding sugar and milk or cream.

A few years ago we decided to add a new room to our basement by excavating beyond what is now the furnace room. On a dirt ledge in the deep dark recesses under the ground level floor we found an old white enamel platter, a heavy drinking mug⁵ and a tarnished silver thimble. Had someone used this recess for a hiding place in times of danger?

If all these articles could talk, how interesting it would be to hear their stories! Were precious pennies saved by little girls to buy China dolls when father went to Salt Lake City to General Conference? Had father and son made 'commie' marbles in the cool summer evenings after a hard day's work in the nearby fields? Was the beautiful Blue Willow china a surprise anniversary gift from a faithful, thoughtful, loving husband? Was this precious China used only on rare occasions when General Authorities came for Quarterly Conference?

If these rare treasures from the past could talk, what stories they could tell!

THE BEGINNING OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN MANTI

Sonja Town

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Although Manti was settled by Mormon pioneers, religious freedom was kept sacred, and other religions flourished in the area soon after the founding of the town.

For the Presbyterians it all started when Reverend D.J. McMillan and Reverend Robert G. McNiece came to Manti on the 20th of April in the year of 1878. On that very day twelve of the inhabitants of Manti presented themselves for admission to church membership in the Presbyterian, church. The Presbyterian Church of Manti was formed on the following Sabbath day.

For this occasion, and until their church building was completed, the members of the Presbyterian Church of Manti met in the hall of E.V. Fox & Company in Manti. Mr. Fox and his family seemed to have been some of the earliest Presbyterian Church members in the area.

Very soon the members realized that it would be of great advantage to have their own building and to meet in and hold day school in, and around the beginning of the next year an effort was made to acquire funds towards this end. A subscription paper pledging funds was circulated among the Non-Mormons in the community. Seven or eight hundred dollars was said to have been pledged, but the subscription paper got lost. And some of the subscribers expected the building to be erected to be used for dances, political meetings and nonreligious lectures. So the matter was dropped again.

It wasn't easy to build a Non-Mormon church in Manti in the year 1878. Besides the problem of financial support, the small congregation was generally poor, and communication with other organized Presbyterian congregations was almost non-existent.

In spite of the problems, two years later, on April 20th, 1880, a building committee, consisting of five members of the Church, was formed. The first step the building committee took was trying to contact Mr. W.H. Folson, who was then the resident architect on the Manti Temple. It shows the open attitude of the Mormon Community that even the Temple architects were willing to help the other religious group to build their house of worship. They were not able to talk to Mr. Folson, in person, however, and had a talk with

Mr. Robert Spicer, the sub-architect, instead. Since there weren't any funds available yet and the committee didn't have any plans to raise any, the talk with Mr. Spicer didn't bring any further results.

A new effort to start a building was made in August. The committee contacted Mr. Peter Van Houten, and architect of Salt Lake City, who sketched a plan. The members of the committee agreed that the sketch would meet the requirements of the proposed building. Van Houten offered to make free detailed drawings. The offer was accepted, and after the drawings were received, Mr. Van Houten was hired as the architect.

In September the money started coming in. The Women's Presbyterian Missionary Society of Buffalo collected and sent \$1000 for the erection of a church building in Manti. Public notice was given that the building committee was ready to receive bids for the rockwork. Mr. M.C. Andreasson was contracted for the rockwork on the proposed building on November 9th, 1880.

It was agreed that he would be paid \$1.17 per perch, finished. (A perch is 24 $\frac{1}{4}$ cubic feet of stone.) Mr. Andreassen might well have been a local Mormon, who was willing to work and help the Presbyterian Community to establish their church.

In December Mr. Van Houten came all the way from Salt Lake City to Manti to explain his drawings to the workmen. In the same month the committee made an application to the Board of Church Erection Fund for \$2000. The Board of Church Erection Fund granted \$600 towards the building in Manti. And the Ladies' Board of Missions would furnish another \$600. At the same time the Women's Presbyterian Missionary Society of Buffalo pledged to raise another \$1000. It seemed to the committee members that there would now be enough money available to finish the project.

In March 1881 the Alderman broke ground.

Here are some of the decisions the building committee made:

- The flooring should be black balsam, well done.
- The plastering should be three coats, hand finished.
- The roofing should be red pine rafters
- The shingles first class timber.

A contract was made with the Jensen Bros. They would be paid \$1700 for the finishing of the building according to the plans and specifications of Peter Van Houten.

The cornerstone was laid during a ceremony on April 22, 1881. A box containing a sketch of the history of the Presbyterian Church in Manti, a Bible, a Shorter Catechism and other papers were sealed into the cornerstone.

Right before the cornerstone was laid, another important event for the Presbyterian Church in Manti happened. On April 5th, 1881, the Church became an incorporated body according to the laws of the Territory of Utah. The Reverend G.W. Martin became President of the Corporation.

Everything went smoothly from then on, and the building was growing daily. Mr. Andreassen, the mason, received payment in the amount of \$157.25. He must have worked on the building for about nine months.

The committee sent \$300 to Chicago for furniture which included stoves, chandeliers, and lamps. In November the building committee obtained a mortgage on the property of the Church in the amount of \$3400. The loan which the Church Erection Fund had given towards the church building in Manti was paid back with the mortgage money.

Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1881, the first service was held in the newly finished building. After the service a congregational meeting was held, at which all the people that helped towards the

erection of the church building were thanked. Especially mentioned was the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., the Ladies' Presbyterian Missionary Society in Buffalo; and above all, the many friends in Manti. It seems as if the Manti Mormons really have been friends to their Presbyterian brothers. It is remarkable that at such an early time in Mormon history a sectarian group was able to build a fine church in an almost 99% Mormon town, which was not even very big at that time.

Source: Records of the First Presbyterian Church in Manti, in possession of the Public Library in Manti.
History of Sanpete and Emery Counties, by V.W. Lever.

GRAVEYARD, DOVER, UTAH, IN OCTOBER 1974

Albert Antrei
Manti, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Poetry

West of Fayette, Sanpete County, Utah, about a mile or so, is Dover. Some people still live who were born and raised there in the early years of this, the twentieth century, but Dover today is big sky and little cemetery. It is not even a 'ghost town,' but only a 'site', where hopes once rose to die in despair.

Why do I come at this unfrequented hour
To this lonely place, where a
Hundred years ago men dug these
Graves for other men to vanish into?

What are they to me,
warm with rushing A-positive blood,
These vanished, unfelt heartbeats
in an impersonal ground?

What can they stir in me now,
these unknown people who lost their battle
to build upon this ground
and succumbed to its embrace?

Suppose I cry; who will console me?
Suppose I touch these graves; who will move?
Suppose I read words from their letters:
Whom will I embarrass?

Only incoherent winds will whisper.
My senses, unturned to the sounds of Eternity,
Will hear nothing, see nothing, know nothing.

But there are stirrings in me;

Some primitive communion out
Of the primeval
Tells me I am one with them,
And that they and I, we, are of the same
Substance as soil and water.

They are home eternal,
Whatever their blood type.
Left behind, their mumps
And bad kidneys
And peritonitis
And 'inflamed bowels,'
Home at rest,
Here in this lonely place,
Where only unheard voice
Carried in the wind
And in the sun's heat respond.
Only the memory of the race,
Only its sigh is touched here on this bare earth.
Here is a mound bearing a name,
The name of a Soul.

"Who lies here?"
Wi-i-i-ish-sh-sh.....
Says the wind.

DRESS-UP TO HERITAGE

Bonny Nielson Dahlsrud
Salina, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Poetry

A girl of eight
Will long recall
The dress-up years,
And fancy ball
Of make believe.

The satin shoes
I see so well,
And yellowed lace
That holds the smell
Of stale perfume.

Once dressed in silk
With frills and bows,
I could become
A queen, who knows
The ladies' role.

At Grandma's house
One rainy day,
An attic trunk
Long stowed away-
Unlocked the years.

The dresses there
Were not the same.
No silk or lace
But homespun-plain,
Without perfume.
Between the folds
A picture lay.
A pioneer
In tired gray;
True royalty.

When in her bonnet,
And worn button shoes,
I was a queen-
A lady who's
Found heritage.

Still in my mind
I see old lace;
Yet vividly
The bold,
Proud face of royalty.

EPHRAIM NICKNAMES

Cindy Nielson
Manti, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Honorable Mention Poetry

It was "Little Copenhagen" to link their early days;
They fought the Indians and weather, worked, and learned new way.
Their names were quite a problem – patronymics in their past –
Not only were first names the same; so also were the last.

Then humor, mixed with wisdom – funny, sharp, crude, mean or tame,
Said “Single Pete” or “Bailer Pete” – not any more the same.
Here’s others: “Charley Blacksmith”, “Jake Stine” Jensen and “Bill Buck”,
“Blind Mass”, “Joe Boots”, “Pete Woodenshoe”, “Pete Bishop”, “Rass Kannup”.

There “Perty Jim” and Perty Pete” and “Soren Chickenheart”,
“Yens Peter”, “Grin Billy”, “Young”, “Press Man”, “Doc Quinn”, “Snipe Mart”,
“Black Andrew”, “Oluf Coffee Pot”, “Spool Jim” and “Ras Pete Street”,
“Aaron Donuts”, and “Kanore Tom”, “Jake Cob” and “Toddy Pete”.

“Jim Magistrate”, “Bert Fiddlesticks”, “Chris Cellar”, “Tusa Peg”,
“Orse Tule Soren”, “Lew Shooter”, with “Bee Hunter”, and “Orse Haig”,
And “Smimmie Soren”, “Deaf Andred” Beal, “Salt Peter” and “Bear Hans”,
“Doc Lindberg”, “Scotty Water Eye”, and “Parley Polkadance”,

With “Smiling Pete”, “Little Witch”, “Lead Pencil”, “Sarah Fat”,
“Niels Postmaters”, “Pete Ice Cream”, “Sweet Marie” and “Soren Rat”,
“Joe Mons”, “Black Andrew”, “Red Whiskers”, “Fred Brazil”,
“Mormon Preacher”, “Whiskey” Larsen, and “Annie-on-the-Hill”;

With names for many others; some fancy, others plain
Think about it, everyone: Just what is in a name?
T’were many “Jim’s” and “Soren’s” and “Pete’s”; yes, many more than one.
But did they do it for Pete’s sake, or do it just for Fun?

Sources: Ephraim tradition of nicknames and personal knowledge.

Ephraim’s First One Hundred Years, edited by Centennial Book Committee, 1954.

“The Funniest Town in Utah”< by Tom Mathews, Salt Lake Tribune, January 8, 1950, Section M, pages 1 and 3.

Saga of the Sanpitch, Vol. 1, 1969, pp. 30-32.

SOME OF ME WILL REMAIN

Wilma Morley Despain
Centerfield, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Honorable Mention Poetry

This valley is my bowl
Of fruited joy.
In Sanpete, where sunlight,
splashes my face,
even in winter.
It is a pleasant place to spend—
life life’s span or even Eternity.

Stars spears strike down, guarding
The quiet night's serenity,
But someone, something seems
To call, to urge me on,
Could it be those who smothered my paths?
Could it be a reminder to preserve
It all, to also pioneer?

Yet, could another place
ever be as sweet,
(with older friend
And early love ones gone?)
Must I, heir to all this largess
Dare to pioneer or brave
Another wilderness, as they?

Always the heart wants
To return home-
Until the circle is completed.
For this we all yearn.
But some of me will remain until
I've tasted more beneficence,
More appreciation, and can discern.

When sorrow has sculptured
All the hollows of my heart.
When history of all my own-
I've prepared and know,
I shall answer then,
(Across the silent deep.)
But reluctantly I'll go.

MEMORIES OF SANPETE

Ruby F. Thomas
Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Honorable Mention Poetry

I was born in "our new house" in Mount Pleasant, Utah.
Papa had built it himself, mostly, of cream-colored brick.
And there was a porch all across the front, with a porch swing,
And room for rocking chair and other chairs beside,
To sit on a warm summer day.
Grandma Sanderson came from Fairview, for a visit and held me on her lap,
As she rocked on the porch, when I was just a baby
Way back in nineteen hundred and fourteen.
Mama and Papa and my sister Crystal stood nearby.
And we had a picture taken.

Papa was born in Mt. Pleasant and Mama in Fairview,
So, of course the Mt. Pleasant boys thought Fairview girls were prettier, and vice
versa.
Papa was part owner of a confectionary called Crystal ice Cream,
And that's where my sister
Got her name.

They name me ruby because it seemed to go well with Crystal,
She was blond and I was sort of dark,

And our 4th of July dresses were generally blue for Crystal
And red for me.
After we moved to the City, we usually went back to Sanpete
For the 4th of July
And to visit Grandma Sanderson in Fairview
And Grandma Fechser in Mt. Pleasant.

There was the patriotic meeting in the church house,
And the parade down the street, with the band playing,
And Crystal and I each had our own little flags to wave.
There was the Rodeo, and an afternoon dance for children,
And a night dance for grownups, and even Grandma went to watch.
And babies were put on benches to sleep.

And when we walked down Main Street, in our new dresses,
Those who sat and watched speculated as to who we were
And we felt important.
When we drove up to Grandma's house,
She was always sitting by the window watching for us.
And Mama said, "Now run inside
And give Grandma a big kiss."

I sat on her lap and marveled at the big wrinkles
In her face and hands.
I told her a nursery rhyme once about Little Joan who said
When nobody's with me I'm always alone,
And Grandma laughed so hard
The tears rolled down her cheeks.

She went out in the back yard and caught a chicken
And chopped off its head,
And we watched it flopping around, and making clucking noises
Without any head.

Grandma talked a lot about dying,
And once when someone was fixing the wall of her house,
She said, "Now don't you boys fix that too good,
Or I won't want to die."

THE SANPETE VALLEY “CREEPER”

Ruth D. Scow

Manti, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

First Place Historical Essay

The Sanpete Valley Railroad was built around 1880 between Nephi and Coalbed (Wales, Utah). Later its rails were taken and reused to bring the little train to Moroni. From there it's rails were laid to Manti, and then to the Morrison coal mines above Sterling, Utah.

This railroad was unique by today's standards, as it was built with a narrow gauge track three feet wide. Many colorful and interesting stories about the Sanpete Valley train (often dubbed the Sanpete “Creeper”) have survived the years, until at times they seem almost folklore. Was the track a bit out of line or was it a loosened rail-plate pin? Observers said its engine often appeared to “Wobble” along the tracks.

A story is told about the time its engine high-centered on a cow. It's front wheels were lifted from the track and into the air. The train could not move, and another engine had to be brought from Manti to pull it off the carcass.

Sanpete folk were proud of this “Creeper” train and of the way it connected them with the outside world. It was always dependable, except when some catastrophe arose. Each day, never on Sunday, it made its run to Nephi and return. Occasionally a storm or flood caused its delay or perhaps its compassionate operators slowed and stopped it as their wisdom dictated.

Ali Olsen, Ephraim, tells the story about the day the Sanpete Valley train got stuck. It had almost reached the summit north of Fountain Green. Because of the great depth of heavy snow on its tracks, it just could not move. George Bradley, the conductor, said to some boys who were passengers, “Get off and pull some of these brush along the track and give them to the engineer. Then maybe he can get up more steam.”

The boys did as they were told and hurriedly gathered huge armloads of wet green, snow' laden brush, only to have the engineer pull the whistle and ejaculate, “Gee, d-you.”

Another engineer, Ray Stringham, worked out a signal with his wife to notify her when he would be home. As the train approached Manti, he blew the whistle in such a way that she would have supper on the table when he arrived.

As a train of convenience, the Sanpete Valley could not be surpassed. It moved slowly ‘huffing and puffing’. It never seemed to hurry. It had a job to do and it did it, arriving home at various hours in the evening. Wilford Anderson, Manti, said it took eight hours one time for the train to get to Nephi. An election was coming up and the train operators stopped at every town on the route to talk politics.

A person desiring a ride after the train had left the station stood on the side of the track and waved his arm for the approaching train to stop. Thus farmers had transportation to and from, and fishermen and hunters often rode to their favorite spot to spend the day. They caught the train for home on its return. A mother and her baby and baby's buggy were allowed to ride for a single fare.

The Manti Messenger reported on August 26, 1909 that the Sanpete Valley train was six hours late because of a washout. The track was repaired the next day.

William (Will) D. Livingston was traveling to Salt Lake City in 1911 by way of auto, when he ventured a race with ‘the Creeper’ going north. His ‘machine’ was successful to the summit at the head of Salt Creek (Nephi) Canyon. As the train started on the down-grade it began to tax the automobile to a ‘pretty lively

clip.' The train engineer, Frank Parry, saw one of the auto's tires go bounding across the canyon. Livingston made Nephi on the 'rim' and caught another train to his destination.

For \$1.50 a person could have an exciting ride to Nephi and return the same day. Milton D. Anderson (Manti) and his friends decided to do just that. On the trip home the boys got to scuffling and Milt's hat flew out the open window of the coach. Milt dashed down the aisle, jumped off the car steps and raced back along the track. He swooped up his hat and ran after the train. He was successful in reaching its slow-moving entrance and swung himself onto its steps.

Said the Manti Messenger on January 12, 1912. "A derailment occurred on the Sanpete branch of the D & RG when the engine, tender, and baggage coach left the rails about eight miles above Nephi due to ice on the track which was hidden by about eight inches of snow. The train had been stopped at Vick's Ranch for passengers to get off. It was running about five miles per hour.

There were ten passengers in the coach and had the train been running full speed, disaster would have resulted. Engineer Parry and Fireman Reid jumped when the pony truck struck the ice. No one was injured. Passengers were taken to Nephi in sleighs." A wrecking outfit was sent from Thistle Junction causing a 30-hour delay.

The phenomenon of this little train moving like a caterpillar up and down the Sanpete Valley was a picture one could not easily forget. From a distance one could see its smoke emanating from its cone-shaped smokestack. When the coal it was burning came from the Morrison Mine, the smoke was especially black and heavy.

First came the engine followed by the coal car; then came one or more passenger coaches and the 'smoker' car which always carried the mail. The balance of the cars were for hauling freight, cattle, sheep, wool, hogs, machinery and later, automobiles.

On returning to Manti at the end of the day, the train was met by a gathering of all the neighborhood children who watched eagerly until the passengers were off. Then quickly and quietly the children boarded the coaches to sit on the 'red plush' seats to ride 'in state' while the cars were switched and the coal and water were loaded for the next day's run.

The train was turned on the "Y" that was built north and east of the Sanpete Valley Station. When the train stopped, the children departed for home. The engine was uncoupled and backed into the round house to be checked. Later it was locked in to await the morrow.

Folks were alerted next morning at 8:30 a.m. when the train's whistle blew to signal the start of another workday. As it moved north, if sheep were crossing the track the engineer never blew the whistler. He knew the loud blast would confuse them. Instead, he rang the engine's bell to hurry the sheep out of the way. Sometimes, horses reared in fright and many runaways were caused at the sight of this little iron monster.

A very special story is told about a Mrs. Mattison who lived on a farm near Chester. The "Creeper" crossed her pasture twice daily. This lady had a daughter who managed an "eating house" in Nephi. Every day the mother would 'flag' the train and send a dozen eggs to her Mille. One day with visible excitement she flagged the train to explain breathlessly, "Today I have only eleven eggs but the hen is on the nest. Could you wait just a few more minute?"

The engineer answered, "We'll wait."

The work of broad-gauging the Sanpete Valley track was an assured fact in 1896. The new rails were of heavier steel and enough for 51 miles of track. By 1905 a spur was built to the Moroni Sugar Factory. When the issue of moving the Sanpete County Courthouse came up, the citizens of Ephraim

traveled en-masse on the “Creeper” to Moroni and Fountain Green to stump for Ephraim. Manti won by 31 votes.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad came to Manti in 1890. In 1906 it was consolidated with the Sanpete Valley Railroad; that is, the two railroads operated under one name. This year, also, the old Sanpete Depot Station in Ephraim was abandoned. The Manti Messenger made this comment on October 19, 1908: “What is in a name? The D. & R. G. S. V. R. R. doesn’t cut closer to running on time than it did before receiving its lengthy, pedigreed name.”

Around the turn of the century Manti had three passenger trains daily. One line went south and two lines went north. Each railroad owned a station on Depot Street (1st North). The Sanpete Valley station was painted yellow and was located on a corner of 5th West and Depot Street. The D. & R. G. station, a nondescript brown in color, was a block farther west.

A wooden platform which echoed as one walked, extended out from the west and north sides of the S. V. R. R. station. On this stood miniature, high, iron wheeled baggage wagons or trucks. To the north of the station stood a tall, round water tank on a high multi-legged trestle. Water was always dripping from its water-soaked wooden sides.

The Sanpete Valley train seemed to be plagued with problems. On August 25, 1891, the Manti Home Sentinel quoted from the Nephi Ensign, “Since the advent of the d & r. g., the narrow gauge from Nephi to Chester has not paid off. The train has made several trips without a passenger or a pound of freight.” The last passenger coach was taken from the train in 1929. For a few more years (1949-1950) the Sanpete Valley train carried only freight.

Today (1978) its stations have been torn down or sold, its rails have been taken up, the sound of its whistle and chugging and the sign of its long, trailing column of smoke is no more. Yet the Sanpete Valley train remains a nostalgic memory of an era of growth in the transportation for Sanpete County. Its life spanned an era of kindness, compassion, convenience, progress and casual living. Its services gave help to individuals, businesses, industries, ladies with baby buggies and hens laying eggs.

We who remember loved the little Sanpete Valley “Creeper”. Even now we hear its wheels repeating, “I think I can, I think I can.” Faster and faster our memories race and we are reminded of the story The Little Train That Thought It Could.

Happily we recollect and singing to its memory we chant, “We knew you could! We knew you could! We knew you could!”

Sources: John K. Olsen, Ephraim; Oscar Ekberg, Salt Lake City; Jay Anderson, Elizabeth D. Madsen, Manti.

INDIAN SPORT

Louise F. Seely

Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Second Place Historical Essay

I was loitering a little on my way home from school and had just turned the corner of the last block from home when I saw her in the distance, a small, dusky Indian maiden coming up the middle of the dusty road. As she came closer I saw she was dressed in a soft doeskin dress with beaded belt, fringed at the

bottom of the skirt and the loose sleeves. A beaded headband held her jet black braids in place, and she wore beaded moccasins on her feet. I judged that she was about sixteen years, just my age.

I slowed my pace hopeful that our paths would cross and I could perhaps speak to her, or at least smile at her. But as she drew closer she seemed preoccupied and only gave me a fleeting glance; then she turned slightly and looked over her shoulder, down the road behind her. In that moment I saw that she was beautiful, dark skinned, small, and dainty, and there was in the furtive, quick glance at me a feeling of anxiety, perhaps fear, and at the moment I, too, looked down the road.

Several blocks down the road I could see an Indian buck riding an Indian pony, Redman fashion, without benefit of saddle or blanket and waving his arms in the air, whooping and hollering in a way I had never seen before. A sixth sense told me the Indian had been drinking, and now I sensed why the fear of the little maiden.

The Indian girl began running, but she was no match for the galloping pony, and I stood transfixed at the drama unfolding before me. As the buck overtook her, he threw a lasso about her body, pinning her arms to her sides. And as he did so he laughed and whooped and kept her running behind his pony. She kept up for some time, but finally stumbles and fell. He continued running his pony at full speed, thus dragging the little body through the dusty rocky road.

Then, of a sudden, he reined his pony in and stopped long enough for the little maiden to gain her feet. Naturally, I thought the disciplinary action was finished, but, no, the Indian again proceeded up the road with the maiden running and stumbling behind him. Finally she was on the ground being dragged again in the dusty road. This was repeated several times, and I was frozen in my footsteps, not believing what my eyes told me.

At last I came to my senses and ran for home to get my father to intercede. Unfortunately my father was not at home, but my mother said, no matter, we could not interfere with Indian affairs, and although it was cruel and brutal, it was Indian custom. I ran back to the road to see what was happening, but the Indian buck and maiden had disappeared, probably turning the corner and out of my sight to go to their camp.

That night I slept fitfully, remembering the little maiden and wondering what finally happened to her, knowing in my heart that somewhere a little girl lay bruised, bleeding, and humiliated in an Indian camp nearby.

Fifty years have passed, and many times I have wondered: Was it Indian discipline, "drink", or just brutal red man sport? I wonder, too, if she still lives, where and how.

(This incident made a deep impression on Mother, and she told me about it many times. It happened about 1880 between what is now State Street and Fourth West on Third North in Mt. Pleasant. I have told the story in her words as near as possible.)

GROWING UP IN MT. PLEASANT

James L. Jacobs

Ogden, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

My boyhood in Mt. Pleasant was a wonderful experience. These things I did:

Walked barefoot behind street sprinkler wagon and got sprayed. Got spanked for tick-tacking on neighbor's windows. Built snow forts, had snowball fights, and coasted on hand sleds down city streets. Collected plum and peach pits for use in World War I gas masks. Made knitting needles from old wagon spokes to knit sweaters for WWI soldiers. Robbed eggs from sparrow, magpie and blackbird nests. Got red pepper on tongue for using improper language. Waded in flood mud along Pleasant Creek. Did gymnastics on hitching racks in front of the stores on main street.

Made harness for dog and taught him to pull sled. Tagged bobsleds on winter afternoons. Built pens and raised rabbits and pigeons. Traded eggs for candy at the Branch Store. Trapped ground hogs for farmer for 5 cents each. Bought candy at Pete Poker's candy store. Drank soda water at the Rexall Drug. Roasted spuds and corn in buffalo chip bonfires. Caught sunfish, boasted and swam at Ras Anderson's Rainbow Fisheries Resort. Collected empty bottles for Denhalter Bottling Works on Pleasant Creek. Gave recitations at Old Folks party. Made footballs from pig bladders at killing time. Stuffed sausage into pig casings using cow horns for funnels.

Raced ponies on East in Cedar Hills. Passed handbills for Progress Merc. Rode on Progress Merc. Delivery wagon which delivered groceries to housewives. Played mumbley peg, marbles, run sheep run, post office, spin the bottle, winkum, musical chairs, tip cat, hide and seek, and under the hat. Sang in a quartet on mother's day program. Got violently sick eating green apples. Met my grandmother at the train and rode home in the hack with her. Went to the depot on Sunday afternoon to see the train come in a put pennies and pins on the track for the train to run over.

Broke the ice on Willie Winkler's pond in early spring for the first swim of the season. Thinned beets, milked cows, mowed and pitched hay and shocked oats on grandpa's farm. Instigated many dog fights. Saw many teams of horses run away and wreck various kinds of wagons and implements. Worked at the dipping corral on Fish Creek helping dip many bands of sheep in Kreso dip. Herded sheep on mountain. Carved initials in aspen trees. Cooked and ate mutton and sour dough bread. Trailed sheep from desert near Jerico through Utah Valley up Spanish Fork Canyon to Old Tucker near Soldier Summit. Caught hundreds of trout in mountain streams. Swam in Sanpitch River and fished for minnows. Drove jackrabbits in the Lake Canyon for Cliff Draper sawmill. Sampled sugar beets farmers delivered to Peoples Sugar Co. to determine how dirty they were. Hand raised 90 starving lambs one spring.

Picnicked and danced at Fiddlers Green. Danced at Armory Hall, Moon Winks, Moroni, Fairview and Ephraim. Played clarinet in holiday parades and in concerts by Henry Terry's band on the North Ward Church lawn on Sunday afternoons. Hauled coal by wagon from Huntington and Larsen coal mines. Raced for nickels and chased greased pig in July 4th contests. Acted in many school and MIA home drama plays. Got expelled from school for sampling food in the high school kitchen when banquets were being prepared, but repented and was reinstated. Built a one-tube radio set that received 126 nationwide radio stations. Picked choke-cherries for jelly in Pleasant Creek Canyon. Sluffed school one day each fall to ride up to Horse Heaven and pick pine cones filled with pine nuts. Sold hot dogs in Boy Scout booths on holidays. Taught tenderfoot boy scouts to swim by throwing them into Res Anderson's pool.

Tipped over bobsleigh on Sunday afternoon when whirling on depot corner. Helped tip over various structures and turn livestock out of corrals on Halloween. Got thrown off of many horses and yearling calves. Repaired flat tires on 1917 Ford by vulcanizing inner tubes with Shaler vulcanizer. Sold stamps in post office. Rode bicycle to Salt Lake and back over deep dust roads with Ralph Ericksen. Raced Sanpete Swift train on our bicycles from Nephi up Salt Creek Canyon and beat it to Fountain Green.

No one ever had a better boyhood.

A PIONEER CHILD SPEAKS OUT

Arvilla Rasmussen

Salina, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

This drama of life is told by a child. She had a way with words, this girl. With her eyes wide open, she lay on a sick bed and watched history in the making. As we read her unique story we wonder if our generation would have the wisdom to carry us through. She was a pioneer, and these people set out to survive, if possible, often with only faith to sustain them. They also had a great American dream. The west was theirs to conquer, and when the time came the doors for fame and fortune were opened. They were a choosing people, and chose to come despite hardships. They deserve thanks for all they did for us today for they demonstrated a remarkable power. Ingrid Christine was one of these pioneers. She has long been gone, but she left this story in her family records for her many posterity in Sanpete County.

One hundred and twenty-six years ago, in the beautiful city of Copenhagen, Denmark, a baby girl was born into the Peter Holstie family. She later became my grandmother. They named her Ingrid Christine. Her family consisted of four other children and they lived happily and contentedly on their small farm, each doing a part to help earn a livelihood. But this happiness did not last because disaster came and altered the course of the lives of every member of the family. Her father died suddenly, and while still in bereavement her brother stepped on a knife edged flint and injured his foot. Infection set in a few days later he died.

The responsibility of making a living was left to her mother and the eldest son. The following spring found them in the field plowing and tilling the soil for the summer crops. The troubled family was consoled when a Latter Day Saint missionary came to visit them. They embraced the gospel, all except the oldest son, who became more and more disturbed as his mother grew intent on the idea of going to America. In spite of wicked comments from neighbors and friends she left her farm with this son and came to Utah.

An angel would have heaved a sigh as this mother and her three children boarded the ship, Stavanger, waved good-bye to her son and friends and sailed away, knowing she might never return. On board the ship, at first, the days passed quickly and well. With her undying faith and good will she busied herself helping others and making friends. Everything looked clear and bright. At night the stars hung like tinsel in the sky. Then one day the ship's doctor announced a case of typhoid fever caused by stagnant drinking water. Everyone was isolated, but the disease reached Ingrid Christine and her sister Mary. Two days later Mary was dead. The grief stricken family and passengers gathered together for a shot service. They placed the little girl in a cloth lined box and lowered her into the ocean. When the ship landed on the shores of America, among the passengers stood a lone mother with a three year old boy and Ingrid Christine who was too weak and sick from the effects of typhoid fever to stand on her own feet. There was no brass band to greet them. The mother looked to the west, and although she did not know it she was about to embark on an adventure more heartbreaking and frustrating than any jungle safari has ever been.

The very nature of conversion equips one for this experience. They joined a company which started westward on foot. However, Ingrid Christine, her fever oft times returning to the extent that she was delirious, had the privilege of riding in a sick bed made in a wagon box. One can only imagine the thoughts

and feelings in the mind of Ingrid Christine as she lay in her bed throughout the complete journey. I have drawn the conclusion from the notes she kept and from the stories she told me that she was very ill bodily but had a brilliant, clear mind. She vividly described to me how the people of Chicago laughed and jeered at them. One older man in the party was carrying a sack of fat pork on his back, which the hot sun had melted, and his clothing was saturated with grease. In more ways than one she learned that society imposes insults that must be borne.

During this journey westward many important events took place in America. News reached them through contact with other immigrant companies. Many groups were on their way to California or Oregon, but they camped at night along the same streams. They shared the same problems of survival. Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe, was published, and Ingrid Christine listened to her elders discuss it with great emotion. The Civil War ended, Lincoln was shot, and slavery was abolished. Then came the terrible stories of the Klu-Klux-Klan, a secret clan in the South which terrorized the Negro voters. They heard talk that the United States had bought Alaska for twenty six cents and acre or seven million dollars. Then came stories from Utah. Work was beginning on the Salt Lake Tabernacle, and construction began on the telegraph line throughout the settlement of Utah. Colonel Connor and his men had been sent to Utah, by the government, to guard the telegraph and mail route; but more particularly to watch the polygamist movement among the Mormons. He had established his headquarters near Salt Lake City. His cannon was in gunshot of the settlement, pointing directly at Brigham Young's home. His men had discovered gold in what is now Bingham Canyon.

Ingrid Christine was listening to striking new phrases and unusual words she had never heard before. She would have to adjust to this new language. Some new words would be simple and colorful but others would be difficult.

As they traveled toward the mountains, Ingrid Christine heard children crying from cold and hunger. She could see mothers frantically trying to cook over quenched fires. Women wept from exhaustion, babies wailed, and animals contributed their mournful cries of misery. Wagons were often hub deep in the prairie mud. Then Brother Brown, the driver of the wagon would say, "The sun intended to come out today, but when it saw the weather it lost heart and went back." He could always make her laugh.

"Oh what would I have done without Brother Brown!" she writes. "He wore dotty old, baggy pants and an ill fitting hat and suspenders."

"Hell hath no music like a woman playing second fiddle," Said Brother Brown. And Ingrid Christine knew that he meant polygamy.

There were better days when Ingrid Christine looked out on the vast space and caught up with the beauty of creation. There were green grasses waving as far as eye could see. She could see the breath-taking view of the high mountain range, herds of buffalo, and the streams and rivers. On these days she wrote poetry of her own:

"the prettiest sight I have ever seen,
Was when the great American Plains turned green.
The most beautiful music I have ever heard,
Was when Bossy the cow sang a song with a bird."

In 1886 they arrived again in the Salt Lake Valley. Ingrid Christine learned to walk all over again. She writes colorfully about walking around between the sage brush in the hot, dusty, dry spot that had been assigned to them as a home site. This was the greatest disappointment of all. Salt Lake had not, as

yet, blossomed as a rose. Someone gave her a tomato. She had never seen one before. She bit into it, but her delicate stomach revolted. She became very ill.

They were barely settled in Zion when her mother married. The family was sent to begin a new settlement into what is now Manti, Utah. There she grew into womanhood. She was the kind of girl any mother could be proud of. She married a rugged pioneer frontiersman and they moved to another township in Sanpete County.

When Grandmother told me the story of her life, I always had the same feeling, that she had received spiritual rewards. In her funeral the speaker called her the mother of her town site.

"The law of life" she had often said, "is for the old to make room for the young." Death was her friend.

BITS OF EARLY SANPETE HISTORY

John K. Olsen

Ephraim, Utah

Senior Citizen Division

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

The history of Sanpete began June 14, 1849, when Chief Walker and his warriors (probably his five brothers) visited Brigham Young at Salt Lake. Walker told the Mormon leader about the Sanpitch Valley, of a dream he had had about the Mormons, and then asked for men, women and children to come and settle. He wanted them to teach his people how to grow food and live in houses.

Walker's move was an unexpected surprise, but records reveal that it was neither the first nor the last of like events: (a) Father Escalante visited the Indians on Utah Lake, September 24, 1876. (b) Walker, Sowiette and a large body of Utes visited Salt Lake in 1848. (c) Parley P. Pratt's men visited little Salt Lake near Parowan, June 15, 1850. (d) Brigham Young had read Captain Fremont's report of Utah and its Indians.

On May 20, 1844, Fremont met Chief Walker with a band of Utes journeying to levy the annual toll upon the users of the Spanish Trail. He reports, "They were all mounted and armed with rifles. They used their rifles well. They were robbers of a high order than those of the deserts. They conducted their depredations with form and under the color of trade and toll for passing through their country. Instead of attacking and killing they effect to purchase, taking the horses they like, and giving something nominal in return."¹

The possession of horses changed the lives of the Indians, Chief Walker gave his evaluation: "Within my own remembrance there was a time when my people had not horse. Against their enemies they were as nothing, but with horses all is changed. With horses, man can pursue his enemies or escape his enemy. With horses, man is fleet as a deer, cunning as a wildcat and brave as a grizzly. With horses, man rides, he is rich. Without horses, man walks and is poor. Horses are the wealth of the world, the most wanted of all things."²

Brigham Young listened to Walker's request and agreed to send four scouts to check the potential of the "Sanpitch" for settlement. They were Joseph Horne, William Phelps, Ira Willis, D. B. Huntington, with Chief Walker as their guide. They arrived at what is now Manti on August 20, 1849. The white men were treated as royally as any real-estate dealer treats his clients today.

All the canyon streams were at low flow at that time of the year, but the Chief took time to show them the indications, in each, of the high water flow. Many springs were visited as well as tree-covered mountains. The wide, level valley was pointed out as were other natural resources. They the wily Chief played his 4—mile-long “trump card”. Here were 30,000 to 40,000 acres of choice meadowland located on the floor of the valley in the shape of the letter “Y”. With its base at the Gunnison Reservoir, one wing extended north to Fountain Green and the other to the east, south of Moroni and then up the Sanpitch River and beyond, to Fairview. Later the scouts gave a very favorable report to Brigham Young.³

At the October Conference in 1849, Brigham Young called Isaac Morley, Charles Shumway and Seth Taft as ecclesiastical leaders. Nelson Higgins was given charge of all military affairs and D. B. Huntington, who had visited the Sanpitch Valley as a scout was to direct the plans for settlement.

The pioneers left Salt Lake City on October 28. After some adjusting at Provo and a brief rest at the Forks in Salt Creek Canyon, they arrived at the site of Manti sometime between November 19 to 22, 1849.

Pine Creek, which is now Ephraim, was settled in 1851. Early that spring Isaac Behunin, who had come to Utah (1849) in time to join the pioneers in their move south, spent one year in Manti. Then with his wife and four children he moved seven miles north and slightly east to Pine Creek. Here the family was joined by the two older Behunin boys, who had stopped in Provo in 1849.

The completed family made their new home in a dugout, or an eddy room, at the elbow of Pine Creek. The creek channel at that time was eight to ten feet deep and from 60 to 100 feet wide in the bottom of which meandered a small stream of water.⁴

The Behunin yards of forage and livestock were made by fences from channel bank to channel bank, west of the dugout. The men folk ‘broke-up’ land for a farm that by the summer of 1853 consisted of about 40 acres, located north of the creek and west of the now, Ephraim Main Street. The farm was irrigated with water from Pine Creek.

During August of 1853, Henry Green and his family came by and expressed a desire to settle. Behunin thought there was only enough water for his farm, and he so advised Green, who proceeded to Manti. Behunin’s move was unique but extremely bold, almost to the point of being foolish. He not only defied the Mormon Land Policy but his daring was an open challenge to the Indians.

The Walker War began July 18, 1853, and continued until January of 1855. It began in Payson and spread the next day to Juab County and Mount Pleasant in Sanpete. By August the main disturbance was in Iron County. It then returned to Uinta Springs (Fountain Green) where four Manti men were killed. On October 4th, two more men were killed at Manti to make ten whose deaths were attributed to this war.

Brigham Young ordered all settlers to “fort-up” into larger communities. Sanpete settlers, numbering 765, gathered in the Manti Fort. In the fall of 1853 some 200 Danish emigrants arrived in Sanpete. They first stopped at Allred’s Settlement (Spring City) where they harvested the potatoes left in the ground by fleeing settlers. They then were ordered and helped to Manti where they found “no room” inside the fort.

During the winter of 1853-1854, all 950 people in the valley lived at Fort Manti. Here a number of important decisions were made regarding the future of the “Kingdom of God” in Sanpete Valley, to wit: (1) Behunin sold his farm and water to a representative of the Mormon Church, Calif Edwards. (2) Men from Manti built a one and one-half acre fort at Ephraim astride the irrigation ditches to the Behunin farm. (3) When Fort Ephraim was completed, Behunin and his family returned to Pine Creek, along with other pioneers from Manti to Ephraim.

For Ephraim and for Manti were both enlarged during the 1854-1856 period. These were the only settlements in Sanpete Valley until 1859, when Mt. Pleasant and Spring City were resettled and Fairview, Moroni, and Fountain Green were settled. The people who remained in Ephraim moved out of the fort onto their lots in 1860, which was the year of Gunnison's settlement.

On June 5, 1854, the Ephraim Precinct was organized claiming all the land and water from Canal Canyon to Willow Creek. Plans for future Ephraim followed Brigham Young's modification of the Plat of the City of Zion as used in Salt Lake. The Ephraim Town site was three fourths of a mile square. Large acreages of land were designated "not worth dividing."

By 1864 Ephraim had five fenced, irrigated fields. Four were adjacent to the town site and the other was located north and west of the Pioneer Cemetery.

In the settlement of Sanpete all land divisions were church controlled. The "Plat of the City of Zion" advocated that "small holdings were best for the people". These small acreages often consisted of a number of pieces scattered in the different community fields.

While Walker invited the pioneers to settle Sanpete, and Arapene deeded Sanpete to the Mormons in 1860, yet the Indians never allowed Sanpete cattle to be grazed without a herder and actually stole many cowherds until 1872. This condition prevailed throughout Sanpete Valley.

Under Indian policy the only place for the family cow was at home in the yard. Thus, every town had a community cowherd that was assembled each morning, herded as they grazed during the day and returned to town each evening in time for milking. Cows giving milk were delivered to the owners, and the remainder were placed where they could be guarded during the night.

About 1870, Andrew Peter Olsen (Kesko), a Danish emigrant, owned too many cattle for the cowherd. He bought a hundred acre pasture in the Pigeon Hollow area and located a family in the house in the pasture. He then took his cattle to the pasture. He had no trouble until the second day after the family had moved to Ephraim for the winter. On this day, Kesko and his employee, Jim, found the pasture bars down and the cattle missing. Tracks indicated the way they had gone.

The men followed the tracks to the Old Indian Trail between First Pigeon Hollow and Bill Allred's Canyon. Dust clouds could be seen farther up the trail which they knew could only be made by the cattle and Indians. Both men checked their defense weapons. To their chagrin all they had were two pocket-knives. There was only one right answer...the Indians got the cattle!

The year after Kesko's cattle were stolen, Major C. P. Anderson contracted with the sheep and cattle owners of Ephraim as an agent to protect their stock from depredations by renegade Indians. He set his camp on the area now known as "Major's Flat", located just within the boundaries of the Manti-LaSal National Forest, north of the Ephraim-Orangeville Road.

After a quiet two years the Major became the share-taker of the town shepherd. When asked specific questions about an owner's sheep, he invariably replied, "Well, if they were not in a herd, then they are in the books", meaning on his death list.

TO A PIONEER MOTHER

Jenny Lind M. Brown
Salt Lake City, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Poetry

How long the earth has held your dead,
Though wind-swept snow and seeping rain
Have leveled mounds of barren plains.
How still they sleep when only stress
Of droning bees, and lifted wings,
Ascend to ease the loneliness.

Where once you knelt in grief to seal
The broken sod with tears, a shroud
Has grown to shield and slowly heal,
Yet shadowed green cannot erase
Your sorrow, nor can time alone
With weathered walls and grave stone.

On this still day I bow my head
I do not know who lies below,
But I am burdened with your dead
And haunted by a distant knell
That solaced then, and lingers still,
All is well.....all is well!

THIRTY-AND-FIVE

Dorothy J. Buchanan
Richfield, Utah
Professional Division
Second Place Poetry

My father and I rode the D&RG
North to Salt Lake in the month of July.
He made the trip for his store to buy
Toys for Christmas, and so he took me.

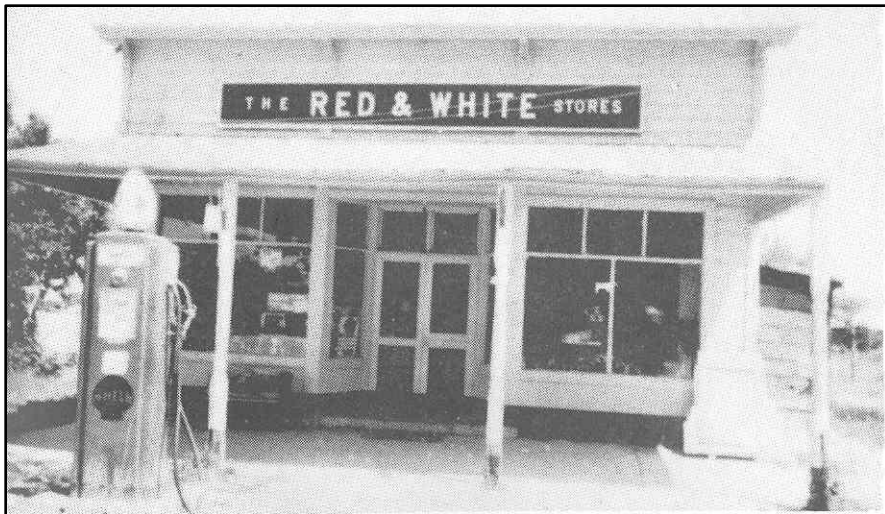
He was thirty, and I was five
The first time we took that exciting ride.
I will remember my tingling pride
And the glory of being alive.

Riding a monster, belching smoke,
We slowly inched up Hilltop, steep
And high. Then we'd just barely creep
Until we reached the brow of the slope.

How gaily we plunged down the other side
And viewed the country far ahead
I recall the way my father said,
"Here is a new world, great and wide."

The monster slithered round the bend;
My father smiled and held my hand.
I felt no fear in that strange new land,
Because I was safe with a loving friend.

**Mayfield Roller
Mills, 1882-
1920**



**Mayfield Store –
1944**



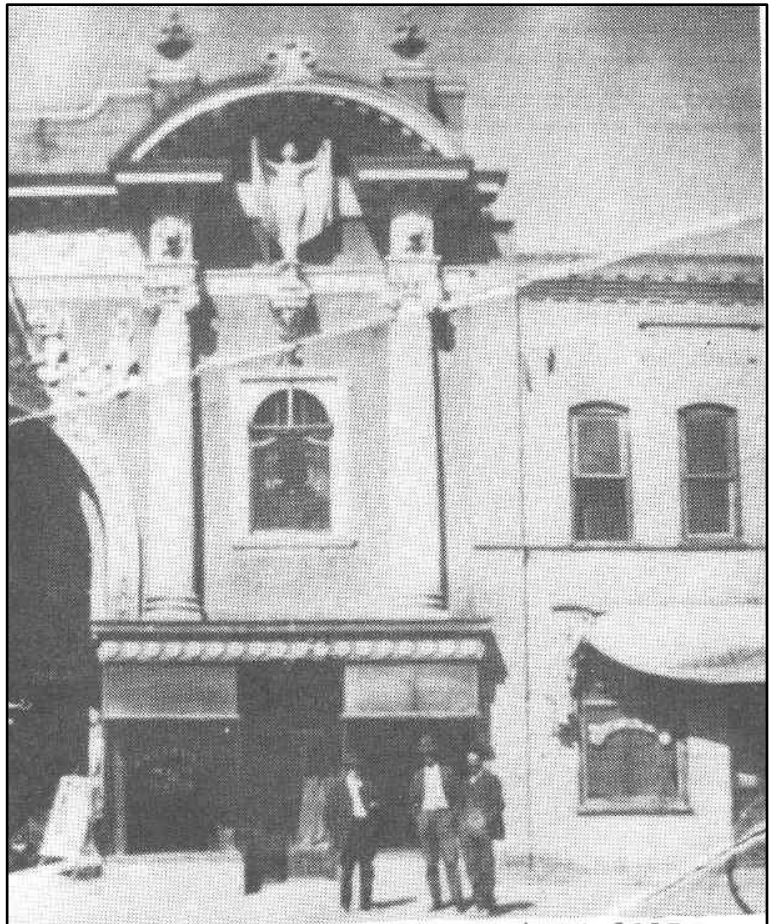
Fayette Store



Sterling's First Store (before 1900)



**Gunnison – Inside Edwards Store
(now wisteria)**



Gunnison Main Street – about 1917



Gunnison – John S. Peterson, Dance Hall and City Hall



Gunnison Main Street – Con-Wagon & Machine Co. later Royal Whitlock Store



Gunnison Main Street about 1890-1900. The Old Co-op and Post Office later Con-Wagon and background – Relief Society Hall.



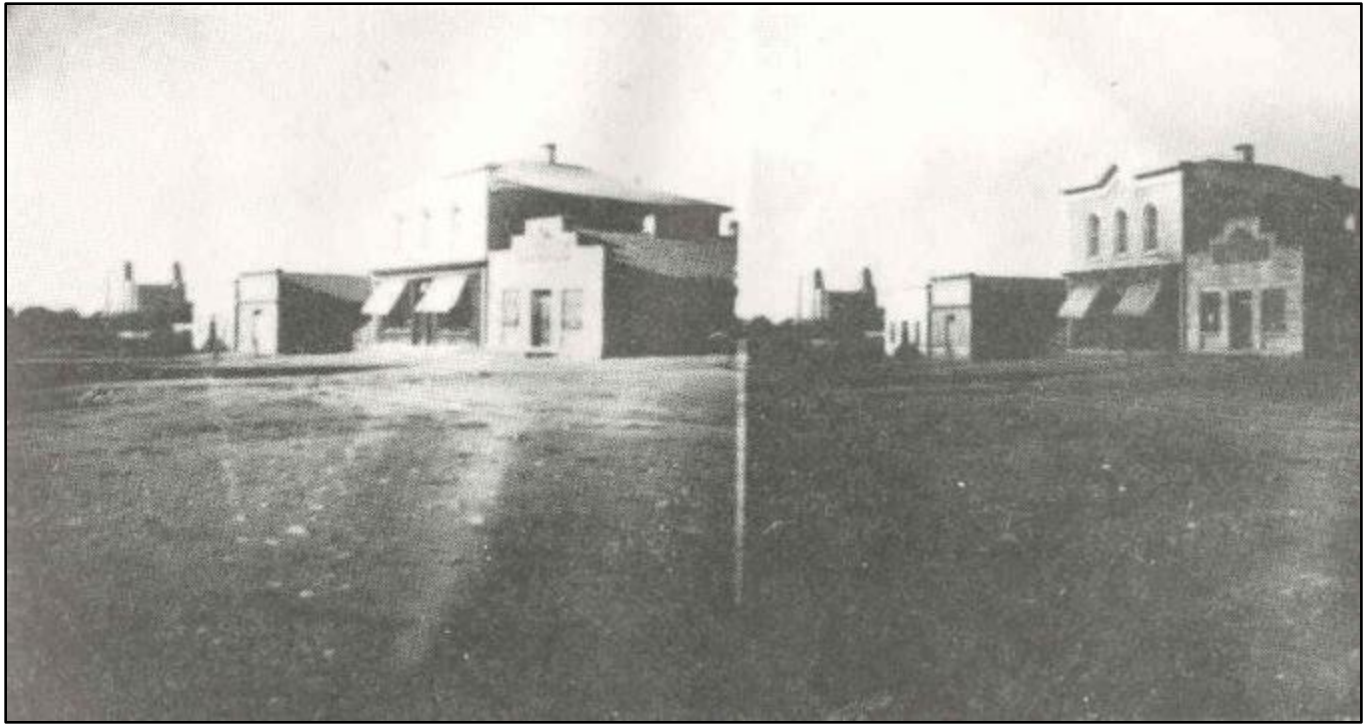
Manti – sometime after 1860



**Manti Library under construction about
1910**

Below:
**Manti Main Street – Tuttle Store and
Tuttle House**

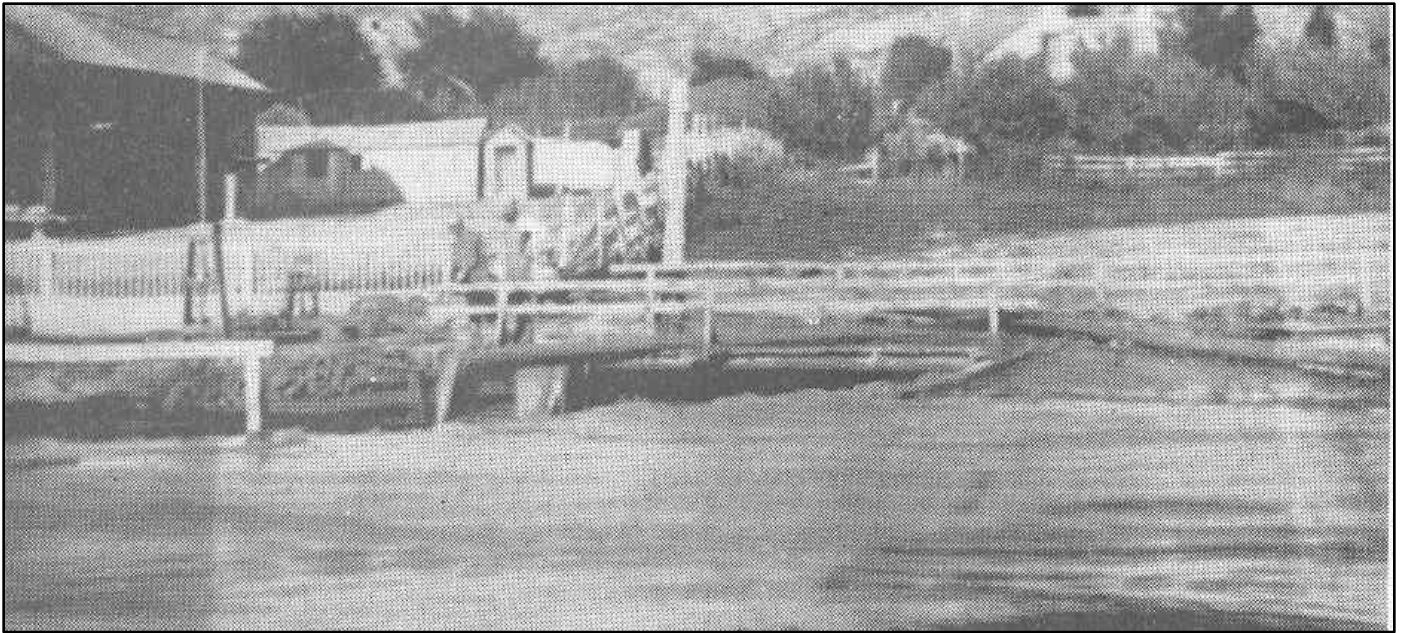




Main Street after 1875 – Temple in background



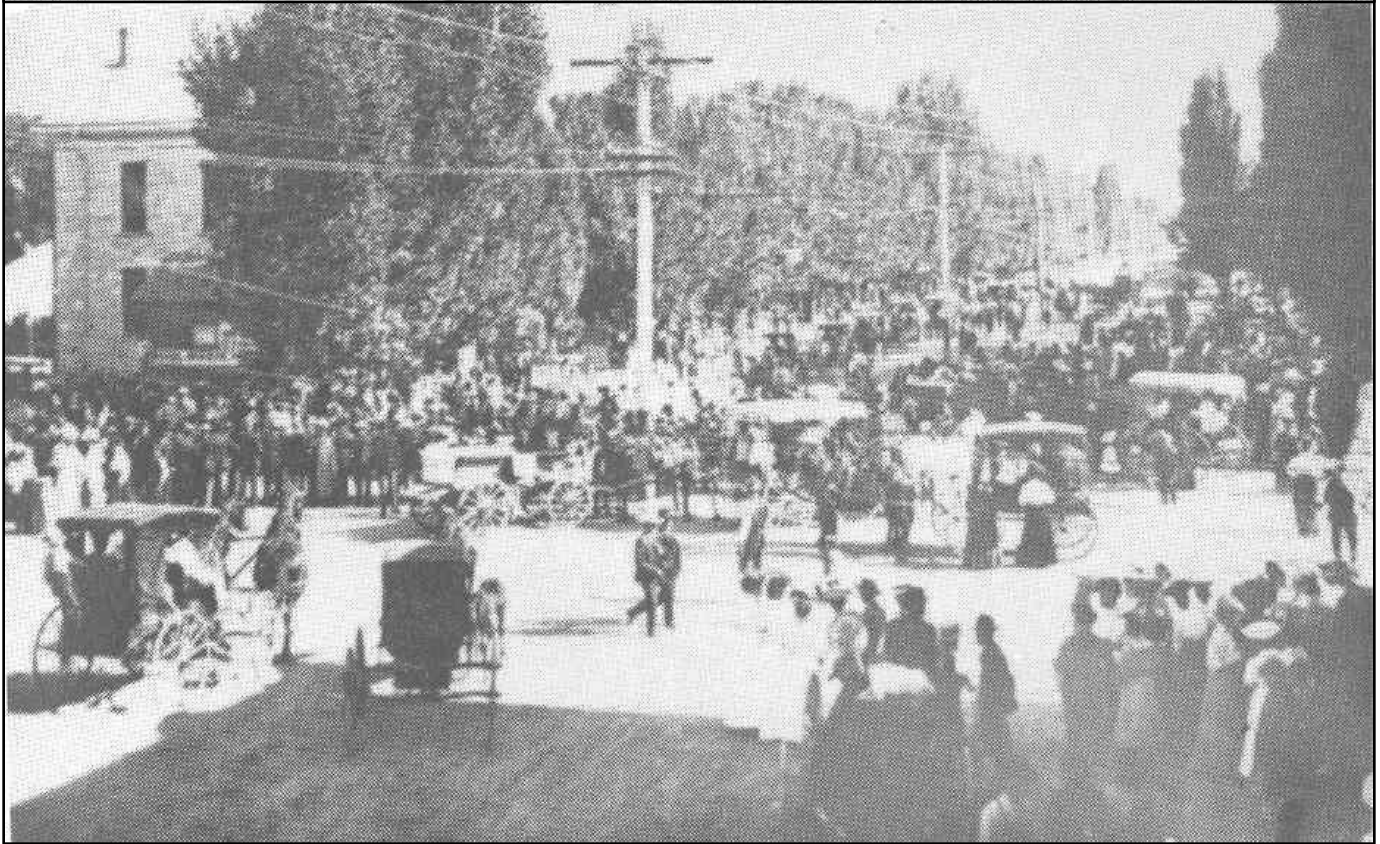
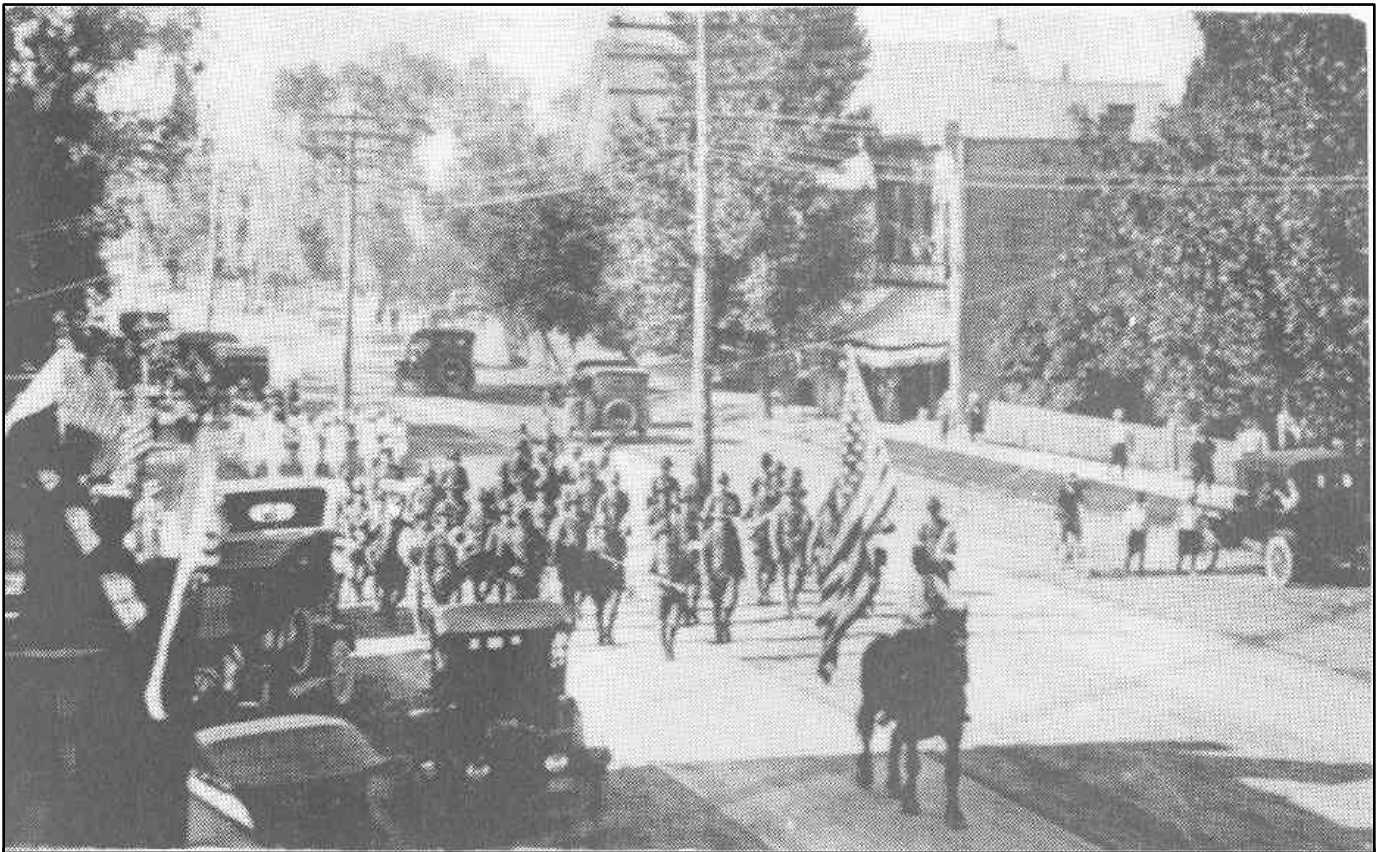
Manti Main Street – E.L. Parry & Sons Stone cutters (now Harmon Parry Home)



Manti Main Street flood of August 10, 1889 – now Bradley's Store



**Manti Main Street – Tuttle
Store before 1900**



phraim Parade



Ephraim Main Street Flood 1936



Ephraim Drug Store



Mt. Pleasant Main Street



Mt. Pleasant Main Street – 1898



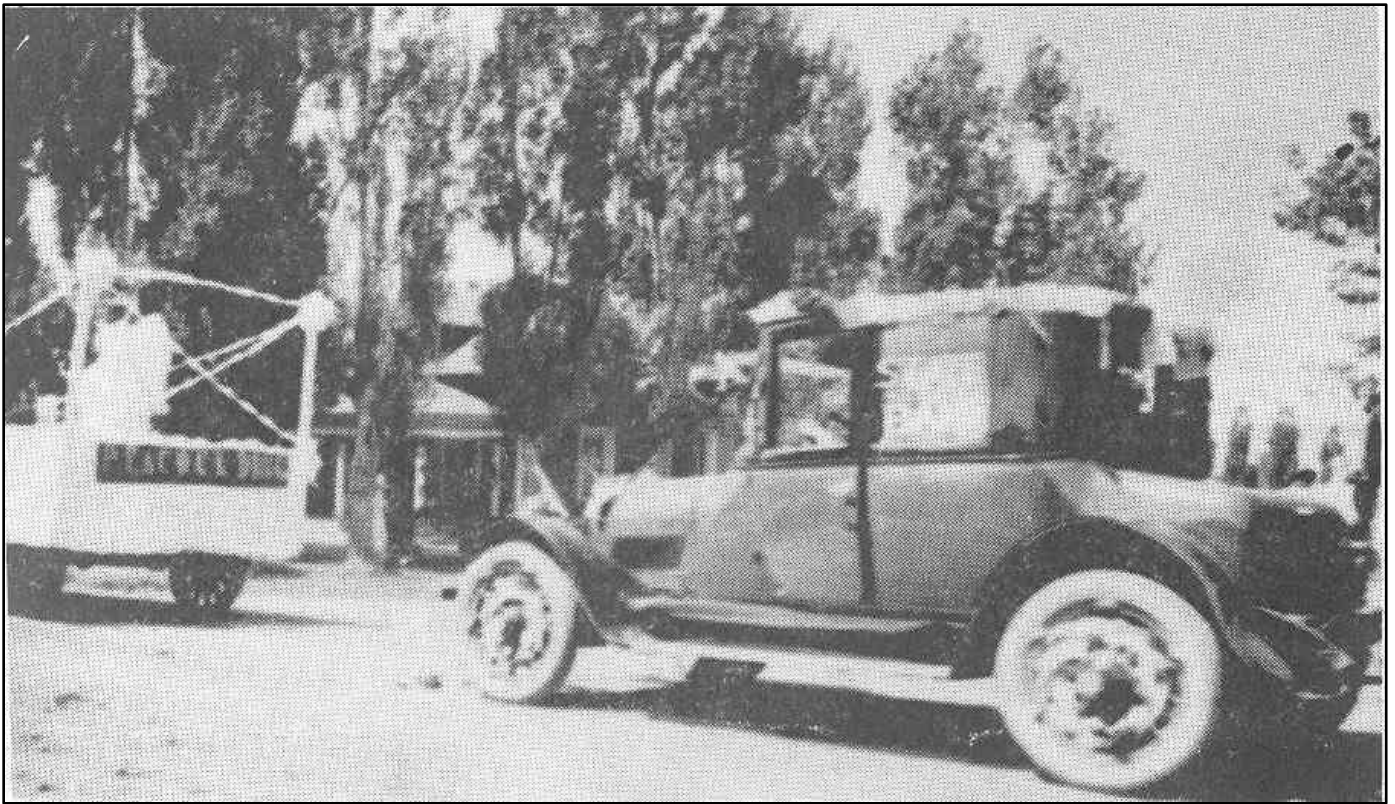
**Mt. Pleasant
– West Main
(now
Bradshaws)**



Historic Fairview Building Falls



Fairview Main Street – Tanner Home, Canyon Inn



Fairview Main Street Parade – State Bank



Birch Creek



Moroni – Horse Threshing Machine

Moroni – State Street, Duck Spring Road



Main Street Fountain Green – 1917



Fountain Green Main Street



Fountain Green Co-op Store - 1900