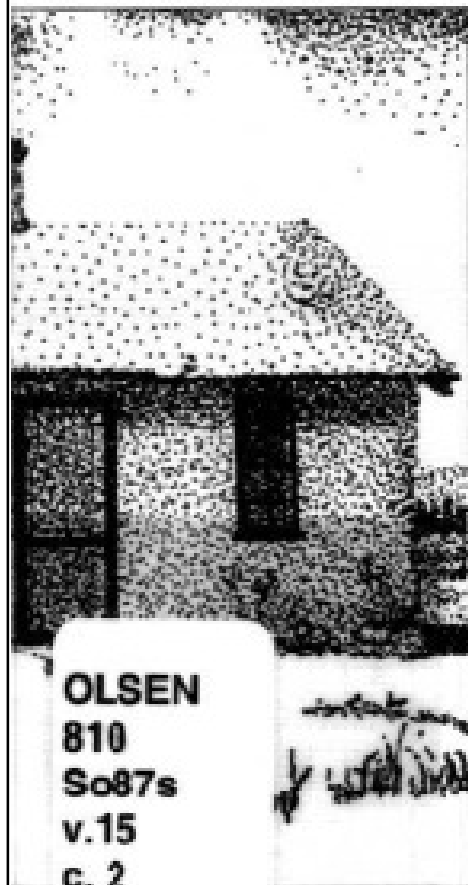




Saga of the Sanpitch



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SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XV

Containing Winning Entries

for the

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest 1983

Also

Pictures of Early Sanpete

And

An Essay on The Neverlasting Hills of Sanpete

By

Albert Antrei

Sponsored by

Gunnison, Manti, Moroni, and Mt. Pleasant Stakes

of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints

By Pamela R. Jensen, Chairman

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest Committee

Printed by

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Salina, Utah

A PERSONAL NOTE FROM PAMELA R. JENSEN, CHAIRMAN

This year has been another milestone for the Saga, a rebirth, and restaffing, and a face lift, both inside and out. We feel the changes have been for the better, and hope that all will feel as we do.

It has been a thrill for me to work with such a topnotch group of individuals who serve on this committee, professionals in every sense of the word. I have sat in awe at many of the meetings and discussions concerning this publication and enjoyed their wisdom. I feel you will be getting the best Saga ever.

Because we didn't decide to publish the Saga until quite late this year, the publication won't be as long as it was last year. But we felt that maybe we could use some of that unused space to write about a most interesting year in Sanpete County. "Water" - has been on the thoughts of all of us, affected all of us. Ordinary is not the word that applies this year - floods, mountains moving, water supplies destroyed, irrigation systems wiped out, history in the making. We felt delighted to procure the services of Albert Antrei to do a special section on the floods and events associated with those floods.

It isn't often a person gets the opportunity to say thank you in print; but I can and I do, thank the Saga Committee for hours of tireless work, the printers for keeping expenses down, the stores who give us donated space, and especially the writers who search through old documents and histories and put those stories down on paper in such a way as to make us live, see, and feel the past.

I realize how many talents, time, and concentrated, efforts it takes to produce a publication like the Saga through its completion.

Sincerely,
Pamela Jensen

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Historical Writing Committee expresses appreciation to all of those who have given time and talents to this issue of the Saga. A grateful thanks to you for your willing service and your devotion to the preserving of the rich heritage of Sanpete's history.

JUDGES (All Sanpete residents):

H. Demont Howell. A native of Fairview, Utah, he has spent most of his life in Sanpete County. He served 28 years in the Utah National Guard and retired as a full colonel. He received his Ph.D. from the University of Utah and is presently chairman of the Division of Humanities and Pine Arts at Snow College. He is also chairman of the Cultural Arts Committee at the college and was recently elected a member of the Governing Board for the Utah Endowment of Humanities. Dr. Howell is author of two books: Straight Talk, a philosophical publication, and The Shoulders on Which We Stand. He is married to Arlea Hope of Spring City, Utah. They have five daughters and one son.

Roy Elefson. Mr. Elefson was born in Murray, Utah, and moved to Sanpete three years ago where he has built a new home in Mt. Pleasant. Mr. Elefson teaches music, English, and world history at North Sanpete High School. His interest in the Sanpete area is stimulated through his Scandinavian ancestry. Mr. Elefson has earned his M.S. degree at Brigham Young University in the fields of music and history, and his Ph.D. at Florida State University in the field of Humanities. He has traveled widely, making his home in Virginia, South Carolina, Florida, Nevada, and Salt Lake City before coming to Mt. Pleasant, where he taught in public schools and universities. His wife is the former Bonnie Staker of Tacoma, Washington. The couple have two sons and two daughters.

Marie Sanders. Mrs. Sanders was born in Gunnison and received her early schooling there. She received her B.A. degree in the field of English and Fine Arts from Utah State University and did graduate study at Brigham Young University and USU. She has taught English at Snow College and English and business at Logan Jr. High School and Gunnison High School. Mrs. Sanders is an accomplished musician, playing the violin for many special occasions. She married Kent Sanders, who has also lived in Gunnison most of his life. He is employed by the telephone company. They have one son and one daughter.

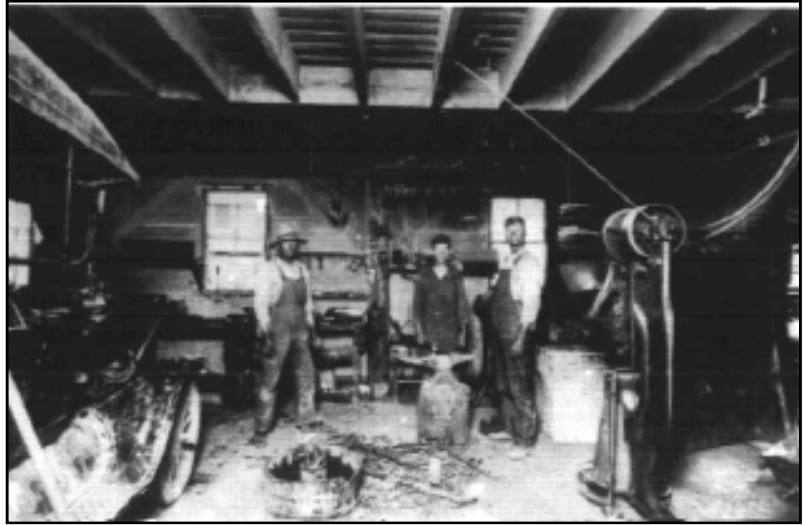
COVER:

"A Look Into the Past," the cover is a Graphic Illustration by Mardene Thayne. Mardene lives in Ephraim with her husband Royce and son, Zachary. She is a graduate of Brigham Young University with a degree in elementary education and a minor in Art.

PICTURE SECTIONS:

- I. Pictures of early Sanpete 1849-1945. There was no theme. However, an effort was made to select pictures of historical value that pertain to the winning entries.
- II. The changing face of Sanpete - 1983.
- III. Special thanks to J. LaMar Larson.

*Inside Charlie Ferre's blacksmith shop about 1929. Left to Right..Pete Jensen, Charlie Ferre, (the smith) and Elmer Holyson.
Courtesy J. LaMar Larson*



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SCRIPT: Eleanor P. Madsen, Chairman, Ephraim; Norma Wanlass, Manti; Margaret Russell, Ephraim; Wynn Young, Sterling; LaVona Bradley, Gunnison

TYPIST: Wynn Young

Time and space donated by: Radio Station KMTI, KMXU Manti; Messenger - Enterprise, Manti; Gunnison Valley News, Gunnison; The Pyramid, Mt. Pleasant.

Books may be purchased from the following stores: Lee's Variety, Christensen's Dry Goods, Ephraim; Jensens Dept. Store, Manti Grocery, Manti; Jensen Drug, Gunnison Rexall, Gunnison; Thomas Store, Sterling; The Pyramid Office, Mt. Pleasant.

INDEX and WINNERS
in the 1983 SANPETE COUNTY HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST
THE SAGA OF TEE SANPITCH

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION
ANECDOTE

SHOWER OF SWEET RAIN

First Place

POETRY

SECOND GENERATION
 WITH PIONEER PROMINENCE

First Place
 Second Place

NON-PROFESSIONAL DIVISION
ANECDOTE

CIRCUS STAR
 SACRAMENT AT CONFERENCE
 A GOOD DEED

First Place
 Second Place
 Third Place

HISTORICAL ESSAY

DANISH MEETING
 THE LETTER ON THE MOUNTAIN
 PIONEER JUSTICE
 ROCKS AND THINGS

First Place
 Second Place
 Third Place
 Third Place

POETRY

MY GRANDFATHER
 / REMEMBER HIM SINGING
 A PLEASURE TO SERVE THEE
 SEGO LILY

First Place
 Second Place
 Third Place
 Third Place

SHORT STORY

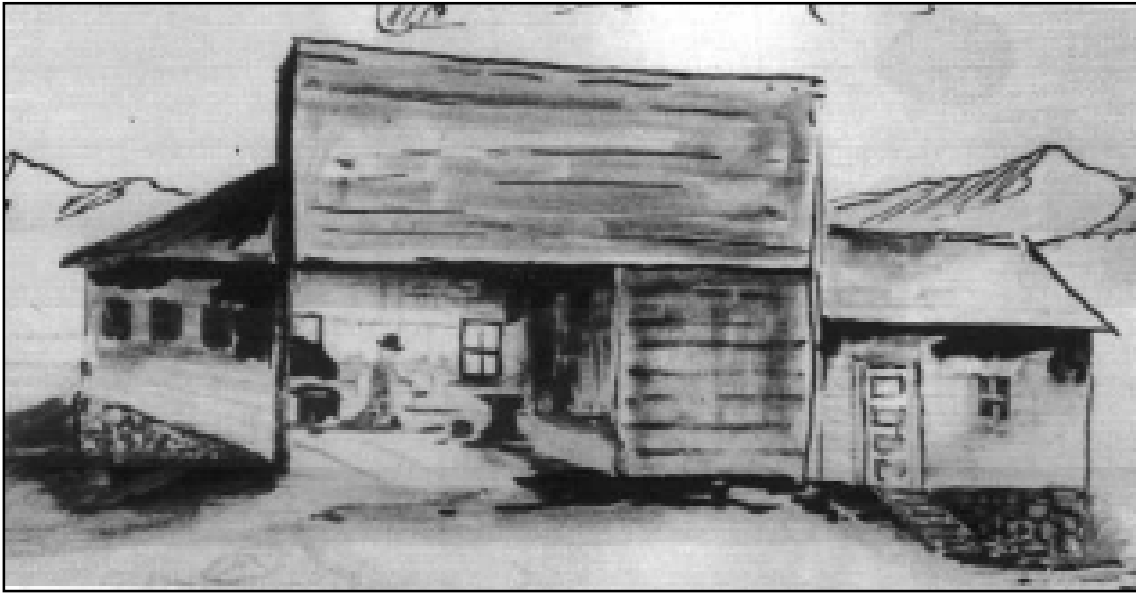
THEY CALL ME FOX
 PIONEER CHRISTMAS (1875) WITH THE PETER MUNK FAMILY
 GLEANING

First Place
 Second Place
 Third Place

Also

An Essay on the NEVERLASTING HILLS OF SANPETE

Albert Antrei, Manti, UT page 40



Once a grist mill—then a blacksmith shop. Charlie Ferre's shop operated for many years in the tens and twenties but closed in the early thirties.

Drawn by Lawrence Anderson from a sketch by J. LaMar Larson

RULES FOR THE SANPETE HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST

1. The Sanpete Historical Writing Contest is open to all interested persons who live in Sanpete County and to all former Sanpete County residents.
2. Contestants may enter in either Professional or Non-professional Divisions. Each entry must state clearly the division which is to be entered. Each division will be judged in five categories: Anecdotes or Incidents, Poetry, Short Story, Historical Essay, and Personal Recollection.
3. Prizes will be awarded as follows: Cash prize of ten dollars for 1st place, and complimentary books for other prizes.
4. Essay, anecdote, or personal recollection articles must be written or based on a true happening in Sanpete County during the years 1849 to 1945. Poetry and story must be consistent with life in that period of time in Sanpete history and must be based on actual events, existing legends or traditions.
5. All entries must be the original work of the contestant and should be in keeping with good literary standards. Anecdotes and historical essays taken from family histories, or histories of our area or county, must be authentic and fully documented. Source of material for poetry, personal recollection and fiction, whether written or verbal, must be stated.
6. The entry must never have been published or must not now be in the hands of an editor and other person to be published. It must not be submitted for publication elsewhere until the contest is decided.
7. Only one entry in each category may be submitted by each contestant. Only one cash award will be presented to any individual in one year. A person winning first prize in any category for two consecutive years must wait one year before entering again in that category. He will, however, be eligible to compete for first place in any of the other categories.
8. An author's biography of not more than three sentences or less will be required for the publication, and should be submitted along with the entry.
9. Three copies of each entry are required* Names or other means of identification must not appear on manuscripts . Each entry must be accompanied by a separate 8 1/2 by 11 inch

sheet bearing name and address of author, title, and first line of entry. The division in which the entry is to be entered must also be on this sheet.

10. Manuscripts must be typewritten and the number of words or lines written on the first page of the entry.

11. Former Sanpete County residents who follow writing as a profession, or who have had* or are having any materials published in any book or magazine shall be considered professional writers. To have won prize money in previous years in the "Saga" contest does not make one a professional writer. The "Saga" is not a professional magazine.

12. Judges are selected by the Contest Chairman and members of the "Saga" committee. Judges have the right to award or not award prizes or honorable mention to entries. The Judges decision will be final.

13. Entries must be "postmarked no later than April 30. 1984. Entries not accompanied with a stamped, self addressed envelope will not be returned. All entries must be addressed to Sanpete Historical Writing Contest. Eleanor Madsen, Script Chairman, 295 East 100 North, Ephraim, Utah 84627.

15. Winners will be announced at a special awards night that will be held for that purpose. This is usually the Thursday night of the Sanpete County fair week.

16. In evaluating the writing, the following criteria will be considered:

Poetry - Length must not exceed 30 lines

1. Message or theme
2. Form and pattern
3. Accomplishment of purpose
4. Climax

Historical Essay and Personal Recollection – Length must not exceed 1500 words

1. Adherence to theme
2. Writing style - (interesting reading)
3. Accomplishments or purpose
4. Accuracy of information
5. Documentation

Anecdote - Length must not exceed 300 words

1. Accuracy of information
2. Clarity of presentation
3. Writing style
4. Documentation

Contestants are encouraged to take all reasonable care to submit their writings in conformance with modern rules of English sentence structure and punctuation. However, documented historical information is of major importance.

Entrants are requested to give their complete addresses so that writers may communicate with each other more readily.



Fairview Roller Mills along the Sanpitch south of town. H.P. Hansen the miller, James Sanderson in the doorway. As water in the millrace became short in the fall, the boiler in the shed was steamed up to assist in the work. Courtesy Golden Sanderson

INVITATION TO DANCE AT CREMONA

The name CREMONA was suggested by Audrey Larson Christiansen--and it was chosen by the committee.

GUNNISON STAKE M. I. A.

EXTENDS TO
YOURSELF AND FRIENDS
A CORDIAL INVITATION TO THE OPENING DANCE
TO BE HELD AT

GUNNISON STAKE RECREATION CENTER

IN
Gunnison City, Utah

ON
June 28th, 1929

AND EACH TUESDAY AND FRIDAY EVENING
THEREAFTER

TERRY'S "MOON WINKS ORCHESTRA"
WILL FURNISH MUSIC

S. J. Fjeldsted	Dorothy C. Anderson
Emmett Beck	Inez Midway
Ernest S. Lund	Harrah T. Beck
M. I. A. Superintendency	

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

BY

ADMISSION--STAKE TICKETS
COUPLE 75c EXTRA LADY 25c

What Shall the Recreation Center be Named?

THE PATRON FURNISHING THE NAME CHOSEN BY
THE COMMITTEE BY JULY 4th WILL RECEIVE
A \$10.00 SEASON TICKET

BRING YOUR SUGGESTIONS WITH YOUR NAME
SIGNED, IN A SEALED ENVELOPE, WHEN
YOU ATTEND ANY DANCE
PRIOR TO JULY 4th

THE NAME WILL BE ANNOUNCED AT THE DANCE
ON JULY 4th

The center was operated by the Gunnison Stake for a number of years and was torn down in the late thirties. No photos has been available.

Courtesy J. LaMar Larson

A SHOWER OF SWEET BAIN

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan
267 East Third North
Richfield, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Anecdote

I became a bona fide school teacher in the Spring City Junior High School in September 1925. It was located five miles from my home in Mt. Pleasant, which necessitated my commuting each day. My father solved the transportation problem by donating his venerable Model-T Ford.

My trips were delightful in those golden autumn days, but all too soon "Frost, the hunter and his hounds," were breathing icy, destructive breath through the valley. Winter had arrived.

At that time, car heaters and anti-freeze were virtually unknown. My chief concerns were keeping warm, remaining in the one set of deep road ruts, and praying that the car wouldn't stop, as I could never crank it.

Each morning my teenage brother would dash out of the house carrying a teakettle of boiling water and pour it into the radiator. I kept my car in Strate's garage while I was teaching. When I arrived home that night my brother would open the petcock and drain the water from the radiator.

One frigid morning my brother poured some honey into the radiator, explaining that he had heard that this would help the water retain the heat. I started out with hope.

It wasn't long until the radiator cap went hurtling through the air, followed by a stream of honey-water that shot heavenward continuously and kept returning to settle all over my car. I was terrified, but kept on driving.

Miraculously, I made it to the schoolhouse. The children were gazing out of the windows, taking full measure of my dilemma.

By the time I entered the classroom the students were seated, but smiles lit up every face. I dropped into my chair, drew a deep breath, and announced, "Students, today you have a real stuck-up teacher."

Source: Personal recollections of the author.



HELD STILL!!! They couldn't do anything else...Their heads were held still by clamps in the back that were supported by a rod running up from the floor...so Clara, Minerva, and May Munk didn't move. Taken about 1877.

Courtesy Ruth Scow

SECOND GENERATION

Eleanor P. Madsen
295 East 1st North
Ephraim, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Poetry

You never walked the desolate sands,
Nor Indian battles fought.
It was not your task to tame the land,
Bring water from the mountain springs.
Your hands did not mold adobe clay
Or hew the rough pine logs.
You did not haul the rock and stone
For a temple to your God.

But, still, you were a pioneer
Who blazed the trail for us.
The center of your life was work,
"Honest toil for honest pay."
You did without for other's needs
When there was a meager fare*
Loyal to your home and country,
Guiding your life with prayer.

You did not push a hand cart
Or eat the sego lily bulbs,
But nurtured the seeds they planted,
So the harvest could be ours.
You made an airway in the sky,
Found cures for human ills,
Built bridges to a new world,
Gave faith to transplant a human heart,

WITH PIONEER PROMINENCE

(A Ballad)

Remelda Nielsen Gibson

439 East Vine Street

Tooele, Utah

Professional Division

Second Place Poetry

With teen-age stamina and strength
And courage of a Saint,
Niels Christian Nielsen had no time
For thoughts of ill-complaint.

He passed the rigid test of worth
By opening the door
To Opportunity and Chance
With faith that was secure.

Accepting drawbacks as a part
Of rugged frontier-life,
He learned that daily living
Involved convulsive—strife.

Front-action in the Black Hawk War
Taxed bravery of men,
Aware that Indians were prone

To scalp their captives then!

Niels Christian Nielsen saved a friend
From one about to kill,
By taking expert aim with
A boulder down a hill!

His trust, integrity, and truth
Helped prominence increase,
As Watermaster, Precinct Judge
And Justice of the Peace.

His legacy of love is shared
By proudful progeny,
In Sanpete County and beyond
The changeless, whelming sea!

Source: Family records

Prominent Men of Sanpete and Emery Counties

Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah

Personal knowledge of my wonderful
grandfather Nielsen, who was handsome and highly
respected.



*Ephraim Flour Mill, CA 1890
Courtesy Golden Sanderson*

CIRCUS STAR

Lois Brown

Manti, Utah

Non-professional Division

First Place Anecdote

"Get up! Quick! I'm on my way to the circus. Come along."

My six-year-old mind tried to grasp the situation. It was dark, and the long-awaited circus was not until that afternoon. Not understanding, and only half awake, I scrambled into my nearest clothes, gave my braids a tug and hoped they would straighten and rushed downstairs and out to the car where Dad had the lights on and the engine running.

On the way to the circus tent down by the depot Dad explained that there was a very sick monkey, and since there was no veterinarian available, the monkey trainer had called the nearest doctor.

There stood the tent, and a young man rushed out and carried Dad's bag as he explained that it was their most expensive monkey, their star performer that was desperately ill. I tagged along while Dad and the trainer talked then labored over the small patient while it moaned and cried. Dad worked just as he did on any small patient, and finally he and the trainer felt that a tragedy had been averted and the sick monkey was placed in the care of one of the workers to continue its recovery. The lights were gradually blinking on and the circus people were crowding around. I was in the midst of a magical world and exciting people.

The trainer pressed tickets to the circus into Dad's hand and took me by the hand and led me into the big center ring where the monkeys were practicing. I watched quietly, then without quite knowing how it happened, I was helping the trainer, and then, magically, I was participating in the monkeys' antics.

We jumped rope, played tag, pulled and rode wagons, and I was bested in a game of musical chairs, and when I tried to maneuver bikes and skates I found myself tripped and tangled in monkey arms, legs and tails. Finished, we shared treats for obedience and skill, and a seasoned circus performer took Dad's hand and returned home.

Source: Personal experience of the author.

Spring City Relief Society Granary
Courtesy Golden Sanderson



SACRAMENT AT CONFERENCE

James L. Jacobs
1052 Darling Street
Ogden, Utah
Non—professional Division
Second Place Anecdote

North Sanpete LDS quarterly conference in the early 1900's was a time of gathering of all faithful church members. But, unlike conferences of today, holy sacrament was shared by all members present.

The officiators at the sacrament table were usually older men who ceremoniously raised their right arm to the square while pronouncing the sacrament blessings. Some of them raised both arms while giving the prayers.

There was no problem with the bread. It was prepared on large china plates equipped with high arched handles made of heavy twisted wire and served to the congregation.

But the water was another matter. It was served in goblets, which were passed from person to person so each could take a small sip and pass it on to his neighbor to do likewise. Pitchers of water were available to replenish the supply when it ran low.

Most of the people were accustomed to drinking the sacrament water from a common container, so they sipped and passed the goblet on with no apparent concern. Others, primarily some of the younger ladies, did not enjoy drinking from the same container everyone else used. This was especially noticeable when they followed some of the fullbearded old men, or those with whom they were not particularly friendly.

It was interesting to watch people as the water goblets were passed to them. Some would carefully turn the goblet so they could drink right over the handle. Others placed their hands on each side of the goblet and tipped it up, but did not actually touch their lips to it. Still others sipped obediently, then wiped their lips vigorously with handkerchiefs to remove any trace that might have been picked up from previous drinkers.

Many people were relieved when partaking of the sacrament was discontinued.

Source: Recollections of the author.



Sawmill East of Manti in 1884
Courtesy Carol Anderson

A GOOD DEED

Marjorie M. Riley
2003 Lincoln Circle
Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-professional Division
Third Place Anecdote

Years ago the government established an Indian Reservation at Thistle, later renamed Indianola. After the Reservation was closed, Indian groups made annual pilgrimages to that site, camping at familiar spots along the way.

One of the last times anyone saw such a group was in 1920. A buck, his squaw and several children camped by a stream and some tall trees about a hundred yards from our farm house at Birch Creek. In the meantime, one of their two horses became sick, so they stayed at this camp for several days. Mother took food to them and Dad took feed for their horses, trying to help them out as best they could. But the Indian could do nothing for his sick horse and it continually got worse, suffering greatly as the time went by.

One morning, very early, Dad slipped over to the Indian camp and proceeded to put the animal out of its misery. When the Indian found his horse, he tried to lift its head to wake it up, but to no avail. It was then that Dad told him he would give him a horse and help him on his way. Shortly after, the Indian family was seen heading down the road, happy with its one nag and our old horse "Jake", a fifth horse we really didn't need anyway-so said Dad.

Source: Personal Recollections of the Author.

DANISH MEETING

Lillian Winn Fjeldsted
7999 South 830 East
Sandy, Utah
Non-professional Division
First Place Historical Essay

The early converts to the L.D.S. Church who settled in Ephraim were over ninety per cent from the Scandinavian countries of Norway, Sweden and Denmark. The Danish converts were in the majority.

Many of these devoted church members found the English language very hard to master. Numerous funny stories are told of their misuse of words. So difficult was the language for them that they decided to conduct their services in Danish.

When Brigham Young heard that they were conducting their meetings in Danish, he became very upset. In his communication with them, he insisted that they stop using the Danish language in their meetings. But these stubborn saints were not about to give up their native language. After another directive from Brigham Young, they decided they would hold a service speaking English and a service speaking Danish each Sunday. This again displeased Brigham Young, but the pattern of holding a separate meeting using the Danish language continued into the 1920s.

When I was fifteen years old, they were still holding Danish meetings on Sunday mornings. The meetings were held in a room at the back of the Tabernacle called the Vestry. My grandfather, J.P.L. Breinholt, was president of the group at this time. They needed an organist to play for their congregational singing and their small choir. Grandpa asked me to help them out, so for two years I attended Danish meeting and pumped the old organ to accompany their singing.

The group had a small choir that met every week for practice. We met in the homes of the members who had organs. I do not remember that any of them had a piano at that time. The members of the group that I remember were all from the Ephraim South Ward. They were: Willie (William) Larson Sr. and his wife, Inga Christiansen, mother of Rudolph and Merrill, Catherine Christensen, wife of Peter Christensen, and Mrs. Paul Mortenson. The last two named were recent converts to the church. They added much to the choir, because they both had beautiful soprano voices. Willie Larson was the leader of the group.

Each time the choir met, the hostess would serve a delicious Danish food, such as, Danish dumpling soup or a Danish pastry. There was usually barley beer to drink.

There were a number of amusing things that happened during those two years. One of them that I remember quite vividly happened when one of the brethren was called upon to say the prayer, at the beginning of the meeting. He prayed in English. After he had prayed for a while, Mormon Preacher (Andrew Christian Neilson), who always pulled his chair up close to the stove, shouted out, "Pray in Danish." The frustrated man exclaimed, "Oh, Yah, yah, yah!" He then started his prayer all over again, praying in Danish.

I was impressed with the sincerity and humbleness of these early converts. Although I did not understand the language, I did get so I could get the drift of what they were saying.

After two years of acting as their organist, I decided to go back to Sunday School on Sunday mornings. The last day I was there, they presented me with a lovely locket to show their appreciation to me. I was humbled by this gesture. I think I shed a few tears. That locket was one of my most prized possessions.

Danish meetings were held for a few years after this, but soon after my grandfather died, they were discontinued.

The loyalty of these Danish saints to their beloved past was perpetuated for years in an annual Danish Reunion for all Danish converts from all over the state. This reunion **was** probably the forerunner of the Danish Festival held in Ephraim each year now.

Source: Personal experience of the author.
Brodders and Sisters by Grace Johnson.



***First boat on Funk's Lake. Mr. Funk is the gentleman in the foreground to our left of the smokestack.
Courtesy Ruth Scow***

THE LETTER ON THE MOUNTAIN

Vernon F. Larsen
3981 Fruitvale Avenue
Oakland, California
Non-professional Division
Second Place Historical Essay

The project had been discussed for years but the student body of 1925-26 got it underway. Snow College faculty, alumni members and the Ephraim Lions Club inspected the mountain. They located a suitable spot to construct a block "S" - one that would be visible from town and the entire surrounding area.

The work of clearing the scrub oak, small trees and brush from the area began May 3, 1926. Dozens of students, under the leadership of student body President Othel Carlson, ascended the hill east of Ephraim with shovels, grubbing hoes, axes and rakes to do the job* They were enthusiastic about their work, even though the sun was hot and the task difficult.

When the first oak brush was being removed, an ominous sound was heard - a sustained rattle. Yes, it was indeed a rattle snake. . . not just one rattler but a whole nest of them, and not just one, but dozens of nests. Excited, fearful discussion ensued. The problem must be solved immediately. Finally the solution: students were armed with strong forked sticks. With this weapon in hand the nests were approached carefully. As a snake slithered out of its hideaway, the forked stick was thrust down back of its head, thus holding it captive. Murder must follow reptile decapitation with the aid of a shovel. Care was taken, however, to preserve the rattles.

The clearing task continued in safety. Rattles were accumulated as evidence of the frightening experience, and were turned over to the Biology laboratory as samples from Rocky Mountain wildlife.

Another surprise! A trap imprisoning a live bob cat, blocked part of the clearing. Although it was about twice the size of a house cat, it growled fiercely. Action must be taken. Someone suggested that the animal might be used to begin a small zoo. Its legs were so badly injured, that it could not be saved. The body was taken to a taxidermist where it was mounted. Later the bob cat was exhibited in the college trophy case. Some students, not knowing the difference, thought it represented the "Badgers" of the Snow College Athletic Teams.

The clearing job was finally finished on Thursday, May 20. Friday was the Great Day! All male members of the school, teachers and students alike, scaled the hill, armed with picks, shovels and crowbars. The task now was to collect suitable rocks and form the edge of the long anticipated block "S". This was readily accomplished. By noon a distinct outline of an "S" appeared. It was two hundred fifty feet high and one hundred feet wide.

Next year's student body would fill in the outline with more rocks and cement them into place. Not until that was accomplished, could the letter be whitewashed.

Upon its final completion it would stand as a proud symbol of Snow College. And it stands to this day, a stately white block "S", reminding us of "Our college days so bright with rays of white and gold." I Last sentence of the college song.

Sources: The Snowdrift. Volume II, number XVII. p. 1. And Personal recollections of the author.

PIONEER JUSTICE

Conrad Frischknecht
12225 Shady Wood Lane SW
Tacoma, Washington
Non-professional Division
Third Place Historical Essay

Small towns often have two news media. One is the town newspaper, which must be truthful and judicious. The other is the underground news; it tends to be secretive and passes by word of mouth to selected persons. It is often scandalous, or in some manner damaging to the reputations of public figures.

When I was a boy I was made privy to a juicy bit of scandalous news. The name of the purveyor has been forgotten, but the story itself cannot be forgotten. No names were mentioned and no incidents were cited, but I was told that polygamists in the early history of Manti had actually sterilized teenage boys to eliminate them as competitors for wives.

Information which I was able to elicit from my father and others was not completely satisfying. I was well aware of the many malicious tales that had been told by bitter non-Mormons and apostates. Was the mutilation story purely a figment of the imagination? I wondered; where there was smoke, there may have been fire. When opportunity afforded I asked Judge E. D. Wooley bluntly whether Manti polygamists sterilized teenage boys.

"No, they did not," was his reply. Then he related an incident that may have given rise to the false story about Manti polygamists.

One year, while Johnson's army was stationed at Camp Floyd, two soldiers were sent to Manti to care for a band of Army horses that was being wintered in the swamp north of town. One of the soldiers got a Manti girl "into trouble". A number of the town's "saints" who were skilled in the art of desexing domestic animals caught the villain and sterilized him. They nailed the organs which they had cut away to the door of the church as a warning to any amorous male who might be contemplating departure from the path of virtue. There were no arrests and no trials. There was no legal action. Justice had been accomplished.

Next the Judge told of a Manti man who made the soldier's mistake. Fearing for his life, he fled and went into hiding. After the elapse of a cooling-off period he surfaced. On a Sunday after meeting, the brother of the aggrieved girl spied his sister's despoiler. Forthwith he got his gun and shot the offending man dead. Again there was no legal action. The lady who holds the scales of justice found them in balance.

Dispensing justice without resort to the legal process was more prevalent in other parts of the West than in the Territory of Utah. In the Territory itself, Manti was not unique. Judge Wooley related an instance that happened in southern Utah.

Two thieves who stole livestock and other valuables from a pioneer settlement made a speedy getaway. The injured parties followed in hot pursuit. They caught up with the thieves as they sat beside a bright campfire eating supper. The thieves were shot and killed. No legal action was taken.

It is probable that there was no public demand to prosecute those who pre-empted the legal process by use of the six—gun or the hangman's noose. However it would be a gross mistake to conclude that action outside of the law was typical; it was the exception, not the rule. The civil government was organized and the courts were functioning as another of the Judge's stories indicates.

A wealthy Sanpete man, who shall be called John, was returning from Salt Lake City by team and wagon with his wife and baby. He was tired of his spouse whom he described as "silly," and he no longer wanted her. In the mountains above Fountain Green he unloaded her and her child, hoping that they would disappear in a vacuum. The abused woman with her baby found her way into town and they were saved.

Having failed in his first attempt to rid himself of his mate, John went to court and obtained a divorce. At the time the divorce was granted, William D. Livingston (later Judge Livingston) was a young man studying law in the office of a brilliant lawyer by the name of Grey. Livingston knew that John's divorce had been granted in a county court. He had read that a divorce must be obtained in a district court to be valid. Court action against John was taken. The sum of money paid to the woman has been forgotten. Livingston and Grey were each paid \$10,000.

It is reasonable to believe that Mormons had fewer legal problems than other westerners. For them, achieving salvation in heaven was dependent upon good moral conduct as prescribed in the Bible. Moreover, the Church enjoined its members to settle their differences in the Bishops' Courts. That is what many of them did.

Gone are pioneer hard times; gone also are the days when men chose to pre-empt the legal process and administer justice as they deemed proper. Fortunately, for us the courts have become dominant.

Source: Judge E. D. Wooley



Successful checking of a 1929 flood near Mt. Pleasant by a flood control barrier.

Courtesy Golden Sanderson

ROCKS AND THINGS

Mary Louise Madsen Seamons
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Orem, Utah
Non-professional Division
Third Place Historical Essay

Pat¹ was one of Dad's shearers. One day many years ago he gave me a box of "rocks and things." The rocks weren't ordinary rocks; they were carefully chipped and shaped into arrowheads years ago by Utah's native inhabitants. Pat had collected them while herding sheep. The "things" in the box included rattles taken from rattlesnakes, a bit of Indian pottery with some of the design still identifiable, teeth from a bear, a red-and-white striped rock, and a little pottery teacup some child had lost on the desert and which Pat had found in a packrat hole. At that time they weren't worth a great deal in monetary value, but to me they were priceless; I suppose in many ways they were priceless to Pat, too.

I didn't know much about Pat except that of all Dad's herders, he was my favorite. He must have cared for me, too. Perhaps I reminded him of his own children. He is the only herder I have a snapshot of: a picture of the two of us in front of the camp wagon. Over the years I learned a little more about him.

Pat was married and had a family. But I never knew them, didn't even know if they were girls or boys or both. One day two of them, ages three and five, were playing in a barn, and a fire started. Both of them died in that fire.² Pat loved children; this must have given him much sorrow. His work, herding sheep, couldn't have been too pleasant at times; it would have given him a great deal of time to think ... and to remember.

Dad wasn't the only sheep man Pat had worked for. He worked for Dad's Uncle John³ for many years before working for Dad. Like most shearers, he was rather itinerant.

Pat had worked on the mountain and on the desert, collecting arrowheads and "things" as he herded. At that time there were many to be found. It was something to do when the sheep didn't need to be watched too carefully and when one was tired of reading, or the radio wasn't picking up stations, or the battery was run down. Sometimes I wonder what stories he imagined as he found each new arrowhead. He must have thought - perhaps wondered - about the people who had fashioned them so long before. In his collection were small arrowheads for hunting small birds, larger ones for larger birds and small game, yet larger ones for larger game. There were even spearheads, perhaps once used to hunt buffalo. They were fashioned from obsidian or flint, of whitish-red rock, or rock of many colors in between. I wondered how the Indians had known what to use and how to chip the stone to form the right kind of head for their purposes. I suppose they learned through trial-and-error, through success and failure, through training from older Indians.

One day Pat told me he was going to give me his collection, except for one tiny, perfect bird arrowhead he had promised to someone. I was excited, but I had learned not to take such promises from adults too seriously. So I waited and didn't think too much about the promise. Then one day there he was, the box in his hands, telling me he had brought his collection to me. I wish now I had known more about arrowheads and life and people so I could have learned more about them ... and about him, but then I wasn't old enough, didn't understand their importance. He told me a little about some of the rattlers: the one he had found coiled in the seat of the truck on the west desert, the one he had

killed under the tongue of the camp wagon, even the one in the camp wagon between the blankets as he was ready to climb into bed. The rattles ranged in length from very short ones to one nearly five inches long.

He told me about the slightly yellowed, curved teeth. He said they were taken from a bear Dad had found in a bear trap. The bear wasn't dead, and Dad couldn't stand to see it suffer, but you don't free an injured bear. Dad had cut its throat; Pat had taken the teeth and kept them. I wonder if he had known then that one day he would give me his collection.

The rock was a pretty red-and-white one, not very big, but marked with delicately even stripes. The bit of pottery wasn't any bigger. You could see traces of Indian painting on the bit of clay. What had it once been? A cup? A Jar?

The tiny teacup seemed too large for a packrat to carry, but Pat assured me that packrats could carry things much too large for their size if they wanted them badly enough. Apparently this packrat had wanted the cup. Who was the little girl who had lost the yellow, flowered teacup from her set of "doll dishes"? Had she missed it and searched for it? Had she cried when it was lost and couldn't be found?

Pat told me about some of the arrowheads, too. He explained where and under what conditions he had found some of them. Some had come from piles of flint chips. Some had never been completely shaped. What had gone wrong that they were discarded without being finished? Were they misshapen? Or had the Indian craftsman been attacked by other Indians ... or perhaps white men? Some had broken tips. Had they broken when they lodged in some animal or bird? Or had they been broken through the carelessness of the hunter? Some had come from the desert, some from the mountains. What stories could be learned from each of the items in the box! How I wished that each could tell its story to me. I was ecstatic to think Pat had kept his promise, and his "treasures" now belonged to me.

Mother helped me mount each of the arrowheads, the pottery shard, the teeth, the rattles, the striped rock on a backing of cardboard, then frame them with a gold-colored frame. They were now my treasures to share with classmates on a special day at school. For many years the mounted collection hung in my room at home.

Years passed. I married and moved away, leaving my collection at home where it would be safe. Pat died.⁴ Over the years I thought about the collection and wanted to bring it "home" with me to Idaho.⁵ Then I learned it had been taken to school by my brother. There many of the arrowheads, the rattles and the teeth had disappeared. I wondered who had taken them, what meaning they had had for those who took them. I wondered if they had any idea at all about the man who had collected them. Probably not. I'm sure my brother didn't. He hadn't known and loved Pat the way I had. He was too young then.

I wondered who had the tiny bird arrowhead Pat had not given me. I wondered if it were safe. Was it treasured as mine had been? I thought about the man, Pat, and his legacy. He had lived a full life, had grown old, had passed from this life, hadn't left much of a mark on the world - or even on our town. He had given me part of his worldly possessions: a box of "rocks and things," some of the physical evidence he had to show that he had been on the earth. Had I betrayed his trust? Had I let them slip away from me?

No one but me will ever treasure those arrowheads as I do. I have a few left: a few chips of flint, a tooth, the rock, the pottery shard, the teacup. In my heart I have the rest. The physical image of Pat has dimmed by time. But his legacy to me is safe in my memory. There I still have my box of "rocks and things" . . . and my picture of Pat and me and the campwagon.⁶

Sources:

1Pat Cameron, born in Eureka, Utah, in 1882, Died 22 years ago. Herded sheep for Justus O. Seely, stepfather of the author,

2Fire was in a barn on East Main in Mt, Pleasant about 52 years ago,

3John H. Seely, uncle of Justus O. Seely. Early sheepman in Utah, specifically Mt. Pleasant.

4Pat died about 22 years ago.

5Author lived in Twin Falls, Idaho, for a number of years.

Personal recollections of the author and information given in a personal telephone call by Pat's daughter, Virginia Nielson, who lives in Fountain Green,Utah.

MY GRANDFATHER

Sandra Ockey

167 South 100 West

Ephraim, Utah

Non-professional Division

First Place Poetry

I laughed as I looked at the faded old photograph.
He laughed with me.
A deep, scratchy laugh of genuine amusement.
Oh Grandfather,
Surely you were never so young and handsome!
His eyes twinkled, and he winked at me.
No, he said, serious as a soldier, I was born with very
 little hair and a paunch.
He rubbed his belly and patted his head.
I tried,
But I never could do that.
Again we laughed.
I tried to think of Grandfather as a young man, searching
 for the truth and standing on the edge of eternity as
 I was.
No, it just didn't fit;
He was too old.
Only the twinkle in his eye and the tiny laugh wrinkles on
 the corners of his mouth were similar to those of the
 handsome young man in the picture.
Hey, Toots! (he has called me that ever since I was a
 little girl.)

Remember when we used to go up in the fields and stay in
that old blue van?
Yeah, I remember. We had such good times then*
I remember when we'd sit there and look at the stars
before we'd go to bed.
You know, Grandpa, you taught me everything I know about
the stars and the constellations.
He was silent; deep in thought.
Grandpa?
Yeah?
I love you.
He turned his wrinkled face from me and he mumbled something.
I could tell he was pleased.

I REMEMBER HIM SINGING

Fae Paulsen Thomas
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Orangeville, Utah
Non-professional Division
Second Place Poetry

I remember Daddy singing
As we sat in the armchair in front of the fire,
Or followed the sheep, climbing higher and higher,
Or carried the grain that the horses required -
I always remember him singing.
Singing: "I'll take you home again, Kathleen,
Across the ocean, wild and wide...."
And somehow I felt, as I walked by his side,
That he could take her home, and it filled me with pride,
As with my hand in his, he went singing.

My childhood is tied up with his singing.
I cannot number the times, as I think back now,
When I have lain so ill, and he, somehow
Made everything right; his cool hand on my brow -
As he rocked me to sleep, and him singing.
Singing: "She's a pretty little dear and she livesuptown.
Her daddy is a butcher, and his name is Brown.
Her beauty is a high renown. She's the girl for me."

And he would rock me to sleep with his singing.
I always think of him singing.
He sang when the sun shone, he sang when it poured.
He sang when a song was all he could afford.
He took us to church, and he sang to the Lord.
And we will never forget all his singing.
Singing: "Oh, my Father, Thou that dwellest
In that high and holy place,
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face...."
The earliest thing I recall is his singing.

I always loved hearing his singing.
As we sat 'round the campfire by a cool mountain stream,
We would hear the night sounds creeping closer, it seemed;
And he would gather us in with "A Coalminer's Dream",
And calm all our fears with his singing.
Singing: "Oh please, don't go to the mines today,
For dreams have so often come true.
Oh then, Daddy, dear Daddy, please don't go away.
I never could live without you."
I know where he is that he is singing.

A PLEASURE TO SERVE

Dana Smith Ekins
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Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-professional Division
Third Place Poetry

"	
We thank thee, O God, for a prophet"	In a stricken body
Serving	For just the right intertwining
In a one room log hut,	Of words and music
His ears	"To guide us in these latter-days"
Tuned to eternity,	Calicoed,
He puzzles	His supportive wife
Searching a cob-webbed mind	

Listens and watches
While
Evanescent clouds
Rise and disappear
From a meager supper
Of whole wheat
Steaming
Over orange huddled embers

"We feel it a pleasure to serve thee"

Inspiration
Leaks
Through a homespun covered window
Partially draped
To keep out
A bleak terrestrial chill

Yet yawning

To let light
And heaven in

"And love to obey thy command"

Weak, weary hands,
Unsteady
Grasp and guide
The violin
While voices intermingle
To the accompaniment
Of celestial strains
And words and music
Mesh
Triumphantly

Poet's note: According to Mrs. Ellis Moffit, William Fowler set the words of the beloved hymn "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet" to music written by Mrs. Norton while living in Manti in about 1865. Mr. Fowler is buried in the Manti City Cemetery. Reference: Song of a Century. Edited by the Centennial Committee, 1849-1949, P. 109.



Manti Temple Quarry

SEGO LILY

Bonny Nielson Dahlsrud
Post Office Box 195
Salina, Utah
Non—professional Division
Third Place Poetry.

Sego Lily, stark and white
Lift up thy face and welcome light
Of Daybreak.

Your tailored gown in satin new
Is freshly rinsed with summer's dew
Of Morning.

How proud you stand in wilting sun
Your regal head bows down to none
At Midday.

"Emblem of Peace," Indians nod
They will not fight on ground of God
At Sunset,

Sego Lily glints pearlish blue
She rests, and waits the day anew
At Twilight.

Source: Song of a Century, p. 99 Indians refused to fight on ground where the Sego Lily grows because flower is an "Emblem of Peace."

THEY CALL ME FOX

Linnie M. Findlay
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Ephraim, Utah
Non-professional Division
First Place Short Story

The kindly young teacher stood by the door of the one room log school house and looked out into the spring morning. Long shadows streaked across the valley, and patches of snow still showed on the north side of the willows and sagebrush. It would soon be time for his pupils to arrive and he

wondered what this day would bring. The pupils ranged from small children of six or seven to boys sixteen or seventeen years old* The teacher knew that he did not have much time left before the children would be taken from the school to assist their parents with spring planting and other farm work.

Jesse W. Fox had been trained as a teacher in New York State, and had been baptized a member of the L.D.S. Church in 1844 by Elijah Williams, Following his baptism, he arrived in Nauvoo, Illinois, at the time the Mormon people were mourning the martyrdom of their Prophet leader, Joseph Smith, and his brother Hyrum. When the Saints began their journey across the plains Jesse Fox had been sent on a mission by President Brigham Young back to his home state of New York. He had not been in Salt Lake City long after his mission, until he was sent to Manti to lay out the city according to the plan for the "City of Zion," which Joseph Smith had used for the Mormon communities in Missouri and Illinois, and which President Young had followed in the settlement in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

When the school house in Manti had been completed in November 1850, the settlers had called on the young surveyor to stay and teach their children. It hadn't been easy to teach these frontier children. Oh, they were progressing well with their reading and writing and arithmetic, but it was hard to make them understand that when the Lord had said that the second great commandment was to love your neighbor, that "neighbors" also included the Indians they had come to live among. He found the settlers had brought with them a deep distrust of the Indians, and President Young's admonition to build a fort as quickly as possible sustained that distrust.

Although a number of the Indians had been baptized members of the L.D.S. Church and some had been ordained to the office of Elder in the Church, grim stories of plunder and thievery continued to filter into the settlement. It was known that these mounted Utah Indians would attack the weaker Indian tribes who subsisted on berries and roots and did not have horses, and stole children for the flourishing slave trade with Mexico.

President Brigham Young had advised against too much familiarity with the Indians, and the settlers were glad to follow that counsel. They worked hard and tried to set a good example, but from the first the cattle and horses had to be carefully guarded, and any feelings of friendship were overshadowed by fear and a loathing for the primitive ways of the natives.

The teacher thought of the Indian boy who had started coming to his school soon after he had begun to teach. Long dark braids hung over his shoulders, accenting the dark color of his skin and his black eyes. The boy had stayed apart from the other children for most of the winter, but as the snow had begun to melt, the children had let him join in their games. They had played ball with home-made rag balls and bats made from the sticks left when the logs had been sawed for the school house. The Indian boy could run very fast and had been chosen, sometimes, to play in their games of tag and hide-and-seek, and the teacher had been pleased when he had heard them laughing together. He felt good when the boy had come back into the school room smiling and happy.

The young teacher prayed for wisdom to meet the challenges of this day, as he thought about the report that had reached the settlement the day before of a man by the name of Baker, who had been killed by Indians between Utah and Sanpete Valleys. The news had spread quickly through the settlement, and Jesse Fox knew that it would bring problems to his school.

He was still pondering what course he should take when the students began arriving. They came quietly into the room and quickly took their seats, glancing at the empty place where the Indian boy usually sat.

It was more than a week before the Indian boy ventured timidly back into the schoolroom, and the teacher knew that he, too, had heard of the murder of the white man named Baker, and he wondered if it might have been better if the boy had not come. None of the children spoke to him, and the atmosphere was strained. Each day went by sheer force of discipline, and it was several days before the Indian boy went with the others onto the playground. He was gone only a few seconds when he slipped quietly back into the room and into his seat. Taunting cries from his schoolmates followed him into the room.

He was a picture of complete dejection as he sat huddled in his place, looking down at the dirt floor of the building. Pilled with compassion the teacher walked to where the boy was sitting and laid a gentle hand on his shoulder. As he sat down on the other end of the split log bench, the boy raised his head for an instant and looked into the friendly eyes of his teacher. No tears fell, but the boy's visage was dark and full of sorrow.

His head dropped again as the chant from the white students came through the open door. "Injun, wicked Injun."

"They call me Fox." The teacher smiled, then almost chuckled, as the boy brightened for a brief moment, and sank again into despondency.

As classes went forward in the afternoon the boy did not participate, but sat quietly drawing on his slate. When school was over, he came and handed the slate, face down, to the teacher. He hurried from the room and disappeared into the nearby willows. As the teacher turned the slate to look at it, he saw the outline of a beautiful fox, and by it a huge bird. It might be an eagle or a hawk, he mused.

* * *

Years passed, and Jesse W. Fox had been appointed territorial surveyor and had travelled much about the territory, surveying many of the cities and towns between Logan and St. George. It was on one of those surveying trips during the Black Hawk War that Jesse Fox and his surveying party were captured as they travelled between Heber City and Summit County. Some of the Indian braves who captured them wanted to massacre the entire party, but others urged that they be taken to their chief. The surveyors were surrounded by painted Indians, whooping and yelling, and dashing back and forth recklessly on their stolen horses.

The chief came out of the lodge as he heard them coming, and the surveyors were placed in a line before him. No expression of any kind crossed his dark face as he gave a quick command to the eager warriors, and the surveyors were pushed into the big tepee. Another command sent the warriors from the lodge, and Jesse V. Fox and his men faced the chief. Silently, their prayers for forgiveness of earthly sins ascended as they prepared to die.

Picking a long spear from the wall of the tepee, the chief advanced toward the men. They began to understand that for this prize the chief would do his own slaughter.

The tall chief stepped first to Jesse V. Fox. Placing the tip of his spear in the soft earth he drew the outline of a fox, and by it, just above the head of the fox, he placed the outline of a great black hawk. The two men looked into each other's eyes for several seconds. Neither spoke.

Chief Black Hawk stepped back, replaced the spear against the wall and gave more commands to the waiting warriors.

This time their attitude was respectful as they came into the big tepee. The leading warriors formed an honor guard, walking on each side of the surveyors. They proceeded in this way until they reached the top of the hill that stretched north, toward the settlements in the south end of Summit County.

Pointing to the little village of Kamas, the warrior in charge spoke.

"Go!" was all he said, as the Indians turned, and started trotting back down the trail to the spot where stood the lodge of their chief.

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A PIONEER CHRISTMAS (1875) WITH THE PETER MONK FAMILY

Ruth D. Scow
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Non-professional Division
Second Place Short Story

Little May wiped the steam from their one lone window with her chubby fist so she could peer through the cleared space. "I wish Pa would hurry with our Christmas tree. He's been gone such a long time, and he said he was only going to the Red Point. I'm so tired waiting for him to come."

Minerva, her older sister, wanting to look too, crowded May aside. "I wish he would come, for tonight is Christmas Eve and I'd sure like to get the tree decorated so we can enjoy it."

Mother heard the girls talking, and she, with three year- old Clara at her side, said, "Just forget about Pa for a while. He'll be here before you know it, probably with the best smelling pinion pine on the entire hill, and when you get it decorated, it will be the prettiest tree you ever saw." She paused. "While we're waiting, let's get some red and gold colored apples from the outside cellar. Minerva, that's your job. May, you and Clara can help with the popcorn. Now, let's all get busy."

Time flew, and soon the smell of apples being polished and popcorn being popped permeated the lean-to-kitchen adjoining the large rock room with the fireplace and the beds. The girls busied themselves with helping.

The pan of fluffy white popcorn was so tempting that for a while eating was the order of the day. Finally, with appetites satisfied, they began threading each kernel on a string. This occupied their minds and hands and their happy faces beamed. Christmas was the most wonderful time of the year.

Then came the sound of oxen and the squeaking of their yoke as Pa drove the large wooden sleigh with its shiny runners almost to the door, which Minerva hastened to open wide, so Pa could carry the huge, many-branched tree into the house. He placed it on the floor, where it stretched its length across the boards. Snow was falling outside, but inside by the fire the snowflakes on the branches melted fast, leaving wet spots where they had dripped.

With hammer and saw and a square nail or so, Pa fashioned a stand, and soon the tree was standing tall, placed in its corner by the fireplace.

The afternoon passed quickly as one by one the apples were polished and hung on the tree by a string attached to their stems. Many times the point of the needle pricked small fingers, but soon the white kernels of corn became long strings of white draped round and round the tree. This made it look very beautiful, all but the top. Something was missing!

Then Ma said, "Remember that scrap of cloth little Clara found in the Madsen's dooryard last summer? When we found she had taken it without permission, she took it back to Mrs. Madsen, who said Clara could have it for her own. I have saved that gold-colored scrap of cloth, and I think it is large enough to cover a star." Ma then proceeded to draw a five-pointed star on heavy stiff paper, and by stirring flour into boiling water she made a flour paste, which stuck the cloth to the paper. Presto! A star for their tree was born, and it became the crowning glory of that memorable Christmas tree.

Darkness seemed to come in such a hurry. Pa came into the house from milking the cow. He sat the brass bucket of milk on the table, and Ma hurriedly strained the milk into a pitcher. Quickly, the supper table was set, the blessing on the food was said, and bread and milk became the meal, except that Pa insisted on a bowl of clabber milk with a bit of sweetening. He said it reminded him of when he lived in Denmark.

As soon as the supper things were cleared away and the dishes washed, the family gathered in front of the fireplace to tell stories, sing, and watch the flames as they seemed to eat at the log Pa had placed there. After a time, Ma pulled the trundle bed from beneath the big bed and said, "Now it's time for you girls to hang your stockings from those small nails in the mantel and then you can get ready for bed, for morning will come before you know it. Say your prayers and then you can watch the flicker of the flames make shadows on the walls until you are asleep,"

Stooping, she kissed each small, upturned face and watched with pride as the children threw their arms around Pa's neck to bid him goodnight. Almost before their heads touched the pillows they were asleep, to dream of Santa and hurry the morning along* Before going to their bed, Pa and Ma stood over

the sleeping children and thought how blessed they were to have three such beautiful little girls. Then Pa quietly banked the fire for the night, and soon all was quiet in the fragrance of the pine, which stood as a sentinel in the corner.

Morning light was just coming through the window when Pa arose, stirred the fire, and went outside to begin his daily chores. Hearing the door close, Minerva stepped gingerly from under the warm quilts, and, standing on the small braided rug in front of the fireplace, she quietly examined the strange-shaped stockings hanging from the mantel. As she reached for her black, handknit stocking, her movements awakened May, who scrambled out of bed, and, heedless of the cold floor, grabbed her equally out-of-shape stocking. Turning, she bounded back onto the trundle bed. Quickly she pulled the big bulge from her stocking and without even looking at it, tossed it aside. Then, turning her stocking upside down, a hard object in the toe fell at her feet. "Oh! A MOUSE!" Frightened, and without thinking, she bent over and grabbed the hated animal and flung it into the fire.

By this time, Minerva had also come back to the warmth of their bed, but she had moved more slowly. The big bulge in her stocking had revealed a shawl for her shoulders and when she shook her stocking, a rather large something fell on the bed. Stooping, she picked it up to find a perfectly formed mouse made of delicious chocolate.

May glanced at her sister's first-ever chocolate candy and then turned to the fire, where she had tossed her own chocolate mouse. She cried out and then began to sob loudly as she saw it melting and running down the burning log to the waiting ashes.

Just then Pa entered the room with a huge armful of wood. He was in time to hear and see the commotion and the end of May's mouse. Ma was already trying to console her sobbing daughter. Dropping the wood on the hearth, Pa held his arms wide to encircle May with his love and understanding. Between sobs she heard him ask, "Have you girls looked out of the window to see what happened last night? Get dressed fast, put your shawls around your shoulders, and come with me. Maybe you can solve the mystery."

Hurriedly, the girls dressed, and clutching their shawls, they followed Pa outside to the foot of the fireplace chimney. There the snow was disturbed. Pointing her finger at a large depression in the snow, Minerva excitedly exclaimed, "Look, Santa must have put his bag here while he sorted out our things! And look, something must have fallen out of his bag! See these little holes in the snow!"

She stooped and thrust her hand into the nearest hole to find what had made it. She felt something hard, and clutching it, withdrew her hand. There in her open palm was a hard piece of candy. She handed it to May, and soon the snow was packed hard with their footprints as each child investigated more holes, always remembering May and her loss, until finally May's hands could hold no more.

Chattering with speculation and excitement, the little girls turned and followed Pa back into their warm home. Their dreams had come true! Santa had stopped at their house, and now they could prove just how he did it. That Christmas day they worked and played together and they knew the meaning of love and losing, of giving and sharing.

That particular Christmas and its happenings live always in their memories.

GLEANING

Lillian Winn Fjeldsted
799 South 830 East
Sandy, Utah
Non-professional Division
Third Place Short Story

One of the world's greatest paintings was done by Jean Francios Millet. It shows women gleaning in the fields and it is called "The Gleaners." One of the great stories of the Bible tells of Ruth going to the fields to glean for wheat heads left behind after the harvest. In the world of today we never hear of such an activity. But in *my* lifetime, I had this experience*

During the first World War, President Wilson asked every child to buy Saving Stamps to help the war effort. He suggested that every young person get a project that would help in earning money to purchase these stamps. My parents gave me a setting hen and eggs to put under her. When the eggs were hatched, it was my responsibility to care for them.

My father was not a farmer, so there was not a granary to go to for food for my little brood. So early one morning, my mother took me with her to glean in a field where the wheat had been recently harvested. Many Relief Society members went gleaning that same day. We walked up and down the furrows and stooped down to pick up the heads of wheat that had fallen there during the process of harvesting. I filled a flour sack with these heads.

We threshed the heads by putting them on an old blanket and flailing them with big sticks to get the kernels of wheat out of the heads. We then tossed the blanket up and down to remove the chaff from the wheat kernels. When the wheat kernels were cleaned, I ground them in an old coffee grinder to make the wheat pieces small enough for the pullets to eat.

As the pullets grew, the roosters were used for spring fries and the hens were put in with the family flock. I became very attached to my chickens and I hated to see them killed. There was one big, red rooster that I really had a hard time giving up, I had nursed him through a broken leg, splints and all it took to keep him alive. But the time came when he had to go. He got into too many bloody fights with a neighboring rooster.

My parents reimbursed me for the chickens they used. With the money, I purchased Saving Stamps, which I redeemed after the war. It made me feel important because I had aided in the war effort.

As I recall this gleaning experience and what it meant to me in my early life, I realize how far removed it is from the world of today.

AN ESSAY ON THE NEVERLASTING HILLS

Albert Antrei

One doesn't need to live in Utah very long before he hears speeches and songs about "the everlasting hills." He hears it so often that even after a stiff course or two in geology he unconsciously begins to believe that these hills really are everlasting.

The snows and rains of 1982-83, however, have recently given him pause to think about it.

The mountains and plateaus that surround the Sanpete and Gunnison Valleys are not immune to change. It was a bad omen for the spring and summer still in the future when snow covered the roses in September in the Sanpete Valley in 1982. The fluffy stuff drove sheep herds off summer range from one to several weeks earlier than their schedule called for. There have been occasions of early snow in Sanpete in other years, but this time it kept on snowing and meant business. In fact, getting sheep off the mountain in September 1982 could be called "Operation Rescue," which is what reporter Bruce Jennings called it in the Messenger of October 6, 1982. Snow piled up so deeply in critical places that it required not only all the effort Sanpete County officials could put into it, but it also took help from the State of Utah and some federal agencies as well to rescue whole herds of sheep and their herders, elk hunters, and anybody else caught in the mountains on business or pleasure.

The means of getting help to men and beasts was by National Guard and privately owned heavy equipment and helicopters. Governor Scott Matheson flew over the Manti Mountain on October 3 to see for himself. Wrote Bruce Jennings:

Rescue operations involved opening canyon roads to Skyline Drive and clearing routes to herds trapped in places like Lake Fork, George's Fork and the Cove. Heavy work was done by bulldozers provided by the Utah National Guard, Sanpete County, and by private operators like Richard Olsen. Trucks hauled hay to the Skyline, and then Guard helicopters air-lifted it to the herds.

How do you measure the losses of sheep operators experienced because of the storms? 'You can't count your losses the way the weatherman can measure the precipitation,' one operator said. They don't know, for example, how many of their animals, weakened because of the lack of food for several days, died in the snow. They don't know how many were left behind in the timber and scrub oak on the mountain, although they'll be able to make accurate counts after the sheep are corralled.

Some herds arrived in the valley in good condition. Others looked battered and half-starved.

Elk hunters emerged unhappily from the ordeal, and several of them had to leave vehicles on the mountain overwinter. One of them from Sunset, Davis County, Greg Montoya, 38, was separated from his companions on or about October 1 and has not been seen since. The Sanpete County Search and

Rescue Patrol combed the flats, coves, canyons, and draws for Mr. Montoya in the snow and generally inclement weather. He was not found, and finally everybody was forced off the mountain for the rest of the year by the ferocity of the storms. Nor has his body been found as of this date, July 25, 1983. As of this writing, the Search and Rescue Patrol is scheduled to look for Mr. Montoya again during the weekend of July 30-August 1. This is according to Wally Buchanan, Director of Sanpete County's Emergency Services, which includes the Search and Rescue Patrol.

Altogether, the winter season of 1982-1983 "kicked off" one of the darndest precipitation years ever experienced in Sanpete memory. The effects have startled everybody, but they were hardly a surprise in the spring and early summer of 1983.

Pat Mellor wrote in the Manti Messenger of October 6:

A hunter safely ensconced in his camper along Highway U.S. 89 looked at the snow clouds on the mountain and shuddered. 'The only way I'm going home with an elk,' he admitted, 'is if one comes and knocks on the door of this camper and wants to borrow a cup of Coors.'

Mrs. Mellor also reported the astonishment of a local sheepman when he read in a state newspaper that he was a "shepherd," and that he owned a "flock." Somewhat the same terminology was used by a news anchorman or two on TV broadcasts. Apparently, some of our news writers and talkers in Utah today are from Ohio.

By the spring of 1983 all dry old lessons in geology and mountain geography heard in classes about 50 years before suddenly sprang to life, eyeball-to-eyeball with living earthslides, the removal of mountain tops and canyon walls by variable tides of mountain torrents, with gushing water and mud moving the hills out of the headlands and into the valleys. Then it suddenly **reoccurred** that the hills are not nearly as everlasting as the speeches and the songs made them out to be. What nature has thrust, she also wears-down, gouges, washes-out, and fills-in.

Nature is always at work and always changing things, somewhat like the housekeeper who keeps moving the furniture around in response to some kind of obsessive compulsion. It is not only true that what must go up in nature must also come down, but it is a 24-hour daily job at which Mother Nature works without letup for Sabbath, holiday, or shift-change.

The problem experienced by the community of Vales was due this year mostly to the energetic efforts of a gang of muskrats (or whatever you call a collection of muskrats), which punched some holes in the Vales Reservoir during the last few days of February and March 1. During their working hours water was building up a little pressure against the dam from good flow out of Duck Springs. This problem was apparently unrelated to the general water problems about to be experienced by nearly everybody else in Sanpete. The human workers who tried to undo the job done by the muskrats merely made an opening at the north end of the reservoir to allow whatever overflow might develop to escape. Presumably the busy muskrats departed for elsewhere at the sight and sound of a bulldozer roaring and the slap of a number of

sandbags in strategic places. Anyway, they left, but for where, one can only guess. Watch your dammed dikes. "We got some publicity on Channel 2 TV and a spot in the Deseret News." said T. J. Rees, Secretary of the Wales Irrigation Company, "but as news, it wasn't worth it."

At Fountain Green some early problems with basement floods occurred in April. Although not usually bothered by such things, the southwest corner of Fountain Green does normally have a somewhat higher water table than most Sanpete communities. However, this year the heavier than usual precipitation provided enough extra surface water to the water table to flood a number of Fountain Green basements, according to Jessie Oldroyd. There was also some floodwater out of Pole Canyon, said Jessie, that washed over some fields and roads. This water is still visible in places in late July. In general, however, the use of pumps kept the experience in Fountain Green to a minimum.

A pattern of basement flooding and backing-up of sewers was noticeable not only in Fountain Green, but also in Chester, Fayette, and in Mount Pleasant.

Among the most threatened communities in the flood problems which arose in the spring concerned the towns of Fairview and Mayfield. Betty Ramsey told about it where Fairview is concerned in an article published in the Mount Pleasant Pyramid of June 2, 1983, under the headline, "Flood threat forces evacuation.":

Residents of Fairview, a community of about 1,000 were evacuated from their homes Monday night (May 30) when a massive slide of mud and debris slipped into the already bulging Cottonwood Creek up Fairview Canyon and threatened to back up and cause flooding.

The evacuation order came to an ordinarily quiet community already battling a raging river that had ripped its way through the town since waters began to rise early last week.

The evacuation order came at about ten o'clock Monday night and a steady stream of residents made their way to Mt. Pleasant by private car and in buses.

Residents were told by city officials that arrangements had been made by County Emergency Director

Wally Bushanan for the residents to be housed in the schools in Mt. Pleasant.

As Fairview residents arrived they found Mt. Pleasant volunteers preparing rooms, water, and blankets for the refugees. Others took names making lists so worried relatives could find each other in the mass exodus.

Most of the evacuees went to the North Sanpete High School and several to the Mt. Pleasant Elementary

School. Those at that school were later moved to Centennial Hall and Alice Hall when Wasatch Academy opened its doors to the incoming people.

Several Mt. Pleasant residents offered beds and rooms in their homes to friends or to total strangers.

Many Fairview residents went to homes of their children or other relatives to stay, after checking in so others would know where they were.

By morning plans had been made to feed the throng breakfast at the Mt. Pleasant Elementary School, and North Sanpete School Lunch Director Sonja Robertson and other volunteers provided juice, milk and hot chocolate, muffins, butter and jam and scrambled eggs and bacon to a weary populace who had slept little the preceding night.

At about 10 o'clock Tuesday (May 31) morning word came that residents could go back to their homes in Fairview but to be prepared to evacuate again if necessary.

Sanpete County Search and Rescue Personnel who had been patrolling the evacuated city of Fairview were also keeping sightseers and others out,

'Traffic has been a problem,' said Tom Tucker, Sanpete Search and Rescue Officer, who was assigned to keep people from coming into Fairview from the south.

Reporter Ramsey also reported that Fairview had taken on the appearance of a wartime town under siege over the Memorial Day weekend. Mayor Eddie Cox said the town had made some preparation for some unusually high water for several weeks before the emergency actually developed. Crews had cleaned, widened, and doubled the capacity of the creek channel. Sandbags had been placed where trouble was most expected as early as April 16. But by May 30 only one bridge remained in all of Fairview, and all traffic had to be funneled past Val's Locker Plant, Volunteers turned out by the hundreds, arriving on the scene in whatever way they could. National Guard equipment also arrived. Mayor Cox said that no property damage had been done, but "without the backhoe operated by Mark Poulson, there would have been excessive property damage."

It appears that the town was "buttoned-down" as tightly as it could be, until word came that an earthslide in the canyon had backed-up waters of Cottonwood Creek, and if that dam ever burst the wall of water would sweep everything before it. In the light of that information it was decided to evacuate the town on the evening of May 30, Mayor Cox summed up the feelings of all residents on June 9, quoted in the Pyramid of that day: "We are just glad to be here," he said. He had high praise for Jim Cheney and Odell Cox and other members of the flood prevention crew. Mayor Cox's biggest worry now is how to get Highway U.S. 89 and the railway reinstated to serve his area. Those, of course, were wiped out at Thistle, Fairview's main concern now is with the sudden cutting of ties to northern Utah and to the mines in Emery and Carbon Counties, losses which affect seriously the movement of tourists and of those in Fairview engaged in mining.

The larger community of Mount Pleasant was spared most of the flooding problems of the Memorial Day weekend, "Diversion tactics prevent flooding in Mt. Pleasant," a headling told us in the Pyramid of June 9.:

Fast action by city crews and an on-the-spot decision by Councilman Allen Shelley prevented major flooding from Twin Creek last week.

The problem began on Friday May 27 when debris washed down by the runoff created a blockage near Pine Creek Ranch and began to back up.

Water from both Cedar Creek and Twin Creek began rising creating an additional threat downstream, and Councilman Shelley whose experience with irrigation companies gave him background with water control, foresaw an impending crisis and authorized immediate action.

On May 31 the Spring City Road where Cedar Creek crosses was cut and a new culvert installed and the old Cedar Creek channel was reopened to divert water from the Spring City Road into an old channel by Paul Peel's. 'Peel's home was not in the path of the water,' Shelley said, 'only some of his fields were affected by this action.'

On June 1 crews started opening up an old mountain ditch in Twin Creek to divert water into Cedar Creek and closed off the diversion from Cedar Creek into Twin Creek allowing swollen Twin Creek some relief. 'Almost as soon as we diverted some of the water from Twin Creek into Cedar Creek the runoff increased and there was still a lot of water, almost as much as we diverted . ling it back up again,' the councilman said

On June 2 the diversion ditch was completed and culverts were installed. At this time about one third of Twin Creek was being diverted into the Cedar Creek channel.

Trash came down and plugged culverts on June 4 almost washing them out, and crews had to sandbag and fill them in.

Saturday (June 4) the stream flow was reduced so some water was returned to the original stream.

Finally Sunday, crews on backhoes began making the ditch bigger to handle greater flow in case the canyon ditch would break or water would increase to more than the ditch could handle.

The full project was completed on Tuesday (June 7), and while minor sandbagging is still taking place (June 9) and the creeks watched on a 24-hour basis, everything seems secure.

Mayor Amoir Deuel expressed her gratitude to all that worked preventing flooding of the city. 'Some people were not happy about (Mr. Shelley's) decision,' she said, 'but I feel that on the whole the most healthy decision was made.'

Similar diversionary measures were taken in Ephraim, Manti, and in Gunnison, although the latter had some extraordinary problems arising out of the Mayfield disaster, with drinking water supplies, with sewage backing-up, and with the necessity of shoring up the spillway of the dam holding the Gunnison Reservoir water. Nearly all communities in Sanpete, as a matter of fact, experienced greater or lesser problems with culinary water. Marian Lee wrote for the Messenger-Enterprise on June 2 that "Ephraim implements emergency planning." The city council in Ephraim plotted a diversion channel at the south end of town which they hoped would take care of the "gigantic flow" expected. Wrote Mrs. Lee:

The diversion channel, which begins at the lower big divider at the mouth of the (Ephraim) canyon, will cross ditches 15 and 16 and continue west across 3rd East on the Canyon Road.

The water will be directed into the gravel pits west of Canyon Road and be carried to the highway where it will cross between the properties of Alma Larsen and the Drive-In Theater. The flow will continue to the swamp area west of town.

The streamflow will be diked and controlled as much as possible to allow the passage of traffic on 3rd East and the main highway (U.S. 89). 'We hope,' noted Mayor Hal Jensen, 'we can keep the water out of town. If the diversions don't hold, then citizens are cautioned to prepare to protect their own properties and to cooperatively assist others wherever the need arises.'

At the highway it was found necessary to cut out a short segment the width of the channel and to "dip" it temporarily, for as long as the crisis lasted. A sign along the highway, however, labeled the dip a "bump."

Still quoting Marian Lee,

Sharon Sevy, city Emergency Preparedness Chairman, announced that 'An emergency hospital has been planned to be set up in the old Snow College gymnasium. Darlene Anderson and Sherron Boynton, Public Health Nurse, have coordinated arrangements with Snow College, city physicians, and local EMT's, together with assistance and materials from the local Relief Societies and other community citizens and groups.'

Where Manti was concerned, Pat Mellor wrote on June 2 that "Manti's 4th South Street has been turned into a channel carrying fast-moving runoff water from a diversion point at about 250 East 400 South west beyond the city limits and eventually into the Gunnison Reservoir. By Monday night (May 30; the street was carrying about 75 second feet of water which otherwise would have caused the creek to overflow. The city's emergency plan estimates that eventually the water in the 400 South diversion channel will possibly reach 400 second feet. 'By next week or so, the dike along 400 South might be shoulder height,' Emergency Services Committee Chairman Bill Mickelson also said. Mr. Mickelson said the city's water-carrying capacity in the creek and flood channel and ditches has been nearly halved since the previous record high-water year of 1052.

"In 1952, ditches and the creek moved 835 second feet of water through Manti on one June night, 'Now,' Mickelson says, 'the city's capacity is about half that. Pressurized irrigation pipe has replaced the Brigham Field Ditch and several others of the major irrigation ditches which formerly could have combined to carry about 400 second feet of water,' Another factor in the city's diminished capacity is the culverts now in use. Formerly, squared-off channels with conventional bridges were used. If the channel plugged under the bridge during high water, as it did in 1952, the wooden bridge was torn up and the channel freed. The round metal culverts have reduced the carrying capacity of the former rip-rapped channels, and make it harder to remove plugs,"

There is no doubt that the early planning by the Emergency Committee in March helped greatly in averting serious problems, and even a few disasters. They had taken early note of the extremely heavy snowpack on the adjacent watershed, and when the crisis came, they were ready.

How ready they needed to be was very clear by June 23, for by that date the old record high-water runoff set in 1952 was broken by that of 1983, The record of 835 second feet out of Manti Creek set in 1952 was passed by the 1983 runoff registering 850 on June 18, Wild, muddy water rolling rocks along its channel widened and deepened the channel along 4th South, but everything held intact. During the greatest height of water, a couple of utility poles washed out east of Main Street, and a culinary water line burst at Second West and 4th South. The murkiness of water running out of Manti Canyon was explained by the existence of a landslide on the north side of the canyon opposite from the road leading to Pole Haven, No problems developed however, as the creek managed to cut its way through the slide as it developed,

"We have been fortunate that no lives have been lost or injuries sustained during this record water," Mayor Bessey was quoted as saying, "People have been inconvenienced, but to my knowledge we haven't even had instances of flooded basements. Considering the volume of water we've had to handle, and the sustained period over which we had to handle it, we've come out pretty well."

Quoting again from the Messenger-Enterprise out of Pat Mellor's report:

Mudslides took out two of the three springs providing Sterling's culinary water supply, and residents were asked to use the remaining water sparingly and to boil water before using it.

Six-Mile Creek changed course several hundred yards before it enters a culvert to pass beneath Highway 89 just north of Sterling. The resulting backup of debris caused the ravine east of the highway to fill and flood alfalfa fields with layers of sand and silt.

The Six-Mile water backed almost to the residence of Lee Christensen, whose home sits on a knoll in the bottom of the ravine to the east of the highway.

Under the headline that "Keeping Gunnison Reservoir under control grave problem" Bruce Jennings wrote in the Messenger-Enterprise that there was:

Too much water.

That is this week's problem at the Gunnison Reservoir. The gates at the impoundment are now wide open and the overflow tunnel at the west side of the dam is also carrying all the water it can.

But more water is now entering the reservoir than is leaving, and as a consequence the water level is gradually approaching the top of the dam.

There was some discussion among officials on how to avert a spill of water over the top of the dam. Pumps were recommended, as was a proposal to install a large culvert on the east side of the dam to provide an escape for the threatening surplus water. But the principal trouble spot was found to be the extensive erosion of the spillway. Because so much land and so many people and their homes and businesses would be affected in the Gunnison Valley by any break in the Gunnison Reservoir, no effort was spared to solve the problem of damage to the spillway, any further erosion of which would have meant undercutting of the wall of the dam itself and possibly a collapse of the entire structure. The problem was analyzed and the firm of L. A. Young and Sons of Richfield were engaged to repair the damage to the undercut spillway. The Bureau of Reclamation and the Army Corps of Engineers were also consulted.

In the Gunnison Valley itself, the people of Gunnison were concerned with controlling the rampaging waters of both the Sanpitch and Sevier Rivers. "Initial efforts to dike the banks of the Sanpitch River," said a report in the Gunnison Valley News of June 2, "were deemed unsuitable at an emergency meeting called by the city council Sunday afternoon (May 29). About 30 people were present, including the mayor (Rodney Anderson), the county sheriff (Kennard Anderson), the National Guard, the city engineer, some highway patrolmen, and fire and police chiefs." Their main concern was the Gunnison Reservoir, but they were also concerned with the effectiveness of sandbagging the Sanpitch River. Besides the sandbagging of the river's shores, it was also decided to scoop out Highway U.S. 89 at a point where the channel is bridged by the road and "dip" it temporarily to lead high water through the dip to the other side. This was part of a diversionary tactic.

A news article in the Valley News of June 9 makes it known that one of Gunnison City's sewer lines that runs under the Sanpitch River was washed out on June 8 (a Wednesday). Said the paper:

A 24-hour pumping operation is the only immediate solution to protecting homeowners in the vicinity of 2nd West and 2nd South from having their basements back up with sewage, until the high waters recede and the repair in the line can be made. The city used Billy Nay's 4-inch pump to flush the sewage out into the middle of the river. Mayor Anderson estimates that expenses incurred in the repair of the sewer line will be about \$50,000. It will be about six to eight

weeks before the water will be low enough to operate the machinery in the area to dig up the line, repair the break and flush the mud out of the lines.

"Evac Measures Taken For G Valley Area" read, the discouraging headline in the Valley News of June 9. ,

Moving slides in Twelve-Mile Canyon and an unstable condition at the Gunnison Reservoir are the causes of planning for emergency evacuations of parts of Mayfield and Gunnison. Authorities asked residents to be prepared to evacuate their homes within 15 minutes notice. All residents north of the Sanpitch River Bridge are advised to go to the City Hall or Stake Center. Residents south of the bridge should go to the Centerfield Church for further instructions. The Mayfield evacuation plan calls for residents to be transported to Manti.

Sanpete County Emergency Services Director Wally Buchanan stated that there are two slides in Twelve-Mile Canyon, one coming from the south and one from the north that are coming together at the same point. There is the potential danger of a 40-to 80- foot dam being formed, cutting off Twelve-Mile Creek.

Geologists from the U. S. Geological Survey, the State of Utah, and the Forest Service are monitoring the slide action around the clock. Survey markers on the north side show that it is moving approximately four feet a day. The south side can only be surveyed by air.

Buchanan stated that 80,000 sandbags have been placed in the county, 42 bridges are washed out or unstable, and close to 12 roads are closed due to the flooding. Thirty slides are currently moving in the canyons from Indianola south. Ten major slides on the eastern side of the (Sanpete) Valley have the potential of causing problems with communities. The others, Buchanan stated, are not in critical areas.

Fairview is the top priority because of the slide activity in the canyon and the location of the city being close to the mouth of the canyon. Mayfield is the second priority, due to the two major slides in Twelve-Mile.

A report by Bruce Jennings in the Messenger-Enterprise on May 26 gives us an interesting account of a personal experience with the Mayfield situation.

Forest Service people are this week assessing the damage and getting started on the cleanup

following a major landslide in Twelve-Mile Canyon Sunday afternoon (May 22) that sent a 10—foot wall of water roaring down the creek.

The stream swept through the Pinchot Campground about eight miles east of Mayfield, tore out irrigation structures a mile east of town, overflowed a few acres of cropland and then spent its energy without further damage.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Faatz, Mayfield, who were in the canyon at the time, heard the roar of the

rushing water and managed to get their pickup truck onto higher ground.

The Faatzes were only a few yards ahead of the wall of water, and they abandoned their truck on the higher ground they were fortunate enough to find at the critical moment and walked back to Mayfield by way of high ridges and connecting hills. The truck Mr. and Mrs. Faatz abandoned in mid-May was removed by helicopter in mid-July.

According to Sheriff Kennard Anderson, only one person in Mayfield actually evacuated his house. Although much land was flooded along the main stream channel in Mayfield, Melvin Taylor was the only one requested to leave, and his leaving was a short one. When the bridge along the road to U.S. 89 was washed over, however, the Mayfield road from the Nine-Mile Reservoir was closed for a time, as were the bridge and road into Christianburg.

In Axtell a few irrigation ditches were taken out, and, similarly, some diversion ditches were destroyed in Centerfield. No outstanding damage was reported in Fayette, although the road from that Community to the old Dover site was under water for a while. The north road out of Gunnison (First South) to Clarion was washed over. There were no serious reports out of Wales and Fountain Green either, although water was unusually high and there was a report of some minor damage in Chester. A slide in a canyon above Indianola did no damage.

The most serious effect of the overall flood situation was at Thistle, where the huge landslide in Wanrhodes Canyon eliminated that access to northern Utah for about half of the people in Sanpete County, as well as those in the vicinity of Birdseye in Utah County. Both Highway U.S. 89 and the Sanpete spur of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad were drowned from just north of Birdseye to the confluence of Diamond Fork and the Spanish Fork River. The junction and the community of Thistle were completely wiped off the map by this disaster, disrupting all direct communication between the Sanpete Valley and points north and between Carbon and Emery Counties and the same northern areas. The backup of water from both Spanish Fork River and Thistle Creek has been named "Thistle Lake," and at this writing it is doubtful that, even if it is drained, that the area will ever be what it was before nature dammed the place.

At this writing (August 1983), the railroad has found a way to get to the mines in Carbon County by tunneling through the rocky walls of the canyon that contains the new lake, spending money by the canyonful to accomplish it in 24-hour shifts daily with men and all kinds of heavy equipment. Since economics is what railroads are all about, there is little talk to date of reviving the D. & R.G.W. line into Sanpete, which in recent years has been considered a marginal investment at best. Nevertheless, Sanpete communities are pushing for such a renewal in legislative halls, necessary as such a transportation facility is to the economy of the Sanpete Valley. The automobile highway will someday be reconstructed, for without it all Sanpete Valley citizens and people coming into the valley would be forced to use the two lanes through Nephi Canyon, along Salt Creek, as the pioneers did for about 50 years after settlement. The situation is further complicated by the fact that certain interests in Utah County want to retain "Lake Thistle" for recreational and waterpower purposes. Whatever happens to the lake, there seems to be little doubt in the minds of State engineers and the Governor that the lake must first be drained gradually.

Nearly all residents of the Sanpete Valley are well aware of the geographic significance of the Thistle access highway. The road through Nephi Canyon is not a bad road, but it suffered to a dangerous extent itself when the bridge across Salt Creek came as close to a washout as is possible without seeing it actually float downstream. It has been pointed out that the Sanpete Valley is a high bowl, the rim of which provides only three cracks for access routes into it. These are the Indianola-Thistle route, which is blocked at Thistle by the giant landslide. The other is the Salt Creek route by way of Nephi Canyon, which was nearly closed by heavy runoff from the Mount Nebo area. The third is the very roundabout route by way of Gunnison, Fayette, and Levan, a route which adds about a hundred miles of travel for northern Sanpeters and for Utah County residents south of Thistle. It has been customary for tourists headed for the parks in southern Utah to travel U.S. 89 from Thistle to Sanpete County and beyond. Until such a junction is rebuilt, these travellers will have to go out of their way by way of a reconstructed U.S. 6 to effect a junction at Spanish Fork, somewhat along the Escalante—Dominguez trail, which went far more north than they needed to in their lack of knowledge in 1776 of the existence of the Sanpete and Sevier Valleys. It has also become customary for residents of Sanpete from Manti-north to travel to Utah County and Salt Lake County by way of Thistle, except for those living in the northwest corner of the valley. These used Nephi Canyon. People of the Gunnison Valley have traditionally used the route through Fayette and Levan. For the people of the Sanpete Valley today, however, there is but one route - Nephi Canyon. I do not know yet what it is like to live in a glass house, but most of us are becoming aware of what it is like to live in a bowl with high rims.

The Sanpitch River became a lake during the high water days in the summer of 1983, and here and there cattle and horses learned to swim to get from one place to another. 'This is meant literally. There was an incalculable damage to crops wherever water covered cultivated land, land which may not see normal production again for perhaps several years. As for vegetation such as saltgrasses, sedges, and rushes along the banks of the Sanpitch, such plants are accustomed to growing in excessive water, and in those areas where the water has receded and the dried mud is cracking, plant life can already be perceived pushing its way up to sunlight and drier air. It is not believed that the native plant life of the

marshlands of the lower parts of the Sanpete Valley will suffer permanent loss or even much damage. In recovery of any bad effects, time is always a factor.

Some fences are hanging in mid-air here and there and a few lanes, bridges, and culverts in the lowest part of the valley have seen better days, but the basements are now clean, dams are secure, channels which not long ago roared with angry waters are mostly dry again, the "dips" have been removed from the highway at Ephraim and Gunnison, Chicken Creek has reverted once more to Chicken Creek, the mudslides are drying out, and landslides are hesitating. The face of Sanpete has been lifted by Dr. Nature. We may not be as good-looking as we were once, but we are settling down.

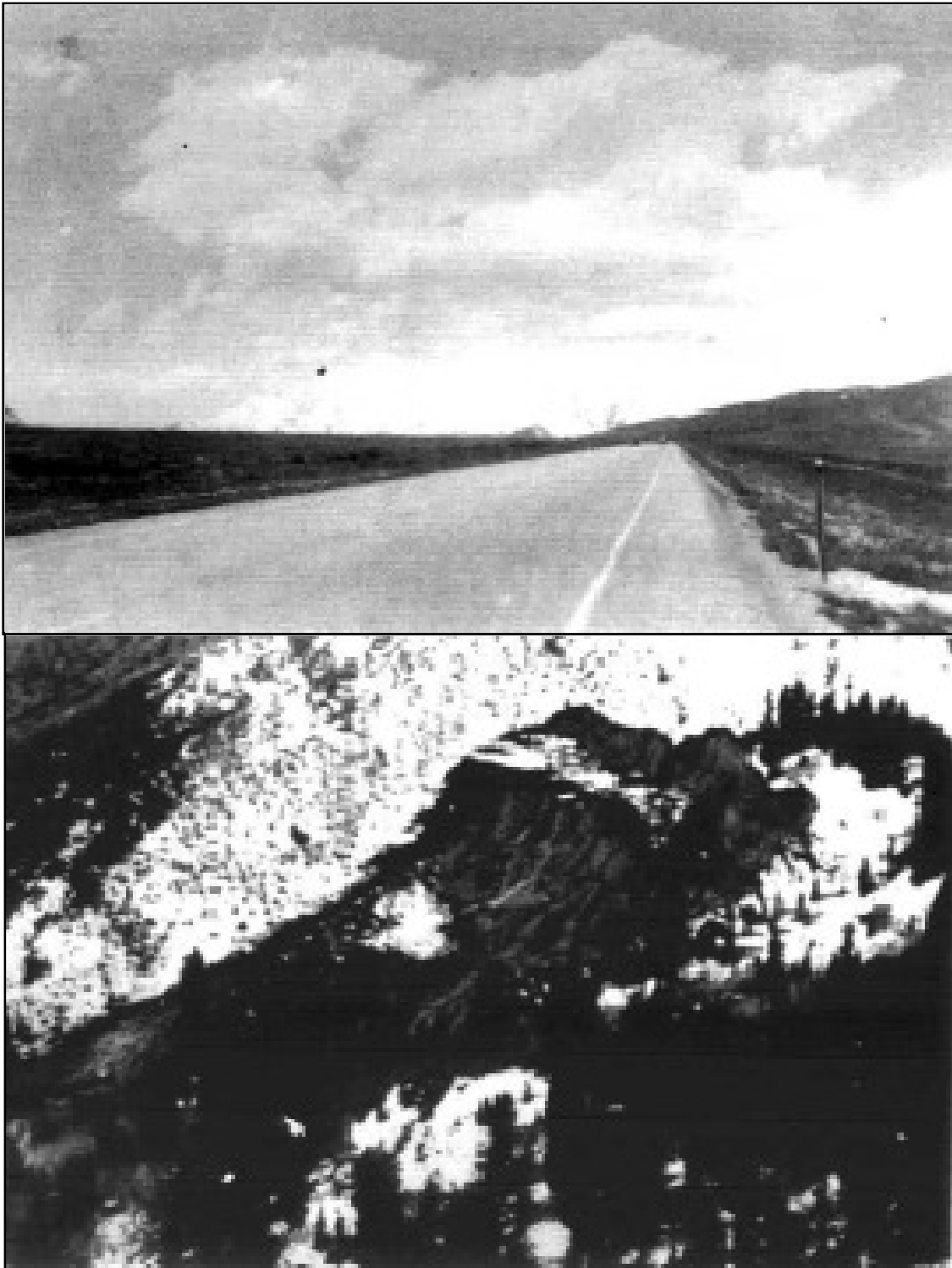
No earthquakes, please!

Addendum:

More information on the situation at Indianola has come to light since the above was written on that community. A recent tour (July 29) of the area where Indianola divides its irrigation water out of Thistle Creek, a mile or two above the community of Indianola itself, R. Lynn Nielson (Director of the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Office) pointed out to this writer in the field where two of the three main dividers were completely demolished by floodwaters out of upper Thistle Creek and Little Creek. Before the excessive water struck the dividers, the ditches that served them were only channeled between banks about two feet high. Now, those channels have been cut from 7 to 15 feet deep and became as much as a hundred feet or more across, where previously they had been only the width of a dredge operator's reach. In addition to this, the rampaging waters cut new meandering channels and took out a bridge just above the upper cement divider, leaving the ditches the divider served about ten feet above that divider.

It may also be briefly noted that severe erosion by floodwaters has closed Maple Canyon, deepened gullies, and seriously paved farmlands around New Jerusalem and Freedom with deep layers of mud.

No running water shows here at the North end of Ft. Green, only the snow capped Mt. Nebo. But was was running—underground and into the basements of the homes. Photo by Jessie Oldroyd



1. . The slide in Fairview canyon that caused the evacuation of the people of Fairview for a night. Photo by Wally Buchanan



2. The slide cut the road in Fairview canyon and stopped the stream for a short time Photo by Wally Buchanan



3. Fairview canyon stream crosses Highway 89 on Fairviews main street Photo by Golden Sanderson



4. Flooding of the fairgrounds at Mt. Pleasant Photo by Carol Mellor



5. The Sanpitch west of Mt. Pleasant Photo by Wally Buchanan



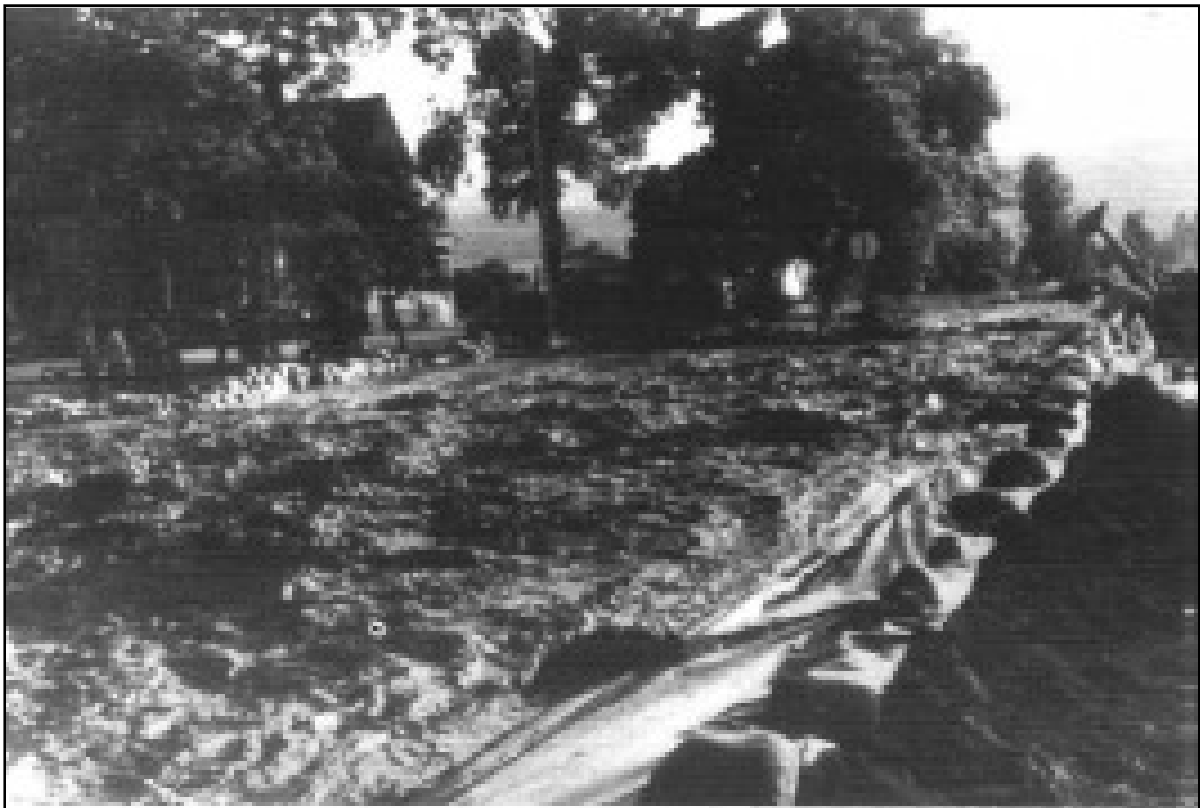
6. *The Sanpitch near Moroni* Photo by Wally Buchanan



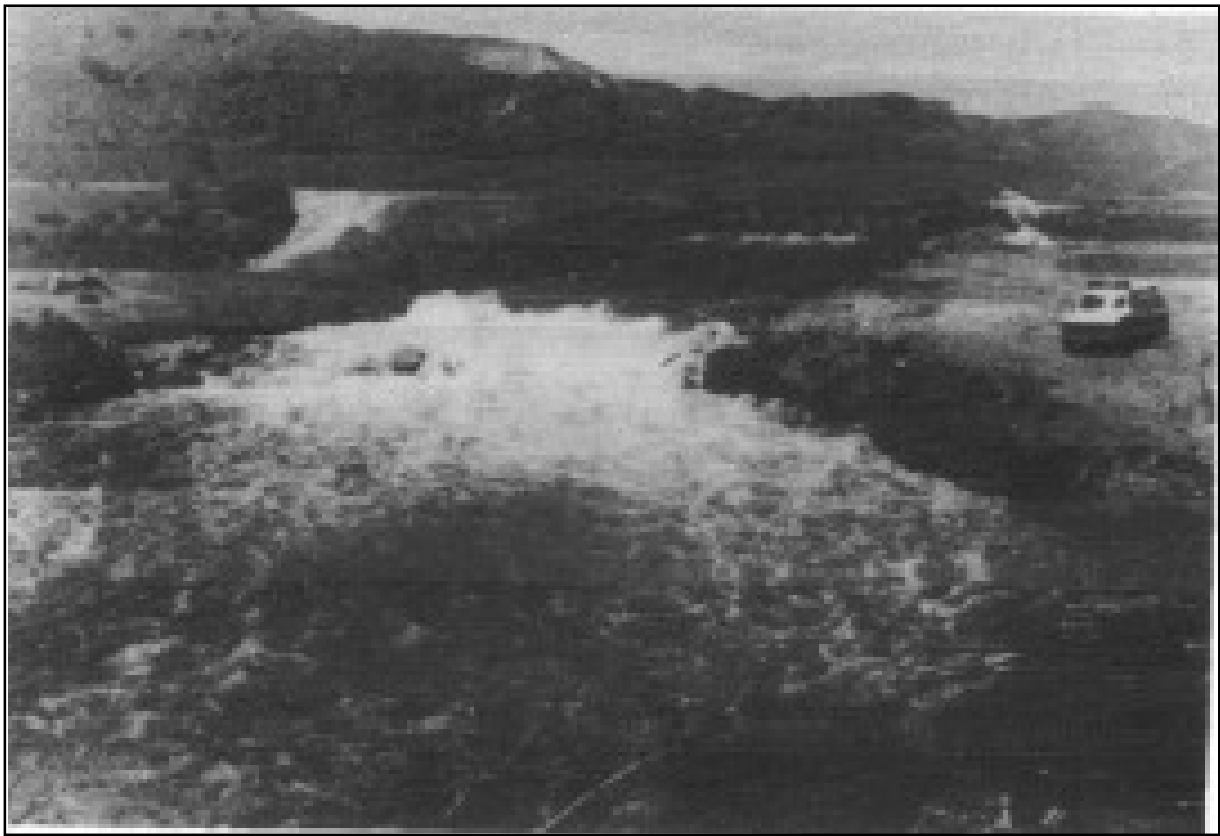
7. *The flooding Sanpitch near Chester* Photo by Wally Buchanan



8. Flood water on the move west of Ephraim Photo by Wally Buchanan



9. Manti' 4th South street is diked to carry the excess from the creeks toward the Sanpitch. -62- Photo by Ruth Scow



10. With the Gunnison Reservoir about full, the spillway is opened Photo by Wally Buchanan



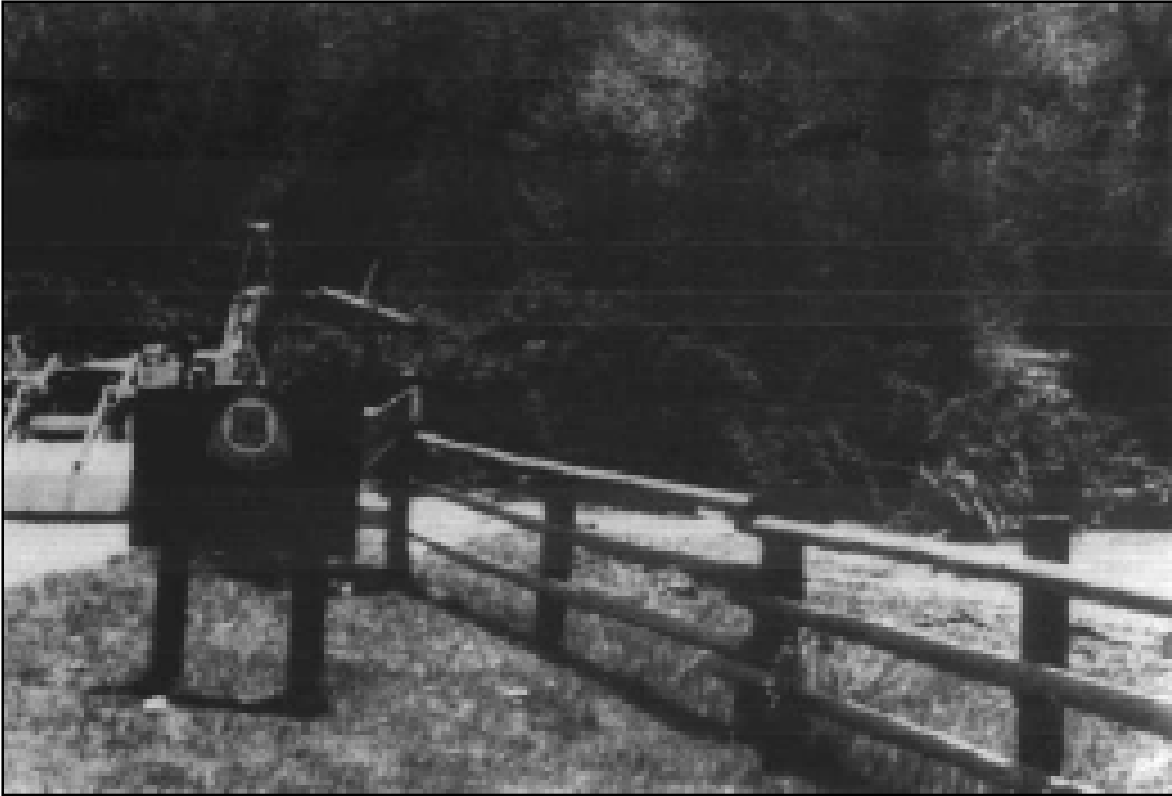
11. The slide at the head of the right-hand fork (the corner) of 12 mile canyon. photo by Clyde rosenvall



12. Looking DOWN from the slide in the right-hand fork of 12-mile canyon. The end of the slide is at the bottom of the picture and the "forks" are near the upper center. Photo by Clyde Rosenvall



13. Looking UP the canyons from the "forks" area. The stream is coming down the right hand fork in the center of the picture with the forks (Camp Pinchot) just below center. Photo by Clyde Rosenvall



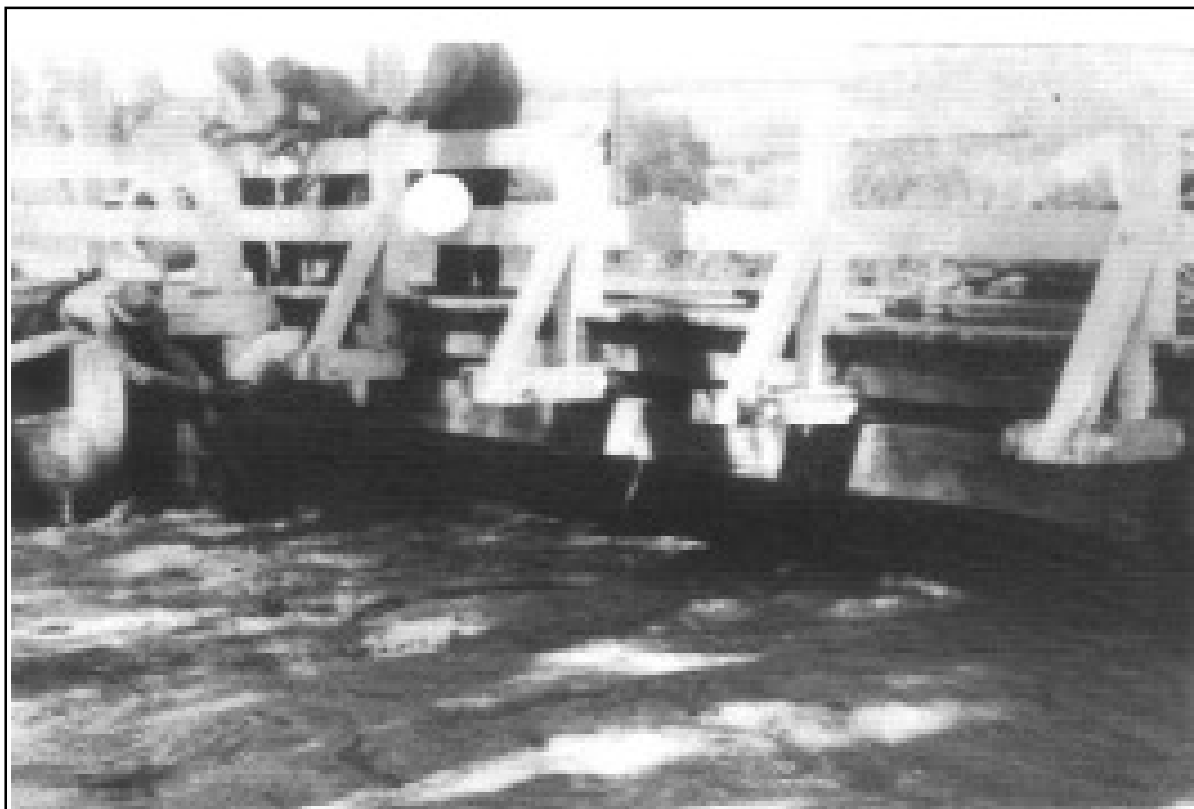
14. Pile-up of trees at what was once Camp Pinchot (the forks) Photo by Wally Buchanan



15. 12-mile Creek at the mouth of the canyon. Photo by Wally Buchanan



16. 12-mile Creek comes through Mayfield. Photo by Wally Buchanan



17. Volunteers work to keep debris from tearing out the bridge on the road that leads to 9-mile reservoir. Photo by Wally Buchanan



18. 12-mile creek, coming through the Mayfield fields, overflows the bridge and the road. Photo by J. LaMar Larson



19. With 12-mile creek joining the Sanpitch, the bridge in Christenburg near Stan Voorhees farm was washed out. Photo by Wally Buchanan



21. *The Sanpitch takes many trails as it heads for chalk hill (the cliffs) and the Gunnison Depot area. Photo by Clyde Rosenvall*



20. *The Sanpitch widens to threaten the Teepee on Don Louis Larsen farm. Photo by Wally Buchanan*



22. Around the hill and heading toward Gunnison the Sanpitch takes over. Photo by Clyde Rosenvall



23. Held by the dike on the right side, the Sanpitch spreads into the farmlands of Southeast Gunnison.- Photo by Clyde Rosenvall



24. In March, following a flash-flood, the driveway and yards of Gerald Nay were sandbagged on the east side of the Highway 89 bridge. Looking from the bridge, east—but. Photo by Wally Buchanan



25. —In early June the sandbags and the yard are covered with water and the granary is completely surrounded. The Highway 89 bridge is threatened and a dip is cut just to the south. -70- Photo by J. LaMar Larson



26. This earlier shot shows the Sanpitch full but staying within the sandbags as it crosses Highway 89 in South Gunnison. Photo by Clyde Rosenvall

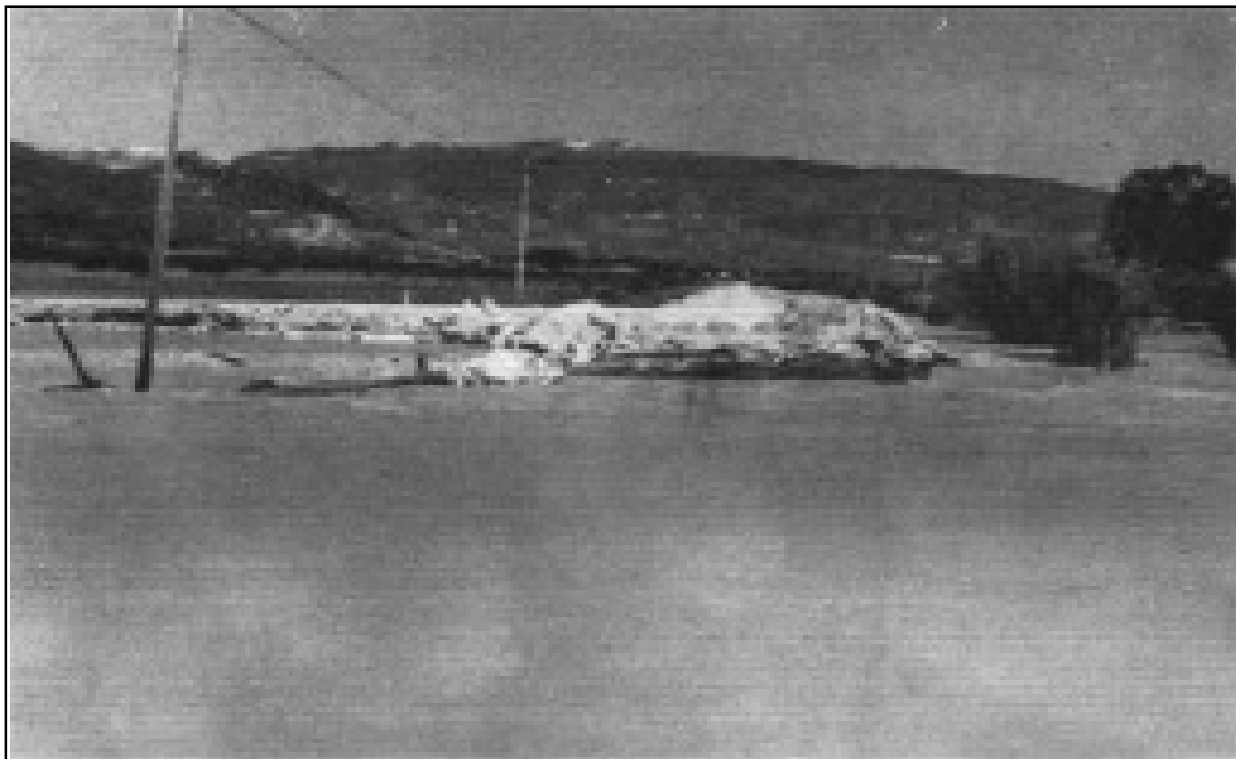


27. The old channel has all it can hold as it heads toward the west part of Gunnison. Photo by J. LaMar Larson



28. As the Sanpitch rises, it cuts more space and drops we chainlink fence of Hansen Farm Supply into the stream.

Photo by J. LaMar Larson



29. Too full and moving too fast to make the proper right-hand turnsoon enough, the Sanpitch cuts the road from Gunnison to Clarion and goes around, as well as under the bridge. . 72- Photo by J. LaMar Larson



30. Flooding over the land unchecked, the Sanpitch curs we Gunnison-Fayette canal and heads for the Sevier River.
Photo by J. LaMar Larson



31. Rounding the hill, the Sanpitch spreads out again in the fields below Malmgrens yards. Looking west. Photo by
Clyde Rosenvall



32. And as we look south we can see the flooded Sanpitch (foreground) ready to empty into the already flooding Sevier River. The end of the journey. Photo by Clyde Rosenvall

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