

SAGA of the SANPITCH

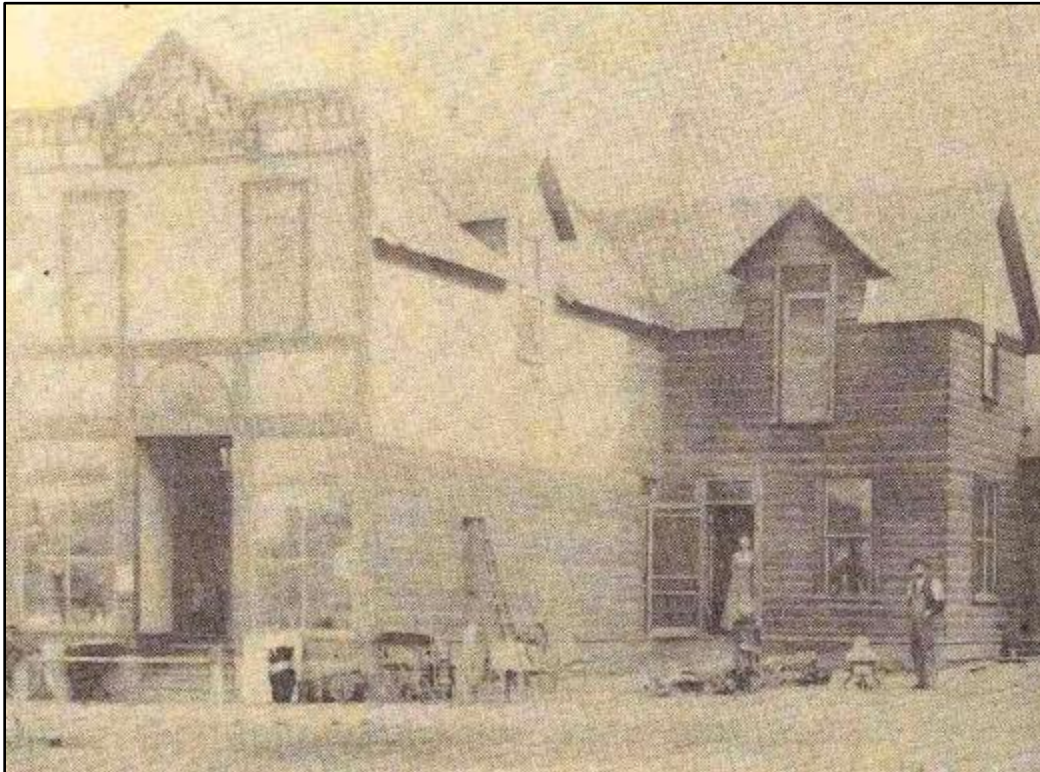


Jens Hansen
15 Feb. 1822 - 29 Nov. 1884
Pioneer of Manti

Maren Anderson
8 June 1833 - 28 Aug. 1885
2nd Wife - 4 Children

Both from Denmark

Volume 20 1988



A.O. Anderson Furniture Store about 1900, 153 South Main, Manti, Utah. A. O. Anderson went to the Klondike in 1898 when the gold rush was on and came home with enough money to build his home and store and start his business. (Courtesy Ruth Scow)



Milburn Public School – 1894 (note arches: Boys – Girls). (Courtesy Herald Vance)

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XX

Winning Entries

for the

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Selected Pictures and Poems

Sponsored by

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

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Ruth D. Scow, Chairman

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PREFACE

As we look back over the 20 years that Sanpete History has been accumulated in over 600 pieces in the Saga of the Sanpitch, some brief, some carefully researched articles and some historical fiction, we express gratitude for all who have made this effort a success. The rich heritage that is here has propelled itself, with volunteers to help it keep a good direction.

Mrs. Ruth Scow of Manti, who was Committee Chairman from 1974-1979, and contributed much knowledge and expertise in expanding the range of the Saga, plans to retire from the Committee this year. It might safely be said that she is one of the most knowledgeable people in the area on local history. She lived here when much of the history was being made. Historians throughout the State come to Mrs. Scow for information of the early history of Sanpete, and she continues to collect and study historical materials.

She will be succeeded by Mrs. Ruth Clark Amesquita. Born in Wayne County, Ruth grew up in Manti and is now living with her husband and four children in Ephraim. She pioneered BYU's Master's program in nursing, being one of the first two who graduated as a Nurse Practitioner. She has been in nursing for 17 years, and directed the Nursing Program at Sevier Valley Tech for the past 2 years. She brings to the Saga Committee a fresh new perspective, and some good ideas that will increase the value of the Writing Contest and the merit of the publishing of the Saga.

Ruth will be assisted by Martha Olson, also of Ephraim. A descendant of Ephraim's early settlers, Martha is a poet, author, teacher, historian, and one who has an intense interest in the rich lore of this valley.

Continuing on the Committee for at least another year are Mrs. Lillian Fox of Manti, Chairman from 1977 to 1982; Mrs. Eleanor Madsen, Ephraim, Chairman from 1984 until the present; Mrs. Linnie Findlay, Ephraim, Chairman from 1969 to 1973. Eleanor has worked with the Saga each year since the beginning, except for 18 months she spent with her late husband Leslie L. Madsen, as LDS Missionaries in California. She finished the 1983 year for Mrs. Pamela Jensen who moved with her husband and family from the area after serving for part of two years.

Some of the story tellers who have written for the Saga have now graduated this earth life, their contribution is without price. Many write each year to add to the recorded bits and pieces of that which has made Sanpete. And with all of this, there is much yet to be recorded and knowledge that will be lost when those who remember it are gone.

We look forward to the years ahead.



CO-CHAIRMEN:	<i>Lillian H. Fox</i> <i>Eleanor P. Madsen</i> <i>Ruth D. Scow</i>
TERASURER:	<i>Linnie M. Findlay</i>
EDITING:	<i>Diana Spencer</i>
SCRIPT COMMITTEE:	<i>Norma W. Barton</i> <i>Martha Rae Olsen</i>
TYPIST:	<i>Kathleen Dean</i>

- DISTRIBUTION:** *Lee's Variety, Stubbs Inc., Ephraim; Jensen's Dept. Store, Manti; Jensen Drug, Gunnison; Pyramid Office, Mt. Pleasant; Jessie Oldroyd, Ft. Green; Jensen's Buy-Way Foods, Moroni.*
- ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:** *The Sanpete Historical Writing Committee wishes to thank all who have submitted manuscripts and who have given of their time and talents in the production of this volume of the Saga of the Sanpitch. A special thanks to all who have contributed pictures and those who have given encouragement in many ways. We appreciate Snow College's Lucy A. Phillip's Library for furnishing the word processor to type the manuscript.*
- COVER:** *The front cover features an early pioneer couple, Jens and Maren Anderson Hansen of Manti. They both came from Denmark and are typical of the folks who settled Sanpete Valley. They are the grandparents of Lillian H. Fox.*
- ADVERTISING:** *Radio Stations KMTI and KMXU, Messenger-Enterprise, Manti; Gunnison Valley News, Gunnison; The Pyramid, Mt. Pleasant; Committee members and volunteers.*

JUDGES

CLAIR ERICKSON: *Clair was born and grew up in Ephraim, Utah. After two years in the Navy in World War II he attended Snow College, Utah State University and Brigham Young University and received his Bachelor's Degree in Social Studies. After teaching in Elementary and Junior High School in Ephraim he began graduate work at the Western State College of Colorado, and he completed his Master's Degree. After teaching for twenty nine years at Manti High school he retired in May, 1987. He and his wife Winona are parents of six children.*

ENOLA MANGELSON: *Enola was born in Hachita, New Mexico in a refugee camp where her parents had fled for safety during the Revolution in Mexico led by Pancho Villa. The family eventually settled in Ogden, Utah, where Enola attended school and graduated from Ogden High School. She next attended Weber College and then Brigham Young University where she met and married Farrin Mangelson and became mother of nine children. Enola returned to school and attended Snow College and B.Y.U. and received a Bachelor of Science Degree with a Major in English and Library Science. She was Assistant Librarian at Snow for eleven years and also taught some classes in Freshman English and Library Science.*

BLODWEN PARRY OLSON: *Blodwen was born and raised in Manti, Utah. She graduated from Manti High School and Snow College. She taught Elementary School for four years in Carbon County. She attended the University of Utah, Brigham Young University and Utah State University. She married Phil Olson in 1938 and has resided in Ephraim until the present time. She and Phil are the parents of three daughters and one son. Phil died in July, 1987.*

EDITING

DIANA MAJOR SPENCER: *Diana is a native of Salt Lake City, a descendant of Mormon pioneers of 1847. She lives in Mayfield and teaches classes in writing and literature. She writes for the Utah Shakespearean Festival and serves on the South Sanpete Board of Education. 1988 marks the tenth year she has volunteered her services as proof reader and copy-editor for *Saga*.*

RULES FOR 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 or a Children's Division (age 14 or under). Each entry must state clearly the division in which it is to be entered. Each division will be judged in five categories: Anecdotes, Poetry, Short Story, Historical Essay and Personal Recollection.
3. A cash prize of ten dollars will be awarded for first place and complimentary books for other prizes.
4. All entries must be based on actual events existing legends or traditions in Sanpete County and must be consistent with the time period.
5. All entries must be the original work of the contestant, in keeping with good literary standards and must be authentic and fully documented.
6. The entry must never have been published or must not now be in the hands of an editor and/or other persons 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.
8. Three copies of each entry are required. Names or other means of identification must not appear on the manuscripts. Each entry must be accompanied by one separate 8 ½ by 11 inch sheet bearing name and address of author, title, first line of entry and the division in which it is to be entered.
9. Manuscripts must be typewritten and double spaced and the number of lines for poetry and number of words for all other categories written on the first page of the entry.
10. 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 judge's decision will be final.
11. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 1, 1989. Entries not accompanied with a stamped, self-addressed envelope will not be returned.
12. All entries must be addressed to Sanpete Historical Writing Contest, c/o Ruth Amesquita, 800 East Canyon Road 19-10, Ephraim, Utah 84627 or to Martha Olsen, P.O. Box 18, Ephraim, Utah 84627.
13. Winners will be announced at a special awards program that will be held for that purpose.
14. In evaluating the writings, the following criteria will be considered:
 - a. Poetry – Length must not exceed 32 lines
 - i. Message or theme
 - ii. Form and pattern
 - iii. Accomplishment of purpose
 - iv. Climax
 - b. Historical Essay and Personal Recollection – Length must not exceed 1500 words.
 - i. Adherence to theme
 - ii. Writing style, (Interesting reading)
 - iii. Accomplishments or purpose
 - iv. Accuracy of information
 - v. Documentation
 - c. Short Story – Length must not exceed 3000 words.
 - i. Message of story
 - ii. Plot development
 - iii. Characters and their presentation
 - iv. Writing style
 - v. Documentation
 - d. Anecdote – Length must not exceed 300 words
 - i. Accuracy of information
 - ii. Clarity of presentation
 - iii. Writing style
 - iv. Documentation
15. Anyone that is handicapped but would like to participate, please contact Ruth Amesquita or Martha Olsen (see No. 12)
16. One half price will be charged for previous available issues of the Saga with the purchase of the current book.
17. The theme for Volume 21 of the Saga will be "Campfire Tales of Sanpete". Entries need not comply with the theme to qualify.

SANPETE COUNTY HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST 1988

THE SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

NON-PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE:	BRIGHAM YOUNG'S VISIT.....	First Place
	SIMPLE TRUST.....	Second Place
	NEVER BE LATE.....	Third Place
	A MODERN VERSION.....	Honorable Mention
	FIRST TASTE.....	Honorable Mention
HISTORICAL ESSAY:	A BUILDING REMINISCES.....	First Place
	MT. PLEASANT RELIC HALL.....	Second Place
	A HOUSE OF HISTORY, A HOUSE OF LOVE.....	Third Place
	A HOME AT LAST, A BIG HOUSE.....	Honorable Mention
	MULBERRY TREES AND SILKWORMS.....	Honorable Mention
POETRY:	THE PEOPLE WHO CAME TO SETTLE SANPETE..	Honorable Mention
	GENTLE PIONEER.....	First Place
	MY MAGIC PLACE.....	Second Place
	TEMPLE.....	Honorable Mention
	SONG OF THE ASPENS.....	Honorable Mention
PERSONAL RECOLLECTION:		
	GRANDMA'S HOUSE.....	First Place
	IT HAPPENED ON HIGHWAY 89.....	Second Place
	EARLY PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN MANTI.....	Third Place
	REMEMBERING MY HOME IN	

THE OLDEN DAYS.....Honorable Mention
MEMORIES OF SNOW COLLEGE..... Honorable Mention

SELF REALIZATION.....Honorable Mention

SHORT STORY: WALKARA.....First Place

OUR HOME.....Second Place

TIGER, THE BRAVEST LITTLE DOG IN
SPRING CITY.....Third Place

ABRAHAM DANIEL WASHBURN.....Honorable Mention

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE: DOUBT NOT OUR STORY.....First Place

SHE DIDN'T PULL THE WOOL OVER HIS EYES.....Second Place

HISTORICAL ESSAY: A LOG CABIN.....First Place

POETRY: STITCHES OF LOVE.....First Place

REMEMBERING.....Second Place

A LOST TRIBUTARY.....Third Place

MY TOWN.....Honorable Mention

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION:

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.....Second Place

GRANDPA BUTCH AND THE STORE.....Third Place

HER WEDDING DAY.....Honorable Mention

THAT GRAND AND GLORIOUS FOURTH.....Honorable Mention

SHORT STORY: A DANISH COURTSHIP.....First Place

SELECTED POEMS (Not Contest Entries)

LEGEND OF BILLY'S MOUNTAIN

WARM SPRINGS OF MANTI

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S VISIT

Talula Nelson
61 West 200 North
Mt. Pleasant, UT
First Place Anecdote

September 12, 1865, President Brigham Young, some of the Twelve apostles and a number of Elders visited us.

Rasmus Frandsen and I fitted up a suitable four-house team and wagon and took our Brass Band¹ to Fountain Green where we met them coming by way of Moroni. We headed the procession and furnished the music. When we reached Mt. Pleasant on our return, the band gave great stress in their efforts and the chords of music were sounded with great success. Many people came to meet us and they formed in line on both sides of the Main Street, extending over nearly three blocks cheering our leader and his party as they passed by between the throng of people.

Large arches were made for them to pass under, and many large banners were arranged and a number of smaller ones, all giving honor to the occasion. As they neared the home of our Bishop², where the party was first escorted, they were met by the Sunday School children. Never before was such beautiful singing heard. They were led by Superintendent H.P. Miller. They sang that favorite song of the Latter-day Saints, "We Thank Thee Oh God For A Prophet." There was a meeting later in the bowery and nearly every soul within our midst attended the meeting. The brethren addressed us and pronounced blessings upon the people.

An enjoyable meeting was held and a spirit of joy filled our souls. The principal speakers were Orson Hyde, D. H. Wells, George Q. Cannon, Joseph M. Young and Wilford Woodruff.

President Young was not feeling well and, being tired and worn out from the trip, did not say much.

After the enjoyable meeting, they continued on through the county, accompanied with our band. This was the most interesting official visit ever made by the leaders of our Church, we being better prepared to receive the.

Sources: ¹ Leader of the Brass Band was James Hansen. John Waldernas and "Fiddler" Nielsen were the other members of this 3-Piece band.

²William S. Seely

Taken from the Personal History of Andrew Madsen and the Early History of Sanpete County and Mt. Pleasant, Utah 1835-1915.

SIMPLE TRUST

Norma W. Barton
122 West Union
Manti, Utah
Second Place Anecdote

Arletta stood outside the door to the Big House. It was hard to know what a two-year-old was thinking, especially one having just awakened from her nap. She heard the crack of splitting wood and

peered round the corner. A family member was always chopping wood, either to burn in the cook stoves, or to heat water, or to stack for the long cold winter ahead.

They had moved into the Big House from the Little Stone Fort in April, 1861; four of Walter Cox's wives, seven sons and seventeen daughters. Each wife settled in a kitchen on the ground floor, divided like quarters in a pie. It had taken them seven years to build the twelve-room, three-story house. Arletta's sister Calista would be four years old when it snowed. Their brothers and sisters called her "Let" and Calista was "Lit". She stamped her foot and insisted that her name "NOT LET," but they wouldn't listen. They just teased her more when she got angry.

"Come over here, Let," ten-year-old Frank called from the chopping block. "Lay your hand down." Unquestioningly Arletta laid it flat and looked up into his eyes. Thinking that she would jerk her hand back when he made a movement, he swung the ax. Not realizing there was any danger, she waited with simple trust, and two fingers were gone as a reminder of this day.

Frank screamed with sudden fear, "Mama, come quick" Arletta stared in disbelief. When the blood flowed, she sobbed hysterically. The family members not working in the fields rushed into the dooryard.

They applied a pressure bandage above the wound, spread Sticky Gum Salve on the fingers to prevent infection, and bound her hand tightly. It took months for the ends of her fingers to fill in and the skin to heal over them. Oft times she hit them and they would bleed, and she cried with pain and fear again.

Frank grieved. He did everything he could to show how sorry he was. Frank was her defender and champion. Never again did he call her "Let" because he knew how much she disliked it.

Sources: Book – "Before and After Mt. Pisgah", by Clare Christensen, pages 327-328.

NEVER BE LATE

Zada Thursby Seeley
1619 South 75 East
Bountiful, Utah
Third Place Anecdote

My uncle, Charles H. Madsen (born 1890) who was a school teacher and Principal in the Carbon County schools for many years, told me this story about his own school days in Ephraim. One day, Charles had the misfortune to rip his pants at school. He came home for a repair job and for lunch. He asked his mother to mend the tear so he could return to school looking presentable. His mother agreed to mend the pants while he was eating his lunch. He replied, "Make it snappy, because I don't want to be late!"

In a short time, the clock stuck one, and Charles grabbed his hat and made a wild dash for school. His mother hurried after him, waving his pants and calling him to stop. She managed to get his attention just as he was approaching the school house. He did get into his pants before he got into the school.

Charles was very punctual throughout his life. Personally, I believe he would agree that this was one occasion when he didn't mind being a wee bit late.

Source: From interviews with Charles H. Madsen, in Bountiful, Utah, Nov. and Dec. 1978.

A MODERN VERSION

Roxie Johnson
71 West 1st South
Preston, Idaho
Honorable Mention Anecdote

Our two granddaughters, Kathy, age 6, and Angie, age 8, were visiting us from Utah.

My stepson owns a short, fat, tame Shetland Pony named Chocolate.

Grandpa was very happy to take the girls down to his son's place to let them ride the pony.

When they returned and I asked if they had fun, Grandpa said he had turned Angie loose with the horse and she had a good ride. When I asked Kathy if she rode Chocolate alone too, she said, "No, Angie Pumped me."

FIRST TASTE

Mary Louise Seamons
1774 South 340 East
Orem, Utah
Honorable Mention Anecdote

Grandma always told me, when I ate a candy bar. "Let it melt in your mouth. It will last longer." When it was an apple, she gently chided me if I left any small portion of the fruit when I threw away the core; she often ate core and all. I was much too impatient.

But she wasn't.

Grandma was born into a polygamous family, daughter of the fourth wife. She had twenty-one brothers and sisters, though one died long before Grandma was born. Her mother came from Sweden, her father from Denmark, along with other Mormons who emigrated to Utah during the 1850's. Her father was a musician who had been counseled by Brigham Young to become a farmer. He was stern with his wives and children, yet they knew that in his own way he loved them.

One day when he returned from town he brought them a special treat. Calling his children together around the table, he produced some strange-looking balls. The soft orange meat oozed juice as he cut each in half and gave one to each child. The fresh scent was enticing. Grandma could hardly wait to taste hers, but she couldn't bear to eat it all at once either.

Carefully she took one small taste of the juicy pulp, holding it in her mouth, savoring the sweet-tart flavor for long seconds before swallowing. That was enough for one day. Painstakingly she wrapped the remainder and placed it in a drawer in her cool room for safekeeping, vowing to take one taste a day until the luscious fruit was gone. And keep it she did, relishing each bite, her first introduction to an orange, seldom available in pioneer stores.

Source: Told to the author by her Grandmother, Bothilda Hansen Frandsen, who died in 1948.

A BUILDING REMINISCES

Herald Vance

Fairview, Utah

First Place Historical Essay

I hear the laughter of children. I hear the sometimes jovial, sometimes serious and concerned conversations of adults. I hear music. I hear mischievous pranks giddily planned by energetic young people.

I hear the solemn silence of reverence. Other sounds also drift through my century-old memory: the creak and clatter of wagon wheels over a rutted, rocky road; the heavy clop-clop of horse hooves; rhythmic sounds of a carpenter's saw and hammer; the high-pitched ping of a rock mason's chisel; sighs of fatigue; and proud comments of accomplishment. There are also the thousands of identifying odors that pleasantly linger, springtime and the changing seasons, the turning of the soil, fresh-sawn lumber, storm, new-mown hay, dust, rain, sweat, paint, food in various form, perfume, animals and coal-oil lamps.

Who am I? I'm a proud old building. I've served various purposes, and seen many changes. In fact, my very own structure and location has been changed. In reality I'm not even the same building I started out to be. But I am very proud of my ancestral roots, and clung to those roots with every fiber of my stately structure.

It all started about 1894, when the old pink-red brick, two-room Milburn school house, located below the mouth of Dry Creek Canyon was built. Its design was most prominently expressed by two large, arched entryways, above which appeared on one the word "Boys" and the other, "Girls" these entryways contained coat hooks around the walls and steps leading up into the two large rooms, one somewhat larger than the other. The rooms were divided by massive folding doors which could be opened all the way to create an unrestricted hall for social events. There was also a teacher's room near the front between the arches. The children of Milburn attended school in this building through the eighth grade, first through fourth in the "little room," and fifth through eighth in the "big room."

A milestone in life had, indeed, been reached when one 'graduated' into the Big Room.

Reading 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic were pounded into the young heads by able teachers like Rhoda Davis, Irene Edmunds, Maitland Graham, Marcella Graham, Coquella Jones, Mary Jones, Elva Madsen, Leah Nielsen, Leland Nielsen, Adriel Norman, Hilda Sanders, Mae Sanderson, Hannah Stewart, Otis L. Stewart, and Verga Ray Stewart.

While the main purpose of the school was education, there were also the lighter, more carefree moments. The fun times participating in school plays, operettas, Christmas parties, May Day celebrations, dances, and scores of other events, should not be overlooked. But it should also be remember that, even though these activities did provide untold satisfaction, pleasure, and entertainment, they did not take place without a price. It was not a monetary one, but one paid through inconvenience, determination, and sacrifice. In the early 1900's people didn't hop in a car and motor on down to the school house. Transportation was either horseback or horse-drawn wagon, buggy, or sleigh. Upon returning home cold or wet, in the middle of the night, the team still had to be cared for. The building did not light by the flick of a switch. Lighting was provided by candles, "coal oil" lamps, and later, gasoline lamps, usually brought in by some of those attending. If a youngster had to go to the bathroom, it was a long, cold, dark, and possibly snowy trek to the little house out back. Ahh, for the "good old days."

This building served the Milburn community as both school and meeting place for all other church and social events until 1932,³ when the Milburn School was closed. At this time pupils began being bussed to Fairview and Mt. Pleasant Elementary and High Schools. However, it continued to serve the church and community functions until 1941, when it was dismantled for reuse in the construction of a new Milburn Ward chapel.

Ground breaking for this new chapel took place June 17, 1942.⁴ Much of the material was retrieved from the old school house. The brick was scraped to remove the old mortar and the foundation stone and most of the lumber was reused. Even the old square nails were straightened for reuse. Most of the labor was donated by local church members. The building was 30 feet by 60 feet with a foyer extending forward. It featured folding doors which would open the entire floor for social events. The floor was of solid maple flooring-strips, and a better dance floor was hard to find. The folding doors, when closed, created three small classrooms at the north end. A stage equipped with a free-standing pulpit was constructed at the center of the south end with very small rooms on either side. In those days "outdoor plumbing" was the way of life in rural Sanpete, and the Milburn Ward Chapel was no different in that respect.

The first meeting in the new Milburn Ward Chapel was held Mother's Day, May 1943, and the chapel was dedicated Feb. 12, 1944, by Elder Albert E. Bowen.⁵ Loyal Graham was bishop during this historic time.

Other bishops who had served in the Milburn Ward since its organization in 1880 were James W. Stewart, 1890-1918; Byron a. Vance, 1918-1924; George E. Stewart, 1924-1934; and Otis L. Stewart, 1934-1936, when Bishop Graham was appointed. Graham served until 1946; Wilford Wheeler, 1946-1959; Lyman Stewart, 1959-1961. Peter C. Jensen had served as the first presidency elder, before a ward was established, 1880-1918. Jensen also served as second counselor in the first bishopric, totaling thirty-two years of service.

The Milburn Ward Chapel was used, loved, and enjoyed by the people of Milburn for 18 years, from 1943 to 1961,⁷ when church authorities saw fit to consolidate and merge Milburn Ward into Fairview North Ward. The church building then stood vacant for ten years until it was purchased in 1971, through sealed bid, by former residents Herald and Norma Vance, then living in Utah County.

The Vance's had hoped to someday return to Sanpete, and this venture provided them an opportunity to pursue that desire. They immediately began the task of transforming the old church into a comfortable home. Through a labor of love they have put much into the old building and created a real showplace. Some additions have been made, nearly doubling its size. The old and the new units and blend harmoniously, both inside and out.

The location of the building overlooks the beautiful Milburn Meadows, and is just a stone's throw from the historic sheep lane, which has given Fountain Green ranchers access to the Manti LaSal summer range for many years. These facts, combined with the pleasant, comfortable atmosphere that seemed to radiate once remodeling and begun, inspired the Vance's to name their new purchase, "Meadow Lane Lodge."

The next few years brought scores of happy and exciting events within the walls of this charming structure. The new owners, in addition to their usual avenues of life, found time to host and cater numerous banquets, weddings, class reunions, and other events. This provided a valuable service to the community and was continued for several years, but more time and space were needed for the couple's regular business, so the catering was dropped.

Today this building still serves a dual purpose. While it houses a successful small business, it is also a lovely home with all the charm, character, and comfort that one could ever hope for. Friends and relatives bask in its warmth whenever they come to call, especially the grandchildren. They think it's about the greatest thing this side of heaven.

So you see, my rough-sawn native pine rafters and floor joists, though nearly 100 years old, still hear music, the conversations of oldsters, and the laughter of children. My Milburn stone quarry foundation rocks still hear an occasional sigh of fatigue. And my native pink adobe bricks still absorb the many sweet aromas of the changing seasons and most of the other smells that crowd my memory bank, as well as the tantalizing odors that drift from the kitchen. While many changes have taken place during the past century, some things change very little.

The couple who have called me "home" for the past sixteen years love me very much, and cherish my heritage as they do their own. They are descendants of those hardy founding fathers who helped plant my roots. Mr. Vance has been associated with me since he drew his first breath nearly sixty-five years ago. His early teachings, both academic and spiritual, began within my walls as the old Milburn School and as the Milburn Ward Chapel.

Even though my history goes back a century and holds many memories, I think I kind of like being a part of this modern age!

Sources: ³ Author's recollection.

⁴ These Our Fathers, 1947, p. 120.

⁵ Ibid

⁶ These Our Fathers, 1947, p. 121 and Fairview North Ward LDS Church records.

⁷ Personal diary of Donna Brunger, Milburn, Utah.

MT. PLEASANT RELIC HALL

Mary Louise Seamons

1774 South 340 East

Orem, Utah

Second Place Historical Essay

Many museums contain history: some are history. Among the latter is the Relic Hall at Mt. Pleasant, Utah, which assumes its own place in history as the home of an early settler, first as the home bishop and first mayor of Mt. Pleasant, it is best known for its role during peace negotiations following the Black Hawk War. It currently houses an excellent collection of pioneer memorabilia, including some rare items such as medical instruments used for "bleeding," a "folding bed," a two-handled "community" sacrament chalice, and individual silver sacrament cups, not often seen in small towns.

William Stewart Seely,⁸ builder of the home, was a member of John Taylor's congregation in Upper Canada, most of whom were converted to the infant Mormon church. He was also among the first party of pioneers entering the Salt Lake Valley in 1847. Seely carved his own niche in history.

In mid-February of 1859 about twenty men camped just west of where a new community in Sanpete valley was to be located. On March 20, they moved to the present site of Mt. Pleasant. Some of their families joined them later. Additional settlers came from other areas. In late April/early May a

number of colonists arrived from Battle Creek (currently Pleasant Grove); among them were five Seely families. From its inception the new town was a conglomeration of nationalities, American, Canadian, English, Scotch, Norwegian, but it was dominated by Danes.

On May 13, a meeting was called to discuss building a fort. Wall supervisors John Cox, Thomas Woolsey, Sr., William S. Seely, and John Tidwell, Sr. were appointed. Groups of ten men were designated to work on the walls, three of four groups to each side, and work was commenced. Thirty days later the fort was complete, due in part to the capable leadership of the supervisors.⁹ Houses were then constructed inside, utilizing the fort walls as part of each structure.

George A. Smith visited the new settlement on July 10 and organized the Satins into a ward with Seely as Bishop; Harvey Tidwell and Peter Yorgen Jensen were set apart as his counselors. By then there were about 800 inhabitants who had 1,200 acres of ground already under cultivation.

Although, against the advice of Brigham Young, some settlers, including Andrew Madsen,¹⁰ soon erected homes outside the fort. William waited until 1861 before building his block and a half south of the fort. Then the history of the house itself began.

The Seely residence, a two-story structure containing five rooms on the downstairs level and two upstairs, was built with adobes made from clay found in its backyard. The exterior was later stuccoed as a means of preservation. A well, under the building, provided the family with fresh, cool water. Elegant stained glass windows adorned the front door and the door in the hall. During ensuing years the house was witness to church and civil events as well as everyday family affairs which occur in any home.

In 1865, a church was constructed on the block north and east of the house; James Hansen¹¹ and Niels Rosenlof were awarded the contract. Undoubtedly many church meetings had been held at the Seely's during the interim; it is likely small meetings were still conducted there.

Tithing hay was stacked on the north side of the Seely lot during 1867. That same year Justus Wellington Seely, a brother to William, built the first frame barn on his lot between Fourth and Fifth West on the north side of Main Street. This property is still owned by Seely descendants.

Under an act passed by the Utah Legislature, Mt. Pleasant was formally incorporated in February, 1868. The first civil election was held in May, and Bishop Seely was elected Mayor for 1868-1869. In 1879 he was reelected and served until 1884. Through the years city meetings were held at the homes of council members until in 1877 they decided to rent a building from P. M. Peel for "a reasonable price." The Seely home undoubtedly housed many of these meetings.

In September, 1868, Brigham Young and a group of church leaders visited Mt. Pleasant. They were met in Fountain Green by the Mt. Pleasant brass band, directed by James Hansen. They were escorted first to Bishop Seely's home where they were welcomed by the Sunday School children. Following a brief respite from their travels, a congregational meeting was held at the bowery. Such hospitality received from the Bishop, is not unlike that currently extended by stake presidents.

The following February, Mt. Pleasant ZCMI began business in a small room of a local building later known as Anderson's Blacksmith Shop. As William S. Seely was one of the first subscribers, it is easy to speculate that many organizational meetings were held at his home.

On 28 May 1874, when several versions of the United Order were being introduced throughout Utah Territory by Brigham Young, the Mt. Pleasant order was established by Apostles Joyh Taylor, long-time friend to Bishop Seely, and Orson Hyde, resident Apostle in Sanpete County for many years. Seely was designated President, Rasmus Mickelson as Secretary and a board of Twelve Directors was appointed. Many local residents joined the order and put all they had into it; other joined, depositing only part of their

holdings; some never joined. Order cattle to be branded were corralled on the Seely lot. Hay and grain were stacked in two corrals, one of which was known as "Bishop's Field."

Sanpete Stake was organized on 4 July 1877, and Mt. Pleasant was split into two wards. Seely, having served faithfully as Bishop for the entire community from its inception, was sustained as Bishop of the South Ward, a position he retained until 1890, when the two wards were again united. C.N. Lund was sustained as Bishop of the North Ward.¹² It is not inconceivable that church leaders again stayed with the Seely's.

Presumably the most famous event involving the Seely home was the signing of the peace treaty following the Black Hawk War. A confrontation in 1864 between whites and Indians had resulted in open hostilities. Contentions and bloodshed continued through the years until, in 1872, negotiations culminated in an agreement to cease fighting and to live together peacefully. Nine-year-old Willard Lauritz Frandsen,¹³ who knew the Indians and their language, was selected by Apostle Orson Hyde, blessed with safety, and sent to bring the Indian leaders to Mt. Pleasant for final arrangements.

They came in wagons to the church block, probably traveling up Main Street, accompanied by Bishop Seely and other leaders. General Henry A. Morrow, Orson Hyde, Amasa Tucker, Frederick Olsen, Redick Allred, and Bishop Seely represented the pioneers. Among the Indians attending the event were Chiefs Tabiona, White Hare, and Angizebl who were known to have encouraged depredations under Chief Black Hawk. Negotiations continued throughout the day. Official signing of the treaty occurred with the white representatives sitting inside the front door of the Seely home and the Indian Chiefs standing on the porch outside. Although some depredations followed hostile acts of renegade Indians as well as renegade white men, the treaty essentially ended trouble between the two people.

Bishop Seely died in 1895, but the history of the house continued. For a time it was owned by Ras Anderson. Then in 1936 it was purchased by the Mt. Pleasant Historical Association to house the pioneer memorabilia collection (begun in 1909 by Bothilda Frandsen,¹⁴ Mina Bjelke, and Amelia Jensen, all daughters of early settlers) which had been stored temporarily in the Carnegie Library building on the church block. Additional articles have

been donated from time to time; many items have been arranged in the rooms to represent pioneer life.

On 7 September 1867, descendants of William S. Seely



Four Lund girls from Mt. Pleasant are ready for a party in the dress of the day 1905. Pictured are L to R: Mathilda L. Peterson; Amanda L. Christiansen; Mary L. Christensen; and Anna L. Jackman.

(Courtesy Eleanor Madsen)

unveiled a DUP monument in the front yard of the home. Atop the monument is the old school bell which, for sixty years, hung in the belfry of Hamilton Elementary School a block away and called generations of children to classes. The bell also alerted townspeople to curfews and warned of threatening fires and floods. The Seely house is listed on the State Register of the Governor's Historic and Cultural Sites and is regularly open to visitors.

Mt. Pleasant is duly proud of her unique relic hall/museum. Mementos of the rich pioneer heritage abounding in the hearts of descendants of those faithful and steadfast early settlers. There is history incarnate of the building itself.

Sources: ⁸ Also known as William Stuart Seely

⁹ A good description of the fort is found in Longsdorf, pp. 51-53

¹⁰ Andrew Madsen built a home a block north of the fort on what is now State Street. The house is still used. Madsen was the author's great-grandfather.

¹¹ Another great-grandfather of the author's.

¹² Bishop Lund was sustained as Bishop of the reunited wards in 1890.

¹³ Frandsen was the Author's grandfather.

¹⁴ Wife of Willard Lauritz FRansen, grandmother of the Author.

A HOUSE OF HISTORY-A HOME OF LOVE

Virginia Nielson

351 North Main

Ephraim, Utah

Third Place Historical Essay

The National Register of Historic Places listed our home, at 351 North Main, in Ephraim, on its register on July 26, 1982, as the Johnson-Nielson home. The house nicely illustrates the ornate Queen Anne style as it surfaced in rural Utah in the late nineteenth century, breaking with the traditional concepts of symmetry. Richard Nibley labeled it "Apostate Mormon" because it differs so greatly from the "two over two" plan so commonly used in pioneer construction.

Soren J. Johnson designed and supervised construction on this home, which was completed about 1895, as a residence for his family. He was born in Denmark in 1860 and immigrated to America when he was fourteen. He arrived at the Danish Mormon settlement of Ephraim, where he was befriended by Apostle Anthon Lund, who was responsible for converting him to the Later-day Saint faith. He married Annie Sophie Dorius, a daughter of one of Ephraim's leading citizens, C.C.N. Dorius, in the Manti Temple, where he served as an ordinance worker. They had five children. His family lived in this home for a year or so.

He had many occupations: coal-mining, well-digging, and designing and building homes. He was also an artist. He built and operated Lund's Furniture Store, and accumulated a substantial amount of wealth. He then purchased the Union Hotel.

Johnson's main activities centered around the prosperous hotel; therefore, he moved his family there and rented his home to Christian and Annie Bertelson, who had four children. Later J.Y. Jenson, a widower with four children, lived there for some time. One of his children was the renowned pianist, LaVar Jenson.

In 1905, Johnson became increasingly concerned about the worldly influence of hotel living upon his religious family. Sanpete's rapidly growing livestock industry was bringing numerous non-Mormon

traveling salesmen, drummers, and businessmen to Ephraim, where the hotel served as their home. He concluded the hotel was not the place to instill the proper values in his growing family, so in early 1905, he sold his business and home, then moved his family to Salt Lake City, where he continued building some notable structures. He paid a visit to his Ephraim home about 1945, and was delighted to find it appreciated and basically unchanged. He died in 1954.

Louis B. Nielson (Lou), a prosperous Rambouillet sheep man, and his pretty wife, Ann, purchased the home for \$1000 and lived there until his death. A two-room remodeled chicken coop had served as their first home; then Nielson built a small adobe house in Second Pigeon Hollow where they and their four sons lived for about ten years.

During this time, in 1900, their seventeen-month-old son swallowed carbolic acid, and after many hours of intense suffering, died, while encircled in loving arms. The family grieved for this little one whom they loved so dearly, but were comforted by their remaining son and other family members. Later two more sons were born in that home. In early 1905, the Nielson family moved into their 'dream home,' and a son Glen J., the present home-owner, was born soon after.

An affectionate, extended family lived in Ephraim, and the Nielson home was the center for reunions, Christmas gatherings and parties for every possible occasion. There was no hint of the forthcoming family tragedies.

Ann's health deteriorated, and after several years of severe pain and suffering that culminated in gall bladder surgery in the Salt Lake LDS Hospital, she died in July, 1915, leaving a grief-stricken Lou with seven children to care for. Housekeepers came but never filled the family's needs.

In August, 1916, Lou married a childhood friend, Hannah Williams, a divorcee with four children. This was a happy, busy household with thirteen persons occupying every available space. Hannah was a good, capable manager and spent much time with the children. Her aged mother also was welcomed into the home.

Lou's oldest son, Phiner, an admirable eighteen-year-old, belonged to the National Guard, and in 1916 was called to help patrol the border between the US and Mexico. Shortly after his return home in 1917, the cavalry were exercising their horses, when a small black dog snapped at Phiner's horse, which became frightened and ran. It slipped on the sidewalk throwing Phiner, who struck the back of his head on the cement. He lapsed into unconsciousness and died that night; and other grievous shock to an already saddened family.

After seven happy years Hannah became ill and, despite surgery, died in 1923, at the same Salt Lake LDS Hospital. By this time her children had married, leaving Lou with three children; the other four were married, having fulfilled missions, or were attending school. There were more unhappy experiences with inept housekeepers.

In 1924, Lou married Sarah D. Anderson, a widow with a young son. Another death occurred when a son was born to this couple. He lived merely a few short hours. They enjoyed attending the temple but had ample time for socializing. Lou was a skilled dancer, and dances were a favorite Ephraim pastime. They frequently joined friends on these occasions.

Glen J. fulfilled a very successful mission in the Eastern States, returning home in 1930. He needed surgery and had this completed at the Salt Lake LDS Hospital. His experience in this facility was opposite to that of his mother and step-mother, for it was here he met his future wife, Virginia Kirkman, one of his nurses. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple, February 8, 1933.

Lou's life ended suddenly after a massive heart attack in January, 1936. He died in the east bedroom where five of his children were born.

Sarah and her son moved to Salt lake, and Glen J. and Virginia purchased the home as part of the estate settlement.

Glen J. was active in city affairs when he was appointed a member of the city council for four years. He was President of the Six-County Commission for aging and also was President for the local group. His church activity included many areas: service as a missionary in the Eastern States Mission, MIA President, and Superintendent of the Sunday School. He was presented the Master M-Men Award. He was a Counselor to three Bishops for eleven years, and Ephraim West Ward Bishop for six years, and is presently Ephraim Utah Stake Patriarch.

He has been called upon frequently to speak at funerals and participated in programs and plays because of his resonant voice.

He was a pioneer in the now prominent turkey-raising industry; he also had an outstanding herd of Rambouillet sheep. He pioneered the white Charolais industry in Ephraim and received national awards on his heifers after following selective breeding procedures. He owned several farms near Ephraim where he ran his turkeys, cattle and sheep. All holdings were disposed of, except the home and surrounding land, following difficulties with his heart in 1969.

This historic home, which was built about 1895, is a one-and-a-half story tan brick edifice, distinguished by a varied roof plan, decorative windows and two porches on the east. Above the south porch is an octagonal tower. Two gables are on the north roof.

There are six rooms, two halls and a pantry on the main floor. The ceilings have been lowered from twelve-and-a-half to ten feet to facilitate heating the rooms; slightly ornate ten-inch floor boards encircle each one. The rooms are made light by many tall windows and transoms that top the numerous doors (four placed in two of the rooms). The front bay window has a top section with a decorative section of leaded glass. The windows on the porch doors are outlined with vari-colored leaded glass squares. The commodious kitchen has been a favorite gathering place for years.

A central, enclosed, narrow-stepped stairway connects the two floors, and bears a written warning, "Hold to the rod, the wooden rod" thus, hopefully, preventing accidents. There are four bedrooms and a small hall on the second floor. The ceilings follow the irregular roof pattern, and are finished with tongue-and-groove paneling, as are most of the walls.

Now, time comes to a close as a second generation of Nielsen's have completed raising their family in his home where love abounds; Glen J. and Virginia live there alone. Four of the children have established places of abode in other areas; the youngest daughter with her children lives nearby.

This home has witnessed numerous events in the various cycles of life: birth and death, health and sickness, failure and success, joy and sadness. The family has rejoiced in the good experiences and surmounted the difficulties through diligent effort and faith.

At various times, when some of the five children, twenty grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren explore our home, we dream of a third generation of Nielsen's raising a family here.

Sources:

1. Abstract of title, in owners' possession.
2. Tax Notices.
3. Description of house by National Register of Historic Places, also by Utah State Historical Society.

4. Soren J. Johnson's brief history by his daughter Esta Johnson Talmadge, as related to Marilyn N. Edwards and Tom Carter in Salt Lake City, Tribune.
 5. Soren J. Johnson's obituary notice published in the Salt Lake City Tribune in 1954.
 6. Personal interview with Soren J. Johnson by Virginia K. Nielson about 1940, when he visited with us and 'toured' his home.
 7. Louis Brigham Young Nielson's Family History by his daughter Melva N. Rigby. Family Members' and friends; recollections are included.
 8. Glen J. Nielson's personal history and recollections.
 9. Virginia K. Nielson's personal recollections.
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**Shumway springs – a good walk from the Manti Temple, half way
between Ephraim and Manti. A good spot for a picnic.**
(Courtesy Ruth Scow)

A HOME AT LAST, THE BIG HOUSE

Lois Brown
95 West 2nd South
Honorable Mention Historical Essay

The Big House was the home toward which Frederick Walter Cox had struggled for many years. He had left the home where he was born, traveled to Ohio where he joined the Mormon Church, married and suffered as he journeyed west to finally settle in Manti and build a home for his large family.

Into the home he brought four wives, seven sons, and sixteen daughters, who had gradually become his family since the Prophet Joseph Smith united him and Emeline Whiting at a Mormon meeting in 1833. The young couple felt this was an auspicious occasion. Their families had been converts to the church of which Smith was the leader, and the night before the marriage the Prophet had been dragged room his home by a mob and tarred and feathered. Some of his loyal followers had spent much of the night removing the horrible black sticky stuff from his body, and by morning he appeared clean and neat to perform the ceremony. However, under one ear there was a spot of black that had escaped the cleaners, and that little spot was what Emeline told her children was the badge of the Prophet's suffering, and a warning of what was to come in their lives as Mormons.

When the church introduced the doctrine of plural marriage, Cox added two more wives to his family. One was twenty-two-year-old Cordelia Morley, daughter of Isaac Morley. The other was Jemima Losee. These two women, along with Emeline, were sealed to Cox in the Nauvoo Temple in 1846.

On January 20, 1852, Cox gathered his three wives, several children and Jemima's eight-year-old sister Lydia (who was an orphan) and started with a band of other Saints for a home and a country where they could live and practice their religion in peace. The Cox family had their possessions in wagons with seven yokes of oxen and cows. They were beset by all the troubles of such travel at that time. By the time they had gone a hundred miles, thirteen of the band had died of cholera, and on August 8th, Emeline gave birth to a daughter, who added to the problems, but survived. They arrived in Manti three years after the first settlers. The Little Fort was their home for nine years, during which time several more children were born, Cox married Lydia, and the family quarried rock and built the Big House.

When it was completed it was the biggest and best house in Manti. It still is lived in and is called the Polygamy House. Children and grandchildren of Cox remembered it as a house of harmony and industry, with a loving father, mother, "aunts" and children of all ages.

Each wife had her own kitchen, sort of. Jemima's and Cordelia's were in the same room, the north-east one with steps to the east that led outside. North of the steps was a window with nine small panes. Under this window Cordelia had a table and stove; Jemima's table and stove stood on the opposite wall. Daylight for this large room came through the nine-paned window. A candle or a pine knot in the fireplace at the center of the north wall provided night-time light, or sometimes there was a 'slut,' a small rag pulled through the shank of a button and placed in a saucer of grease. For a time, when the house was first built, the fireplace had provided the only stove for both families. A loom used by both women stood in the center of the room. The other two wives shared similar accommodations. Each wife and her children had an apartment which was respected by all others in the house. One of the daughters later stated that the home was "a blessing in sunshine, an anchor in storm."

One large light room upstairs was the schoolroom. Mothers and older girls were teachers. Cordelia had been a scholar from the time she was a child, and in competition in school she had been awarded a cash prize for her accomplishment. At age sixteen she began to teach younger members of the family. She continued her teaching in the Little Fort and then in the Big House.

Emeline was a great storyteller with a sense of humor and a memory for anecdotes and stories, so she was valuable in the schoolroom. Her problem was the "she was quickly annoyed with ignorance, and her looks of scorn were withering."

Since this was the only home in Manti with a schoolroom, there were classes in the evening for older children and adults. There were classes for both learning and recreation. William K. Barton taught singing, and "Uncle Orvill" taught dancing. There were also public dances here, as it was the nicest room in town for this purpose.

Meetings were also held here, often for the family, sometimes for the public. Some of the meetings were testimony meetings, so the children learned early the value and proper form for such speeches. Cox played the flute, so there was never a lack of music for meetings or family fun.

After spinning and weaving, clothing had to be sewed, and the task was shared, but Emeline was the chief seamstress. One year she made fourteen men's suits. She also knitted socks and gloves, which she sometimes sold. She sent one box to California with Andrew Merriam, and with the money she made from the sale, she bought a water pitcher.

With money Cordelia won for excelling in school, she had bought knitting needles and learned to use them efficiently. Soon she had knitted her own stockings, then stockings for brothers and sisters. As a wife in the Big House, she knitted and sewed for the extended family.

While clothes for this large family were spun, woven, sewed and knitted, one pair of shoes for each member was bought each year. The rest of the time they went bare-foot or with things contrived by sewing and knitting to protect the feet and keep them warm. One of the daughters asked her mother if their father had ever bought her a dress, and was told, "A dress, no." but the fact was impressed on her that he provided the sheep for wool and the equipment used in converting wool into clothing.

Cox made trips to Salt Lake city at Conference time, and at that time he bought some of the necessities that were unavailable in Manti. He usually took some of the women with him so they "could have an outing."

The father and boys of the family formed, so they raised much of their food. They also built looms, spinning wheels, swifts reels, sleds, wagons and furniture. The girls were often in the fields working with the boys or taking food out to them. The girls delighted in helping. Shortly before shearing, the sheep were herded to the warm springs south of town where a large spout had been built so the sheep could be bathed. Then the wool would be softer and cleaner when the women started working with it.

When the wool was sheared it was weighted and divided among the women according to the number of children they had.

Cox went on three L.D.S. Missions in the United States, one very special one to the Indians. He also went on a twenty-seven-month mission to England. When he left his large family to fend for itself, there was a hectic and often tragic time. The older boys assumed the burden of running the farm and caring for the animals, everyone helping at especially busy times. Food was scarce during these times, and the father's help and guidance was sorely missed. Shortly after he left on his English mission, a baby was born to Emeline. "The baby died and Emeline was seriously ill for a long time: Edwin was accidentally shot in the back, but survived; Cordelia's daughter Arletta had her fingers chopped off; Jemima parted with seven-year-old Carmelia and two girls were terribly burned."

How they needed their father and husband at this time! When the time approached for his return, the girls crowded around the "busy body", (the round window in the garret in the north gable) to watch for his return. The afternoon of his return they caught sight of his covered wagon, and six of the oldest girls set off to meet him. They met him at the Temple Hill and he clasped Rosalia to him and sighed, "I can only guess which one you are."

The Big House was a natural gathering place for young people, and when the children became of marriageable age, there was a time of intense activity and romance there. In the 1870's seventeen of the children were married.

The Big House was home for a polygamist family. They made the plan work, but when Emeline, the love and wife of F. W. Cox's youth, comforted one of the boys and his wife when they were upset at leaving friends and family, her last statement to them was, "If I could have my husband to myself I would go to the ends of the earth!"

Sources:

1. Records left by daughters of F.W. Cox.
2. Notes from Cox reunions, 1898, 1967, one later not dated.
3. Obituary of F. W. Cox
4. Obituary of Emeline Whiting Cox.
5. Sketches of lives of Emeline, Jenima, Cordelia and Lydia Cox.
6. List of children, 38.
7. Tribute to Emeline by Emerette Cox Clark

8. Sketch of Cordelia by Theresa Cox Clark.
9. Sketch of Lucia Cox Tuttle.
10. "Incidents in the Big House."
11. "Early Pioneer Life in Manti, Utah."

12. Genealogy sheets.
13. Material in quotations are direct quotes from these sources.



**Peterson Tailor shop at the home of Jack and Mary Peterson,
Gunnison.**

(Courtesy LaMar Larsen.)

MULBERRY TREES AND SILKWORMS

Ruth D. Scow
94 West 4th South
Manti, Utah

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

As a little girl, I remember the tall mulberry trees that bordered the Madsen lot on Main Street. That year the first cement sidewalk going south had been completed, and it was a treat to push my little brother in his baby-buggy along its smoothness. The roads were dusty. Electric light poles had been placed in the middle of the streets, but on that sidewalk I could ride on my roller skates without danger of bumps.

Often in the summertime I remember walking barefoot on that cement and watching and feeling the juice from the fallen mulberries ooze up between my toes. The white fruit left no stains, but the purple berries left their mark and Mother refused to let me enter out house until my feet had been washed. Also because of walking on the side roads with their deep dust, my feet must have looked anything but clean.

One day, not so very long ago, I had occasion to read the minute books of the SANPETE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY, 1879-1888.

May 18, 1879 – Sister Mary A.P. Hyde, presided at the first Conference held by the Sanpete Stake Relief Society. After devotional exercises she expressed her thankfulness for the presence of Pres. E. R. S.

Smith and M. I. Horn on such an important occasion. Sister Hyde was unanimously sustained as President of the Sanpete Stake Relief Society with Elizabeth Allred and Anna Larsen as Counselors.

A Silk Association was then organized by E. R. S. Smith, with Rebecca Warham as President, and Mary Lowry and Sister Wybee as Counselors'. Edith Billings was Treasurer. All members of the R.S. and Y.L.M.I.A. were admitted as members of the Silk Association.

Sister Eliza then gave council that an agent be appointed in each R. S. for the Silk Association. Stake President Canute Peterson expressed his gratification with the proceedings of the meeting and asked God to bless the Sisters in their present undertakings.

After reading the above minutes my curiosity was aroused. Silkworms in Sanpete? Mulberry trees grew very tall, maybe as much as 30 feet. They were natives of Northern China and Japan, but had been cultivated in other eastern countries as well as the United States. The leaves of the White Mulberry tree furnished the best food for silkworms. The fruits were about one half inch long, usually white, pink or sometimes dark purple. The leaves were shiny and downy. I well remember the small leaves as being sort of roundish in shape with scalloped borders.

My Grandfather planted apple trees in his orchard about that time, and they were brought from Fillmore, Utah, where the L.D.S. Church maintained a greenhouse. So I assume these many starts of small mulberry trees must have been brought from there. To me, the trees were dark-barked, tall and beautiful.

Lucy Hansen Nielson, who moved with her parents and family from Sanpete to settle in Molen, Emery County, wrote in her history:

I just remember some of the early day requests by President Brigham Young to the early residents of Utah. He wanted to make the people self-supporting. He encouraged people to experiment and try methods in many lines of essentials. His desire was to promote home industry.

Wool was available from the sheep and goats, but cotton, silk, and other kinds must be learned.

Sometime in the 1890's my mother, Mary L.M. Hansen, acquired some silkworms. It was funny to see the long lumber table covered with worms.

Screen wire formed an edging all around. Newspapers covered the bottom of the cage. The worms ate the tender green leaves of mulberry trees. It was interesting to watch the worms, like chickens, hurry to the fresh leaves from the skeletons of leaves fed the day before. It was my assignment to provide the leaves from trees in yards of the Molenites. Peter Larsen, Chris Larsen, David Kilpack, Fjelsteds, and others helped to feed the crawling, hungry livestock.

The silkworms grew from eggs about an eighth of an inch across to worms maybe four inches long. My father said, "They had to be fat." Square pieces of paper were twisted into cone shaped scoops and laid before the worms which crawled into them and with a movement of the head waving from side to side they built a round, oblong cocoon. When movement ended inside, the worm had finished its job and died. It was a

summer job for all concerned somehow a reel could unwind the ball of silk but I never saw it done. Some of these cocoons are still in some of my beloved relics. No use was ever made of the project. The tiny strands, like spider webs, though of stronger texture were tightly woven with a sealing substance to hold them in the tiny white ball. All they are now is a curiosity and a remembrance of childhood life.

Brigham Young had requested and urged the people to be self-supporting. He felt this was needful advice, for each month was bringing new converts to the Territory of Deseret/Utah. He advised the people to grow berries and fruits, to plant walnut and locust trees for shade, beauty and enjoyment, saying that even if the outside shell of the walnuts stained the fingers and the nuts were very hard to un-shell, the meat of the nut was very good to eat – if one had time and patience.

As Conrad Frischknecht wrote recently: “Locust wood was hard and made good single-trees and double trees and had other uses as well.” He then went on to tell what he remembered about the silkworms: “I remember the silkworms and the mulberry trees at Manti. We kids had a few silkworms that we kept in shoe boxes placed in window sills. We got the mulberry leaves to feed them from trees that grew along the sidewalk below the house that was owned by William Carlson’s mother. The ripe berries were good to eat but they were not as sweet and juicy as raspberries. We did not unravel the silk thread from the cocoons and I do not remember seeing silk cloth made in Manti. However, I did see cloth made by Manti’s James (Weaver) Hoggan. He had a damask-weaving machine (called a Jacquard loom). He also kept bees and raised raspberries.”

August 18, 1879. Sister Rebecca Warham addressed the sisters on the subject of silk culture. She suggested the sisters put together and buy machinery for the manufacturing of silk at home. She advised them to send for and buy a load of mulberry trees and plant and raise all necessary in each association.

Brother Henry Beal urged the Sisters to go ahead with the silk project. In a short time the Sisters would outstrip the Brethren in carrying out the United Order.

November 17, 1879. The President of the Silk Association, Sister Warham, said it was the duty of the silk agents to be energetic in getting the people to plant mulberry trees.

August 16, 1880. Mary A.P. Hyde addressed the congregation upon silk culture and advised the Sisters to get shares in the planned silk factory. Also she urged the planting of mulberry trees and wanted the local folk to be alive in the business.

May 15, 1881. Sister Warham again spoke on silk culture and Sister Petersen showed a silk tie that had been made from silk produced in Utah.

March 16, 1881. Sister Sarah Peterson spoke on the subject of a silk factory being built and a vote was taken which was unanimous.

June 15, 1882. Again Sarah Peterson urged that the silk factory must be built, saying, "We must have one."

September 15, 1882. Sister Hyde proposed that the Sisters buy the machinery and the Brothers build the factory.

December 15, 1883. Bishop Anderson told how anxious he was that a silk factory be built. He would be willing to assist in supporting such a project.

Brother Allred spoke of the inability of the Sisters to build such a factory, but said he would give his wives two calves if they would be good to him. These they might turn to the factory. The building of the factory now became the responsibility of the Brethren.

Rebecca Warham again urged the planting of mulberry trees and the culture of the silkworms.

May 7, 1896. Elizabeth Higgs spoke on silk culture in a meeting of the North and South Ward Relief Societies at 260 South Main in Manti. This building was owned by the Sisters of the Manti South Ward.

Note: May 7, 1896, was the last mention of silkworms, mulberry trees or the building of a silk factory in Sanpete in any of the minutes of this Relief Society Organization.

Betty K. Anderson of Manti tells of their family moving into a large, oolite rock house in 1934 and finding several baskets of dead, dried silkworm cocoons in an upstairs room. Where the cocoons went she does not remember. Today, the Patton House Museum had a lone bottle of cocoons, long since dead, which survive to tell the story of mulberry trees, long tedious hours of experimentation, hard work, responsibility, live silkworms and plannings for a silk factory that never materialized; and now the history of this project is just a written line here and there.



Recreation was an important part of the life of the folks in 1914. Here they are having a pleasant afternoon ride in real class at a speed 8-10 miles an hour. (Courtesy LaMar Larsen)

THE PEOPLE WHO CAME TO SETTLE SANPETE

George Whitlock
1236 East 2nd North
Mesa, Arizona

Honorable Mention Historical Essay

I continue being amazed as historical records are continually adding new evidence about the truly exceptional qualities of the people who came to settle Utah, and especially the Sanpete Valley, during the first several decades of Mormon migration to this area.

In my personal history the source of these people was Denmark, but of course there is equal evidence of the stirring qualities of those who came from England, Scandinavia, and other parts of Europe. It was not only the nationality of these people that made the difference, but a singular sense of courage, faith, and devotion that dwelt in all of them.

A few Mormon missionaries went to Denmark during the 1850's to preach the Gospel. Bitter opposition soon arose. Even those who held the highest positions were affected, but it was the quality people who responded most vigorously; the educated ones, the teachers, businessmen, artisans; those with comfortable homes, rich farmlands, skills, and ambitions.

During one decade in the 1850-1860's more than 9,000 people of all ages left Denmark and came to Utah. The hardships of crossing the frigid seas in winter and the tiresome crossing of the great plains in makeshift wagons, handcarts, and on foot, was a supreme sacrifice in itself.

When the Danish people got to Utah, they settled mostly in Ephraim, which was called "Little Copenhagen." As far as my grandparents were concerned, that stop was only temporary. Although they liked Ephraim, they were told to move south to Arapahoe Creek, which became known as "Twelve Mile," and start a new town. It must have been hard to make this change. When Grandfather Peter Christian saw the small valley tucked among the hills, he said, "It looks like a washbowl."

The several families who settled in the small valley named it Mayfield because of something appealing about the fields in the spring time. They had to bring water in ditches out of the narrow canyon beside the creek onto the higher bench-lands on either side. It was a tremendous task to start something from nothing, to build the ditches, clear away the sagebrush and cedars, cultivate the land, spread the water for the crops, and at the same time build homes, gardens, fences, school, church, and the other buildings needed to get a place to live.

In the midst of all this toil they were told to build a temple in Manti. It took almost superhuman effort to quarry the stone, move it to the site, shape it, and then to raise it up onto the temple walls. This, with the interior furnishings, had an estimated cost of nearly a million dollars. It took eleven years of work and dedication to build the Manti Temple.

Such a remarkable transformation of the desert waste into a place with comfortable homes, good schools, roads, water supplies, and the means to enjoy life, came only through the remarkable spirit of the people of superior morale. In spite of the hardships, there was harmony in the common effort. There was joy in the first attempts to create such amenities as dancing, music, social contact, humor and the ability to make the "desert blossom as a rose."

From the very first there were leaders capable of facing the difficulties. They could provide the spirit of worship in the homes and the places where the people came together in various meetings. They

felt and expressed a feeling of thanksgiving for the blessings they received. Their social life sprang from good fellowship whenever the opportunity presented itself.

Christmas day was one of great joy and a spirit of giving. Family groups would get together and pass out gifts to each other. Children were encouraged to perform little songs and acts. Beside this, the Mayfield Ward got together for a big party. All the stories of the birth of Christ were told, and some members had the gift of making the stories into a momentous event. Each person, young or old, who could perform with a song, recitation, droll story, or acrobatic dance, would entertain in the meeting, and there was a full day of rejoicing.

The long stretch of winter cold and wet weather was broken up in March by the Birthday of the Relief Society. For days the preparations were underway. All kinds of cakes, puddings, breads, meats and tasty kinds of dishes were made ready for the big social and historical event. Early in the forenoon the folks would gather at the church house which was cleared for action. First, there would be a program honoring the Relief Society, and then the festivities would begin. Anyone who could provide any kind of amusing entertainment would have a part on the program.

Always they could depend on Pete Swen to play some rousing old tunes on his accordion. Kate Willardson and others liked to provide music on the piano. Some of the ladies had good voices for solo songs. Merrill Whitlock had a deep voice, and everyone enjoyed his singing. My father, Frank Whitlock, and others formed a quartet. Some of the ladies were gifted with mimicry and would provide a funny routine. You could expect Marinus Thompson to perform on his drums and guitar. There would be many others who would reminisce of other times and events. The feeling of fellowship and unity were very evident among the people.

When the eating started it could last for two hours or longer. Tables were piled high with all kinds of tasty dishes as each lady had a specialty which needed to be tasted. There was no need to stop eating, except that the music would start up and every type of dancing known to anybody was put into action. Waltzes, schottisches, quadrilles, foxtrots, two-steps, Virginia Reels, and several dances brought over from the old country would keep the people whirling on the floor.

The dancing would continue as long as anyone had any energy or could think of another step. When exhaustion slowed them down, they could eat again or sit and visit over old times. The men would have to go home to do the chores, but they would be back again. The evening was started by eating (if anyone was still hungry), and then someone would think of a musical number or a story, and dancing would begin again.

The young children would be wrapped in coats or blankets and laid to sleep on a bench near the wall. Nobody wanted to stop until they were tired out. When the hour of total fulfillment came, they cleared up the dishes and bundled up the kids to go home. This annual event was carried on for many years.

The 4th of July was a day that brought out all the fervor of patriotism in the people. Streets and stores were lined with bunting and flags. Always there was a parade. The best entertainers were always prepared with a long program of songs and stories. Some great orator, such as Clinton Christensen, roused the best feelings of the people. Everyone enjoyed a lively baseball game in the afternoon, at which the Mayfield team usually excelled. Later the young people were sure to go to a dance and strut to the music of the 'O WY Hee Six', or some other good orchestra.

July 24th was similar to the 4th, except that the parade would feature the pioneer wagons and costumes. There would be a long program in the meetinghouse, a baseball game, and another dance. The

young children would have a “kid dance” in the afternoon, with Kate Willardson and Marinus Thompson as music.

The three weeks between the 4th and 24th of July were reserved for camping trips into the mountains. Usually they camped at Twelve Mile Flat, or east of the “Nipple.” Old friends and relatives would come from Emery on the other side. Romances usually thrived then. Many people had relatives on both sides of the mountain. During these trips good times and much visiting was enjoyed.

One cannot say too much about the quality of the people in Mayfield. The Forest Service started in 1907 to protect the values on the mountain, and Parley Christiansen was chosen to be the first Ranger to put the new program into effect in Twelve Mile Canyon.

A long list of people, if a “Who’s Who” had been kept, would show notable leaders in education, business, county government, engineering, athletics, forestry, salesmanship, and many other fields.

The school in Mayfield produced some unusually fine student. I remember that in 1916 some twelve to fifteen six-year-olds started schooling. We had a very nice teacher named Grace Anderson, whom we all loved. She started us off with a genuine interest in reading and a desire to learn. We had a rather stern Principal, Clinton Christensen, who instilled in us a healthy respect for discipline. We had good teachers all the way through Manti High School. In those days there were no special programs put out by the Government. There were no school lunches, nor any incentives to help the teachers. In spite of this, I think that our class members could have faced any modern day class in a showdown in spelling, reading, grammar, arithmetic, or any basic subject with full honors. Of all the students in that class there were no dropouts, no trouble makers, and almost all of them graduated from high school.

Mayfield was always a town that was blessed with good athletes, especially those fast on foot. The Que Whitlock family had several boys who could outrun anyone in the neighboring areas. This led to an interesting baseball team that usually won from the neighboring towns on holidays or special events.

Uncle Alma once told me a story which I think is true because he was with the team. Mayfield had gone to Gunnison to play a special game and as usual, they won. This raised a big fuss and Gunnison demanded the chance to win at something else. The manager of the Mayfield squad liked to put on a good show, so he called for attention and said, “I challenge Gunnison to a foot race. In fact, I will line up seven men from the Mayfield squad in front of you. You may pick anyone of those seven men and he will best the best man in Gunnison.” (This infuriated Gunnison. It was like waving a red flag in front of a bull.) They chose Heber Clinger from Mayfield, who was really a fine athlete, and he won the race. The ensuing uproar almost turned into a fight.

Besides the Que Whitlock family, which moved to Axtel to take up some land, there were other fine athletes. The Hans Bogh family had boys who were very good athletes. They lived on “The Order,” as did several Hansen boys who were good. Also, on the south, or “Skinnygite” side of the town there were Lamar Anderson, Reed Willardson, and several others who were hard to beat in a contest.

On a warm Spring day, or an idle afternoon, when the Orderites and the Skinnygites got together, they would start bantering each other and soon a contest would start. There would be foot races, standing broad jump contest, arm wrestles or some other game of skill.

Basketball was another game in which Mayfield excelled for a few years. When the M-Men leagues started up in the L.D.S. Church, we had several boys who made a fine record in that sport. Cleo Bogh, Orin Whitlock, Earl Michaelson, Blaine Anderson and others always put on quite a show. The Mayfield Ward would win the local league and then come out with wins in the regional meets. In two years they were included in the “All-Church” final tournaments.

I should turn back the pages of memory a little because of several things which I am sure were important in the lives of the people. When I was in my early school years, it was interesting to stand around the post office just after mail was distributed. Then, when the newspapers and magazines came out, Arthur Campbell, Chris Pamburg, Fred "Julius," Nels "Joe" and others would start to interpret the headline news. Arthur Campbell, who would have made a good radio commentator, was adept at giving the crowd a clear understanding of the events of the outside world.

Nearly everyone, including the women, had a nickname and they were seldom called anything else. Our family had a reputation for the enthusiasm with which we danced. Grandfather was known as "The Trader," because he was always trading horses.

I saw the first automobile that came into Mayfield (and rode in it). I saw the first movies and listened to the first radio that came into town. All these things marked the milestones on the road to progress. Though there were limited resources in that small valley, it could not hold the blossoming of the many talents that came from the exceptional pioneer stock. In a few generations they had ripened like the seed on a flower and had blown away.

Those who remained in the valley have rendered great service by making a record of those notable events, which began with the first settlers. When the archives are opened in some miraculous day, the researcher will glow with joy and write upon the scroll the words, "This is the way that it was, and these, the folks of Mayfield Valley, are the people who made it happen."

GENTLE PIONEER

Margaret N. Allen
177 East 300 North
Ephraim, Utah
First Place Poetry

I think I'll tuck my troubles away,
And visit my friend, Bishop Hyde today.
On the porch is autumn shade he sat,
As gently he stroked his companionable cat.
In greeting me with his cordial "Hello."
His brightening smile set his eyes aglow.
"Well Bishop," I asked, "How are you today?"
For nearly a century he's had something to say.
In a cheery voice came his wise reply:
I'm having a little trouble with my left eye.
I must admit that this one ear,
Gives me problems when I try to hear,
And lately my legs have a shorter gait,
But only that, for I'm doing great!"
We spoke of the passing of a good old friend.
He asked me, "Don't you think he endured to the end?"
I thought of his best friend, his darling bride.

Now his heart must ache to be by her side.
There are times when a phone call has to suffice;
The sound of her voice seems especially nice.
So as she “smiles out loud” over the phone,
Her laughter reminds him that he’s not alone.
Rare days there’s a drive to see his sweet bride.
At his sight she exclaims “I love Barney Hyde.”
The visit is short. Frail patients need rest.
They kiss, parting brightly, feeling so blessed,
To have shared but a moment, a moment so sweet.
God be with them and keep them until again they meet.
As I hike up life’s moment, stumbling, shedding a tear,
I’ll keep my eye forward on a great pioneer,
In patient persistence, steep cliffs he’ll ascend.
From him I will learn to endure to the end.



Hauling wood was a hazardous job as heavy lumber was brought by horse and wagon over rough roads and down steep canyons for building homes.

(Courtesy LaMar Larsen)

MY MAGIC PLACE

Martha Rae Olsen
108 West 100 North
Ephraim, Utah
Second Place Poetry

There's a magic place I know of
Where there is no today.
Oft times you'll find me there
For I am bound – I long to stay.

The laughter of a hundred years
Hides in those cabin walls.
My heart is so consumed as I
Surrender to their calls.

The journeys of the Old Ones and
Their tears of pain and pride,
Engulf my head with memories,
As then, and now collide.

So I sit in grandma's rocker
And hear the tales of times
In a cabin made by pioneers.
A magic place of mine.



Log cabin built in Manasseh by Franklin Bailey, now standing at Heritage Park in Ephraim.
(Courtesy Eleanor Madsen)

TEMPLE

Lowell Brady
240 East 400 North
Manti, Utah
Honorable Mention Poetry

As I retire at night from the Temple,
My labors that day to review,
I think of the doors that were opened,
So that hundreds can start life anew,
Anew in the kingdom Celestial,
The kingdom where God and Christ dwell.
Then my soul soars to heights of great splendor
With happiness no tongue can tell,
To think God chose me to assist Him
In the work of salvation of men.

Then a prayer of both praise and thanksgiving
I utter again and again,
As I sit by the side of my window
At night when the Temple's aglow
With myriads of lights as a symbol
Of God's Kingdom which someday we'll know,
Then I praise my dear Father in Heaven
For the knowledge that He sent to earth,
And the power He gave when the Priesthood
To His children again had rebirth.



What fun to ride up Temple Hill through the arch with friends about 1928. Pictured

L-R: Golden Swallow, Lillian H. Fox, Ardes Christiansen, Grace Bradley, Laura Braithwaite.

(Courtesy Lillian H. Fox)

SONG OF THE ASPENS

Lillian H. Fox
140 North 1st West
Manti, Utah
Honorable Mention Poetry

Aspens, sing to us
As your heart-shaped leaves
Silvered in morning dew
Hang trembling.

Sing to us of these exalted
Mountains, where you abide
In sanctuaries among the
Sheltering pines.

Sing to us of birds
That nest in your bows,
And the stag that wanders
by while never a twig
Is broken.

Let us hear your
Whisperings of spring
As trickling streams feed
Dainty blossoms hiding in your shadows.

Sing to us of lovers
Who seek your company,
While Cupid with his
Special bow shapes
Their destiny.

Aspens, sing to us
for we have waited long
our troubled hearts
yearning to hear your
tender song.

GRANDMA'S HOUSE

Roberta N. Barentsen
160 Wortham
Mt. View, California
First Place Personal Recollection

For my children, I am pleased to have on paper these memories of growing up in a small town in Utah. The house where Grandpa (Edgar) and Grandma (Talula) Nelson lived in Mt. pleasant, on the corner of 2nd North and 1st West, will always be a very special place.

The house was built in 1907 by Jacobsen and Brandt. It still stands, a large two-story, yellow brick house with large stone blocks forming the window arches, sills and the front entry. There is a most impressive wrought iron fence bordering the north and west sides of the lot, which was always painted black with good tipped spikes. We loved to play on this fence and would spend hours walking along it placing our feet on the cement foundation then shuffling along holding onto the spikes. As this was forbidden by the adults, each time we came to the missing spike we conjured up stories of what could have happened to other children who had been doing exactly what we were doing, and then preceded very carefully.

Inside the fence, the grass was soft under the trees and dotted with English daisies. When Grandpa was irrigating with his “water turn,” the lawn was all flooded and we could splash through the puddle that formed in the low corner. After dark we could use our flashlights and very quickly snatch night crawlers which had surfaced because of all the moisture. Finding fishermen the next day to buy the worms was easy. In the wintertime, the lawn was an ideal spot for playing fox and geese in the fresh snow.

Living just across the street, we enjoyed the freedom of “going over to Grandma’s” anytime we pleased. I look back now with great fondness to the hours we spent in Grandma’s house playing with our friends, “staying over” if our parents were away, playing under the quilt as the Relief Society ladies were busy quilting.

Grandma’s house seemed to me to be all stone outside, and all oak inside. My sisters and I could find so many things to do at Grandma’s. on the second floor, a bathroom was at the end of the hallway, with two windows which could swing open. It was wonderful to bathe in the old-fashioned, claw foot tub. Just outside the bathroom was the dumb-waiter. I never remember it being used. It was probably used at one time to bring food up from the kitchen.

Next was a large bedroom with two brass beds. This was our room when we “stayed over.” From this window we could sometimes reach apples from the tree below.

Across the hallway was Grandma and Grandpa’s room. I remember Grandma’s high soft feather bed and, occasionally when Grandpa was away at the sheep herd, we girls would get to sleep with Grandma in the big feather bed.

Down the hallway was Aunt Charlotte’s room, which was usually off limits to us. I remember her redecorating and making pillow shams that matched the bedspread and drapes. How clever and talented she is, I thought.

At the end of the hallway near the top of stairs was a circular landing where the old Victorola stood. I remember the thick records and how funny they sounded as we would wind up the machine to get it started. We would laugh and giggle each time we would start a record. From here French doors opened out onto a rooftop balcony overlooking the front porch. A mattress was often put here for sleeping on warm summer evenings. This area was also used for drying apples and apricots to be used in sweet soup and pies.

As we go down the stairs, I recall the feel of the curved oak railing under my hand. Only if the coast was clear did we girls swing our leg over and slide down the banister. When Grandma was expecting guests, or she was doing spring housecleaning, we would brush these steps one by one with a hand brush, being careful to get all the corners and between the rails. There were about ten steps, then a landing with a window looking to the north, ten more steps, then another landing with a beautiful stained glass window facing west. The window was framed with large stone blocks forming a perfect circle. Grandma recently told me what trouble that window had caused the masons.

The front porch was mostly stone. We must have climbed on every inch on that porch, up and through all the stonework openings. The cool stone felt wonderful against the skin on a warm summer day. The porch also had a big swing. We used to swing for hours, trying to be careful not to go too high because brushing against the bricks was frowned upon. One year the swing was painted a shiny dark green. I soon learned firsthand how difficult it is to remove paint from brick.

I always thought the front entry very elegant, with an umbrella stand, a full length mirror, a huge hall tree for coats and even a radiator to warm mittens. The view up the staircase was magnificent from

either the front door or the living room. My mother often dreamed of us girls being married in this house and descending that stairway.

The front parlor was where we would gather when the Ward Teachers came to visit. We always tried to be there when Dan Rasmussen was the teacher; he was a fascinating speaker. Because the parlor ceiling was very high Grandpa always cut a very large Christmas tree. On Christmas Eve after we had attended the Ward Program, we would carry all our gifts over to Grandma and Grandpa's and place them under the big tree. The parlor also had a lovely piano and I used to play the old sheet music stored in the piano bench, left there by aunts and uncles years before.

The room next to the parlor through a set of very heavy oak double sliding doors had a leather sofa and chair. Playing in this spacious room meant reading quietly near the corner bookshelves, certainly nothing more active than building card houses. This room was always the coolest on hot days.

Next was the dining room. This room was probably the most used in the house. Grandpa and Grandma each had a comfortable rocking chair in this room. Grandma's collection of salt and pepper shakers, from all over the world, was displayed in a china closet. There was also a cabinet my Dad had built in high school that held everything from sets of china to games. Large family meals were served here and we loved to come over when cousins from out of town came to visit. Grandma would prepare wonderful dinners. After the meal the men would sit and visit, but the women would get up and finish their stories in the kitchen while they were cleaning up. This activity after dinner, I heard Grandma say years later, is the reason women live longer than men.

Just outside the kitchen door, on the big wooden porch, Grandma often spent many afternoons rocking in her chair, reading, peeling fruit, or doing handiwork. The familiar smell of fresh paint always brings memories of Grandpa painting this porch floor every spring and Grandma tying string between the pillars to warn us of the wet paint.

How lucky we were to have Grandma and Grandpa so close. We would always get to see all our many cousins when they came home to visit. It seemed so odd to us that some of our cousins had never met one another while we knew them all so well. For me, "Grandma's house across the street" will always be filled with loving people and fond memories.

IT HAPPENED ON HIGHWAY 89

Lillian H. Fox

140 North 1st West

Manti, Utah

Second Place Personal Recollection

The other day my son called me from the Manti-Ephraim Airport. "Mom, he said, "I just landed my twin motor plane. I can't stay long. Could you drive out here and visit with me for a few minutes?"

"Lunch is ready," I replied, "We will pick you up and bring you home to eat with us."

Within the hour this was accomplished and we watched him circle the airport and fly back to Salt Lake. He was excited as this was his first landing since receiving his license to fly.

On the way home this experience set a whole chain of thoughts racing through my mind. I thought of the many things that had happened to me and my family on this few miles of highway. I thought of my grandfather and his family living in the Allred Settlement in the year 1853. Brigham Young sent word for all

the settlers to pack their earthly belongings into their covered wagons and move quickly to Manti because of an Indian uprising. There was no city of Ephraim at that time and the road was scarcely more than an Indian trail. Grandfather must have been excited. Just as my son had to learn to new words and skills in order to fly a plane, he also had learning experiences. The oxen wouldn't move when he spoke to them in Danish. He had to learn to say "gee" and "haw."

I thought of my grandmother, grandpa's second wife, whom he married a few years later. She was crippled and walked with two crutches. The story is told that she walked the highway from Manti to Crystal Springs, a mile south of town, driving a small flock of sheep, which she later sheared to make wool into clothing for her children. She washed the sheep and their wool clean in the clean warm water of the springs and then drove them back to town.

In those days this highway was the main route of travel between Salt Lake and the southern Utah settlements. Many wagons stopped here to give passengers a rest, repair wagon and pick up supplies.

This must have been a scene of activity when the tracks were laid for the railroad which was completed in 1869. There was a great celebration when first the Sanpete train huffed and puffed into town. My dad was there with his family.

In the year 1877, Brigham Young came to Manti to dedicate the gray hill, which projected out to the highway, for the building of the Manti temple. Often the saints went out along the highway to meet and greet the Prophet as he came to town. Stories are told that the Primary children sometimes greeted him with baskets of wild flowers which they strewed along the road.

Most of the oolite stone for the building of the temple was quarried from the hill on which it stands, but some of it was hauled from the quarry north of Ephraim. The pioneers had no equipment to load the heavy stone onto wagons, so they were fastened underneath the wagon and moved in this manner.

Many stories are also told of the men who walked the seven miles from Ephraim, to Manti to labor on the temple. They arrived on Monday, labored all week, and then walked home on Saturday to be with their families on Sunday.

Then came the great day of the dedication when the temple was completed. This was May 21, 1888. This year we celebrate this occasion as the building is now one hundred years old. At that time the highway was jammed with traffic as people arrived in wagons, buggies, afoot and on horseback. How excited everyone must have been. Since that time thousands of people have come every year to do temple work for the living and the dead. There was another day of dedication which attracted thousands of people, when the temple was remodeled in 1984.

My dad told me of an experience he had on the highway a few years later. He owned many horses and often took them out along the highway to break and train them. At one time his team ran away and out of control. One horse was killed as it hit a telephone pole. He jumped from the wagon before it tipped over and was not seriously hurt.

My father-in-law from Ephraim told of his exciting rides along this road. He claimed to have the fastest horse in all of Sanpete. After his marriage in the temple, he raced his horse and buggy back to Ephraim in record time so as not to be late for the wedding feast. He and his new bride arrived in a cloud of dust. A few years later he was agent for the first Model T cars that arrived in Ephraim. After unloading that first little car from the train he took it out on the highway to try it out for speed. After cranking it up he sped along the highway at thirty-five miles an hour amid the shouts of spectators.

I remember my first trips to Ephraim with horse and buggy. My parents took me with them to Quarterly Conference, which was held in the tabernacle. My, what a long ride it was! And imagine seeing

another town with streets and roads and houses! I also remember when the highway was first surfaced with pavement. George B. Cox came to our home to ask for donations for this improvement. My parents were in shock. Imagine paying a highway when only a few people could afford to pave the walk leading from the sidewalk to their home.

When I was in high school, our basketball team won the State Championship. We received the news over a little home-made crystal radio set, the first sounds ever heard over the air in Manti. We went out along the highway to meet and greet the team as they returned to town. This had been a custom ever since when teams are victorious.

I recall when I was a student at Snow College and each morning I met Jess Bartholomew's bus at the City hall to ride to Ephraim. Those were depression days and Jess had to receive his bus fare on installments whenever the students could spare a few pennies. The bus fare was \$10.00 a quarter.

Over the years, as each new invention changed our way of living, the highway played a role. There were irrigation systems established and now sprinkling systems. There was the telegraph and the telephone lines and recently lines for natural gas. There have been deaths and suicides as the drama of life unfolded. Babies have been born as the stork overtook parents in their flight to reach the hospital in Mt. Pleasant. My first ride in an airplane was in a little one-engine plane as it took off from the County Fairgrounds in 1937 and flew over the highway. Now we have a Balloon Port. It is fun to have those large balloons huff and puff above our heads if we happen to be out of doors at the right time. Large crowds of people have always attended the Sanpete County Fair each August or September, a three-day celebration.

There is a sweet tender love story in *Saga of the Sanpitch*, Volume 9, page 14. It is written by Agnes O. Anderson of Ephraim. She tells about coming to Manti with her husband-to-be to get a marriage license so they could be married in the temple the next day. On the way back to Ephraim he stopped the horse, which was hitched to a one-seated buggy, got out and went to the side of the road, and picked her a bouquet of sweet-smelling wild rose. It was his way of showing his love for her. That was the year 1914. Ever after that for half a century he brought her wild roses on their wedding day. My daughter and I both married Ephraim men and we could also tell of our love stories. So could many others. There have been numerous Ephraim-Manti romances.

In later years came the Mormon Miracle Pageant, which is held on Temple Hill each July for eight evenings. This year will mark twenty-two years since it began in 1967. It is estimated that now a million people have seen the pageant. What a test for our little old highway as cars sometimes back up for miles in a traffic jam. Thirty-five thousand people have been known to witness a single performance.

A man, representing the Angel Moroni, stands on top of one of the temple towers during one scene in the pageant. At this time he is spotlighted and all else is dark. A story is told that a tourist, driving up the highway, saw only the angel and was frightened. He drove to Ephraim and notified a policeman that strange sights were seen on the highway.

Last year nearly 18,000 visitors registered at the Manti Temple Visitor's Center which is located on the highway as we enter town. The Manti City Cemetery is also located near this entrance. Families meet here to bury their loved ones and to decorate graves on Memorial Day.

What will be the future of this seven-mile stretch of highway? No one knows, but one thing is rather certain. If something of importance happens in this area, this highway will be involved.

EARLY PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN MANTI

Conrad Frischknecht
12225 Shady Wood Lane
Tacoma, Washington
Third Place Personal Recollection

Manti's settlers arrived with a religious organization, and the town's first public building may have been the meeting house built on the north side. However, Brigham Young, on one of his periodic visits, criticized the people to do better.

In the decade of the eighties, the community built the Tabernacle on a corner of the public square. Like the Salt Lake Tabernacle, there were two galleries to provide additional seating. The Manti building was heated initially by a large, pot-bellied stove, which was often red hot because of the excellent draft provided by the long stovepipe. Women were given first choice of seats nearest the stove.

The South Ward Assembly Hall, like its namesake on Temple Square in Salt Lake, was a tall building. It had a large rostrum with heavy curtains in front, making it usable as a theatre. The long benches could be stacked up at one end of the hall, making room for dancing. The benches and black nails made by a local blacksmith. They could come loose and embarrass a careless sitter by tearing a hole in his pants. But the arrangement for Sunday School was makeshift. After the opening exercises, classrooms were created by sliding curtains along wires.

The founding of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, the Young Ladies Retrenchment Society (later renamed Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association), the Primary association, and the Religion Classes (later to become the LDS Seminaries and Institutes) required more adequate housing.

The venerable South Ward Assembly Hall, which could have stood for hundreds of years, was torn down to make way for a million-dollar structure to house all of the ward's activities.

The south Ward Relief Society Hall stood across Main Street and a little north of the Assembly Hall. The Relief Society also owned a granary for storing wheat. The building was also used as a meeting place for the older Swiss-German immigrants who had little command of English. Those meetings could outlast the patience of children. On one occasion, the voice of an Alder boy was heard above that of a speaker, "Bald Werden Wir Zu Hause Gehen."

The two-ward Tithing Office was on the east corner of Main and Depot Streets. The building consisted of a large room with a capacious cool cellar for storing foods. There were also two hay barns equipped with forks for unloading alfalfa and wild hay. The North Ward Bishop issued tithing receipts for goods-in-kind, and sold whatever goods the office held, mostly for tithing scrip.

The North Ward School was built where the courthouse now stands. The South Ward School was on the bank of Manti South Creek, half a block north and a block west of the old South Ward Assembly Hall. In 1892 or soon thereafter, the red brick public school was built on the west side of the public square. Its basement housed a hot-air furnace which heated the three-story building. The girls' and boys' outhouses were placed as far away as possible, by the north and south fences. No quicklime was used and they were offensive.

In 1905, the three-story white brick high school was built on the north side of the public square. The builders were pressed for time and used native green lumber; this may have contributed to the building's short life.

Greer's Hall, which stood next to the Greer residence, was in the northwest part of town and was where the Manti Home Dramatics Company staged its "wild and wooly west" plays.

N. H. Felt's pavilion, adjacent to that family's store on North Main Street, became the principal place for entertainment. It was a dance hall, playhouse, auditorium for political rallies. The torchlight parade that formed would march in step to music as it proceeded to the Pavilion. Felt's is now the exhibition building on the county fairgrounds.

The Armada, built in the first decade of this century, was the successor to Felt's Pavilion as theater, picture show house, and dance hall. It was also for many years the armory for company F of the Utah National Guard.

City Hall is one of Manti's oldest buildings. The Council House stood where the Carnegie Library is now. It was a large room with a rostrum and a rear gallery. Access to the gallery was via an outside stairway which was attached obliquely to the east side of the building. The old Court House occupied the site just south of the present one. It was a smaller building but housed all county offices as well as a jail in the basement. One Sunday morning the town was shocked to learn that two Robbers Roost horse thieves had escaped from the jail. The present Sanpete county Courthouse, a PWA project, demonstrates that cooperation among federal, state and local governments can provide for public needs and help people during hard times.

Sources: Author's recollections

REMEMBERING MY HOME IN THE OLDEN DAYS

Vernon Larsen

3981 Fruitvale Ave.

Oakland, California

Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

I was engrossed in the television news of the day when they sneaked into the living room. It was clearly Mathew's voice that whispered, "That's him. See. He's my grandpa. He's OLD." He had his seven-year-old friend Danny with him. They sauntered toward me in my easy chair as I heard Danny whisper, "He sure is OLD." They edged closer to me and sat down on the near-by sofa. They sat quietly, looking around the room, casting sly glances at me in my relaxed position.

Finely Mathew spoke up, "Grandpa, what was it like in your home in the olden days? Did you listen to Sesame Street when you were a kid?"

"Goodness no, Mathew. When I was little we hadn't even heard the word 'television; or 'TV'. No one would have dreamed that pictures could come through the air into one's living room. I do remember that while I was growing up we did hear of a man named Philo Farnsworth who was trying to invent a way that pictures could be sent a long way and be received into our homes. But I was a grown man before television was invented."

"Well, Grandpa, then you must have had to depend on old-fashioned radio."

"My dear! Believe it or not, we had never heard of radio either, when I was your age. One night a neighbor of ours, Mr. Tygerson in Mt. Pleasant, invited me, my daddy, that would be your great-grandpa, and some others over to his house to hear what he called a radio. Our neighbor, Henry Hasler, was in the group. Mr. Tygerson had a strange looking box on which were some dials that he turned and turned. There

was screeching and roaring at first, but finally we heard some voices and then some singing. He told us that the talking and music were coming from Salt Lake City to Mt. Pleasant, covering over a hundred miles' journey. It seemed unreal. When we left, Henry Hasler said, 'it was all a trick. Mr. Tygerson had some people hiding in his back room who did the talking and singing'. I say again, I was grown before we ever got a real radio that worked."

"Did you live on a farm, Grandpa?"

"Well, not really. Oh, yes, we were farmers, but we lived in our small town called Mt. Pleasant, in Utah. We all lived in a central community and the farms were located outside the town proper. Farmers would leave home and travel three or four miles by horses to get to the farm for work, and then they'd come home at night. We heard that this was Brigham Young's idea. Instead of families being isolated far from each other on separate farms, they should live close to each other in a town where they could have churches and schools within easy reach of home."

"Grandpa, did you live in a regular house?"

"Why, of course. But what do you mean 'a regular house?'"

"our teacher has been telling us about different kinds of houses. Eskimos live in snow houses, and Indians in tepees. She even told us about some olden people living in caves."

"Of course, we did live in a regular house in Mt. Pleasant. But when I was little we didn't have a big a house as some people had. Our house had only two rooms and a small storeroom upstairs in the attic."

"You say you had only two rooms. What were they? Kitchen, bedrooms, bathrooms or what?"

"One room we used both as a kitchen and living room and the other was a bedroom where all the family slept. No one in the family had a room of his own."

"It was really a nice-looking house. It was small, of course, but it was painted with a beautiful yellow color. There was a neat yellow picket fence around it. A bright green lawn was in front on which were growing six little pine trees. I thought it was the prettiest place in town."

"I heard that it is cold in Utah. Could you keep warm in your little yellow house?"

"Oh, yes. Of course, we didn't have a furnace like we have here today. We had a large black cook stove in the kitchen and a small heater in the bedroom. We used wood and coal to keep warm."

"What's coal, grandpa?"

"It's a black rock-like substance that burns hot after it has been started with kindling and wood."

"Where did you get it?"

"It came from coal mines in the mountains east of Mt. Pleasant and Fairview. We hauled it with a team and wagon. The trip over the mountain usually took about two days. It was a special treat for many of us children about 1916. It was a fun camping trip. We would go with our daddy and sometimes we would fish in the mountain streams. I remember one stream was named Gooseberry."

"Grandpa, what was your bathroom like?"

"There was no bathroom at all. In fact we didn't even have running water in the house."

"Oh then you had to pump your water."

"No, Mathew. Mt Pleasant was a little ahead of some farming areas. The leaders had worked it out so we had a water system. Water was collected in a reservoir east of the town and then piped to each of our lots. We had what we called a hydrant near our house. We would turn a tap and fill a bucket. We would take it into the house and set it on a little stand. There was a bench where we could wash in a basin or get a drink with a large dipper."

"Didn't people in olden times take a bath then?"

"Why, of course. But it was very different from things now. Every Saturday was bath night. We brought into the kitchen buckets and buckets of water from the outside. We filled the special water reservoir that was part of the stove. Then we brought in our kidney-shaped copper boiler, filled it and put it on the stove to heat. While the water was heating we would bring in one of our galvanized, round washtubs. We'd pour water into the tub and get it at the right temperature then take turns using the tub for our bath. All we could do was sit in the tub with our legs curled up and wash ourselves. My brother and I used the same water. Mom and dad emptied the tub and put in clean water for their baths."

"Oh, Grandpa, I just thought of something. If there was no bathroom what would you do if you really had to go to the bathroom?"

"Well, that is another story. You see we had a little outside toilet built a distance from the house. It had two seats. We used Sears Roebuck catalogues for toilet paper."

"That must have been funny. Was it very far from the house?"

"Well, yes. It was quite a walk. It seemed very far in the winter when there was new snow on the ground. You kids should be glad we have warm handy bathrooms like we do today."

"What else can you tell us about houses in the olden times?"

"Well, for one thing there were no electric lights. We used lamps filled with oil. We would light one with a match and put it where ever we needed light in the house. Then another thing, there was no such thing as a telephone. If we wanted to talk to someone we would have to visit him in person somewhere."

"Another thing we would like to know, what kind of automobiles did you have?"

"Automobiles! We didn't have any. When I was your age we were very excited when Doctor Winters bought what was probably the first car in Mt. Pleasant. It was built a little like our buggy, but it ran all by itself and was very noisy. It was the noise that caused farmers lots of trouble. If a farmer was driving his team of horses along the road and happened to meet Dr. Winters, there was trouble. The car and the noise would frighten the horses. They would rear up and make loud noises and try to run away. Some farmers had bad runaways because of meeting Dr. Winters in his noisy car."

"How did you get around then? Did you have to walk everywhere?"

"Well, our horses were very important to us. We would ride them or hitch them to a buggy or wagon. But around town, most of us did a lot of walking, like to school, church or just shopping."

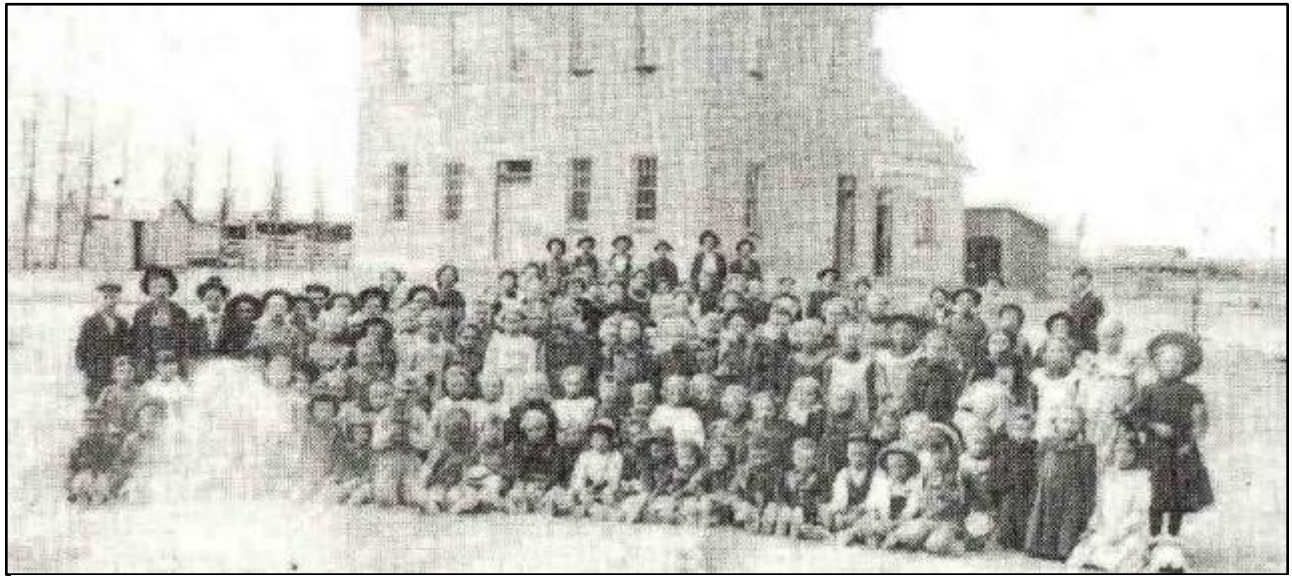
"Grandpa, I'm getting hungry. Does grandma have any cookies? That's about all we need to know about the olden days. But I'd like to tell my friends at school some of the things you have told us. You know Grandpa, you ought to write this stuff up into a book. Maybe you could sell it and make some money. If I had a book or something about all this it would help me to remember it and tell about it."

"Well, Mathew, that's just what I have done. I have already written part of the story of my life. You know the President of our Church has encouraged everyone to keep records and write up his personal history. You are not too young to begin keeping some records of things you do. It would help you write up your history when you are older."

"Grandpa, will you give us a copy of the story you have written?"

"Why, of course."

"You know, Grandpa, I don't believe I would have liked to live like you did when you were little. We have things lots better today. I wonder why some people call the 'The Good Old Days.'?"



Chester School house 1893 – Second school building erected; first was a log building.

(Courtesy Ruth Scow)

MEMORIES OF SNOW COLLEGE

Ray Paulsen

256 North 300 East

Ephraim, Utah

Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

As a young boy, I always passed the Snow College campus on my way to school. Often I gazed at the stately Noyes Building and wondered if I would ever attend classes there

Later my older brother, Glen, attended Snow. My desire to attend also increased as he shared his college experiences with me. He especially enjoyed his music class taught by Professor King Driggs. Glen taught me the songs he learned in class, and I sang them again and again. (King Driggs, by the way, was the father of the girls who became famous as the 'King Sisters'.)

When I was a sophomore in high school, I became ill with rheumatic fever, which left me with a serious heart condition. The Doctor advised that I should not return to school for at least a year or two. I was deeply disappointed; my chances of ever attending Now College seemed rather dim.

By the time my health permitted a resumption of my schooling, my classmates had graduated. I was embarrassed to attend classes with students so much younger than myself, so I chose to stay t home and help on the farm. Though I never returned to high school, I read a lot, and my desire for formal education lessened.

My dream was partly realized in 1930, when I was admitted to Snow College for one quarter as a special student. In addition to several classes in Agriculture, I took classes in Ethics, Chorus and English. My hunger for learning was increased.

A year later I met the girl who was to become my wife; she was student at Snow at the time. My feeling for the college grew as I followed her through her last year to her graduation in the spring of 1932 with an A. E. Degree.

Then for a number of years, while rearing a family, I didn't have too much contact with the College. Oh, I was always a fan of the athletic teams. I read the reports of their games in the newspaper, and quite often attended their basketball games.

During the winter of 1942, while working at Geneva Steel in Provo, I became ill again with rheumatic fever and was forced to quit my job. From this time on, my physical activity was greatly restricted due to the worsening of my heart condition. I was not even able to farm.

In the fall of 1947, with help from the Utah Vocational Rehabilitation Office, I took a number of tests, qualifying to receive a high school diploma from Snow High School and to enter Snow College. At last, my dreams of attending Snow were coming true.

I was excited, but with my long absence from school I wondered about how well I would do. My doubts fueled sustained effort, and I was surprised and relieved when I received somewhere between a B+ and A- average the first quarter. Most surprising was the 'A' I received in English from Miss Fern Young, for I had had a difficult time when I took the same class from her in 1930.

I decided to major in sociology and to take a minor in history, with the idea of becoming a social worker. I enjoyed attending Snow very much, even though most of the students were much younger than I, and I participated in some co-curricular activities, including the mixed chorus and panel discussions.

One of my favorite teachers at the College was A.I. Tippetts. He was forceful and dynamic and made his classes interesting and alive. He taught history and sociology classes. He not only had a great mastery of the subject matter, he geared his teaching to the needs of his students. Early in my college career, I took a World History class from him. Students were assigned to write a report on a selected foreign country. I chose Egypt. Since the report counted heavily on our grade for the course, I worked hard on the report, very fearful that I would not do well. Finally the day arrived when Mr. Tippetts passed back our reports. He passed the papers back to everyone in the class but me. I was really worried; I thought that either he had lost my paper, or else found it so poor he hadn't given it a grade. Then to my great surprise, Mr Tippetts announced that he was going to read aloud the paper that was written just the way he wanted it to be. After reading my paper to the class, he walked down the aisle and handed it to me. There was a large 'A' on the front page. This was a great confidence builder for me.

Another teacher I remember with fondness is Russell Gray. He was very friendly and had a good sense of humor. I took a class in English Literature from him. There was a unit of poetry in the course. I told Mr. Gray that I didn't care much for poetry, because anyone always says the same thing much better in prose. Wisely, he gave me an assignment to write a paper on the importance and beauty of poetry. He gave me a week to prepare the report which I was to present orally to the class. My understanding and appreciation of poetry grew significantly through this experience.

Other master teachers like Harry Dean, Howard Stutz, Lucy Phillips and others, to mention just a few, enriched my life immensely, broadening my horizons and deepening my sensitivities. Before enrolling at Snow, I was rather narrow-minded in some areas. For example, I thought that the white race was superior in intelligence to other races. I learned that the color of one's skin had no bearing on intelligence or merit of any kind. Whatever apparent differences there seemed to be between the races was due to environment and culture.

These are just a few of the memories I have of excellent teachers and an outstanding school called Snow College.

Source: Personal Recollection of Author



Fountain Green public school.

SELF REALIZATION

Reva Jensen
1221 South Speed Street
Santa Maria, California

Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Now the old High School motto, I see it so plain,
"Self-Realization," 'twas our daily refrain
As we marched up the steep, no one could escape
it,
Day after day each student must face it.
Few understood the depth of its truth,
Fifteen letters preacing to youth,
But the message, the sermon has echoed long,
One little seed made a generation strong.

How can we think of Manti and the days of our
youth
Without listening to voices, who taught us the
truth?

All my life in my memory land
These voices repeat some age-old refrain.

I hear dear Brother Reed (yes, Edgar T.)
Saying over and over in English Three:
"Build thee more stately mansions, Oh
My Soul, as the swift seasons roll,
Leave they low-vaulted past.
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
'Till thou art free, leaving thine out-grown shell
By life's unresting sea."

A quiet voice like a harp's melody
Said, "Beauty is a gift for you and me.

No one can corner it or keep it alone,
It is not reserved for a queen on a throne.
For if you would have beauty, be beautiful within,
Think beautiful thoughts, care not for sin."
And the lights went on in Myrtle Farnsworth's
soul
As she charted the way to reach that goal.

Lida Edmunds and her delicate hands
So beautifully molded, like the sculpture planned,
Her manners firm, yet gentle and sweet.
Music lesson day was always a treat.
"Feel its melody in your heart,
For a heart tells the fingers what to impart."
And she'd life your hands form the keyboard-so
And Bach would walk and talk real low
Why, the piece you vowed you'd never play
Would soon take wings like a summer day.

How I longed to sing just one song
Before Ellis Johnson's apt baton,
To ripple off without a sigh,
We'll always be true, Mani high
D.H. Robenson, steady and proud,
Self-realization his living shroud.
Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
Let these be every man's goal.

And Ethel Davenport, her sweetness inspired
A pattern of living, noble living acquired.

In his early morning history class,
With boredom we would sometimes nod,
Wilford Frischknecht, uncovering the past,
And the teacher would shout, "Get on the job,"
'Lives of all great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time?'

Laura Jensen Tuttle Hales
Dropped many a seed along the trails
Of eager growing girls and boys

And taught them self-reliant joys.
"To thine ownself be true."
(She knew the way to live it, too.)

Andrew Judd, his subtle wit
Knew what made the sparrows twit.
Let men invent and dig and sweat,
Discover algebra and fret,
Embroider heaven with their hopes,
But let's take time for songs and jokes.

Emery Epperson scaled the air
Dropping notes from everywhere.
Promises blossomed like ripened fruit.
His band played on to beat the boot.

Carlyle E. Munk never left his shell,
Yet his knowledge reflected well.
Never seemed to sweat or brood
But knew the joys of his oysterhood.

And lest we forget our Library mood
And Clare Farnsworth's solitude,
Without her supervising thought,
How could learning ere be wrought?
Folks like Clara were the salt of the City
Meeting any upstream without self-pity.

Others have come and others have gone,
With matched and measure line,
Pages and pages of many we love
Glittering and warm like heavens above
All have added a garland treasure
And filled our birthright to its fullest measure.

M.H.S. stands for more than Manti High,
More than self-made lives who aim for the sky.
It stands for olive hills and meadows green,
Little spires that punctuate the scene.
Gold and yellow farms that lie
Around the town and seem to cry:
"Behold the Valley in the Sun,
And bow your head when day is done."

The seed of one's soul,
A life's plan, a life's goal,
Take root when you're young, so young.
Maybe that's why the folks of Manti
Are so fine and so level and true,

So wonderfully knit
Into friendship's warm kit,
And the years nor the miles can divide
That spirit of love, of concern or the pride
That we share for our heritage rare.

WALKARA

Conrad Frischknecht
12225 Shady Wood Lane
Tacoma, Washington
First Place Short Story

An Indian boy born about 1808 on the upper reaches of the Spanish Fork River in Utah was to become a legend in the uneasy meeting of old-world Americans and Native Americans. He would be known as Hawk of the Mountains, Napoleon of the Desert, Chief of the Utes, Mormon elder. His presence would be felt among the tribes, settlers and traders of the West, and as far away as California and Mexico, and he would have a war named after him.

Walker had to compete with many brothers, among them Arrapeen, Ammon, Joseph, Kopetnic, Kanosh and Sowiette. He grew to be six feet tall, powerful, striking in appearance, partly due to his penchant for colorful clothing. He learned the languages of the Indian tribes with which he came into contact, picked up Spanish from Spaniards in the Southwest, and acquired a working knowledge of English from trappers. From Indians he learned how to follow trails, to find edible plants and game and where water could be found in the vast deserts. He became a crack shot with bow and arrow, and guns.

He absorbed his tribe's history from sachems telling stories. One story was about the "big hats," Fathers Escalante and Dominguez, who passed through the territory years earlier and had predicted that white men would come to live among the Utes and teach them how to live by tilling the soil and raising livestock.

An opportunity for leadership came when Shoshones sneaked into a Ute camp and killed Chief Ora, Walkara's father. Along with Arrapeen, Walkara pursued the raiders and killed four of them. This display of valor attracted hundreds of adventurous young braves to him. Some may have regretted the decision, because Walkara proved to be a stern disciplinarian and a deserter could be killed. The group was called "chaquetones" by the Spaniards because they wore long coats made of brown skins. Eventually, Walkara became the war chief of the Ute nation, but Sowiette, a moderate, was the civil chieftain.

The chaquetones were friends and partners in business with trappers Jim Beckwourth and Pegleg Smith. On a marketing expedition to Los Angeles, Jim and Pegleg became drunk and traded skins for firewater. But Walkara wanted horses. He and his chaquetones, waiting in the hills, rounded up six hundred head and made a safe getaway.

By deserting the trappers, Walkara believed he had made enemies of them. He knew though the grapevine that Beckwourth had gone back to live with his squaws on the Bear River and that Pegleg was drinking, gambling and fighting in the saloons of Santa Fe. One day the men rode into Walkara's camp, however. Not a word was spoken while the squaws prepared a meal of beaver meat, soup and gruel made

form seeds. A few draughts of firewater from the white men's canteen loosened tongues. Old times were soon forgotten and the men began planning a grand horse heist in southern California.

Beckwourth and a few men spent about a month scouting the area. He convinced the Spanish ranchers that he had come in search of sea lion skins. Actually he was studying roads, trails, watering places, and where the most and best horses could be found. Walkara's strategy was to divide the raiding party into several groups, each with a leader. The groups would strike simultaneously but would flee to the desert by different routes, which would confuse the ranchers and keep them from uniting to recover their stock. For his part, Walkara and his men overcame the guards at the San Luis Obispo Ranch, drove off a thousand of the best bred horses on the continent and also took saddles, blankets, bridles and spurs. Thefts by other groups would increase the number of stolen horses to almost three thousand.

The chief knew his pursuers would be faster than the drivers of the stolen horses. He anticipated that the posse would stop at a certain watering place. He and a few men concealed themselves nearby. The posse camped as expected and turned their mounts loose to graze. They were preparing a meal when Walkara and his warriors rode into camp, shooting and whooping. The noise stampeded the grazing horses, which the Indians rounded up and took with them. The Californians had to walk home. Walkara knew horse-flesh and kept the best animals for himself; the remainder he traded for what he and his people wanted. Years later Pegleg told Major Horace Bell that he and his party had paid dearly for their horses; three of his Indian wives lost brothers, one squaw lost her father, and he himself narrowly escaped.

Periodically, Walkara had to replenish his supply of horses for trading. On an incursion to Old Mexico, he and his chaquetones went along, Jim and Pegleg deeming the risk of being caught and put in a Mexican jail too great. The expedition was a success until it reached the Colorado River on the return trip. The horses refused to cross the river. Scouts warned Walkara that the Mexican pursuers would soon catch up with the thieves. He hid most of his men and horses in the hills and retraced his tracks with the others. When the two parties met, the chief was leaning on his horse's neck pretending to be exhausted and sick. He convinced the Mexican lawmen, in their language, that the "cruel Chief Walkera: had compelled him and those with him to steal against their will. The Mexican not only believed him, but also gave him a few horses and permitted him to go his way. Napoleon of the Desert.

Walkara continued as horse-thief and trader, though not on a scale as grand as the California heist.

His tribe also was known for slave trade. Utes captured women and children from weaker tribes and sold them in Mexico, California or New Mexico, where slave trade was legal. The slave trail went through Sanpete Valley, where the chiefs tried to sell their slaves to Mormons. Once, on being denied a sale, Arrapeen became so infuriated that he swung a boy around and then dashed his brains out on the ground. The territorial legislature enacted a law against slavery, stopping the selling of Indians by Caucasians. There seem to be no recorded court cases against Indians for engaging in the trade. One historian has estimated that some fifty to sixty Indian children were raised in Pioneer families, some of them being purchased to rescue them and not for the purchaser's gain.

The settling of Mormon pioneers on Indian land, beginning in 1847 when Brigham Young led the first group to the Salt Lake Valley, brought a new dimension to the encounter between Indian and white man. The initiative was taken by Walkara. Perhaps these people were the "bit hats." But too many moons had passed and the chief of the white men had not visited Walkara, so he and his band drove a hundred horses into Salt Lake Valley and camped on the Jordan River, west of the Mormon settlement. In a few days President Young returned from Winter Quarters and a traditional Pow Wow of Indian and Church leaders was convened in the Bowery. Smoking the pipe of peace came first, horse trading later.

Walkara boasted of the fertile soil in his Sanpete Valley and of the tall timber in the mountains. He asked Brigham to send settlers to the area to teach his people how to live by agriculture. That fitted with the church's plan to build the Kingdom of God in the valleys of the mountains and Brigham promised to send settlers before the last moon of the year. Thus a select party of men, with wives and children, were sent to settle in the Sanpitch Valley. There were Indians in the area, but Walkara was not among them.

The agreement at the bowery between Young and Walkara was poorly understood. The Church and its members had no implements, tools or seed to supply to Indian families. The best that could be done was to establish the Indian farm on Twelve Mile Creek (Mayfield). A white farmer was paid \$600 a year to supervise field and livestock operations. The produce belonged to the Indians. In 1856, it was estimated that produce of this and of Indian farms in Spanish Fork and Parowan was worth about \$25,000.

Early in 1850 the people of Manti first had contact with Walkara. Parley P. Pratt and fifty horsemen had been sent to explore as far south as the Virgin River to locate sites for settlements. He came upon the Chief on the Sevier River and gave him the hundred pounds of flour that Brigham had sent. The Chief said his people were stricken with measles, a white man's disease against which they had no immunity. Pratt advised the Chief to send his sick to Manti; there they were administered to by the Priesthood; and the sisters of the Relief Society, whose knowledge of rudimentary medicine was considerable, did all they could to comfort the sick Indians. For his part, Walkara sent his brother Ammon to guide Pratt's exploring party.

The people of Manti lost no time in teaching the gospel to the Indians. On March 13, 1850, more than a hundred were baptized in the cold water of Manti creek, Walkara among them. Bishop Morley renamed him Walker. The teaching continued, and by June 1851 some of the converts were deemed worth to hold the Priesthood. Walker and three others were ordained elders in Salt Lake City.

Walker himself became ill during a meeting of Indians at Utah Lake, a favorite gathering place because of the abundant fish, and was administered to and blessed by Brigham, who was visiting a nearby Mormon settlement. A white doctor bled the Chief and did what else he could and recovery began. But when some Shoshones raided the camp and made off with a few horses, the Chief was quickly well and on the trail with his men. They caught up with the Shoshones at Echo Canyon, killed seven men and women, and took captives and forty horses.

This victory required a celebration, which they decided to stage at Manti. The residents of the town were required to watch horsemen in war paint, feathers and full war dress, prisoners whose heads had been shaved, and women prisoners carrying scalps of the killed Indians on poles. War whoops and gun shots filled the air. The hawk of the Mountains had human prey on display.

A young resident of Manti was caught between Indian custom and Mormon belief. It had always rankled Walker that Mormons did not provide a visiting Chief with a young, beautiful bedfellow, as would Navajo, Hopi or other tribes. Pratt told him that if he were to get a white woman he would have to woo her. So, Walker dressed in a brown broadcloth suit, hid until he saw John Lowry and his wife leave home, and then entered their home without knocking. Relying on his splendor and best English to impress their daughter, Mary, he told the frightened girl he wanted to marry her. He said President Young had instructed Bishop Morley to build a house for him that would be the best in town and added that he could give her the best furs, rugs and anything else obtainable. Would she marry him?

"I am already married," she replied.

"Who to?"

"Judge Peacock."

In a fury the Chief stabbed his knife into a table and left. When her parents returned, heard the story and her father saw the knife, he said, "Mary, you will have to make your word good or that savage will try to kill all of us." When darkness came, Mary and the Judge rode to another town to be secretly married.

Walker also could be helpful to whites and he doubtlessly saved the lives of the Manley party to California gold seekers. Manley and a few others arrived at an eastern gathering point several days after their party had left for Salt Lake. They thought they could catch up and started west. When they came to the Green River and found a boat, they decided to travel to the gold fields via the Green and Colorado Rivers. But the boat was wrecked in rapids and most of their supplies lost. A band of Utes, including Walker, came onto them.

"You Mormonee?" asked Walker.

Manley lied, "Yes."

Walker told Manley that his party would drown in the river or that other Indians would kill them first. For a few trinkets Walker traded a mule and horse to the Manley group and they continued by land.

Though Brigham believed it was better to feed the Indians than fight them, he did not totally trust them. Thus he advised people in his settlements to build forts for protection. On a visit to Nephi, Walker found a fort being built there. "Well," he said, "if there is anything to the doctrine of brotherly love which Mormons preach, they have no need for forts. Brothers can sleep peacefully on the same blankets." He ordered his men to destroy the fort. The Mormons sent a messenger to Salt Lake to get advice. Brigham sent George Bean and Porter Rockwell with a letter and a stern rebuke for 'interfering with the work of the Lord' and a wagon load of goods to trade for skins and as gifts to please the Indians. Walker was enraged by the letter and stomped on it, declaring Brigham a fool. The Indians had always lived in the area and had never needed forts. When told that the United States Army, stationed at Camp Floyd, west of Utah Lake, was a threat and the fort was to protect both settlers and Indians, he pledged that he and his warriors would help fight the army.

But a conflict of interest remained. The Pioneers valued livestock as wealth and food, and they took care that their herds would multiply fast. Native meadows of broadleaf and wire grass were the only source of "hay" and were harvested, laboriously with hand tools. By late spring feed was very short. Horses ate bark; buds and twigs were fed to cows. Canyons and nearby ranges were soon badly overgrazed. Game that the Indians depended on disappeared for lack of feed. In addition, the livestock consumed Indian plant food such as rice grass, so there were no seeds to harvest for winter.

The Walker War was named after the Ute Chief, but he was not involved in its beginning. The conflict, which spread north to the mountains above Salt Lake City and south to Parowan, started near Springville. Mrs. James Ivie traded some flour for three fish which an Indian brought to her door. The Indian woman's husband, seeing the flour she had, thought it was too little in payment for the fish and he began to beat her. Ivie arrived on the scene and took the part of the Indian wife. The two men scuffled to get possession of a gun and in the process broke it. Ivie had the barrel and with that he dealt a mortal blow to the Indian, hit the squaw who had recovered enough to attack Ivie, and wounded another Indian who had come up.

Local authorities asked Walker for his terms of peace, and he demanded that Ivie be given to the Indians for trial. This was rejected and Springville made ready for an attack. Walker, however, first moved his people to Sanpete where they would have protection and food, and then attacked the settlers in various communities. Over a period of months about a dozen settlers were killed and several hundred

head of livestock were stolen; Indian casualties went unreported. Eventually the war wound down, thanks in part to the efforts of Brigham in appealing to reason and appeasing Walker with trinkets and tobacco.

As he approached what was to be his last winter, Walker did not feel up to crossing the turbulent Colorado to winter with the Navajos, as he usually did, and instead went to Parowan where John D. Lee and others would befriend him. He hoped he might also run across his brother Joseph who was long overdue from a horse-stealing venture. He traveled with "23 men, 25 squaws, 120 horses, 20 head of oxen, some sheep, cows and goats." (Sonne 213) At Parowan he threatened to punish the Piede tribe if they stole from the Mormons or "Americats" (gold seekers) who were passing by.

Again he became sick and again the native cures and medicines did no good. Although it was still winter, he decided to go north and may have planned to seek aid from Brigham. He had to be lifted onto his horse and had to have a rider on each side to keep him from falling. When the party reached Corn Creek, his condition was too bad for them to go on. He instructed his people to bury him in the traditional way. Brigham, who always knew where Walker was, sent a messenger with a letter for Walker, but it did not reach Corn Creek before the Chief died.

Chief Kanosh warned the Mormons that a burying party would try to kill two Mormons to bury with the corpse and cautioned the settlers to remain out of sight and to hide their livestock. According to Indian custom, the greatest Chief had to be buried higher on the mountainside than any other chief's grave. The burial party followed Corn Creek to a rocky ridge which was free of snow. Squaws did most of the work for the internment. Walker's body was placed facing the valley below, with Brigham's letter in one hand. Two squaws had been killed to become helpmates, and two lived Piede children were also interred. The children were to warn of dangers that might beset Walker on the way to the heaven of his ancestors. Fifteen horses were killed and left with the chief, as well as an assortment of items he would need.

Sources: Arrington, Leonard J. Brigham Young: American Moses.

Bailey, Paul. Walkara, Hawk of the Mountains.

Sonne, Conway B. World of Walkara

Also from personal recollections of Mrs. Adelle Sidwell, Manti pioneer, as told to the author. Her pronunciation of the chief's name was Wah-kah-rah.



Scenes of the Black Hawk Reunion, Ephraim Utah

OUR HOME

Lois Hanson
1448 South 1700 East
Salt Lake City, Utah
Second Place Short Story

Here it is, etched in black marble, our home carved on the tombstone. The elements have left their weathering marks on the stone and have cloth over the stone the lines begin to take form.

Oh, the memories! Was there ever a home with so much love tucked inside? The neat brick bungalow with its low hanging wide eaves was our family home for more than 25 years.

Now I can see the porch. Even on winter days this was a pleasant place to be as the south sun warmed the columns and walls. This is the wall we jumped over to go to Grandma's house. How many times I have stood here and called Grandma (Mercie Ivory) to come to dinner or rushed to her kitchen door to share some exciting news, my score was the highest in the class on the math test or Hanna had the lead in the operetta and she let me tell.

Grandma was a nurse and even though her services were in demand by most of the families in our little town, she always had time to hear our news, praise our successes, bandage an injured finger, or prescribed a tonic for a cold or ache. My sister Hanna and I were especially favored to live so close. We loved Grandma's stories of the Indians and pioneer days.

She came to Utah from England in 1864 with her mother, Hannah Hunt Collard, and grandmother, Sarah Bardell Hunt, crossing the plains with the George Bywater handcart company. They were on their way to Sevier County where Sarah's son, Thomas Hunt, was living, but as winter and snow and cold came quickly, they were forced to stop in Fountain Green, Sanpete County. Their first home was a dugout, but the following winter a fort had been built and furnished protection from the hostile Indians.

When Grandma married the handsome George W. Ivory, a pony express rider, they built a home on a lot just one block east of Main Street. Here Grandpa constructed his blacksmith shop and a shed to house his beautiful horses. Grandma planted bleeding hearts, currant bushes, and a garden with rows of peas and corn. This became the home for eleven children, eight boys and three girls. My father, royal Ivory, was number five.

There were times of severe illnesses. When Daddy was just two years old, he was stricken with polio and had to walk with crutches the rest of his life. His boyhood was happy, with loving parents and many brothers to help him. He would tell us of the cart he rode in that was pulled by Pedro, his dog. Pedro had a fancy harness with reins to guide him around corners, and there was a real goatskin cover to keep Daddy warm.

As our home unfolds on the stone, I remember how Daddy worked to make our home beautiful. In January of 1919 he married ruby Madsen, a young school teacher from Mount Pleasant. Even before their marriage, he had drawn plans for this home on the land given to him by his parents. It was to be a dream home with climbing roses, pansies, and petunias. Now I can see the front door. It was extra big and of oak. A piano or library table could slide through the door comfortably. I remember how thick the flies swarmed on the front screen when Mother bottled fruit or cooked a roast on summer days, and we were cautioned not to let the flies in.

I can see the asbestos shingles. These were not the original ones, because Daddy had shingled the house the first time with wooden shingles ordered from Oregon. He did such a good job and hammered so many nails in the roof that it leaked before they were completely moved in. He was meticulous in everything he did. Each spring he crawled over our entire lawn and cut out each dandelion with a pocket knife. Our kitchen table had one drawer where Daddy kept everything from screws and nails to pencils and pens. He could tell if anyone even moved a pencil in this drawer. Everything in our house had its own place and was never out of order.

These two front windows disclosed a view of all that went on in our street. This road led to Main Street where everyone went each day to check for mail at the local post office or to visit with the townsmen in front of the Mercantile Store or Uncle Murel's garage.

I remember when Grace Lee, our neighbor girl, was sweeping the porch so vigorously that she tipped over the doll buggy and my doll, Rosemary, fell out and broke her china head. Just a week before I had taken Phyllis with me to tend the sheep as they grazed on the ditch banks. She was a beautiful doll with dark brown ringlets and a blue organdy dress. When mother called me to come in, I put Phyllis under the culvert and drove the sheep to the corral. Not until 9:30 p.m., time for bed, did I remember Phyllis. We took flash lights and went too look for her, but she was gone! Many tears were shed for the lost doll. Here it was June and I had no doll. It was a long time before Christmas. Mother and Daddy decided it was critical enough to warrant a trip to Salt Lake. I remember that ride in our Ford sedan with the trunk on the back. I sat cozily between Mother and Daddy in the front seat. We purchased a new doll with celluloid head and hazel brown glass eyes. She was beautiful and I held her tight all the way home. For many years, June 11th was a holiday at our house, Hazel's birthday, and we celebrated with birthday cake, candles, and a doll party.

There were several special spots in our house. One was by the coal stove in the kitchen. Daddy had his stool in the corner and could have his feet on the oven door. We all sat around this stove and toasted our feet in the oven. On Monday mornings the stove had a roaring fire to heat water in a boiler where Mother boiled the sheets and linens. She stirred the clothes with a wooden stick and the whole house was full of steam. Loaves of bread, golden brown and crusty, cakes, pies and puddings erupted from the oven. We even had cardboard boxes with baby lambs housed near the stove. These were 'starvees' whose mothers had died or rejected their new-born babies, and we fed them milk from pop bottles with big nipples.

Another favorite spot, especially on cold days, was the floor furnace in the hall. This was next best to central heating. It must have been about a yard square and we could stand on it and the warm air would blow up our skirts and make us toasty warm.

The favorite place of all was the living room fireplace. It was made of brick with a brick hearth and a mantle on top which Mother decorated with flowers and candles. Many a winter evening we gathered on the rug in front of a roaring fire and picked out the nut meat of black walnuts that Daddy cracked with a hammer on the hearth. Or we popped popcorn over the coals, poured melted butter and salt over it and ate it all together out of a big dish pan.

These were such memorable times. Hanna played the cello and I played the violin. After exhausting our repertoire of string trios, we took turns playing accompaniments on the piano while the family sang. All our music was kept in time with Daddy's steady beat and constant encouragement. He played the clarinet and saxophone and serenaded us to our delight. Oh, I remember Daddy saying, "This is

heaven, just to be here with my wife and girls, sharing music and love. It is all I could wish. Heaven couldn't be better."

Daddy was a member of the Fountain Green Wool City Mounted Band. At daybreak on the 4th and 24th of July we would wake to the band playing through the streets. Daddy also played in the dance band in our town amusement hall. Everybody went to the dances, young and old, and danced until our feet and bodies were exhausted.

From the windows in our north bedrooms we had an imposing view of Mt. Nebo with its three peaks. They were called the Three Patriarchs. Snow-capped and with the rising sun casting a rosy glow on the peaks, it was a glorious sight.

Daddy and Mother were a team, working together to make a happy home. They were blessed with just two daughters and would have loved to have had a dozen. Mother was hands and feet for Daddy. He would explain how something should be done, such as mending a fence, feeding the animals, or whatever, and Mother could do anything. She also taught school, was Stake President of the Primary for many years, and a favorite speaker at church or in State women's clubs where she also served as President.

Our yard was filled with flowers and trees. A black-walnut tree that came from Mother's home in Mount Pleasant shaded the spacious lawn. A hollyhock nook was a favorite place to play. We made hollyhock dolls with toothpicks and blossoms that danced on the hill sloping down to our driveway. Canna lilies surrounded by pansies graced the center flower bed. Daddy devised a unique watering system that had a long pipe with holes drilled 12 inches apart along the length of the pipe. We could spray the entire lawn just by moving the handle at the end. It was also a perfect place to have shower baths and run in and out of the falling water.

Now you can see all of the house. The pulley line where Mother could stand in one place and hang the clothes is almost in sight. This pulley ran from the house to the barn. I remember bringing the clothes in frozen on cold winter days. You can't see the barn, but it was down behind the house, a beautiful grey building that was never allowed to be in need of paint. A meandering creek would through our back yard where the livestock drank and ducks swam in the stream.

I remember the last Christmas before Daddy died. We were together on the rug before the fire in the fireplace and everyone was so happy until Daddy suddenly said, "This is my last Christmas. Next year I won't be here. What a wonderful life I've had and I love you all so very much."

We were startled and, of course, tried to assure him it couldn't be so and that there were many happy years to come. A few weeks later, Daddy had a stroke and died suddenly on January 9, 1945.

Mother and Daddy lie here under this marble marker. Their lives were happy. This is a most fitting monument to them. Their posterity now reached 35 and in a few years will be many more. We are all blessed to be a part of this family and are so grateful for our heritage.

TIGER, THE BRAVEST LITTLE DOG IN SPRING CITY

Margaret Allen
177 East 300 North
Ephraim, Utah
Third Place Short Story

Around the turn of the century, when I was a little boy, about the age of seven, I lived in Spring City. Nearly all the boys in the neighborhood had dogs. I didn't have one. I felt very sorry because I liked dogs. Nearly all little children like a good little dog, so I asked my mother if I might have a dog and she said, "No, we haven't the food to feed it. It takes a lot of food to feed a dog, and you would have to take care of him every day. I fear that you wouldn't do that. You would be out playing and then I would have to take care of your dog. So I'm not too much interested."

Well, my sister from Los Angeles came and she heard my plea to my mother to let me have a dog, since all the other boys in the ward had a dog. She said, "Let me send him a dog and I'll send him the money to feed it." And I said, "Yes Mother, besides that, my friend Bryant said that he'd give me a pint of milk every night when he milked the cows, and another friend of mine, Mr. Anderson, said that I could have meat scraps from his shop for my dog. I'll take care of him, I promise you I will!"

Mother said, "Well if that's the way you feel and Grace will send you a dog, we'll try it out. So my sister Grace said, "As soon as I get back to L. A. I'll find you a nice dog. In a few days I got a letter. She said, "I found the dog you'd like. It's a real TIGER."

I told my boy friend's that it would be on the train next Wednesday and asked them if they would come with me to get my "TIGER." They said, "Oh Barney, you can't have a tiger in Spring City. He'll kill our chickens. He'll kill our sheep. They're dangerous. They're big animals. They might even attack a person." I said, "Well, come and walk with me down to the station and let's see what it is." So all of them came. The three boys and I walked down to the station about a mile away.

When we got there I walked into the railroad station and talked to the agent. He knew me. I said, "Do I have a tiger here?" he said, "Well I don't know whether it's a tiger or not, but I'll bring him out and let you see." And so he went in the next room and brought out a crate with this animal in it and set it down before me. It was a Terrier dog with stripes down his back and down his legs. How these boys did laugh. They said, "So that's your 'TIGER' is it, Barney? Ho ho ho ho, what a joke."

I said, "He's my dog. I've never had a dog. We'll take him out of the crate and let him walk the town with us." So, as we walked he chased the birds and squirrels along the way. Finally he got tired and so I carried him a while.

When we got home, I put him in the yard and told my mother about it. She came and petted him. Pretty soon the dog got used to the place. Every once in a while, when my boy friend's rode along on their horses, they said, "Barney, how's your tiger today?" They were making fun of me. I said, "I think he's all right. Everybody likes him and I do too."

A few days later it was late in the night, near the early morning, and was dark as could be. During the day my mother had been ironing and washing in the shanty next to our house. She hadn't noticed how hot the chimney had become, as well as some of the shingles on the top of the roof. She didn't worry about it. We all went to bed. Early in the morning here came this little dog and barked and barked at my mother. He went into the bedroom, took her by the wrist and shook her sleeve and tried to get her to awaken. Finally she said, "What's the matter?"

She looked out and all the dooryard was just as bright as day. "Oh!" she said. "There's a fire! Get up Barney and run and tell the people. Shout: "FIRE!" I said, "Mother I can't go. All I have on is a little night gown. (We didn't have pajamas in those days. They made the boys and girls both wear night gowns.) she said, "It won't matter. They won't care." My father was out of town at the time, and we could use the help of anyone. Before long the people came running with their buckets. There was a little ditch on the sidewalk, an irrigation ditch that carried enough water so that you could go out and wade in it. But they couldn't get close enough to the fire to do anything with their buckets of water. The fare was too hot. Some of the men had gone in the main house and saved what furniture they could, dressers, chairs, and rockers, everything that they could carry out. They carried it way down to the wet part of the lot.

Well, that fire burned for several days. Finally one of my friends asked, "Where's Tiger?" I said, "I don't know. I haven't seen him. I'll look around here and we'll ask people." So I asked a number of people if they had seen my dog, and nobody had.

Well now the fire had died down until it was just a mass of embery coals, not too hot. So the boys came and said, "Let's look around and see if we can find your dog."

Above the doorway where we entered to go into the main house to sleep and to eat there was a great timber, several timbers that supported the roof. As the fire ate away at these timbers, one of them caved in, and just as it did my little dog went into try once more to see if he could save somebody. It hit him on the head, knocked him down, and killed him.

ABRAHAM DANIEL WASHBURN

Lynda Curtis

P.O. Box 226

Monroe, Utah

Honorable Mention Short Story

My great-great grandfather, Abraham Daniel Washburn, son of Daniel and Ann Wright Washburn, was born 17 March 1805 at Nine Partners, New York. He was the oldest of four children. His father died when he was nine. Because of his mother's ill health, Abraham was responsible for helping with the younger children, the home, farm, and learning a trade.

Soon after his mother's death he married his first wife, Tamar.

In 1836-37, Orson Pratt came to New York teaching the gospel. Grandpa said it was like a light in the darkness. After Abraham joined the church, he was a good friend with Orson and Parley Pratt. He was also a close friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He moved his family to Nauvoo, Illinois. While there, he was ordained a seventy by Hyrum Smith. He was a member of the school of the Prophets and of the Nauvoo Legion.

During this time Flora Clarinda Gleason was living at Macedonia, twenty miles from Nauvoo in the home of John Smith, the prophet's uncle. She was born 21 August 1820 to Josh and Lorena Williams Gleason at Tolland, Massachusetts. She was baptized into the church 18 April 1834. She was set apart as President of the Relief Society in Macedonia, being the second woman holding this position in the church (Emma Smith was the first). She was set apart by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Grandma was married to Benjamin Johnson as his second wife in the Nauvoo Temple. When the Mormons were driven from Nauvoo, they crossed the river and established Winter Quarters in Nebraska.

Grandpa and his family were one of the first to reach this place. He helped build houses to shelter the saints.

Grandma came to Winter Quarters, where her first child was born while she was living in a wagon box. Her husband refused to come with her. In the spring of 1848, she and her baby came with the Musser Company to Utah. She drove her mule team the whole distance. After talking to Brigham Young she was given a divorce. She married Abraham Washburn, as his second wife, on February 1, 1849. They were the parents of eight children.

Soon after their marriage, they were called to help start a settlement in Manti. The company arrived there 21 November 1849. The next day Grandma's second child was born, being the first white child born in Sanpete County. The night after Almeda's birth a terrible storm came. Snow was knee deep. The winter was so hard, most of the thirty head of cattle Grandpa brought with him died that winter.

The Ute Indians came and made the settlers watch a three-day War Dance. Chief Walker camped near Manti Canyon. He rode into the settlement early in the morning on several occasions saying that the Great Spirit had visited him and said not to kill the white people because they were His children, the same as the Indians were. The settlers felt that these heavenly messages were all that saved them.

During the early days of Manti, two young married couples arrived from Denmark before the rest of the company to help settle Ephraim. They were the Christian Willardson's and Brother and Sister Scow. Grandma divided her one large room into three parts with blankets, all cooking over the same fireplace. She wasn't able to converse with them as they didn't speak English, yet she showed them every courtesy and kindness. She taught them and many other emigrant women how to make a living in this new country, teaching them to weave cloth and to knit it.

Grandma nursed the sick, laid out the dead, and answered the call of people at all times. She served as President of the Manti Relief Society for many years. After moving to Monroe she was chosen as the First Relief Society President and presided for 25 years, being released because of poor health. She died 13 August 1900.

While farming, fighting crickets and grasshoppers, producing their food, clothing, shoes and other needs, these people had to keep watch on the Indians, who were constantly on the war path. In May 1865, the "Black Hawk War" began. The cattle were brought in and placed in large corrals. Men were on constant guard. They knew the dread and fear everyone felt at the sound of the brass drum in the night. It was the signal that every able bodied man was to gather in the public square. Women and children were terrified. Latch strings were pulled inside. Heavy flour boxes and furniture were pushed against the doors and they waited for reports.

All the people living on the east side of town were told to move to the street where the Washburn home was located or no farther than 2nd east. That made it easier to defend the town against the Indians.

Under the Washburn living room was a large cellar with a trap door. Grandma told all of the children around if they saw a group of horsemen they were all to run to her house and she would hide them in the cellar.

South of Manti the country was covered with alkali, called saleratus. It was crude soda and supplied Utah with soda. It was used in combination with lime and a solution made from wood ashes to make soap.

One day, when Grandpa was going to get a load of alkali, he told his children they could go along. After arriving he and the boys were busy shoveling it into the wagon. The smaller children were dipping it up with tin plates. All at once grandpa looked to the south and saw horsemen coming over the hill. It

didn't take them long to hop into the wagon. Grandpa made the ox team run until they were well into town. It was just a scouting party returning.

At one time there was a group of Indian prisoners lodged at the Manti jail. They were chained and so were considered helpless. People took turns preparing food for them. The place was heavily guarded, but somehow the Indians had taken a knife and sawed their chains in two. One day as the guard opened the door to pass the food in, the Indians overpowered him. They jumped from the stairs and headed toward the mountains. Guards on the ground sent a shower of bullets after them. Hearing the shots, Huetta Washburn Winget looked out her back door. As she was too frightened to move, her husband grabbed her and held her against the wall, away from the doors and windows out of the way of stray bullets. The Indians passed the house without coming in.



There were wells in many back yards of the folks in Sanpete. This one belongs to Marie Jones in Centerfield. Babe Knighton watches as Ellen Peterson draws water. Note her wooden shoes and apron made from a sack.
(Courtesy LaMar Larsen)

The Indians didn't leave town. Darkness came and there was no moon and few lanterns. Every man in town was out hunting Indians while the women and children sat or lay on the floor below the range of the windows that they might be protected from bullets. The Washburn living room floor was filled with people. There were scares and false alarms, but plenty of real excitement too.

A few Indians who had worked for Grandpa Washburn before the war loved him for his kindness to them and for his honesty. Indian Joe, a chief, sent messages to Grandpa through other men. When cattle were being driven off, Indian Joe turned some back with the Washburn brand on.

Grandpa built and operated a tannery and shoemaking shop in Manti. Later, when the family moved to Monroe he did this also. He was called by the church to be in charge on an Order Tannery in Glenwood. He was a peacemaker. His home

was a welcome place for all. Volumes of unwritten church history were told there.

Abraham Washburn was ordained Patriarch of Sevier County in 1886. He died 17 June 1889.

Throughout their lives, Abraham and Flora Clarinda Washburn kept their faith, high ideals and a good honorable name that will live in history for all times.

DOUBT NOT OUR STORY

Jennie Lind Brown
239 Hampton Ave.
Salt Lake City, Utah
First Place Anecdote

Leaving the farm, located out across the creek, to move into town was exciting. The rock house, recently purchased by our parents, was a fairy-tale home, surrounded by leafy trees. My brother, Orien,

going on thirteen, was especially thrilled since Mother had promised he could have the attic for a bedroom. Almost doubting her words, he immediately moved in, firmly believing he would never again have to share sleeping quarters with one of his five sisters.

Why then did he begin preparing for bed later each evening? Finally one morning he sheepishly declared he was moving downstairs. "Why?" questioned Mother, knowing how happy he had been. "Because the attic's haunted and I can't share it with a ghost." Mother was skeptical, his older sisters giggled, and I, at seven began to whimper. "It's only your imagination," Mother soothed, trying to calm her only son. But Orion became angry. "It is not. It's a real ghost. I've seen him." Convinced he was truly upset, Mother quietly helped him move once again into a corner of one sister's room.

Life returned to normal for a time, until one night. Elna, a mature seventeen, was home alone practicing her piano lesson. Suddenly she became uneasy, feeling a ghostly presence was there listening to her music. Frightened she ran to Grandma Fjeldsted's home, to confront her family. "Never again", she cried, "will I stay in that house. It's haunted and I know it!"

Perhaps Mother, too, had felt the presence of an intruder, for though Father was away working, she put the house up for sale, and soon moved into a comfortable two-story home, previously owned by Joseph Christensen. The family was truly happy there; Mother loved the new home, Orion had a room all of his own and no one ever complained of ghosts again.

SHE DIDN'T PULL THE WOOL OVER HIS EYES

Dorothy Buchanan
267 East 300 North
Richfield, Utah
Second Place Anecdote

My grandfather was a sheep man in Mt. Pleasant during my growing-up years. Many men in that area raised and cared for sheep, of only one breed, Rambouillet. They took their herds to the East Mountains in the summer, then trailed them to the west desert to stay for the winter months.

My mother had spent a great deal of time with her father in the mountains, and had ridden with him over his sheep range many times. She knew how much his sheep meant to him. As she was a fine artist, she decided one year to paint a picture of a herd of sheep for her father's Christmas gift. She found a copy of a sheep herd in an English art book which she used as a pattern for her painting. She took infinite pains with her work, finished it, and had it attractively framed.

On Christmas morning while we were opening our gifts, my Mother took the painting from under the trees and proudly handed it to Grandpa. She was smiling in pleased anticipation of his acceptance. After unwrapping the painting, grandpa's expression visibly changed. For a few seconds he uttered no sound. A loud silence prevailed. Finally, he looked at my Mother and said in a dejected tone: "My girl, you've gone and painted those dad-burned Cotswolds."

A LOG CABIN

Eleanor P. Madsen

295 East 1st North

Ephraim, Utah

First Place Historical Essay

In the summer of 1987 a lawn was planted, a cement foundation laid and a pioneer cabin placed in the new "Heritage Park" in Ephraim. The cabin, a reminder of the Pioneer frontier, is not an imposing structure, but a sturdy, well-preserved one room house. It is typical of the cabins the early pioneers built in the late 1800's as they settled Sanpete County. As the city of Ephraim expanded, adobe, brick, and lumber homes were also built. West of the city, near the foothills, a little community known as Manasseh grew. In the early 1900's a dozen or more log cabins dotted the landscape, providing shelter for the homesteaders who were establishing rights on the farm land.

One of the early settler's in Manasseh was Franklin Bailey, who, like many others, brought cedar and pine logs from the west hills and built a log cabin. To begin with, the structure was used as a granary where Franklin stored his barley, wheat and oats as he harvested them in the fall. Once his rights to the land were established and Franklin met and married Mary Christensen, he decided that they should have a home in Ephraim. Like others from Manasseh he moved to town, but unlike many others, who left their log homes in Manasseh to be sued in the summer harvest time, Franklin moved his log cabin to Ephraim. Here on First West between Second and Third North, the cabin began its long history of sheltering within its plastered walls succeeding generations of the Bailey family.

The cabin rested on an earth foundation with a storage cellar underneath, where potatoes, carrots, parsnips and other produce was kept. Another room of lumber was added on the back of the cabin and served as a bedroom. Franklin and Mary were quite comfortable in their new surroundings.

As the years passed, four boys, Mailen, Fred, Ernest and Glenn, came to bless the little home. They enjoyed the cozy warmth of the black coal stove on cold winter evenings and the splash of cool water on their faces from the white porcelain pitcher in the early morning. They pondered over their lessons with the aid of the coal oil lamp that stood on the oilcloth-covered table in the center of the room. They sat on summer evenings on the narrow steps that were attached to the cabin and counted the stars as they came out one by one. They ate homemade bread and butter with applesauce and plum jam made from the fruit that grew on the lot. Material goods were scarce, but the family shared love and loyalty as they worked and played together.

As the boys grew, it seemed the cabin became smaller, so Franklin and Mary bought a larger adobe home on Second North between Second and Third East and moved out of their first home.

The cabin was not left empty, however, as a brother of Franklin's, Alfred Bailey and his wife Clara, moved in to enjoy the braided rugs, the white embroidered curtains, the perfume of the lilacs and the huge sunflowers that nodded their yellow heads by the doorway. The little house again heard a baby's cry from the homemade cradle and knew the sound of little feet on the pine floor. The cabin was just right for this little family; but as more children were added, the place was not adequate for their needs, so Alfred and Clara and their family left the cabin for another home.

Always, there seemed to be young couples in the Bailey family who liked the idea of spending their first married years in the log cabin. Mailen and Ava Bailey spent a few years there. Fred and Esther Bailey had two sons, Gordon and Neil, born there during the nine years they enjoyed the security and warmth of

Fred's childhood home. Ernest and Renon Bailey began their married life within the cabin walls. Glenn and Barbara Bailey were the last of the tenants. Two of their children, Kenneth and Mary Lou, were rocked in the white wooden cradle and went with their Mother visiting or shopping in the wicker baby buggy that was part of the belongings in the home. The children were nursed through measles and mumps in the little bedroom, and aunts, uncles and cousins filled the little house on birthdays, Christmas and other holidays. There was not much room but there was always lots of heart room.

A time came when Glenn and Barbara, like the others before them, left the log cabin. Once more the little house was left without a tenant. It stood many years, silent and alone. So many had come and gone. There might be others, but the years went on. Occasionally some curious person would press a forehead against the window or try the door for a look inside. Sometimes, one would sit on the doorstep just to feel the nostalgia of days past, to feel the strength of the rough-hewn logs and remember the days that were gone.

As the years passed the elements and vandalism took its toll. The ground on which it stood was sold and the cabin had to be torn down or moved. There were those who remembered the past and wanted to preserve the little cabin. It was finally moved to the lot of Glen and Virginia Nielson where it stood for many years until it finally found a home at the Heritage Park.

This was the Bailey log cabin, one of many of those early homes that has a story to be told, a story of sorrow and happiness, of struggle and triumph...a symbol of strength and integrity, a monument to those sturdy pioneers who built it, a joy to those who helped preserve it, a reminder of the past, a hope for the future...a log cabin.

Sources:

Interview with Glenn and Barbara Bailey

Personal recollections of Renon Bailey

Information from Fred and Esther Bailey

Recollections of Virginia Nielson

STITCHES OF LOVE

Yulene A. Rushton
4120 West 3100 South
West Valley, Utah
First Place Poetry

Thoughtfully, I touch folds of lace and pearls
In grandma's wedding gown.
It hangs here proudly,
Still offering hope and love.
Great-grandma had fashioned it
For a daughter.
Stitching pearls
To white satin and tiny pink rosebuds,
Each a reminder

Of life's pastel dreams.
Years later, Mother wore it too.
Then tucked memories away,
Busying herself with raising a family.
Later, those memories were brought forth
With faded photographs
Of that long-ago time.
It's strange,
How one's life story never really ends.
It only links
One generation to another,
Blessing us greatly.....

REMEMBERING

Eleanor P. Madsen
295 East 1st North
Ephraim, Utah
Second Place Poetry

Familiar halls I walked today.
My view revealed yesterday.
I saw the bricks laid one by one.
A solid edifice was done
With nickel-dimes, from meager store,
From willing hands that gave much more.
I saw the shinning faces come.
Eager to learn, to be with some
Of those who wisdom-knowledge sought,
With love and skill and patience taught.

The burdens grew and multiplies.
Always, there were those who could guide,
With courage and allegiance to the school,
Prevailing with their gentle rule.
Stake Academy to College-Snow,

All worked and toiled to make it grow.
There was a new beat of the drum
With changes in curriculum.
Leaders who stood above the crowd,
I saw service that made me proud.

Familiar halls I walked today,
Found memories along my way;
Knowing generations and part
In shaping – molding the heart,
The spirit of Snow college now;
Believing that ever, somehow
This spirit will constantly grow
To keep a great and glorious Snow
As past and present unite as one
Accomplishing a task "well done."

A LOST TRIBUTARY

June Jensen
575 West 800 South
Orem, Utah
Third Place Poetry

Beginning in the forest of Manti-LaSal,
Rolly Sanpitch, then the size of an
irrigation stream,
Meanders through lowlands and is fed by
Gurgling springs, leaping over
watercress.
Like the hostile Chief whose name it
shares,
Melting snows cause the stream to go
forth
Swift and wild, roaring down canyons and
taking out bridges
To flood farms and highways.
As the impetuous time of snow-
melt
Blends into summer, the river flows
Slow and wide to form numerous
swimming holes.
In a hot august dog-days
The happy shouts of skinny-dippers

Permeate the sultry air.
During tranquil days of Indian summer
The silver ribbon travels,
A life-giving journey through a rural valley.
In cold, quiet months, mud-buried
frogs
Sleep along the banks.

Five decades past, graceful geese necks
curved
To form a background for Fiddler's Green,
A resort for boating and dancing.

Having run its course, the water gives
tribute to a larger
Stream and after fourscore miles
Sinks into quicksand, leaving a pure
white layer
Of alkali at the foot of Cricket Mountain.

MY TOWN

Dorothy Buchanan
267 East 300 North
Richfield, Utah
Honorable Mention Poetry

Oh my little town
Was a happy town
Where kids could have fun:
Meeting at night
In the bright moonlight
To play run-sheep-run;
Hiding in shadows
Of tall poplar trees

Breath half suppressed,
Fearing discovery,
Crouched on our knees
Like birds in a nest.

And my little town
Was a friendly town
We all knew each other.

And ate home-baked bread
After school with our friends
Welcomed by each Mother.
For every new baby
A bowl of sweet soup
Was sent to the home.
And often in case
Of colds or bad croup
Neighbors would come.

It is an etching

Sharply defined
By my own little town-
Colorful picture
Deep in my mind,
A place of renown.
Things of small meaning
Might fade,
But in truth,
Never my life
In the town of my youth.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN

Dorothy Buchanan
267 East 300 North
Richfield, Utah

Second Place Personal Recollection

Picture a bright day in Mt. pleasant, Sanpete County, a good many years ago. The snow had melted from the north side of the buildings, and the lawns and shrubs were fresh and verdant. Wild flowers were appearing upon the foothills, and the air exuded enchanting odors. Boys were walking on homemade stilts, playing mumble peg on the lawns, and engaging in lively games of "Frank Bohne Baseball" on side streets. Spring had definitely arrived.

Filled with the delight of mellow air and welcome sunshine, I would be caught off guard one evening at the supper table, when my Mother announced, "I am going to start housecleaning next Monday. I hope you will all help." My spirits would sink. As I was the only girl in the family, momentary thoughts of escape would fill my mind, or again, the possibility of being stricken with a convincing illness. But in my heart I knew that this was something that had to be met and conquered. Annual spring cleaning was impressionable, inevitable, and inescapable.

Every room in the house was "torn up" and thoroughly cleaned. What a bustle ensued! We prepared a large amount of food ahead of time, such as scalloped potatoes, baked beans and several desserts, which saved time for the work at hand. We had sixteen windows, in our two-storied white frame home. All of the curtains came down. We washed and 'dipped' them, and the large ones were placed on wooden stretchers to dry. The curtains were re-hung only after everything was completely cleaned. Many pieces of furniture were taken outside, including all mattresses, laid on a wooden rack, vigorously swept and left to sun, for a few hours. From an old "Household Discoveries" book of my Mother's, printed in 1909, I quote:

"While housecleaning, dress appropriately for the necessary tasks facing you. Some housekeepers wear a divided skirt or bloomers that button around the ankles, covered by a large apron. Don't forget a dust cap.

Pull your sleeves up as far as you can and put elastic bands over the arms and sleeves. Trim your fingernails as short as can be borne in comfort. This prevents their being torn or broken when working without gloves. Arm your selves with brooms, pails, ladders, and plenty of old rags to conduct the campaign successfully."

It was, indeed, a campaign. Everyone worked with gusto. The men of the family were often drafted to lend a hand, such as carrying out the front room stove to store for the summer months. Ceilings were dusted with towel-covered brooms. Every few years, grimy walls and ceilings were calcimined or papered. Calcimine was a cold water and paint mixture applied with a long handled brush. It gave forth a pungent odor. White wash was applied on these tone walls of the cellar. Probably one of the biggest tasks was that of cleaning carpets. Many people had home-woven carpets, or "rag rugs," laid over fresh straw in the fall season. But when housecleaning time came, the straw was deteriorated to the point that it had to be removed. The carpets were taken outside and shaken vigorously by people standing at each corner. The dusty straw was removed and the wood floors were thoroughly scrubbed with homemade soap. The carpet was then replaced on fresh straw. A carpet stretcher tool made sure no wrinkles remained. Children loved to remove their shoes and run over the carpet to feel the fresh, crackling straw beneath.

As time went on, many people began buying nine-by-twelve store rugs. At cleaning time, some housekeepers hung them on clotheslines, to beat them with brooms and wire beaters. This was a bonus for the children, who delighted in running through the "rug caves", just the thing for hide-and-seek and Follow Jack. The exposed wooden floor around the edge of the carpet was usually painted or varnished. We were aware of conglomerations of odors at housecleaning time: paint, turpentine, kerosene, calcimine, O'Cedar furniture polish, stove blacking, not to mention liniment for inevitable cuts and bruises.

In the kitchen, the main activities centered around the big Majestic or home comfort coal range. The drafts and dampers were wondrous things. All ashes were shaken from the fire box into the container below. Incidentally, my Father often used the iron shaker early in the morning not only to vigorously shake down the ashes, but also to create enough noise that it also "shook down" his sleeping children upstairs. A long handled scraper was used to bring the soot from the bottom of the stove through a small door underneath the oven. The reservoir at the end of the cooking area was taken outside where accumulated lime was cleaned out with vinegar and hot water. (The reservoir held extra hot water for bathing and wash day.) the stove pipe was taken down and also carried outside where dirt and soot were cleaned out with an old broom.

Housecleaning time was excellent for finding lost articles, such as a missing shoe or a long lost "breast pin," and even a coin or two in a discarded purse. But housecleaning was also a time for discarding useless articles. I again quote from the "household Discoveries" book:

"Destroy with a hard heart every useless thing that you see no possibility of using in the future. With the best of care, odds and ends will accumulate. Housewives will do well to discard old love letters from past suitors, which could be a cause of trouble. If you haven't worn a piece of clothing during the past five years, it would be wise to discard it. But remember, that if similar articles are kept together many uses could be found for them. A lot of old coats, skirts, and stockings could be cut into

rug rags and sewed during winter evenings. Old underwear could be saved for traveling, worn until soiled, and discarded while on the train or in the hotel. This saves laundering under difficult circumstances.”

After everything was clean and shinning, Mother would usually remark, with a twinkle in her eye, “Let’s make a freezer of ice cream, bake a cake and have a party!”

Our campaign was a success!

GRANDPA BUTCH AND THE STORE

Marcella Morley

2237 East Candlewood Ct.

Sandy, Utah

Third Place Personal Recollection

Grandpa provided wonderful memories. He was a man not easily forgotten. People seemed drawn to him and he had many friends. He was always cheerful; I don’t remember one time when he was angry or upset with me. Grandpa acquired the nickname “Butch” because he was employed in the meat department of the co-op store in Moroni from his early teens until shortly before his death.

The Co-op store is not in existence any more. Each time I drive by the spot where it stood, my eyes instinctively search for the familiar building I knew so well, and I feel a twinge of nostalgia because it is gone. Grandpa and the store were almost synonymous, and I miss Grandpa.

Whenever I visited my grandparents, I was happy when Grandma needed something from the store, because she would always send me to get it, and it was great fun to go and seek out Grandpa. He was always dressed in his big white apron, with evidence of his occupation down the front of it. I was usually sent back to Grandma with a roast, steaks, or something which I knew would be turned into a delectable dish for dinner that evening. Grandpa came home for lunch every day, and sometimes it was my happy lot to be able to accompany him home for the meal or to meet him somewhere along the way. In conversations with my mother and her sister, I discovered that they had accompanied him on those same walks many times during their growing-up years.

My aunt told me that the elevator in the store was the first one she had ever seen, and that she liked to ride up and down in it with the small freight. This was accomplished by pulling ropes. She said the basement was a fascinating place where merchandise was stored. Candy, coffee beans, various other beans, rice, peanuts, and other nuts were some of the items. There were large barrels in which were stored pickles, sugar, and pickled pits; feet. Upstairs, including among the merchandise, bolts, nuts and nails were kept in bins and sold by the weight. Large bolts of material, bedding, and shoes were on the shelves, and furniture could be purchased there. Limited quantities of fresh fruits and vegetables were also available. It was an all-around general store.

The butcher shop was in an area by itself. All of the clerks sold everything from candy to yard goods, except for meat; that was sold only by Grandpa and his helper.

I’m told that at one time, the second floor of the building was used for storing a stretcher and caskets. At night, if the phone rang at Grandpa’s house, he would say, “I wonder who died?” because he would be called to get the stretcher for the deceased.

Christmas was exciting for my mother and her brothers and sister when they were children. There were not toys visible at the store until two weeks before Christmas. Children would go each day to see if the huge green blind on the large front window would be raised, revealing all of the toys, giving them a glimpse of what Santa would bring. There was everything for boys and girls, dolls to bicycles in just one window. Every day, eager little faces, with shining eyes, and breath steaming in the biting winter air, would be pressed against the cold glass to stare longingly at toys which were to be seen only once a year.

Most people at that time had chickens, and groceries could be purchased with eggs being used for money. Children bought penny candy with eggs. My aunt recalls how delighted she was when she could help her father candle the eggs that were taken in. The candler used a wooden box which had two small holes in it, and a light globe hanging inside.

When I was a child and visited the store, it was fascinating to me too. I remember the owner-manager, "Uncle Andrew" as he was called by everyone in our family. I also remember James, Rodney, Minerva, Mary and Francine as clerks. They always welcomed me warmly and inquired as to my well-being.

Each time I opened the door, and stepped inside, the pungent smell of oiled wood floors greeted my nostrils. There was such a variety of things for me to see, but Grandpa was the main attraction.

If Grandpa thought there was anything I wanted when I was visiting the store, he would get it for me and pay for it himself. Once, when I was quite small, I looked up on a high shelf and saw a shiny cellophane-covered box which I thought was a box of crayons. (I loved crayons!) I pointed up at the box and Grandpa kindly removed it from the shelf and showed me that it was a box of small wooden spoons. He must have seen disappointment on my face, because he immediately went to another shelf and found a box of crayons and gave them to me. I treasured those crayons, and used them carefully for a long, long time. Grandparents can be a wonderful influence in the lives of their grandchildren when they share themselves in small moments. The memories can be a binding link to the past.

There were many nights that I slept in a soft, comfortable bed in one of Grandma and Grandpa's upstairs bedrooms. On mild summer nights, the window was open, and there was usually a fresh, flower-perfumed breeze which would soundlessly stir the crisp curtains. One of the joys of those falling-asleep moments was the constant sound of the gentle stream as it softly rippled down the hill. The sound was like music, soothing and comforting as it lulled me to sleep on those occasions.

My memories of Grandpa are treasures I have because he gave them to me to be recorded in my mind and my heart, as we shared every-day experiences, and he turned each one into a special memory for me. Thank you Grandpa!

Sources: Memories of the author. His legal name was Lorenzo Larson, but he was known as Lawrence Larson and affectionately called "Butch" by the townspeople.



Crystal Ice Cream Parlor – Mt. Pleasant 1910. Sundaes and sodas a real treat. Hyrum Fechser (standing right) proprietor.
Courtesy Marjorie Riley.

HER WEDDING DAY

Yulene A. Rushton

4120 West 3100 South

West Valley, Utah

Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

For a golden wedding celebration in 1984, I wanted to re-create in writing my parents' wedding day. It was so interesting to ask them questions, then watch and listen as they tried so hard to remember details from a day in November, fifty years ago....

"It's like that part of my life belonged to someone else," she said. "When I try to think back that far, it's as though I'm looking through a window watching another person."

She settled back in the rocking chair, her graying hair flattened against the worn green velvet. A sign brushed her lips as she closed her eyes. Her fingers began to rub the brown rims of her glasses as if to make a magic genie appear to do her remembering. She sat silent for a few moments, hand against her forehead, then told this story:

"I'm so wrinkled now, but I was beautiful then, willowy and thin and full of life. People said I looked like a movie star. It was November 1934. Ewell was twenty and I was nearly nineteen.

Several of us had been to a dance and had returned home late. I crawled into bed in my upstairs room but couldn't seem to sleep, kept awakening with thoughts popping into my mind: 'Am I ready to take this big step? Maybe I should wait till I'm older and more sure of my myself. It would probably be easier then. What was I doing? Is eh right for me? Boy, I hope I'm not making the wrong decision! The rest of my life is a long time. I hope we have enough money somehow and we don't starve to death. Times are bad, we'd better wait a while to have kids.'

The alarm clock was a welcome sound at five A.M. I rolled out of the bed I shared with two younger sisters, my feet touching the cold linoleum floor. Shivering, I pulled on the grey wool socks I had draped over a chair the night before, bundled myself into a warm coat and pulled a stocking hat over my ears. I felt my way down the stairs. Through the kitchen, and stepped out onto the still darkened back porch. I felt for the strap on the bag which held my newspapers, lifted it over my shoulder and wiggled to get it positioned so it would be easy to carry.

This day was beginning like any other, but I knew it wouldn't be ordinary because this was November 7, 1934, my wedding day. I couldn't decide whether to feel sick, excited, scared, contented, or maybe some of each. I began the long walk through town tossing forty papers onto forty porches, beginning with the Morley's and ending at the other end of town with the Nelsons. Taking deep gulps of cold air, I glanced skyward as dawn crept across the mountain tops to the east revealing a cloudless sky. Mama always said: "Red in the morning, Sailors take warning. Red at night, Sailors delight." This was going to be a good day!

When I returned to the house, Mama had already begun the preparations. She had fed the younger children and they were ready for school. The turkey, stuffed with sage dressing, was already in the oven. I plopped myself onto a wooden kitchen chair, leaning my elbows on the patterned oilcloth, and began to help Mother with pie shells which would turn into her famous banana cream dessert. It was my job to make the dinner rolls. I was the oldest and had learned to be an excellent cook. With Mama being a seamstress, when she had hired sewing to do, it became my job to cook meals for the family.

I was clumsy that morning, kept spilling, couldn't seem to keep my mind off Ewell. I kept thinking how tall and strong he was, how I loved his dimples, and how much I loved him. We were going to be so happy, and now it was daylight I was convinced that he was the right one for me. How could I have had doubts: I kept remembering his kisses from the night before and thinking of the way he had sung in my ear as we danced. We had gone to the Election Day dance at the "old Bungalow" in downtown Moroni. We waltzed and whirled till the town band played the last song, which was always "Goodnight Sweetheart."

Mama lost patience with me when she came into the room and found me dancing with a pan full of red potatoes. "Good heavens, Mary, dreams are for later! We've got things to do!" Her scolding brought me to reality, and we worked furiously to get everything done. I hurriedly tidied up the living room before leaping up the stairs, skipping every other step. We had no bathroom then. I had bathed in the tin tub the night before as I readied for the dance, so that day I would only freshen up. I stood in my petticoat, pulled on my nylon stockings, straightening the seams as my fingers inched them up my legs, fastened the garters as I glanced in the mirror. I pushed my hair this way and that, then decided it wasn't just right, so raced down the stairs, into the kitchen and leaned over the steaming teakettle. My light brown hair was naturally curly. All I had to do was position my fingers on a lock of hair and push a wave into place. Everyone envied me. They had to use a marcel curler to get the same hairdo I could get with just a few minutes over the steam spout of our enamel teakettle.

Ewell kept popping into my mind, making my heart skip beats. I felt as if I'd choke. The aroma of good smells of dinner cooking added to the enchantment of the day.

I think I floated back upstairs because I don't remember getting there. But there I was slipping into my light blue graduation formal. We didn't have money for white expensive gowns in those days. Light blue was my favorite color. It was beautiful, a satin underskirt with lots of gathered net over the top. A shoulder cape buttoned with tiny blue buttons around my neck. Pink rosebuds were set on the collar. I rubbed rouge onto my cheeks, smearing it into a wide circle, then dabbed a powder puff all over my face to

take the shine off. I felt lucky to have that box of face powder. I had used some of my paper route money to buy it. It smelled good. Some of the girls at school couldn't afford any so they used flour. I can still remember how funny they looked where the flour stopped at their chin line. I finished my face by rubbing my finger across the bright red lipstick, then lined my lips using my little finger. Stepping into white spiked heels, I stood back to admire myself in the dresser mirror. I was pleased with what I saw, I felt beautiful and the mirror echoed my feelings. Gazing for a long moment, I realized that Mary Jensen was about to become Mrs. Ewell Anderson.

Mama's voice broke into my thoughts: "Mary, they're here. Are you ready?" I moved through the hall, steadied my hand on the banister and slowly stepped downstairs. My eyes caught a glimpse of Ewell. There he stood, tall and handsome in his brown junior prom suit, which he had bought only a year ago when he borrowed from his life insurance policy. He wore his Sunday white shirt and a new striped tie. I saw him swallow hard as his eyes met mine. That glance between our two pair of eyes was almost like getting shocked on Grandma Johnson's electric fence. I felt shivers go up my back and a lump caught in my throat. I glanced around the room. Ewell's mother was already sniffing into her lace edged hankie, and his Dad sat with a smile on his face. He draped his arm around her shoulder in support of the hard time she was having letting go of the first son to be married. My step-father was there smiling for a change. Nothing ever seemed to please him, so I was convinced that he was happy that I'd be moving out of his home. There was Uncle Charlie, Aunt Ruby, and Grandma Jensen. Also Uncle Merrill, Aunt Arva, and I think Aunt Liddy was there, too. Coming in the front door were Uncle Rulon and Aunt Blanche. Standing by the library table, with a Bible in his hand, stood Mama's Uncle Ephraim Nelson, who had been Bishop of Moroni for many years. Ewell and I positioned ourselves in front of him. The words were a blur until he said, "I now pronounce you man and wife." Our kiss was just a little short one, as Ewell was shy about showing feelings in public, but he winked as he slipped the plain gold band on my finger. I could tell he was proud that he had been able to save ten dollars to buy the ring we had seen in the jewelry store window at Mount Pleasant.

Mama quickly gave me a hug, stiffened her jaw as if to fight back any possible emotion. She didn't like anyone to see her be anything but strong. Then she moved quickly to set my wedding day dinner on the table. We all sat at the large oak dining room table set with linen and Mama's best china. Everything was perfect! Ewell kept squeezing my hand under the table, sending messages of "I love you!"

I changed into a street dress and we sent out to the front lawn to get a breath of afternoon air. No one had a camera to take pictures. Thank goodness we had one taken the night before, in the booth at the drugstore as we had a soda before the dance. While we were all outside, the school bus passed with some of our younger classmates hanging out the windows, whistling and shouting good wishes to us.

We felt so honored and important. That scene and the noise which accompanied it still rings in my ears. Isn't it funny that would be the most vivid memory of my wedding day.

We visited over washing dishes, reminiscing about other people's wedding day, and soon it was 6 o'clock. A 1929 black Chevie pulled up in front of the house and honked. It was Leon Holman and Larue Nunley. They had come to take us to the show in Mount Pleasant. I don't remember much about the evening except that the movie was "Wagon Wheels." Later they dropped us off in front of Aunt Erma's darkened house. She had given us the key to her home for the night and she was off staying at her father's. by moonlight I could see the excited grin on Ewell's face, and once again butterflies fluttered in my stomach as he turned the key in the lock.

I won't tell you about the rest. It's too personal, but I will tell you it was a long night. I thought it would never end. We awakened with sunlight streaming into the room, dressed quickly, and started the six-block back to Mama's house for breakfast. I can still feel the blush on my face as we passed several neighbors who were up early and out in their yards. Each one yelled the very same thing, "How's married life?" I felt like the eyes of the whole world were fixed on just the two of us, and I saw faces peering from behind lace curtains in several houses as we walked by. That's the way small towns are. It had been a long night and it's been a long fifty years. I feel like I'm the one who's been peering from behind lace curtains watching young lovers from a long ago time. But it's an interesting view.

Sources: From the memory of the bride and groom.

THAT GRAND AND GLORIOUS FOURTH

Chris Jensen

3425 Eastwood Drive

Salt Lake City, Utah

Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

When I woke up that morning and looked outside, I said to myself, "This must be what they meant when they said a 'grand and glorious day.'"

The orange-colored handbill that had been left at our home a few days before had read:

Celebrate the Grand and Glorious Fourth of July at Ephraim. Big parade,
Games for Children, Patriotic songs, Speeches at the Ephraim Tabernacle,
Baseball Games, Ephraim vs. Mt. Pleasant.

Those two words, 'Grand and Glorious,' puzzled me. I wasn't quite sure what they meant. Soon I felt a stirring about the town that was different from other days. People were talking and yelling to each other. Here and there you could hear the popping of firecrackers. There seemed to be a general stirring of the atmosphere itself. This surely was what the handbill meant when it said a "Grand and Glorious Fourth of July."

I ate my breakfast wearing my nightshirt so I wouldn't get spots on my new suit. How the custom originated I don't know, but we always bought our new clothes just before the Fourth of July. In most places they bought new clothing for Easter. Not only did I get a new suit, but also a new pair of button shoes and a flat-topped cloth hat. What was special about the suit was the knickerbockers that buttoned above the knee. Before that I had worn those straight, short pants.

I was given elaborate instructions about keeping my suit clean. I must get no dust on the new shoes. All these precautions were necessary because after the parade I would go to the photography shop and have my picture taken.

The parade was to start at nine o'clock. I walked slowly until I was around the corner out of sight of my mother; then I ran as fast as I could. I was thinking of a spot to see the parade. The new two-story bank would afford some shade for awhile, and I wanted to get there before the big crowd.

In my pants pocket I had thirty-five cents. This was my usual Fourth of July budget. I could spend ten cents for popcorn, ten cents for firecrackers, ten cents for a dish of ice cream, and the nickel for either a banana or an orange. Even if I should happen to make some extra money, this was my allowance for some years.

When I arrived at Main Street, I noticed that two stores had set up outdoor booths. I bought a ten cent block of popcorn. It looked something like a flattened brick with some kind of pinkish sweet goo on it.

By now a large crowd had gathered on Main Street. Then came the parade. First came four men in army uniforms, members of our National Guard. One carried the United States flag, and another the Utah flag. On each side of these were two men carrying rifles. One was Silas McCafferty. Next was the band. When they were right in front of us they started up a lively tune. The wording on the bass drum read, "Snow Academy Band."

Next came a surrey drawn by a team of light horses. It was filled with older people. A banner read, "Pioneers of Ephraim." Another surrey followed with the town mayor and members of the City Council. The wives waved lace handkerchiefs at the spectators.

Then down the street came what we called a 'float.' A team of work horses had been hitched to a hay wagon. On the wagon were placed five low benches. On these sat about thirty children, boys and girls. The girls were dressed in white dresses with a red sash. The boys were also in white. Their homemade hats had a red band. Along the sides of the float there were two signs, each reading "Sanpete's Best Crop."

Just behind this was a buckboard. Four older men sat on chairs playing fife, drum, cornet and both snare and bass drums. Their sign read "Black Hawk War Veteran Band."

Next in line was the pride and joy of our town, an all ladies' band. They were all in uniform, sort of off-white military type with gold braid around their caps and on their coats. They marched briskly along and played a tune with such verve and enthusiasm that they drowned out all other music. Alongside, but dressed in a man's uniform, was Pat Young, the organizer and director of the band. Marching in the forefront of the band were two younger girls carrying an elaborately designed banner reading, "Ladies Mountain Echo Band." Almost everyone in town had contributed money for the uniforms and instruments. On several occasions they had been invited to play in larger cities and we had helped with the cost of transportation. All girl bands were a rarity in those days.

The float that followed was the high point of the parade. The horses were matched jet-black team, all curried and shined. Over their backs and sides had been spread some kind of fancy netting with tassels around the edges. Back of each ear, fastened to the bridles, were small American flags that bobbed and waved as the horses walked. The driver sat just back of the team. He was wearing a black suit and had on the shiniest black silk hat. I knew about that hat because it was my dad's. he had bought it from Denmark, but had never used it here. For years it sat in a special case in our attic. Just back of the driver stood a tall man dressed as Uncle Sam.

At the back of the wagon was the largest wicker chair I had ever seen. In front of it stood one of the most beautiful girls in town. Her name was Joan Sorenson. Her dad and my mother were cousins so I felt a special kinship to her. She was beautiful, though. Her hair was long and gently curled, the light blond catching the July sun so that the hair seemed to glow. She wore a long dress of white, and from her right shoulder to the left was a sign reading "Miss Columbia." On one side of her was a man dressed as a Union soldier, and on the other, one dressed as a Confederate. People on both sides of the street waved and shouted greetings to Miss Sorensen. She waved back with her white-gloved left hand. She was beautiful,

and as far as the parade was concerned this was the climax. If it had ended right then, the event would have been a big success.

Just behind Joan's float was a horse-drawn buckboard. On it someone had built the largest shoe I had ever seen. It must have been six feet long and about four feet high. A sign said, "Walkover shoes sold exclusively at J. N. Hansen's."

"Do you think that shoe would be big enough for Christ Schultz?" asked Mr. Olsen. Mr. Schultz was a neighbor of ours and was noted for his large feet.

Next was a real fun float. Dr. Nielson, our local dentist, had placed a dentist's chair on the buckboard. In it was Tom Christensen. He was wrapped four or five times with a large thick rope, the kind they call hawsers. He was moaning and struggling. The dentist had a large forceps in his hand and was acting as if he were pulling Tom's teeth. On a shelf lay about five teeth. They were large ones and they didn't fool me; they looked like cow's teeth. Everyone really laughed at the antics of the two.

At some distance behind this were two cars. One was J. F. McCafferty's Model T touring and D. W. Anderson's 'EMF.' In just a short while the two of them were going to race along Main Street.

It would be about a half an hour before the two cars would race down Main Street, and after that I would be meeting Tom Christensen, so I decided to go and have my photo taken. I had eaten most of the popcorn and so my hands and mouth were sticky. I leaned over an irrigation ditch, washed my hands and face and wiped them on the handkerchief in my pocket.

Inside the photo studio there were three little girls waiting. Their mothers were combing their hair by dipping the comb in a wash basin of water. Apparently the same water had been used for everyone, those who were there now and those who had been there earlier. The water had a dirty look. I decided I didn't want my hair combed so I left my hat on for my picture.

Returning to the street I was invited to participate in a children's race. Each child was handed a tablespoon, and an egg was placed on it.

"Now," said the director, "take the spoon and egg and run to the goal line and back again. The one who gets back without breaking the egg wins."

I didn't run, I walked deliberately, keeping my eyes on the egg. I was the winner and he gave me a five-cent piece.

Tome was waiting in front of Thorvald Hansen's candy store. "Who won the auto race?" I asked. "It was a tie," said Tom.

After that we bought ice cream. Popcorn and a dime package of firecrackers. With my extra nickel I bought a banana.

At the Ephraim Tabernacle there was a meeting with patriotic songs and speeches, but neither Tom or I wanted to go because it was hot inside the building.

The municipal ball field was about a mile away, so Tom and I walked down there. We had no money for admission, so we watched from the outside. After a few innings, we sneaked onto the field and sat on the ground near the right fielder. Evan Erickson knocked a home run but the game ended in Mt. Pleasant's favor.

I had about two miles to walk to get home. The July heat about burned me up. My new suit was hot and suffocating. I hadn't eaten since breakfast except the sticky popcorn, ice cream and a sack of "brown bears." I got home about six o'clock and quickly got into my old chambray shirt, my bib overalls, my work socks and old worn shoes. That was a real "grand and glorious" feeling.



On the float, ready for a 4th of July parade in Ft. Green. Courtesy Jessie Oldroyd

A DANISH COURTSHIP

Eleanor P. Madsen
295 East First North
Ephraim, Utah
First Place Short Story

“Christiana, I received this letter from a friend in America today. Would you like to answer it for me?”

These words from the dedicated young missionary, Hans Brown, caught the attractive Christiana Nielsen off guard. She hesitated a moment before answering, then she asked, “What is it about? Who is it from?”

“It’s from Christian, a good friend of mine who lives in Utah. You can read it and then see if you want to answer it.” Hans handed the letter to Christiana as he said, “I’ll see you later. I have an appointment.”

Christiana stood for a moment looking perplexed and then sat down by the small oak table with the letter in front of her. She read it over and over again, the full meaning finally taking hold in her mind. Her thoughts centered on two sentences: “You know the worth of Danish girls. Can you find me one? How could she answer such a letter? Who was this Christian Lund? Christiana’s mind flooded with questions. “America?” She had always dreamed of going to America. “How could she stand to leave her mother?” The questions raced on and on in her mind.

Christiana had lived most of her life in Odense, Denmark. She was only twelve when she and her mother had left Hundstrup and come to Odense searching for work. Christiana left behind only sad memories of her birthplace; the loss of her father when she was only three years old; her only brother and a stepfather were also buried in the little churchyard cemetery.

As Christiana and her mother lived in Odense, there was hope of a better life, joy in the friendships they had made at the Mission Home. She and her mother had washed, ironed, cooked and cleaned, and kept the home comfortable for the missionaries and others who lived there. Hans and two other missionaries, Hans Poulsen and Martin Rasmussen, had taught Christiana and her mother the gospel and had baptized them. They had become good friends.

Christiana was now twenty-four and knew a great deal about life and its perplexities and problems. "Surely, there were fewer problems in America," she thought as she read again the opened letter on the little table. She was touched by the account of Christian's loneliness and his children's desperate need of a mother. "Five young children?" she pondered. "The youngest was just two and would never know his own mother. What of the eleven and thirteen-year-old boys? How would they accept her?" Her thoughts raced on and on. The decision had to be made soon. If she went, she would need to be ready to sail with the missionaries who would be leaving in a month. She must talk with Hans; find out more about this Christian Lund. She read the letter slowly once more, then folded it carefully and put it in her apron pocket. She would answer it, but she would talk to Hans first when he returned to the Mission Home.

After Christiana's talk with Hans and a restless night, she arose early to answer the letter before her day's work began.

"Dear Mr. Lund," she wrote. That didn't sound right. "Dear Elder Lund." No, that wasn't right either. Just, "Dear Lund," that's what she would call him. That sounded more respectful.

Dear Lund,

Elder Brown has asked me to answer the letter he received this week concerning the need of someone to care for your children and to take care of household duties. Since I have had some experience in this respect, I should be pleased to come and help as you suggested.

There was more, but after the letter was mailed, the promise Christiana had made to this man she had never met was all she could think about. Other letters crossed the wide ocean and soon the day arrived for goodbyes to her mother and the dear friends she had made in Odense. As Christiana boarded the boat with the three missionaries, the tears could not be restrained, tears for her mother, for the homeland she was leaving, perhaps never to see again.

As Christiana stood on the deck that day in June, her auburn hair touched by the wind, her sad blue eyes reflecting the blue of the water, Hans Brown, who stood nearby thought, "Christian will be pleased. She will be a good wife for him."

The ocean voyage was long and tiring with much opportunity for reflection. Yet Christiana's keen wit and sparkling personality helped make the trip more enjoyable for many aboard. The 'old world' was now behind her and a new life lay ahead. She was ready to accept the challenges and assume whatever responsibilities might be hers.

As the boat docked in New Orleans and Christiana and the little group later boarded the train that would take them west to Utah, she was filled with awe and gratitude to be in America, the land of which

she had so long dreamed. In Salt Lake City arrangements were made for the trip by wagon to Mt. Pleasant, home of Lund and the three missionaries.

By the time they reached their destination, Christiana was tired and apprehensive about her commitment. She was glad Elder Rasmussen had offered her a place to stay that night, but had not expected he would invite Lund there immediately to meet her. Her hair was in disarray, her face sunburned, her appearance anything but attractive after the long trip. The introduction was brief, Lund's visit short. Christiana wondered if she had made a mistake in coming. As Christian walked slowly home again, he, too, wondered if he had done the right thing in sending for her. The letters had brought such hope; reality, disappointment.

The next night a dance and homecoming party for the three missionaries was held in the ward social hall. A pretty fair-complexioned, blue-eyed, auburn-haired girl with a vivacious personality soon attracted the attention of many of the group. She did not lack for dance partners. Christiana was disappointed though that Lund did not come immediately to greet her.

Christian had been aware of Christiana since she first entered the hall, but it took him some time to decide who the beautiful young lady was. Once he recognized her, the picture changed, and renewing his introduction of the previous evening he became her most devoted admirer. Later, he invited her to her rightful place in his home.

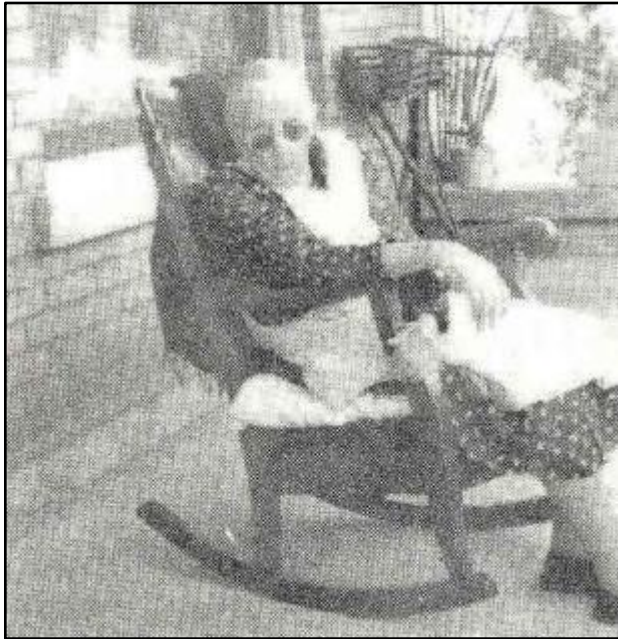
From July until October, Christiana assumed the duties of a faithful housekeeper and the care of Christian's five children. She taught the two girls how to cook and sew, and together they adorned the home with pretty embroidery and fine lace. Dishes sparkled in the little china cupboard. Even the rough boards on the wooden porch were scrubbed white. Christian felt happiness and peacefulness returning to his home again. So it was, on a crisp October day Christian and Christiana, with warm lap-ropes, a basket of Christiana's crusty bread, and some home-cured ham and many good wishes, climbed into the wagon for the trip to Salt Lake City. In the Endowment House the next day they were sealed as husband and wife in bonds of holy matrimony. After a short stay with friends in Salt Lake City the couple returned to their home in Mt. Pleasant where the girl from Denmark now resided as queen by the side of her beloved Lund.

Christiana bore six children of her own. One died in infancy. She was a loving mother, grandmother, a gracious hostess and friend. She took her place beside her husband with dignity as he served as Bishop, Stake President, Mayor, Legislator and other important positions. She cared for the family and affairs at home while Christian served as Mission President in Denmark. Her life was filled with hard work, but happiness as she devoted her time and efforts to caring for the family and making the home a place where everyone was welcome.

Sources: Incidents told to me by my mother.

History of "our Mothers" by Grace Jacobsen

History of C. N. Lund



**90 year old Mary Jolley Oldroyd on her porch in Ft. Green, Courtesy
Jessie Oldroyd.**



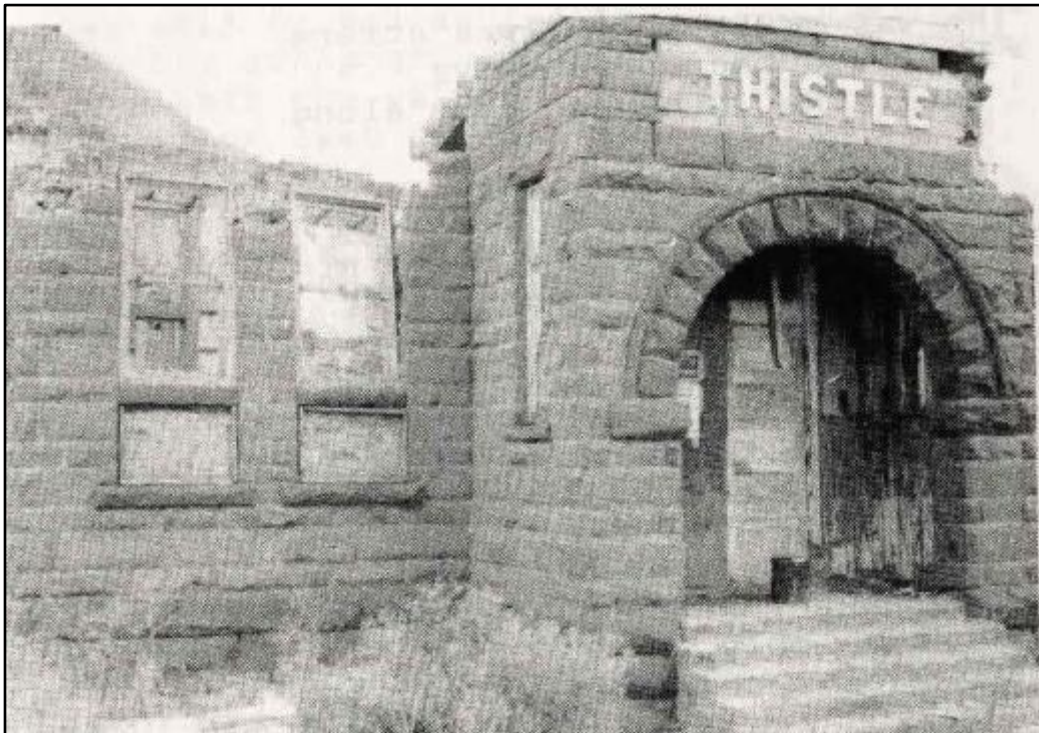
**Grandma Anna Margaret Hansen,
Christmas 1949.**



All babies wore long dresses. About 1900-1920

In keeping with the theme for the 1988 Saga "Sanpete Folks and Their Homes," the pictures above feature the beginning and the fulfillment of life. The baby typifies the hope, the beauty, the love that permeates each home as one of these little ones commences his life in the new surroundings. (Note the long white dress worn by most babies in the early 1900's. The mother, Anna Margaret Hansen of Sterling, pictures the character developed through a life of toil, perseverance and patience. As one of the early pioneers she strives to make her house a home.

The pictures in the book show early buildings in Sanpete, those who protected the people and their homes, the industries that provided daily needs and the much needed recreation that kept their lives balanced.



While Thistle is not in Sanpete County, it has always been a gateway to the valley. There are many fond memories tucked away in the hearts of the people who make their way through Thistle to Sanpete. Nevada Nielson's poem of the "Legend of Billy's Mountain" has also been set to music. The picture of the old school house was made available for the Saga by Nevada.

A legaeen is defined as "any story coming down from the past, one popularly taken as historical though not verifiable, can involve a myth (existing only in one's imagination).

I have dedicated the "Legend of Billy's Mountain" to my grandchildren. Some legends last forever. To Victor, Laura, Jessica, Wade, Larry (Buster) and Devin.

LEGEND OF BULLY'S MOUNTAIN

By Nevada Nielson

Billy was an Indian.
He was young and he was strong.
He lived the Indian ways
Until the white man came along.

He hunted in the valley.
He stood upon the hill.
The white man came to know him
And changed his name to Bill.

Billy loved an Indian maiden.
She was beautiful and fair.
A trapper traded furs for her
And took her in his care.

A white man took his love,
The white man took his land.
Just a lowly Indian
He didn't understand.

The trapper was a cruel man,
Consumed by brooding hate.
He kept a watchful eye on her
There was no escape.

Billy sensed a danger,
A whisper on the wind,
As voices somewhere beckoning,
The maiden calling him.

In great haste he traveled
Found where they camped that day
Along beside the river
The Indian maiden lay.

He laid her to rest
On top a mountain high,
Told the Gods he'd avenge her death
Then beside her he would lie.

How long he tracked the trapper
No one really knows,
A hunting party found him
Frozen in the snow.

They said it was an Indian
Took his scalp off clean
Billy left the valley,
It was the last he was ever seen.

That's when the legend started
Billy and his Indian bride
Are seen in the moonlight
Standing side by side.

A railroad town grew and
Settled in that mountain pass.
Billy's mountain loomed above it,
Linking the present to the past.

When they named the mountain Billy,
It was his to always keep
They cut a highway in the hill
Disturbing Billy's sleep.

No one seemed to notice
The changes that were occurring,
As if inside the mountain,
Something had started stirring.

As the snows began melting
On the mountain cold and white
A mud slide damned up the river
In the middle of the night.

It washed out the highway.
It flooded out the town.
It took out the railroad
For many miles around.

In the little town name thistle,
Nestled below the hill
No one lives there any more
And no one ever will.

They rebuilt the highway
Leading to other towns
They're having a lot of trouble
Billy's a mountain keeps sliding down.

It seems that just a slight bit
The mountain keeps a shifting

Cracks appearing in the road
As the highway starts lifting.

They're drilling holes deep in the ground
Trying to figure the problem out
Perhaps the best solution
Would be to take another route.

This is the legend of Billy's mountain
In history there's nothing told
Will they remember Billy
When that mystery unfolds?



Nine Mile Reservoir being built 1909. A spot where all the folks love to go fishing, even today.
Courtesy Gerald Alder



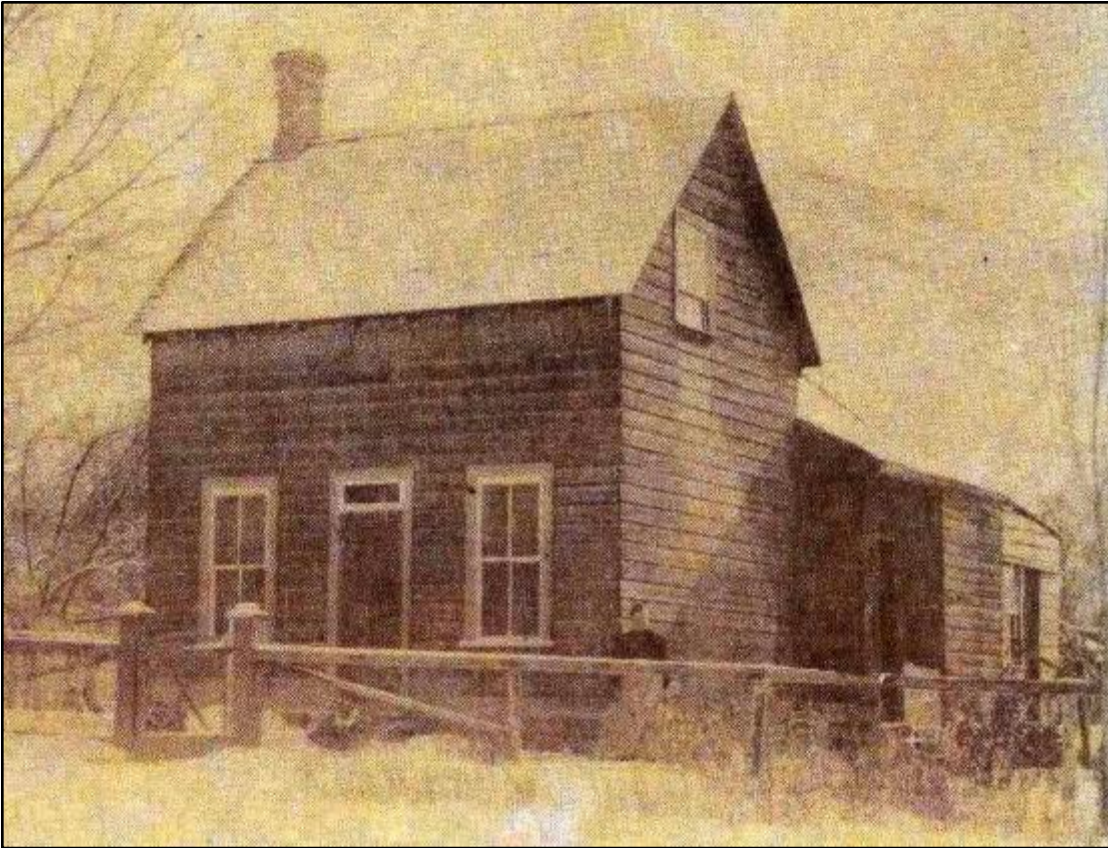
Funk's Lake (Palisade) Always a favorite spot for boating fun – 1885. Courtesy Ruth Scow

Let's go for a ride-all air conditioned. Note unique doors and how they open, the wooden spokes on the wheels. Courtesy LaMar Larsen.



Mary Domgaard Christensen, Maria Kjar Dyreng, Petrena Domgaard Munk, Elizabeth Crawford Munk.





A home in Manti



Some folks traveled with horse and buggy to get their mail, shop at the furniture store and the Farmer's Exchange in Centerfield.
Courtesy LaMar Larsen.

THE WARM SPRINGS OF MANTI

I wonder warm springs if you miss us,
That bunch of old-fashioned girls,
Who would seek your bright sparkling waters,
To bathe on a hot summer day?
With our coarse home-made shoes and sun-
bonnets.
We would walk every step of the way

Do you remember the think warm linsey,
Our mothers fashioned with care,
Served well, I'm sure for a bath suit,
Grown soft with washing and wear.

We were gay with chatter and laughter,
As we'd sport in your sparkling swirl.
Speak up, warm springs, and tell us
Is the flapper that now sports your water
As happy as the old-fashioned girl?

I wonder warm springs if you'd know us,
That bunch of old-fashioned girls,
As we sit around in a circle
And vistas of life are opened
And glimpses of Heaven unfurls.

Deep lines envelope our features,
And silvered is our hair.
Our forms are bent with the toiling
And illness and fretting and care.

Dear warm springs we have learned what life is.
We have tasted the bitter, the sweet.
We are now going down on the home stretch
God willing, our loved ones to meet.

Elizabeth Crawford Munk



The Warm Springs of Manti