



EARLY WOOLGROWERS IN FOUNTAIN GREEN

(See related story on page 38)



N.M. Jensen



George Collard



James Louis
Nielson



John J. Oldroyd



George Dobbs
Jackson



Matthias Alfred



Henry Jackson



Paul Madsen



James Mikkelsen



Peter Jacobsen



Osmond Crowther



James F. Robertson



Heber Livingston



Eugene Theiron
Syme



Thomas C. Jackson



John W. Jackson

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XXVI

Winning Entries

of the

Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Twenty-Five Year Index

**Sponsored by
Sanpete Historical Writing Committee
Eleanor P. Madsen, Chairman**

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PREFACE

The theme for this year, "Those Who Made a Difference In Sanpete," brought many fine quality entries. Judges, in making their selections for places in the contest, indicated that those not chosen for first, second or third place, could be included as honorable mention. They made no ranking of places among the honorable mention entries.

Since including a larger number of honorable mention entries in some categories would add to the valuable history that has already been published in the Saga of the Sanpitch, we have decided to include all that we can.

An index for all issues of the Saga that were published in the first 25 years is also included.

With the larger number of pages, it was necessary to have a better binding. Staples would not be adequate to hold this many pages together. Therefore, it has become necessary to increase the cost of Volume 26. The extra cost is for additional history, plus an index, which we hope will be helpful to you.

When we think of the great heritage that is ours here in Sanpete, we are led to wonder at the privilege that is ours just to be here. From the earlier pioneers, and each succeeding generation, there is a special quality among the folks who live in Sanpete that needs to be preserved. We hope this issue of the Saga of the Sanpitch will help in that preservation.

The theme for 1995 will again focus on "People Who Make A Difference in Sanpete." Our hope is that some of the noble deeds of unsung heroes will be revealed: people who have been active in public affairs; people who have been heroes to their families; and people who gave their very best. They all deserve our honor and respect.

Eleanor Madsen will again serve as chairman of the Saga of the Sanpitch, with committee members: Lillian Fox, Buena Fay Moore, Camille O. Lindsay, Louise O. Jensen and Linnie Findlay.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Sanpete Historical Writing Committee wish to thank all who submitted manuscripts or who have loaned pictures and in other ways given of time and talents in the production of this volume of the Saga of the Sanpitch. We are grateful for all who have offered encouragement in many ways.

CHAIRMAN:	Eleanor P. Madsen
COMMITTEE:	Linnie M. Findlay Lillian H. Fox Camille O. Lindsay Norma W. Barton Louise Jensen
TREASURER:	Buena Fay Moore
EDITING:	Diana Major Spencer Jannette H. Anderson
TYPISTS:	Rebecca Lindsay Colleen Lindsay

COVER

The cover picture, reminiscent of pioneer life style, presents an image of the circumstances under which many of the people "who made a difference in Sanpete" lived. The cover was created by Elizabeth J. Story, a former Mt. Pleasant resident, who now lives at 1513 Madison Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

ADVERTISING

Radio Stations KMTI and KMXU, Messenger-Enterprise. Manti; Gunnison Valley News, Gunnison; Pyramid, Mt. Pleasant; The Provo Herald. Provo; Richfield Reaper. Richfield; Committee members and volunteers.

EDITING

Diana Major Spencer is a native of Salt Lake City and a descendant of Mormon Pioneers of 1847. Her home is in Mayfield, Utah. She teaches English at Snow College. This year marks the sixteenth year she has volunteered her service as proofreader and copy editor for the Saga.

Jannette H. Anderson is a native of Ephraim, Utah, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Demont Howell and wife of Gary Anderson. She is a professor and the English Department Chairperson at Snow College.

JUDGES

Dr. Reed K. Miller was born and raised in Provo, Utah. Dr. Miller and his wife Opal Miller are the proud parents of four children: Mark, Michelle, Maralee and Miguel. They also have eleven grandchildren. Dr. Miller earned a Bachelors of Arts from BYU, a Masters of Arts from California State at Los Angeles and a Doctorate Degree from the University of Utah. The Miller family has lived in Covina, California where Dr. Miller was a teacher; Buenos Aires, Argentina, where Dr. Miller was the Principal of the American Community School; Anaheim, California, where Dr. Miller was an Elementary School Principal and an LDS Bishop; and Mt. Pleasant, Utah, where Dr. Miller is the Principal and District Director.

Linda Allred was born in Spring City, Utah, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Q. Aiken. After graduating from Snow College and Utah State University, she married Osral B. Allred. They are the parents of six children and have four grandchildren. *In* 1966, they moved back to Spring City to live. Osral teaches at Snow College and Linda teaches at Spring City Elementary. She has taught sixteen years-half day Fifth Grade and half day Special Education and Chapter I.

Magdalene L. Nordmark was born in Salina, Utah and lived in Sevier County until the age of nine. Her family moved to many states while she was growing up. She met her husband, Carl H. Nordmark of Seaside, Oregon and spent most of her married life there. They have five children. After the early death of her husband, Magdalene returned to her profession as an elementary school teacher for seventeen years in Seaside, Oregon. Upon early retirement, she came to Ephraim to take care of her aging parents and lived there for five years. While living in Ephraim, she self-published her first book. She has lived in Mt. Pleasant for two and a half years and has a second book in the process of being sent to a publisher.

RULES FOR SANPETE WRITING CONTEST

1. The Sanpete Historical Writing Contest is open to all Sanpete County residents and former residents.
2. Contestants may enter in the Professional, Non-Professional or Senior Divisions. 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 often 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 of Sanpete County and must be consistent with the time period. They must be authentic and fully documented.
5. All entries must be the original work of the contestant in keeping with good literary standards. They must not have been published or must not now be in the hands of an editor and/or other persons to be published. The entry must not be submitted for publication elsewhere until the contest is decided.
6. Only one entry in each category may be submitted by each contestant.
7. 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 1/2x11 sheet bearing name and address of author, title, first line of entry and the division in which it is to be entered.
8. Manuscripts must be typewritten and double spaced. The number of lines for poetry and number of words for all other categories must be written on the first page of the entry.
9. Judges are selected by the Contest Chairmen and members of the Saga Committee. Judges have the right to award or not award prizes or honorable mention to entries. The judges' decision will be final.
10. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 30, 1995. For return of manuscripts please include full size envelope and sufficient postage.
11. All entries must be addressed to Sanpete Historical Writing Contest, c/o Eleanor Madsen, 295 East 100 North, Ephraim, Utah 84627; Linnie Findlay, Box 56-4 Ephraim, Utah 84627; Louise Jensen, 420 South 100 East, Ephraim, Utah 84627; or to Lillian Fox, 140 North 100 West, Manti, Utah 84642.
12. Winners will be announced at a special awards program that will be held in August for that purpose.
13. In evaluating the writing the following criteria will be considered:
 - Poetry: Length must not exceed 32 lines
 - a. Message or theme
 - b. Form and Pattern
 - c. Accomplishment of purpose
 - d. Climax
 - Historical Essay and Personal Recollection: Length must not exceed 1500 words.
 - a. Adherence to theme
 - b. Writing style (interesting reading)
 - c. Accomplishment of purpose
 - d. Accuracy of information
 - e. Documentation
 - Anecdote: Length must not exceed 300 words.

- a. Accuracy of information
- b. Clarity of presentation
- c. Writing style
- d. Documentation

Short Story: Length must not exceed 3000 words.

- a. Adherence to theme
- b. Writing style
- c. Characterization
- d. Well-defined plot
- e. Documentation

14. The theme for Volume XXVI will be "People who made a Difference in Sanpete," celebrating the 27th anniversary of the Saga of the Sanpitch. As we look forward to 1995, Volume 27, let's be thinking about those wonderful people who lived in these valleys and left us a great heritage, those who made possible the comfort and peace that we now enjoy.



LOWRY FAMILY -
Manti
Back row 1 to r-
William Lowry, , John
Lowry III, his wife
Lawrency, Will
Lowry,
Diantha Reid, Annie
Lowry & baby,
Lawrence's wife and
baby, Mary Lowry
Peacock, Lewis R.
Anderson and son
Clair, Clara M.
Anderson, Hans
Jensen's
wife, Bp. Hans
Jensen, Dora Lowry
Allen, Lowry
daughter. On chairs:
Mary Lowry,
John Lowry Jr., Sarah

Jane Bown Lowry, Will Lowry (owner of house) Ellen Lowry (his wife, . Sitting on the porch: Eunice M. Davenport, , Ella Lowry, Nettie Alder, Olive L. Snow, Rozelle L. Harmon, Jenny L. Leslie. On ground: Ivan Lowry, James, Clifton Lowry, him, Maurice, Charlotte, Maurine Olsen, Naomi Lowry. — Courtesy Ruth Scow



Relief Society Presidents Ephraim Wards 1942, Centennial year - birthday cake for Esther L. Thomson - South Ward, Susannah Olsen - West Ward, Eva G. Jensen - North Ward

THE DANISH PEOPLE AMONG US

Lillian H. Fox

Senior Division First Place Essay

I have never been to Denmark but my roots are there. My paternal grandparents came to Manti with the Danish company in 1853. My father was born here and my mother arrived in 1902. I grew up among the relatives and friends with Danish customs and traditions and with Danish blood flowing in my veins. My uncle said that it was strong blood and if put in anyone else it would kill 'em!

Recently I gave a lesson to twenty-five adults and asked how many of them had Danish ancestors; seventeen raised their hand. The following quotation is taken from The Daughter's of Utah Pioneers manual of March, 1994: "Sometimes between the years 1898 and 1901 while Lorenzo Snow was President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints he remarked about 1300 missionaries had labored in Norway, Sweden and Denmark, and as a result of their labors upwards of 48,000 people had been baptized into the Church. Altogether about 33,000 Saints had come to Utah from these countries and they were still coming." At a conference in Ephraim about the year 1900, a speaker asked all the Danish people in the audience to please stand up, and about 75 % rose to their feet.

The first Book of Mormon to be translated into a foreign language was into the Danish language, in the year 1850, with the help of Peter Hansen and a Danish lad, Erastus Snow, President of the Danish Mission, made the translation.

The largest group of Danish converts to come to Sanpete was known as the Forsgren Company. About 293, half of them children, arrived in Salt Lake City September 30, 1853. They spent nine months en route, having traveled across the Atlantic on an old sailing vessel, The Forest Monarch, journeyed up the Mississippi from New Orleans to Keokuk, Iowa, and then crossed the plains with ox-driven covered wagons to the Utah Territory. They were weary of travel and anxious to find a place they could call home.

Three years earlier, in the fall of 1849, President Brigham Young, on the request of Indian Chief Walkara, had sent a company of 224 of his people to the Valley of the Sanpitch to establish a colony. Not knowing that the elevation of this was over a thousand feet higher than Salt Lake and therefore colder, these people suffered greatly and nearly perished. Most of their cattle died from cold and starvation. They survived by digging dugouts into the south side of a hill where they were protected from the elements.

Since Denmark was a country of the far north and colder, Brigham Young sent the Danish people to Sanpete to establish a settlement. Three weeks later, they arrived at the Allred Settlement (Spring City) but found the colony deserted, some of the crops still in the ground. The Alfreds' had moved to Manti, seventeen miles further south where there was a large fort providing protection from the Ute Indians who were on the warpath.

The Danes arrived, hungry, broke and in a strange land where they could not speak or understand the language, and they knew the eyes of the hostile Indians were upon them. They had not lived near the mountains, and here the high peaks seemed to be staring down on them forbidding and cold. They knelt in prayer and then went to work digging the few small potatoes the Allreds' had left in the ground, patching up the empty cabins, gathering grass for their oxen and hunting and fishing for food.

They had been in the Allred Settlement a few weeks when Brigham Young sent word telling them to move as quickly as possible to the Manti Fort for protection. He had been informed that the Indians were planning to attack all the outlying settlements and that this was one of them. Manti people had been told to expect them.

Piling their few belongings into wagons and carts they headed for Manti. The Indians moved in behind them and burned the settlement to the ground. They arrived at the Manti fort December 15, 1853.

The Manti people were in no condition to care for so many people. They had been in the Sanpitch only four years with many problems of survival. The Danes moved into their old deserted fort near a new one just constructed. Here they again patched up leaking roofs with willows and cleaned the litter from the dirt floors of the cabins that surrounded the inside walls of the fort. There was not enough room for so many families, so some of them lived all winter just outside the fort in their covered wagons with only cloth stretched over their heads for protection, their food that winter was the small frozen potatoes that had brought with them from the Allred Settlement and smutty wheat. However, they suffered more from lack of clothing than from food. They were grateful for protection from the Indians.

With the coming of spring, the Danes moved out and homesteaded the land. Some moved back to the Allred Settlement, some moved to Pine Creek (Ephraim), and some remained in Manti to build homes.

Victor Rassmussen made the following statement:

"About 900 Danes joined the Church between the years 1850 and 1870. Most of them had been rejected by their own people. Nevertheless, they never gave up or accepted defeat. They were a mighty force in occupying this untamed land. They put forth tremendous efforts and physical stamina. They

brought many skills with them. They did not pray for ease, but for strength. The highest tribute we can pay them is not grief but gratitude. We should all try to emulate their ideals."

Another man said, "The Danes proved to be strong-willed and individualistic, not afraid of work and enjoyed a challenge. I had an uncle who did things the hardest way to ensure himself a day's work."

The Danish People had a great sense of humor and enjoyed telling stories, often about themselves, in her book Perron Creek. Wanda Peterson says, "Brothers and sisters enjoyed gathering in the evening and laughed until their sides ached as they spun tales of their growing up years. The jokes they told were kind, showing an understanding of the foibles of human nature, the comical rendering of English from people learning a new language."

A favorite story is one about a man from Gunnison who said, "Ve didn't use our heads like Ole Borg! He married a widow vit t'ree daughters, unt den raised dem to please hisself. Dee made gut vifes, unt den he married them and his only mother-in-law was his vife."

At one time so many Danes lived in Spring City and Ephraim that each town, in turn, was called Little Denmark.

It would be appropriate if Sanpete had an area set aside for Little Denmark, such as Solvang in California, or at least a building to display artifacts and information about Danes.



Mt. Pleasant D & RG Depot, Eldon Hughes Pioneer Board member Nov. 10, 1976
Courtesy Louise Johansen

PEOPLE WHO MADE A DIFFERENCE - MY MOTHER

Ruth D. Scow

Senior Division Second Place Essay

Mother gave me life, and it was her influence, caring and love that guided me to be the person I am today.

She was of Danish descent on her father's side. He came with his parents and two sisters from the Danish island of Bornholm by sailing ships to Copenhagen, Denmark, then to Liverpool, England, and then to the United States, coming into this country by way of the Mississippi River.

At Keokuk, Iowa, he watched as this Danish company spent the winter of 1852-53 making harnesses for the oxen they intended to buy come springtime. They had the surprise of finding that our American oxen had no understanding of harnesses. They responded to the sound of a cracking whip and the directions of "gee" and "haw" from the driver. As a result, they ran away and all the harnesses were broken up.

Arriving in Salt Lake City, State of Deseret, President Brigham Young was perplexed to know what to do with the problems of language, housing, jobs, and food. These problems he solved by dividing the company of Jensens, Christensens, Christiansens, Petersons, Olsens, and other -sens, sending half of them to help settle in Cache County on the north and the others south to the Manti settlement where they arrived October 15, 1853.

My mother's mother was born March 13, 1951, in the settlement of Manti when it was only fifteen months old. Her parents began their journey to Utah with the Mormon Battalion (1846). The husband signed the roll call as a private (\$7.00 per month) and his wife signed on as a washerwoman. The two older boys became teamsters.

At the Arkansas River the decision was made to release a sick detachment because of pregnancies, fevers, and other sicknesses. They were to winter in Pueblo, Colorado, with plans to meet Brigham Young and his company of original settlers to Deseret as they came west in 1847.

However, later they found this original company had already passed the place they were to meet. Thus this Mormon Battalion Company with some Mississippi saints entered the Salt Lake Valley July 9, 1847. Two years later they were called to be original settlers in the valley of the Sanpitch Indians where they arrived November 19-21, 1849.

With this background of heritage, Mother, born October 8, 1869, grew up with the valley. She learned early in life to cook and sew for her family members. Her mother became ill for many years, and the responsibilities of the home fell upon Minerva and her two younger sisters, Clara and May.

In March of 1906 she married a young man from Manti whose parents came from Lanchashire, England, and Connestoga, Pennsylvania.

I remember of a summer evening, sitting with mother on our porch steps while waiting for my father to come home from "his land" "over the river." It was at these times when I would ask. "Mother, please tell me about when you were a little girl," and thus began my life-long true-story interest in local history.

Then on a Saturday while I helped my grandparents I became interested in their stories and the happenings in their pioneer lives in driving the cattle and walking across the plains. They told of Chief Walker and his brothers - Arropene and Black Hawk. Black Hawk was the Indian Chief who deeded Sanpete County to the L.D.S. Church. Chief Arropene and his Indians lived two hills above Grandpa's farm, north and

east of Sterling. Black Hawk started the Black Hawk War. Later (in 1870) he and his Indians were placed on the Uintah Indian Reservation. Later he came back to Sanpete to apologize for the trouble he and his Indians had caused the settlers.

Mother had a beautiful singing voice. She was a member of the Manti Tabernacle Choir under director A.C. Smyth. Sometimes she would sing to me many of the songs of the early pioneers and songs of the turn of the century. We even had a tree north of our house that when the wind blew, reminded us of an Indian chief riding his pony to battle.

At one time Mother and her sisters volunteered to mend the Manti Ward lending library books. They were in a large wooded box. One sister would read, and the other two would take care of torn pages and displaced covers; Mother became an avid reader. I learned to enjoy reading all good literature, magazines, and newspapers, too.

In her growing up years, the responsibility for the family cooking fell on my mother Minerva. She learned to cook and make do with what they had - milk, cream, butter, eggs, salted pork/meat. There was no refrigeration in those days. Always there were plenty of vegetables. Grandpa was a good gardener. Small fruit trees they bought from Brigham's Nursery in Parowan - - apples, crabapples, prunes, pears, and grapes, these they dried or put in crock jars until the time of glass jar. Having mastered the ability to make a good meal with the ingredients at hand, Mother became a masterful good cook. I remember the sack of flour Mother had in storage at our entrance into the World War I time. How good a slice of white bread tasted with butter and honey. It would be the size of my hand, and I could lick and savor the uniformity and taste it. When our country entered the war in 1917, all the good flour was sent to feed our armies, and the folks at home were left with brown flour which made bread not raise very much, no matter how much yeast was added.

In the fall my father would take a wagon load of his grain to Mayfield and trade the wheat for flour. Thus Mother believed in storage, and we always had our winter flour in 50-lb. cloth sack. Too, she dried apples and other fruits, then canned peaches, plums, and pears for delicious winter eating. Whenever possible, a 5-gallon can of honey was a part of our preparation for winter, in an outside trench, lined with straw, were buried parsnips, carrots, and cabbages. We also had a potato pit. Always we had plenty good food to eat. Mother began to sew her sisters dresses when she was nine years old. She had the ability to draft her own patterns. She taught in the "school of hard knocks" never waste. I never had a store purchased coat until I was a student at Manti High School.

Mother loved music and sacrificed much that I could have the pleasure of piano music lessons. Our piano was a Baby Grand in an upright. I hated practicing, but after a fashion I learned to play. Mother could play the organ, but that was at Grandmother's.

Mother loved to read and was always talking of some book she was reading. In fact, when we first had a room finished upstairs, she had a wood burning stove installed, and every night she read aloud to us...When a Man's a Man by Harold Bell Wright, David Harum by Westcott, and many of Zane Grey's and Jack London's books also. A coal oil lamp furnished the light.

My mother was a very religious person trying hard to do the things that were right. She worked in many, if not all, of the auxiliary organizations of the L.D.S. Church, and was a charter member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Manti Camp.

She had a keen sense of humor and had the ability to organize and get things done, in fact they often dubbed her the "Flat iron of the Relief Society." She had the talent to smooth things out, and as a

child I never did have a spanking. She used the silent tactic when I came home from play later than she told me.

Because she wanted me to have an education, somehow mother and father managed to send me, after graduating from Manti High, to Snow College. My father sold several cows to pay my tuition and transportation in Jess Barthomomew's first school bus to continue on to Snow College. I earned my lunch each school day by working in the cafeteria at the college.

Mother was a firm believer in work. Nothing was impossible if the one was willing to sacrifice and work. Mother was never idle; always she was helping others, her own folks especially. Work was a good word at our home.

Even though her household money was very scarce at times she wanted things nice and planned color schemes in our home so they harmonized. She was particular about her dress. She always wanted to look her best, even though she had to save and plan and scheme and work long hours sewing; the result was her clothes were always stylish and becoming.

She often told me to be thankful for my birthright. I never remember her saying anything bad about anyone or repeating gossip. A friend maker, a good neighbor, everyone seemed to love her and respect her for her honesty, her caring, her kindness, and her great understanding.

She knew when to push to get a thing accomplished. She helped me immensely when I had problems. Always when I would talk to her I could feel her love, her confidence and trust in me.

I have accomplished goals I have set for myself because of her teaching and the examples she sets for me. I can hear again her words repeated over and over, "You can do it!"

Andrew Jensen - L.D.S. Church historian

Gathering to Zion by Campbell

Family histories

Song of the Century

The author's personal rememberings.



Minerva Davenport 1945 - Manti, Utah
Courtesy Ruth Scow

FROM PLEASANT CREEK TO CROW CREEK AND BACK

Elizabeth Jacobsen Story
Senior Division Third Place Essay

I was born in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, near Pleasant Creek and lived there for twenty years. I lived in Cheyenne, Wyoming, near Crow Creek for fifty-five years. I have loved both places and both creeks for all my lifetime.

In the book *The History of Mt. Pleasant* by Hilda Madsen Longsdorf, I read about a trip that was made from Pleasant Creek to Crow Creek by some young men of Mt. Pleasant. It was a trip of six hundred miles there and six hundred miles back, a long trip that took almost three months and the lives of six young men from Mt. Pleasant.

As the story unfolds in this history book, it tells about the church leaders sending a message to the settlement of Mt. Pleasant, in central Utah. It told of the need for forty men and several ox-drawn wagons to travel to the place where the railroad ended in Wyoming. This is now known as Cheyenne.

They were to meet three hundred saints from Denmark, who would need help in traveling to Utah from where the railroad ended. They would have only their personal possessions. They had no way to buy wagons and oxen, which they would need for the six-hundred-mile trip to their destination in Utah.

These young men who were chosen traveled along with either men and ox-drawn wagons from other settlements, as well. The year was 1865. It was summer time, and the Civil War was coming to an end. The work on the intercontinental railroad going west to Utah was being speeded up. This was where the railroad workers would meet up with the men who were building the tracks from California east, they would meet at Promontory Point in Utah in the year 1867. After that, it was easy for the saints from the ok! countries to get to Mormon country in Utah, Idaho, and Nevada; but this year it was necessity for our new converts to be met at rails' end by these men and ox-team and wagons with food and supplies which they would need on the six-hundred-mile trip west to Utah. Ox teams were important because the long trip was much too tiring for horses.

This group of young men was headed by Captain Seeley. These men from Mt. Pleasant were joined by other young men from other settlements. My great-grandfather, Ras Frandsen, was one of the men from Mt. Pleasant. Also listed were John Johnson, Christian Jensen, Conderset Rowe, Andrew Syndergard, and others.

When they reached Wyoming, it was necessary to ferry the loaded wagons and the cattle across the Green River. The cattle stampeded. Men and the cattle were swept overboard, and six men drowned. Andrew Syndergard, who was a good swimmer, was given credit for saving several men.

When the group reached the end of the railroad at Crow Creek, it was a tent city. It is now Cheyenne, Wyoming. Manti railroad workers and engineers lived in this tent city. It is said that hundreds of thousands of horses were used and some were very abused in building the railroad; a tremendous feat.

The young men camped near Crow Creek and waited for the train that would bring the saints to the terminal where they could meet. There they would begin the journey home to Utah, a new home for the new saints.

Some of these saints had relatives who were already living in Mt. Pleasant It would be good to see them. They would find a place in the church. This would be a new life for all these who had left their homes in Denmark. This would be their chance to own land and to work to build homes, churches and temples and

to live as Latter-Day Saints in the Promised Land. They were ready for the new life in America. They could have free land and a new chance in life.

In late fall of 1865, they arrived back in Mt. Pleasant, on Pleasant creek. They were greeted by brass bands, and a group of children sang songs of joy for them. The families of the young men who drowned were told of the death of these loved ones, and they were saddened by the loss of these fine young men.

The new saints would be welcome in Sanpete Valley, and those who took part in this long trip, both to the Mt. Pleasant men who traveled so far and to the saints whom they met at the railroad terminal in Wyoming, and all who saw Cheyenne as a tent city so long ago. I would like to tell them that it became the capitol city in Wyoming and the county seat of Laramie County. Frontier Days in July have become world famous.

Today, in my home in Cheyenne, I read the morning paper, The Wyoming Eagle. It said that on this date in August, 1891, there was a group of Mormon converts, about 300 people, who stopped in Cheyenne to get off the west-bound train to buy food and other necessities. Before they were allowed back on the train, they had to show their passports. They did not want others who had not paid their fares to join the group. The article said that this was the last large group of Mormon converts to pass through Cheyenne. After that, they came in small groups and in groups of family members.

In 1891, the train tracks were laid all the way south through Sanpete valley to Marysvale, Utah. It was now easier to travel all the way from the old country to Sanpete valley.

My great-grandparents made it possible for me to belong to the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers because they arrived in Utah years before the intercontinental railroad was finished. I love being this part of my family history.



Snow College Quartet - Grant Johansen, Gerald Erickson, Bus Anderson, Douglas Jorgensen. Courtesy Louise Johansen

REMEMBERED YET

Lousie B. Johansen

Senior Division First Place Poem

An old Snow College yearbook can
Reveal so very much.
About one understanding student
With whom I keep in touch

He was the student body president
in 1933 and 34.
Was their representative man
who won honors galore.

He received letter in football
for being an effective end.
Music awards in orchestra,
singing and band.

He sang as a soloist
and in quartet.
Some students may be forgotten,
But Gerald Erickesen is remembered yet.

Personal Acquaintance,
Snow College Year Book—1933-34

THESE...I LOVE

Jessie Oldroyd

Senior Division Second Place Poem

Grandmother and Parents passed their loves to me...

LIFE! I love life and would like to live
To drink of its fullness and wonders.
Then...to share all that I have to give.

LIGHT! To gaze at the early morning sunrise
Spreading light and warmth along its way;
Thrill at the beautiful, golden sunsets
At the closing of the day.

SEASONS! I love each season of the year,
Each has its own loveliness to spare.
Its own interests and activities
To share.

HOME! Home and families so dear...
No matter where we go, or may roam,
"He is happiest, be he king or peasant,
Who finds peace and contentment in his home"...
Goethe

PEOPLE! They who share their kindness and love,
Our friends and neighbors true.
Their thoughtfulness and greeting
All the year through.

GIFTS! Happy, Joyous children
At home and at their play.
The satisfaction of work well done
At the close of each working day.

PRAYER! The power of prayer,
The healing, comfort, peace it brings.

Life! Prayer! Precious! Divinely given,
Tied with Grandma's Apron strings.

I love life, the miracle of it all.
So much to see, so much to do.
God made these wonders... and then
He gave them all to me and you.



North Sanpete High School erected in 1911. This picture was taken in 1913. Daniel Rasmussen taught here for many years and retired in 1939. This school was demolished in 1990 and a new one built. Courtesy Louise Johansen

DANIEL RASMUSSEN, A MAN OF INTEGRITY

Lousie B. Johansen

Senior Division First Place Personal Recollection

As I observed Daniel Rasmussen's unusual kindness, tolerance, and knowledge in our large American Problems class at North Sanpete High School, I was convinced that he was a man of integrity. His expert penmanship inspired me to ask him to write my name on the little cards I enclosed in my graduation announcements. He very willingly accepted and they were beautiful.

Daniel Rasmussen retired the same year our class graduated in 1939. We felt so fortunate to have his life touch ours for good and we adopted him as one of our classmates. At graduation time the faculty and students honored him with a program and gift for 36 years of unselfish devotion to his many students.

Daniel Rasmussen died 28 June 1959, at the age of 83, having lived a life of service to his fellowmen. At his funeral Grant Johansen offered the following tribute:

In the passing of Daniel Rasmussen, Mt. Pleasant has lost a stalwart citizen. Does it not worry you as it does me, that in his passing, whether society is creating people of such caliber and integrity to take his place? His service to God, family, and country, shows his desire to help build a better world. My experience with him both as a student and member of the North Sanpete faculty helped me to build my love and appreciation for this great man. He was always patient, well read, tolerant of others, and the best volleyball fan on our team. He was my ideal throughout my life.

A few of the projects he accomplished during his term as mayor were: the erection of the Carnegie Library where he served as an officer for 42 years; cement curbing on the north side of Main Street from State to 2nd West; extension of water and lights; and purchase of a fire truck.

Daniel served as city councilman, mayor and was elected to serve four terms as city recorder. He was secretary of the Pioneer Historical Association and was instrumental in starting this organization. He was on the committee for erecting a monument in their honor. He served on the irrigation and cattleman boards. In church capacities he was Superintendent of Sunday School and taught Sunday School classes for 26 years. He was a counselor and Bishop of the North Ward. He served as counselor in the North Sanpete Stake Presidency for 22 years. He was President of the Elders and High Priest quorums and active temple work.

In addition to giving a life of service to other, Mr. Rasmussen reared a fine family. His three sons, Irvin, Paul, and Howard, received doctorate degrees, and two daughters, Mary and Esther, were school teachers.

In Matthew 20:26,27 we read, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." I know of no one who has led a more Christ-like life than my friend, Daniel Rasmussen.

I had the privilege of reading Daniel Rasmussen's life story written in his beautiful handwriting. It made me realize more than ever that he was a man who made a difference in this world. Following are a

few of the things that he wrote:

Mt. Pleasant was settled in 1859 and I was born 17 years later on 25 February 1876, the son of Morten Rasumssen and Karen Christensen. My parents lived in the fort and later acquired a lot on 12 South 400 West, where they built a little adobe house. Later it was replaced with a large brick home. The bricks were made right on the lot.

I'm hardly a pioneer, but it is wonderful what changes have taken place under my observation. I helped my mother make candles, then we had coal oil lamps and finally electricity came to Mt. Pleasant in 1894. Farming was first done with a plow, planting the grain by hand and cutting the hay with a scythe. I remember holding the lines and driving the horses as father plowed our garden.

We had 12 children in our family and were all expected to help with the chores. I was given the job early in life to herd the dairy cows and our many horses. My father was called on a mission to Denmark and we all had to help mother take care of the farm and household chores. I was seven years old when he returned and only nine years old when he died. I had to speak a piece in Sunday School that day. Our neighbor who was a tailor had made me a new suit to wear. I went to father's bedside to thank him for the clothes and recite my piece to him. I saw him no more, for he died that afternoon.

One Saturday, I took the horses to feed along the ditch banks and planned to stay several days, but mother sent for me to come home for Stake Conference. I heard George Q. Cannon bear his testimony and it impressed me very much.

I attended Snow College the first year of its existence and graduated with the first class, in 1896 I graduated from BYU with a Degree of Pedagogy. Later I received my B. A. Degree from the same institution.

My first teaching assignment was in Cedar city schools and I was the only teacher. I was called to serve a mission in the Eastern States from June 1899 to August 1901. The first summer I traveled without purse or script and the last year I was President of the mission.

When I left, mother told me she would not live to see me return. She sent some good things for me to eat on the train with Jennie Jorgensen who delivered them to me at Thistle, as she was on her way to Castle Dale. She said later there was a design in her timing her trip, because this was the beginning of our friendship.

Mother died 19 March 1900 at the age of 57 and it was not the same when I returned home without her there. School contracts had been made when I came home, but the local board offered me a class made up of a mixture of 3rd and 5th grade pupils from overcrowded classes in the Hamilton School. Later I was transferred to the High School and supervised the Jr. High division. This continued for several years, and then I was given the Social Science Department and this was my assignment until the time of my retirement in 1939.

One of the greatest blessings in my Ufe was to find favor of Jennie Jorgensen and we were married in the Manti Temple 30 July 1902. I give her most of the credit for the success of our children.

I had acquired 115 acres of land during our marriage as I was anxious for my children to have something to do and learn how to work. One man working for me after the boys had left, wondered why I had invested in land. The answer was that my investment was in boys. I feel I had good returns in my investment in land also, and I still find pleasure in the work, besides the pride of ownership of a good farm and livestock.

I look back on our family with satisfaction. We all worked together and yet we had time for parties, outings, and trips. I had the privilege to be with our children when they were married in the temple and when they received their college degrees.

One of the pleasures I still have after 14 years of retirement is meeting students who seem glad to see me and to see former students doing good things in the world.

Yes, Daniel Rasmussen made a difference in the lives of those he touched. His was a rich, full Ufe, maybe not in monetary treasures, but in a Ufe that was filled with love, beauty, charity, service, and those things that have eternal value.

Personal experience as a student and associating as wife of a fellow faculty teacher, Grant Johansen, who spoke at his funeral. Copy of talk given - Grant, Johansen. History of Mt. Pleasant. Obituary in the Newspaper and his own personal life story.

A WOMAN CALLED MARY

Jessie Oldroyd

Senior Division Second Place Personal Recollection

England's soil felt warm and damp, ready for planting that April day 1862, when Mary's parents, the Jolleys, called the family together to say goodbye to their homeland. Tears and yearnings combined

with smiles and excitement, as they embraced beloved relatives and friends, took one last look at their home and possessions, then turned their faces toward Zion.

Mary, with her family, Father John, Mother Susan, two sisters and one brother, went first to Liverpool, England. There, on May 14, 1862, they boarded the ship, "William Tapescott." In a company of nine hundred people, they sailed away to America, the Promised Land, the place where they could live out their dreams of being true Latter-Day Saints of Jesus Christ.

"How big is the ocean, Father? Will it take us long to get to America?" the children asked.

Yes, it was a long way — and the trip seldom easy. Waves dashed high. Many people were ill. There was forty-two days on the Atlantic Ocean before reaching New York Harbor on the 25th day of June. What courage, faith, and hope these people had, going into the unknown.

After leaving New York City, they journeyed up the Hudson River to Albany. From there they traveled the Erie Canal to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, where they crossed the chain bridge into Canada. Next, they traveled by rail to Windsor, Canada near Detroit. The train continued to Chicago and beyond until they boarded a River Boat headed down the Mississippi to a point where Mary and the tired family climbed onto another train. That took them across Iowa to the Missouri river and a steamer going to Nebraska, to Winter Quarters.

In August, they joined with a company of people and fifty-two wagons, eighteen or nineteen persons to the wagon. Father drove an oxen team, the wagon loaded with equipment and supplies, to help pay his and the family's way. All children over the age of ten had to walk. Mary the eldest daughter, did her share by pulling and walking beside a handcart.

The mother was not well, which was a great worry to the family. Her condition and the difficulties of the journey had been too hard for her. Two days out of Winter Quarters, she gave birth to new son. She did not regain her strength, and on the evening of September 6, 1862, she passed away. Another life laid down for the Gospel's sake. She was buried at Shoal Creek, on the Plains of Nebraska. The flowers were buffalo chips spread over the grave and set fire to keep the wolves from smelling the corpse. "Come, Come, Ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear, but with joy, wend your way." Joy was now turned to sadness, but the family must go on.

Mary, only 15, now had to assume charge, and shoulder more responsibility as the father was ill with mountain fever. Mary tried to keep her baby brother alive and well, but the only baby food they had, thin flour gruel, was not sufficient to help him, and he, too, passed away October 13 at Needle Springs and was buried on the Plains.

Through all the hardships, danger of Indians, and all the trials they had to go through, they did not give up courage. Their love for each other, and for their new-found faith, kept them going.

After their many hardships and sore trials, they reached Salt Lake Valley October 15, 1862, and soon moved to Farmington, their new home.

It was necessary to find work, and in January, the older girls hired out, going to Ephraim with a Pioneer who would give them a home and living.

In April, these two girls and their employer, Peter (Oldroyd), journeyed back to Salt Lake, by wagon, where Mary and Peter were married and sealed in the endowment House, April 5, 1863.

The following year they (the Oldroyds) were sent to Glenwood, Sevier County, to assist in building up that settlement. Here, in a dugout, dirt floor, dirt roof, Mary gave birth to her first child, a boy, August 9, 1865. He was named John after her father.

The Indians were so dangerous and troublesome that the people had to abandon Glenwood. They were sent to Ephraim and then to Fountain Green in Sanpete County, where the family would make a permanent home.

It was here in Fountain Green where Mary gave birth to her second child, a son, July 26, 1867. He was born in a wagon by the fort wall. The top of the wagon was covered with willows. This child died February 29, 1868. Her third son was born in a log room that had a willow and dirt roof. He was born January 16, 1869.

It seemed Mary's life was not to be of ease, but she was the type of woman who did not complain. She was energetic and loved life, loved to work.

When the Indians became less hostile, both the men and women worked in the fields, trying to save their crops, fighting hordes of grasshoppers and crickets.

By now Mary had a nice log home to live in. She also homesteaded a piece of ground at the foot of the West Mountain. She had a fine orchard there, with fruits of many kind. She would walk the distance from orchard home to town daily, sometimes three and four times a day. She loved to stop along the way to visit with folks, for she loved people. She would often carry a basket of fruit or vegetables, and some-times eggs, to sell at the store and buy groceries.

She had many tasks to perform, which she liked to do. She washed and carded the wool, making cloth from the thread she spun on her spinning wheel. She made her own and her sons' clothing, made quilts and rag rugs. She helped to raise grain, then used the straw to make their straw hats.

Grandmother Mary had a cow, and proud she was of that Jersey. She milked it and took care of the cow herself. She made many pounds of butter from the cream that was churned with a wooden dasher in-side the chum. Some of the butter was formed into pretty designed molds and these were either sold or given as gifts.

For a time, this dear woman was not only a grandmother, but a mother as well, taking care of us, her grandchildren, after the death of our mother, her daughter-in-law.

Everyone liked to go to Grandmother's home, or have her come to their home. She was a very interesting person, made history live with her stories. She was a fun-loving person, liked to sing and dance. She was naturally a dramatic lady, so she and her English friend would often entertain at social gatherings and programs.

She was an excellent cook, made the kind of raisin buns everyone liked to eat. She made round cottage-cheese balls. One treat everyone liked was her bread, cream and sugar treat. Delicious!

What gifts and talents she had even through her schooling, three miles each way. Her teacher had the misfortune of losing both of his hands, but she said he was a fine teacher, strict, and had a hickory stick tied to his wrist, and sometimes his pupils felt the weight of that stick.

Grandmother could skillfully knit, using four thin, steel needles, making booties, stockings, and sweaters. She loved flowers and always had a flower garden, "Grandmother's Old Fashioned Flower Garden" ...remembered, and often sung nowadays.

Summer evenings, neighbors, friends adults and children alike - would go to her home for visiting, and songfests. Grandmother liked that. Everyone was welcome to her home.

Grandmother Mary now had a new home, a fine brick one, with many of the conveniences she had not had. How she loved this home. She so enjoyed the phonograph, and then the radio. She would sit in her

rocking chair and listen to the music, tapping her little feet to the rhythms. She loved good music. She especially liked her Scottish records, songs sung by Harry Lauder.

Now that she had, and could enjoy, the conveniences in her life, she had the misfortune of losing her eyesight, due to cataracts, December 1925, at the age of 78. Altogether in darkness the rest of her life, she never complained. She lived in her own home, taking care of herself. She continued to be a jovial, happy person, loving life and people.

Each year, Grandmother would plan her winter visits to the homes of her two sons, and to the grandchildren's homes where she was always welcome. She had a keen mind and a marvelous memory.

Grandmother was proud of all her family. Her two sons filled missions for the L.D.S. Church. She raised the grandson of her husband, by his first wife, the boy's mother having died when he was a baby. She loved him, too.

She was a noble woman, always helping others, loyal to her church. She worked in the Relief Society for many years, and did much for the sick and needy. She was affectionately called "Aunt Mary" by many children.

Her husband passed away July 22, 1907 at the age of 84. Grandmother Mary passed away at the home of her eldest son, John, February 22, 1942, at the age of 95 years, five months. At the time of her death, she had a posterity of three sons, sixteen grandchildren, 42 great grandchildren, and 17 great-great-grandchildren.

She believed in, and taught her family: "Always do your best. What is worth doing, is worth doing well." She was truly a great lady, a Child of God, who taught by example.

She will always be remembered for:

The hardships she went through.

The trials and difficulties she cheerfully bore,

That we might dwell in this beautiful Sanpete Valley

With the many opportunities and privileges we have,

Blessed by her memory.

Family history, personal acquaintance, personal knowledge and recollection of stories told me by my grandmother.

My grandmother who is, and was, a lady who made a difference. Making a good life for herself, through work and service, and bringing happiness to many people. Her grandchildren and many, many great grandchildren remember her and her loving characteristics, a joy to be with, a great teacher by example.



Mary Jolly Oldroyd - Ftn. Green, Utah
Courtesy Jessie Oldroyd

COURTSHIP

Clara J. DeGraff

Senior Division Third Place Personal Recollection

Lewis Martin Jensen, born and raised in Manti, Utah, married Annie Westenskow, she also from Manti, and they immediately moved to Imbler, Oregon. He was the son of Hans Jensen and Sidsel Marie Rasmussen. Many others from Manti and Sanpete County joined the group to Oregon, forming a strong L.D.S. nucleus which flourished. Lewis was a bishop twice and then was called on a mission to the Eastern States., his wife joining him the last six months as the time when couples did not serve as missionaries, as they currently do. A few months after their return, Annie died, having suffered ill health for years.

Lewis was a counselor in the Union Stake presidency, and at a subsequent conference shortly after Annie's death, Elder Rudger Clawson was the visiting authority. He strongly counseled Lewis to marry again immediately. Rather stunned with this admonition, he nevertheless, respected what he



Lewis M. Jensen – Manti, Utah
Courtesy Helen Wilson

had been told. As he sat on the stand at various meetings, he studied his audience, It was unthinkable to look for a wife just anywhere; she must be a staunch Church member. But the people were mostly young couples with small children or they were elderly. He could see no one eligible. At last his thoughts turned back to Manti, and Jessie Wintch came into his mind. Sitting down, he penned a missive to her, asking that she reply.

In Manti, when the strange letter arrived, Jessie's father picked up the mail. When he delivered it to her, his question was, "Whom do you know in Oregon?"

"I don't know a soul," she replied, ripping open the envelope.

Reading rapidly she was very amazed. Why, out of the blue, was this man writing, asking her to correspond with him. She remembered him well. They had been in the same ward for many years, after all. But he was 13 years older than she, and her friends had been her contemporaries. She had paid little attention to the older young people, but she did remember when he married, and some of his recruiting visits after his move to Oregon, when he and others came back to tell the people in Sanpete what was available in Oregon.

Sitting down at once she replied:

"Dear Brother Jensen,

Thank you for your recent letter. However, I don't think it wise for me to start correspondence with you at this time. I have recently been interviewed for a mission. I will be one of the first lady missionaries from this area and I am really looking forward to the opportunity."

She went on with a few news items about the people and places they both knew well, mailed the letter, and promptly dismissed the incident. When it had a weird way of sneaking back in her mind, she quickly squelched it - just a strange occurrence after all. Preparations went on for her departure for her mission.

Then another letter arrived:

"Dear Jessie,

"Thank you for replying, and since time is short, with your impending mission call, I shall not waste time writing back and forth with you about this, First of all, please reconsider. It is not a woman's duty to serve a mission. Marriage and a family are a woman's first responsibility, as both of us well know from our Church upbringing. I realize we don't really know each other very well because of the disparity in our ages, but we did grow up in the same town, were in the same ward, and have a common background. I remembered well what your reputation was. You were always talked about as being such a smart girl with such a good memory.

"As you probably know, my wife died a short time ago, and I have been advised by high Church authority to marry again. This is what I have in mind for us. With you on a mission, that is hardly possible. I urge you not to go!"

He wrote, telling her about his life in Oregon, his business interests, obviously trying to sell her on him. Her astonishment with this grew, and she thought of little else after this second letter arrived. She replied, telling him it was too late. Her call had come, she felt she must honor it. She didn't even thank him for his proposal.

His next letter did not sound as serious as the previous one had. He still maintained she should not go on a mission, that Oregon was beautiful especially this time of year, he knew she would like his house and the small farm on which it was located. He told her she must not make the mistake of passing him up. The women, they were besieging him with dinner invitations.

"This is actually a small-town atmosphere. Everyone knows everyone's business. And has an opinion about it! After all, I am eligible and everyone knows it. I wish I could make up my mind about all this, but I really am not enjoying all this attention. I just want to marry you and settle down, all this fussing gets my goat!"

How she laughed over this last.

When she replied to this one she told him he could easily see why the women were chasing him. She wrote that she realized, even though he might wait until she finished her mission, that some-one else could snap him up along the way. After all, she added, feeling very brazen as she put down the words,

"I remember how handsome you are." Then she felt impish. "That is, unless you've changed a lot."

She wanted to make a reference to a fish, but managed to avoid that. After all I don't know this man very well. Comparing all this to a fishing trip might be offensive. She felt that her conclusion was a bit lame.

Letters between them went back and forth rapidly, he trying to persuade her, she resisting stoutly. At last, he agreed. Although it was unheard of, he would wait for her. She would not be out all that long; he was not a young, over-eager, swain. Girls waited while Elders served missions, but he guessed it could be the other way about. But she was to write regularly while she was gone!

Jessie went to the Northern States Mission, headquarters in Chicago. Letters "trained" back and forth. Then Elder Clawson made a return visit to the Union Stake and checked up on Lewis: why had he not married? The report was given and Elder Clawson stated Jessie would be released at once. It was more important that they marry than that she complete this mission. But Jessie declined, Lewis agreed, and the letters continued to Chicago, Bloomington,



Jessie W. Jensen – Manti, Utah
Courtesy Helen Wilson

Milwaukee, and the other localities where she was assigned. She spoke German fluently and worked and translated for German speaking Relief Societies of which there were quite a number in that area.

Toward the end of her mission, Lewis contacted Jessie's mission president asking for permission to come to Chicago to see her. Permission was granted and Jessie was told by President Ellsworth that she might come to Chicago for this rendezvous. This couple did not need, nor would they welcome, a chaperon. He also told Jessie to forget she was a missionary during the time Lewis was there. The visit was enormously exciting and rewarding. Lewis and she talked constantly, becoming acquainted and close in moments, where the process usually required weeks. Before he left, he presented her with a lovely diamond. Then Lewis returned to Oregon, Jessie to her labors, her precious new ring a constant joy.

Her mission completed, Jessie returned home, and the next few weeks were a frenzied flurry of preparation. Lewis came and they were married in the Manti Temple, to return to Fruitdale, Oregon, just out of La Grande, to live. Lewis and Annie had had no children, much to their sorrow. Within a few short years, four children came to Lewis and Jessie, three girls and the boy were tow-headed Scandinavians, the boy with such light hair was nicknamed "Cotton", The third girl resembled another Danish grandmother, but with dark hair and a more olive skin. These children were Helen Anna, Clara Christine, Ruth, and Robert Lewis, and their doting father spoiled them completely.

Despite its unusual beginning, the marriage was a complete success, bringing great happiness and fulfillment to both Lewis and Jessie. Their children remember their growing up years with fondness, respect, gratitude, and great love for their worthy and exemplary parents.

REMEMBERING

Reva T. Jensen

Senior Division Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

I had to live to be 90 before taking inventory of my life and to ponder, to evaluate, at times regret, and to be thankful for those who were instrumental in molding my character and inspiring me to do more in the days that were to follow.

My thoughts took me back to my school days in Manti, where every teacher from Grade School through High School left a goal for me to emulate, a step to follow along life's timeless path.

Liz Frischknecht, plain, stern and disciplined, left her mark of promptness and truthfulness. Zina McCallistor taught me humility. When a young boy, nervous for fear of failure, vomited at the black-board while trying to spell a word, she quietly took him to the teachers' lounge and returned with a bucket and a mop to clear up the mess while the students watched in silence.

Ellis Johnson taught me to appreciate music, how to listen to the great artists, while Emery Epperson, who led the band, kept us all in step and dancing as the occasion required. At the same time Inez Clark taught me the notes on the piano, how to keep proper time and how to express one's feelings through music. I have never regretted the hours of practice and study, the results of which have remained with me for my lifetime.

Willard Frischknecht left a desire to know history and appreciate our heritage. Every morning his words were, "What is the past is prologue." Maybe I didn't grasp the meaning then, but as the years passed the significance of his words sank in.

Ethel Davenport taught me how to cook, how to set a formal table and especially proper table manners. Mable Dyreng, also a Home Economics teacher, put the first needle in my hands and the many kinds of stitches I learned following her directions repaired many, many pieces of otherwise discarded clothing over the years. I cannot forget Laura Turtle, An expert on making Chiffon hats that were the rage then. Her skills and charms brushed off on everyone in her class, and I wore one her creations all summer long.

M.W. Anderson believed in strict discipline, and if you did not heed his orders you paid dearly. While I may have feared him a bit, I admired his fairness and willingness to listen. Pete Peterson was much like Mr. Anderson, and while not quite so strict, but more open minded, both left indelible marks on my memory.

Although Mr. Twee expelled me for reading a novel in arithmetic class, I later forgave him. I was wrong, but he shouldn't have come down on me so hard. Still I survived.

Chemistry class with instructor Karlyel Monk was a ball. My attention to his experiments grew with each class.

Myrtle Farnsworth, the friendship teacher, had great understanding of our teenage problems, and her council touched each one of us, guiding us through adolescence. When problems crept into my life, I remember the feel of her arms around my shoulders and her words of wisdom that consoled me.

There were others who taught who were examples and all left their stamp, an ideal to follow, a way to climb, an upward reach towards a successful life.

One does not always succeed, but the pattern was always there. Longfellow said, "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime and upon departing leave behind us footprints in the sand of time."

I am deeply grateful to those who taught me by their examples of dedication, reverence, and devotion. They have been the basis of my convictions for 90 years.



Manti High School 1926 - Courtesy Lillian Fox

THE LESSON

Ruth D. Scow

Senior Division First Place Anecdote

I came into my kitchen just in time to see our four-year-old son scaling the front of our "stand-alone cupboard" reaching for the match box that had been placed there to keep it out of the reach of children.

"What do you mean trying to reach those boxes?", I expostulated, as I grabbed the child and deposited him on the floor. "You think it will be fun to strike those matches?" The situation called for drastic action then and now. Quickly I reached on tiptoes and displayed a full matchbox which I held in front of the boy. "Would you like to strike as many as all these matches in this box one after another?" I asked.

He looked at me in amazement as he nodded his head and quickly reached for the box. His freckled face was filled with astonishment. It was a hot day in July 1940, but my quickly made plan was to take advantage of that heat where there was no shade, just hot sunshine. The path to the corral would be an ideal spot.

We sat down. I explained about all these matches in the box. They would have to be struck one at a time on this embedded rock, and then he could hold each match in front of him until the hot flame almost reached his fingers. Then he was to blow the match out. He could put what was left of the match in this empty can.

Wow, it was hot sitting there on this bare, dirt path! I looked at all the matches remaining in the box and thought of all the things I had planned to do that day. I handed him the first match and watched the procedure - then the next and the next and - all the time feeling the sun's heat more and more. This was a hot job. I needed patience and lots of love to endure what I had got myself into. Yet I knew the importance of this chance to teach our son about matches. I handed him the first match, then the next, and next; I kept careful watch as he struck each match, watched it bum, blew it out, and put the burnt match into the can of burnt matches.

The sun seemed to slowly move across the sky with not even a cloud to furnish shade for us for even a moment of relief. The last match was struck. I gave a silent sigh of relief. Never had I been so hot on purpose. Surly he had learned a lesson?

He looked at the box then at me and asked, "Got any more?"

THE SEGO LILY

Lillian H. Fox

Senior Division Second Place Anecdote

The dictionary states, "The Sego Lily is a perennial herb of the lily family, having white flowers lined with purple, also its edible bulb. It is the State flower of Utah."

To the early inhabitants of the Sanpitch, the Sego Lily was more than a flower. It was a staple in the diet of the Indians, and it helped the pioneers sustain life when they were hungry and the flour bin was empty. Our family history says, "We gathered Sego Lily bulbs in baskets and pails, and they were good to eat."

In those days, these lilies must have grown in patches over the land the way dandelions grow today. There was a tradition among the Indians that they should not fight where the lilies grew, for this was scared ground.

My father said that these white blossoms grew among the red blossoms of the Indian Paint Brush on the gray hill (Temple Hill), and the pioneers said that the depot block, as it was called, the space between two railroad tracks, was covered with Sego Lilies blooming in the spring. It bothered me to see the long tongues of the cows reach out and swoop the leaves and blossoms of these pretty lilies into their mouths.

Today the Sego Lily grows mostly in the mountains, hiding under tree and bushes where they are partially hidden from beast and man. It would be appropriate to plant them in our flower gardens for Utah's Centennial Celebration.



MY DISAPPOINTMENTS

Reva T. Jensen

Senior Division Third Place Anecdote

I was never called to play the organ for the Tabernacle Choir.
I was never the heroine in the dramatic art plays.
I never learned to swim in the Hot Springs pond.
I never caught a fish in Yearn's Lake.
I never helped paint the "M" on the side of the east mountain.
I was never taught phonetics.

I never won a spelling contest.
I missed gathering Water Cress at the Temple Springs.
I never saw the X-Bar Ranch where the naughty boys hid out.
I never learned to ice skate on the Sanpete River.
I missed going to Tennant's Confectionery every recess.
and most of all I never told my Grandpa how much I Loved Him.



Yearn's Reservoir Manti Canyon — Courtesy of Helen Wilson

A MORNING VISITOR AND I

Jessie Oldroyd

Senior Division Honorable Mention Anecdote

"Oh what a beautiful morning, Oh, what a beautiful day." With this song in my heart, I planned to work in the flower garden. As I opened the front door and stepped onto the porch, I froze in my tracks, my heart seemed to stop beating, the singing stopped abruptly. There, directly in front of me, a big, horrid, venomous-looking snake all curled up, ready to strike, and eyes looking at me as if to say:

"Beware! I'm a visitor...! challenge you!"

Oh, where did it come from? Why is it here? Is it dead or alive? A quick thought, What do I do? If I run and it disappears, I'll be frightened.

Getting my breath back, I called my neighbor: "Get a shovel, Vurl, and hurry. There's a snake on our porch. Dead or alive, I do not know. It looks alive."

He rushed out. We each got a shovel. His wife and two little girls came running, calling, "I want to see the snake. I want to go with daddy."

"You can't go over there. The snake may bite you," warned their mother.

No matter - they all came. Vurl and I, moving carefully, cautiously, lightly touched the horrid looking reptile. No movement! We gave a harder poke, then breathed, and gave a sigh of relief. Thank

goodness it was dead, but it surely looked alive. Now, what to do with it? Haul it off? That we did, quickly.

The blood in my veins began running again. I recovered my composure. What a scare! I sort of lost my desire to garden right then.

The following day I had three visitors, a father and his two sons, Wendell and Gene. I was working in my flower garden. We talked casually for a few minutes, then the father looked at his boys and said, "Go on, boys. Tell this lady what you came to say."

The boys looked at each other, grinned and giggled.

"We put the snake on your porch last night. We didn't mean to scare you, we just wanted some fun, play pranks. Keith was with us, too, and we did worse things on other porches, Lots of other kids did, too. Were you really scared?"

Their eyes twinkled. How mischievous they looked as they asked again, "Did it really scare you?"

"Well, I could have had a heart attack, but I didn't."

Apologies were made and accepted. All forgiven. What a fine, wise father! What a great lesson he taught these boys, easily and quickly learned by a short, friendly visit, apologies and forgiveness.

PEOPLE WHO MADE A DIFFERENCE PIONEERS AND SHEEPMEN OF OUR CITY

Jessie Oldroyd

Senior Division First Place Short Story

"Let us turn our memories back, far along those dreary tracks, to a band of Pioneers filled with hope and prayers." They had left their homes and all, coming from far across the sea, England, Scotland, Scandinavia and other countries, to this, a land of the free. They were later called, THE UTAH PIONEERS. Sanpete Valley is a special place because of these special people.

They had a certain quality, a culture, personal dignity and pride. They were faithful, courageous, industrious, a humble people, seeking a home in this promised land. Because of them we have what we are today, and what we have A GREAT HERITAGE. We have comforts, peace, the inherited qualities of strong, worthy characters, industrious, creative, humility and civic pride.

Oh, Pioneers, our Utah Pioneers! All hail to our Noble Pioneers. May we never forget them, for they were PEOPLE WHO MADE A DIFFERENCE.

Today, we hail and give honor to our new Pioneers, the descendants of those wonderful people, the generations coming after them, all who continued to make a difference, making Sanpete...the place to live. Our story today...the first and second generation after the early pioneers, we remember and salute, give honor to our city's sheepmen, the woolgrowers and all the sturdy men who helped to tend the flocks, and to their families. They, too, had to work hard, climb hills and mountains, earning a good living, building and improving this new town...Uintah Springs, now Fountain Green.

Most of the early settlements in this valley of the Sanpitch were in the 1850's and 1860's...time of Indian troubles, the many problems confronting the settlers in this new land, mostly unexplored.

The first settlers we find recorded were George Washington Johnson and his son, Amos Johnson, who were sent from Santaquin by the leaders of the L.D.S. Church, to explore this valley for a settlement. They liked what they saw, a pretty valley nestled at the foot of the Sanpitch Mountains on the

west and the majestic Mount Nebo to the north, a green meadowland with a natural spring of cool, clear water flowing down the mountain side. "This is the place for a new settlement," they decided.

With the help of a surveyor from Manti, Albert Pettie, a plot for the town was chained, and the name...christened Fountain Green. This was in July 1859. Soon settlers came; log houses were built. A school building a church and industries started by these Pioneers who brought with them from their homeland, culture, refinement. They were an industrious people with the desire to build and build well.

Fountain Green is located in the center of Utah, between high mountain ranges for sheep and cattle raising, and to the west, a desert-type range for winter feeding and herding, ideal for stockmen. Both cattle and sheep were raised, but soon the sheep industry became the more important, and flocks increased. A few sheep had been brought in by the Pioneers. This industry gave work for men, women and children, and provided food and clothing.

One early settler, Andrew Aagard, started his business by trading his watch for one black ewe, nearly every year this ewe had twin lambs. Mr. Aagard came from Denmark to Utah in 1860 and to Fountain Green in 1865. He would lease some of his sheep to different, interested men to start a flock of their own. Mr. Aagard's sheep were returned to him, and he would lease them out again; thus flocks continued to increase.

In time, as flocks increased, there were many of the generation who followed the sheep and wool industry. The names of Aagard, Allred, Anderson, Collard, Cook, Holman, Jackson, Jacobson, Johnson, Livingston, Oldroyd, Olsen, and Robertson became prominents in the sheep business. By 1900 there were quite a number of good-sized herds of sheep in Fountain Green, summering on the mountain and wintering on the desert in Juab, Millard, and Beaver Counties.

These sheepmen were cooperative, working well together, and soon decided it would be to the advantage of all concerned to organize for shearing , selling wool, developing water on the desert, buying supplies, and building a shearing corral.

The first known shearing corral was built and used in Jericho, soon to become a well-known place, in 1908 with William Collard as corral manager. The Fountain Green Woolgrowers Association was organized December 10, 1908, with Henery Jackson as president, Niels P. Aagard and Warren Holman as vice presidents, and James L. Nielson as secretary.

In January 1910, James L. Nielson was elected president, Peter Jacobson vice president, and Nephi as secretary. Their big salary? \$25.00 for the president and \$50.00 for the secretary.

In 1910 a new shearing corral was built at Jericho.. .to become a popular place, not only for the work with the sheep, but for visitors, both adults and children. It was interesting to watch the proceedings that went on, bringing in the sheep, all covered with thick wool, then shearing the wool from their backs, first by hand blades (a scissor-type shears). Later converted to machine for shearing. There were the trompers and wranglers...their pay, \$1.75 per thousand.

The shearing corral was built on the east side of the railroad tracks. Jericho was a small section station on this main line of the Union Pacific Railroad, located about 25 miles west of Nephi, Utah. There was a section house to house the repair crew, and a large storage tank where the steam engines took on water.

At the next meeting of the sheep and woolgrowers, it was moved and carried that a committee of three be appointed to manage the building of the corral, and that they be designated as the Building Committee. The following were selected: John J. Oldroyd, chairman, Henery Jackson, and George E. Cook.

It was moved and carried that the Board of Directors, Thomas J. Oldroyd, George E. Cook, and Warren Holman, pass on the plan of the building committee for the corral, and that the corral manager be instructed to hire 24 old hands and six new ones, that he hire them from several different towns, and that the new ones be from Fountain Green. The best shearers were hired.

The shearing manager, or boss, voted on and selected, was John J. Oldroyd. He was instructed to pay thirty shearers 8 cents per head. Twenty-two herds were sheared that year, representing approximately 65,000 sheep. Mr. Oldroyd served as corral manager for many years. Other operators who served years later included Paul Madsen, Clark Ivory, and Eugene Syme, beginning in 1950 until his death in 1972.

A boarding-house manager and cook were needed. Loren Jensen of Fountain Green was selected and served as head cook for many years. He was always dependable, and served good food...even to his delicious pies. The workers were all to eat at the boarding house.

Drawing for shearing dates was the common practice for a long time, hi 1916 there were 24 herds booked to shear, with starting date set for April 12. Corral rental was fixed at 2 cents per head. John Homan furnished and operated the steam engine to run the shearing plant. In 1917 George Green furnished and operated for shearing. He was paid \$3.50 per day, plus his board.

By 1920, 32 herds were shorn at Jericho. John J. Oldroyd continued as shearing and corral manager. His wages were raised from \$6.00 and board per day to \$10.00 per day.

By 1925 Fountain Green Woolgrowers Association (FGWA) was shearing 30 herds of sheep at Jericho, which totaled around 90,000 fleeces. This was one of the largest clips to be shorn in one place in all of Utah. It was about this time that the wool was sold for 72 cents. Some of the sheepmen took this price , being happy for it. Others who did not sell at that time, had to sell at 16 cents. By 1930, 41 herds, totaling 106,500 sheep were shorn at Jericho. The railroad built a shearing corral and cook house at Rocky Ford and the first sheep were shorn there in 1931 - 12 herds, totaling 34,000 head.

These sheepman worked hard and had their ups and downs, but they liked their work. They were proud of their herds and industry, the success they had both in their work and their ability and desire to help their home town and its people.

Problems did arise...watering holes, Mother Nature...sometime with good weather and water, other times very cold, loss of sheep and lambs. Predators, a source of worry and headaches, caused great losses - animals such as coyote, bear, crows, eagles, wolves, and dogs. But, the work went on as did the industry.

These sheepmen, whether the woolgrowers or the tenders of the flocks, were all interested in helping others and in building up their home town. They were civic minded and charitable. Anyway they could help, give, or share that was worthy, they were willing to do. At the time, everyone supported the home-town. Beautiful new homes were built, schools unproved, more fine entertainment provided, and these sheepmen took every opportunity to give assistance.

Among their many contributions, in 1916, they made donations to help re-build a home that had been burned down; 1918 they gave funds to the soldiers and sailor. They furnished the money to put light fixtures in the amusement hall, and other places; and they made donations to the brass band of Fountain Green. From the minutes of January 15, 1926, the city mayor, John J. Oldroyd, stated that the city had been asked to donate money to the Bingham Canyon snow victims, which they did. December 14, 1927, President Cook stated that the Woolgrowers made a contribution to the Boy

Scouts organization. The Woolgrowers also were supportive of the State and National Woolgrowers Organizations.

In 1932 the FGWA decided on, and promoted, something new and special for the community in the way of entertainment, which also promoted lamb. A FEAST !barbecued lamb sandwiches! What a treat that turned out to be, and has continued to be.

A site was selected on Main Street. There would be a program and sports, then the barbecue. Thus the city's new holiday and homecoming were started - LAMB DAY.

Beginning that year, and for several years after, each sheep man donated a lamb for the feast. These men dressed the lambs in one evening, up at the old shearing corral near the depot in the west end of town. The dressed lambs were then taken to a local store, the Seely-Whitaker store, as remembered, where they were kept in a big cooler. Thirty lambs were used for the feast and holiday. Buns and seasoning were also furnished by the sheepmen, and their wives helped to prepare the hundreds and hundreds of lamb sandwiches...and guess what??? They were all FREE to everyone, donated by these men, for quite a number of years. A great and good time was had for all, townspeople, and people who returned home for the home-coming, and many, many visitors. Lamb Day did then, and still does, draw crowds of people for many activities that went on, as well as for relishing those delicious barbecued sandwiches. The very fine program presented, all by talented residents of town, won praise from everyone and brought in crowds of folks who liked quality entertainment.

PEOPLE WHO MADE A DIFFERENCE. These sheepmen, woolgrowers and tenders of flocks, and their families MADE A DIFFERENCE, and that difference is still carried on - people doing things for people, help to build character. We salute these leaders, pioneers in their field and tomorrow's leaders in the pioneering field. Carry on! Carry on! Special PEOPLE.

As a child and adult, we always liked to go to Jericho to watch the shearing, the big belts that carried the fleeces to the tromper, the big bags. It was fascinating! I also remember worrying about the sheep after they lost all that warm wool. Wouldn't they freeze? But it all had to be done before lambing time.

Other things I remember, my brother and I liked to roll down the big bags filled with wool and climb up the tall water tank. I did not always go clear to the top. Then we would eat in the cook house, though I wasn't always fond of the tin plates, but we could get used to that.

We liked being there with my father off and on during the years. He, like all the other men, lived in a tent, but it was fun to be in, too. We had a big outdoors to run, jump, play ball, or just watch and learn. Some Ops, when the weather was fine, we liked being outside. However, often it was very windy and the sand blew in our eyes. All was fun, especially when a child. Our whole family liked to go to Jericho.

Personal knowledge

Information from my father and brother

Information from other sheepmen, including Ralph Cook, Scott Cook, Vance Agard and others.



Early Woolgrowers of R. Green with shearers, herders, cooks at cookhouse in Jericho. 1-r front row: 1. Coombs, 2. Allred 3. Antone Frandsen 4.5.6. Marcus Weaver 7. Row: 1. Sqr Coulsen, 2. Niels Mikkelsen 3.4. Theodore Christiansen 5.6.7. E. M. Ivory 8. Warren Holman 9.10. James Robertson Row 3: 1.2.3.4. Ole Allred 5. William Coombs 6. Sarah Ann Hansen 7. Rhetta Jensen 8. Coombs 9. Martin Anderson 10. Leonard Oldroyd. Courtesy Jessie Oldroyd

RUTH SCOW FRIEND AND TEACHER

Rose Ludvigson McIff
Senior Division Second Place Short Story

School teachers make great friends. Their unique interest in others is one of encouragement to help them achieve. A difference can be made and felt by the uplifting words of a caring teacher.

Miss Davenport (Ruth Scow) was that kind of a teacher, as well as a lifelong friend-especially to the people of Sterling.

The story began when we heard the 8:30 school bell ring. The children from the west side of Sterling had a mile to walk, and we were still playing in the autumn leaves along the levy ditch. Clint Ludvigson said, "We better go." Burton and Les Anderson agreed. We arrived just in time to line up and mark time before marching into our room to find a seat, which was always a bit of a shuffle. A nice stately young lady stood before us announcing, "I am Ruth Davenport of Manti."

This was the late 20's. Miss Davenport found boarding places in Sterling and really became one of us. She had come to teach the 3rd, 4th, and 5th grades. These were called the



Ruth and Ernest Skow of Manti –
Friend and Teacher –
courtesy Rose McIff

depression Years. We never felt depressed or deprived. These were great years building on our resources, relying on our-selves for what we had, especially for entertainment.

How could it be boring? This is when the first radios came. Sterling's young men, Merrit Bradley and Clifford Hansen, put them together with earphones.

Sterling and Mayfield conquered the depression when they started having shooting matches. All the men got together and had a great time. The loser put on a banquet and a dance. Our town must have lost their fair share as I recall several dances. One of these dances is where Miss Davenport met Mr. Scow. The top song at the time was "Tip Toe Through the Tulips." Could that be why the 3rd, 4th, and 5th grades learned the song?

Our little school class made entertainment for our parents, all turning out to the colorful May Day Opera. The girls were all flowers in crepe paper dresses; the boys also had neat costumes and parts. Some were weeds. The Christmas play was also exciting.

Clint remembers:

"My fourth grade teacher was great. She took us in the Sanpete Creeper (train) to visit Manti. We all got on at Sterling depot, paid our small fare, and we were excited to feel it sway and whistle as we pulled into Manti depot. The wireless telegraph was going **.**. We were in amazement."

"We visited the temple area, the Court House, Manti Messenger and what that was all about, theater and telephone office, then down to our teacher's home where her mother had a treat. It seems like only yesterday. I am thankful for that wonderful teacher who taught us things we can use today. I give thanks for those great privileges that help us to be successful."

-Clint Marx

Virge Thomas says:

"I was delighted with the things Miss Davenport taught , like the Christmas play when I got to play my harmonica. After returning from the train trip to Manti, I told my mother my teacher deserved a gift. She gave me money and I bought her a small vial of perfume at Cal Peacock's store, walking fast to the other end of town before it got dark. The day had got cold, but I never noticed it until later. Her sincere appreciation left a lasting impression on me. She made me feel good."

--Virge Thomas.

Carl's experience:

"I was put in the hall for discipline. I was to wait until Ruth came for me. Not being the best kid in school, I looked for a way out. The outside door being unlocked, out I went. Ruth was only a little way behind. 'Carl, come back here.' I went on and so did she. Only a block away, I climbed our apple tree real fast; so did she. 'Carl, I'll race you back to school!' It was the way she did it, not getting angry that made me come down. We raced. She made sure I won. What a great teacher and always, a friend."

--Carl Poulson.

Unice Whitlock McCurdy relates:

"Ruth has been a good influence in my life, In the Sterling school she borrowed books from other classes to keep me happy with new books. In correspondence with her in recent years, I have asked her advice many times, receiving good council and feeling personal interest. She helped me take

a different view point on Anchorage, Alaska, where I live, draw attention to its tourist attractions. I love and appreciate Ruth. She helped me see beauty close around me."

-Unice Whitlock McCurdy

"Although Ruth Scow's name is associated with the history of Sanpete County as 'Assistant' Editor of the book, The Other Forty -Niners. she was actually a good deal more than that. She was the prime mover behind that effort in her intent to prevent Manti and all Sanpete from becoming completely amnesiac. In 1977, County Commissioners Keith Jorgensen, Ned Madsen, and O'Neil Larsen asked her to share the writing history of the county.

"Ruth is a true representative of Sanpete County, descending from both English and Scandinavian forebears. She was born in Manti in 1907. She graduated from Snow College in 1928 and immediately after that taught in the little Sterling School for two years. She and Ernest Scow of Mayfield were married in 1930, and for several years thereafter Ruth and Ernest worked wherever it was available. What she remembers best of those years is their mutual employment by the Manti Live-stock Company at their Oak Creek Ranch, Ruth as a cook for the ranch hands and Ernest as one of the hands. Later in the 1930's Ruth and Ernest purchased a farm west of Manti raising beets, peas, hay, grain, and cattle. Of their six children, three survived. They assisted in raising two step-daughters.

"Unable to forego a further education, Ruth returned to the Sterling School in 1943 and received her degree from Utah State in 1961 in Elementary Education and Library Science. She was also associated with the library in the Manti High School, as well as the Elementary School Library.

"In her earliest years Ruth was well acquainted with the much older residents who remained into pioneer days. Her interest in the history of her native hearth stemmed from her intimate knowledge of many of the details towards which she developed a sensitivity." -Albert Antrei.

Lillian H. Fox remembers:

"I have been asked to give an account of Ruth's contributions to the Saga of the Sanpitch and also to the Bell Tower project in Manti. In both of these projects, Ruth has donated her time, energy, money and expertise, expecting nothing in return except the privilege to serve her fellowmen.

"Ruth began her work with the Saga of the Sanpitch in 1974 when she accepted the chairmanship following Linnie Findlay. Linnie initiated this program and had been the chairman for the first five years.

"Ruth assumed the responsibility and was the chairman for Volumes 6, 7, and 8. In 1977 she retired as chairman to assist Albert Antrei in the publishing The Other 49ers. Then Ruth again joined the Saga Committee and helped as Co-Chairman for the next five years (1983- 1988). Not only did she help with the publication of the yearly volumes, but over the years she contributed twenty-eight essays, stories, anecdotes and many pictures to the collections. Ruth also helped and encouraged many writers to submit their work. She is very knowledgeable about local history.

"Ruth discovered the Old pioneer school bell in the basement of the Manti Elementary School. To her, this 100-year-old bell was a cherished relic. Ruth went ahead on her own seeking help and financial donations to build a tower for this 28 inch 500 pound bell. On November 21, 1989, this bell tower was in place near the new Elementary School Building and was dedicated at a public gathering. Today, its deep melodious tones delight the children when it rings twelve times each noon, the bell and its story reminds the children of their local history and unique heritage." -Lillian H. Fox.

Lucien Petersen's tribute to Ruth:

"In the old rock school house in Sterling I attended with my sister Margie. I met Miss Davenport. I was so impressed I could hardly wait to start school. She was never my teacher, but has been my good friend for over fifty years. She has certainly left her mark on Sterling." --Lucien Petersen.

Ruth Davenport Scow will be remembered in Sanpete for the historical knowledge she helped bring together and her ability to teach and pass it on to future generations. She has taught in my life three generations, being an example of how people can make a difference.

HANS JENSEN, A TRUE MISSIONARY AND PIONEER

Helen A. Wilson

Senior Division Third Place Short Story

Hans Jensen was born in Hals, Alborg, Denmark, June 24, 1829. Since there were many Hans Jensen's, Hans used Hals after his name to help identify himself. His father was Peter Jensen, and his mother was Ane Margrete Pedersen. He had one sister, Ane Christensen, born in 1825. She died at age 24. An older brother, Jens, was born in 1827. He died at age two. The youngest child, Lauritz, was born in 1840. He took the name Petersen for his last name.

Hans attended school in the winter and worked with his Father in summer. As he grew older, he hired out to other farmers.

At age 18, he was called into the Navy. Denmark was at war with Germany, and all young men were expected to serve in the armed forces. Hans served on a flag ship. One day while he was on watch, he spied three German ships approaching. He sounded the alarm. The three ships were captured and forced to sail to Copenhagen. Hans was given a spyglass he had used to discover the enemy.

In 1825, Hans recorded in his journal, "There was, at this time, a good deal of religious movement among the people in this area. I belonged to the Lutheran Organization, and was faithful in my belief. I went often to church and to Bible reading with Pastor Has. He was Parish Priest in Hals. There were persecutions against the Baptist there in town. Then came the Mormons and it became worse, and it set me to thinking as to which of these organizations was right. Was it right for us Christians to hate those who went astray or are we ourselves astray, compared with the gospel of Christ? I talked with someone who believed that Mormonism was right. I borrowed the Bible and some of his tracts and searched for myself. I chose to go into a room and pray to my Father, and to God in the Highest. I came to more and more light in the Bible, concerning the apostasy after the time of Christ, and the promises made of the restoration of the Gospel, after the covenants God made with our fathers, that the House of Israel should be raised and gathered together by the gentile missionaries. It was before me by day and by night that the time had now come for the fulfillment of these promises, that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God, and they that believed on his testimony would receive salvation in the Kingdom of God, and inherit the eternal glory prepared for the faithful. They that went to Zion would save their souls for another time in the last days when the great trials that the prophets had written about would take place.. I received a testimony that God had begun this work."

On Feb. 18, 1852, two missionaries came to see Hans, and he was baptized that evening. When he came home his parents were against him. The same was true of his friends. He had patience with people, returning good for evil, and two months later his parents were baptized.

He began doing missionary work in the area. Late in the year 1853, Hans and his parents prepared to emigrate. His father became ill and died in Hull, England, where he was buried.

Hans helped supervise the handling of the members' belongings until they boarded the *slap* in Liverpool that would bring them to America. They set sail on January 3, 1854, for New Orleans. They were on the ocean eleven weeks.

Five couples were married on March 15, 1854. Hans married Maren Ericksen that day, and the ship reached America two days later. The company sailed up the Mississippi River to New Orleans, then on to St. Louis. Many died of cholera on this part of the trip. From St. Louis they travelled on to Kansas, a nine-day sail up the Missouri River. Again, many died of cholera. Hans recorded, "The power of God was made strongly manifest among us as many who were ill became well through administration."

The company received wagons in Kansas, bought provisions for the trek West, and made ready to leave for Salt Lake City. Again, many died of cholera, among them, his mother. She was buried in the Kansas forest.

"The whole company was moved out upon the plains on the western side of the State. Here we received four oxen, two cows to each wagon, and we began to set them in yoke," recorded Hans.

"There were several companies of English Saints here also, and a large number of Mexicans. My brother, Lauritz, became acquainted with a merchant from Mexico, or Santa Fe, and was talked in to travelling with him, to my great sorrow. Their company went and we didn't know it." Hans didn't see Lauritz, or even know where he was, for seventeen years.

Hans wrote, "We now began our trek in the plains with 73 wagons. Hans Peter Olsen from Zion was captain. The company was well organized all the way through. We made a new road for 330 English miles, through grass as high as our knees.. Shortly after we reached the old road, we came to Fort Kentucky. Two days later we killed 22 buffalo. When the company reached Fort Laramie, the Indians shot two cows from our company." Fearful of more Indian trouble, Hans' company joined with three smaller companies. They met another company that had lost most of their oxen. Many oxen Hans' company had also died. It was necessary to take one oxen from each wagon to help this company through. Provisions ran out, but 16 wagons loaded with flour from Zion arrived. Before they arrived in Salt Lake, another small company arrived with provisions.

The company reached Salt Lake City on the 5th of October, 1854. Hans chose to go to Sanpete valley. Twenty-six wagons under the leadership of F.C. Sorensen left for Sanpete. This trip took two weeks. The company stopped in Ephraim, but Hans knew P. Domgaard, so he came on to Manti.

Hans established himself in Manti. He obtained land and farmed. Sometimes there were good crops, but often the grasshoppers would destroy as much as half of the harvest. He built several homes, and hauled stones for the foundation of the Temple in the center of town. This stopped when Brigham Young came to Manti, and said the Temple was to be built atop the stone mountain. The foundation that had been started in the center of the town became the tabernacle. Hans was chosen to fence the Danish field. He helped get water and electricity in town, and to build a dam South of town for Funk's Lake, now Palisade State Park. He helped survey the route for a railroad that came from Nephi through Sanpete County. During this time he was active in Church work, talking in meetings, holding leadership callings, and always doing missionary work.

Hans' first wife, Maren Erickson, had a son, Christian Eilert Kjaerulf, whom Hans adopted. In 1855, Hans officiated at the marriage of Christian to Sidsel Marie Rasmussen. On the 4th of June, 1858, an unfortunate incident occurred when the Indians shot four people in Salt Creek Canyon. Among them was Christian Kjaerulf. This brought much sorrow for the Jensens. Later Hans married Sidsel Marie.

In 1859, Cecelia Marie Jorgensen began working for the Jensens. Hans married her in December 1859. An addition was built on the house and Hans wrote, "We had lots of room."

In April 1865, Hans was called on a mission to Denmark. This call came from Brigham Young, who asked this group of 21 to meet in Salt Lake City the first of May. His family numbered 7 at this time, included Hans. The call was delayed until May 18, when Hans told his family goodbye.

The mission lasted three years. He had good success. He also contacted relatives, but they were not friendly to him. When he tried to hold meetings in Hals, no one would give permission to hold meetings anywhere.

In 1867, Hans helped make arrangements to help a group of converts who were emigrating to Utah.

Hans wrote his life story in *April*, 1868. And in June, he prepared to return home. On June 12, he held a meeting for the emigrants. There were 300-400 in the company, and he had been asked to lead them. Two hundred English joined the group, too. He held a second meeting this day his 518th in Denmark. Hans handled the paper work, exchanged money, took care of the members belongings, and helped them board the ship "Emerald Isle." This was one of the largest companies to come to America. It was a hard crossing. There was trouble with the crew. Hans talked to the Captain about the passengers' rights. He recorded, "I did a little good for our people." The ship docked in New York City, August 11, 1868. The company took the train to Council Bluff, then wagons across the plains. Hans arrived in Salt Lake City, September 28, 1868. He wrote, "In the evening my family came...We were glad to be together again after three and a half years of separation." Hans helped the emigrants on their way, and then headed for Manti.



Hans Jensen & Sidsel Marie Rasmussen Jensen, Manti, Utah

He found things in Manti not going well. Grasshoppers had eaten the garden and part of the wheat crop. "Provisions were so low that it was difficult to survive...The people were in the midst of a four year war with the Indians. They had lost a number of their cattle, and they were low in other things, also careless with their meeting and the serving of God. It changed shortly after I arrived as Pres. Young visited us and encouraged the people to faithfulness in the practical things of the Kingdom,

which we had accomplished. New life and better feelings were brought about through the work of the Priesthood, and by the influence of the Holy Spirit of the Lord," he recorded in his journal.

Lauritz Petersen wrote a letter to the County Clerk in 1871, and asked about Hans. The letter was read in the School of the Prophets when Hans was present. He began to correspondence with this long-lost brother, who had settled in Colorado. He felt great joy in making this contact with his brother.

Hans made many trips in Sanpete County as a missionary, together with several of the brethren, and held two days' meetings in every town, and visited all the towns on Sunday and preached. He often went south of the County to preach.

After the exchange of many letters, Han's brother, Lauritz decided to visit Manti. Hans met him in Salt Lake City on June 4, 1875. It had been 21 years since they had seen each other. His brother, wife, and servant were in Manti for two months. His brother and wife were baptized while there.

In 1877 a new meeting house was built. Manti was divided into two Wards. Hans Jensen was chosen to be Bishop of the new South Ward. In 1878, Hans was called on a mission to Colorado. Here he visited with his brother, and helped locate two new towns, Manasseh and Ephraim. He returned to Manti in September 1879.

Hans was arrested and sent to prison for practicing polygamy in August 1888. There had been an arrangement to have someone look out when the deputies were coming. Hans had always gone to the west mountains to hide, but this time he was sick in bed and couldn't hide. He was given a half hour to get ready to go. He was held for five months. While in prison he received word that his son Marinus had been murdered for his team and money. The man who had done this was caught and hanged, but Hans took this death very hard. He was released from prison February 3, 1890.

In 1903, Hans wrote, "Sickness came upon me and with my much labor and all, I felt it was wisdom and right to ask for my release from the Bishopric office, having fulfilled this position for 26 years."

During these years, his children, 19 in all, though 5 did not grow to maturity, married and raised families of their own, and in 1904, Hans wrote about those who died.

Hans continued to travel and preach until 1910. He died June 10, 1911.

ANE KRISTINE OLSEN ARMSTRONG

Lillian H. Fox

Senior Division Honorable Mention Short Story

Ane Kristine was the eldest child of Peter Olsen, who was know as The Dane From Kjaesgaard. Kjaesgaard was the city in Denmark where the Olsen family lived until they joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and moved to Ephraim Utah.

This story about Ane Kristine begins when she was thirteen years of age. She and her family were with a company of immigrants who had crossed the stormy Atlantic in an overcrowded sailing vessel, and after sixteen days on the water they traveled by train to Winter Quarters where they purchased a team of oxen and a wagon to help them across the plains to Utah. Peter Olsen had sold his home and farm in Denmark for a substantial sum of money. With this money he helped purchase twenty-two ox teams and wagons for himself and other less fortunate families to travel across the

country. The families agreed to refund the money someday and the agreement was a handshake. Some of them kept their promise.

Ane Kristine said that one couple, who had a ten year old son, had only enough money to purchase a handcart. The captain didn't like the handcart idea but agreed to let them follow at the end of the line if Peter Olsen would help them when in trouble. A week before the company left, the husband became ill and died of cholera. The woman and son were determined to follow along pushing the handcart.

They were only ten days along the trail when the woman became ill. She hadn't told anyone that she was pregnant.

"I thought about them," said Ane Kristine, "and I decided that I could push the handcart and let the woman have my place in our wagon." Father talked to the Captain and they decided, since I was strong and healthy, that I could try.

"It really wasn't that hard," said Ane Kristine. "The ten year old was strong and willing and we pushed together. When we came to a hill, father hitched the handcart to his wagon and the children got out and walked the hill."

Ane Kristine laughed and said that she wore out her shoes the first week, and after that she tied her feet with pieces of old cloth and bits of leather, or if the road was sand she walked barefoot. When they reached rocky country, her feet bled and she wore out many pieces of leather. The hardest place was coming down the mountain from Wyoming into Utah where they followed narrow ruts in the road. When they reached Salt Lake Valley, it was October Conference and many people came out to greet the immigrant train. Her father then told her he was very proud of her and could someday reward her for her kindness.

Peter Olsen remembered his promise, and when they were settled and living in the east part of Ephraim, he built a room outside the house for her and purchased a large, loom, large enough to weave blankets, according to her desire.

Ane Kristine had many interesting experiences as she grew to adulthood in Ephraim, hi time she married James Armstrong and became the mother of twelve children; five of them passed away when very young.

She told about the death of one of her children as follows: "My husband and I homesteaded some land in Pigeon Hollow and were living there when my two children became ill. It was winter, the wind blowing and snow falling wildly. Pa decided that the baby couldn't be moved and our little Mary was running a fever so he took Andrew, our oldest child, and drove to town for some medication. He expected to be back by 8:00 or 9:00 that evening. All day the wind blew and it rained with sleet and snow while I cared for the baby, putting mustard plasters and rubbing her chest with oil. I rubbed Mary too but didn't pay much attention to her. I put a kettle on the stove to make steam for the children.

"Little Mary kept coming to me saying, 'Baby is better so please hold me for awhile, I am sick too.'

"'I love you very much dear and when baby is better I will take care of you,' I said. Mary sobbed a bit but went to sleep on the floor on a mattress pad, her only bed.

"The storm raged on and Pa didn't get home until dawn, but he brought medicine from the druggist. I gave some to the baby and went to give some to Mary but she was cold. Our little Mary had died in the night without a sound."

Ane Kristine never told this story without tears running down her cheeks.

In time, James and Ane Kristine opened a furniture store in Ephraim and had a thriving business. James passed away after a long illness, then Ane Kristine ran the business by herself for many years. Her home was located on First North and Main Street. Three of her children married and lived in Ephraim. Her children and grandchildren were a great comfort to her.

In her later life Ane Kristine was a small lady weighing about ninety pounds, but she continued to live alone and keep house for herself. She was very bright, clever, and had a mischievous twinkle in her gray-blue eyes. A twist on her lips let you know she was fooling around and intended to make fun with words. Everyone went away with a chuckle. This charming characteristic appears to be a family trait.

Ane Kristine died in her mid-nineties and was buried in the Ephraim Park Cemetery beside her loving husband.



Anna Olsen Armstong lived to be 93 years old.
- Courtesy Lillian H. Fox

Most of this material was taken from the life story of Ane Kristine Olsen Armstrong by a grand-daughter, Helen Stanford Martin.

MY LONG AGO CHRISTMAS

Ruth D. Scow

Senior Division Honorable Mention Short Story

Her box said her name was "Pansy," but regardless of her unusual name she was everything that I dreamed about or wished for in a doll. She was more beautiful and lifelike than any doll in the Sears and Roebuck catalog, and I had studied each picture and description very carefully china head, curly

hair, eyelashes, dimples, eyes that open and shut, jointed bisque body, twenty four inches tall with lace-trimmed dress, knee-length stockings and black "Mary Jane" slippers.

The day before Christmas of the year 1914, Papa had brought our tree from the Red Point, just south of town. It was a sort of fat, round tree, so he had hauled it on the bobsled behind our team of horses. I watched through the window as he had measured, sawed, and hammered to attach its wooden stand. Then I had helped by holding the door to our house wide open while he maneuvered the huge pinion pine into the parlor, where it took up the entire corner of the room. To me, it looked very tall.

While Papa had been getting the tree, Mama and I had popped corn which I had carefully strung on a doubled thread. To make the corn festoons even more attractive, about every ten kernels I handed a small square of red tissue paper. I had saved my nickels to buy the paper from which I also spent many nights cutting and pasting red and green paper chains.

From the top shelf of the closet, Papa now handed down the box of last year's decorations. These included three tinsel-framed pictures, one of Jesus, a heavenly angel with wings spread out, and the Three Wise Men who brought gifts to baby Jesus. Each picture had been wrapped in tissue for storage. Very carefully, I unwrapped each one and Mama supervised my hanging them on the tree. From this box also came red and green colored candles and tin candle-holders, which clipped onto the tree branches. It was difficult to get the holder placed so that the candle stood upright, instead of leaning sideways. Mama cautioned, "Don't hang the paper chains near the candles." As we worked, the smell of pine and popcorn permeated the room to give the feeling and look of Christmas.

Darkness at the close of the day had hardly come when I begged, "Please, Papa, let us light the candles. I want to see how they look." As he hesitated, I continued, "Just for a few minutes, and then we can blow them out so there will be more candles for another time."

Papa struck a match and lifted me high in his arms to light the very top candle. After that, I watched as he found and lighted every single one. The room became a fairyland as each candle flickered and chased grotesque shadows on the walls. I just knew that Santa would see the glow before they were carefully blown out and we stood in the dark with the fragrance of the pinion pine surrounding us.

I awakened early Christmas morning. Our house was quiet, so very quiet. Our town was quiet. I heard a rooster crow. I snuggled deeper into the quilts. No, I would just take a peek. Quickly I climbed out of bed and opened the parlor door. The tree stood just as I had left it the night before, but the room was cold. I tiptoed nearer and saw the long narrow pasteboard box with my name RUTH written in big letters on the lid. Santa had remembered! I lifted the lid.

There she was, my doll, MY FIRST REAL DOLL! I lifted her and cradled her in my arms. As I did so, her big blue eyes opened and she looked at me. She could even move her arms and bend her elbows and turn her wrists! She could even turn her head to look over her shoulders. Her knees bent. She could sit down. Wonderful was not the word to describe her. She was for me. SHE WAS MINE!

Today (1994) Pansy has been to the doll hospital to be restrung. She has new brown curls and long dark eyelashes. Yet I know that underneath her wig, deeply imprinted on the back of her china head are the words - Germany, 1907. I lift her carefully from her box. Her eyes open. Once more I am a happy little girl of long ago filled with dreams, hopes, and the sure knowledge that "Santa does not forget," and that "Christmas is love."

A LOOK TO KEEP MY WORD GOOD

Glen Thomas

Non-Professional First Place Anecdote

After graduating from Snow College in 1932 with a teaching certificate, the Depression made it impossible to get a teaching position. The following year I had the good fortune of getting a job teaching, earning \$70.00 per month in a one-teacher school at Rockport, Summit County. As the opening of school approached, I needed some clothes badly, but I had no money. I inquired at the Coalville Co-op of George Beard, the manager, whom I knew, if I could charge a few items of clothing to get started teaching. He then asked me when I could pay. I told him I received my first check in a month. He liked to trust people and so gave his approval.

Toward the end of the month, a high-pressure car salesman talked me into buying a used car. I needed transportation badly, and before I realized I was deeply in debt for the car. For the next three months the Coalville Co-op bill was ignored. My conscience bothered me. At the first of the month another statement came with a brief word. It simply said, "Dear Glenn, always keep your word good. Someday you may need it. Signed, George Beard." Yes, intent was to pay each month, but I failed to keep my word. That month, this bill was the first to be paid. When I paid him, he simply stated that if I had paid even fifty-cents it would have demonstrated my honest intent. An important lesson was learned. Throughout my life, I have kept my word good. Little did I know then that one day I would marry his precious granddaughter. I'm glad some of George Beard's blood flows through the veins of my children.

THREE STICKS OF DYNAMITE

Carl H. Carpenter

Non-Professional Second Place Anecdote

The following account is a personal recollection of Elmer C. Tuttle, who lived his entire life in Manti, February 1907 - April 1986. In the fall of 1925, I was working with a group of men on the mountain west of Manti in Doge's Canyon. We had the common interest of obtaining firewood for winter and were in the process of building a road down the canyon. A huge boulder was lodged exactly where the road had to go. I was given the task for its removal. It was a limestone rock about 8 feet long, 7 feet wide, and 6 feet high; and I decided the only way to move it was with explosives. Another man helped me use a rock drill to punch a 1 1/2-inch diameter hole into the rock. We would take turns, one holding and rotating the drill bit, while the other hit it with a sledge hammer. After pounding for several minutes, the drill cuttings were "bailed" out with a long spoon. I was planning to place the dynamite sticks into the hole, when Ambrose Tuttle (a distant cousin) came by and suggested that half a stick should be adequate. By the time I got the dynamite, everyone was gone, so I put three sticks of dynamite in the hole which was about 4 feet deep. When I set off the charge there was a tremendous explosion that propelled the boulder outward and sent it crashing down the canyon. It destroyed everything in its path and ran halfway up the opposite canyon wall before coming to rest in a cloud of dust. Ambrose came racing back where I was standing all excited and exclaimed, "Holy Moses! What

would have happened if you would have used a whole stick." I never did tell him I used three sticks of dynamite.

Personal Life Story of Elmer C. Tuttle

SWIM FOR YOUR LIFE

Blodwen P. Olson

Non-Professional Third Place Anecdote

Eight girls, ages 14 or 15, were on our annual camping trip at Yearn's Reservoir in Manti Canyon. One of our Dads or Brothers had taken us there, helped to pitch our tents-one for food and a larger one for sleeping. We really had fun on these trips. We hiked, played games, cooked, ate, fixed each other's hair and went swimming. Some could swim and some couldn't. None liked the mossy bottom of the lake or the water snakes that we occasionally saw.

However, there was a rickety raft on the lake and sometimes we who could swim persuaded those who couldn't to get on the raft. "It would be perfectly safe," we told them. "If you fall in, we'll save you and you know water snakes don't bite, they are perfectly harmless."

One day, most of us were on the raft. We were having a great time pushing it from shore to shore with paddles and poles. When we were in the middle of the lake, some of the girls squealed that they could see a snake swimming toward the raft. All of us rushed to one side of the raft away from the snake. Over went the raft and dumped us into the water. Everyone was screaming! Some called for "Help!" and someone shouted, "Swim for your life!"

One of the girls suddenly stood up. The water was only three feet deep. We waded to the raft, climbed aboard and pushed it to the shore. We couldn't get the non-swimmers to try it again. Getting wet was not so bad, but the moss and ooze on the bottom was not very pleasant and although we knew water snakes couldn't hurt, we were afraid of them.

TOMBSTONE

Shannon Simpson Rhodes

Non-Professional First Place Poetry

I
never
knew this
man who rests
below me, and yet
I gather he was of great
importance. A girl came today
holding the hand of her grandpa.
He told her, and me about

ISAAC MORLEY
BORN 1788
DIED 1865.

Grandpa told us the story of his family
With faith Morley led the families to
their Promised Land in Sanpete. He
withstood persecution in Ohio, led the
pioneers to the West, sheltered Brother
Joseph, and became a leader himself. Here
in Manti, under the soil of the Sanpitch, I
represent a great man, Grandpa told me. I
suppose Morley planted the seed to this thriving
community when he brought the white settlers. Without
him, I might have been just a stone purposeless in a land
of dry sagebrush and obnoxious rattlesnakes and nomadic peoples.

MEMORIES OF THE STORIES I'VE HEARD MY MOTHER TELL

Colleen McCormick
Non-Professional Second Place Poetry

The love being together, in work as well as play. Not to have a constant reminder as it is in our day. All it took was a tap on the window with a thimble to get our attention, not some great new invention.

The long skirts that flipped the wood shavings in all directions as she, my grandmother, passed by. Beautiful styled hair and beads that were adorned and easy on the eye.

Snow, a horse, and carriage is a scene close to my heart. Everyone tried to have the best town. From well-groomed horses to decorated carriages shown with pride, what fun all those inside.

What wonderful place to rest in a cemetery across from the Temple, that one's Grandfather helped to build. God's house where generations of children can come to kneel. So many emotions we all feel.

My Grandpa Taylor ran the Movies House, first as a janitor, then as a manager passes on to his son, William McFarlane. Also the skating rink at Palisade Park. A child's dream fulfilled, especially with an uncle owning the Ice Cream Store. Who could ask for more?

The train that came into town. A whistle blew for a special signal that all was well. Be home soon, anxious awaiting loved ones to fill the parlor room.

My mother played trumpet in the women's band. She must have been a beautiful sight and made a few hearts of the opposite sex delight.

Oh yes, it's plain to see the effects of Manti pass on me. Not quite the same as before, but too many to ignore.

Mother-Eva Taylor Nielson

SAILOR AND DAN

Roger Leonard Burnside
Non-Professional Third Place Poetry

The buds in the Birch and Cottonwood trees begin to come out along the creek, the snow melts, and the first grass appears, the Robins sing and maybe a Bluebird or two.

As you can smell and hear Springtime, you can hear my Dad's "gidup gidup" to Sailor and Dan as he plows the fields, at sun's first ray, in my Old Mountain Home far away.

The Peonies bloom and the Sweet Peas down the lane, as the summer sun ripens the Blackberries along the fence and the Jonathans in the trees.

My mind's eye sees Dad and Sailor and Dan cutting hay, in my Old Mountain Home far away.

Fall time comes, the Jons turn to red, the Silver Poplars to gold, the Blue Plums are fat, black and juicy, and cooking apples are ready for mother's apple pie-

Summer has slipped away.

In the old barn, now fallen, I see Sailor and Dan eating hay, in my Old Mountain Home far away.

Now it's winter, time to enjoy Christmas, time to keep warm milking the cows, time to get the chores done early, time to read a good book.

Time to have Dad hook up Sailor and Dan so we can ride in the sleigh, in my Old Mountain Home far away.

Now we look forward to another time, although the farm, trees and flowers are still there today, the caretaker and his mate have gone away.

They are watching Dad's old team in green pastures.

Oh, I miss them all! Just to hear my Dad say, "Gidup," or Sailor or Dan neigh in my Old Mountain Home far away.

DAVID

John Kjar
Non-Professional Honorable Mention Poetry

The mem'ry of a man hangs upon my mind
Like morning mist on mountain peak.
The thought of him I oft' do seek
Like snows that blow; and blind
Do fall. Thoughts that oft' invoke
A smile, a tear, a sigh or such,
As winds that seem to pry and poke,
Or sun whose rays reach out to touch.
Gentle, autumn breeze doth blow,

And sunlight fills my soul, at thought
Of days now past, which mem'ry sought,
In which not just a few
Fond recollections ling'ring near
Of one who shaped life's form anew.
With happy heart clear full of cheer,
He changed the world in which he lived.
He lived, he loved, and loved was he
By all who kept his company.



David Kjar 1938-1991
— Courtesy John Kjar

LILAC SEASON

Carol E. Delancy
Non-Professorial Honorable Mention Poetry

Anyone can see
the image
of drawing
Life isn't what you expected.
Store lilac blooms
in the heart,
Petals of love
The shades of blossoms fall
and fade into tomorrow
Beyond lies mystery
until the final breath
when lilac season ends...

HONKY TONK PIES

June B. Jensen

Non-Professorial Honorable Mention Poetry

A tiny corner of Main Street
A shelter the Honky Tonk, a
haven for home-made pies.
All mouth-watering filling and crusts
were made from scratch.

Crows feet slits marched across
apple and cherry two-crusts
while fluted-edge gooseberry boasted
of pure Rex lard.
Caramel custard was her specialty

The creams, lemons, banana and coconut
piled high with white meringue
defied all diets.
In season there was raisin, mince
and squash; how could we forget?

I helped my friend deliver
her Mother's creations before
school and on a Saturday morning.
Each was baked fresh daily —
Mrs. Hurst's Honky Tonk Pies.



MEMORIES

Lois T. Kribs

Non-Professorial Honorable Mention Poetry

Amid the green
and gray
of sage

Bright blossoms
fill my mind
with memories
from my childhood.

I am ten -
it is spring -
among the weeds
bright blossoms beckon.

I cross the road
to pick bouquets
for my room,
for my table

Now older,
I do not pick;
I stand in awe
and only gaze

At the vibrant
Indian Paintbrush
amid the green
and gray of sage.

WRIGHT THURSTON

Lloyd H. Parry

Non-Professional First Place Short Story

Wright Thurston was my ideal and I wanted to be like him. I even hoped I looked a little like him. He was tall and good looking with a straight, clean look. When he walked it seemed like he took giant strides. That is also the way he lived life - taking giant strides.

Wright was my Senior Patrol Leader in Scouts. He taught the Scout Oath and Law by his example. At the same time he made scouting fun.

One spring day I was following Wright's tracks through the snow and mud on the hill above the Parry Stone Quarry to pass my second class tracking 2nd Lt. Wright Thurston Army Air Corp. requirement. I was following his WWII Killed 19 Dec 1943 B-24 Liberator giant stride pretty well when the Bomber courtesy Lee Thurston tracks abruptly seemed to be going in the opposite direction. This was very confusing until I figured out Wright had jumped into the air, turned around and was still going in the same direction but running backwards!

At the Scout Camp on Thousand Lake Mountain, Wright led a meaningful fire lighting program. He did not lose his patience when I could not get the fire lighted at the critical point in his presentation. On the same camp I watched him prepare a wilderness cooler in the ground to keep our food cool. Another time while the troop was hiking on the mountain, it started to rain. Wright prepared the best stew I have ever eaten and had it ready for us on our return. We were cold, wet, tired, and hungry and yet he was cheerful and served us all the stew we wanted, which was considerable.

Under his directions some of us scouts made our own back-pack as well as our own sleeping bag and poncho. He also showed us how to make climbers we could attach to our skis.

Of course we had to try out all our new equipment. We planned a back-pack ski trip into the mountains in January where we could stay several nights when the snow was deep and the weather was cold.

We convinced our parents to let us go by telling them Wright would be our leader. This worked until we assembled in the confectionery store run by Wright's father, Frank Thurston.

"What are your parents thinking of?" he exclaimed.

"Why are they letting you risk your lives to go off into the mountain wilderness in the middle of the winter?"

"We are not worried. Wright will be our leader," we assured him.

"Wright is just another boy!" Mr. Thurston replied.

At first he implied we were missing some brain power. He seemed convinced that if we came back at all it would not be with all of our parts. Deep down he must have been pleased with our confidence in Wright as he didn't object too strenuously and soon agreed to let us go.

After days of preparation, the big day finally arrived! Early in the morning five of us adventurers (Perry Christensen, Gordon Harris, Gail Hogaard, Wright Thurston and I) piled into my brother, Tom's, pick-up truck. Tom drove us up Manti Canyon as far as he could go with chains on the rear wheels. We then headed off on our skis to the north fork of Manti Canyon where Alex Nielson had a cabin he used in the summer and fall. We had permission to use it. None of us had been to the cabin and were not sure just where it was. We hoped we were going in the right direction as the trail was covered with deep snow.

Wright had designed and made ski climbers that worked well for him. The rest of us had not taken the same care and our climbers gave us problems. They were cumbersome and tired us quickly. On the steep hills we all had to resort to a side step or herringbone step or suffer the consequence of sliding back. It was very difficult to make any progress.

After several hours we were all near exhaustion and had only covered a few miles. We had seen no sign of the cabin and some of us were starting to think we would have to camp in the snow, perhaps under one of the many pine trees where the snow was about two feet deep. On the trail the snow was four to five feet deep.

"I can't go any farther!" one of the group stated flatly between gasps for breath.

At the foot of an especially long and steep hill, we stopped in our tracks. It just looked like too much to climb in our weakened condition. We looked around for a place to lie down and rest but there wasn't any place except in the snow. We did not even have ski poles to lean on, We just stood there trying to catch our breath.

The air was thin and cold. It was quiet except for our labored breathing. A glob of snow fell from one of the higher branches of a nearby pine tree, picking up additional snow as it came down branch after branch. Somehow it signaled impending doom.

"All of you wait here." Wright broke the gloom and silence. "I'll go ahead and check."

Not having to wait for us, he was soon up and over the hill. We could no longer hear or see him. The light was starting to fade. It was quiet and we felt very much alone and a long way from any help.

"Hel-lo-o-o!" It was Wright calling above and beyond the hill. "I have found the cabin. It isn't far! Come on! You can make it!"

With his encouragement we struggled to the top of the hill. Through some quaking aspen we soon saw the cabin. It turned out to be John R. Nielson's cabin. It was shelter we were thankful for and we made it our home. We soon had a fire going in the stove and our sleeping bags spread out on the bunks. After a dinner of fried rib-eye steaks that we had brought along with a frying pan to cook them in, we got into our sleeping bags. As long as the fire was burning we were snug and warm but when the fire burned out the cabin was soon very cold. No one wanted to get up to build more fire so we stayed snuggled into the sleeping bags. My mother had helped me make a sleeping bag out of several wool blankets sewn together and covered that kept me warm enough.

We spent several days skiing and exploring during which time we discovered Alex Nielson's cabin back in some trees about a mile on up the trail.

Getting water from the stream was a difficult task. Melting snow into water took a good deal of time and fuel so we opted to ski down with a bucket to the stream. Breaking a hole in the ice and filling the bucket with no problem. The challenge came trying to climb back to the cabin. The snow was about six feet deep and we spilled most of the water climbing on skis. Trying to climb out in the snow without skis was almost impossible. We would sink into the snow up to our hips. Finally Wright made a trail. Actually it was not really a trail but a series of holes in the snow where his feet had sunk in as he wallowed through the snow without skis. Although not easy, we tried to follow in his footsteps. We did and survived.

Our trip out of the canyon was the most fun of all. We were not expert skiers, that's for sure. When things got rough, like the trail being too steep or bending too sharply, we would simply fall down to save ourselves. We knew we weren't likely to be injured in the soft snow. Climbing back up out of a hole caused by a fall became a problem. Leaving a deep hole could also create a hazard for any skiers following us. We asked Wright to go first because he was least likely to fall. He warned us of the difficult places. We did the best we could. I remember Gordon coming down a particularly steep and treacherous stretch astride a pole he used as a drag. We soon made it to the smoother and less steeper main road in the canyon and skied all the way down the canyon into Manti and to our homes. The only injury sustained by the group was when Perry took his skis off to walk from the street to his house. He slipped on the ice and fell on his back-side. However, he recovered from the pain and embarrassment in a few weeks.

In high school almost everyone looked up to Wright in more ways than one and were willing to follow him. He always seemed to be on the right side of issues. It was not surprising when he was elected Student Body President of Manti High School. When he stood up to conduct an assembly everyone got respectfully quiet and listened.

He had a important part in the annual high school play. I was in the play too and saw firsthand how considerate he was to the other members of the cast.

I like to remember him as he looked when he was the Drum Major of the band as he stood or marched proudly in front of the band as they played the rousing march music. When Wright graduated I tried out for the position of Drum Major but was not selected.

Just before the United States entered World War Two, Wright joined the National Guard. I followed him and joined the National Guard. We were in the same outfit.

His job as messenger landed him the privilege of driving the Company motorcycle. While on maneuvers at Ft. Lewis, Washington, he drove into camp one evening after delivering messages all day. I did not recognize him. Wright was careful about his appearance and was always neat and clean. The

person who got off the motorcycle was covered from head to toe with caked dust and mud. When he took his goggles off I saw the smile in his eyes. When the smile spread to his cheeks the mud cracked and fell away and there was Wright full of fun.

We went on a week-end pass together to Olympia, Washington. At a fine restaurant he picked out, we each only had the price of a sea food salad. We could not decide whether we wanted the shrimp or the crab so we ordered one of each and split them. I thought that was great.

When the National Guard was activated, Wright stayed in He made First Sergeant and was sent to Hawaii. At his request he received a transfer to the Army Air Force as he wanted to be a flyer.

He came home on leave before reporting for training and we spent the day together skiing at Pole Haven. What a day! We had the whole hill to ourselves. He furnished the lunch and I furnished the transportation. We ran the ski lift and had a great time. This memorable day was the last time I saw Wright.

I joined the Army Air Force as I wanted to be a flyer. I enrolled as an aviation student at Texas Technological College, Lubbock Texas when I received a sad letter from my mother telling me of Wright's death in an aircraft accident.

As a Lieutenant he had completed Pilot Training, received his wings and was advanced as a pilot in a B17 Bomber. Apparently in takeoff, a problem developed and the plane crashed and caught fire. There were survivors but Wright was not one of them. I don't know the last minutes of Wright's life, but knowing Wright I envisioned him helping others to save their lives while sacrificing his own.

When it comes time for me to leave this life, I hope I can go where my friend Wright had gone. I will be in good company.



Wright Thurston with the tent and pole he made before the National Scout Jamboree in 1937 – Courtesy Lee Thurston

PROFILE OF ALICE ADELL KEELER HATCH GOTTFREDSON

Lea N. Lane

Non-Professional Second Place Short Story

My Grandmother, Alice K. Hatch, lived and worked in Manti most of the time from 1906 until 1954. She was born in Goshen, Utah, in 1865. Her family pioneered Payson, Goshen, Santaquin and moved to Richfield when she was six. When she was about twenty years old she went to Grass Valley to work for the Hatch family in their dairy.

In Greenwich she met George A. Hatch, Jr. They were married in the St. George Temple, December 29, 1886, after traveling by wagon in the dead of winter from Greenwich. They went back to Grass Valley where George died two years later of typhoid fever. He left a young widow pregnant with their second child.

Two years after his death, Alice went to the BYU Academy and earned a Primary Grade Teacher's Certificate. In her absence her mother looked after her two little girls, Ethel and Georgia. She taught school in Richfield for two years and then, after being recommended by Bishop Joseph S. Home in 1893, she married Petter Gottfredson, twenty years older than herself and with eight children of his own.

They moved to Vermilion with their ten children. There they had five additional children: a girl, who died young, a set of identical twin girls, Lenore and Louell, and two sons, David and Morris. In twenty years her two older daughters married, then she took four Gottfredson children and moved to Manti, leaving their father.

In Manti she could have gone back to education, but she preferred to stay home with her children, helping them in school and as needed. They took in washing and ironing for other people to make a living. Soon she started going to the temple almost every day at least one session. Sometimes, she would be paid fifty cents for doing an endowment for someone else. This was common at that time.

As time went on, Alice invited her husband to come and live with her. He was old and couldn't do much work, but he did manage to buy a house for them. He didn't stay many years. He went back to Richfield, got a divorce, married again and finally died there.

Grandmother and her children stayed in Manti and continued working together until the United States entered World War I. Her oldest son, David, "in the adventurous spirit of youth, had, by earnest solicitation been permitted to join the ranks of the World War I, (He was) under age but determined to be with his companions and what he called 'fight for his country.' This left the mother heartbroken.

In January 1918, her second son, Morris, at seventeen, died of what was thought to be spinal meningitis. This was devastating to his mother.

One of the twin girls, Louell, decided to go to Richfield to finish her high school. Lenore stayed with her mother, as she said many things were "grief reminders for the stricken couple and just to know that never a gain could his attractive and loving presence be felt there, almost took away the charm of life itself for mother and daughter. "

"The sweet spirit of the daughter [Lenore] prompted the remark, 'Mother, you are so lonely without the two boys, I think I better remain with you always. I need not marry. You shall have company and I will stay with you forever.'

"No, my dear girl, I cannot consent to that. Because I am lonely does not justify sacrificing yourself in such a manner. You should get married according to God's law and bear children."

Alice K. Hatch worked in the library until she had to quit and on advice of a doctor take a rest. She worked in the church, in her garden and at various jobs. She and the children attended church regularly. She read to them and taught them with stories and love.

In spite of poverty, hard work and at times ill health, had helped finance Louell through nursing school, Lenore through stenographic school and her son David, to complete medical school and become a surgeon and family doctor.

In 1937 she wrote a brief history in which she commented. "My children have always been uppermost in my mind and I am thankful to this day that I was not swayed from trying to do my full part of them."

She told me one time in 1943 how hard it had been getting money for David to finish his medical training and mentioned that at least two times she had auctioned off everything she owned except the clothes on her back and a few eating utensils to obtain money. I read in a letter she had written to him and his wife when he was in graduate school in Missouri. In it she had enclosed five dollars and apologized for not sending more but it was all she had.

"I will have worked in the temple thirty years next June 1937. I started in the Manti Temple the first of June in 1907 and worked in Salt Lake Temple while helping Lenore and David through school and some years after, about ten years in all. I went to St. George and worked six in that temple. When conditions were favorable I came back to Manti where I can be with my children and still work in the temple. "

In her Patriarchal Blessing she was told and certainly lived up to the conditional promise: "Thou are greatly blessed to come forth in the last dispensation to do a great work for the living and the dead...Thy tongue shall be loosened and thy understanding quickened and thou shall be a teacher unto many. "

It has been a long since Grandma lived in Manti. She died in 1954 and is buried in Manti Cemetery next to her son Morris. Some of you may remember what a wonderful teacher she was, her great faith and extensive knowledge of the gospel and her diligence in working on genealogy. I have several letters of appreciation from the Genealogy Stake board and a CERTIFICATE OF HONOR for the 1947 Utah Centennial Commission signed by Governor Herbert B. Maw and President David O. McKay as Chairman, Centennial Commission.

There may yet be people living in Manti or round about who will remember her as a teacher of youth, including the Primary. When I was living in Manti, working in the parachute plant, during WWI, I remember visiting grandmother, She had been invited to Primary and was presented with a large decorated box of goodies honoring her as the "Most Outstanding Woman" in town.

One of the fondest memories of her is seeing her sitting in her little house beside the glowing "monkey stove," rocking and knitting khaki colored wool yarn vests for our soldier boys. The last I know she made 125 vests. She would sit with her dust cap on and her long skirt in her little rocking chair and softly singing to herself a church hymn.

Diary
Brief History
Patriarchal Blessing

HELPING DAD ON THE FARM

Christine Redford

Non-Professional Third Place Short Story

I grew up on the small farming community of Mt. Pleasant, Utah. My father, Grant Johansen, was a school teacher and a guidance counselor at North Sanpete High and a farmer. Our farm consisted of 200 head of cattle which required a busy summer for dad irrigating crops and hauling hay.

I remember vividly, as a girl of about 13, waking up the first summer morning of summer vacation, and lazily dreaming about my fun filled summer schedule. Days of sun-bathing in the back yard, spending time with friends, swimming, bicycling, watching my favorite soap opera, and just plain old relaxing.

It must have been about the second week of summer vacation when I was awakened early in the morning by my father, and told to get dressed and eat breakfast, as we (dad, Joe and I) were going to the farm to haul hay. Upset and aware that this activity would not fit into my summer schedule, I began to protest, giving a myriad of reasons why I should not have to go: 1) I was a girl, and hauling was a boys job! 2) Hauling hay would interrupt my planned tanning schedule and 3) It was much too early to be up and moving-11 a.m. seemed much more appropriate to me. Dad was not the person to argue with, I soon learned. He would just smile that wonderful smile of his and repeat, "The sooner you get up and get going, the sooner we'll be home." That was that! I knew that all the whining and pleading in the world would not make any difference.

Reluctantly, I got up and got ready to go haul hay. I had never helped haul hay before. Age 13 must have been the golden age of responsibility or something. Anyway, I started to think the day was not lost-I would wear my swimming suit to the farm and get my scheduled tan while at the same time hauling hay. When my dad saw me, he questioned my working attire, but with a smile said, "Let's go!"

My brother Joe, who was four years older than I, helped Dad haul hay every summer. We climbed into the truck and started off to the farm. Dad informed me that I would be driving the tractor this summer, while he and Joe loaded and unloaded the hay. Things were starting to look up! Driving! I thought, and I'm not 16. This might be fun after all. Reaching the farm about 8 a.m., Dad gave me a quick course on how to drive a tractor. When in the field, I was to drive the wagon right next to the hay bales. Dad would then heave the heavy bales onto the wagon and Joe would stack them into three levels. We could get about 50 bales of hay on the wagon. After the wagon was loaded, dad would drive the wagon back to the feed yard where we would unload the stack of hay. My job, though boring, was important. I would drive the tractor forward and backward, forward and backward, for as many times as it would take to unload the wagon. The big derrick with the four-pronged Jackson pitchfork would be thrust into about four bales of hay. When I drove the tractor forward the pitchfork raised the hay up and swung the bales out over the stack. Just as the pitchfork was at the appropriate height above the stack, I would stop the tractor as my brother would trip the rope on the pitchfork to release the bales. Dad would then stack the hay in an orderly fashion. I would then back the tractor up, and the whole procedure would start again.

Things were going well my first day on the farm except for the fact that I wore my swimming suit. I was kept very busy swatting deer flies and mosquitoes off my bare skin. I also considered, that I was now so covered with dirt, that surely the sun's rays couldn't penetrate deep enough to accomplish a tan. The next morning I was clad in jeans and a long sleeved shirt.

Although I never enjoyed getting out of bed early on those summer mornings to go to the farm, I did discover the joy of working closely with my dad and brother. As we drove along together in the truck, Dad would always point out the beauties in our surroundings. He would exclaim over the beauty of the mountains and lush green fields of Lucerne or barley. He took pride in his feed yards stacked high with hay for the coming winter and his cattle that grazed in the neighboring fields. We always joked that Dad knew each of his cows personally by name or by some distinguishing mark.

I remember how fun it was to stand next to Daddy on the tractor as we rode swiftly down the road after a load of hay. We would be hot and sweaty and the cool air would rush through our hair and cool our skin. Dad always had a smile on his face, and I knew inside that he was pleased with our hard work and our day's accomplishment. It was a personal time, to chat, to laugh, to be close to one another.

Each day we would try to break our old record of seeing how many bales of hay we could haul and stack. I remember one day in particular that we were almost to break our previous record, when the storm clouds started to rise. I drove the tractor forward and backwards so fast to unload our last load, that to a passerby, it might have looked like fast-forward movie! We did it though! One thousand bales of hay-our new record!

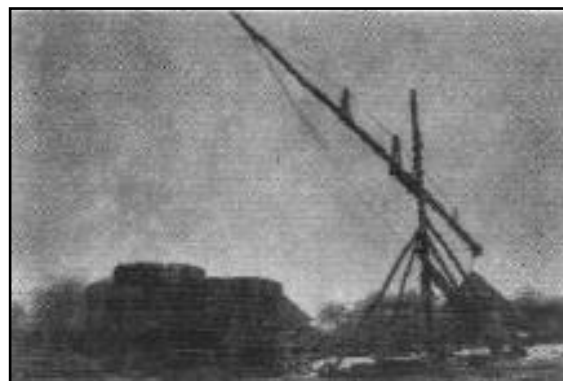
Often times when hauling hay, Dad would let me stay back at the feed yard while he and Joe went for another load. I would amuse myself by secret huts, exploring old barns, writing letters, or reading a favorite novel.

After working hard in the summer sun, Dad would let us sit for a rest and he would pass around his "communal" canteen. Seeing he and my brother sweating profusely with dirty hands and faces did little to create an interest for me in sharing. Thirsty as I might have been, I carefully wiped off the mouth piece and gingerly took a sip.

Dad was always considerate enough to have my brother and me home for other special things: baseball practices, piano lessons, birthday parties and other special functions. Dad was always there to cheer us on and support us in our outside activities and interest.

Helping Dad on the farm wasn't ever one of my favorite things to do, but it instilled me the beauty to be seen in our surroundings, in working hard together as a family, and in developing responsibility. It drew us closer together as a family. Interestingly enough, I now love to ride down to the farm when I go home to Mt, Pleasant and reflect warmly back to those hot summer days, helping Dad on the farm.

Grant Johansen derrick Mt. Pleasant - used 1914-1975
Courtesy - Louise Johansen



A MOUNTAIN MAN TURNED MERCHANT

Shirley Reynolds Burnside

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Short Story

Samuel Henry Martin began life in Woodstock, Ontario, Canada, 22 July 1853. His father, who was born in England and migrated to Canada with his parents, was baptized into the L.D.S. church thirteen months after Samuel was born.

Samuel's mother was a crippled Danish woman and she did not believe in this new religion. It was difficult as there were many organized apostates in Canada at that time, actively proselyting against the L.D.S. Church.



Samuel H. Martin age 90-Courtesy
Elmo & Neda Reynolds

Shortly after Samuel turned three, his mother and father divorced, and he and his father walked to Utah. They crossed the plains with the David Bradley Company of 1856. His father married again, a sister of the missionary who baptized him, from Michigan. His mother married again, also.

The family settled in Salt Creek Canyon in 1857. His father presented papers of the Declaration for citizenship to the court at Juab County 29 March 1857. Samuel herded cattle for a co-op here on the divide between Nephi and Ft. Green when he was 12 years old. His father continued in his religion and was ordained a Seventy in the L.D.S. church at Juab on 28 May 1857 by G. Kendall. Next, they moved to Moroni in 1861. While living there, his father engaged in battle against the Indians on 1 March 1863 and again 15 July 1865 under General W.S. Scow.

Samuel was baptized by Lars Swensen on 20 October 1867 in Moroni Ward when he was 14 years old. There were many people of all ages baptized that same day by Lars Swenson.

Ten brothers and sisters were added to the family, two born in Salt Creek, one in Moroni, three in Washington, one enroute between Washington and Idaho, and three in Idaho. It's interesting how difficult we envisioned their method of travel to have been, but they moved about however they desired.

Samuel became a hardy man with especially strong legs. He could out jump anyone from a standing jump. He was 5'10" and about 185 pounds. He had a big dark mustache that he groomed with one hand to the outside and the other side the other hand. He carried himself in a distinguished manner and was an absolute person.

He married Mar Ann Farnsworth, who was born in England, in Moroni, May 1876. She was a very short, very pretty, dark-haired young woman. They were both 23 years old and their birthdays were four days apart. They were married 40 years before she died, leaving him a widower for 27 years. They had three girls and one boy, of whom all but one daughter died before Samuel, and she died only three and a half years after her father.

The newly married couple moved from Walla Walla, Washington, where his folks had moved. They all later moved to Moscow, Idaho, and then to Chester. His father went on to California where he lived and died.

Samuel was a natural outdoors person who spent much time outside and walked a lot. He knew how to take care of himself and was seldom sick. He knew how to live off the land, which berries, weeds, thistles, and other plants were edible or poisonous and shared this knowledge with his children, grandchildren, friends or anyone that was interested.

He carried a flint to start a fire and often used the bow method to make fires. He could make a campfire anywhere. He taught others many things, how to sharpen a knife, how to kill, clean and skin an animal for food, how to tan hides, how to trap and stretch skins, how to make a fire and how to shoot. He taught his grandson Elmo Reynolds to always draw down on your target, never draw up. and keep both eyes open. His rifle was a Spanish American war rifle. It was a lever action 30-40 Mauser. He kept it in good condition and used it until the last few years when he sold it to a relative. He fished and hunted deer, mountain lions, bears, rabbits, and birds. He always went deer hunting, missed only the last few years. There were usually ten to twelve men (no children or women) and they camped the entire hunt of ten days, plus two days before to set up and one day after to take down. The hunt was on the East Mountain just under the horseshoe. His friend Cliff Anderson from Spring City made a vehicle that he drove right up to camp and pulled a trailer with the camp supplies. Details of the hunt are scarce, since no younger ones went with to tell us now about the hunt.

We do know he loved to hunt and often hunted rabbits in the fields near the Reynolds farm.

Samuel tanned the deerskins himself into buckskin. He used the bark of the oak tree for the second soaking solution, as it was more available, but other tree bark could also be used. He told Elmo that buckskin could be wet down and smoothed out to dry and it would return to soft original not hard and dry like other leathers. After it was tanned, it was rolled up and used as needed for gloves, vests, shoe laces, and other items. Samuel always asked if anyone needed new shoelaces; if they did he used his pocket knife to cut a straight thin shoelace for them.

He was also a trapper, making some of his livelihood by trapping muskrats. A man came around to buy the cured, stretched skins, Samuel showed Elmo and his brother Glenn how to cure and stretch the skins so they could earn some extra money. He could trap rabbits and pigeons with a box and string.

In early years he and his family lived in the house Lowell and Hannah Martin now live in, in Chester. They traded houses with the Kump family whose house was north of Chester. This new farm was 30 acres, 20 acres on the west side of the road, which was farm land. The ten acres on the east side had the house, barn, sheds, animals, pasture, garden, berry patch, peas, beets, and carrots. They had milk cows and a bull. The bull was kept separate and had a ring in his nose. Everyone was afraid of him but Samuel. He was the one to lead the bull to water, saying, "He won't hurt me," and he never did.

Wilford Allred had the store and post office in Chester, but now there was no store. Samuel saw a need in the community for the store and decided that would be an opportunity to provide for himself and his son's family. So the trade was made for a bigger house and he built a wooden room on the north side of the brick house. This was the new Chester store that began in 1915. the sign over the door said "S H Martin and Son Grocers." Martins did not have the post office; it was moved from the Allreds to Jim Christensens, who lived on the northeast corner of the Chester intersection.

By now all four of Samuel's children were married, so he and his wife lived in three rooms on the south side of the house. His son, wife Ruby, and eventually three sons lived in three rooms on the east side and also the two bedrooms upstairs. There was a store storage room between the two

families' kitchens. They lived quite comfortably with six bedrooms, two large kitchens and three outside entries besides the store. Samuel Henery's wife died two years after the store began.

The store was mostly food, not a general store like some. Food came in bulk in wooden boxes or burlap bags and was sold loose, being weighed on scales for customers. Bananas came in the large bunch they grew in. Cheese came in a large round and there was a special cutter to cut the size wedge a customer wanted. There were a few goods, small garden or farm tools, horseshoe nails, fencing nails and staples, gloves and socks.

A salesman (called a drummer) came around on a regular route to get orders for the food and goods. When he completed his route he sent in the order, but no one knew just when that was. The supplies came in on the train to the depot at Spring City. When the time was close for the order to arrive, someone took the surrey each day and waited at the train depot until the supplies came.

They had a gas pump installed out front. The first one was a hand type pump that dispensed one gallon at a time. Later they got a newer one with the glass top.

People came to the store anytime, up to midnight. The customers were like family: seldom in a hurry, they enjoyed visiting together. Samuel Henry is remembered as always ready to help at the store.

Credit was extended to everyone. Those who had enough cows to sell milk or cream had weekly checks, but if not there were only two pay days a year, for the pea harvest and the beet harvest.

Ruby watched the store during the day while the men worked outside, then one of the men clerked in the evening. Being a working mother was not easier in those days than it is now, especially since Ruby had three lively boys and not a girl. One day Lowell had been just too busy, so she tied his suspenders to the door for a while. That wasn't fun as he crawled out of his trousers and went exploring again.

In the fall, his son Samuel arranged a turkey shoot. The target was a bullseye and the prize was a turkey they had raised. Each shooter paid a small fee for a chance to shoot and win the turkey. The townspeople looked forward to this event and it was fun way to sell a turkey.

When the phone lines came in it was a party line with three phones, one at the store with number 35R, one at Isaac Reynold's number 35J, and the other at William Bagnall's number 35W. They were crank phones, which you turn the crank handle to ring. Each phone on the line had a different combination of long and short rings, but the phone rang on all three. You just picked yours up when it was your ring, but anyone could "Listen in" to anyone else. The phone base had two large round batteries in it. To get long distance, you rang the operator who at that time was the postmaster. Later the phone terminal was moved to Moroni, above Jensen's Grocery store.

There was a window in the north wall of Samuel's kitchen that opened into the store. When grandchildren came to visit, he went to the window and called to Ruby to



get some ice cream on a stick or candy or gum for the children. He never forgot and they eagerly waited for his treats.

The Depression began in 1928. The store customers had no money to pay their bills, so Martins had no money to pay their bills either. They eventually lost half of the farm.

Then they got a truck and began hauling coal to earn money. Later they hauled eggs and Lowell Martin took over from his father and continued until retirement. The store faded out in 1940.

In early years there was always a large family birthday party for Samuel and Mary in July. There was a meal, usually fried chicken or sandwiches and picnic food and cake and always fresh raspberries. Samuel loved raspberries and provided everyone a bowl full with thick cream and lots of sugar. The family continued the tradition after Mary died.

Samuel was a very generous man. He gave everyone treats whenever they came to visit and he gave grandchildren money when he visited them. He was generous on watching for the needs of others, not just sometimes but always. He never forgot. He gave a liberty bell bank to Elmo and every time he saw Elmo he said, "Where's your bank?" and he put some money in it. He filled it several times and Elmo put the money in the Moroni Bank.

The family had their own humor and if anyone left for five minutes or five hours, when they came back, someone always said, "Are you back?"

The family shopped for clothes and other non-food items in Mt. Pleasant. The clothing store was called Golden Rule and later became J.C. Penney. Before they got a car, the all-day trip was made with horses, three times a year, in spring, summer and fall. Isaac Reynolds took his team of horses over to Samuel's and got him and the surrey. It had a beautiful white fringe all around the roof. Then the men went back to Isaac's and picked up Sylvia, the boys, Glen, Elmo, Jay and Don and the picnic lunch. They stopped along the way before Mt. Pleasant and ate and rested the horses. After shopping, Samuel took everyone to the drugstore fountain for treats. Isaac and Sylvia sat at a table, but Samuel and the boys sat on the stools at the fountain. They loved the big oak, marble and mirrored fountain. It was a long wonderful day.

Samuel kept himself looking well. He wore good shoes and kept them well. He was always clean. He wore red underwear, the two piece kind with a few buttons opening on the top. When Sylvia was doing his laundry, the boys asked why Grandpa wore red underwear. She told them that was the kind he liked and had always worn. His favorite song was "The Yellow Rose of Texas." He often folded his arms across his chest. He played a card game called "sluff" with his friends.

After Mary died, his daughter Sylvia took care of his needs. She did his laundry, cleaned and helped with cooking and visited him often. She bottled food for him. He loved venison, raspberries, peaches and jelly, so he provided the food and she bottled it for him.

Quite often he walked to Sylvia's at Meadowville through the fields on the railroad tracks, or they walked over to visit him. The Reynolds had good times having him at their home almost every Sunday for dinner. On Sundays and holidays he enjoyed good food and ate a lot with no apparent problem. After one holiday meal, Isaac asked him to do a jig. He did and it was so funny that he did so after every holiday meal and everyone had a good laugh.

He valued any form of transportation, good shoes, good surrey and he loved cars, new and old. He and Cliff Anderson bought the first Brisco cars in the area. Brisco was the early Chevrolet. He kept some older vehicles, an old Dodge truck and a Stanley Steamer. The grandchildren loved to sit in them and play they were driving.

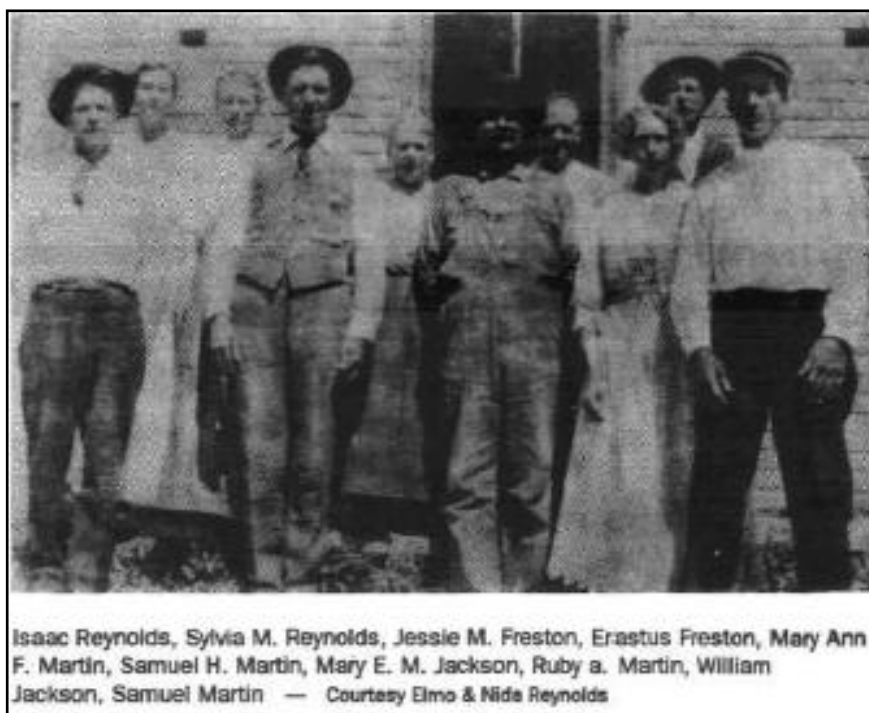
He lost his hearing; in those days he was called deaf. He always cupped his hand behind his ear to hear. His friend Fred Candland was deaf also. Sometimes they wanted to talk, so they went across the road by the willows, but both being deaf, they had to talk so loud that everyone heard them anyway. The family smiled and let them have their "private talk."

He wrote some family history sheets in genealogy form, clear, neat, and full of information. He included nicknames in parentheses, making it possible to trace his mother in Canada Census as Polly, her name being Mary though before she always went by Polly. He wore steel-rimmed glasses for reading, before his eyes went bad the last few years.

Sylvia and Isaac took him into their home a few months before he died. He took care of himself until the last month and was bedridden for a month only. He died three months before he turned 92 years old as the oldest resident in Chester.

He was an outdoor man, but he was a strong family man and saw a need in the community for a store, so he became a merchant for a time. The store became an important part of the family life, In looking at old family photographs, they are often taken in front of the store.

He was a strong-willed man, a survivor, generous and confident in his ability to survive. His grandsons talk of him emphatically as a mountain man and of his unwavering generosity. He touched lives by this steadfast character, not only through inherited traits, but by example.



Personal recollections of: Elmo Reynolds, Lowell Martin

Genealogy records of: Elmo and Nida Reynolds, Carolyn DeDionisio

Moroni Ward Records

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

Lois Ivory Hansen

Non-Professional First Place Personal Recollection

I remember practicing with a quartet. As a little girl, I sat on the couch and listened intently to such songs as "Sleep Kentucky Babe" and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." I especially enjoyed the "bunkabunka- bunka-bunka' s."

I remember people were always coming to our house-people who needed financial advice or just a listening ear-young men just starting out who needed a loan or counsel.

Daddy had many talents and he didn't hide his under a bushel, but used them for the benefit of his friends, his community, his church, and his country. Abraham Lincoln once said, "I like to see a man who is proud of his community." He also said, "I like to see a man so live that his community will be proud of him." That could be said of Daddy.

Daddy served the community well. He was a booster of civic affairs. He was an active member of the Lion's Club. He was deputy City Recorder for one year and the following year was elected City Recorder, a position he held for twenty-five years. He also worked as deputy County Assessor for six years.

Daddy was appointed supervisor and timekeeper over the Civil Works Administration projects in North Sanpete. He worked in the office of Federal Emergency Relief Act as chief accountant until FERA was replaced by Public Works Administration and Works Progress Administration.

For more than twenty five years, old and young spent many pleasant evenings as they danced to the orchestra where Daddy played saxophone and clarinet and sang vocal parts. He was a member of the Fountain Green Wool City Band from the time it was first organized. Music of the band was the first sound heard on many a holiday morning. The band was one of the best in the State and was probably the only one that rode horses while playing in parades.



Daddy loved nature and living things. He loved to ride horses. He had some very special horses-one named Dove and one Pet. The horses practiced with him as the band played and nearly marched to the music. He enjoyed going to the sheep herd and would bring the young starvers, baby lambs whose mothers had died or rejected them, and put them in boxes by the kitchen stove until they could be out on their own. We would feed them from bottles with nipples. I loved to ride with Daddy up on the Divide, north of town, to see how the crops were growing. He loved the feel of the earth and watched to see the tender shoots of the alfalfa seed he had planted push through the soil. When we rode with Daddy he would sing, "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon."

I remember what pride Daddy took in the surroundings of our home. He made sure the gates did not sag. The barn was always in good repair and painted regularly. He loved to plant trees. We had a black walnut tree in the yard and he was the first in town to plant the Chinese Elm tree. Using a tiny pocket knife he dug every dandelion out of our

lawn. He planted hollyhocks, petunias, gladioli, canna lilies and pansies. Roses were his crowning joy. I remember his marvelous watering system. He could water the whole yard with a pipe across the center that you turned for whatever side you wanted to water. It was a wonderful place for a shower bath.

I remember Daddy tapping out the rhythm of the music as I would sit on the kitchen table beside his stool to practice the violin. When I would come home from being away at school in Logan where I studied violin, he was always anxious to hear about all I learned--what new music I had what the teachers had said--we talked for hours. Mother and Daddy always came to every program my sister and I participated in. They were our strongest boosters.

I remember how Daddy encouraged me to be friendly. "Speak to everyone," he would say. When he wrote letters to me while I was away at school or working, he gave loving counsel about how to treat people.

"Don't wait for others to make fun--do it yourself and invite them to join" was his advice. Daddy gave me "Six Ways to Make People Like You" that I still try to follow:

1. Become genuinely interested in other people.
2. Smile!
3. Remember that a man's name is to him the sweetest and most important sound in the English language.
4. Be a good listener. Encourage others to talk about themselves.
5. Talk in terms of the other man's interests.
6. Make the other person feel important--and do it sincerely.

Daddy loved to see his wife and girls look pretty. He was complimentary about our hair and dresses. I remember a green taffeta formal I had that Daddy thought was beautiful. He often remarked about how lovely I looked. Then he would add, "Now put a big smile on your face and you'll be perfect."

We knew how much Daddy loved Mother. They went hand in hand in all that needed doing. Daddy would tell us how outstanding she was and said she made his life complete. He loved her cooking. He always said she looked beautiful. He knew she could do anything. They were the perfect pair. Mother would pop corn over the fireplace or make fudge while Daddy cracked black walnuts to put in it. We would play for Daddy's enjoyment and he would say that his life was a "heaven on earth."

What a wonderful Christmas we had in 1944. We came with our new baby boy a few days before the holiday. Mother and Daddy adored the baby. We spent most evenings in front of the fireplace eating our dinners there. Because I wanted to have popcorn and black walnuts, we enjoyed those treats. We were together on the rug before the fire 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. I love you all so very much." That was Daddy's last Christmas. He died two weeks later.

Daddy

I can hear him say--

Speak to everyone--don't neglect a dog or bird,
Don't wait for introducing--give all a friendly word.
A smile you give, returns two fold
And friends are worth their weight in gold.

Don't miss a chance to greet a child
Their smiles and laughs are heav'n inspired.
They love you too
For every friendly gesture that you do.

Don't be afraid to help someone.
Don't rest until your neighbor's work is done.
Don't do just what you're asked to do,
It's extra tasks bring success to you.

Don't be satisfied with less than best
Average never won a test.
Place your goal high though you never reach it
Experience comes with each try."

Like this he talked~oh, many a day.
I dust the desk and file papers away,
But his words won't stop their ringing.
Though he's gone-and I can't reach him~
His words-like a song-keep singing.

A MIRACLE OPERATION

Blodwen P. Olson

Non-Professional Second Place Personal Recollection

In the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, I was recovering from an operation, when one of the very nice, considerate nurses stopped by my bed and said, I see by your chart that your name is Parry and you're from Manti. Are you related to the Tom Parry who was shot in the abdomen about fifteen years ago?"

"Yes, I have a brother, Tom, and he was shot. What do you know about it?"

She laughed, "Well, I was the nurse that helped the Doctor operate on him I lived in Ephraim and I was Doctor Brook's nurse. I'll always remember that night, but I never did know how it happened. He was shot by his older brother wasn't he? Tell me what you can remember about it. How old were you then? I know it was nineteen twenty because that was the year Dr. Brooks was in Ephraim."

"I was six years old, but I'll always remember it, too, especially the feeling of anxiety and sadness. We lived in a big old rock house at 50 South and 1st West. When I awoke on the morning of June Twenty-third, I learned that I had a new baby brother that morning. That made four brothers, two older than I and two younger and one older sister. I doubt it was wonderful to have a new brother except that we had to be quiet so that our mother could rest. She was in the big bed that had been set up especially for her in the parlor. The baby was in the rocking crib that had been made by my Grandfather Harmon. My Dad's two sisters, Hattie and Emma, who had never married, lived in an

apartment in our house. In late afternoon Aunt Emma took Willis, my two-year-old brother, and me for a walk. She was crying softly as we walked. She told us that Tom had been shot. She said that we must not let our mother know about it, because she was still ill from having the baby. We walked up and down the street, but never went into the house until it was time to go to bed and then on strict instructions, we kissed our mother good night and went upstairs.

"As I grew older I learned what had happened. That afternoon my two older brothers, Harmon sixteen and Tom eleven, were playing cowboys and Indians. Harmon had a twenty-two pistol he had found and Tom had a wooden make-believe gun. They pointed at each other and tried to be first to say, Bang! You're Dead!"

"The Manti Creek, where they were playing, ran through the center of town. The whole sad event took place on the banks of this creek. On Main Street a half block east of the creek was The Eagle House, a hotel owned and operated by our Grandmother Mecham. South of the hotel was 'Dick's Place,' a confectionery owned and operated by our mother's sister and her husband, Fannie and Dick Daly. Tom and Harmon had been shooting at each other all afternoon and having a wonderful time laughing and shouting, "Bang." One 'bang' from Harmon's gun was a real bang and Tom fell!

"Harmon was really frightened and he knew he needed help. He carried Tom to the closest place, Aunt Fannie's living rooms behind their store. Tom was laid on a bed and someone went to search for dad. He was in a committee meeting planning the Fourth of July celebration.

"The local Doctor was called. When he saw the wound in Tom's abdomen, he shook his head sadly and said, 'All that can be done is to keep him comfortable as possible. I can give him something to kill the pain and he can have a drink of water.'

Dad's heart sank because those words confirmed the dreaded statement that he had heard many times: 'If you want to kill someone, shoot him in the guts and you've got him for sure.'

"He did not give up. These were his sons! With the cooperation of the sympathetic telephone operator, Dad called every doctor in the surrounding towns. Each have similar answers: 'Nothing to do, just make him as comfortable as possible.'

With the transportation available and the graveled roads, it was impossible to get Tom to the nearest hospital in Salt Lake City, one hundred thirty miles north. With hope almost gone, someone said, 'Have you tried Dr. Brooks, the new Doctor in Ephraim?' Dr. Brooks was called, told what had happened and to every one's surprise, without hesitation, he said that he could come and bring his nurse with him. Then he asked, 'Is there a place we can perform an operation?'

"It was decided that the dining room in the hotel would be the best place."

The nurse then told her story: "I was that nurse. It took the doctor and I forty-five minutes to gather our instruments and travel the seven miles to Manti. When we arrived, Tom had been moved to the Hotel, clean sheets had been put on one of the long tables, and Tom had been laid on it.

"The curious onlookers were asked to leave the room but as many as could crowded around the big windows to watch. I administered either to Tom and prepared him for the operation. "We made everything as sterile as we could under the circumstances. The bullet had grazed the ringers of Tom's left hand, then entered his abdomen, pierced one intestine and lodged in another one. The doctor removed the bullet, and inspected everything to be sure he had taken care of all of the holes. After the incision was closed, the doctor, disinfected the wounds of Tom's fingers and bandaged them. Who took care of your brother while he recuperated? I couldn't; I had other obligations," the nurse concluded.

It was my turn. "My Grandmother had prepared the big downstairs northwest of the hotel. Tom was carried to one of the two beds. Aunt Hattie moved to the hotel to care for him. When he was well enough to take home, she put a bed in her living room and took care of him until he was completely well.

"After everything had been taken care of, Dad went home to tell mother. He knelt by the side of her bed and told her as gently as possible what had happened. She was not as upset as he had expected, but said, 'He'll be all right, because my sister Martha (who had died a few months before) just told me that he would get better.'

"He did fully recover. He graduated from BYU, married and had two sons. He helped build many homes, repaired rock on the Manti Temple, and did the rock work on the auxiliary building on the Temple Hill. Many fireplaces were constructed by him. Tom contracted all kinds of cement works throughout the state. He assisted Dad in building a house for Aunt Hattie and Emma. When they died, he bought it and he and his family lived in this house until he died suddenly in 1983 of a heart attack. The rough-laid rock walls of an LDS Chapel in Cowley, Wyoming, were laid by Tom and Harmon. Because of the unique rock work, this chapel has become an interesting tourist attraction."

The nurse asked, "What did they do to your brother who shot him?"

"Everyone knew it was an accident. The Sheriff made Harmon get the gun from the creek where he had thrown it in disgust. I don't know if he was punished except by his own remorse. He spent many hours at Tom's bedside and tried to make amends for what he had done."

I asked, "How did Dr. Brooks know how to perform that kind of operation. Wasn't it very unusual?"

The nurse said almost reverently, "Dr. Brooks was an army doctor in World War I in France. He had performed hundreds of that kind of operation and saved the lives of many of our soldiers. He was in Ephraim a short time and then left to practice at a hospital. Dr. Brooks was a very great surgeon. I learned many things from him. I've been working at this hospital for more than ten years. I'll always remember that night. Thanks for telling me what you remember. Now, you need some rest, but sometime write all about it, please."

More good things can be said about Tom. He worked in the munitions plant in Salt Lake City during World War II. He joined the army and served as a refrigeration technician in Alaska until the war ended. His wife had many health problems and he cared for her until reluctantly he took her to a hospital for the care he could not give her.

When he retired, he spent many days in the Manti Temple doing work there. In the winter he attended the Temple in the morning and went cross-country skiing in the afternoon. Often he was alone, but sometimes Ray Cox or John Henry Nielsen joined him. He was a faithful member of the Church, but never held any important positions. He was good to all of his family and spent many happy times with his sons and their families. He was especially attentive to his mother, who was a widow for eighteen years. He was a quiet and unassuming person. Everyone who knew Tom loved and respected him.

GROWING UP IN CHESTER

Karen Sue Reynolds Robinson
Non-Professional Third Place Personal Recollection

There is a Saga of the Sanpitch that is little known. There aren't many people who grew up in Chester compared to the rest of the world, but if you include past generations, generations now, and generations to come, these people of Chester really made a difference.

There are many values that are learned growing up in a small town. There is a special bond because everyone knows everyone else. Years ago when I was a little girl, I learned these values from some very special people. They made a difference in my life and the life of my family as I'm sure they did the lives of others growing up in Chester.

First, there was of course, my wonderful family, Elmo and Nida Reynolds, who taught many values by their guidance and example. But I would really like to remember the people of Chester that are somewhat forgotten now. There have been many over the years. I can't mention all, but I would like to mention a few *examples*, such as:

Emil and Jenny Jensen, always reading their scriptures by the window each evening as we were coming and going on our worldly ways. Sister Jensen made the best sugar cookies and gave them to the entire Primary for the special occasions. We were all invited up to then- yard to have a special activity. We sat in their gazebo and looked at old pictures as they told us about the old country, Denmark.

Mildred Petersen, the best Primary teacher. When we would go to her house, she made the creamiest fudge ever. She taught us love and responsibility by example, as she cared for her blind mother, Leana Bagnall. I remember the mellow spirit we felt around Sister Bagnall and the feel of her hands as she held our hands and talked to us.

Agnes Christensen, who had 100% Visiting Teaching for 54 years. What an example of commitment.

Eleanor Jensen, sending a birthday card to every person in town. What a beautiful spirit she had.

Iris Cloward, who was raising her granddaughter as her own daughter. We were always welcome at her house even though I realized now we probably drove her crazy. She made the most delicious sweet rolls. I remember her teaching us how to sew on an old treadle sewing machine. She must have had the patience of Job.

How well I remember many great birthday parties at the other kids' homes. What great parents they had. The Puzeys and the Harwards really knew how to have a party. Also we had great times at the Dyche's, the Justensen's, the Larsen's, and the Dickensens. We all felt accepted and loved.

What great fun we had on the 24th of July with our own little parades and a picnic in the yard of the old school house, great food and games. Every summer there was the big Chester reunion where those that had lived in Chester came back and got together and had a dinner and visited. I was very sorry when those reunions came to an end.

There can never be an equal to the Halloween parties in the old church. Everyone, young and old, dressed in costumes. There was a frightful spook alley in the basement that I'll never forget.

Every Christmas Eve there was a party with Santa Claus and the traditional sack of peanuts, hard candy, and an orange for each child. What excitement.

One the biggest changes of my life was probably when the Demons came to town. I had a new best friend with a large family. As I participated in family prayer and family home evenings, it became a goal to have an active family and to get married in the temple. Bishop Denton asked my father to be the Ward Clerk, and that made a great change in our family's life because we all became active. This has been a great blessing in my family.

With the coming of a new Bishop, things really started popping. Chester Ward needed a new church building. We had been using the old school building for many years. We had help with the tearing down of the old building as well as the construction of the new one. What excitement, but with it came lots of hard work. Everyone was good workers or so it seemed to me. They were up very early in the morning and late at night working on their farms. They never seemed to rest, yet they still had time to work on the church. We, as children, were proud to help clean the mortar off old bricks and stack them. It was really hard work and our hands got sore. The Ward needed to come up with a portion of the money to build the chapel. A lot of the money was raised by having barbecued chicken dinners for people all over the county. People knew if they came to a Chester Ward Dinner they got their money's worth and the best food ever. The entire ward felt the joy of success when the beautiful new building was dedicated. I still remember how reverent we all were in our beautiful new church. There were many years of memories and experiences in that building. When it was torn down, all of us that had worked so hard felt a great loss.

I always loved to visit with my parents' friends. I could listen and talk for hours with Lowell and Hannah Martin, and Frayne and Pearl Christensen. They both had children that were killed in accidents; their example gave me strength when our daughter was killed.

When Mildred Maxfield moved to Chester she led the singing in the ward. She made me feel like I could sing. I remember singing a solo at Christmas. I thought I had done a terrible job because I was so scared, but no one ever said a word. Because of her confidence in me I kept trying. I still enjoy singing.

Some years, I was the only one in my Young Woman's class, but the dedicated teachers still came prepared every week and taught the "one." As a teenager I was given the responsibility of playing the piano for Primary. Oh, how they must have suffered while I learned how to accompany. I am the organist of our ward today.

I have been able to cope with tragedy and challenges in my life largely because of the people in Chester. I feel I am a better wife, mother, church member, employee, and community member because of the values of dedication, love, responsibility, commitment, tolerance, work, spirituality, confidence, and endurance that were taught to me by example as a child growing up in Chester.

Times change and life goes on. Young ones grow up, move away and on to a new life. New people move in, add to, and benefit from generations of values and examples. But we must all accept changes, glean from our experiences, grow from challenges, and progress from the examples of past and present generations as we acknowledge in appreciation, the people of Chester who made a difference!

UNCLE JOHN JORDAN, KIND RUGGED MAN OF THE WILDERNESS

Glen Thomas

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

The dogs were huddled together on an old saddle blanket under the sheep wagon. Riffles of drifted snow had almost completely covered them. A cruel winter blizzard had been raging throughout the night. The snapping of the double canvas covering on the sheep wagon made sleeping very difficult for the two men camped on the west desert herding more than three thousand head of sheep, which was a common number for a winter herd. Once during the night the frightening storm had caused the sheep to become restless and to leave their comfortable bed ground. The two men went after them on foot, straggling against the powerful wind that cut like a knife. On a nearby ridge, hungry coyotes could be heard yelping to each other. Shortly, the unsettled herd was brought back into a small cove located just west of camp, where they could get protection while the wailing wind moaned steadily.

Uncle John's life was a truly a rugged one. He never married but lived with my folks. Now as I look back into my youth, the great responsibility placed upon my three brothers as well as myself, built within each of us a meaningful value system that few boys of that day were able to receive. As the song goes, "Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven," we were truly exposed to opportunities that build men. To illustrate, I can only choose a few experiences that came into my life from herding sheep with Uncle John.

The following winter after I became nine years old, I contracted rheumatic fever. The doctor said that I had a bad heart murmur. Because there were no antibiotics, children were often confined in bed for weeks. However, I stayed in bed only a few days. My recovery was slow; in fact, the following spring when school closed I looked terrible. Uncle John suggested to mother that he take me into the mountains for the summer to herd sheep. My older sister, Marvella, immediately threw her arms in the air, and in no uncertain terms said to my mother, "If you permit Glenn to go into the mountains, you may never see him again. He will die, or at best, they may never find his body in some lonely hollow." With fear and anxiety I think my heart began to beat three times as fast. Yet I wanted to go so badly. Uncle stated that the exercise and fresh air would cure my heart problems. To a boy age nine, there is no greater excitement then camping in the mountains. The first three weeks were wonderful because there was always someone to talk to. The adventure was filled with excitement.

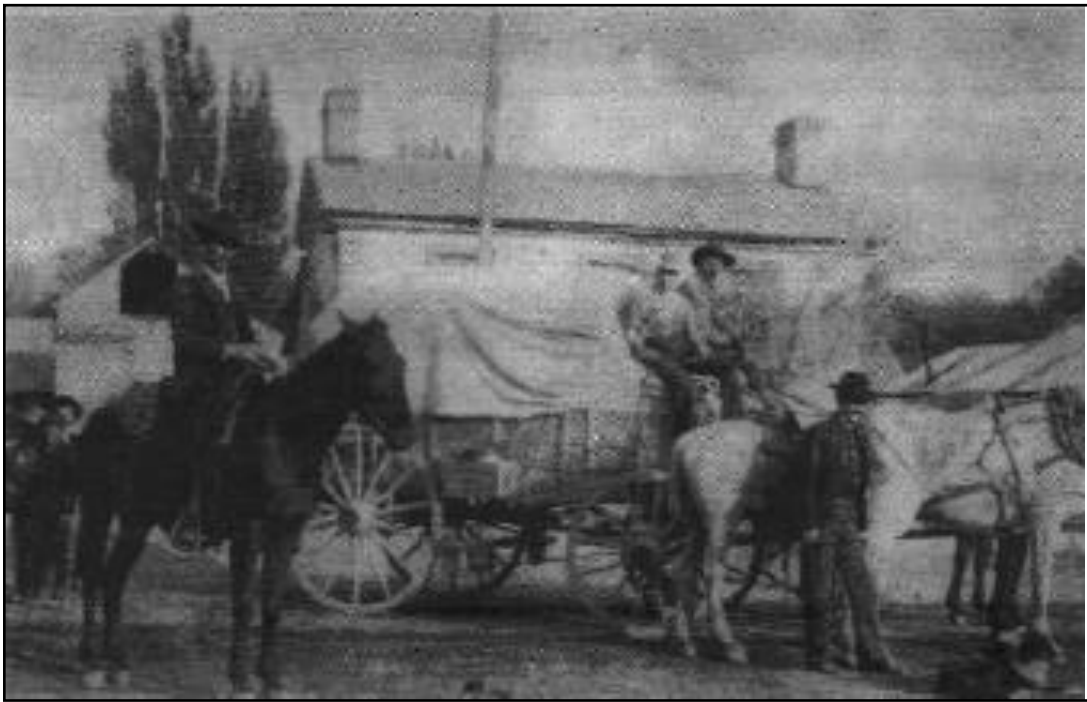
My problems began the day after we trailed the sheep back onto the summer range at the head of wild, rugged Pete Canyon. The next morning following breakfast, everyone left, including Uncle John, to return, a distance of about eight miles. Supplies were needed. He promised to be back early. My only companion was "Old Ring," a faithful dog that was quite worthless except to fight coyotes that were very numerous. All went well for a little while. The camp was on a knoll. I would see the sheep contently grazing on fresh feed at the head of the canyon. Later that morning I took the water bag down the long steep narrow trail, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, to a beautiful spring of ice cold water coming from under a large rock at the bottom of the canyon. After filling myself and the water bag, I began the long climb up the steep trail. I felt awfully sick; cold sweat covered my entire body. How I wished I had listened to my sister. After long agonizing fear and terrible frustration depression, I finally made my way to camp. Being exhausted, I lay on the bed for some time. After

considerable thought, wondering what to do, suddenly some timely advice my mother gave to me before leaving home and came to me. She said, "Son, remember if you are frightened sing, or if worried whistle." I whistled and sang all summer. An important lesson of life had been learned, which is simply, to meet life's problems head-on. They must be faced with courage and resolution. From that day to its, I have never had a doctor tell me there was anything wrong with my heart. I spent most of the afternoon watching sheep. A little while after the sun sank below the rim of the mountain, I gave a loud yell, automatically, the sheep began stringing into bed ground in long ribbon like threads. Soon they were crowding around the salt licks, while mothers noisily moved about calling their lambs to supper. The dog and I headed for camp, hoping Uncle John would be along. After supper it was very dark, and I began having different kind of fear than I had experienced during the day. I could hear coyotes yelping across the canyon. My thought were, what if a band of coyotes raided the herd as they often did, killing many little lambs? In those years, rabies was not infrequent. I tied a rope around Old Ring's neck, the other end around my body. Then we curled up together and went to sleep. Sometime during the night, I was awakened by someone coming up the trail. It was Uncle John.

As summer days slipped by, we had many pleasant conversations about his many exciting experiences during the late 1800's and the early part of this century. He told how he and others caught and tamed wild horses as they came into spring water. My curious mind drew from them constantly, whether in camp or out with the sheep. His life had been full of rugged adventure. Uncle was never known to brag, but told of things as they happened. He told of bandits trying to escape the law, coming to his camp while herding alone, and stealing nearly all the food he had. I thought that could never happen, now, in that day. And yet, that very thing happened to me later that same summer, when we were camped in a very remote area. Uncle John had killed a mutton the night before, and the next morning following breakfast he left for town on his sorrel mule. That evening after bringing the sheep into camp, I prepared to cut some mutton for supper, when to my surprise, it was gone, seamless sack and all. To a nine-year-old boy, this was a terrible shock. Thick darkness was rapidly approaching. There was no evidence of a wild animal dragging it away. The only means of light was a candle which I lit. A man's large boot track was in front of the tent. My greatest concern was, would he be back after me? I thought of taking a blanket out into the bushes and try to sleep. I had no desire to sing or whistle or even to build a fire. Being very hungry, I discovered a dry piece of dry bread and an old piece of cheese. I settled for that. After humbly praying to my Father in Heaven, I dropped off to sleep. Sometime during the night, I heard an approaching horse. At times, I can still hear my heart pounding against my chest. What great joy was mine. When I heard a man cough, and I knew it to be Uncle John.

There were many values gained from the association I had with Uncle John. Perhaps the greatest was rugged independence and courage. By necessity, I learned the skills of dealing with adversity.

Now, on occasion when I visit Wales, as I enter the valley and gaze westward into the rugged mountains where Uncle John Jordan and I lived together for most of a decade, I am reminded of the rich source of living history his precious life provided, in a very simple way. His example of honesty, goodness, and love I shall never forget. The simple points of value and bits of wisdom learned around the campfire or on a hillside watching the sheep have become a meaningful part of my life gained from the years we shared together long ago.



Enroute to sheep camp - at Nephi - Thomas Oldroyd (driver on wagon) John Hanson (on horse), herder and sheepman - boys - Ftn. Green men.

MAKING IT WITH LAMB

Roxey N. Washburn

Non-Professonial Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Grandfather Augustus Gustave Nelson was among the early pioneers that settled in Utah. He was just a small boy as his family crossed the ocean, headed for Utah, and finally settled in Mt. Pleasant. He took up a farm three miles west of Mt. Pleasant where he and his bride, Ann Cathrine Porter, built a small log home, to which they later added a larger brick portion to accommodate their increasing family.

As the sheep industry started to take hold in the Sanpete area, Augustus or A.G. as he was more commonly known, decided to invest in sheep along with Andrew Larsen. This was ideal for a family of 7 boys and 4 girls.

It wasn't long until A.G. was stricken with rheumatism or arthritis as we know it. As the painful disease took over his body he was confined to bed or a rocking chair used as a wheel chair, but he continued to oversee and give directions to his young sons.

As the boys got older they increased their herd and went to



**Homestead Cabin Edgar Nelson
Family Courtesy Roxie
Washburn.**

their own as a family becoming known as the "N E L S O N BROTHERS", Cannon, Edgar, Obed, Hugh, George, and Frank.

The Nelson brothers were reaching the age of getting married and having their own families. When it became available for them, to acquire Homesteads", through the Homestead Act. They were required to "Prove Up" on the Homestead Cabin Edgar Nelson Family ground by living on it and making improvements for 5 years. Each brother was able to do this.

Typical of "Proving Up", was Edgar and his wife Talula and their family. They spent 5 summers living on the Homestead, enjoying the beautiful mountains near Colton, Utah. They built a log cabin from native trees, built fences, roads, their own crossing bridges across the wash as they could get in easier, as well as making many other improvements.

The children enjoyed the beautiful lambing grounds and summer feed for part of the sheep. They were also able to get summer range permits on the mountains and winter range in the West Desert. This area all became like second home to their family as they spent many weeks and months herding the sheep and enjoying the beauties of nature. There were always new trails to explore, fishing holes to be fished, and lambs to be tended.

Then the Great Depression hit. Many of the men were going broke, losing everything they had. They were unable to sell their wool or the lambs so they could meet their obligations. The Nelson Brothers, were able to mortgage there sheep to a bank that would give them \$10.00 (ten dollars) a month to live on.

The Nelson Brothers pulled together. They did their own herding, while their family took care of their homes and their small farms, raising gardens to take care of their food and doing what they could to make it through the years.

Talula raised a beautiful garden; tomatoes and carrots were taken to the school in exchange for a bowl of soup to go with the children's dry sandwiches, if they were lucky enough to have a sandwich. She tried to sell tomatoes to the neighbors, but they didn't have any money either, so the tomatoes were shared with the neighbors.

Through their diligence and hard work they were among the few that were able to pull their sheep through these hard years.

They were eventually able to get on the road back to prosperity. Their sheep herds were able to provide jobs for other men along with the meat and wool they produced.

Family history of Edgar L. Nelson, Family history of Augusta G. Nelson

LIFE OF OLE LASSON SR.

Eathel L. Winkleman

Non-Professonial Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

"I sailed on the *Slap* Emerald Isle from Liverpool, England, May 1868 for New York City.

I came on the railroad to somewhere near Laramie, Wyoming or thereabouts. I came the rest of the way by ox teams to Salt Lake City, Utah. It was about 400 miles. This was the year the teamsters were drowned in the Green River. One was from Fairview, Utah. There were no railroads in Utah at that time and no telephones.

I walked all the way from the end of the railroad. Father was sick the entire trip. Mother and I had to take care of him. He died out on the border line of Wyoming and Utah somewhere near what was called "Devil's Gate". It was about a half day's drive to the first settlement in Utah. I arrived there September 19, 1868. I believe the town was called Eden.

I was about nine weeks on the Ocean crossing. About 100 persons died on the trip. I arrived in Salt Lake City, September 21, 1869. I went to work for a farmer for \$10.00 a month. I worked two years for those wages. I saved most of the money and bought cattle with it. I started cattle raising on a small scale and that was the beginning of the Clinton's Ranch in Indianola, Utah."

From this humble beginning, Ole Lasson Sr. made a great contribution to Sanpete County.

Peter Sundwall, Jr. from Fairview, Utah walked from Fairview on the railroad tracks to the Clinton Ranch and asked Grandfather if he would go in with him to start a bank in Fairview. I was told he put up \$10,000. He, with Peter Sundwall, A.J. Anderson Sr., Andrew Lasson (grandfather's brother), and several others, started the first Bank in Fairview in 1914. Later on, Grandfather was President of the Bank. They moved it to Mt. Pleasant on 1934. Some were against the move but it proved to have been the best thing. It was called the Sanpete Valley Bank. The examiners came later. It was the only bank around that was not closed because of the Depression. Ole said at our dining room table in Mother's home, "Let 'em come. We have backing 100%". He was a very thrifty man. He and other men started The Co-op Mercantile in Fairview with the Co-op sheep. He contributed to many worthwhile ventures that helped to build Fairview, Utah.

He and his wife, Cynthia Philinda Terry, raised ten children: Nellie Almeda Lasson Carleson, Ole Edgar (my father), Arthur Ray, Niels Oscar, Andrew Adolphus, Cynthia Philinda, Marcella Teresa, Arvella (Graham), Bernard Grant, Glenn Dean. They have all contributed to making Sanpete County a better place. Their heritage is great.

Grandfather's funeral was packed with people. I have his complete funeral, and that can be another story. I can say nothing but praise for his life and the contributions he made for the betterment of Sanpete County.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN A TRIBUTE TO W.E. THORPE

1886-1966

Enid Thorpe Graser

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

How do you measure a man? What makes a man tall or small in the eyes of his contemporaries? Do you merely stand him against a wall and measure his stature? Dr. W.E. (Ed) Thorpe was slight. He never would have stood out in a crowd, but he was a scrapper and a fighter for the underdog - always taking a stand against bullies. He was always active on the firing line, defending the rights of others.

Do you project a kaleidoscope of a man's interests on a screen and judge the size of his shadow as it circumscribes them all?

His interests were as broad as his reading and listening, but his interests reached a high-point of intensity when they were concerned with the Sanpete Valley.



Snow in the mountains, rain in the valley, an abundance of feed in the fields and good livestock to bring all of these as elements to fruitful utilization were prime interests to him.

Surely, one of the most common scales for assessing a man and his worth would be to weigh his service and accomplishments among the people.

The state newspapers simply and eloquently summed up the feelings of the people of Sanpete

about his service when it captioned its article about him this way: "Ephraim's Dr. Thorpe died at 80." Then followed an extensive list of his accomplishments and service to his city, county, state, church and schools.

The community made him its own, because he made the community his. If a wound happened to the body of the town, a sore appeared or a threat seemed apparent, these became his wounds, his sores or his threats and he did something about them.

He was a doctor in more ways than one—he concerned himself with the health and well-being of the body politics. He did this by being a farmer enough to realize that you can't plow a field by just turning it over in your mind. Instead, he worked in the field of man. He agitated for action, not just to torment, but because of the need.

He dissented when he feared misdirection of community activities, not just to create dissention. His convictions were firm, having been formed with some deliberation and earthy judgment, so they were seldom shaken. Some who argued with him might say, with good reason, that his convictions never were abandoned; but they would also have to say, in all fairness, that here was a man who argued with a twinkle in his eye.

Do you pile high a lifetime stack of tape recordings and measure a man as you think of his conversations?

This man will be remembered for the stimulation and engaging quality of his conversations. He went about his daily work and got it done; but while doing it, he left a variety of constructive pointed, stimulating and encouraging conversations sprinkled throughout the day. Talking was his element.

The dialogues of Plato were significant and influential in the development of the western world and its ways, and you wonder about the comparative values to the community of Ephraim of the dialogues of Dr. Thorpe.

The many days and nights in his home when family, relatives and friends would gather on special occasions were memorable for the quality of conversations that were shared there. It had been said, "with some people you spend an evening, with others you invest it." The time invested with Dr. Thorpe will enrich the lives and memories of his family and friends for years to come.

Do you observe the vitality of a man and say, "This is his size?"

In this generation in which we live, when there is almost deification of youth and its activities, its point of view and leadership in new directions, we sometimes recognize a tendency among older people, even some in the middle years, to slip quietly into the background scenes. Declining strength seems to lead to loss of assurance about one's place, the force of one's ideas and one's acceptance in the fast-moving, youthful surge of society.

Many know how Dr. Thorpe ridiculed such backing away from the mainstream. He ridiculed it with his daily life. Though eighty years of age, rather than shying away from the youthful crowd, he joined, he participated, he enthused and cheered.

He was himself a man of assurance, of vital interests; consequently, far from having to seek others out to join or to talk to, he was sought out by many people, long-time acquaintances and casual alike, those who wanted advice or needed counsel. He was always there for them, Dr. Thorpe, was a solid presence, not a retreating shadow.

He spent the day before he was stricken with the heart attack, which took his life, enjoying a race meet at Gunnison, carrying on a lifetime love affair with an old flame, horseracing. No saint this man, no sanctimonious pharisee. He could and would get into the sugar bowl for a little betting money, and he succeeded that day in winning \$.30 on his favorite horse.

Vitality through activity-this might have been his code. No atrophy of interest or personality for this man in his late years. He stayed in training socially, religiously, politically and economically. His was the marathon run of life, no quick sprints or early finish and hurried departure from the field of activity.

It would be the worst possible omission, and one Dr. Thorpe would soundly criticize, if a major part of this pattern were not acknowledged to have been drawn by the equally talented and firm hand of his beautiful wife, Flora Jones Thorpe.

The lives and style of these two people, after so many years of work among common interest are almost indistinguishable. With care, they visited the sick and homebound to provide comfort and to see that no physical or spiritual need went unattended.

We have only hinted at some of Dr. Thorpe's measurements. The small stature of a man who towered so high among his neighbors. This man with the husky, whispery voice who was heard so clearly and forcefully in things that mattered here in this valley. Suffice it to day that to see him, one has to look up high and wide.

GRANDMOTHER-SHE MADE A DIFFERENCE

Mary Louise Seamons

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Personal Recollection



Bothilda Hansen
Frandsen – born 28
March 1866.
Married Williard
Lauritz Frandsen 24
June 1886. Died 13
May 1948.

Although her name won't be found where records are kept of special earthly awards, nor in toms listing famous people who have earned special recognition, to me my grandmother was a saint in her own quiet way. Without her love and example my life would have been much different.

Born in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, on 28 March 1866, she grew up in a polygamous environment. A stern father and loving mother taught her values she could pass on to her own posterity. And she did.

Mother was the youngest daughter. The April I was born in Grandma's house, her daffodils danced in lively profusion in her tiny flower garden near the kitchen door. My parents and grand-parents welcomed me heartily. From then on I knew Grandma loved me.

After my father died four and a half years later, Grandma- having lost her companion eighteen March 1866, married Willard Launtz months earlier-turned her home Frandsen 24 June 1886, died 13 May over to her only son and moved 1948. into our house with us. She cared for me while Mother taught school and clerked at Penney's to provide for our small family. Then began my real "love affair" with my grandmother.

A trained seamstress in her own right, Grandma sewed dresses for me and doll clothes for my dolls; she taught me to sew clothes for my dolls on the sewing machine before I started school. She taught me to embroider and to use tiny stitches. She never did teach me how to knit or crochet or tat; her fingers were blurs as she plied her needles or shuttle or hooks to make fine lace for table cloths, pillowcases, furniture protectors, or decoration for clothing.

Years later she crocheted tablecloths for each of her daughters and each of her granddaughters, though two of us lacked ours when she died. My cousin crocheted; I didn't. Grandma was making mine, using a new pattern which neither of us liked as well as the one she had used for the others. My cousin got mine to be finished; I got Grandma's.

Grandma read stories to me; I corrected her when she used different words. She cut my sandwiches into tiny rectangles, - my "knights on their horses," We played Fish and Steal-a-Pile and Casino; she didn't "allow" me to win but she didn't try too hard not to.

She was an excellent "meat and potatoes" cook; she made special treats-Danish dumplings, sweet soup, caraway soup, red mush, starch cakes. One day she let me cook some apples in her enameled one-cup container, the one she used for brewing her coffee. I wasn't tall enough to see over the top of the coal stove, so tipped the cup slightly to see if my apples were cooking. The hot sauce spilled down my neck. But Grandma took care of me, and I don't remember any pain.

Grandma helped Mother plant and care for a large garden in our back yard. Sometimes I was allowed to pick green peas or raspberries to eat fresh from the patch. Later, after Mother remarried, Grandma moved first to a little apartment just up the street and later to the tiny house on the huge lot my aunt's family had vacated. Then she came to our house to help Mother care for the herders. I loved being home from school on days the fruit peddlers stopped by the house to sell their produce. Then I, too, could sample the ripe peaches and tomatoes they brought. When I came home the next day, I could eat my fill of the juicy fruits, choosing them from the myriad bushel baskets surrounding Grandma and Mother as they prepared them for the winter.

I was frequent visitor at Grandma's, both at her apartment and at her house. She was a frequent visitor at our house she pulled down the folding bed, with its billowy feather bed. I slept in the icy-cold bedroom, warmed by the brick she heated in the oven before retiring.

She often accompanied us as we took short rides around town. We often stopped for ice cream; Grandma always wished Grandpa could have been with us as he had loved ice cream which hadn't been as readily available when he was alive. Sometimes we drove through the fields or mountains around us. We sometimes took picnics. We went to Provo and Salt Lake. Grandma and I, later my brother, stayed in the park while Mother shopped.

When I had a spat with my best friend over some insignificant trifle, Grandma called her "that ornery little pup," the strongest language I ever heard her use. Not that she was timid or milk-toasty; she was feisty and could hold her own with anyone.

She loved her yard. I associate cosmos, phlox, dahlias, daisies, and golden glow with Grandma. And horseradish, currants, gooseberries, and raspberries. She wore cut-off hose to cover the delicate

skin on her arms as she harvested her fruits from the thorny bushes. I ached when I saw the trickles of blood oozing through the cotton netting. Every Monday morning during the summer months, she took her 4:00 a.m. water turn. (She had carried water two blocks to her flowers and trees when she and Grandpa first homesteaded north of town.) If we didn't get her house to mow her lawn when it was ready, she mowed it-even when she was in her eighties.

Each spring we supplied her with pullets which she raised. She kept us supplied with eggs and dressed chickens for us. Sometimes I helped her by holding the looping strings taut around a chicken's neck while Grandma held the feet and wings in one hand, her axe in the other.

Grandma loved her radio. She listened faithfully to her favorite "soap operas." She waited for conference and used her hymn book as she sang with the choir. She had a beautiful voice and had sung with the local ward choir when she was younger. She had served as Primary president for a number of years. Grandma could hardly wait for conference to end so she could switch stations and thrill to the play-by-play descriptions of the baseball announcers.

She couldn't simply listen; no time must be wasted. She embroidered, crocheted, tatted, knitted, sewed quilt tops (piecing even the smallest blocks), quilts, and cut and stitched balls of rags for making rugs.

During the World War II she collected tiny bits of string and wound them into balls. She saved aluminum foil and meat drippings. She always "made do" with what she had; she didn't ask for much. Her early years had taught her to appreciate any bit of affluence and never to squander anything.

During her teens, Grandma lived a block from the school. When I felt ill, or wanted something to eat, or needed some TLC, I went to Grandma's. She never let me down-cared for me as tenderly as she had her brother when he lost his leg, her bedridden mother-in-law for fourteen years, her own mother as she was dying of cancer, Grandpa for the nine months he suffered as he, too, lay dying. She mourned over the two children she had lost; her baby when he was nine months old and her fifth daughter when she was a young mother.

Grandma was there to encourage me as I performed in recitals, in elementary school operettas, in parades as twirler for the elementary school band or riding on a float, as Centennial Queen of Mt. Pleasant. After Christmas the year my father died, she took me to Ogden to my aunt's so my holiday, at least, would not be spoiled. They took me to perform on a local radio program where I recited:

When first I went upon the stage,
My little heart went pit-a-pat
For fear someone would say,
"Whose little dunce is that?"

Grandma had a large posterity: six living children who had from one to nine children each. Their children had families. I don't remember one of us going without a gift for special occasions-birthdays, Christmases, graduations-even if it was a hot pad Grandma had crocheted. The last gift she gave me-for my eighteenth birthday-was a small lavender composition pin, shaped like an orchid, which she had ordered from one of her "soaps."

That year her garden was nearly all planted by mid-April. She was ill but insisted that my aunt plant potatoes in the two-by-four spot she hadn't utilized. Our senior class went on a weekend trip to Salt Lake City. We came home on my birthday; I went first to Grandma's. She was prepared with my gift.

Exactly a month later—on a Tuesday-she had a stroke. Early Tuesday morning Mother woke me to tell me Grandma was gone. I was grateful she hadn't suffered or been bedridden or speechless; that would have been torture of the worst kind. The next day I graduated from high school.

From Grandma's example I learned thrift, industry, patience, beauty, wisdom, and-most important-love. She made subtle differences in the lives of those around her. She made an indelible difference in my life. She still does.

Bothilda Hansen Frandsen was born 28 March 1866 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah, daughter of James Hansen and Johannah Anderson.

James was born 24 April 1828 in Grønnegade, Fredricksborg, Denmark. He was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by C.C.A. Christensen, during Christensen's first six month mission to Denmark, and was a first settler in Mt. Pleasant in 1859. A versatile musician, he organized the first band, first orchestra, and first choir in Mt. Pleasant. He was architect and co-contractor for the original Mt. Pleasant North Ward chapel.

Johannah was born 4 January 1845 in Skone, Sweden, in 1863 she became James' fourth wife. They had ten children. Bothilda was the oldest child who lived.

Bothilda married Willard Lurtiz Frandsen in Mt. Pleasant on 24 June 1886. Twenty-six years later their marriage was solemnized in the Manti Temple.

Eight children were born to the Frandsens. At the time of this writing, two of them survived: Lucille F. Avertt, age 100, of Emmett, Idaho, and Louise F. Seely, age 87, of Mt. Pleasant.

Family records in possession of author.
Personal recollections.



Daniel Rasmussen home built 1875 by Morten Rasmussen - Mt. Pleasant
Esther Christensen 3rd generation present owner.
On National Register. — Courtesy Louise Johansen

IT MAY TAKE A LITTLE LONGER

Lois T. Kribs

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Personal Recollection.

Bill has a robust laugh. He stands straight and walks with a sure step. Unusual? No, except you may notice when he walks he holds his hand ahead of his face, the only indication he is blind.

Bill was five years old when he lost the sight in his right eye in an accident. He was thirty-five years old when he lost his left eye in a snow-mobile accident.



That day in March 1981 changed several lives forever. As a first step toward adjustment, his wife Cindy put a new guitar in his hand, along with a tape recorder and new country/western record releases. He was on his way back to his vocation during high school and early twenties, singing and entertaining.

He got a job singing three times a week, but he wasn't busy enough, so he said, "I'm going to be an independent insurance agent."

He had his license to sell property and casualty insurance, but underwriters would not accept agents unless they could sell life and health insurance as well. Bill attended classes in Salt Lake City, had the text recorded on tape and within two months had completed the requirements and had taken

and passed the test for the additional licenses.

With a telephone, talking calculator, the help of a secretary, support of his wife Cindy, daughter Jennifer and son William, Deseret Central Insurance, Inc., was open for business in his home.

For the first time in his life he experienced discrimination when soliciting underwriters who would approve him as their agent. There was overt discrimination, but human nature has a hard time accepting so-called handicapped individuals as being able to function and do business successfully.

However, he did succeed and within a year moved his office from his home to 141 South Main, Manti - now home of Deseret Central Ins., Inc.

After he lost sight Bill attended the School for the Blind in Salt Lake City. While there he met a nine year old boy who had been blind from birth. Bill said, "A bunch of us were telling fish stories and this kid didn't understand what we were talking about. He had held a plastic fish in his hand, but didn't know what a real fish was. That really got to me, still does." Right then the idea of a day at Palisade State Park, south of Manti for children with disabilities and their families was born.

Twelve years later-1994 -and now known as Palisade Pals, Inc., The organization Bill founded aims many away each year because the Park can only accommodate 250 participants plus volunteers at each camp. Additional camps are now held in St. George, Provo, Camp Williams and Ogden, each accommodating 250 participants.

Everyone attending had fun on hay rides, fishing, canoeing, golf, horseback rides, rides on a fire engine, watching mountain men demonstrations, taking karate lessons, watching authentic Indian dances and a special highlight, a Talent Show put on by the kids themselves. Also, included with each event is overnight camping and three meals.

Bill solicits the financial support, organizes the camps and lines up the volunteers who cook the meals and supervise the activities.

Bill and Cindy have received many awards for the establishment of this Day *Camp* for handicapped children and their families, among them the Governor's Golden Key Award, Grand Marshall of the Parade at the Sanpete County Fair and the Presidential Service Citation from the President Day of Snow College.

A quote from Bill about the Palisade Pals, "The kids get to try new things and succeed...it might be something small, but they build on these small achievements. It may mean the difference between doing a little better in school, feeling more comfortable around people, finding a new talent, or landing a job later on."

Life is full every day for Bill as he gets his goals accomplished, now it may just take a little longer.

Personal knowledge
Records of Palisade Pals, Inc.
Conversations with Cindy N. Peterson

THE ROOTS OF HOME

Anna Lou Nye

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

My parents, Reva Tennant and Adrian Jensen, were born and raised in Manti. Although I was born in Hiawatha. Manti had always been "home" to me and my two sisters. Among the wonderful people I knew and loved who made Manti "home" during my growing up days, were Julius and Annie Jensen who lived on 4th South; Aunt Maggie, Uncle Charles, and Grandpa Tennant who lived at 196 East, 2nd South; Carol and Hal Lowery, Uncle Bernie and Aunt Ruby Peterson, Aunt Lucille Kimball, the Cox's, and my cousins Kent and Lou. I remember how everyone knew everyone else, how busy we were, and how we always seemed to end up our afternoons in Uncle Ross's garage having a cold root beer.

My parents moved to California in 1929, so we girls were really raised in California, hi July of every year we would drive across the blistering desert (cars did not have air conditioning then) to Manti and spend the month. Grandpa Tennant had his beautiful confectionery store on Main Street, and both Aunt Maggie and Carol worked for him. It was always such a treat to have a grilled cheese sandwich and a chocolate soda with my cousins. Grandpa would always make it a special treat for us. He was a quiet yet witty man who could always make a dreary morning turn into sunshine and laughter. Many mornings I would get up early and help him make the ice cream for the day. He had the recipe down pat, and knew without measuring exactly how much of each ingredient to put into it to make it so good and creamy. Grandpa was a "treat" in himself to be with, and when he told you something you didn't forget it. He taught me many things about family values and ideals that have stayed with me all my life. I truly cherish those mornings we had together.

My other grandparents, the Julius Jensens, lived on 4th street and had a farm. They were such good church people and very dedicated to the Manti Temple. Their house was always full of activity

with people coining and going, and non-stop cooking. They had 7 daughters and 2 sons, so I now have 42 first cousins on that side of my family. From them I learned to milk a cow, pick berries, make red-mush from currants, dry corn, clean a chicken, separate milk, skim off cream, bake and cook on a wood burning stove, and get along with all my cousins as Grandma would have no bickering in her house. Their house had a living room where her famous organ sat, a parlor, and a huge kitchen and pantry. The parlor was used only on special occasions. The family always met in the kitchen around a large oak table. Grandpa even had a cot in one corner of the kitchen for his afternoon rest. I remember when the inside bathroom was added to the home. Before that everyone used the "outhouse".

Auntie (Aunt Maggie), Uncle Charles and Grandpa Tennant were brothers and sister and lived together on 2nd South. Auntie and Charles never married. Auntie was more or less the back-bone of the Tennant's and Charles and Grandpa did what she told them to do. Auntie always had great advice and wisdom and was loved by everyone in Manti. I still recall her cooking on the old wood burning stove which also heated water for the house, and the single light that dangled by its cord over the sink and continually blew the house fuse. Then there were the weeds that grew in her bathroom throughout the cracks in the wall, the cold back bedrooms, the first time she had a phone, the first T.V. and the dark cellar with its cobwebs. But mostly I remember our wonderful evenings spent on her front porch. Friends and neighbors would stop over, and we would watch lightning storms, have wonderful conversations and fun. Auntie taught all of us the right way to live and to always have compassion and empathy for others. She raised my mother, Reva Tennant, so I really remember her as a "Grandmother. Wherever I lived, whether with my parents or with my husband, I always had letters from Auntie. She kept us all close.

Uncle Charles was my special pal. And I think I was very special to him also. I can remember him sitting in front of Anderson's Drug Store every day chatting with his buddies. He had a turkey farm at the south end of town and we kids hated to go out there because of the smell. He took such good care of Auntie. He was full of witty jokes and great fun to be around and could tell long, long stories, some of which I believed were the truth. I still have some of the special little gifts he gave me. He added so much to my growing up years and gave me wonderful memories.

As we grew up, our trips to Manti became more and more endearing. We still had many friends in town, and went to dances at the Palisades, swam at the pool, and fished the lake. We took long talks on warm summer nights, went to shows in the old show house, took picnics to the lake, walked the streets of "downtown", and shopped for Auntie at the Manti Grocery store. We were never bored even though we didn't have cars and very little money. We walked wherever we went, except when we went bowling at Ephraim. Then one of our parents would sometimes let us use the car. Seldom did we ever think to ask to use a car, walking was more fun. I remember having my first real kiss on the bridge behind Auntie's house by one of the Lund twins. Can't say now if it was Keith or Kirk.

All these memories of Manti and the people that played such an important part of my life made me want the same family values I had come to cherish for my children. My parents moved many times in California, but wherever we lived it was 'home' for the time being, and Mom and Dad were always talking about and writing to our loved ones in Manti. They kept us very close to our roots.' I married an Air Force officer, so we traveled with our children extensively. I treasured my background and all the love and security I had during those formative years, so wherever we lived my husband and I would try and instill in our children how valuable x Roots' are and how indispensable grandparents, aunts, and

uncles are. They know my love for Manti and the people there who taught me and loved me. All three of my children have been to Manti and have grown to love the memories I have almost as much as I do.

It means so much to me to know my v roots' reside in Manti along with the remarkable people that helped develop my life, including my parents. I hope the families of today, and especially those that have to relocate often, can have x roots' in places like Manti or elsewhere they can always call home.

We reside in Provo, having been here for the past 17 years. Our children and the University brought us here. Every Memorial Day we return to Manti and decorate the graves of our family, give them each a hug, then drive around town to see Aunties house and Grandma and Grandpa Jensen's home once more and take a picture or two. I have also taken my grandchildren to see both houses and have then: pictures in front of each home. I have let them know about the people who lived there and what an influence they all had upon my life, and hope that I can pass along to them the same feeling for their ancestral heritage that I have for mine.

THE LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE

Nell A. Livingston

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Jane Anderson was the daughter of Ephraim Anderson and Eliza Edmunds Anderson. She was born 19th July 1889 in the beautiful little town of Wales, Sanpete County, Utah. She loved this small town and made a difference there.

She received her early education in Wales through seventh grade. She attended eight grade in Manti, Utah, staying with relatives there. She went to Snow College in Ephraim, Utah, hi 1908 she attended summer school at the University of Utah.

In the fall of 1908 she acquired a teaching position in the newly completed red brick school at Wales, teaching there for three years. She received \$35.00 a month the first year, then \$40.00 after that.

She taught in the Chester (Utah) School in 1911-1912. She traveled along with Davis Thomas by horse and buggy from Wales each day during good weather. When the cold weather came she lived in Chester, only getting home when possible.

At this time she was being courted by Andrew Leo Washburn. They deckled to seal their love in marriage. On the 21st of August, 1912, they traveled by horse and buggy to the Manti Temple for the most joyful occasion.

By this time the small town of Wales was becoming a beautiful farming community. It had been originally settled for the coal in the Wales Canyon. These mines were later abandoned because of the difficulty in getting the coal out.

Jane and Leo both loved the excitement of learning new things. Jane has said many times that she didn't have talent in singing or music or some other things so she wanted to develop her talent for "Teaching" and helping others to learn the wonders of the world. She studied very hard and pursued this goal. Jane always loved to read and gain all the knowledge she could from all available sources. She especially loved studying the scriptures and was very knowledgeable in explaining their contents. What a difference she made in the lives of those around her. She was always busy teaching and helping

others. She was a substitute teacher when needed and later taught LDS seminary as well as many church teaching positions in all the Auxiliary organizations.

Jane always welcomed the young people into their home, listened to their problems, laughed with them in their successes and cried with them in their failures. She always tried to make these disappointments a learning experience. The youth often gathered in the Washburn home for popping corn, making candy or home-made ice cream and playing games.

During the Second World War she was busily engaged, trying to do her part. She was often working in her home, at Relief Society or at a friend's home, getting the ladies together, teaching them to knit and making many articles of clothing that could be sent to the boys in the service. They made slip-on sweaters, caps, scarves, and many things that would help the men keep warm in the terrible cold of the war zone. She was always ready to comfort those families as their sons left for war to serve their country. She also sent her two oldest sons to fight for our freedom.

One of her grandsons, Rex Christensen, tells of the special experience he had with his grandmother while learning to read. She always encouraged the children to read and loved to have them read to her. Rex often found his way to his grandmother's home to read to her. If he read well enough she would give him a special treat of a nickel or something else special. Rex was just in the first or second grade, but went to the library and got a book and took it to his grandmother to read, hoping to get a nickel so he could buy some candy. He read along several pages having her help with many of the words-too many. She stopped him and told him to take the book back and find one he could read. He left a little disappointed, without his nickel, but much wiser.

Even though she had six children of her own, she found it in her heart to take in her brother's baby girl who had lost her mother at birth. She loved and cared for this child as if she were her own.

Her life, with the cooperation of her husband, was truly dedicated to the service and teaching of others. They really made a difference.

Personal Recollections of their Children

OUR MARY

Lorna Nielson Bown
Non-Professional First Place Essay

"That can't be 'Our Mary' from Ephraim" Dean Jacobsen questioned Woodrow Nielson when Woodrow told him that Mary was his sister. Woodrow was working in the Dean's office while attending Utah State Agricultural College in Logan. He heard the Dean discussing plans to have Mary teach a workshop there during the summer. Mary taught summer or regular school classes at US AC, University of Utah, Brigham Young University and San Jose State College, but Woodrow was a little surprised to learn that wherever she had worked, they all claimed her as "Our Mary." He thought that was a title reserved for Snow College, South Sanpete School District and especially for the Nielson family. But this was not so in the minds of those who were associated with her, and especially those who knew her well.



Mary Nielson was "one who made a difference" because she dedicated her whole life to education. She had a great influence upon many individuals, both young students and teachers in training as well as colleagues, family and friends. Her influence was felt in many classrooms in diverse places, and left a lasting impact upon methods used for "Mary Nielson-Principal Training School Snow instruction. Her Constant College 1927-1934 - Courtesy Loma M. N. Bown goal was the betterment of the educational system. Through her love, understanding, and talents, she touched the lives of many people as she taught them, worked with them, and befriended them.

Mary Rosella Nielson was born November 9, 1905, in Ephraim, Utah, the daughter of Teckla Pauline Christensen and Andrew Christian Nielson, Jr., a prominent builder in Sanpete. Even at an early age, Mary showed signs that she was to inherit the more artistic talents of her grandfather C.C.A. Christensen, who was an accomplished artist and poet. His works were noted in the early Utah history of the Latter-Day Saint Church.

Mary attended public school and high school in Ephraim where had the opportunity to develop and share her writing and artistic talents. While at Snow College, her ability as a potential teacher was recognized. She graduated in 1925 and was employed as a teacher at the Washington Elementary School in Gunnison for two years. She then returned to Snow College as principle of the training school, a position she held for several years.

In 1935 she became elementary supervisor in the South Sanpete School District. She later filled that position in both the Sevier and Nebo School Districts. She taught at the Topaz Mountain Relocation Camp during World War II. Through the years, she taught many extension and summer school courses at various universities throughout Utah and San Jose, California.

Mary had the opportunity to be a school supervisor in an American School in Sao Paulo, Brazil, for two and one-half years.

Because of her talents, innovative methods, and widely known ability she never had to ask for a job; she was sought after and the job offered to her.

It was Mary's philosophy to "squeeze all the juice out of every hour." She was always reaching out to learn more and develop her talents. She studied at Columbia University in New York and earn her Master's Degree in the Art in 1946. While in Brazil, she studied the Portuguese language and grasped the opportunity to study art under the instruction of a Russian Princess. She painted a beautiful picture she titled "The Rose." In her colorful descriptive writing she says of the work in progress, "Yesterday Rose and I spent three hours together in the studio of the Princess. Rose is my creation, you will recall. Even though she is only on paper, she is a gorgeous creature. My joy transforming in a blank space into something so lovely gives me more happiness than I can describe."

Mary wrote poetry also, mostly for her enjoyment or for special occasions.

No matter where she was working, Ephraim was always home to her. She loved her hometown friends and memories. Mary received the Yule Christmas candle in Ephraim, which was an honor presented to a distinguished person deserving recognition for their service to the community.

Mary was dedicated to her Alma Mater, Snow College, and supported the Alumni wholeheartedly. When she passed away, her brothers and sisters donated her personal library to Snow College, in her honor, a girl's dormitory was named "The Mary Nielson Hall."

Mary passed away at age fifty in Provo and came home to Ephraim for her final resting place. Mary's brothers and sisters, Andrew, Eva Joy Martin, George, Robert, Sheldon, Woodrow, and Evan and her many nieces and nephews all benefitted from Mary's generosity and willingness to share her many talents. They received a great legacy from her.

Yes, "Our Mary" did make a difference in the realms of education in Sanpete, throughout Utah, in California and even Brazil. Many lives have been touched by her influence, as those children she taught grew up and those she taught to teach reached out to their students with the love of education and concern for the betterment of the students that Mary helped inspire in them. Certainly her influence in the field of education can still be felt today.



OUTSIDE INFLUENCES: MT. PLEASANT SEMINARY

Mary Louise Seamons
Non-Professional Second Place Essay

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints believes in educating the whole man. The purpose of the Mt. Pleasant Seminary is to provide religious instruction to North Sanpete School District students.

The seminary was established as an entity separate from the public schools in the fall of 1916. Newell K. Young, principal and teacher, was employed at a salary of \$1,200, but President Joseph F. Smith, acting on his own, raised this to \$1,500⁽¹⁾

Young came to Mt. Pleasant about two weeks prior to the planned opening of school and presented the seminary concept to members of North Sanpete Stake. Enrollment that first year was surprisingly high, 95 to 98 percent of the high school population, although several students dropped out during the year. The second year 135 students enrolled, but many discontinued, some leaving to "participate in the great World War that was on."

Young also taught Junior Seminary for seventh and eighth graders. When this became too heavy, Arthur O. Nielson was employed to teach the younger students.

Thomas W. Dyches was principal and teacher in 1918-1919; about 75 percent of the high school population attended. Two years later A.H. Anderson was named principal and teacher, continuing in both positions until relinquishing the principal-ship in 1947. Though in ill health and declining years, he taught for several more years. He was described in a district evaluation as "young in spirit despite his age."

Enrollment in the seminary program fluctuated from a high of about 98 percent to a low about 56 percent of the high school students, in 1927-1928 boys outnumbered girls; in 1939 more boys than girls were graduated, "a very unusual condition."

Seminary officers were chosen for the first time in 1935-1936. Aaron Jones was elected President; June Brady, Vice President; Chesla Seely, Secretary/Treasurer.

During most of 1945-1946 B.A. Childs was principal and teacher⁽²⁾ He was replaced "before the year was completely out" by Jay B. Christensen, a recently-released LDS Chaplain⁽³⁾

Owen B. Anderson became principal in 1947 and remained until his retirement in 1963.⁽⁴⁾ One challenge Anderson faced was separation of church and state. Although the high school principal requested that Anderson attend faculty meetings, function as a home room teacher, and head a faculty committee, Anderson's superiors in the Church Education System permitted him to attend meetings only during the short time that instructions were given that would enable him to correlate better with the public school. "...We would prefer that [your] name not appear as a member of any faculty committee... [and] think you will understand our great desire to keep Church and State so separated that no one can have the slightest criticism."⁽⁵⁾

When North Sanpete and Moroni High Schools were consolidated and the two junior highs merged in 1959, George Anderson, seminary teacher in Moroni, was transferred to Mt. Pleasant. Others assigned to Mt. Pleasant through the years included Max Hirschi, Victor Rasmussen (accepted other employment), James A. Carver, and Ferrell C. Lazenby. Late-comers Clinton Buttars and Dennis Slack were described by one student historian as "two really great men who are always willing to

answer your questions...help you learn more about the church and...gain a stronger testimony of the gospel. "⁽⁶⁾

Because of the number of students in 1988-1989, Mack L. Wilkey was hired as a part-time teacher. The first semester he taught two periods in the Seminary; second semester he taught one class in the seminary and one class at Wasatch Academy which met for an hour and a half two days a week. There he had as many as five students but average only two or three. "Never before [had] we been able to teach the LDS students that attend Wasatch Academy at their school. "⁽⁷⁾

Graduation exercises were varied. In 1922 the first seventeen students to graduate were honored at exercises held in connection with Stake Priesthood Meeting: two students from Fairview, four from Spring City, and eleven from Mt. Pleasant. One graduation exercise consisted of a special pageant, "Christ among the Nephites"; another was a tableau presentation, described as "a program that a person would not soon forget. "⁽⁸⁾

Over the years many special activities were introduced. The first years the seminary functioned, a once-a-week night club class was held for adults. However, President Adolf Merz deemed it unwise to hold the class in ensuing years "as many would attend that class but neglect their other meetings. "⁽⁹⁾ Regular-student activities included assisting home missionaries, providing sacrament meeting programs, increasing attendance at sacrament meetings, and strengthening] the characters and morals of the students." Others, including some fundraisers, were dances, skating parties, picnics, and outings-often held with students from other seminaries. For Christmas of 1942 about 125 students "wrote letters to all the boys in the Service of the United States, from Fairview, Mt. Pleasant, and Spring City" and sponsored a bond drive which was "exceedingly successful. " ⁽¹⁰⁾

Seminary pupils were continually encouraged to be creative and to participate in the arts, hi 1921 an oratorical contest open only to seminary students was sponsored. The twelve to fifteen participants so delighted the audience that, when an appeal was made for a sponsor to continue the contest, Senator W.D. Canland volunteered to donate \$25 annually to encourage the work.⁽¹¹⁾ No special prizes were awarded, but finalists were given seminary pins provided by Senator Candland. The year following his death, participants were presented leather-bound Bibles with their names embossed on the covers. (One of the finalists was absent as he broke out with measles and could not attend.)

In 1992 an essay contest was initiated. There were some twenty entrants. Sponsor Amasa Aldrich awarded two prizes, \$5.00 and \$2.50, for the best essay written on any religious subject. Both winners were from Mt. Pleasant.

The play "Parlor Matches" was produced in 1947. Special relationships developed between members of the cast and directors. Seminary Principal Christensen's young son, "mascot" of the performers, speedily learned all the lines and stage directions; he eagerly substituted whenever a Thespian missed his cue.

In December 1977 Buttars read about an LDS pilot, dubbed "Uncle Wiggty Wings," who dropped candy to children in West Germany during "one of the wars." Buttars and his students decided to simulate the program and constructed 165 parachutes. Local grocer Terrel Seely consented to drop them from his plane on December 23, but postponed the drop until Friday, January 13, because of inclement weather. About 150 kids participated. ⁽¹²⁾

The first red-brick seminary building, completed in 1917, was located across the street south of North Sanpete High. President Joesph F. Smith and a party of General Authorities had been touring the southern part of the state. On September 10 they stopped at Mt. Pleasant, and President Smith

dedicated the building, he had a private conference at the seminary, President Smith told President Merz and Principal Young: "I see you have no toilet in this building. I will dedicate it only on one condition, that is if you promise to have one put in right away." In 1934, when the beginning history of the seminary was written, there was still no such facility, but "we plan on doing something about it next year if possible." ⁽¹³⁾ Over the years the building was renovated, remodeled, and enlarged to accommodate the increasing needs of students and faculty.

Following construction of the new North Sanpete High School, a second seminary building near the new school in southeast Mt. Pleasant was completed and turned over to the stake. Dedicated in March 1986, it was "a delightful building...the church inspector said that it [was] the best seminary building in the church." ⁽¹⁴⁾

A distinctive entity in North Sanpete School District, the LDS Seminary had been educating students for more than seventy-five years. The Lord's influences still persist.

1. "History of the North Sanpete Stake L.D.S. Seminary (Mt. Pleasant Seminary)." Unpublished typescript in collection housed in the Regional Seminaries and Institutes Office, Cedar City, Utah. On loan to the Mt. Pleasant Seminary. March 1992.
2. Childs was married to Margaret Peel, a former Mt. Pleasant resident.
3. Christensen, a native of Fairview, was a graduate of the Mt. Pleasant Seminary, married to the former Louise Fowles of Mt. Pleasant, also a seminary graduate. Christensen was later at the Institute of Religion at Idaho State University in Pocatello, at the University of Wyoming in Laramie, and finished his career with the United States Postal Service in Washington state. He was killed in an automobile accident.
4. Anderson taught for thirty-eight years, sixteen of them in Mt. Pleasant. Currently in his mid-nineties, he lives with his wife, Elizabeth, in Pleasant Grove in the house where he was born.
5. Letters for Owen B. Anderson to Wm. E. Berrett, 7 September 1954; William E. Barrett to Owen B. Anderson, 24 September 1954; Verl E. Johansen to William E. Barrett. 31 August; William E. Barrett to Verl E. Johansen, 2 September 1955.
6. Looseleaf History of the Mt. Pleasant Seminary, from the Mt. Pleasant Seminary collection, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.
7. Looseleaf History of the Mt. Pleasant Seminary. From the Mt. Pleasant collection, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.
8. Mt. Pleasant Seminary, report dated May 1961. From Seminary Collection.
9. "History of North Sanpete Stake L.D.S. Seminary (Mt. Pleasant Seminary)." Unpublished typescript in collection of Regional Seminaries. Cedar City, Utah.
10. "History of Seminary Year of 1942-1943," unpublished typescript in Seminary Collection.
11. "History of the North Sanpete L.D.S. Seminary (Mt. Pleasant Seminary)."
12. "Candy from Heaven," typewritten report dated 1978. From Seminary Collection. Uncle Wiggly Wings was the name given Gail Halvorsen, an LDS pilot from Garland, Utah, who flew numerous flights during the Berlin Blockade following World War II. Recently he planned to simulate a similar drop over the war-torn areas in the former USSR regions.
13. "History of the North Sanpete L.D.S. Seminary (Mt. Pleasant Seminary)."
14. Clinton D. Butters, "History of the Mt. Pleasant Seminary. 1983-1984." From Seminary Collection.

NIELS N. MORTENSEN

Roxie M. Johnson
Non-Professional Third Place Essay

Have you ever passed by the Ephraim Cemetery and wondered why it's there? The answer lies in the life of Niels "N" Mortensen.

Niels "N" Mortensen was born 10 September 1837 in Rakkaby, Hjorring, Denmark, to Martin Jensen and Anne Kirstine Nielson. He had one sister, Anne, born 28 February 1832. When he was only three, Niels' mother died.

The Martin Jensen family was considered a very well-to-do family in Denmark. People in the community called Niels the "rich man's son." He often wore buckskin trousers that were, by custom, a sign of wealth. One of his favorite tales about life in Denmark was about the frequent parties in his father's home. Sometimes they would last the weekend or occasionally the entire week. He told of many guests so intoxicated they could not find their way home. Some would have to remain at his father's house in that condition, and others would be found lying in the street or gutter. Seeing this as a young boy shocked Niels. It made such an impression that he vowed to never touch a drop of liquor (which vow he kept). He also drew pictures of their home and farm and told of his father storing liquor in their wine cellar, which was customary.

Niels' sister, Anne, married Anders Peter Olsen "Kesko" on 15 December 1852 in Rakkaby - Hjorring, Denmark. Niels married Petriane Christina Jensen, a school teacher, in 1861.

Niels and Petriane met missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. However, Niels was indecisive about joining the Church. He related the following instance: He was working in a field when an "Angel" or the "Holy Ghost" appeared before him and assured him he should join the Church. As a result, he and Petriane were baptized into the Church in 1863. His faith in the Lord and belief in the Book of Mormon was evident because of the way he lived the teachings of the Church.

In 1864, Niels, Petriane, Anne and her husband "Kesko," emigrated to the United States with a Mormon party, passing through Germany and England. One reason they left Denmark was that Niels was being pressed into service in the army. When they left Denmark, Niels and his wife had two children, Petriane Christina Mortensen Hansen, about three years old, and George, eight days old. Their families were staunch Lutherans and strongly opposed their joining the Church and leaving Denmark. When they said goodbye to Petriane's parents and relatives, her mother "spit in her face" and disowned her as a daughter. However, after Niels and Petriane settled in Ephraim, she corresponded with her relatives in Denmark. Niels often mentioned that his wife had beautiful penmanship. He kept many letters in his Secretary long after her death. Moreover, he did not allow the children to touch anything in his Secretary.

Niels told of the hardships suffered during the long trip across the ocean. Niels' father gave him his share in the estate when Niels and Petriane left Denmark, which amounted to a small fortune. Niels said some of their friends and fellow-passengers almost starved to death, so he gave them money for food. They were grateful and indebted to him; they promised to repay every cent they owed. However, he never heard from any of them after the voyage. He had no animosity, though, because he felt repaid in more important ways. He felt blessed by the Lord that he could provide well for his family.

When the ship docked in New York, Niels had spent his entire fortune and was \$10.00 in debt. Niels had a strong desire to remain and settle in the Eastern states, especially New York. But his wife persuaded him to go West with his sister, Anne, and their few friends. The family reached Ephraim, Sanpete County, Utah, in September 1864, having crossed the plains in Captain John Smith's company.

Niels became a prosperous farmer and stockraiser, accumulating many acres of farm land. He was considered a wealthy farmer in Ephraim. He and his wife were blessed with ten children: Petriane Christina, George, Catherine Josephine, Heber, Matilda Elizabeth, Niels Jr., Albert G., Annie Petriane

Christina, Martina Annina and Josphine Catherine. Petriane died 1 June 1883, leaving seven living children; the youngest child was only 5 1/2 months old.

In 1885, when Josephine was a young child, Niels went on a mission to the Northern States Mission (Minnesota vicinity.) His daughter, Petriane Christina, and her husband cared for the other children. Niels was gone about three months, and returned home due to illness. When he got home, Josephine didn't know him.

Niels owned a parcel of land on the north end of Ephraim Main Street. He decided to donate the land, which had a high water table, to the City of Ephraim. The city leaders decided to establish a new cemetery on the donated land. Although the new cemetery was well established by the time of his death, Niels opted to be buried in the old (Pioneer) cemetery rather than "swim" in the new one.

Niels never remarried and lived to be 78 years old. He died on 9 April 1915 in Ephraim, Utah. His daughter Josephine said,: "I remember, when Martina and I were children, asking Father why he never remarried so we could have a mother like other children. He would say, 'You little girls don't know what you are saying. I thought too much of your mother to ever remarry.'"

Niels "N" Mortensen had a great influence in the history of Ephraim. He raised a noble family, was a prominent farmer, and left a lasting legacy with the Ephraim Cemetery.

Information given by daughter, Josephine M. Hahn, and a granddaughter, Helen Hahn.

W.H. Leer, History of Sanpete and Emery Counties.

Edgar Nelson and pack horses trailing sheep on Manti LaSal National Forest— Courtesy Roxie Washburn (See related story)



Edgar Nelson and pack horses trailing sheep on Manti LaSal National Forest
— Courtesy Roxie Washburn (See related story)

THE BIG FIRE IN EPHRAIM

Dr. Robert Armstrong

As told by Vertis Nielson

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Essay

It happened on June of 1922. In those days the theater ran the main movie twice each night with a two-reel comedy and sometimes a News Reel. Occasionally there would be a vaudeville performed by some traveling troupe. This night it was a magician. It had been highly advertised and the house was packed. I was nine years old. My father took me to the show that night. We were lucky enough to get seats in the aisle about six rows down from the back of the Theater. The first show was nearing the end and then we would get to see the magician perform. It didn't happen that way. All of a sudden there was a flash of light and in what seemed to be only a few seconds there were flames coming from the projection booth and shooting out over the balcony. The ceiling of the theater had been covered with cloth. This was common practice in those days. The cloth was used for a surface to hold paint or wall paper. The fire quickly caught on to the sagging cloth and went immediately to the stage where there was scenery made of wooden frames covered with cloth. So it was only a matter of minutes until the stage was all ablaze, blocking the exits to the rear. There was a small door on the north side of the auditorium that opened into a long narrow hallway leading to the alley in the rear of the theater. Some people were able to escape by this exit and the rest had to go out the front entrance. There probably were 400 or more people crowded into the theater and many of them were children. No one will ever know how that many people could evacuate that building under the circumstances and in that short period of time but nobody was trapped and nobody injured.

When the fire first flashed out of the projection room my father grabbed me under his arm and didn't put me down until we were outside on the street. By that time the flames were leaping out of the projection room windows at least fifteen feet out over the street.

In those days the motion picture film was very flammable and if the film broke while running through the projector and happened to stop in the small aperture where the extremely hot light was shining, it would ignite almost immediately. This night the film broke and the operator reached for the film to try to snuff the fire out but instead he jerked the burning film out of the machine and on to the floor where other reels of film had been carelessly put, waiting to be rewound. Of course there was an explosion and the room was filled with flame immediately, there was nothing the operator could do but get out of there.

Someone on the street saw the fire coming from the windows of the theater and ran to the City Hall and sounded the fire alarm. The alarm was the bell in the tower of the old City Hall. The large bell had two sounds. The one was the melodious sound of the main dong striking the bell as it was rocked back in forth by the pulling of the rope that extended down into the hallway of the old City Hall. That method was used to call people to meetings and other special occasions, and it was rung for curfew every night at nine o'clock to get the kids off the street. The alarm bell had a different sound. It was a clapper that was pulled by another rope. It made a rapid staccato sound. It was a frightening sound that warned of any emergency. I think that alarm bell probably sounded more frightening to us then the sirens do today.

The firefighting equipment consisted of a hose reel mounted on two wheels about the size of buggy wheels and had a tongue so it could be drawn by hand or behind some vehicle. It possibly carried

about five hundred feet of fire hose and a couple of nozzles. This much hose wouldn't do much toward fighting a fire like that one that was raging across the street. A cry went out to other communities in the valley for help and they responded by bringing what firefighting equipment they had.

There were six business buildings, (seven if you count the hotel building just across the narrow alley west of the Anderson Drug) and except for the Hotel building they were all connected together as one and some of them shared common walls. There was the D.W. Anderson building on the corner. It housed the Anderson Drug, The Ephraim Cash Grocery on the street level and an apartment on the second floor. The second floor also housed the telephone office and a Dentist office. Next on the north was the Progress Meat & Grocery with the store on the street level and an apartment upstairs. To the north of that was the Bakery Shop and the Theater with a small Shoe Shop sandwiched between them and to the north of the theater was the OJ. Bracken dry goods store. There was also an apartment above the Bakery. The fire had a good start and could have very easily wiped out the whole row of buildings and perhaps the Hotel.

Then someone had a good idea. They put the fire hose over the drug store building and over the brick firewall between the Progress Market building and the Bakery. By this time the buildings from this point and north were pretty well all ablaze. There was no hope of saving these buildings but as more hose arrived from the surrounding towns they were able to get more hose lines over the roofs of the drug store and the meat & grocery buildings. The fire never got past the bakery but it wiped out all the buildings from the Progress Meat & Grocery north to and including the Dry Goods Store. The only things left standing were the brick walls of those buildings and some of those walls had fallen over. The firewall between the Progress Meat and the Bakery had done the job of stopping the fire at that point and saving the two south buildings and perhaps the Hotel building.

When I say the hoses over the roofs had saved the south buildings I get an argument from my sisters. They were taken to their grandmother's place two blocks west of the fire, along with their cousins Gable and Atria Bertelson who lived in the apartment above the Progress Meat & Grocery. These kids would go outside to see the fire and then run into the house to pray for it to stop. Then they would run outside again to see if it stopped. Well, maybe—Anyway it stopped there and they were still putting water on the burning debris the next morning.

The Bakery building was rebuilt right away. The Theater wasn't rebuilt until the next year. I don't remember when the Dry Goods Store was rebuilt.

People do strange things when they are excited. I remember seeing men moving furniture from the apartment above the Bakery. There was a balcony out over the side walk. They took a dresser and other furniture out onto the balcony and dropped it to the street while others were carrying bedding down the stairway.

In those days the women would carry a few coins tied in the corner of their handkerchiefs. Mae Bertelson left her ironing board set up in her kitchen and had laid her handkerchief on the ironing board with sixty five cents tied in the corner of it. They lived in the apartment above the Progress Meat & Grocery. She found her handkerchief with the sixty five cents the next afternoon over behind the West Ward Tabernacle. The money was still there.

Much was lost besides that which burned. The plate glass windows were broken out of the Grocery Stores and the merchandise was thrown out onto the street into piles. Water soaked the labels so no one could tell what the cans contained or to whom they belonged. A gang of men were going to

move the meat counter in the Progress Market when someone stopped them. If they had moved the case and broken loose from the ammonia pipes, there would have been no more firefighting that night. The ammonia fumes could have kept everyone away for a block or more.

Another thing about firefighting equipment has come to my mind. Ephraim had an old man-power pumper. I saw it in the 'Old Pavilion.' The Old Pavilion was behind the Christiansen Furniture Store. It was a poor building but was used for many things. It was truly a fire trap. I saw the old pumper stored in a shed that was attached to the north side of the pavilion. It was on wheels and was equipped with a tongue or shafts, so it could be pulled by horses. There was a handle arrangement that went the length of the wagon. It was hinged at the front and back so that there was a handle on each side for the men to hold to and pump up and down. When the one side went up the other side went down. I suppose that about six or eight men could line up on the sides and operate the machine. I think this was used before the city had waterworks. It could pump water out of ditches and ponds if they were available. It was a far cry from the high pressure and high volume we have on our firefighting equipment today. Ironically, when the old pavilion burned to the ground, everything there was destroyed including the old pumper. The piece of old equipment would have been a nice thing to have on display in one of our parks.

THE GUARANTEE TO KILL

Dawn Madsen

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Essay

Fairview was just beginning to feel comfortable as a new community. Each family was working very hard to establish the town as a clean and wonderful place to live. The children learned that gardens and yards were carefully kept clear of weeds and anything unsightly.

Inside, each home was even more meticulously cared for. The women had been taught (and taught well) by their pioneer parents that keeping clean was a most important part of their lives. These people were the ones who would make a difference as to the type of town Fairview would become.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness" was ingrained deep into the hearts of everyone. It was a rule of the day, the month, and the year— every day, every month, and every year; and it was lived to the lettering the Peter and Celestia Peterson household.

Spring cleaning meant long hours of scrubbing using home-made lye soap. Water was carried from the outside tap to be heated to the boiling point on top of the faithful old wood burning stove.

Steam and heat made the kitchen almost unbearable but the cleaning must go on. Each dish, lid, dripper, and pan could be returned to its original place.

Windows gleamed from the polishing they got from elbow grease, rags, and crumpled newspaper. Walls, ceilings, and floors were scoured. The bright colorful pattern of the linoleum was almost lost from the scrubbing it received.

Bedding was stripped from the beds. All flannel blankets, sheets, pillow cases, and anything washable was thrown into the wash tub of hot sudsy water to be scrubbed on the scrubbing board, rung out, dropped into the tin boiler of hot boiling water, stirred with a wooden stick, rung out again, dropped into a clear rinse, and again in yet another rinse - this one with bluing added. Finally the

sparkling white bedding was taken out side to be hung on long clothes lines to dry in the fresh clear air. NO germ or bacteria escaped this antiseptic treatment.

Braided rugs and woven carpets were rolled up, taken outside, hung on the clothes line, and beaten furiously until not a speck of dust would puff out from the depths of the heavy fabrics.

Clothes lines were used a lot those days and non-washable bedding had its turn at it. Every quilt and blanket was taken out to the clothes line, stretched along it, and pounded and shaken until no dust would appear. Even the bedsprings themselves were hauled outside and thoroughly washed.

But still to come! Those insidious, crawly, itchy, mite-size, horrible, dreaded, never-to-be-touched Bed Bugs crept in!

Not only the Peterson home but every household in the valley was invaded by these horrible insects. Long before pesticides or insecticides were discovered, every remedy tried proved fruitless.

And so it was with great excitement that Peter Peterson hurried home from the barbershop with a magazine article telling the good news of a one hundred percent guaranteed remedy that would kill bed bugs! Just send in two dollars to the company back East and the wonderful miracle would be sent to you by return mail.

Finally, after days of anticipation for this marvelous modern remedy, the long awaited package did arrive. Now, and at last, to be rid of this wretched nuisance forever was almost too good to be true!

The package was opened. Inside were two flat, smooth, square pieces of wood. Each two inches square.

The instructions read:

"Place bed bug on one block of wood. Press firmly with other block of wood! Guarantee: Bug will be dead!"

THERE IS NO GOING BACK

Norma S. Wanless Barton

Non-Professional Honorable Mention Essay

When the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was concluded on February 2, 1848, two-thirds of the original Mexico, including Sanpete Valley and the Great Basin, became a part of the United States.⁽¹⁾

The problem of what to do with Deseret (as the area was called by the Saints) was solved by Congress in 1850. Recommendations for all the territory recently acquired from Mexico were made, and on September 9, 1850 the Territory of Utah was created.⁽²⁾

When the Mormon pioneers arrived in the Great Basin on July 24, 1847, they believed it to be their responsibility to settle, clothe, educate and civilize the Indians.

Chief Walker's domain was the Sevier. Arropine laid claim to the rest of Sanpete, from Thistle Valley on the North, to Salina on the south. Their followers were the aristocrats of the Ute Nation.⁽³⁾

The Ute objected to anyone who moved in and built permanent structures. They asked Brigham Young to send settlers to Sanpete Valley. Chief Walker himself, realizing the significance of the settlers away. Open conflicts were unavoidable.⁽⁴⁾

The first fight with the Indians took place on Battle Creek, near Pleasant Grove, in the spring of 1849. Colonel John Scott, with approximately forty men, was sent south to recover stolen horses and cattle.

The authorities at Salt Lake City did not approve of a military expedition against the Indians. "Shed no blood" was the order, and they were expected to obey it. Yet blood had been shed, and five Indians were dead. Colonel Scott was censured.

The Indians became bolder and more insolent. Stock continued to be stolen. Finally they began firing on the settlers as they exited Fort Utah. The stockade was in a state of siege. ⁽⁵⁾

On July 17, 1853, an Indian and squaw came to James Me cabin near Springville. She had three large trout to trade for flour. The Ivies' gave her three pints of flour because of their short supply. When the Indian saw that small amount, he kicked and stomped her brutally. Ivie, trying to force him out of the cabin, hit him over the head. He died later that day. The squaw that Ivie had tried to protect struck him in the face. Endeavoring to protect himself, Ivie struck her and she fell dead to the ground.

Bishop Aaron Johnson, chief magistrate of civil and military affairs, tried to settle the trouble with Chief Walker. He refused unless Ivie was given over for trial by the Indians. Johnson refused. ⁽⁶⁾

During the ensuing nine months of the Walker War, 1853-1854, Indians attacks were made in Utah, Juab, Sanpete, Sevier, Millard and Iron Counties. Livestock was killed and herds of cattle were driven off. The smaller settlements moved into larger communities for protection. The Utah Militia (Nauvoo Legion) was called into action. They traveled throughout the territory to protect the settlers. ⁽⁷⁾

The treaty of peace was signed by Walker in May, 1854, on Chicken Creek, Juab County. Nineteen Whites and many Indians were killed. ⁽⁸⁾

Chief Walker died January 29, 1855. Arropine became their chief.

The beautiful little valley called Arropine's Valley (Mayfield) was his favorite hunting ground. He came year after year just as his ancestors had done. ⁽⁹⁾

In 1856 the Utah Indian agent established a farm for the natives on twelve Mile Creek in Sanpete County. They were desperate for a plan that would guarantee them even a part of their ancestral hunting ground on which to live. Arropine chose the site himself.

In hope of a permanent peace, Arropine deeded the land of his father to Brigham Young as trustee for the church, on December 23, 1855. It was valued at \$155,000.00. ⁽¹⁰⁾

They had a promising beginning until two years after its inception. The Utes were not accustomed to farming, having little taste for it, and finally refused altogether. Since the Indians would not work, total loss was avoided by paying white farmers from Manti to cultivate the crops at Twelve Mile Creek. That encouraged Indian apathy. They were permitted to roam about the country, stealing, begging, etc. ⁽¹¹⁾

Another farm was located in Thistle Valley, one-half mile southeast of Indianola. The church sought to buy the ground from the Whites in Indianola to make it available for the Indians for homesteads. They were allowed to file on it, and assume ownership after living on it and tilling the soil for twenty years. ⁽¹²⁾

Brigham Young wrote to the Y.X. Company's agent in St. Louis:

"I learn from Utah's congressional delegate and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that they are opposed to settle Indian lands because they are not bartered for and they cannot give away what they have neither bought nor paid for. If we should defer our settlements till they had arranged these matters righteously with the "natives", how long should

we wait? We do not mean to put it onto the power of Gov't to refuse our making settlements. How long should we have waited for a home, Indians claim here. " ⁽¹³⁾

President James Buchanan explained to Congress that Utah Territory was under the personal despotism of Brigham Young. The civil government is in a state of rebellion against the laws and authority of the United States. He said he was bound to restore the supremacy "of the Constitution." President Buchanan appointed a new governor, Alfred Cuimmings of Georgia, and others, and sent them with a military force for their protection. ⁽¹⁴⁾

Since Brigham Young was not given notice of his displacement as governor, he regarded the troops as a hostile mob. A force of 5,000 men was on its way to Utah by September 18, 1857. ⁽¹⁵⁾

In the summer of 1858, a detachment of Johnstons' Army passed through Arropine Valley. These soldiers had been to Camp Floyd less than three weeks when orders came to depart for Fort Union in New Mexico. "Nine years has passed since Chief Walker extended the invitation for the Saints to settle Sanpete. Manti City, situated in a rich valley, has 1000 to 1500 houses, numerous fields of grain under high cultivation, and a good market. There is a camp of Indians, the remnants of Walker's tribe, under Arropine. The chief of the Sanpitch's came into camp and lamented the Mormons taking his country, and now he has no home to go. " ⁽¹⁶⁾ Colonel W.W. Loring Journal.

The "Utah War" though bloodless, brought about total failure to the Indian Farm Program—a whole-hearted attempt by the pioneers to establish a lasting peace, by helping the Indians to help themselves. ⁽¹⁷⁾

In 1864 Congress passed enactments depriving the Indians of any title held to agricultural and mineral lands in Utah, except the right to occupy a reservation in Uintah Valley. To the Indians the law said: Your home is taken away, you are to be moved to a strange valley, where you will lose much of your freedom and independence. ⁽¹⁸⁾

The natives agreed to relinquish their rights to stipulated lands within the territory, and to move within one year to Uintah Valley.

The United States Government agreed to protect the red men. They were to pay the Indians sixty-two cents an acre for their claim of 281,480 acres of farming land located on Spanish Fork River, Corn Creek, Deep Creek, and Twelve Mile Creek. ⁽¹⁹⁾

Before the end of the grace period, Chief Arropine, the new Chief Yene-wood's father, died during the winter of 1864-1865, from smallpox. Jake Arropine refused to be soothed. He shouted "kill the Mormons and eat Mormon beef." John Lowry commanded him to be quiet. Someone cried out, "Lowry, he's going to shoot." Lowry jerked the young chief off his horse to the ground and beat him rather badly. Arropine fled to find Black Hawk. He was at the James Tooth home eating Sunday dinner. Black Hawk stalked to the stable, saddled his horse, and rode off. That day, April 9, 1865, he broke his ties with white man. War parties formed in Sanpete and Sevier. ⁽²⁰⁾

The aid of the federal government was sought. The Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the territory asked Colonel Conner at Camp Douglas to send soldiers. Conner refused. ⁽²¹⁾

Militia troops hastily mustered and Colonel Heber P. Kimball led a cavalry company to Manti. "This continued through the summer, while all the part of the Territory for 300 miles was paralyzed..." So many men in the service in the area that little grain was raised. Mills and ranches were burned, herds of cattle were lost. ⁽²²⁾

They organized many communities under martial law. Manti became a fortress. Every morning at six and again at six in the evening, the men were summoned by drum-beat to answer roll call. Drum-beats at any other hour were alarms. Pickets stood guard at four points day and night from early spring until snow fell, according to Peter Munk of Manti. One watcher was stationed in the guard house on Temple Hill to the east, one on the Red Point to the south, one on Fritches Knoll to the southwest, and one on the knoll northwest at the Sanpitch bridge. If a picket detected danger, he made a smoke fire to warn the guard in town. Then the drummer roused the town. ⁽²³⁾

Their method of warfare was to drive off all the cattle they could. When they caught white men away from town, they shot them from ambush, mutilated their bodies and scalped them. They pounced on them unannounced, seldom meeting them in open combat.

The participating natives were desperadoes, the lawless ones from many bands. During the first summer they drove off 2,000 head of cattle from Sanpete and Sevier counties, where the main depredations of the Black Hawk War were committed. These they took to the Grand River where they feasted through the winter. Early in the spring they were back, making their attacks and stealing again. ⁽²⁴⁾

In 1866 the non-Mormons of Utah held strong prejudice against the Nauvoo Legion. It was believed to be a church army, plotting disloyalty against the United States government. ⁽²⁵⁾

Many Sanpitch Utes joined the Utes on the Uintah Reservation during the winter of 1865-1866. They starved as a result of government neglect and became so disgusted with the whites that they joined the Black Hawk rebels in the spring. After the Black Hawk War, the Sanpitch's generally did not return to the Reservation. Instead they tried farming unclaimed land on the old Twelve Mile Creek Reservation in Mayfield. ⁽²⁶⁾

A treaty of peace was finally reached in 1868, but for four years there continued to be minor outbreaks.

Chief Black Hawk died at Spring Lake Villa, a small settlement situated between Payson and Santaquin, Utah, in 1870. ⁽²⁷⁾

With the notice in 1873 that there were only thirty-six Sanpitch Indians at the Uintah Reservation, the Sanpitch's received no more notice as a separate tribal entity by the Administrators of Indian Affairs. That date served as a terminal point to a once great people. ⁽²⁸⁾

Frustration came from another quarter to distract the settlers. Governor J. Wilson Shaeffer, forbade the mustering and drilling of the Nauvoo Legion. Federal officials had in 1866 answered the settlers by saying "Depend upon the militia". Now they were forbidden to defend themselves. ⁽²⁹⁾

Those little bands of Indians wandering about Uintah Reservation in 1871 were like kegs of powder, sullen, silent potentials of violence. Owing to sluggish federal action or inefficient or corrupt agents, the Indians were neglected. Ignorant of most men's knowledge but not blind, the Indians saw what was happening. ⁽³⁰⁾

Daniel W. Jones, Mormon peacemaker, cast about for some way to draw attention to their neglect. A demonstration was arranged: leave the reservation and refuse to return until they were provided with promised supplies. Thus hundreds of Indians moved up on central Utah settlements. They camped with old friends among the whites, and among Indians who had never gone to the reservation. ⁽³¹⁾

Colonel Dodge attempted to persuade them to return to Uintah. He finally asked the settlers not to feed the errant Indians, to force them back on the reservation. Chief Tabby sent word soon afterward to all the bishops of the area that he could control the Indians no longer. ⁽³²⁾

On August 17th, General Morrow left Camp Douglas to quell the unruly Indians. Finally aid came the federal military forces. Utah waited tensely in the late summer of 1872. ⁽³³⁾

Leaders among the Indians and the Whites arranged a counsel to be held in Springville on August 17, 1872. The parley lasted long. Finally the chiefs agreed to return to the reservation peacefully. Another treaty was signed September 17th. Utah began to relax. ⁽³⁴⁾

During the Indians wars, more than 3,000 Utah men had been called into the military service. At least seventy white people had lost their lives, and as many natives had died.

Total expense and losses for the years 1865-66-67 are hazarded at \$2,000,000.00. Much of the real cost cannot be calculated because it was absorbed silently by the farm-village family. ⁽³⁵⁾

In 1905 the State Legislature set aside \$500 for bronze Medals of Honor for persons who rendered "actual service in suppressing Indian hostilities in Utah, 1850-1872 inclusive."

In 1909 the Utah State Legislature appropriated \$50,000 for Black Hawk War veterans or their widows still living. It granted a pension of \$20.00 per month to surviving officers and men, and \$12.00 per month to the surviving widows. ⁽³⁶⁾

These people who made a difference! Perhaps on your Family Tree there is the name of an ancestor who was a Black Hawk War veteran, one who suffered, struggled, and endured to settle this Territory of Utah. We who followed after them are reaping the benefit.

There ought to be a Ute Indian's name on the reverse side of those Medals of Honor. This was their homeland, their hunting grounds, their way of life. Here were the graves of their forefathers. Who can say who was right or wrong? Nonetheless, THERE WAS NO GOING BACK! When the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was concluded on February 2, 1848, two thirds of the original Mexico, including Sanpete Valley and the Great Basin, became a part of the United States.

(1) Gunnison Valley Centennial History 1859-1959 Pg. 23

(2) Utah In Her Western Setting, by Milton R. Hunter. Pg. 422

(3) Gunnison Valley Centennial History 1859-1959 Pg. 23

(4) The Other 49ers, a topical history of Sanpete County. Pg. 136

(5) Indian Depredations in Utah, by Peter Gottfredson. Pg. 25-26-27

(6) Ibid. Pg. 44-45-46

(7) Utah In Her Western Setting, by Milton R. Hunter. Pg. 307

(8) Indian Depredations in Utah, by Peter Gottfredson. Pg. 83-84

(9) Gunnison Valley Centennial History 1859-1959 Pg. 23

(10) The Other 49ers, a topical history of Sanpete County. Pg. 138

(11) Ibid..Pg. 140

(12) These Our Fathers. Pg. 141

(13) Great Basin Kingdom, An Economic History of the Latter-Day Saints 1830-1900. by Leonard J. Arrington Pg. 169

(14) Ibid. Pg. 171

(15) Great Basin Kingdom, by Leonard J. Arrington Pg. 175

(16) Gunnison Valley Centennial History 1859-1859 Pg. 40

(17) Ibid. Pg. 25

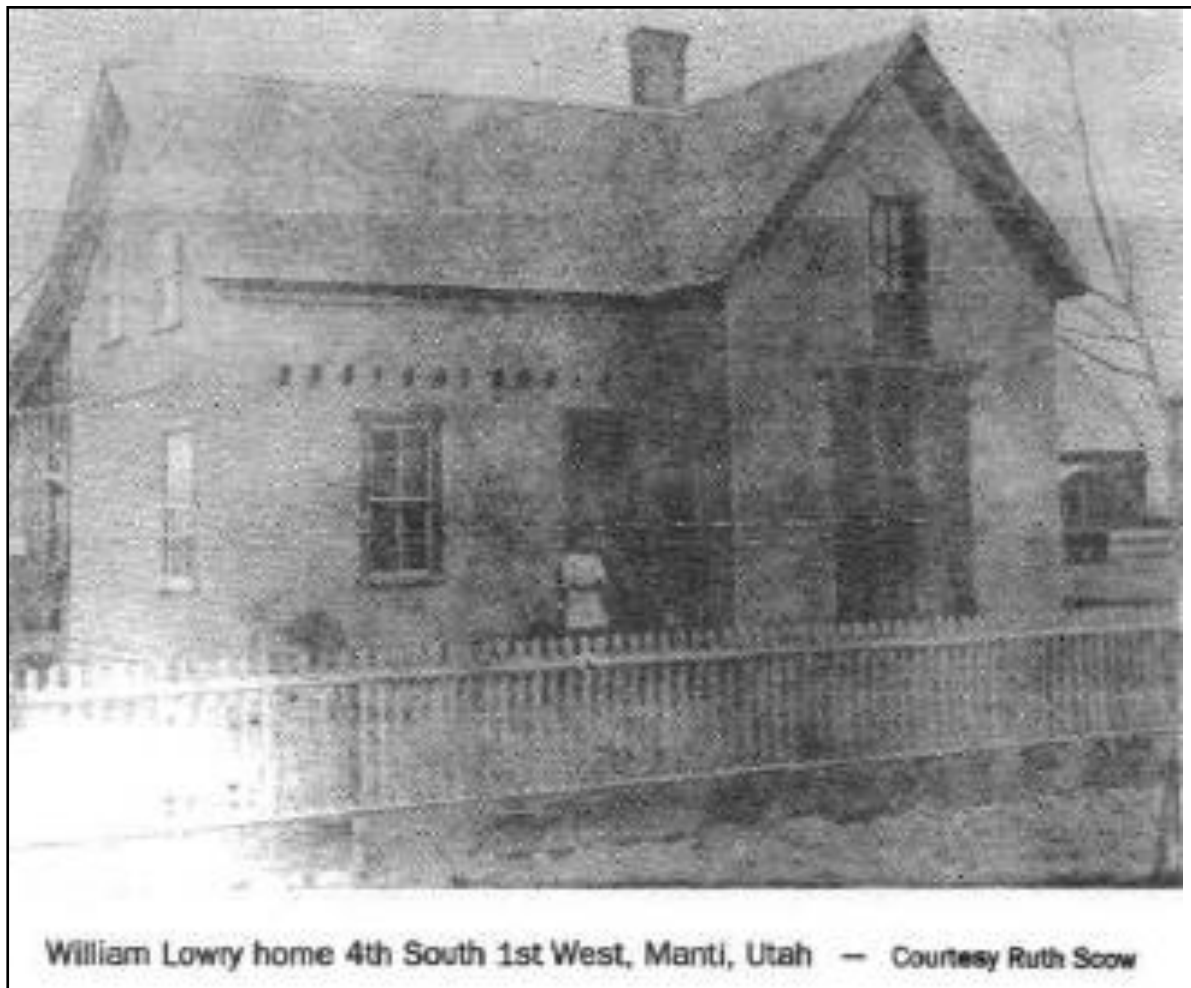
(18) Utah's Black Hawk War, by Carlton Culmsee. Pg. 48

(19) Utah In Her Western Setting, by Milton R. Hunter. Pg. 314

(20) Utah's Black Hawk War, by Carlton Culmsee. Pg. 34-35

(21) Ibid. Pg. 42

- (22)Utah's Black Hawk War, by Carlton Culmsee. Pg. 99-100
(23)Ibid. Pg. 42
(24)Utah In Her Western Setting, by Milton R. Hunter. Pg. 311
(25)Utah's Black Hawk War, by Carlton Culmsee. Pg. 98
(26)The Other 49ers, a topical history of Sanpete County. Pg. 144-145
(27)Indian Deperations of Utah, by Peter Gottfredson. Pg. 226
(28)The Other 49ers. a topical history of Sanpete County. Pg. 145
(29)Utah's Black Hawk War, by Carlton Culmsee. Pg. 158
(30)Ibid. Pg. 159
(31)Ibid.Pg. 161
(32)Utah's Black Hawk War, by Carlton Culmsee. Pg. 162
(33)Ibid. Pg. 163
(34)Ibid. Pg. 165
(35)Utah In Her Western Setting, by Milton R. Hunter Pg. 312 Utah's Black Hawk War, by Carlton Culmsee Appendix III
(36)Utah's Black Hawk War, by Carlton Culmsee Appendix IV William Lowry home 4th South 1st West, Manti, Utah —
Courtesy Ruth Scow
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NORTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY AND ME

Camille Olsen Lindsay

Professional First Place Personal Recollection

Many things have happened in world history, in church history, and in the oldest woman's organization, the Relief Society, in the Ephraim Second Ward, we have seen people come and go and many have passed beyond the veil; however, the work of charity goes on and the people are the recipients of God-given blessings from women's hands.

Fifty years has spanned my lifetime, so reminisce with me:

Relief Society things I remember:

As a little girl I would go with Mom over to the church where in the cultural hall, the Relief Society would have three or four big quilts set up. I was allowed to play under the quilts with other children with toys and dolls. I remember the first time I was asked to quilt. I thought I was very grown-up because I had a thimble on my finger. I learned, after numerous finger pricks, how to ease the needle along the chalk line, carefully pick up the quilt back through the batting and then pull the needle through. I also enjoyed tying quilts along with the grown-ups. Many of the ladies there were my neighbors, Barbara Bailey, Delilah Olsen, Elga Larsen, Aunt Marie Larsen, and Aunt Esther Petersen. The conversation was always pleasant as these ladies talked of the concerns they had for others. I learned a lot about my neighbors and their kids from listening to the grown-up conversations.

I remember making cakes and casseroles for funerals. Many times on funeral days Mom would allow me to help in the kitchen with the warming of the food. I was always amazed at the great amount of food brought for funerals and the genuine concern people felt for each other at the time of bereavement. Many tears were shed and loving arms placed around those who had lost loved ones. I can still see in my mind's eye the small Relief Society kitchen in the old North Ward Church stacked high with Marzetta Willardsen's homemade rolls and casseroles from the homes of Mrs. Caroline Paulsen, Sister Leslie Madsen, and Jayne VanEpps. I always wondered how so much food could fit in so small a space. We had many good cooks in the North Ward. I hope they have left their recipes to future generations.

Visiting Teaching was a great part of Relief Society. Mom let me tag along and it was from these visits that I learned the true meaning of compassionate service. There were a few times when we went into homes that I even volunteered to do dishes and dust the furniture. There was always the visiting and genuine concern for the welfare of others. I remember one particular Christmas when Mom and her visiting teaching partner were concerned that one of their families would not have the means to provide Christmas for their children. There had been sickness and a new baby in the family. Between Mom and her partner, they put together Christmas in large orange boxes. I helped as they packed in nut bread, unshelled nuts, and homemade bread. Clothes for the new baby were put in and a new home-sewn apron for the mom. Even a pair of overalls for the dad was included. Clothing was given for other members of the family. The children each were provided with a toy and the crowning glory of each box was striped candy canes. I remember being asked by Mom if I thought I could part with one of the two dolls I had, so the girl of the house could have Christmas. I didn't have to think too long on this because I liked my baseball mitt almost more than the dolls. However, I did learn the value of sharing with those who needed things more than I did. My Christmas that year was complete when I was allowed to go with the two visiting teachers to the house on Christmas Eve. We quietly crept up on the

porch and deposited the gifts. As the two visiting teachers left to go behind the lilac bushes, I was left on the porch to ring the doorbell, because I could run fast. What fun Visiting Teaching was!

I learned a lot about the Gospel from going to Relief Society on Tuesday mornings with Mom. Mom taught the Theology lesson for many years. I loved to listen to the lessons and the discussions that followed. I particularly remember the testimony time when the sisters would bare their feelings about the Gospel and each other. Testimonies from Eva Thompson, Aunt Aileen Bartholomew and Astrid Larsen were strong and sure. Almost always, I felt the sisterly love one for another in that room. It was the beginnings of my deep and compassionate love for life, the Gospel and my fellow beings.

I remember the special projects that the Relief Society sisters were asked to do. One in particular stands out in my mind. Sometime during the Korean War, the sisters were asked to help provide bandages. I don't recall why. I do remember, however, that one Relief Society workday was spent tearing sheets into long strips. Then sisters took the long strips home. I helped Mom iron them with a very hot iron, being careful not to scorch them. Then Mom and I cut brown paper bags into covers for the folded bandages. We then put them in a large brown grocery bag and took them back to the Relief Society room where they were placed in the small closet in the corner. I never could understand how that closet could hold so much.

Singing was a part of the Relief Society. There was a Singing Mother's group that sang at conferences and ward sacrament meetings. I remember going to the practices with Mom and learning how to sing the alto part, although I was not old enough to sing in the real performances. The thing that stands out about this singing group was their attire. They always wore black skirts and white blouses. Under the expert musical direction of Melba Armstrong and accompanists Armada Cox and Lucille Olsen Sorensen, the musical pieces were rendered to perfection. By the way, at Singing Mother practices is where I learned the phrase "Relief Society Sloop." That was where you started the pitch of a note on the low side and then slid into it, going up to the correct pitch.

When Mom was Relief Society president in the 1970's, I was then married with small children of my own, and living in Idaho. I had had many experiences of my own with Relief Society. It was during this time that I began to fathom the responsibility of president of the Relief Society. I remember many phone calls from Mom as she was concerned with my welfare, but she never failed to express to me her concern about her sisters in the ward. She was almost like a mother hen and that was unusual for my mom. She was feeling the mantle of the Relief Society president. Once during this time on a visit home to Ephraim, she asked me to go with her on a home visit. It was then that I saw the real inner workings of Relief Society. We went to a home to see a family. This family was definitely in trouble. The children were in dire need of clothing and shoes, the cupboards and refrigerator were bare and the father was out of work. It was interesting to see how my mom, in her inspired way talked to these people and explained the Church Welfare Program. She made them to feel loved and needed and helped to instill self-esteem by explaining that help was available through the church and that they could preserve dignity by working for the assistance. With the parents, she filled out a Bishop's Storehouse form for supplies and explained that some chores needed to be done at the church house next Saturday. The couple agreed. I remember the beautiful faces of the small children in this family. They were angels. Here was a family who had tried and things had gone wrong.

Mom and I went to the Bishop's Storehouse in Manti, after stopping by Bishop Mangelson's home for his approval and signature of needed goods. Brother and Sister Clememts were the Storehouse keepers and they helped us find and box the needed supplies.

Then we returned back to the home where grateful parents received the assistance. With a greater understanding of our Father's love for us and a renewed conviction in faith, I left the home with mom. She was exhausted, but expressed her love for the Lord and the privilege she had been given to serve as Relief Society President of the Ephraim North Ward.

Since my growing-up days, the old Ephraim North Ward had changed its name and its location, but the friendly and loving spirit has remained. What a privilege it is for me to come home to you, my friends and neighbors. Many of you I have known from childhood. You have rited my spirit and have given me a new start among old roots.



Singing Mothers Ephraim North Ward Centennial year 1942 1st front row: Melba Armstrong, Marie Benson, Vera Erickson, Phyllis Armstrong 2nd row: Blanche Dastrup, Clara Thomson, Belle Mae Olson LaVon Olson, LaRue Peterson, Rozina Draper, Chloe Madsen 3rd row: Gladys Dean, Bernice Blazer, Lillie Barton, Leona Nuttall, Ila Olsen, Lucille Christensen, Maude Utley, Marguerite Taylor

— Courtesy Camille O. Lindsay

A FARMER'S SONG

Eleanor P. Madsen

Professional Second Place Personal Recollection

He had a beautiful bass voice and had lead parts in "Brigadoon," "Pirate of Penzance," and "Pinafore" and participated in other musicals, Glee Clubs and choirs where he gained much recognition at the Agriculture College in Logan.

The instructor was so pleased with Melroy's voice that he offered to pay his expenses to New York City where further study was available and would lead to greater opportunities for him.

Melroy had come to college from the small farming community of Manti where he had spent his early years helping his father on the farm. This was a decision of much significance in his life. As he thought about going to New York and making a career of music, Melroy also thought about the farm he would be leaving, perhaps forever.

His father and grandfather before him had struggled to possess the land, to make it produce. He must honor his heritage, continue to build on their beginnings.

He couldn't leave the farm. He loved the soil. He loved following the plough across the turned earth, the dew on the alfalfa in the cool morning, the silver rivulets of water slowly making their way down the thirsty furrows. He would stay where *it* was familiar, where he could make a difference. He learned many things at college that would help him grow better crops. He knew he could produce sweeter, taller corn, larger potatoes. He could even grow gardens of flowers...larger, deeper colors. He would stay in Manti. He would make a difference there. Perhaps one day he would sing lullabies to little ones of his own.

Days moved into years. With his father gone, the farm now belonged to Melroy and his brothers. Farming was not always easy. The elements didn't cooperate. The crops failed. Debts piled up. Each day was a challenge. But still, Melroy was content working from sun to sun. On the farm, a man was free, free to follow his own desire...free to listen to the sound of the meadow lark in the early dawn as he rose to plant the yellow kernels of corns one by one and cover them carefully with the warm earth. A man was free to smell the new-mown hay, to watch the wild geese fly overhead, to feel the autumn wind rustling through the amber stalks of grain. He was free to make a difference...larger, earlier, sweeter ears of corn...people wanting to buy, wanting seed. There was the new well, other new methods he had introduced that had made a difference in farming operations.

A farmer had to grow food, but he had to satisfy soul hunger also. So Melroy expanded his home garden to include rows and rows of flowers. Here he was ecstatic about experimenting...only the best plants, the finest seed, the greatest care would do. What a garden of Eden! There were dahlias as large as dinner plates, gladiolas as colorful as the rainbow, bright marigolds, sweet peas, petunias. Heavenly blue morning glories curtained the kitchen windows. People passed by to look, stopped to admire, were excited to share some of the beauty. No one left the Kjar home without a flower or vegetable to brighten his day. All summer long the flowers bloomed; the corn grew tall. The County Fair was an opportunity for a show place where everyone could admire, where blue ribbons were multiplied. Melroy's flowers adorned churches, business houses, homes.

There was time for music...for Melroy to mingle his voice with choirs, to sing at special programs, for friends now gone, yes, there was time for lullabies for children and grandchildren...time for a whistle, a song from his lips matching the beauty of the world about him...joyful music that

reflected love of his sweetheart and family, love of the community where he lived, love of the farm. Melroy once said of his brother, "He rejoiced in the goodness that came from the land. He never forgot what that farm held sacred in his heart." So it was for Melroy. He was not a Metropolitan Opera star, but he made a difference in his world...in Manti...in Sanpete.



JAMES W. BLAIN

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan

Professional Third Place Personal Recollection

I felt his warm handclasps and saw a definite twinkle in his eyes and a sincere smile upon his face. We were attending teachers' institute in Mt. Pleasant in September, 1925. I was meeting my new principal of the Spring City Junior High School, Mr. James W. Blain. I was quite nervous because it was to be my first year of teaching. I was nineteen years old and had been attending the B.Y.U for three years. However, I decided to discontinue school for one year and try my hand at teaching. I was anxious to earn some money, eighty dollars for eight months. And I lived with my parents in nearby Mt. Pleasant, which made it convenient.

Mr. Blain made me feel comfortable. I felt a bond of congeniality between us, so that when I presented myself at the Spring City Junior High School the next morning I went with a joyful attitude.



And I was not disappointed. Mr. Blain had a way with him that was pleasant and reassuring. It is difficult to adequately describe his personality. He spoke in quiet, soft, yet clear tones. He seemed to smile most of the time and he knew exactly how to deal with the students and faculty. Above all, I can honestly say he had complete control of every situation he dealt with. He was never autocratic or overbearing, but always poised in a kindly manner, a definite bearing of sustained knowledge. We knew that he knew.

Many times in my lifetime I have experienced recurring feelings of gratitude that I was fortunate enough to have had this man, James W. Blain, for my first principal. He taught me multitudinous things, mostly by example. He possessed limitless patience, keen insight into children's problems, amazing understanding of human nature.

Mr. Blain could almost be called "the quiet man," yet he possessed a refreshing sense of humor. Upon occasion, he would give readings, sometimes in dialect, which pleased the students. I recall one, a favorite, that I heard him give many times, in Scandinavian dialect.

Written by William F. Kirk, it is called,

ABOU SWEN ANSON

ABOU SWEN ANSON, (he ban yolly dog)
 Ban asleep von night so sound lak log,
 Ven all at vonce he tenk it sure ban day.
 "Ay skol vake op now," Maester Anson say.
 But, ven he vake, it ant ban day at all,
 He see a gude big light right close to vail,
 And dar ban anyel faller with stub pen.
 "Gude morning, maester anyel man," say Swen.
 Ay s'pose he tal the anyel, "You ban bar
 To pay me visit. Skol yu have cigar?"
 The anyel shake his head, and Abou Swen
 Ask him: "Val, Maester, vy yu com bar den?
 vat skol yu write in dis bar book of gold?"
 The anyel say, "All fallers, young and old,
 Who go to church and prayer-meeting, tu;
 But ay ant got a place in bar for you."
 "Ay s'pose," say Abou, "yu got noder book
 For common himberyacks vitch never took
 Flyer at church ot said bar Sunday-school,
 But yust try hard to keeping Golden Rule.
 Ef yu got dis book, Maester, put me in!"

Den anyel look at Abou, and he grin.
"Abou," he say, "shak hands. Yu talk quite free
But, yiminy Christmas, yu look gude to me!"

When my father, H.C. Jacobs, retired from his position as President of the North Sanpete Stake, a testimonial was given. His friends wrote their tributes to him in a leather bound book, which I am fortunate to possess. I'd like to quote the tribute that Brother James W. Blain, who was my father's counselor, wrote to him, as follows:

Jan. 29, 1947
Beautiful and rich is an old friendship
Grateful to the touch is ancient ivory,
Smooth as aged wine, or sheen of tapestry
Where light has lingered, intimate and long
Full of tears is an old friendship
That asks no longer deeds of gallantry
Or any deed at all, save that the friend shall be
Alive and breathing somewhere, like a song.
I am thankful that you chose me to work with you in the
Presidency of the North Sanpete Stake.
May the Lord bless you always, is my wish for you.
James W. Blain

To me, this tribute reveals a great deal concerning James W. Blain's personality and character. I have read it over many times and have been grateful for the man who wrote it.

And what other activities did J.W. Blain engage in other than his school teaching? Born in Spring City, August 11, 1880, he attended the local schools and the BYU.

Quoting LIFE UNDER THE HORSESHOE, he had many church positions, including Ward Amusement Chairman, Stake Y.M.M.I.A., Sunday School, High Council and Stake Presidency. He served as Postmaster for eight years and as Principal of the Junior High School for many years. He was treasurer of the Horseshoe Irrigation Company, City Councilman and City Treasurer. During his second election for Mayor he received all but one vote.

He had a lovely wife, Dorcas Allred, and they were the parents of nine children. He passed away January 10, 1956.

The following four lines from an unknown poet, describe my feelings about James W. Blain:

I saw him once. He stood a moment there.
He spoke a word that laid his spirit bare.
He clasped my hands, then passed beyond my ken.
But what I was I shall not be again.

FIELDS WHERE ROSES GROW

Sherrie Ahlstrom Hundley
Professional First Place Poetry

We used to go to the edge of town,
Not more than a block away,
Down to where wild rose bushes grew,
In the meadow where we loved to play.
There we'd crawl under the sprawling limbs,
Explore a 'cavern' or 'cave'
And watch for snakes and things that make
Kids prove that they were brave.

Sometimes we'd hideaway down inside
The corn patch, making a cornhusk doll
Or maybe a pair, with cornsilk hair,
From the corn that grew green and tall.
With hollyhock dresses and cornsilk tresses,
The dolls brought us many joys,
Back in the days when we used to play
Without plastic or electric toys.

Oh, just for a day, I'd like to play
In the fields where the wild roses grow,
And make a cornhusk girls with silken curls,
And walk over the crusted snow.
But those days are gone, and we all move on,
As we mix the old with the new,
So I tell the little ones in my life
Of the things I used to do.

They listen quite well as I eagerly tell
Of my fun in the 'olden days,'
Then, "Can we turn on the TV, Grandma?"
One of them jumps to say.

WHITE HYACINTHS

Eleanor P. Madsen
Professional Second Place Poetry

With children, brothers to care for,
Husband and father's needs to be met,
Each day was full and running o'er
With no time to pause or regret.
Working, sacrificing and serving,
Quiet, unassuming, she did her task,
Her life an example, as for many others,
Striving to do whatever they ask.

Pain and suffering became her lot.
Stopping all that she would do.
For ten years her bed companion.
With hope, faith, she saw it through.
Friends came to bring her cheer
To help brighten lonely days.
She gave warmth to their hearts
As they went their busy ways.

She imparted wisdom and advice
Wrote letters, poetry and talks,
Made scrap books we could keep,
Clippings from her daily walks.
Compiled histories from her bed,
Created such a cheerful room,
Saw a canary from her window,
A crab apple tree in bloom.



With pain a constant companion
She could not do very much,
But guided family members
Baking bread, cakes and such.
She made a difference in the lives
Of each one who saw her goal,
Providing not food for the body
But White Hyacinths to feed the soul.

CENTER CORE

Camille Olsen Lindsay
Professional Third Place Poetry

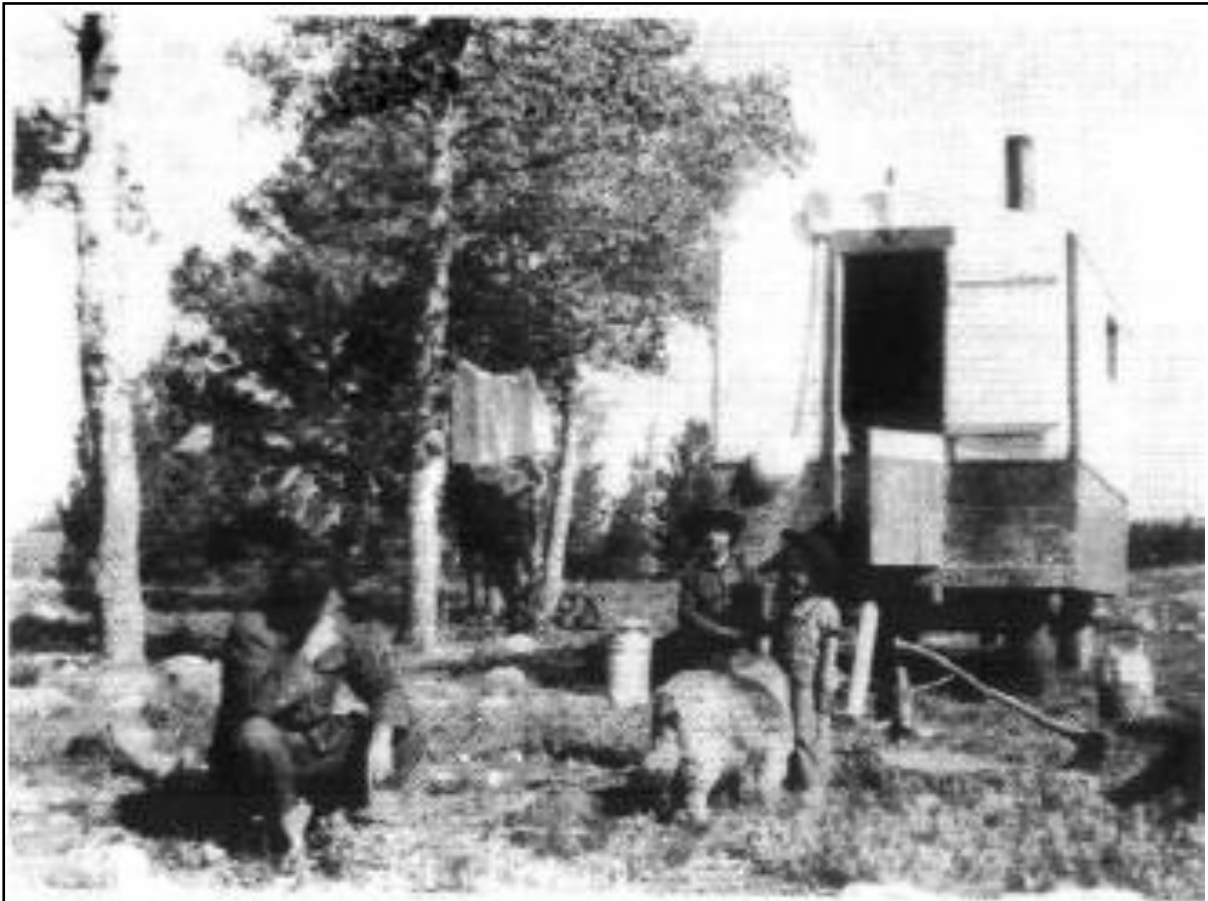
When it comes to fruit bottling time,
 we went to find the ripest, juiciest
 apples on the tree.
I'd climb to the very top,
 where the rich sun
 ripened and made the top ones
 yellow and mellow.
Being way out there
 on the furthestmost branches,
 clinging tightly through
 wind, tossing and dancing,
 made them the best.
The under apples,
 never seeing full sun,
 were green and sour
 and not for bottling.

Skin-peeling was another thing.
We'd set up the apple-core machine
 and hand-crank,
 watching long, rounding
 strips fall.
Then came exposing of core and seeds
 nestled securely
 in apple flesh.
Time, effort, patience:
 all needed
 to find the core.
Once, we threw the core bucket
 out back, over the fence,
 and Spring saw a
 sprout of apple green.
Seeds had taken root in kind.

Finding my center is not easy.
 Sometimes I climb to the very top
 or my soul.
Tossed and battered by winds,
 I seek sun and mellowing.

Sometimes under protection
of those around me,
I take on other's likenesses
and become bitter and sour,
and my center shrivels.

Digging down to my core and seeds
takes time, effort, patience:
Strip away,
find my center.
I'll grow.



At sheep camp - Ephraim Canyon LaVon Olsen, Camille O. Lindsay, and Douglas Olsen

LIFE AS A JOURNEY

Mary Kathryn Leeding
Professional Honorable Mention Poetry

Life is a journey.
Sometimes short, or perhaps long,
But always a journey of diversity.

We walk through low valleys, swim streams,
Climb hills, scale rugged mountain peaks,
Or crawl if that is all we can do.
On our way to pass through many scenes,
They play different tunes upon emotions
And burn memories into our hearts.

At times we dance in bright sunshine.
Everything around us is beautiful and
We are supremely happy or blessed at peace.
On other days, life slogs through lazy swamps
And we are bored with the sameness
And forget to learn and appreciate.

Wintery days arrive; the wind tears at our clothing,
Rain relentlessly beats upon our bare heads;
We draw our resources to us and try to be brave.
Through wrong choices or by carelessly abandon
We find ourselves wandering in the dark.
We must work our way back into the light.

There are times when we are surrounded
By loved ones and dearest friends,
And times when we must walk a thorny path alone.
It is then a smile, a kind word, an
Understanding look, a welcoming touch, an open
Heart extended tell us we have come home.

THE NIGHT GRACIE SANG IN THE OPERA HOUSE

Sherrie A. Hundley
Professional First Place Anecdote

In the early 19()0's, Spring City was a place of culture and good entertainment. Wonderful stage plays were produced in the old blue Opera House in the south part of town, either by traveling troops or by townspeople. Silent movies were also shown there, to accompaniment of live piano music.

One night when my mother was about five years old, she went to see a movie with her older brother, Doyle, and lulled by the music, she fell asleep.

When the show was over, Doyle got up and started home, unaware that little sister was snuggled down in her seat, deep in slumber. The manager, Albert Allred, turned out the lights, locked the doors and started home. But his son, Marsden, remembered something he had left, and went back to get it. With only a flashlight, he looked all around, not being able to find it he called to his father who was waiting at the door.

This woke Grade, and finding that she was alone in a dark, eerie place, she began to howl.

Marsden froze! What in heaven's name...? Then, flashing his light about, he found the frightened little girl. About then, Doyle came running in, realizing that Gracie was not with him. He met Marsden at the door, holding Gracie by the hand, still howling loudly.

"What's going on?" asked Doyle.

Marsden grinned, "Oh, I think she just wanted to try her voice in the Opera House," he said.

Doyle took Gracie by the hand and headed home. "If you don't tell, I won't," he said.

But everyone found out anyway, and for a long time they talked about the night Gracie sang in the Opera House. (It must have been Marsden who told!)

From personal knowledge of Grace Olsen Ahlstrom, the author's mother.

HORSE SENSE

Camille Olsen Lindsay
Professional Second Place Anecdote

It was a happy time when I roamed free to explore everything from pine beetles to gopher holes. The flat top of Riddley's Ridge, a plateau with cliffs down three sides was my summer home for growing up. My father was a sheep rancher in Ephraim, where he raised a herd of two thousand head of sheep. This was his life and so it was my environment. I learned the art of riding horses, and herding sheep at the age of three and a-half, and by age four, I was doing it with the best of them.

Many fun summer hours were spent on the mountain plains. I rolled rocks down cliffs and hunted rock chucks with a 22 pistol. I was a good shot. I saw my first twin fawns at the point of Riddley's Ridge. I'd seen fawns before, but never twins. They were small and delicate with white spotted backs and velvet noses. They were about the size of a sheep dog and they bounded closely to their mother's heels, never straying far off.

One day, Mom decided I needed a bath. We went down to the sheep trough on the west side of Riddley's. I arrived first, stripped my clothes off and jumped in before she came. How was I to know it was melted snow water in that trough? I didn't stay long.

I watched puppies born for the first time at sheep camp on the south rim and carved my name in numerous quaking aspen trees on the north rim. I saw an eagle soar above the cliffs precipice and wished that I could fly. And we ate mutton and sourdough biscuits smothered in homemade strawberry jam. Cream-style corn was my favorite vegetable.

But the memory most vivid was the day I thought I was going to die. One day that summer, Dad had moved our camp wagon to the east of Riddley's, overlooking a deep canyon. The cliffs made a drop of some one thousand feet. The sheep were scattered out on the flat-topped ridge, but were feeding a little too far from camp. Dad asked me if I would go around the edge of the sprawling herd, and I very eagerly said, "Yes!" I was placed atop Old Blue, a huge, gentle white horse, and with my four year old legs sticking straight out, I headed toward the sheep and turned them. I felt really proud, like being grown-up. Duty accomplished, I reined the horse back toward camp. Old Blue, knowing the way, immediately bolted into a strong gallop. I hung on to the mane with one hand and saddle horn with the other. My legs flopped under the horse's gait. It was not the gallop that scared me, but my mind's eye seeing the thousand foot cliff by camp. I held on as tight as I could, and started screaming at the top of my lungs, "Momma, Daddy, Momma, Daddy, Momma, Daddy," all the distance of the flat. How could a four year old know anything about horse-sense. Old Blue would never have raced past camp and over the cliff into the abyss below.

This four year old traumatic experience has turned to a humorous childhood happening that my children love to hear Mother tell.



ISABELLA GRAHAM BLAIN

WOMAN OF FAITH

Sherrie Ahlstrom Hundley
Professional First Place Essay

Spring City, along with surrounding towns in Sanpete County, has for more than a hundred and thirty years been home to many people who either bear the name of Blain, or they are related to someone by that name. From the histories available, it appears that this large group of people descended from a great lady by the name of Isabella Graham Blain, who came to Utah from England in 1863, and with strength and determination, brought up a family who contributed greatly to the growth and development of this area. She was my great-great grandmother.

She was born January 31, 1818, in Carlisle, England. Noticing is known of her early childhood, but a biography of her tells that she was working in a woolen factory when she married at the age of nineteen. It was customary to announce plans to marry in church three weeks before the ceremony, but Isabella was afraid that if her marriage became known, she would lose her job, as married women were not allowed to work in factories. For this reason, she and her husband-to-be, John Blain, ran away to the little town of Gretne Green and were married on Christmas night.

John Blain was born June 28, 1817, also in Carlisle. He was twenty-one when he and Isabella (also known as Isabelle) were married. Since Isabella's sister knew of the marriage, a large group gathered and prepared supper for them when they returned home. Therefore, it became public knowledge, and Isabella lost her job. She took up housekeeping and motherhood, and over the next 20 years, gave birth to eleven children. One little girl, Mary, died in 1846, but the other ten children all came to Utah and lived for a time in Spring City.

In England, John made a living by selling cattle, sheep and hogs. They also had a store on the ground level of their home, with living quarters upstairs. After John and Isabella joined the Church, their friends turned against them and refused to buy from their store. Still, they continued their efforts to bring their large family to America, as members of the church had been admonished to do.

The two oldest boys came first, but while making plans and preparing to bring the rest of the family here, their father was stricken ill, unable to speak. Still, he encouraged his family, through writing notes, to let nothing stand in their way to reach America. Not long after, he had another stroke and died, leaving Isabella and her large family to go on alone. Another son, Robert, also went on to America, and Isabella continued to work to save money so that she could bring the remaining seven. Finally she was able to save enough money and complete the preparations to sail for America.

In April of 1863, they started on the John J. Boyd, out from Liverpool, with 700 other immigrants from England, Denmark, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. The next day the sea was very rough, and both children and adults were sick and vomiting. Many trials were forced upon the people, and some wished they had never come and wanted to go back.

But there were times when the weather was favorable and the trip more enjoyable. Dancing and singing were enjoyed, and the captain would tell them to be of good cheer and praised them for their courage. Finally, they arrived in New York, and the happiness experienced by the passengers was unsurpassed. They traveled to Florence, Nebraska, where they stayed until July. Here they obtained wagons, oxen and the necessary provisions to last them until they reached Utah.

Thirty or forty teams were outfitted and ready to start. Isabella came with her seven young children. John-my great-grandfather-was the oldest, at age thirteen. Isabella became very sick with mountain fever during the trip, and the captain stopped the train twice because it was thought that she was going to die. Her mission was evidently not finished at this point, and the Lord spared her life to go on and yet accomplish many good things.

After arriving in Salt Lake August 29, 1863, Isabella's oldest son, William, met them with an ox team and took them to Spring City, where she lived the rest of her life, struggling through pioneer hardships. She made a living by gleaning in the fields, taking in washing, selling whatever she had, and doing all she could to provide for her children. She was known as the "yeast lady" of Spring City, having been one of the few who brought yeast from England. Every night she would make a five gallon can of yeast, so that there would be some for whoever needed it. She would trade it for flour or whatever people had to trade.

Isabella Blain was a woman of faith. She was also very generous and helpful to all. Through all her hardships, it is said that she remained strong and faithful to the end, and taught her children to work.

Three of her sons and seven of her grandchildren fulfilled missions for the Church. Many of her descendants have held responsible positions in church, school and community, and have developed their talents in education, music, writing and art. One of her great-grandsons was Max Blain, a renowned artist from Spring City, who has just recently passed away.

Isabella had very little in the way of worldly goods, and often said if she had wanted to have wealth and possessions, she would have stayed in England. She encouraged her children to continue learning, often saying, "It's not what you have in material things, but what's in your head that counts.

Besides raising her own large family, she helped raise several other children. Her daughter, Jane, married at age seventeen and died at the age of 25 after the birth of her fourth child. Isabella took the children and cared for them for a year. When their father came for them, she insisted on keeping the youngest girl, Jane, and raised her. She also raised another grandchild from babyhood and an Indian boy who came home with Robert from the sheep herd. He called himself George Rich Blain.

Isabella lived to be 89 years of age. She was blind for the last three years of her life and lived with her daughter, also named Isabella. She died December 10, 1906, and was buried in Spring City. Her children were William, Mary, Robert, George, John, Joseph, Thomas, James, Sarah, Isabella and Jane.

It was said that she was related in some way to Alexander Graham Bell but this connection has not been established. Although she did nothing to become as famous as he, it appears that she had the same kind of perseverance, ingenuity, and resourcefulness that he must have had to accomplish the things he did. Both, whether related or not, made valuable contributions to our lives.

From family histories.



Home of Lewis and Jessie Jensen – Manti, Utah – Courtesy Helen Wilson

A SELF-MADE MAN

Marcella H. Morley

Professional Second Place Essay

In the autumn of the year 1861, on September 6, a baby boy was born to a farm couple in Nysom Lund, Ravenkiold, Denmark. The child was given the name of Hans Christian Hansen-Bogh.

Life was pleasant on the farm, but when Hans Christian was only six years old, his heart was broken by the death of his mother.

Sometime later, his father brought home a new bride to help him raise his young family, which included Hans, two sisters, and one brother. The new bride brought her own young son with her, and eventually another daughter was added to the family. Hans thought a great deal of his stepmother and always spoke of her with the greatest respect and admiration.

In 1874, after the family became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, they made the decision to come to the United States and join the Saints in Utah. The family home, farm, and all of their possessions were sold in order to make the journey. Hans Christian was thirteen years old when they left their homeland.

The family traveled to Utah by railroad. Upon arriving in Fountain Green where they planned to settle, they found that all their bedding had been lost in New York. The only bed young Hans had was a sheep pelt on the floor of a borrowed cabin, covered only by his mother's skirt.

Hans Christian was a very industrious young man, and it was rather easy for him to get a job because of his ability to do things. On August 8, 1874, he went to live in the home of Lewis Anderson, one of the first merchants in Fountain Green. His duties were to help with the Anderson farm and store. He was treated as one of the family and remained with them until June 15, 1876.

At 19 years of age, he married Caroline Marie Jensen. They traveled to Salt Lake City in a wagon with a team of horses and were accompanied by his sister Annie and Erastus Anderson. The two couples were married in the Endowment House on September 2, 1880.

At the time of his marriage, Hans was earning \$.50 a day. His wife's father gave the young couple the land on which their first home was built. This home was a one-room log cabin with a lean-to

which served as a kitchen. A spring on the lot provided culinary water and also water to maintain a lovely garden, berry bushes and an orchard. Seven of their children were born in this home. By working hard and gradually obtaining land and some stock, Hans eventually ran 500 head of sheep.

On December 27, 1887, their eldest child, Hans Lewis, died of typhoid fever, at five years of age. The fear of this dreaded disease necessitated holding the funeral outside during a snowstorm.

Hans Christian had very little schooling, but he educated himself by studying many long hours into the night. On March 7, 1885, he became a citizen of the United States of America, an accomplishment of which he was very proud.

He was also a man of great faith and willingly served in his Church. He was ordained a Seventy in 1884, at age of 23. He went out preaching the gospel with other men in town, and served faithfully as a ward teacher and in the Sunday School Superintendency as a counselor to Lars Nielson.

Five additional children were born in the new adobe home which Hans built for his family with money obtained from the sale of his sheep.

Hans Christian was to experience more tragedy in his life as three more children died as infants, and later another son was lost at age 21 in a car accident.

Always civic-minded, Hans Christian served as President of the Town Board and also the Irrigation Board, making up water schedules which some people said could not be done, but he did it and the town continued using them for many years. He served on the School Board for many years. He purchased the Cedar Hill pasture for a group of men and was President of that company for a number of years. He was also elected County Assessor for three terms, which necessitated his taking the train from Fountain Green to Manti each Monday morning and returning the following Saturday evening for six years.

Known for his honesty, fairness and dependability, and the calm, cool manner he had of conducting business, he was well respected by the people. He was employed as a clerk in Aagard's store and later was manager of it. Everything he did was done with precision, and when people came to him for advice, he took the time necessary to give the, well-thought-out answers.

Hans Christian was a surveyor and a Notary Public, drawing up many deeds for people. His beautiful penmanship brought numerous requests for him to make out documents, although he purchased a typewriter and taught himself how to type in order to do his most important papers. He was also a Justice of the Peace for over eight years, performing the marriages of fifty couples during that time. He served as the town's legal advisor for a number of years, writing many letters which helped his native countrymen to come to the United States. He assisted others in getting money, which they had left in Denmark, returned to them. A New York based Insurance Agency recognized him for 25 years as a policy writer for fire insurance.

He was Registrar for the Selective Service during World War I. Two of his sons, Edward M. and Robert E., served their country during that conflict.

In addition to raising his own large family, he raised two foster daughters, and also opened his home to others when a need arose. During one summer there were eighteen people living under his roof. His children and grand-children consistently spoke of him as a kind, loving and helpful father and grandfather.

Hans Christian was a man of noble character, who believed in and lived the Golden Rule. He would not knowingly harm anyone, and treated everyone the same. He tried hard to do his duty under

all circumstances and was loved and respected by his friends and neighbors in return. Hans was not a public speaker, but spoke eloquent sermons with his soft-spoken, quiet manner of doing things.

This man and his wife lived to celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary. Their two daughters and six sons honored them on that occasion with an Open House held at their home.

At the time of his death at age 79, he was serving as the Secretary of his High Priest Quorum.

One of the speakers at his well-attended funeral, described him as "a big man in a little town"; another said, "If Hans had been given a chance, he would have been one of the fairest judges in the land."

Yes, Hans Christian Hansen-Bogh was a big man in a little town, and by doing his little bit in his own quiet, unassuming way, he made a big difference in Sanpete County.

Certificates in possession of the author

History of H.C. Hansen-Bogh by Gladys H. Winters

Excerpts from Funeral Services of H.C. Hansen-Bogh

EDMUND SPIEKER AND OSU GEOLOGY PROGRAM AT SNOW COLLEGE

Linnie M. Findlay

Professional Third Place Essay

Dr. Edmund Spieker was already something of a legendary figure when we came to Ephraim in 1950. We would see him occasionally, during the summer months, walking tall and lithe about the Snow College campus. He was a quiet gentleman, and we were told he knew our local hills and canyons as well as or better than anyone around. We heard that when he was in Ephraim, he would find a piano at Snow College and practice during the early evening hours. We were told that he was a self-taught musician, and very good.

In the early summer, a large banner hanging across the north entrance of Ephraim would proclaim, "Welcome Rock Hounds!" and soon a caravan of 4-wheel drive vehicles would arrive with Ohio license plates, bringing an assortment of students and faculty to Snow College for an intensive summer course in Geology.

I did not get to know Dr. Spieker until 1970, when as a correspondent for the Ephraim Enterprise, I arranged for an interview. He was most gracious, and talked freely of his time in Ephraim, and how it was when he first came. I learned that his grandfather, Andrew Maute, had come to Nevada from France, where he was engaged in the printing business and had been active in politics. Dr. Spieker had begun his career with the geological survey in Nevada in 1917 and remembered that his first pay was in gold coins.

He said he had been coming to Sanpete every year since 1921 when he was working with the geological survey. He mentioned finding tall grass in the mountain meadows then, and expressed disappointment that the grasses were less luxuriant in 1970.

Dr. Spieker expressed his belief that no one can be considered truly educated unless he understands something about the earth in which he lives. He said he thought everyone should have an introduction to geology. All of the surface features of the earth, the rocks, benches plateaus, canyons

have a story to tell. He said that before 1920, most schools offered courses in physical geography, which included mostly geology, and then for a period of years it was largely neglected.

Dr. Spieker became a faculty member of Ohio State University in 1924, and lived in Ephraim during the summers of 1925-26 at the Barton home, which he said he enjoyed very much. In 1947 he met with President James A. Nuttall of Snow College and Mr. J. Orrin Anderson, who was then business manager, and drew up an agreement for the use of Snow College living quarters and cafeteria. The agreement, signed by President Nuttall and President Bevis of Oliio State University was the instrument that annually brought Geology students to Snow College to study the mountains and hills of Sanpete and the surrounding areas.

Dr. Spieker praised the service given by the Snow College Cafeteria, and said Delphia Paulson Jorgensen, and later Goldie Olsen (Norman), had made a difference in the summer geology course coming to Ephraim. A good friend, Mr. Van Boskirk, had also been an influence in his coming to Snow College instead of other possible sites. He said he enjoyed the people here, had become acquainted with some of the original pioneers of the area, and was fascinated by their stories of "old times."

The first group of thirty students to come with the Ohio State program were all but one of them veterans of World War II, and were classed as a no-nonsense group who had come to learn. A wide and varied group of students have come through the geology summer courses in Ephraim over the years. Some have completed doctorate programs in geology. Most states in the United States have been represented among the students, as well as some coming from outside the United States.

In 1962, the first National Science Foundation Institute was held in Ephraim, simultaneously with the OSU geology course. After his retirement in 1964, from OSU field station, Dr. Spieker worked exclusively with the Institute, which was designed to help high school teachers prepare for teaching earth science. Twenty-eight teachers were selected from large groups of applicants by their stated need for the course and their apparent ability to profit by it. Dr. Spieker stressed that one definite requirement was that an applicant must be in good physical condition. He suggested that many of us might try to get up Axe Handle Canyon to get a taste of the country these teachers and students work through.

Names of some of the large faculty from Ohio State who made the summer trek to Snow College in those early years, and who would be remembered here, include Dr. C.H. Summer, Dr. Loutenslauger, George E. Moore, William A. Rice, and Dr. Jim Collinson. Some would also remember the welcome prepared by the Lion's Club in Ephraim with Cliff Sondrup and others spearheading the effort. An opportunity to meet the ladies in the group was provided at receptions hosted by LaRue Nielson, members of Snow College Campus Women and others in the community.

Mrs. Spieker sometimes came with her husband, and they felt they had raised their son, Andrew, correctly, as he was in 1970, working in the department of urban hydrology with the U.S. Geological Survey. Andrew came to Ephraim for the memorial service that was held for Dr. Spieker after his death. However, Mrs. Spieker was not well enough to come at that time.

It was hard to measure the total impact of anyone on the history of an area, but it would seem that Dr. Spieker was one who made a difference that continues in Sanpete. Ohio State Geology students still spend their summers in the mountain of Utah, although, they may not be as visible as they were when teachers in the National Science Foundation Institute came to Snow College at the same time. But perhaps, we, too, are more aware of the great variety and nature of our surroundings,

because of a mild and gentle man, of French ancestry, who believed we all need to learn from the legends written in the rocks and the hills that are all around us.

Ephraim Enterprise. August 13, 1970
Personal Interview with Dr. Spieker, 1970.



Dr. W.E. Thorpe and Rambouillet Day Committee: l- r - Glenn Bartholomew, R.R. Keeteh, Dr. Thorpe, George Beal. - Courtesy Enid Graser

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Class in new Seminary building Mt. Pleasant - students - Jarne Barlow & Beth Terkelsen. — Courtesy Clinton Butters



Mt. Pleasant LDS Seminary

EARLY WOOLGROWERS IN FOUNTAIN GREEN

(See related story on page 38)



Edward and Elinor Nielson



Lars and Mira Nielson



Abe Livingston - Barbara & Lewis



Mary Ellen Aagard - John E. Aagard

Courtesy Jessie Oldroyd

