

*Saga*  
*of the*  
*Sanpitch*



Volume 4

1972

**SAGA OF THE SANPITCH  
Volume IV**

**Winning Entries  
for the  
1972 Historical Writing Contest**

**Sponsored by  
Manti Region  
Of the  
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints**

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## BITS AND PIECES<sup>1</sup>

For the 1972 Contest the time period was extended to 1900, and by this time, life in Sanpete had made many changes from the frozen dugouts on the south side of temple Hill during that severe winter of 1849. By 1900 the settlers were living in comfortable homes throughout the county, and most of the towns now located here had been incorporated. Coal had been discovered in Wales and mining operations had begun in 1859. In 1851 all “free white male inhabitants of the age of 18 years” were permitted to vote in Manti’s first city election, and by 1852 Sanpete County had been organized with a full set of officers.

The county had known good and bad times. Grasshoppers and floods continued their devastation after the threat from hostile Indians was over. Even so, Sanpete became known as the Granary of Utah and by 1900 had shipped wheat as far as England. In 1864 Sanpete flour sold in Salt Lake City for \$21.25 per 100 lbs.

The Manti Temple was completed and Sanpete Stake Academy was begun in 1888, and Wasatch Academy in 1891. The first school was organized by Jesse W. Fox in Manti in 1850 and later several Presbyterian and Methodist Mission Schools were organized. The Railroad had extended through Sanpete into Sevier County, and telegraph lines brought messages to the valley.

Irrigation Companies had been formed throughout the county, Newspapers were being published in Manti, Ephraim and Mt. Pleasant. Polygamy had been ruled unlawful and settlers had endured much hardship under the Edmunds-Tucker Act. A Scandinavian Reunion was held in Ephraim 4 September 1890 and Utah was admitted to the Union of States in 1896.

This then, is a brief look at Sanpete up to 1900, the period covered in this year’s Volume 4.

1 Lever, W.H. History of Sanpete and Emery Counties, Press of the Tribune Job Printing company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1898.

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## Sanpete County Historical Writing Contest 1972

Decisions of: **Mr. Ward Magleby**

**Mr. Trevor Christensen**

**Professor Ralph Britsch**

POETRY:	THE EPHRAIM CO-OP-----	First Place
	MEMORIAL MIRAGE-----	Second Place
ESSAY:	MANASSEH-----	First Place
	THE LAST INDIAN-----	Second Place
	THE THREAD ON THE GOLDEN SPOOL-----	Honorable Mention
SHORT STORY:	LOVE’S REWARD-----	First Place
	THE LATERN-----	Second Place
	ANOTHER NEW DAY-----	Honorable Mention
SENIOR	A TOKEN OF AFFECTION-----	Poetry
CITIZEN	LITTLE JENS-----	Short Story
	GRANDMA PAINTED A PICTURE-----	Essay
	A TRUE SOUTH WARD STORY-----	Anecdote

SECTION ON GINGERBREAD TRIM ON HOMES IN SANPETE COUNTY

## THE EPHRAIM CO-OP

Eleanor P. Madsen

Ephraim, Utah

First Place

Poetry

There it stands, battered and forlorn,  
Old and sad, subject to anyone's scorn.  
What do you think of it? Long ago,  
There were happier days you know,  
Of the mercantile stores in the west  
It was one of the very best.

Now you can't see the words,  
"Holiness to the Lord,"  
Cut carefully in the white stone,  
Circling the beehive, almost gone.  
"Ephraim Co-op," it once read.  
Later, "U. O. Mercantile" it said.

It was built from oak, hewn by hand,  
Near where the old fort used to stand.  
We tied our horses to a hitching post,  
Opened the west door with the most  
Elegant drapes, all tasseled so fine,  
Entered the branch Co-op in Zion.

Many came in. Prices weren't high.  
Spacious rooms, where one could buy  
Harness, molasses, calico or chair,  
Whatever took your fancy or flair,  
A barrel of pickles or keg of nails,  
A fancy saddle or a yard of percale.

Imagine this room when it was new.  
One hundred years old in nineteen seventy-two.  
Anthon H. Lund first managed the place.  
Martha, Laura, Millie sold pretty lace.  
When the S.P.V. first came through,  
Junction Co-op was the name we knew.

Since meeting places were hard to find,  
The sisters asked if the Co-op would mind  
If they bought the second story above  
To quilt and sew and give lessons of love.  
They climbed the stairs each meeting day,  
The sun through the door lighting the way.

In one end of the room, a stage was made.  
The best in drama each week was played.  
O, it was fun, on a theater night  
To breathlessly watch by a kerosene light,  
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "East Lynne,"  
"Ten Nights in a Bar Room," begin.

Dancing too, gained much renown.  
Many came from the near-by town,  
Lay their babies on the window sill,  
Chose a partner for a quadrille  
To the tune of a hand-pumped organ,  
A fine fiddle or an accordion.

The rough floor was made more slick  
With wax shaved from a candlestick.  
We paid our tickets with a sack of wheat,  
Potatoes, anything, we raised to eat.  
We burned pitch pine to shed some light,  
Or oil-soaked rags to make it more bright.

All this provided much needed fun.  
There were serious things to be done.  
More school rooms were badly needed.  
Again, the Relief Society conceded  
And offered curtained, upstairs space  
For two classes that filled the place.

We had arithmetic matches and spelling bees,  
Religion classes and reading, if you please.  
We wrote with soft rock on a slate,  
Sat in a corner if we were late.  
We were all eager to study and learn,  
With enough books, if we took a turn.

After a time our feet no more  
Raced the stairs and scuffed the floor.  
Another school house drew us in,  
Left the upstairs empty again.  
Others asked the Relief Society to sell  
The second floor, they'd use it well.

Canute Peterson had this idea in 1888,  
To launch a Stake Academy on that date.  
Produce, dances and donation paid  
For a pot-bellied stove, benches laid.  
One hundred twenty-one students came.  
Records list each person's name.

Alma Greenwood and Carrie Henry  
Enrolled students from eleven past twenty,  
From the seventh grade through college age.  
Some sat in the gallery, others the stage.  
Many stories these rooms could tell  
For sixteen years is "quite a spell."

The academy grew, built on a new block.  
On the old mercantile store was a lock.  
In 1902 the Co-op closed its door.  
Dances, plays, school were not more.  
An era was ended, a new one begun,  
A machine shop, a garage, a mill run.

Many have since made a living there,  
Changed the rooms, torn down the stair,  
Kept it a busy and useful place,  
Building memories time cannot erase.  
Battered and worn, time to rest.  
The old Co-op, one of the best.

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## MANASSEH

Eleanor P. Madsen  
Ephraim, Utah  
First Place  
Essay

There was Ephraim, so there must also be Manasseh. In the day of the naming, it was a land of greasewood and shadschal with a bit of hardy sagebrush, like a calico ruffle, skirting the foot of the nearby hills.

The early homesteaders, men, women and children, bridged the winding Sanpitch River, forded the swampy meadows to higher ground where they built study homes of native lumber and hewed pine logs.

Life in Manasseh moved at a slow, relaxing pace, with the people having little contact with the world beyond. The people were self-sustaining, having brought horses, cows, sheep and pigs with them. Every family had a few chickens to supply the needed eggs and poultry. A bowl of Danish dumpling soup, made from a fat hen, was a special Sunday dinner treat. Sweet butter was made in a wooden churn from thick, yellow cream, skimmed morning and night from wide pans of Holstein or Jersey milk.

These pioneers had their own special refrigerators, "Coolers," they were called, made from a wooden box with two shelves and hung on a porch or the cool side of the house. A clean, white percale or muslin curtain was nailed at the top and hung down over the front, caught on either side with a little nail to keep the wind from blowing the dust in. A burlap sack absorbed cool water from a pan on top of the cupboard, and its dampness kept the contents of the food in the cooler from spoiling.

It mattered not if the milk turned sour. The thick clabber, with a layer of yellow cream covered abundantly with sugar, was a favorite supper-time meal. Caraway cheese or "kanapoost" was made also from the clabbered milk, after heating it slowly on the back of the warm stove and was part of a delightful, luncheon menu. Salt cured bacon and ham, wrapped tightly in a flour sack to keep the flies away from it, hung on a nail near the cupboard and provided meat during the summer season. The food was simple but nourishing and always attractive. These women were artists in making a delicious meal from whatever they had on hand, whether it was eggs for an omelet or a gooseberry pie, the gooseberries recently picked from their own bushes.

Mornings commenced early in Manasseh. The stock had to be fed and watered, cows milked, the kitchen reservoir filled with water, the wood box stacked high with logs.

When the chores were done, everyone had a turn with the tin wash basin on a home-built wooden bench near the kitchen porch, splashing the cool water on their faces with little hand dips in the brisk morning.

Always the day began with everyone gathered around the family table for prayer and again at close of day they knelt and gave thanks and gratitude for food and raiment, for health and strength to pursue their daily tasks and asked for moisture and protection from the devastating forces of nature.

On Sundays, scriptures were read and church attended. In the later years, the families climbed into the horse drawn buggy and drove to Ephraim and went to their meetings there, returning home to Manasseh in the cool evening, singing as they went.

Often, the men stood in their fields, with sweating brow, bared to the soft, cool breezes that stirred the purpling hay, and breathed a sigh of content for spacious fields and changing seasons.

In the cool of the evening, the early settlers sat on the low, wooden steps of their humble cabins, enjoying the sweet smell of pinion and juniper, like a tonic after a summer shower. The fathers whittled whistles from green willows and watched their children playing "Hide and Seek" and "Run, Sheep, Run." They counted the stars as they came out, twinkling; one by one made a wish on the Evening Star and pointed to the Big Dipper and the Milky Way. They named the constellations, Jupiter, Venus, Mars, each one, until they were lost among the millions of shining orbits.

Often, in the stillness of the night, in the distance, could be heard the coyote's howl. The sheep would stir uneasily in their pasture and draw close to one another.

Sometimes in the dark, a child's shrill cry would startle a sleeping household. The sound of horse's hoofs would waken a neighbor, who would answer the anxious plea for help, dressing hurriedly to ride the several miles between the farm homes, with medicine and sustaining prayers offered in the dim wick light.

The people had to rely on their faith and on their own remedies when sickness came. They used lard and mustard plasters for severe coughs and colds and castor oil for stomach pains. Sometimes the fever was too high, the sickness more than their wisdom and faith could cope with. One man, Lars Peter Anderson was stung by a bee and died very suddenly. Sadness came to the small community and there was emptiness and life was lonely. But there was gladness also as the news of the arrival of a baby boy spread from house to house across the valley. On several occasions the strong smell of Lysol and cloths browning in an oven brought anticipation and later joy as the lusty cry of an infant was heard in one of the cabins.

Close contact for the twenty-one families who lived in Manasseh before the year 1900, was difficult since their homes were scattered from the borders of Maple Canyon near Manti on the south to the point of the mountain near Wales on the north, along the foothills and across the lower fields.

The families who lived in Manasseh in those early years are listed by some of their descendants as follows: Orson Allred, Anthon Anderson, Lars Peter Anderson, Lewis "Lew Shooter" Anderson, "Doc" Briggs, Alvin Cherry, Andrew Christensen, C. C. A. Christensen, Chris Christensen, Fred Christensen, Charles r. Dorius, H. P. "Shingle Pete" Hansen, Erastus Larsen, James Larsen, Thomas "Kanore Tom" Lund, Daniel Madsen, David Madsen, Ezra Madsen, Alfred Pehrson, P. F. Peterson and Oluf Thursby.

Each family could tell its own story of joy and pathos, of struggles and hardships, of success and failure that made Manasseh dear to their hearts. One part of the area each of them loved was the mountains, like a great wall around them. Past Ephraim to the east, covered with aspen and pine, the mountains stood like sentinels in the purple evening, keeping watch over the valley. Far away mountains rose to the north, one above the other, with winding roads in between, inviting new adventure, cities to explore. The hills to the south may have been pine covered, a cool retreat in summer and crested with snow in winter, but the people of Manasseh were never quite sure, because always their vision rested on a

white temple, on a low rise at the base of those mountains, its oolite stone glistening in the sunlight, beckoning, "Come to my hill."

So close they could almost touch them, were the West Mountains. They belonged to Manasseh. Sometimes in the not afternoons, while the men were in the hay fields, a mother would take her small children on a walk to a favorite scrub oak a little way up in the hills. With a box of sugar cookies and a crockery jug of lemonade, they would picnic and the mother would sit and knit or darn warm stockings and tell stories of the past. Sometimes the children would play "Mumble Peg" or rock their holly-hock dolls in a cradle of cockleburs, or they could lay on a spot of grass looking up at the blue, blue sky, listening and forever asking questions. Later, they would gather rocks and pink wild roses to decorate the long oil cloth covered table in the cabin.

The children always wondered what the top of the mountain was like, up where the red pine and the black balsam grew.

"One day when you are older," the mother said, "You may climb to the top."

So they did. As they climbed and reached the top, the children discovered that there were mountains still higher and roads and trails through other valleys, across other lands, over many oceans and distant seas. And the children of Manasseh went on climbing, with the wisdom and the knowledge they had learned in the fields, in the mountains, and from the stars over head. They became great leaders and builders in cities, states and nation. They taught their children the stories of Manasseh. They too, climbed mountains and became great.

Today, one might ask about Manasseh; "Where is that?"

The answer, "The meadows, the pastures, the farm land west of Ephraim, across the Sanpitch, over by the West Mountains."

There is even now an old house or two where the homesteaders lived, those stalwart pioneers who helped settle Sanpete Valley, settlers of Manasseh, who "also shall be great."

There is Ephraim. There was also Manasseh.

Sources: "Saga of the Sanpitch" Volume 1

Leslie L. Madsen

Reuel E. Christensen

Vera Erickson

Eva Thompson

Inez Hermansen

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## LOVE'S REWARD

David Rosier

Moroni, Utah

First Place

Short Story

The morning sun sent sparkling rays through the kitchen window in a big Moroni house. May Marlowe's hair glowed gold in the sunlight. She stood at the window and watched her son disappearing down the road toward the fields in a wagon filled with her husband's boys. "So young", she thought. "So young to do so much work alone." If Aaron could be home, he would, but he can't be.

She turned away from the window and picked up a basket of fresh eggs. Sliding the basket to her elbow, she tied a bonnet under her chin and picked up an empty honey jar. She stepped into the Common Hall.

Mariah's door was open slightly. Amy saw Mariah's younger children playing noiselessly on the floor. Mariah's morning mood was invariably horrid, and children knew it. Aaron said that was one advantage of polygamy, he could choose the disposition with which he would spend his mornings. Amy suspected the disposition had not been helped by Aaron's taking a second wife.

Amy stepped out into the pleasant air. The chickens scattered as she walked around the house and up the street to the Protestant school.

So strange for her to be here in this Mormon town, Amy thought. Frail Clarissa Knight, the teacher missionary, was a desperately unsuccessful preacher. Afraid and lonely, too; especially lonely. Amy had been sorry for her when she came to town, so shunned she had to hire apostates to build her school and apartment. Slowly Amy had developed a strong friendship with the cautious Clarissa.

One day, when their friendship was established, Clarissa confided to Amy her greatest fear, being alone in the dark. "Born Knight, and afraid of the dark?" Amy had chided. But Clarissa had been too serious to joke. She had asked to borrow Amy's six year old daughter, Charlotte, to sleep at the school so she wouldn't be alone. Amy had readily agreed.

Clarissa had been surprised. "Aren't you afraid I'll corrupt her? I may make her a Protestant."

"On the contrary, Clarissa. Perhaps she'll convert you. Out of the mouths of babes..."

Amy remembered that conversation as she neared Clarissa's porch. Exactly as she had expected, there had been no conversions. She stepped on the first squeaky board of the porch. Before she could take the two steps more to the door, Clarissa had opened it and stood in the frame. That squeak is like an alarm to her, Amy thought.

Clarissa opened the door for Amy. Amy smiled at the pinched features of her friend. "Beautiful morning, isn't it, Clarissa?" She looked into the gray eyes. "I hope you slept well."

"Yes, yes thank you. I sleep much better with Charlotte here."

"Is Charlotte awake yet?"

"Certainly," came Clarissa's soft quivery voice. Then louder, "Charlotte, your mother is here for you."

Amy set her basket of eggs and the empty honey jar on a table. She untied her bonnet and laid it on a chair.

Charlotte skipped from the bedroom. "Eggs!" she exclaimed. "I bet you want me to take them to the store for you, Momma."

"Charlotte!" Clarissa's voice was stern. "Ladies never bet!"

Amy laughed. "Yes, dear. You must exchange them for honey. Take the jar with you. But put on your bonnet first."

Charlotte danced into the bedroom and came back with her bonnet. Amy began to tie the strings.

"Amy, I don't like to be a carrier of bad news, but I must tell you," Clarissa began. "There is talk among the apostates that the United States marshals are coming. They are arresting all the second wives of polygamists they can find. The apostates have already given names and descriptions. They told me because they thought I would be sympathetic. So with Mr. Marlowe already in prison, you cannot be too careful. Perhaps you should go somewhere else."

Charlotte listened intently, her eyes widening. "Are they going to put Momma in prison, too?" she stammered.

"No, Charlotte," Amy comforted her. "Thank you for telling me, Clarissa. But I won't hide until I have to. I have my children to take care of." She looked down at Charlotte's anxious little face and smiles. "Run along now, dear. Everything is all right."

Charlotte, reassured, skipped out the door, the egg basket in one hand, the honey jar in the other.

"An angel, that one," Clarissa smiled. "One whom God has chosen."

"One who has chosen God."



“As fascinating as it is, I can’t talk predestination with you this morning,” Clarissa spoke firmly. “I must get this batch of bread in the pans so it will be done when I go visiting this afternoon. Perhaps it will help me give a more convincing discussion.”

“Let me help you, Clarissa,” Amy said, taking a portion of dough to mold into a loaf. “I really can’t understand why you came to a Mormon town as a Protestant missionary.”

Clarissa laid a loaf in the pan. “Because I care. I believe I have the truth and I care enough about the place of truth in lives that I want to share it with others. Why do Mormons send missionaries to Protestants?” She put the last of the dough in the pan and looked out the open door. “Goodness! The Sanpete Valley train is in from Nephi already. It must be mid-morning.”

Amy didn’t look at the train. Instead she steadied her gaze on Clarissa. “If you believe faiths interact because of concern, how do you justify good Protestants like the U.S. marshal’s persecuting Mormons because of polygamy when Mormons believe it is a divine truth?”

“Protestants don’t accept your prophets as men of God, so their revelation is worthless. To a Protestant, a second wife is nothing more than a...a mistress.”

Amy’s mouth dropped open in disbelief. “What are you saying?” Clarissa stood by the door, her whole frail body quivering. Suddenly she seemed dwarfed by the door frame.

Amy released the tightness in her face. A smile grew on her lips. “Listen to us,” she said softly. “Friends...arguing.” She stepped closer to Clarissa. “For all our differences, there is one thing we both count as truth; a Christian loves his fellowmen as Christ loves—through good and evil, through right and wrong, infinitely. We can forget these words were spoken.”

At that moment, Charlotte came bursting into the house and slammed the door. “Momma,” she said breathlessly, “I went to see...the train...a man in a uniform go off...asked me where...Miss Knight lives...coming here...I ran all the way...to tell you.” She put the jar of honey on the table and breathed heavily.

“United States marshals!” Amy whispered.

The board on the porch squeaked. The women stood frozen. A loud knock came on the door.

“Quick!” Clarissa’s whisper quavered. “Hide in the bedroom”. Grasping Charlotte’s arm, Amy made her way out of the kitchen. She crouched behind the closed door. There was another loud knock.

“Open up in there!” a deep throaty voice commanded. “Open up.”

Amy heard Clarissa’s light, trembling footsteps, then the squeak of door hinges. “G-good morning, sir,” Amy heard Clarissa stutter. “I...a...was about to put some bread in the oven. Won’t you come in.”

“I intend to, madam,” the deep voice barked. “Marshal Orson Forbes of the United States government, ma’am. I was told you’re the sole Protestant in town.”

“I’m working on that, sir.”

“Then you’ll be obliged to tell me who the polygamists are and where they live.”

“I-I’m afraid I can’t be of any service to you, sir,” Clarissa’s voice shook.

“What do you mean, you can’t be of service?” his voice was deep slow, drawl.

“I’m....new in town. I don’t know many people.”

“Come on, lady, this is a small town. A real small town, if you’ve been here a week you know everybody. Let’s talk, huh?”

There was no answer. Clarissa must be close to the door, Amy thought. She could hear her drawing long, quavering breaths. Amy put her arm around Charlotte, who was huddled close to her against the door. “Charlotte,” she whispered, “We must let the other families know there is a marshal in town. Go to the window and climb out as quietly as you can. Then run and tell the town.”

Charlotte crept to the window. There was a brass water pitcher on the window sill. Carefully she put one little leg through the window and slid her body onto the sill. She brought her other leg to the opening and collided with the brass pitcher. It thundered to the floor, shattering the tense silence.

Amy heard a soft thud and running feet. Then the bellow of the deep voice. "What was that?"

"That? Oh, that. It...it was my...oven, sir. Yes, it was my oven. It creaks when it gets hot. Quite amusing, don't you think, sir." Clarissa tried to laugh.

Amy breathed a sigh of relief. She heard the oven door opening, a pause, then the door closing.

"Listen, lady, we already know who the polygamists are. I just want to know where they are. Maybe you know something about the Aaron Marlowe family."

"Yes, I do," Clarissa answered hesitantly.

"Now we're talking. The second wife. Tell me about his second wife. Where does she live" How many kids?" There was no answer. "Where does she live?"

Amy heard Clarissa's voice. "In her own rooms, alone. All the children are Marlowe's. Does it matter who the mother is?"

"I have a short temper, lady. It's only fair to warn you. Are you going to talk sense.?"

"I won't say any more." Clarissa's voice was shaky.

"Playing the martyr, huh? Going to win their love to support your school. Well, it ain't going to be that way. I've got a job to do and you're going to help. Maybe you'll talk with a gun in your back. And it's loaded. Where's Marlowe's second wife?"

Amy pressed closer to the door. Clarissa stuttered. "She's my neighbor. She lives next door in the big house." There was a pause. "I won't say anymore."

"You've said enough." Amy heard heavy steps, then "Good day, madam," and then the door closing.

Amy stood up and opened the door a crack. Amy! Amy! Clarissa sobbed in a trembling breathless scream, "Amy, he'll get you! I betrayed you! I told him!"

Amy put her arm around Clarissa's thin shaking shoulders. "No, Clarissa. He's at my house and I'm at yours. You helped me! I can get away now if I may use your horse and buggy...the boys have my wagon."

"Yes, yes, anything," Clarissa quavered. "I'll get it ready."

Amy watched from the bedroom window as Clarissa harnessed the horse and hitched it to the buggy. She led the horse to the corner of the house near the bedroom window. She stopped abruptly.

"Amy," she said in a loud whisper, "He's coming back."

"Leave the buggy there and hold his attention. I'll try to get away." Her own voice sounded faint and far away.

Amy folded her legs and skirt under her and sat on the floor close to the window. It faced the wrong way for her to see the marshal. But she could hear anything he said.

Clarissa's quavering voice came to her. "Good day, Marshal. You are back quickly. Did you meet with success?"

"I lay odds you can answer that, Miss Knight. Going somewhere?"

"Me? Oh...the buggy. As a matter of fact, yes. I make calls in the afternoon."

"It's a little early for that, isn't it, madam?" His voice was gruff.

"No," Clarissa stuttered, "No...I...a...like to be prepared." Amy heard Clarissa draw a deep breath. "Marshal Forbes, I am afraid I was unreasonable before. Your badge frightened me. Perhaps you will come in for a slice of fresh bread with honey. It will be piping hot. I'll try to talk sense to your. After all, we who fight Mormonism must work together."

The board on the front porch squeaked and the door opened and closed. Clarissa was saying something, but Amy could not understand it. She heard the oven door open and the marshal comment on the bread.

Amy was sure they were intent on talking when she heard Clarissa's voice asking the marshal if he himself professed Christianity.

The marshal sounded taken aback. "Of course, I do," came his deep uncomfortable grunt. "Then why do you persecute the Mormons? One corrects another with love, not hate."

Amy slipped quietly through the window. She couldn't make out the words from the marshal's mumbled reply. But she could still hear Clarissa's voice. "A Christian loves his fellowmen as Christ loves...through good and evil, through right and wrong, infinitely....."

Amy climbed silently into the buggy. She picked up the reins.

"Momma!" A loud whisper came from behind her. She turned, Charlotte stood by the buggy. "I told 'em, Momma. I told 'em all."

Amy felt a lump rising in her throat. She leaned over and kissed the top of Charlotte's head. "Miss Knight will take care of you until I come home" she whispered. "You will pray for me, and for Poppa?"

"Yes, Momma."

Amy relaxed the rein and said a soft "giddup" to the horse. She drove slowly out of the yard, then faster on the road out of town into the hills.

She felt a comfortable sense of freedom for herself and for Aaron. The beautiful morning had become a beautiful day.

Source: Charlotte Hardy Bradley, Moroni, Utah

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## **A TRUE WARD STORY**

Manti, Utah

First Place Anecdote

Senior Division

It was December 15, 1913. Nine horses and a colt had not come down from the mountain. They were thought to be in the vast area near or over the top of the mountain, maybe in the cove. It would be like looking for a needle in a haystack to find them. A boy of 16 and his father owned one of the horses and owners of the other horses offered \$45.00 for each horse returned to town. In those days \$50.00 would buy much more than now and with Christmas so near, well, that \$45.00 appeared a great prize.

After borrowing Brother Brox's field glasses, the boy and his father started on what seemed an impossible quest, on their horses for the mountains at three in the morning.

As they got to the high country the snow was frozen enough so that the going was a little easier. Finally they saw some tracks, but came to a ridge where the wind had swept the snow so they could not track them any farther. They went to George's Fork. One of the horses they were riding was nearly swallowed in a snow bank.

A small board cabin offered some shelter for the night. It seemed, with only two of them, like being in the Antarctic in the dead of winter. The son doubted they would have a chance to find the horses in such an expanse of mountains and snow. Furthermore, they could not get back through Manti Canyon if they went farther and would likely have to go to Ferron and around through Salina Canyon or Price. It seemed very dreary and impossible.

But next morning the father said, "I know where the horses are and how we will get back. It was shown to me in a dream. Your brown mare was reaching for willows to eat."

They went as the father directed. After a time they thought they saw something. Through Brother Brox's field glasses they could see it was the horses. Sure enough, the boy's brown mare was reaching for some willows. They got up to the horses, ran one into a snowdrift to get a rope on it. The others then followed. The father knew where the snow was crusted so they were able to get off the mountain and home before dark.

This family had a merry, and a best, Christmas.

The father passed on some years ago and the son lives in another ward. He prefers not to have his name mentioned, but this is a true story of two who would not give up, of the Manti Mountain, of Christmas, and of an inspired dream.

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## **THE THREAD ON THE GOLDEN SPOOL**

Wilma Morley Despain  
Centerfield, Utah  
Honorable Mention  
Essay

The thread that was used to weave the tapestry of my life, that has been my bowl of fruited joy all my life, began back in Liverpool, England, in 1843, where my “to be”, little Great Great Grandmother heard the story of the Gospel and embraced it as true. She took it to her heart where it grew into a testimony that she nurtured and brought to fruition, and passed it on to many, and to me!

It was in far away England that my Great Grandmother’s parents joined the church and left well appointed homes and family and took passage on the ship Palmyra in 1845. They landed in New Orleans and then came up the mighty Mississippi River to St. Louis where Hannah, her mother, lost her only son in 1846 and her dear husband in 1847.

But did she give up? She did not; she found work and worked hard in the Planters Hotel in St. Louis, to earn enough to get her little family to the taking off place for Utah, which was called Council Points. It took a long time to do this and while there, and before leaving Council Points she was courted and did marry John Crompton. She bore him a girl child there, but it died.

Later on at North Platte, Nebraska, she bore another little girl but was too sick and weak from overwork and having two pregnancies so close together, and because she was too weak to nurse the tiny baby, she almost lost it too!

But Hannah would not give up easily. The tiny girl, too weak to thrive on milk taken from cows which were in harness pulling heavy wagons, almost died several times!

Through Hannah’s expert nursing, faith in God and her constant prayers, she saved this little girl, and they both reached the Salt Lake Valley.

This was the background that Anna Etta Eckersley was blessed with. My mother’s grandmother, she had a firsthand acquaintance with sorrow, pain and defeat too, but brave woman that she was, she was ever watchful that it did not come through to sully her days and color and dominate her every act.

This is why I want to share her story, to tell about this golden cord, woven about her life. Then she gift wrapped and carried this precious gospel gift to my maternal grandmother, to my mother, and to me! She lived with a song on her lips and with sweet serenity, yet no one could have had a busier, hard work filled life.

When Anna Etta first met wm. L. “Doc” Draper, she was not too impressed. He had seen her and fallen for her dark beauty. She resented his attentions at first, he was some years her senior, but he was persistent and the more those flashing brown eyes and quite sharp tongue objected, the better he liked her and the harder he tried to win her favor, and finally she said “yes”. Everyone was so afraid of Johnston’s army at this time and they moved to Spanish Fork where they felt safe, and it was here that their first child, Anna Maria, my grandmother, was born to them.

Anna Etta loved the open valleys, the lush mountains, and all of Utah, and she knew where the first boxwood and bluebells grew and the bulbs to save to brighten winter days. Her old fashioned vegetable

garden was coaxed and almost commanded to grow and was a lesson in neatness, symmetry, and thriftiness. Thyme, chives, and rosemary grew for her as mementoes of her mother and the gardens she had told her about that she enjoyed in far away England.

All who walked those desert paths to her door shared the smells and tastes that came from her little plots. Her well stocked pantry shelves were testimonials of hard work and diligence, and of ever present flight to control the droves of insects that used her vegetables, scarce berries and fruits, as smorgasbord every year!

My Anna Etta had been taught, and she believed, that pure hearts and pure homes were the most important accomplishment for a woman, and that if she made a prayerful, loving home with all her heart and faith in it, she would never miss heaven!

She had many other accomplishments besides her clean, twinkling home, and even in the face of adversity she administered to the sick and lonely with quiet courage, and the thought of her will be a blessing to me forever.

Her compassion was unsurpassed; she never ignored distress among her neighbors. She was there first when illness struck or a child was born or to make bandages from old pillow shams for the wounded, or to administer to the last needs of the dying. She cared for dark skinned savage and white skin alike, if the need arose.

Whenever she cared for the sick, one speck of dust on the geranium leaves would have sullied her whole day. She would clean and scour the place to ward off germs. She was as clean and particular as any doctor could be, so she became a doctor of sorts, and she was midwife too and never afraid even when things were contagious!

She charged fifty cents to one dollar for caring for a new mother and new baby for three weeks and in needy homes there was no charge!

Anna Etta had more resourcefulness than the ordinary, she was an expert seamstress. Her children were always neatly and stylishly dressed, as were other children whose parents could afford her services.

She was such a skilled tailor she even made men's suits. She made her own eyelet embroidery, carded wool, and then wove it into materials for dresses.

She gave this gift, this desire to sew and create, to her daughter, Anna Maria, and she in turn gave this added gift to me.

She cared for her step-father and mother in her home, until her mother's death at eighty six, in 1901.

Nor was all this the whole of her outgiving of herself. She had a beautiful singing voice which made her a valued choir member. Her beautiful soprano could be heard in church, duets, quartettes and group singing at social gatherings.

She was very graceful on the ballroom floor and she was also an accomplished "step dancer". My grandmother said, "I have seen her breathless and tired many times from responding to too many enthusiastic encores for her "step dancing".

She responded once too often to encores, however, her last performance was at a Black Hawk encampment at Ephraim, Utah. She was no longer young and on her way to the pavilion, she tripped and fell and injured herself to a degree she did not immediately realize.

She being as good as her word at promising to be on the program, and despite physical distress and intense pain, she danced again before hundreds of applauding people.

It was her last performance. A slow paralysis developed in her legs and she spent her last years in a wheel chair!

Like all pioneer Mormon women she suffered, but whenever they did they would react with sudden and determined drawing together. This feeling has come to the Saints of Latter days, something unique and historical.

The difference of class, race, rank, or age had been dissolved just as putting aside their own suffering. They worked side by side, day after day, planning to smooth and clear the trails that they had already crossed, to make them easier to succor those less fortunate.

She, like other early Mormon women, knew early that the best friends are those who know how to keep the same silences. She also knew, and she did not learn all this from books, that you should never lock up a heart, that there is no heart that cannot be bruised and hurt, no matter how wise and self sufficient and proud one may seem.

She saw beauty in all things of earth, and knew that this is where it begins and then mounts upward.

Dr. Obert C. Tanner has said, "Life is a many sided thing, if your life cannot be symphony at least it can be the harmony of a song."

She did make her life a part of a harmonious song. Food was scarce, they harvested potatoes on shares, survived on thistle roots and other edible weeds, wild berries, rabbits. Their first crop harvested was barley, which she ground in a coffee mill and from which she made bread. They had no sugar, but she made molasses from carrots and beets that she grew, but did she quit singing? She did not.

She sang and danced her whole life, but she worked hard too. Her children after her were industrious and thrifty too, and she had.

### **THE SMILE OF GOD FOR REWARD**

Choice spirit that birthed my own  
Sent here by God to administer and heal  
A mission of service, a pattern for generations.  
Through these long years—  
Your worth, your love I feel

She died June 10, 1913, two months before I was one year old.

Sources:

"The Mormon Drapers" by Delbert M. Draper

Family Histories

Wm. Jr's Biography and diary

Stories told by my Father and grandmother

Excerpts from histories of "One of the Largest Families of Utah."

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### **A TOKEN OF AFFECTION**

Lucy C. Nielson  
Castle Dale, Utah  
First Place Poem  
Senior Division

In the cold month of November  
The year was eighteen forty nine  
When those we now remember  
Were led by Faith Divine  
To the Sanpitch River Valley  
With majestic mountains high

They would build a little city  
Beneath this western sky.

With a helping hand from Heaven  
Isaac Morley led this band,  
Fertile soil, and wood, and water,  
Granite ledges, willing hands  
Fashioned homes and farms and gardens  
And a Temple, stately, Grand  
Emblem of their faith and courage  
To grace this lovely land.

Here a choir of Heavenly voices  
Sang Hosannas pure and clear  
To the throng of humble mortals  
As they sat in rapture here.  
When Indians raised objections  
And made their murderous raids  
Killing people, stealing livestock  
Manti was so far from aid.

Then came hordes of grasshoppers  
Such a plague they proved to be  
Leaving in their wake starvation  
Adding to the misery.  
Now it's nineteen hundred forty nine  
A century as time flows  
And we see this desert blossom  
With the beauty of the rose.

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### **THE LANTERN**

Lillian H. Fox  
Manti, Utah  
Second Place  
Short Story

The flames from Dad's old lantern leaped clumsily into the night air. The wick, which I had manufactured when I found the old relic in the attic, burned stubbornly. The chimney, although I had scrubbed it thoroughly, was stained with lamp black and purpled with age. The handle was missing and kerosene dripped from the side of the fuel container. As I gazed upon its crude construction the warmth from its flames caressed my cheek and fond memories raced into my mind. Now I was a child again, sitting on this same kitchen doorstep with my father. In the flames I imagined that I saw his gray hair, his clear blue eyes, wrinkled pioneer skin, and the mustache that curved across his upper lip. His voice too, seemed to rise and fall with the flickering light, as he told me a story about his childhood.

“Wake up Peter! Your breakfast is ready. Jody is waiting, and it is time to go.” Mother’s words, in broken Danish, filled all three rooms of the small adobe house.

Peter stretched on his rope couch and dug his feet into the straw filled mattress. He looked at the ceiling. The cloth that covered it was stained with spots where the rain had leaked through the dirt roof. The stained spot reminded him of a picture of a buffalo. He clicked his tongue as his make-believe arrow headed straight from his bow to the buffalo’s eye. “Got him!” he exclaimed as he rose to his feet.

“Do we have to go with the cows today?” Peter asked as he washed his hands in the wash basin that stood on a hand-made bench outside the door. “Today there’s a celebration and everyone will be there.”

“Everyone will not be there. At least not this family,” corrected his mother. “We all have our work to do. Your father will be at the tannery. Albena will stay here with little Mary Ann, and she can also plant garden. I’ll be driving the sheep to the warm springs south of town for their yearly bath before shearing time. Come now, the cows need food and the children need milk.” Mother often spoke abruptly. Life demanded that they work hard if they were to survive.

Peter slipped into his clothes. His home spun shirt and pants had been carefully constructed by mother’s skillful hands. Then he put on shoes that father had made in his own tannery. The soles were fastened to the uppers with wooden pegs and they fit right or left foot, no difference.

“You get the neighbors cows and I’ll bring ours along, soon as I eat.” said Peter, grinning at Jody. The brothers were fond of each other. Peter was not twelve years old, born July 5, 1866; and Jody was nine with a birth day March 9, 1869.

“Just a minute,” interrupted father, who was finishing his breakfast. “Before you take the cows to the range fetch some water from the creek. I notice that the buckets are nearly empty.”

“I’ll get the water.” Said Jody, “while Peter eats his breakfast.” Jody grabbed the two wooden buckets and headed for city creek. The filling place was about two blocks east, and all the water used in the household was carried home in this manner.

“May we leave the cows long enough to go to the blasting?” Peter asked as he stuffed his mouth with home ground wheat cereal.

“Obey your mother,” answered father. “You were told to take the cows to the range and watch them.” The first law of this household was obedience, obedience to parents and to gospel principles. “Besides,” father went on, “the cows may be frightened with such a loud noise. They may run into the swamps and mire in the mud. You know what will happen to them if they get stuck.”

Peter knew all too well what could happen to the cows. Several times he had seen magpies and crows land upon a poor critter and peck holes in its hide and tear flesh from its helpless body while it was still alive.

The cow range was two miles north of town. There the land was, as yet, undivided among the citizens. The city creek, uncontrolled at this point, divided and sub-divided itself as it flowed toward the Sanpitch River. Here the grass and foliage was plentiful especially at this time of the year, and the cows could graze contentedly.

On the way to the cow range Peter looked back at the town. This was Manti, Utah and the year was 1878. It was twenty-nine years now since the first pioneers entered the valley. That was in the year 1849, two years after the first Mormon migration into Salt Lake Valley. It was upon the request of Indian Chief Walker and his braves that Brigham Young had sent the company to settle Manti. Peter and Jody’s parents had not been with the first company to settle Manti; they had come a year later with a group from Denmark. They, like many others, had joined the Mormon Church in their native land, then come to Utah to be with others of the same faith.

In the distance Peter would see the old fort, with walls twelve feet high, which had been constructed for protection from the Indians. It covered nine blocks in the center of town. Peter’s father



had at one time been gatekeeper at the west side. Peter's own adobe home was now lost from view. It stood across the street east from what is now the city park. Smoke rose from chimneys, and folks shouted to their neighbors as they prepared to go to the big event on Temple Hill.

"Wish we didn't have to watch cows today," said Peter, who couldn't get over his disappointment. He kicked some trail dung into the air. "I do want to go to Temple Hill." Temple Hill, as it was now called, was on the point of a long hill that extended down into the northeast section of the town.

"I want to go too," said Jody. "You went to the dedication last summer and I didn't get to go. You stood right behind Brigham Young when he blessed the ground for the building of the temple. I had to herd the cows."

"That was great," Peter answered, ignoring Jody's take of abuse, "and when the choir sang so beautifully, with Dad, Hans, and Dorothea all helping, I almost cried." Hans and Dorothea were older members of the family.

"Will President Young be here today?" asked Jody.

"Not this time, it isn't that important," explained Peter. This is just the blasting to loosen the rock so they can excavate the top part of the hill. Then the temple will be built on the lower half."

"Will they make roads up to the temple?"

"Of course."

"And will it really take a hundred cans of black powder, all they can find in Utah, to blow that top piece off?" Jody's voice shook with excitement.

"They won't blow it off. They will just loosen the rock so they can move some of it away. The best rocks will be left there for the building."

"You see, it is like this," Peter went on. "All winter Hans and Dad have been digging, along with the other men. They have made a tunnel a long way back, perhaps two hundred feet. Then two more twelve foot tunnels join the first one, forming a T shape. They will put the black powder in these tunnels. Today they will light the fuse and bang! All the rocks will be shaken up."

The boys hurried the cows along only to be interrupted by the train as it rolled down the tracks. The train, now in its ninth year of operation was of great service to the scattered communities of Utah. Jody waved as it went by, and the greeting was returned by the engineer and a few passengers.

"Hope that train is bringing coal oil (kerosene) for my lantern," said Peter. I haven't had any for a long time." Coal had not been discovered in Utah at this time, and coal products were shipped in from other states.

When the cows were settled, the lunch pails were placed in a flowing well. Here the bread, cheese and milk could be kept fresh and cool. The Peter and Jody climbed a tall, rough cottonwood tree. From here the view was perfect. To their left the cows were in sight. To their right they could see the Temple Hill as well as the highway leading from Manti to Ephraim, the nearest community. Along the dirt highway came vehicles of many kinds. Carts and wagons were pulled by oxen, horses or mules. Some people rode horses, while others walked. Clouds of dust arose as people moved in from all directions.

"Soon it will happen," said Peter. "I wonder just how loud that noise will be?"

"But look," whispered Jody. "There are Indians right below our tree."

Peter's attention quickly shifted. Through the leafy branches he also saw the Indians. They were looking at the cows. "One, two, three, four, five," he counted. "There are five grownups and three small children. I wonder why they are here."

The boys watched wide-eyed. Three of the Indians were squaws with packs on their backs. Long black hair covered their shoulders. Their dresses were made partly from home spun cloth and partly from animal skins. The two men wore buckskin trousers and shirts made from factory, a material obtained from the white men. The men's hair was pinned to the back of their necks. The children were practically without clothing. All of them chattered in strange language.

Peter and Jody, too frightened now to even whisper, watched as the Indians moved from under the tree and turned toward Manti. Suddenly, one of the squaws, who was having difficulty walking, sat down on the ground. The others crowded around her. After a brief spell, in which there was more talk, the Indians moved on leaving the squaw alone in the grass. When they looked back she shouted the word "go" in plain English, and motioned them onward. Then the squaw crept into a nearby willow thicket.

"What do you think she will do now?" whispered Jody. "Do you think that she will tie up one of our calves so they can come for it after dark?"

"Don't know," answered Pete, who was trying to figure out the best thing to do. Should he go for help, or should they remain quiet? How could they get down from the tree without attracting her attention? Would she be mean to them, or pay no attention. He counted the cows. Yes, all eighteen of them were eating nearby.

Suddenly the explosion filled the air. "Boom!" and seconds later another "Boom." The tree shook. The leaves quivered, and for a moment it seemed that the earth was moving. The boys grabbed the limb and hung on. The cows ran in every direction. Shouts were heard from the hill as a cloud of dust rose into the air. This was, no doubt, the loudest noise ever heard in this valley.

"Wow that was great," cried Jody, forgetting to be quiet.

Peter shook Jody's shoulder and motioned him to be quiet. But it was too late. Surely the squaw had heard him speak. They gazed into the willows but there was neither sound or movement. She was in there alright. She must be. But why?

In their new excitement the boys had forgotten all about the blasting on the hill, and they had forgotten the cows. It was Inger's loud mooing that redirected their attention. Inger was named by their parents after an old cow they had left behind in Denmark as they prepared to come to Utah. Inger was calling her calf, which the boys had named Gopher. Gopher never passed a gopher hole without sticking her nose in.

"Oh, the cows," said Peter. "Come on, we must round them up. By now they can be most any place."

In their anxiety the feeling of fear left their bodies. They climbed down the tree and ran after the cows. This task took a long time, as the frightened animals were reluctant to return. Finally, when the task was finished, Peter counted the cows. "Sixteen, seventeen. There is only seventeen. One is missing." The Inger bellowed again for her calf. Gopher did not answer and she was nowhere to be seen.

"The swamps. Gopher is lost in the swamps," cried Jody.

Running in the direction of the soggy, wet land the boys searched frantically. But the calf was not to be found. Returning later hungry and exhausted they found their lunch pails and ate the sandwiches. As their stomachs were filled their courage returned. "That squaw must have the calf and we must get her," Peter decided. Finding a large limb and shaping it like a club the boys entered the thicket. Then they heard her voice. "Go away!" she said in plain English, with the same tone she had used on her Indian companions.

"But we must have our calf!" explained Peter.

"Go away. Go away," repeated the voice. This time the voice was a strong command.

Now the boys moved away. They must decide upon a course of action. At last a decision was made. Jody was to climb a tree and watch the squaw, and watch for the calf, while Peter drove the cows home and found help.

For Jody, perched in the tree, the minutes dragged into hours. The sun left the sky, birds became quiet, a pale moon appeared and owls flapped their wings as they landed on their prey. A coyote howled, but never a sound was heard in the willow thicket.

At last Jody saw a light in the distance. Peter was coming down the trail with his lantern. Jody knew that Peter had been to the store for fuel for the lantern. He heard voices, others were with him.

“Jody, Jody,” called Peter as they approached his perch.

“Over here,” answered Jody as he scampered down the tree. In his haste he almost fell upon the group. With Peter was Hans and father. Jody, now hungry and weary, felt like throwing himself into father’s strong arms, but to be demonstrative was not customary among the northern Europeans. Bravery and responsibility were expected, not rewarded.

“Is she still in there?” asked Peter.

“Guess so,” answered Jody. “I haven’t seen or heard anything.”

“Let’s go,” said Peter, holding up his lantern. This was Peter’s big night. After all wasn’t he responsible for the cows? The lantern was his very own and now he was leading an expedition to rescue the calf.

They had barely parted the willows when Gopher came running out. “Baa, baa,” she bellowed, wagging her tail like an anxious puppy.

Then they saw her. The light fell upon the Indian woman as she lay crouched upon a grassy bed. There was fear in her black eyes, but also a faint smile on her parted lips. In her arms was a new born baby, a tiny child to whom she had given birth here in the willows. The baby’s head was covered with long black hair and it was wrapped in the same calico material as her skirt. She was a very young mother. As the men looked upon her she pushed further back into the willows, then like a frightened deer, she ran away into the night.

“Don’t go away, we won’t hurt you,” father spoke kindly but she was gone. “The others will be waiting for her up the trail,” he added.

“But why did Gopher stay in there all these hours? Why didn’t she come when we called her, when her mother bellowed for her?” Jody’s questions came fast.

“Two frightened souls in a lonely world,” answered father. The calf was afraid of another loud noise, and the young mother was afraid of what was happening to her. The calf is a great pet, you know. She gave it the love and attention that it needed. So it stayed near her.”

The light in the lantern burned low, flickered and went out. “Peter, my dad, must have been very fond of this old lantern,” I thought. His working hours began before daybreak and extended far into the night. The lantern seemed always to have been with him. It hung on a post when he returned home, after dark, with a load of firewood. It hung in the barn as he fed the horses, milked the cows, or skinned the deer. It had been purchased at time when store-made items were very scarce. Five cents to spend on the fourth of July, and an orange in the toe of his Christmas sock were about his only personal contact with store goods. If I were to light the lantern again, there would be more stories to tell. And more!

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## THE LAST INDIAN

A. J. Anderson

Fairview, Utah

Second Place

Essay

In 1849 when the Mormon pioneers first arrived in Sanpete Valley they found a pattern of Indian behavior that had existed for countless centuries. The Ute Indians, under Chief Walker, were spending the winters in the south end of Sanpete, the north end of Sevier and the east part of Millard counties. Each spring, as the snow would melt, the Indians would move north along the Sanpitch creek into the high mountains for the summer. In fact, when the Pioneers reached the Salt Lake Valley on July

24, 1847, a large band of Ute Indians, under Chief Walker were spending the summer months in Spanish Fork Canyon.

In those days the Indians didn't have splendid paved roads as we do now. Instead they would follow trails leading through the valley and, in several places the trails would leave the valley floor and cross the mountains to the east or west.

In 1859 when Fairview, then called North Bend, was first settled the Mormon Pioneers found an Indian trail going directly east from the center of their new town. The trail went through the sagebrush into the cedars, up past Big Knoll, through the scrub oaks into the little canyon, where the Indians would camp beside a small mountain stream. From here they would move through the chokecherries, deer browse and pines to the top of the mountain. The trail was well-beaten through many years or constant use. The trail was narrow, just wide enough for horse to travel single file. Undoubtedly many Indians had traveled this trail looking for game, berries, and other Indian food. The trail was also used as an Indian access road from Sanpete to Carbon and Emery counties. Even after one hundred years the trail is still in many places, well-defined.

About the time the Indian Black Hawk War was coming to an end Archibald Anderson, his wife, and three sons, who had emigrated from Scotland to America some years before, were now building their homes along east Center Street in Fairview; the new homes being located between second and third east. The three sons, Archibald, John, and James were now raising their families and caring for their farms.

On this particular summer morning the young children were playing around their homes of logs and adobes when a sudden hush seemed to creep along east Center Street. Excitement was in the air. The young mothers hurriedly herded their excited, bewildered offspring into the houses. Doors were latched and the humble make-shift blinds were quickly and quietly drawn, except for a peephole. An atmosphere of tense expectation hovered in each pioneer home. The anticipation of unforeseen trouble seemed to pervade even the personal feelings of the younger children. The beauty of the summer morning was tainted with a spirit of insecurity and dread. Something unusual seemed about to happen. Even the birds, happily chattering from the young fruit trees that had been planted wand were now about to bear fruit, suddenly beat a hasty retreat to more remote protection. The cause for this abrupt interruption of carefree activity on east Center Street soon emerged. A lone Indian, a native of this area, a creature of the forest, slowly rode east toward the rising sun. He had ridden out of the west and was now traveling along the first street he had ever seen. Everything was new to him. Always had he been able to use the free, open spaces. Always had he followed the narrow, dim trails that quietly meandered through the sagebrush, scrub oaks, aspen and pines. But now something new was about to take root and grow in his beloved homeland. As this stately son of another era rode slowly along Center Street, he stopped before each home and gazed at it with intense concentration, and then he would move on to the next home. He had never seen anything like it before. The fences which were springing up around the houses worried him. He had always been able to roam at will. What would these fences do to his freedom that he loved so much? The ditches that were being dug to carry the lifesaving water to the fruit trees and gardens were a hidden hazard to the feet of his sure footed pony. The barns that were beginning to take form were a mystery to him. Always he and his horse had slept out, under the majesty of the stars. It is inconceivable to even attempt to fathom what went on in the mid of this Indian on this bright summer morning. But it is safe to reason that he felt that something beyond his limited comprehension; beyond his ability to cope was happening before his eyes.

As he reached the end of the street he turned his pony around slowly and looked back along this street so much wider than his familiar trails, used for so many years in the past. He shifted his implements of warfare from one side of his partly uncovered body to the other. As he took a long, last

look at this new way of life he quietly became aware that his way, which had served his people for so many moons, was about to be challenged by a manner of life that he did not understand.

He silently turned his trusted horse toward the rising sun and rode out of sight along the Indian trail, the last Indian ever to use that ancient roadway.

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## **ANOTHER NEW DAY**

Gwen A. Jacobson

Ephraim, Utah

Honorable Mention

Short Story

It was December 23, 1853, two days before Christmas, and the wagon train inched along the trail to Manti. The wagon master snapped his whip over the backs of his weary oxen as he wondered how much further they should travel before making camp. It was early afternoon. Perhaps with a bit of luck they could make 10 more miles. The snow was deep in places, but the trail was fairly well traveled, and as long as the sun shone they would move one.

A shout went up at the rear of the train and a man rode quickly up to the lead wagon bringing the word that an ox had fallen dead in his tracks.

"It's the wagon of those young Welsh immigrants, John and Mary Rees," he called, as he turned his horse around and hurried back to give them a helping hand.

"No, John, I won't go. I will not leave what precious few things we have left in this wagon, for the savages or wild beasts or heaven only knows what else." The firm set of her chin told John he need argue no further. Mary had made up her mind. She would stay here alone with their two babies on the banks of the Sanpitch River. The bitter chill of the winter wind or the knee-deep snow would not stop her from making a fire, nor would the howling of the grey wolves in the not too far distance frighten her.

Mary was blessed with a dogged determination, and once she had made up her mind nothing short of a miracle could change it. For this characteristic, John was most grateful. His young wife had been called upon to endure countless hardships the past three years, and a woman with less stubbornness and determination might have faltered, or at least complained. Mary had done neither.

They had left Wales in the spring of 1850. At Liverpool, England, they had boarded a small sailing vessel. The Atlantic crossing was rough and had lasted an interminable 13 weeks. Mary had tended their infant daughter, Betsy, and busied herself making plans for their future home in America. Although she and the baby had both been seasick, Mary had not complained.

When they finally arrived in St. Louis, Missouri, it was more than a year before they could complete final arrangements to come to Zion with a wagon train. During this period of time Mary had given birth to a second baby girl, Mary Ann.

Mary was constantly busy with preparations for the long journey. She had been raised on a farm and knew animals and their value. She sold some of the fine linens and clothing she considered too fancy for the Wild West, to purchase a cow and her calf. She traded the calf for a pig which provided salt Pork for the long trip across the plains. The cow was a roan cow named Bede, who was to serve a double purpose. Not only did she provide milk for the children of the wagon train when Mary milked her not twice, but three times a day, but the faithful beast shared the yoke with the ox when his mate died. She helped to pull the heavy wagon across the plains to the Salt Lake Valley and on to Sanpete.

As he climbed wearily up to the seat of the wagon beside his friend, John Price, John Rees waved to his wife and called, "I will be back before dawn with another ox. Take care of the little one, Mary." He smiled as he turned to John Price and said, "Let's be on our way, John, she will be alright."

Mary watched the wagon train momentarily as they creaked their way to Manti. The short winter day was fading into dusk and she must make haste before night and its mysteries settled upon her.

She cleared the snow away from an area large enough to build a sizeable bonfire. With tinder from the wagon and dry willows from the river bank she quickly fanned a tiny wisp of smoke into a comfortable, roaring blaze. A large brass kettle hung on the side of the wagon which she carried to the river and gingerly stepped onto the frozen river edge. She broke the ice and filled the kettle. She then quickly carried it to the fire and set its black bottom among the crackling willows.

Mary had been so busy she had almost forgotten her two babies until she heard an impatient squall coming from the wagon. The baby was awake and demanding immediate attention. As Mary entered the wagon, her three year old daughter said, "Mama, baby sister crying, I cold."

"Yes, Betsy dear, Mama will look after the baby and when the kettle boils we will be warm." As she spoke, Mary wrapped Betsy in a warm woolen shall and picked 11 month old Ann up to feed her.

The fire burned low and Mary refueled it with more willows. As the kettle began to boil she lifted it carefully into the wagon. The canvas flaps were snugly tied to the wagon frame and the interior became hazy with steam. Before long the two children were sleeping peacefully in the warm, cozy wagon.

Mary dozed briefly between fire refueling. She dared not let the fire go clear out as she could hear wild animals, probably wolves and coyotes howling to the moon nearby. She stood for a few moments looking past the orange flames into the moonlit wilderness.

"Can this really be me out here in this frozen wasteland?" she thought. Just a few short years ago she had been a girl spending her winter evenings in the comfortable farmhouse of her parents. Gathered around the fireside were friends and family singing and enjoying the hospitality of hot tea and biscuits. But all that had changed, when two Latter-day Saint missionaries had come to her door with a message of a plan of life that Mary had accepted immediately and without question. Her parents were bitterly opposed to her joining the church and when she was baptized they disinherited her.

She knew that she would never see her home or loved ones again, but her testimony was much stronger than the desire to remain in familiar surroundings. When she met and married the handsome young coalminer, who was also a recent convert, her heart was filled with gratitude. She looked forward eagerly to the time when they would be financially able to come to America and live among the Saints in the Salt Lake Valley.

It had taken such a long time to save the money to cross the ocean and the plains, but at last they had arrived. The waiting was behind them.

They had settled for a time in Farmington, then had moved to Bountiful where they lived in a two room adobe house. When President Brigham Young had called them to move further south and help with the settlements there, they had packed their belongings, hitched up old Bede and the ox and had taken to traveling again.

For one brief moment Mary wondered if the moving would ever end. Would there ever be a real house with a stove and windows with curtains and beds to sleep in that she could call her own?

Her reverie was interrupted by the shrill yapping of a coyote just over the hill. She pulled her shawl tightly against her shoulders and piled more willows on the fire. The long winter night passed and Mary and the children slept.

She awakened suddenly. The fire, she must get the fire going! Quickly she lifted the wagon flap. The first rays of the morning sun were streaking across the sky above the eastern mountains. The brittle winter air carried to her the sound of wagon wheels creaking in the distance. John was coming. She looked

about her. The fire was out, but the ashes were still warm. It took but a few minutes until the fire was blazing brightly again. She must get the kettle on. A man should have a good breakfast to start a new day.

Sources:

Material for this story was taken from a history of the Welsh pioneers who settled Wales, Sanpete County, Utah, which was written by Hannah Rees Anderson a daughter of John and Mary Rees.

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## **MEMORIAL MIRAGE**

Wilma Morley Despain  
Centerfield, Utah  
Honorable Mention  
Poetry

She once stood where long she's lain  
In sun-bathed sod and aired air  
She left a daughter, then a son, she left  
Her heart, at least part, was buried there.

"I'll return," she promised at going  
"Await my coming while in angel's care."  
Today, Memorial Day, she stood again  
Her arms outstretched to beckon me.

But as I reached her quiet place  
Just tall, white marble welcomed me.  
Mirage moved back as I approached  
With joy I called expectantly.

I found fond memories of days past  
Were all that waited, and history.  
I pressed a tear moist, desert lily there  
She used to wear them in her hair.

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## **LITTLE JENS**

Reva Tennant Jensen  
Santa Maria, California  
First Place Story  
Senior Division

T'was early fall and the leaves turn quickly in Herragard, Denmark, but I was anxious for snow to fly and for the slopes to pack. Grandfather surprised me with the greatest gift a boy could want, a bright; shiny sleigh, just big enough for me! Yet an undefined fear dampened my every joy.

For days my Father and Mother had been acting strange, and I felt secrets in the air, talk I could not understand. Angry words spilled out when Grandfather Falter came to visit! "How could Papa and Mama

dispute one so noble as Grandfather?" Then suddenly I learned why. We were leaving Herragard, leaving our home for a new faith, for an unknown journey, and I would not be permitted to take my sleigh!

I watched my mother pack the trunks, sorting sure and slow and hidden in among the sheets was her accordion; it must go! I watched her face so full of beauty, her arms around my waist wiping little dried-up tears. "The sleigh we'll soon replace."

T'was eighteen hundred sixty-six, a legendary year; a battered boat with a hard-bitten crew and long suffering anxious men and women holding a child or two. A firm demanding voice bellowed from a horn, "All emigrants take the lower decks and make the line go fast." "Mama, what's an emigrant?" "Now Jens, don't ask questions, just let us not be last."

The restless sea, the long, long days, rain splashing with the wind in the ships dark fold, there were prayers n' faith n' Mama's hand to hold.

Then one day our steamer docked. Mama patted me from behind; "We'll be crossing the plains. You can run and jump and watch the road unwind." "Mama, what's the plans? N'why must we go on?" Her answer I scarcely heard, "We must be ready by dawn."

Sixty covered wagons drawn by four yolk of oxen grounded sage brush into dust, but I loved the evenings best when they made a big round circle, and Captain Abner Lowry placed guards on every side. Papa called each man a saint. Supper by an open fire, then laughter and songs and prayers, and when darkness finally settled in and all was calm and quiet, I'd hear the wild coyotes call and watch fathom fire flies light. I sorta understood by now the meaning of the plains.

At Sweetwater Wyoming, Captain Lowry gave orders to cross the river before making camp. Papa was chosen to be one of the men to wade in the river to keep the oxen from going down stream for the current in the river was swift. It was a grave task and too much for my weary Father, by midnight he was dead.

I watched Mama unpack the old trunk and take one sheet to wrap his frail body in, and we left a lonely grave on the plains. The rest of the crossing Mama sang no songs, but she cautioned me, "Jens, we shall not pause to air our grief, but we will labor to do His will." "Mama, I'll be the Father." I climbed to the wagon seat and held the reins that guided four yolk of oxen across those rugged plains, and Mama never left my side.

The journey to Manti took 181 days from the time we had left Herragard. The valley, 5750 feet high in the tops of the mountains was dotted with converts from Denmark. They were all out to greet the new members arriving into the new settlement. The welcome warmed our hearts, such hand clasping, laughter, and sacraments of thanks brought tears of joy. When Mama told of how Little Jens helped drive the oxen, Brother Olef Hansen popped me on his shoulder, and every one sang and danced to an old Danish waltz, "cum a litta pika, valtz en gang vit ye."

Soon we began to build our house with pine logs, and rough saw boards. On a dirt floor we placed flat stones, gathered from the creek. We fashioned a cupboard on one wall and a rough round table with planks for benches, and nailed posts in the floor. Someone gave us a cow hide to cover the outside door.

I looked at Mama's worn hands; how could she nimble them up? Would she ever play her accordion again, still packed in our old trunk?

I liked our house, but best of all was the hearth, built with solid rock, extending clear across one wall, a wide, wide shelf for kettles n' a special spot for Papa's clock where firelight fell upon it.

As the creek became silent under the ice and my breath blew white in the air, I could see my sleigh hanging in Grandpa Falter's shed. Wouldn't it be fun to try it on the thick ice? (I would not mention it to Mama, so many jobs to do; there was no time to fret and yet, how I longed for Grandpa Falter and my sleigh.)

Each day Mama counted the savings, and each day only a few logs went on the hearth, but in mid winter when the howling winds whipped about our house, "Jens," she said, "Bring an extra log." Mama



had opened the old trunk, unpacked her accordion. We sat by the hearth, making games out of flames until they all lay smoldering, and Mama played her accordion. Once again I heard her sing.

We sang often after that. It kept our hearts in tune! By Christmas Mama had taught me some chords on the accordion. "You learn quickly Jens, just like your Father." I felt proud to hear her say that. When other kids were skating on the ice, I practiced on my chords. I was soon playing "Valtz en gang vit ye," and winter nights went faster, and soon it was spring.

As the trees began to bud and the air smelled green again, planting time grew near, but Mama looked troubled. I saw her empty the savings jar. "Jens," she said, "We must buy seed, for you must get it in the ground so we can reap in the fall and prepare for another winter." The days were filled with work, and there was no time for singing, in fact I could not find the accordion, even when I felt like strumming a chord or two. "Mama, have you let Brother Mickleson borrow our accordion?" (Brother Mickelson was in and out of our house more than I liked anyway.) "No Jens, don't ask questions; just do your jobs well."

Not long after that I was passing the Co-op window, and there I saw our accordion with a 'For Sale' on it. I ran quickly into the store looking closely again to be sure it was ours. "Why do you have Mama's accordion in your window?" I asked the storekeeper, "and with a 'For Sale' sign on it?" "Run home lad; it is no longer your Mother's;" she sold it to me for supplies, flour, sugar, seeds, shoes for you. Little Jens has lots to learn besides learning chords on an accordion."

I hurried out of the store before anyone saw the tears streaming down my face. "How could she? Why? Why? Why? I'll not go home!" I began to run until I reached the canyon; the creek was full and overflowing, and I sat on a rock and dangled my feet in the spring waters. I thought about my sleigh, that dream lost. I knew I would never see Grandpa Falter again. I just knew it, and now the thing I had learned to love, our precious accordion was gone, and then I thought of Mama, for she had loved it too. I could see her hands and all the tasks they do. I felt a sweep of courage, like she had on the plains, with her firm hands over mine, holding the reins. Slowly I began to walk on the bank of the creek until the tears dried on the side of each cheek; then I hurried faster. I was late; I knew, and that would worry Mama. I felt guilty too.

I reached our house, the 'smell' pouring from the door. We had not had Danish Ebleskivers "a year or more!" I began to whistle that old "Valtz Song." Mama joined in the chorus, and Papa's clock ticked on.

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## GRANDMA PAINTED A PICTURE

Luella H. Rogers  
Manti, Utah  
First Place Essay  
Senior Division

My grandmother, Elizabeth Wilcox Hurst, was born in Manti the 13<sup>th</sup> of July, 1851. She grew up in Mt. Pleasant, and spent the first married years of her long and eventful life in Fairview.

While I was yet a child she began telling me stories of her life in Sanpete in the early days. We were living in Old Mexico then so that both the time of their happenings, and the places mentioned seemed really remote to me. As I grew older, the incidents she related gave a clearer picture of things as they must have been in the last half of the eighteen hundreds in Sanpete Valley.

There was the Indian scare, all the people were called into the fort at Manti. In two days, as nothing else happened, Grandpa Wilcox felt safe to return home to the Northwest part of town, known as the farm, to see how his livestock had fared in his absence. To his sorrow he found his only milk cow and few chickens killed and piled in front of the log cabin door.

Lizabeth was 14 years old before she owned a dress or 'boughten' cloth. She had worked and earned the money to buy a piece of black calico with a small white flower in it. She made the dress herself (by hand of course, in those days). She thought it was beautiful. One Saturday evening she washed her dress, starched it with flour starch, and spread it out on the bushes to dry.

When she went to 'gather in' her precious finery all that was left of the shirt was the band, hem and seams. The basque was a ruin also; only the sleeve bands, neck band, and the two pieces that held the buttons and buttonholes down the front remained. The grasshoppers had eaten the dress for the starch. It was a real tragedy.

One Sunday Jim came home in low spirits. It seemed there was to be an Aaronic Priesthood party on Tuesday night and he couldn't go because his pants were too patched and ragged. His mother said, "Yes you can go, we will make some pants for you."

Monday morning, long before it was light outside, a sheep was brought into the house and sheared on the hearth by the light of the fire. The wool was scoured, washed in homemade soap suds, the precious Indigo was brought out and a few drops mixed with "chamber lye", to set and to add color to the wool. The wool was then hung in the sun. When dry, the wool was corded into fluffy bats. It was then taken to the spinning wheel in the corner to be made into yarn, onto the cumbersome, crude loom for weaving. Sometimes the warp was white and the wool colored to make a cloth called salt and pepper, but Jim's pants were to be all blue.

Finally at the end of long hours the cloth was finished. It was spread out on the floor and Jim's old pants were laid on for a pattern. His mother cut the new pants with her big sewing shears. The pants still had to be sewed by hand, but they were finished in time. From the scraps left after the cutting, a pair of little blue slippers were made for Elizabeth and she wore them with pride as she and Jim set out gaily to the party.

One winter two men came from Wyoming with some horses to feed. They camped in an old cabin not far from the Wilcox home. When they left in the spring they gave Grandpa Wilcox a couple of pairs of old boots, too worn out to use, but the tops were quite good. He took the tops and made shoes for his two older girls, the first leather shoes his daughters ever owned. Grandma said, "Sarah's shoes were prettier than mine, they had a red star on the side".

When the freight wagon brought in goods from Salt Lake "Factory" later known as unbleached muslin, could be bought. In those days it was made much stiffer and heavier and was more firmly woven. It was used to make "chimies" and petticoats and other "unmentionables" but first before the cloth was cut, a yard was torn off and very carefully unraveled thread by thread and wound around smooth sticks and put away to be used as thread in sewing.

When the Black Hawk War started all able bodied men engaged in it. Elizabeth's father had a bad hip from an old injury and couldn't ride a horse but he could stand guard duty. He killed and jerked beef for the fighting men. They made butter crackers in their home from flour, butter, salt, and water mixed and rolled thin, cut in squares and baked. The result was somewhat like soda crackers. They didn't dry out like bread and were easier to carry. Grandma told how the men would come riding into their yard, full the sacks with jerky and butter crackers, tie the sacks to the saddle and ride away. She added pensively, "And that is the last time we ever saw some of them."

Lizabeth boiled and molded bullets to be used in the Black Hawk War. The bullet mold was heavy, with two handles. After the mold was loaded the handles were brought together and pressed real hard. Her hands and her wrists were small and it was hard work for her. She said, "Many a time before I was through my wrists would swell and pain and hurt most of the night."

In 1868 the brethren at headquarters again sent a call for a company of men to go across the plains and bring saints from Europe to Utah. Philip Hurst was among the men to answer the call. While on the

plains he sent Lizabeth a letter by Pony Express. When I was young that seemed the acme of romance to receive a letter from an admirer by pony express. They married soon after he got home.

One winter in Sanpete the weather was unusually cold, not counting the first history making winter in Manti. The snow fell deep, then froze and crusted until people could walk on top of the snow. The bigger boys tied rags and pieces of old sacks on their feet and up over their pant legs and ran around chasing each other on top of the snow. Sometimes one would break through the crust and do down with one leg. He couldn't get out alone, and his comrades would come whooping and yelling to his rescue.

It wasn't possible to keep enough fire to warm the back end of the log houses. Mothers were afraid to put their babies on the bed for fear of them freezing to death in their sleep. The babies were bundled up and held on their mother's lap while they slept. The mothers busied themselves with patching or knitting so as not to lose time while the little ones slept. What an impression this story made on me who had never seen snow.

Nineteen years ago when we were called to be workers in the Temple we had no idea that Manti was to become our permanent home. But from the first, I loved the Sanpete Valley with hills and mountains surrounding the substantial towns separated by fertile fields and meadows, and presiding over all, the Temple on Manti Hill, a sacred living monument to the faith, courage, and vision are people with the same blood lines as mine. In Mt. Pleasant and Manti cemeteries are graves of my great and second great grandparents. Because of the word pictures grandma so vividly painted for me years ago, and now still hang on memories walls, I somehow feel that I have come HOME.

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## GINGERBREAD TRIM

The following section of pictures of Gingerbread Trim of homes throughout Sanpete is printed in honor of those pioneers who brought with them a love of beauty and the artisan skills to create it when they came to settle this valley.

At least two of the homes pictured were among the first that were built outside the Fort in Ephraim in the early 1860's and added grace and charm to the solid structure of the early pioneer homes.

Pictures were loaned by Dr. Lyman S. Willardson of Brawley, California. Dr. Willardson is the son of Mrs. Alice Willardson and the late Lyman Willardson of Ephraim.

Images of the homes included in this volume are:

- 170 East 1<sup>st</sup> North – Ephraim
- A home in Wales
- 46 West 1<sup>st</sup> North – Ephraim
- 2<sup>nd</sup> East 3<sup>rd</sup> North – Ephraim
- 197 West 2<sup>nd</sup> North – Manti
- 251 North 2<sup>nd</sup> West – Ephraim
- 3<sup>rd</sup> North and Main – Ephraim
- Another home in Wales
- 48 West 2<sup>nd</sup> North – Ephraim
- 105 West 3<sup>rd</sup> North – Manti
- 291 East 1<sup>st</sup> South – Ephraim
- A home in Spring City
- 201 North 3<sup>rd</sup> East – Manti



Main and 3rd North  
Ephraim



Wales



48 West 2nd North — Ephraim



105 West 3rd North — Mantl



291 East 1st South — Ephraim



Spring City



201 North 3rd East — Mantl



170 East 1st North — Ephraim



Wales



46 West 1st North — Ephraim



193 South 4th East — Ephraim



499 South Main — Mantl