

# *Saga* *of the* *Sanpitch*



Wasatch Academy, Mt. Pleasant, Utah, 1888-1933  
(Centennial Year -- 1875-1975)

**Volume 7**

**1975**

**SAGA OF THE SANPITCH**

**Volume VII**

**Winning Entries**

**of the 1975**

**Sanpete Historical Writing Contest**

**Also**

**Pictures of Sanpete's early schoolhouses**

**Sponsored by**

**Manti Region**

**Of the**

**Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints**

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**By**

**Ruth D. Scow**

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**Manti, Utah**

## **"I LIFT UP MY EYES TO THE HILLS"**

Coming down the highway and over Hilltop,  
I see the wide expanse of Sanpete Valley  
Spreading out before me—  
Clean, white, snow-covered,  
Cerulean blue above.

My memory reaches back to a long, long time ago  
When I first rode down this hill.  
It was June, and I had never seen such green,  
Valley and mountain.  
It seemed that all the freshness in the earth washed over me,  
Lifting my spirits.  
I felt then, as now, with gratitude,  
That God is truly here.

I let my mind play farther back—beyond memory—  
To those who came in much less comfort, in crude wagons,  
Wheels slipping over rocks and ruts,  
Sliding through mud, carrying every impulse  
To riders on hard seats.  
Every turn of those determined wheels must have brought questions  
Mixed with fear—  
What will life be like in this strange place?  
Can we endure?

But as the riders raised their eyes and saw the valleys and the hill,  
There was the same fresh green that I first saw.  
They smelled the same sweet air perfumed with juniper and sage.  
I'm sure they had the same quick thought,  
That God is here!

They've come, students and teachers,  
For this one hundred years.  
Young minds keen for learning, older ones sharing wisdom.  
Warm hearts, eager for friendship and for love,  
The Wasatch family —born a hundred years ago—  
Together still.

Katy Hansen  
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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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### JUDGES

**Mrs. Edith A. Allred**—(Chairman) Former English teacher at Carbon College with B.S. and M.S. from BYU.

**Mr. Duane A. Frandsen**—Attorney at Law, District, County, and City Attorney. Price Utah Stake President, Vice President of Nat'l Park's Council, scoutmaster.

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**WINNERS IN 1975 SANPETE COUNTY HISTORICA WRITING CONTEST**

DECISIONS OF:

**Mrs. Edith A. Allred  
Mr. Duane A. Frandsen  
Mr. Dan C. Keller**

**NON-PROFESSIONAL DIVISION**

**ANECDOTE OR INCIDENT**

JOSH, THE.....First Place  
NOW IS YESTERDAY'S TOMORROW.....Second Place  
FEATHER DUSTER.....Honorable Mention #1  
UNPOPULAR PETS.....Honorable Mention #2

**ESSAY**

WIDE ROADS OF HOME HAVE NARROWED, THE.....First Place  
THAT TIME OF THE YEAR.....Second Place  
FIRST FREIGHTERS, THE.....Honorable Mention #1  
OUR SCHOOLHOUSE.....Honorable Mention #2

**POETRY**

ATTIC MEMOIRS.....First Place  
SANPETE, MY HOME.....Second Place  
RETROSPECT.....Honorable Mention #1  
TO A BENCH.....Honorable Mention #2  
PICTURE WINDOW, A.....Honorable Mention #3  
SAGA OF THE SANPITCH.....Honorable Mention #4

**SHORT STORY**

ENGLISH ROSE, THE.....First Place  
FORGOTTEN DREAM.....Second Place  
MARRIAGE, THE.....Honorable Mention #1  
EXCHANGE, THE.....Honorable Mention #2

**PROFESSIONAL DIVISION**

**ESSAY**

IN THE GOLDEN, OLDEN GLORY.....First Place  
SCHOOLDAYS WITH MATHILDA.....Second Place

## POETRY

WITH VALIANT SOVEREIGNTY.....First Place  
BRIDE AT FIFTEEN, A.....Second Place  
INDEPENDENCE DAY-1861.....Second Place  
GRANDMA REMEMBERS SUMMERS.....Honorable Mention #1  
ALWAYS HORSESHOE MOUNTAIN.....Honorable Mention #2

## SHORT STORY

LI'L SOJAR.....First Place  
PIG THAT COUGHT THE MUMPS.....Second Place

## **SENIOR DIVISION**

### ANECDOTE OR INCIDENT

HOW AN INDIAN REMEDY HELPED CURE A WHITE MAN.....First Place  
INCIDENT, AN.....Second Place  
NEXT-TO-THE-LAST CAR, THE.....Honorable Mention #1

## ESSAY

SANPETE VALLEY RAILROAD, THE.....First Place  
CHANGES THE RAILROAD BROUGHT TO SANPETE.....Second Place  
CRAZY PATCH.....Honorable Mention #1  
LOG CABIN MEMORIAL.....Honorable Mention #2  
OLD EPHRAIM TABERNACLE.....Honorable Mention #3

## POETRY

MANTI TEMPLE, THE.....First Place  
INDIAN CALL, THE.....Second Place  
TIE THAT BINDS, THE.....Honorable Mention #1

## SHORT STORY

FRIENDLY INDIANS.....First Place  
COME TO ZION.....Second Place  
FIRST SILVER CHRISTMAS TREE, THE.....Honorable Mention #1



Manti North Ward School,  
1866-1894

### **THE JOSH**

Elga H. Larsen

Ephraim, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Place Anecdote

Grandfather Daniel Henrie, early pioneer to Manti, Utah, was a great josh, but one time his little joke backfired.

Daniel had a nice rock house with a lean-to room built on the back of it. In this lean-to, quite often, fresh meat was kept which he, being a butcher, had prepared for sale. At that time a white cloth would be hung above a door to let people know that meat was available. Occasionally Indians came to get some of it. In those days the settlers were careful not to offend the red men.

In a corral nearby pranced a beautiful pinto pony. Many people had wanted to buy it, but Grandfather was too much of a horse lover to part with this one at any price.

One day when the white cloth was hung out, an Indian brave and his squaw with a papoose on her back, came to get some meat. This day the pony happened to be tied outside the corral. Of course, it caught the admiring eyes of the Indian. After the meat was obtained, the Indian asked to buy the pony. Laughingly, Grandfather replies that he wouldn't sell it, but he would trade for the papoose.

To his utter consternation, the Indian removed the baby girl from the protesting squaw's back, placed it in Grandfather's arms, untied the pony and let it away with his sobbing squaw following him.

Finally, a speechless man, already a father several times, found his voice, caught up with the brave and attempted to explain that he was only joking and that the Indian could have both the papoose and the pony. But the Indian in no uncertain, guttural tones answered: "No, when me trade, me trade!"

Source: This is a true happening in the life of Daniel Henrie told by his children to their children and so on down to later generations.

Reference: The Henrie Genealogy file kept by family historian, Mrs. James J. Chapman, 302 East 2 North, Manti, Utah.

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## **NOW IS YESTERDAY'S TOMORROW**

LaRaine Redd

Monticello, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Place anecdote

Grandma didn't live there anymore. The small, yellow adobe house stood lonely, and tall weeds adorned the landscape that once boasted peonies, roses, pansies, and tulips. Poplar trees, lining the street-side of the yard, had aged; and new shoots were spearing high about their roots.

I walked gingerly across the splintered foot bridge, through the sagging front gate, and up the boardwalk to the house. Void of loved furnishings, the walls echoed my footsteps as I entered the parlor. It gazed at me with its faded rose-colored linoleum; but the studio couch, the straight-backed oak chairs, the upright piano were gone. In the far corner of the room, hermit-like and still unfriendly, stood the old coal heater I never saw used.

I hastened through the once cozy dining room where we ate suppers of homemade bread and milk and sharp cheddar cheese and stepped into the long, narrow kitchen. My head almost reached the sloping ceiling on the outside wall, which as a little girl standing on tiptoe I had tried to touch with my fingers.

The smells of fresh-baked sugar cookies and of boiling water for dishes had been replaced by dust and loneliness. I hurried out the back door, which somehow still whined the same, but its spring was broken and didn't pull it back into place.

I looked at the door. What had happened to all my yesterdays? Then I remembered, "Now is yesterday's tomorrow," and gently closed the door. With haste I returned to my car.

Source: This is the memoir of my Grandma Mary Mikkelsen, whose home is in Fountain Green, Utah.

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## **FEATHER DUSTER**

Marjorie M. Riley

Salt Lake City, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention #1 Anecdote

More than anything, my sister and I wanted to give Mama a present for her birthday. We had no money for buying a gift, even if we could get to The Progress or The Golden Rule Store, and we were too



young to know how to make anything nice. So, we just got our little curly heads together and came up with what we thought was a terrific idea. In action, the idea went like this: we filled a tin can with wheat from the granary and began calling, "Here chickie; here chickie, chickie," even if it wasn't chicken feeding time. All the barnyard fowl came running and began picking at the grain being scattered with circular arm movements. Then came the crucial time, the fulfillment of the idea. As one of us approached a big rooster, she grabbed its tail and swung it up in the air and around her head. One tail feather came out, or maybe, two. The gesture was repeated time after time, and before we knew it, we had a lot of "de-tailed" roosters and we had enough big colorful tail feathers to make a nice feather duster for Mama's birthday present. Tied together with a string, we considered the duster an original and useful item. Mamma kissed us and thanked us when we made the presentation, but nevertheless, she looked surprised and puzzled. Often we wondered why we never saw her using the feather gift as she dusted the furniture in the front room.

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### **UNPOPULAR PETS**

Esther B. Christensen

Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Non-professional Division

Honorable Mention #2 Anecdote

Ki and Ote, the boys called them, were two little pups which Joe and Frank Jorgensen found in a coyote den on the bank of Cedar Creek near their farm home four miles out of Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

The little coyotes thrived on the diet of dog's milk furnished by a female dog at the farm. They became most interesting pets, but lost favor with Mrs. Jorgensen when they began devouring her little chickens. So the pets must be disposed of. The Erickson boys who lived in town brought some rabbits to the farm and exchanged for the coyotes. When the trade was made, Joe and Frank accompanied the coyotes and the new owners to town where the coyotes were established in their new home. When the Jorgensen boy returned to their home in the Bottoms, they found no rabbits—only some scattered fur, but Ki and Ote were comfortably housed in the rabbit pen.

Source: This incident took place in the 1880's as Frank was born in 1877 and Joe in 1880. An older sister of the two Jorgensen boys told the story.

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### **THE WIDE ROADS OF HOME HAVE NARROWED**

William M. Despain

Centerfield, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Place Essay

Here is where a fence stood, crooked and weathered, but sturdy against the sky. A whole section is down now, letting a cloud touch the ground. "I must mend the fence," I think as I come up the lane, my arms filled with yellow dahlias for my Father's quiet place.

I look across a field which is turning gold for harvest. I look across and beyond another field with straight, fresh furrows that are turning brown in August sun.

As I start up the rugged steepness of the hill, where the lane leading to home is resting, words come to mind. Dear words, spoken by my Father when he was here, and I was young and he controlled most of my world. His eyes, so wise in handsome face, reflected a keen mind and a great soul rocketing around in that tall, well-built, English-ancestored frame.

Now, in memory, I see his looking across his furrowed acres too, looking with contented eyes at thought of many harvests, of filled bushels and bursting bins.

Life was not all happiness and harvest, not all content and success for him. I have seen his head bowed by great sorrow and surrounded by black storms with lightning's rapier thrust, with thunderbolts ricocheting across his life and loved acres.

I have seen him in restless moods when his pioneer blood impelled him to stand again where men has never stood.

He was an organized man, and each task was starched and planned. He crossed many state borders as a freighter in early days. He had endured the desert's heat and stretching thirst as a stagecoach driver and dealt with winter's hoary, arctic ice on his runs many times. He had driven paths that seemingly would surely have no return.

I have seen his tears as life's candle flame burned low, at the passing of a loved one. I have seen him sit in evening's quiet mist and I often wondered if he were indestructible? Hard times? Yes, but no complaining nor fear in his eyes as he looked down the hill at the well marked squares of emerald green at his feet. He surveyed his kingdom, this kingdom of many contented sights and sounds in late shadowed beauty of purpling summer.

This man, who helped give me life, withstood the throes of inner battle and tortured earth. He faced all with courage and rode each heaving crest with dignity. He soldiered our lives with examples of honesty, balanced laws, belief in God, and trust in ourselves and our fellowmen.

Being both father and mother to us, he was more conscious of his legioned duties and varied responsibilities.

He gave all his life, as his father and grandfather before him had done, to help make the West safe for decent people. He loved America, his country, with a passion and wanted everyone else to love her too.

Now that his lips are stilled forever, his words come, love-mirrored, to comfort and to bless, and to try to still my hearts pain. I lock them in my heart, my eyes and memory eclipse with time as I watch a jet penciling the heavens that dome this valley that he helped settle.

Across the span of time I think of this renewer of my spirit, the sculpting of this daily artiest, and it moves like a bright shuttle across the warp and woof of my days, helping me to again make my common cloth whole.

He respected authority and in all his pioneering in Moroni, Utah; Freedom, Utah; Georgetown, Nevada; he accepted council and advice in all he did and knew it was all for the up building of the Lord's Kingdom here in the west.

A surety sings up through me as steady as mercury, a surety that the gift of life and the way we lived it was what really mattered. The sacrifice of those who made it possible to live here and other loved places, in peace and safety, permitted the cycle of life to be completed as we wanted it to.

A deep peace comes over me, who should know better than I, having been blessed with several early Utah and Sanpete colonizers for grandparents? Who should know and appreciate being taught by this gentle

man, my father, who never compromised his principles, who taught that in this landscape, a man's life becomes so brief that his worth must be measure in honor and integrity, and in productivity, rather than years?

He burned his precious oil in time, in full. He is gone; his absence fills this house, this yard, his acres, but he has never really gone away.

He served in both civic and church positions, he has taught us to do the same.

How can mere worked ever sum up a man's life? How can mere words ever convey the depth of a daughter's love?

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## **THAT TIME OF THE YEAR**

Marjorie M. Riley

Salt Lake City, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Essay

Annual spring house cleaning time was really something; something to behold, and something to remember. Whether or not the house needed cleaning was of little matter, it had to be done anyhow. Each room of the house was cleaned separately and thoroughly, and in order to do this, curtains were taken down, carpets were taken, up and every stitch of furniture was taken out. Housewives, who wore dust caps to protect their hair, armed themselves with brooms, pails, ladders, and all such stuff and went to work, at times enlisting the help of husbands and kids.

Walls and ceilings of a room were dusted lightly with a long-handled broom, over which a towel had been thrown, to get cobwebs down that had collected during the winter months. But if the walls and ceilings were grimy from coal smoke, they were given fresh coats of calcimine or whitewash. Colors of the cold-water paint were changed from year to year to make rooms look different. The smell of fresh calcimine was invigorating, but it sort of took one's breath away.

Carpets were cleaned in various and ingenious ways. Carpet tacks were removed from around the edges of a hand-loomed carpet with a little tool called a tack puller. The carpet was dragged outside where folks stations at the four corners proceeded to give it a good healthy shaking, then turned it over and shook it violently again. Sometimes the carpet was placed over a clothes line and beaten with brooms or big sticks to get the dust out. In the meantime, piles of straw and dust were swept up and the wooden floor was gone over with a wet mop. Fresh straw was laid on the floor prior to the carpet's being put down again, clean side up, of course. Only adults knew how to use a carpet stretcher, how to push the foot board to stretch the carpet properly without tearing it. Once in place, the carpet was tacked down again at the mop boards. The fun of bouncing up and down on the fresh straw and running from one end of the room to the other was more exciting than anyone can imagine. In know, for I was there.....

The time came when front rooms and parlors were covered with nine by nine or twelve by twelve, store-bought, flower designed plush rugs. The common cleaning procedure for such a rug was to take to to the front lawn and then have two or three kids drag it back and forth, right side up and then right side down. Contact with the grass forces most of the accumulated dust to escape. Every few years imitation hardwood linoleum, which bordered the rug, was replaced.

Dust particles filled the room and covered the furniture when a rug was swept with a regular straw broom, before the advent of carpet sweepers and vacuum cleaners. It was found that by shaking drops of water here and there on the rug, from a broom dipped in a wash basin of cold water, a good deal of the dust could be eliminated when the room was swept. So the procedure became common practice.

If the year had been a good year, and if the kitchen linoleum were worn to where big brown patches showed, or if there were torn and ragged places, it was replaced. All this was before the day of long-wearing inlaid linoleum for fancy tile.

Cook stove chimney pipes were taken down and carried to the back yard for cleaning. Hot water reservoirs were emptied and wiped out and soot was removed from a box underneath the oven with a special, long-handled metal scraper. Finally, the stove received a good going-over with stove black. Front room heaters were taken down and stored in some convenient place for the summer.

To perfect the housecleaning project, pictures were taken down from the walls, glass portions washed, and wide, ornate frames re-gilded to red liquid, labeled "O'Cedar Polish." Windows were cleaned with "Bon-Ami" and kids had a ball, streaking pictures on chalk-covered panes with their fingers. Lace curtains were washed, starched, and then stretched on borrowed curtain stretchers. Wardrobes were cleared, and clothes were hung on clothes lines for airing and moth proofing. Dishes, everyday ware and fancy, were washed and put back into cupboards in the very same places, and silverware was gone over with "Dutch Cleanser."

Beds were difficult to move, and usually, men-folk had to help take them down and carry them outside. There the bedsteads were scrubbed and disinfected with turpentine, just in case there should be a bedbug. A housewife's reputation was definitely damaged should a bedbug ever be found nestled in a corner of the wooden frame. Straw ticks were emptied and refilled with fresh straw; feather beds were shaken and fluffed up before being put back on the bed springs. Blankets, hand-made quilts and bed spreads were washed and aired as needed. How well everyone must have slept in beds that rated all such maneuvering.

Goal oil lamps were refilled, after smoke was cleaned from the glass chimneys with wads of newspaper, that is. Hanging lamps required more time, patience, and care when they were washed, for the hand painted china shades and the crystal prisms could easily be broken. Fancy dishes, vases, ornaments and such, displayed on tops of dressers, pianos and sideboard, had to be handled carefully, too as they were dusted and cleaned.

Spring house cleaning served more than one purpose. For instance, it gave housewives the incentive to repair a broken chair rung, to mend a torn sofa cushion or to replace a window blind that no longer rolled up and down properly. And, it gave them a chance to throw out a teacup minus a handle or to get rid of a graniteware kettle with a hole in the bottom, a hole plugged with a small, patented metal disc.

How come, I wondered as a child, how come, that the very next Saturday following spring house cleaning windup, I had to sweep the carpet, mop the kitchen floor, and dust all the furniture?

Source: Personal recollections of the author.

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## THE FIRST FREIGHTERS

A.J. Anderson

Fairview, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention #1 Essay

The early Pioneers of Sanpete were confronted with many, apparently insurmountable challenges. They endeavored to overcome these challenges with persistent determination, courage, fortitude, and vision. In many fields of Pioneer endeavor they were forced, through sheer necessity, to not only use the old and proven ways, but to improvise new methods of achieving. In the area of transportation, the wagon that had served the Pioneers so well in crossing the plains to Utah was again a priceless possession. The wagon was sturdy, durable, dependable and practical; it was adaptable to the primitive roads; it was the first mobile home on wheels; it was suitable, in a limited way, for housekeeping, but most of all, it was the work vehicle for freighting. The wagon trains, coming with goods and commodities from Salt Lake, must have been a most welcome sight to the Pioneers of Sanpete, and undoubtedly, each arrival brought jubilant excitement and a deep appreciation for the miracle of the wheel.

I try to visualize, in my mind's eye, the wonderment that must have filled the Indian's thinking as he sat on his shaggy pony on some distant cedar knoll. I see his stoic face, bathed in the warmth of the early morning sun, his coal-black hair waving gently in the morning breeze, his weather-beaten hands resting firmly on the unkempt mane of his ever-obedient horse, his silhouette blending completely with the beautiful landscape, his countenance frozen in disbelief, his hawk-eyed vision riveted on the moving wagons.

As he watched these covered wagons traverse his beloved valley, the magic of the scene must have fascinated this child of the forest. He had never before seen such an object. Did he suddenly develop a deep respect for the wagon, and perhaps also a bitter hatred for it? It signaled the beginning of the end for his limited, primitive method of moving his personal belongings from one campground to another. It quietly announced a new era of transportation in his cherished homeland. The Indian's only means for moving freight was his own back, or his faithful horse. Sometimes, when the freight was really heavy, a drag was used, consisting of two poles, one on each side of the horse. The front ends were tied together with straps of buckskin around the neck of the horse, and the two other ends would drag behind with a buckskin rope joining them together and providing a platform to carry the freight of the Indian. The dim trails, well-defined to his keen eyes, were the only roads the Indian knew. Many times he had moved from his winter quarters to his summer hunting grounds using this method of transportation—a method which had been handed down to him from his forefathers through generations. Now change was crowding in and the Indian didn't know quite how to cope with it, or accept it. The Indian related to the horse that pulled the wagon; he related to the roads, they were enlarged trails that he knew well, but the wagon he couldn't comprehend—it was a total mystery.

If this particular Indian, in his silent meditation, had been able to look forward another decade or more, his bewilderment would have been beyond the power of description to view the first Iron Horse, as the locomotive chugged up Salt Creek Canyon, into his valley, on iron rails that led to the new mines in Sanpete; and later when another Iron Horse moved down through the valley from the divide south of what is now Indianola. He would have marveled again and again when these Iron Horses moved heavy freight in many cars, along iron rails, carrying the produce, coal, lumber, grain, wool, meat, livestock, dairy products and many other articles, fruits of the labors and industry of the hard-working, enterprising Pioneers. The Indian had

always been accustomed to change—change in the weather, change in the seasons, change in hunting grounds, change through birth to life and from life to death—but change in transportation—this was beyond his power of understanding. His world had been more or less static for many generations. In his world, Indians traveled light and, because of this, there was no need for moving heavy freight. Now new neighbors had come to live in this valley and they were freight-minded creatures. Somehow, as he rode away from the cedar knoll, his mind must have been full of confusion, yet he realized another change had come to stay.

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## OUR SCHOOLHOUSE

Rose McIff  
Sterling, Utah  
Non-Professional Division  
Honorable Mention #2 Essay

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The sound of our school bell will call nevermore  
But in our fond memories will toll as before.  
The doors behind which all of us met  
Are gone—save in our hearts where we open them yet.

The Sterling Schoolhouse, built in 1898-99, meant a lot to us and to all who have resided here. A good deal of labor and sacrifice went into its brick and rock walls. This alone made it valuable. It was the place where unity had its beginning, where the people of a little settlement and a society started. With each generation its value has increased; for didn't your grandfather, you father, you, and your children go there for school, church, entertainment, and pleasure?

It was a tie between generations, a monument, if you please, to the devotion, faith, and hope of those who built it...a stake in the future. Each time it was marred was a hurt to those who wished to preserve it. Sterling was Sterling partly because of this old landmark. It added character, roots, and personality to our community.

As you traveled along Highway 89, it was one of the first things you noticed. Now we all loved the chime of its bell. The belfry arch with its one spire pointing upward gave a feeling of rightness and strength. Forever we will miss the silhouette of this treasured landmark against the setting sun. Even the basement sprouted history as each custodian recorded the date when he started the coal furnace each fall...always around or near September 22.

Sterling, Utah, is a singing, dancing town. Remember the old-time dances to the tune of a piano, violin and drum? Remember the schooldays, the doors, the halls, the teachers, the benches and desks you initialed, the teacher's desk, the sandbox, the blackboards, the dividing partition that would raise to make one large room, the old movies, and the pictures of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln? These memories are some of the happiest some of us will ever have.

The bell hasn't called us to school since 1956, but it has called us to primary, church, fires, and for many other reasons. Our every mood, the very pulse of our town could be felt by the ringing of the bell.

Do you miss it on the third and Fourth of July? I do. It was too bad that it could not send out its alarm to save the building in which it had hung for so many generations. July 2, 1968, was a sad day in Sterling history for those who feel a reverence for the past. On this night through some carelessness, the Sterling Schoolhouse burned to the ground.

All of us who have been raised or resided in Sterling have at one time or another pulled the rope to ring the bell. When we could hear its peal, we had a quickening of the pulse and a feeling of accomplishment and pride. Admittedly, our schoolhouse was not a million dollar edifice—or was it? At any rate, it was ours and this off times make the difference.

Then let up keep that old bell ringing  
In our hearts, just as before.  
That the noble things it stood for  
Will be ours, forevermore.

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## ATTIC MEMOIRS

Nora R. Mickelson  
Manti, Utah  
Non-Professional Division  
First Place Poetry

Now here is your great grandpa's cradle scythe.  
The blade is rusty and the worse for wear,  
But in its day it cut a lot of grain.  
Grandpa would hold it so, then thrust and pull,  
And lay the sheaf, and thrust and pull again.  
And no man in these parts could match his thrust,  
Or work beside him hour after hour.  
For even though he had a crippled leg,  
In his arms and hands he had unusual power.

He owned a pair of oxen, Zeke and Jim.  
That heavy piece of wood, with inset pegs,  
Was part of the old oxen yoke they wore.  
The wagon tongue would fit into the yoke.  
There were no reigns, to guide, no bridles for their heads.  
Only grandpa's voice geeing or hawing them.  
They minded better than the children, grandpa said.

We'd drive them to the Danish field for hay.  
I'd tromp and get to ride back on the load,  
Lying flat so as not to get thrown off,  
When we went through the ditch that crossed the road.  
I'd lie there and look up into the sky,  
Smelling the clover hay and watching the clouds drift by.  
Knowing that Zeke and Jim would take us home okay.

That is a cheese press in the corner there.  
Grandma made cheese back in the old country.  
She learned to make it when she was a girl,  
Before she joined the church, and came out West.  
Of all the cheese I've eaten, her's was best.  
In eighteen seventy-nine, or thereabouts,  
The neighbors started bringing milk to here,  
And she would make what was called "temple cheese,"  
Which sold real well. The proceeds helped to build,  
The Lord's house on the hill.

I often watched her use these cards to make wool,  
Into batts for quilts, or rolls for yarn  
The yarn was spun on that small spinning wheel.  
I see one spoke is gone.  
There is her knitting, just as she laid it down,  
The last time she took sick. The sock half done,  
Has lain there in the basket since she said,  
“I guess I’ll rest a spell before I start the heel.”

The sock and she are resting still.

A man was in to see me yesterday,  
An antique dealer from up north somewhere.  
He was well-dressed, and drove a fancy car.  
Said he would pay top price for things like these.  
It took me quite a while to make him see,  
That folks like us don’t care to sell their memories.

Sources: Adapted from true incidents in the lives of Peter and Maria Christina Mickelson, as remembered by their son Andrew Mickelson.

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## **SANPETE, MY HOME**

Lyndon Graham  
Fairview, Utah  
Non-Professional Division  
Second Place Poetry

For the splendors of exotic cities  
Or wherever I chance to roam,  
I’m always proud I chose Sanpete  
For the place to call my home.

Your history was etched in the wagon ruts  
Of the prairies so long ago.  
Where the blood showed red in the tracks that  
were made  
In the cold untrodden snow.

When noble men from family and friends  
And from the wicked were forced to flee,  
Their humble prayers were answered,  
As God saved this place for these.

They laid their hearts on the altar,  
Their all they freely gave.  
When many found their resting place  
In a lonely, unmarked grave.

My treasured home, you were bought for a price.  
God held you like a gem in his hand,

To await the coming of righteous men  
To possess this choicest land.

Who came not as seeker of silver or gold,  
Or the lure of worldly fame,  
But to build a temple and worship God,  
And to call on His holy name.

From the heights of your lofty mountains,  
I gaze on your valleys so fair,  
And freely partake and drink to my fill  
Of your unpolluted air.

Oh, daughters and sons of those stalwart men!  
Hold on to the old homestead.  
Don’t trade your birthright to unworthy men,  
And accept their gold instead.

From the time of my birth to this present day  
My love for you has grown.  
And I thank my God that I chose Sanpete  
For the place to call my home.



## RETROSPECT

Bonny Nielson  
Manti, Utah  
Non-Professional Division  
Honorable Mention #1 Poetry

Late afternoon had spread its glow  
Of sunlight tested by shadow,  
Fresh mountain air, my friend near-by,  
Our silhouettes against grey sky.

Intruding in my silent spell,  
My friend spoke softly, "Tell, please tell,  
As you look ov'er this valley, just what do you see?  
Your expression is puzzling – so please, do tell me."

The words exploded in a cool, musky breeze.  
A magpie echoed above bent pine trees.  
My thoughts ran wild, how could I tell  
A vision past, still witnessed so well.

I see Fort Ephraim rise and grow,  
Black Hawk's warriors in battle below,  
Our fathers tilling foreign soil,  
A temple built through faith and toil.

I see proud men, spirited, yet aged,  
A tired mother bury her young babe,  
Disease and hardships take their toll,  
Along with happy memories relived in each soul.

I turned and looked in shallow eyes,  
A scholarly man, experienced and wise.  
Yet a stranger to my own Sanpete home,  
My message, to him could not be know.

My heart pulsed wild, the truth held no sense,  
But my voice came soft; it held reverence,  
"I see a valley, a setting sun,  
And ending day – an era still to come."

My friend was silent, my words he pondered,  
Our eyes surveyed the land I'd wandered.  
I saw my pioneer fathers---I marveled, I cried.  
He saw a setting sun – he smiled, seemed satisfied.

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## TO A BENCH

(Spring City Meeting House)  
Viola Madsen Spencer  
Payson, Utah  
Non-Professional Division  
Honorable Mention #2 Poetry

Vacant—this bench,  
But it could tell  
Of choirs singing,  
Sermons and prayers.  
The light shining through  
Stain colored glass  
Brings life and light  
To this vacant bench  
Old—hand carved,

It shines like new  
Reflecting the grain  
Of nature's growth and hue.  
As I pause in tribute  
To this vacant bench,  
I can hear a refrain  
From faithful saints:  
"All is well – All is well."

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### **A PICTURE WINDOW**

Marzetta Willardson  
Ephraim, Utah  
Non-Professional Division  
Honorable Mention #3 Poetry

A pane of square glass, man-made and clear  
Can be a tranquil path for a mind clutched with fear.  
In spring in the sky, with a calmness of peace  
There are flicking, white clouds, like great waddling geese.

Lower, the horizon is broken and brown  
With roofs of the swellings of neighbors in town,  
Old barns, not forgotten, but slanting, forlorn,  
Their doors are one-hinged; their rafters all worn.

Think back over the years, with a lightness of heart.  
See a lad with his pail, his chores soon to start,  
It's not hard to see where the myrtle once grew,  
The butter-cups yellow and the wild rose bush too.

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### **THE SAGA OF THE SANPITCH**

Kathy D. Ockey  
Munich, Germany  
Non-Professional Division  
Honorable Mention #4 Poetry

Not much of a river  
Not more than a stream,  
Not much to make men  
Wonder, to make men dream

Of far away days  
Or of long ago,  
Of unthought-of stories  
They would like to know.

Yet, if one should wonder,  
If one should dream,

What stories could be told  
By this river that is a stream;

The stories of hardship,  
The stories of pain,  
The stories of failure,  
And beginning again.

If this river could speak,  
The listener would be rich  
In the folklore that would be  
The Saga of the Sanpitch.

**THE ENGLISH ROSE:**  
**Thoughts of Aggie Brock, August, 1875**  
David Rosier  
Moroni, Utah  
Non-Professional Division  
First Place Short Story

A week ago, after sunset, I watched the English rose sway gently in the evening wind. It was tall, spindly, sickly, flowerless. Only its thorns and its leaves made one certain it is a rose. But then I suppose one must consider the plant hardy for having lived; it was, after all, sprouted across the ocean, and uprooted there to come to this hard, desert land.

But how beautifully the roses bloomed at home!—bushes of them, going mad with blossoms. And how Miss cared for them! I remember watching through the window in that distant English house as Miss walked quietly through her garden, and as she stopped and bent down beside the roses. Her cheeks have the same warm pink as the flowers, and her eyes have the deep blue of an autumn sky. Her yellow hair has, at sunset, streaks of red and brown through it, and hangs warmly around her delicate features. Her hands are long and slender, her waist is small; she is indeed a picture of the lady she may have become. Often I thought of calling her “your ladyship” or “my lady,” and even now I call her “Miss.”

One evening while Miss was in her rose garden, a caller came. As I opened the door, he said, “Good evening, Aggie. I must speak to you and your mistress at once.” He followed me toward the garden. I quickened my step to reach the door first. “Miss,” I called, “Mr. Hall is here. He says it’s terribly important—”

“Terence!” my mistress exclaimed, “How pleasant to see you!”

“Emily, I’ve got something important to say to you—to both of you.”

“What is it, Terence? You look troubled.”

“Emily,” the young man said, “We’ve got to get out of here. All England hates. It’s not safe to be a Mormon in England. We’ve got to make plans to go to Utah.”

“Why Terence, the idea is always with us. You think I’m stalling, don’t you, dear? We can’t travel this way—two single people. We must be married before we set out.”

“No, Emily, I won’t let you go to Utah without a place to go to. I’ve got another plan. I’ll go ahead of you, and work hard and have a place for you to come to. I’m ready now; I can leave tonight.” He drew Miss close to him and wrapped his arms around her. “Don’t cry, Emily. I think this is right. God will guide us, won’t he? You must wait only six months; start counting tonight, and tomorrow one day will be gone already! Six months from tonight you leave too, and I will find you in Salt Lake City.”

He held my hand tenderly, then grasped Miss to him again. “Kiss me, my love. Kiss me now and remember.”

I watched wide-eyed. He was filled with fire for her, and she was kindling for his flame. He kissed her once, then once more, then pulled himself away, and left quickly out the rear gate of the garden.

Miss fell to her knees beside the roses and cried into her lap. “Miss?” I questioned. She looked up at me. “Oh come now, Miss. Is it so bad as that?”

“Oh Aggie,” Miss sighed, “He is really going now. I love him, Aggie, so much I want him to crush me with closeness. I want him to let me love him and help him, but he will not.”

She was silent a moment, then: "Except for you this wouldn't have happened. None of us would have heard the missionaries if you hadn't invited them in. And you heard them in secret till your baptism! We are narrow until God gives us understanding. But Aggie, thank God we heard!"

Miss and I sat silently many moments before either spoke. I pondered my belief in the gospel, and Miss, I am sure, reaffirmed her support of Mr. Hall. Then I spoke: "It is getting cool, Miss. We had better go inside."

I slept lightly that night. I had first planted the idea of immigrating to Utah into the thought of this house. Now one whose thoughts I had led was about to leave. The realization and the dream whirled through my head.

About midnight, I heard footsteps in the hall, and sat up in bed, frightened and expectant. I heard a soft tap at my door, and Miss saying, "Aggie, are you awake? May I come in?"

I got out of bed and opened the door. Miss was still dressed in her afternoon frock. I knew she had no slept.

"Aggie," she began, "Terence cannot go to Utah alone. He must have someone with him."

"He'll travel with a company of saints, Miss."

"He will still be alone in a company," Miss broke in. "He cannot travel without someone who knows him someone who helped him believe. He isn't strong, Aggie. If one of us is not near him, he may lose his faith."

"I cannot be the one to go, Aggie. He forbids me to go until he has made a place for us. Are you ready? You want to go to Utah; you have spoken of nothing else since your baptism. You can still reach Liverpool before the boat sails. I will give you extra money.....

I couldn't hear correctly, of that I was certain. Miss sending me to Utah six months before I had hoped to go, to watch a man of little faith?

But I went to Utah with Mr. Hall leaving Miss alone in England. Our journey was difficult, filled, I thought with discomforts; and my finding discomforts there has been a source of embarrassment and repentance ever since. We came on a good ship, and crossed the plains by train; our trials were nothing compared to those who had gone before.

It was a difficult thing keeping Mr. Hall in good spirits. Midway across the Atlantic he began to doubt the wisdom of his choice, and wanted to return to England to get Miss. His whims change with the tide. On the same day he had doubted, he later was firmly convinced that he had done right. But his disappointment in the Great Salt Lake Valley cannot be measured. He had expected, I'm sure, the Celestial Kingdom raised above the desert. The stark, brown reality of Salt Lake City was too desperate for him.

We arrived in Salt Lake City in October, during the General Conference of the Church. Within a week I had met and married a Dane, also new in Utah. My marriage was short-lived, though; a month later my husband was killed in an accident in a canyon above Salt Lake. The city held sorrow for me now, and I left as quickly as I could. A man in Fountain Green had advertised for domestic help for his widowed mother. I fit the need, and was soon between the towering mountains of Sanpete Valley.

On the same day that I left Salt Lake, Mr. Hall also left, starting on his way to California. I tried to persuade him to stay, to give the Church some time to prove its rightness. I implored him to think of his sacrifice in coming, and begged him to think of Miss, who would be coming in the spring. Nothing I said moved his mind; I watched him begin his westward journey as my own wagon began to roll south.

I do not know what anger or sorrow Miss must have felt for me later, when she knew. She had trusted me to keep Mr. Hall faithful, but she never seemed to blame me for his leaving. I think she must have known he was too luxury-loving, too uncertain to endure the difficulties of pioneer life.

My employer, James Yates, a broad-chested, deep-voiced man in his forties, established me in his mother's house. The Widow Yates is a perennially dissatisfied little woman with iron gray hair. She loves my servitude.

Mr. Yates is husband of four wives, all of whom the widow resents. "I says I can't keep track of them. And there isn't one of them that deserve James."

"Mother," Mr. Yates would explain in a steady, commanding voice, "It is God's commandment. I am living the law. All my wives are good women that God has sent to me. This is my calling."

"You would think God could have sent one who is good enough for you the," the widow muttered, intending for Mr. Yates and me to hear her. I soon learned that the old woman repeated the conversation periodically. Mr. Yates always explained carefully, never losing patience with her.

In the late spring Miss was suddenly in Fountain Green, to my great delight and disbelief. She had arrived in Salt Lake in April, to find Mr. Hall's name taken from Church records; he had been excommunicated in California. Tearfully, she told me that she had been lost and wandering in the city for days, spending nights with a kind matron. Before long she learned the church policy for single young women: immediate marriage to whomever is available. A church leader had called her to marry a prominent Salt Lake polygamist, explaining that plural marriage was necessary for care and increase in Zion. Miss told me with great sadness that she had cried, "No, no, no. I'll never marry an old man who has six wives. I'd rather die."

Miss was born passionate. She dreamed from girlhood of marrying a gallant knight whom she would love unceasingly. She could not endure the possibility of marrying someone whom she did not love, and probably would never love. She required love, desire, and deepest friendship of romance, and romance of marriage. And when the church leaders told her they brought the prophet's message, she cried, "That is not for me!"

She was able at last to find someone who knew where I had gone, and devoid of money and home now, found passage with a group traveling to Sanpete, and came to me in Fountain Green. With her she brought a cutting from her roses. It was a dry, lifeless stick. But she nursed it devotedly, and in time it began to be resurrected.

Mr. Yates agreed to take Miss in, saying gruffly that his home was not for disobedient ones, but that he would refuse no one a few days' lodging. Miss began working with the rest of us, but she did not attend family prayer, and she did not see Mr. Yates.

The widow Yates was pleased with Miss. She began plotting ways to make Miss the fifth daughter-in-law. "At last God sends one who deserves him, I says. This little lady's good enough to appreciate his mind and his profile."

But Miss was sad. She believed the church leaders were men of God, but she could not follow their counsel. She knew she was unacceptable to the Zion society and church encourages. She believed, but she could not follow.

The counsel of the brethren came to us in Fountain Green too. One Sunday we heard that immediate marriage was the rule for any single young woman. The same evening the bishop came to Widow's house, asking to speak with both Miss and me. Miss—and the church—insist that I call her "Sister" or "Emily", and that is difficult. But I do it in Public now, and before the widow. When we are alone, though, I still call her Miss."

"Sister Emily," the Bishop began, "I have come to ask you to marry Brother James Yates, who is, as you know, a fine man. He can take care of you. This is the commandment from the prophet. Young women must marry."

Mill' eyes flashed fire. She clamped her jaws shut and did not speak. We in the room were silent, watching her. Her mental struggle was almost visible. Finally she spoke: "I will do as you require. I will marry Mr. Yates."

The bishop has a habit of correcting both Miss' and my use of "Mister" and "Miss" rather than "Brother" and "Sister", but this time he did not correct Miss. Instead, he said, "You have chosen wisely. May God bless you."

Even I did not see Mr. Yates that evening. But Miss soon heard from him. The next day he sent a message: "I am pleased that you have accepted the bishop's eternal assignment. With your agreement, I will call for you on Wednesday, to travel to Salt Lake, in company with some others, to be married in the Endowment house there."

Miss tried to act happy before the widow. But to me she spoke differently. She dreaded the approaching day; she resented its immediacy. She cried herself to sleep at night. She hoped for an early death to release her from a marriage to a man she did not want, and then she cried harder, realizing it was to be an eternal marriage.

Wednesday morning dawned with Miss having been awake all night. Her things were ready to go; she had done that by candle light during the night because she could not sleep. When it was almost time for Mr. Yates' appearance, I went to Miss' room. She was crying again.

"Aggie, Aggie, what am I doing now? What am I getting into? What have I agreed to do?" she sobbed. I went and held her close to me. "This cannot be the way God intended it to be. He is a God of love, not of demands. He must want men and women to marry for love, or he would not plan their eternal marriage. This life, and forever with the wrong man! It cannot be of God."

She paused. Her body and arms were tight with anguish. "Tell me how it is," she began again, "to marry the man you want to marry?"

"T'was heavenly, Miss. I wanted him and he wanted me. We were whole together. It was made in heaven, Miss, and by my faith it's still in heaven, waiting."

"That is what I want; it's what I believe in. Someday, in some eternity, maybe God will arrange for me to be with one I can love, one I want to love. I am a romantic, Aggie; I believe in love. Without it, marriage is a culmination without a preface. I have to be in love with the man I marry. In my heart I will never marry this man."

The widow knocked at the door. "James is here for you, Emily," she said too joyously.

Miss wiped her eyes and splashed water on her face. She straightened her hair. "The time is now, Aggie," she said.

Together we stepped into the adjoining room. Mr. Yates and his mother were standing there.

"You are lovely, Sister Emily," Mr. Yates said. "May I put your things in the wagon?" He stepped into the room behind us and brought out the small bag.

The widow watched gleefully. "in the Church we have ways of taking care of everybody," she said.

Miss turned away from the Yates' and wiped her eyes again. Mr. Yates must have noticed. "Mother," he said, "Sister Aggie, may I be alone with her for a moment?"

"Certainly, certainly," the widow said. "I says there's no better way to commence lovin'." She trotted off the opposite direction. I slipped back into the room behind me, and left the door ajar.

"Emily," Mr. Yates said quietly, "I know this is a hard thing for you to do. I know you are not happy. I am not what you want in a husband. I have not courted you; I have other wives; I am much older than you. But I have observed you. You are a fine young lady. You know things the other women here have not had time to learn. I pledge to begin to love you now. But I do not insist on your marrying me. You still have your free choice.

He paused; waiting it seemed, for Miss to speak. She did not. He went on, "Emily, I believe in God. I know He cares about what happens to us. You are feeling now as if He has forsaken you, aren't you? I prayed to Him, Emily. I know this is right. But the choice is yours."

There was awesome quiet in the other room. Finally I heard Miss say, "I will go with you, Mister—James." She spoke it softly.

I watched through the open space by the door. Mr. Yates had taken her hand. I saw Miss wrap her narrow fingers around his strong ones. Then I saw Miss relax her tense body, and fold into his embrace.

"Yes James, I will go with you," Miss said.

"Then let's be off," Mr. Yates said, picking up her bag.

"Aggie," Miss called, "Aggie, we are about to go now."

I stepped out from behind the door. "Yes, Miss," I said. I ran and hugged her. "Goodbye, Miss."

She seemed to be on the edge of happiness, the first time in Fountain Green. I know she will explain all when she gets home, but then I know a great deal more than she thinks I know.

They went last week. They probably have been to Salt Lake City and are well on their way home by now. I have long lived my life through Miss, except my brief month of marriage. So I am fairly excited inwardly, but demure outwardly. It is going to be a contest between the widow and Miss to see who is the true victor.

I've been tending the English rose too. It is doing better in the desert now. It is greener, it is fatter, and it has a bud. I think the English rose will bloom after all.

Source: Family histories of Deneice Guymon Blackham, Moroni, Utah.

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## FORGOTTEN DREAM

Norma S. Wanlass

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Short Story

Everything was in balance with nature. It was the moon of the bursting leaves, and once again we were preparing for our annual expedition to the Timpanogos to catch the fish as they came up river to spawn. It had been a long, gaunt winter and the tribe was impatient and eager to get started.

Everything pointed to a plentiful harvest in the fall. In the rabbit burrows the nests were full of naked, blind young; in the canyons many doe deer had two fawn; the pine trees had an abundance of new growth, which certainly forecast a plentiful supply of pine nuts. Tiny grasshoppers with green tobacco juice coursing through them, sprung high from underfoot in an effort to escape being squashed against the earth. From the myriads of hoppers we knew there would be ample survivors to roast and pound into meal to mix with serviceberries, elderberries, and wild currants when the snow came again.

New life was everywhere and I waited joyously expectant for my woman to bring her newborn son for my acceptance. Oh, the spirits would be pleased this day.

But my woman did not return with my son. Finally my concern and curiosity overcame me and I went to find her. As I approached her birthing place, I could see her swaying gently forward and back as she sang lamentations to the bundle in her arms. My heart was sad as I realized that my son had not lived for me to teach the signs of life, the ways of hunting, or how to become a great warrior. I approached her with sympathy and concern, but she cowered before me. I did not stop but walked on to where I could give utterance to my sorrow.

It was not until four days later that I learned my woman had deceived me. She had led me to believe that my son was dead when actually she had born a girl baby. This trickery was done to keep me from sticking my thumb down into the soft spot in the top of its head to end its life.

I beat my woman to let her know she couldn't get away with such deception, and I told her to keep this child of treachery out of my sight, but secretly I was proud of her and I knew she knew it.

The girl baby was called Katz-shu-me No-ni-shee, Forgotten Dream, and for as long as she lived I never acknowledged or recognized her.

Katz-shu-me No-ni-shee would soon be eleven years of age. There had been many bucks ask if they could take her for their squaw. To protect her longer than eleven years was impossible. There were nine Indians to one squaw, and an Indian without a squaw had to rustle his own food, but if he had a squaw she had to find food for him. After he and his friends had eaten all they wanted, she and her children could eat what was left. She would rather belong to the most wicked white man than to the best Indian. He would beat her unmercifully whenever he wished, and kill her if he felt like it.

The tribe was again on their way to the Timpanogos to fish. We camped near Fairview and on Thistle Flats. On the second day an angry buck came to me and demanded to know where Katz-shu-mi No-ni-shee was. I went to my woman and confronted her. Terrified she explained that she had wanted her daughter to be taught and protected like white girls were, and had given her to Elvira Cox in Fairview.

I went crazy I was so infuriated. She had no right to give this squaw away. She was valuable property and it was my right to sell her to whoever or for whatever I wished. A squaw was a slave. I punctuated each word with a blow, then I left her lying on the rocks moaning and groaning, bloody and bruised, and went back to Fairview.

"You have my squaw here. I demand payment for her," I said. "She has been promised to an Indian buck for many gifts."

Orville Cox called Datz-shu-mi No-ni-shee outside. Her long black hair had been cut short and she looked scrubbed and clean. She wore the dress of a white woman.

"Do you want to go with your father?," he asked.

"No," she answered. My montz (father) ne-var-aga (washed hands) of me when I was nanto-ungee (born). My love topic-quay (all gone)."

Then this white man gave me a beef in exchange for the squaw.

When I arrived at the Timpanogos leading this excellent beef, my anger had subsided. I called my woman to come out of the river where she was throwing fish from the nets onto the bank. Her sores were swollen and infected, but I made her kill this fine beef, cut it up, and put it on the racks to dry.

The next morning she could not get off her bed, and she died in three days time. In the middle of the summer, word came that Katz-shu-mi No-ni-shee had caught the white man's disease, measles. In his diary Orville Cox wrote, "Squaw died."



Oh, woe is me.  
For want of a son, a daughter was lost.  
For want of a beef, a squaw was lost.  
For want of pride, all was lost.

Source: Ideas and materials taken from Orville S. Cox: Genealogy Bulletin, June 1957.

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## **THE MARRIAGE**

Kathy Daniels Ockey

Munich, Germany

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention #1 Short Story

Black Hawk had joined the Church! It was a day of rejoicing and great happiness all over central Utah. Now, perhaps the Indian raids would cease. A short week later Peter Taylor's horses disappeared. No, Pete vowed, they did not just wander off. Yes, he had tethered them. No, it was not a prank. The ropes were cut and only Black Hawk's lazy, good-for-nothing braves would steal horses and not even bother to untie them. The bishop gave Pete a good tongue-lashing for speaking of the new brother's leadership in such a manner, but that didn't change Pete's inner feelings on the matter. Nothing would pacify him but that Black Hawk be confronted.

So the next morning, the bishop, Pete, and two other "willing" men (the bishop's counselors, they had no real choice) rode out to Black Hawk's encampment, just east of Knoll hill.

Chief Black Hawk greeted them magnanimously. Yes, as a matter of fact, he did believe some of his young braves had come home with some extra horses. And no, of course he had had no prior knowledge of this. All of this he said with a mocking grin that the settlers had come to recognize. Baptism had not changed Black Hawk. He was up to his old tricks of taking what he wanted. He was like a child in this respect; whatever he saw that was out of his reach, he wanted. Unlike a child, he got what he wanted; he simply took it. But even those who knew him best, among them the bishop would have been shocked by his next desire.

Pete, not a diplomat under the best of circumstances, could hardly be civil, remembering his now proved unjust lecture from the bishop. So he demanded his horses back with no beating around the bush. Bishop was sure they had incurred Black Hawk's wrath when Pete had made his demand. A little subtlety went a long way with Black Hawk.

But this time, Black Hawk only smiled his mocking smile—looking like a man with an ace up his sleeve. He had them sit and then made his announcement. He would give the horses back on an exchange basis. In exchange for the horses, he would have a wife from the settlement. He already had many squaws, but perhaps again like a child, he wanted only what he felt he couldn't have. At any rate, he was well aware of the Mormon practice of polygamy. In fact, one of the reasons he had allowed the Mormons on his land in the beginning was that they had at least this one similarity to his people. And no amount of preaching, reasoning or even veiled threatening could convince him that this was allowed only occasionally by the will of God and at the command of the prophet. He had seen others with more than one wife, so he, Black Hawk, could also do it and be a Mormon. And as far as he was concerned, that was that.

The bishop found himself in a grievous position. Outright refusal could result in a renewal of the Black Hawk war, while consent would result in even worse.

He would have pondered the question long and hard, but Pete was getting ready to speak his piece again. And as Pete had a sixteen year old daughter, who happened to be rather attractive, his view on the matter would plunge them into another war. So the bishop came to a hasty decision.

"Brother Black Hawk, I will agree to this." He motioned Pete to silence when he would have blurted out his opinion of this announcement, "But on one condition; the girl must not only be willing, but want this union herself." Pete calmed down, and now it was Black Hawk's turn to look stunned. None of his squaws would have thought of objecting to any of his whims or desire, including the one which had brought each of them into his teepee. The idea that a woman would object to anything a man wanted was novel to him.

Finally sensing that this was the only way he would get what he wanted short of using force, and forcibly taking a girl would surely start another war, he agreed. He signaled, and a handsome warrior gathered Pete's horses from among the Chief's own string and brought them to Pete. Tying the horses behind, the four men started home.

The ride home was made slow because they were leading Pete's horses, and also because of the many questions the bishop's companions had for him. Pete, of course, was the most vocal, but Brother Olsen and Brother Peterson were just as concerned.

"What happens if one of the romantic youn'ungs takes it into her head that she would like to be married to the Great War chief, Black Hawk?" Pete wanted to know, again thinking of his own daughter, who, though he wouldn't admit it, was a little headstrong.

"Or perhaps, what if one a da olda girls takes to the idea ta be a maita, ta help da rest of us?," Added Brother Peterson. He'd joined the saints in Sanpete only the previous fall and had left Denmark only eight months before that. He spoke slowly and brokenly; he tried to speak despite his accent.

Pete broke in, really worrying about his daughter now. "What if the others dare one girl to accept and she does?"

"There is always the possibility that Black Hawk will get distracted by something more important, a gathering of the Ute Nation, or the like, though not too likely. We'd better arrange something. Bishop, what do you have in mind?" This came from Brother Olsen, the quietest of the group and slow to speech. Strangers often thought him stupid, but on acquaintance found that he was far from it, but instead, had a practical nature which made him weigh all of the possibilities before making a statement.

Having given them each a chance to express themselves and fearing Pete, who really wasn't a bad soul but would monopolize the conversation the rest of the way home with mutterings of doom and gloom, the bishop told them the rest of his plan, which also answered their questions and quieted their fears.

"Our girls are all good girls." His companions nodded their heads in agreement. "They are also all basically sensible." Pete was an objector to this—he knew different from experience. Seeing his expression, the bishop continued. "Oh, a bit nonsensical at times, but the, what young girl isn't?" To this, Pete agreed emphatically, so emphatically in fact that he missed noticing a gopher hole. His horse stumbled, and he almost lost his seat, which would have been about the most demeaning thing that could happen to a man, next to a reprimand for the bishop, that is. Seeing his chagrin, the bishop suppressed a smile and hurried on, determined not to be interrupted again until he had finished.

"And as was mentioned, they do tease and they do have some sacrificial tendencies, coming by them naturally." The brethren all laughed at the intended joke. "Therefore, I propose we keep this agreement to ourselves, but to prevent any of our young girls from feeling them must agree to marriage with Black Hawk to prevent the Indian's wrath, we will announce in meeting Sunday that giving the Indians corn, cattle, and cloth

is one thing, but that no demand which requires a compromise of ideals, and entering into a polygamous marriage without the Lord's direction is definitely that, is to be considered."

The sermon that the bishop gave two days later was inspiring and each member of the congregation vowed to set a good faithful example for the red man.

The only problem was, Pete's daughter, Mary, had stayed home with a cold, and Pete, being Pete, reprimanded her for the burned biscuits rather than to tell her of the services.

So it happened, as it often does when either fate steps in or the hand of the Lord is absent, the flowing week when Black Hawk came into the fort, Mary was standing at the well.

Black Hawk had a habit of coming into the settlement about once a week for supplies for the work his braves agreed to do, but never did. This day, Black Hawk had also decided to acquire his exchange for the horses. And the first attractive girl he saw was the one he wanted.

"You." Mary looked around and decided his finger was pointing to her. "You—you be squaw. My squaw."

After a moment, Black Hawk's meaning became clear. And Mary, despite her father's opinion of her, was a sensible girl and had no desire to live in a teepee with no settlement advantages. So, she answered before she really thought, except that refusing on the one hand was unsafe and agreeing was worse. Turning, she pointed to Niels Poulson, who was across the street loading logs with his father.

"Chief Black Hawk, I am honored by your offer, but I have given my word to marry Niels Poulson." She continued pointing.

The bishop approached. Knowing Black Hawk, but moments too late to save Mary from what he was afraid was happening.

Black Hawk turned to the bishop.

"This true?"

The bishop looked puzzled, so rather unwillingly, Mary explained. "Yes, yes, of course it is true. You know we are truthful people. The bishop profaned.

"I come wedding. When?"

Mary stuttered, but this time the bishop was there to save her.

"It is to be soon. We will let you know."

Feeling pacified at the invitation, even though he was not to be the groom, Black Hawk rode off.

That evening, an unsuspecting Niels, an apprehensive Mary and each one's family sat in the bishop's parlor. The bishop explained what had happened and then added that one of the things Black Hawk respected most was the Mormon people's honesty.

Pete was ready to jump Mary verbally, but the bishop laid part of the blame on Pete for not having told her of the sermon. This effectively quieted Pete.

The bishop turned to Neils, whose face had brightened as the story had unfolded. The fact was, and the bishop was aware of this, Niels had been admiring Mary for several months, but was rather shy. So when the bishop asked if he were ready to accept the responsibilities of his priesthood, he answered a firm, but shy: "Yes."

Niels' parents had no objections, feeling Pete was a good sort who only bad-talked and not bad-acted, and they knew that Mary was a steady girl, who had looked after her father and the house since her mother had died.

The bishop arranged for the wedding to be a week from the following Saturday and next morning sent a messenger to Black Hawk.

The wedding was well attended, by both red man and white. Black Hawk momentarily forgot his desire for a settlement wife and enjoyed the celebration. Mary and Niels had found a growing bond of affection in the last week and a half and were looking forward to a deepening love in their marriage. In fact, everyone was happy, except, of course, Pete, who was overheard to remark to his closest neighbor: "Could have done better with a red savage for a son-in-law."

Source: Based on a story told to the author by her grandmother.

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## THE EXCHANGE

Lora N. McAllister

Richland, Washington

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention #2 Short Story

"Son, I hope to be back by nightfall, depending on how grandma is. Just you do the chores at dusk."

"Sure, Pa, I'll take care of it. I hope grandma is better so Ma and Ann can come home."

"So do I." The big man's eyes emphasized his statement. He gripped his son on the shoulder, then swung into his saddle. He suppressed the urge to hug the slight little lad, proudly standing tall, but ten is too old for such an embrace from a father. Peter smiled at his dad and waved from the dusty road. Peter had to squint, because the Sanpete sun was already on the downward swing.

The little boy, feeling important, walked barefooted through the dust to check on the cow and horses. He remembered how he had followed his father many times on this same mission, but this time he was doing it alone. The horses were in the far corner, swishing away the flies. Bessy slowly closed her big moist eyes when Peter walked by her corral. Now walking past the small barn, Peter picked up a companion. Old Scratch, a big yellow tomcat emerged from the door of the barn, stretched, blinked, and flexed his claws. Old age had made the cat docile and friendly. He tangled himself, affectionately around Peter's legs once.

It was August in 1900. The Ephraim weather was hot and dry. Young Peter went inside the little, cool adobe house. The front door slammed before Old Scratch and he yowled once.

Minute by minute a lonely feeling crept out of Peter's stomach and swept all over him. It was a feeling akin to homesickness. Peter remembered when he was allowed to spend a few days with his grandparents in Manti and he had watched his parents and sister drive away in the wagon. But I was only eight then, and now I'm lots older; he thought. The smug feeling of responsibility returned to smother the homesickness. This was the first time he was alone to do the chores. Pa had gone to Manti to get Ma and sister, and his grown-up son was going to take care of things.

Peter went to the bread bin. Ma had made bread last week before she had gone to care for her sick mother. She had taken a loaf to grandma, and Peter remembered she had given a loaf to an Indian woman the same day. When the Indians came to the door they always scared Peter. He often ran to hide in the barn until they were gone. But he was lots older now, and he had stood and watched the Indian woman last week.

Peter cut himself a crusty piece of bread and heaped some of Bessy's good yellow butter on it. Aloud, the boy mused, "Sure hope Ma can come home tonight with Pa. There's not much bread left." Again, he started to feel alone. Old Scratch yowled again, his patience about gone. Peter hitched up a suspender with the hand not surrounding the bread and went to the door. Loneliness had crept behind the adobe walls, and Peter, almost glancing around the kitchen with guilt, opened the door a bit and let the cat in. Ma had told him

again and again, “No animals in this house.” Only once had she let Old Scratch in when, in his younger, saucier days, he was suffering from the results of a neighborhood tomcat fight. Old Scratch was uneasy at first, but finally he settled into Peter’s lap, and Peter settled into the old rocker.

About dusk the boy and the cat went outside to do the chores. It was somewhat cooler now. The boy gave Bessy a bucket of oats, and she stood to be milked without a rope. The dark head leaned against the old brown cow. Occasionally he squirted a white, warm stream at Old Scratch, but Pa was a much better shot. The wet cat shook his head and moved to a safe distance to lick his chest and paws. Peter hummed to Bessy, and the cow waited for him to fill the bucket. He was always much slower than Pa but heck, he was lots faster than he was before. When he was allowed to milk before, Pa usually ended up doing the last half. He finally filled the gallon bucket and lugged it into the house, splashing a bowlful for Old Scratch beside the barn door as he went by. Now Ma should take over, but, as he had been doing with Pa for the last week, he did again—strain, pour, store.

Old Scratch could not be persuaded to leave his milk, so Peter did the rest of the chores alone.

It was darker now. Even though the days were hot, the desert air cooled quite fast when the sun went down. Peter was happy and proud to have done everything Pa had told him to do, and to have done it well. Peter looked down at Old Scratch as he washed his hands.

“And I’m going to help Dad put his horse sway when he gets home. And I’m going to take care of the wagon and team. And tomorrow I’m going to get up when Pa does and help. And Ma will be here to fix breakfast again.” Peter bent and ruffled the yellow fur.

Peter and the cat went back inside the house. Peter lit the lamp and treated himself to the last piece of bread with butter and milk. He realized how much he loved and missed his mother. And sister Ann wasn’t so bad, either. In the middle of his thoughts, he heard some movement outside.

Great! They’re home. Peter jumped out of his chair, dumping Old Scratch, and put down his empty cup. The he suddenly realized he must get rid of the cat.

“Pa’s home and Ma,” Peter told the cat, “You better get outside.” The cat wasn’t interested in moving, much less in “getting outside.” So Peter scooped him up and hurried to the front door. He was anxious to hurry to the reunion with his family.

He swung open the door and was about to dump Old Scratch when he caught his breath sharply and stared upward into the hard, dark face of an Indian man. Old Scratch dug his claws into Peter’s sleeve and flew from his arms and across the room.

Peter’s milk-crusting lip began to quiver. He felt cold and sick with fright. He could not move his eyes from the stern, evil-looking face framed in the doorway against the night. A violent shiver shook Peter’s slight body when the Indian finally moved, but he could not run. The big Indian moved again.

He simply raised a hand—opened, cupped, seeking.

Peter cringed, but the man remained still with one hand raised slightly. He uttered not a sound.

Trying to control his shaking, Peter told himself that Indians begged more than killed these days. His stiff legs took two steps behind himself, and then he turned and fled to the kitchen. He snatched up some sugar, meat, milk, potatoes.

Peter looked back. Yes, the Indian was still there. He had moved, silently, into the center of the room.

Please go...go...go...Peter muttered over in his mind. He forced himself to move back into the same room with the Indian man. His arms shook as he stood before the Indian with his offering. The man, glaring, took the load in one quick movement. Then silently, swiftly, he was gone. The black night flowed in from the open door.

Peter looked down at his empty, trembling hands. All he could see was the red line caused by a cat claw.

Peter was calm when his family got home. Normally he would have flung himself gleefully into his mother's arms. But he was lots older now. He had taken care of the place by himself. Haltingly, he related his story of the Indian. Ann's eyes grew bigger when he told how he had given the red man food. The words began to come easier and smugly.

Pa was proud of him for taking care of the place, very proud. Peter even felt more grown up when Pa said, "And you weren't afraid. And you did what was right."

Peter felt quite like a man. But before he went to bed, Ma discovered Old Scratch behind the stove. He would have cried from the scolding, but a grown-up boy doesn't cry.

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### **"IN THE GOLDEN, OLDER GLORY"**

Dorothy J. Buchanan  
Richfield, Utah  
Professional Division  
First Place Essay

As an experience in obsolescence, I recently passed a small object around the room to a group of young married women who were studying Utah history. Not one of the twenty-one women present had the faintest idea of its name or function, even though a few of them ventured a wild guess or two. Then I explained that the small crystal dish with a hole in its silver lid was known as a hair receiver by their grandmothers in the early part of our century. After the lady had arranged her coiffure she would place the accumulated combings into the hold and push them down into the dish. Very neat! When I was a child and viewed this dish, which always stood on my mother's dresser, I wondered how those combings could possibly be worth saving, but mother told me that switches, or hair pieces and braids, could be made from them as they perfectly matched the owner's hair. Every dresser set or "toilet set" of those times consisted of a hand mirror, a comb and brush, a powder dish and a hair receiver. It was standard equipment.

We know that time plays strange tricks on us. Scenes shift as do vocabularies and material possessions. Certain words which have become almost obsolete or unknown to the present generation still stay in my mind and those of people my age. It would be interesting to make out a list of some of these words and ask their meaning to a group of today's young people. I'm afraid they would not rate very high on the test. Some of the words that come to my mind are single-tree, stove-lifter, damper, sad irons, Magic Yeast, Brigham tea, Saplolio, buttonhook, scythe and sickle, to name a few.

Another object that was very popular years ago, especially among the young people, was an autograph album. Nowadays the students have yearbooks handed out during the last few days of school. The scribble messages to their schoolmates, all very casually, but in those days around the turn of the century, an autograph album seemed to be a year around affair and was taken very seriously as something of importance and merit.

In my possession, I have a small red album of this type that measures about five by eight inches. It is faded red in color with an embossed cover of scrolls and flowers which surround a river boat scene. The title in large black and gold script is "Chautauqua Autograph Album." Inside on the title page is the name of Bertie

Larsen, the owner, written in a neat, round, schoolgirl hand, followed by the words, "A Present from her Papa. June 18, 1895." She was 13 years old and a student in the Mt. Pleasant School. She was my mother.

The album is filled with sentiments from friends, a few relatives, and two teachers. The dates cover a period of two years, extending from 1895 to 1897, with one exception. Throughout the autograph pages are pictures of scenes around the popular Lake Chautauqua in southwestern New York, a gathering place and convention for people in the capacity of "educational pursuits." Some of the scenes are of "Convention Hall in the Grove." "The Ampitheatre," Bremus Point—Looking Down the Lake, " etc.

I have always enjoyed looking through these pages and rereading the thoughts expressed. A spirit of respect and dignity pervades. One can visualize the type of association and uncomplicated life which those young folks lived. With few exceptions, the writing is neatly and beautifully down. Some entries are delicately shaded in true Spencerian style, and all are written in ink, which meant an extra effort before ball points, when pens had to be dipped and letters carefully blotted.

Shall we examine some of those writings of a cross section of young Sanpete students of 78 or 80 years ago? Most of them are gone now, but surprisingly, I know of three of the signers who are still alive. There may be other s whose whereabouts I do not know. The first of these three is Mina Hasler (Sorensen), who is now living in Mt. Pleasant and wrote the following:

"In this world of grief and pain  
If we never meet again,  
O! may we meet beyond the skies  
Where friendship blooms and never dies."

The second writer who also lives in Mt. Pleasant is Hyrum Merz. He dashed off these lines:

"Remember me when far away  
And only half awake.  
Remember me on your wedding day  
And send me a piece of cake."

The third person is my mother's sister, Ila Larsen (Anderson) who wrote three years after the last entry, in 1901 when she was only eight years old. She presently lives in La Habra, California. Here is her offering:

"Dear Sister,  
There is a place for my name in your album,  
There is a place for my name in your heart.  
There is a place for us both in Heaven  
Where we shall never part."

Because of individual differences, some of the entries are serious and reflective, while others strike a gay note. Olivia Nelson (Winters) offered a brief but sincere wish when she wrote:

"May the links of true friendship never rust."

And Maggie Ericksen (Peel) penned the following advice:

"Let your walk and conversation be such that good people will respect and admire you."  
The man who later became her husband, Azel Peel, inscribed these words:

“Perhaps at some time we must part  
And oh! ‘tis with an earnest heart  
That I ask thee while in glee  
Or sorrow to remember me.”

Romance is a subject that these young people were fond of mentioning, as it quite evident. I can point out only a few. Two Jorgensen boys came up with succinct bits of wisdom which delighted my mother, who occasionally quoted them to me. The first, by F.O. Jorgensen, says:

“In the storm of life  
When you need an umbrella,  
May you have to uphold it  
A handsome young fella.”

The second one, by J.W. Jorgensen goes like this:

Bertie is your name, single is your station.  
Happy be the little man  
That makes the alteration.”  
And another one in this category:  
“May the lad you take in life  
Be as charming as his wife.  
Though his eyes are black or blue,  
May they ever rest on you.”  
--Lafayette Petersen

Ethel Seely got right to the point when she blithely advised:

“Times are lively, boys are plenty,  
But don’t get married until you’re twenty.”

Her sister Zella was not thinking of romance when she penned the lines:

“Remember me when far, far off  
When the woodchucks die of the whooping cough.”

The album contains entries from two teachers, George Christensen and D.C. Jensen, or “Uncle Dan” as my mother called him. (He was a relative from Ephraim). Both said,

“Kindly remember your friend and teacher.”

And both were written with such perfection that they could have been the patterns in the “copy books” that were used frequently to aid students to become better penmen.



There seems to be a growing tendency in our country to look back and return to old styles, old furniture and décor, old music, and there is even talk of bringing back the old front porch—a nostalgic revival of the general atmosphere from our parents’ and grandparents’ day. We appear to be searching for a feeling of security and are endeavoring to suppress the frightening permissiveness of these times by reaching for familiar and treasured things, symbols of solidarity.

I feel fortunate to own mementos and reminders such as the shabby little album. When I think of the hands that held it, leafed through it, and wrote their expressions of love and camaraderie I feel comforted and grateful for their happy and God-fearing lives. We know they had problems, but they merged to live gallantly, giving us hope for the future from those wholesome days gone by. Our friend, James Whitcomb Riley, expressed it just right when he said:

“O the days gone by! O the days gone by!  
The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye;  
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin’s magic ring—  
The simple, soul reposing, glad belief in everything—  
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,  
In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.”

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## **SCHOOL DAYS WITH MATHILDA**

Eleanor P. Madsen  
Ephraim, Utah  
Professional Division  
Second Place Essay

1891 is a long time ago. Schools at that time were much different from the schools of today. Methods of teaching the three R’s varied as much as the characteristics of the students being taught.

Looking through family history I found that my mother, Mathilda Lund, started school in Mt. Pleasant, Utah some eighty-four years ago. Picture a little girl in a pretty, ruffley calico pinafore, with long black stockings and shoes that buttoned tight around her ankles, her black braids tied with colorful ribbons, skipping happily to the First Ward School House, where she commenced her first year of school. This school was a brick building, also used as a church. It was built in 1875 and stood on the corner of Third South and State Street until 1908, when it was torn down to make way for the new South Ward Church.

Education was very important to Mathilda’s parents and the other pioneers of that time. They couldn’t wait for large, spacious class rooms to be built, so the children were scattered all over town with one or two grades in each building.

The second year Mathilda went to Simpson School on the southwest corner of the Wasatch Academy block. The school was named for Hans Y. Simpson because of his generosity in providing funds for its construction. It is probably the best known of the early school buildings.

Mathilda’s third grade venture was in a brick building on First North and First West which was later used as the City Hall. This was an exciting place for school, since Pleasant Creek ran past the building. In the fall and spring months when the windows were open, the children could hear the ripple of the water as it splashed over the pebbles along its way toward the Sanpitch River.

The children were always anxious for recess time, when they could play along the banks of the creek, making houses in the willow covered nooks, using willow branches to sweep their playhouse floors. Playing house was fun for both boys and girls. Sandwiches were brought from home for the recess period, and sometimes the children exchanged their "graham" bread for cornbread and other kinds of jam sandwiches.

In 1897, the new three-story, red brick Public School building was completed, and for the first time all the eight grades were housed in one building. With the bringing together of so many children, it seemed there was need for more regimentation and stricter discipline.

The school day began about 8:00 a.m. with the ringing of a large bell in the tower of the school building that could be heard all over town. It was a signal to be up and moving.

About five minutes to nine, the school Principal appeared outside the entrance of the building and rang a smaller bell. This one had a wooden handle which allowed him to swing it in many directions. This was the signal for the children to line up on the wide wooden walks on the east and west ends of the school building.

The children stood four abreast in rigid rows, the first grades first and consecutively up to the eighth grade. Part of the classes marched through the west doors, and the others through the east double doors.

A child who was late getting in line had to stand aside until all had marched in. Then he or she reported to the Principal's office, where he was given a permit to enter class. The next day he had to bring an excuse from home, giving the reason why he was late. Needless to say, there was not much tardiness.

The children hung their wraps on the long rows of hooks just outside of each classroom. They sat by flat-topped desks made of wood with a long groove across the top to hold pencils and pens. There was an inkwell on the right side. Three or four desks were fastened together with long runners. Underneath the desktop was a place for books and papers. A cast iron piece on either side held the paper and bookshelf in place.

The inkwells were a source of some unpleasantness in the class room. Mathilda had to be careful to keep her long, black braids in front of her, as quite often the freckled-faced boy who sat behind her would put the end of the braid down the ink bottle.

On a number of occasions Mathilda felt like leaving the room when an ink bottle went flying past her toward the front of the room, aimed at the teacher, who somehow had learned to duck at just the right time, leaving the ink to splatter over the blackboard behind him. Many times the whole class would be punished because the culprit couldn't be found.

School always commenced with prayer by one of the students, followed by the singing of favorite songs: America, Columbus, the Gem of the Ocean, I'll Paddle My Own Canoe, and Old Mother Hubbard is Plucking Her Geese.

One of Mathilda's best liked classes was Geography because she liked making the relief maps with clay. She made maps of South America, the European countries, Asia, and Africa. Another class she liked was writing. She was a good penman, and it was a delight for her to make the push-pulls and the O's that went round and round between the ruled lines across the page in such even rows.

Mathilda was a good speller and looked forward to each Friday afternoon, when spelling matches were held. Prizes were given to the last ones who "stayed up." Sometimes a five cent rubber eraser was given.

Along with the spelling matches there were arithmetic and geography drills and diagramming of words. A great deal of memorizing went on in the early schools. Mathilda learned readings from Whittier, Walt Whitman and Longfellow's "Hiawatha." One of the classes had a rule that if anyone whispered five times he had to write "whisper" a thousand times and also memorize and recite for the class, "Skeleton in Armor."

Recess was waited for eagerly. If the weather permitted, the children played hopscotch, jump the rope, ball, crack the whip, Ginnie, Duck and marbles. When it was stormy the girls spread the capes or shawls they wore on their desks or on the floor and played “Jacks,” which were agate marbles.

When the Principal rang the bell there was scurrying to the lines and all marched back to the school rooms and lessons. The teachers were very strict disciplinarians, and some carried a rawhide whip, which was used to bring the unruly into line.

Holidays were looked forward to with great anticipation. On Saint Valentine’s Day a red and white crepe paper-covered box stood in a corner to receive all the Valentine hearts the children had made.

At Christmas time the older boys would go into the mountains to get Pine or Juniper trees, which would be decorated with circles of paper chains, popcorn and cranberry strings.

Graduation from the eighth grade was a big event with a fine program given by the students. The girls carried little baskets of lilacs and bachelor buttons. Mathilda was lovely in her long, white ruffled dress, adorned with ribbons and lace and starched petticoat underneath. The boys were handsome in their knickerbockers pants and white shirts with wide, stiff collars and large bowties.

The first graduating class from the eighth grade of the Mt. Pleasant Public School was in 1898. There was no High School there until 1908, so it was a big step for the graduates to go to Ephraim to Snow Academy after eighth grade graduation.

1891 is a long time ago. School day memories are precious, whether they are made in 1891 or in 1975. The early schools prepared our parents and grandparents to cope with the society in which they lived as the educational methods of today prepare their grandchildren for a new and different society. Each one worked toward the same goal of building strong character and teaching students to get along well with people. This is the foundation of educational practices, whether in Mathilda’s day or in our day.

Source: History of Mathilda Lund from Family Records, Diary of Christian N. Lund in Church Historian’s Office, These Our Fathers.

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## WITH VALIANT SOVEREIGNTY

Remelda Nielson Gibson  
Tooele, Utah  
Professional Division  
First Place Poetry

In Sanpete County’s origin  
The desert took command  
Until the ardent pioneers  
Began to till the land  
(In unity of band)

With strengthened character and zeal,  
The men were labor-bound  
To trudge behind their oxen teams  
To clear the sage-brushed ground  
(without discordant sound)

The crudely harnessed teams were hitched  
To cross-barred single-trees  
For pulling heavy harrows through  
The homestead properties  
(for produce to appease)

“All work—no play” was vaporized  
With fun fests and good-will,  
By dancing and Virginia reel,  
The schottische and quadrille  
(or waltzing with rare skill)

With valiant sovereignty,  
    Respect was genuine  
Among the proud recipients  
    Of joint self-discipline  
    (in blood and nearest kin)

When hostile Indians prepared  
    To pillage and maraud,  
Brave Minutemen were pledged to guard,  
    Defend, deter or prod.  
    (With faith and trust in God)

Adobes, cobblestones and logs  
    Supplies an urgent need  
In building churches, homes and schools  
    (to prosper and succeed)  
    For those of steadfast-deed.

In monumental magnitude  
    The Manti Temple's height  
Which took eleven years to reach  
    Was built with strong oolite  
    (with never daunted might)

"Ladies bow  
Curtsy right.  
(Hear my voice!)  
Now sashay.  
Let's be gay.  
And REJOICE!"

Source: Mt. Pleasant, pp. 70, 71

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## **A BRIDE AT FIFTEEN**

Margaret B. Shomaker  
    Roy, Utah  
Professional Division  
Second Place Poetry

She looked upon the valley, smoke-green  
sagebrush  
Hugged the ground; the lupine lay in threads across  
the sand.  
A lone tree rustled with the breeze  
While birds hopped restless upon its branches.  
She dreamed a little –  
But felt the dust upon her lips.

Is this the place a bride would call her home?  
She smiled –  
Remembering the velvet green of wooded walks.  
The hemlock in Conkle's Hollow walled by  
Towering cliffs of black hand sandstone.  
She looked again, the mountain lined horizon  
Lay like some great sentinel protecting her,

She gained an unknown strength.  
The challenge of wedded youth was hers.  
She vowed her hands would plant the seed.  
Her parched lips would taste the ripeness of their  
yield.

She heard the wagon master call "On to  
Sandpitch."  
Slowly the wooden wheels began to turn,  
She rose, brushed the wrinkles from her muslin  
skirt.  
The sunset spread flame across her face,  
The evening would be cool.

Two seagulls spread their wings toward the west.  
Her footsteps marked the wagon trail.  
She took his calloused hand to follow  
Over the hill, home.

Within its portals loving mates  
Have been “eternal-wed”  
Sealing vows and baptismal rites are still performed  
and said.  
For living and the dead!

Source: Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah; History of Sanpete and emery Counties. Also from remembered conversations with grandfather, Niels C. Nielson of Moroni, Utah.

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## INDEPENDENCE DAY—1861

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

In the year of eighteen sixty-one,  
Soon after Mt. Pleasant was begun,  
Folks thought the Birthday of our Nation  
Called for a special celebration.

A flag pole standing tall and straight  
Was set up at the Church Square gate.  
The bowery was readied, pine torches flared,  
Clothing was washed and neatly repaired.

“Big Bishop Seeley” liked “big food,”  
Which fact was well known by his brood.  
So just before each holiday,  
Friends would meet and greet and say:

“cut a squash,  
Kill a chicken,  
Have a TREAT.  
What’s more fun  
‘Neath the sun  
Then to eat?”

Dinner was served—enough for all.  
Then they danced at the Bowery ball.  
How the dust flew on the earthen floor!  
But the fiddlers kept on playing more.

“No pent up city controls our powers.  
This whole mountain Territory is ours.  
Let’s lift our heads up high and say,  
“We are independent on this day!”

## GRANDMA REMEMBERS SUMMERS

Melba S. Payne  
Provo, Utah  
Professional Division  
Honorable Mention #1 Poetry

She remembers the mountains, granite-high,  
Like sentinels above her town.  
"On the Mountains" was a phrase familiar  
Riding or hiking, up or down.

The dugway was rough, rocky, and steep,  
So teams of horses plodding slow,  
Permitted the children to gather wild flowers  
Then climb back in the wagon while still on the go.

She remembers the tollgate by the creek,  
The Beaver Dam, and the dairy too.  
The shivering aspens, the smell of the pines,  
The splashes of color, fresh and new.

She bottle-fed the "Starvie Lambs"  
Sheepherder friends brought home each lambing  
spring,

And listened for the "Peep Peep" in warm brown  
egg,  
Watched a "calf a-borning," another magic thing.

She drove the cows to the creek to drink,  
The most unhurried job a girl could do,  
And followed bovine footprints in the dust,  
Or sometimes kicked a can for a block or two.

She coaxed the mare into a lope  
Out west of town where the cattails blow,  
Where the Sanpitch flows and the fishes are,  
To the willowed shade, where she liked to go.

While grandma remembers, she like to describe  
Her country summers from spring to fall.  
You see, in the telling, she lives again  
The many things she can still recall.

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## ALWAYS HORSESHOE MOUNTAIN

Pearl M. Olsen  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
Professional Division  
Honorable Mention #2 Poetry

For centuries  
The mountain stood in sculptured mold  
To mark the valley of the Sanpitch, loved and  
known  
By me from early sight.  
High and deep on the lofty range  
Long and tapered slabs of stone are formed in  
strange

Near-likeness to a horseshoe, giant, and bent,  
Pressed into the mountain crest.

Seasons paint between the stones a mound of  
white,  
Of colored flora, or misty shroud of blue.

At this shrine I stand in a quiet mood,  
To lose my thoughts in silence of the altitude,

And I prize the experience as my own.  
Yet I surely know, in ages gone,  
Red men and white have walked upon  
The valley floor and the towered height,  
And marveled at the different stone design.

In the future there again will be someone  
Standing in awesome solitude,  
Wondering about the phenomenon  
Existing here through centuries, gone.

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### **LI'L SOJAR**

J. N. Simpson  
Moroni, Utah  
Professional Division  
First Place Short Story

Andy Nisson spent the greater part of the morning demonstrating his lack of artistic ability by painting an Indian head on the flat side of his canteen. After the work was finished, he surveyed it critically and wished he hadn't bothered. The nose was a bit prominent, he thought, also the cheek bones. He thought he had captured a fairly good expression in the eyes, however. They were shadowed and looked cruel, the way, he imagined, a fighting Indian's eyes would look. He also liked the braid of black hair, what part of it he could get into the cramped space.

Andy's brother, Rich, looked at the painting with a critical eye while he suppressed a laugh. "Looks like he might have a bellyache, Andy."

Andy ignored the jibe and looked thoughtful. "I'm going into Sanpete tomorrow, Rich. Better change your mind and come along."

"No, Andy. I'm going on to the coast." His eyes swept Andy's five-foot-two frame and a taunting smile played at the corners of his mouth. "You can't be sure the Minute Men will take you, Andy. You stand a little short in your boots."

Rich was aware that Andy was determined to join up with fighting forces against Black Hawk, and that it probably would be a loss of effort to try to dissuade him; nevertheless. He tried again. "Those short legs just won't take you over the country fast enough, Andy, especially uphill."

"I'll make out."

"What about hand-to-hand combat?"

He nodded toward the canteen where the distorted face of the Indian seemed to be watching them. "Taking that?" Rich asked.

"Why not? It holds water."

When Rich failed to comment further their eyes met, and the bondage that was theirs was reflected in the look that passed between them. Fate had decreed two different trails, and with the uncertainties that ruled this great virgin land they could only pray that someday their trails would cross again.

Thus it was with the pioneer.

Early the next morning, Andy rode east across low gray hills, then north over a barren summit and into a shallow basin. Here the high, thick brush clawed at his legs, slowing his progress, as his horse, free-reined, sought out the way of least resistance.

Beyond the basin, a low plateau was all that separated him from the long and fertile valley of the Sanpitch. Here he would answer the call of duty. Here he would become a Minute Man against the notorious Black Hawk, Yene-wood, Arropine, Sowiatt, and Ankawakets.

Andy was thoughtful as he jogged along. In these perilous times few questions were asked if a man wanted to join up. They needed every fighting man who was willing to take a stand against Black Hawk, who had raided and killed throughout a large territory. Stock had been driven into the hills and men and boys killed while at their farm labors; communities had been deserted when settlers were forced to move to the forts, built for their protection.

Suddenly Andy's reveries were broken as his horse, shying with a few frightened snorts, side-stepped and then went into reverse motion, all but unseating Andy from the saddle.

Andy pulled leather while he shouted commands to his horse, and after the frightened animal had calmed down somewhat, he dismounted, keeping a tight grip on the reins. Detecting a slight movement in the brush to his right, Andy drew his pistol and stepped in that direction, parting the brush with his gun.

Andy stopped short when he saw two moccasin-clad feet half hidden in the tall grass. Startled momentarily, as he had expected to find a harmless animal in the thick brush, he cocked the pistol, then let the hammer down carefully when he saw two frightened eyes looking up at him and a boyish face with a deep, jagged, and bloody wound across one cheek.

A rusted and ancient rifle with part of the breech blasted away lay near the boy. Evidently he had been hunting for food when the gun had exploded.

It never occurred to Andy that this was the enemy and he could have been the target as he dug clean, white rags from his saddle. With canteen in hand he again approached the wounded Indian, who tried to slither farther into the brush and high grass.

With kind and assuring words, Andy at last got the young Indian to lie still while he cleaned the wound and added compresses to stop the flow of blood. With the wound clumsily dressed he gave the other a drink from his canteen. Brown fingers clawed desperately at the container, trying to wrest it from Andy's hands, but Andy held on. Evidently the Indian had been without water for some time.

As Andy moved back to his horse, the Indian lay back in the grass, his eyes following Andy's every move. What to do, Andy thought. Evidently the Indian would die, for the wound was badly infected. Well, it certainly wasn't his responsibility. This was the enemy. This bit of humanity at his feet was the one reason why he was on his way to join the Minute Men. He looked down. The young man's eyes were centered on the canteen, a wild and pleading expression that Andy couldn't ignore. Well, why not? It would be inhuman not to help when he could. Anyway, he would reach fresh water soon.

Andy hoisted his short frame into the saddle, then rode close and dropped the canteen. The young Indian handed it to him; then, when he saw the work of art, a faint smile touched his lips. His fever-enflamed eyes expressed his gratitude.

Andy sat motionless, looking down. This was the enemy, and the reasonable thing to do under the circumstances was to destroy the enemy. Instead he had given his last drop of water to a wounded Indian. Andy shrugged and nudged his horse. Oh, well, what was one wounded Indian more or less? Anyway, he was a young man, like himself.

Captain Lyons looked across his desk at the young man standing at rigid attention and smothered his amusement by concentrating his attention on the mass of papers before him. Enthusiastic young blood striving for expression, he thought. The prestige, romance and glory of being a soldier far outweighed the



more realistic, mental and physical anguish associated with this necessary contribution to the history of the west.

The dirty game of war attracted the unthinking, simply because it was part of the great adventure, yet he could not say no to the physically able, simply because the west needed this young blood, even though it took but a matter of minutes sometimes to strip the glory from the pitiful realities, leaving life exposed like a raw sore.

With a forced cheerfulness Lyons scrutinized the young applicant. "Your name is Andrew Nesslin?"

"Yes, sir," stiffly.

"At ease, Andrew." As Andy relaxed somewhat Lyons continued the interrogation, striving to maintain an air of inflexible authority. "You are eighteen?"

"Going on eighteen, sir."

Lyons managed to present a demeanor of sobriety as he looked Andy over. "Why do you want to join up?"

"I feel it is my duty, sir."

Lyons nodded. "Well said, Andrew." He fought back a smile by rubbing his chin and mouth vigorously. "There are certain requirements....You measure five feet-one inch?"

Andy nodded, convincingly. "I'm short on the bottom half, sir. There's nothing wrong with the top half."

Lyons allowed a part of the smile to surface. "How do you get your leg high enough to stirrup a foot, Andrew?"

Lyons watched Andy cross the compound. A serious expression took command of his features. "Such a little guy, but then the smaller the target....

Rubbing his grizzled chin, Anderson scowled down at Andy. "Takin' 'em fresh out ot the crib. Scarcely scratchin' surface at five feet. Ye'll git lost in the dust, son."

"I'll take the chance." Andy said, pointedly.

"Grab yerself by yer boot straps an' hie yerself up a notch, or I'll miss ye at roll-call."

"Just call Andy Nesslin. I'll be there."

"Well, the Injun don't show no preference, why should I? Know all about a gun?"

"I've handled guns."

"All right." Gruffly. "Put yer back-end eyes in an' report next drill."

"Back-end eye, sir?"

"Of course. In Injun never comes at ye full front, always from the rear. Gotta have back-end eyes."

"I'll remember than sergeant." Andy promised.

"Do that," was the gruff reply.

Andy went to work in the fields, a job he only slightly enjoyed, and the days dragged uneventfully along. He had joined the Minute Men to fight Indians, not hoe corn; and there were times when he was tempted to mount up and put distance between himself and the fort. Anderson seemed to suspect this, so he offered some unsolicited advice.

"Ye got a nice head of hair, son. Take care of it, an'stay right here where we can look after ye."

"Look after me?" Andy shouted. "I don't need you or anyone else.."

Anderson ignored Andy's anger as he walked away.

After that, the younger men with whom Andy associated helped him to break the monotony, as they all appeared to take the problems of this lonesome, primeval land in stride.

Black Hawk broke the monotony.

Cattle from south Sanpete were rounded up one dark night and driven into the mountains, and by daybreak the Minute Men were out in number, never suspecting that Black Hawk would be waiting for them.

Taken completely by surprise in the narrow canyon, the Minute Men fought an elusive horde of blood-crazed Indians, who utilized every rock and brush in their vicious attack. Quickly realizing that he was greatly outnumbered, and that he would undoubtedly lose his entire command should the Indians seal off the mouth of the canyon, Lyons ordered a hasty retreat.

The retreat became a disorderly rout, with the enemy firing from ambush. In the thick of it, Andy was getting his first introduction to warfare with an enemy he couldn't even see. He rode hard, the sound of battle and the disorganized retreat swelling up all around him. The pandemonium created by screaming horses, pounding hooves, and screaming angry men, together with volley after volley of gunfire from the hillside, seemed to freeze him and humble his thinking.

Try as he did to keep well within the body of men and horses, he was gradually forced to the more dangerous outer edge, and when he felt his horse shudder and stumble, he instinctively threw himself from the saddle. With his last conscious effort he rolled clear and into the shadow of an overhang. Darkness came quickly with a stabbing pain in his head.

Andy raised his head and a sick dizziness swept over him. He lay back while the canyon rolled grotesquely. The battle? That was months ago, wasn't it? Weeks? Days? The canyon was wrapped in a haunting silence that seemed to emphasize a horror that was but a nightmarish dream with spasms of realism. Through a tantalizing mist he noted that the overhang afforded him adequate protection from gunners on the side hill. He had only to fear a frontal attack from the canyon floor.

His horse lay several yards down the canyon, and just beyond that was the huddled figure of a man. The mists closed in again, and Andy lay back. His searching fingers had found a nasty gash near his hairline which he no doubt had received when he struck the ground. Blood had dried on his face.

After a few minutes, the nausea which had seized him passed, and he was able to raise his head again. The soldier was trying to get to his knees. And even with his tricky vision Andy was able to recognize the man. It was Anderson.

Impulsively, and with no regard for his own safety Andy kept to the protection of the overhang and ran a staggering and zigzag course to where the tottering Anderson stood. Blurred and fever-filled eyes searched Andy's face as they started back toward the overhang, Anderson's body heavy against the smaller man.

They had slowly covered half the distance when the guns opened up on the side hill, the slugs spanking harmlessly into the hard earth, or ricocheting off the wall of the cliff. Dazedly, Andy wondered why the Indians were shooting wide and high.

With some effort Andy pushed Anderson under the overhang and squeezed in beside him. Part of his body was exposed, but he didn't seem to realize it. Anderson made no sound, and Andy reasoned that he had lost consciousness.

Under the hot overhang Andy soon came to realize that he was very thirsty. One glance told him that Anderson had no canteen and that his own was under the body of the horse. He lay back and tried to figure it out. The Indians could have killed both him and Anderson, so there could be but one conclusion: they were going to make him suffer for his bravery. They would hold true to Indian custom and savage procedure by torturing him until he screamed for mercy. He knew how they tried to prove their superiority over the white man. Andy's head pained him and he pressed it hard between his hands. What could be more terrible than to die of thirst?

“Li’l sojar. You want to fight someone?”

The taunting voice came from across the canyon, and for a full minute the words didn’t record on Andy’s swimming brain. Fight? How could he fight someone he couldn’t see?

“Li’l sojar,” came the taunting voice again. “You pretty brave.”

Little Soldier! They were mocking him now, slowly building up to that final torture...death by thirst.

Anderson was mumbling incoherently, and Andy tried hard not to listen. He flicked his tongue out over cracking lips. When darkness came he would try to get away. He could make it in the darkness. And carry Anderson? No, he would leave Anderson. He owed the sergeant nothing. He would leave Anderson here to die.

Andy pressed his pounding head against the earth. Leave Anderson? He couldn’t do that as long as the man was alive.

Welcome night spread its blanket over the canyon at last, its coolness bringing a little relief. It would afford Andy a chance to move out from under the overhang, thus giving Anderson more room. Andy could feel his tongue beginning to swell. The dust, the heat, and high temperature had dehydrated his body. Soon his lips would crack deeper, and the exuding blood would dry on them. Anderson was mumbling again. He could make out one word....water.

WHAT WAS THAT?

Andy held his breath. It was the unmistakable sound of hooves against rock. Not it came again, faintly...and came no more. The Indians were out there, watching, waiting to drive him under the stuffy ledge again. He lay with his burning face against the earth. It didn’t matter now, did it? No, it didn’t matter at all. His head was throbbing again, and he seemed to be slipping into a strange aberrant state, a distorted reflection on the past, the confused and disorderly present, and the very dead future.

Andy raised his head. What was he doing here with the morning sun slanting down on his face? The sun was a good hour high, its ray stabbing down through the oak, forming dancing patterns on the ground and the rock wall. He drew a trembling hand across his eyes. Strange that he should be lying here in his pathetic state with a horse all saddled and bridled and tied to an oak less than twenty years away. Andy held his throbbing head and tried to bring the past and present into focus. Was it all a hideous nightmare? Perhaps. That was surely his canteen with the ridiculous Indian face painted on the flat side, hanging in the usual place. No, he remembered giving that canteen to a wounded Indian. A moaning sound coming from the overhang seemed to snap him back to reality.

“Dear God,” he whispered.

The only audible sound as he staggered to his weak and trembling legs were the canyon whisperings. No gunfire from the side hill, no bantering voice to mock him. Andy wouldn’t have been ashamed if the whole world had seen the tears coursing down his grimy face. He broke into a stumbling run, and seconds later his fingers closed on the cool canteen.

Source: Inspired by the true story of Little Soldier, Moroni Black Hawk Brochure, 1965.

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## THE PIG THAT CAUGHT THE MUMPS

Melba S. Payne

Provo, Utah

Professional Division

Second Place Short Story

Curly was a pig. At first he was a runt; that was what papa called him as he picked him up and took him into the house.

"The old sow had ten babies last night." He told mama. "This one is so small he just don't have a chance. His brother and sisters push him around, and he can't get any food or warmth from his mother."

Besides mama and papa there was six-year-old Carol. Carol was very sad, because you see, she was having the mumps. Both of her cheeks stuck out like she had a jawbreaker inside each one. Last night her friend Dotty got to wear her beautiful costume and be the Angel in the Christmas pageant. She had cried and cried, and she hurt awful this morning when she tried to eat her breakfast. Everything seemed so sad.

"Daddy!" she cried, "let me hold him—please." She took the piglet and held him firmly in her arms while papa placed a box with a blanket in it behind the big black kitchen stove. Carol put the pig in the box and noticed his pinkish, curly tail. "I'll call him Curly." She said.

Mama filled a green bottle with warm milk and fitted a black rubber nipple on top. "You can help feed him," she told Carol, who was getting so excited.

"I don't mind having mumps any more. It's such fun caring for a pig. I used this same bottle when I fed the baby lambs last summer, didn't I mama?" "Yes dear, but don't jump around so much. It's not good for you when you have the mumps."

At first Curly rolled himself into a small pink ball and only wanted to sleep, but Carol scratched his ears and tickled his pig feet. Soon he was nursing hungrily and nursed all the warm milk from the green bottle.

For several more days Carol had to stay out of school while she was getting over the mumps. These were fun days. She fed Curly often, and he grew bigger and stronger every day. Sometimes mama let her take him out of the box and play with him. He would squeal and run all around in the kitchen.

One day papa said, "Well, Curly, let's take you back to the pig pen. I'm sure you can hold your own with your family now." Curly ran around the room and tried to keep out of papa's reach. He squealed his little piggy squeal and darted everywhere. He seemed to know they wanted to take him away. It was finally Carol who caught him and took him out to the big pig pen. At first he just stood in a corner and sulked. She stayed for a long while, until she saw his mother come close to him and his brothers and sisters start treating him like the big brother that he really was. He was bigger than any of them.

A few days later, when Carol came home from school, she was surprised to see Curly lying lazily in the box behind the big black stove in the kitchen.

"He's got the mumps," her mama said, "So I guess we will have to care for him in the house again."

Carol picked Curly up and looked at him. Sure enough he had fat cheeks and he gave weak little squeals when she moved him about. "He feels awful mama, just like I did." Then she spoke softly to Curly as she put him back in the box. "Don't worry, just get all better. We don't want your whole family getting the mumps, now do we?"

So that is how Curly, who was once a runt, got to live in a nice warm house two times in his early day.

Source: This story, based on fact, was told to the author by her older brothers and sisters.

## **HOW AN INDAIN REMEDY HELPED CURE A WHITE MAN**

Ila C. Miller  
Manti, Utah  
Senior Division  
First Place Anecdote

Nels was a young boy of about twelve or thirteen years of age when his father was suddenly overcome with arthritis and was unable to work.

An Indian friend said, "What's the matter you no can work?"

When he told what the matter was, he said, "Me cure. Me know what to do." He then asked to be taken to the mountains to gather herbs for medicine.

As Nels could drive a team, he was told to hitch the team to the buckboard and take the Indian to the mountains. A lunch was packed, and a large washtub placed in the back to carry the herbs; the Indian and his squaw got in. They had Nels drive up Six-Mile Canyon.

When they found the proper place the Indians got out and went to gather herbs, and Nels was left to watch the team. All the time stories of Indian troubles and raids were going through his mind. As the hours passed he began to wonder if they were ever coming back. Finally, at noon they came back with their collection of herbs, put them in the tub, ate their lunch, and left to gather more herbs. Again Nels was to watch and worry and wonder what might happen.

At nearly sun down they came back and Nels drove them to his home where the herbs were put into a kettle and steeped. The resulting liquor was given to Mr. Christiansen as a medicine. The medicine was effective, and soon the father was able to work again.

When he was asked if he could remember any of the herbs used or the method used in making the medicine, Nels said, "No. All I could think of was what might happen to me. Or what if someone should see me with those Indians, and what would people think of me?"

Source: Story was told to author by Nels C. Christiansen, late resident of Manti.

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## **AN INCIDENT**

Loren D. Squire  
LaVerkin, Utah  
Senior Division  
Second Place Incident

Last year, as I sat waiting for the Mormon Miracle Pageant to start on Temple Hill, I began to reminisce about one important happening in my life.

It was the morning of January 3, 1906 that my father took my mother and me to the foot of the west end of Temple Hill. The day before had been my eighth birthday, and I was to be baptized in the Temple that day.

My mother and I started up a zigzag trail, which led from the road up the steep, rock-covered hill to the west end of the Temple. At each corner of the zigzag a cedar post had been set in the ground and one and on-

half inch rope anchored from post to post, thus serving as a rail to help those climbing the hill. After reaching the tip, we entered the Temple and went to a room where I put on white clothing ready for baptism.

I climbed the steps at the wrong end of the baptismal font and looked down into the smiling face of Neils M. Jensen, who held out his arms and said, "I'll carry you across." This he did, and I remember the big toe of one foot trailed in the water.

He deposited me at the water's edge, where I was led into the water by Elder Jensen, who baptized me. As I was raised, sputtering for breath and dripping with water, I was sat on a chair, where his hands and those of Elder Horrace Thorton were placed upon my head, and Elder Thorton confirmed me a member of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Sometime after this a row of steps was built from the road straight up to the west door of the Temple. I counted those steps many times as I climbed them, Later, the improvement of the road from the north side of the Temple, through the arch way down the south side of the hill, plus the fact that the flight of the steps was too strenuous for temple workers to climb, caused them to be taken out and beautiful green lawn planted around the hill.

Source: Loren D. Squire, born 1898

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## **THE NEXT-TO-THE-LAST CAR ON THE OLD SANPETE VALLEY TRAIN**

John K. Olsen

Ephraim, Utah

Senior Division

Honorable Mention #1 Incident

The most outstanding thing I remember about the old Sanpete Valley Train that passed our farm twice each day (except it sometimes missed Sundays) was the car with the baggage compartment in the front half and the smoker in the back half. (Never did I see that car run backwards.) The top of the car was flat like a freight car, only it was minus the walking board in the middle. This flat top, without any decoration what-s-ever, reminded me of a rooster that had lost all of its tail feathers.

Source: John K. Olsen, born 1889

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Sanpete Valley Railroad, 1879-1929

## **THE SANPETE VALLEY RAILROADS**

John K. Olsen  
Ephraim, Utah  
Senior Division  
First Place Essay

One of the very first coalmines in Utah opened shortly after 1854 at "Coalbed," since 1873 called "Wales," Utah. (The older Scandinavians never did learn how to say "Wales".)

The veins of coal were small and the coal was slow in burning, but was good for forge work. Even the demand for coal was slow in developing until Johnston's Army stopped at Camp Floyd in 1858. A part of this army came south and camped near Ephraim for more than one year. Maybe this had some bearing on the army's demands by relaying the availability of coal to Camp Floyd.

That part of the Johnston Army stationed at Ephraim departed in 1859, and those at Camp Floyd left Utah in 1861. Thereafter the coal found a good market in Salt Lake, but the long haul by team and wagon was a debiting factor.

The Utah Central Railroad, the first Mormon built railroad, extended from Ogden to Salt Lake City. It was built in 1869, with the first train reaching the latter city January 10, 1870.

The Utah Southern Railroad was incorporated on January 17, 1871 by another group of Mormons, to "construct and operate a line of railroad from salt Lake city to the southern part of the territory of Utah<sup>1</sup>. Ground was broken on May 1, 1871, and on October 25, 1873 the first train reached Provo. The track was continued, and the train reached Juab, 15 miles southwest of Nephi, June 13, 1879.

### **SANPETE VALLEY RAILROAD COMPANY**

In 1871, another group of Salt Lakers organized a railroad company for the purpose of constructing a railroad from Nephi to Coalbed (Wales), with the transportation of coal as the main body of freight. This road was started in the mid 70's but was sold to an English syndicate, along with the mine, before the road was completed to Pete's Canyon mine in 1879. (It has always been my opinion that the chief stockholder was a woman.)

The first train to Wales was probably late in 1879 or 1880. Thus Wales became the southern terminal of the railroad in Sanpete for the distribution of mail and freight. It held this honor until 1884.

With the building of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad through the Carbon County coalfields and into Salt Lake City and Ogden in 1883, the coalmine at Wales was discontinued and the rails taken up from Fountain Green to Wales. In 1884 the track was continued through Moroni and on to Chester.

This move away from the coalmine changed the nature of the train's freight from coal to farm produce. (At this time Sanpete was called the "Granary of Utah.") In 1885, Moroni became the center for the shipping of livestock from Sanpete and southern Utah. A stockyard and scales for weighting were installed by the railroad. Some days in the fall or early winter a trainload of cattle or sheep would be loaded. A trainload meant 10 carloads or more.

While Chester was the southern terminal of the railroad (1884-1893), COAL WAS DISCOVERED NEAR Sterling. This discovery acted very much like a blood transfusion for the Sanpete Valley Railroad. The hope of coal to be freighted to Salt Lake was resurrected. The railroad company was reorganized and refinanced. The dream of extending the road to Parowan for coal was recorded by Theodore Burback, the new president

Late in 1892, "Old" Henry Beal of Ephraim contracted to build the Sanpete Valley Railroad line from Chester to Manti. This was done in 1893. The first train reached Manti on Thanksgiving Day.

Manti now became the main office, terminal, roundhouse, and the "all" for the rolling stock. To turn the train around so it could begin its trip back to northern Utah, the "Y" belonging to the D & RG railroad was probably used<sup>2</sup> as the Sanpete Valley had neither a "Y" nor a turntable, and the D& RG was just a few hundred yards distant.

The track was extended to the Morrison mine in Sterling Canyon during 1894. In 1896, the Sanpete Valley tracks, which were narrow gage (four feet, rail to rail), were changed to standard gage (five feet, rail to rail). The D & RG RR that reached Manti January 1, 1891 must have been narrow gage, if the Sanpete Valley train used its "Y" to turn on. Nearly all western railroads were making the change from narrow to standard gage in the late 1890's.

The dip of the coal vein at Morrison was not great but was enough that, within a very short time, underground water became troublesome, and it was necessary to install pumping machinery. A train by tunnel<sup>3</sup> was driven from the bottom of the canyon to intercept the mine. This resulted in a gravity flow of between 2 and 5 CFS. Hydrogen sulfide gave the water a peculiar odor and taste. The date of this tunnel is about 1899.

### **DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD**

Prior to 1883, the town of Springville, Utah had constructed 53 miles of main line of the D & RG through Spanish Fork Canyon as far as the Pleasant Valley mines<sup>4</sup>. In 1890, the Sanpete branch of this railroad route from Thistle to Manti was completed. (January 1, 1891). A big celebration was held on December 29, 1890, in the tabernacle at Manti, Utah

The D & RG track reached Salina in 1891. Belnap, now called Marysville, the southern terminal, was reached by track and train in 1896.

### **A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE RAILROADS IN SANPETE**

The Sanpete Valley Railroad was sold to the D & RG in 1915, according to the Ephraim franchise.

The Sanpete Valley Railroad continued to operate under the D & RG ownership until the end of the year 1929.

Many grand celebrations were held in various Utah cities when the railroad came to town, i.e.: Ogden, August 3, 1869; Golden Spike at Promontory, May 10, 1869; Salt Lake City, January 10, 1870; Provo, October 25, 1873; Chester, 1884; Ephraim, 1890; Manti, 1890.

### **SANPETE RAILROADS – MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCES**

I remember about 1918 or 1919, before there were any hard-surface roads in Sanpete County, that it became necessary to attend a Farm Bureau Board Meeting at Manti. At this time of the year the mud on the highway near the old cemetery north of Ephraim was at its most sticky stage, as it was on every road in the County. Commissioner C.J. Christensen of Fountain Green, Joseph F. Bagnol, County Farm Bureau Director, and I (County Farm Bureau Secretary), appraised the situation. We changed the time of the meeting from day to evening.

The morning of the meeting day I called the D & RG agent at Ephraim and requested that he ask the train conductor, George Bradley, to pick up Mr. Bagnol at his home, about a mile south of the Chester Station, and me at my farm two miles north of Ephraim.



That afternoon the train obligingly stopped and picked us up for the trip to Manti. After the meeting we obtained rooms at the hotel. Next morning, in real style, we rode in the "Hack" to the Manti Depot and boarded the old Sanpete Valley. Conductor Bradley let each of us off where he picked us up the day before. On September 14, 1908, about 8:30 a.m., I boarded the Sanpete Valley Train about 100 years north of where I lived in Ephraim. This was the first time I had left home alone with the intention of making an extended stay. I was on my way to the U.A.C. at Logan. Also on the train were four Manti boys who were going to college. They were Melroy and Clinton Kjar, Henry Voorhees, and Rob Hogan. At Fountain Green another boy came aboard. He carried a cornet case. He was Archie L. Christiansen. At that moment the thought never entered my head that by the next evening we would be roommates for that school year.

At that first meeting we were strangers, but the stranger left and has failed to return, even after 67 years. I wonder, where has the stranger gone? Individually and collectively they were truly a grand bunch of boys to have known.

The reason for going on the Sanpete Valley train to and from Logan was that when you reached Salt Lake with your trunk as baggage, you were relieved of finding that old man with a horse and buggy to transfer your trunk from D & RG to the Oregon Shortline or vice versa.

### **THE PUMP CAR OR SECTION CAR**

Many trips by teenage boys were made to various railroad towns in the first 15 years of this century using the pump car. The Sanpete Valley Train stopped each night at Manti. Next morning it would go north. Because the boys knew the train schedule, the use of the little pump car afforded a lot of free transportation to see their girl friends. After their dates they would pump themselves home again and put the car where they had found it.

Source: John K. Olsen, born April 16, 1889

<sup>1</sup>History of Utah Since Statehood, p. 353.

<sup>2</sup>Ray P. Cox, Manti, Utah.

<sup>3</sup>Manti Lake Company and Gunnison Irrigation Company records

<sup>4</sup>See D & RG, p. 1

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## **CHANGES THE RAILROAD BROUGHT TO SANPETE COUNTY**

Elmer W. Ludvigson

Sterling, Utah

Senior Division

Second Place Essay

Changes have been many in the past ninety five years. I feel very fortunate to have lived in this era of time, and to have done so in Sanpete County, especially in Manti and Sterling. One change affecting the simple way of my early life was the coming of the railroad to this valley. Prior to the tracks being laid in Manti, the D & RGW had been laid as far south as Chester from Thistle. Store goods were hauled from the railroad at Chester to Manti by team and wagon. In 1890, the railroad came to Manti from Chester, and in 1891 it went on through Sevier and Piute Counties to Marysville.

The coming of the railroad brought what we thought to be a great deal of speed in travel, and compared to the wagon and horses, it really was. People begin to commute to and fro by train, and easier and

more pleasant way to go. We were excited to see the drummers, as we called the salesmen who were in and out of Manti on business. Eating and boarding houses were built. I recall so well Sister Brown's little ice cream parlor. Other stores opened. Mail had never been so fast. The old mail hack carried mail and people as well in and out of town. There was a great deal of excitement with the coming of the railroad. The most glamorous place to work was on the railroad or on the cars. Produce being shipped in and out of Manti meant more money for people. In 1892, my father, Erick Ludvigson, moved his family to the old Sealer Atwood home in Sterling, not too far from the railroad.

Following the train in 1894, the Sanpete Valley Railroad extended a spur to a coal mine east of Sterling called Morrison. This train came from Nephi. At the same time Funk's Lake was a fine place for recreation, and the Sanpete Valley Train brought crowds to this spot, as well as on to the coal mine. The spur left the line between Manti and Sterling at a point called 'the cut.' The tracks crossed highway 89 by the Lafe Ludvigson farm, on around the hill, and angled toward the rim of the creek bottom where it passed between the Oly Black home and the Joseph Jensen home. Mucen Jensen of Sterling tells the story of the Jensen children lining up on the old pole fence, each with a bucket of water to throw on any sparks from the passing train, which was very close, endangering the fence or home.

H.S. Kerr was the superintendent and general supervisor of the Morrison Mine. In 1896, the narrow gage railroad was changed to standard size. For a number of years the mine was a progressive enterprise. A boarding house and several houses were erected on a flat just east of the new mine stream. Walter K. Barton and his family operated the boarding house. Arlisha Funk Larson was the hired girl.

Most of the miners were from Wales and boarded at the mine; however, several men from Sterling also worked there. The young people from Sterling also worked there. The young people from Sterling often went up and socialized with those at the mine; and in turn they came down town for dances and socials.

On one occasion two men from Sterling lost their lives in the mine. They had been blasting when one failed to shoot. The two men returned to the mine. Just then it blasted, killing both men. They were Charley Musig and Charley Thompson.

In about 1907 the railroad to Morrison was discontinued, for the mine filled with water, making work impossible. The rails were torn up and sold to the D & RGW RR and hauled to the train below town. The boarding house was sold to Jake Marx and moved to his property. The stream of water flows out of the mine daily, and the large vein of coal still remains in the mountain; thus ends the story of Morrison.

On August 24, 1949, the passenger train was discontinued on the Sanpete Valley line. Traveling by train is still exciting to me, but much of trade and travel have given way to trucks, cars, buses, yes and the great speed of the jet airplane. All of these have brought many changes we are experiencing today.

Source: Elmer w. Ludvigson, born December 28, 1880

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## **CRAZY PATCH**

Luella H. Rogers  
Paradox, Colorado  
Senior Division  
Honorable Mention #1 Essay

When our pioneer mothers came west, they had among a few cherished possessions their precious quilt patterns: to mention a few, Rose of Sharon, Log Cabin, Rail Fence, Eastern Star. When the larger pieces

were cut according to the pattern, and nothing was wasted, they put together the small, oddly-shaped ones that couldn't be cut to a pattern, fitting them as best they could be turned and adjusted. The result was known as "Crazy Patch". In spite of no set pattern, the effect was often pretty and always interesting.

Hence, these little conglomerates of mine are taken out of the piece sack of memories. Small pieces of cloth were gathered over the last hundred years for a Crazy patch, put together without pattern, texture, color or design. Some pieces are tragic, some are humorous, all are true, and hopefully, all are interesting. They are stitched together with the thread of time and the needle of love.

Ri was five years old. Her family had recently come to Sterling, but they felt at home. Aunt Maria lived there, and her daughter Inez, several years older than Ri, took her under her wing, playing with her and taking her every place she went.

One day, Inez, along with another girl her age, came to take Ri wildflower picking. Ri's mother had washed her bonnet that morning, and it was dry, but not ironed. Ri couldn't go without her bonnet; she had learned better by sad experience. One day when she took her bonnet off while out at play, her mother had sewed her bonnet to her hair. After all, hadn't Brigham Young told the mothers of Zion in Dixie to keep their children's heads covered to shield them from the hot sun? And Ri's folks were from Dixie. Ri's bonnet was a slat bonnet—the kind where slats were sewed between the two thicknesses of the bonnet, and small, flat smooth sticks were inserted to hold the bonnet stiff.

Ri's mother wasn't home. Inez couldn't find the slats, so she put case knives in the slats to keep the bonnet off Ri's face, and they went on their way. They there was that day when Ri had gone with Inez and friends for a swim in the creek. When they started home, they noticed a big smoke. The nearer they got to town the bigger the fire looked. Then came Inez's brother, running and crying, "Ma and the baby are in the granary, and it is burning."

Aunt Maria draped her own body over her baby, trying to shield him from the fire. They found her so in the charred remains.

What a somber piece indeed to sew in. The date on the stone in the Manti Cemetery gives the day 4 July, 1879.

These stories were told to me by my mother, Mary Maria Terry Hurst, who, until she was grown went by the name of Ri, taken from Maria.

Maria Terry Funk and her baby's deaths are common knowledge in early Sterling history also.

The Fairview Co-op was started prior to 1875. It was sometimes called the United Order. In 1880, the Co-op building was erected. It was 55 x 32 feet outside, 22 feet high from lower floor to the square, two stories high, sale room 30 x 20 inside, nicely painted and finished. It was built of rock with a stone front.

The Order was rather successful from the first, bartering and exchanging produce with neighboring towns. Their main cash outlet was Salt Lake City. They had their problems too, such as in 1875 beef was selling for three cents a pound, delivered.

The Order was under the direction of the Bishopric. Bishop Tucker had charge of the Temple Sawmill, and Philip Hurst, his counselor, was looking after the affairs in connection with the store.

Here is a bit of homespun to brighten up the history.

The "Contributor" had come and Lizabeth told the children if they would help and get the Saturday's work done, she would read to them, "the children" being Philip's by his first marriage.

She said, "The children helped real good, and we got everything scrubbed up and supper cooking." Then just as they got settled on the floor near her rocking chair to listen, there was a knock at the door. When Lizabeth answered there was a man from Nephi with a load of wheat inquiring for Brother Hurst. Lizabeth

explained he wasn't home but should be coming soon, and she invited him in to wait. The man answered, "No, I will wait outside by my team." So she sat back down to read the Contributor to the children. After a while Philip came, bringing the Brother into the house. He introduced Lizabeth to the man by saying, "Brother -----, this is my wife." He shook hands with her and said, "Sister Hurst, I must apologize for refusing your invitation to come in; I thought you were one of the children." Lizabeth, telling it years after, chuckled with amusement as she said, "And I didn't look much older."

Dates and measurements used are from original letters written by Philip Hurst to his Mother, one in 1875, and second in 1881; it is now in my possession.

I am indebted to the late President Lewis R. Anderson of Manti Temple for this story.

When the walls of the Temple were up so high the rock couldn't be lifted from the ground the workers built a ramp of heavy planks and rigged up a carriage to hold the stones. Then a mule with a stout harness was used to pull the stones up to the scaffolding where the men were placing them.

On this Monday morning, when the men came back to work, the mule wasn't in the corral at the foot of the hill. The bars were knocked down, and the mule was gone. The men scoured the hillside, and around that end of town, looking. When they did find the faithful old mule, it was standing there at the foot of the ramp waiting to begin the day's work.

When the Temple walls were almost to the top, some man brought a pail of potatoes up on the job, for what? Brought from a neighboring town to use during the week as he camped at the foot of the Hill? Or a Manti man brought them up to give to a friend to take home? And perhaps one of the stone Layers was a practical joker? Be that as it may, the potatoes were entombed there in the wall.

Over 75 years later, when remodeling was being done, some stones were removed from a column on the outside of the Temple. When the light shone into the hole, there lay a little pile of potatoes, not recognizable at first, a little pile of something. Fray, small objects, bits of mortar, or odd shaped stones, when lifted were almost weightless, and on close inspection, they proved to be potatoes.

How did they get there, to be found after all those years? It still must remain a mystery.

We saw the mummified potatoes. John was in the Temple, presiding at the time. He brought a few home in his pocket. I tried to revive one by soaking it in water over night, but to no avail. He still has a couple in his desk drawer.

In all accounts of pioneer soap making I have listened to or read about, they are the same, women saved their drippings to mix them with lye water made from wood ashes to make soap. The following is what Grandma said that I have never heard elsewhere.

"In the early days in Sanpete we were so hungry we ate our drippings. When a critter was butchered, the intestines were used for soap. They were stripped, washed until they were as clean as the woman could get them, and then put into the soap kettle. Before they soured, the lye water was added and soap was made."

During the First World War, Grandma proved the story to be true. She decided to make soap, much to the disapproval of her children, and grandchildren. We said, "You don't need to do it; you can afford to buy soap. You don't need to work that hard, and you are too old."

I think Grandma's son-in-law felt the worst, because she carried on her project in his yard, where he had killed his pigs. She went there, stripped the intestines, washed them, placed them in a tub, then had them carried to her home. The next morning she proceeded to make soap. She did use canned lye and water, instead of the lye water. She made soap in a blackened tub out in her yard, controlling the fire so her brew wouldn't boil over. She tested it by putting a few drops in a saucer and tasting it with her tongue to see of the

lye amount was right. She stirred it with an old broom handle. When at last it looked done, and it spun from the stick like honey (a sure sign), she pushed the fire away from the tub and left it to cool overnight. When she cut it out the next morning it didn't smell exactly like roses, but it was soap.

I know Grandma enjoyed making it, and who knows, maybe her mind went back to the yesteryears when, as Grandma said, "in the lean days in Sanpete, when we killed a pig, we used everything but the squeal."

Perhaps not enough pieces are stitched together to make a quilt, but sufficient for a cushion or even a foot stool of Crazy Patch, taken from the piece sack of memories.

Luella H. Rogers, born May 4, 1897

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## **LOG CABIN MEMORIAL**

Lenore G. Denison

Manti, Utah

Senior Division

Honorable Mention #2 Essay

At the unveiling and dedication of the Bronze Marker on the Pioneer Cabin, Nov. 22, 1949, at a public service, just one hundred years to the day the pioneers came to Manti, Captain Kate B. Carter of the Central Camp D.U.P. said: "We are standing on sacred ground, which has been hallowed by the work and accomplishments of the Pioneers. The aim of the Daughter of Utah Pioneers is to preserve the history, relics, manuscripts and books of the pioneers for the future. Our heritage demands preservation of this sacred history." As former D.U.P. Historian it was my privilege, along with other local and county officers, to be present on that historic occasion.

The marker was unveiled by Mrs. Maggie Sorenson, Ephraim, oldest living grandchild of William and Johannah Richey, who in 1925 deeded the cabin to the Manti Camp of D.U.P. as a memorial to the pioneers and as a place to store their relics. Mrs. Sorenson, giving a history of the cabin, said that it was one of the first erected in Manti and that it was built originally inside the old log fort in 1853 by Nathaniel S. Beach; that it was later moved to 104 West 2<sup>nd</sup> North, where it was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Richey, her grandparents. It was built in the southwest corner of the log fort, with a fireplace in on end and a dirt roof that needs a covering of fresh soil each year to keep it from leaking.

The early pioneers arrived in the Sanpitch Valley November 22, 1849, a band of fifty families led by Isaac Morley. Driving their wagons and stock over 125 miles and a three week's journey south from Salt Lake to the area now known as Manti, It was hoped they could build temporary shelter before winter set in. Scarcely had they made camp before a heavy storm arose, leaving the valley blanketed with two feet of snow. Their wagons afforded scant protection against wind and freezing temperatures.

Desperately in search of better shelter, they turned to the hill that jutted out into the valley, later known as Temple Hill, where they made dugouts in the side hill with smoke vents in the rear. Though the walls and floors were of dirt, these impoverished rooms kept the colonists warm through the severe winter, which took the lives of more than half of their cattle.

Although they came by invitation of Indian Chief Walker and by request of President Brigham Young, the Indians were hostile and reluctant to allow the whites to occupy their lands. For protection the settlers turned to building a fort of logs from the nearby canyon.

On January 19, 1925 the historic log cabin was deeded to the Manti Camp, Daughters of Utah Pioneers. Under the able direction of Alvira Felt, then Captain of Manti Camp, it was decided to move the cabin to its present site on Main Street.

Captain Felt was supervising a Hotel across the street west at the time. She prepared and served lunch to all the workmen during the moving and restoring of the Pioneer Cabin. Used as a tourist attraction, it has long since become so over-crowded that the relics have been moved to other locations. It is hoped that in the very near future a permanent place will be secured to protect this historic cabin and all the pioneer artifacts. They are too sacred to be lost.

The unveiling of the plaque was by Mrs. Maggie Sorenson, and the dedicatory prayer was pronounced by Mayor Easton Moffitt, who concluded the service by saying: "Give us here today the courage and faith to work for the ideals of our pioneers of 1849, that we might build on the frontiers of 1949 as well as they."

**PIONEER MEMORIAL CABIN**  
**Inscription No. 146**

**DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS**  
**Erected October 1949**

**This cabin was one of the first erected in Manti, built inside the Log Fort about 1853 by Nathaniel Beach. January 19, 1925, the cabin was deeded to Manti Camp Daughters of Utah Pioneers as a Memorial to the pioneers and for a home in which to preserve relics.**

**MANTI CAMP**  
**SANPETE COUNTY UTAH**

Source:

Early Manti-Sidwell,

These Our Father's,

Pioneer Heritage,

They Came in '49,

Salt Lake Tribune 16 November, 1949,

The Song of the Century.

Lenore G. Denison, born February, 1896.



Tabernacle Ephraim, Utah, 1871-1952



## THE OLD EPHRAIM TABERNACLE

Edna M. Nielson

Ephraim, Utah

Senior Division

Honorable Mention #3 Essay

Good memories are precious and the good memories I have of the Old Ephraim Tabernacle that was built on the corner of Center and Main Street are very precious to me, as some of my Pioneer family had a hand in its erection, and I have spent many hours in that building teaching Sunday School, Primary and working in the Relief Society.

Early history tells us that a hall inside the Old Fort was built in 1857. AS more and more people came to this area, the need for a larger building was needed, so on a Sunday, November 11, 1860, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Daniel H. Wells, George a. Smith and Joseph Young of the General Authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints came from Salt Lake City to dedicate a place for a large stone church building. When it was built, "It was the only meeting house south of Provo, Utah which comfortably convened those who were eager to hear and see the Presidency and their party." So in 1870 steps were taken to start work on this soon-to-be magnificent edifice. Construction was retarded for a while in 1871, due to the burning of the Saw Mill. However, workers finished this building that very same year.

We honor those hardy young and older men who spent their time and means helping in any way they could. We stand in awe at the faith, strength and determination they had to meet every assignment given them.

There was much rejoicing and thanksgiving when it was completed, and many great people preached from the pulpit.

On the inside was a balcony around three sides, held up by a number of pillars. All the benches in the balcony were straight, seat and back. Under the balcony on the ground floor were handmade benches too, the center benches extending up half way. These benches were curved to fit the seat and back of the body.

Between the pulpit and the main audience there was a raised circle, where the choir sat. Many men and women with beautiful voices sang during the meetings. I'm sure the Lord was well pleased with their songs of praise and worship to Him.

On the wall west of the pulpit was a beautiful colored mural of Joseph Smith kneeling and the Lord appearing to him. This picture was painted by C.C.A. Christensen.

On three sides of the building were large double doors, one on the north, the south and the east. This east door entered into a foyer, and on each side of it a stairway went up to the balcony. There were huge windows on three sides of the building to let the light in and provide ventilation.

The congregation grew, and more room was needed, so Andrew Christian Nielsen (called "Mormon Preacher"), who was a mason by trade, donated rock from his stone quarry and much of the labor to build and annex or vestry upon the west side of the main building. There was an upstairs and main floor to this part and a door from the main building; also there was one on the south from which to depart. Relief Society was held here, along with Mutual, Sunday School, Primary and other meetings.

In 1877, Canute Peterson became Sanpete Stake President with Henry Beal and John B. Maiben as counselors and A.H. Lund as clerk. At the same conference Ephraim was divided into two wards, the North and the South.

Again in 1923, Ephraim was divided into three wards, the West being added. In 1953, it was decided to completely remove the Tabernacle and build a modern one of red brick. Some people who didn't know of its history were glad to see it go, and those who had spent many hours within its walls on different occasions, were saddened.

Sources:

Personal experiences of author and family records of A.C. Nielson.

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## THE MANTI TEMPLE

Vic Frandsen  
Springville, Utah  
Senior Division  
First Place Poetry

Elevated from the valley on a green protrusive hill  
The Manti Temple stands aloft, God's purpose to  
fulfill.

Seen at its sharp vantage point from all of Sanpete  
Valley,  
A shrine of proud magnificence where God's elect  
may rally.

Built by weary, calloused hands, spurred on by  
gentle hearts,  
Designed in stately beauty by craftsmen's skillfull  
arts.

For many years brave pioneers, through constant  
sacrifice,  
Toiled through summer's searing sun and sinter's  
mud and ice.

At last the structure was complete, long efforts  
gained reward.  
In prayers of dedication it was given to the Lord.

Oh! What a glorious edifice; aglow in radiant sun;  
A beacon bathed in buff and gold when the day is  
done.

Here the covenants made with God, the highest  
know to man,  
Prepare us for the greatest gifts in His immortal  
plan.

The Holy Seal of Promise unites us with our kin,  
In realms of exaltation we there may dwell within.

Through everlasting covenant we seal our kindred  
dead,  
In countless generations with Jesus at our head.

May we all come here worthily in humble  
lowliness,  
To sense the glory of the Lord and feel His holiness.

May all live for the blessings bestowed on us today,  
And stay true to the covenants till life shall pass  
away.

May all revere this sacred place and feel a glorious  
thrill,  
When they behold the splendor of God's temple on  
the hill.

Vic Frandsen, born 1901

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## THE INDIAN CALL

Ellen L. Tucker  
Fairview, Utah  
Senior Division  
Second Place Poetry

One morning many years ago  
Where Sanpitch River does swiftly flow  
Stood a humble cottage, its chimney tall,  
With adobe walls and window small  
Inside the laughter of children rang,  
Keeping harmony with the birds who sang.

A pioneer mother and her children four,  
Were partaking of breakfast when close to the door,  
A whistle was heard, they trembled with fear,  
Wondering what dangers could be so near.  
It sounded like an eagle's cry  
As it was soaring high in the sky.

The door was opened with trembling hands.  
What could this be in this new found land?  
There standing in the early morn,  
Was an Indian brave in moccasins worn.  
With braids of black and adorned in feather,  
A son of Lehi clothed in leathers.

He humbly asked for a share of bread  
As he gazed upon each little head.  
His portion received with eager hand,  
He silently faded to join his band.  
Time has passed by since I was small,  
But still lingering in my heart is "The Indian Call."

Ellen L. Tucker, born March 24, 1900

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## THE TIE THAT BINDS

Reva T. Jensen  
Santa Maria, California  
Senior Division  
Honorable Mention #1 Poetry

Not everyone can compete  
For a page in "The Saga of Sanpete"

But I can worship from afar  
For I was born under a Sanpete star.

Through the years' haunting edges  
Of twice told tales and hardships wedges,

Mountains with their purple hue  
That gave the valley a forbidding view.

How each man came, turned the sod,  
Behind every plough, his prayers to God.

They gave their youth and a unique hand  
So those who follow might understand

To sacrifice for wondrous things  
Bring blessings flying in on wings;

Now that generation, laid to rest,  
Have I carried on their last request?

My eyes rest on visionary faces  
As feet now turn to sweet-scented places,

Keeping time to a modern beat  
Hurrying on, and unlistening street.

But the tie, like the hush of night  
Binds my soul with sheer delight.

Reva T. Jensen, born august 30, 1900

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## FRIENDLY INDIANS

Tulula Nelson  
Mt. Pleasant, Utah  
Senior Division  
First Place Short Story

Willard Frandsen was born into a polygamous home, the youngest son of ten children. The two mothers in this home were sisters, each having five children. Later a third wife came into the family, and she and her family lived in a house near the edge of town.

As in all pioneer families, there was much work to be done. Will, at a very early age, was given the job of herding the cows. The brush land outside of town was used for the settler's milk cows, but someone must watch them and not allow them into the fields of alfalfa and grain.

Will loved the freedom of roaming the countryside. Other boys his own age, and sometimes young Indians, would come to play with him. Their carefree ways and strange customs made much fun for them all. He learned their language and taught them some English words. His mother often wondered why one small boy could eat so much lunch, especially the ripe tomatoes and summer apples she sent with him. The little Indians loved his bread and butter and especially the apples and vegetables.

One day some Indian got Will to come to their camp to eat with them. When he saw the mother roasting grasshoppers on the open fire and shaping dough flat cakes on her leg above her knee, he suddenly lost his appetite and mad a dash for home. He loved to wander with the Indians in the Cedar hill where they would hunt bird nests and eggs. He would try to get to the tree stump first where a bird had built a nest, but their light feet would usually outrun him. One time he was first, but when he thrust his arm into the dark hole a large black snake jumped out beside his arm. His friends had a good laugh at his fright as they loved the wild creatures and often played with black snakes and tarantulas.

In September, 1872, Brigham Young came to ask Will if he would go to Thistle Valley and tell the Indians the peace treaty ending the Black Hawk War was to be signed in Mt. Pleasant. He could talk the Indian language quite well, and the prophet promised him safe return if he would go on this mission. Will was willing to go, since he had more love than fear for the Redman. Also some of his young friends lived there. Early one morning he left with the message and found Wapet, the leader, delivered the message, and the Indians followed him back to sign or make their mark on the document.

He often told his children how he got his ears boxed by an Indian. Will's father was giving an Indian some flour. When he lifted the 100 pound seamless sack to pour some into the Indian's sack, the flour clogged. Will put his hand into the sack to keep the flour pouring freely. The old buck misunderstood the gesture and gave him a sound slap on the side of the head. His father said nothing, just figured the boy had received a lesson.

Love for the Indian was always retained by Willard Frandsen. After his marriage he did custom butchering for towns-people and the Indians were given the liver, kidney and other parts of the animal. Many times the camped in his yard and fed their horses from his hay stack. As long as he li9ved and the squaws came asking for food, he gave liberally of whatever he had. He was truly a friend of the Indians, and they were friendly Indians.

Tululu Nelson, born December 6, 1891.

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## **COME TO ZION**

Lucille Seely

Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Senior Division

Second Place Short Story

Long, long ago in the far-away country of Denmark lived a happy family; a father, a mother and two small daughters. The father, John Knudsen, was born in Oslo, Norway October 17, 1828. The mother, Karen Anderson Knudsen was born January 28, 1829

John was a tailor by trade and a good one at that. He could mend a tear in wool or any fabric, and when he had finished the mend could not be found. Karen was religiously inclined but was not satisfied with her religion. Shortly after their marriage two Mormon missionaries visited their home, and Karen knew this new religion was the answer to her prayers. At first John refused to listen to their message and said, "Those missionaries are just trying to break up my family." Karen pleaded with the Lord to open John's eyes and heart to this true message and as John began to treat the missionaries with more kindness she knew her prayers had been answered again. Karen was overjoyed one morning when John very seriously told her that

he knew they were true messenger from God, and as soon as it could be arranged they would both be baptized.

After their baptism they could think of nothing except, "Come to Zion." Their many friends and relatives thought they had taken leave of their senses, but both were willing to face anything that might come to them for the sake of the Gospel.

In later years Karen often spoke of her beloved Vaile, where lily-of-the-valley and other beautiful flowers grew wild in profusion. The decision they made to come to Zion was the greatest choice they ever made. As they disposed of their home and beloved belongings, they chose only the necessities to bring on the sailing ship. Karen was expecting her third child when she embarked on this perilous journey.

When about midway on the ocean, many of the children became ill and little Hannah passed away and had to be lowered into the mighty Atlantic.

Days and weeks passed and finally, after sailing the calm and rough sea for six weeks, they landed in New York. They crossed the plains with other pioneers in 1864 and Karen gave birth to a son en-route. The next day she was up mixing bread and looking after the needs of her family. This son was named John, after his father.

After a long and tedious journey they reached Zion, and their dreams had come true. How happy they were to see the valley of Sanpete! They chose Mt. Pleasant as their new home. They traded a feather tick and a bed for a city lot at 3<sup>rd</sup> South and 2<sup>nd</sup> West where they built a little adobe house, which was added upon through the years.

They managed to buy some land and settled down to be earnest hard working farmers. Everything went well until their little Marie became ill and passed away; but John and Karen had faith in God and knew they had done the right thing by embracing the gospel and coming to Zion. They still had little John and were soon blessed with another baby girl they named Annie. She was a joy of their saddened hearts and grew into a lovely young woman. She was talented in music and played the organ and sang very well. She married Magnus Rolph on the 28<sup>th</sup> of March, 1888 in the Logan Temple along with some friends, Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Aldrich.

Magnus and Annie set up housekeeping in the upstairs above his store on Main Street. Within a few years they were the proud parents of three daughters, Etta Althea, Edna Lucille and Anna. When Anna was lonely 3 weeks old death came and snuffed out the life of her beloved mother, Annie, John and Karen's last girl. They had promised their daughter, Annie that they would take the little girls and rear them together. This they did, even though they were sixty-four years old. Karen always counted her blessings by saying "The Lord has been so good to me. He gave me three girls and took them away, but He gave me three more."

They had another son, Andrew, after their arrival in Mt. Pleasant, and when eh and John were grown and moved away they still had their three little granddaughters to bless their home.

Karen knew the Bible well and spent much time attempting to open the eyes of her relatives to the beauties of the gospel she had found and loved so dearly, but to no avail. John and Karen loved their religion as life itself, and their prayers at all times were that they might be true to the end, which they proved to be.

John did some tailoring in Mt. Pleasant, but he did not make much money. Most of the time he did his work for nothing or accepted very little pay. He was always helping the sick and those who had death in the family, but he never brought a disease home.

Karen and John did not have much of this world's riches, but enjoyed good health, service to others and their Heavenly Father. These riches could not be bought with money. Karen was a good cook and made the best butter in the valley. Her chicken dinners on Sunday and tapioca pudding with whipped egg whites on

top served in the long-stemmed bowl was a family favorite. She was a good housekeeper and wanted things in order. After her beds were made-and that was early-nothing could be laid on them, not even a hat. She insisted on everyone wearing an apron. When she cooked a meal, her cooking utensils were always washed and put away before the meal was served.

Sunday was the girls' day off. All she asked of them was that they attend Sunday school and sacrament meeting. If they did this, they could go to the depot and see the trains come and go. This was really a highlight in their young lives.

Thirty years after the death of her daughter, Annie, Karen passed away quietly at the age of 93 and was buried on John's birthday. John lived 5 more years and enjoyed visiting the Manti Temple, which he helped to build. In January 1926, John attended church and within the week he was also taken home in a quiet way to join Karen; he was buried on her birthday.

Yes, they were happy they had COME TO ZION and now they were together again and could enjoy the fruits of their labor forever.

Source: This story is taken from family records and the authors own personal experiences.  
Lucille Seely, born March 8, 1890.

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## **THE FIRST SILVER CHRISTMAS TREE**

Reva T. Jensen

Santa Maria, California

Senior Division

Honorable Mention #1 Short Story

Sunday evening stories were always a happy time when we sat around the pot-belly stove, watching the wood crackle and the flames fly up the chimney while Grandma, her bright eyes dancing with memories, told of the times of long ago.

When Grandma told a story she gave it secret sounds of beauty. Her long years of vital living added credence and authenticity to every word. The story I liked best was one about the first Silver Christmas tree.

In the eighteen hundreds, Christmas trees were all green; no one had invented the spray can of white snow or silver tinted paint to ornament Christmas decorations. So, Grandma's first silver tree was one to remember.

In the late fall, Grandpa always made his last trip up the rugged, winding, rocky road into Manti Canyon to cut firewood to prepare for the long winter months ahead. On this last trip he always brought a beautiful pine tree with lush green branches that served as the Christmas tree for the family. Stings of popcorn and cranberries were handsome decorations, all made by the children of that home.

Nine children helped prepare the tree, while Grandma played the organ and Grandpa sang "Jolly Old Saint Nicholas." Years come and go, and children grow up and each in time leave the home nest and seek to find their own niche in life. The time came when not one was left in the big stone house; some had married and moved far away; some attending college too far away and too busy to get home for Christmas.

Still Grandpa was making his trips to the canyon for the winter wood. As he was about to leave early that brisk October morning, Grandma called, "Papa, don't bother to bring a tree this year, not one of the children will be home for Christmas; they are all too busy and some too far away." Grandpa nodded his grey head in silence, picked up his lunch sack and was gone.

Winds whipped the air and one could feel winter approaching. By midmorning snow covered the valley and by late evening Grandpa had not returned from the canyon.

Grandma milked the cows, fed the chickens and the lambs, gathered the eggs, filled the wood box and kept the fire going in the old Stewart range. The clock on the mantle above the sink struck eight, then nine, then ten. A dozen times Grandma walked to the corral gate, listening for the heavy sound of the horses hoofs. Finally at midnight there came a distant crunching of wheels on the icy snow. The neigh of old Nig was music to her ears. They were home, and on top of all the logs, reaching far into the sky, was the most beautiful Christmas tree she had ever seen.

The next day Grandpa made a box for the trunk and together they moved it into the parlor. "Put this tree in the bay window, Papa, where Ethelinda always wanted it." Then Grandma closed the parlor door.

October passed. A cold November slipped by, and in December a blanket of snow almost buried the valley. Grandma and Grandpa kept close to the old Stewart range; the parlor door had never been opened since the day the tree with its green branches brushed the bay window.

But the parlor was not entirely empty. Who do you suppose found it delightful with no heat, no brooms, no dust mops, no heavy shoes treading on the braided rug? Well, the spiders; the big one, the lean ones, the little ones, mama spiders, papa spiders and all their children, their cousins and their aunts, descending like an army on the great green Christmas tree. Up and down they climbed, over and under each little branch, leaving a silver web wherever spider legs traveled.

Christmas Eve the tree was covered with strands and strands of tiny silver threads. The last trace of green was gone. It was truly a Christmas tree of silver; yes, a Silver Christmas Tree!

A December moon with its cold, icy glare, picked up shining sparkles from the frozen snow, reflecting a glow upon the silver tree standing in the bay window. It was a magnificent picture.

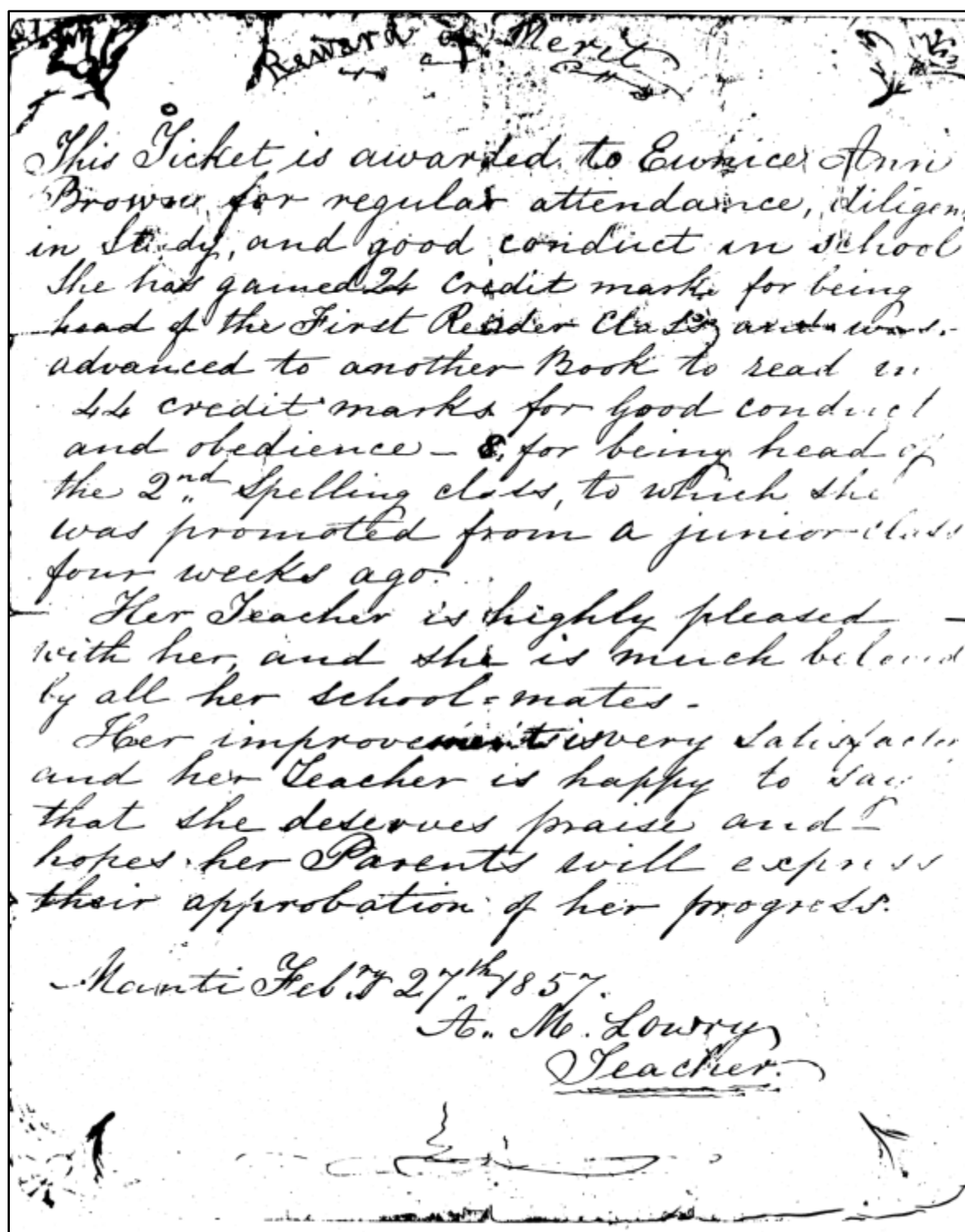
The carolers stopped and stared and stared and sang louder and longer. The neighbors passed and one by one sent the word around until the whole town came to see a silver tree in the Jensen bay window. Oohing and awching; "What has made it thus?"

The town folks never knew, but the cold winter moon spreading its rays, and the army of spiders in their silent way—they knew.

Source: Information taken from memories of family evenings at the home of Julius and Annie Jensen. Based on a true incident.  
Reva T. Jensen, born August 30, 1900



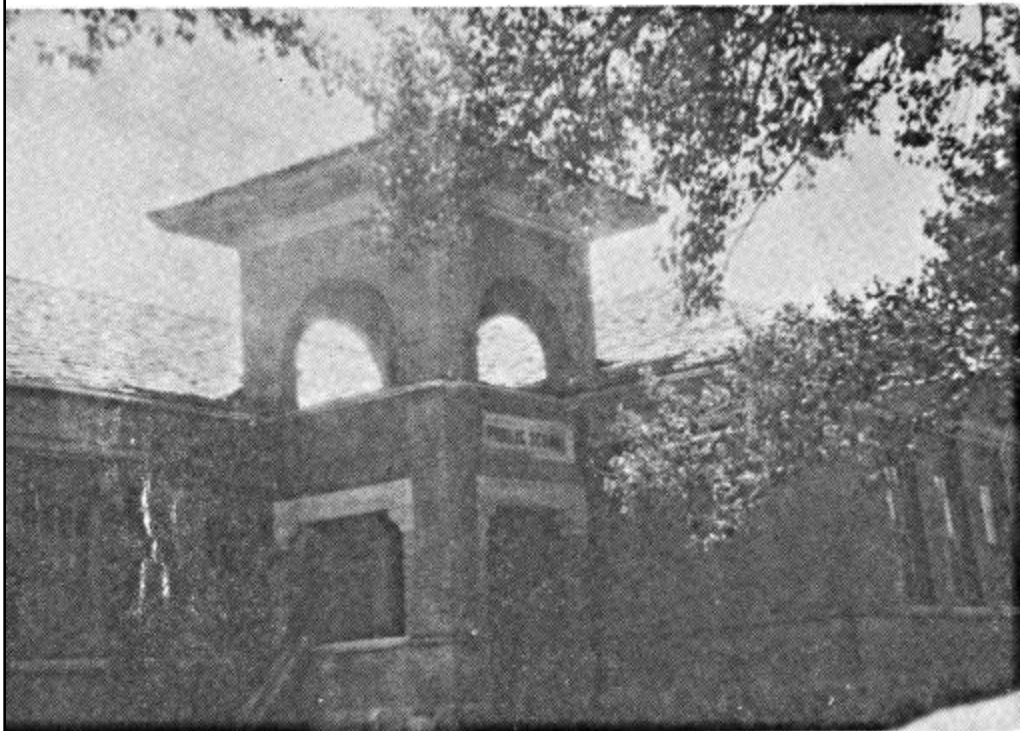
**Public School, Fayette, Utah, 1899**



Report Card, Feb. 27, 1857



Public School, Fayette, Utah, 1899



Public School, Wales, Utah, 1908





Grade School, Mountainville, Utah, 1890-1917



One-room Schoolhouse, Cedar Cliff (Birch Creek), Utah, 1895

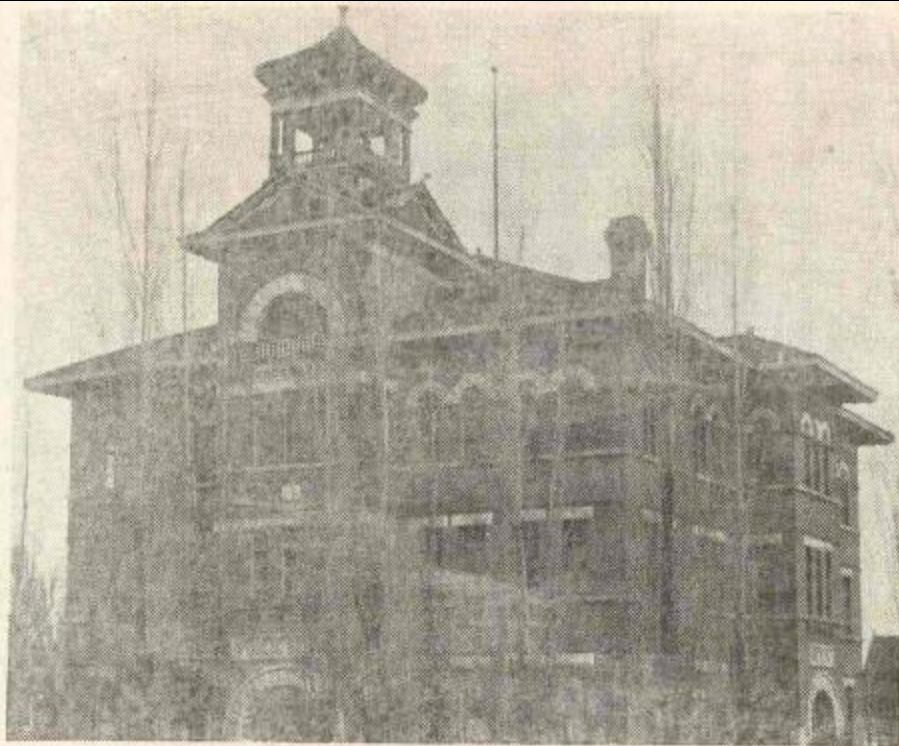


Students and Teachers, Freedom, Utah, 1890-1930



School Children, Indianola, Utah, 1900-1934

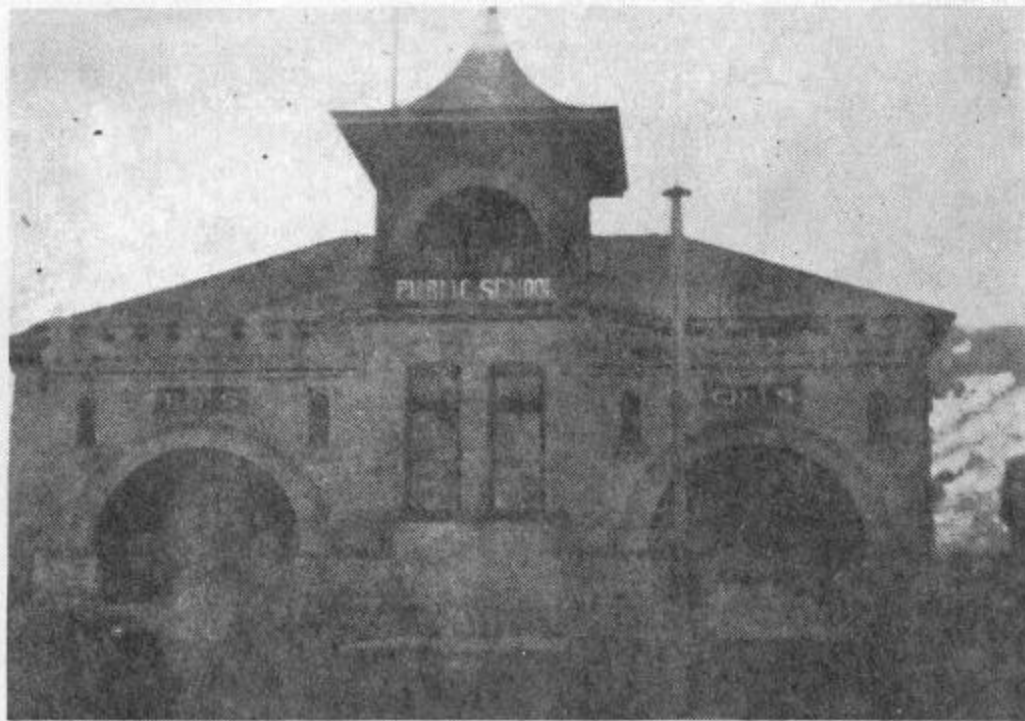




Hamilton School, Mt. Pleasant, Utah, 1896-1962



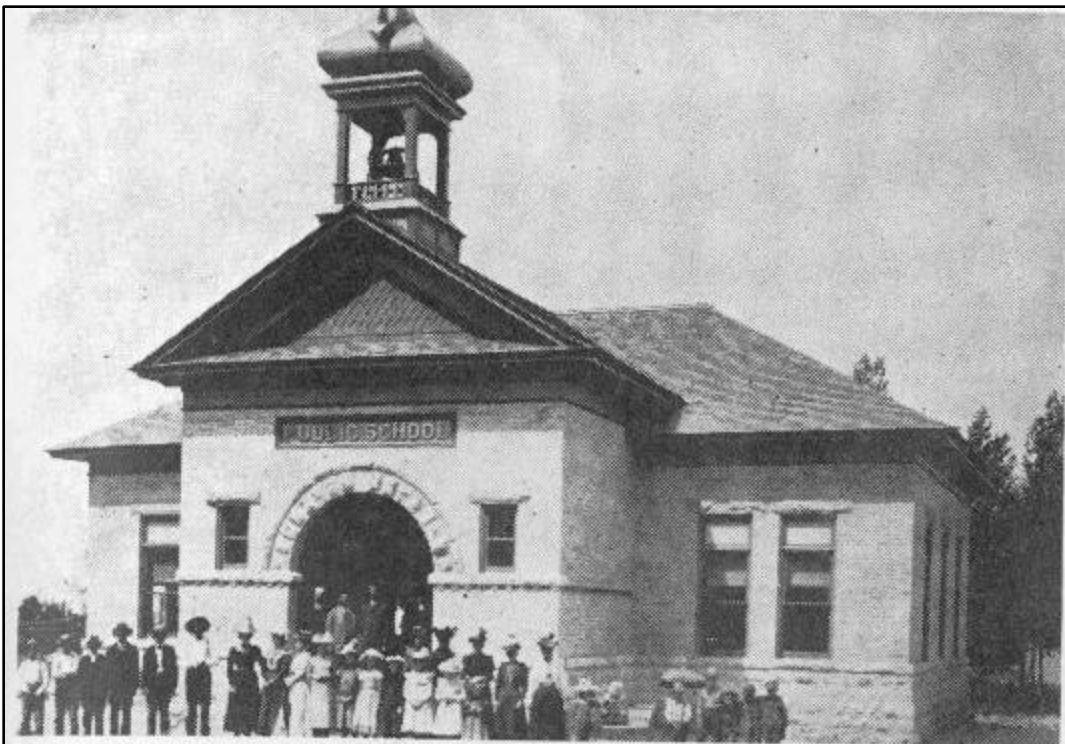
Chester, Utah, 1904-1975



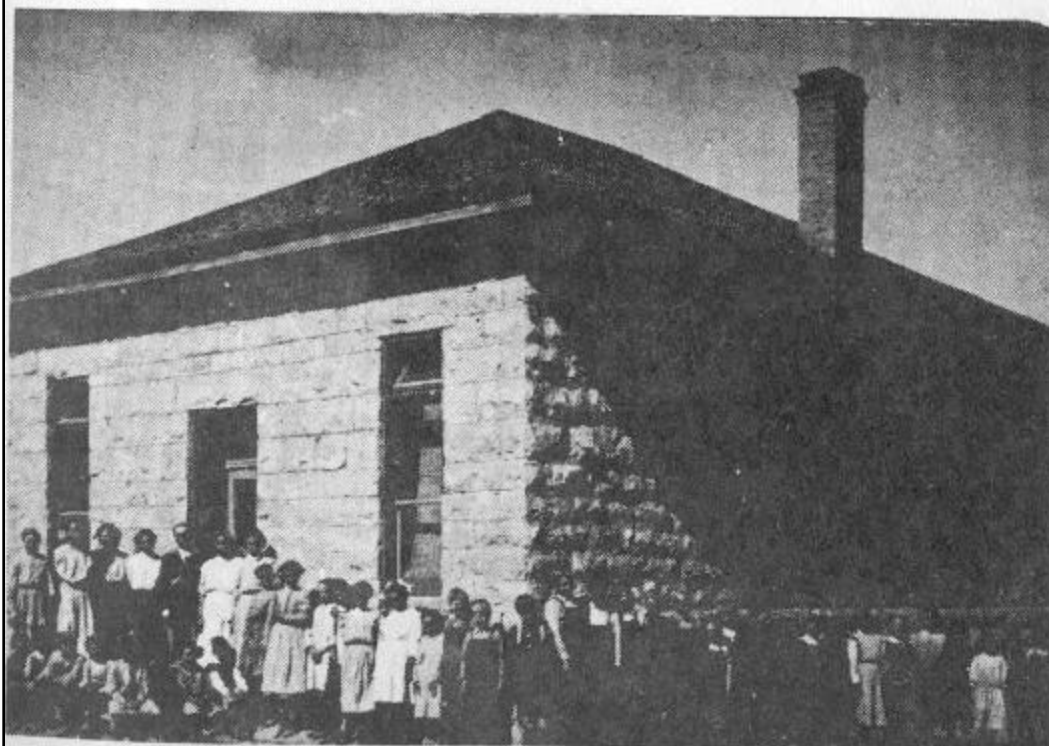
Grade School, Milburn, Utah, 1894-1934



Grade School, Centerfield, Utah, 1904-1975

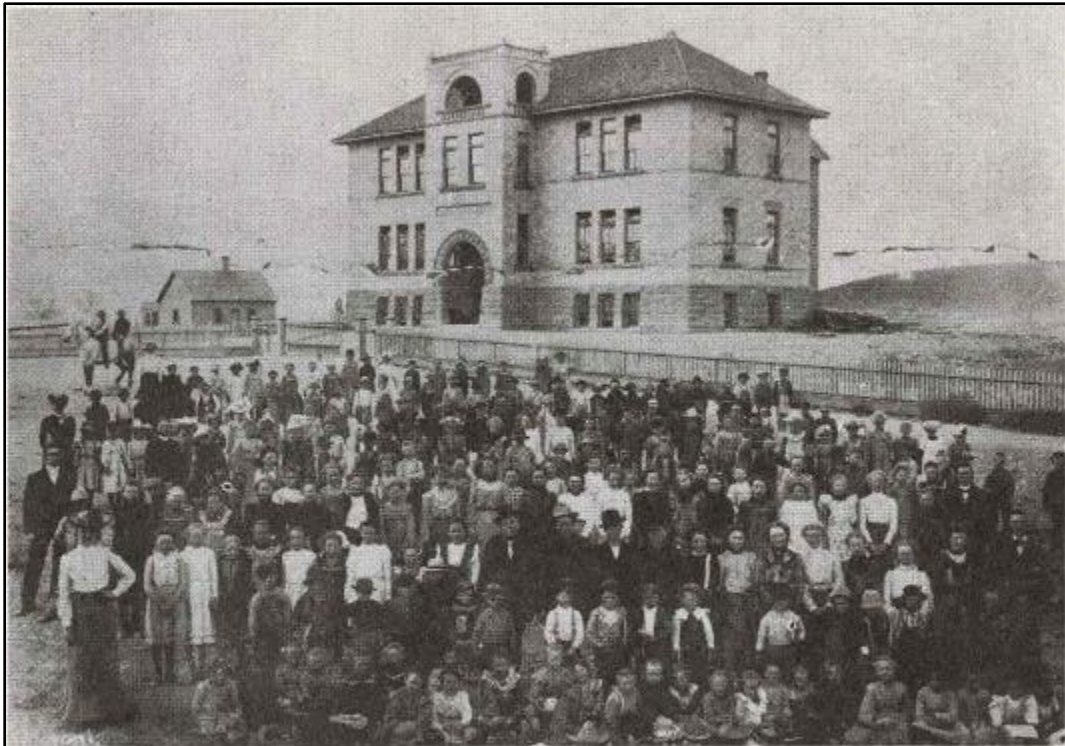


Public School, Sterling, Utah, 1898-1956 (burned 1968)

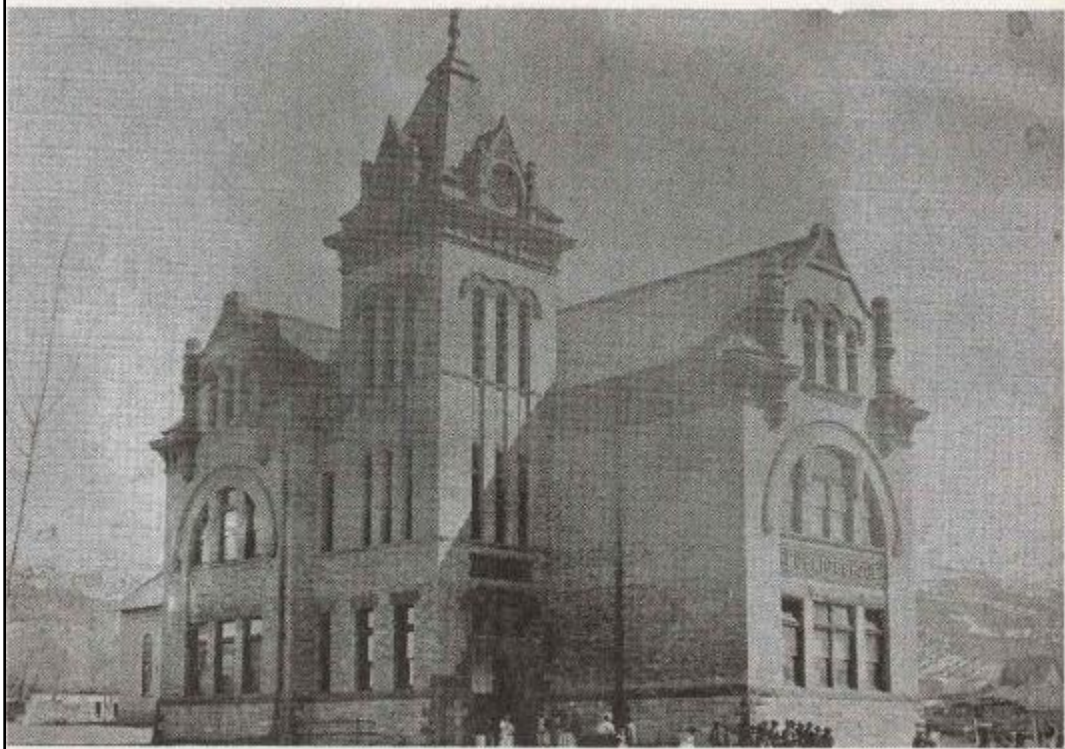


Grade School, Axtell, Utah, 1898-1912

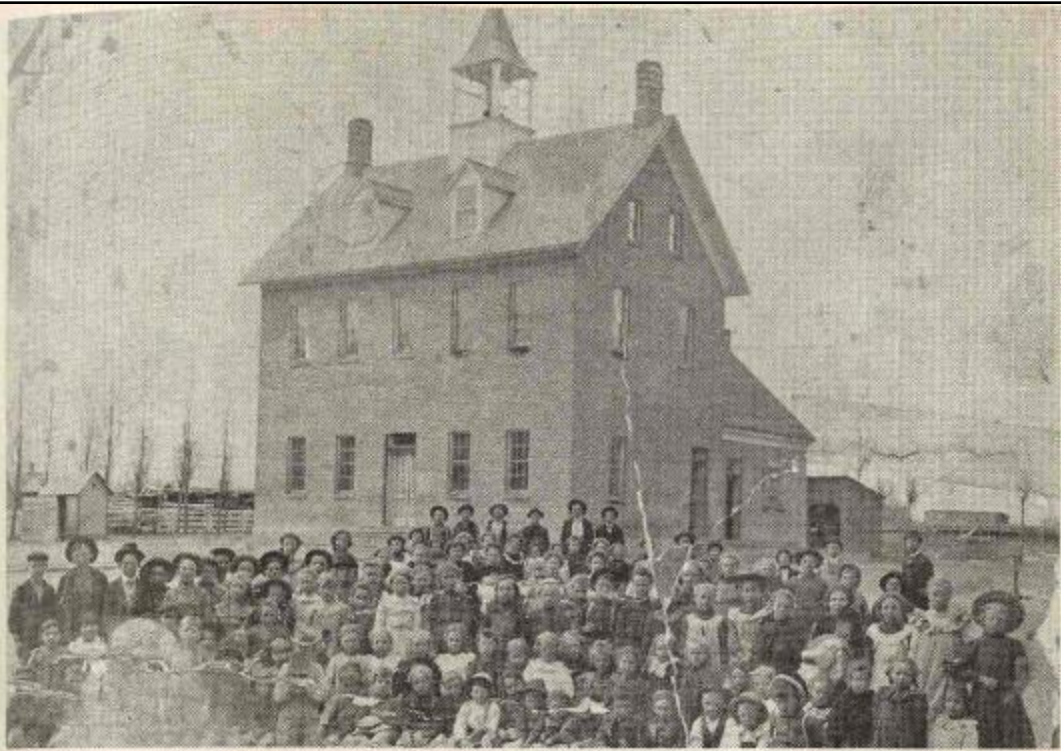




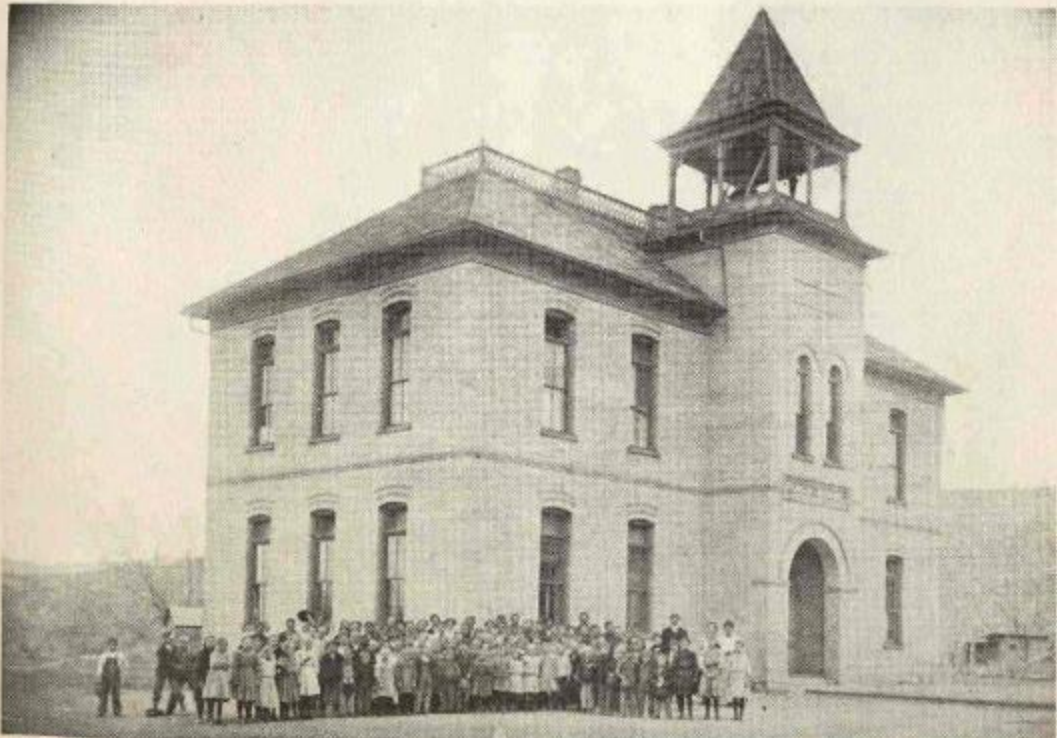
Lincoln Grade School, Moroni, Utah, 1900-1959



"Red" School Building, Manti, Utah, 1894-1936



Public School, Fountain Green, Utah, 1880-1906



Public School, Mayfield, Utah, 1900-1921





White Building, Manti High School, Manti, Utah, 1904-1941  
(first high school building south of Provo)

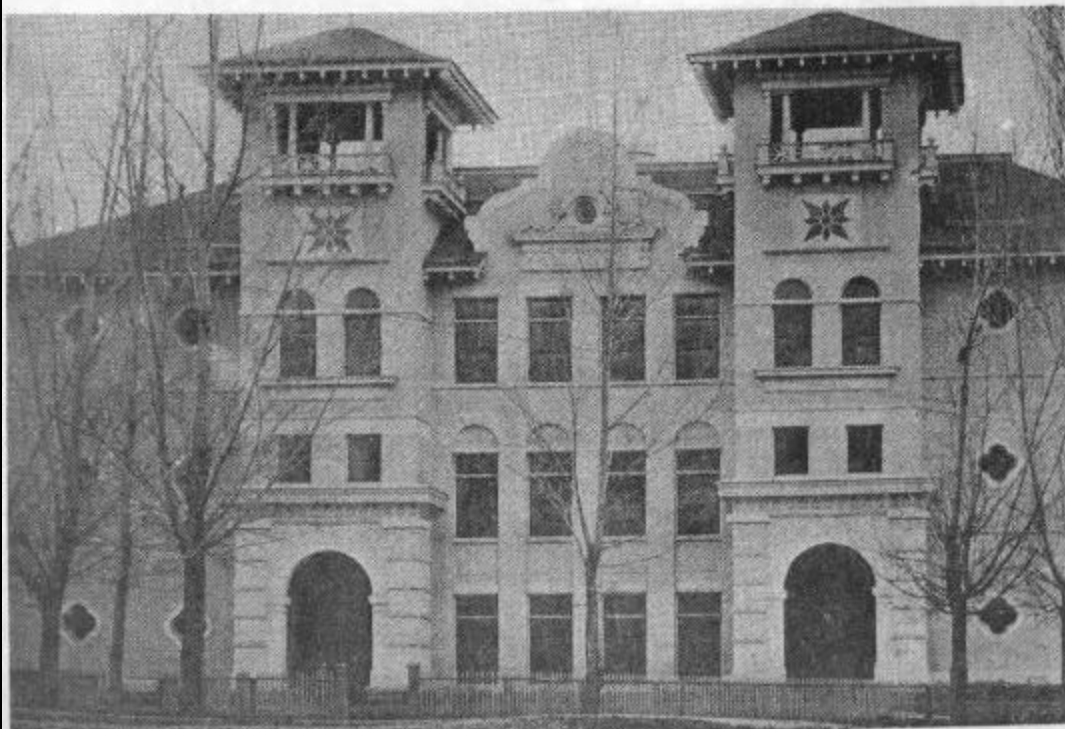


Public School, Spring City, Utah, 1898-1958

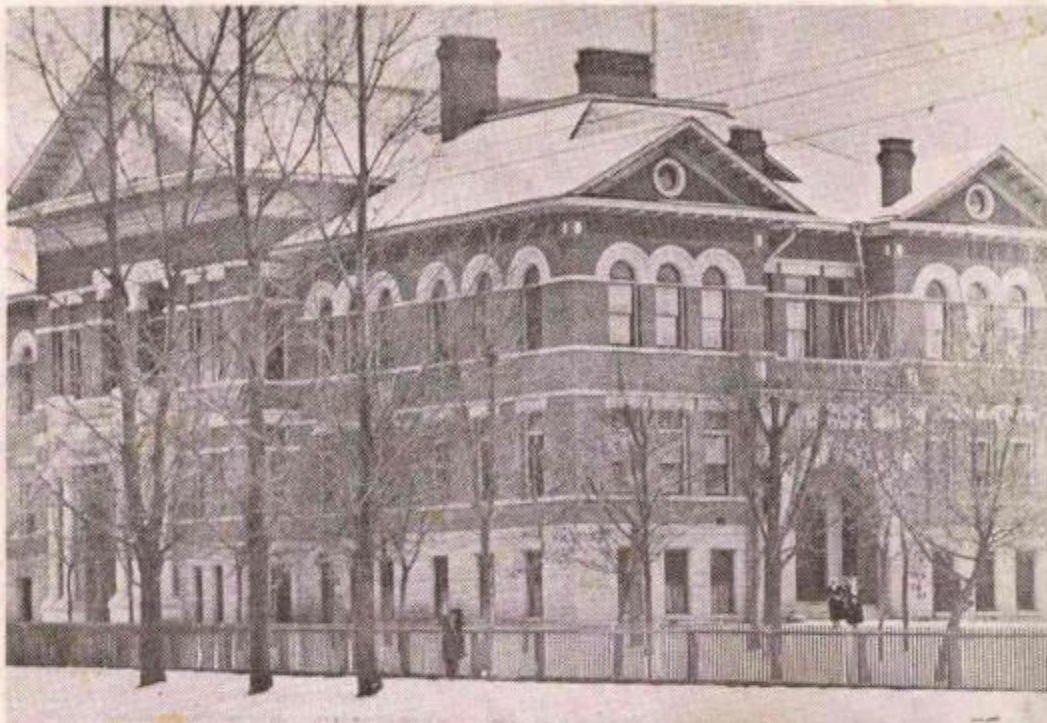




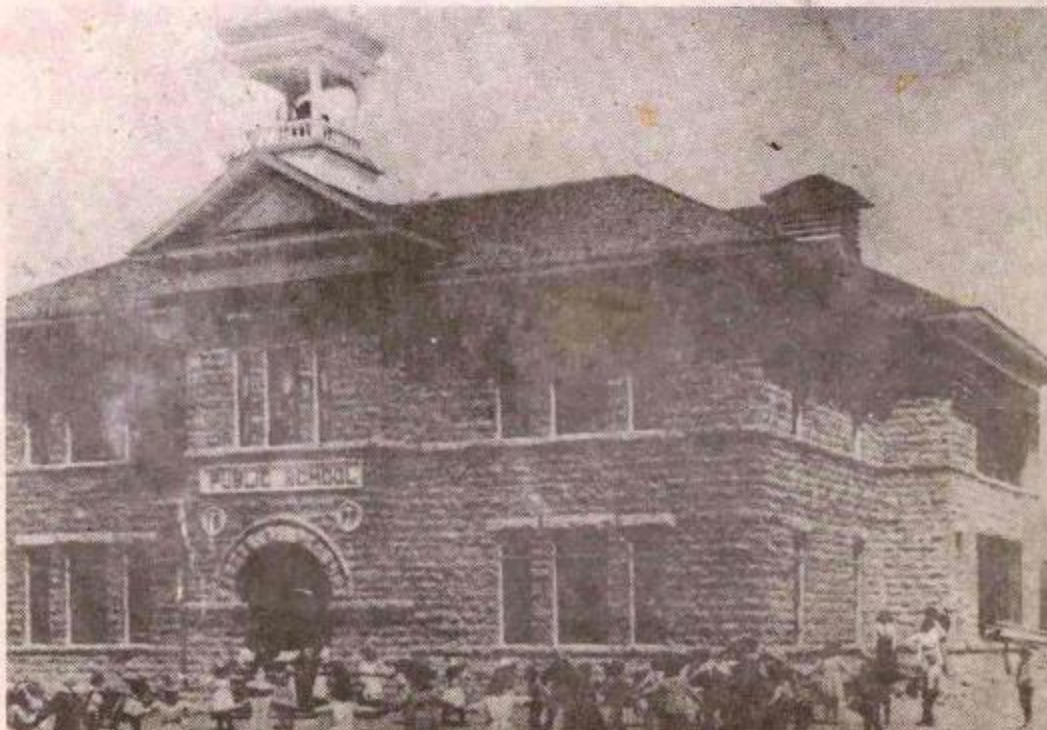
Grade School, Fairview, Utah, 1900-1913



Public School, Ephraim, Utah, 1908-1962



Noyes Building, Snow College, Ephraim, Utah, 1904-1975



Washington School, Gunnison, Utah, 1899