Saga of the Sanpitch

Volume 9 1977

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume IX

Containing

Winning Entries

for the

1977 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

also

Pictures of Sanpete's Early Churches

Sponsored by

Manti Region of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Printed by

North Sanpete Publishing Co.

Mt. Pleasant, Utah 84647

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Sanpete Historical Writing Contest Committee wishes to thank the many residents and former residents of Sanpete County who entered our contest for 1977. We are also grateful to those who loaned pictures of early Sanpete Churches. We appreciate all those who treasure our heritage and have given of their time, talents, counsel and encouragement in making this Volume IX a reality.

JUDGES: Halbert S. Greaves: Graduated, Ephraim High School; B.A. University of Utah; M.S. Northwestern University; Ph. D. University of Wisconsin. Major—minor fields: speech, English, comparative literature. Teacher, Ephraim High School three years; Carbon County High, one year; Utah State Agricultural College, six years; University of Utah twenty-nine years, chairman Department of Speech, eight years; retired 1975. Taught three summers U.S. Naval Postgraduate School, one summer U.S. Air Force. Retired Naval Officer. Author articles in professional journals, chapters in books. Married to Afton Martha Christensen of Ephraim.

Pearle M. Olsen: Completed the elementary and secondary schools of Mt. Pleasant, Utah; studied at BYU and Dixie college, and in literature conferences and workshops there and at U of U. Recipient of outstanding awards in writing; member and past officer in League of Utah Writers and Utah State Poetry Society, also member of National League of American Penwomen, the Sonneteers, and Heritage Writers Guild of Southern Utah.

Lucille Wintch: Graduated from Manti High School, received B.A. degree in drama and English from BYU, and is doing graduate work at the University of Utah. She is a teacher of English at Granite High School, where she advises publication of the school's literary magazine and yearbook. She has three children and is married to Arden Wintch of Manti.

President Wilbur Cox, Manti Utah Stake

Stake Presidencies and Representatives of Manti Region (Sanpete County)

COMMITTEE MEMBERS: Lillian H. Fox (Editor), Vivian Christiansen, Thelma, Smith, Lorna Nell, Manti Utah Stake; Loa Cheney, Mt. Pleasant Utah Stake; Jessie Oldroyd, Moroni Utah Stake; Gertrude Beck, Gunnison Utah Stake; Husbands of committee members.

COUNSEL AND ADVICE: Koleen Peterson, Mt. Pleasant

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING: North Sanpete Publishing Company

NEWS MEDIA: Mt. Pleasant Pyramid, Gunnison Valley News, Manti Messenger, Ephraim Enterprise, Radio Stations, KSVC Richfield, and KMTI Manti.

TYPIST: Julie Allred, Spring City, Utah

VOLUNTEERS: All the many people who have given of their time and help in writing, in publishing, and also in the distribution of the Saga of the Sanpitch.

DECISIONS OF THE JUDGES OF MANUSCRIPTS SUBMITTED IN 1977

ANECDOTE

EPHRAIM'S OCEAN WILLOWS…….First Place

GOOSE DOWN…… ……Tie for Second Place

THE BREAD DOUGH…….Tie for Second Place

PACKING PEOPLES' PILLS……Hon. Mention #1

CONFESSION……Hon. Mention #2

ESSAY:

AN INDIAN SUMMER TRAGEDY……..……..First Place

WITCH'S KNOLL…….…… Tie for Second Place

CHILDHOOD DAZE.....Tie for Second Place

A TRIP TO THE COAL MINE…….Hon. Mention #1

TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM & SOPHIA DANIELS

FAMILY REUNION…….....Hon. Mention #2

POETRY:

INDIAN WOMAN…….……..……First Place

THE 'DOBE MAKER'…….……..Second Place

THE WHEEL……Hon. Mention #1

THE SAGA, IN AFTERGLOW OF CAMPFIRE FLAME….Hon. Mention #2

PIONEER FATHER……..Hon. Mention #3

GREEN MANNA……..Hon. Mention #4

SHORT STORY

THE INDIAN WAY……Tie for First Place

HER MAGIC TOUCH…….Tie for First Place

Judges decided not to award a Second Place

PAUL MORTENSEN, EPHRAIMITE DANE……..Hon. Mention #1

HIS SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL……Hon. Mention #2

THE PONY WITH A PURPOSE…….Hon. Mention #3

ELIZA…….……Hon. Mention #4

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE

THE GRAY MARE……..First Place

NEAR EXPOSE IN GRANDMA'S DAY……Second Place

ESSAY

FAIRVIEW MERC…….First Place

REVERIES…….Second Place

STARS AND PIONEERS……Hon. Mention #1

POETRY

TAKE HEED, OH, WIND……First Place

ANCESTRAL SAINT OF SANPETE……Hon. Mention #1

SENIOR DIVISION

ANECDOTE

WILD ROSES……First Place

KID-CURLERS……Second Place

CAPTAIN DIES……..Hon. Mention #1

ESSAY

EPHRAIM'S PIONEER CEMETERY……..Tie for First Place

COUNTY BLOCK, NOW MANTI MEMORIAL PARK……..Tie for First Place

I REMEMBER WHEN……..Second Place

ANDREAS OLSEN, TESTIMONY AND LIFE IN EPHRAIM….Hon. Mention #1

OLD MORONI TABERNACLE……Hon. Mention #2

POETRY

SING ALONG WITH GRANDPA……Hon. Mention

MAMA AND PAPA BRADY……Hon. Mention

SHORT STORY

A CHILD REMEMBERS ALWAYS……First Place

THE BLACK CLOAK……..Second Place

DUSKEE (OUR LAMANITE SON AND BROTHER)……..Hon. Mention #1

EPHRAIM'S BEAUTIFUL OCEAN WILLOWS

Ruth Peterson Christiansen, Mayfield, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Anecdote

One hot July day, Roger and Susan were strolling down lover's lane, when Roger exclaimed, "These lovely trees, what a grand entrance they give to Ephraim, like warm friendly arms extending a welcome to all."

Early in the days of Mormonism, a Nelson family lived in Illinois. The missionaries converted Sarah, their lovely daughter, and she soon joined the Church. In spite of her family's pleading, she felt she must leave them and go to Utah to live with the Saints. She crossed the plains, married, reared nine children, and endured all the hardships of pioneer life.

All through the years there had been a great longing in her soul for Illinois and her loved ones. When her children were all grown, she decided to go back to the place of her birth for a visit. After spending a month there, it was time to return home. Early in the morning, she went to view her mother's grave for the last time. Standing beneath a large Ocean Willow, she felt she must take some of the beauty and sacredness of this spot with her to her home in the West. Picking some fresh twigs from the trees, and wrapping them in her tear-wet handkerchief, she said goodbye forever to that hallowed place. She kept them wrapped in a damp cloth and on reaching home, planted the seedlings around her yard. They grew rapidly and were admired by all. Soon little shoots were given to friends and were growing in all parts of the town. And so today these trees, having stood the test of time, still extend a warm and friendly welcome to all.

Source: Related by word of mouth down through the posterity. Personal journals.

GOOSE DOWN

Ireta T. Stevens, Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Tie, Anecdote

Farm life in the early 1900's had ups and downs. The following incident is about down, goose down to be specific. These poor geese lived on a farm three miles west of Manti.

Mr. T.: "Where did you get all those jars filled with raspberries? Surely no one would part with that fine fruit."

Mrs. T: " Your sister gave it to me. The fruit looks nice, but is spoiled. She said that I could empty the jars and use them later if I would clear them from her cellar. So I loaded them into the buggy and brought them home."

Mr. T: "Empty them into those large buckets south of the shed. I'll dig a hole and bury them when I return from work."

I was a child then, but I remember helping Mrs. T. empty the jars. When Mr. T. returned he was very excited. All about the yard were dead geese. All of them had been wiped out. The buckets were

empty and the stomachs of the geese were puffy and gassy. Mr. T. said something about digging a hole and burying the geese in the morning.

Mrs. T.: "This makes me very upset. I was counting on roast goose for our Sunday dinners. I was also planning to make down-filled pillows. But why not? Why not strip them of their feathers before we bury them? "

I helped Mr. T. gather up the dead geese. We piled them into wheelbarrows, their bodies still warm. I could have cried. I was fond of those geese. I loved to watch them play follow-the-leader about the farm as they searched for food.

After dinner Mr. T. brought the wheelbarrows near the kitchen door. I watched intently as the geese were stripped of feathers and down. Only a few long tail feathers remained. We thought it rather strange that a grunting or muffled honk escaped from their throats when the breast down was removed. But Mrs. T. said it was only the poison gas escaping. But the sounds made us laugh. The geese were thrown back into the wheelbarrows and Mr. T. promised to bury them next morning. Morning came.

Mrs. T.: "Wake up everybody! Come and see! Those geese aren't dead. They are strutting about he yard catching flies!"

Mr. T.: "Not Dead! Dead drunk!"

Mrs. T.: "Stop them before they go down to the pond. They will surely catch cold without feathers, or they may drown. 'Tis the feathers that keep the birds afloat."

I remember the funny sight as Mr. T. herded the naked, honking, geese into the shed with only tail feathers bobbing as they wobbled along. However, by fall they were swimming contentedly on the pond. Mother Nature had provided them with a fluffy new coat of feathers. And Mrs. T. had new down-filled pillows.

Source: A personal experience.

THE BREAD DOUGH

Ruth Scow, Manti, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Tie, Anecdote

[1] Hannah lived in West View, a little grouping of farm houses west of Gunnison, Utah. The year was 1912. Across the canal Jewish colonists had purchased land from the Utah State Land Board. These men had worked long, hard hours to plow and seed some 1500 acres of virgin land and build "a few small houses, and to these our pioneers (colonists) brought their families."

Their settlement was named Clarion. Each colonist came with his own particular trade or skill, i.e.: a tailor ('who could sew a suit of clothes but was stymied at making a child's simple dress'); [2] a factory worker; an artist; with one honest-to-goodness farmer from Walinsky, Russia.[3] Their women had always purchased bread from their town baker. In Clarion there was no baker's bread to be bought. Each woman must make her own bread.

Hannah sensed their frustrations. She did not understand the Jewish language which many of them spoke, but she could be compassionate and friendly in helping them learn.

One morning she hitched her horse to the buggy, and carrying a "start" of yeast she drove across the canal to her nearest neighbor's house. She found the "shack"[2] poorly constructed with flimsy walls and cracks through which the blowing sand drifted. She was amazed at the cleanliness of the house. Everything visible was spotlessly clean.

Mrs. Herbst lifted a large pan from a nail. Into it Hannah measured the yeast "start", flour, salt, butter, and sweetening. Then she stirred and kneaded until the dough was of just the right consistency. With the admonition to put it to raise in the warmest and most free-from-draft place in the house, Hannah left for her own home promising to return later and show her friend how to knead the dough into loaves and put them in the "drips."

Hannah knew the ways of bread dough and soon it was time to return, as the bread would be "up". Almost before the horse stopped, Mrs. Herbst rushed to meet her. Speaking rapidly and motioning with her hands, she explained that she had punched the dough down several times. Now it was "up" again. What was she to do next?

Hannah glanced hurriedly around the room, but there was no dough pan to be seen. As she followed she noticed an unusually large hump in the middle of the immaculate bed. With great pride Mrs. Herbst threw back the bedcovers, and there, between the whitest sheets Hannah had ever seen, was the huge ball of bubbly dough. Her Jewish neighbor had understood perfectly: cleanliness, warmth, and protection from drafts.

Sources: [1] Benjamin Brown's writings
[2] Hannah's daughter, Belle Palmer, Salt Lake City, Utah
[3] Gunnison Valley News, March 12, 1970

PACKING PEOPLE'S PILLS

Lois S. Brown, Manti, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Honorable Mention Anecdote

My doctor father let me help him fill his little black bag with pills each morning before he started out to see his patients. In the early 1900's he visited the sick in several small towns. Since there were few cars it was difficult for people to get to the drug store, so the doctor carried a supply of pills with him. For this purpose he had a small black bag with rows of small bottles. These he filled each morning from the tall brown bottles in his cupboard. The highlight of my day was, when I had been good, to help him fill the bottles.

My work seemed terribly important to me. First my hands were properly cleansed, then Dad would hand me a big bottle of pills and a small bottle which I was to fill. He also let me fill the corner of his case with the tiny brought-colored envelopes in which he would give the patient the pills. How proud I would feel when he handed me a dozen or so pills and said, "Put these in here for a little girl who has been ill for a long time," or "These are for an old lady who can't walk anymore." I would choose carefully and envelope of a color that I knew that particular person would like, and my tears and prayers went into that little package to someone I loved but usually didn't even know.

It seemed to me that there must be a pill to cure every illness, but at that time there were not too many different kinds. I know that the ingredient in the pills did not help the way miracle drugs of today do, but people did get well. The love and faith people had in the kindly doctor and God, and the love, devotion and prayers the doctor and his small helper gave the sick, and the pills packed so conscientiously and lovingly often seemed to work miracles.

Source: From personal experience, early 1900's

CONFESSION

Marjorie Madsen Riley, Salt Lake City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Honorable Mention Anecdote

I stole something once. I stole an egg. What prompted the criminal act, I can't say for sure, but I suspect it was one of two things: Either I was hungry or I was bored.

My family lived at Uncle Willie's farm near the cedar hills west of Mt. Pleasant at the time. Aunt Marie, with her three little girls, lived in our house in town while Uncle Willie was away on an L.D.S. Mission.

Each week day my two sisters, my brother and I 'caught' the school wagon which hauled us the two miles to school. I was in the 'Beginners' grade and attended morning sessions only, so my parents instructed me to spend my free afternoons at the homes of relatives, waiting for the school wagon to take me back to my home again.

Well, the afternoon in which this incident occurred, I decided to while away my time at Aunt Marie's. Finding no one at home, I amused myself by playing on the swings and climbing apple trees, and eventually, making my way to the barnyard. All of a sudden an idea hit me. Why not venture into the chicken coop, take an egg from a hen's nest and run fast to Showman's General Store to exchange it for a penny. Then I could scamper next door to "Pete Poker's" little shop and buy a piece of penny candy. After all, I reasoned with myself, it <u>was</u> my father's yard and it <u>was</u> my father's chicken coop, so why shouldn't I take an egg if I wanted to. And, that is exactly what I did.

But, once the act was committed, I found no comfort in my reasoning and I had no taste for the penny candy. I was scared and I was ashamed.

Until now, no one has ever known the deep, dark secret of my criminal past…..

Source: Personal experience, 1913

AN INDIAN SUMMER TRAGEDY

Virginia K. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Historical Essay

The day was October 17, 1865, the last year of the long Civil War. In Ephraim, Utah, two young men made plans to go into Cottonwood Canyon, despite the stories of Indians on the move, and the threat of an Indian attack.

One of these young men was Neils O. Anderson, who was eighteen years old, a handsome, dark-haired, energetic youth. His companion, Peter Larsen, said the Indians had been troublesome, but a number of Ephraim men were in the mountains logging, so they departed, thinking there would be safety in numbers.

They reached the forks of the road when Henry Green came running toward them. He warned them to turn back; a band of Indians had ambushed the loggers and killed some of them.

The loggers were Benjamin Black, Peter Greaves, Thomas Wolsey, William T. Hite, Louis Larsen, and Rasmus Jensen. They had stopped on Lake Hill when the Indians made a surprise attack. The men fled in various directions.

Peter Greaves ran west, and came face to face with an Indian, partially concealed in the brush. The Indian had fired his gun and not reloaded, so Peter increased his speed and ran down Maple Creek. Peter had his dog with him and while concealed, held the dog's jaws shut to prevent his barking. When he reached Bald Mountain, an Indian fired at him, missed, then turned back. Peter reached home just before sundown.

William Rite was less fortunate. He ran down the road, but was killed at Wire Grass Flat.

Thomas Wolsey ran east to warn his companions, Louis Larsen and Rasmus Jensen. The three men ran along the north side of the canyon until they reached its mouth, where they were cut off by Indians. They went north, over a low mountain, down into Cane Valley, and arrived home safely.

Another group of loggers, Peter Isaacson, Hans C. Jensen, and his son, Ole C. Jensen, were working on near-by Black Stump Road. They ran north where they joined Louis Larsen and Thomas Wolsey, then returned to Ephraim through Cane Valley.

Soren P. Jesperson, who was about fifty, and quite deaf, did not hear the warning. The Indians came between him and his wagon, where he had left his gun. They tortured him fearfully before taking his life.

Niels, Peter and Henry Green ran until they reached Black Springs, when they saw some Indians come onto the road a few rods behind them. They appeared to be searching for the Ephraim men, who eluded them by dodging behind a hill and hurrying down Creek Road. After this close encounter, the three men ran, without pause, until they reached the Grist Mill. Peter and Henry stopped to recuperate, Niels continued into town where he beat the drum to signal an Indian attack. He then armed himself and returned to the mill.

By this time, the Indians were riding out of the canyon. Several Ephraim men armed themselves and started in pursuit.

Suddenly, on the road south of Ephraim, a horse-drawn carriage appeared in the distance. It was being driven slowly toward Ephraim by Niels's brother-in-law, Andrew H. Whitlock. He had driven to Manti to get Old Doctor Lady Maria Snow to perform some medical services in Ephraim. When they were ready to leave, Andrew met L.C. Larsen of Mayfield. Larsen had purchased grain in Circleville and was hauling it to Salt Lake City to exchange for guns and ammunition. Andrew invited Mr. Larsen to ride with them. He consented, after getting Louis Thompson to drive his rig. The Indians saw the conveyance and turned their horses in that direction.

When the carriage was about two and one half miles from Ephraim, the occupants noticed the horsemen, who were now south of Guard Knoll.

Andrew thought the riders were Ephraim boys on a scouting expedition, but soon perceived they were Indians, who made a dash toward the carriage, and upon reaching Willow Creek, leaped across

without pausing. Mr. Larsen said, “Those Indians are riding mighty recklessly.” Andrew replied, “It’s probably Chief Blackhawk bringing the Utes’ to make peace. They’ve been talking of this.”

Doctor Lady Snow, speaking in the Danish language, said fearfully, “The Indians are going to hurt you!” She then placed her head upon her lap and remained in that position until they reached Ephraim.

Andrew continued at the same pace, saying, “If we try to run, they’ll head us off.”

The Indians crossed the road seventy-five yards ahead of the carriage. Thirteen of them formed a quarter circle thirty yards from the road, then halted.

Andrew now fully realized their danger, so whipped the team. They were a pair of trained race horses and began running at top speed. As the carriage passed the Indians, they fired. One bullet struck a horse in the flank, but it kept up its speed.

Chief Yeneward, who was also known as Jake Arropeen, was the only Indian who overtook the carriage. He was well known by the settlers. Nevertheless, he leveled his pistol within three feet of the passengers, fired, and missed.

Mr. Larsen leaped over the dashboard and laid low on the doubletree. Andrew remained in the driver’s seat. The Chief emptied his gun at the terrified passengers, then drew his bow and shot several arrows. The team slackened its speed as it passed over a swale. The warrior succeeded in striking Andrew with an arrow, then wheeled and returned to his companions.

Mr. Larsen heard Andrew groan, jumped back into the carriage and took the lines and whip. Then, with great effort, removed the arrow that had lodged six inches into Andrew’s back and shoulder. The injury was so severe he suffered from the effects of it the remainder of his life.

The Indian party followed the carriage, at a distance, until they reached First South Street in Ephraim, then turned west. When the carriage drove into the Charles Whitlock yard, the wounded horse fell dead. Mr. Larsen and Lady Doctor Snow helped Andrew into the house where they cared for his wound. In a field, three blocks west of town, Martin P. Kuhre, 28, his wife, Hansine J., their two-year-old son, William a friend, Elizabeth Peterson, 17, and Soren A. Sorenson, were harvesting potatoes when Chief Blackhawk led his renegade Utes onto the farm.

Mr. Sorenson walked over to Blackhawk, who had been his friend, since childhood, and placed his hand on the warrior’s saddle. The Chief informed him the Indians had come to take the cattle herd. While they were conversing, three Indians fired at Mr. Kuhre and killed him within thirty feet of the two men.

Mr. Kuhre was carrying his little boy when he fell. The child crawled to his mother who picked him up, held him against her side furthest from the Indians, and fled toward town while crying for help. White Horse Chief shot Mrs. Kuhre in the back of her head with a bullet. She fell mortally wounded. Elizabeth was struck by two arrows; the two women fell side by side. One Indian stopped from his horse, lifted the blood-covered child, examined him, and then rather gently dropped him on his mother’s body.

The Indians rode west and drove about three hundred head of cattle and some horses toward the canyon. They stationed guards along their trail.

Townspeople soon gathered at the site of the massacre. John F. F. Dorius picked up the baby and gave him to an old lady named Buel Anderson, who cared for him. Father Peter Thompson’s wagon and team carried the three bodies into town.

By this time, Niels, Louis Larsen and William Thorpe had armed themselves and gone in pursuit. When the Indians reached the big rocks above Guard Knoll, they took a stand. A battle ensued that lasted for several hours. William Thorpe was killed and Louis Larsen received a leg injury. The cattle were not recovered.

The following day a few men from Ephraim and Manti went into the canyon to retrieve the bodies of their friends. Benjamin Black was found first. He was placed on their two-wheeled loging cart. Soren Jesperson's hands, feet, and the upper portion of his head, were about a rod from his body. He, too, was placed on the cart.

The men were moving toward Black Stump Road when some horsemen, approaching in the distance, caused a flurry of excitement until it could be discovered the riders were Ephraim men who were coming to assist in the sad task. On Wire Grass Flat they picked up the body of William Hite, then returned to Ephraim.

The seven persons who had been killed that day were buried in the west corner of the meeting-house grounds. A week later, the bodies were hurriedly placed in a three-foot deep grave in the Pioneer Cemetery.

In 1949, D.U.P. Camp Fort Ephraim erected a marker to these slain pioneers. This is in the form of a miniature pioneer home. It is faced with small cobblestones and bears an appropriate inscription. It is located south of the Ephraim Library.

An imposing gray granite stone was placed at the gravesite in the Pioneer Cemetery by members of the Kuhre family in 1953. This, too, bears and inscription relating the events of that day eighty-three years previous. A brief service was held, and the person of greatest importance who was present, was the now grown old, William Dobbie Kuhre, the tiny boy whose life was spared by a kind providence on October 17, 1865.

Sources: Books: "Ephraim's First One Hundred Years", pp. 13-15; "Indian Depredations in Utah", by Peter Gottfredson, p. 196; Accounts of the incident by: Neils O. Anderson (Glen J. Nielson's grandfather); Charles Whitlock and Ezra Shomaker, L.C. Larsen; Personal history of Ole C. Jensen; Personal participation in 1953 graveside service in Pioneer Cemetery; Inscriptions on the D.U.P. and Pioneer Cemetery markers.

WITCH'S KNOLL

Marquetta Willardson, Ephraim, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Tie Historical Essay

I would never have believed that an early morning phone call would set me off on the greatest, most exciting hunt (without a license) of my life.

Witch's Knoll was the bait. From then on, practically around the clock, I started chipping away, calling nearly everyone below the age of ninety living in Ephraim and Manti as well as their children and their grandchildren.

I was propelled to begin this 'hunt' after an elusive story. I reached only part of my goal but kept digging where the digging was profitable, even if it was not so easy. The very name of "Witch's Knoll" seems filled with suspense and mystery and still remains as such with facts and fantasies running rampant.

A letter from Hoyt Anderson related that someone had discovered Witch's Knoll to be an old Indian burial ground, and this was one theory. The concept of the Knoll as the site of witches was another theory. Still another theory he had heard was that during the early settlement of Ephraim, there were occasions when fires were seen from a distance on the Knoll, but when the settlers went out to investigate, invariably those who had started the fires had disappeared. Whether these were, in fact, Indians or merely settlers with a typical Scandinavian sense of humor is hard to determine.

Several natives of Ephraim and Manti recall hearing stories of an old Indian crone or hag who lived in a dugout on the western slope of the Knoll. Others related it was an opinion that it was grave robbers, called witches, or people comparable to our modern day hippies.

Nellie B. Gribble has another plausible story. Her mother told her children that when the Indians left, they planted rattlesnakes to keep the settlers away. It took a very brave lad to run across the Knoll's top. Today, the snakes have been killed to the extent that only a very lonely one might be found.

In a conversation with Stephen Gray of Denver, he said the Indians or the Pioneers could have been responsible for its name. The Ute Indians summered at the bottom of the Knoll in the scrub vegetation, getting their water supply from Willow Creek. They had a natural fear of burial grounds, believing them to be sacred and haunted. The Pioneers used the name to frighten their children into remaining within the safety of town. Thus evolved the legend of Witch's Knoll.

Stephen expressed the fact that it isn't a burial ground as implied, but it was an Indian village of at least six abodes. The dwellings were built by (Sevier) Fremont Indians. Sevier because they lived in the western half of Utah. Their homes were called semi-subterranean, built half underground of grey clay hauled from the foot of the Knoll, and the top half of wood covered with sticks and branches and then cemented over with clay. Most of them were entered through square openings in the top.

The Indians were semi-domesticated. They grew gardens of corn and squash, hunted small game and spent some time on raiding and war parties. The burial part came about as a custom of the Indians centuries ago. When killed far from their village, instead of bringing the body home, the head was severed and only the skull returned and buried. One such skull was found in one of the main buildings when it was excavated. Some signs revealed that when the Indians left, they attempted to destroy their own two-to-three room dwellings themselves with fire, for some wood showed evidence of have been burned. This wood was not just preserved or decayed as would be expected; thus speculation concerning their departure indicated they left most likely before an enemy attack. Their culture is eight to eleven hundred years old, and it shows a close kinship to that of the cliff-dwellers of Mesa Verde, Colorado, but does not seem to have been as highly skilled or as intelligent.

A wealth of information was found in the Pea Body report from the University of Utah Archeological Investigations in Central Utah. This information was in the papers of Elmer S. Smith, now deceased, formerly of Snow College and the University of Utah faculties. He excavated the construction and sizes of the dwellings. The following is information from the report: "This site, locally known as Witch's Knoll, is located about three miles southeast of the town of Ephraim and rises about sixty feet above the level of the valley floor. Its north-south length is about 735 feet, and its east-west length is about 600 feet.

This site was called Excavation I and covers all of the Knoll and extends into the valley to the east. The early settlers of Ephraim stated that much of the farmland near the Knoll was covered with similar mounds. Some of the mounds were void of vegetation; others were covered by a scanty growth of sage brush. Pottery is scattered over a wide surface area as well as mutates, manos, flints and arrow points. Many of the mounds have been "pot-hunted."

Excavation I began as a clearing-out project of some debris made by "Pot-hunters' in one of the mounds. After much of the dirt had been cleared out of the trench, mutates were encountered slightly to the west of the original trench at a depth of 22 ½ inches. Pottery was found closely associated with the mutates and on the same level. Further excavation proved all the wall except about a third of the west side had been destroyed by vandalism, and very little could be learned from the wrecked remains.

It seemed to be a very unproductive 'dig' because it had been so thoroughly vandalized by amateur archeologists, but Mr. Smith nevertheless opened other houses to help clear points of construction. He found pieces of charcoal, beams or poles that had held the flat roofs, and sandstone slabs lying about that had lined the adobe-coated walls. He uncovered one dwelling with the remains of a fireplace.

Hazel White recalls accompanying Mr. Smith to the site with a group of his students. She was impressed by a pile of corn, still on the short-stubby cobs that were stacked in the corner of one of the rooms. How could she believe her eyes, this corn was grown generations before!

The Pea Body report states that excavators were sent to the site to obtain more complete information under the direction of a man by the name of Gillin. They dug under the floors of hard-packed clay that were about two inches thick and found a thin shale of slabs; under this was a paving of charcoal, shards and bone, then a soil of different appearance. They decided that perhaps a second structure had been erected on the site of a former one. In one structure they found beams from floor holes that would suggest a side-door entrance because of the slope of the hill and a door sill 17 inches high.

They located a post-hole with a cache of two effigy-like figures. One was adobe molded with punched features; the other was pink sandstone with scratched figures. Large amounts of roof and wall material were found on the beams on the floors. In one dwelling they found a clay-rimmed fireplace filled with gray wood ashes. Even axes were found lying beside one wall.

Years ago, in the old Presbyterian Church, the artifacts found on Witch's Knoll were on display. When the church was torn down to construct the first boys' dormitory, Greenwood Hall, they were crated and shipped to the University of Utah because Snow College did not have space for them. They seem to have dropped from sight although Lucy Phillips, while on the faculty at Snow College, says she recalls seeing one vase from the collection on display there.

Brent Jensen and Rex Madsen, as youngsters and continuing on through the years, have gathered an extensive collection of very choice arrow-heads, four to five inch ends of spear-heads, pottery and pottery pieces. They have each piece catalogued as to where found, how deep, when, and have described the type of material and patterns. Rex has a degree in Archeology which has enabled them to make their records as authentic as possible. So many homes in the county can show arrow-heads and spear-tips that have been gathered through the years from the Knoll and are kept as choice evidences of a past civilization.

The line of the Title on the Knoll is as follows: First purchased from the United States by Canute W. Peterson, next Mt. Pleasant Commercial and Savings Bank, the George Johansen, Charles L. Olson, James A. Nielsen, Sanpete County, James A. Nielsen, Harold M. Jensen and the present owner, Jay M. Jensen.

Imagine finding two grinding stones and grinders which are centuries old in your own backyard! Jay and Connie have done just that. They built their new home on the east side of Witch's Knoll corralling an eastern and southern view of the land of the pioneers. To the north is a beautiful view of Ephraim.

It was Jay's dream to build there, but Connie always refused, claiming it was too far from town. Stepping out of a Junior High Graduation, she overheard Jay ordering lumber. She then realized he was serious, so she joined him in his plans. Their son, David, wanted to be married in the new home on the Knoll in November even if he had to walk a plank to get in, which they really did!

The only advantage they had going for them was water. They piped it from the foot of Ball Mountain, but the clay and rocks on the site were a trauma. People who came to see them had to have their cars dug out of the slick clay that winter, so they soon parked by the farm yards and walked to the house.

They had to make a newer, shorter road, hauling tons of gravel and doing much cement work. They had their lonely moments, but they have learned to love it. Hauling in top soil and replanting shrubs and grass have kept them busy. They have more togetherness as a family and with neighbors building so close, it will soon be a village, not on the top of the Knoll as before, but close enough to add to its history and mystery.

Sources: Personal letter from Mr. Hoyt Anderson; Pea Body Report from the University of Utah by Smith & Gillin; Telephone conversations with Nellie B. Gribble, Stephen Gray, Brent Jensen, and Rex Madsen; Personal interviews with Lucy Phillips, Hazel White, and Jay and Connie Jensen; Title information obtained at Sanpete County Courthouse.

CHILDHOOD DAZE

Edith Allred, Price, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Tie Historical Essay

In the early 1900's there were no TV's, no radios, not many cars, few good roads, and not much money in Sanpete County, but children did not lack for entertainment or something to do. I never remember a time that I was bored or had nothing to do. In fact, I cherish the memories of my happy childhood.

There were many things that I enjoyed doing that children of today would regard lightly, but times were different. Children, then, were more capable of providing their own entertainment.

At least once a week we went with our mother to visit our aunts, cousins, or grandparents. They, in turn, came to visit us every week. I loved listening to their very interesting conversations, although I did not always know what they were talking about. I remember once that they kept talking about a woman who was pregnant. I surely wanted to know what she had done, but I didn't dare to ask Mama. Even the dictionary didn't help.

When company came, we always served refreshments in our best dishes, and a warm relationship seemed to exist among people of all ages.

On a day when one of our neighbors was having a 'pig killing', I was allowed to watch it along with other neighborhood children. We were lined up along the inside of the fence and told to keep very quiet.

Four men brought boilers filled with scalding water which they emptied into a large wooden barrel. I thought that they were going to shoot the pig first, but, no, one of them pulled out a long knife and proceeded to slit the pig's throat. The squealing of the terrified animal sent me into a spasm. I shouted for them to stop, but they paid no attention to me. Down the middle of his body they again plunged the knife, then the four threw him into the barrel of scalding water.

Screaming and crying I ran to my home, the eerie sounds of the squealing pig still ringing in my ears. The nightmares it evoked can only be comparable to some of the violent scenes our young children see today on TV.

Jobs for children were very scarce; hence we were delighted when anything that paid a few dollars came our way. Thinning beets was usually open each year, however, and I can never forget how we crawled on our hands and knees in the blazing sun down the long rows. These rows, which seemed a mile long, paid about 6 cents each. A really fast worker could earn about 54 cents a day. We left for work at 5:00 a.m. and returned at about 5:00 p.m.

One of the joys of my life was to walk behind "Queenie" Campbell and absorb every detail of her beautiful clothes. Queenie was the living-doll-type little girl, a granddaughter of the Ras Andersons, who came to Mt. Pleasant every summer with her mother to visit her grandparents. She had long blond ringlets and wore bonnet-shaped hats which set off her pixie face. Her elegant dresses, made of exquisite material, were the epitome of California styles. To complete the picture, she wore short stockings which matched her frocks and Mary Jane slippers. Although I begged to have half socks just like Queenie's, I was never allowed to have them. Mama was sure that I would take cold. I noted, however, that Queenie suffered no ill effects, but I continued to wear long pink, blue, or white stockings.

As time passed and I grew older, I began to design my own dresses. The Fourth of July holiday was the social event of the season for children. Weeks before the big event arrived, I was busy picking out materials and pattern for my dress. Pastel shades in violets, organdies, georgette crepes, linens or ducks were the most popular materials. Length of the ribbon sash often determined one's social status.

Children saved their allowances for days, and obtained promises from daddy for a certain specific amount to be forthcoming. Fifty cents was fair, but one dollar to spend all in one day was unbelievable.

Stirring patriotic speeches, in the patriotic meetings held after the parade, were sincere and impressive. Although the younger children did not understand all of the speeches, they sensed their value and appeal. The American flag was a symbol to be revered; no one put it down.

In the afternoon, races were held on the church lawn. What a thrill to win 35 cents for one race. Baseball games, concessions, and matinee dances for the children offered additional fun for the day. Of course, a grand ball in the Armory Hall completed the day's festivities.

Several times a year, married folks' dances were held in the Armory Hall. Younger people attended, but the dances were geared for the older people, and the music was for their special dances. It was fascinating to watch these people dance the schottische, mazurka, Virginia Reel, quadrille, Rye waltz, and plain waltz. Jimmie Fiddler of Spring City furnished the music for many of these dances.

Some of the younger people tried to learn these dances, but none could master the techniques of the "old timers." Not one could kick up his leg with the sprightly grace of Hyrum Seely, Erick Ericksen, Clarence Jacobsen, Hyrum Merz, Peter Peel or John Winkelman to name a few. Neither did any ever learn to call the square dances like Erick Ericksen.

Playing out at night during the summer was another special form of entertainment. If one had never hidden in Peter Matson's garden spot waiting for the play leader to call "Run, My Sheep, Run", he had missed a part of his education, especially if Mr. Matson discovered him first.

"Kick the Can" was another fun game, especially when the older boys were part of the group. Stolen secret kisses while we were hiding were all a part of the game.

Spirited baseball games took place in the middle of the road during the earlier hours of the day, although they never quite attained the same amount of 'spirit' that some of the Little League games of today generate. Perhaps the mothers had more to keep them occupied in those days; Kind drivers turned their teams around the edges of the road so as not to disturb the game.

Riding out to the farm with Lawrence Winters on his hayrack was also an unforgettable experience. Early in the morning we took our lunches and set out. Here, in the cool, crisp morning air I heard the first meadowlark calling its mate. Just the joy of being alive on such beautiful days provided the zest for living. Besides, we just might be the ones to find the first buttercup of the season.

Coming home in the late afternoon, we lay on our backs atop a load of newly mown hay and talked of our dreams and aspirations, the lazy white clouds floating above us in the blue sky.

Perhaps the greatest thrill of the year was our annual trip to Manti to attend the Sanpete County Fair. Mama always managed to get us some new clothes for this occasion. What fun it was to ride the Ferris wheel, judge the produce to suit ourselves, and tease the animals. Once we took one of my friends with us. We were all in the Manti Theater watching a wrestling match. We were twelve and had not yet developed an appreciation for the violence of the wrestlers, so we ran outside.

As luck would have it, two nice-looking young men who were also about twelve came along and invited us to go in the Ferris wheel. We accepted, and when it stopped with us on the very top, the boys asked us our names and told us they were Kermit and Gail. This was the real beginning of my romantic interests in Manti, a love affair I never forgot because of the many good times I had there with relatives and friends.

As my own two daughter were growing up, I was saddened to see them dancing all evening with the same boy. I felt that they never really got to know what fun was, for growing up in Sanpete included a liberal education in dancing with all the boys, not just one possessive "steady."

At Moonwinks, Moroni Open Air, Palisade Park, Fountain Green, and Fiddlers' Green we danced under the stars until all hours. Then home we went with a few friends to have bacon and eggs.

Ephraim, Armory Hall, Fairview, Spring City, Manti, all were a part of the dancing circle. July 3rd dances usually lasted all night, and the Junior Proms were held for two consecutive evenings. Never were children treated to such dancing pleasure.

Thank you, Sanpete County, for a childhood I would not change.

A TRIP TO THE COAL MINE

Marjorie Madsen Riley, Salt Lake City, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Honorable Mention Historical Essay

"Wake up! Wake up!," Mama urged as she gently shook me from my slumber. "It's almost four o'clock and it's time to get going." Suddenly I remembered. This was the day that Papa had promised to take my sister and me with him to the coal. What an exciting three day trip it would be. Coal hauling trips were always exciting.

The horses were pulling a big load without the extra weight of kids. Even "empty," the wagon carried a grub box, cooking utensils, bedding, a kerosene lantern, a tool box, an ax and a shovel, hay and grain and feed bags for the horses and a lot of other stuff.

We had to get up in the wee hours of the morning because Papa wanted to make it to the mine before noon. So, I just tucked myself in a bed roll, "snug as a bug in a rug," and had a snooze before stopping at the Cold Spring for a drink of water. Except for this respite and occasional stops to inquire about road conditions, it was a non-stop drive up Cottonwood Canyon and on to the mine. Even if I were sleeping comfortably, however, I wanted to be awakened to see the early morning sun envelop beautiful Flat Canyon where cows from Cox's Dairy would be grazing peacefully.

I had watched with glary eyes as Mama packed the grub box for the trip. There were all sorts of staples and goodies, loaves of home-made bread, containers of home-made butter, a lard bucket filled with wheat in which eggs were packed, potatoes, slices of ham and bacon, freshly baked cookies and I don't know what all. I could scarcely wait to be seated at the camp fire eating Papa's concoction: a mixture of fried bacon, potatoes and eggs. Even now, I can sense the tantalizing aroma which filtered through the air.

Going for coal was really a vacation for me, for Papa did all the cooking. My sister and I did the dishes, however, tin plates and cups and iron skillets with long handles.

I knew that getting to the mine early was terribly important, for, when there were lots of wagons ahead, there could be a one, a tow, or even a three hour wait before getting a wagon loaded with coal. The dug ways were narrow and steep, so in order to make better time, drivers often turned off on Sand Road, an alternate short-cut route which was very dusty. Actually, men raced their teams in their attempts to make it to the mine first and clouds of dust could be seen for miles around.

Once at the mine, wagons lined up waiting for the mule drawn coal car to come out through the shaft. I edged up front to get a good look at the old mule who had worked for years, or so folks said. He went his own speed to the tipple, while pulling the wood and iron car filled with coal. There he automatically turned off, thus allowing the uncoupled car to dump the load into a wagon. Miners who followed through the open shaft were black as coal, literally. When my brother was along, he went into the mine which could be dusty or muddy, to watch or to lend a hand.

The drivers loaded as much coal as they could into their wagons before weighing in with the weigh master, bug lumps and small stove-size lumps. Extra boards had been added to wagon boxes so that bigger loads could be hauled. Wedging large chunks of coal into the wagon corners made for good utilization of space.

(Coal taken from the mine in the early 1920's sold for $1.75 a ton. Then it went to $2.00 and next to $2.50. Now coal taken from a mine costs from $16.00 to $20.00 a ton.)

As we left the mine, Mr. Rasmussen, a neighbor, saw us and hollered, "We'll be camping at the Forks. Want to join us there at sun down?" But, we had made previous plans to camp with the Hafen outfit in Huntington Canyon.

The following day, we rode horses, the same horses that pulled the wagons, through James Canyon and over the mountain to Clear Creek. My "little girl diary" records a beautiful ride through the aspen and pine trees, a once-over glance at the small mining town, and a tiring horseback ride back before pitching camp that night at Gooseberry. There was a full moon to light our camp as we ate, as we sang songs, and as we slept under the stars, and as the men cared for the horses, watering them, feeding them and bedding them down for the night.

Papa usually drove two span of big work horses when he went for coal, or perhaps, took a single horse along to help pull the load in a pinch. He greased the wagon wheels prior to the trip and, later, chopped down an aspen tree and used portions of the trunk as brake blocks for the downhill grades. The hand brake, a large lever with several notches, was in constant use. In earlier days, I was told, a drag log was tied to the back of the wagon to slow its descent.

Driving the teams which pulled the big loads of coal required capable men like Papa and Uncle Hyrum. The "gees" and the "Haws" could be heard throughout the canyons as drivers pressed on, up steep grades and down narrow dug ways. The grades were so severe that, often, drivers had to stop every twenty-five or fifty years to "wind" their horses. Shingle Mill Hill was especially troublesome. We were glad when the weather was good, for when it rained, the dug ways could become slick and dangerous.

The drive was tiring and hot, as we sat on the hard chunks of coal. So, we welcomed shade offered by a canvas cover thrown over wooden bows secured to the top of the wagon. Sometimes, my sister and I jumped from the wagon and walked the downhill grades, stopping to carve our initials in the bark of aspen trees in the meantime. We kept ourselves pretty well occupied by asking Papa all sorts of questions such as:

"Which way is the Cleveland Reservoir?"

Or, "Will you show us where Uncle Lars was thrown from his coal wagon and killed?"

Or perhaps, "Is that the Poor House?"

Finally we arrived home, but the coal hauling responsibility wasn't over for Papa. The big wagon had to be unloaded at the farm, taken to our coal shed in town, or perhaps, delivered elsewhere. There were times when a load of coal was taken to the Tithing Office, in payment of tithe.

For me, the fun was all over. I was tired, sunburned, and ready to fall into bed, only to dream of my next trip to the coal mine.

Source: Personal recollections of the writer and experiences related by her brother. (About 1921)

TRIBUTE TO THE "WILLIAM AND SOPHIA DANIELS" FAMILY REUNION

Betty Daniels Broadhead, Salt Lake City, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Just as surely as wintertime will follow the summer days, just as surely as a rainbow will follow the war, gentle rain, each year will go by a little faster. The family will grow a little larger, and getting together becomes more difficult. Contact with relatives is soon limited to funerals, weddings, an occasional letter and chance meetings.

Thus THE FAMILY REUNION to renew associations, meet younger members of the family , and partners of those now married.

Older folks do some reminiscing, they recall "way back when." The young ones discuss the future, and all the plans they've made. Everyone talks of their children and the important things they do, dreams they have, what they hope to accomplish, places they've been and seen.

We exchange family group sheets, information to bring them current, and don't forget the camera. A picture is worth ten thousand words.

The picnic lunch, all enjoy. And what better time to trade a recipe, bring up to date the address book, or share the location of a favorite fishing spot.

If they were able to be here with us today, or even look down and catch a glimpse, I think William and Sophia Daniels would be very happy and proud of this, the gathering of their posterity. Perhaps we should take just a moment to reflect, think of the numerous hardships they endured, and <u>give thanks.</u>

Because of the obstacles they overcame, we have the opportunity of being here together this day.

After years of planning and saving, the dream of coming to America would be realized. In the early part of 1874, William, with his 10 year old son Henrick, left Logster to make a home for the family in this new land. Dorothy and Wilhelmena Minnie, the two eldest daughters, had accompanied other families to Mt. Pleasant three years prior. This is where William would await the arrival of his beloved wife and children, 9 year-old Christen, 5 year-old Josephine Marie, and 3 year-old Fredrick.

That December, with the exception of Fredrick, the family group would once again be together. Fredrick died while aboard ship after contracting measles. Sophia could not bear to have his body left

somewhere along the way, so she wrapped him in a blanket and carried him off the ship. In this same blanket she carried him on the train, all the way from New York to Ogden. In Ogden it was discovered and little Fredrick had to be buried there. A few weeks after the arrival in Sanpete County, Hyrum Smith was born, thus make the family complete.

Having been a stone mason while in Copenhagen, William worked on the construction of the Manti Temple for about eighteen months. At this time, after having "a falling out" with a Bishop over some irrigation water, he apostatized from the Latter Day Saint Church. He had joined as a young man after leaving Mechlenburg, Germany, his birth place, to go to Denmark. A few years later he rejoined the Church and was a faithful member the rest of his life.

Late in 1875, William purchased several hundred acres of land west of Moroni, built a two story adobe house and started his new life. Most possessions had been left in Denmark. Until the railroad was built in 1885 a lot of the furniture had to be built by hand. It took hard work on every family member's part to clear the land and get crops growing, especially with the scarcity of proper tools. In addition, barns and corrals had to be built, stock acquired and cared for, fences erected, and irrigation canals and ditches dug.

There were the never ending "Perils of Nature" to deal with. There was the threat of the mighty Sanpitch River overflowing its banks and flooding the farmlands, as it had done so many times before. Grasshoppers and other insects could wipe out the entire crop for the year, and quite often did. Too much rain, too little rain, threats of hostile Indians going on a rampage again, these fears were continually with them.

Regardless of the hardships or obstacles these brave, courageous people had to overcome, they did so with faith and hope for the future. They were citizens of a new land, where the freedom bell would always ring, freedom to worship as they pleased, the right to own land, and openly voicing their opinions without fear of who would be listening.

Sophia was a gentle, meek, frail looking little lady who always wore her hair slicked back in a bob. Suffering from asthma, she was ill most of the time during the last few years of her life and died of this on April 16, 1902. Since most of the children had married and had families of their own, this necessitated bringing in a girl to help with the laundry, cooking and cleaning. This girl was Marie Violet Neilson, who eventually married Hyrum Smith and who became my grandparents.

William was many things to many people. His children saw him as a proud, stately, domineering man whose word was law in his home. He was extremely fair and honest with his family, as well as in his dealings with others. He demanded fairness and honesty in return. He was a man who loved and cherished his sweet little wife more than life itself, treating her with the dignity of a princess. He expected his sons and daughters to work hard and earn what they received, be respectable members of the community and make him proud of them.

The Grandchildren remember him as a white bearded old gentlemen, looking like a Santa Claus, wearing wooden shoes (being of Dutch-German descent), loving the little ones, bouncing them on his knee, and always having his pocket full of peppermints to pass out among them. They enjoyed going to visit, sliding down the stairway banister, and going with him for buggy rides. They also remember him as being stern. He would take a nap in the afternoon and if they made too much noise he would shout out in German, "Duo Weater", which translated means "thunder weather", or "you kids get away from here."

The neighbors knew him as a very generous man, always ready to lend a helping hand, as well as to share his possessions with those in need. If a family's only horse died and he knew they could not purchase another, they would find one in their corral the next morning. There are numerous accounts of William and

his sons showing up in a neighbor's field to help harvest a crop that otherwise might be lost. Sacks of flour, buckets of milk, or a cured ham showed up on porches and doorsteps of many needing temporary sustenance.

The townspeople could depend on William to be involved in civic affairs and in doing what he could for community progress. When schools, churches or recreational buildings were to be erected he was there with his time, talent, and money. He was an interested, concerned citizen at all the town meetings and elections. Knowing the importance of having proper education available, he served on the board of school trustees for many years.

At the age of 78 Sophia passed away and was laid to rest in the Moroni cemetery. William was a very lonely man. He lived alone for eight years. In 1910 and at 88 years of age, he married a widow lady by the name of Mrs. Krool, a lifelong friend. On November13, 1912, he and she journeyed to the Manti Temple. William was sealed to Sophia, while she was sealed to her late husband. On December 11, 1915, William completed his sojourn here in his beloved land. He was buried next to the little lady he had loved so dearly, his first wife, Sophia.

I have borrowed a poem written by C.N. Lund take from the book, *History of Mt. Pleasant* entitled "Gleanings."

They gleaned in poverty their meager store,
Until their efforts yielded more and more.
And while they gleaned their scant supply of food,
They gleaned from God the stamina that stood
Against the elements and sterile soil,
And nerved them in their never-ending toil,
So we today glean from their lives and deeds,
Inspiring thoughts to help our future needs.

It is my prayer that those of us who are here today will have gleaned a greater insight into our heritage. That those who were not able to be with us will make a concerted effort to join us next year, and being together will be a rich and rewarding experience for all. I thank all of you for the privilege and honor I have had to share this tribute with you.

INDIAN WOMAN

Linnie M. Findlay, Ephraim, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Poetry

We call this "Witches Knoll," great silent mount
Of earth, heaped over burial grounds, where once you lived
When all your tribe was gone.
Why were you left alone to guard this spot?
Did you desire to stay behind and watch them go?
Were all your closest tribesmen buried here?
How did you live? Did Sego Lily roots supply your food?

(They, too, are gone from land where once they grew.)
Or did you learn to shoot, to hunt for meat
With bow and arrow as the warrior had?

If this brown earth could talk and tell us tales
Of all who'd lived before our journey here,
What would we learn of you, lone resident of
Sad abode, who lived on burial grounds?

(And what of those who lived before you cam?
How many ages past has mankind made
His home among these hills, how many races come
And gone and left no evidence?)

Some chips of flint, a broken grinding mill,
And stone you used to grind your meal;
A fragment of a painted bowl you'd make;
These are the silent teachers, all that's left
On land, once rich with heads of stone
Your tribe had made to kill the startled deer
Or stop the leaping rabbit or the bird,
To feed the hungry stomachs of a horde
Of brown skinned people, browner still
As wind and sun and winter's cold
Each burst their violent elements on your heads.

(And when our people came, We call them pioneers,
To make a home for us among these hills,
Those arrows, made to get your food
Were used for tools of war, and so you fought
And killed, and were killed, and many buried here remain.
And tho' we hold the land that once was yours,
We homage pay. And with true mystery
You bind our thought.)

You cannot tell us now. You, too, are gone.
A hole atop this mound of earth was once your room.
Here chips of flint and broken pottery
Historians of your past, as mute they lie
Upon the ground.

THE "DOBE' MAKER"

Marzetta Willardsen, Ephraim, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Poetry

With you, besides large families, each man had
Brought his trade.
Your furniture and dug-outs you had
Crudely made.
You'd left choice homes of hand-made brick, their
Clay of grey and blue.
There was no kiln, but with this soil, you'd
Make adobes do.

The land must, too, be wrested from its state of puberty
And made to bear some fruit and grain to fight your poverty.

But you must start new homes, your time was stretched
So thin.
With aching muscles, you would think, "Just where
Should we begin?"
Your families sheltered still in the darkest,
Caveman way
Often it was hard to keep
A smile throughout the day.

You, in desperation, made adobes out in back.
This would save the hauling of those sun-dried brick you'd stack

A large, round hole was cut where you had
Freshly weeded.
With care you dug the topsoil and placed
It to be seeded.
There shone the clay, hard as rock, just
daring you to knead.
So with water, shovels and labor, you hasted
To proceed.

When the clay was smooth and soft as satin in your hand,
The dough was right for molding, to dry upon the land.

Your other pressing duties had fallen by
The way,
While you worked the daylight hours in
Stubborn pits of clay.
Not having a working plan, you had so much
At stake.
So you asked the "Dobe Man" if he would your
"dobes" make.

He lived across the street, if you could call it such.
It was always deeply rutted, as a street it wasn't much.

His year soon filled, row on row, depending
On the weather,
Each block tipped up the second day or
It would curl like leather.
If the soil had too much clay, it made the dough
Too slick,
A trip for sand to "Black Hill" would nicely
Do the trick.

Thousands a day, ten days to dry, those yellow twelve-by-fives
Olsen was the "Dobe Man" who touched so many lives.

Source: Information about making adobes was given by Mr. Paul Mortensen, Ephraim, Utah. He is in his eighties and came from Denmark as an emigrant.

THE WHEEL

David Rosier, Moroni, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Honorable Mention Poetry

A wooden wheel by drab and drifting dust
Is lying, rotting, done by wind and rain.
It lies now bleakly lone; no loads are thrust
Upon it, loads for life: the corn and grain.
It carried knowledge once, in books of song.
In books of prayers and prophets, books of times.
It rolled along while earthly men learned wrong
From wise, while men became subdued, sublime.
It carried once a child in blankets, small
When coming, great when here; a builder, brace
Of farms and homes, once rode with seedlings all:
The food, the books, the founder of the race.
The seeds of grain and thought and men to be
It carried here; indeed, it carried me.

THE SAGA, IN AFTERGLOW OF CAMPFIRE FLAME

(OPEN HEART CARING FOR OUR STEWARDSHIP)

Wilma Morley Despain, Centerfield, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Honorable Mention Poetry

In light of deathless stars the campfire smoke hung heavy.
The keen fragrance of sagebrush plucked at the nose.
Closed circle, just completed, was secured and well guarded.
Timeless songs of choraled praise filled the night, and hope arose.

Listen, wind-whispers tell a Saga of ageless soil and stone.
What secrets could they tell, these cragged mountains tall?
Dipping into valleys, they testify of the ever livingness of earth,
And of early ones who came to Manti to fulfill a Prophet's call.

Strong shoulders, strong wills, carried fragile, anxious dreams
From mob-scorched homes, struggling, crossing rivers, furnace plain.
Lives, always in danger as tallow-slut and fires flicked low,
All hands reaching for an "unlocked door" of a promised land, again.

Their courage fanned desire flamed again to build another world.
Torches burned brave and bright, held proud and high once more!
At red-man's invitation, came to barren 'another place', long unclaimed,
Only red-men, trappers, carrion dared roam hot Sanpitch valley floor.

Nothing ahead, nothing to go back to, homes burned, all left behind.
By mobs their hearts and homes sucked dry made tired heads bow.
Hardly taking time to bury the fallen, "Push on, move ahead, push on!"
Faith and prayer, their 'shock absorber', helped the survive, endure, somehow.

Leaving a singing Saga that still rings through fresh, unused air
"All's well in Manti," they sang, still enduring in dreaded fear!
Manti, named by founder Isaac Morley for a city of "Book of Mormon" days,
"This is the place," "Gird up your loins," "Move on, the end is near!"

Fresh courage given animals too, as they strained up each steep hill,
Some too old, too ill to push, too small to pull, strength spent and weak,
Isaac said, "This is where we'll stay, where God said we belong"
Some cried, "Thank God!" some, "We'll move on a different place to seek."

But the worst dissenters soon joined again the group's loyal songs.
They builded schools, churches, mills and homes with sweated toil.

"Oolite", cream-colored stone, and a spring found gushing, pure water, there.
Their 'spread-seed' grew, at harvesting full bin and bushel from fertile soil.

Father Morley, well-loved leader said, "Even if all else go, here I'll stay.
He did, at much sacrifice, agonized trails and at much personal cost!
He gave the demanding savages his darling, first-born son..,
So more precious lives would not be taken, more homes burned and lost!

The grey hill sheltered them that first winter, it's a sanctuary now,
But it was once an evil snake pit, horror filled, hissing den!
Yet, not one pioneer was bitten, as hundreds of rattlers were killed!
Surely being tested to the core, all children, women, and men!

Now.., wheels of time travel fast and turn on highways, ribbon-smooth.
Such comforts, such blessed largess we enjoy in later years.
They helped many find their dreams and climb their own sheer, mountain walls!
God smiled upon the Sanpitch wilds and on this gray, lonely hill.

To must we keep smiling, all latter-day children of sod,
Still pioneering, we guard the precious 'stewardship' passed on to us,
Still singing grateful, heartfelt praises to Sanpete Pioneers and to God!

PIONEER FATHER

Edith Allred, Price, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Third Honorable Mention Poetry

When life seemed wanting in his quest for truth
He heard God's word revealed in foreign land.
He felt a burning as had William Blake before.
He sought a home in God's choice land.
Should he become another Jefferson,
Or common laborer to till the soil,
He learned he was an equal in God's sight
And each was needed in His sacred work.
God led the way; the barren road was long.
The Man was filled with fears for life and kin,
But faith impelled him to endure in spite
Of tragedy, hardship, illness, and pain.
He braved the siege of snakes and Walker's Wars,
The warning of the drums and Indian spears,
In darkest hours God sent kind Sowiette.
But for this loyal friend, The Man had died
Unmourned on Manti's rocky countryside.
This rugged soul assigned to Sanpete home
Now sleeps beneath the grass, but still lives on.
We are the offspring of his destiny.
To us he left God's word, his guiding light.
The truth for which he fought lives in our hearts!

GREEN MANNA

Non-Professional Division
Fourth Honorable Mention Poetry

It was growing there green and verdant in a desert waste.
Unsown by human hand,
Unwatered save by rain or morning dew.

Some think the plant was sinapis or chenopodium.
They of 1850 were not concerned with its flora.
They cared only that it was non-poisonous, and palatable.

And that it was available when the flour barrel was empty,
And their precious seeds were only beginning to sprout,
In the, as yet, unproved soil of Sanpete.

The early historian simply states:
"We are grateful for the abundance of greens,
Growing south of the hill. They are good to eat, and our
flour is gone."

No complaints, no bitterness or despair.
Only gratitude for some nourishing substance,
With which to fill the mouths and stomachs
of the hungry.

The plant apparently held no appeal for rodents, deer,
or Indian ponies,
Or even the Indians themselves, or it would have been depleted
long before our story begins.

I do not know the name or species of the plant.
But to myself I call it Provisum Providentiia.
"That which God provided for his people."

THE INDIAN WAY

Linnie M. Finidlay, Ephraim, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Tie Short Story

Margaretha noticed the long slim shadows that began with the row of poplar trees by the fence, and breathed in the fragrance of the cool spring air. The afternoon sun hung low above the western

horizon, and she knew it was time to get started with the chores. As she stepped to the door of the little kitchen, she heard the soft thud of horse's hooves on the dirt road, and watched, as a neighbor, whom she knew only as 'brother Swenson,' dismounted and opened the gate by the front walk.

Margaretha drew back into the house, but she knew from the way the man walked and the excited way he was talking to Mrs. Hobbs on the front porch that something was wrong. "He was killed, Mr. Hobbs, while tending the cow-herd, killed by those murdering, thieving Indians."

Margaretha could not hear Mrs. Hobbs answer, but she saw her body cringe, as though she had been struck, and then straighten, and she felt a surge of sorrow and love for this white woman who had been a mother to her for most of her remembering years.

The messenger spoke again, "It would be better if President Young would let us kill all of them. They'll never let us live in peace as long as there is one redskin alive."

"No, Brother Swenson, do not talk so. President Young is anxious that there is an end to all of this killing." Mrs. Hobbs' voice shook and her knuckles were as white as the painted pillar which she grasped for support.

The messenger spoke in softer tones now, so that Margaretha could not hear what he said, but in a few moments he turned and walked to the gate where his horse was waiting. Mrs. Hobbs gathered her three little children to her and stepped inside of the two room cabin that was her home. She dropped into the low rocker by the front room fireplace, weeping quietly. Margaretha could see the frightened faces of the children as they pressed close to their mother, who drew them to her. Margaretha was uncomfortable, because she somehow felt responsible for this great tragedy that had come into their lives. She clenched her hand in a tight fist, and saw her palm turn white, and slowly darken again to match the golden brown of her arms and face. Margaretha was an Indian.

She tried to understand that Mr. Hobbs had been killed by Indians as he watched the cattle in the foothills, and thought of the words of the messenger who brought the news of Mr. Hobbs' murder. She wondered if he meant that she, too, should be killed.

She reached for a bucket underneath the wash stand, and slipped out of that sad house, going down toward the well-house. Once inside, she skimmed the thick cream from the pans of milk left to cool on the rock ledge, and spooned it into a small crock where cream was kept for churning. She poured the milk into the bucket to feed two calves that were in a little pasture back of the garden spot.

Usually it brought pleasure to Margaretha to feed the calves, and watch them hungrily guzzle the cold milk, but today, it was just a chore, and when she returned to the well-house, she thought about the events that she remembered in her life.

She was very small when she had come to live with Mrs. Hobbs. She didn't remember much about it, yet no matter how she tried, she couldn't forget the awful loneliness that she had known when she had been snatched from her own people while she and her brother played among the willow. The days that followed, though dim in her memory, still haunted her in dreams and sadness, and came strong again when sadness stirred in her the lingering terror of their kidnapping. She remembered riding on a horse behind a big Indian, for how many days and nights she did not know, but the final horror came when her brother had been taken from her, and small as she was, she could still remember his pitiful cries as he was left a prisoner, a live child to guard the tomb of an Indian Chieftain.

Margaretha couldn't think of that time without sorrow and hopelessness getting so mixed up inside of her that she couldn't ever say anything about it. Only once had she asked about her brother. All that

Mrs. Hobbs had answered was, “It’s the Indian way,” and then she had said, mostly to herself, “We don’t like it, but it’s the Indian way.”

As the memory of her own early sorrow came fresh to Margaretha, she hurried with her work, hoping it would crowd out some of the great sadness that she felt. She took the bucket and milk pans to the house and quickly washed and scalded them, as Mrs. Hobbs had taught her to do. Mrs. Hobbs still sat in the low rocker, without moving, without seeing, as Margaretha came into the house.

Dorothea, the eldest child, about nine years old, saw through the open door dividing the two rooms, as Margaretha entered the kitchen. She turned to her mother, from where the three children sat quietly on the rug at her feet.

“Margaretha is Indian. Is she a mean Indian?”

Mrs. Hobbs turned a drawn, white face to look at Margaretha, but there was no smile, no word of comfort. She only said, “Margaretha isn’t Ute.” And then absorbed again in her sorrow, she added to herself, “What will we do with Father gone, what we will ever do?

Margaretha took the bucket and pans back to the well-house, and as she walked, she thought of Mr. Hobbs, and of his kindness toward her. Always he had expected Margaretha to do her chores, and both he and his wife had treated her as one of their own. And Margaretha had gone to the white man’s school, and had taken responsibility on the farm to help where she could. Mrs. Hobbs had often left the children with her, and since baby Johnny was born, she had turned the responsibility of little Evelyn over to Margaretha. They had become great friends, and now Dorothea was old enough that she often took care of the baby.

Margaretha had learned that she was a Piede Indian. Mrs. Hobbs had bought her from her captor when she was very small, and had taught her that she would have to learn the white man’s ways, because the Indians here were Utes. She was usually happy among the white people, but sometimes when some of the Hobbs’ visitors would tell her how lucky she was to be living among the whites, she would feel a great longing to go back and see if she could find her mother and father. She only knew that their land lay to the South. Sometimes she would go out to the big tree beyond the willows, where she could climb up into the branches, and she would wish, and hope that someday she would be able to see her family again, and sometimes when she was smaller, she would cry for a long time.

She had been in the tree one day, right after she had turned fifteen, when an Indian brave had ridden up by the pasture fence. She pretended not to see him, but he had stayed until she had to come down because it was time to do the chores. He had been young and friendly, and she had been glad for company, so she had talked with him for a few minutes.

He had come by once in a while after that, and they had laughed and talked together, and then one day in the late fall, he had asked her to go away with him. He had told her he was “Chief Ammon, brother of the Great Chief Walkara.”

She had laughed and answered, “No, I stay with White Father. Walkara is a horse thief.” She had repeated the words that were often spoken among the white people, and some how she had said it, she had known that she had committed a great wrong. Ammon had ridden away, and all through the long winter months, when snow was deep, she wondered if she would ever see another Indian who was friendly.

Margaretha came out of the well house, as two men came, driving the cow. They didn’t seem to notice her, but were telling each other how if it hadn’t been for Mr. Hobbs’ bravery, all of the cattle would have been lost. The cows were saved, but Mr. Hobbs gave his life to protect them. She followed the cow to the corral and lifted the poles of the gate into place one at a time, and started back to the well house for

the milk bucket. She noticed two ladies were hurrying up the path to the farm house. Margaretha slipped into the well house and quietly closed the door, but not before she heard one of them say, “And wouldn’t you know it would be poor Mr. Hobbs, who has been so good to that stray Indian girl.” And then they were gone, and Margaretha tried to understand what they meant.

She took the clean bucket and as she started back to the corral to do the evening milking, she watched a wagon drive up the road by the pasture, and on up to the house. There was a lot of fussing and commotion, as the men lifted the body of Mr. Hobbs out of the wagon box and carried it into the house.

The reality of all that had happened washed over Margaretha with such force that she felt ill, and would have left her chores and gone to the house to be with Mrs. Hobbs and the children, but there were so many strangers there, now. Mr. Hobbs was dead. Margaretha had seen the way the white people put their dead into long wooden boxes and put them in the ground. Good kind Mr. Hobbs, killed by an Indian. Margaretha remembered the words of Brother Swenson, and glanced down at her dark skin.

She picked up a battered old bucket in the corral, turned it upside down near the cow, sat down and as she leaned her head against the warm flank, the tears came, and she wept bitterly. Even after the cow was milked, and the milk strained and left in the clean pans in the cool well-house she still sobbed. She felt so alone in her sorrow.

Things were quieter as she walked toward the house in the growing darkness. The two ladies stood on the porch, saying goodbye to Mrs. Hobbs. The lamp was already lighted and the shadows reached across the porch and dissipated in the yard around it. Margaretha heard one of the visitors say, “We’ll be back to stay with you. But you know, it just isn’t right to keep feeding that Indian girl. You’ll have all you can take care of without her.”

Margaretha turned from the path and crossed out of the yard into the roadway and found herself running up toward the foothills.

She went as long as she could see where she was going, and when she came to a large pine tree, she climbed up into the branches. She didn’t know what she would do, but she was glad it was springtime, and even when she was so cold she couldn’t sleep, she could move about and keep from freezing. She thought about the boys and girls she had gone to school with, and remembered when things didn’t go well, they always said she was “nothing but a dumb Indian.”

Dawn brought with it more chill in the air, and since she could see, Margaretha climbed down from the tree and began to travel south along the edge of the foothills. She knew that it had been a great distance to the south, many days beyond the end of the valley where she had played as a small child.

As she travelled, always setting her course between the rising and the setting sun, her clothing caught and tore in the bushes, and she was hungry and tired, but for several days she continued southward.

At length she came to a small lake where she could bathe her feet, and rest on the shore by the water’s edge. It was while she rested that she saw horsemen coming. There were not bushes, no trees she could hide in. So she sat still, not daring to move.

Two Indian braves rode up to her, and spoke in a strange language. When she could not understand them, they pointed in the direction of a small dip in the foothills and said to her, “Go!”

They rode along on their horses, never giving her no chance to rest, and she went over a low hill and followed a winding trail down the other side. Margaretha had eaten very little since leaving the Hobbs place and she soon wearied, and stumbled in the rocks and brush that crowded the pathway, but the

horsemen prodded her to keep going until they came to a place where a small group of Indians were camped.

The women crowded around her, chattering and curious, looking at her torn clothing scratched and bleeding hands and legs, but she could not talk with them. When more of the men came back from hunting, the women left her and went back to their cooking.

She stood, dejected, alone, not knowing what next would befall her. The dogs came sniffing at her clothing, and one old dog licked at the blood that trickled from a scratch on her leg. A sharp command sent the dogs scurrying into the low brush surrounding the camp, and the two Indians who had brought her to their camp told Margaretha she must follow them to their chief.

Ragged, weary and frightened she stood with her head bowed, so tired she was almost numb to what was going on around her. The old chief spoke to her in the same strange language that the warriors spoke. Margaretha did not answer, did not move. And she heard a young voice say in English:

"You, why you come here among Indians? Why not stay with white father?"

Margaretha did not look up, but she knew it was Chief Ammon who spoke to her. She answered quietly, "He is dead, killed by an Indian."

A stir of uneasiness went around the tent, as the men talked among themselves. Sometimes they would laugh, and then they became agitated and angry, and then they would laugh again. After a long time the chief had food brought to Margaretha.

The braves filed out of the tent, leaving only the two chiefs, and Ammon told Margaretha the old chief wanted her for his squaw, to care for him now that he was getting old.

Margaretha who had been eating hungrily, stopped with food in mid-air. "No." she said firmly, "I go home to my people."

When Ammon gave her reply to the Old Chief, he snatched the bowl of food from her and threw it into the dust of the campground. "Go," he stormed at her, and pointed out into the sagebrush. The gods came scurrying to lick up what they could of her dinner.

Margaretha, revived a little by resting and the small amount of food she had eaten, walked away bravely at first, but soon her weariness returned, and she stumbled and fell by a big wash that cut through the dry soil.

Slowly she got to her feet again, and picked up a stick that had been brought there by the water when it ran high in the stream bed and flooded the banks. Walking was easier with the stick to help her, and she followed along the edge of the ravine, going southward, until night came. There were no trees she could stop in, only rocks and crevasses, and as she watched lizards and horned toads and heard the cry of a night hawk, she wondered where she could sleep.

She made her way down the steep bank where she might be safe through the night. The wash was deeper here, and as she walked slowly, examining the banks, she noticed horses hoof prints on the sandy bottom. As she rounded another bend in the dry wash, she came face to face with Ammon, standing by his horse.

Stolidly Margaretha looked at him. She knew her clothes were torn and dirty, but she was so tired that nothing mattered. He spoke quietly:

"Come, we go to my mother's tent. She will help you." He reached to touch a long scratch on her arm where dust had settled on the blood that had dried there.

Margaretha protested weakly, "But the old chief said I must go."

"Since the Treaty, we no longer live as a tribe," Ammon answered. "Each family alone. The old chief and his people will not know you are with us. You will be safe there."

Margaretha learned the ways of the Ute women. She worked hard and learned to travel with them as they moved from place to place. When they went to the Reservation, she went with them.

She kept busy as they moved about, and when it was warm and the sun shone and there was food to be found in forest and streams they were happy. And when it was cold and sand blew with the snow in the winter, they suffered much. Many of the old and sick ones died. The food promised to them on the Reservation was slow in coming, or did not come at all.

Many snows came and went, and life was hard, but there was friendly companionship among the women of the Indian people.

When Chief Tabby called the Indians together, and told them they were going back to Sanpete Valley, Margaretha loaded supplies on to two poles, and fastened them to her pony. She placed her little son, last of all, on the pile of skins and blankets, and fastened him with a leather strap, made pretty with colored beads. Her baby was strapped to her back on a stiff board. As she looked around at the other women, she knew that no one could tell that she wasn't Ute.

It was a long hard trip, back again over the mountains, but when the Indians finally made camp, they stopped not far from where Margaretha had lived with the Hobbs family.

The men found meat, but Margaretha knew she must have other food for her baby. She took a strong cloth sack, and mounting her pony, rode toward the town. Stopping her horse at the gate by the well-house, Margaretha walked slowly up the path to the door for the Hobbs' kitchen.

In a guttural tone she asked for "bread" as Dorothea, a grown woman answered her knocking.

"Yes, bread you shall have, and milk for your baby," Dorothea slipped a loaf of soft white bread into the sack Margaretha held, and as she turned to find a jar to put milk in, she kept talking.

"We had an Indian sister, once. Mother said we should always give food to the Indians, in her memory." She filled a glass jar with milk, and placing a rubber ring on the rim of the jar, she covered it with a glass lid, and put a strong wire over it, to hold it in place. She handed the milk to Margaretha, "You somehow remind me of her; but then, you don't even know what I'm saying."

Margaretha muttered a guttural acknowledgment, took the sack, with bread and milk in, and turned and walked slowly down the familiar path. She poured some milk for her little son and reclosed the jar. She slipped the jar of milk and the loaf of bread into a larger sack that was under a coyote skin on the top of her drag load. Then taking the smaller sack, empty now, she let the horse down to the pasture where the calves had been kept. She stopped by a new gate, and walked slowly up a path to an adobe house, recently built there, and as she stood slightly stopped, she saw mush that was changed since she had lived there.

Margaretha pulled her dark shawl with the long fringes closely about her stout shoulders, and her small baby who now slept in contentment, and raised her hand to knock on the door.

Sources: Cowley, Mathias F., Wilford Woodruff, The Deseret News, Salt Lake City, Utah 1909.
Gottfredsom. Peter. Indian Depredations in Utah, copyright 1919, Private Printing 1969, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Christensen, Merlin G. A Driven People Settle The Far West, Private Printing, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Culmsee, Carlton, Utah's Balck Hawk War, USU Press 1973.
Trenholm, Virginia Cole and Corley, Maurine, The Shoshones Sentinels of the Rockies, University of Oklahoma Press, 1974.
Inventory of county Archives of Utah, Sanpete #20
Jones, Daniel W., Forty Years Among the Indians, Bookcraft, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1960.

Larson, Gustive O., Outline History of Utah and The Mormons, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, 1961.
Roberts, B.H., Comprehensive History of the Church, Volume V. p. 148.
Sonne, Conway B., World of Walkara, The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas, 1962.
Whiteny, Orson F., History of Utah, George Q. Cannon and Sons, Publisher, Salt Lake City, Utah March 1892, Vol. I.
Hunter, Milton R., The Utah Story.

HER MAGIC TOUCH

Elizabeth J. Story, Cheyenne, Wyoming
Non-Professional Division
First Place Tie Short Story

I was just ten years old in 1926. I'll never forget one special day when I was in a room filled with mourners. I remember the hushed silence. We were gathered for the final viewing of my dead aunt Annie Wall at Mt. Pleasant, Utah. I was with my parents, sisters, cousins, aunts, and uncles. As we passed aunt Annie's coffin I stopped to get a long last look at her face. Yes, the scar was still there. Even in death it was there! It was a wonderful, magical mystery to me, this hairline scar above her right eye and on her cheek.

In death she looked pretty. The colored scar had never marred her looks and although she was fifty years old she looked lovely to me. I had learned about the scar little by little from listening to the conversations of my elders. That day I could only feel wonder.

Now I can tell the story of my pioneer grandmother, Annie Minnie Christinia Jacobson, and her tiny baby, Annie, and of how she, with her faith, prayers, understanding and love helped to erase an unsightly red birthmark from her baby's face and discover a priceless gift of life, her own talent.

Christinia was twenty years old when she arrived in the Territory of Utah in 1859 with a group of Danish converts to the Mormon Church. She met and married Sorn Jacobson, one of the converts. Upon reaching Salt Lake City they were sent to Sanpete to help settle that valley. Their first home was in the fort built on the banks of Pleasant Creek at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains.

One summer day in 1873 the family was going to the north field to work. Sorn, Christinia, and the children were all in the wagon. Suddenly the team of horses was spooked by a barking dog and they began to run uncontrollably along the rocky trail with the wheels of the wagon bouncing, turning, skidding, and sliding, pulled ever onward by the wild runaways.

Sorn tried to stop the plunging horses but he was unable to control their mad race. Suddenly the wheels hit a deep rut and the wagon overturned throwing the passengers onto the hard ground. Christinia's long skirt caught on the wagon box and she was dragged over brush and rocks until finally the team was so winded they stopped.

Christiniia's body was badly skinned and bruised, yet she pulled herself together, for more than self she was worried and concerned for her unborn child. She was due in September. She wondered about the baby's fate because of this accident. Would it be injured? Would it live? Dreadful thoughts raced through her mind, but now she must help her husband gather their family together and must five them of her help and her love. Only then could she begin the ordeal of healing her own wounded body.

The summer was hot and there was the usual workload on the farm along with the care of her family. September came and one warm night her baby was born, a tiny girl. Yes, one of her fears was realized! The little one had a beautiful body, but on its tiny face was a large red birthmark. The mark covered the portion of the baby's face surrounding the right eye and cheekbone. It was unsightly and

Christinia was heartbroken. What would the life of this little girl be like in this harsh world if she had to carry that horrible red mark? Would she be acceptable to friends and those whom she met? Could she accept and be happy?

Christinia was troubled and worried. She prayed again and again to her Father in Heaven to help her find some way to erase this hideous marking. She vowed she would do anything to help her baby. Her faith was strong that a way would be provided.

One day a new group of people came to the settlement. Among them was a woman who people said had some healing power. Many of the settlers went to her for help. There was a great deal of trust, hope, and superstition in those days about home cures and remedies for all afflictions. For some this folk medicine was all they had in the way of doctoring.

Chirsitnia wrapped her little Annie in the gray woolen shawl and took her to the fort where they met the strange woman with the great knowledge about cures. She folded back the shawl from the tiny baby face and gasped at the color and size of the ugly birthmark. "Yes, there is a cure for your baby if you will do exactly as I tell you. It will be an almost impossible task for you to accomplish. This is what you must do and you must do it very soon. You must have your own baby at the bedside of another woman at the exact moment she is giving birth. Immediately take some of the afterbirth membrane that is expelled when the child is born and place it on the birthmark on your little one's face. Be very sure that the mark is entirely covered. Hold this in place with your warm hand until the membrane has completely dried. You will have to do this not once but as many times as it takes to complete the cure."

Christinia paid the woman for her advice saying, "I will certainly try to do as you advise. Thank you very much for trying to help us."

Trudging through the sagebrush on the way home she thought of her friend and neighbor, Johanna Hansen, who was soon to be a mother. She decided to stop and ask permission to be at her bedside when the moment of her delivery arrived. Johanna agreed and promised to send word when her time was near.

One night a messenger arrived to tell of Johanna's labor pains. Christinia was to bring little Annie and spend the night. It was late October as she hurried with her baby to the Hansen home. The moon appeared over the tops of the Wasatch Mountains as she followed the path, and she was conscious of the smell of smoke from the fires of the Indians camped in the Round Hills.

Johanna was in labor when Christinia arrived. She laid Annie on the cot in the front room and then hurried to the bedroom to assist the midwife and offer comfort to her friend.

The hours passed and the moon was high over head as Johanna's contractions came stronger and stronger. Christinia brought her baby from the cot. It was time. She wanted to have Annie very close so she could gather the precious substance for the cure. The little head was coming and soon the whole baby. The midwife took the newborn in her hands. Christinia's heart beat fast as she quickly scooped the warm afterbirth into her hands and placed it directly on Annie's face, making sure that the red mark was completely covered.

(She must not let it cover the baby's nose and cut off her breathing.) She held the cure tightly in place with her left hand. With her other hand she scooped more into a jar to take home for later use.

The moon was near the western mountains as Christinia made her way back home, yet by its light she could see that the mark on Annie's face was still covered. At home she sat and left her hand tightly on the face of her sleeping babe, all the time praying that little Annie might not have to face life with that disfigurement.

By late afternoon Christinia found time to take Annie from her cradle and hold her for a time. She lifted some of the dried membrane from the mark and found if she rubbed gently it could be peeled of little by little. She was amazed to see how much of the redness was gone. In her joy she cried, "It works! It works!" Then the doubting question came, "Will it stay away? If it does, it is a miracle." Again she prayed.

She was most anxious to find and other expectant mother before all the contents of the jar was used. She must repeat the process again, and again, and again.

Many times she took little Annie out in the middle of the night to obtain the substance that was so important to the cure. Sometimes she was too late. Sometimes she was turned away at the door saying they could not be bothered with her at a time like this. Yet her faith buoyed her up and soon the folks round about began to depend on her for her kindness and help, especially if the wait was a long one.

Christinia persevered and was successful in getting enough of the slippery oozy substance to completely obliterate the mark. Only a hairline scar remained! She was grateful. Her prayers were answered. It had been a difficult ordeal but it had been worthwhile. She must fast and pray, for fasting would help her realize that this great miracle had come through her faith and work. Before her very eyes her prayers had been answered!

The months after Annie's birth had been profound. So many wonderful and miraculous things had happened to her and her family. The scar hardly showed now, and Christinia had come to the realization that she had a real talent. She had discovered she had a magic touch that did wonders for the sick and afflicted.

She knew in her heart that "Everyone has a talent." Also she understood clearly that it would be lost if it was not used, but would be added upon if it was used. With this knowledge she became a real artist known throughout her area for her talent of compassionate service. She gave freely of her time and help to all those who needed it.

Christinia lived until 1921. She devoted her life to comforting the sick and the infirm. Her children grew, married, and had their own families. She learned through experience the supreme joy of life, to use her God-given talent in helping others. This, as well as the miracle of the disappearance of the birthmark, gave me the magic and wonder I felt when I was only ten years old and stood by Aunt Annie's casket.

PAUL MORTENSEN, EPHRAIMITE DANE IN PERSEPCTIVE

Marzetta Willardson
Ephraim, Utah

Non-Professional Division
First Honorable Mention Short Story

As the door opened, lighting their tense expectant faces, an aroma of Denmark wafted into the crisp night air. The miracle they had been praying for had become a reality. Across the room a stately pine, limbs preened with electric lights, was throwing a colorful welcome, beckoning them to enter where loving arms encircled, and voices, voices in Danish, were singing Christmas carols. The newlyweds had reaching their honeymoon destination: Ephraim, Utah, December, 1920.

Paul and Elvera Mortensen were met at the station by Peter and Katrina Christensen. The actual greeting at the Christensen home that Christmas Eve quelled their doubts and made them whole again,

giving strength to their decisions and guidance to help them over the hard, yet satisfying years ahead in "Little Denmark."

Everyone shared conversation and a dinner of old country flavor. Boneless salted codfish that had been soaked in cold water, drained and cooked 10-15 minutes and smothered in mustard gravy; roast pork garnished with whole spiced red cinnamon apples and surrounded by potatoes cooked in the pork drippings and brown sugar. There was plenty of their still-famous rice and almond in his serving, the prize was a sugar animal (marzipan).

The Mortensens' had arrived in Salt Lake City as converts from Denmark and then finished the last part of their journey to Sanpete. Paul recalled seeing the canyons of Thistle and Spanish Fork from the sooty train windows. Trees and shrubs covered with snow started him thinking again of the previous year and his last Christmas in Denmark.

As he had gazed at the early December morning countryside, he was unaware that it would be his last Christmas in his beloved Scandinavia. He looked at the white expanses of snowdrifts and 2,000 acre estate. It was a sight forever etched upon his eye too breathtaking for one last view.

His parents and family lived in a small house surrounded by sixteen acres that were theirs to farm and retain the produce while each plied his trade for the estate. That meant their farming was accomplished at odd moments, early or late.

Paul had been discharged in 1918 from the Danish army, so this was a special time of year for him. There he had become the battalion shoemaker. His commanding officer was King Christian IX, whose son Frederick became King Frederick the VIII. He apprenticed under a shoemaker name Kaspersen. When he returned home, he worked as a tile-maker for the roofs (tagstem) of the estate buildings. His father was a carpenter who kept twenty to thirty wagons and buggies in constant repair.

It was nearing the Yule season, which, unlike in America, lasted for weeks, and preparations involved took the same amount of time. Pigs, calves and labs were slaughtered and duly prepared. Aging cheeses were checked (especially Limburger) and mild ones were made. Pickled herring barrels were filled and the kitchen ovens started producing every kind of bread, rolls, coffee-cake and biscuits that the Danish cooks had made famous. Dark beer made for this season contained a little more sugar and a few more hops. Water was never served with meals, even for the children. Beer was served, but as a rule wasn't intoxicating.

Nuts were gathered and roasted. The Yule tree was cut from one of the standing estate groves so the choice was always from a stately pine that had been receiving a critical eye for many weeks. Ground growing greens were gathered to be made into garlands or wreaths to be hung from the rafters and beams. Wood hauling began and axes rang through the crystal air as the logs were stacked for easy carrying into the homes.

The animals were included in these gay preparations. The barns were all cleaned and washed down, strewn with fresh straw and bedding hay. Even the chicken houses were cleaned, fresh straw placed in the nests and larger portions of grain were doled out to the chickens.

In the cities they bought specially tied bundles of grain that were placed in the years where the people could look through their windows and watch the birds feast. The animals enjoyed Christmas because they were considered as great a part of and were as necessary to life as the people themselves.

Old customs die slowly. In the backwoods, the Danish would place hand-painted wooden shoes outside the door for the Christmas gifts. However, on the large estates the tenants used stocking and

believed in fat, roly-poly elves, for whom they would leave bowls of rice pudding in the stables and sheds for their holiday feast.

After Christmas Eve dinner in their homes, the tenants were invited to the big hall in the castle. They lined up orderly two-by-two, and the girl of the castle next in line to the housekeeper would lead them through huge open double doors into the hall where a large candle-trimmed tree, two stories high, would be grazing the ceiling. Singing, they would all clasp hands and dance around it on the marble floor. The glowing candles on the tree were hand made by the candle-maker of the estate. When they sat down on chairs in a circle around the tree, the lady of the house handed out presents. With a gracious nod and wave of her hand, she invited them all to the dining hall where they had hot chocolate and cake before going to their homes.

On Christmas morning, the "Lady of the House", Fruin, took baskets containing nuts, cakes, meat and wine by buggy to all the employees. Then they all attended church where the preacher gave a Christmas sermon and everyone sang "Glad Day" songs. Later, when Paul and his bride-to-be joined the Mormon Church, they had to sign papers denouncing the State Lutheran Church before they could leave the country. All members of the counties were taxed to run the churches.

In 1920, they were married in the courthouse and sailed for the United States, Neither knowing a word of English, but assured they would soon be welcomed by a Danish-speaking family. Here they were, a long journey soon far behind them.

He lived with Peter Christensen for six months while he worked on the railroad with Pete, who was a foreman. He then rented a home which was east of Guy Young and across from the home of William Schultz. Here they lived for six months also. They bought a little house from Mary Canute Jenson for $550.00. In this home they reared four boys and one girl. Paul returned to his trade as a shoemaker, at which he was a most talented craftsman, and at which he worked for 22 years. Al the while he made adobe, although he missed the kilns he had uses as a tile-maker in Denmark. He taught many natives the way to construct and handle "dobes" for making their homes or to use as inner walls for brick homes. He was always anxious to help plan methods for better construction when his neighbors were undecided and under directed. He didn't end his working days here among the soles and heels and clay, but worked on the Snow college campus as a landscape artist for 12 years. He started the first blooming annuals and received medals and a plaque for his dedication. The inscription on the plaque which was given to Paul for his dedication reads: "A plaque for services rendered at Snow College. You heart as well as your know-how has indeed been involved in your work. You're selfless and dedicated service has been such that contribution to the beauty of the campus has sometimes been expressed at the expense of taking money from your own pocket (shrubs around the Campus Center). Yours has been the type of beauty that has brought pleasure and enjoyment to many people."

Paul is a tall, straight-talking man with a fine featured, sensitive face and a shock of white hair. There is a aura of tender knowingness surrounding him, our neighbor, our friend. At eighty-six years of age, he still cares about his children, about us, his town, his street and the state of his country.

His soft speaking voice is a delight to our ears, refreshing us with his slight Danish broque. He is never bored or depressed, having such energy and such an agile mind.

Beautiful roses bloom each year in tribute to Paul and his tender-loving care.

Sources: Books, magazines, pictures and personal interviews with Mr. Paul Mortensen.

HIS SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL

Wilma Morely Despain
Centerfield, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Honorable Mention Short Story

"Cap, Cap, please don't go alone. Tutsegabbett was here this morning and I gave him flour and bacon, he'd go with you." Lula said all this knowing Cap would not bother even his best Indian friends, if it was something he could do alone.

"Now Mother, " he always called Lula, his wife, Mother. "Settle down, I'll be alright. I want to take the lighter buggy so I can hurry and get help back to that darlin' young mother that's havin' such a time birthin' her first young 'un."

Lula was nervous about Cap going to Manti in this bitter, "raw-as-skinned-knee" weather. She knew her whole world would be frozen in orbit and her heart too, if anything happened to Cap.

But Lula also knew that Cap could take care of himself wherever and in whatever situation he ever found himself. She silently said another prayer as she stood and watched the gates of the Fort close behind him.

He had been called "Cap" by everyone for years. He'd been given this 'nickname' when he became a Captain and while he was the Prophet Joseph Smith's driver in the Nauvoo Legion, and since coming to Utah.

Nicknames were very common here. Everyone had a nickname in Ephraim. Cap was well loved by red man and white man alike. He knew the Indian language and could speak it and interpret it for others.

This ability had made man friends for him on both sides during disputes between the two peoples, helping to evade many killings, burnings and serious troubles.

Like a mill-dam opened, Lula's thoughts turned to the days before they had struggled across the stretching plains and rugged mountains. She remembered it would be just past fruit fall back home, and she felt a tug of real pain in her heart at being away from loved ones and the well-ordered home where she had been reared in peace and plenty.

Winter had come all too early here and asserted itself and its authority, too early and too harshly, but they had been warned that it would be like this in the tops of the mountains.

But all this retrospect was about things and places before she'd met Andrew Hyrum, or Cap. After she met him nothing mattered but being with him. She said his name now, silently and lovingly as she turned to go back to the house to start her day.

Cap was tough, she rationalized, he was so strong and as clever as any Indian. Here, life had not been all full bin and bushel, but he had never faltered in doing his duty or obeying counsel or helping someone in need. "I'm sure he'll be alright." But there was a question mark in her voice and one formed in her eyes.

He had been asked to go to Manti go get a midwife who was the best west of the Mississippi. She had the reputation of being so, anyway, both in this area and others in the western settlements. She's had much training while working with doctors in the various hospitals as they went from place to place.

As she passed the gunny sack covered cooler hanging on the north of the cabin, she dipped her finger into the rich cream forming on top of the pan of milk. She rubbed some on her rough, summer-damaged skin. This felt good and made her feel less tense. She also took from a nail an unbleached-

muslin-covered hindquarter of venison. It was frozen solid and she muttered, "I'm so tired of trying to make venison stew taste like the good beef stew my Mother used to make back home," She swung open the heavy plank door of their cabin.

The loud, fallen-from-pitch singing of her children brought her abruptly back to reality, as she heard: "Take a lady by the hand.. Lead her like a pigeon… Make her dance the weevil wheat…Till she loses her religion!"

"What kind of a song is that, and why do you sing so loud?" She knew why they were singing. They were nervous and worried too, and they did it to try to cheer her. She could see that they were as worried as she was.

"That's what we sang at the birthday party yesterday, Mama." This from David Hyrum. He always felt superior to the girls when he could answer first. He was the only son of Cap and Lula, and he knew how much they and his five sisters adored him. They were all very proud of his dark, good looks.

"Let's get beds made and then make those rug rags disappear. There are still quite a lot of them to be torn and sewed and then wound into balls." Lula heard groans of protest at this. "Hurry now, Sister Anderson needs those rags today; she wants to get the rugs done before Livy's wedding next week." She smiled all through this, but her heart was still heavy.

"Don't worry about Papa, he'll be alright Mamma as long as he has old Sal and Sol to bring him back." Katie and Thursann both put their arms around her as Virgie said this.

Sal and Sol were only two of Cap's beautiful horses, but they were his favorites. They were well trained and perfectly matched. All of Cap's horses and other animals were beauties. Their glossy coats and their proud stance spoke of the good care they had and of being well fed.

Most people jokingly said that Cap's back yard in Ephraim looked more like an Indian village than a yard inside the Fort.

But they also said the outside of the fort had so many wickiups and teepees much of the time, too. All the friendly Indians knew Cap, knew he would treat them fairly, and he had always been honest with them.

Many transient tribes, passing through, were not as welcome nor treated as friendly. They were not honest in their dealings either, and Cap did not approve of that. They usually camped down near the Sanpitch River, where it was known as the bottoms, and where the grass was high and easy for their animals to take it.

Busily Cap's family worked. They sang and told stories as they did. This really helped their Mother's worried day and hours seem shorter.

"Cap, Cap! Speak to me. Can you hear me? Please speak to me. Please let go of the double trees and buggy tongue so we can lift you into the house!" Lula said this in one gasping breath! Crying out his name with tears streaming! Her lungs felt as though they would burst; she was so terrified at what she saw!

Finally the men pried Cap's arms and legs loose from the tongue and double trees. They seemed to have been almost frozen there.

They laid him on the soft, clean bed clothes, and the soft, white rags Lula had placed on the bed to catch the blood.

"Now, Sister Whitlock, come away, we'll take care of Cap." P. C. Peterson kept trying to comfort her. But he thought Cap looked bad, for he was still unconscious and blood covered his clothes and face.

"He's going to die, isn't he?" She refused to leave him. "He's going to die, isn't he, Brother Peterson?" She was sobbing.

"Cap Whitlock die?" But his eyes formed lingering doubts in spite of his brave words.

"Cap's been in bad trouble many times before and hasn't he always come through?" He answered her questions with more questions. But they could all see how white and colorless Cap looked, and none of them could believe what they were seeing! What could have happened to Cap to get himself in this condition? All were very worried and thinking dark thoughts as each took a turn at trying to pull the terrible arrow from Cap's shoulder!

The children stood, wide-eyed and pale. They were crying, too. "Don't die, Papa! Papa! Papa, please don't die! What happened, what have they done to you?

they kept pleading with him to say something.

Suddenly the shaft of the arrow snapped. It broke next to the base of the arrow, right where the whole arrow head was buried in Cap's shoulder!

After they had stopped the profuse bleeding, they could see that Cap had taken the arrow very deep in the fleshy part of his shoulder. All tried to comfort Lula, but she was inconsolable.

Aunt Lucy had been so busy trying to stop the hemorrhaging that she had not had time to tell them the whole story. She'd only told bits and pieces of what had really happened. "We were attacked by some skulking Indians soon after we left Manti. We got out about a mile and a half from Manti's Fort. Now you all know that Cap loves a good fight or race, if it's a fair one, but these sneakin' Indians fooled him into this one. They knew his horses couldn't run in harness!

"Cap said he'd felt he was being watched and he'd felt uneasy all the way to Manti. He had been right. These transients, who passed through on their way to the coast for the winter, were renegades, or those who had been kicked out of other tribes because of their lazy ways. They spotted Cap's fat and fast team soon after he left Ephraim, and they knew how much money they would bring or how many ponies they could get in a trade."

Just then one of the neighbor men burst through the door, "Old Sal is dead. She never got up from where she first dropped. We did everything we could for her, but we couldn't even get her harness of to make her more comfortable!"

At this news, Lula crouched lower, whispering, "Don't leave me, Cap, please don't leave me." She coaxed and kept trying to make him hear her. She was glad he had not hear what they said about old Sal.

Aunt Lucy went on with her story. "There wasn't room for both Cap and me on the floor of the buggy." She looked down at her ample figure as she said this. "So Cap crawled out on the buggy tongue between Sal and Sol, to give me room to get way down on the floor. He gave his old girls the reins and said, 'Take me home old girls, take me home. We've got to save that little girl whose givin' birth for the first time, we've got to!'" Cap sounded different to Aunt Lucy.

Lucy was crying now, "He's comin' round! He's comin' round!" she exclaimed.

She said this excitedly, but in great relief too, but Cap drifted back into blessed unconsciousness again.

Sal and Sol had objected to not having the bits taken from their mouths, to not even being given an oat bag nor a little rubdown or rest after such a chase!

Father Morley, Cap's dear friend for many years in pre-Nauvoo days and head of the first company of settlers to Manti, begged Cap to sit a spell and eat and let his sweating, tired horses rest. "They need to get their wind, Cap," but all this was to no avail, Cap insisted that Aunt Lucy come as she was and to hurry!

The labored breath of Sal and Sol had formed icicles as it left their panting mouths and some had formed ice on their manes. Sweat had also frozen around their stiff, unwieldy harnesses in the bitter cold of early morning.

All the way to Manti, the wheel ruts grew deeper and rougher and almost bounced the near empty buggy clear out of the trail for the wheels.

Cap had said, "Don't you worry none old gals, Aunt Lucy's so heavy she'll act as ballast on the way home," he chuckled and kept talking to his old girls.

Cap was enjoying himself; he always did in the open. He was always on a beauty search no matter where he went. He saw now a seagull, pearly winged, that was drawing circles in the almost hurtful, blue sky of this clear, western country.

Sal and Sol just flew along. As he praised them he thought of Father Morley's kind invitation and of the good food he was missing.

"We just can't stop, Isaac, we are on serious business. I've got to get Aunt Lucy back to that young mother or she'll hemorrhage to death!" Cap was so afraid they'd lose both mother and baby if he didn't get Aunt Lucy's expert help to them, and this is what he had tried to do.

Old Sal threw her head disdainfully as Cap flattered and talked them home. But they were both reassured at hearing his familiar and calm voice, but Cap was anything but calm!

His team had spooked when first he tried to crawl out onto the buggy tongue. But he soon talked them calm again. Just as he would get them to settle down, Aunt Lucy would start to yell and cry out again! What could he do to keep her from getting up every few minutes? She would get hit by one of the flying arrows for sure, he thought desperately.

"You red devils, you dirty heathens, I'll kill you with my bare hands if you hurt Cap or me or his horses!" She screamed all this as she waved the buggy whip at them!

Cap kept trying to talk her down. His keen eyes and ears told him how serious the situation was. He raised himself with great effort again, to tell her to lie down. Lucy heard him cry out, and she knew he had been hit and had taken an arrow! This made her more hysterical than ever!

Cap urged his faithful team to try to run faster. This was very difficult; even trotting in harness is no easy task.

He was trying so hard to cling to the buggy's tongue with his arms and to the double-trees with his feet! Both felt like lead, as though they were frozen! He was also near panic at feeling the warmth of his own blood, as it spurted from his shoulder and soaked through his heavy clothing.

He was desperately afraid that he would lose consciousness, then Aunt Lucy and his prized team would really be in trouble and at the mercy of these crazy, wild, savages that hooted and shouted obscenities as they almost caught them!

Old Sal hesitated only once. She jerked hard against the bit and double-tree, but sped on right after as if nothing had happened.

"Never mind, Old Gal Sal, I know you've been hit by an arrow, too, but we'll have that little scratch fixed up in no time once we get home." He could not see where she had taken the arrow, but he felt the flecks of her blood drifting back as it poured from her wound. It was so cold that it froze into almost hail sized drops!

The Indian ponies were fast, and they were gaining, and all Cap could do was pray and urge his team on. He felt helpless.

Someone had been on lookout, because the gates of the Fort swung wide as Cap's buggy approached. He usually signaled with a piercing whistle whenever he needed to get in in a hurry, but Cap did not whistle today. Just as they raced through, old Sal dropped to the ground. Everyone, concerned more with Cap, thought she had dropped from exhaustion, but had Cap been conscious he'd have told them why she fell!

All who had gathered there heard her groaning sigh as she fell. All except Lula. She was too busy trying to disengage Cap's locked hands and partly frozen arms and legs from the position they had been in since he mercifully blacked out.

"Almost like a death clutch," Aunt Lucy said this as she recovered enough to see the profuse bleeding and how Cap had almost stopped breathing!

They carried him tenderly into the house. Lucy kept stuffing white rags into the gaping wound. She did not dare probe more for the arrow whose shaft had been broken off at the base. This left only the head of the arrow itself.

"You'll have to stop, she commanded. "You'll have to stop!" She said as the men pulled with all their strength to get the rest of the arrow!

"He'

S rousing again, he's coming to, oh, Papa, please be alright," the children cried in chorus.

Cap's first words, "Get Lucy to that little mother, fast." He drifted away again as he gasped, "Did you give Sal and Sol a good rubdown and blanket so they won't cool down too fast?" this was only a whisper. Cap wondered as he went out to blessed peace again, "What are all those people standing around here for?"

When he came to again, he tried to get up. "Cap, Cap, lie down, don't start the bleeding again. You have an arrow in your shoulder." Lula could not talk Cap calm as he had been able to do with his team.

"What's wrong, did we lose the little girl? How is the baby, both are dead aren't they?" he lay back white and exhausted.

After he was assured that both mother and baby boy were doing well, he grinned weakly. "I told you that pair of old girls would bring us through didn't I, Lucy?

He was coughing and spitting blood, and Lula tried to hold him down as she said, "Lucy went to the little mother as soon as she got your shoulder to stop bleeding." She did not tell him how worried they had all been and how Lucy objected to leaving her old and dear friend, Cap.

Cap's wound healed slowly, though his shoulder and arm were both painful and stiff for all the remaining days of his life. He never got over the shock of losing Sal, however, and spoke of her affectionately, often.

He never stopped working for the good of the people of his church. He continued as peacemaker and interpreter for President Canute Peterson and others, after Deseret Stake became Sanpete Stake and Canute Peterson took Isaac Morley's place as Stake President when Brigham Young called Isaac back to Salt Lake to serve in the first Utah legislature.

The unwelcome gift, the poisoned arrow, was never removed nor did it work itself free. Cap carried this extra, sharpened bone in his shoulder for the rest of his life. It was there when we gently laid him to rest, but his name, Andrew Hyrum, lived on, because that was the name given to the beautiful baby boy whose life he saved and who was named for him.

Source: Family histories, stories told by wife of P. C. Peterson, daughter-in-law of Canute Peterson, stories told by family members, memory books and histories, story as told by Great Aunt Lucy, and journals of James Allred, Spring City; Isaac Morely, and David Hyrum Whitlock.

THE PONY WITH A PURPOSE

Ruth Peterson Christiansen
Mayfield, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Third Honorable Mention Short Story

As the isolated and distant Mormon settlements were being developed, President Brigham Young was in dire need of a special breed of horses that could travel long distances to their communities with dispatch and safety. Being unable to secure a team in the United States, he sent to the far away nation of France for a pair of Hamiltonian mares. They were a beautiful brown color with trim bodies, and legs with the speed of the wind.

During his visits to Ephraim, President Young always stayed at the home of Stake President Canute Peterson. One this particular trip, one of the mares had with her a three month-old colt. As the morning light dawned, the rooster crowed, signaling the time for the chores to be done. Going to the barn, the men found to their dismay, the little colt desperately sick. My father, P. C. Peterson, Canute's son, doctored it the best he could. Brother Young also helped him, and they did everything they could to save it, even to delaying their journey one whole day.

The next morning the Prophet said, "It's no use to wait any longer; we must be on our way. Peter, you may have the little pony, and if it gets well, it will be for the good of the Church."

The pony lived!

In a few years, the Prophet's colt matured and produced a delightful filly, which became his team-mate. They were identical in color, with speed and endurance to match.

About this time, the gentiles had control of all the Public State Offices, and had passed a law to punish all polygamists by putting them in the State Prison from six months to three years. Some of the leading brethren, who had been living in polygamy, were old and feeble, and a trip to prison meant certain death. So, to avoid incarceration, they kept in hiding from the U. S. Marshals.

One day my father received a "grapevine" notice to be at a certain spot in Nephi canyon when the train passed by. My father was at this place at the appointed time. The train slowed down, the conductor shoved Brother George Q. Cannon into my father's arms, and father put him into his closed carriage and they sped away. They went down around Levan, then east to cross the Sevier River bridge.

When they were within a mile or so of the bridge, Brother Cannon said, "Peter, can your mares swim the Sevier River? The Lord has just made known to me that Dykes and Clawson, the U. S. Marshals are waiting for me on the bridge, and will catch me if we cross."

My father answered, "I'm sure that my splendid Sarah Jane and KoKo can swim the river!"

And swim the river they did!

For horses to swim together, in harness, hitched to the double-trees of a buggy, is no small feat. In fact, it was a most unusual undertaking, and it's accomplishment doubtful, if it weren't for the assistance of our Heavenly Father.

You know we are told that, God works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform, as seems to be the purpose behind the God-given pony.

After this miraculous deliverance, and many arduous hours of driving, they arrived in Richfield where Brother Cannon was delivered safely to the home of President Siegmiller.

Several days later, Marshal Clawson met father and said, "Peter, you spirited Brother Cannon away from us, but I wish your brown mares had drowned."

Through the years, this remarkable team made many trips similar to this helping the brethren elude the forces of persecution that were pitted against the church and its members.

Sources: Personal histories, word of mouth, scriptures, and page 48 of the LDS hymn book.

ELIZA

Vida Sorensen
Spring City, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Fourth Honorable Mention Short Story

"Dear Dick:

My heart grieves; the tears still roll down my cheeks. Why did you leave me? Our wedding was to be a special day; I remember the newspapers and churches, the (banns) or (banz) or announcement was heralding our forthcoming wedding.

No objections were recorded, and the wedding was to go as planned. My wedding chest was so handsomely carved, and filled with laces, and linens, packed with lavender blossoms to prevent yellowing. My dresses and clothes, I made by hand, and Dick, my wedding dress of pink brocade and lace was hanging in the wardrobe, waiting. I loved you so very much. Then the tragedy!

At the age of 22, I am alone.

After father's untimely accident, mother being so frail and tired from the hard work and the climate, which was too much for her; she left me also. I am sure she was there waiting for you. Now you have left me, killed in a cruel accident as it was, taken from me forever, gone, buried on our Wedding Eve!

As you know, I lived with a foster brother Henry John and his wife Hannah, and was treated with loving care and as one of the family until you left me.

I must go on.

As always, I remain Your Esther."

These were the thoughts of Esther as she worked as a nurse. These thoughts carried with her for sixteen years, as she helped the sick and tries as she could to hide her sorrow.

After many years Henry lost his beloved wife Hannah, and he was very saddened. On a beautiful spring evening he was singing while strolling by a beautiful clear spring, and as he rounded a bend there sat Esther reminiscing about her past and future. The sun was just setting, and it was such a beautiful sunset that Henry thought this would be an appropriate time to sit and talk to Esther. Lending such kind words and actions, he said, "Esther, now that my Hannah has left me, and you have not found someone to take Dick's place in your life, think it over carefully and see if by chance your heart and soul could consider that I, Henry, your foster brother, in my weak way, could bring some happiness into your empty life at this age?"

They were soon married, but very late in life for both.

When Esther was forty years of age, she gave birth to a little baby girl, born on November 6, 1857 and she was called Eliza. She was the only child born of this union. She was given the best of everything. She went to finishing school, learned dress making and tailoring. She learned everything in the trade.

Henry was a professional singer and harpist. He played for royalty, playing and singing as only an expert could. He went from village to village performing, and from city to city; finally with a beautiful woman who had a great voice they entertained almost every night.

One day misfortune came upon Henry and he lost a leg in a crusher while working in the mines. After this he was unable to continue in his profession. It was so hard for him to get around on his peg leg, even though he tried for some time, traveling long distances, he had to give it up as the pressures were too great, and the challenges too many for a man with one leg.

Eliza spent much time in the big cities searching for employment.

In 1864, Eliza, with the consent of her parents, came on a steamship to New York, then later came to Spanish Fork, Utah, with a group of other people. There she began sewing and tailoring for a family which later took her with them to the little Sanpete town of Wales, Utah.

A man by the name of John Jenkins Rees was a missionary and teacher in Wales, Great Britain; he had met Eliza as a tiny child, at which time he made a comment that he would like to wait and marry this child. Being so much older, he passed it from his mind. Then one day he said it again, "If I could lonely meet this girl I would wait and wait for her until she is grown, even though I am years older, I would wait and wait if I must."

Imagine his surprise when he found that Eliza had come to Wales, Utah, and they were able to renew their friendship.

Age differences made it a little hard to breach the gap in their years and lives.

Eighteen years, one month, and twenty days later, Eliza and John were married, on a Halloween Eve. They were later married in the Salt Lake Temple.

In 1875 Eliza's parents, Esther and Henry, came to Zion. For some time they were very unhappy. This was no place for a harpist and singer, at least money wise.

What work could a man with a handicap do? Only one leg, too old, and a language barrier that made it very difficult to converse with people.

Esther found some employment caring for the sick, but not enough to supplement an income. They must pay their way, and not become a burden to Eliza and John.

They lived with Eliza and John and their children until they were called to Manti to work on the Temple.

A call went out for men to work on the new project of building a Temple, and twelve days later one hundred men knelt in prayer at the quarry to ask for guidance and help in accomplishing this great work.

Henry and John went to Manti to help on the Temple. The wages were small, for the hours worked. A portion of the time was considered a mission.

John only worked when the farming was completed, as he and Eliza went to Schofield to work in the winters. Then Henry and Esther lived in their home in winter and also the summers, whenever they were not working on the temple or Esther was nursing. Henry and Esther spent eleven years with Eliza and John.

On Temple hill one man in the group of workers hobbled around on one leg. One peg leg, taking the place of a good one lost to a crusher in a mine. Ropes were used for the man to be pulled up from the base of the hill to the top of the quarry. Henry was very independent; always wanting to do for himself, but undoubtedly was forced to accept help from other workers.

The rock cutting shops were on the northwest side of the hill, and had just room enough for two men to work in each. Later some of these shops were built on top of the hill, east of the Temple. There the stones were cut to the right size and evened and trimmed with a chisel and mallet. They were then scraped with special tools to make them smoother. During the cutting of the stone, the people for blocks around could hear the steady click of the stonecutters. Henry was very steadfast and sat day in and day out with his mallet. He was very dependable and earnest in his work. When the stones were ready to be used for building, they were lifted to the top of the temple walls by means of pulleys and teams. The mortar was placed in wooden boxes and lifted to the top by the pulleys.

The stonecutters and masons were of various ancestries, but the majority of them were of Welch, English and Danish descent. Some of the workers walked from Ephraim to Manti each Monday morning and returned on Saturday night. Henry also traveled at times to Wales when his week's work was done. Some stayed at the old Templeton Hotel, and others made tents for their home away from home.

Sometimes the stakes were requested to furnish their workers with provisions and supplies, one month's rations at a time. While these men were away the local people helped to sustain their families. The laborers worked an average of ten hours a day, six days a week.

Every Monday morning Eliza hooked up a one horse buggy, filled it with food and necessities, everything raised on the farm, orchard, and garden. She baked bread, cookies, and carried a good supply of homemade butter, cheese, and milk.

This she was very proud of, as the cherished load was taken about eighteen miles to Manti and delivered to her husband and parents. This was a task, because she had so many chores and demands at home, however, she was very persistent in her duty to her parents and husband, to see that they had the necessities to help them with their calling.

As Eliza packed the buggy with feed for the horse and food for the family, she sang many a song, as she was very active in the church and community affairs, along with her parents and husband; they all loved to sing, especially in a family entertainment in the evenings when they were together.

Three children were born to bless their union, Ann, Esther, and Henry John who was born July 11, 1879, two years after the excavation began for the Temple. Two other children died at birth or when they were small.

Eliza was very patient in delivering her prized packages to the workers at the Temple site, but always attended to the little ones, when they accompanied her on her trip. To entertain them she sang one song that has been cherished all through the generations. It went something like this:

Hush a bye, don't you cry
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap my baby bunting in.

Esther stayed at home on many occasions and tended the little ones, while Eliza made the trip alone.

The wind would blow and the cold dark days were very frightening when Eliza, alone, had to cross the Sanpitch River, even some times swamping the buggy in the soft ground south and east of Wales. The buggy would sink and Eliza would work very hard to get it out. Many times she would kneel in prayer and

ask for help. She knew many times her prayers had been answered. As she went on her way, the mosquitoes would buzz, and the horse flies would sting, but she never faltered in her mission.

Eliza encountered many hardships bearing her cross of duties to her loved ones.

She had rain storms, snakes, and wild animals that frightened her. The coyotes would howl and the snakes would curl and hiss as the buggy and horse came in sight. She had a horrifying time trying to keep the horse and buggy under control so as not to lose the precious cargo.

Upon her arrival in Manti she was happy to be welcomed with outstretched arms from the family and was so grateful to see them waiting for her.

As she would leave Wales on her trip with the food and supplies, you could hear some of the townspeople say, "There goes Eliza to feed her flock," and "May the good Lord bless and protect her."

Eliza's early womanhood was very challenging; she experienced her full share of pioneer life, herding cows, helping with the farm work, hauling wood, picking wild berries which were dried and used to supplement the winter food supply. They packed a lunch and had a picnic along with the work. They were always careful to watch for snakes, as Wales's canyon and the surrounding hills were known to have a goodly share of the crawling pests.

They often had dances, and Henry, with his great singing voice and ability to play the harp, was one of the main entertainers. The young ladies often exchanged dresses or helped each other make a new dress or trim an old one so they would look special.

The families slept on straw or feather ticks or mattresses. Each night they were fluffed so no lumps would hinder their sleep. A long thick stick would be laid out over the mattress and a person on each side would roll the pole back and forth over the length of the mattress to take the wrinkles or lumps out so it would be comfortable.

Eliza shared the privations and hardships with the rest of the family and community, but was always willing to be of help to the less fortunate. This came to all who dedicated themselves to the settlement of primitive areas and knew the necessities of survival.

Henry and Esther were now able to get a home of their own, which was a long log house with two large bedrooms, a fireplace in one end, and a large four poster bed which stood in one corner. Rope criss-crossed the bottom in place of springs. The aroma of pine wood scented the house along with fresh baked goods, home churned butter and fresh milk.

They united as a family, Henry, Esther, Eliza, John and the children trying to run a farm or piece of ground which was enough for a cow, a garden and a few trees, which were planted after a hard day's work, was done. Manual labor was the mode of life, as machinery was far too expensive and scarce. They all participated in the arts of knitting, carding, weaving and spinning, after the wood was cleaned or washed. The candles were made from tallow.

Eliza, being a very good seamstress, made all their own clothes, rag rugs, caps, stockings and quilts. Much of this was done after dark by candle light.

Esther spent much of her time helping the sick and delivering numerous babies, as this was all in the field for which she was trained.

Henry's greatest asset was faith in God and a desire to do His will. Therefore he steadfastly accepted his job at the Temple and continued his work with a will that never faltered.

He was always happy as he sat day in and day out for long periods of time chiseling rock for the Temple. Workers watched him with pride and with a little awe and confusion as to how diligently he sat,

patiently and without complaint, chiseling rock, watching the progress of the majestic edifice as each rock he cut helped to take form in the massive structure.

There were times when his fellow workers would look at Henry's one remaining leg and comment on his abilities and persistence.

Henry laughed good naturedly and said, "Look you now, I won't always be like this. On the resurrection morning, when my grave comes open, I'll take the first boat to England and get my let. It is promised in the Good Book that our God will make us whole and again perfect, then I'll race the best of you."

Sources: Story of the Life of Henry John by Rozella D. Anderson.
Temple on the Hill by Glen R. Stubbs
Miracle of the Mountains by William H. Peterson

THE GRAY MARE

J. N. Simpson
Moroni, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Anecdote

During the early days of Sanpete, horse races were run about two miles west of Moroni. Two lanes, about six feet wide and one mile long, were carefully cleared of all brush and rocks, and here some of the best races ever held in the state added an abundance of excitement to each celebration.

Interest and expectations were high that memorable Fourth of July when a well known breeder of race-horses (whom we shall call Charley) came to Moroni with a beautiful gray mare, which, he claimed, could run circles around any horse in the state, and boldly offered odds of two to one to anyone who cared to bet against her.

"Charley" had a reputation in racing circles and few doubted the gray mare's ability, she looked fast, consequently betting lagged, much to "Charley's" displeasure, until someone noticed that the mare was limping slightly while "Charley", interested only in the betting, evidently hadn't noticed the trouble.

Wages against the mare immediately picked up and money flowed freely; and it wasn't until all bets were in and the horses were being led away, that "Charley" seemingly became aware of the trouble.

He became desperate and argued that under the circumstances, all bets should be canceled. Few agreed however, and it was a dejected "Charley" who watched his limping mare being led away..

Ashen-faced and trembling, he watched while several attempts were made to get the horses lined up, and when this was accomplished and the race was under way, "Charley" suddenly cupped his mouth with both hands and shouted a single word, and just as suddenly the gray mare wasn't lame anymore.

Needless to say, "Charley" cleaned up, and because of his sportiveness in attempting to get the races canceled, nothing was said about it.

A NEAR EXPOSE IN GRANDMA'S DAY

Dorothy Buchanan
Richfield, Utah
Professional Division
Second Place Anecdote

My father was manager and part owner of a general merchandise store in Mt. Pleasant from the year 1908 to 1917. One of the salesmen he employed was noted for his cheerful and warm personality. He was a great favorite with most customers, especially the ladies.

One wintry day, an elderly lady wearing a long black dress and coat in keeping with the prevailing styles, approached the salesman and informed him that she'd like to buy a pair of shoes. Accordingly, they repaired to the shoe department where he seated himself upon a low stool and proceeded to help her try on shoes, as she had requested.

After the lady had engaged in a brief conversation with a friend who was passing by, she glanced down toward her feet when she saw a bare expanse of skin shining up at her. For one wild moment it appeared as if in some mysterious way her bare knee had been exposed to the eyes of the salesman, so she gasped, lurched forward and flung the bottom part of her coat over the offending object, only to see the salesman pushed the coat aside and look questioningly at her, raising his head which she had mistaken for part of her anatomy, a part that was never exposed to the public by a self-respecting female in the year of our Lord, 1913.

Sources; Story told by writer's mother.

THE FAIRVIEW MERC

Betty Ramsey
Fairview, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Historical Essay

The Fairview "Merc" is no more. After a fire in February destroyed its interior, the old landmark was reduced to rubble in April of this year, thus marking the end of an era. For seventy-eight years the old brick building had stood at the center of the city providing area residents with life's necessities and not a few of its luxuries.

The business which it housed for many years began as the Zion C-operative Mercantile Institution in 1869 with a capital stock of $300. It was first established in an adobe house owned by Peter Hansen and located one block south of the Fairview Fort. Henry W. Sanderson was the first manager and clerk.

Area residents invested more money in the business after the completion of the railroad in 1869, and a new adobe building facing toward the south was erected on the southeast corner of the fort, the location where the old Merc has stood all these years. In 1899 a fire destroyed this building and the turn of the century saw a new two-storied brick building. The Fairview Co-operative Institution, take its place. This was to become familiar to all north Sanpete residents as the largest structure on Fairview's business block.

As the years passed, the stock of the company changed hands until a few citizens controlled it, and in 1906 the name was changed to the Fairview Mercantile Company. Early Fairview family names

connected with control or operation of the Merc down through the years include Sanderson, Lasson, Sundwall, Terry, DeFries, Pritchett, Allred, Peterson and Amundsen. In more recent years the Webbs, Peatrosses, and Bringhursts, all newcomers to Fairview, have either owned or managed the business. Max and Jenene Peatross were the last owners.

During the first part of the century the building was not only a store, but the upstairs was used at various times as a dance hall, movie house, and a skating rink. Along the south wall a wooden staircase, long since removed, provided access to the second floor when the store below was closed. For many years a granary stood at the rear of the Merc, and it was here that grain and other produce were stored after being taken in exchange for groceries and other supplies.

When the old building was torn down, the metal plate which had proudly proclaimed the name "Fairview Co-operative Institution" from the structure's highest point for all these many years was removed and taken to the Fairview Museum where it will stand as a reminder of the city's past.

With the tearing down of the old structure, Fairview has changed. The atmosphere once heard described by a tourist as "Quaint" will, in part, be gone, as time brings inevitable change to the main street of the city. Old-timers will hold fond memories of the good times they had there and of the sounds of laughter and music which once drifted on the evening air from the upstairs windows. Even the younger residents will remember buying "Penny candy" at the old Merc.

The business spanned almost one hundred years of the town's history, and the old Merc building stood for over three quarters of that time. With its demise the face of the city has changed. A tie to Fairview's early days is gone, but in the hearts of the town's residents the indelible mark left by the old structure will live on.

***

The Fairview Mercantile was destroyed by fire in February, 1977.

Sources: Interview with Golden Sanderson, curator, Fairview Museum

The History of Fairview, Utah and Its Surrounding Area (unpublished, by Allie L. Carlston and his wife Rosalin in the collection of the Fairview Museum.

Personal knowledge

REVERIES

J. N. Simpson
Moroni, Utah

Professional Division
Second Place Historical Essay

My father was a large man. He stood a few inches over six feet…two hundred and thirty pounds of bone and muscle.

Father was a stern man.

I remember how his gray-green eyes could search one's very soul when he was displeased with something. His lips would then set in a straight and compressed line beneath his shaggy mustache. He never unjustly condemned anyone…not even the Indians he fought against in the Black Hawk War. He maintained that they were justified in fighting for what was rightly theirs.

Father's hands were large and rough and calloused, but I recall how gently they could be when eh would lift me up to his knee, and I would take the large New York Standard watch from its sagging vest pocket and hold it up to my ear. Its rhythmic ticking fascinated me. (I still have that most cumbersome watch.) It never ran down while in his possession and always showed the correct time. Every few days he would meet the train and compare time with the engineer.

That it took strong men, men with courage and stamina to carry on the war with the Indian, no one can deny. My father was one of these. Shortly before he left England, a killing epidemic of black small pox broke out in Father's home town. People died so fast from this terribly contagious disease that enough coffins could not be provided, so in order to take care of the dead, long trenches were dug and the victims carefully laid out, then covered with canvas and earth.

Father volunteered for the burial service after an urgent plea went out for help. Each morning a rough cart would rumble through the streets gathering the dead; and it was Father's job to stand in the deep trench and receive the bodies as they were handed down. Miraculously he did not contract the disease, although many on the burial detail did…and died.

Stories of the Black Hawk War and Father's adventures crossing the Great Plains, were highlights in my world of fact and imagination, and I often pictured myself with trusty rifle guarding a slowly-moving wagon train.

My fascination for adventure stories was highlighted when Father hired Mike, and Irish migrant farm-hand, who claimed to have seen service in the Boer War. Many evenings I sat wide-eyed as he and Father recounted some of their experiences, until Mother would inevitably force me to my bed.

Mike talked a great deal about the beauty of Ireland, its fighting men and beautiful women, while I waited patiently for him to get on the more interesting subject, the Boer War.

"'E came at me with saber flashin'" was one of his more interesting storied, ""an when I ducked meself down, hanged if 'e didn't slice off the crown of me hat!"

I know now that Father would have enjoyed just talking about the old country, as he called England. Mike brought some of the golden past into clear perspective, and remembering the expression which would sometime come to Father's face…I didn't recognize it at the time…I know that the love for his birthplace was rekindled with some of the stories Mike told.

Father was a civil engineer and did much railroad work after coming to Utah; and as his stories of railroading combined nicely with my love of adventure and the great iron horse, my listening pleasures were varied.

I felt very proud…and attempted to act brave…when Father would take me by the hand and we would visit the nomad Indians when they would make camp near the large tithing barns across the street from my home. Sometimes Father would recognize Indians from the war days, and some of them would remember Father as "Big man with boom, boom." Father beat the bass drum after a lip condition forced him to discontinue all wind instruments. I recall one statuesque Indian standing very grim and reticent as Father tried to engage him in conversation. He simply nodded his head and made some declarative motions which only Father could understand. Another older Indian, very much more friendly and with black shaggy teeth, placed his brown hand on my head, and stooping down he gave me a very hearty laugh. The odor of onions lingered with me for the balance of the day.

Gopher meat was the treat of the day for some of the Indians who camped there, and I have seen Father chuckled as he watched a squaw sitting over a gopher hole with club raised and ready.

I remember how angry Father would become when he spoke of the friendly Indian that was killed within the stockade by a degenerate Indian-hating white man. The Indian was shot down while on his way to take his place on the line of fire during an attack. This Indian had done scout work for the whites and was very friendly.

The mind drifts back through the channels of time, to bring back to fond memory incidents both important and minor when people struggled every day in prayer and in faith to keep the body and soul alive. Even in my youth the order of the day was hard work and perseverance, with rewards sometimes small for efforts strained. A little was appreciated and treasured, and in most cases a love of life opened a way. Sorrows went deep when efforts were useless; and even though difficulties were often hard to understand, God in all His infinite mercy tried to make Himself heard by all.

I loved my Father, and the morning he became so seriously ill, I found that I couldn't go to his bedside; instead I roamed the fields, seeking a comfort I could not find. My young mind had been impressed somehow with the seriousness of Father's illness. I was sure he was going to leave us. Later, when I did go to his bed, he took my hand and smiled assuringly. As the days went by, this terrible thing which had happened became more difficult to understand. My father was a strong man. This couldn't happen to him. Our doctor, a German by the name of Cook, came once a day, and each time he came and departed, he shook hands with Father. He told Mother that in all his years of practice he had never seen a man with a stronger constitution. This gave us hope, but we were to learn that the happy days were to come no more. One stroke followed another until the strong body could take no more of it, and on a quiet November night, a few hours before Thanksgiving, he quietly went his way.

The tears didn't come until I got away to myself, out in the fields garnished with the first frost of Autumn, in the stillness which seemed to comfort me, in my aloneness where I could cry out that single word, Why? Why?

I look out into the spreading color of a new day. A carpet of gold is spreading up the western hill, seeking out each reluctant shadow and turning it to light, then spreading again and moving up until it touches the crest and blends into a sea of deep morning blue. I see and hear nature as I have done for so many years. Beautiful Mount Nebo thrusts her majestic spires upward to blend a carpet of green with the gold and blue of early morning. The surrounding mountains stand as mighty sentinels guarding that which the almighty has given us.

It has long been thus. The brush and primeval setting has given way to the forces of man. Father was one of these who put the spade and plow to the soil, then fought the cunning Indian to hold his heritage. I salute him and all brave men of early Sanpete. Their bright constellation, which has gone before us and guided the progress of our valley, will guide those yet to come.

Source: Personal recollections.

STARS AND PIONEERS

Jenny Lind M. Brown
Salt Lake City, Utah
Professional Division
Honorable Mention Historical Essay

When I think of the Christmas Eve I was seven I remember the stars! As we walked down the country road the night was clear, and so cold the dry snow packed with a crunch beneath our heavy shoes. Though the wintry air was icy I was warm, for two sisters held my hands tightly snug as I walked between them. It was nearly midnight. The town of my birth lay as dark and still as Bethlehem did long ago, but the sky was not dark! It was alive and glowing with the light of a million twinkling stars! We stopped to watch their splendor and as we stood in awe beneath that vast glory, my sisters told me about the great Christmas star, the most brilliant star ever seen, and how its radiant light had shown down upon the manger where the baby Jesus lay. We talked about the angels who sang of "joy and peace on earth," just as we had earlier at Grandpa's house. Almost sixty years have passed, yet I have never forgotten the stars or the wonder I knew that Christmas Eve.

We had met as a family at the pioneer home of my maternal grandparents where we had eaten Grandma's good Danish food, laughed at Grandpa's jokes and teasing, then gathered around the Christmas tree to sing the carols we all loved. The old adobe house, the scene of much happiness throughout the years, and sorrow, too, echoed now with merriment and music as we sang, song after song, with my mother or Aunt Elma at the piano and Grandpa on his old violin. He, too, was old in years, but never had he played with more feeling or more truly on pitch. Finally as young heads began to nod, we were roused by the sound of sleigh bells and the appearance of Santa Claus, jovial and splendid in his carefully stitched flannel suit and wispy, cotton beard. No matter that my cousin whispered, "I think it's Uncle Fred," I gladly accepted his gift of nuts and candy, and silently hoped he knew I had been a good girl.

Now that I am more aware of the goodness and courage of my pioneer ancestors, and the heritage they left for me, I remember that Christmas with gratitude for the faith of those grandparents who came to America because of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Grandma was four when she left Denmark. She trudged beside her parents all the hard, rugged way between Winter Quarters, Nebraska, and Salt Lake City. The following year Grandpa, a sensitive boy of twelve, whose mother had died before realizing her dream of emigrating to Zion, also walked the plains. During the day he helped his father with the oxen and his step-mother with the younger children, but at night he sat alone, entranced, listening to the fiddlers and dreaming of a day when he woo would own a violin.

Did his dream come true? By the time he was a young man he had his violin and was playing so skillfully he had earned the affectionate name of "Jim Fiddler." He bought other musical instruments for his children and soon had an orchestra which played for church programs and dances throughout the valley. Grandpa organized and directed a brass band that included among its members a young daughter, four sons, and a grandson. Other dreams came true, all realized through the faith, hard work, and sacrifice of those humble Danish Saints.

I think when the last "Merry Christmas" had been spoken that night, Grandma and Grandpa, filled with the spirit of Christmas, must have rejoiced at the joy and the blessings the gospel had brought into their lives. How thankful I am to have shared a Christmas Eve with them. By the next year we were living in

another town, and it was not long before Grandma, and then Grandpa, quietly left the old adobe home forever. Each Christmas since then has been a happy one, but I will never forget the night I saw the stars!

Source: Personal recollections

TAKE HEED, OH, WIND

Jenny Lind M. Brown
Salt Lake City, Utah
Professional Division
First Place Poetry

When last I saw my old ancestral home,
Its windows, burnished bright with sunset's ore,
Its sunken path and purple-laden tree,
All beckoned me to open wide its door.

Though 'dobe' walls are crumbling now and scarred
By countless days of wind..and sun.. and snow,
In the shadowed hush of yesterday's rooms,
Soft voices breathed welcome from long ago.

The iridescent bowl with fluted rim
Is missing, and the apple-blossom plate,
But dusty books in measured rows stand firm,
Their penciled lines in faded script still wait…..

With care I touched the muted, yellow keys,
Lest I should fault a simple melody,
But heard instead the sudden burst of quick,
Ascending notes within a rhapsody!

Oh, waiting wind, oh, burning sun, take heed!
Do not surmise that you can ever raze
The proud old home! When I, alone, can build
With tears a memory to take its place!

ANCESTRAL SAINT OF SANPETE

Remelda Nielson Gibson
Tooele, Utah
Professional Division
Honorable Mention Poetry

An ocean spanned the lengthened miles between
Her birthplace and America, the Blest.
She trudged imperiled plains from east to west
With stubborn determination to wean
Herself from Old Country loves.. and to lean
On deep-rooted faith to survive the test
Of challenging each element and pest
Related to the untamed Utah scene.
Adjustment was no easy task for her,
Yet, no one heard expressions of complaint.
She treated lamentation like a thief
And was prepared to face what might occur.
She proved to be a venerated saint,
Devoutly strengthened by her staunch belief.

A dugout in a Sanpete County hill
Afforded refuge from the cold and rain.
She helped her husband tunnel their domain
And with an undeniably-strong will
She helped to harrow and to till
The sage-brushed land, in view of golden grain.
Work on the scrub-board to remove the stain
Of labor from their clothes was counted nil.
She sang a praiseful hymn as she prepared
Each meager meal and while she sewed a dress
Or made a quilt one small stitch at a time.
She knitted stockings, sox and gloves and shared
Compassion with its tendency to bless
Each one who found it difficult to climb.

Submerged in overwhelming child-loss-grief
When having been a wife about two years,
Her arms had ached and there were anguished tears!
She felt like one tossed out upon a reef!
But, soon she gathered sorrows in a sheaf
And shadowed them with aid to those with fears.
Affording friendly, reassuring cheers

To any one whose happiness was brief.
As other babies took the place of him
Who died, she was profusely reverent
To God of nights and terrestrial days.
Her heart was filled with glory to the brim!
Her love of life reached worshipful extend
And was rewarded in a thousand ways!

WILD ROSES

Agnes O. Anderson
Ephraim, Utah
Senior Division
First Place Anecdote

It was the day before our wedding day. I was a bit apprehensive because he was late, and I was afraid I was going to be 'stood up' at the last minute.

You see, it was June and the middle of the haying season, so he was needed at home. His father wondered why I couldn't get married alone! It wasn't long until my Prince Charming appeared. He was so handsome with his dark, wavy hair and his stalwart build.

He helped me into the one-seated buggy and we were off to Manti to obtain our marriage license.

In 1914, the road between Ephraim and Manti was not black-topped as it is today, and on either side of the road there were many green bushes. I saw him looking at a certain place as we drove by.

On our way back to Ephraim after obtaining the license, we were driving leisurely along, eating chocolate candy from a paper sack he had brought along for a special treat.

All of a sudden, he stopped the horse, handed me the lines and jumped out, went over to that certain bush and picked something. He came back to where I was waiting and wondering, and handed me a bouquet of the most gorgeous sweet-smelling wild roses you could ever imagine. It was more beautiful and meant more to me than any expensive corsage he could have purchased at the floral shop. It was his quiet way of showing his love for me.

Every year for almost half a century, sometime around the seventeenth of June, I would detect that sweet fragrance in the house, and there, sure enough, on the table would be the proverbial bouquet of wild roses without any ceremony or words attached, but the sentiment was there.

KID-CURLERS

Nellie Bjerregaard Gribble
Logan, Utah
Senior Division
Second Place Anecdote

How well I remember my first kid-curlers. When they came into being, there were a lot of happy kids—girls of course. Today, perhaps, some of the boys would have tried them because their name is suggestive of an early days Western character.

We were so proud to have our hair tightly rolled in the latest style, store-bought curlers instead of having to sleep on those hard knots our mothers so laboriously tied in our hair with damp, frayed rags.

When the curlers were removed, our hair hung in long strings like cork-screws; but after it was brushed out, we threw our heads about feeling as gay and frisky as colts with long, glossy manes.

Of course we didn't know why curlers were so named. Being made from the skin of young goats sewed over a pliable wire gave us no plausible clue. To us, 'kid-curlers' were just that, for kids.

We had a good laugh when we called unexpectedly on our Primary teacher and she, a grown woman, had a few front locks carefully rolled in kid-curlers. We wondered if really she didn't know she was a lady.

Source: Nellie Bjerregaard Gribble, personal recollections.

CAPTAIN DIES

Vic Frandsen
Springville, Utah
Senior Division
Honorable Mention Anecdote

When I was a boy, our Frandsen family owned the whole block on which we lived in Moroni. The Big Ditch ran through the upper part of our lot. Our chickens, including a red rooster, ran loose on the lot. We had the nicest stallion in town. From his stable a corridor ran to the ditch so he could drink as he wished. My Aunt Clara was staying at our house because she had "blood poisoning" and her husband was working in Montana.

One morning as Aunt Clara came into breakfast she announced, "I just had a most vivid dream. I dreamed I was up by the Big Ditch and John Sillitoe (he lived on the block above the ditch) came and I said to him, "There is Frandsen's red rooster dead in the ditch." He replied, "Red rooster nothing! It is his stallion." So I looked and it was Captain, the stallion, on his back in the ditch, dead!"

EPHRAIM'S PIONEER CEMETERY

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

Ephraim's old Pioneer Cemetery was located where it is because of an Indian attack. The day was late in March, 1854, during the walker War. A few heavy wagons were in a funeral procession taking the body of Mane Warring, the first white man to die in Ephraim, to the then abandoned Spring City Cemetery for interment.

Because of this alert, the corpse was buried somewhere in the north part of what has become the Ephraim Pioneer Cemetery, which is located two miles north of Ephraim, west of Highway 89. Here the land slopes gently to both south and west. The soil is fine impervious clay, very hard when dry and almost impassable when wet.

From 1854 to 1859 the population of Ephraim was a cosmopolitan group of people: those who meant to stay, those bent on returning to Mt. Pleasant, Spring City, etc., and those 'just waiting' with no destination in mind.

During this period the residents divided the land near Ephraim. The graveyard and the adjacent land, now known as Gobble field, were classified as 'not worth dividing.' Time proved they were right. However, 24 five-acre lots a short distance west northwest of the graveyard were set apart to be irrigated by waters from Pigeon Hollow.

By 1880[1] there were about 35 miles of pole fences in the Ephraim precinct, yet the Pioneer graveyard was never fenced with poles. Instead it remained public domain during this early period. A few cemetery lots were enclosed with picket fences and in almost every instance the gate was padlocked to keep people 'out.'

The Pioneer Cemetery plus about four acres immediately to the south were fenced with some of the first and most artistic barbed wire fences ever built in Sanpete County. Peeled cedar posts with their tips beveled at five feet above the ground were spaced about eight feet apart. A one by four inch (1x4) board was nailed onto the beveled post and a similar board was nailed on the outside of the post just under the top board. A 12 inch board was then nailed on the outside bottom of the posts. Between these boards were stapled five strands of barbed wire evenly spaced with a one by four (X4) inch board nailed vertically to cover each post. All lumber was painted white, a practice that was to continue until 1902.

The barbwire was a type called hog wire, which was made of very thin galvanized metal. It was on-half inch wife with a one-fourth inch barb on one side spaced every four inches with the wire completely twisted (360 degrees). A pattern of this fence can still be seen (1977) near the northwest corner of the cemetery.

In the 1800's, John Green of Ephraim, as proof to the public that he had made a 'squatter's right' claim to the quarter section in which the cemetery is located, built a rough lumber, one-room house and dug an open two-bucket well, the water of which was not fit for culinary purposes. These improvements were made inside and north of the cemetery entrance.

On May 12, 1891, Green filed a homestead entry that covered his squatter's right. He received a patent to the same on March 25, 1895.[2] He then deeded 20.1 acres to Ephraim City for a consideration of $76.00. On May 23, 1903, the City of Ephraim sold 12.31 acres to D.N. Beal for $138.09. Ephraim City

retained the 8.30 acres which comprise the Pioneer Cemetery. Two toilets (outdoor, two holer) were built about 1902.

Over the years flash rainstorms have leveled many of the graves making their location very uncertain. (Unknown graves have often been encountered while digging a new grave, especially in the east two-thirds of the part just north of the middle road.) At the 'turn of the century' there were several times more visible graves in this area then are seen today (1977).

My grandmother, Annie Marie Iverson, was told before she left Denmark that if she came to America she would be buried in an 'unknown grave.' She arrived in Ephraim in 1857. She died in the fall of 1872 while my father, Andrew Peter Olsen, was on a freighting trip to Pioche, Nevada.

While he was gone, a flash flood so completely leveled her grave that when Father came home and visited the cemetery, he could not locate where she was buried. Hers was an 'unknown tomb.'

Early in the 1890's an extensive effort was put forth to again plot the cemetery and establish records of those who were buried there. After a few years the job was declared an impossibility. The net result of this move was to close almost completely the north half of the cemetery to further burial.

The part south of the road leading directly east of the entrance was now plotted. Roads and paths were established, and thereafter nearly all the graves were dug in this section. In the minutes of Ephraim City this part was now called 'New Cemetery' which is very misleading.

With irrigation water from the Gobblefield ditch, the tree beautification in the cemetery became a possibility. In the early 'nineties;' the first trees (about 100 Lombardy poplars) were planted and irrigated with seven acres (shares) of water. The result was almost total failure. Three years later another trial was made. This time a variety of trees was planted but with not better results. A six to eight inch hardpan about two feet beneath the surface of the soil probably caused the failure.

Early in 1902 the Ephraim City Council and the majority of the citizens admitted being discouraged in their attempts to beautify their cemetery and became interested in obtaining land for one closer to town. The reasons for this new thinking were: inability to plot or restore the north part of the Pioneer Cemetery, failures to get trees to grow, and impassable roads within the cemetery and long Highway 89 in the spring of the year and after rainstorms. The Ephraim City Attorney advised the Council to keep city business within the Ephraim City limits.

Ground for the new Park Cemetery which was within the city limits was bought in 1902. Here the ground was plowed, leveled, plotted, landscaped, and planted. This cemetery was dedicated and ready for use on Memorial Day, 1903.

Every person buried in Ephraim from its settlement in 1854 to 1903 was interred in the Pioneer Cemetery. After the dedication of the Park Cemetery only a very few corpses were transferred. Thereafter, all burials, with a few exceptions, were in the Park Cemetery.

Many persons continued to think about the old Pioneer Cemetery and did not want to leave it to deteriorate. The 'diehards' said, "Let us give it just one more try." This time pine trees, with enough soil on each root to make a wagonload, were hauled from the East Mountains. Each tree was placed in a hole about six feet in diameter by three feet deep. The hole was then filled with dirt and the trees were irrigated. To the surprise of everyone, nearly every tree grew and today (1977) they are very much alive.

Black willow trees were planted along the west fence, south of the entrance along the head-ditch of the adjacent farm. When the irrigation on the farm discontinued, most of the trees died. Siberian elms now grow to the north of the entrance. They were planted about 1940.

About 25 years ago, Joseph E. Olsen, St. George, Utah, in a gesture to improve the beauty of the Pioneer Cemetery bought the very best of trees and shrubs only to find they were not adaptable to this particular environment.

In 1889, Ephraim City minutes state, "All brush grubbed and burned. Graveyard fence repainted." Today the brush are grubbed and burned almost annually, but the fence has not been painted since 1902.

The last burial in the Pioneer Cemetery, to my knowledge, was in 1950. This was astranger who had been in Ephraim for just a few days. He committed suicide and was buried on the north side of the cemetery, west of the visible graves. Pete (Bishop) Peterson preached the funeral sermon which he entitled "Some Unknown Mother's Unknown Son." Perhaps we could say that this sermon was the dedicatory prayer for this cemetery, for today his grave is "unknown" as are so many in Ephraim's Pioneer Cemetery.

Sources: [1]Sanpete Development Statistics
[2]Sanpete Recorder's records

THE COUNTY BLOCK….NOW MANTI MEMORIAL PARK

Lura C. Jones
Spokane, Washington
Senior Division
First Place Tie Historical Essay

The big ram knocked me down. I got to my feet screaming, but he charged again and again. I can still see those spreading horns, determined eyes, and the bent woolly head tossing me about in the grass. From the apple tree my friends were also screaming. "Run for the fence!" "Hide behind the tree!" "Rollover in the grass!" but not one of them dared to climb down and come to my rescue. Finally my screams aroused my mother. We lived across the street. She came running with the broom. A man, passing by, jumped from his wagon, leaped over the picket fence, and headed off my charger. I was carried home and put to bed. I had no broken bones, only scratches and bruises and wounded pride. I was a little girl then, only six or seven years of age. My apple-tree friends were Elwood Calloway, Frances Madsen, and Julia Billings. We had gone into the County Block for some tempting white apples. The ram was at the other side of the park when we entered, but the lambs wee near us and he thought it his duty to protect the fold.

I like to remember the County Block as I remember the seasons. In winter it was draped in white. Even the pickets on the fence were crowned with sparkling, snowy caps. The tall cottonwoods, black walnuts, apple trees and bushes seemed to be dipped in lacy frosting. The white ground, unmarred by footsteps, completed the fairyland. The south side, bordering Depot Street, could have been a picture for a Christmas card. The picket fence curved toward the center where two large pedestals supported the fancy gates. The gates could be swung open for wagons and sleighs to enter. At the southeast corner and northwest corner were also gates. People gates. In those days the snow piled deep in winter. We children were delighted to walk upon the crusted snow.

In the spring the bees could be heard humming for a great distance, and I believe there were more birds in County Block than in all of Manti. The air was alive with bird calls; the trees filled with nests.

Summer brought people from all the towns in the county. The bandstand in the center of the park not only seated the band but served as a stage for plays and pageants. Here on the Fourth of July, the Twenty-fourth of July, and other important occasions, the parades came to an end. The queens and their attendants climbed from perches on the wagon floats to seats in the band stand. Miss America, Miss Utah, Miss Manti, Peace, Columbia, Uncle Sam and soldiers from World War I were among the royalty. Not far from the grand stand were three large sand piles where the youngsters could amuse themselves making sand castles.

The autumn season brought ripened apples and falling leaves. In places the leaves piled as deep as winter snows. The cottonwoods were then ready to shed their seed pods. Balls of cotton fell in quantities, breaking open as they hit the ground. The white cotton was blown into streets and roads for blocks around. Autumn was also gathering time for the walnuts. There seemed to be no end to the supply. People came to fill their gunny sacks with nuts for winter storage. Squirrels also reaped the harvest. A neighbor tells of finding a bushel or more nuts stored in her attic. The squirrel had run up a tree near the house and found an opening.

Other people came to the block. Roving bands of gypsies sometimes obtained permission to make camp in this shady enclosure. They came in gay costumes, set up fortune-telling booths, and prepared to trade horses with the natives. They entertained with song and dance. Indians came also and set up housekeeping for a time. This was their headquarters as they went from door to door asking for food and clothing. Most of the squaws carried large cloth bags into which the house wives dumped sifters full of flour.

When the grass grew tall in the County Block the County Commissioner, Selectmen as they were then called, would drive sheep or cattle into the Block to feed. In this manner he received pay for supervising the grounds. There were no lawns or sprinklers, only grass and irrigation ditches. It was during this season that I was attacked by the ram.

Sanpete County records show that this property was granted to the citizens of Manti in the year 1872. U. S. Grant was President of the United States at the time. The grant was made by him to Mayor Luther T. Tuttle, for a sum of $13.00 although the full amount may not have been shown on the deed. About that same time Luther T. Tuttle deeded the property to Sanpete County. Sanpete County retained the title for the next fifty-three years.

On November 3, 1925 the County Commissioners offered the block for sale. The property was sold at public auction at the front door of the county Court House at 10:00 o'clock a.m. Lawrence Lowry, then Mayor of Manti City, made the highest bid. The price was $1500.00. Since that time Block 73 Plat "A" has belonged to Manti City.

The seasons have come and gone. Many changes have taken place in Block 73. But hardly a child grows up in Manti who does not have pleasant memories of the one-time County Block.

Sources: Personal Experiences
County Commissioners Minute Book G, Page 450, Sanpete County Court House

---

I REMEMBER WHEN

Lucille R. Seely
Mt. Pleasant, Utah
Senior Division
Second Place Historical Essay

I remember when I was a little girl and had to stand on a board crossing the ditch to get a bucket of water and carry it in the house for our culinary supply. We put out a water bucket on a special wooden bench in the kitchen and I would reach in with a tin dipper to get a drink of water.

I remember when I was married, and we were fortunate to have a cold water tap right in our kitchen. What a luxury that was.

I remember when we had a coal cool stove with a reservoir on the wide which we filled with water and heated it from the fire in the stove. It took many buckets of water to fill it, but it was ready for wash day, baths, dishes and household purposes.

I remember when it was bath time, and we would have to bring in our round tin wash tub, put water in it from the reservoir and one or two at a time would have a good scrubbing. If the water got too cool, additional water was added from the boiling teakettle on the stove.

I remember how happy we all were in our dear little home that I still call 'our love nest." Family life was centered around the home and each little addition to the family was welcome and started to do his share of the work as soon as he was old enough.

I remember when I used to make my own laundry soap, and how good it was to clean the clothes. I would get 3 large rocks to set the soap tub on and make a wood fire under it. Into the tub I would put just so many gallons of water, so many pounds of grease, and so many cans of lye. I would cook these ingredients, stirring constantly with a wooden stick until it spun a thread like candy. When it was creamy and thick, it was done and I lifted the top off the fire to cool. It would harden enough in a couple of hours to cut into bars ready for wash day. I loved making it as we3ll as using it.

I remember when I washed all my clothes on a scrubbing board. Finally I got a washing machine that I could agitate the clothes with by turning a wheel. Wash day became a breeze instead of an all day affair when I finally got one with a motor on.

I remember how I loved to hang my beautiful clean clothes out on the line to dry. Each article was hung with loving care held by a plain wooden pin that slipped over it. How sweet smelling they were as I gathered then in.

I remember when we had an outdoor toilet. It was about one fourth block away from the house and had to be scrubbed every Saturday.

I remember when we had a fine horse and buggy to go clipping around town in. How we did enjoy those buggy rides and taking our friends to meet the train at the depot.

I remember when we had a good jersey cow that kept our family in dairy supplies with a little extra butter to sell. The thick yellow cream had to turn sour first or the butter would not be as sweet and good. After it was churned, we enjoyed drinking the cool buttermilk and using it for cooking purposes. I would put the butter in a pan of cold water and with a butter paddle work out all the milk, add a little salt, and shape it in a pound mold. If it was for sale, I would make sure it was an extra full pound before wrapping it in butter paper for my children to deliver to our customers for twenty-five cents a pound.

I remember when a salesman came to our door selling “Player Pianos” and we let him put one in our home. How the children enjoyed playing it although they were taking music lessons at the same time. There was a fine selection of rolls to play and all we had to do was pump it with our feet. “Moonlight and Roses: was one of my favorite ones, and we all like the piano so well that when the salesman came to get it we just had to buy it.

I remember how proud I was of my bread-making record. In 20 years we had never had anything but homemade bread to eat in our home, and then one day a neighbor brought us a loaf of ‘boughten’ bread and my good record was broken.

I remember how my beautiful world came tumbling down when two of our beloved children were taken away from us. Our son Robert was 14 years old when he fell off a cliff in the mountains and two years later a baby boy died the day he was born.

I remember the day we moved away from “our love nest” after 17 years of wedded bliss. We moved into the old Seely home which was a large two story brick house that had a bathroom on the second floor and an ice box in the kitchen which was a luxury for us.

I remember the ice house in the adobe barn. Big blocks of ice were cut out of the ponds and placed in bins of sawdust during the winter so we would have ice to last all summer. We used tongs to lift the ice out of the sawdust and would put a large block in the ice box to keep our food cold and have plenty to make freezers of ice cream, and we made a lot of it.

I remember our telephone on the wall. We had to turn a little crank on the side, take down the receiver and the operator would say, “Number Please?” We told her the number we wanted and she would take out a plug and put it in the number we called to make it ring. I was an operator on the switchboard for three years and earned $10.00 a month working eight hours a day.

I remember that all six of our babies were born in our home but Lucy Rae, our last child, whom her father nicknamed Bertie. A nurse would come to take care of mother and baby for ten days for $1.00 a day and the doctor’s fee was $25.00.

I remember our raspberry patch. We picked buckets of large juicy black and red berries during the summer to eat with cream and sugar on and bottled the rest fresh or in jam for our winter supply. Now it is only an alfalfa patch.

I remember when our little birds began to leave “our love nest” and built homes of their own. How proud we were of each one but sad to see them leave our home.

I remember when each grandchild arrived, and great grand children, too.

I remember, oh, do I remember when the father of “our love nest” was called away. He was killed instantly when working with one of his horses he loved so much. Now all those good old days are only memories, but sweet ones.

I remember so many changes in my life time, just like the good old raspberry patch. The automatic washers, dial telephone, automobiles, airplanes, heated homes, and automatic heated water are just some of the conveniences that we have that makes it more enjoyable and possible for me to be living alone in the big brick house today.

I remember my past life with the fondest of memories and would not change the hardships for the conveniences of today. It’s still a good world and I want to stay here as long as I can.

Source: Personal recollections of the author.

ANDREAS OLSEN: HIS TESTIMONY AND LIFE IN UTAH

Agnes O. Anderson
Ephraim, Utah
Senior Division
First Honorable Mention Historical Essay

My father, Andreas Olsen, was not a pioneer. He did not cross the plains, but he did emigrate to America for his religion after joining the Church. He was born the 11th of April, 1840 in a small town called Landing in the southern tip of Norway.

After joining the Church, he came as a young man to America. This was about 1870. After much traveling and working in different localities, he settled in Ephraim.

I would like to relate, in his own words (taken from his diary), a beautiful story of how he joined the church in his native country and how he received his testimony.

I quote: "After Baptism on 22nd of April, 1867 and laying on of hands by the elders, I experienced no particular change in feeling or otherwise, but I did afterwards. Apparently I accepted the doctrine of Mormonism because of the striking facts presented by the Elders and not because I would receive forgiveness of my sins.

"When the consequences of joining the ill-liked Mormons became fully apparent to me, I began to think I had acted a little in haste and began to plan the best way to get out of it. Such thoughts brought me to feel bad and I was quite uncomfortable and it went from bad to worse until I was in perfect misery.

"Finally, after a severe struggle which lasted some length of time, I came to the conclusion that I was a coward in not wanting to acknowledge the Lord. How could I expect Him to acknowledge me with His Holy Spirit as was promised? Finally it dawned on me that I, myself, was to blame, and how could I get out of my misery but by seeking the Lord, which I did with all my might.

"I sought His friendship and Holy Spirit to comfort my soul instead of being tormented in the way. After a long, severe struggle, I succeeded. This is the way it came about:

"While I concentrated my mind on how to get nearer to God, I humbled myself and went into the woods to pray, feeling very humble.

"One evening in the twilight I was walking in a street in Arendal, Norway, trying in my thoughts to approach the Lord. While thus engaged my thoughts were on Jesus. I followed Him through His eventful career in the land of His birth. It did not seem long since He was wending His way among mortals and winding up His mission of salvation for humanity.

"I followed Him through the various scenes of His life; the whole drama seemed so natural to me, with the impression that there is no great difference between Heaven and Earth.

"While I was thus exercising my faith, I saw no one on the street and it was getting quite dark. I was brought to a standstill; I went on my knees and uttered or thought a few feeble words. A change took place in me and there and then I received a comforting spirit in a marked degree. It was a delightful experience and whenever I lifted my soul to God, I could receive in response that spirit which filled my bosom with something which seemed to make my life and being complete. My prayer was often answered before uttered. If I in words should describe this experience any further, I would compare its sublime loveliness to the beauties of the Northern Lights that I witnessed in the Arctic Region when a young man, when those wonderful shafts of Aurora Borealis with their beautifully blended colors moved on the heavens or against space and slowly disappeared and others of still greater beauty took their place. It was

like the spirit of comfort coming and going, like a subtle something that moved in my bosom, inspiring more love and admiration of the Great Creator of all things.

"In this frame of mind I used to say or often think, 'If we can feel so here in Babylon, how much more so must they feel in Zion.'

"I had no love or desire to remain here in Norway, even parental love was not strong enough to hold me. I disposed of my all, worked my way to New York, traveled to China and the Philippine Islands and saved enough to immigrate a family of five persons from Norway to Utah, which I had promised to do before I left Norway besides my own fare to Utah."

After arriving in Utah, my father accomplished many things. He worked in the Flag Staff Mine in Alta, Utah, where the lives of the men were in danger many times because of the snow slides which were prevalent at that time. In 1880 he took out an invention for improvement of the construction and propelling of navigable vessels. Also, in Montreal, Canada, in the Province of Quebec that same year, the patent office gave his invention the title of "Olsen's Pontoon Steam Vessel." That is where he gained his nickname of "Steamboat Olsen," which he was known by in Ephraim.

At one time he planted one thousand prune trees in the foot hills two and a half miles southeast of Ephraim. When they grew and bore fruit, he sold them by the train carload to a Mr. William M. Roylance of Provo.

Father was a very accomplished carpenter, an art which he brought from Norway. He made and sold caskets and beautiful white horse-drawn hearses. He taught carpentry in the Snow Academy from 1895 to 1907. He was also called to assist in the workmanship of building the Manti Temple. His main responsibility was working on the winding stairway. We used to go to the Temple to be baptized. I remember father reminding us to walk up the circular stairs and slide our hand along the railing and note if we felt any joints in the wood. We found it to be very smooth. It is quite an art to bend the wood and at the same time make smooth joints. So this is a well-known fact that Andreas Olsen helped built the winding stairway in the Manti Temple.

After the dedication of the Manti Temple he was called to work as a carpenter on the Salt Lake Temple.

OLD MORONI TABERNACLE

Venice F. Anderson
Moroni, Utah
Senior Division
Second Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Twenty-seven years ago, an eighty year old resident of Moroni, Utah, hobbled to the fence surrounding a burning building he loved and gasped, "I saw this built, I've come to see it go."

The beautiful gothic style Moroni L.D.S. Tabernacle was built in 1879. Its massive stone walls and high roof became a monument to its builders and a place of refuge to those who found solace in worshipping therein.

It was swept with uncontrollable fire on April 22, 1950, and fell to rubble the same day. All available firefighting equipment was brought into use to stay this holocaust, but the flames were whipped by strong winds and the old Tabernacle was brought to her doom by evening.

Tired, saddened, and shocked townsmen finally turned homeward. I was among those who had watched the awful destruction and meditated long hours on the value and use of the building as a place of worship.

It was built by Mormon pioneers and cost very little in money. Their homes had been built first because of the necessity of shelter, but they had been built hurriedly and quite poorly and were not improved until a place to gather and be taught was completed. This was to be the Moroni Tabernacle.

Slowly and laboriously rocks and timber were brought to the site by horses and ox teams where well-trained masons and carpenters shaped the walls and constructed a building for future generations.

The steeple stood those many years as a sentinel of light and truth. It could be seen in any direction upon entering this valley. A bell hung majestically in its tower.

It would ring out each Sabbath morning. In its rhythmic sway there was a harmonious sound which seemed to say, "Come, come, come."

One does not have to turn the mind too far back to remember the patriotic celebrations held on holidays. The stand and circling balcony were draped in red, white and blue bunting. Stirring addresses urged all to greater love for country.

Three-day quarterly conferences were looked forward to, and counsel was given from the General Authorities visiting from Salt Lake City.

As a modern worshipper, I will long remember the inspiration drawn in this pioneer building on the Sabbath day. After each member was settled in his place, the door closed. A prayer was offered to invoke the Spirit of the Lord, then songs were sung for the occasion. Next a speaker or tow would follow with works of inspiration and enlightenment. I could return home feeling that "a Sabbath well spent brings a week of content."

All the babies of the ward for generations were brought to this building to receive names and blessings. Young and old have received final rites before being laid to rest in a chosen cemetery. Kindly teachers for years have waited at the door for happy, restless, lively children to be called in to be taught moral lessons of life. They were "Sh, shd" into reverence before prayer was said.

School graduation ceremonies have been conducted in this building where graduates were admonished to higher learning and achievements.

This building was like most great people, poets, artists, composers, who are seldom appreciated until they are gone.

I am quite sure the Moroni Tabernacle filled its purpose; destructive fire with whipping winds settled its usefulness. I can imagine a challenge crying out from its ruin to us, "Can you and will you build as well, with the same intent of heart?"

SING ALONG WITH GRANDPA

Lowell Brady
Manti, Utah
Senior Division
Honorable Mention, Poetry

(This poem includes lines from a pioneer version of an old southern folk song)

Grandpa played in dancing bands
He also played in church
He played his fiddle half the night
For dainty shoe and starchy shirt.

Square Dance I
O what would you give me for the old sow's hide?
O what would you give me for the old sow's hide?
The old sow's hide would make you just as fine a
Saddle as you ever did ride.

Grandpa strummed his banjo too
And grandma did her part
She played beside him long hours through
On her old Jew's Harp

Square Dance II
O what would you give me for the old pig's
snout?
O what would you give me for the old pit's snout?
The old pig's snout would make you just as fine a
Plow share as ever cut dirt.

Grandpa sang of old Kentucky
His kinfolk and his youth
He sang of cotton fields and rice
Shoofly pie and turtle tooth.

Song I
Nigger on the woodpile
Don't you hear him holler?
Pretty girl at our house
Fat as she can waller.

Verse II
And the old gray goose
With the web between her toes
Bust your sides a laughin'
Among the Shanghi crows.

Verse III
O the possum and the coon
Come down the hill a fighten'
The possum had the coon
By tail, just a biten'

Grandpa cheered the neighbors
With Turkey in the Straw
The Irish Washer Woman
And the Raccoon's crinkled Paw.

Grandpa played some more
I wish I could remember
The Spanish Fan Dangle
And the Arkansas Traveler.

Grandpa's gone, but not forgotten
For I can hear him still
A strummin' there in Fairview
When the moon comes o'er the hill.

MAMA AND PAPA BRADY

Ellen L. Tucker
Fairview, Utah
Senior Division
Honorable Mention Poetry

In the north part of town lived a kindly old couple,
Their hearts reached out to both young and old,
They were true pioneers of our beautiful valley,
And to friends their experiences were told.

People come from the East, the South and the West,
They traveled far to be their guests,
The sick and the lonely received comfort and cheer,
They knew the ones who would help them the best.

A horse and spring wagon was their mode of travel,
They were proud and happy they could ride,
So to town they went seeing the beauties around them,
Content with their mate by their side.

Now some have pets, common ones, strange ones,
Large and small, and every kind new,
But this pioneer couple had one of their own,
A cute little pig who adored the, too.

When they went visiting, their pet went, too,
And waited for them in the shade,
Mama and Papa Brady to the store would go,
So under the wagon he laid.

Again they traveled back to their home,
The little pig following was a sight to see.
They traveled contented and thankful for their blessings,
No place on earth they would rather be.

Source: Information from Dora C. Cox

A CHILD REMEMBERS—ALWAYS

Louise F. Seely
Mt. Pleasant, Utah
Senior Division
First Place Short Story

It was late November when the pioneer school assembled for its brief school year. Classes began late to accommodate parents who need their children to help harvest the drops of hay, garin, fruits, and vegetables.

The small log, one-room schoolhouse was situated on First West and First North (where the Ursenbach Funeral Home now stands) and far enough away from Pleasant Creek to be out of danger of high water and floods. The room was constructed of logs hauled from the nearby mountains east of Mt. Pleasant. It was daubed inside with mud to keep out the cold and wind. A fireplace at the far end provided heat and comfort. One heavy door at the front of the room was used as an entrance and exit and a small window on the south side let in light and sunshine.

The benches were made of split logs and stood on peg legs. A few students had slates, and a number of books were owned by the teacher and some few students. As a result, most of the teaching was done by rote.

On this particular morning (about November 1872 or 1873) the children had assembled as usual, the larger, older boys and girls sitting on the back benches, and the younger, smaller children sitting on the front benches. The prayer had been given, the opening song had been sung, the older children had been given an assignment, and the little children, one of whom was Bothilda, were making ready to recite their A,B,C's.

They had just begun their recitation when loud beating of the drum was heard. (The beating of the drum was the warning given to the community that Indians were attacking.) This signal brought fear and trembling to the children as well as to the teacher since they had no protection whatsoever and had no way of knowing for what purpose the attack was being made.

Fearing the time was too short to send the children home, the resourceful teacher quickly made the decision to make the building look uninhabited, if possible. First she doused the fire with the bucket of drinking water. Then she instructed the "big" boys to put the crossbar in place on the door so it could not be opened and to pile the benches up against the door for added protection.

The big girls, with the help of the teacher, hung coats and capes over the window to keep out the prying gaze of the Indians. The little children then crawled under the benches, out of sight, while the older children stood straight and quiet with their backs to the walls.

The drum continued to beat faster and faster. Little Bothilda had time to notice the children standing like soldiers close to the wall, and her teacher's face, pale and frightened. She, along with her little friends, lay trembling under the benches.

Bothilda's heart beat so fast and hard she was afraid it could be heard everywhere. Now and then she heard a stifled sob, and then finally the sound they feared and dreaded was heard, horses' hooves pounding the dry earth, savage whooping and yelling as the Indians came riding into the settlement. As the sounds of the intruders came nearer the schoolhouse, the more frightened the children became. But then the ponies seemed to be passing by, and for a while the children thought their school would not be attacked. However, it was only moments until they could hear footsteps all around their school building, fingers tapping at the window, and then wild pounding and pushing on the door!

A tense few minutes passed. The big boys held the benches in place against the door. The big girls and the teacher stood by, ready to give assistance if the benches moved even one inch. The little children under the benches held their stifled sobs in their dry throats.

The door, barricaded with the benches, held, and at long last the would-be intruders left. For a long time the children kept quiet and stayed in place. At last, the beating of the drum stopped, signaling that the danger had passed.

Now it was time for the teacher to hold her little ones close and let them cry if they wished. And cry they did! Those too big to cry worked out their anxieties by uncovering the window and putting benches back in place.

Did school continue that day? No, indeed! These children had had enough excitement for one day! The teacher instructed her charges to go quickly to their homes.

Bothilda started running home but ran into the arms of her mother just a half block from the school. Mother and daughter cried at the happy reunion. From all directions came other anxious mothers to comfort and accompany their children safely home.

In the meantime the Indians had been frightened away by the prepared “minute men”, and another Indian raid had been successfully foiled.

Bothilda Hansen, my mother, related this incident many times saying this was the most frightening experience of her childhood, and it left her with a life-long fear of Indians, even after they had become peaceable and friendly.

THE BLACK CLOAK

Karen R. Hansen
Manti, Utah
Senior Division
Second Place Short Story

Our good ship, the New England, steamed into Boston harbor. It was a large vessel carrying 3,000 passengers, and it had crossed the Atlantic in five days. In the year 1902, five days was considered good speed.

Apostle Frances M. Lyman had boarded the ship at Liverpool, England. He took charge of the Mormon immigrants coming to the United States from Europe. He could speak the various languages, so he now explained to us, in Danish, that we were to line up and receive landing cards. No passenger would be permitted to leave the ship without a card. United States officers were on board the ship to pass out the cards. They were seated at a desk near a gateway.

My heart was pounding. This was the hour I had both dreamed about and feared. Would I, with my crippled leg in a cast, be permitted to enter the United States? I had been told somewhere on the ocean that immigration laws were strict concerning the injured or the ill. Had I known this, perhaps I would not have left my homeland, Denmark.

I felt of the packet of money in my pocket. This money had been given to me by Mormon immigrants on board the ship. They feared that I, a teenage Danish girl, would not be permitted to land. Being crippled was one problem, but having very little money would be another, and would add to the difficulty. In the packet were coins from Germany, France, Holland and the Scandinavian countries. No doubt, some of those who gave to me had very little for themselves. Their love and concern for me was comforting.

All too soon I was approaching the desk hoping to receive a landing card. Then someone, I never knew who, placed a black cloak over my shoulders. I grasped the sides of the cloak, pulling it around me. It draped to the floor hiding my leg and my crutch. There was no time to look back and thank the donor fo the cloak as I was now facing the officers. An officer smiled and said words in English that I did not understand. He handed me a card.

The crowd of anxious passengers pushed on. It was all I could do to watch my step and keep from falling, but I did glance at my friends and see smiles of relief on their faces as they silently shared my joy and anxiety.

As we were moving along the gangplank the unexpected happened. At the other end were two doctors, one on each side, whose duty it was to look over the passengers. The cloak was then removed from my shoulders, and the doctors, seeing my condition, motioned to me to take the path to the left. I picked up the cloak and looked for my friends, but they were being pushed on with the crowd.

I found my way to a door and entered a large barnlike room. I glanced about and found that I was alone. I dropped down on a bench wondering what was to happen to me. There were a few windows in the room but they were up high and I could not see out of them. I did not try to open the door which had closed as I entered. It was not a cold day, as the sun shone brightly in a clear October sky, but a chill shook my body and I wrapped the cloak about me. I was sick at heart. It was a long time before I was able to cry.

I examined the cloak, wondering how to return it to the owner. It was a man's cloak, made of heavy homespun and it had a velvet collar. I searched the pockets looking for a name, but there was none. In an inner pocket I found a paper with the Statue of Liberty sketched in pencil. This man had probably expected to see the statue which stands majestically in the New York Harbor, but we had landed in Boston. Under the sketch were the famous words found on the base of the statue. They were written in Norwegian, but I was able to read them:

"Give me your tired, your poor
Your huddled masses yearning to be free
The wretched refuse of your teaming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest tossed, to me
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."
Emma Lazarus 1849-1887

The golden door! My golden door! Then tears came to my eyes and I must have cried the rest of the day.

I sat there alone as the hours dragged on. I tried to visualize what it would be like to return to Denmark. Denmark at that time would not tolerate the Mormons. Mormons were not acknowledged as Christians. It was all right to join any Protestant church, but not the Mormons. Guards had stood outside the door of the little room where we had attended meetings, as mob violence was not unusual. I had been living in Thisted, a city of 10,000 but there were only twenty converts and seven of these where aboard our ship.

I could see the face of my father as I bid him farewell. There was hurt and disappointment in his eyes and bitterness on his lips. "I would rather bury you with your mother and your seven brothers and sisters than to see you go away with the Mormons," he had said. My only living brother would not say good-bye to me.

My leg had been in a cast now for three years. I had fallen and broken it when I was a child of eight years. It had not been cared for; the bones had never been set. In America I had hoped to find doctors.

The door opened and two young men entered carrying my luggage. They made comments about my featherbed, which was rolled up and tied with a strap. This featherbed had helped to ease the pain in my leg when the ocean was rough and the ship tossed about.

Later in the afternoon three men came to talk with me. One of them could speak Danish and acted as interpreter. Questions were asked and answers recorded.

"Why did you come to the United States?"

"I have joined the Mormon church and wish to be among friends."

"Are you another wife of this Mr. Larsen?"

"No, his wife and daughter are with him. They came to Denmark to accompany him back home with his mission was finished."

"Is he a relative?"

"He is my uncle." (This we had planned that I should say.)

"Where will you live when you get to Utah?"

"I will live with my aunt and uncle until I can find a place for myself."

"How can you live by yourself? Who will take care of you?"

"I have been living by myself. I can take care of myself. I am a seamstress. I earn my living by sewing."

"Where is Brother Larsen?" I had asked.

"they have gone on to Utah," was the reply.

I was offered food and water, but I refused to eat. I lay down on the bench and pulled the cloak over me. I prayed.

Darkness was filling the room when the door opened. To my great joy the Larsen's and my friends entered. They had been across town making arrangements with the American immigration for my entrance. Yes, I could go on to Utah with them. Telegrams had been sent to Mayfield, Utah investigating the financial status of Cyrus C. Larsen. He had a family and owned a fine, large home on a hill. He also owned the store that stood near his home. He was the town merchant and able to care for all of us. That night we went to a hotel and had food and rest. The next day we boarded the train.

I don't know what happened to the black cloak. In the confusion I lost it. Perhaps I left it lying on the bench in the immigration station. But I often think if it, perhaps as the Pilgrims thought of Plymouth Rock, my stepping stone into America.

Soon after coming here I was again self- supporting. As time went by the cast was removed from my leg. Later I found love, companionship, home and a family, but best of all I found what I was looking for; the pathway to eternity.

DUSKEE

Lucille R. Seely
Mt. Pleasant, Utah
Senior Division
Honorable Mention Short Story

Way down in the Monument Valley Country lived a Navajo Indian family. The father's name was Kateso. His first wife died and he married a young squaw who neglected the children from his first marriage. They didn't have much for themselves so the children were on their own. One of the little boys, called Duskee, was tending a small herd of sheep to earn a little money to live on, but he was having a hard time to survive under the circumstances.

A very kind man named Leo Seely went down into that country to buy some Navajo sheep and in his travels ran into this dirty tousle-headed Indian boy. He tried to talk to him, but they just didn't speak the same language. There was a certain feeling of love and concern that appealed to Mr. Seely, and he wondered if somehow he could take this boy home.

Mr. Seely talked to some government men in charge of Indian affairs and asked if it would be possible to take him home and care for his needs, and under the circumstances they too thought it was a very good idea. When they asked Duskee's father for permission, he said it would be all right if his boy would leave him all the money he had earned and it was agreed upon.

The next problem was to clean him up so he could live with the Seely family when they got home. There were some school teachers in the area who agreed to help with the job. All they had was some coal oil so they washed his head good in that and it seemed to work as not one of the lice was ever seen again.

Duskee said goodbye to the Monument Valley and got in the car headed for Mt. Pleasant, Utah. They arrived in the middle of the night so Mr. Seely tucked his new son into the back seat of the car where he slept until morning. He came in the house and went to bed without telling his wife he had a new son for her to take care of.

In the morning Mr. Seely went downstairs and built a good warm fire in the fireplace and kitchen stove so his wife could prepare breakfast. Mrs. Seely came downstairs and when she pulled up the blinds she was a wild looking little Indian boy out by the car. She called for her husband to come and see and then he explained the story to her. Mrs. Seely said, "You'd better bring him in out of that cold autumn chill, but I'm afraid our girls will run away from home when you tell them."

Duskee came in and sat on a chair in front of the fire to warm himself. Ina was the first one to come downstairs, and she rubbed her eyes wondering if she was dreaming. Then she went over and shook his hand, and they became the very best of friends.

As all the family gathered around the breakfast table that morning my husband, Mr. Seely, introduced each one of our children to their new brother. When he pointed to me he said, "And this is your mother." And he always called me Mother. For some reason he always called my husband "Mr. Seely." This was the name he first knew him by, and it was always spoken with love and respect.

Duskee was accepted into the family with love, and everyone was good to him. No one wanted to run away from home but accepted the challenge of helping him become like one of us.

As we took his picture that first day and compared it with one a few days later on his way to school, you would never have known it was the same boy. The first thing we did was take him to the barber for a good hair cut. Then we went to the store for a new outfit of clothes, and the flowing day he marched off to school with our other children.

It wasn't long until he began to learn our language and did quite well in school. He played the slide trombone in the band and marched as proud as anyone. He was well accepted by his school mates also.

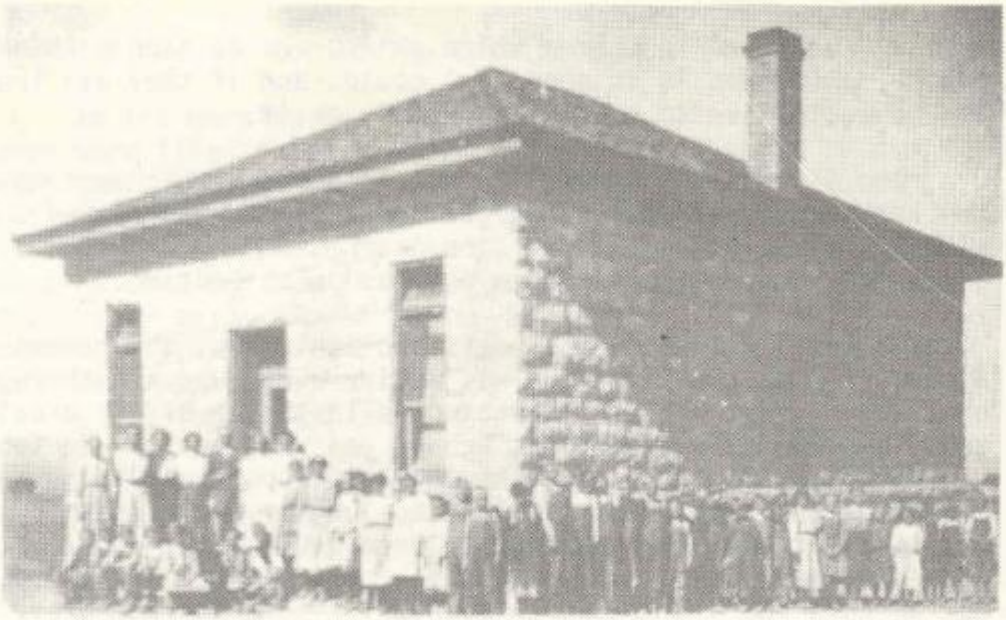
Duskee loved to wear a white shirt, and he didn't think anyone could iron it as good as I could, and if they did iron it, he would have to get my inspection on it.

The first night he went to bed in our home, Leo went up to check on him and say goodnight and found he was in bed with all his clothes on. He soon learned to appreciate a good clean bed and to put some pajamas on at bedtime.

He loved all kinds of sports and athletics, and he was a good help on the farm. He was active every way all though high school, but when he graduated he lost some of his usual zest for life. Something was wrong, and we knew it. We took him to Dr. G. B. Madsen and the terrible report was leukemia, cancer of the blood, and T.B. of the lungs. Dr. Madsen took him to a hospital in Tuba City to be cared for until he passed away. Duskee was broken hearted to leave our family, but we have had him sealed to us now for time and eternity.

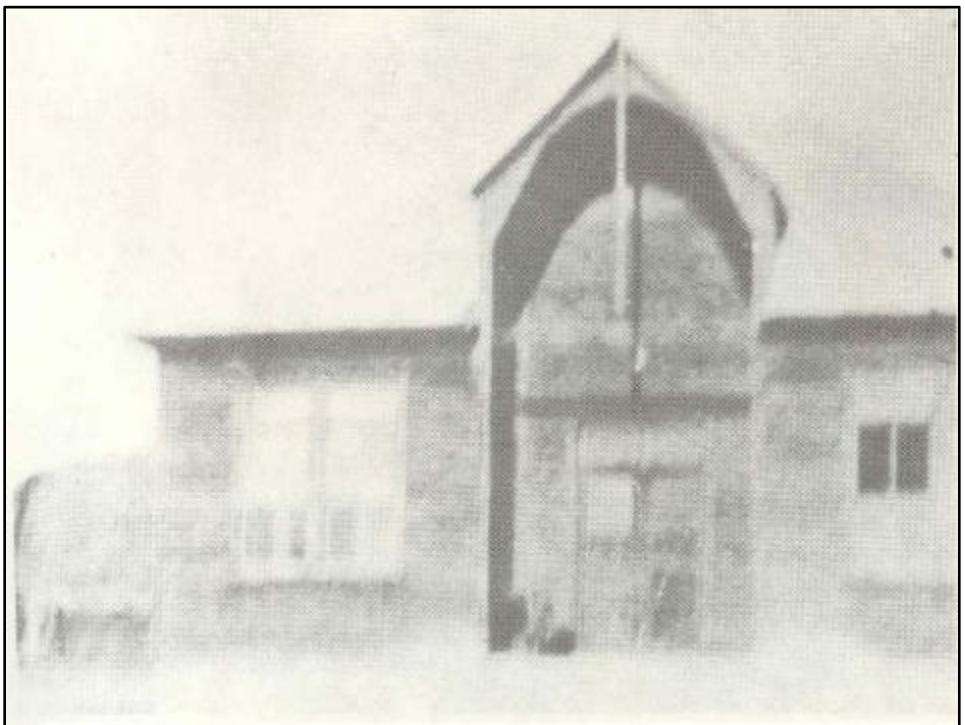
This is the story of our dear Lamanite son and brother long before the L.D.S. Church Indian placement program began.

Source: Personal recollections of the author.



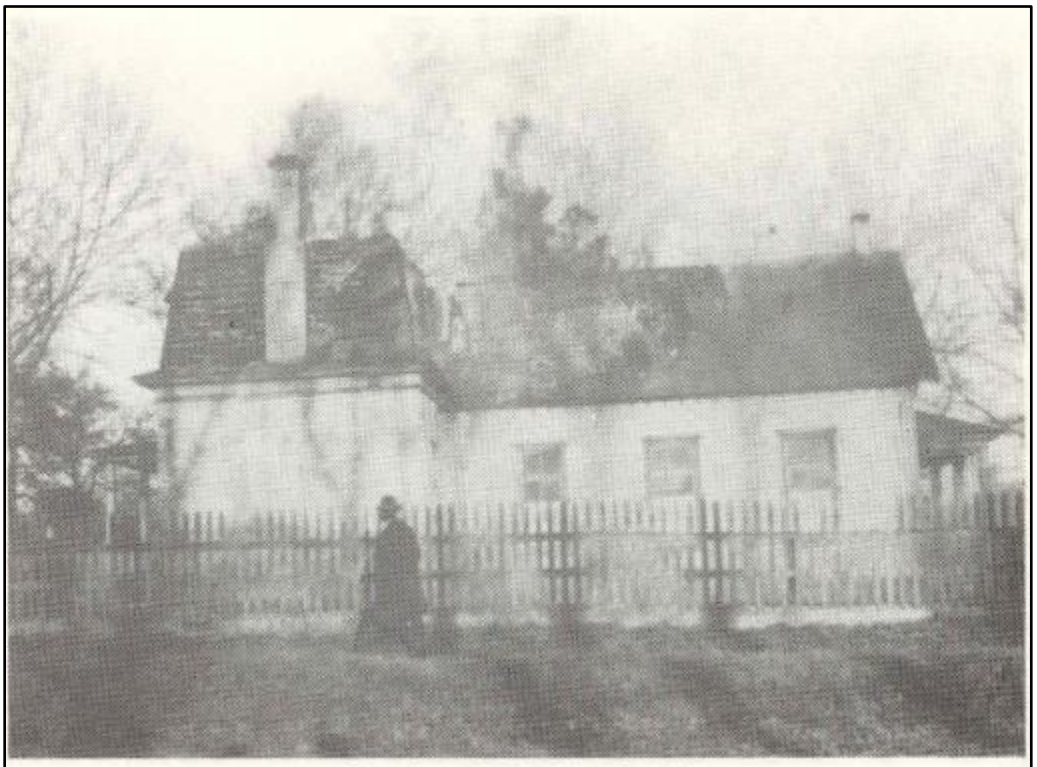
Axtell LDS Church 1898

Centerfield LDS Chapel 1889



Jewish Colony Church 1912

Gunnison Presbyterian Church 1886



Gunnison LDS Ward 1879

Fayette LDS Ward 1875

Mayfield LDS Ward 1884

Sterling LDS Ward 1924

Manti LDS South Ward

Manti LDS North Ward 1908

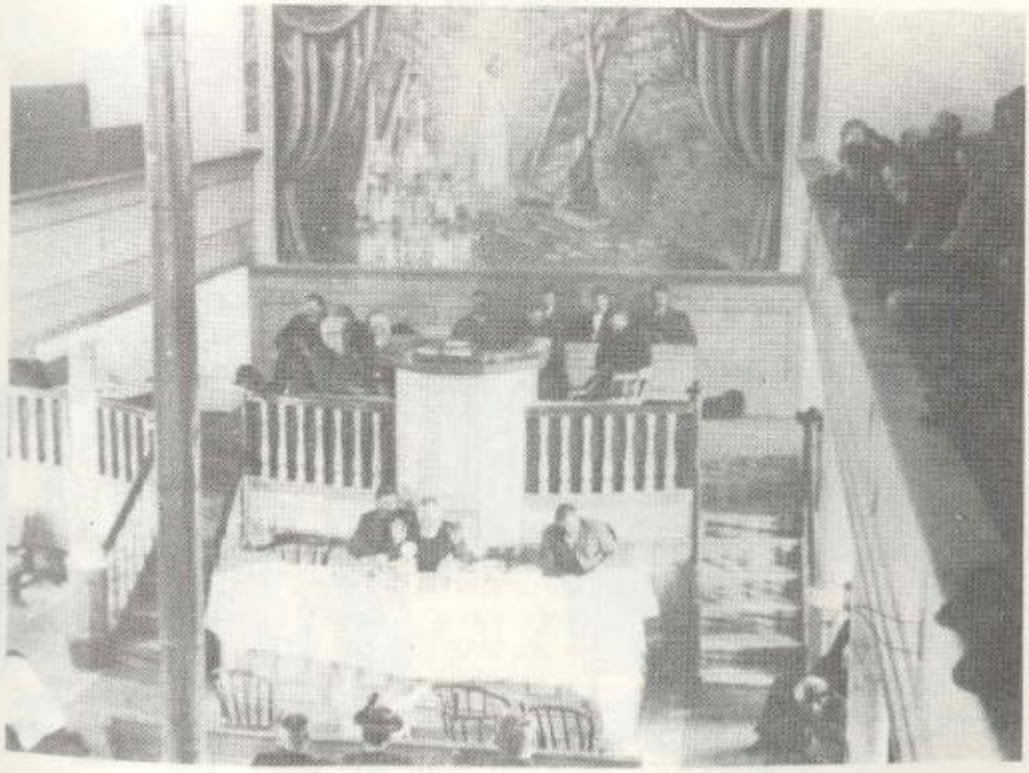
Manti LDS Tabernacle 1879

Manti LDS Tabernacle Interior 1879

Manti Presbyterian 1878

Ephraim Methodist Episcopal Church 1885

Ephraim LDS Tabernacle 1871



Ephraim LDS Tabernacle Interior 1871

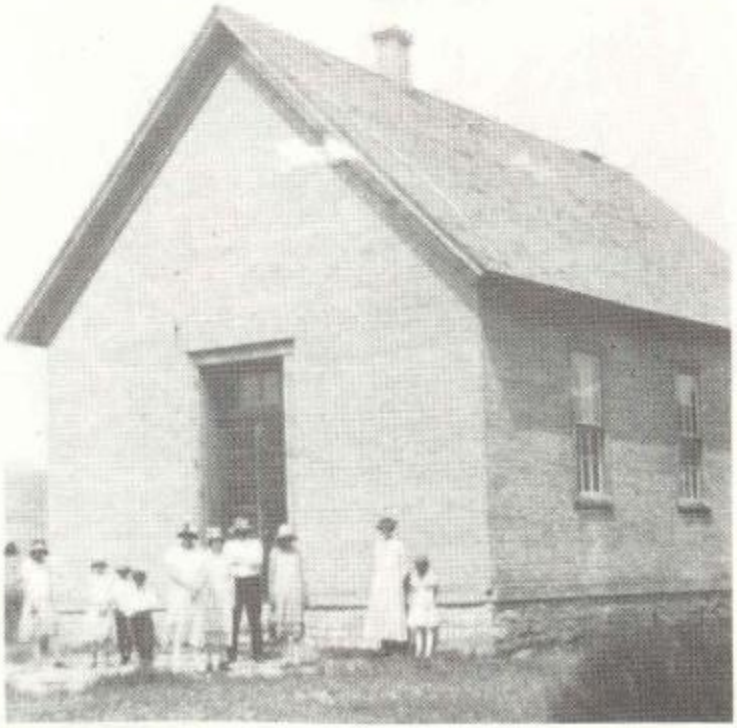
Spring City LDS Tabernacle 1914

Spring City Danish LDS Meeting House. About 1890

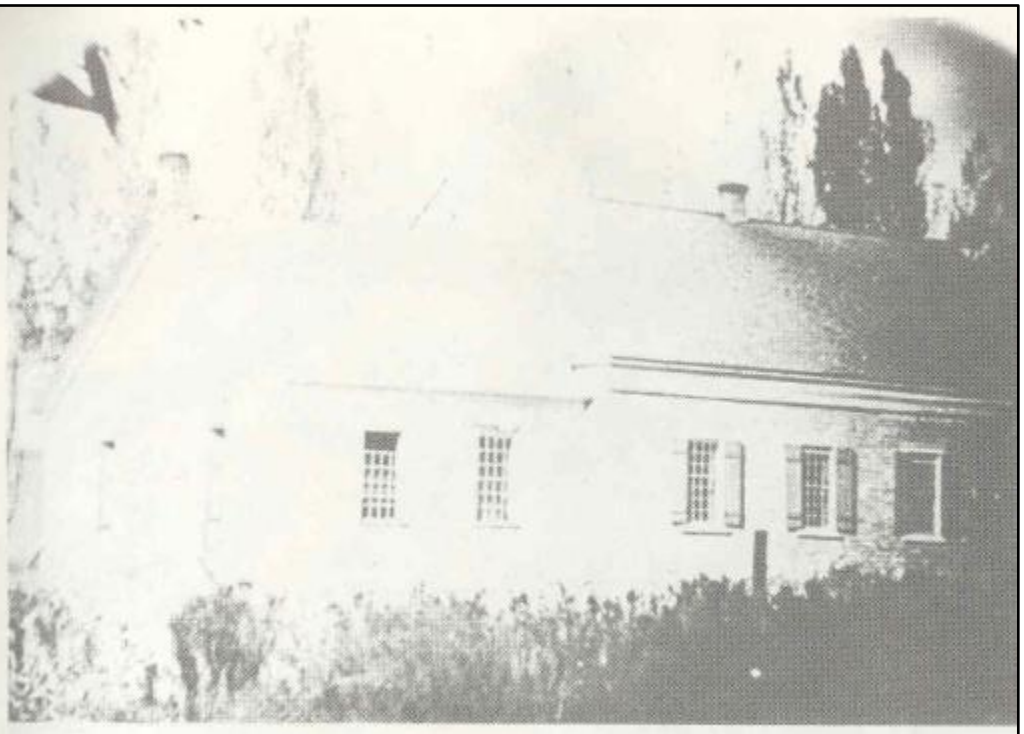
Presbyterian Church 1875

Mt. Pleasant North Ward LDS chapel 1866

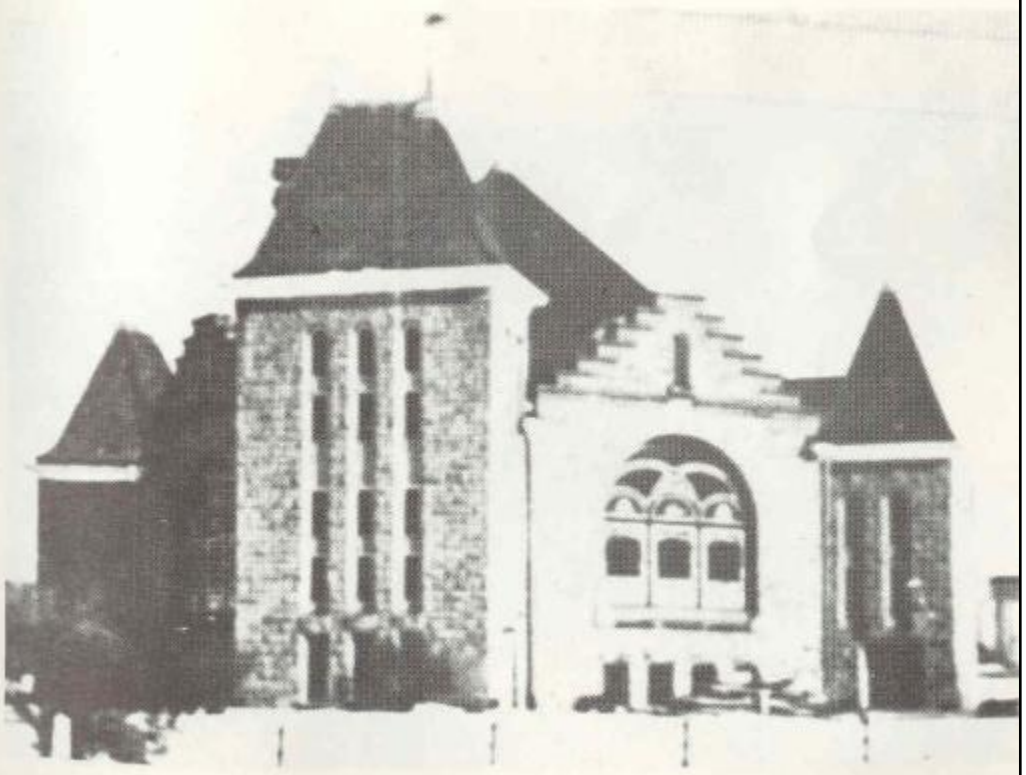
Mountainville LDS Ward Chapel about 1900



Indianola LDS Church 1912



Fairview LDS South Ward 1871



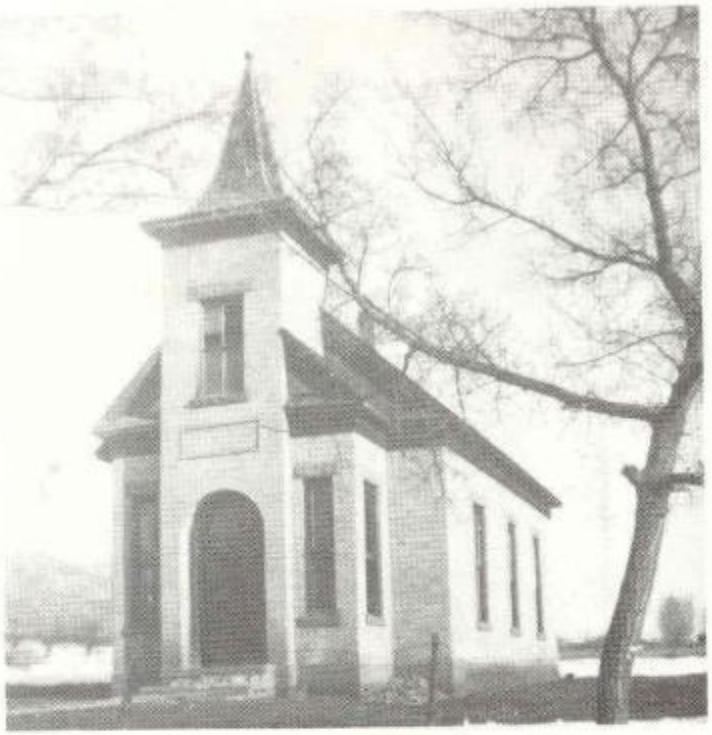
Fairview LDS North Ward 1913

Oak Creek LDS Chapel about 1894

Milburn LDS Chapel 1894

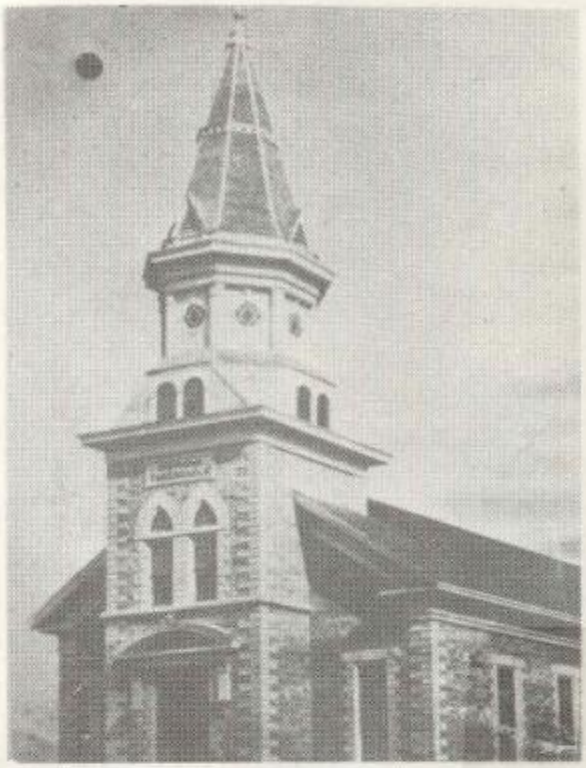
Fountain Green LDS Chapel 1909

Cedar Cliff and Birch Creek LDS Chapel 1895



Freedom LDS Chapel 1913

Wales LDS Chapel 1892



Moroni LDS Tabernacle 1889

Chester LDS Chapel 1893

IMAGES