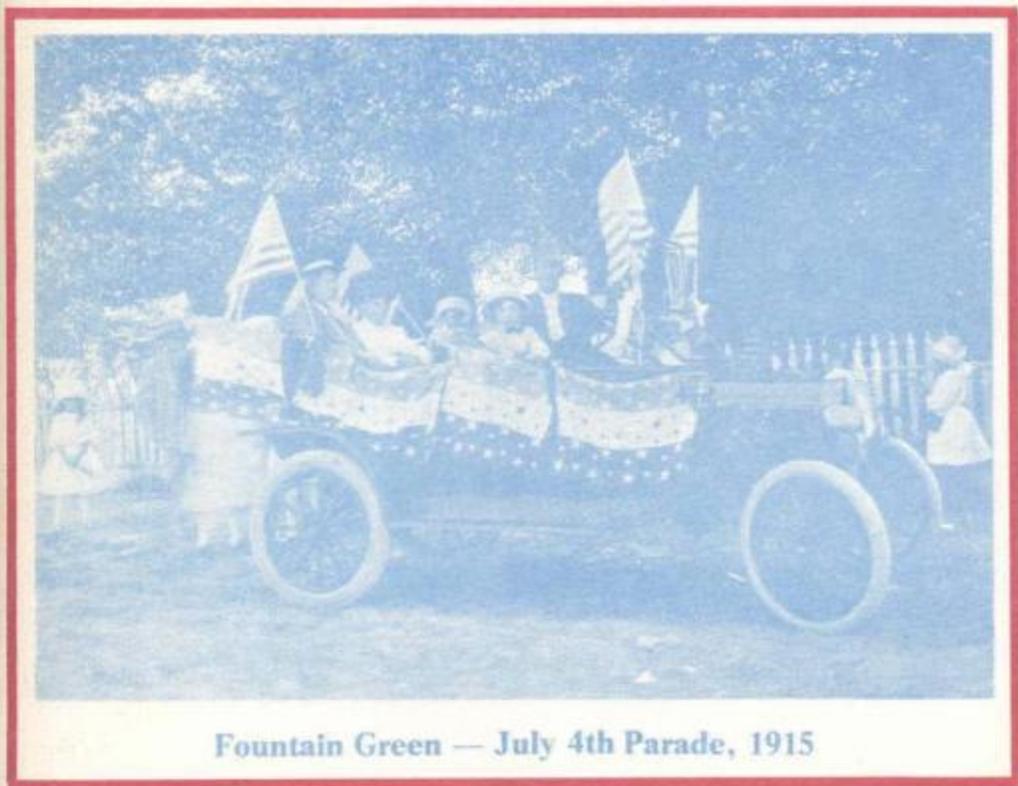


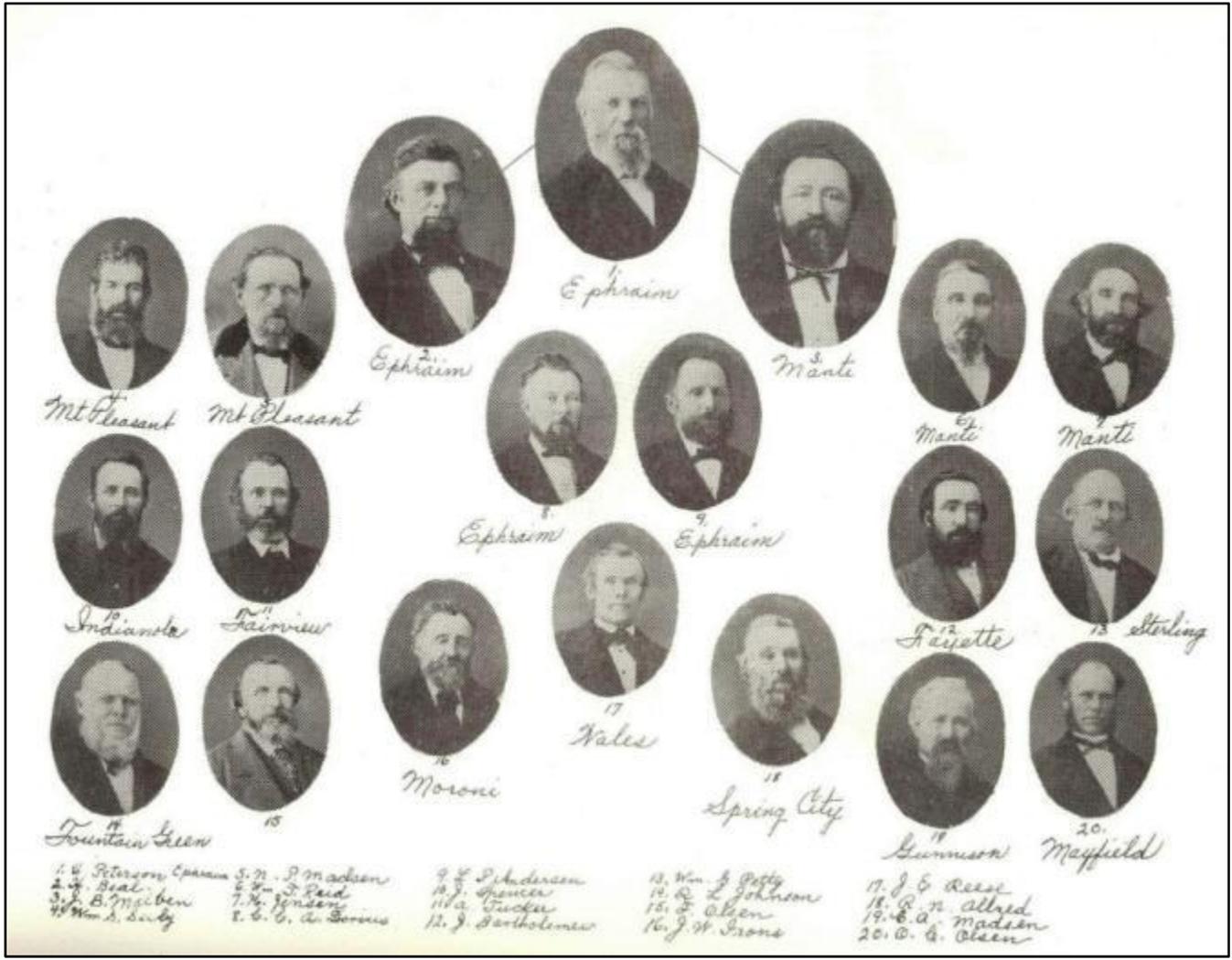
Saga
of the
Sanpitch



Volume 8

1976

Bicentennial Issue



SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume VIII

Containing

Winning Entries

for the

1976 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Also

Early Sanpete And Its Celebrations 1849-1920

Sponsored by

Manti Region of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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By Ruth D. Scow

For

Manti Region of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Printed at

Messenger-Enterprise

Manti, Utah

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Sanpete Historical Writing Contest Committee wish to thank the many residents and former residents of Sanpete County who entered our contest for 1976. To those who loaned pictures of early Sanpete history we also give thanks. We appreciate the following people and institutions for their cooperation, interest, help, counsel, and encouragement:

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Jack A. Christensen, (chairman): Early schooling received at Centerfield and Gunnison; graduated

From BYU in drama and English; received M.S. from U. of U. in drama and anthropology; 1976 teacher of English and Creative Writing, East High, Salt Lake City, where he is chairman of the Fine Arts Dept.; author; Utah Poet of the Year (1969); native of Gunnison, Utah.

Nell Madsen: finished elementary and secondary schools at Mt. Pleasant, Utah; received Master's degree in English (U. Of U.); studied at USU, U. of Chicago, U. of California; taught English at Granite High School and Westminster College, Salt Lake City, Utah.

William C. (Bill) Stringham: born, raised, and schooled in Manti; graduate of Snow College, BYU, U of U with Associate, Bachelor's, Master's, and Doctorate degrees in English and Educational Administration; associate professor of English, chairman of Department of Humanities, Dixie College; Assistant to the Vice President for Academic Affairs (U of U); 1976 Davis Co. Program for Higher Education (U of U); married Marjorie Armstrong of Ephraim, Utah.

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Mt. Pleasant Pyramid, Gunnison Valley News, Manti Messenger, Ephraim Enterprise, Radio Stations K SVC (Kim Findlay) and KMTI (Doug Barton)

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING:

Max Call, Messenger-Enterprise Printing Co.

TYPISTS:

Janice Barton, Andrea Graham, Nedra Nelson, Debra Howell

TYPEWRITERS:

Snow College

VOLUNTEERS:

All the many people who have given their time help with errands, publishing, advice, stapling, collating, and distribution of THE SAGA OF THE SANPITCH.

**WINNERS IN THE
SANPETE HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST**

1976

DECISIONS OF

Mr. Jack A. Christensen
Ms. Nell Madsen
Mr. William C. Stringham

NON-PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE OR INCIDENT

THE DOCTOR'S BABY BAG.....FIRST PLACE
ANECDOTE.....SECOND PLACE

HISTORICAL ESSAY

RAMBLINGS WITH YESTERDAY'S CHILD.....FIRST PLACE
AUNT ZALE AND HER LITTLE BROWN SACHEL.....SECOND PLACE
CARING AND CURING.....HONORABLE MENTION #1
SOUNDS OF THE FARM.....HONORABLE MENTION #2
HISTORY HOUSE.....HONORABLE MENTION #3

POETRY

MEMORY INVADES HER STEAMER TRUNK.....FIRST PLACE

SHORT STORY

THE GIFT: A MOMENT IN REFLECTION, AUTUMN, 1920,,,,,,FIRST PLACE
SO BE IT.....SECOND PLACE
GRAPES ARE FOR SHARING.....HONORABLE MENTION #1
MILLS OF JUSTICE.....HONORABLE MENTION #2

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

ANECDOTE OR INCIDENT

RIO GRANDE WESTERN FRISBY.....FIRST PLACE
A GENERATION GAP: 1873 STYLE.....SECOND PLACE
STORIES WE GREW UP WITH.....HONORABLE MENTION #1

HISTORICAL ESSAY

A SATURDAY REMEMBERED.....FIRST PLACE
COMMENDABLY-MERITORIOUS.....SECOND PLACE

POETRY

IT WAS THE UNANIMOUS DECISION OF THE JUDGES THAT NO AWARD BE GIVEN IN THIS CATEGORY.

SHORT STORY

HE CALLED ME GODFATHER.....FIRST PLACE

SENIOR DIVISION
ANECDOTE OR INCIDENT

ARCTIC MUTTON CHOPS.....FIRST PLACE
HOSTAGE OF THE INDIANS.....SECOND PLACE
STARCH CAKE.....HONORABLE MENTION #1
GOBBLEFIELD.....HONORABLE MENTION #2

HISTORICAL ESSAY

CANDY MAN.....FIRST PLACE
REFLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD DAYS.....SECOND PLACE
JOHN HASSLER, PIONEER MUSICIAN OF CENTRAL UTAH.....HONORABLE MENTION #1
THE LITTLE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.....HONORABLE MENTION #2
TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY.....HONORABLE MENTION #3

POETRY

MY BOYHOOD IN SANPETE.....FIRST PLACE
GREAT-GRANDFATHER SNOW AND TEMPLE HILL.....SECOND PLACE

SHORT STORY

THE NIGHT I ALMOST DROWNED.....FIRST PLACE
GYPSIES.....SECOND PLACE

THE DOCTOR'S BABY BAG

Lois Sears Brown
Manti, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Anecdote

I don't remember ever being told that doctors bring babies, but I do remember that whenever a woman in Manti was having a baby, Dad would grab his 'baby bag' and rush to her bedside. I peeked into the bag from time to time and saw the shining instruments, cans of ether, and the white gown for the doctor. There was also quite a large empty space in the bag, and I assumed that was where Dad carried the baby he 'delivered'. My older brother, Lucien, harbored the same idea, and we suffered through one particularly painful experience because of it. Dad called to say that he was rushing to the bedside of a woman who was in labor and Mother was to send Lucien with the 'baby bag' as quickly as possible. Mother sent him with instructions to rush the bag to his Dad.

Sometime later Dad returned home discouraged and blue. The baby had died. Lucien went into the back hall and sat on the dark steps. I am sure Mother and Dad thought nothing of his behavior as the tragedies of Dad's patients often came with him and cast a pall over our home. But this time seemed worse and finally Lucien had to confide in someone, so he told me. "I guess I killed that baby. What would they do to me if they knew? Further confidences revealed that Lucien had become tired as he ran with the bag, so he rested the bag on a big rock while he paused to rest himself. A few minutes after he delivered the bag to his Dad he heard someone say the baby had been delivered dead. Lucien felt guilt and blame, and I shared his dark secret.

Source: Personal experience abt. 1916.

ANECDOTE

Edith A. Allred
Price, Utah
Non-Professional Division
Second Place Anecdote

Children of the 1880's and 1890's were very underprivileged by today's standards. Christmas was a bleak affair, perhaps one present or only some candy or nuts for the children.

My father told this story of a Christmas in his life when the children were sent to bed with the hope that Santa might come. Upon hearing a slight noise downstairs, the three curious little boys decided to investigate. They crept quietly to the knotholes in the floor and looked down. Each one was looking through a different knothole into the room below when their Father entered with a bright, shiny orange in his hand. Before he could place it in any sock, the child name Lyman shouted "Put that in my sock, Dad!"

"No, Dad, put it in mine," my father shouted.

Needless to say, neither one of them received the gift.

Source: Reported as told to the author by her father, O.M.Aldrich

RAMBLINGS WITH YESTERDAY'S CHILD

Edith A. Allred

Price, Utah

Non-Professional Division

First Place Historical Essay

The big bell atop the Hamilton School rang out loud and clear each school day at 8 o'clock. Children who were still in bed knew it was time to scramble downstairs and get ready for school. To be late was an unforgivable sin; it also entailed a trip to the principal's office.

Of course, one didn't go too early, because he had to form in a long line in front of the building when two sharp gongs sounded. Usually, the teacher appeared at the head of her group at the last minute to straighten up the lines, which then marched three abreast into the building. Groups marched by grades, the older students marching last, since they marched to the third floor.

Students who failed to form in line quickly and quietly were jerked out of line to practice marching by themselves. Up and down they marched to the third floor, then back to the first, then up again to suit the whims of the supervising teacher. Even those students who happened to get out of step were jerked out. It made no difference that some had no rhythm in their make-up. They were expected to march in clock-like precision. When one little fellow failed to keep in step, the principal jerked him out of line and hung him on the coat hooks by his suspenders. There he dangled precariously until he was freed.

Neither did it matter that some children were 'bus' students who had been standing in line for long periods of time, or that some had walked many blocks in the wet and cold. The weather had to be zero or below before a child could enter the building before the 9 o'clock gong sounded.

The same routine of forming lines and waiting endlessly for others was followed at recess, at noon, and at day's end.

The first procedure in the morning was health inspection. Children who came to school with dirty hands were taken out to the sink and scrubbed with a huge scrubbing brush. Usually a few sessions effected a cure for this ailment.

Most of the teachers required their children to repeat 'The Lord's Prayer' in unison. Then they sang a patriotic song.

Reading sessions were the most boring part of school for most children. Each child was required to read orally. Some times every child read the same selection. Those who could not learn to read, still had to stand up and stutter through the assignment, repeating it word for word after the teacher. If a student had lost the place when he was called to read, he forfeited his mark as well as his reading privilege.

But, oh, the joy that prevailed when the teacher read aloud such stirring tales as The Wizard of Oz, Peter Pan, Black Beauty or Robinson Crusoe! Or helped her students to memorize such inspiring pieces of literature as Moore's 'A Visit from St. Nicholas', Kilmer's 'Trees', Longfellow's 'Paul Revere's Ride', Hunt's 'About Ben Adam', Whittier's 'In School Days', or any of hundreds of other delightful poems!

There were other facets of school life that brought pleasure or pain, as the case might be. There was the day the little boy named Paul was sitting in his seat doing his work. Apparently the teacher was easily irritated, for she had threatened to tie his feet to his desk if he didn't quit shuffling them. Suddenly she jumped up and said she would get the rope she had brought to tie them.

Paul was terror-stricken. He was small-the smallest boy in the class. He looked at his classmates in sheer agony. No one could help him. Then all in a second he ran out of the room. He never came back to this class again.

Another time two little girls were playing at recess. One had a bottle of ink. Innocently, they moistened the cork and made a round cork mark on each other's wrist watch. What fun it was that make-believe world! But all too soon the fun came to an end.

Upon her return to class, the teacher noticed the beautiful works of art. From the front of the class, she pointed out the culprits and said she had heard of wild Indians who painted their bodies, but had never expected such performances from supposedly civilized people.

As if this punishment was not sufficient, each child was sent home with a B in deportment on his report card.

Not many people can imagine the humiliation and suffering this act occasioned for a conscientious child. Not even the fact that this teacher quit in the middle of the year and that the new teacher, after putting down an A in deportment for the new term (carefully scratching out the offending B) ever fully compensated for the hurt. Years later, the one little girl taught the child of her former teacher and could have gotten even, but somehow she had no desire to hurt this little child.

Although the Hamilton School was built in 1896, it was still fairly new in the early 1900's. However, the bare brown floors, oiled to keep the dust down, were as creaky as the wooden stairways. No curtains brightened the windows, and no art work for decorative purposes was used, for supplies were scarce. Presents for teachers, other than the traditional apple, were unheard of. No child had money for such luxuries.

Still, some of the hardworking, more human, kinder teachers were surely rewarded for having students love and respect them. Rarely did a child 'sass' or defy a teacher.

Spelling matches were great fun for most children. Usually, the best spellers were selected to choose the teams to compete. These 'spelling bees' were often held on Friday afternoons. Daily, written spelling tests were given, and rows which made one hundred percent were given a star on the board. Of course, every row wanted a star, but what could be done with a row that had a retarded child occupying a seat?

Mabel knew what to do. Every day she slipped a small copy of the words to the big ungainly boy, and every day her row received a star. Surely that teacher must have had a spark of human kindness in her heart.

A highlight in the life of every sixth-grade girl was to be sent to the third floor to spend the afternoon taking care of first grade bus children, who attended school only one-half day. Here she served as teacher, baby-sitter, and general entertainer. Perhaps this experience served as the inspiration for several young students who later became teachers.

Jennie was one of the girls selected to teach. As her young charges left one day, she noticed a piece of paper lying on the floor. Since it was half folded, she opened it to see what it was before she destroyed it.

The paper was a note to the mother of one of the children from her first grade teacher. It asked the mother to please bathe and clean the child before sending her to school, since the other children refused to sit by her.

Jennie's face burned with shame. She could not give the note back to the teacher, nor could she give it to the child. Slowly, she crumpled it and threw it into the wastebasket.

The usual signal that a child needed to go to the bathroom was to raise two fingers and hold his hand up until the teacher nodded or shook her head. Most of the children did not abuse the privilege, since the bathroom was almost a half block away from the school, but the 'slow learners' often waved their arms in the air during most of the class. Most of the teachers failed to notice them.

Children often remained after school to clean the boards and erasers. Teachers always had a waiting list for this service.

The school day actually ended at 3:30 p.m., but the 9 p.m. curfew made it mandatory for all children to be off the streets. "Old Man" Ellertson rang the bell every night, and although the ominous tones of the bell frightened most children, there were always some who harassed and distressed Ellertson for many years. Sometimes they held the door so he couldn't get out or tied or chained it so it could not be opened from the inside.

Ellertson has long since departed from this world. So, too have some of the Pauls, Jennys, and Mabels. The Hamilton School no longer stands. The bell towers are missed now, but life goes on in new school buildings with brightly curtained windows, soft carpets which curtail noise, well trained teachers, excellent libraries, and clean decent rest rooms. Sometimes one wonders just how much difference these things make in the lives of today's children. Perhaps time will tell.

Source: Author's personal recollections

AUNT ZALE AND HER LITTLE BROWN SACHEL

Marzetta Willardson

Ephraim, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Historical Essay

Most all who knew her and her work are gone now, taking with them the knowledge of events that made up her rich life with her satchel. Oh, how I wish I had been alerted years ago to reach those children of our pioneers and pick their minds of their story-telling talents!

"Aunt Zale" was my grandmother, born Rosalia Francis Howell on August 7, 1865 in Fairview. She started to work for others when she was 12 years of age, tending children for mothers who were expecting new babies. In this line she became really experienced, and it seemed a natural path that led her, while still very young, into mid-wifery.

There were no undertakers or doctors in the area during this period, so the deceased were kept in their homes until the time for burial. When Grandma was just sixteen she helped wash and dress a young mother and her little baby who had died. From that time forth she worked with the ill. She was set apart by the Bishop of the Fairview Ward to help the needy and sick, as were all mid-wives on the pioneer trails. At about fifty years of age she became frail in health, and then she went with doctors only to assist.

During the years when my mother was growing up, Grandma was away from her home a great deal, caring for the 'poorly.' Days at a time she would remain to tend a family who had diphtheria or the flu. She would 'put to bed with child' six to eight times a mother in one family without receiving pay. When she was paid, it would be 50 cents a day or the equivalent in produce, for barter was still the main source of exchange.

Someone would come for her on horseback, often at night, when most babies have a habit of being born. Sometimes it would be in the middle of winter, when her one-horse buggy was impossible to use on the snowy lanes. While she was getting into warm clothing and checking her little brown satchel, Grandpa would have old Prince, her horse, blanketed, saddled, and ready to go. Many times she would have to send back for needed articles, such as sheets, pillow-slips, and pieces of muslin that she had previously sterilized by wrapping them in a paper package tied with twine or string. She then placed these packages in a moderate oven for many hours. Finally, she kept them ready in a drawer of the dry-sink in her kitchen.

Sometimes she would send home for nightgowns, towels and baby clothes, very seldom having them returned because of the great need of the family involved.

In later years Grandma and Grandpa had the third telephone in Fairview installed. This was a great help but also kept the family busy delivering messages all over town.

At one time Grandma tended in the home of a very old couple in which the woman was sick and blind. She called every day and took one of her daughters with her to wash dishes and 'tidy' the house. One morning upon her arrival, the lady took Grandma's hand and said, "When you get on the other side, I will be waiting for you. Just reach your hand through the doorway, and I will know, and I will be so happy."

In her little brown satchel that hung on a hook behind the kitchen door Grandma always kept a pair of scissors, sterile cloths for packs and bandages, string or cord, eye-droppers to give water, milk and sugar to new babies, boric acid for washing babies' eyes, castor oil to be administered to mothers for three days after giving birth, carbolic acid for sterilization, and a starched, white, sterile waist apron that nearly reached the floor. The satchel seemed as much a part of her as her hands and eventually became as wrinkled.

In her head she carried formulas for scores of homemade remedies. For diaper rash: brown flour in oven; a mustard plaster for deep-seated colds as follows: 1 tbsp. dry mustard, 4 tbsp. flour, mix with water to form paste, place or spread on clean cloth, then on person's chest, and cover with piece of wool flannel. There was catnip, dried, from the garden to seep for tea for babies with colic. "Uncle Salve" for sprains, sore muscles, etc., was a mixture of mutton tallow, beeswax and turpentine. Poultices for drawing out infections were made of bread and milk, the skin from the inside of an eggshell, and sticky pine gum or pine sap. For swollen neck glands she used thinly sliced onion, mix with lard, and steeped on back of the stove. She made a pack in a strip of flannel to wrap around the neck and pinned. Every home must have a camphor bottle, she thought, to help induce sleep. Alcohol from the town saloon with camphor-gum, cut up and dissolved in it, came from the druggist. Onion syrup was for coughs: cut up the onion in small pan, fill with honey, add a lid, set on back of stove to steep overnight or place over top of steaming teakettle. And of course one must have lots of boiling water to get everything clean and sterile, and not just to have something to keep the husbands busy.

There is one home-remedy she gave my mother along with recipes for dumplings, red-mush, and sweet-soup for which I have never really forgiven her. Did you ever have to take a "rounded teaspoon of sugar dampened with coal-oil?" Well, I did, and I can still plainly see that coal-oil can with a raw potato for a cork, and fairly taste the fumes that remained for days whenever you allowed yourself a deep breath. It was pretty good for croup. We didn't dare get it, and if we were so unlucky, we didn't dare cough.

Grandma was always neat, and her house was so straight she almost seemed ready for flight. It was said at her funeral that she and Grandpa had prepared more people for burial and had delivered or helped to deliver more babies than all the others in Fairview.

I remember Grandma as a slight woman with grey hair that was neatly but severely combed straight back from her forehead into a bun. She had a goiter. She always wore high-necked dresses and on Sunday a string of pearls.

I was a child and found it strange that to my mom she was Mother, to me she was Grandma, but to everyone else in town she was "Aunt Zale."

Sources: Story of Peter Henry Hansen's life, Guardian of the Hearth-Claire Noall Marcella Poulsen, Carolyn Poulson, Ephraim, Utah; Rosalia Amie, Laura Brady, Fairview.

CARING AND CURING

Lois Sears Brown

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention #1 Historical Essay

1898. With my medical degree, a few clothes, some medical books and a half dozen other books, I left Chicago and headed west, where there was great need for doctors. I stopped at a small mining town in South Dakota, where there was a typhoid epidemic. I did my best. There I cured my first patients and lost some. I earned enough money to continue my journey. After a couple of similar stops I came to a little Mormon town in Central Utah. I decided to stay overnight, and there in the hotel that evening I talked to some young men who lived there, and I made the decision that led to my being a country doctor for the rest of my life.

Sanpete Valley had only two old doctors. The little towns were badly in need of medical assistance. I wanted to live in a small town, be a country doctor, and cure and comfort the sick.

A young lawyer felt sorry for me. Here I was, a young man far from home and family, so he took me home to share his room, his mother's cooking, and his family. Within a year I had married his sister and soon worked closely with his brother, who became a druggist. They were my family.

Manti welcomed me. I soon had all the work I could manage, and then some! People came from neighboring towns, and I went to them. It was so good after years of study in Chicago and internship in the big Cook County Hospital, to go into people's homes, to stay and help until a crisis had passed, a baby had been born, a child with whooping cough had settled down for the night, the pain in the broken leg had been lessened, or the dear old grandfather had died, with his family and his doctor doing all they could to alleviate the suffering and anxiety during those last hours.

This is the type of medicine I have practiced all my life. There has been a close bond between my patients and me. We were friends living near one another, helping one another, raising our children together, getting together to bring a theater, a library, a store, and small factories into Manti. I doctored not only the people, but their dogs and horses, and they helped me catch my horse and sometimes went along for the ride, as I went on my rounds. When I drove that little red car, the first one in Manti, they would prop it up while I changed a tire (no jacks then), or they brought out their team of horses to pull me out of ditches. Mud and snow were part of the roads of that time.

I often think of how I must have looked riding a horse, with my little black bag clenched in front of me on the saddle. The first winter, in an effort to keep warm on the long rides, I bought a bearskin coat. It

was big and clumsy and ugly, but it did keep me warm, and people recognized me from a distance by my bulky coat.

Manti was a typical, small agricultural town. No one was really rich, and many were very poor. I had come to take care of the sick, and they paid if they could—and would. A good part of my pay was the feeling that I was really helping these people, and that I was an important part of what was taking place in this tiny corner of America.

I never questioned a person's ability to pay when he needed help. I carried a flour sack with me, and when I left the little home in the back of the grocery store it was often with groceries in the bag. I collected wood, vegetables, fruit, eggs, chickens hay, cows, and handwork of all kinds. I carried home embroidered pillow cases, crocheting, handmade rugs, and quilt tops. I remember one little cotton quilt I gave my daughter for her trousseau. An old lady who owed me \$317 needed constant medical attention and had no money with which to pay. She just did not feel good about the situation, so she gave me a little quilt. Soon after, she died, but I told my daughter it was easily the most expensive quilt anywhere around. It did look pretty on a baby's bed.

I used the tools and potions available at the turn of the century, and I used the more sophisticated machines and medicines that developed by the middle of the century, but through all the years I found that caring, talking, and listening were probably my most powerful cures.

Source: Written as author's father reminisced.

SOUNDS OF THE FARM

Marjorie Madsen Riley

Salt Lake City, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention #2 Historical Essay

Listening to the sounds of the farm filtering through the still air of an autumn day was a never to be forgotten experience. Many sounds were to be heard before the sounds of the big threshing machine became audible at harvest time, muted sounds which came as heads of grain, ripened to a golden yellow, swayed with the breeze, and noisy sounds, which came from farm machinery in operation.

Getting the land in shape for planting was the initial step towards reaping an abundant harvest. Spreading barnyard manure on dormant fields with a pitchfork or with a spreader was a forerunner of spring or fall plowing. Fall plowing was preferable because the winter snows then had a chance of soaking deep into the soil. Whether it was accomplished depended on available time, on the weather and on the condition of the ground. It was a sight, more than a sound, as Papa turned the dark rich soil with a three-horse sulky plow. And it was a sight, watching Papa, with reins looped over the back of his shoulders, following in the furrows created by a one-horse plow at the corners and less accessible areas of the fields.

The sounds of harrowing and disking the grounds and of leveling it with a handmade log leveler were soon replaced by sounds of a drill, as it dropped grains of wheat, oats, or barley into the soil. Next came the 'go-devil' marker. Papa guided the horses and the marker along the contours of the land as he marked the irrigation furrows, aiming to keep the soil from 'washing'.

Irrigation perhaps was the most important element in producing a good crop, and Papa cultivated the ground regularly in order to get maximum benefit from the water. Water Masters from the Birch Creek

and the North Fork Irrigation Companies tried to rotate water turns, which were scheduled every ten days to two weeks, and we were glad when Papa's turns came in the daytime. But, the sounds of his getting up from his bed in the middle of the night to take a water turn are still unbelievably clear, his pulling on his knee-high rubber boots, lighting the kerosene lantern, and closing the gate as he left. Papa cleared the head ditch early in the spring, and as he marked the land he made gaps for every ten to twenty furrows to aid in the irrigation work. Irrigating the fields at night was tiring, especially after having worked hard on the farm all day. Papa tried grabbing a 'few winks' of sleep now and then by lying down near an average furrow twenty or thirty feet from where the water was progressing. He was awakened when the water reached his out-stretched hand, alerting him to the need for changing or watching the water.

And then came the sounds of Papa's returning from the night's irrigation job, the sounds of the horse's hoofs going clop, clop, on the hard road, if he had been to a distant field, sounds of his opening the gate, of hanging up the lantern and pulling off his boots, sounds of relief to those of us at home.

Mustard weeds and tall sunflowers were pulled from the beautiful fields before the grain grew too high. We hoped the high winds and the heavy rains wouldn't flatten the stalks before harvest time. Almost before we knew it, and about school-starting time, we heard the sound of Papa's tinkering with the grain binder, mending and replacing worn and broken parts. If I had a million dollars, I dreamed, the first thing I'd buy would be a brand new binder for Papa. His McCormick grain binder was so old! It was always breaking down, and he was unable to get parts for repairing it. He stayed up half the night filing and shaping parts, making good use of baling wire and a pair of pliers.

Then to the fields he went, there to make chipping sounds of the binder cutting the grain and leaving short stubble for cattle to feed on for a while. Mysteriously, a duckbill (a finger-type contraption) tied the grain stalks into bundles with binding twine, and a sharp knife cut the twine as each bundle was thrown out. Usually the grain was shocked in the fields. Wheat bundles were heavy to handle; bundles of oats were lighter. Barley was difficult to work with because of the itchy beards. The grain bundles from the ground or from the shocks were hauled to the barnyard or corral, where they were stacked, waiting threshing. There was a special way of stacking grain, making the stack pointed at the top and placing the tightest bundles around the outside.

Then came the great day when the sounds of the threshing machine's approach could be heard for miles around, the chucking and the clanking, the squeaking and the rattling. First came the engine pulling the long separator machine, which was usually painted red, with the water tank following closely behind. As the 'entourage' neared our farm, the fireman pulled a cord which sounded a loud, shrill whistle, alerting everyone that it would be entering the yard directly. Perhaps blowing the whistle was the fireman's way of emphasizing his importance. When the threshing crew stopped work for the day my brother invariably cornered the fireman and asked hopefully, "Can I pull the whistle now?" The sound was great, and so was the honor connected with blowing it.

Papa made arrangements with Gunner Gunderson, with Jim Thompson, or with Jim Monson to bring the big steam engine and thresher to our farm on a day when neighboring farmers could swap work. It took quite a lot of men to handle the big job, even though the threshing machine owners brought along their own fireman, separator boss, and water man. The separator boss was an important man, for he was the one who regulated the chute which poured grain into sacks and the chute which directed straw to the stacks. He also kept the machinery running smoothly and resolved problems which arose. Sometimes the grain was damp from rain or from dew, and as the bundles went through, the machine let out a loud, belching groan which sounded almost human. The fireman appeared on the scene early in the morning to

fire up, to get the steam going, and to check the screen funnel, which kept sparks from flying into the straw stacks.

Threshing day was a big day for Mamma, what with having to cook and set tables and do dishes for fifteen to twenty hungry men. She cooked for days, getting the dinner ready. One reason the men liked coming to our place during threshing season was because of abundant, good food which Mamma served. Papa always killed a nice, fat sheep for the occasion, for juicy, tender mutton chops were dinner favorites. In addition, Mamma fed the men fried ham, mashed potatoes and gravy, corn-on-the-cob and other home-grown vegetables, homemade bread, freshly churned butter, homemade pies and cakes, and gallons of hot coffee and cold milk. Mostly everyone came up for seconds. The kitchen smells temporarily gave precedence over the thresher sounds, come noontime. Neighbor ladies gave Mamma a hand, and all of we kids stayed home from school to help out wherever we were needed.

Before sitting down at the big kitchen table, however, the workers stopped to wash up in a tub of hot water placed on a wooden bench, along with bars of homemade soap and Fels Naptha soap and towels made from discarded seamless sacks. Noon-time was a relaxing time for the men. The sounds of water splashing over their faces, the sounds of their laughing and joking and talking in loud voices are memorable recollections.

The grain was disposed of in various ways, after being threshed, and the straw was blown into stacks to be drawn from later. Barley and oats were stored in granary bins and periodically taken to the mill to be ground for sheep and cattle feed. Most of the wheat went into Bemis seamless sacks bearing Papa's cattle brand, M, with a bar under. (M) As each sack was filled, it was overcast at the top with twine threaded through a big, long needle. Workers grabbed the heave sacks by 'dog-ear' tabs, formed with the sewing, and threw them over their shoulders and into wagons as if they were filled with feathers.

Some of the wheat was kept for seed, some was sold, some of it went to the Tithing Office, and a lot of it went to the Mount Pleasant Roller Mill, there to be ground or to be placed as credit reserve for drawing flour, meal or mush. In retrospect, there really were no sounds comparable to the ear-splitting sounds which came from a flour mill in operation.

Sounds of the farm? Poignant memories....

Sources: Personal recollections of the writer and experiences related by Evan A. Madsen.

THE HISTORY HOUSE

Bonny Neilson

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention #3 Historical Essay

A heavy door creaks open, an orange flicker of flame licks the marble fireplace, a pump organ wheezes from another room, a richly polished floor echoes hesitant footsteps on its random planks, and one becomes lost in a part of yesterday's glory—the History House.

A two-story, sun-baked yellow brick museum stands next to the Bank of Ephraim at 10 North Main, daring passers-by not to look at it. Although the outside catches your attention, it's the inside that holds the memories, the restored relics, and the character that allows one to call it a museum or Professor Richard Nibley's home, both being equally true.

The house was built in 1869 by donated Quorum labor of the L.D.S. Church and adjoined another older home in an “L” form. The proud owner was Stake President Canute Peterson, who is well remembered for his efforts to mediate the Blackhawk War. Chief Blackhawk himself was no stranger to the Peterson home, and he signed the Peace Treaty one day after eating Danish dumplings with the Petersons. (Coincidence—maybe, but I think not.)

One upstairs room was originally done in white and was a meeting room for the bishops of the L.D.S. Church. Written accounts and diaries tell much about the many visitors that passed through the doors of this house. One was President Wilford Woodruff, who spent some time in the ‘polygamy pit.’ This pit was discovered unexpectedly by Richard Nibley when he moved a rug in a bedroom. This pit was used as a hideaway for husbands of extra wives. Another mysterious trapdoor in the front room reveals what seems to be a decoy pit, used to perplex the officers of law when they never found anyone there and didn’t know about the real pit.

The house has 11 rooms, five upstairs, five down, and a summer kitchen at the back. The hall has a winding staircase that has fitted steps without the use of any nails to secure them in place. The rooms are done in either Victorian or Colonial style.

Richard Nibley has been a most gracious host during Mormon Miracle weeks. One year he allowed more than 400 people to tour the rooms. In 1969 he also sponsored an open house to celebrate the centennial birthday of the unique house. The house has received some publicity from the State when it was briefly featured in a Utah Heritage Foundation film, “Sticks and Stones”.

I have been interested in this house for many years. As a child I remember it being vacant much of the time. It lacked many windows and served as a boarding house for pigeons and bats. It still possessed character, a strong character that caused me to probe within its sturdy walls and recapture its “spirit” of an era now gone. I salute the Richard Nibley family for preserving this great house. It is indeed one of Sanpete’s most historical homes, a museum of yesterday, a comfortable home of today – the History House.

Source: Information was told to author by Richard Nibley (much of which he gathered from diaries and journals). Other material was found in [Ephraim’s First One Hundred Years](#).

MEMORY INVADES HER STEAMER TRUNK

Wilma Despain
Centerfield, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Poetry

Who held this fan, this brooch and painted cup?
Who sent this exquisite valentine,
Lace-edged, with lyric love-words-
And hearts and flowers in riotous design?
Who loved this doll’s cloth body, china head,
Her eyes still wide?
Her boots and clothing span centuries

Of fickle fashion's tide.
See this curly lock, so soft and warmly dark
In earlier years?
A sampler stitched, spanning 'bridge' to home,
Has been washed in scalding tears.
Dainty gloves had clung to someone's arm,
So strong to hold,
And someone's caring hand had put them here
To keep in precious, satin fold.
Faded letters spill within her steamer trunk,
And a key of once bright brass;
Had it unlocked cliffed canyon rim and furnace plain-
To somehow let them pass?
Yes, God did lay low the hills, the unmeasured
Miles of valleys wide;
No sigh marked or pointed stretching trail;
Surely God blessed them as guide.
I'm deeply grateful that she forgot self,
That she dared to pioneer and hope.
Truly glad she carried her gift to me in crucible
Of faith, up tortured slope!

I have her song, her each year's trek in history,
Her precious books.
I'm thankful she saw saved place in meadows of the moon,
And that she came to look.

Source: Memories from diaries, D.U.P. lesson books, biographies.

THE GIFT
A MOMENT IN REFLECTION, AUTUMN, 1920

David Rosier
Moroni, Utah
Non-Professional Division
First Place Short Story

It is evening. The light is climbing the mountain sides, leaving the valley in the soft haze of dusk. The day's activity is ending and the valley is slipping into the quiet solitude of night. In my town, lights are flickering in windows and children are being called inside. I am watching my part of Sanpete lie down to sleep.

Tomorrow I shall leave this place, and when the night falls again, Sanpete will be my remembered home. In a place yet strange to me I will become a teacher, recreating for some child the thrill of learning.

I do not remember when I knew I would become a teacher, but I must always have known that teaching is the gift God gave to me. And so I have come here again, to the place where I first knew of gifts, and of our return to God for giving them.

I was eight years old then. It was the third day of July, and the afternoon was hot. At the train station and at the Opera House there was a great commotion because players were coming in from out of town. It was to be quite historical; never before had players come for the Fourth of July.

Our house was on Main Street, as was the Opera house, and at the far end of town was the train station. I could see all without leaving home. When other children hurried by to watch the train come in, I stayed on the porch, holding my big gray striped cat.

I must have been lonely child. None of the children were my particular friends. But Tobit was. I sat on the porch stroking his warm coat and watching him blink in that wholehearted way cats do.

Some of the other children thought I was intolerable, and I knew it. That was partly because I had nearly everything they wanted. Mother ran a very successful furniture store next door to our house, and there were lonely three of us to support: my sister Elaine (who is much older than I am), me, and Mother, herself. My father died years earlier, and I do not remember him, but he left Mother with a business in which she could excel. Through credit, rent, and sales she made the store profitable, and the three of us lived very comfortably.

Mother's one great passion outside the store was theatre. She never crossed a stage herself, but she loved drama and supported the Opera House religiously. She and the manager, Mr. Olsen, had made an agreement between them: a traveling company of actors could come to the store to choose the furniture they needed as props, and the three of us could attend the show free. It was the sort of business deal Mother liked. She paid no money out, and she got a night of good advertisement. The furniture, everyone agree, looked smashing on stage, and, as Mother said, what is a house but a stage with a fourth wall?"

Soon, amid smoke and dust and screeching brakes, the train rattled in. Mr. Olsen had gone in his carriage to meet it and to meet the company of actors. Minutes after the train arrived, he drove up to the store. Tobit jumped out of my lap and raced through the back door and into the house. I stood behind the pillar on the porch until the people in the coach disappeared into the store.

Just two people were with the jolly round manager. A tall, rather portly bearded man got out first, and helped a statuesque lady down. She had a hauntingly eerie beauty. Her skin was pale, nearly white, and her hair was very dark. Arm in arm with the man, she walked majestically toward the store. Mr. Olsen bounced along behind them, then dashed in front to open the door.

I was shy so I stayed hidden until they were inside. Then I crossed the lawn to the store, pushed the heavy door open a crack and sneaked in. Elaine and Mother were there.

Mother had greeted the group and was being introduced. "Gertrude," Mr. Olsen was saying, "I'd like you to meet two real troupers. Edmund Caldwell-Browne, Judith Nilsson; this is our prop lady, Gertrude Lory."

"So pleased to meet you," Mother said. She escorted them around the store, pointing out good pieces. Mr. Olsen stayed close behind, mediating between Mother and the actor. The actress did not speak, but looked at everything closely. She had wide black eyes and black lashes. Her cheeks were hollow and heavily shadowed. She had a aura of great dignity and great weariness.

They didn't like anything in the store. Every piece Mother showed them was inadequate. "I am playing Lincoln," the man said, "and I need a chair that is stately, but not too new. Lincoln was a man of the people. I don't want my Lincoln to look above the people."

Mr. Olsen laughed uncomfortably. "If Gertrude doesn't have it, somebody in town must." He said. "Let's look around."

The three of them started toward the door. "Wait!" Mother cried. "I have a whole house full of good furniture, and it looks used. Wouldn't you like to see it? My house is next door." The actor nodded acknowledgement, and Mr. Olsen rubbed his hands in glee. "Mind the store, Elaine," Mother said.

I slipped out the back door, unseen, and ran to our house. It's a big house and has both front and back staircases. Near the back door were the back stairs. I ran in, past Tobit in his chair, and part way up the stairs.

The chair was huge, with a wing-back and strong arms. It was upholstered in red velvet, badly worn and faded. It was Tobit's chair, and no human ever sat in it, unless I was sitting there holding him. Once Mother had planned to have it recovered and sell it as an excellent used piece, but for Tobit's sake I begged her not to let it go. So the stately old chair sat in the back part of the house, bedding for my cat. I thought it was a great justice for Tobit to have it because Mother never let him in the backroom.

Almost immediately Mother and the others came in the front of the house. Mother began pointing out the good qualities of each piece of furniture in the parlor, none of which was suitable, then in the dining room, and the big chair in her bedroom. She even took them upstairs to my bedroom and Elaine's. Nothing was right. When the group was again at the door Mr. Olsen said, "Don't you have anything else, Gertrude?"

"I'm sorry...no, there is something else! I do have an old chair that looks worn! Follow me."

Then they were in the backroom. Tobit, who was never actually asleep, opened his eyes for Mother, jumped out of the chair for Mr. Olsen, spit at Mr. Caldwell-Browne, and flashed past Miss Nilsson toward the open door.

"This is the last chair I have," Mother said. "if this won't do, then..."

"It's perfect!" Mr. Caldwell-Browne exclaimed. "Let's take it over to the theatre. You can get that cat hair out of it, can't you?"

"Surely," Mother said, picking up hairs with her fingers.

"I'll do that, Gertrude," Mr. Olsen said, taking the chair. "We'll bring it back tomorrow night or the next day." He grunted under the weight of the chair.

"No!" I cried out, running to the chair. "You can't take Tobit's chair!" They were startled because they hadn't seen me there. Mr. Olsen dropped the chair.

"Nigel!" Mother exclaimed. "Of course he can. It will only be..."

"No. It's Tobit's. He needs his chair. You gave it to him."

"It will only be overnight," Mr. Olsen said. "Your cat can sleep somewhere else that long."

"No, no! It's Tobit's." Now I was crying.

"Nigel, stop that," Mother said. "They need to use the chair."

"No. No."

I felt a cold hand on my shoulder. I looked up into kind black eyes. "May we use it just tomorrow, long enough for the play, and no longer?" the actress said. She knelt down beside me. "You see, we need a chair for Mr. Lincoln," she went on quietly, "but he only needs it once. And if someone strong will bring it back for you, Tobit may not miss it! Who goes to sleep early on the Fourth of July?"

She put one cold hand on my cheek. "Yes," I said, haltingly. "You may use it."

"Marvelous! We will come for it tomorrow." She stood up, seemed nearly to collapse, but steadied herself. "Shall we go, Edmund?" she asked, and swept out the door. On the porch she said to Mother, "Please thank him for us, Mrs. Lory."

Mother was very angry and sent me to bed early. In the long hours of the summer dusk I dreamed about the slender and beautiful actress with the icy hands. At first I dreamed she was an ice queen who lived in the north, and then she was a mermaid who ruled the coldest part of the sea, and finally she was an angel who shivered because she gave her coat away.

If I had known life as well then as I do now, I'd have known the actress was dying, and knew she was dying. I may have guessed that she had found peace, and lived her last in tranquility. Or if I had known circumstances then as I do now, I might have known she was finished in good theatres, something of a relic of bygone days. As for the man, I might have known he was a fraud, an also-ran, pompous because he could be nothing else. But this I know only now, after years of learning and hours of reflection.

It was already light when the cannon blasted the town awake at six o'clock. Soon there was a bustle in the yards and the streets as the townsfolk hurried to finish their chores before the parade began at ten. In the festivities, Mother's anger had subsided, and she was looking forward to the day with great anticipation. Elaine had been chosen "Goddess of Liberty" and would ride in the parade.

Mother helped her dress in a flowing white gown and put the red and blue banner on her. She helped me dress in crisp white shirt and new trousers, shorts, actually. We all wore them then. I had new shoes, too. That was the sign of wealth that the other children envied most.

Before ten o'clock we were at the edge of town where the parade was to begin. Elaine, loving the attention and confusion, climbed upon her Liberty float, and blushed when the boys in the brass band whistled at her.

Mother took me to the children's float. If I hadn't been small for my age I'd have looked strange, because the other children ranged in age from two to six or seven. When I protested riding it again, Mother refused to listen. "This will be the last time," she promised. She had said that the previous year, too.

Then Mother weaved her way through the crowd and went toward town. I settled in a rear corner of the wagon, paying no attention to the other children. I knew I was too old to ride that float. I could read the banner and no one else could. So I alone knew we were "Utah's Best Crop."

The flag carriers started down the dusty main street, and the other entries fell in behind them. The hay wagon load of children creaked in line and down the street.

We were in front of Mother's store when Swen Yorganson saw me on the float. He and his black dog were standing on the edge of the crowd. Swen was one of those tormenting children who hated a variation. "Hey, look who's on the babies' float," he called to some other boys. "Little baby Nigel! Oh, look at him! Isn't he sweet? Little baby Nigel!: he chanted. Soon the others joined him.

My eyes were burning and my throat ached. I tried not to look at them, but I couldn't help it. I glanced up in time to see Tobit on our porch, rubbing against the pillars, wanting to be petted. And I saw Swen point and yell at his dog, "Get 'im!"

The ugly black dog bounded across our lawn to the porch. Tobit hissed and ran toward the street, his back arched. The dog was nearly upon him. "No, Tobit," I screamed. Swen and the others were laughing. Tobit ran under the wheel of the wagon, the wheel directly beneath me. I heard a horrendous scream. Thmbling, falling, screaming, I fell of the wagon and dropped to Tobit. The ugly dog was sniffing at

him, nosing him. "Tobit, Tobit!" I cries. I laid over him. "NO, Tobit, No." I was sobbing. Tobit, lying there squished in the middle, his eyes dead, his mouth open, terrorized me. The entire universe for that moment was a horrifying flash of black with an insane agony of helplessness.

Then Mother was lifting me up, holding me as I shook, bracing me in my blind grasping. Gently she began to walk. "Bring him," she said quietly to Mr. Olsen, who had come through the gathered crowd to Mother and me.

Mother bathed my face in cold water and took off my shiny new shoes. She talked softly, but I do not know what she said. She gave me something warm to drink.

I must have fallen into a half-sleep, but I knew Mother stayed by me. This was the only time she had missed the Fourth of July town meeting. Mother was a pianist, and was to perform that day and I was to wear a costume and be part of a singing flag, but no one came for us. Elaine, of course, was at the meeting for no meeting is complete without a Goddess of Liberty.

When I regained my senses, Mother carried a box into my room. "Nigel," she said, "it is good to say a last goodbye." She put the box on my bed. I looked in, but I did not touch the dead cat. His eyes and mouth were closed now, and a wide white bandage was wrapped around his middle. There was no blood. "He has always been a good cat. He will be happy in Heaven" Mother comforted. And then I stroked him and cried again.

In mid-afternoon Mother and I took the box to the far end of our lot. In the distance we could hear the games going on at the park. Children were squealing, and parents were urging them on. Sometimes the sound of men contesting the strength of their arms and their horses burst louder than the children's noise. All around our dirge the lively celebration continued.

My eyes were swollen, and my lips quivered, but I didn't cry. Silently, Mother and I dug a shallow grave and put the box in it. And I pushed the first dirt in. Even now, after years, sometimes I think I can still hear the dreadful thud of clods hitting that box.

We had no more than walked into the house than there came a knocking at the door. It was the actor and actress.

I had forgotten. "NO! NO!" I screamed. "Not Tobit's chair!" I ran to the back room and latched onto the faded chair. "you can't take it. You can't take it now."

I heard Mother explaining quickly, and I heard the heavy footsteps of the man. "Now listen, son. I'm sorry about your cat, but we've got to have that chair for the show. We can't go on with any other chair. Your cat's not going to use it now anyway."

He looked like a black ogre, hovering ominously over me. I felt like a mouse beneath a hawk, but I was a fighting mouse. "No. Not Tobit's chair."

Then there was white instead of black. The alabaster actress touched my cheek with her icy hand. "My poor, poor little darling," she said in a lulling rhythm. She repeated it over and over and rocked me in her arms. Then she was silent for a long while. The silence in the room was sweet and heavy. The man's loud breathing was all I heard. At last, she spoke:

"Nigel, he had a gift, you know. He had the gift of making you happy. We all have gifts, but some of us hardly use them. Can you think how sad God is when He gives us gifts, and we don't use them? How sad would you be if you brought your Mother a present and she didn't open it, ever? Now Tobit has a gift for everyone. His chair can make them happy. It can help your whole town be happy they are Americans." She paused and stroked my hair. "Do you want Tobit's gift to be opened?"

I nodded solemnly, and the man carried the red chair out the back door.

I went with Mother that night to watch the actor be Lincoln and rise out of a comfortably worn chair, and to watch the actress portray the Four Liberties. I do not remember what either of them said, but I will remember always the sincerity and the over whelming reality of the actress in her role. She embodied the characters she played completely, giving her every strength to the performance and to the audience. It was as if she had to expel herself of all good gifts and return them in full blossom. Her audience was spellbound and rested only when she had filled it full.

It must have been a week or ten days before we heard that she had died quietly in another little town between rehearsal and performance. I know now that she was a great lady, sadly trapped into playing sentiment. I know, too, that she believed her gift was to uplift and that gift she took to God in full measure. It was, I am sure, the most certain way she knew to praise Him.

And so tomorrow I am going from Sanpete because I, too, have a gift that must take root and blossom. I know I can teach. I know I can touch a vulnerable spirit. So I shall go where I am hired. I will take with me the memory of Tobit's gift to me, my gift to the actress, and her ultimate gift to God. Because I must find food for my gift to grow in, I take also Gods' great gift of hope. And now it is night.

Sources: Mr. LaVar Jenson, personal knowledge; Mrs. Deneice Guyman Blackham, family stories.

SO BE IT

Norma S. Wanlass

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Second Place Short Story

I, Fred W. Cox, Jr. was sixteen, going on thirty, when the Cox family arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley on September 18, 1852. We departed Kanessville, Iowa, on June 20th of that year, with two heavily loaded wagons pulled by three yoke of oxen each which Father and I drove to Utah, and a light wagon that Will Arthur, my eleven year old brother, drove.

Upon arrival we were assigned to a company that was forming to go south to Manti, in the Sanpete Valley, on October 4th. This was where we wanted to go; we had family there that came with Brigham Young in 1847, but we thought we might be allowed to rest first. But it was not to be.

In Manti we were welcomed by Grandpa Morley, Uncle Edwin Whiting, Uncle Joseph Allen and Aunt Lucy, Uncle Orville Cox, and Sylvester Hewlett, in whose house we lived for the rest of the winter. We were so grateful to have a roof above us once more, and to feel the warmth of a fire encircling us. In the Spring we moved into the Stone Fort. We all worked hard, for through the years Father had six wives and thirty-six children that must be provided for.

I courted several young ladies before I chose the one I would ask to be my wife. I tried to impress al of them; I guess you would call it "showing off," when I drove my oxen down the street popping my ox whip over them. This was my signal to the girls that I was coming. Dave was white with an occasional roan hair, and Ben was white with liver-colored spots. They were the leaders. The wheelers were big heavy fellers called Rock and Darb. I could hit a spot tow inches in diameter anywhere and I always demonstrated for my willing audience.

After I had selected Mary Ellen, my problem was to inform the other girls of my decision.

There was to be a dance on April 20, 1857. How, you ask, do I remember that particular dance on that particular date? I purposely did not ask anyone to attend it with me, hoping that I could break my news quietly as I danced with each girl. Lucy Allen would be the most difficult. She had thrown herself at me, on occasion, and had caused me some embarrassment. For that reason I invited her to walk outside when it was time for intermission.

As we walked West on Union Street, Lucy said, "Fred, I've decided to go up North this summer to work." She held her breath, glanced briefly out of the corner of her eye to see what effect her statement made, then went on, "unless something happens to keep me here."

As we came to the creek bridge, I picked up a stone and threw it into the water below. Lucy talked on. "Aunt Mary says there are a few housekeeping positions available. Brother Tanner's wife died of child bed fever, and he needs someone to care for the three older children." Her voice trailed off...As I was looking down into the creek, I felt her weight shift away from the bridge railing and wondered at her silence. Then I saw Bishop Snow approaching.

Warren S. Snow presided over all the settlements in Sanpete Valley as Bishop from 1853 to 1859. In 1857 he was promoted to Major in the Utah Militia, so to me he was a man who wore several hats.

As he came toward us, he said, "Well, well, young lovers taking advantage of this moon huh? Can't say I blame you. If I wasn't already attached I'd be doing it myself." He chuckled and then asked, "When are you two getting married?" Suddenly I became interested in the blisters on my left hand, and disgustingly tongue-tied.

Lucy, sensing my frustration, needled me. "He hasn't asked me yet, but if he doesn't soon make his mind up, I'm going to think he doesn't want me."

"How about it Fred, shall I perform the ceremony right now?" Bishop Snow asked.

Lucy grabbed her breath and exhaled slowly, "Oh, I'd like that", and she hugged my arm to her.

"I guess I should be a good sport and go along with the joke. It won't mean anything," I thought to myself. Flippantly I said, "Sure, why not."

To the tune of the water rolling below us, Bishop Snow said, "Do you Lucy Allen, take this man, Fred W. Cox, Jr., to be your husband till death do you part, to love, honor, and obey?"

"I do."

"Do you Fred W. Cox, Jr. take this woman, Lucy Allen to be your wife and helpmate till death do you part, to love and cherish her?"

There was silence.

"Well, do you?" he prompted.

"Sure," I answered quickly.

"You may kiss your bride," Bishop Snow answered.

I hastily brushed her cheek and said, "Well, I've got guard duty at midnight, so I'd better be on my way."

I shook Bishop Snow's hand and walked Lucy home to her parents. My mother was still awake when I stopped for my rifle, but I didn't think it important, so didn't mention the meeting on the bridge.

Lucy went to Provo to work, believing that she had a strong hold on my heart strings.

I was relieved! Now I could pursue Mary Ellen without interference.

In the Fall after all the foodstuff had been gathered and preserved for winter use, Mary Ellen and I went to Bishop Snow for permission to travel to Great Salt Lake to be married in the Endowment House.

He seemed perplexed as he studied our faces. I didn't know it at the time, but Mary Ellen's father had thwarted his own proposal of marriage because he didn't want his daughter to be a plural wife.

Bishop Snow turned to her, "Mary Ellen, have you weighted everything carefully," he asked. "Are you sure you want to enter into polygamy with Fred?"

We gaped at each other stupidly.

"Are you financially able to take another wife so soon, Fred?"

Confused, Mary Ellen blurted out, "Why do you ask, Bishop Snow? Those questions don't concern Fred and me."

Bishop Snow hurriedly turned back to the book spread before him. "My dear young woman, you are wrong. Fred W. Cox, Jr. married Lucy Allen on April 20, 1857."

Mary Ellen looked at Fred in disbelief.

"That was done in jest," I pleaded. "It wasn't legal or binding."

Mary Ellen burst into tears and ran from the room.

I went for help – my father and mother. They in turn went for reinforcements – Mary Ellen's parents, John and Sabra Ann Tuttle, and Lucy's parents, Joseph and Lucy Allen. They agreed that they must go to Warren S. Snow as a group.

Angry words were spoken and threats made, but he would not reverse his decision. Then they began to rationalize, and finally to coax, but to no avail. As they left, F. W. Cox, Sr. said, "Curse you for the authority you have assumed. You may be sure that we will be back, because we are going over your head, straight to President Brigham Young."

L.D.S. Church members would be convening in Great Salt Lake City within a few days to attend October Conference. It was decided that we, Joseph Allen, Fred W. Cox, Sr. and Jr. would journey there to present our problem to President Young, and to avail ourselves of the Conference sessions.

President Young listened attentively while we explained the situation. If there was anything that needed clarification as the story unfolded, he asked questions. When he had heard all the facts he faced the big grandfather clock in his office with his hands cupped behind his back. In preoccupation he stared at the clock, and then he paced the full length of the room, back and forth, seemingly oblivious to our presence.

Suddenly he turned, pointed his finger at me and said "Brother Cox, you are a married man. I would advise you to go home and make the best of it."

On our return trip we stopped at Provo to get Lucy Allen Cox to take her to Manti to assume her role as Mrs. Fred W. Cox, Jr. We had been married since April 20th without realizing it. I took her to live in my parent's home. We lived there until 1868, when money became so scarce that I had to go to White Pine, Nevada for work. When I returned I built a home of oolite stone, at First West on Union Street for my growing family. I cannot say that life was one of complete matrimonial bliss, but we did make the best of it. To Lucy and I were born twelve children, six boys and six girls. On March 3, 1873, I took a plural wife, Alvira Coolidge, and two sons and three daughters were born to us.

Mary Ellen Tuttle married Walter Stringham on June 19, 1859. She was the mother of fifteen children. I am sure she lived a life of toil and strife as everyone else did, but one of happiness and fulfillment.

It has been said that "It is a good horse that never stumbles."

Yes, it is true that there is no one without his weak side, and my errors have certainly been of both the head and the heart.

GRAPES ARE FOR SHARING

Nora R. Mickelson

Manti, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention #1 Short Story

Eight year old Clara Munk rubbed the steam off the kitchen window the better to scrutinize the occupants of the covered wagon, which had stopped on the creek bank about half a block south of the Munk home.

"The lady must be sick," she announced to her two sisters, May and Minerva.

"What makes you think she is sick?" Minerva questioned, as she meticulously measured the ingredients for the biscuits.

"Well," Clara observed, "the man was helping her out of the wagon, so she must be sick."

"Maybe they're in love," May suggested, busily adding more wood to the old Charter Oak range. It took a good hot fire to bake biscuits.

"They're too old to be lovers." Clara retorted. They have two boys who are a big as Minerva. Isn't it pretty cold for a sick lady to be sleeping in a wagon?"

"Yes," agreed May. "It froze ice on the chicken pan last night. That is quite cold for March."

"Are you about finished with the biscuits?" queried Mrs. Munk from the next room, where she had been confined to her bed for some time.

"They'll be done before father comes," answered Minerva, and added under her breath, "especially if he sees the travelers on the creek bank. He will go and visit with them a while and probably invite them in for supper."

Sometimes the twelve year old Minerva resented her father's hospitality, like tonight when the meal would consist mainly of milk and biscuits. March was a bad time for company, she reflected. The garden had just been planted, the hens weren't laying many eggs and the apples and carrots in the pit were about gone. There were a few small potatoes left, but they must be kept for seed. She secretly hoped her father wouldn't see the campers. She would warn Clara not to mention the, but not while her mother was listening, for her mother was like her father—generous.

When Peter Munk arrived, true to form he ushered in the strangers from the north and introduced them as though they were old friends.

"Girls, these are the Joneses from Salt Lake City. They are on their way to St. George and are spending the night here in Manti. I'm sure Mrs. Jones would rather sleep on your straw tick, Clara, than in the wagon. She isn't feeling too well.

After the introductions May began setting extra places on the table, while Mrs. Munk quietly summoned Clara to her beside. "Clara, isn't there one more jar of ground cherry preserve in the cellar?" Clara nodded slowly. She was remembering the long hot hours spent in the fields west of town picking the small yellow berries. "Yes Mama," she whimpered, "there is one small one left, but couldn't we just have sorghum for supper?"

Mrs. Munk was adamant, so the hot biscuits were eaten with ground cherry preserves and cool Jersey milk. Little Clara wistfully noted the second and third helpings enjoyed by the visitors, and she knew that by the time the meal was finished the little jar would be empty.

Perhaps it was the sadness in the child's eyes as much as the gratitude for the food and lodging which prompted Mr. Jones to leave with the family five dry sticks or roots, with instructions to "bury them deep and keep them damp."

Clara carried water from the creek to water the little plot and was rewarded one May morning by seeing some little green shoots appear. These, her father informed her, were grape vines.

As time passed the vines climbed the apple tree under which they were planted and produced large dark clusters of concord grapes. One autumn afternoon, as Mrs. Munk was filling glass after glass with grape jelly, Clara said solemnly, "It's just like Brother Christoffersen said in meeting, isn't it? If you put your biscuits in the ditch you'll...." May began to laugh.

"Brother Christoffersen said, "If you cast your bread upon the water, after many days it will return!"

"Don't laugh, May, it means the same thing," contended Minerva, "But what Clara is really saying is—if you share your ground cherry jam with the Joneses, in a couple of years you'll get some grape jelly."

"Minerva!" chided Mrs. Munk. She always tried to discourage flippancy in her children, but right now she had a hard time hiding her amusement at Minerva's blunt statement. "What it means, girls, is that we should always be grateful for an opportunity to share whatever we have with others. Now Clara, tidy your hair a bit and slip on a clean apron, then you may take a jar of jelly and a loaf of salt-rising bread to Sister Hansen. She doesn't have a grape vine."

"Of course she doesn't Mother. Nobody in Manti has a grapevine except us. Aren't we so plain lucky?"

"Blessed is the word, Clara, plain blessed, corrected Minerva, glancing sideways to see if her mother had noted her sudden contrition. Mrs. Munk had noticed and nodded her approval. "Girls," she said softly, "it says in the Bible it is more blessed to give than to receive." "But it's more fun to receive, isn't it?" said Clara mischievously, as she slowly licked the last bit of jelly from the big wooden spoon.

Source: This story is an adaptation of a true happening in the lives of the Peter Munk family.

THE MILLS OF JUSTICE

Donna G. Brunger

Fairview, Utah

Non-Professional Division

Honorable Mention #2 Short Story

"Look! There's something black up in that tree. I saw it move! It's a witch!"

"Oh shut up, George! It is not. If you're going to be a scarey-cat all night you better go home right now. We don't need any little kids along, anyway."

It was Halloween night, 1905, in Milburn. Several of the young boys had managed to sneak out of their houses to have a little fun on October 31st. They planned to do a few tricks on the people and blame the witches and ghosts, who were supposed to be around having a big party. The boys thought Halloween

superstitions were phony, but nevertheless they didn't like George suggesting he saw something unusual. They stayed close together as they made their way along the dirt road.

"Look! There comes a ghost!" screamed George.

"That's the last time! You get home, George."

"Wait, Willy. I see something with too. It goes up, then down. It's on the right hand side of the road, then it moves to the left hand side. It's coming straight towards us. Run for your lives!"

"No!" shouted Frank, "Stay together. There's more protection. Get flat on the ground, over there behind that tall sagebrush. Hurry!"

They probably set a new record for a twenty-five yard dash. The white figure was almost by them. Little George was so frightened he could hardly breathe. He wished he had stayed home. He listened. The crisp night air was suddenly filled with a sound. It sounded like running hoofs on the dusty road. The next instant the object was right beside them. Suddenly, a terrible roar rocketed through the stillness.

"It's a bull," yelled Willy.

"Yes, it's Uncle John's mean bull. HE has been in Aunt Mary's washing she left on the line, and he has a sheet caught on his horns."

"See, George, there is always a logical explanation for everything." Well, maybe, thought George, as he tried to get up.

As their heartbeats slowed down, the boys regained their confidence and continued on their way.

"As soon as we get to old man Ralph's place, does everyone know what to do?"

"Yes."

"Pete, have you got the meat for the dog?"

"Yes, it's in my back pocket."

"We can't have the dog barking now, so we'll have to be very quiet."

"He knows me, and when I give him something to eat he won't make a sound."

"All right; everyone knows what to do. As soon as you are finished, meet back here and watch the fun."

Willy took one end of a long rope and tied it to the doorknob of the kitchen door, then he and Richard pulled the rope around the house very taut and tied the other end of the rope to the door knob of the front door. Quickly and quietly, they made their way back to the meeting place. Several of the other boys went to the stable, where they wacked boards against the side of the barn which frightened the horses, and they began to jump around and whinny. Two of the boys awoke the chickens from their sleep, and the remaining boys started running the cows around in the corral. Pete could not control the dog any longer, and it ran to the barnyard barking as loudly as it could. It was time for the boys to retreat.

A light came on in the bedroom. Pete started to giggle, just anticipating what was going to happen.

"Light the lantern, get my gun," shouted Ralph, as he pulled on his trousers. He grabbed the gun from Becky with his left hand as he tried to pull the door open with the right hand. It would not move; he jerked up and down, then he banged it with his hand. In desperation he gave it a kick. Outside, the boys were really enjoying the noise.

"Bring the lantern," shouted Ralph, as he headed for the front door. He couldn't believe it! The front door was stuck too.

"Oh, Ralph, it's ghosts. I know it is," whimpered Becky.

"Don't be foolish, woman, hold this!"

He handed her the gun as he moved the geranium pots out of the window sill. He pushed on the window frame, but nothing happened. Recent storms had made the wood swell.

The quiet giggles of the boys outside had now increased to laughter. Although very frustrated, Ralph was trying to control his anger. He grabbed hold of the top of the window frame and pushed with all his strength. The window frame finally moved and he got it open far enough for him to climb through.

“Ralph, be careful! You can’t shoot ghosts.”

“You and your ghost stories! Stay in the house!”

Quickly and carefully, Ralph made his way to the barnyard. The fun was over, and this was a good time to “scram”, so the boys continued on their way. They did not want to be around when Ralph came back and found the rope on the door knobs.

“John, your place is next. Do you still want to do what we planned?”

“Sure, Dad will never know I was in on it. He believes in ghosts anyway.”

John’s father had a beautiful team of gray horses, which he kept well fed and groomed. Next to his family the horses were his most prized possessions. Hyrum, who resided at the other end of the valley, had a team of very lean, old, gray horses. The boys spent the rest of the night exchanging the lean horses for the fat horses.

Although John was very tired and sleepy the next morning, he was up very early because he didn’t want to miss the fun when his father went to the stable. At six o’clock father started out the door and looked in the stable. He couldn’t believe his eyes. He dropped his bucket and ran to touch the horses.

“My beautiful horses! My beautiful horses! What has happened to your?”

He rubbed their legs, he looked at their teeth, and he pulled burrs from their manes. Still unable to comprehend what had happened, he ran towards the house shouting, “Sarah, come here! They hate me! Come see what the spirits did to my horses last night.”

Willy laughed so hard he could hardly stand up. He wished the rest of the boys could be here to watch. But later that day, as Willy rode a lean gray horse home, he wished there was such a thing as a ghost who could bring him a pillow to sit on.

Source: Information obtained from my father, Loyal Graham and a friend, Mrs. Miranda Brady.

RIO GRANDE WESTERN FRISBY

Dorothy J. Buchanan

Richfield, Utah

Professional Division

First Place Anecdote

Mrs. Kate Syndergaard Frisby boarded the D & RG train at Mt. Pleasant to go to her sister’s funeral in Salt Lake City. The time was April, 1905. Though she was in a “delicate condition”, with little time before her “due date”, she figured she could make the trip without incident.

After a few revolutions of the train wheels toward Fairview, Mrs. Frisby realized to her consternation, that the baby was no respecter of circumstance, and its arrival was imminent. Providentially, a doctor was one of the passengers. He and the conductor got on the job and managed to

deliver a fine baby boy with no cinders in his eyes at Hilltop. His mother named him Rio Grande Western Frisby, and he is residing in Salt Lake City at the present time, where he leads an active life.

The anti-climax to this incident is the many years later, Mr. Frisby needed a birth certificate. Surprisingly, he learned that the doctor who delivered him was still living in Salt Lake, so he called on him and related the circumstances of his birth, which the doctor clearly remembered. Then he requested a birth certificate, to which the doctor replied: "I have never been paid for delivering you. If you want to give me \$25, I'll sign the certificate." This, Mr. Frisby was glad to do, paying for his own birth certificate, a believe-it-or-not achievement.

Source: I first talked with Mr. Frisby's cousin, Mrs. Lane Bertelson of Marysville. She told me that Mr. Frisby is living in Salt Lake and suggested that I call him for the information, which I did. His wife gave me the story.

THE GENERATION GAP: 1873 STYLE

Jennie Lind M. Brown
Salt Lake City, Utah
Professional Division
Second Place Anecdote

My grandmother, Frederikke, liked to tell about the time she opposed her stern Danish father. Her family came to Utah in 1861 and settled in Gunnison Valley, where she lived until she moved to Salt Lake City to work in the home of Bishop Jacob Weiler. The summer she turned sixteen he sent her to American Fork to assist a member of his family who was ill. Rikky made friends there and was asked to be the Goddess of Liberty in the 4th of July parade. On that special day, in her white, homemade robe, she felt and looked as pretty as any Danish princess.

A leader in the community of Gunnison saw the parade and took a fancy to the young goddess. A few days later she received a letter from her father asking her to come home. When she was told a stuffy, middle-aged bachelor wanted to court her, she was horrified. Rikky had always obeyed her father, but this time she looked at him and shook her head. Nevertheless, she knew he would expect her to be prepared for a visitor. Early the next evening the prospective suitor arrived ready to take her riding in his new buggy, but there was no sign of Rikky. No one had seen her leave, yet she definitely wasn't at home. After a fruitless wait the man drove away, not bothering to hide his displeasure. Later, the children discovered their sister safely hidden in an empty rain barrel. Rikky's father looked at her with exasperation, but said no more about the courtship.

Source: The above anecdote was often told to me by my grandmother Frederikke Tollestrup Fjelsted, of Gunnison, Utah.

STORIES OUR FAMILY GREW UP WITH

Mabel L. Anderson

Manti, Utah

Professional Division

Honorable Mention #1 Anecdote

My mother, Margaret Luke Poulsen was born and raised in Manti, the daughter of Charles and Ann Beaver Luke who came to Manti in the early spring of 1853. When we were children we enjoyed hearing stories of her childhood, how she would carry her father's lunch to him when he was on guard duty at the "South Hill" at Manti during Indian wars and depredations, or how she and her friends would glean wool, plucking little tufts of wool caught on fences or weeds, take it to Warm Spring to wash it, and then it was prepared to be carded into yarn. But our favorite story was . . .

UNCLE BEN AND THE FLOUR BIN

Mother, only a little girl, was left in the "big house" to care for the baby "Benny", while grandmother was out in the back in the little log house baking bread. They were now living in the nice, larger adobe home, but were still baking in the log cabin. The Indians were always coming to town, begging for food, such as sugar and flour... Manti in those early days was really in the midst of Indian settlements. Mother looked out the window and saw two big burly bucks coming toward their home. She became frightened, not so much for herself, but that they might take her baby brother. (And surely they had reason to be afraid of the Indians at Uinta Springs.) Maggie (Margaret) looked around, saw the big, old flour bin, opened the lid and slid Uncle Ben in, closed the lid just as the Indians opened the door and demanded flour, sugar and pointed to the flour bin, nodding and saying "Ugh, some". Some instinct prompted Grandmother Luke to enter the house holding a loaf of fresh, warm bread. The Indians seeing this grabbed it, turned and left. Uncle Ben was white from fear. My children . . . another generation . . . and their children love to hear this experience over and over.

Source: Family story, Cristy Poulson Humphrey, Orangeville, Utah.

A SATURDAY REMEMBERED

Eleanor P. Madsen

Sacramento, California

Professional Division

First Place Historical Essay

Towels, diapers, sheets, blowing gently in spring-soft air. For a moment I captured from out of the past that fresh, sweet smell of cleanness. So seldom are such memories lived again in our world of '76. As a liberated woman of today I feel only the warmth of clothes taken from a dryer smelling of "Tide", "Downy", "Cling Free" or other commercial products to remind me of "Wash Day". . . a day which is no more, a day which may be any day, any hour, hurried minutes while breakfast is cooking or a more leisurely time while watching a television program.

The Saturday wash days of my childhood hold special memories and though the return to the menial drudgery of those days is not to be desired, there were lessons learned and pleasant relationships discovered that cannot be forgotten.

It has been said that “Cleanliness is next to Godliness,” a principle in which our pioneer ancestors firmly believed. Every pioneer home had a wash tub and a scrubbing board as evidence of this fact, and they were used frequently along with the home-made soap.

Eventually, the scrubbing board gave way to the hand-powered washer. A typical wash day in the early 1900’s began with gathering the clothes. Each child was instructed to “be sure and get all your dirty clothes,” since it was wash day and there wouldn’t be another wash day for two or three weeks.

Wash day was a family affair. The older boys’ chopped wood, and the younger boys filled the wood box and the chip pan in the house and also brought tree limbs and other larger pieces of wood for the outdoor fire. In the morning, the father arose early and started the fire in the large, black kitchen stove. After it was burning brightly, he removed the two front stove plates and set a huge boiler on this space, filling it with water to heat.

Outside, the fire in a small pit between four stones was then lighted and a large #3 tub, black on the outside from usage, was placed over the fire and filled with water. While this was being done, the mother was cutting up the home-made soap into fine pieces which was then dissolved in hot water in a pan on the back of the stove.

Soon the washing could begin. The washer was filled with hot water from the stove, the boiler being refilled and heated again as needed. The soap was added and the first pile of white clothes began its route to cleanliness.

Now the younger children began their task of push, pull, push, pull on the washer handle, making up songs and counting the push pulls as they worked, each one taking a turn. After this process, the clothes were then put into the outside tub, which was full of hot, soapy water, each batch being boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes. An old broom handle was used to lift the clothes out of the boiling water and transfer them into a tub of cool water for rinsing. From the rinsing tub the clothes were rung through a wringer, turned by hand into a tub of water to which bluing had been added.

Bluing came in little balls and five or six balls were tied in a white piece of cloth and swished back and forth in the tub of water until the desired color was reached. This helped keep the clothes white if too much bluing weren’t used.

After the bluing stage, the clothes were again rung back through the wringer and then hung on the long clothes lines to dry.

There were many piles of clothes for the family of nine. The colored clothes weren’t boiled. The stockings, overalls and heavy men’s shirts were hung on the garden fence and every towel, piece of underwear and stocking was counted after being hung. Each was counted again after they were dry and gathered into the house.

Winter presented problems for the wash day as all the washing and rinsing tubs had to be set up in the kitchen and clothes brought back and forth from the boiling tub to the house. It was difficult to dry the clothes also. Clothes horses, towel racks, chair backs were all brought into use. The little girls thought it was great fun to have a “house under the clothes horses.”

The day was rightly titled, “Wash day,” since it required early morning until sometimes after dark before it was finished. It was a united effort and each member of the family sensed the need of being useful and doing his task well that day. Each one was tired but had a satisfied feeling of accomplishment when the day was over.

The smell of those clean, much washed clothes blowing gently in the breeze or standing like stiff sentinels on a wintry night is a part of my heritage that brings memories of a generation that learned a way to work together and to find happiness and satisfaction in a job well done.

Source: Childhood recollections of the author.

COMMENDABLY-MERITORIOUS

Remelda Gibson

Tooele, Utah

Professional Division

Second Place Historical Essay

As an organization of Volunteers, the Minutemen of Sanpete County were armed and ready for military duty upon immediate summons.

There were no prolonged parting moments with exemplary wives and tearful children. RIGHT NOW was an honored element of time.

Serving with courage and fidelity, the Minutemen were not outfitted in uniforms. They were distinguished by durable character instead of by apparel. These men of high caliber donned any kind of headgear in close reach, from broad-brimmed to high-crowned hats or close-fitting peaked caps. They wore any type of clothing available.

Their firearms included shotguns, muskets, Yougers, and old time flintlock guns. Ammunition was difficult to acquire. It had to be carried across the plains by covered wagons and ox teams.

Becoming a Minuteman in the dramatic early days of Sanpete County involved serious decisions, rigorous response and perilous conflict. Some of the men gave their lives for common defense.

A wife of a Minuteman could not have been classed as querulous. She braved the fatiguing journey from Salt Lake City to Sanpete County in a covered wagon, over harrowing sagebrush-rutted roads and settled in a crude cabin, to cook inadequate food, make clothes for the family, for which she even carded the wool and spun yarn for the material used. A spinning wheel was almost in constant use. Knitting stockings for winter-warmth was accomplished in spare-time.

Interruptions of chores were expected in a family of the Minuteman. It was not uncommon for an unwincing wife to perform uncompleted wearisome tasks, or to tackle the strenuous work of her courageous companion.

One Minuteman (to whom the author was closely related) had his first-born child stolen from his wife by an Indian while he was away on one occasion. Being young in years and petite in size, his wife's grievous rescue-efforts were in vain. However, their next door neighbor was a huskily-built woman, who surprisingly tackled the Indian and rescued the little boy. Returning him to the welcoming arms of his beloved mother promoted over whelming joy and everlasting gratitude.

Unlike the National Guardsmen of today who are trained, organized and armed by the Federal Government, the Minutemen had little training.

Hurrying to encounter hostile Indians and to repel their attacks, these lion-hearted men of Sanpete County were unquestionably worthy of acclaim.

In extreme cold of winter time they were known to march all night in hard-crusted snow that lay two feet deep in the Sanpete Valley. Progress was difficult in their defense efforts against the ruthless night raiders.

With the usual cluster of houses, surrounded by a stockade and centered with a blockhouse upon which a cannon was mounted, Manti became a place of refuge for pioneer settlers who were driven from their homes by marauding Indians.

Some of the early settlements had to be temporarily abandoned because of continued trouble.

There had been periods of peace. The Minutemen learned to be increasingly cautious and wary even when the Indians were on friendly terms. They were subject to unexpected attitude changes, which was perplexing to the every-ready Minutemen.

In view of the historical fact that it was in response to a welcoming invitation from Chief Walker and twelve of his tribesmen to their "white brothers" that the settlement in Sanpete (known then as Sanpitch) was formed. About fifty families from Salt Lake City and Centerville located in Manti in 1849.

Chief Walker and his tribesmen served as guides to the first exploring party to enter Sanpitch Valley through the Salt Creek Canyon.

Minutemen were responsive to the need of protective service when an attitude change came over the Indians. Cattle, horses, and corn were stolen. Fields of precious, life-preserving grain were trampled down and eaten by Indian Cayuses, which had been deliberately turned into them. Indian arrows came uncomfortably close to settlers while gathering fire wood or when tending to livestock.

Cause for the attitude turn is believed to have stemmed from resentment and killing of wild game, which they claimed as their property, on the territory in which they had self-appointed jurisdiction, despite the fact that Utah had been acquired by the Mormons by Mexican sessions.

Military obligations of the momentous Minutemen were lessened after Brigham Young negotiated an advantageous peace treaty with Chief Walker. This treaty was strengthened further when the Chief requested his tribesmen in his last breath of life, to "Be good to the Mormons".

Sources: Family history, [Popular History of Utah](#), [Treasures of Pioneer History](#).

HE CALLED ME GODFATHER

J.N. Simpson

Moroni, Utah

Professional Division

First Place Short Story

In those days of carefree life and adventure, I found no interest in the mystical beliefs of man, or those things betokening a hidden meaning. I classified the supernatural with incredible childhood stories; and I refused to live in retrospect. I refused to be burdened with the mysticisms of the creation and the subsequent birth of life with its vagaries pertaining to the spirit soul.

Christmas was a date on the calendar. A figure splashed with color in commemoration of an event which, in my opinion had been juggled down through the years until it appeared grotesque and unreasonable. I did not dream how quickly one's attitude could be changed.

It was late afternoon, the day before Christmas, when I crossed the river at the shallows and dropped down into the long, brush-covered valley known as The Sanpitch, now so uninviting in its primeval

setting that I began to question my judgment in selecting this virgin land as a place of opportunity for an aspiring cattle rancher.

A lead-gray sky canopied the valley with the bordering mountains forming a blue backdrop, an unmistakable sign of approaching winter. Finding a faint wagon trail, I urged my pony into a gallop. Toward the south, where the valley pinched-in somewhat, the coming storm had lowered, obscuring the higher peaks of the mountains, and sensing my danger should I be caught in this strange land in a cold winter storm, I urged my pony on with a light touch of the spur.

I had been riding about thirty minutes when the storm closed in. It began with a pelting rain which soon turned into giant feathery flakes that clung tenaciously where they fell, quickly turning to ice in the fast-dropping temperature. I prayed that the wind would stay down, but of course that wasn't to be. It came with a sudden gust that swirled the giant flakes in irregular eddies about me, blinding me and distorting my perception of direction.

Covering my face with my neckerchief, I gave my pony free head, realizing that my only hope of finding shelter was to depend on his keen senses. My destination that day was a homestead, which I had been told was located near this wagon trail. It had been my intention to spend the night there, then to continue on to the settlement at the gray hill early the next morning.

Early darkness soon closed in, and as my pony battled his way against the rising wind, I felt its cruel bit penetrating my slicker. Visions of cowboys, frozen in the saddle and of grotesque forms standing dead against the fences where they had huddled for protection, flooded in on me. Now and only now had I had occasion to think about these things. Ghastly in their death were these hideous brown statues of animals that would fall only when winter released its vicious grip.

A sudden hysteria seized me. I wanted to put spurs to my animal and dash ahead in a frenzied search for shelter, but just as suddenly, without effort on my part, calmness came over me, imparting a sensation which I could not comprehend momentarily.

I would have ridden past the dimly-lighted house had not my pony stopped at the gate and whinnied faintly. On numb and trembling legs I got the gate down then led my horse to the stable, where I stripped of the saddle and gave him a brisk rubdown. Then closing the barn door tightly, I lowered my head against the driving wind and trudged toward the house.

In response to my heavy rap, the door flew open as if by magic, and a pale and trembling young man stood outlined against the dim light of an oil lamp. Without invitation I entered and he closed the door quickly behind me.

"Thank heaven," he exclaimed, tugging at my coat, and as I slipped out of it, he began to babble, almost incoherently. "There's warm food on the stove, then we've got to get the team from the lower coral. We've got to get her to town....."

"Hold it, mister," I said as my eyes became accustomed to the dim light. "What's this about taking someone....where?"

My answer came in the form of a low moan, and from a tumbled bed in the corner, the tear-filled eyes of a young woman looked out at me. As I stood staring, perplexed, she smothered another moan while her fingers dug into the patchwork quilt.

Then I understood.

"We didn't expect the baby so soon," he babbled on. "There's light wagon in the shed. . . "

"You're taking her out in that blizzard?" I exploded.

"We've never been to the settlement, but they say there's a doctor there. It can't be far. We're new here, you know. . . ." His fingers dug into my arm. His desperation was uncontrollable. "God knows she's got to have help . . . !"

"It's impossible!" I persisted. "You'd both die!" I flung his hands away from me. "Get hold of yourself . . . !"

Suddenly I wanted to bolt the place and take my chance in the storm. I was helpless and frightened. I was confused. Then suddenly I had a strange feeling, a fleeting impulse that came and went and returned, even as a thought will come and go, and I heard myself whispering, "God help us. . ."

Strange and unreasonable this thing which had passed through my mind, this ritual not susceptible of explanation which I had considered as merely an assurance for juvenile minds, for children at an adult knee. This had never been part of my living.

A sudden scream from the bed snapped me back to reality. I stood looking down at her, a rough man in a rough world. A strong man now reduced to a helpless, trembling thing who could command no action.

The woman was crying again and the man was attempting to comfort her, while stark realities flooded in on me. She would die . . . the baby would die, two helpless creatures in a big and lonesome nowhere. I felt weak and sick as I contemplated my own utter uselessness.

A sudden pounding at the door startled us; and trembling with confused expectations, I spun around to swing it open.

A shaggy brown coat crusted with snow stood there, and above it a large fur cap also crusted with white. From the narrow slit between coat and cap, two very bright eyes looked out at me.

I stepped aside and the great coat entered, and from its folds and from beneath the fur cap, came the most unique-appearing character I had ever seen. He was short and stocky with a head as round as a ball and just as hairless, and which rested right down on broad shoulders. Somehow I noticed his eyes more than anything else. They were big and blue and kindly; and the first impression I got was of a similar character with child-pink cheeks so prominently exploited this season of the year.

"My, my," our visitor said in broken German. "How unsociable ve are." His keen eyes swept the room and came to rest on the tumbled bed. "Und ve haf sickness yet. My, my und you both look so stupid."

"We are going to have a baby," came the young husband's trembling voice, "and we need help."

"Ve are going to haf a baby. My, my, vot an occasion." He folded his hands across his tummy and his musical laughter filled the room. "Ye are going to haf a baby." He looked from me to the young man and laughed again. "in all der world it has never happened before. Vot a joker."

A sudden wave of irritation swept over me. "I don't see where this occasion calls for jokes. This woman needs professional help."

The expression on that rotund face changed not in the least. "Life should be so serious yet. So natural like der snow falls und der Spring blooms, iss der birth of babies, und so far back as life itself, Man has been der timid rabbit." He patted my arm assuringly. "I make der jode, ya. Don't worry, I vill help her. Now," he continued, turning away from me with the air of one who has disposed of some momentous issue. "You two vill hang der sheets around der bed."

As I quickly started to do his bidding, the woman looked up at me with pain-filled eyes. "Who is he?" she whispered.

Her husband dropped to his knees beside the bed and she clung to him. I quickly hung the sheets, and as I turned away from the little walled-in sanctuary, the stranger was drying his hands. I noticed how dainty and white they were . . . almost womanish.

When our welcome benefactor disappeared behind the curtain, first assuring me with a friendly smile, I lay down behind the stove, using my slicker for a pillow. A weighty problem had been lifted from my mind, even as suddenly as it had begun and somehow I had a feeling that all was well. The warmth from the stove soon took command of my weary body and I fell asleep.

How long I lay there I do not know. Strange dreams came and went like fleeting shadows, while all the time I seemed to be in an intermediate state between sleeping and waking, but I could not waken. I was a miniature life cast in a vortex of incomprehensible things, seemingly severed from my ordinary relations, frustrated and without sanctuary.

Some strange power seemed to be driving me toward a distant horizon where a single, dim light was showing. With a dense blackness all around me, I was aware that I must somehow reach that faint beacon, and as I broke into a stumbling run, I heard a woman crying, and then from that dense void I heard another voice, one so gentle in its comforting that I could not associate it with any voice I had ever heard.

Then I discovered that the phantom light in the east was moving toward me while the darkness around me dissolved into a strange white glow that seemed to fill all space. Exceeding peace had taken command of my weary body; and I was experiencing an exhilaration of soul which was so new to me that I failed to associate it with any emotion I had ever felt.

“You are a Godfather,” came that pleasing voice again. “She is asking for you. Will you come?”

I opened my eyes. Someone was holding the lamp close to my face, and then as it moved away, I saw the stout figure of the stranger retreating across the room. I rose and followed him.

The sheets were parted for me, and in that dimly-lighted nook, I looked down on a colorless face and into two radiant eyes that were smiling up at me. She was clutching a tiny, blanketed bundle to her breast.

“I want to thank you before you go away,” she whispered. “I pray that God will ride with you.”

I failed to find appropriate words, so I merely touched her offered hand and moved back into the shadows again. Her husband and the stranger were dim shapes in the faint glow of the lamp.

I returned to the stove, and seated with my back to wall, I bowed my head in serious meditation, The significance of the dream evaded me. It certainly was not a recollection of my daily life, nor could it be interpreted as mental processes live over my mind’s activities of the previous day. Was some strange force reaching out to me, failing to communicate because of my obstinacy to apply myself to doctrine? I thought about the darkness which had enveloped me, and the distant light which I had strived to reach. Was there some covert meaning here of influential value which I, in my theological destitution could not understand?

While muffled activities went on about me, I pondered my questions until kindly sleep again embraced me, and sitting there, I drifted away into a dreamless void.

When I awoke, the cabin was quiet. The young father was sleeping soundly on a makeshift bed in one corner of the room, and the exhausted mother was also sleeping, a tiny bundle of humanity pressed to her. Fearful that I might waken them, I quietly gathered my few belongings and left the cabin.

The storm had passed leaving several inches of crusted snow. I looked for the strangers tracks, wondering which direction he had taken, but there were no tracks. Evidently the wind had covered them over. The first faint signs of the new day were showing in the east, while above me, and exceptionally

bright star beamed through an opening in the clouds, its scintillating light stabbing far into the dark sky, so conspicuous in its brilliance.

It was past midday when I rode into the settlement at the base of the big gray hill. The gaudy trimmings of Christmas decorated the one main street, while many windows reflected the spirit of the occasion. Once, as I rode along I detected the unmistakable aroma of roasting turkey, which stimulated my growing hunger.

First making sure that my horse was properly taken care of at the stables, I went directly to the hotel. I would have a warm bath, then breakfast and dinner combined, after which I would spend the balance of the day reading.

A smiling woman looked up from the reception desk as I entered. "Good afternoon," she greeted. "Merry Christmas. It is a beautiful day, isn't it?"

I returned her greeting and assured her I was enjoying the day, and as I signed the register, I inquired about the bath and dinner.

"The bath is at the end of the hall; and dinner will be ready within the hour," she said kindly.

And then I saw it!

On the wall at the far end of the lobby, was a picture of a man, stocky man with delightfully smiling eyes. His head was perfectly bald and rested right down on his broad shoulders; and even as I looked, somewhat startled, the parted lips seemed to be speaking to me in broken German.

"Who is that man?" I asked, my voice trailing off into a whisper.

"You really are a stranger to these parts, aren't you," she answered kindly. "That is Josef Konig. . . Doctor Josef Konig. He was loved by every man, woman and child who ever knew him."

"Was?" I questioned incredulously. "You mean . . . ?"

"Doctor Konig died during the terrible winter we had a year ago. There was so much sickness, and he wouldn't give up. He contracted pneumonia. . . "

I couldn't feel that my feet were even touching the floor as I turned away and started walking toward the hall. At the end of the lobby I paused to look up into that friendly face.

"Merry Christmas, Doctor Konig," I whispered. "Thank you."

Source: This short story was inspired by a true story told by my Pioneer Mother, who emphatically believed in the supernatural.

ARCTIC MUTTON CHOPS

Vic Frandsen
Springville, Utah
Senior Division
First Place Anecdote

Malius, a few years over from Sweden, owned a Muggy dog. Andrew, a half mile away at the edge of Moroni, had a hundred sheep in a pasture by his bar.

A cold January night in 1895, Muggy joined neighbors' dogs for socializing over a mutton supper. Liking their meat fresh, they did the butchering; liking the excitement, they killed more than they would eat.

Next morning, an angry Andrew sought revenge. He moved his survivors into a net wire corral too high for dogs to jump. He skinned the dead sheep and left the carcasses, smeared with strychnine, outside the fence.

At darkness the dogs with new recruits returned for more fun. They could not reach the live sheep, so they ate from the dead ones. Muggy, still alive, but “sicker than a dog”, reached his under-the-porch next.

At daybreak Malius hitched his team to the sleigh, loaded hay, and left to feed some cattle a few blocks away. He called, and Muggy, obediently came to follow.

A block away Malius was passing John’s place as John came out of the house to see an excited Malius climb down from his sleigh and go back to where Muggy, in a convulsion, was writhing in the road. Muggy twitched a bit and expired. Malius gathered up the dead dog, turned to John and lamented, “It’s the coldest dum wedder I ever senn. Dat dog run along back a da sleigh and froze to det.”

Source: I have heard my father tell this story on his old neighbor many times.

HOSTAGE OF THE INDIANS

Lucy C. Nielson
Ferron, Utah
Senior Division
Second Place Anecdote

It was an Indian uprising, and Grandpa Morley was the white man overseer of the troubles on our side. Grandpa and Grandma had come from a trip somewhere, maybe to Ephraim. They were still in the covered wagon when they saw the Indians coming from the southwest to Manti. There was such a large crowd of Indians on horseback that the settlers knew they had to be prepared.

Grandpa hurried and put his team away so he could meet the chief, and he was prepared for any trouble that might come up. He could talk the Indian language enough and understand it well enough that he knew when he was right and when he was wrong in interpretations.

When the Indians came they demanded horses and cows and like that, and Grandpa said they couldn’t have them. The white men had to have them to live with.

Finally the Indian chief demanded Grandpa Morley’s baby to prove that Grandpa didn’t have a forked tongue. That meant he could tell two stories, you know. In their negotiations, the Chief demanded the baby as a hostage to prove that Grandpa was telling the truth in meeting their demands.

Grandma absolutely refused to let them have the baby, but Grandpa said, “Better the baby than the whole crowd of us.” So they let the old Chief take the baby in his arms, and they all rode away. They went to the southwest of Manti, away out in the desert country southwest of Manti. And they would be back the next day at sundown.

Everybody walked the floor; praying and doing everything they could to console themselves on account of the baby. One baby was just as precious as any other baby. And they watched and waited, for the Indians would return the next day at sundown.

Pretty soon they saw the Indians coming. The men folk were ready for the, and they watched the Indians come. The chief that carried the baby was on a big white horse, a beautiful big stallion.

He came up to Grandpa, and Grandpa held his arms out and the baby was handed to him. But the baby had been washed in some kind of tea so he was an Indian colored baby. They brought him back as an Indian baby, and he was dressed as an Indian baby.

I've seen and held in my hands the little moccasins, Indian moccasins that the baby wore on his feet. They kept all his clothes and returned him in Indian clothes. My mother for years had that pair of little Indian moccasins, and I've held them in my hands. They were made of some kind of skin, and they were as soft as velvet.

The baby was tickled to see Grandpa; they were acquainted that way. I think he was a little over a year old. But when he came back, he was dressed and his skin had been washed so he was an Indian baby. The child was Simeon, mother's brother, and the Chief was Arapeen.

STARCH CAKE

Anna Gunderson
Mt. Pleasant, Utah
Senior Division

First Place Honorable Mention, Anecdote

Starch cake, made by my mother-in-law, Cecilia Gunderson, was as traditional for mothers with new babies in Mt. Pleasant as turkey is for Thanksgiving.

As soon as she heard of a new baby in town or someone being sick, she popped a cake in the oven and walked miles to deliver it.

Making a cake in those days was work; especially a starch cake, for which you had to make your own potato starch and supply your own eggs. The day of cake-making started out by building a good hot fire in the kitchen range with wood and coal. The ingredients consisting of 8 eggs, 1 ½ cups of sugar, and ¾ cups of potato starch were carefully measured out on the big round table in the center of her kitchen. First, she would separate the egg whites and beat them with a hand beater until they were stiff. Next, she beat the egg yolks with a wire spoon until light and fluffy. Then the sugar was added very slowly and beaten until the granules were dissolved. The potato starch was also sprinkled in slowly, and last of all the egg whites folded in gently.

The thick fluffy batter was poured into a 16-inch dripper and placed in the hot oven for 10 minutes or more. As the heat had to be reduced gradually, she would use a small fire shovel and lift the hot coals out of the firebox until it was the temperature she wanted. In about an hour the golden brown cake was removed from the oven with a tender crust that took the place of good frosting.

Her cakes, which she sold for \$1.00 each, were also in great demand for parties, weddings, birthdays, clubs, and banquets.

As I watched and helped her make hundreds of cakes, I learned the art of making starch cake, which has become a tradition in our family as well. Whenever I have club or the family comes home, they expect to have "starch cake", just like my mother-in-law used to make. Although I bake it in an electric oven with a glass window and can regulate the heat with a little knob, I have never improved on the texture and beauty of her cakes.

GOBBLEFIELD

John K. Olsen
Ephraim, Utah
Senior Division

Second Place Honorable Mention, Anecdote

Gobblefield is an unusual name for any area. If you have been in Ephraim very long, in all probability you have heard the name or “The Gobblefield Ditch,” which, by the way, is that large ditch extending north from Ephraim to beyond the forks of the State Highway at Pigeon Hollow, and whereby about 40 percent of the cultivated land adjacent to Ephraim is irrigated.

“Gobblefield”. That name does not appear until about 1882 in Ephraim history.

The name has no connection whatsoever to the turkey business, nor is it as one person replied when asked: “Because of the way the land gobbles up water where water is applied to the land.” The slow intake of water is an outstanding characteristic of the area. The soil is very fine clay, almost like a rock when dry. When wet, it is so sticky one almost gets stuck just looking at it.

The name refers to the rate of settlement. At a Sunday afternoon meeting in the Ephraim North Ward, about 1882, Bishop Anderson announced (in substance): “next Tuesday anyone who is interested in obtaining additional acres of irrigated farm land in the vicinity of the graveyard can get the land he wants (provided it is not already claimed) by plowing a furrow around it, must furnish irrigation water for it, and help build a ditch for said water from the Ephraim Creek to the land.”

Before Tuesday evening every available acre from the cultivated fields near Ephraim to the Sand Ridge had been claimed. Ever since that Tuesday, this area has been called “Gobblefield” and the ditch built to bring the water to the area has been known as “The Gobblefield Ditch”.

My mother and Joseph F. Bagnall of Chester said: “on one of Brigham Young’s last trips to Sanpete he prophesied, or predicted, that: “All the land on both sides of the County Road between Chester and Ephraim will be farmed in the not too distant future.”

There are those who claim Gobblefield fulfills that prediction.

THE CANDY MAN

Katie D. Maylett
Manti, Utah
Senior Division

First Place Historical Essay

“The Candy Man! The Candy Man!” These words remind me of my father, Michael Daly (better known as “Dick Daly”), because he became known as “The Candy Man of Sanpete County”.

Michael (Dick) Daly was born in Peru, Indiana, and raised in Iowa. His father was an engineer on the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. His mother died and left four small children, whom their father placed in a Catholic school. Dick often told of the love and care the sisters (or nuns) gave him. They took the place of the mother he needed, while at the same time he received a very good education at their hands.

After he left the school he came west as a fireman on the Union Pacific Railroad. In Salt Lake City he met and later married Fannie Harmon. At the beginning of their marriage Fannie traveled with her

husband to live at various places in the western U.S. She decided that she did not like all the moving and was homesick for her family and her L.D.S. Church, so to please her, Dick consented to move to Manti. He continued to work for the railroad, but both he and his wife were convinced that they needed to get into a business for themselves.

At first they operated a bowling alley and served light lunches to the players. Later they built a business and home south of the Eagle Hotel (120 North Main, Manti, Utah). Fannie was a good cook. Fried oysters, brought in on ice by the railroad, were her specialty. At times she made as many as one hundred meat pies, buying the near-neck part of the beef, cooking it all day, and then making her recipe. She also made many other kinds of pies. Chili was cooked and then frozen. Each morning she would cut from the big block of chili the amount that would be used by her customers that day. As there was no mechanical refrigeration at that time, the keeping of perishable foods during the heat of summer was a big problem.

This problem was solved when Dick decided to make Ice cream to tempt his many customers. A large Ice house was constructed west of City Creek behind their business. During the winter months, especially before the "January thaw", ice in 18 x 24 inch blocks was hauled on bobsleighs pulled by teams of horses from Alec's Pond or Nine-Mile Reservoir. At the ice house these ice blocks were buried in sawdust, which was obtained from local lumber mills. Ice, thus stored, would last all summer and provide many frozen treats.

A gasoline engine turned large ten-gallon freezers, around which the ice and salt were packed. When the ice cream was frozen, the "dashers" or "paddles" were removed and placed on a clean rack. Many a boy or girl came to "Lick" the paddle, but always they had to have their own spoon. Finally, the lid was put on, and the ice cream can was placed in the ice house so its contents could freeze solidly.

A pulley and rope were used to get the huge blocks of ice to the ice cream room. Dick's children and their friends seemed to be always on the pulley. Sometimes they played in the sawdust, but to be given a chunk of ice to lick on and cool their mouths was a treat in itself.

Dick collected cream and milk from local people who had separators, which separated the cream from the milk. He used a light wagon and a small team of horses to make his rounds when cream or milk was needed. Later he bought a small Maxwell truck, one of the first cars of its kind in Sanpete County. Dick's ice cream was shipped by train to all parts of Utah.

He made several kinds of ice cream and also a brick ice cream with a red heart, a green Christmas tree, or a green shamrock (for Dick was Irish) of colored ice cream frozen right in the center of the brick. He catered this ice cream to special dancing parties and wedding celebrations. At times Dick, his son, Dennis, and the cousins, Dave and Milt Parry, would be up all night to freeze ice cream so that it could be shipped out next morning on the railroad.

Each day the Denver & Rio Grande train out of Salt Lake City came to Manti on its way to Marysvale. Each day there was a return train that traveled the same track. The Sanpete Valley Railroad to Nephi was also in daily operation. These three trains afforded ample transportation for Dick's ice cream.

Manti was a busy town in those days. Ice cream was a new and delicious treat. Everyone must have a gallon packed in ice for their special days. It was Dick Daly's pride and joy to see that people got the treat they desired.

When the Daly family and their friends and relatives went for a picnic lunch, Dick and Fannie always furnished the ice cream. It was served in cones and cones were expensive because they had to be ordered and then shipped in on the railroad. Each child would be given a cone of ice cream with the admonition, "Do not eat the cone, because it can be refilled as many times as the ice cream lasts in the packer." One

cousin said, "I learned fast to get the ice cream from the cone with my tongue. I didn't ever break the cone 'cause always I wanted more."

Ice cream without candy didn't seem right in Dick's way of thinking. He must have a candy factory! An experienced candy maker from Denver, Colorado came to Manti to teach Dick the 'how' of candy making. Soon Dick was making taffy, fudge, Carmel, (which was extra good) and hand-dipped chocolates. He had a challenge and he was enthusiastic. Soon he was fashioning all kinds of candy bars with new names.

One Fourth of July the star entry in the parade was a float from Dick's Place. On it stood Dick stretching his taffy while white-coated helpers wrapped pieces of the newly stretched candy and tossed them to the many children who followed and scrambled for as many pieces as they could get.

Dick and Fannie were extra clean in their work and many were the compliments they received on their clean, modern factory. Dick received many offers to work for out-of-town companies, especially as a Carmel-candy maker, but he and his wife were loyal to Manti.

One day when he was making bright-striped, hard stick candy, he decided to make candy canes. At first this was hard to do, but he mastered the art of working with oil burners, which kept the candy warm and pliable. Children's eyes sparkled with delight when they saw the shape of their favorite candy canes, hung on tinsel across the candy store.

Early in the establishment of Dick's Place a large, beautifully polished wood fountain was installed. It had various glass shelving and many mirrors, which reflected numerous crystal dishes, in which delicious sundaes, special ice cream treats, and soft drinks could be served.

Dick's and Fannie's two daughter, Frankie and Katie, learned at an early age to dip chocolates. Their parents said that each girl must learn to work, learn how to change money, and weigh candy. Also each was taught to make ice cream treats, using a large scoop of ice cream with various toppings, including crushed nuts and a candied cherry. Fifteen cents was charged for that type of treat, but when bananas were added the cost was twenty cents. The same price was charged for malts and sodas.

Two younger children, Siebert (Zeke) and Bob, were not big enough to be of much help. Their father would hang Zeke by the straps of his bib overalls on the taffy hook. Here he would not get burned but would be in on the candy making.

One block north of Dick's Place was Manti's popular theatre and dance hall, Felt's Pavilion. This building was unique. It was built for winter entertainment, but when summertime came its walls would open out to let in the cool breezes. When a dance was held the orchestra was always given half-hour intermission. During this time those desiring refreshments would walk the short distance to Dick's, where they could enjoy the comfort of sitting on wire-legged chairs by little round, wire-legged tables. Here they would order their favorite ice cream treats, soft drinks, pies, cakes, or even fresh fruits.

Dick Daly had a pioneer spirit. He was always reaching out for new and interesting things to do. He was manager of one of Manti's earliest and best baseball teams. His team challenged and played other teams in Sanpete County and in Utah. His candy and ice cream wagon traveled with the team, and from it delectable treats were sold. When the team played in its hometown all the people came to cheer and enjoy the game.

Dick was one of the early promoters of the Sanpete County Fair. To add to the spirit of celebration his ice cream wagon was always on the job. For this special time, hot dogs, mustard and ketchup were an important part of the menu.

Dick's Place was a family business. He, his wife, Fannie, and the children worked long, hard hours ever using new and innovative ideas and changes to challenge the appetites and thinking of their patrons.

REFLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD DAYS

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

Reflections----I'm going down Memory Lane to Grandma and Grandpa Knudsen's house, where I lived with them when I was a child. Com and go back with me to 1890.

Reflections----as I was growing up in my grandparent's home it was my privilege to help on special days like "making potato starch". We had large cottonwood trees all around our lawn and there in the shade we would scrub the potatoes nice and clean. We put them in a large grating machine, which was placed over a wooden tub of water. As we turned the handle the grated potatoes fell in very small pieces into the water. When the right amount of potatoes had been grated the peelings would rise to the top, and we poured this off. Several rinses were required, and the "potato starch" was left in the bottom of the tub. My grandmother would put a table on the south side of the house, where there was sunshine all day, and scrape the starch out of the tub onto a clean sheet for the drying process.

Reflections----how I loved to run my fingers through the soft silky starch when it was dry. Grandma would put the beautiful white starch in containers and store it in the pantry. On special days she would bake a delicious starch cake. On wash day she would starch our petticoats until they could stand alone.

Reflections----it was quite a process when Grandma and Grandpa decided we would have a new carpet for our parlor.

First of all, we had to gather up all the rags we needed and wash them. Then we cut or tore them into 1 ½ inch wide strips, and Grandma sewed them together on the machine or by hand and rolled them into balls. It took many balls to make a carpet, depending on the size of the room.

The balls were taken to Niels Johansen, who had a loom in his home with colored warp. He would weave the rags into year-wife strips of carpet. When that was finished, Grandma and Grandpa would sew the strips together with strong well-waxed thread.

Then came the job of laying the carpet. Clean fresh straw had to be scattered in a thick layer on the floor. The carpet was laid over it and spread out with a carpet stretcher and nailed to the floor with carpet tacks.

That's when the fun began for me. It was so nice to walk on the carpet with the straw piled underneath and hear the squeaky sound it made.

Reflections----that wasn't all we did with our fresh clean straw in the fall. We filled large ticks with straw for our beds. For the first several nights we needed a chair to get into our beds, they were so high; but after a few night of sleeping, the straw would settle down to be 'just right'. Each year clean, fresh straw was put under the carpet and in the ticks as part of the annual house cleaning.

Reflections----the threshing days in the fall were a delight. It was fun to ride in the wagon on the sacks of wheat to the mill, where it was ground into flour. The thrill of standing on the "scales" to see how

much we weighed each year was the highlight of the trip. We didn't worry about our weight because Grandma's hot graham bread was too good to resist.

Reflections----the rope swing and wooden slat seat that Grandpa made for us in the Golden Sweet apple-tree were hardly ever still. We would push each other up "So High", and then swing until the "cat dies" and jump out so the next one could have a turn.

Reflections----Grandma reminded me each week that it was time to go help Mary Davis clean her house. My pay was a 30-minute piano lesson. I practiced on Grandma's beautiful big organ and felt well paid for my labors, because she was such a gracious lady.

Reflections----those precious memories are a priceless heritage to me. Thank you, Grandma and Grandpa for making them so happy.

Source: Author's own personal experiences.

JOHN HASSLER---PIONEER MUSICIAN OF CENTRAL UTAH

Harry A. Dean

Ephraim, Utah

Senior Division

First Place Honorable Mention, Historical Essay

John Hassler was born in Switzerland on April 17th, 1839. He and his wife were converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints through the missionary labors of Karl G. Maesser. He was probably the most prominent and influential musician in Central Utah from 1869 to 1887. This was about the time that A.C. Smyth moved to Sanpete County and Fountain Green, and later to Manti, where he (Smyth) was director of the Manti choir. Brother Smyth acted as recorder in the Manti Temple after its dedication in 1888.

Before migrating to Utah, Hassler was a member of the Swiss Cavalry Band. When he came, he brought with him, in addition to much music, several horns. Some of them were old broken horns he had obtained from the Cavalry Band in Switzerland. He also brought with him many slides, reeds for organs and clarinets, etc. These he brought in preference to a fine mattress and some household treasures which his wife desired him to bring. Hassler spent much time in soldering these old instruments together. These were used in the first band in Mount Pleasant, one which he organized. Mr. Hassler also organized bands in Fountain Green, Spring City, Moroni, and Payson.

Hassler, being a devout church member, was appointed in 1875 to direct the Mount Pleasant choir. In the winter time he would start the fires with his own kindling wood, and also used his own coal-oil for lights. He taught girls to accompany the choir free of charge. The only remuneration he ever received for directing the town band and the church choir was ten acres of land, apportioned to him by the Bishop of Mount Pleasant. To this day, that tract is called the "brass band field".

Soon after arriving in Mount Pleasant from Switzerland, Hassler established a boarding school for music students. The students boarded and slept at the Hassler home for a period of six weeks, taking three lessons a day and practicing intensively. There were three organs in three different rooms. Among the many music students who registered at the boarding school from all over Central Utah were John J. McClellan of Payson, later Salt Lake Tabernacle organist; C. W. Reid of Manti, later on the music faculty of Brigham Young University; and Anthony C. Lund of Ephraim, later director of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

Hassler made it easy for students to study music by accepting for pay anything he could use. Among the items turned in for lesson pay were: barrels of honey, meat, cheeses, cedar posts, clothing, milk, butter and produce of any kind. Parents would often send their children to the Hassler home to be disciplined, as well as to study music. Students would usually come in covered wagons from different towns in the valley accompanied by their parents and sometimes the entire family. At times they would remain at the Hassler home for two or three days, accepting the Hassler hospitality before returning to their homes.

The great amount of work required of Mrs. Hassler in cooking and caring for these students and visitors, together with three organs going all day, caused her to have a nervous breakdown. This necessitated the closing of the boarding school. Mr. Hassler did not stop his teaching of music. Instead of having the students come to him, he would travel to the different towns in the valley in an open buggy, drawn by a single horse. His teaching territory included that from Pleasant Grove on the north, to Wayne County on the south. He also traveled east to Emery County.

On one of his teaching tours in Emery County, he was lost for two days in a severe snow storm. A rescuing party found him and his horse in a group of pine trees, the horse not hitched and nibbling on the pine bough, while Hassler was curled up in his blanket to keep warm. The storm was so severe and the weather so cold that he had practically given up hope of being rescued.

On another occasion, Hassler became stranded in a blizzard near Thistle when returning from Provo to Mount Pleasant. With him was one William Nolan, who was returning from Eureka. Mr. Nolan contracted pneumonia and died from the cold and exposure of this trip. Hassler, at times, would return home with frozen hands and feet.

Hassler was very sensitive to pitch. If anyone played or sang in discord, the offending one was told about it immediately. He had bells for his domestic animals, which he filed so they harmonized in the form of a chord. So even the cows had to be in tune.

Songbirds were always kept in the Hassler home. He was a great lover of birds. If their plumage was too dull, he painted them; and if their song was not pretty he disposed of them.

In Hassler's time, music was not as accessible as it is today, and he was obliged to write each copy of the music for his bands and choir by hand. He brought reams of music notepaper from Switzerland, and he would sit up night after night copying the music he was short of. In those days, they had no duplicating machines as we do now.

Mr. Hassler filled a mission for his Church to his native Switzerland in 1880. While on his mission, he translated many of the church hymns from English into the German language and taught these hymns to the saints in that mission.

In 1871, two years after Hassler migrated to Utah, he became sick with typhoid fever. In those days the church authorities often re-baptized the saints for their health. So Hassler was taken to a pond in the cold of winter and re-baptized, which nearly proved fatal. He took intense chills and became critically ill, partly if not wholly, from the effects of the cold water. He lay on his back for so long that bed sores and infection developed. He insisted that Mrs. Hassler take his razor and remove the infection. In doing so, she cut a cord in his leg which resulted in his being a cripple and using a cane for the rest of his life.

In 1900, Mr. Hassler's health began to fail, and he gave up the strenuous and tiring work of travel and music teaching and started to do limited farm and dairy work on the homestead he had filed on previously. His knowledge of farming up to that time was quite limited. He owned a team of horses, one a larger horse and the other a smaller one. He desired to give the small horse the advantage on the double-

tree, but he gave it to the large horse instead. Upon being told of the fact, he replied, "Oh no! The big horse the long end and the little horse the short end."

Clair W. Reid, prominent musician, formerly of Manti, was a student of Mr. Hassler's and gave the author a very vivid description of John Hassler, which follows:

"When I was a child, it was customary for students to go to the Hassler home and board and room there for periods of intensive music study. Many students went from different towns in the valley, among who were John J. McClellan, Anthony Lund, and I. There would be four and six students at the home at a time. They would start early in the morning and alternate with lessons and practice periods until each student had three one-hour lessons and had practiced diligently for several hours. There were three organs in the home which allowed this plan to be carried out.

Out of the above plan of music study grew most of the class methods of instruction which have been carried out in the state since that time. I used the same method at Brigham Young University for twelve years, using several pianos, and having as many as thirty-two students at one time from all over the western states and Mexico. Other teachers who have used the class method from me directly, and more remotely from John Hassler, are Clarence Haskins of the music faculty at Utah University; Elmer Nelson of Brigham Young University; Arlene Cluff Simmons; Sam Williams and his brothers in Price; and Hugh Dougall.

Regarding the influence of John Hassler on music in Central Utah, I have often said that a monument should be erected to his memory, and that contributions should come from all over the southern part of the state. He traveled over that part of the state in his horse and buggy and put organs into homes that would never have been interested, had it not been for his missionary zeal in converting them to their cultural needs. The present generation does not begin to know what it owes to the tireless efforts of John Hassler."

Sources: Proceedings of the Utah Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, volume 21. Master's Thesis of Harry A. Dean, Brigham Young University Library. Mrs. George (Mina) Sorenson, Daughter of John Hassler, Mount Pleasant, Utah. Clair W. Reid, Former Student of John Hassler, Music Faculty Member, Brigham Young University.

THE LITTLE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

Agnes O. Anderson
Ephraim, Utah
Senior Division

Second Place Honorable Mention, Historical Essay

On September 5, 1869, my mother, Caroline Jensen Holst, was placed in charge of the Deseret Telegraph Office in Ephraim, Utah, as chief operator. This was on her fifteenth birthday. She was known as "Carrie" and Mr. A. M. Musser as superintendent of the company.

The first telegraph office was located behind the old house at 73 North Main Street, across from the building used as the Ephraim Enterprise (newspaper) office. The telegraph office was moved to several locations in Ephraim before it became permanently located in Caroline's home on First South and a half block east, where the telegraph office remained until it was discontinued in this area.

As a young girl, Caroline went to school in the Old Fort in a one-room school house. Her formal schooling was limited. A few years in grade school, then a short term at L.M. Olsen's night school, where she studied grammar, was the extent of her training. But it is not always the amount of schooling that counts, for Caroline learned to be a very good reader, an excellent speller, a good writer, and her grammar was something to be proud of.

Caroline, along with Helen Young and Christine Willardson, were taught telegraphy by Dorcus Peterson. For this work of tending telegraph office they received no pay at first. The little income Caroline had was through the sale of fancy work: tatting, tying (netting), embroidery, knitting, etc., which she did at the office while no messages were coming in and while walking to and from her home. There was a time when she was unable to attend her church meetings without borrowing a shawl. One Sunday the bishop called for donations for the telegraph operators. That was extremely humiliating to those sensitive girls. Later they were paid with tithing orders, which gave permission to draw out a small amount of merchandise such as butter and eggs that had been paid in tithing by members. Then the time came when they received a commission on all telegrams sent and received. She was a relief operator in almost every town in Sanpete County. She also spent one winter in Bingham, Utah, doing telegraphy.

During the Black Hawk Indian War she and Christine Willardson used to sleep on the floor of the telegraph office to be ready to spread the alarm to neighboring settlements in case of trouble. When the drum beat loudly it was a signal to be prepared. The sound set the hearts of these little operators pounding hard with fear and excitement. For years after, the sound of a lone drum had a similar effect. Even during her last illness she spoke of the drums.

There were also experiences not so serious. Caroline and her friends would sometimes converse across the church from the balcony of the old Ephraim tabernacle by blinking their eyes at one another with the dot-dot-dash of the Morse code.

At one time a young Chinese gentleman came to the office to send a message. He admired Caroline and her great efficiency and proposed marriage. He said, "Me no care if you are Amelican."

About this time Caroline's mother became very ill. This left the responsibility of the home on Caroline's shoulders. Often she would do the family washing before leaving for the telegraph office at eight o'clock in the morning, then come home in the evening to prepare the family meal and care for her mother.

Even with all her hardships, Caroline grew to be a beautiful young woman. With her blue eyes, fair skin, and rosy cheeks she made an attractive picture. At that time there was a movement on hand urging

the young ladies to dress in moderation. President Brigham Young was at the head of this movement. One time he was visiting Ephraim for conference. When he saw Caroline in her neat, simple dress, which was of bordered gray, figured cotton, along with her lovely figure and beautiful face, she attracted his attention. Brigham Young told one of his daughters who were with him at the time, that there was an example of beauty and simplicity in dress which his daughters and all other young ladies might well follow. (The skirt and her embroidered petticoat are now in my possession. Both are family keepsakes.)

When Caroline was eighteen years of age she was appointed President of the Retrenchment Society of Ephraim, later known as the Young Woman's Mutual Improvement Association.

In June 1877, she and Soren Stallesen were married in the St. George Temple. They, with another couple, traveled there in a wagon. Soren was not well at the time but they were young and hopeful and little realized the seriousness of his illness. They thought he would soon be well. There were no skilled physicians to advise them as to what was ahead. Caroline did all she knew to relieve her husband's suffering. She would go from him to her dear mother, who was so sick with stomach trouble that she often screamed with pain. In between caring for these two sick loved-ones she would also tend the telegraph office which was now located in her home. This was not a very pleasant life for a young bride, to see those she loved continually suffering while she was trying to provide the necessities of life. After eight months of marriage Soren passed away February 22, 1878. His trouble was cancer of the stomach.

Caroline's heart was sad and heavy, and she might easily have given way to her grief, but that was not her nature. She knew there was much for her to do. Her mother needed her. She was also called to do more public and church work along with the telegraph office.

Six years passed by before a new love came into her life. Andreas Olsen saw the charm of this young widow and "came a wooing" with the determination to win. Caroline and Andreas Olsen were married April 3, 1884, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. He had been married twice before, both wives having died in childbirth. He had three living children when he married Caroline.

Life started in earnest with a new husband and three little daughters to look after. In addition to three sep-children, Caroline gave birth to five children of her own. About the time her second child was born, Caroline's mother passed away after suffering a lingering illness for fifteen years.

For thirty-five years Caroline tended the telegraph office in conjunction with actively assisting her husband in his many areas of work. Through the years they raised, picked, packed, and shipped fruit; they covered caskets, designed and built hearses, and she sewed dresses for her five little girls. She encouraged her husband's inventive mind and helped to finance his creative ideas. Through heartbreak and happiness this ambitious, hard working woman conducted her life with dignity and courage.

When Caroline was fifty years of age the telegraph office was discontinued and was absorbed by Western Union. When the telegraph wires were cut the big clock that hung on the wall above Caroline's desk abruptly stopped. The little telegraph operator lived to be eighty-three years of age. During her lifetime she accomplished much and saw many changes come to Ephraim and to Sanpete Valley. She was greatly loved and respected by all who knew her.

TWENTY FOURTH OF JULY

Talula Nelson

Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Senior Division

Third Place Honorable Mention, Historical Essay

The Twenty Fourth of July was always a gala day in the early history of Mt. Pleasant.

At sunrise the flag was raised on the historic liberty pole. It was worth rising early to see the men thread the rope through the pulleys and see the flag ascend smoothly and surely to the top of the high pole. We would recall how a lumberman, Niels Rolfson, had brought this long straight tree down from the mountains. What a piece of engineering to guide it safely down the steep slopes and deep canyons! At times it would have to be raised by hand almost perpendicularly to make the quick u-turns and miss the trees that lined the road. The team of horses had to be held at tight rein to ensure the slow movement. When it finally arrived at the corner of State and Main it was raised by block and tackle and secured in its upright position by pegs and props. An iron band was placed around it to fasten the pegs. Pulleys were then fastened to the top and bottom to raise the flag.

At ten o'clock in the morning the grand parade would begin. The streets had been lined for hours with people waiting for the wonderful display of floats, beautiful girls and horses. Someone would shout, "Here they come," and we would all rush to the edge of the sidewalk, and sure enough, Uncle Sam, tall and stately in his red, white, and blue could be seen prancing down the street. For years Elija McClellan led the parade in his gorgeous costume. His six feet, seven inches was topped with a high stove-pipe hat, which added to his height. His long legs were made to look longer in the red and white striped pants. The blue coat with large brass buttons was crowned with a silk star-studded hat of blue, with white stars and a red and white striped brim. He carried a cane, which added to his high-stepping, as he kept time with the drum or band which followed.

The beautiful Goddess of Liberty, her special white float drawn by six white horses, well-groomed and decorated with white pompoms, came into view. The float, a hayrack done in white bunting, carried a beautiful young lady dressed in white with a crown of gold, and her two lovely attendants. The majestic title, Miss Liberty, completed the breath taking pageant.

Miss Utah followed. Her float was decorated in red, white and blue bunting. The word "Utah" on her crown, and the presence of her two attendants seated by her completed the gorgeous float drawn by four bay horses decorated in red pompoms.

The 13 original states were represented by 13 lovely ladies all dressed in white and carrying a torch to signify our beginning as a nation. Their float was appropriately decorated and drawn by a team of gray horses, which were decorated with torches to match.

Miss Mt. Pleasant brought many "oos" and "aws" as her lovely float, drawn by four horses, made its way into view. She was attended by several lovely girls with banners across their shoulders. All were proud to represent their beautiful city.

Miss Sanpete brought a good laugh as she came riding on a donkey decorated in carrots. Carrots were all over, hanging on the bridle and saddle. Her crown was carrots, and a great corsage of carrots completed her dress.

Following Miss Sanpete came the other 28 counties, represented by 28 young ladies, all riding horses, their county banners across their shoulders.

Utah's best crop, a hayrack loaded with primary children, was exciting for the children and parents alike. Scenes from the bible were displayed by other church organizations. The Gleaners were well portrayed by three women bent over among sheaves of corn and wheat. Jacob's well and Moses in the bulrushes was cause for much hand-clapping as the wagons bearing these precious messages moved on.

Indians added a great deal of color as their wagons came along. Their bright shawls and black braids could be seen among the willows near a three-pole wiki-up.

The Gold Dust Twins clowned along beside the parade. Old Dutch Cleanser came in her red and yellow dress, stepping the full width of her wide skirt and carrying her stick to fight dirt.

Following, came a long line of covered wagons drawn by oxen. Their wagons were loaded with children poking their heads out from under the cover; Mother and Dad were seated in the spring seat, a small child between them. Outside were boxes of chickens fastened to their wagon. Others led a cow, and small pigs could be seen in their boxes. Calves and colts ran to and fro beside their mothers.

Azel Peel always had a team of cows trained to pull his wagon. Charley Peterson ("Shoemaker," as he was called, to distinguish him from others by the same name) hitched a cow and horse together, much to the delight of the viewers.

Indians would attack in mock battle. They would come out of nowhere, shouting, yelling and riding wild into the covered wagons.

Nephi gunperson, dressed as an Indian with war paint and feathers, rushed up to a wagon where his fiancée, Marie Hansen, was riding; grabbed her, at least tried to get her. He found a nineteen year old girl quite a handful. She cooperated and rode off with the Indians among much laughing and screaming by the crowd.

After the parade a meeting was held in the chapel. This was a very special meeting, where so many stories of pioneer experiences were told. "Come, Come Ye Saints" and "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning" were sung by the audience. "Utah, We Love Thee" was always a special solo. The band played the "Star-Spangled Banner", and we all stood while they played. Then the closing prayer was offered.

The park where the old fort stood was alive after the program. Here many brought picnic lunches, and a pleasant hour was spent visiting. Finally, the Bishop came with a bog of coins, and the time had come for the races. What fun! Foot races, sack races, tugs of war, and climbing the greased pole! A young pig was greased and turned loose for anyone who cared to chase him. The one who caught and held on to him earned the pig. The park became a ball ground for the men while the women and children retired to the social hall for a children's dance. Later in the evening, after the chores were done and the children put to bed, the married folks went to the social hall, where they danced and ate till the wee hours of the morning.

Occasionally, the twenty-fourth was celebrated in the mountains. This was a day long to be remembered. After the flag-raising and gun powder was set off in Wilson's Blacksmith Shop, the wagons started to roll toward the mountains to Derfee's Meadows. There, on this beautiful smooth meadow the wagons formed a circle similar to the pioneers' as they crossed the plains. After the horses were taken into the trees, fed, and taken care of, fires were started in the hole prepared for Dutch ovens. The mothers were well prepared with spring chickens, young carrots, green peas and new potatoes, which were soon stewing under the watchful care of the men-folk. Sourdough biscuits were baked, and the picnic was ready. Gooseberry and rhubarb pies were in abundance. Many preferred another scone dripping with fresh butter and honey. Good food with fresh mountain air made enormous appetites.

Balls and nipkats made their appearance in the circle made by the wagons. Horseshoe games challenged the men. A fiddle played and some danced on the rough terrain. When the ladies got tired of

sitting on the wagon tongues, they took hikes through the beautiful forest. They gathered wild flowers and berries. Reference was made that on just such a celebration Brigham Young was informed of Johnson's Army approaching. All too soon the sun was sinking, the daylight turning to twilight. Wagons started the long drive back to town. No headlights were needed as the faithful teams followed the rock road home. After chores, the dance hall was filled, and the tired people danced till morning.

Yes, the Twenty-Fourth of July was a special day in the early history of Mt. Pleasant. Much time and effort were put into making it a day fit to honor the pioneers, who made this land choice above all others.

MY BOYHOOD IN SANPETE

Vic Frandsen
Springville, Utah
Senior Division
First Place Poetry

Oh, where are the pals with whom I played
When I was four or five?
Sad to relate, I greatly fear
That few are yet alive.

Dread diphtheria stalked the youth,
Shutting off their breath;
Smallpox and scarlet fever
Thinned our ranks by death.

But I recall the merry days
And years that slipped between
While I grew up from four or five
'Til I was seventeen.

With neighbor boys, and sometimes girls,
We played by San Pitch Creek,
Out among the tangled brush
In games of hide and seek.

Building dens and digging caves
Along the sandy shore,
"Bug houses" in the driftwood
With hiding sites galore.

Our finest boyhood treasures
Were buried in a box;
Fishing things, a frying pan;
Knives and fancy rocks.

Rival groups had hidden vaults,
Concealed in Alfred's Bend.
The romance of those magic days,
How could they ever end?

Trails of many kinds through brush and trees,
Many a crooked sandy trail
Made by birds and animals,
Pheasant and shy cottontail.

Play in barns and orchards,
All up and down the street,
Always waiting Mother's call
When it was time to eat.

Then we grew up to teen-age years;
With fishing pole or gun
We fished the ponds or roamed the hills.
We had such boyhood fun!

The cemetery on the hill
Holds most with whom I played,
Their names engraved on slabs of stone
Beneath the elm tree's shade.

The few now left are scattered wide;
I scarce see them at all
I wonder if they e'er recall
The days when we were small.

GREAT GRANDFATHER SNOW AND TEMPLE HILL

Elaine C. Southwick
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida
Senior Division
Second Place Poetry

Warren Stone Snow lies buried
In the pine-sylvan cemetery below the Manti Temple,
The temple that flowered like a paradisiac sego lily
From the heart of a small, gray hill
Exalting above the valley
Where the Sanpitch flows.

Warren—husband, father, missionary,
Presiding Bishop of Sanpete, high councilman,
State legislator, city marshal, mayor, general in the Black Hawk War,
Head Quarryman for Manti Temple, and confidant of Brigham Young.

The two had come alone.
Warren guided him carefully
Around rocks and brush up the incline.
‘Over there!’ said Brigham Young,
And the point of the President’s cane
Measured a space downward from the crest of the hill.

In the halcyon April morning,
Erasing time and binding the moment with eternity,
Brigham Young gazed down on Sanpete Valley
And the little thorp of Manti,
With its dugouts, caves and adobe houses
That clung like a cluster of burrs
To the base of the hill.
“Here’s where Moroni stood”, he mused,
“Here on this crest, and dedicated it as a temple site.
We cannot move this spot, and if we be but two,
We will dedicate this ground at high noon today.”

But at high noon the others came.
Impelled by the faith of their leaders,
They tramped up the dull, gray primeval bluff,
Where scrub-pine and dwarfed cedar
Crept from the canyons and squatted above
The trumpet-belled sego lily on the shale surface.

“Why here?” they questioned. “Why not Ephraim,
Gunnison, or deeper in the valley
Where the Sanpitch flows?”
But Warren knew that it would be on the Manti Stone Quarry as the Prophet had said,
And that had settled the matter.

On the crushed remnants of trampled sego lilies,
On the outcrop of oolite and granular rock,
Warren Stone Snow and ninety-nine of the brethren
Knelt in prayer for help with their prodigious task,
While swallows... men’s dreams...and Destiny
Encircled envisioned temple towers.

THE NIGHT I ALMOST DROWNED

Vic Frandsen
Springville, Utah
Senior Division
First Place Short Story

Moroni spreads across the south spurs of the North hills. An area called Dry Bottoms stretches north from the west side of Moroni. There is hardly a bit of water in this area, but in a two-square-mile pasture, water comes up everywhere. Three streams, called First Creek, Second Creek and Third Creek form across this Duck Springs pasture and run together by the railroad grade to form Silver Creek, which runs through Wales Reservoir to the Sanpitch River.

This pasture was reserved by the pioneers as a pasture for all who wished to use it. A tag was purchased to put on a cow’s neck, and the money was spent for John Stott to take care of the animals and fences. Most of the cows were taken from the pasture at night, taken to the stables for milking and returned next morning. A few ‘dry stock’ remained in the pasture at nights. The animals taken out would gather at the gate in the late afternoon and more or less group themselves by owners.

One August afternoon in 1908 the sky took on an orange color; all was strangely quiet. The chickens went to their coops; the animals were restless. Heavy clouds were forming at the Sanpitch Mountains southwest.

Rome came a little early; we climbed double onto Lyd and started for the pasture, nearly a mile away. Very heavy clouds and strong winds developed before we reached the pasture. Then the storm broke. John threw the pasture gates open, and all the cattle rushed for home, the storm mainly behind them.

My folks had nine cows, and Rome had two. All the cows were there except Lanky, and she was expected to have a calf “any day now.” I could not let her and the calf be lost. So I told Rome to jump off Lyd and take the cows’ home. I would go find Lanky.

As John Stott saw me ride out into the pasture he called, “Come back?” You will get killed out there!” But I could only think of Lanky out there and how badly my dad would feel if anything happened to her. I forced a very reluctant Lyd into the face of the storm. Lightning and thunder and rain seemed to be

destroying the earth. I reached First Creek, and the water was already over the little bridge, but I crossed it, in the lightning flashes still looking for Lanky.

Then I came over the rise to look upon Second Creek. The juniper posts showed where the bridge was, and Lyd waded through or across it. Then as we came to Third Creek the creek was about a hundred feet across the white water. The lightning flashes showed cattle coming from this water to the knoll at the southwest corner of the pasture, this being the highest ground in the pasture. Lyd was very reluctant to go into this water and was soon swimming toward the knoll, and the stream was quite swift. But finally she was wading and was safely across.

There we found Lanky with her spotted calf. The calf was lying in the mud and Lanky was licking it. Afraid that it would drown, I dragged its head upon some rabbit brush and held my straw hat over its face. I used my hand to scrape away the water that soaked the calf and prayed for help to save it.

Rome reached my home with the cows during the worst of the storm. Mother was watching for him, and amid the flying debris and the limbs coming from the Lombardy poplars, she got the gate open and let the cows inside and put them into the stable. She asked Rome where I was, and he said I was coming with Lanky.

As she approached the house, lightning hit a poplar tree and split half of it away to fall over into the garden, and just then the wind tore down the chick-wire trellis that held the vines across the north end of the porch and against the house. As Mother came into the house my sisters were huddled and crying and upstairs the shutters to the windows were banging, and the girls did not dare to go shut them.

As the worst of the storm was abating, John Stott came to our house on his way home from the pasture to tell mother, "I am afraid that boy of yours is a goner. I tried to call him back, but he rode his horse right out into that storm, and within a few minutes that whole pasture was covered with flood waters. The lightning was horrible. I don't see how he could be alive through it all."

Dodging the debris that filled the street, Mother went to Rome's home to see what he knew. All he knew was that I rode into the pasture to find Lanky, and he brought the cows' home.

Mother went across the street to the old family friend, Lars, and told him to go find my dad and tell him about my being lost.

Dad was on duty as the city marshal and was with a group watching a barn burn. The people around had removed the animals from the barn and corral and had moved away machinery, but the barn had been hit by lightning and was soon too much of an inferno for anyone to get near.

Lars told my dad the message. Dad ran for home as fast as he could come. He told Mother, "If he made it to the knoll, he will be safe. I am going to hitch Nelly to the buggy and go to the water tower by the station; then I will walk up the railroad grade and see if I can find him." Darkness was already growing rapidly, so Dad took the kerosene lantern.

Although it was summer, I was so drenched that I shivered, and I was so worried for fear of what would happen to Lanky's calf.

A while after darkness I saw three lanterns over by the pasture gate, but they went away. Then I saw a light which I presumed was coming up the tracks. It came quite rapidly until it was about 400 yards away; then it stopped, but after a while it proceeded very slowly, then came on again. I began to shout, but the roar of the water at the trestle was so loud that I knew nobody heard. Then the lantern was near, and I came as close to the fence and the barrow pit as I could. I could see that it was Dad. He was soon across from me, but the water between us was deep.

He told me to take the bridle from Lyd and to wade out to the fence, and he would come and get me. He undressed and piled his soaked clothes on the track. Then, as I reached the fence, he was there to help me through and carrying me, swam back to the railroad grade. He dressed, and we went down to the trestle. There the muddy water was splashing over the tracks, and Dad said that we would have to wait because the “whole thing” might give way any moment.

We sat on the tracks, and I lay on him and was soon asleep. By now the storm had rumbled off toward Fairview, but the lightning was almost continuous over that way.

After a while we saw two more lanterns coming up the grade. They came to the east side of the flood and stopped. We could tell that it was Uncle Andrew and Mal Sorensen, who worked with him. Dad held me up in the lantern light so they could see me, and we could tell that they cheered.

After another two hours the water was no longer splashing over the trestle, so Dad decided, “If you brace your feet against the downside rail and hold to me I think we can make it.”

After much careful progress we were on the downgrade side, and Uncle Andrew had me in his arms. He didn't seem to mind the mud I was getting onto him.

We reached the water tower, unhitched Nelly and drove home, with the other two men going their own way. When we reached home several lanterns were shining in the house and by the gate. The word was passed along that I was safe, and the many neighbors waiting with Mother came to greet me.

Mother had quite bravely stood the tensions until she saw me; then she cried. Several were telling me they thought I was brave, but Old Tom, whose language Mother disliked said, “Kid, they are telling you that you are a hero, but I think you were just a damn fool.” Mother heard, and Tom left.

Soon people were going home, and Mother had me in the washtub soaking the mud from me. I went right to sleep in the tub, and they had to carry me to bed.

Next morning my pals were there early to see me, but Mother would not let them come in until I had finished my sleep. After that I went out to them. Two of the neighbor girls were there just out the door to tell me they were glad I was alive. Doris told me, “Mother and I both cried last night when we thought you had drowned, and everybody's flowers were ruined and there would not be any to put on your grave.”

I was surprised to see all the cows in the lot instead of at the pasture. Soon the boys and I were playing Danish ball in the road. I was told that I could be “steady batter,” and Rome could be “steady pitcher” because he was the last with me. While we were playing ball, Dad came and told me, “You take Lyd and I'll take Nelly, and we'll go out and see what happened to Lanky.” I protested that Lyd was out in the pasture, but he told me that she came home. John Stott probably let her out, knowing she would come home.

Out in the pasture the high round was now covered with dry mud, which sent up a cloud of dust as we rode through it. Before the cattle could eat the grass a good rain was needed to wash away the dirt. The pools and creeks were “roily,” but were clearing pretty well.

We found Lanky still on the knoll, and her calf was frisking about. We put the calf on Nelly, and I drove Lanky, although she followed very well just to be near her calf. The larks were singing, the sky was bright and it seemed to be a whole new world, Dad remarked, “Last night seemed like Doom's Day: today it is Resurrection.

Source: Personal recollections of the author.

GYPSIES

Reva T. Jensen
Santa Maria, California
Senior Division
Second Place Short Story

Sunday school was always special. Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes were saved for that day, set apart for prayers and thanksgiving and rest from all weekly labors. The Saints called it the Lord's Day.

Billy Scott always managed to sit by Lititia Trent, although when teased about her being "his girl," he flatly denied this.

As the Congregation stood for opening song and prayer, Billy whispered to Lititia, "There are Gypsies camped at the creek, just below the Cemetery; let's sneak out and have a look at them." "Oh" Lititia replied, "I'd love to. Imagine, we could have our fortunes told. But how can we leave Church?" Billy held his song book high in front of his face and said, "Slip out while everyone is standing, run down the hall and climb out the back window. Run fast, and I'll meet you on the rock wall back of the Co-Op." Lititia – "Dare we try it? What will Mama and Papa say if we get caught?" Billy – "Come on, we will be back by the time Church is out."

The window was high and almost too high for a twelve year old, but youth always finds a way if the returns are inviting enough. Within minutes the two met at the rock wall and were skipping hand in hand toward the north end of town.

"Billy, how did you know about the Gypsies?" "Well, old man Shears talks about them all the time while he plants potatoes for Dad. He says he was once a Gypsy and roamed all over Europe with them. His stories are great." "Oh, Billy, I don't believe all that stuff. Old man Shears is a little daft, I've heard folks say, and Papa says they are a rootless people and their way of life is the Devil's way. Billy, I'm scared to go near the," and she began wondering why she slipped out of Sunday school to follow Billy to a Gypsy Camp.

There was a colorful horse drawn wagon coming into view. The two slackened their pace, now they were walking through the tombstones, being careful to not deliberately walk on graves.

A row of poplar trees formed the north end of the boundary line of the cemetery, and there was an irrigation ditch a few feet away. The setting afforded a nice place to camp, shade from the trees, water for the horse, and grass and watercress along the ditch bank. Indians often camped at this very spot, but the villagers were used to Indians wandering in and out of the area. There was great curiosity when Gypsies came.

"Look," Billy said, "their horse is white. Shears told me they believe white horses bring you good luck. So do green frogs and falling stars and certain precious stones."

Lititia was standing quite still, looking in wonder at the strange Gypsy women, dressed in gay long skirts, brightly colored bands around each head and strings of beads hanging around their necks. A soft wet wind carried a whiff of incense, along with a touch of scent of grim, bearded men. Round faced children chanted unfamiliar tunes. "Papa says Gypsies are descendants of Cain and doomed to wander the earth as punishment for the terrible sins of their ancestors?"

Billy pressed Lititia's hand and said, "Oh, they are a people who just love outdoor life and want to keep close to nature, and Shears says they have powers of magic. They can charm warts away, look in your palm and tell you what is in the future for you, but you have to cross their palm with money. Do you have any?"

Lititia brought out two dimes, - "Papa gave me these for Dime Sunday, will they be enough?"

Billy took a look at them and placed one in his pocket, -"Let's try it." They were about to climb the fence when Letitia stopped short, an irresistible lure enveloped the air, Lititia was not looking at the Gypsy Camp; her eyes were facing the great white Temple just east of the Cemetery. "Look, Billy, who is watching us." Billy turned around and stared in all directions. He could see no one except the strange camp in the distance. But Lititia was looking up toward the Temple at the Angel Moroni standing at the top of the Tower on the west end of the great stone structure, holding his trumpet as if sounding the way of the Lord for every generation.

Now Lititia was holding Billy by his hand, pulling him away from the poplars, away from the smell of incense. Her grip was firm, and she said "Come on, if we hurry we can get back to Church before the closing song. Come on Billy, come on. Skip faster, skip faster," suspicious of their own movements as the blocks seemed longer and longer. But a spirit stronger than the power of the Gypsy Camp quickened each step, and now they could hear the strains of the closing song, "God be with you 'till we meet again."

The back row of the Chapel had two empty seats, as if waiting for two runaways. As they joined in the last verse, Billy said, "Tish, here is your dime."

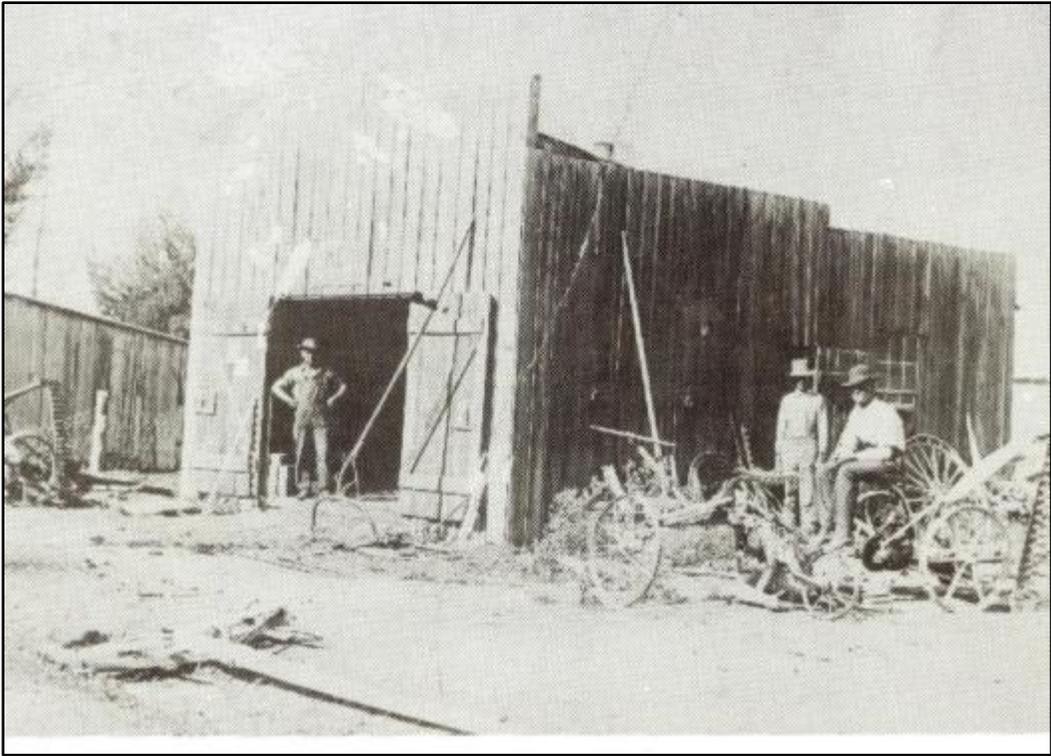
Source: Personal recollections of the author.



Axtell – Axel Einerson, for whom town was named, 1875.



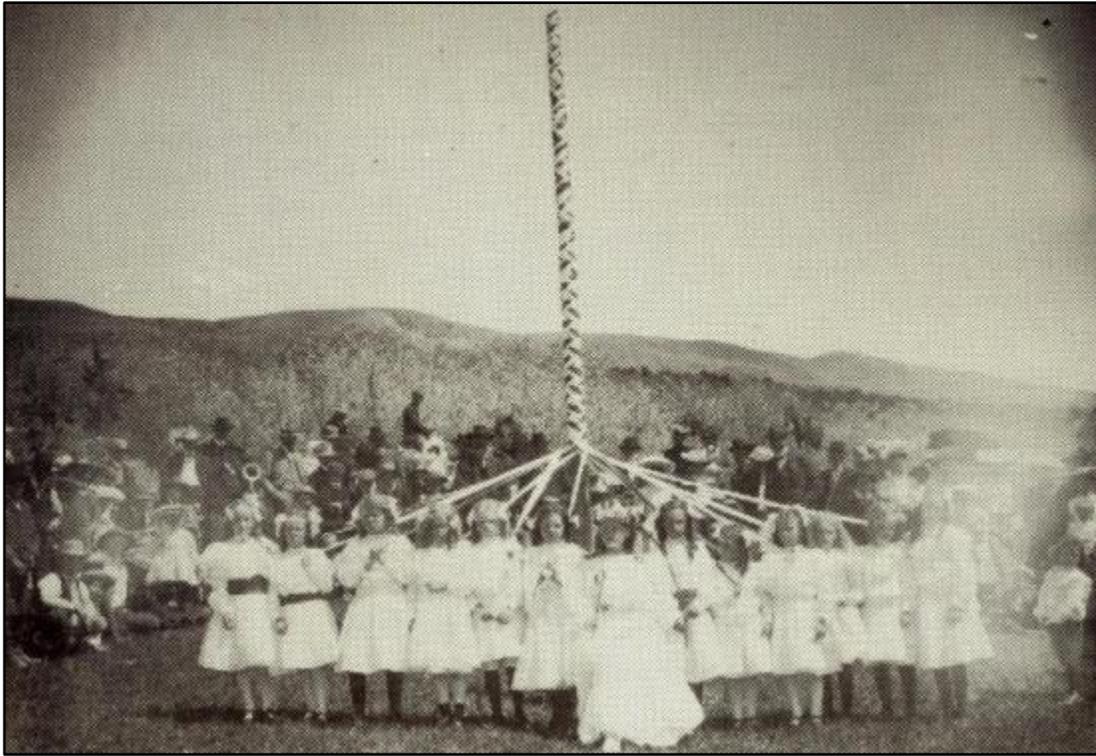
**Birch Creek – Leland Despain
Family and home, 1878.**



Centerfield – J. C. Nielson Blacksmith Shop, 1918.

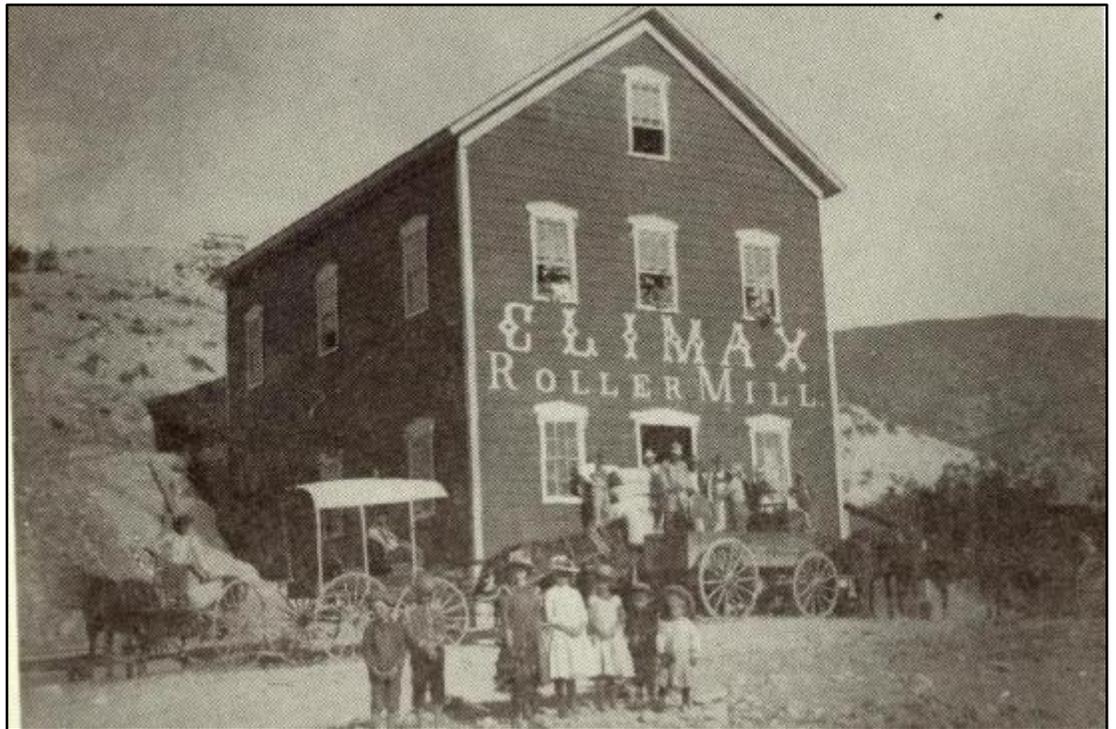
Fayette – Celebration at Fayette Springs (Warm Creek), 1899.

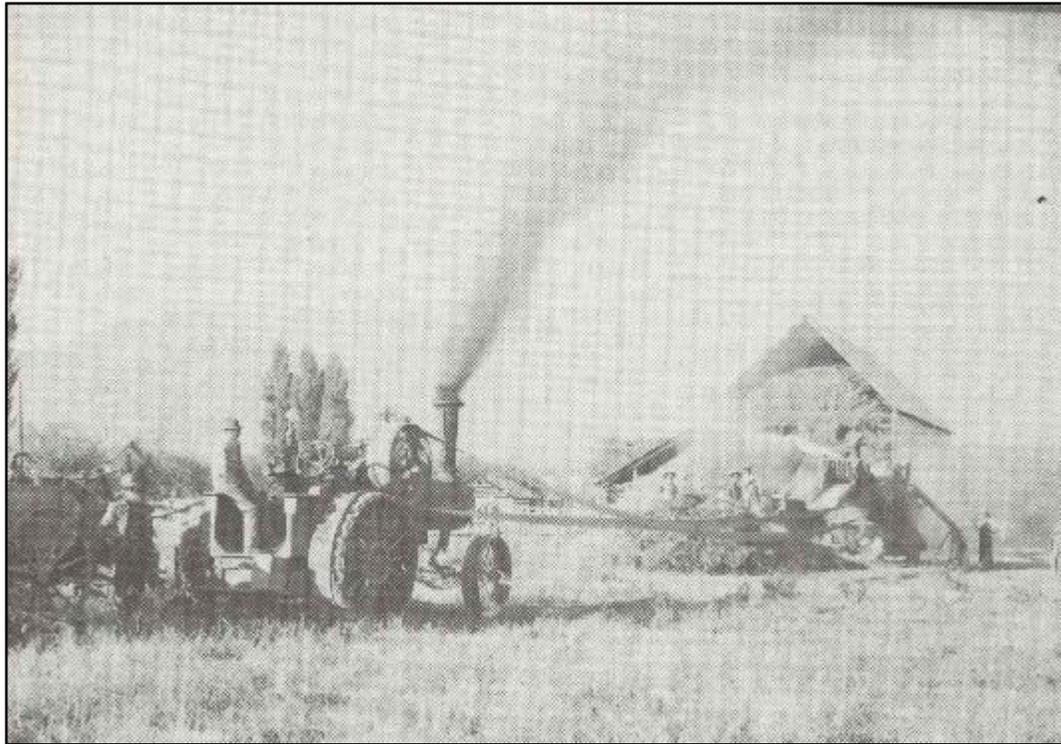




Fairview – Queen of
May and
attendants, 1905.

Ephraim – Roller
Mill, Feb. 6, 1901.
Uncle Jim (white top
buggy), Caroline L.
Nutt, Lonzo, Ervin,
Druzella and Vilate
Larsen.





**Fountain Green –
Threshing Time, 1912.**

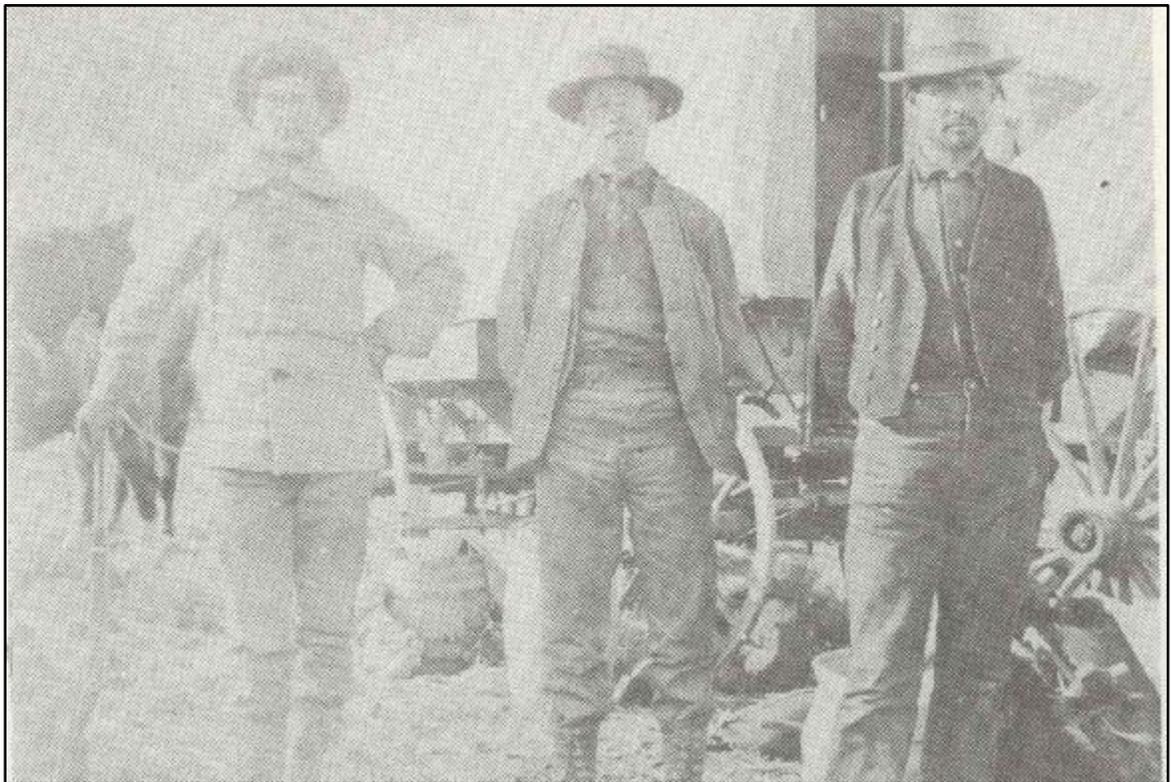
**Gunnison – Dr. J. A.
Hagan and midwife
(nurse) Minnie
Taylor, 1919.**



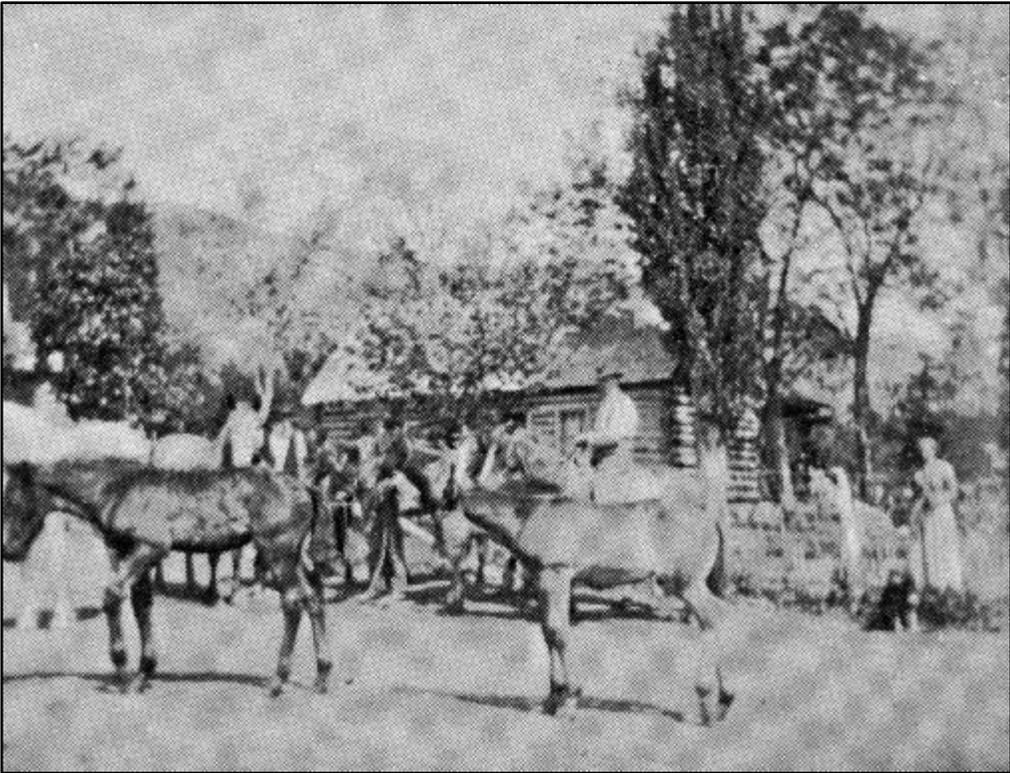


**Freedom –
“School is out,”
1900.**

**Indianola –
Coyote
hunters,
1910.**

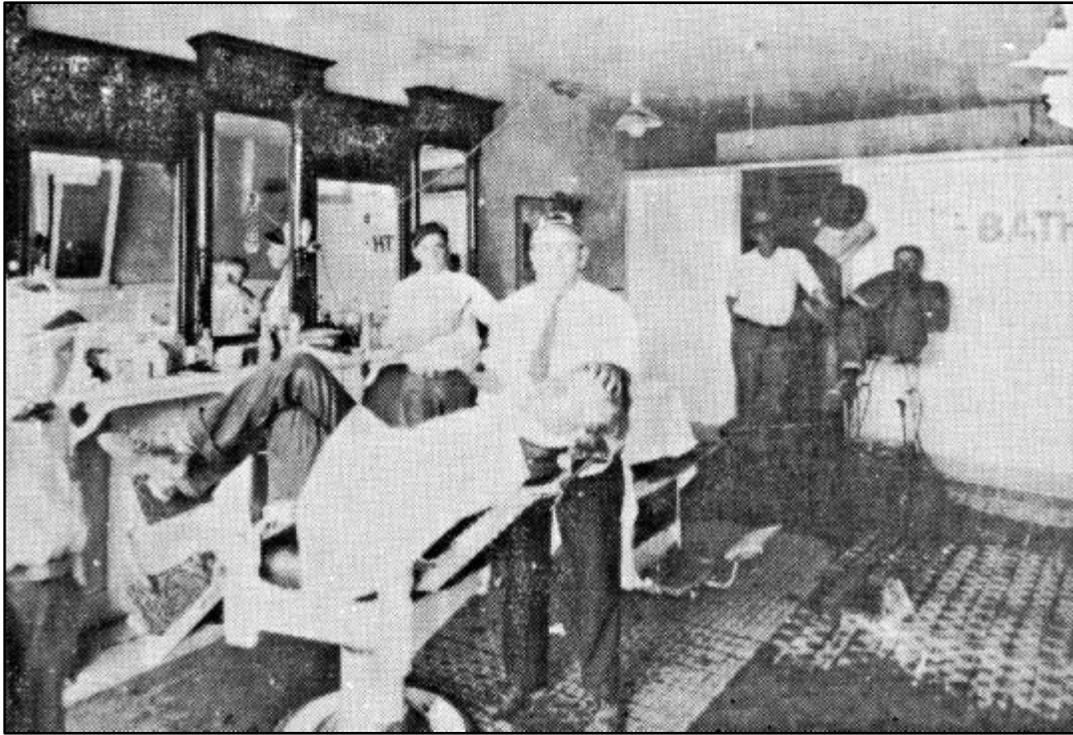


Lauritz Christensen family
and home, abt 1900,
Jerusalem.



4th of July Parade,
abt. 1890, Manti.
From G.E.
Anderson glass
slide negative.





**Dyches' Barber Shop
and Bath, 1918,
Moroni**

**Threshing
machine, 1914,
Mayfield.**





The Stacker Bunch, 1915, Milburn.

**Parade, 1909,
Mt. Pleasant**





**World War I
Armistice, 1918.
David A. Sheltt,
Jesse Shelly.
Mountainville.**

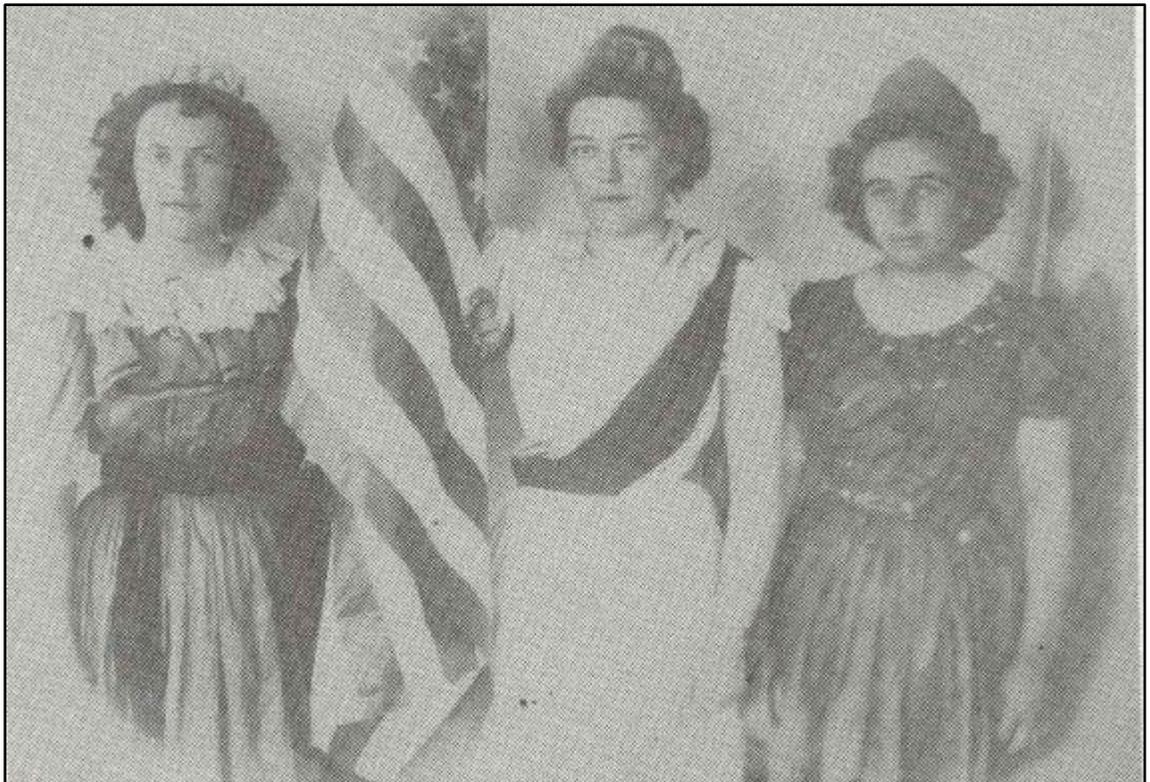
**Rabbit hunt
south of city,
1913, Spring
City.**

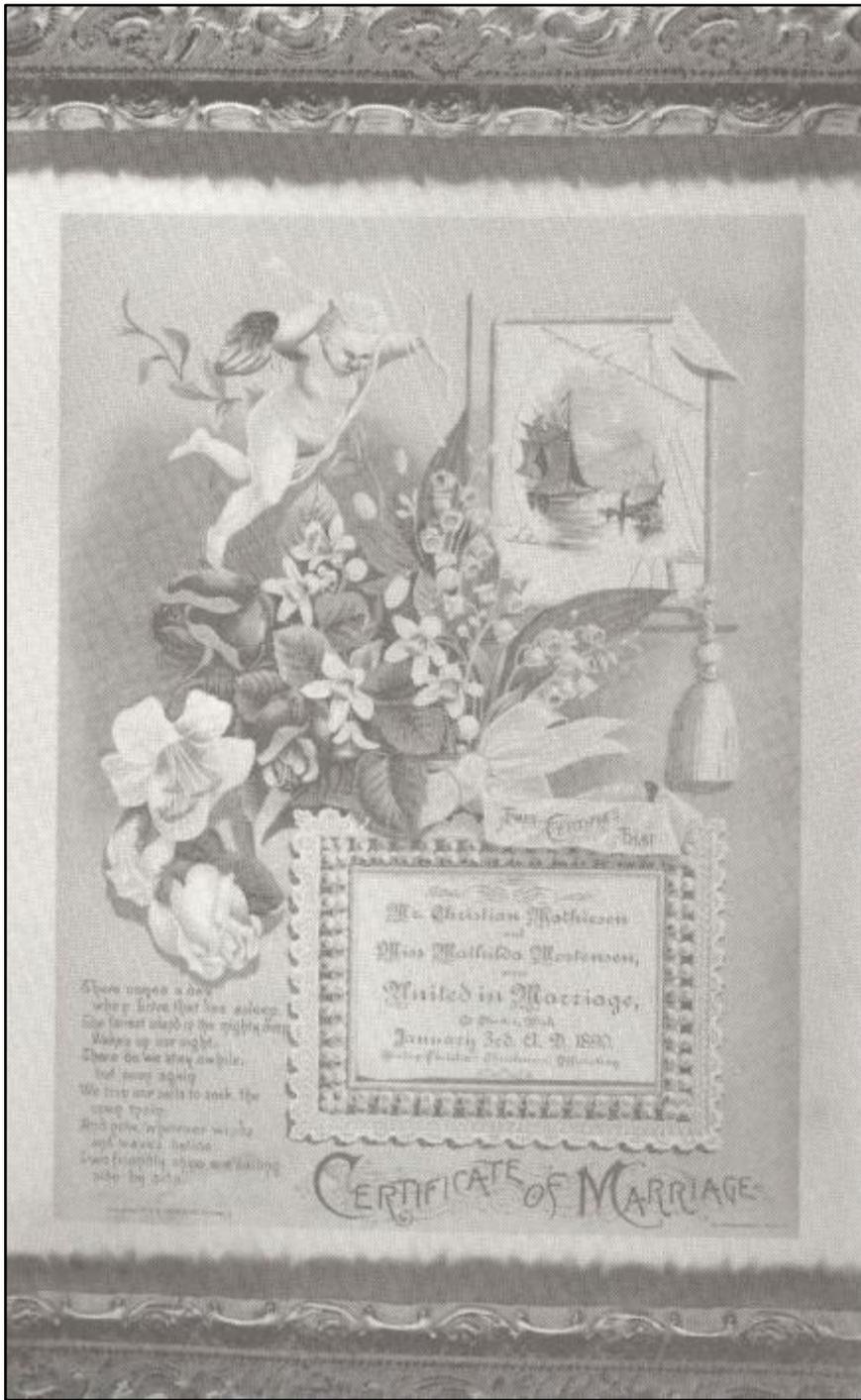




**Boys visit
Manti from
Sterling, 1915.**

**Miss Liberty
and
attendants:
Loa Reese,
Jane Lamb,
Zina William.
Wales**





Marriage Certificate, 1890, Chester. Christian Mathieson & Mathilea Mortensen.

Manti Temple Dedication with sample ticket of admission, May 21, 22, 23, 1888. From George E. Anderson, glass negative.

