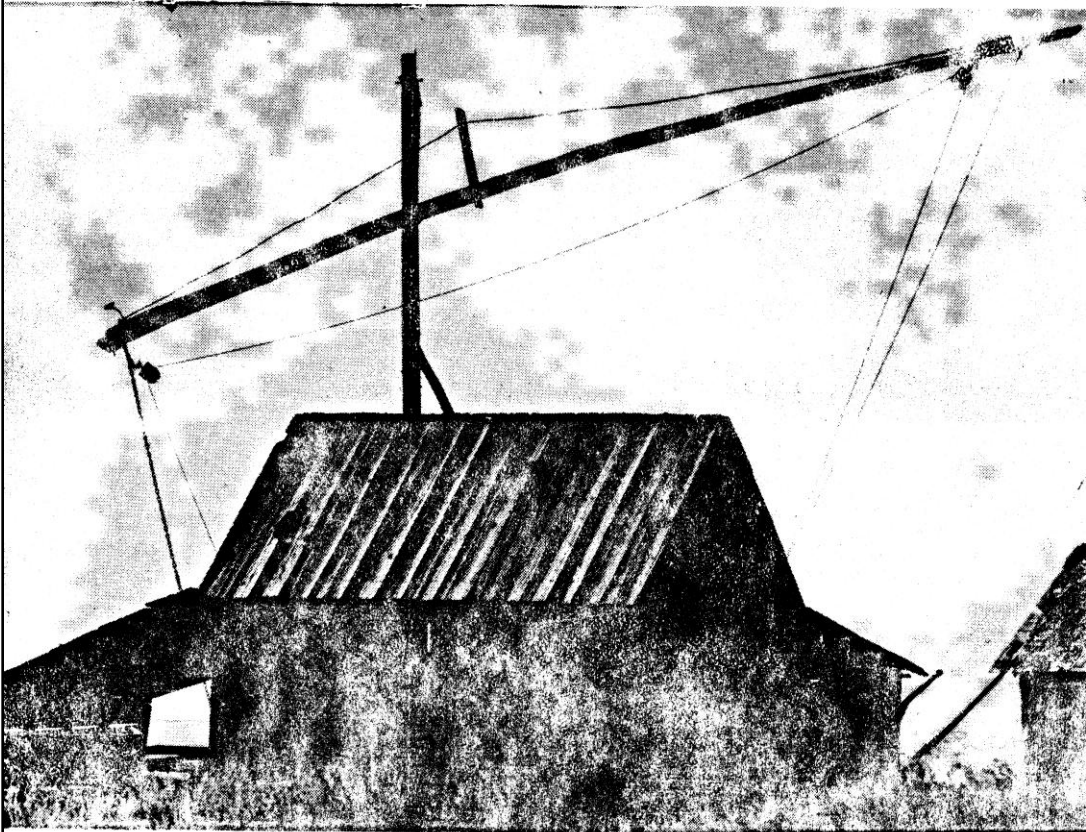


*Saga*  
*of the*  
*Sanpitch*



Volume 1

1969

**SAGA OF THE SANPITCH**

**Volume I**

**Winning Entries**

**for the**

**1969 Historical Writing Contest**

**Sponsored by**

**South Sanpete Stake**

**of the**

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

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**By**

**R. Clair Anderson**

**For the**

**South Sanpete Stake**

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

**Printed at Snow College**

**Ephraim, Utah**

## **PURPOSE**

**Part of the inheritance that is ours here in the beautiful valleys in Sanpete County is the rich lore of the pioneer settlers who laid the foundations on which our communities are built. From these foundations, children born here have grown to capable men and women who have gone out into the competitive world and found success; or have stayed in the valleys and made their living from the soil, and have passed on to their children and grandchildren the heritage of their early ancestry.**

**Each community in this county has its own stories of sacrifice and achievement; of struggle with the grasshoppers and the Indians; of early frosts and drought and privation; and as these were faced and overcome, the hopes and dreams of the pioneers became a reality. A magnificent temple was erected and dedicated to the work of the Lord; a great Educational Institution was founded; homes, schools, churches were built. Sagebrush flats were cleared and made into producing fields. Orchards and gardens were planted and the valleys began to blossom.**

**It was to capture some of the fast disappearing stories of that early period before 1888 that the idea for this year's contest began. According to the judges of the contest, it has been a success. Mr. Leland E. Anderson made the statement that the entries all have one thing in common, "they come from the soil."**

**Appreciation to those who assisted with this contest would go to three natives of Sanpete who were judges for 1969. Mr. Leland e. Anderson, now at BYU, native of Ephraim. Dr. Briant S. Jacobs, native of Mt. Pleasant, BYU Professor of English and literature, and Mrs. Christie Lund Coles, eminent Utah author, who was born in Salina, but spent most of her childhood in Mt. Pleasant.**

**To Dr. & Mrs. H.B. McQuarrie for the special effort to get a photograph for the cover that is just right, to Ross P. Findlay, Larry and Joyce Stahle and Karen Sorensen for preparation and printing of the winning entries, to the Sanpete county Fair Board and to all members of the Committee for the Historical Writing Contest for 1969.**

**South Sanpete Stake Presidency**

August 12, 1969  
Provo, Utah

Last evening we three judges met and unanimously agreed on the following report:

SHORT STORY

First Place: Nikki  
Second Place: Tales My Grandmother Told Me  
Hon. Mention: Sound Forth the Word

ESSAY

First Place: On To Manti  
Second Place: John Hasler  
Honorable Mention: Heritage Happenings

POETRY

First Place: Sanpete Sonnet  
Second Place: Heritage Come High  
Honorable Mention: They Cast Long Shadows

We congratulate every effort put forth in this excellent project. We trust this may continue through the years ahead.

Most sincerely,  
The Judges

Leland E. Anderson  
Briant Jacobs  
Christie Lund Coles

## HERITAGE COMES HIGH

Nora R. Mickelson  
Manti, Utah  
Second Place

A golden heritage has come to me,  
Of home and field, of flower and fruited tree,  
Of Gospel truths and blessed liberty.  
For all these legacies most grateful should I be.

For it was not my fragile hand that pushed the cumbrous  
Handcart through the endless brush.  
My tender naked feet have never known the burn of blistering  
Sand or bruise of jagged stone.  
I've never been awakened from my dreams by sound of mobber's  
Threats, or Indian's savage screams.  
Nor have I ever for scant ration dug, with sweaty toil,  
The side hill sego bulb.

Neither from an angry father's roof have I been turned with  
Bitterest reproof, because I could not in my heart deny,  
Those golden truths for which a martyred prophet died.

Yet those who endured all these things for me,  
Never lived to see the fruit upon their tree,  
Or pick from arbored vine a fragrant flower,  
Or see the sun shine on a temple spire.  
Their hearts would nigh have burst with ecstasy,  
Could they have seen and known the things which are so  
Commonplace to me.

Oh! More than gratitude I owe to those brave, stalwart souls, and strong,  
Who versioned what their strength would mean to future generations yet  
unborn.

Yes, more than gratitude they claim for me—  
A life as true and staunch as theirs,  
Of service full, of sacrifice not spared,  
A book of dead redeemed, a testimony shared.

God grant my life, so lived through all the years,  
Be not too poor a pay for all their toil and tears.

---

## NIKKI

Norma S. Wanlass

Manti, Utah

First Place

Chief Walker and his Indians blamed “the Mormon” for the deep snow that first winter of 1849, and for the epidemic of Red Measles later on. What would they have done if they had seen us throwing those hundreds of dreadful, slithering rattlesnakes on the fires, destroying a part of their meager food supply?

The day the company reached Temple Hill it began to rain, the rain turning to snow by nightfall. It snowed until it reached a depth of four feet on the level.

We had camped along the south side of the hill for protection against the north wind, but our covered wagons offered very little shelter or warmth against the bitter cold. The men agreed that there was no way to get into the surrounding mountains for wood to build cabins, so the only alternative was to dig dugouts in the hillside. Papa began digging in the hill of clay and shale behind us.

Adelia, age eight, and Al, age five, and even little Orville, age two, helped push the dirt from the doorway and carry the rocks away. It was better to keep busy than to think about how cold and wet we were.

While we children rested inside, Papa stood back and surveyed the size of the hole and then declared with satisfaction, “There, that ought to keep the five of us out of the storm.”

“Now we’ll all go down to the ‘crick’ and cut some of those willows that’s growin’ along the bank.”

“But Papa,” Adelia protested, “the snows higher’n we are.”

“I’ll go first and push a path thru with my body,” Papa explained, “then you can follow along behind me.”

We soon found that Al and Orville were too short to bring any willows back, even holding their arms above their heads as far as they could reach, and so we called Mama to come and help. Mama had been kinda pooly ‘cause we were going to get a baby brother in early spring, but she came and helped Papa and Adelia.

It took quite a spell but when we got all the willows up to the hole, Papa wove them into another room in front. Smoke from a fire in there could escape through the willow chinks, while we kept warm and cozy inside the dugout.

It was a long, hungry, cold winter, the snow lasting until May. As soon as we could start clearing the land of sagebrush, the whole family went to work, except the baby DeLaun who was born in March.

One soft, warm, rustling evening when Mama came from the field, a buzzing began as she drew near the willow room. She retreated and it stopped. Then she moved forward and it started again. Cautiously she peered into the willows and there above the doorway was a six foot rattlesnake, its fangs flicking in and out of its mouth as fast as a humming bird’s wings. She screamed and the neighbors came running from all directions. They killed it; then another and another. Everywhere they looked snakes were crawling out of the cracks and crevices in the hill. By the hundreds they killed them. At first the boys cut the buttons off each tail, but by dark the job had become too tedious. And still the snakes kept coming.

They built fires so they could see, and threw the dead rattlers on them. On into the night it went. No one dared or wanted to sleep in the dugouts and one by one the children laid down around the fires and were soon dreaming of scaly, slithery, slippery, striking snakes. Some said they killed fifteen hundred that first night, but no one had bothered to count them. For quite a few days we found coiled snakes in our beds, in our drawers, even in our dishes and kettles.

About that time Orville became listless and pale. Mama would feel his forehead for fever and have him stick his tongue out. She made him a tonic by boiling sagebrush, but he didn't get better. I was sure he wouldn't, it was such foul tasting stuff.

One evening Orville picked his bowl of bread and milk up and started toward the doorstep, to sit and eat it.

"Oh, Orville," Mama said, "why don't you stay inside tonight? There's so many mosquitoes out there."

"I want to feed my nikki," Orville whined, and started to cry. So Mama let him sit on the step.

It wasn't long until a big rattlesnake crawled out and curled up beside him. Orville would eat one spoonful and give the second one to the snake. It would drink the milk off and Orv would eat the bread.

"Look at this," Mama hissed, and the whole family crowded forward.

Papa killed the snake!

Orville cried into the night for his "nikki". Papa finally consoled him by telling him they would get the buttons tomorrow, and then he could always carry his "nikki" around with him. Orv was up early the next morning to see that Papa did what he had promised.

Orville got better but you know, even when he grew to be a big boy, he would scuff down the middle of the road, the dust raising about him, twirling those buttons in rhythm as he sang---

"I had a pet  
By the name of Nikki,  
Shared my sop  
And it made me sickly,  
Papa killed it  
Cause it was deadly  
So ended my poor Nikki."

---

### **SANPETE SONNET**

Cindy Nielson  
Ephraim, Utah  
First Place

On hostile hillside, that late November day  
They paused, with hope that hardships soon would cease.  
In awe, they scanned the mountain fortress grey  
And dreamed of future mountain homes of peace.

These were the Mormon folk who gave us life-  
Sustained by God, through nature's ravages.  
Through them, our lives are less of toil and strife.  
They tamed the land, fought hostile savages  
That we might live in peace and love.

From humble hut to great and towering dome  
We thank our Heavenly Father up above  
That we may call this peaceful valley "home".  
And now, through them our destiny appears.  
We honor them, our valley pioneers.

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## **ON TO MANTI**

Leah B. Lyman  
Manti, Utah  
First Place

Azariah Tuttle stopped his wagon in front of Fort Utah. The barking of dogs announced their arrival but the team paid no attention. The unexcitable oxen relaxed and drooped their heads in sheer exhaustion. The family was also tired. The mountain roads had been more suggestive than real and walking uphill and riding down had been the family custom. Whenever it was safe Azariah's aging mother, Eleanor Mills Tuttle, drove the team so that he could walk with his wife, Ann Mabbot Tuttle, and their two children, thirteen-year-old Alexander and Elizabeth Ann age nine. Often they had to push with all their might to surmount a rough hill or cross a gully. Only when they came in sight of the fort did they all get into the wagon. Ann sat in the spring seat with her husband while his mother and the children sat just behind to catch the view.

The Tuttle's had not been prepared to come west with the first company of 1847. Both Azariah and John had found work among the farmers of Missouri, taking their pay in produce, wagons and oxen. Now the summer of 1852 found them traveling with Bishop Howell's wagon train. They had left their youngest brother, Luther Terry, busy but happy. After he was mustered out of the Mormon Battalion, he had joined some trappers for a season. From this he obtained enough means to assist in building a flour mill needed badly by the Saints. When the wagon train reached Salt Lake City, President Young directed some to Fort Utah in Utah Valley where the city of Provo was being settled.

John drew his wagon up beside his brother's. "I guess this is home," he exclaimed as he jumped from the wagon.

His wife and children remained silent as did those in the other wagon. All were enraptured with the scene before them. They breathed deeply of the fresh mountain air and looked about. The golden rays of the setting sun showed the valley at its best. It was mid-September, harvest time, and farmers were still in their fields. The steep mountains, such as they had never before seen, formed a protective custody. In spite of the fact that a fort had been necessary to protect the settlers from Indians who resented the white men moving in to take their lands, they felt serenity such as they had never known.

People from the fort came out to welcome them and they were guided to a camping place where there was wood for camp fires and water for their animals and camp use. Their simple evening meal was soon over and as they were packing their things again into the "grub-box," their old friend, Isaac Morley, known to them as Father Morley, strode into camp. He it was who had taken them to his home after the mob had burned their little home at Lima.

Greetings over, Father Morley asked about their activities since they last met. "That is all in the past and can wait for a more fitting time," said Azariah. "Our future is here and we would like to know what is going on."

"I have much to tell," said Father Morley, and they all settled down to listen.



"I will make it brief and to the point," he said. "On June 14, 1849, there rode into Salt Lake City a delegation of Ute Indians led by Chief Walker. At their request they were conducted to the office of President Young. With many grunts and motions the Mormon leader was made to understand that the Indians wanted some Mormons to come to Sanpitch Valley to teach the Indians how to build homes and till the soil. In August an exploration party of four men, with Chief Walker as guide, set forth. They found a beautiful valley through ran a creek of good water. They found the soil good and the surrounding mountains gave promise of plenty of timber both for fuel and for building. Within a few days they returned reporting that everything was favorable for the building of a community."

For a moment the speaker hesitated. So far he had only told of things in general, but when he spoke again it was in a reminiscent mood, for he was recounting experiences in which he had played a major part.

"A company of some fifty families," he continued, "was organized as soon as possible, with Seth Taft, Charles Shumway, and myself as commanders. We three were set apart to govern in Church Affairs, keep law and order, and advise in the things pertaining to the building of a new town. It was late in the fall when we left Salt Lake. We had to clear roads and build bridges as we went. We reached the chosen valley November 22, 1849, too late to make much preparation for the winter that was upon us. We camped near the creek in our wagon boxes and in a few days it began to snow. Soon it was more than three feet deep and still coming down. We were forced to seek the shelter of the south side of the hill that projected out into the valley. Some of the saints made dugouts in the hillside, while others used tents and wagon boxes for shelter."

The recounting of these events was painful, his voice choked and tears flowed down his cheeks. "I hope I never see another winter such as that," he went on. "The men and boys shoveled snow daily, piling it into windrows to provide shelter for our horses and cattle, and also to uncover the dry grass for our starving animals. We even sharpened the horns of our cattle to make it possible for them to break through the crusted snow and find feed for themselves and also to help them to protect themselves from wild animals.

"We lost many of our horses and cattle that winter, but it was not a total loss. We gave them to the starving Indians camping nearby and they greedily devoured them to ward off starvation. Even they had never seen snow so deep. It was as if the almighty God was testing our faith in every possible way.

"Spring of 1850 arrived. With the warm weather came a new terror. Myriads of rattlesnakes came from crevices in the hill. Hissing their way into the homes of the saints, they wriggled and writhed about in their boxes, beds, cupboards, or anywhere they could get. With the aid of pine knot torches, we killed nearly five hundred of the reptiles in one night and soon had the country rid of this latest menace. The remarkable thing was that not a soul was bitten. In spite of everything we had endured we all came through the winter in good health."

There was a sigh of relief but no one made a comment. When the narrative was resumed it was in a lighter vein as if the crisis was past.

"In August of that year President Young visited us and christened our town Manti, in honor of one of the notable cities told of in the book of Mormon. He also named the county, changing the name of Sanpitch to Sanpete. To make sure that we did not neglect the education of our children, he furnished part of the money for the erection of a school house. Jesse W. Fox was our first teacher. Our only method of making flour was with a huge coffee grinder which was passed from home to home. So President Young helped me to make possible the erection of a small grist mill in the canyon east of town.

"On the 9<sup>th</sup> day of September 1850, by an Act of Congress, Utah Territory was organized and Brigham Young was appointed Governor. Charles Shumway and myself represented Sanpete County in the

First Legislative Assembly in Salt Lake City. On the 5<sup>th</sup> of February 1851, an Act was passed incorporating the three towns now existing outside of Salt Lake City. Brownsville on the Weber River was incorporated under the name of Ogden. The town here in Utah Valley known as Fort Utah was incorporated under the name of Provo. Third was our own town of Manti. We were proud when we returned home. Soon the city of Manti was laid off, ten miles square, and divided into city lots. The settlers soon chose their lots and moved from the hillside to start homemaking in earnest.” Father Morley looked about as if trying to read their thoughts. “Well, that is about all there is to tell, only that there are plenty of city lots left. How about joining us?”

Azariah had been toying with the thought all during the recital. Turning to his brother he said, “What do you say, John?”

After a quiet conversation with his wife, John said, “Let Mother decide.”

Mother Tuttle was proud that her boys still sought her counsel, but she was not ready to commit herself yet. Instead she said, “This narrative reminds me of one of Christ’s stories. One of the last parables he gave was shortly before his crucifixion. He wanted his disciples to know that he would not be with them much longer and they would be sorrowful, but their sorrow would turn to joy when he triumphed over death, and he likened it to the most common thing in the world, the birth of a baby. Birth pains would be forgotten when the mother realized that a man had been born into the world. Likewise, the people of Sanpete went safely through their travail and a city is born. I think they need us to help care for this child. I say, ‘ ON TO MANTI!’.”

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## TALES MY GRANDMOTHER TOLD ME

Arlea H. Howell

Ephraim, Utah

Second Place

Our early pioneer people brought with them from their homes in the old country many strange beliefs and superstitions. I can remember my grandmother telling me as a child that the sure cure for warts was to cut a potato in half and rub the wart with half if it and bury the other half. She was equally sure that a pinch of salt thrown over the shoulder would prevent bad luck if by chance the salt had been spilled. The following is one which she told as having happened to her own mother but I was never sure that she really believed it happened like this.

Traveling across the sky that night, the moon was a watermelon slice circled with a faint halo of rainbow.

“Storm tomorrow,” said Mother as she sat silently beside the bed.

Our neighbor, six year old Marian, was ill with some kind of fever and Marian’s own mother was sleeping, exhausted from many days relentless watch over her sick child.

“Storm tomorrow,” repeated Mother to herself and closed the window to the night breeze.

She went back to the bedside and touched the hand of the sleeping child, then the forehead and noted with some concern that her breathing was very weak. She turned up the lamp and bent her head to place her ear on little Marian’s chest. Satisfied that the fluttering heart was still pumping life into the child she turned to the doorway to see Marian’s mother watching her with wide eyes.

“Did she call out?” she asked.

“She’s all right, go back to bed, Carrie,” coaxed Mother.

“I thought I heard a child call,” said Carrie.

“She hasn’t stirred for more than two hours” answered Mother, “but there’s life in her yet. Do go back to bed for a while.”

Then the two women froze in horror and turned their faces toward the screened door. From that direction came a child’s voice and the unmistakable words, “Marian, Oh Marian!”

Mother glanced at the clock in the corner shelf. Four o’clock in the morning. What would a child be doing out at this time of night and calling to the near dead girl? Of all things! She walked toward the door busily.

“No, Lucinda. Come back! That’s Myrtle! I’d know that voice anywhere,” warned Carrie.

“Myrtle who?” asked Mother

“Myrtle Larsen! Myrtle Larsen! I’d know that voice anywhere,” whispered Carrie.

“You’re hearing things,” consoled Mother, but the hair began to crawl on the back of her neck. She went on, “you know that couldn’t be Myrtle. You’re tired and jumpy. Come and sit down.”

She led Carrie to a chair in the corner. The older woman sank down and covered her face with her long apron.

“You know,” she said, “I always knew I wouldn’t have Marian very long. I’m really too old to have a child that age anyway. Here I am with seven grandchildren and only that little one at home. I’ve just known I couldn’t keep her long. She’s so fragile and small, why like as not, first big breeze might blow her away from me.”

“Now, Carrie,” sympathized Mother, “of course she’s fragile but she’ll be all right if we can just get her over this sickness.”

“No,” answered Carrie, “this is the time and that voice we heard calling to her was Myrtle. You know what dear friends those two are and now with both of them having the fever—“Her voice trailed off and once again the childish cry, “Marian” echoed through their hearts.

Mother stepped to the window and her hand flew to her heart. Coming up the path between the lilac bushes was a column of children, boys and girls, and each held in his hand a lighted candle. They seemed to float through the pre-dawn darkness up to the steps and silently through the screened door. Myrtle Larsen in a rumpled nightgown headed the procession with two candles in her hands. One was lighted, the other, new and unused. In clear tones she said, “I have a candle and I need a light for Marian.” She walked toward the bedroom doorway and Mother could see her bending over the bed trying to light one candle from another. Carrie sat in stunned Silence. Then a choking sound came from the bed. Mother rushed to the door and as the candle wick took flame, Marian jerked up in bed and then collapsed, the life drained from her body. Mother turned to see the children but there was no one there except Carrie sitting in silence in the chair.

The Father’s step was heard on the porch. His big body filled the doorway and his voice seemed loud and brought the two women back to reality.

“Just came from Larsen,” he said, “Myrtle died about four o’clock.”

**JOHN HASLER**  
**PIONEER MUSICIAN OF CENTRAL UTAH**

Harry A. Dean  
Ephraim, Utah  
Second Place

John Hasler was probably the most prominent musical figure in Central Utah from 1869 until 1887. He did most of his work in Mount Pleasant and the northern part of the county of Sanpete, although he by no means confined his teaching and selling activities to that limited territory as the following sketch will show.

The writer is indebted to one of Mr. Hasler's daughters<sup>2</sup> living in Mount Pleasant for much of these materials. Other sources include the author's Masters Thesis<sup>3</sup> and certain issues of the newspaper<sup>4</sup> at the time of Mr. Hasler's death.

John Hasler was born in Switzerland April 17, 1839. He was a merchant, selling wines, liquors, and cigars by wholesale in his native country, and also a music instructor and prominent musician.

In 1869 he came to Mount Pleasant and was made leader of the band and instructor in music for pupils. He also became leader of the church choir.

He returned to his native land on a mission in 1880, remaining two years during which time he composed music for the German hymn book, now in use.

He was vice-president of the Equitable Co-op store of Mount Pleasant. He was secretary of the High Priests quorum and an active churchman and musician. He had been selling musical instruments for many years.<sup>1</sup>

John Hasler and his wife Louise Thalman Hasler were converted to the Latter Day Saint Church in 1868 through the missionary efforts of Karl G. Maeser. They came to Utah in 1869 and settled in Mount Pleasant where they lived in a cellar for six years. This was no ordinary cellar, however, for there were three rooms and it was made cozy and home-like with pictures and curtains about the bed and windows.

Mr. Hasler was a member of the Swiss Cavalry Band before migrating to Utah in 1869. When he came, he brought with him much band music and several broken down horns he had obtained from the Cavalry Band. He also brought many slides, organ and clarinet reed, etc. These he brought in preference to a fine mattress and some household treasures which his wife desired him to bring. After arriving in Mount Pleasant, he spent the evenings soldering these old instruments together, and they were used in the first brass band organized by Mr. Hasler with the following members: John Hasler, James Hansen, Bert Hansen, John Waldemar, Daniel Beckstrom, James Meiling, August Wall, Aaron Omen, Peter Syndergaard, Andrew Syndergaard, Soren Hansen, Lars (fiddler) Nielson, Jacob Hafen, Ulrick Winkler, Oscar Barton, Charley Hamshire, Paul Coates and Olaf Rosenlaf.

Mr. Hasler also later organized bands in Fountain Green, Moroni, Payson, Pleasant Grove and Spring City. The Spring City band was composed of these members: Henry L. Acord, Emil Erickson, George Hyde, Orson Hudson, S. Peter Sorensen, William Osborne, John Blain, Adolph Strate, Simon Beck, Christian Anderson, Christian G. Larson, Daniel Beckstrom, Carl Hansen, and Fred Strate.

Soon after arriving in Mount Pleasant, Mr. Hasler was appointed to lead the ward choir, which he did for twenty years. In the winter time he would start the fires with his own kindling wood, and also use his own coal-oil for lights. He taught free of charge three girls to accompany the choir, namely Tina Morrison, Hilda Dehlin, and Gusta Dehlin. The only remuneration he ever received for directing the city band and the ward choir was ten acres of land, apportioned out to him by the bishop. To this day, that land is called the "brass band field."

In 1869-1887, music was not so plentiful or so easily obtained as now, and Mr. Hasler would write all the music for band and choir by hand from one master copy which was usually played by the organist in the accompaniment.

A very interesting phase of Mr. Hasler's activities was the founding of his Boarding School for Music Students. The students boarded and slept at the Hasler home for a term of six weeks, taking three lessons a day and practicing intensively between lessons. Among the many students registered at this school were Clair w. Reid of Manti, later on the music faculty of Brigham Young University, John J. McClellan, later tabernacle organist in Salt Lake City, and Anthony C. Lund, later director of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir.

Mr. Hasler made it easy for students to study music at the Boarding School by accepting anything he could use, such as barrels of honey, chesses, cedar posts, meat, milk and butter, and even clothing.

When students came from neighboring towns to register they were frequently accompanied by their parents, and sometimes the entire family. At times they would remain at the Hasler home for two or three days, eating and sleeping there, accepting the Hasler hospitality before returning home. Then after the six weeks instruction period was ended, the family would return and the Hasler hospitality would be repeated.

The amount of work required of Mrs. Hasler in cooking and caring for these students and visitors, together with three organs going all day, caused her to have a nervous breakdown. This resulted in Mr. Hasler discontinuing the Boarding School, but not his music teaching. Instead of having the students come to him, he would travel to the different towns in the valley and in an open buggy drawn by a single horse. His territory included that from Pleasant Grove on the north to Wayne County on the south, and even east into Emery County. He not only gave lessons but he sold musical instruments. He would give free lessons with each piano or organ sold, enough to insure the student playing two pieces. Many homes in the out-of-the-way territories at that time would never have known the cultural influences of music had it not been for Mr. Hasler making it possible for them to have music in their homes.

On one of Mr. Hasler's teaching tours in Emery County, he became lost for two days in a snow storm. On another occasion, Mr. Hasler became stranded in a blizzard near Thistle and arrived home with frozen feet and hands.

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

According to his daughters, Mr. Hasler was a crank on the matter of punctuality. He was never late for an appointment if he could avoid it. He was always very precise about having a place for everything and everything in its place. He could find anything he wanted in the dark. His word was as good as his bond. There was no half-way doing things. It was either right or wrong with him.

At the funeral of Louisa Hasler, wife of John Hasler, one of the speakers, W.D. Candland not only eulogized her, but in referring to her husband John said in part:

"God did not bring John Hasler from his native Switzerland for the sole purpose of grubbing brush and breaking rock. Here was a young and growing community, out of the wilderness. They must not become wild and lawless. There must be some softening and refining influences disseminated which John Hasler supplied. What is more effective than music? Music was John Hasler's middle name. Music radiated from his whole being. On coming here, he went to work immediately. Soon we had brass bands, string

bands, choirs, concerts, and a singing school and soon the town was on a musical basis. No home was up to date with did not have one of Hasler's organs. It seemed to me he directed the choir for half a life time. And the choir practices were one place where we could go and see the girls we wanted to take home. As soon as one group was trained and grew up and became married, he started on a new group. My conviction is that John Hasler performed a most wonderful mission, one that was not fully realized."

Sources:

1 – Lever's History fo Sanpete and Emery Counties, page 242, gives the following biographical sketch of John Hasler.

2 – Mrs. Mina Hasler Sorensen

3 – Choral Music in Central Utah, 1938, Brigham Young University Library. (Author's name purposely omitted because of identification rule.)

4 – "Mount Pleasant Pyramid," January 16, 1914.

5 – "Organization of the First Brass Band in Mount Pleasant, Under John Hasler", Daughters of the Utah Pioneers in Mount Pleasant.

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## SOUND FORTH THE WORD

Lora Nielson  
Ephraim, Utah  
Honorable Mention

It was a Sunday morning in the summer of 1875. Though it was still early in the morning, heat already crept on the little settlement of Ephraim. A neat little family, scrubbed glowing pink, emerged from a door of a small adobe home. An anxious mother herded her brook.

"Now son, don't get your shirt dirty," cautioned mother as a youngster bent over a curious kitten. "That goes for you, too, Bishop Dorius," she called to her husband. He looked up from the weed he had just pulled and smiled at her.

Bishop Dorius dusted his large, capable hands on his homespun trousers, and then proudly led his family down the walk. He turned toward the old stone chapel where he met with his fellow worshipers every Sabbath morn. The good people of Ephraim gathered toward the church. Many an anxious mother fretted over her spouse and offspring. After only one block, would they still be clean?

The great, staunch figure of Henry Allen Beal led the flock. He was a mighty leader of the Church and town. He was a big man with a big voice, which he could, and quite often did, turn up to terrific volume. He was a favorite speaker at church meetings and never minced words in his sermons.

Mrs. Dorius shooed out her last little son and was just closing the white picket gate when she noticed a pair of boots dangling over the edge of the hammock in the garden. She cleared her throat and marched right over. Underneath a huge straw hat lay the hired man. She snatched the hat away and, with hands on hips, she tapped her foot in the dust. The shaggy haired young man blinked in the sun, and grinned sheepishly, at Mrs. Dorius.

"Jens, are you not going to meeting?" she demanded.

"No," replied the young man calmly.

"Why for?" she inquired, becoming angry. She gripped his oversized ear. "Why for you lay here when you should be to Church?"

"Vel," drawled the hired man in his heavy Danish accent. "I heard Henry Beal vill preach today an' I ken hear him yust as good from here as if I vas to meeting."

## **“THEY CAST LONG SHADOWS”**

Wilma Morley Despain  
Centerfield, Utah  
Honorable Mention

When I meet my own—  
Will they look up lovingly, and say,  
“Well done, you took the torch—  
And carried it your portion-of,  
THE STEEP RUGGED WAY!”

I, but one of many—  
Who have golden harvest reaped,  
Am I a worthy standard bearer—of,  
This hard won joy\_\_\_  
SO SWEET?

My own came,  
Not for profit, wealthy they, but for things true!  
To worship, to proclaim the gospel--,  
To all valiant, who learned its worth,  
BECAUSE THEY KNEW!

God does give some grief—  
With each gift of song,--but  
They came, knowing great fear!  
Thus brought this gift, this precious light—  
SO I TOO, COULD PIONEER!

They left cherished homes--,  
I must guard mine, from those—  
Who would yet our dreams defile!  
They paid the price..., each tortured day!  
EACH ENDLESS MILE!

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## **HERITAGE HAPPENINGS**

Wilma Morley Despain  
Centerfield, Utah  
Honorable Mention

I stood in the bright light of the full grown fall moon in a grove of maple trees, in Kirtland, Ohio. This grove of trees was, and is known, as the “Morley Grove,” and is planted there around the old Morley home by Thomas and Edith Morley, grandparents of Isaac Morley, also known as “Father Morley” in later years.

As I stood there filled with wonderment at having the express privilege, at last, of being here to see the things and places I had heard and read about all my life, my eyes turned again toward the Kirtland Temple, which we visited earlier. The night was warm, as nights are that time of year in Ohio.

The stars seemed near as their long pointed spears struck down to guard these historic places. They reflected past glory of this holy house by shining on glistening bits of glass, still clinging in the older plaster, on those sturdy, historic walls.

We went next to the graves of my great, great, grandparents, buried there in the shadow of this holy place that had played such an important part in their lives and the early days of the church. These were Isaac's parents resting here, protected by the spires of the house of the Lord, which they had helped to build.

Oliver Cowdery and companion came on a mission to the East in the year 1830 and providence guided their footsteps to the home of Isaac Morley. He became one of the first converts to Mormonism in that region. He proved very faithful and his real worth was early recognized by the leading Elders of the Church. He was ordained a High Priest in 1831 by Lyman Weight, and on the same day was ordained and set apart as counselor, to the first presiding Bishop, Edward Partridge. He was called on a mission this same year, just one of several he was called, by revelation through Joseph Smith, to fulfill.

We had come here this day, after witnessing the marvel of the pageant at Hill Cumorah. I was still enthralled with what I had seen and heard there.

How I thrilled at standing here, in the quiet evening remembering the progress that has been made through the long years since the humble beginnings here.

How the Saints thrilled in those days too, even during the worst of their sufferings, knowing that the work of the Lord could not be stopped by man!

Some of my own died, gave their lives that they might prove this to the world that they, from a humble beginning, could worship according to the dictates of their own minds, and the promptings of their Father in Heaven and made it possible for me and mine to do this too, in these latter days!

How this frail, little, three times great grandmother of mine must have worried and anguished at the many threatening and times spent in jail by her dear son. She knew of the times he offered his life to the mob, if they would take him instead of the Prophet. Surely this brought her much anxiety and distress!

Could I, with all my blessings secured by his early participation and that of many others of my loved grandparents, give my sons to a mob? No., indeed I feel I could not. It has been hard enough for me to say goodbye to each of my three sons, as each left for their military duty or to fulfill missions for the Church.

Isaac's mother, knowing he was a true, loyal friend of Joseph Smith also knew that he meant every vow he had taken to become a member of this church and that he would, if called upon to do so, give his life for the Prophet. As all mothers should, and most would, she stood by him through all the evil accusations and supported him in all his righteous endeavors.

Another great grandfather, Andrew Hyrum Whitlock, Jr. of Ephraim knew and loved Joseph at this time, too. He was a teamster for him and also a member of the Nauvoo Legion and had many and varied experiences during this critical time. He was an interpreter of the Indian language for President Canute Peterson of Ephraim, and through this and his understanding of the red men helped to avert many unpleasant incidents.

The trek across those cruel plains had not been their worst trials and hardships. No, we have evidence that the horror they endured during those first days of the Church and the shock of leaving their lovely comfortable homes and dear ones behind were much the worst and most traumatic ordeals for them!



As we followed their trek as near as we could by car on our way back East, many names from these lines and many others of my descendants were common upon the markers of the common graves!

I stood at each one with bowed head and with reverence, knowing that these of my own and many others would not pass this way again, but were a living presence to me and had traveled every mile at my side!

My little, three times great grandmother tells of leaving her first home and her last! They carved this last living space from the thick forest and defended it and guarded it many times. She was left with small children to fight alone while my grandfather Isaac fought in the War of 1812. Many times as she stirred an outside fire to separate ashes to make lye so she could make soap, wild animals gathered at the clearing to watch and wait, her only companions besides her children for many miles.

Isaac and family were very well established and very successful farmers, as were his people before him. They cleared much land of forests and also had a prospering coopering business, which was brought here by one of my earliest Morley progenitors from England, and who were taxpayers here in America in 1732.

Many times the angry mobs burned all his grain and other crops. Much of his wealth was given for the building of God's kingdom in those early days. This included some very choice land that he gave when commanded to by the Lord through revelation. He was on a mission at this time and rebelled just a little. The rebuke the Lord gave him is in the Doctrine and Covenants and also tells how he repented of his rebellious thoughts and gave all again and remained faithful to the end. The other man involved did not do so and was rebuked; he rebelled and had to leave the Church. So, for his obedience and trust in the Lord, he was blessed with many responsible positions and much posterity, and for this I am very grateful!

His valiant and willing work and support brought him the privilege of helping to build three temples. His temple apron, used in both the Nauvoo and Kirtland Temples is on display at our own Manti Temple, which he was also privileged to help gather funds for.

How easy we have it today as far as financing the Church is concerned and in many other ways, too.

I give thanks, humbly, every time I am blessed by going to the Temple to help with the records and salvation of some of these valiant ones. Can I do less? Can any of us fail those who in their generosity brought their love for the Gospel here to the valleys of these beautiful safe mountains to bless us with their faith, courage and perseverance?!

When Isaac was sent, in the midst of the cruel winter of '49 as the head of the sixty brave families that came with him to the Sanpitch Valley, he asked for men who would keep the Sabbath day holy.

When President Brigham Young asked him what kind of men he would prefer, he told him also that he wanted men who would not profane the holy name of God!

There were those that smiled at this in those days too, but how wise he was, for can a man curse God and be loyal and worship Him in the same breath?

We have all read of the trials of this suffering company of Saints. Their privations and scute sufferings will ever make us grateful to them. As they braved their slow way to this beautiful Sanpitch Valley, were they asking themselves, "What is there in this for me, or why am I here?" No! Indeed they knew why they had become members of the Church of Jesus Christ of latter Day Saints! Do all of us know today?

We of his large polygamous family know how food was rationed and divided with their Indian neighbors, shorting their rations to the extent that many of our own and many others, too, gave their lives here, perished as a result of the cold and hunger!

When I visit his grave in the beautiful and well ordered Manti cemetery, here he also rests in the shadow of the most beautiful and most meaningful of all God's holy Temples.

Here in times of solitude and sweet renewing, I pause and bow my head again in reverence and with a humble, grateful heart.

Recently I took his record, my genealogy sheets to a class I was teaching. I hung them all around the room consecutively and in a straight line. "Why have you hung all those papers around the room?" the boys and girls asked, a little skeptical, of course.

"Have we not been studying the effect that one act, of one person can have on the lives of many, whether it be a good act or a bad act?"

"Yes," they chorused. They were indeed surprised to learn that these, all these hundreds of names were the result of one act, by one man, Isaac Morley, bringing the gift of the Gospel to all these people over a hundred years ago! Of course, we have added names since then getting many from our Reorganized relatives who had started coming to our Morley reunions before they were discontinued.

What courage his wife had when the Indian Chief demanded their baby as a peace offering and symbol of trust, of his faith in their word, and to show that he trusted them.

What obedience had taught them through the past years, what pathos in the agony that those dear ones went through as they prayed for the safe return of their beautiful, brown eyed boy! What rejoicing and thanksgiving by all when they did return him very dirty, but unharmed!

Could I, could you have given one of your dearly loved ones to a Savage, regardless of the safety and welfare of the Saints?

From then on, the Indians did keep their word to Father Morley because he had trusted them, they lost no more of their precious animals by theft and very few were taken by the Indians after this that were frozen, either, but before this time they even took those for food in this terrible winter!

They fought for their lives again in the spring. Unaware that they had dug their homes (dugouts) in a veritable rattlesnake den, or dens! Many anxious nights were spent killing these terrible, hissing enemies! They found them everywhere and as many as thirty were killed each night by each man, but not one man, woman or child was bitten!

My great grandfather was an unassuming, but very talented man. In the book The Church in Action, it tells how fair and honest he was and how this Sanpitch family called him "Father Morley" because he was in every deed and every act a Father to them. Because of this great respect for his council and advice, they prospered in the face of all these tribulations! Because of their love for him, he was given the distinct privilege of naming this loved settlement and he took the name "Manti" from the Book of Mormon.

How they prospered and grew! One of the first community buildings was, of course, a school house and many wonderful things were taught there. My gratitude goes to them and to all you who have followed after that have done things for furthering education right from the start here in our area and also in our state!

Isaac was active in all civic ways as well as being a zealous promoter of the Gospel. While serving as President of the Stake of Deseret, or the Sanpitch or Sanpete area as it is known today, he also was a member of the first Legislative Branch for this area in a State capacity and served in many other public causes for the progress of this area!

Many, many people have shown me and told me of Patriarchal blessings in their families given at his hand, and of his generosity in helping in Temple work and salvation for the dead.

Every time I enter one of these hallowed places where I know they, too, have been, I feel their presence; they forged this chain for me! Am I the weakest link? I cannot rest on their laurels! All the famous ambitious relatives in the world cannot make me someone or somebody if I have not taken the torch they so unselfishly handed me and carried it in honor! True, fine backgrounds do help, but I must finish the task I must do this for myself and help others of my own do the same!

I have tried to do this in myriad ways, but oh how little it seems when I compare with the accomplishments of these early day pioneers! I can try, however, by being a law abiding citizen, an enthusiastic Latter Day Saint in “work” and deed!

I love and revere my progenitors who brought me my precious testimony of the Gospel!

These valiant ones were not all of this area; so many others could be written about both on my maternal and paternal records. The names of Bradley, Draper, Blackham, Cox, Lowry, Tuttle, and Clark are all on my records and all played important roles in this drama of Sanpete County and other Utah settlements and states!

My husband could write all this and more of his wonderful grandparents who left all and came up the Mississippi River on flat boats, burying along the way as many as did those on the cruel trek across the barren plains! His grandmother taught school with Carl G. Maeser, and much have his Livingston and Anderson descendants done for the Church and education in Utah!

This precious Gospel, brought to me over raging waters and barren waste, in loving arms outstretched, how can I, a blessed one not show my everlasting gratitude?

In small measure I have tried, both by trying to live for what they fought for and in trying to help others to live also!

We, my husband and I, have sent three sons into other lands to return this gift to others! That they might hear and share the joy it can bring. They have done so willingly and have honored this privilege, and their parents and grandparents, by taking this message to the world and taking their love and chosen life companions to be sealed in these Holy Temples that their “own” helped to build.

Our daughter and her husband are also carrying on these same principles in their home, he having served a mission also and did work as a worker in the London Temple for some of these very descendants.

Some of these, like my g.g.g. grandfather William Lathrop Draper, a Reverend and very prominent member of another church, had to give up country, family, and all they held dear to give me the BLESSING of living in AMERICA at this choice time!

Shall I riot and demonstrate against the things they fought and died for?

Shall I stop planning and looking forward to each glad tomorrow?

No, I will look up and plan and support those who are fighting for our country and for peace. All of my sons are honored to have been in service to their beloved America, and we are proud that they did something about it instead of avoiding their obligation that their own people before them paid so dearly for. Some serve in one way, others in other branches of the military, as they did in those days too, but all are important if done in the right spirit!

I am humbly grateful for all this, and I want all of you to feel this way, too!

Yes, there are mountains to cross today, too, but can I, so blessed turn my back and say “they are insurmountable?”

We still must pioneer..., youth of today!

We must also look up with hope for a future more wonderful than ever before!

We know your mountains are big and threatening. The wheels of progress have brought to your doors unrest, upheaval, immorality and it is a great challenge.

Can you face it with clear eye and glad heart? Of course, you can. Your descendants, these great people of yesterday did and we, like they, have the “WILL” to DO AND DARE! So – dare to dream and look ahead, dare to see the vision of tomorrow by being industrious and courageous, your own before you had Wars and rumors of War, too.

Dare to have faith in your God, he is not dead! He is still at the helm; we must help him to help us!

Be proud of your heritage and let us “fight the good fight,” as did they!

That is what I would call a DEMONSTRATION, if demonstrate we must!

“Oh you loved young people..you can do all this, and MORE and God will be marching at your side also!”

Sources:

Song of the Century

Family Histories

Utah and Her Western Setting

D.U.P. Lessons

Doctrine and Covenants

Histories of Utah

The Church in Action – Romney

News clippings of all centennial observances, etc.

Family publications, histories, letters, and many other sources.

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## NICK NAMES

Prominent in the lore of the town of Ephraim in Sanpete County are the nick-names that people are called, and became known by. Often they were better known among their associates by their nicknames than by their given names. These names could be humorous or might be based on a particular characteristic of the individual, or could indicate a profession that a prominent member of the family may have followed, either here or in the old country.

“Stump Annas” is said to have belonged to a Mr. Anderson who was short and stocky, while Dan, Ben, Andrew, and Tade “Wheelmaker” Jensen would suggest that making wheels was something the family did or had done. Other names such as “Kinikinik,” “Kesko,” or “Haugue,” indicate which Olsen family a person belonged to. The Kesko Olsens have their origins in Kesgaard, Denmark, and so each of the nicknames have their particular significance to long time residents of Epr

It has been requested that a listing of some of the nicknames of prominent citizens of Ephraim be included in this publication, as these, too, are becoming lost as time passes and more and more of the early residents leave us. The names on this list were brought together by the late Frank Madsen and Emroy Johnson for Ross P. Findlay. As far as can be determined by examination of the list by people who lived here and knew the folks, the nicknames are authentic.

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|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. “Andrew Ah-haw”          | 14. “Lead Pencil”           | 27. “Hans Jessie”            |
| 2. “Otto By-yingo”          | 15. “Red Whiskers”          | 28. “Andrew Jessie”          |
| 3. “Bill Buck”              | 16. “Dan Wheelmaker”        | 29. “Karen Scrook”           |
| 4. “Chris Cellar”           | 17. “Ben Andrew Wheelmaker” | 30. “Shingle Pete”           |
| 5. “Little Pete”            | 18. “Andrew Wheelmaker”     | 31. “Petsy Bishop”           |
| 6. “Ole Miller”             | 19. Tade Wheelmaker”        | 32. “Joe Mons”               |
| 7. “Oluf Coffeepot”         | 20. “Bailer Pete”           | 33. “John (Brasspin) Miller” |
| 8. “Tossy Pete”             | 21. “Snipe Mart”            | 34. “Hans Miller”            |
| 9. “Tunny Antone”           | 22. “Mormon Preacher”       | 35. “Perty Pete”             |
| 10. “Jim Knaup”             | 23. “Niels Postmaster”      | 36. “Joe Shumway”            |
| 11. “Brazillian Blacksmith” | 24. “Cooper Pete”           | 37. “Tall Hansen”            |
| 12. “Fred Brazil”           | 25. “Long Peter”            | 38. “Pete Streep”            |
| 13. “Jake Cob”              | 26. “Pete Briggs”           | 39. “Ship Olsen” (Steamboat) |

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|-----------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 40. "Otterstrom Blacksmith" | 69. "Perty Jim"          | 98. "Niels Kels"             |
| 41. "Soren Bose"            | 70. "Yens Fiddler"       | 99. "Young"                  |
| 42. "Kanore Tom"            | 71. "Soren Ret"          | 100. "Little Pete"           |
| 43. "Jim Dist"              | 72. "Charley Balcksmith" | 101. "Yens Peter"            |
| 44. "Chris Stagg"           | 73. "Jim Magistrate"     | 102. "Pete Friday"           |
| 45. "Louis Napoleon"        | 74. "Bert Fiddlesticks"  | 103. "Indian Mary"           |
| 46. "Louis Brusoren"        | 75. "Painter Hansen"     | 104. "Chris Whitehead"       |
| 47. "Absolutely"            | 76. "Yoren Dragoon"      | 105. "Orin Billy"            |
| 48. "Joe Potmaker"          | 77. "Faithful Andrew"    | 106. "Boots"                 |
| 49. "Andrew Potmaker"       | 78. "Press Man"          | 107. "Charley Well-diver"    |
| 50. "Mass Weavor"           | 79. "Soldier Hans"       | 108. "Pete Ice-Cream"        |
| 51. "Jake Stine"            | 80. "Andrew Milbugger"   | 109. "Danish Dressmaker"     |
| 52. "Rasmus Clerk"          | 81. "Salt Hans"          | 110. "Flying Carpenter"      |
| 53. "Jim Washer"            | 82. "Salt Peter"         | 111. "Pete Pig-killer"       |
| 54. "Joe Dobemaker"         | 83. "Bee Hunter"         | 112. "Alphabet Hansen" (HPK) |
| 55. "Chris Dobemaker"       | 84. Tusa Peg"            | 113. "Black Jim"             |
| 56. "Fred Jorg"             | 85. "Willie Nissen"      | 114. "Little Swedish Tailor" |
| 57. "Black Andrew"          | 86. "Little Chris"       | 115. "Andrew Carnegie"       |
| 58. "Hanner White"          | 87. "Chris Butcher"      | 116. "Doc Quinn"             |
| 59. "Hat Stenie"            | 88. "Pete Butcher"       | 117. "Little Niels"          |
| 60. "Faun Galma"            | 89. "Chris Gold-Digger"  | 118. "Lew shooter"           |
| 61. "Little Witch"          | 90. "Shimmie Soren"      | 119. "Smiler Pete"           |
| 62. "Joe Boots"             | 91. "Clayton Long Soren" | 120. "Parley Polkadance"     |
| 63. "Uska Lars"             | 92. "Chris Tule Soren"   | 121. "Egg Woman"             |
| 64. "Chris Lingo"           | 93. "Ors Tule Soren"     | 122. "Willie Bishop"         |
| 65. "Johnnie Buttermilk"    | 94. "Little Hans"        | 123. "Louis Street"          |
| 66. "John Bolly"            | 95. "Ors Haig"           | 124. "Ras Pete Street"       |
| 67. "John Shiner"           | 96. "Soren Chickenheart" | 125. "Tunny Antone"          |
| 68. "Spool Jim"             | 97. "Eldon Tunny"        |                              |