

Saga
of the
Sanpitch



Volume 2

1970

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume II

Winning Entries

for the

1970 Sanpete Historical Writing Contest

Sponsored by

Manti Region of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Copyright 1970

By Ross P. Findlay

For

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

Printed at

Snow College

Ephraim, Utah

Preface

Legend is something like an unhurried stream, flowing easily down through the countryside. Sparkling and rippling along, gurgling and gently splashing as it passes through sunlit places, or changing colors as it goes through the shadows. So it is with traditions and tales as remembered by various members of a community. The legends each remember will depend somewhat on their own characteristics. One story might be quite clear and concise if told by a scholar. The same incident would be very funny if told by a person with a great sense of humor, or it might be sad, if told by someone who was very sensitive.

As these stories flow along verbally they are alive and vivid, and change with the teller. To write them down catches them just at one point—and how it finally is written depends on the narrator, whether it comes from the sunlight or from the shadow. So it is something of a loss to write the stories and legends that are a rich part of our heritage, but not so great a loss as it would be to lose them altogether.

We present then, Volume II of this Collection of Essays, Stories and Poetry, based on incidents in the lives of the early citizens of Sanpete as they have been remembered and written down. It is important to remember that with all of the difficulties and sacrifice encountered by these early settlers, their achievements were very great. And if we find that they had failings, will it not give us more patience to bear our own imperfections? If we should learn that those who built this great cultural empire are remembered by some as less than perfect, will it not give us strength to press forward to accomplish what is required of us, in spite of present difficulties?

The cover picture is from a painting by Carl Christian Anton Christensen, (CCA) early Sanpete artist whose paintings have been honored in the May-June issue of Art in America, and In the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City in July of 1970, to be displayed during the summer months.

The cover picture is entitled "Norway in the Winter," and is the property of Mrs. Eva Wallace of Ephraim, Utah. We are grateful to Mrs. Wallace for the use of this painting, to Mr. Ross Findlay and Mr. Larry Stahle for producing the cover picture and to the Christensen family for their help and encouragement.

Our sincere gratitude to three former Sanpete residents now living in Salt Lake City who served as Judges for the 1970 contest. All are successful writers and have contributed to Utah's Literary legacy. Chris Jensen, native of Ephraim was for a long time author of a column in the Salt Lake Tribune. He is also an artist of note, and has written for magazines of nation-wide circulation.

Mrs. Pearle M. Olsen, who spent her early years in Mt. Pleasant, has had poems and articles published in the Relief Society Magazine and other publications, and is co-author of a book on the Madsen family. Mrs. Vesta Pierce Crawford has been writing most of her life. She has been a newspaper correspondent, and in later years has served as assistant editor of the Relief Society magazine. She has received many prizes and awards for her literary achievements.

We also express appreciation to Miss Karen Sorensen who typed the manuscripts, Mr. Ross Findlay for printing and assembling, and to members of the Committee, comprised of Miss Jessie Oldroyd of Fountain Green; Mr. Vernile Shelley, Mt. Pleasant; Mrs. Wilma M. Despain of Centerfield; Mrs. Lonnie Wintch and Mrs. Norma Wanlass of Manti and Mrs. Eleanor Madsen of Ephraim. Also our grateful acknowledgement of the help and encouragement of Stake Presidencies in the Manti Region, President Vernon L. Kunz, President Lamar B. Stewart, President Ralph Blackham, President Roger Allred, and to our Regional Representative Clarence Robison of Provo, Utah.

Sanpete County Historical Writing Contest 1970

Decisions of: Vesta P. Crawford

Pearle M. Olsen

Christian Jensen

POETRY:	THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MANTI-----	First Place
	THE HISTORICAL MARKER-----	Second Place
	SONNET TO A PIONEER WOMAN-----	1 st Hon. Mention
	SANPITCH RIVER-----	2 nd Hon. Mention
ESSAY:	ADAM CRAIK SMYTH-----	First Place
	THE DIARY-----	Second Place
	THE PROPHET MORONI DEDICATION, ETC. -----	1 st Hon. Mention
	WEEP NOT FOR ME MOTHER -----	2 nd Hon. Mention
	THE HISTORY OF FUNK'S LAKE-----	3 rd Hon. Mention
STORY:	NEH-TIG-A-GAND -----	First Place
	THE BIG CHIEF'S PROPOSAL -----	Second Place
	MY BROTHERS -----	1 st Hon. Mention
	GRANDMA AND THE INDIANS -----	2 nd Hon. Mention
	TRIBUTE TO THE UTES -----	3 rd Hon. Mention

TRIBUTE TO THE UTE

Janell Harris,

Wales, Utah

Short Story, Third Honorable Mention

On a warm summer afternoon, I impulsively climbed a dusty red hillside, at the base of the west mountain, that looms solid and still against the sunset. I trudged over rocks and sagebrush until I reached the tip of a small hill that juts independently forward, an erosive ravine on either side. On a large rock, I sat in the shade of a scrub cedar for a short breather.

From my lofty perch, I viewed the valley with renewed interest. From snow-rippled Mt. Nebo at the northern tip, to the majestic spires of the Manti Temple to the south. From the plush meadows below, to the stately ridges of the "Horseshoe".

A hundred or so years ago, on this very spot, an Indian could have occupied this vantage point with an interest of his own. Directly across the valley, Spring City lay peaceful in the sun. A thin gray spiral of smoke from someone's back yard, climbed slowly toward the clouds. It might have been an unsuspecting campfire, or perhaps a log cabin standing unguarded, subject to attack.

In the distance, a tiny car sped quietly along the black thread highway, heading south, its windshield reflecting the sun. It might have been a stagecoach or a buckboard, rolling along in a cloud of dust. With one shot from a rifle, or one lusty whoop, a band of renegades could overtake that driver before he reached Pigeon Hollow.

A young brave with a keen eye, from this viewpoint, could survey seven distant settlements without moving from his seat. The areas of Mt. Pleasant, Fairview, Moroni, Spring City, Fountain Green, Ephraim, and Manti. And all the valleys and hills in between.

My thoughts raced back more than a hundred years, as I tried to picture life as it was in this valley decades ago.

In reading about the Indians who occupied this area before white man came, the Ute is described as the lowliest creature of the earth. Living next to starvation in rock overhangs and crevices, in caves, or in crude brush huts. In their poor natural conditions, they dressed in rabbit skins, and dieted on roots and seeds, grasshoppers and jackrabbits. With their nomadic hunting and gathering way of life, their primitive culture was simple and crude. They were as timid as wild creatures, disappearing like shadows at the sight of a stranger.

There seems to be a sort of mystery as to the origin of the Ute. Although their ceremonial religion, rock art, and crude utensils were typical of the Aztec Indians of Mexico, their legends of the creation of the world, the beginning of humanity, and the origin of fire suggest that the Ute always existed where he was at the time. No migration legends were passed on.

Until they acquired horses, they were known as poor "diggers" who were sometimes shot at for sport. At the time the "white man" came, Chief Walker and his brothers Arapeen, Sanpitch, Ammon, and Tobiah, were trying to change the Ute into a mounted warrior tribe. The Sanpete raiders terrorized the settlements by plundering and stealing cattle and horses. Many stories are told of bloody battles, savage attacks, and torture of innocent victims. Their "eye for an eye" practices were horrifying.

I have wondered at the scarred emotions of that hostile breed of humanity. Was their willful instinct to live, the basis of their intellect? What dramatic incidents took place in the lives of their ancestors to bring about their superstitious nature, and fear of witchcraft? Was it the coming of white man that turned them into murderous savages who enjoyed mutilating their victims beyond recognition?

It is said that Ute mothers laughed and played with their children, and reprimanded them when they misbehaved. Did the Ute woman seek a husband in carefully sewn leather and beaded finery? Did she care for the needs of her children and husband with love and tenderness, or was she enslaved to animalistic appetites and barbaric rituals?

Tilling the soil and raising crops was not their way of life, but with the abundance of wildlife in this valley, it is hard to understand why the Ute was forced to live by such meager means. Surely they had methods of drying and preserving meats and grains. Can you imagine a race of people who never knew the taste of roast turkey or barbequed steak? What a splendid repast it would have been!

Autumn comes to Sanpete in a blaze of color beginning with fiery red patches on the sides of the mountains, and spreading out along the foothills in orange and brown. In the canyons, the bright yellow of the quaking asp blooms radiant among the pinion pines. The maple leaves turn scarlet as nature's paint brush splashes gold and bronze into every rocky crevice. Our Indian summers are unforgettable.

Sometimes the wind blows wild and free, rocking the valley to and fro, whistling down the canyons, and blowing dust and rain and leaves, till all living creatures seek refuge from its fury.

The long cold winter creeps quietly over the mountains like a shadow, hovering over the valley, blocking out the sun, as it spreads its heavy white blanket over everything from rooftop to fence post, its icy fingers touching every branch and twig, till all nature sleeps in a deep frosty slumber.

Where did the poor Ute go when winter came? Did he follow the sun to greener pastures as the leaves fell, leaving the valley dead and bare? When death took its toll, was there heartache and mourning, or was the heart of the Ute as cold and unfeeling as when he left a white lifeless body to the wolves and buzzards?

Spring is always late in Sanpete. You're never quite sure when it has begun. Nature slowly spreads new life in the shadow of the night while the world sleeps. The brown skeleton branches of the trees awake one morning in a new leafy dress. The fields roll out a plush green carpet, slowly spreading along the dry mountain slopes, until the whole valley is clothed in green velvet. One day is warm and sunny, the next overshadowed with black hanging clouds.

Now and then an earthshaking thunderstorm settles the dust and cleans the air adding a touch of freshness from the mountain tops to the valley floor. The beautiful canyons are strewn with wild flowers of various kinds. The Indian paint brush and Sege lily grow side by side, symbolic of the red man and the pioneer.

The Ute must have loved this peaceful homeland. They must have been reluctant to give it up to the white intruder. I can see Indian children crouched beneath an overhanging ledge, watching huge raindrops splash on the ground, or on dusty red faces and palms, huddling in a corner with each clap of thunder. I picture them running and playing on the rocks and through the brush and trees, or sitting around a smoky fire inside a cave or walking in the cold in their unusual rabbit skin cloaks. They must have been happy before white man came to ruin their hunting grounds and drive them from their homes.

Where else can you sit in one spot and watch the night lights of seven settlements nestled among the hills? Or walk along a country road with the sky so clear and close, you can almost reach out and touch the stars. Where have you seen the moon come over the mountain like a huge lighted pumpkin, or watch a fleet-footed deer sail over a fence on silent wings? Where can you breathe air so pure, you can actually taste the freshness of a cool rain or the pungent crispness of falling leaves? Or lie on the grass in the shade of a giant cottonwood and watch ruffled marshmallow clouds floating in the oceans of space. Or feel the breezes about you, setting your heart free to wander along the hillside in search of one silent memento. A precious arrowhead; your own private symbol of the existence of the original inhabitants of this land.

Where have you seen so many shadows of the past? Every town in this county is dotted with old log cabins and wagon wheels, rock walls and swinging gates. Where our forbearers grew tired and left them, still they stand, bare against the elements.

From the coal mines of Wales's canyons, to the natural spring that bubbles in the heart of Spring City. From the sparkling streams of Fountain Green, to the architectural masterpiece that stands as the angelic guardian of Manti, to pioneer Indianola and Fairview to Mayfield and Gunnison and all historic corners of Sanpete. This county is drenched in history, and soaked with the blood of those who left their mark in the lonely fields of marble and sandstone. It is stained with the blood of the fearless Ute, our Lamanite brother, who has vanished with hardly a trace, from the land of his fathers, who struggled for survival generation after generation, and was finally forced to surrender his unproductive homeland to the white intruders.

How many of us who call ourselves the saints of Latter days, really appreciate the heritage of this peaceful valley below the mountains. This remarkable homeland of changing seasons that was relinquished by the degenerate Ute!

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MANTI

Lydia Sorenson,
Manti, Utah
First Place

This little pig went to Manti
On four little cloven feet.
Another pig started the trek from Salt Lake,
But died right away from the heat.

A rooster, two hens and nine little chicks
Were placed on wagon load.
But this little pig had to talk for itself
And was driven along the road.

Then Brother Barton took off the rope
And soon the pig followed along.
Trudging after the wagon it came;
It knew where it should belong.

With no cover over the wagon box,
Ten crawled into bed below
That stormy night when they all got wet
From the blustering rain and snow.

Disturbed by the fretting of one sick child,
They shivered till break of day.
And this little pig at the foot of the bed
Slept in a pile of hay.

Through mud and dust plodded a cow and a calf
And four oxen pulling the rig;
While, trotting behind with multiplied steps,
Followed the short-legged pig.

The ninth weary day, after many a mile,
To Manti they came at last.
And Brother Bench provided a pen
Where this little pig could rest.

Source: Incidents from diary of William Kilshaw Barton, Manti Pioneer of April, 1858.

SANPITCH RIVER

Eleanor P. Madsen,
Ephraim, Utah
Second Honorable Mention

O untamed river,
Wandering through a thirsty land,
What silent legends, what untold dreams,
Are buried in your shifting sands?
How many weary travelers
Have paused to satisfy their thirst,
Nor cared if Oxen or covered wagons'
Heavy wheels had crossed there first?

O peaceful rill,
Where willows whispered in the wind,
Did comely Indian maiden dance
In beaded dress of wild doe skin?
Did wandering Redmen pitch their tents
Many, many moons ago.
Along your verdant, grassy banks
Where spawning fish swam to and fro?

O murky creek,
What spectacle did your eyes behold,
As campfires smoldered through the night,
The tom-tom chant, the war drums rolled,
And painted warriors danced around/
Black thunder clouds riding in the sky,
Tumult, struggle, bloodshed, heartache,
Your turbulent waters echoing the cry.

O steadfast stream,
Over parched and sun baked soil,
Waters flowed in furrows brown,
Rewarding pioneer sweat and toil,
Saving tender sprouts of grain,
Sturdy stalks of ripening corn;
Turning blistered, barren earth
To green pasture and fertile farm.

O cool, clear water,
Born of the pure melting snow,
Friend of green pine, quaking aspen,
Jagged rock, high winds that blow.
From Pleasant Creek, Towhead, Horseshoe,
Rugged beauty in each crystal drop,
The quiet stillness of God's country,
From the majestic mountain top.

O, Sanpitch River!
Named for a brave Indian chief.
O silent, ever moving stream,
What lessons, what secrets lie beneath
Your calm mirroring waters?
Singing, racing, sparkling, giving,
Moving onward, not to the ocean,
To the desert sinks, the source of beginning.

THE HISTORICAL MARKER

Janell Harris,
Wales, Utah
Second Place

On a desolate spot it stands alone,
A silent edifice of stone.
A place to pause, if you're so inclined
To satisfy your curious mind.
You may find a kinship of your own.

A metal breastplate it proudly wears,
Tarnished with age, but still it bears
The names of those who passed this way
That fatal day.
This spot is theirs.

Your pulse may quicken as you read
Of Indian battle or incredible deed,
And reflect past history as it was made.
Here on this spot where lives were lost
A debt was paid.

As in reverent solitude you stand.
In remembrance of those who walked this land.
Setting imagination free, you almost see
A feathered headdress in a tree,
A moccasined footprint in the sand.

The heritage of the past has grown
In this sheltered valley we have known.
As the wind whispers voices quietly,
All that is left for us to see
Is this silent edifice of stone.

NEH-TIG-A-GAND

Norma Wanlass,
Manti, Utah
First Place
Short Story

“Neh-tig-a-gand.”

Walt stood up in the wagon with his gun pointed in the direction of the sound.

“What was that?” he mumbled tersely.

“Whoa, boy.” Fred spoke quietly to the lumbering oxen as he grabbed his gun and jumped to the ground. Cautiously he moved around the load of wild hay.

“Neh-tig-a-gand,” came the voice again.

Walt relaxed as he recognized the word ‘friend,’ and climbed down off the wagon. As he peered into the brightness of the setting sun, his eyes finally focused on an Indian squaw standing in the cattail rushes along the Sanpitch River. Her arms were caked with blood and her face and hair streaked with mud and blood.

Ang-arr-ah? “Who is it?” Walt called.

Walkarra. Nin-ne ar-kar-rie- Walkarra. “Me hide Walkarra,” she answered.

Ar-na-ge? “Why?” asked Fred.

Walkarra. Ur-nip-a-noonse. Say nin-ne nan-ap-poodze. Swat-um. Puck-ki. Nin-ne tawk. Ar-kar-rie pi-une ep-woo-igh. “Walkarra crazy Indian. Say me old. Good for nothing. Kill. Me run. Hide three sleeps. Nin-ne-Pe-adze. Wah-kar. Me Mother, Walker Chief,” and she straightened up proudly.

Walt hesitated. Then he said Pike-e. “Come,” as he beckoned to her with his hand.

“Pa, we can’t help her,” Fred said. “Walker will kill all of us!”

“We can’t leave her here to die,” Walt said. “We wouldn’t even treat a dog like that.”

"But that's the Indian way," Fred argued. "You're going against Nature. If Walker finds out, he'll come after us like a fork-tailed fiend."

"That's the chance we'll have to take," Walt answered as he made a place for her in the hay.

The word spread like wild fire as the wagon pulled into the small wooden fort, and the settlers gathered quickly to see the blood-caked old squaw as she cowered in the hay.

"Walt Cox, have you lost your mind, bringin' an old castout squaw in here," Sylvester Hulet called out.

"What she got blood all over her for" a child's voice questioned.

"Well, I guess you might as well know the whole story," Walt answered. "She's Chief Walker's mother. He went after her with his knife, but she wasn't as feeble as he thought, because she got away from him and hid in the swamp for three days."

"Ye're goin' to get us all killed," Ed Billings yelled angrily. "Wait 'til Isaac Morley hears 'bout this."

"Now listen," Walt said. "What would you have done if it had been you out there instead of me?"

The crowd muttered angrily but no one offered an answer.

After looking from one face to another apprehensively, Walt said, "Rosalia, go get your mother," and he turned to help the old woman climb out of the wagon.

Emeline Cox appeared and took the situation in at a glance, turned back into the room, and soon emerged with a Lindsey piece, a quilt, and a stool. Jemima Cox followed her with a brass bucket filled with warm water, a piece of lye soap, and some soft rags.

"Fred," Emeline called. "Tie your rope between these two trees and hang this quilt over it."

The two women removed the Squaw's moccasins and dress and sat her down on the stool behind the quilt. They poured warm water over her and soaped her down with the lye soap, being careful to keep the soap away from the cuts. They found seven cuts on her arms and breasts and when they were clean they smeared them with a salve of equal parts of bees wax, mutton tallow, and soft pine gum to draw the infection out.

She choked and almost smothered from the fumes when they poured kerosene through her hair.

Puck-ki-poo-chup. "Kill lice," Emeline explained kindly to the terrified squaw. Pi-equay. "Go," she continued, pointing to their living quarters in the fort, and as she stood, they slipped a Lindsey nightgown over her head.

Through each night Walt sighed with relief as the guards called out the hour, "one o'clock, and all is well; two o'clock, and all is well; three o'clock and all is well..."

In the late afternoon of the fourth day, as the field workers were returning for the night, Chief Walker raced past the wagons in a cloud of dust, entering the fort through the gates just opened to receive them. He pulled back hard on the halter and his roan horse reared to a standstill, his front hoofs wildly cutting through the air, his eyes distended, his nostrils flared, and the spittle forming a goatee from his lower jaw.

Then Walker gave him his head and he plunged to the earth, running a tight circle around the flag pole in the middle of the fort, as he unmercifully beat him across the withers, first on one side and then the other as he screamed his defiance.

Walt was coming up the road when they came for him. He left his wagon and came as fast as he could on foot. He ran to a speeding horse, grabbed the halter, dug his heels into the dirt and hung on until the big roan finally slowed down. Walker leaped from its back angrily.

He was a tall man, over six feet. His skin was the color of copper, and his coarse black hair hung down over his chest in two long thick braids. Although he was in his early forties there was not an ounce of excess flesh on him. For a moment Walt didn't know if he was going to strike him or not.

The Walker asked, "Where is the old one?"

"She is well cared for," Walt answered.

"Bring her to me," Walker ordered.

"You know I wouldn't do that to the mother of seven such noble chiefs as Walker and his brothers Arapeen, Sanpitch, Grospeen, Tabinaw, Ammon, and Yankawalkits. You should go to her and beg her forgiveness."

"Chief Walker does not beg. Only squaws and papooses beg," he declared arrogantly.

"If you will speak with a straight tongue and promise not to hurt her again, I will take you to her," Walt said.

"Only the Great Spirit tells Chief Walker what he must do," Walker replied haughtily.

Walt pointed to the opposite side of the fort. "She's over there," he said.

Chief Walker walked with all his regal bearing. He had to stoop to get through the door. The room was very crowded, with two of Walt's wives and their children sharing it. The terrified little girls hid under the table. The squaw crouched in a corner.

Walker sprang to the squaw and brought his whip down across her face and shoulders with swift decisive strokes.

Then he stood back and said, Squaw too-edg-katz-att. Oom-me pi-equay. Aup-ke. "Squaw very bad. You go. Now!"

Walker strode out and mounted his horse. He sat there until he saw a stooped, wrinkled old woman come through the door. Then he swung his horse around and rode very deliberately through the gates of the fort, a barefoot squaw in a long white Lindsey nightgown, shuffling along behind him in the dust. She looked neither to the right or the left, but kept her eyes on the ground, knowing she must submit to whatever the future held for her.

MY BROTHERS

Lora Nielson,

Ephraim, Utah

First Honorable Mention

Short Story

"East your mush—else the Indians'll get ya, " Andy whispered to me, slobbering in my ear.

How could I eat my breakfast and listen to Papa, too? Andy was so little, he didn't understand.

However, when Mama glanced my way and said, with her frowning brown eyes, "East your mush, Peter," I scooped up a big mouthful.

Papa talked softly to Uncle Reuben. Uncle Reuben with a red face, talked loudly back. Finally Papa put his hand on Uncle Reuben's shoulder and nodded. I listened to Uncle Reuben's boots clomp down our wooden porch, plop up our dusty walk. I heard the gate swing back and forth, back and forth. Papa sat down and ate both of his big eggs with his eyes searching the cream pitcher, not saying a word. It was so quiet, and everyone was nervous. Anyway, mama was nervous—she watched Papa and stirred her cold mush around and around. I was nervous, too. I didn't even chew. Dumb little Andy scraped back his chair and jumped up.

"I'm all done, and Pete's not started!" he sang, skipping out of the kitchen.

Still watching Papa and stirring her cold mush, Mama got up slowly.

"I'll be going," he said.

"I know," she said. Said Mama to me, "East your mush, Peter, the garden's to be weeded."

I sure was growing big. Soon Papa would take me with him to fight old Black Hawk and all the rest of those Indians. Did they think they could take fort Ephraim away from us? Oh no, not with Uncle Reuben and Papa and me watching the walls. I took hold of a weed and yanked it up. I sure wasn't paying attention to my work, for the carrot was in my hand, and not a weed. Now, that was something Andy would do, but not me. Quickly I ate the carrot—bitter top and all. Green juice slid down my chin.

"I'm tired of weedin'," Andy said.

So was I, but I didn't say it. Being tired is no reason to stop. I was busy thinking, too. I wasn't sure, but I thought Uncle Reuben had been talking about some folks who had been killed out on the trail. Papa never was too clear when he talked about things like that. Indians were awfully mean. I knew, Uncle Reuben had told me anyway, that Indians had killed my grandma when they were coming to Utah. Papa said Indians were our poor red brother—Uncle Reuben said they were thievin' heathens.

Andy began to wrestle with me. We rolled and puffed in the dust. Maybe Papa was right, for my brother was almost as tough as an Indian—I was tougher, though. We wrestled until Mama called. I pushed Andy and the dirt and quickly dusted myself off. I ran to the house.

"Yes, Mama?"

"It's nigh noon-time, son. Could you take this to your father?"

She handed me a brown pouch, which smelled mighty good. While I was waiting, she took a pan of honey-buns from the oven. They smelled much better than the bag.

"Don't go beyond the wall, son," Mama said, while she wrapped two buns and put them into the bag. By looking hard at me, she silently repeated her command.

"I won't, Mama," I said. I had senses only for those warm, sweet honey—buns. Mama popped one into my hand—an extra big one—then turned me to the door. "Papa's somewhere by the wall."

I went out while Andy flew in. I felt very grown up because I wasn't sat down to dinner right at noon. I got my honey-buns first, while Andy had to see and smell his through venison patties and potatoes. I clomped proudly down the porch and plopped down the path. The gate swung back and forth behind me.

My bun was too hot to eat. I had to juggle it in my hand to keep it from burning me. When I got close to the old wall, I saw lots of men resting, talking and eating, but not Papa. I saw Uncle Reuben scowling at his rifle. He didn't see me, though. If I wasn't in such a hurry, I would have talked to him. He always has such scary Indian stories. That's what Mama calls them too, stories. I wandered around for a long time, but I couldn't find Papa. Maybe he had gone beyond the wall. But I mustn't—still, I was told to give Papa the bag. I decided to ask Uncle Reuben where Papa was. Uncle Reuben said that Papa was outside the fort—about two miles north. The thought of going beyond the wall filled me with wicked excitement.

"Look, son," said Uncle Reuben, "I'm going to see your pop as soon as I finish my lunch. I'll take his vitals to him."

Oh, no! Here was my chance to go beyond the wall, and I was going to take it. I had never ever been on the other side. Uncle Reuben was tough, but he grinned when I told him I was going.

"Yeah, sure—come along. It's time that you see what them Indians really do. Besides, it's quiet and you'll be with me," Uncle Reuben said.

Uncle Reuben was tough. I was tough. We marched right out the gate.

I gave Papa the bag when we met him and some other 'brethren' about two miles north of the fort. Papa took the bag, set it off a pace, then shooed me off. He turned me back toward him, then went off with Uncle Reuben. I didn't care—I wanted some venison and potatoes by now anyway. Besides, the

outside was just like the inside, except for the houses and the wall. There were more trees and bushes outside, too.

In my excitement to be out, I hadn't even tasted my bun. It sure takes a powerful lot of something to make me forget my Mama's honey-buns. I was just about to bite into it when I saw a face behind a bush. The face didn't even move—just kept looking at me. It was a face about my own size. I stopped and stared back. I said help; it didn't say a thing. I didn't recognize him, and I knew most everyone in the fort. He was darker than I was. His hair was as long as some of the girls in my Sunday Meeting class. He was dumb—he just stared at me. I didn't know if he was hungry, but I thought I ought to offer him my bun. I took a great big bite of it then offered it to him. Mama would be mad if she knew I bit it first.

"My name's Peter. Do you want...this?"

He stood up and kept staring. He was shorter than I was—about Andy's size.

I talked to him about the fort and the Indians. I told him about Andy. I took another big bit of my sweet bun—half was gone. Then he took it, leaving me a sticky hand. I licked my fingers while he gobbled the bun. He eats like Andy. Course, everyone eats my Mama's honey—buns that way. Then he smiled at me. He motioned for me to sit by him. We sat down in the weeds. I talked and he just smiled at me. I decided that he was even littler than Andy.

I knew I had better be getting home. Mama would be mad. I told him that whenever Mama made honey-buns, I would bring him one. He just smiled. He didn't understand me—Andy does. I ran toward the fort, waving. He stood and smiled after me. I could still see his smile even when I couldn't see him to clearly. He was little and dumb, like my brother, and I liked him. Next time I would bring Andy. I wondered where he lived?

When I got home Mama was gone out to see the ladies. Andy was asleep in the garden. I felt very grown up and proud. I have been out of the fort. I had a new friend—all by myself. On the table was a plate of meat and potatoes, but I got me two big honey-buns instead.

THE BIG CHIEF'S PROPOSAL

Reva T. Jensen,
Santa Monica, California
Second Place
Short Story

Judge George Peacock had never had time for romance, but when he decided to take a wife he marched out to the Lowry's and met Emeline as she came through the garden gate at sundown. Her apron held the eggs she had just gathered from the coop. George reached for one and tossed it high into the air, catching it with ease and assurance.

"How'd you like to scramble this for my breakfast?" he asked laughingly.

"Why, Judge Peacock," she answered shyly, "you know I'd love to."

George Peacock looked her square in the eyes and said, "I mean for every morning the rest of your life, Emeline. You're my kind of a girl. Will you marry me?"

Six months before this, when Brigham Young, acting governor of this new western state had looked around for a man to lead a small group of men, Women, and children into a new vicinity to settle and cultivate the ground and build a city of their own, He had found George Peacock, a fearless man with sound judgment, patience, understanding, and a brow bent energy for fair play. Not every white man realized that this factor was important, especially with their new neighbors, the Indians. But George Peacock did,

and when he'd landed his little band of pioneers into a broad and fertile valley, he called them around in a circle one night and said.

"Tilling the soil's the most important phase of our existence. It's 'do or die' out here, and every family's got to do plenty. Our very life depends on the success or failure of the crops. There's no time for dreaming or faultfinding. The pioneers indicated approval. But George Peacock's voice went on, and in even more emphatic tones:

"The second most important factor is to make friends with the Indians, for there are flocks of them in this country, and the land belongs to them. Tomorrow a company of us will call on Big Chief Walker and offer some blankets and horses in exchange for this land. We've got to keep friendly. This Sanpete tribe like fair play!"

As George Peacock ended his sermon his gaze fell upon the Lowry family and he thought, there's one family I can count on.

"Emeline," whispered Mary, who was just eighteen and small and vivacious, with a bit of Irish wit like her father, "isn't George Peacock wonderful? I do like his big broad shoulder, his brawny muscles and his masterful voice."

"Yes," answered Emeline, "but I like his kind, understanding eyes best of all, and he's an aristocrat, too. Kit Koon, the stage driver told me his titled parents disowned him when he yielded to that adventuresome spirit of his and came to America with a group of emigrants to seek opportunity and religious freedom."

Bud, and Will and Sam, Jr., the Lowry boys, were equally in favor of their leader.

"Say, Mary," said Bud, "did ye hear what he said about the crops? I guess you'll work with the rest of us now." Mary disliked the farm labor that was expected of all members of the family.

As the summer days wore on, the little colony prospered and town folks said, "George Peacock has made a pal out of Big Chief Walker." At least he kept peace through friendship.

Since the evening George had asked Emeline to be his bride, the Lowry home was one of the busiest. Quilts were being made and fruit bottled and there was much ado and excitement hummed about the place.

One day menacing clouds appeared in the sky. Father Lowry had all his wheat cut. It must be shocked and hauled to shelter before the rain came or it would be ruined. So all members of the family were ordered to the farm that day to work and save the wheat, all but one must go. It was customary to leave one member of the family home to guard against Indian thieves and have a hot meal ready at night for the weary workers.

As Mary disliked the farm, she always chose to be the one left. Emeline didn't especially like the farm work, but she feared the Indians and preferred the security of her brothers working near her in the field.

They had all been gone about half the day when Mary decided it would be fun to try on her sister's wedding gown. Oh, Mother was superstitious about such things, but she wasn't and it did look so elegant. George Peacock had had it sent down clear from Salt Lake City. No one would ever know, so she slipped into the long sweeping calico folds, and was viewing her own charm when she heard a step at the door, a hammering and a loud voice calling:

"Me come! Me come! Me make call on pretty white squaw." Mary's heart stood still. Her hands and feet were numb, and her voice almost vanished as she turned and confronted the intruder, for he was none other than Big Chief Walker himself.

She dared not offend him. And so with all her courage she acted calm and asked:

“Will you have this chair, Big Chief Walker, or did you come for flour? Yes, I’ll give you some flour, just one moment; I’ll get you some flour and molasses, too.” Her heart was pounding and through her mind the word kept racing, “I am alone, I am alone. Don’t let him know it, don’t let him know it.”

The Big Chief stood there drinking in the pretty scene. Little did Mary realize what a picture she was, standing there in her sister’s wedding dress. The pupils of her blue eyes dilated with excitement until they resembled great deep pools, and her black curly hair, loosened from its usual tight braids fell over her graceful shoulder. Finally he spoke, “Me no come for flour. No come for molasses. Me come for squaw. For white squaw.”

Mary’s wits were whirling. She said hurriedly, “Oh, white squaw is in the field today.”

But the big chief wagged his head to and fro, shaking his long train of feather. “No—me want white squaw that is here standing by me now. We want her—have six white horses to trade for her.”

Mary thought she would faint sure and be carried off, and she hoped desperately he would not notice the rise and fall of her dress at the fast beating of her heart. She managed to laughed and said quickly, “Oh! Me! Me, Chief Walker, why, I can’t be your squaw. I am already a squaw.”

The big chief became vexed. “You’re white man’s squaw?”

“Yes,” answered Mary, “see, this is my wedding dress.”

Stamping his feet and in loud tones he asked. “Who? Whose squaw are you?”

And because Mary could think of no one else at the moment, she answered, “Why, I’m George Peacock’s squaw.”

At that remark the Big Indian Chief whirled and walked out, muttering, “Me see, me see, me come back and see.”

Poor little Mary. What had she done? When the family all arrived home that evening and Mary told them of her harrowing adventure, they were in a panic. Sam was sure the old chief had timed his visit when the house had been left alone with Mary, and what to do to keep the Indian from finding out Mary had lied to him was a heavy problem to them all. So George Peacock was sent for. When he heard the detailed adventure, he quickly saved the situation.

He explained, “Well, we can’t let the chief know he’s being lied to or there would be war. There’s only one thing to do. Mary will have to be my squaw. That way I can make peace and still his wrath, I am sure.”

And so that very night before the chief had time to return, Mary Artesma Lowry wore Her sister’s wedding dress and became the bride of George Peacock.

HISTORY OF FUNK’S LAKE

“Palisade State Park”

Arlisha F. Larsen,

Sterling, Utah

Third Honorable Mention

Essay

It was in 1873 when my grandfather Daniel Buckley Funk purchased the lake east of Sterling City from the tribe of Indians that lived there.

My grandfather lived in Manti at the time and walked to the lake site each day. He took one quart of buttermilk for his dinner and he would share this with the Indians. He became very friendly with them and they called him the White God.

At this time, the Indians were in possession of the land where the lake is now. He asked the Indians if they would like to sell the ground, and how much they would take. They told him they didn't know what the value of it was, and he, in return, told them he would give them \$75.00 in cash. In those days, \$75.00 was a lot of money. He also told them after they sold the land they would have to move, and this they agreed to.

In those days tools were very scarce, and the lake took shape with picks and shovels and one horse and scraper, and with the help of his boy. So the time had come to full the lake with water. This had to be done by forcing the water out of the six-mile creek up hill. The Indians knowing what had to be done watched in amazement as the water flowed to the lake.

Trees were planted around the lake cabins, bathing facilities; a dance pavilion and a steam boat were all built. This made a beautiful resort where the people could enjoy themselves. Stands were set up and as high as thirty gallons of home-make ice cream were sold daily.

Large crowds gathered for the pleasure of boating. One day several young people from neighboring towns wanted to take a boat out on the lake without my grandfather with them. After convincing him they could sail the boat themselves, nine of them went. He warned them to be sure and not all crowd to one side of the boat as the wind was causing a rough lake. After they were out for some time, the winds increased causing large waves. The young people got excited and scared, crowded to one side causing the boat to tip over. Eight of them drowned. Only one could swim. He was John Hardin Whitlock from Ephraim. My grandfather funk made large wire hooks to snag their bodies. All eight were recovered.

This lake has been known as Funk's Lake for years. Recently it has been made a State Park, now known as Palisade State Boating Park.

WEEP NOT FOR ME, MOTHER

Rose McCliff,
Sterling, Utah

Second Honorable Mention
Essay

Peter Ludvigson's first eleven years in Copenhagen, Denmark, were spent at his father's side helping in the professional weaving trade. The custom of this time was to hand a trade from father to son. Peter was no exception except in his eagerness to learn which often times brought him extra work. On one occasion, he was sent by his father, Erick Sr., to the King of Denmark for approval of a rug pattern to be woven by his father for the King.

Peter's father and mother, Erick and Maren, joined the Mormon Church in Denmark, where Erick fulfilled a two-year mission before the family of three left for America. They left in 1853 and upon arriving in Salt Lake Valley were sent on to Provo. This was their new home only long enough to procure an extra span of oxen, a second wagon and a few other necessities. President Brigham Young, on his first trip to Provo after their arrival, noticed Erick's extra wagon and oxen only to say, "Ludvigson, I want you to go down and help settle Manti. Give your second wagon and span of oxen to your neighbor, and take him with you."

The family was willing to do this. They arrived in Manti in 1855, hoping to be able to settle permanently. The first years were difficult in this new place. Many times they would take milk from their cow, walk to the foothills so they could pick sauva berries to eat with the milk. Peter's mother would gather salaradis from the salaradis bottoms west and south of Manti. This was used as a cleansing agent

for clothing. The Ludvigson's had brought with them only one small container of wheat for planting. Only by carefully planting one kernel at a time were they able to harvest fifteen bushels of wheat. Gradually they were able to purchase a farm, and return to the weaving profession, too.

Peter spoke often of his mother's love for him. "Many times," he said, "she gave me her last egg to spend with the other boys, making sure I would not be tempted to steal one."

The family would kneel in prayer at sundown. Peter's mother would pray in Danish for an hour it seemed till everyone's knees were sore. They were grateful to be in Manti and to have been protected in their journey.

When Peter, an only son of Erick's first wife Maren, was twenty years old, he said to his mother.

"Don't think so much of me. Something may happen to me and you could never stand it."

These were unsettled times between the Whites and Indians of the valley. It was necessary for Manti to have guard posts set up. The boys were mustered in for guard duty, and Peter volunteered. Three posts were set up—one on Temple Hill, one on the Red point, and one in the center of town (north, across from the Sorenson Factory) in a hay loft. Peter and three others were at the latter post. One would stand guard while three slept. When trouble came, a trumpet was to be sounded that could be heard throughout the town.

On April 10, 1865 a trumpet did sound at the South Post alarming the boys. They slid down a pole in the center of the barn—directly below the horses were ready to go. The four boys rode south of Sterling to protect some cattle. Peter was the first there and the first to fall to a Black Hawk arrow and thereby became the first man to die in the Black Hawk War. His body, savagely severed down the spine as one would butcher a hog, was hung in a tree and his clothing was burned. The boys who followed him went for help when they saw what had been done. In kindness to his mother, they tore white strips of cloth and wrapped around his body, to save her from the shock of seeing him. She was never told how badly his body was mutilated.

Peter had a sweetheart who died shortly after he was killed. The parents of the couple had them sealed as husband and wife after the completion of the Manti Temple.

Peter had an old dog he called Shag. After his body was brought home, Shag never left his master's side. After his burial, the dog was seen each night going to the Manti cemetery where he slept on the grave. At dawn he would go home. He kept this up till he was so old he could hardly make the trip. One morning he was found dead on his master's grave.

Peter, though the first was not unlike many who died in the Black Hawk War or who otherwise gave their lives in settling this valley and the various communities along the Sanpitch. On Peter's tombstone was inscribed what could have been said of many. . .

"Weep not for me—I will not avail
Though in my youth cut down
I've only passed behind the veil
To wear a martyr's crown."

Sources:

Material for this essay was taken from the personal history of Erick Ludvigson, Sr. This history is in the possession of Elmer Ludvigson, a son who lives in Sterling, Utah.

Also incidents are included which were told to family members, as remembered by Elmer Ludvigson.

The history of Christian Anderson, owned by a daughter Elva Christiansen of Manti, Utah, was used as reference material.

ADAM CRAIK SMYTH

Prominent Sanpete Musician

Harry A. Dean,

Ephraim, Utah

First Place

Essay

Adam Craik Smyth was born in England in 1840. He died and was buried in Manti. He was a graduate of the London Conservatory of Music. He embarked to America in 1864 and started for California for gold. On reaching Utah, he was stranded financially, became acquainted with the Mormon people and affiliated himself with the Latter-day-Saint Church. After teaching eight years in Cache County schools he returned to Salt Lake City in 1873 where for the next seven years he became very active in music affairs, such as choir direction, vocal instruction, and especially as a producer of operas. Among these operas were Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore" and "Pirates of Penzance" and Offenbach's "Sherwood's Queen." These opera productions brought forth much favorable comment from individuals and newspapers.¹

It is significant that Smyth's production of "Pinafore" in Salt Lake City took place just fourteen months after its original production in London in 1878. Likewise his production of "Pirates of Penzance" was given just sixteen months after it was first given in London. These Salt Lake City productions were also contemporary with the first productions in New York City where "no piece is ever remembered to have had such an extraordinary long continued reception, it having been on the stage in four theatres in New York at the same time for months."²

In 1881 Smyth moved from Salt Lake City to Sanpete County, locating in Fountain Green, where he homesteaded and continued to teach school, direct music and organize singing groups. He was later induced to move to Manti from Fountain Green through the efforts of Bishop William T. Reid of Manti who conceived the idea of getting Smyth the position of recorder in the Manti Temple, and also give Manti the benefit of his musicianship. This temple position offered Smyth the first financial ease he had felt since leaving England.

In addition to being Temple recorder, Smyth had charge of the music in the Temple, and he was also appointed director of the Manti Tabernacle Choir, which he did very successfully. During his years as director of the choir, he established a music tradition which is still felt for good. He endeared himself to the singers, and those who knew him respected him deeply as an outstanding director and musician.

Picture for a moment a choir rehearsal during that pioneer period. Coal oil lamps were used for light, around which would fly thousands of bugs and insects. The building was heated in the winter time by a stove and a long row of stove pipes running from the stove to the chimney flue. Choir members would seat themselves around the stove and a curtain would be drawn around the group to conserve as much of the heat as possible. The practice continued for two hours and was evenly divided between the study of music notation and the learning of new songs. Most of the music was laboriously written by Smyth or his choir members from a single copy of printed music. Music was not as easily had in pioneer days as it is now, and Smyth wrote and arranged practically all of his organ and orchestra accompaniments for something like two hundred numbers.

The most interesting document relative to Smyth's music activities in Manti is the Manti Choir Roll Book, bound in leather, comprising 287 pages. The following list partially indicates the scope of its contents and Smyth's music activities and his attention to detail:

Rolls of officers and members of choir.

Minutes of choir activities, including songs practiced and songs sung.

Programs of Stake Conference music

Printed programs of operas and concerts produced.

Data pertaining to finances of the choir.

Lists of music purchased, from whom purchased and prices paid for it.

An index of the choir's repertoire, which included 265 selections.

Correspondence between Smyth and the Stake Presidency, regarding salary.

Letters from Evan Stephens to Smyth inviting the Manti choir to sing at the dedicatory services of the Salt Lake Temple.

Account of the Manti Choir's singing at the dedication of the Manti and Salt Lake Temples.

Membership and activities of the Manti Choir Orchestra.

Smyth's choral repertoire was very extensive and included compositions of such composers as Sophr, Gounod, Beethoven, Handel, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Haydn, Mozart, Steiner, Gottschalk, Flotow, Gose, Farmer, Mendelssohn, DeKoven, Mason and Rossini.

Smyth's music activities, as with most directors were not all pleasant as the following three incidents will show:

1. Smyth moved from Salt Lake City, the music center of the state to Sanpete County because, according to one of his accompanists for twelve years, "he was kicked out of Salt Lake because of the jealousy of other musicians who were closer to the leaders of the Church."³ And according to Smyth's successor as director of the choir, "there was jealousy which existed, but I do not care to comment further."⁴
2. When the first edition of the L.D.S. Psalmody was published, Smyth would not use the book because: "Smyth was appointed Chairman of the committee to compile the Psalmody. At that time, much music was being published in the Juvenile Instructor, and a lot of it was of an inferior nature in Smyth's estimation. George Q. Cannon was so insistent that some of it be published in the Psalmody, that Smyth resigned from the committee."⁵
3. An agreement was entered into between Smyth and the Stake Presidency in Manti in which Smyth was to receive two hundred dollars a year for directing the choir. The Stake Presidency asked that Smyth give concerts to raise money for his salary. If the concerts should raise more than the two hundred dollars, the difference was to be turned over to the Stake Presidency to reimburse them for money already advanced on his salary, in the amount of \$137.00. Smyth's reaction to this request was negative, which led to his resignation, but after five months he was again made director of the choir and continued to give service through the organization which included singing at the dedications of the Manti and Salt Lake Temples.

Speaking of Smyth, one of Utah's prominent musicians⁶ who taught at Brigham Young University for years, and also was the accompanist for Smyth's choir said, "Smyth was partly vocalist and partly instrumentalist. He could sit down to the organ and play in a masterful way. As a director he was very thorough and orderly. He kept a record of every rehearsal and meeting. In his leading he was inspirational. He was so clever with the baton that the singers knew exactly what he meant. He prepared them for holds, attacks, releases, dynamics, etc., and rendered choral effect which gave great satisfaction to the listeners as well as the singer. He was a very congenial man, very jolly, a thorough musician and the performer of a great amount of work. I recall that he wrote practically all the orchestra scores for hymns, anthems, and selections from the oratorios. I have worked with and under the most prominent directors of Utah over long periods of time, and in comparison, A.C. Smyth stands very high indeed.

“The Manti choir under Smyth was one of the first in Utah to sing numbers from Handel’s “The Messiah.” He did more fine classical things than any organization in the state during the same period and our music library was extensive and rich.”

Smyth’s successor as director of the Manti Choir⁷ was just as profuse and complimentary in his appraisal of Smyth’s attributes.

Another subsequent director of the choir for twenty-two years,⁸ although he did not know Smyth personally, told of how the older members of his (Johnson’s) choir revered their former director, A.C. Smyth.

Evan Stephens, director of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir, occasionally submitted his compositions to Smyth, as he (Stephens) was largely self-taught while Smyth was a student of Harmony and Composition.

Limitations on the length of this treatise will not permit an elaboration further on Smyth’s many fine contributions, but the interested reader may find much additional information in books⁹ on file in the Brigham Young University Library. These contributions include:

Twenty-five letters from an Old Note Book.

Names of forty-four published composition, including eight hymns presently included in the L.D.S. Hymnal.

Names of sixty-four unpublished compositions.

Names of many instrumental arrangements including accompaniments for Smyth’s choir repertoire.

The names of 514 officers and members who sang in Smyth’s choirs over the years he directed.

Contributions voiced by Smyth’s associates relative to his music activities.

An account of heavenly manifestations at the dedication of the Manti Temple during the singing of Smyth’s choir.

¹ Deseret Evening News. May 17th, May 24th, July 3rd, and 21st, 22nd, and 24th, 1879.

Deseret Evening News. December 16th, 17th, 18th and 22nd, 1879.

Deseret Evening News. April 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 6th, and 8th, 1880.

Deseret Evening News. January 10th, April 29th, and 30th, May 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1881.

² Groves Dictionary of Music and Musicians.

³ Clair W. Reid.

⁴ Edgar T. Reid.

⁵ Edgar T. Reid.

⁶ Clair W. Reid.

⁷ Edgar T. Reid.

⁸ Ellis E. Johnson

⁹ A.C. Smyth and His Influence on Choral Music in Central Utah. Proceedings of the Utah Academy of Science, Arts and Letter, Vol. XXI-1943-1944.

SONNET TO A PIONEER WOMAN

Carolle Denton,
Sterling, Utah
First Honorable Mention

The bonnet worn as a helmet for the Lord,
Shaded eyes that saw the purpose of a trek
To leave behind her home for mobs to wreck,
And all for love of truth that was restored.
When Indians yelled and beloved husband died,
The shield of faith helped push her cart on plains,
And righteousness as armor clothed blood stains
From bleeding wound – through singing stopped her cries.
Her song descends to echo in our ears
Elijah's promise kept by clasp of hands,
To span her generation to this one.
Her star still guides to compensate for tears
That brought her to this choicest of all lands,
And blessed us with our heritage, dearly won.

GRANDMA AND THE INDIAN

Mrs. John S. McAllister,
Mt. Pleasant, Utah
Second Honorable Mention
Short Story

This is one of those tales handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation and treasured by a family as much for the personal connection as anything else. It is based on an incident in my great grandmother's life and no doubt has gathered a little color and was altered to suit each story teller's imaginative interpretations.

Grandma was a perky little soul and at eighty possessed plenty of that spirit which no amount of hardship had been able to subdue. It snapped from her eyes and her quick movements as she flitted about giving evidence that during the early years of her life she wouldn't be the person whose path you'd want to cross. Fortunately, she possessed a fund of good judgment and right down practical ability along with, what in those days, was a pretty good education for a mere girl.

About 1850 her family joined the L.D.S. Church. Early missionaries became acquainted with her father and while he was not easily impressed with new ideas and fancies, an open mind, prayer, study, and the zeal of those bringing the message had their effect and another family consisting of parents and four children were ready to begin the long journey to the land of the mountains.

Being a man of fairly substantial means, the journey west was accomplished with a minimum of trials. Undoubtedly their difficulties were much the same as most of the pioneers encountered—hardships, discomfort, but there were no actual tragic experiences that some had. Grandma was at that time a young girl, attractive, not at all self-conscious, and probably somewhat pampered because she was the only girl in the family. Two older brothers and one younger had always more or less done her bidding.

The company with whom they traveled soon came to know something about this family, for Grandma had a knack with children and stops of any length would find her the center of a group of youngsters and almost without being aware of what she was doing she would be telling stories and supervising activities that were of a constructive nature. This inherent ability to teach became more pronounced as they traveled along and by the time they were established in Utah, her reputation was established also.

There is not much of romance in this narrative. Grandma married shortly after arriving in Salt Lake City, and before long left with Grandfather to settle in Sanpete Valley. Living in a small cabin in the village of North Bend (Fairview) was not all fun, but, because it was the life of the entire group and because simple pleasures, joys, and sorrows were shared by all, there was a bond of love and happiness that united and gave strength to all.

Between routine duties, which were anything but light, rearing a family and coping with the Indians, who at that time were more of a nuisance than a danger, she still managed to gather around her the entire group of children in the small settlement and so their schooling began and kept right along with the household tasks. Gathered in a large group in a small cabin, arithmetic, spelling and reading became part of their daily life. Grandmother was not always an easy an easy task mistress and often used "discipline" to obtain desired results. It did not take her long to sense that she had a real responsibility to those children. Because she was not afraid of responsibility and assumed it when necessary, others soon began to rely on her to solve other problems that arose, and added to her teaching, out of sheer necessity she became fairly skilled in the art of nursing.

A few years after arriving at their new home, the shooting of an Indian by a white man in the southern part of the county caused a great deal of agitation, and before long, spurred on by their chief, the Indians became bolder and really became a worry to the white settlers. In spite of the fact that the Indians who had a settlement a few miles to the north, had been a problem due to petty stealing and because they would walk into a house when they felt like it, Grandma had been on good terms with them and on many occasions had helped them by binding up injuries or attempting to instruct them in what to do in some cases of illness.

About the time that fresh difficulties arose, Grandma had won the confidence of one particular Indian because a rather bad infection had responded to her care. One afternoon he came to her door with a small Indian baby who seemed to be very ill. After working with the baby for the remainder of the afternoon, she tried to make the Father understand that there was little chance for the baby to recover. The Indian father stood stoically outside the cabin door and said nothing. Realizing that if the baby died there would not only be a sad loss, but that there might also be a general reaction among the Indians and much of the good she had done in the past would be lost because of this reaction, she continued to do what she could, but late that evening the baby died. With nothing but a scowl and a grunt, the father took the tiny body and left. Grandma didn't know how she stood in his estimation.

The Indians became bolder and frequently very insolent as time went on and there were more and more skirmishes. Horses disappeared, food and grain was stolen and after one such occasion there was real alarm due to rumors that the community was to be attacked by the Indians who had been reinforced by another tribe. Homes were barricaded, groups remained together for safety and men were posted as guards while others worked on the farms.

Grandma had never seen or heard from the Indian since the day the baby died, but one night, several weeks later, she heard a stealthy knock at her door. Grandfather was attending an emergency council meeting regarding the Indians. Although she was frightened when she heard the knock, she became completely alarmed when in response to her call, "Who's there?" an Indian voice answered. She

got the gun and it was some time before she mustered up enough courage to ask what he wanted. Finally she recognized the voice as that of the Indian baby's father and he made her understand that he wanted to come in. Not knowing just what his intentions were, she questioned him further and decided that he was friendly. At least she thought it was just as well to act in that manner. He was able to convey to her that she was not to be alarmed if she heard noises during the night and that he would be there to watch her home and that she and her family would be safe. She was not permitted to leave the house or send word to anyone. When Grandpa returned, he did not see or hear anything unusual.

The next day it was learned there had been a band of Indians enter the town. Just what they had planned to do was not determined. There were several head of horses and cattle missing, but no one was injured and no shots were fired. My grandparent's home was not bothered and none of their belongings were taken. Finally, the uprisings quieted down and as time went on peace was restored.

There is nothing spectacular about this story and it is probably just a sample of what many of the pioneers went through. But today, those of us who live in the beauty of Sanpete Valley might give a second thought to our forefathers whose steadfast courage, loyalty, and love for mankind might well be emulated in our own lives to make a better world.

THE DIARY

Reva T. Jensen,
Santa Maria, California
Second Place
Essay

Lorenzo John Peacock would be thirteen-years-old on June 16, the fourth generation of descendants of pioneer George Peacock. For his birthday gift, his father had secured from the family archives the diary of his great-great-grandfather George Peacock. The surprise gift lay all wrapped in tissue and ribbon ready for the birthday.

John had planned his thirteenth birthday for a whole year, now he would be in his teens and the family would have to start treating him like a 'man'.

On June 14, John chanced to hear his mother and father discussing the gift. He could see it lying on the parlor table, the wrappings were beautiful, but that was the last thing in the whole wide world John wanted...what did he care about old tales and how the people lived in Pioneer days? Tears began falling and the lump in his throat got bigger and bigger and he knew he could not tell them how he felt. The greatest idea popped into his head... he would hide the old book and his parents would never know where it went...and they would get him another gift.

John hid it too well and only he knew where it lay for years and years. Then one day John found time to untie the faded ribbon and open the yellow pages, hand-written history of his people began to mean something as he covered its contents word by word.

"On Sept. 29, 1850 I arrived in Manti. In 1851, I was appointed constable by Brigham Young. On Feb. 5, 1852 I was elected by the territorial legislature to the office of Judge of Sanpete County. In 1860 was reappointed. On Jan. 5, 1866 elected Probate Judge of Sanpete County. The diary states: "Examined that Election returns in company with the clerk. 681 votes polled. I received 569; Edward Jones of Ephraim received 101; R.W. Glen 10; J. Reynolds 10; K.W. Case, 1. Total opposition 112 votes.

"July 17, 1864 – My team returned from Salt Lake City. Haslem sold flour for 21 dollars and twenty five cents for 100 lbs.

"July 18 – Cut some wheat and barley. The earliest harvest known in Sanpete Valley.

"Sept. 28, 1864 – President Brigham Young and several of the Twelve visited Manti on their return from South settlements. Brigham Young and members of his family spent the evening at my house. They left for northern settlement with a large escort of Militia.

"Dec. 20th – Bought a carding machine from Warren S. Snow-paying him \$125.00 in gold; 40 head of sheep; 6 goats.

"April 2, 1865 – Sunday – I was called upon to speak upon the subject of Public Improvement, at the afternoon meeting of the citizens of Manti. To take into consideration putting up a telegraph line from Manti to Salt Lake, about four thousand dollars subscribed. I signed 35 poles and \$125 in coin. Two inches of snow fell.

"April 4, attended probate court on case of Mary Stoiling vs. John Aldeo. I was council for plaintiff. Decree in favor of plaintiff. Weather extremely cold.

"April 8 – two parties of Indians met or had a quarrel. Joe, Chief of one band and Blackhawk of the other. 15 head of cattle belonging to people of Manti had been killed. John Lowry acted as interpreter and spoke in sharp terms to the Indians and pulled one off his horse. Made another put up his bow and arrow. At this the Indian became enraged. The next day, the Indians charged on a group from Manti and killed Peter Ludvicksen.

"Tuesday 12 – Col. Allred started in pursuit of Indians traveling up Salt Creek Canyon, after following the trail some ten miles, the Indians fired upon two men and killed Jens Samson of Fort Ephraim and William Kerns of Gunnison. At this, Col. Allred and men retreated down the canyon, several losing their overcoats and blankets. Indians killed Barney Ward near Salina. This made 5 white men killed since Sunday last. Col. Allred sent into Manti for W.S. Snow to join him and take command which he did.

"W.S. Snow thought it not good wisdom to attack the Indians even though to date they had driven 400 head of cattle from Manti, Gunnison and Salina. The Fallen place being stripped. Indian Joe was finally taken into custody, but he gave Snow the slip and fled with his band of 20 Indians in mid-November.

"Sunday 16 – Indian Chief Sam Pitch i9s trying to make peace between the Indians and the Whites.

"Thursday, April 20, 1865 – the sad news arrived today that President Abraham Lincoln was assassinated on Friday last. An attempt to kill Secretary Seward and his son.

"Friday, April 21 – Death of President Lincoln confirmed.

"Sunday 23 – Attended meeting. Bishop Moffat gave a report of the late annual conference. 61 missionaries appointed, three from Manti. Hans Jensen, Erick Ludricken, and Andrew Madsen. I received a can of honey as a present from my sister Sarah of San Bernardino, California.

"Tuesday 16 – The three missionaries left Manti on their way to Denmark. No mail today on account of high water.

"Sunday 30 – Orson Hyde preached in church and dined with me.

"Tuesday – John Peacock & family left for Idaho and gold mines in Virginia City.

"May 1865 – Indians are prowling near Manti again. I purchased a lamp and oil for \$54.00. Spent remainder of week carding wool.

"May 23rd – Patriarch Isaac Morley died and was buried in Manti Cemetery on Monday 25th.

"Sunday 9th – A hot day. I sent a petition with 15 signatures to the Post Office Department asking for semi-weekly service on mail route 14642.

"Friday 14 – President Brigham Young and company arrived.

"Saturday meeting in the Bowery. A large attendance. Went to Gunnison with G.P. Billings and F.W. Fox to instruct them to build a fort for self-protection. Col. Heber Kimball arrived with a command of fifty men. The stock was gathered up and driven over San pitch River.

“Oct. 18, 1865 – The Indians attacked Ephraim Settlement. Killed seven persons – five men and two women and wounded two men, then drove off about one hundred head of stock. I went to Ephraim. Much excitement in the place. The bodies of the men are still in the canyon. A body of 10 from Manti went up the canyon and brought down the bodies of the murdered men.

“Monday 30 – Teams started for Salt Lake City for supplies.

“Tuesday, 5th Nov. – I started for Salt Lake City, the journey was tedious, cold and disagreeable with storms.

“Tues. 12 – Was sworn in as a member of the Legislature and took my seat. In the evening I went to the Theatre and saw ‘The Merchant of Venice’.

“Sunday, 17 Nov. – Snow 18 inches deep.

“Monday, 25 Dec. 1865 – I went sleigh riding with President Brigham Young and thirty others in a large sleigh drawn by six white horses. The scene attracted much attention.

“June 1, 1866 – Weather cold and somber – wheat and crops look good. Indians raided Salina about noon. Driving horses and cattle with them. Col. Pace with 25 men intercepted and fought the Indians for three hours. Several Indians killed—one white man wounded.

“Monday 25th – Indians still fighting. Gov. Wells arrived from Salt Lake with one hundred men on their way to fight the attack. William Henry, my son, joined them.

“Wed. Aug. 1st, 1866 – Capt. Sidwell in charge left with thirty men and supplies for Indian fighters.

“Jan. 13, 1866 – I presented a petition to the State Legislature for Extension of Manti Boundaries – it was okayed.

“Friday, 19 Feb 1866 – I wrote a history of the Indian difficulties during the summer of 1865 and sent it to the church historian.

“Sunday, Mar. 24 – President Brigham Young telegraphed to have people of Sevier County settlements move into Sanpete. Hundreds of teams went from Manti to remove the goods. Indians had killed Jess Peter Peterson, age 30 years and his wife Caroline. Also a young woman age 16 yrs, and taken 80 head of stock.

“Sat. June 22, 1872 – Went to Moroni. We held council with the principle men, had a good talk. Indians said they wanted peace. They were opposed to the recent Indian depredations that were being committed, deeds of murder and thievery that were being committed. Tobba promised to capture the guilty.

“Tuesday 24, 1872 – Raised a Liberty pole and unfurled the Stars and Stripes from the top.

“July 30 – I am fifty years old today. Celebrated with Orson Hyde and about on hundred invited guests. Partook of a sumptuous repast at my residence including the Brox Band.

“June 26 & 27, 1873 – President Brigham Young, Wells and several of the Quorum of Twelve visited Sanpete County and located a site for a Temple at Manti. Some 12 person were baptized. One man from Colorado whose wife was Mexican.”

John closed the fragile book. There were pages and pages more – all beautifully written in the handwriting so familiar to that generation past. Tears were blinding John’s eyes. “I’ll have to keep the rest for another day,” he told himself. His weather-worn face expressed silent admiration as thoughts crowded his mind. He asked himself over and over, “Why does it take a life time to appreciate one’s heritage? Gee, I’d like to think my son would inherit some of the character and courage of great-great-grandfather George Peacock.

This is proof that every generation ahs a challenge, every person a cross to bear, a test of judgment. The pioneers met theirs overcoming the physical barriers of a new undeveloped wilderness, a hostile enemy, with only their faith to sustain them. How can we help this present generation meet their

challenge of ideals, of morals, a challenge of knowledge without wisdom? How can we descendants of Grandfather Peacock help them realize that their barriers may not be mountains to subdue or land to yield crops or Indians to battle, but theirs is a great a challenge and they need the same kind of faith and fortitude and the same kind of diligent daily pursuit.

Why go back to the dead? Not in empty pride but in knowledge that we are partially formed by their experiences and that our future is rooted in their past.

THE PROPHET MORONI DEDICATED THE SITE OF THE MANTI TEMPLE!

Gerald Henrie,
Provo, Utah
First Honorable Mention
Essay

Father Isaac Morley and others were trying to decide in the spring of 1850 on a suitable place to recommend to President Brigham Young as a site for a Latter-day Saint Temple, when my great grandmother, Betsy Bradley, and her three-year-old son, Hyrum, saw a personage in white on a white horse mysteriously appear on the hill to the north east of Manti and then just as mysteriously disappear. Others may have seen this same manifestation.

Great Grandma Bradley told about this mysterious appearance to everyone who desired to listen and one of the Sagas of the Sanpitch was born: Everyone said, "This personage dressed in white on the white horse is the same personage that constrained Father Morley to point with a prophetic finger to an eminence rising in the distance and say, "There is the termination of our journey; in close proximity to that hill, God Willing, we will build our city,' and that person is the Prophet Moroni! And he wants a Latter-day Saint Temple built on the Manti Stone quarry!"

The settlers of the Sanpitch had shown how the power of the Lord is manifested to a people and had seen the fruition of their Saga fulfilled in the summer of 1850 in the words on page 436 of Orson F. Whitney's "Life of Heber C. Kimball": "One of the Elders laboring in the Manti Temple writes:

'In an early day when President Young and party were making the location of the settlement here, President Heber C. Kimball, prophesied that the day would come when a temple would be built on this hill. Some disbelieved and doubted the possibility of even making a settlement here. Brother Kimball said, "Well, it will be so, and more than that the rock will be quarried from that hill to build it with, and some of the stone from that quarry will be taken to help complete the Salt Lake Temple."

On July 28, 1878, two large stones, weighing respectively 5,600 and 5,020 pounds, were taken from Manti stone quarry, hauled by team to York, the U.C.R.R. terminus then, and shipped to Salt Lake City to be used for tablets in the east and west ends of the salt Lake City Temple."

Why did the General Authorities of the L.D.S. Church and President Brigham Young hold so tenaciously to insisting that a Latter-day Saint Temple be built on the Manti stone quarry if they didn't have the assurance that the Prophet Moroni had dedicated that site for a temple? This test of President Heber C. Kimball's prophecy took place June 25, 1875 at a conference held at Ephraim, Utah.

Before the above mentioned conference was held in Ephraim, the resident of the city of Ephraim had quarried enough stone that was suitable to build the foundation for a temple and this stone had been taken from the Ephraim stone quarry and had been deposited on the spot where the Noyes Building of Snow College now stands. The residents of Ephraim had hoped to have the temple built on the ground

where Snow College now stands in the center of Ephraim. This same stone is at the present time still in good condition in the foundation of the Noyes Building at Snow College.

Whitney's "Life of Heber C. Kimball" states on page 435, "At the conference held in Ephraim, Sanpete County, June 25, 1875, nearly all the speakers expressed their feelings to have a temple built in Sanpete County, and gave their views as to what point and where to build it, and to show the union that existed, Elder Daniel H. Wells said, 'Manti,' George Q. Cannon, Brigham Young, Jr., John Taylor, Orson Hyde, Erastus Snow, Franklin D. Richard, Lorenzo Young, and A.M. Musser, said, 'Manti stone quarry.' I have given the names in the order in which they spoke. At 4 p.m. that day, President Brigham Young said, 'The Temple should be built on Manti stone quarry.'"

I testify from what I have read and have had handed down to me through family tradition and otherwise that Brother Warren S. Snow was an honest man and I believe wholeheartedly his following statement. Whitney's "Life of Heber C. Kimball" says on page 436, "Early on the morning of April 25, 1877, President Brigham Young asked Brother Warren S. Snow to go with him to Temple hill. Brother Snow says, 'We two were alone, President Young took me to the spot where the Temple was to stand. We went to the southeast corner, and President Young said, "Here is the spot where the Prophet Moroni stood and dedicated this piece of land for a Temple site and that is the reason why the location is made here, and we can't move it from this spot, and if you and I are the only persons that come here at high noon today, we will dedicate this ground.'"

I am predicting that the saga of the Prophet Moroni dedicating the site for the Manti Temple is a saga that will live a long time in the hearts and memories of the people who live in Sanpete County or in the Valley of the Sanpitch!

1. Additional reference to great grandma, Betsy Bradley, (Mentioned in para. 1) can be read on page 60, para. 2, in the book, Descendants of William Henrie, by Manetta Prince Henrie, Chapter Five: Myra Elizabeth Henrie Oldson:
Quote: "Grandma Betsy also told Myra of how she and her three-year-old son, Hyrum, had seen a personage in white, on a white horse, mysteriously appear on the brow of the stone quarry when President Isaac Morley and others were trying to decide on a suitable place to recommend to President Brigham Young for a site for the Latter-day Saint Temple. It disappeared just as mysteriously. Everyone said they thought it was the Angel Moroni, but little Hyrum said, "It was the Lord."
2. Additional reference to Father Morley pointing a prophetic finger (mentioned in para.2) is mentioned in history of "Early Manti" in the story of Mrs. A.B. Sidwell, "Reminiscences of Early Days in Manti," para 3, para. 2:
Quote: "On the arrival of the last detachments, Father Morley being among that number, (He having been unavoidably detained) – a council was held relative to the advisability of remaining where they were then encamped. Father Morley felt constrained to proceed about three miles southward and pointing with a prophetic finger to an eminence rising in the distance, said, 'There is the termination of our journey; in close proximity to that hill, God willing, we will build out city.'"