

**SAGA OF THE SANPITCH  
Volume XXVIII**

**Winning Entries  
of the  
Sanpete Historical Writing Contest**

**Sponsored by  
Sanpete Historical Writing Committee  
Eleanor P. Madsen, Chairman**

**Copyright 1996**

**Printed by  
Pyramid Publishing Co.**

## FOUR OLD LADIES

Lillian H. Fox  
Senior First Place Poetry

There were four old ladies in hospital beds,  
Sharing a room with clean comfortable  
spreads,  
Surrounded by pillow from feet to their  
heads.

The eldest, near a hundred, her mind in a  
haze,  
Had fallen when a child and broken her legs,  
With a crutch she had walked since eight  
years of age.

In Bed number two lay a woman eighty-nine.  
A stroke and pneumonia has shattered her  
time,  
She was conscious and smiling, her features  
were fine.

In the next bed was Millie, with long silver  
hair,  
Over and under she stroked it and braided  
with care.  
She wiggled and wormed 'till the bedding  
would tear.

In a wheelchair, near the bed, the fourth lady  
was tied,  
Irresponsible her conduct and wounded her  
pride.

"Go away from me, leave me, don't touch  
me," she cried.

Each evening, at six, came their faithful old  
men,  
To feed them, to comfort, and try to attend  
To their wants and their needs, give love to  
the end.

The first knew him not, she stared into space,  
The second smiled feebly when he touched  
her face.

The third and fourth scarcely acknowledged  
his grace.

The four old men fed them, then went sadly  
home,  
To re-live the past and sit quietly alone,  
Their future uncertain, their destiny unknown.

---

## UTAH WE LOVE THEE

Louise B. Johansen  
Senior Second Place Poetry

I wasn't yet born in Utah, on hundred years  
ago,  
Or in the town of Mt. Pleasant, where  
abundant blessings flow,  
But my Grandma Clark was born there, in  
1862,  
She told me about Utah's statehood, and  
other happenings, too.

In 1896, Grandma had her eighth child so  
dear,

When at last women could vote, she cast her  
ballot every year.

Her husband was city councilman, and owned  
a furniture store.

Many businesses were doing well: hotels,  
bank, post office, and more.

Mt. Pleasant seemed to flourish, with the  
territory's very best school;

The bond issued in 1896, insured they adhere  
to the Golden Rule.

The city entered a contract with Mt. Pleasant Electric Light,  
The power was greatly enjoyed, but turned off at 11:00 each night.  
James Larsen owned the first washing machine, but when he plugged it in,  
The whole city was without power; he shook his head with a grin.  
Hogs were a nuisance at the cemetery, rooting up graves with their snouts  
So a lumber fence was erected, to keep those scoundrels out.

But the hogs were sorely needed, for head cheese and scrumptious pies;

They also made good disposals, when stomachs were smaller than eyes.

N. S. Nielson was the Mayor, and did his very best;  
Coal and water were very plentiful, and Sunday a day of rest.  
Our forefathers gave thanks to the giver of all.  
For this good old state, they answered the call.  
I'm happy to celebrate our Centennial this year.  
Utah we love thee, our home held so dear!

---

## WIENERS AND SAUERKRAUT

Robert L. Jensen  
Senior First Place Anecdote

The pea factory at Manti was always a bee-hive of activity during the canning season each year. Work continued round-the-clock, and many people learned what it was like to work the "swing and graveyard" shifts at the cannery.

On one such shift, the crew working the blanchers conceived an idea that would provide a hot lunch rather than the usual cold sandwiches. A gallon can was filled with wieners and sauerkraut, sealed and placed in the cookers with dozens of other gallon cans of peas. Our can was well marked or so we thought! When cooking was completed, the huge cookers were opened and to our astonishment our dinner had vanished. Every single can looked exactly alike. Frantically we searched. Was it the first can on the top row or was it the second can in the middle row? We simply didn't know. Finally, in despair, we were forced to admit that our hot dinner was lost in the maze of cans. Needless to say the incident was not reported to management.

Eventually our can was labeled as peas just like all the others and shipped to who knows where! But when the can was opened by that cook preparing school lunch in Houston, Texas or by the chef in a restaurant in Chicago, I'll bet we would have heard "The rest of the story."

---

## STATEHOOD AT LAST, JANUARY 6, 1896

Excerpts from the Diary of Kate Marquardson,  
My Mother  
Virginia K. Nielson  
Senior Second Place Anecdote

(A First Person Account That Reflects the Joyous Sentiments of the Pioneers on Statehood)  
December 27, 1895

"There has been a dance nearly every evening since Xmas and will continue til 6<sup>th</sup> of Jan.—the greatest day in the history of Utah."

January 10, 1896

“At last we have Statehood, and indeed I make use of my capabilities of writing ‘State’ every chance I have. Last Monday, Jan. 6<sup>th</sup>, 1896, was celebrated in honor of the entrance of Utah into the Union. The 4<sup>th</sup> inst. (instance) was the day old Grover (President Grover Cleveland) signed the Proclamation.

“Hem! I was dressed in white and powdered to represent Utah. 12 little girls, with crowns reading ‘Utah Our Pride’ sat beneath my throne, Yes, indeed, I felt delicious!

“Meeting commenced at 11 a.m. Not very long but good. Mr. McDaniels gave the Oration which was excellent. He could have used a little more oratory with effect but his sentiments were splendid.

“After meeting the Band, girls and committee had dinner at Jensen. Had a nice time.

“Pleyed croquet.

“The dance was miserable, went home at 11 o’clock—I’m tired. Goodnight.”

(Women’s Franchise was a Statehood bonus that resulted in mixed feelings.)

July 15, 1896

“The other eve I was put in as one of the School Trustees. Chris Jensen—my dear friend (?)—was the very first to object to a lady (being on the board of education) on account of building a school house—I was defeated—I am only indignant that my first Political right to vote was defeated—and that too by men who were the first to sign the Franchise for ladies.’

November 26, 1896

“Well—it would be awful if I forgot to mention Election Day. Was the first lady in town to vote and I cast my ballot for the wrong party—McKinley.”

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY

This six-year diary relates events in a small Mormon community (Elsinore, Utah). These records were recently ‘unearthed’ in time for the Statehood events of 1996. Her writings contain a three page, handwritten oration that she composed and delivered during the January 6, 1896 celebration. Kate Marquardson (Kathryn Marquardson Kirkman) is my mother. She lived in Ephraim, with Glen and Virginia Nielson family, in her later years.

“Old Grover” indicates the attitude of the people, due to Grover Cleveland’s delay in signing the Proclamation of Statehood.

---

## A FRICK-A-DILL PICNIC

Robert L. Jensen

Senior First Place Personal Recollection

Picture this: a pleasant summer evening with Mom and her brood of four youngsters grouped around the kitchen table enjoying a slice of home-made bread smothered with greengage plum jam. As the saying goes, “it doesn’t get any better than this.” But it does! Just as I finished my treat Mom said, “Now if you’re all good kids and get your chores done on time, we’ll go on a Frick-A-Dill picnic on Saturday.” A Frick-A-Dill picnic! How I loved to hear those words.

So what in the world is a Frick-S-Dill? Read on and you will soon find out.

Saturday morning finally came. A beautiful, clear Manti morning and I was up long before the sun came up. I knew what the day would bring and I was excited. We kids all knew our duties and were soon feverishly working to complete them and be on our way.

With picnic supplies carefully packed, we began our trek up the Red Point, that wonderful old landmark just south of town. My job was to carry the drinking water and the cast iron frying pan. It was heavy, but I had it securely strapped to my trusty backpack. I loved my backpack. It made me feel strong and really grown up. Everything was just fine.

The trail up the Red Point is steep and rocky, and hiking was difficult. It was getting hot and we frequently stopped to rest in the shade of a juniper tree. But all of this didn’t really matter because we were on the best picnic of all.

After what seemed a very long time and numerous rests stops, Mom finally said, “Well, we’re into the pinion pines so let’s find a good spot to make camp—one where it is safe for us to build a fire.” We kids scattered in every direction. Each wanted to find the perfect spot. But Mom soon called saying she had found a good place. We all raced back to where Mom was. Then she said, “Now, before we do anything else, let’s stop a moment and enjoy the beautiful view of our valley below. This is our home, this wonderful Sanpete valley. Your grandpas and grandmas, under very hard conditions, helped make this the peaceful and great place that it is for us to live. I want all of you to always remember this.” I thought, gosh, Mom is smart. She knows everything. I wondered if Grandpa had really looked like his picture.

Almost immediately, our inquisitive young minds began to reach out. Oh, look, there’s Temple Hill and our beautiful Temple watching over all of Sanpete. And look way up north: there’s Moroni and Fountain Green and, yes, if you look close, you can even see Wales nestled at the base of the mountains. And there’s our good neighbor Ephraim just a little north of us. Oh, look, you can see the cars on the highway. They looked like little ants going along. I wondered where they were going.

In no time, we had all our supplies safely stored in the shade under a large, straggly pinion. Next, we gathered rocks and soon had our fireplace ring completed. We were all set.

That done Mom said, “Ok, let’s pick some pine gum.” This was an important and fun part of the picnic and we loved it. As we scurried off, we could hear Mom telling us the usual Mom stuff of being careful not to get lost, keep a sharp eye out for a porcupine that may be lurking on a tree branch, and, of course, don’t get hurt. Gosh, we knew all that stuff; we had heard it many times before. We also remembered her advice to search for the clear amber beads of pine gum and be sure it’s hard. That makes the best gum.

As I moved around trying to find just the right tree, a pinion jay informed me with a piercing cry that I had invaded his home ground and he wasn’t at all happy about it. He sure was a pretty bird. Soon I located just the right tree. It was huge and had many great climbing branches. What more could an energetic young guy hope for. My tree had lots of pine gum. Some, I soon found out, was sticky, very sticky, and I managed to get it all over my hands and then on my overalls. Mom wouldn’t be too happy about that I thought. But it also had many of the little amber beads Mom had told us about. Quickly I gathered some of the little treasures and popped them into my mouth and began chewing. That’s what you do with gum—you chew it. Don’t you? But to my amazement I ended up with what felt like a mouthful of sand and even worse it really stuck to my teeth. Very concerned and yelling loudly, I ran to find Mom trying to spit out the “sand” as I went. Upon finding her, I explained my problem. I’m sure she got a chuckle out of it, but she certainly didn’t let me know that. “Do you have more gum,” she asked. I proudly handed her some, and after putting it into her mouth, she exclaimed, “You probably didn’t get it moistened enough before you started chewing it. Remember, I also told you to chew very carefully when you first start.” I intently watched as she chewed the gum and very soon she handed me a blob of that wonderful pink pine gum. Instantly it was in my mouth. It tasted great and I happily ran off in search of more, all the while thinking Mom just has to be the smartest Mom in all the world.

I had almost finished filling my little pine gum pouch when I got a faint smell that immediately caught my attention. Mom had the Frick-A-Dills frying. I was sure of it. I would know that smell wherever it was. The smell of Frick-A-Dills frying over an open sagebrush fire will never be equaled. So, what is a Frick-A-Dill? It’s a small round German meatball that is seasoned to perfection. That’s what it is. No, it is not a hamburger—it’s a Frick-A-Dill!

Racing back to camp, I arrived just as Mom was “buttering” the bread slices by moving them around in the frying pan drippings. Next, she put two of those wonderful little Frick-A-Dills on each slice of bread and you have the best sandwich in all the world. With our sandwich and a plateful of piping hot pork and beans that had been lightly dusted with sagebrush ashes, we all sat down to a picnic dinner that we kids will never, ever forget.

A little later, Mom got the marshmallows out. The fire had burned down to glowing embers that were just perfect for roasting marshmallows to a golden brown. We kids all tease each other over who will be the first one to catch one on fire. Well, I lost and after blowing out the flame, my marshmallow was kind of black and not very inviting. But when I offered it to Mom she graciously accepted it and thanked me for it and I was proud.

All too soon the sun began to sink into the west. The old Sanpitch River glistened and was beautiful. But we all knew that it was time to head for home. As we descended down the Red Point, I wondered when we would go again. I hoped soon. I thought, Mom knows more about Frick-A-Dills and our beloved Sanpete than anyone else there is. She is also the greatest mom in all the world. And just who is this Mom, this Frick-A-Dill Mom? Her name is Jessie Jensen.

Documentation: Family recollections and author's vivid memories.

---

## **HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS**

Eathel L. Winkelman

Senior Second Place Personal Recollection

Home is where the heart is, and Jay and I have had many lovely homes. We have worked hard to put our heart and soul into every home we have lived in.

We would like to share with you the story of our two beautiful homes that represent the economic prosperity which was enjoyed by some owners in Mt. Pleasant one hundred years ago.

The first historical home we purchased was built by Mr. and Mrs. James Larsen. It is located on the prominent corner of 3<sup>rd</sup> South and State Street. It is a tall red brick house with large picture windows upstairs and down, with a good basement for storing food supplies.

The front door entrance on the east opens into a foyer with a stairway leading to the bedrooms. A magnificent stained glass window shines through enhancing the Oakwood banister. It also opens into the parlor, which features a large wood-burning fireplace handcrafted of marble, tile, and cherry wood. The mirror above the mantel gives the room an airy feeling of spaciousness. The exquisite ceiling in the parlor and the dining room was painted by artist Carl Anderson who did the art work for Brigham Young in the Mormon Play House Theater in Salt Lake.

Mr. Larsen had a replica of his sheep dog, sculpted out of cement, placed on the railing of the south porch. Many people thought it was real.

The wrought-iron fence was in need of much repair, so we took it down, much to our sorrow. The lawn on the southeast corner was sunken and filled up with irrigation water, so we filled it in and planted new lawn. A patio was added to the west, and we enclosed the porch off the kitchen, which made it more serviceable.

When the home was built in 1897, its location and its beauty attracted the attention of local people and visitors traveling through town. In its prime, Mr. and Mrs. Larsen, who were leading Mt. Pleasant citizens, entertained many prominent people, including LDS Church President Joseph F. Smith, Heber J. Grant, James E. Talmage, the Governor of Utah, Mayor of Salt Lake, and other general authorities and military officers from Salt Lake and other areas.

We lived here for ten years and returned to California to live for the next 45 years. We rented the home fully furnished with antique furniture, but it gradually deteriorated. In 1976 Denis and Terri Andelin purchased it and restored it to its natural beauty again. It became known as the "Mansion House Studio of Photography." Later, they remodeled the three upstairs bedrooms in an early American décor and added period furniture and opened it up as the "Mansion House Bed and Breakfast Inn." It recently changed ownership and is now called "The Larsen Bed and Breakfast Inn." using the name of the original owners.

While living in Glendale, California, Jay worked for Lockheed Aircraft and as a real estate broker. I owned and operated four beauty salons for 15 years employing approximately 50 people.

Our second historical home was built by Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Nielson in 1890. By 1892 they had added various stylistic components. This home is an outstanding example of eclectic architectural design in rural Utah. This two-story brick house with basement has a tower topped by wrought-iron cresting. At the corner of the front entrance is a circular Queen Ann porch with a conical roof supported by stylized Tuscan columns. Mr. Nielson was a serf for royalty and wanted to incorporate the styles of his native country in his home.

Mr. Nielson was born in Sweden and came to Utah in 1869 with his sister, Hannah. He first worked as a farmer and miner, and then in 1883 he purchased his first flock of sheep. By 1900 he was one of the leading sheep ranchers in Sanpete County, owning a heard of 10,000 head. He later became president of the Mt. Pleasant Commercial and Savings Bank and served a term as mayor in 1896-01897 just 100 years ago. He also built a co-op mercantile store across the street from his home.

His daughter Bea sold the home to Bill and Ruth Jones, where they lived for 32 years. They loved every inch of it and kept it just as it was. After Bill died and Ruth was 85 years old, she asked Jay if he would sell it for her. We went home for a family reunion and Jay advertised the home for sale, but the market was sluggish at that time and the home didn't sell. We went on a tour to the pageant in Palmyra, and visited our children in Virginia, New York, and on to Alaska. When we returned and the home still hadn't sold, we decided to buy it ourselves. Jay dived into the restoration of this home with great enthusiasm. He was not ready to retire by any means, and he wanted to do something for Mt. Pleasant. He felt that restoring this elegant old home would be something he could do to preserve the historical value of his home town. I needed to stay in California to sell our two homes in Big Bear and Carlsbad, than I joined him in Mt. Pleasant to put on the finishing touches.

We were fortunate to have the craftsmanship and artistry of Ronald Staker to help us restore the home to its full and former beauty. Ron is a local artist and was able to match the colors and restore the intricate scroll designs of the painted ceilings where they had been damaged. Carl Anderson painted the three ceilings in this home as he had in the Larsen home. As we tore off old wallpaper, we discovered the archway had been painted to resemble marble, so Ronald was able to mend it. He also helped us finish off four bedrooms upstairs. One still has the original pedestal sink and bathtub.

Tooled leatherwork dating back to 1600 covers the lower walls of the hall and stairway. The winding staircase with its twisted mahogany banister was a temptation for generations of children to slide down. This home still has the original paint on the doors, window frames, and baseboards. The stained glass windows are so beautiful, I could not cover them up, so I took down the old draperies and put lace curtains on the clear glass so we could enjoy the beauty of the stained glass.

We remodeled the kitchen by putting in oak cabinets and a solarium on the east side of it. You can look out the large windows and see the driveway and patio that comes from Main Street to the four-door garage. It was fashioned around a large tree which provided shade for a picnic area. We painted the house white to match the garage. The white picket fence with climbing roses and the marigolds, poppies, pansies, and petunias make it look like a grandmother's old fashioned garden.

The second level of the garage houses the family room, complete with TV set, pool table, soda machine, and a driving range for Jay, who is an avid golfer. The Boy Scouts made good use of it as well and our 21 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren. At Christmas time we covered the home with white lights to blend in with the historic remodeled Main Street. A turret room over the entry hall of the home was converted into an artist's workshop for me to continue with my hobby of painting. The huge whet birch and maple tree on the front lawn have added beauty to the area for over 100 years.

We have entertained many people at parties, open houses, and on historical tours. The N. S. Nielson family enjoyed coming here for family reunions recently. With such a inviting atmosphere, we decided to have a "Winkelman Bed and Breakfast Inn," which we operated until we moved to Orem in

September of 1995. The decision to move from this beloved home was to enable us to be close to our daughters, Arlene Tidwell and Pamela Rowbotham, and to our son, A.J., who is planning to move here soon.

Jay and I have traveled to every state in the union and to many foreign countries, including the Caribbean, Mexico, Russia, Germany, Mediterranean, Egypt, Turkey, England, France, and Italy. As much as we have enjoyed traveling, our joy and greatest pleasure has been living in these two old historical homes built 100 years ago. Both homes are listed on the State and National Register.

A house truly does become a home when you put your heart and soul into it as we and the original owners have done. We hope the Larsen and Nielson homes will always be a refuge for those who dwell within.

Sources of information: Utah Historical Booklet, Mt. Pleasant History, information from former owners, experience of author.

---

## **LIKE AN ANCIENT CHARIOT**

Elizabeth Jacobsen Story

Senior Third Place Personal Recollection

I grew up in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, with my parents and four sisters. We were a farm family. We all worked very hard to get all the work done.

My summers were spent doing farm chores. My sisters and I all helped with the planting and then the harvesting of the potatoes. We helped haul hay and did many other chores. One of our everyday chores was to take the cows to pasture in the morning. Then we would make another trip to bring them home in the evening. We made the trip north of town and then down the wide lane to the meadows near the end of the lane. My father would milk the cows in our barnyard near our home each morning. Then he would milk the cows again in the evening. The cows would have to feed all day on the wild grass and drink water from the spring. We loved the meadows and the lane, the wild roses and sunflowers that lined the fences. We saw many birds and other interesting things.

My Dad fixed up an old two-wheeled cart, pulled by one horse, for us to ride in. We had a very gentle white mare to pull the cart. It was easy for us to harness the horse, and it was always great fun to ride. Two of us would go together, as the cart would only hold two.

We imagined that our cart was like an "Ancient Chariot." We would stand up and coax the horse to a fast pace, and it was very exciting and fun. When we returned with the cows, we would travel really slowly behind them.

One day, when we were going for the cows, my sister and I saw some ripe apples. I got out of the cart and jumped the fence to pick each of us an apple to eat. Just as I returned to the cart, my sister coaxed the horse to a fast run and they left me behind. I was yelling and screaming and crying. "Stop! Stop!" As the horse slowed down, I was able to catch up to the cart again. My sister was jumping for joy at my plight. It happened many times, then we'd promise not to do it again. Then we'd break the promise again and again. We all loved our "Ancient Chariot" as we stood up in the cart with the horse running fast. This was such a fun time, and these were the games we played at our work.

I also vividly remember one fourth of July celebration. It was July Fourth, 1920. I was four years old. My mother dressed me up in a little old white coat with a Bertha collar and I wore an old sunbonnet. I was to ride on a flat float with many other happy and excited Primary children. We were pioneer children.

We were riding on a horse-drawn float, and I was seated on the side of the float with my feet dangling. Then, out of nowhere, came six riders on fast horses. They wore Indian feathers, and their faces were painted. When they came near our float, one of the Indians reached down and grabbed me in his arms and off we went on the fast horse. Needless to say, I was terrified. I thought it was a real Indian, as I

had heard stories of the times when there were Indians to be afraid of. I was kicking and screaming, and the man told me not to kick his horse. It was a fast, bay-colored horse. After a short ride, he let me down into the arms of a bystander. This man asked me my name, and I was so frightened I couldn't speak. Then my Dad found me in the crowd. I still could not speak when we found my mother. She could see how terrified I was. She took me into the North Ward Chapel and put me on the bench, where she tried to comfort me, telling me not to cry, that it was just part of the show.

I still remember the day, even though it has been seventy-five years or more. It must have been the best performance of my lifetime. I had been an unrehearsed actor in the Fourth of July pageant. I had played the part to perfection with real emotion and very real feelings.

---

## **THE RASMUSSENS IN 1896**

Esther R. Christensen

Senior Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Bits and pieces of history gleaned from an old graduation program and a first grade-school picture reveal some interesting facts about the lives of Daniel and Anne Jane (Jennie) Jorgensen Rasmussen. The couple were prominent resident of Mt. Pleasant, Utah, and as teachers in the community schools had a profound influence on the lives of many students and others in the city and surrounding area.

Daniel's history says, "Daniel was the first Mt. Pleasant student to attend the Brigham Young Academy four years—1892-1896 and the first Sanpeter to receive the degree Bachelor of Pedagogy, with six classmates: Irene Mendenhall, Wilford Booth, Grace Brimhall, Elsie Christensen, Emil Maeser and Jeanette Findlay.

The school soon eliminated that degree. Working for additional credits he received his Bachelor of Arts degree with the class of 1916."

The unique graduation program for May 19, 1896 is really precious to the family as it let them know that Daniel was Vice President, gave the Class Humor at the graduation, and served on the invitation committee.

Jennie was playing an important part in Mt. Pleasant history at this time. As a teacher, she had the distinction of leading the beginner's class as they marched into the new Hamilton School, just completed in 1896. Her room was on the northeast corner of the building on the first floor. In the accompanying picture, the picture of the little girl pasted on the wall between the two windows was still there when the Rasmussen's daughter, Esther (Christensen), attended school in the same room about 1918.

Three of the children in the picture have been identified as Sybil Pearson (Mrs. William Hansen), Jennie Peel (Mrs. Arthur Rasmussen), and Fern Watson (Mrs. Arthur O. Nielson), all life-long residents of Mt. Pleasant. Jennie and Sybil were both born in 1892. The picture was probably taken about 1898.

Jennie taught at the Hamilton School until she and Daniel were married in 1902.

---

## **WOMEN SUFFRAGE**

Lillian H. Fox

Senior First Place Historical Essay

As the people of Utah approached statehood, a particularly crucial time came for advocates of equal political rights for women. Women Suffrage became a bitterly fought issue throughout the Utah Territory.

As early as 1857, Brigham Young had been displaced as Utah's Governor. However, he had remained as the leader of the Latter-day-Saint Church. President Buchanan explained to Congress that the

Utah Territory was under the personal despotism of Brigham Young and that the people were rebellious against the laws and authority of the United States. He said that he was bound to restore the supremacy "of the Constitution." So President Buchanan sent Alfred Cummings, of Georgia, along with a military force of 5,000 men, to govern the Utah Territory. Such appointments continued from 1857 until 1896 when Utah was granted Statehood.

Six times during that period, Utah had been denied Statehood, mostly because the people were practicing unlawful cohabitation; but with the passage of the Edmunds-Tucker Act this practice discontinued. Politicians were now composing a new constitution that they hoped would be approved by the United States Government.

Women in Utah had been enjoying political freedom and had been voting along with the men for seventeen years. The right had been taken away from them with the passage of the Edmunds-Tucker Act. Many women were heads of households while their men were imprisoned for polygamy. Only two states in the United States gave women the right to vote, Colorado and Wyoming. If Utah's new constitution allowed Woman Suffrage, would this weaken the opportunity for statehood? Sham battles developed all over the state to try to resolve the issue. What would be the outcome?

A Constitutional Convention opened on March 4, 1895, and the political rights of women became the most bitterly fought issue. The most eloquent orators that the delegates could muster took a stand in the political arena.

The nation's leading advocate of woman suffrage, Susan B. Anthony, wrote to the Woman's Suffrage Association of Utah saying, "I hope and trust that your men in Constitutional Convention, will, like the noble men of Wyoming, ordain equality to her women."

Utah's Suffrage Association was well organized. Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson of Salt Lake was president. Emmeline B. Wells was editor of the Woman's Exponent, an unofficial journal fighting for women's rights. Nineteen of Utah's twenty-seven counties had suffrage organizations, including Sanpete. They all did their work well.

"The hour has struck," said Orson F. Whitney. "Now is the time to wipe off past prejudice and the bonds that have hitherto fore enthralled women, and to open the doors that will usher her into free and full emancipation."

The Tribune presented an article under the heading, "God Bless the Ladies."

A Mr. Kiesel and Mr. Mackintosh (non-Mormons) agreed that women were as intelligent as men, in fact better, but are ruled by "Their sympathies, impulses and religious convictions—that they had an absorbing affection and pious devotion, that disqualified them in thinking on practical matters."

Another speaker, defending the rights of women, said, "Millions of ignorant slaves and thousands of uninformed foreigners are admitted yearly. Most of our women are native born, many are property owners and well educated, so why hesitate to grant our wives, mothers and sisters suffrage?"

Franklin S. Richards said that a vote of women was the next Necessary step in the march of human progress. "Men need women as a civilizing influence and without them we will sink into a lowly state of humanity."

B.H. Roberts warned that if women permitted themselves to be dragged into the political arena, they would fall from their high pinnacle, as wives and mothers.

Cardinal James Gibbons said, "Wives, you are queens of the domestic kingdom, so retain that empire, shun the political arena, beware of unsexing yourselves. The queenly areola that encircles your brow will fade away. Your domestic empire will be at a standstill. The refined wife and mother should not put her foot in the filthy stream of politics."

Orson F. Whitney maintained that the ennobling influence of women would "someday help to burn and purge all that is base and unclean in politics. I regard it as a lever by which the Almighty is lifting up this fallen world, lifting it near to the throne or its creator," he said.

Another sister, writing from Manti, put it this way: "Many of our opponents seem to think if the Woman's Bill becomes a law that all women, regardless of home duties or qualifications for office, will speedily degenerate into the most contemptible class of God's creatures, office seekers. Now from my knowledge of our virtues and their aims and purposes, a greater fallacy does not exist. Certainly not one woman in a hundred can leave her home to perform the duties pertaining to public office. But we wish to feel that we have the right to hold positions of public trust where we are mentally and morally capable and when we represent the will of a majority of our fellow citizens" (Carol Lynn Pearson. The Flight and the Nest –p. 78)

The issue of Woman Suffrage was finally put to a public vote and won by a great majority, and then it became a clause in the new constitution. It was accepted by the National Government, and Utah became the third state in the United States to recognize women's right to vote.

There was reason for a great celebration everywhere in Utah.

Sources:

Daughter of Utah Pioneers. Lesson for February, 1996. Compiled by Jean S. Greenwood.

The Flight and the Nest, Carol Lynn Pearson, 1975.

---

## **THE EPHRAIM RELIEF SOCIETY GRANARY THE CENTRAL UTAH ART CENTER**

Virginia K. Nielson

Senior Second Place Historical Essay

A challenging assignment was given to the Relief Society members in 1876 by President Brigham Young. This was to store grain. He urged all those along the Mormon Corridor "to enter heart and soul" into this project, to enable them to be prepared in time of need. These industrious women were deeply involved with their families and other duties, but they heeded the call and further extended themselves.

A few granaries were erected for this plan. Most of the storage took place in a farmer's granary or in the bishop's farm buildings. Ephraim's granary, erected specifically for grain storage, was completed about 1877.

This historic, oolite limestone building is devoid of ornamentation except for an artistic wood and metal cupola atop its steep roof. The entrance is on the west side and a north entrance once opened onto a platform that led to a wood and brick shed used for storage. A chute, on the lower northwest area, carried grain to the basement where it was transported, by man power, to the storage bins.

Pioneer women and children followed the harvesters to glean the leavings in their baskets or aprons. At times, mothers carried infants on their backs during this task.

This precious harvest was used to sustain the families during seasons of drought, frost or grasshopper scourge. The grain holdings grew continuously. The Relief Society visiting teachers requested wheat donations during their visits and grain was purchased through sales of homemade, or home-grown, items.

The wheat was "turned over" by selling, or loaning it, to the farmers. The loan was repaid with five bushels returned for each four bushels given. Grain was given to the Bishop to assist the needy.

When wheat was sold, Wheat Fund Certificates were issued to the Relief Society. The money received was placed in the bank and interest was paid once a year. Some of the women, perhaps, hoped to use this income to purchase bonnets or other finery, but all soon seriously accepted this program as a mission call. Sanpete became known as "The Granary of the West" while the Co-op and the Relief Society were engaged in storing and dispensing grain.

The wheat was milled into flour in Marcus Hermansen's water-powered Climax Mill, east of town on Mill Hill.

On one occasion, mice invaded the wheat bins, contaminating the grain, thus making it unfit for human consumption. It was sold to John Otterstrom for planting, with the agreement that the full price of the wheat be paid, plus 7% interest in the fall. Mr. Otterstrom became ill and suddenly died. The general public was loud in its denouncement of the unwise officers. When the Otterstrom's estate was settled, creditors received a percentage on the dollar but the Relief Society received a "Preferred Customer" designation. They received the full price of the wheat plus the 7% interest; they came out 300 bushels ahead. The granary bins were carefully cleaned, reinforced and cemented before being refilled.

The arrival of the railroad in May, 1869, greatly facilitated the sale of wheat.

In 1896 the granary was at the height of productivity. This project was regarded as a sacred trust and the income derived was used for charitable purposes.

The combined Relief Societies sent flour to San Francisco for earthquake and fire relief in 1906, and to alleviate famine in China in 1907. World War I in 1917 and a devastating "Spanish" flu epidemic in 1918 caused great distress. The flour, wheat, and income were freely dispensed on every occasion.

In June 1918 the Relief Societies, with the consent of local priesthood members and the Presiding Bishopric, sold 205,518 bushels of wheat to the United States government to assist in the war effort.

President Woodrow Wilson accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, stopped in Salt Lake City and called on the General Relief Society President, Emmeline B. Wells. He extended thanks to all Relief Society members on behalf of the United States government for making wheat available. The money received from the wheat sale was placed in a bank to draw interest that was apportioned out appropriately to those who had been involved.

In 1919 the Presiding Bishopric recommended that the wheat interest be centered with them. to be used solely for maternal and child welfare purposes. This was readily agreed upon.

In December 1957 the Presiding Bishopric recommended that the wheat income be signed over to the Relief Society General Board to be judicially used as a benefit for the Relief Societies, worldwide. The sisters realized the need, and despite their dependency upon this income, and with encouragement from their Stake Presidents, heeded the counsel and signed the agreement.

The Ephraim Cooperative mercantile Association ceased functioning in \*\*1901? \*\*, following bankruptcy proceedings. The Relief Society also closed the Granary doors.

Thus the memorable years of gleaning, sowing, storing, and selling the golden grain came to a close. The sisters garnered the grain and the brethren made possible the fruition of the inspired plan in the construction of this valuable building.

During floods in the spring of 1913, Mr. Hermansen's Climax Mill machinery was knocked off balance. After the flood, it was not considered feasible to restore the mill at its present site. The Relief Society Granary was vacant and available, and was obtained as the new location. Niels (Nels) Hermansen, son of Marcus, moved the machinery out of the Climax and placed it in the "new" building. Power for the mill was changed to electricity.

When the mill equipment was in place, Nels operated it until his father could assume possession of the business on January 1, 1915. At that time, the name of the mill was changed to Ephraim Roller Mill. Mr. Hermansen erected an addition on the north side to accommodate the growing business. He manufactured flour, cereals, and various animals and poultry feeds until his retirement. A ground-level commercial scale was located near the building and was frequently used by area farmers.

In later years, Mr. Hermansen's youngest son, Lawrence, managed the operation when his father retired. He added more storage space in the Co-op building, which at that time was completely connected to the granary. During the late 1950's, technology changed the flour and feed business, and the Ephraim Roller Mill closed its doors. The Bank of Ephraim took possession of both buildings in 1954.

The heretofore vitally important corner fell into a state of disrepair. The doors and windows were bricked over. The entire area was frequently designated as an "eyesore" and plans were made for the demolition of the once proud structures to allow that corner to be used for commercial properties.

A crisis developed in 1969 when the structure connecting the two buildings was destroyed, as the first step in a total demolition plan. A time of decision was forced upon those involved. Richard and Nadine Nibley, and a few other far-sighted individuals, recognized the rich and varied history enclosed on that corner and took steps toward its preservation. They organized the Sanpete Development Corporation, purchased the property, made repairs and planned for its use as a theater, but financial and other problems prevented the culmination of this dream. The grounds and buildings received only sporadic care, even when placed on the National Register of Historic Sites in 1973.

In 1989 a remarkable chain of events, including available funds and full support from several sources, came together to alter the shelved plans for restoration and renovation. A year later, funds were raised from private donations and from the community Impact Board. Snow College Foundation, the Sanpete Trade Association, and Ephraim City united with the Paulsen Engineering and Construction Company in transforming Ephraim Pioneer Square into a center of importance. The former Co-op now houses the Sanpete Sampler, a cooperative craft and gift shop, on the main floor. The second floor is used extensively for receptions, meetings and displays. The Granary's interior was reconstructed completely and wonderfully to function as a single purpose art facility, The Central Utah Art Center. The milling equipment was removed and stored. The magnificent trussed attic is open exposed to the second floor gallery. This creates a dramatic interior from which an observer, on the first-floor level, can view the entire volume of the building to the cupola. This is an awe-inspiring sight to the visitor.

This center has provided Ephraim City and the surrounding area with two floors available for traveling art collections, as well as a home for the artistic creations of local artists. An easily accessible stairway leads to the upper gallery. An adequate parking area occupies the east portion of the grounds.

An unusual point of interest, on the exterior south wall, are two wooden pick handles that are securely affixed in the wall, near eaves, between building blocks. Renovation workers surmised they had been placed in that position as line markers by the pioneer builders.

Two large grinding stones, formerly used in the milling operation have been placed in a cement base in front of the former miller's home.

It is hoped they may be relocated near the granary.

The Relief Society Granary, with its new name and purpose, remains, giving visible and mute evidence of the faith, obedience, and industry of those pioneer women. An enlarged, old photograph of the Ephraim granary and co-op serves as the backdrop for an exhibit on the cooperative movement in the Church History Museum in Salt Lake City.

Bibliography:

1. Early Relief Society minutes.
  2. History of Relief Society 1842-1966. Published by the General Board of the Relief Society.
  3. Women's Exponent
  4. Phyllis Greener. Enterprise. Nov. 1992.
  5. Allen Roberts, written comments.
  6. Interviews and Recollections: Nadine Nibley, Gwen McGarry, LaVar Franks, Hazel White, Glen J. Nielson.
  7. An enlarged, old photograph of the Ephraim Granary and Co-op serves as a backdrop for an exhibit on the cooperative movement in the Church History Museum in Salt Lake City.
  8. In 1996, Utah's Centennial Statehood year, a plaque, recognizing the Granary's historical importance, will be placed on the exterior west wall, by Fort Ephraim Camp Daughters of Utah Pioneers.
-

**PETER GREAVES, JR.**  
**The Story of My Grandfather**

Winona G. Erickson  
Senior Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Peter Greaves, Sr., born in Paterson, New Jersey, August 26, 1837, came to Utah in 1856 and settled in Ephraim in August of that year. He married Elizabeth Motley in Manti, Utah, on June 20, 1858, and they became the parents of nine children, three of whom died while young. Peter, Jr., born September 14, 1859, in Ephraim, Utah, was the first child from this union and is my grandfather and the subject of this essay. He married Catherine Mortensen (born in Denmark, October 28, 1860), on October 9, 1882, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

Peter, Jr., lived his entire life in Ephraim, was an active citizen doing many good turns in the interest of Ephraim during his lifetime. In 1891 Peter, Sr., deeded to each of his three sons enough land to build a home; all were on the block known then as the Greaves block, which included the area from Main Street to First West, between First and Second South. Peter, Jr.'s, lot was on the southeast corner between Main Street and Second South. Here he built a comfortable home of adobe brick faced with stucco, painted light yellow and lined to resemble brick. He raised his family in this home and lived there until his death in 1923. That home still stands today and has been occupied by members of the Greaves family since it was built.

Not much is known of his childhood, but we do know that he attended the Ephraim Public schools in the winter and worked with his father during the summer. When he was nineteen years of age he attended the University of Deseret. This contact with higher education undoubtedly influenced his decision to become a teacher and consequently settle permanently in Ephraim. I quote from Utah Since Statehood, which says, "In early manhood he took up the profession of teaching, which he followed altogether for fourteen years, proving an able educator by the readiness with which he imparted knowledge to others and held the interest and attention of his pupils." Penmanship was taught in those days and was one of his favorite subjects to teach. According to his youngest son, Halbert Greaves, he was fond of saying that he had studied penmanship from Heber J. Grant. Existing samples of his beautiful handwriting bear this out.

Besides teaching, he was principal of the Ephraim public schools for several years and then served as County Superintendent of Schools for eight years. The Ephraim Enterprise of December 16, 1891, states that, "Supt. Greaves is out visiting schools during this week," and again the July 6, 1892, Enterprise states, "Peter Greaves, Jr., returned home from Salt Lake City on Sunday at which place he has been engaged with other Superintendents of the Territory in the adoption of text books for the coming five years." In the Enterprise of 1893, the election of Peter Greaves as Superintendent with a majority of 22 votes is recorded—all of which indicate that he served in this position during most of the 1890's.

In a civic capacity he was called to be the Ephraim City Recorder in 1883, where he served for a term of eight years. He also served as a member of the Ephraim City Council for six years. It is interesting to note that the salary at that time was \$30.00 per year. During his service on the city council, he was involved in procuring the present Carnegie Library building and is so listed on the plaque in that library.

As a young man, Peter Greaves, Jr., engaged in musical activities as a member of the "home-town" orchestra which provided entertainment between acts of plays presented in the old Relief Society Hall building and for dances. He played cornet, while his brother John played the trombone. Peter, Jr., was also the leader of the first, or one of the first, bands organized in Ephraim. This musical talent and interest was passed down to several of his children, and it was a common practice to spend evenings singing together on the front porch along with several of the neighborhood families.

Peter Greaves, JR., was one of Ephraim's early merchants. Early in the 1890's he began handling farm implements and on October 1, 1896, opened a mercantile business where he carried a "full line of dry goods, groceries, notions, hats and caps, boots and shoes, tin ware and general merchandise." Other

advertisements of interest in the Ephraim Enterprise read, "A new line of fine dress goods ranging in price from 30 cents and up has just been opened up at Peter Greaves, Jr.'s." "What is nicer for a Christmas present for your little boy than a Jersey suit? Peter Greaves, JR., has elegant ones for \$2.50." "To learn whether or not my stock of children's ready-made suits is good, complete and cheap, examine it."

In Campbell's Tokens of Utah Peter greaves, Jr., of Ephraim, Utah, is listed as coining tokens or scrip from 1896-1898. Campbell's lists two denominations, but two other denominations are presently owned by family members. These include 5 cents, 10 cents, 25 cents and \$1.00. The tokens are made of brass and each is engraved with the words, "Peter Greaves, Jr., Ephraim, Utah." Each token is a different shape and the value of each one is also engraved upon the token. Many of these were found in the bottom of a trunk in the home Peter, Jr., built and his grandchildren had a wonderful time using them for play money as they created imaginary plays, circuses and stores. Most of these coins have been lost, with only a few remaining in the family. In March of 1898, Peter Greaves, Jr., turned over his mercantile store to Niels Thompson.

Later in his life, he engaged in other business enterprises, including a home hotel, a furniture store, a dealership in farm machinery and equipment and the agency for the Castle Gate and Clear Creek coal. He retained the coal agency until his death, at which time it was taken over by his son, Sheldon William Greaves. The home hotel remains in the family and until the early 1950's numbers on the bedroom doors were easily identified. Peter, Jr.'s, wife Catherine, an excellent cook, served meals to the drummers (salesmen) who stayed at the home hotel, where they also displayed their wares. There is not much information about the furniture store, but the Ephraim Enterprise in the 1890's carried many ads indicating Peter, Jr.'s, dealership in farm machinery and equipment.

Peter Greaves, JR., and Catherine Mortensen were the parents of nine children, Reuel m., Hazel, Gescul J., Grover P., Amy, Sheldon W., Philip Vail and Halbert S, (Vail died in 1931 while still a young man, and also a baby named Elva Tina.) Peter Greaves, Jr., died November 27, 1923, and his wife died five years later on December 13, 1928. Both are buried in the Ephraim Park Cemetery.

References:

1. History of Sanpete and Emery Counties of Utah, p. 311. Tribune Job Printing Co. 1898
2. Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah by Frank Esshom, Utah Pioneers Book Publishing Co. Salt Lake City, Utah 1913
3. Utah Since Statehood, p 823
4. History of Peter Greaves, Jr. by Halbert S. Greaves, 1954
5. Personal recollection and tokens in possession of Winona G. Erickson
6. Microfilm of issues of Ephraim Enterprise 1891-1898

---

## **SANPETE 1896-1996**

Unice McCurdy

Senior Honorable Mention Historical Essay

The headline on the Manti Messenger could have read on January 4, 1896 "We Are In," for Utah had become a state instead of a territory. People in Sanpete County probably didn't want statehood as it eliminated plural marriages.

These people had all endured hardships, many arriving in tatters with the long miserable trek across the country to the promised free land and the right to accept the new religion.

Joining the church with the promises of freedom and land, there was no way they could have ever imagined the trials they would endure. The immigrants were furnished handcarts to hold the few possessions they had been able to bring with them from their homes. Missionaries did not tell them of the practical bondage they would endure.

Upon their arrival in Salt Lake City they were assigned to groups, depending on their skills, to go to various settlements. Each wave of immigrants encountered problems coming across America. Many did

not speak English. Interpreters were furnished, and wagons were dispatched from the various settlements to escort them on the last part of their journey to protect them from Indian raids.

By January 4, 1896, these people had survived the Indian war. They had built their settlements into communities, obeying the commands set forth by the church. My parents were young. Mom was three years old, Dad was nine years old. That day there would have been a family gathering of my dad's people, for it was the 63<sup>rd</sup> birthday of his grandfather. The subject of Statehood would have been discussed, but probably the talk was of winter damage and of families' and friends' survival.

In 1896 both sets of my grandparents lived in Sanpete County. They were Warren S. and Inez (Funk) Whitlock, and Hans C. and Anna (Nielsen) Hansen. Whitlock's were Anglo-Americans from the Eastern states who had helped found the church. Hansen's were immigrants from Denmark. My ancestors were all assigned to Sanpete County.

In forming settlements, Brigham Young tried to keep it from being an ethnic group. However, in 1896 the composition of Sanpete County was largely Scandinavian. In 1853, out of 80 families, 50 spoke Danish. The other 30 spoke English, Welsh and American. The 1870 census had 94% Danish. In 1880 the percentage had lowered to 77%. The 1890 census lists foreign born Scandinavians as 2,101 Danes, 587 Swedes, and 200 Norwegians. Sanpete County was called "Little Scandinavia."

My parents, grandparents, and all except one great-grandfather were born in Sanpete. He was born in Salt Lake City. With that many ancestors, the Statehood Act let two grandpas, three great-grandpas, and one great-great-grandpa vote in the national election.

Elections are always a divisive thing, pitting families against each other. Some states had already given their women the right to vote. Utah gave up plural marriages to become a state. Many men didn't want women in Utah to have voting rights. As there were more women than men in many communities, they could control the vote. This would have been a hot topic that night.

Word of Statehood would have been sent on the telegraph. The railroad was the Denver and Rio Grande. A favorite pastime was to go down to the station to see the train come into town. The engineer had a reputation of being punctual and for blowing the whistle announcing special news. It wasn't until 1910 there was a phone in Sanpete County.

There were 18 towns in Sanpete Valley. In 1849 Manti was selected by Father Morley to settlement. Then on January 25, 1875, Brigham Young in a revelation told the people to build a Temple upon the oolite limestone hill. This made it convenient, for the quarry was right at the site, eliminating hauling materials. Oolite limestone is a white rock with tiny concretions in it that look like tiny eyes.

The temple was built by volunteers. The ladies in town furnished the food for the worker. All eggs laid on Sunday were temple eggs. Supplies were donated and credited as tithing. Men walked to the site from miles around, staying several days before returning to their homes.

Brigham Young had Father Morley ship a block of the white limestone to Washington, D.C. to be installed in the George Washington monument. It is near the top of the monument. The limestone was used in the Hearst Mansion in San Simeon, California. It was in great demand in the West for public buildings.

The next settlements were Mt. Pleasant in 1851, Spring City in 1852 (rebuilt in 1859), Ephraim in 1854, Fountain Green in 1859, Fairview in 1859, Moroni in 1859, Wales in 1859, Gunnison in 1859, Chester in 1860, Centerfield in 1860, Fayette 1861; then in 1871 Indianola, Mayfield 1873, Sterling 1873, Axtell 1874, Milburn 1888; and after 1896, Clarion in 1910.

There were other settlements started, but for one reason or another they were vacated or burned out. Sites were selected where forts could be built and water was obtainable.

Schools were set up using the McGuffey Reader with its five-book series. Teachers were hired who had no formal training, but they were required take the county exam. In some settlements, the only books they had were what the settlers had brought with them.

In 1890 the L.D.S. Seminary equal to grades 7, 8, and 9 was added. In 1896 Sanpete County had good schools, with classes for people to learn to read and write the English language. The church did not approve of any language except the English language being used for fear of misunderstandings. Speaking anything besides English in public was punished. As a result, the other languages were forgotten.

In 1870 lot owners made a record of ownership and were issued deeds. The U.S. Land Office was established with a county clerk in Manti. County surveyor Ed Fox laid out the town site; participants received and "inheritance" of land based on need. They were also assigned a place to graze livestock outside of town. Each lot had equal terrain.

As more immigrants arrived, the church ordered some families to divide their land, which had already been cultivated and planted. This caused some problems with some of the earlier families giving up and leaving. The Bishop's word was law.

Water was a necessity. There was good surface water and there were artesian wells in the area above Ephraim and on north. That is how Spring City got its name. The canyons in Sanpete were too steep to make a single reservoir feasible behind one dam. Funk's Lake, above Sterling, now Palisade Park, had rock blasted to create the waterway. Water came from a spring and from the Morrison mine. It was a resort and was in use in 1896.

Transportation until 1896 had mainly been on foot or horse or freighter wagons. Then the narrow-gauge line was replaced by a standard line and this furnished regular transportation to Salt Lake City, and the world.

The pioneers were quite self sufficient. In the forests were all kinds of game animals, with no restrictive laws. There was an abundance of rabbits and small game close to town. The rivers were full of fish to supplement the rabbits. There was a great variety of trees on the mountains.

Sawmills were set up for lumber for houses and furniture, as well as for heating. The sawdust was used in the attics for insulation. Adobe was also available. There are still a few adobe houses in the valley. The lime to seal them was available from the lime kilns.

The house my grandparents owned across from the church and school in Sterling was of adobe. Houses were built with three layers of adobe. This made them cool in the summer and easier to heat in the winter. Some of the houses in Gunnison were built from the rocks used to build the wall around Fort Gunnison. Our house is one of them and is cool in the summer. It was in use in 1896 and is still in use in 1996.

A merchant in Sanpete County, Daniel B. Funk, had, like many others, an ice house. He harvested ice in the winter. He was the first to use his ice to make ice cream commercially. From his potato crop, he made cooking and laundry starch; from the saleratus, which is aerated salt or sodium bicarbonate, he furnished the leavening for cooking; from pinion pine he had tar and charcoal. Local ores furnished him smelted iron to make cooking utensils. Frames were made by him for his drums from the aspen. He used tanned buckskin for the drum heads. Elderberry stalks were used to create fifes and flutes. Also from the aspen he made various size grain measures. Another merchant, Hans C. Hansen, added to the local supplies when he discovered the salt beds and refined the salt for home use as well as for salt licks.

Sanpete communities were homogeneous villages. The people had shared hardships and had learned to pull together. They were inventive. There had been marriages. Some had prospered, some had barely eked out a living. Everyone looked out for the others. Probably it was just another winter day in the lives of people in Sanpete County, Utah.

---

## CHRISTMAS IN SANPETE—1849

Lillian H. Fox

Senior Second Place Short Story

I have searched the writings but have been unable to find accounts of how the first group of pioneers celebrated Christmas after their arrival in Sanpete Valley, if, indeed, they celebrated at all. Perhaps they only built a fire in the corner of their dugouts and cuddled near to keep warm.

Two wagons were sent back to Salt Lake City for supplies but could not get through the snow drifts in Salt Creek Canyon. They did not return until late in March when winter lost some of its grip.

These two hundred and twenty-four volunteers were isolated in a white wilderness with only their ingenuity to keep them alive. Their nearest neighbors were at Fort Provost (Provo), eighty miles distant. Their cattle starved and the hungry Indians devoured the frozen carcasses in below-zero temperatures. They rationed the scanty food supply that they had brought with them. The men hunted and fished until they were snow-blind. Mothers read stories to the children from the Bible and Book of Mormon, and everyone prayed for survival. However, their faith was strong, and only one family returned to the mother community in Salt Lake when the opportunity later presented itself.

In my search for written material I found scraps of information suggesting some ways parents made toys to entertain children. The only materials available were stick, stones, and animal hides, but from these they created creatures to which the children added their imaginations.

Mothers made dolls by weaving and tying sticks together. The hair on their heads was taken from the manes and tails of horses, and their clothing was made from rabbit skins. For the boys they found curios of many kinds among the rocks on the gray hill. Imbedded in the ledges of the hill were petrified fish, footprints of strange animals, and odd shells of amphibian creatures that had crawled over the surface in the dim past when the lowly hill was being thrust upward by subterranean forces from the depths of an ancient sea. They also found flint arrowheads made by aborigines and round stones they called "bull's eyes," which resembled in shape and design the eyes of a bull. The discovered small white stones resembling pearls and round black stones with smooth wax-like surfaces. These were called "jack stones" and with them the children played the game of jacks.

They made rock people knowing that the children would use their imagination as they played with them. A Rock could become a soldier, an Indian, or even a bishop and a prophet, if it had a painted face resembling a person. Mothers made paint from the bark of trees and bushes and decorated these creatures by candlelight.

They made candles by using a few molds brought with them when they crossed the plains. They put a piece of candlewick into the mold and poured hot tallow around it. When cold, the candles were removed from the mold and ready for use. They lighted them with a stick touched to the flame in a fireplace. This soft yellow flame was mild on the eye and as it flickered, a ribbon of smoke curled upward as the warm tallow ran down the sides in shining pearls and cooled into fantastic shapes along the candles.

Perhaps, on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1849, a large bonfire was lighted in a clearing, and the folks gathered near to pray and sing Christmas hymns. This would be the first time these hills had echoed songs of the Christ child and the birth of the Savior of mankind. As the words of the song "Away In A Manger" filled the crisp night air, many hearts were touched. Several new babies had arrived and they, like the Christ child, had no crib for a bed. The stars in the heavens looked down where they lay; these new little infant, in caves in the rocks, were asleep on the hay.

## The Spirit of Christmas, 1849

Christmas came silently,  
Down the frosty hill,  
Moved into humble dwellings  
A promise to fulfill.

Paused a watchful moment,  
Then Spreading out a hand  
Touched every heart and soul  
And gently took command.

Angels had sung a promise,  
That night in Bethlehem,  
Now that spirit blessed them all  
With peace, good will to man.

Source: Bits and scraps of information from many pioneer histories.

---

## CAUGHT

Blodwen P. Olson

Non Professional First Place Anecdote

He was told to be sure to attend the Sunday afternoon Conference Meeting of April 1880.

His father admonished him, "Bernard, you are not showing proper respect for the church. You didn't attend meeting this morning. You be there this afternoon. I'll expect a full report from you tonight."

There was no threat, but it was implied. He was a teenager and having fun with others of his age. He was the youngest in his family and beginning to rebel against the older members. His mother was dead and his two older sisters ran the household under the supervision of his stern father. He knew he should go to the afternoon meeting and he knew he would be required to report the proceedings that evening, but it was a beautiful Spring day and the fellows and girls were having a good time just hanging around, showing off their fancy horses, joking, riding here and there or as we say "just goofing off."

The time passed quickly and when his conscience finally reminded him where he should be, the meeting was adjourned. Bernard quickly and anxiously watched for friends who had attended the meeting to learn about the program. Hopefully, he could bluff his Father into thinking he had done what he had been told to do.

That evening, when he was questioned, he confidently named each speaker and described the special musical numbers. When he came to the last speaker, he said, "The last man to speak was an old man with a beard that I didn't know."

His father, suspecting where Bernard had been and suppressing a chuckle replied, "Well, my boy, it's strange you didn't know your own father."

I never heard about the punishment. After all, he was sixteen. Maybe the embarrassment was enough! (As told to me many times by my aunts but never by my father.)

---

## THE TECHNICAL TOUCH

Ruth D. Scow

Non Professional Second Place Anecdote

Long years ago we owned a cow that kept our family in cream, milk, and butter. My husband milked her night and morning, and we accepted this added chore and enjoyed partaking of the cow's milk products.

Then one summer day we thought to take our three small boys to the mountains to camp overnight. We had a good strong farm wagon and a team of dependable horses. I could manage the food needed, and

my husband would engineer the equipment. Then came the question, "What about the cow?" We would need someone to milk her at night and in the morning.

We would ask our neighbor boy who had just graduated from Manti High and was working at Bentley's Motor Company to help us.

My husband stopped the boy as he came from work that day and asked him to help us by milking the cow. The boy looked at his hands and replied, "No, I cannot do that. If I did I would lose my technical touch."

---

### **IN HER FEEBLE REMEMBERING**

June B. Jensen

Non Professional First Place Poetry

From her bedside she told a childhood story over and over to anyone who paused to listen.

Her family had been driven from their home.

They fled in terror before Pancho Villa.

In Drenching rain and fear of darkness all huddled together they waited, waited for the northbound train to take them safely across the border.

"All night there was no whistle sound and all next day no food.

The second night another train arrived to replace the first one which was derailed and burned.

The conductor promised to get us through if we hurried aboard."

In her feeble remembering she repeated the story over and over to anyone who paused to listen.

---

### **SOMERSAULTS**

Carol E. Delaney

Non Professional Second Place Poetry

Pebbles in a brook shimmer & shine ripples glance off them

Suddenly a trout jumps KURPLOP KURPLOP as it tumbles & somersaults

A flash of rainbow and it's gone

Reflections fill clear water

A fish caught with safety hook when I was only five

A mudcat was my real joy

Took him home & swore nothing could be better

He sure was good country fried when I was only five...

---

### **OUR SANPETE VALLEY**

#### **THE EARLY DAYS**

Jessie Oldroyd

Non Professional Honorable Mention Poetry

Do you ever wonder how our valley looked in the long ago.... years gone by?

A barren land of rock, sand, sagebrush, hills, valleys, mountains reaching up towards the sky.

A lonely land... and oh, so different before our pioneers came here.

A land of buffalo, of elk, wild animals, antelope and deer.

And, who were its people before the white man came?  
They, with strange customs... Copper-colored race,  
Who were wild, untamed, free as the wind, roaming from place to place.  
Oh, it took strength and courage to come to the land,  
How much, perhaps we will never know nor understand.  
Our noble Pioneers, bless them, came here for peace, security, religion,  
To find happiness, to learn and to grow.  
They gained statehood  
The Desert blossomed as a rose.

---

## MEMORIES OF GRANDPA

Suzanne V. Turnbow

Non Professional First Place Personal Recollection

A trip to the Fairview Drugstore with my grandfather was always a special treat for me as a child. Besides its obvious utilitarian purpose, the little store served as one of the town's social gathering places. Located on Main Street, it was nestled among other businesses, such as the Travel Inn Café, Fairview Mercantile Company, the barber shop and Fred's Café. Unlike the cold and sterile drugstores of today, it had a warm and inviting atmosphere that held many fascinations for a small child.

Arriving at the familiar Rx sign astride grandpa's "wheel," his ancient, sturdy bicycle, we would leave the bicycle on the sidewalk, knowing that no one would bother it. Maybe the trip was prompted by Grandpa's needing batteries for his hearing aid, or maybe Grandma needed some bay rum and glycerin for her homemade lotion. But whatever the reason for the outing, I was always eager to claim my spot on the fender of Grandpa's bike, hanging on to his overalls as he pedaled the few blocks to town.

The first thing to greet Grandpa and me as we walked through the old oak doorway was the intriguing "apothecary" smell. It was an odd mixture of scents that mingled to form a sweet, soapy, medicinal and slightly rubbery fragrance. It was a mysterious but comforting aroma.

Another greeting soon came from the druggist, who would say, "Hello, Lewis, who's your little girl friend?" He was a tall, pleasant man and the owner of the drugstore. He was friendly and unrushed as he pattered behind the counter. The druggist and his wife had lived above the store for as long as folds could remember.

My affection for the drugstore had much to do with the fact that it contained a soda fountain. The ice cream was hard packed and dishing it up was a laborious process. This duty often fell to the druggist's wife, who could whip up all sorts of delightful goodies, for which I would predictably coax. I was secure in the knowledge that Grandpa rarely said "no." After devouring my ice cream, I would explore the store while Grandpa sat chatting with other grey-haired and overhauled men.

An amazing assortment of bottles, jars, candy, contraptions, and magazines found home in that tiny store. There were Old Spice and Blue Waltz cologne gift sets. There were shaving mugs with wooden handled brushes and little round soaps. I especially liked the silver plated hair brush and mirror sets. The wooden floor squeaked amicably as I wandered through the narrow and somewhat cluttered aisles. Among the commodities on the shelves were some rather peculiar items, and the purpose of these was a mystery to me. I had the vague notion that they all had something to do with "old people," and I didn't worry too much about them. After all, I would never have to use funny things like corn plasters and denture cream! I didn't even want to THINK about what all those strange attachments to the hot water bottles were used for! So, I would migrate toward the comic books, and that is where Grandpa would find me when it was, regretfully, time to leave.

Today's modern suburban drugstores are not fun at all! The mysterious aromas are effectively trapped inside cellophane or lost in the spaciousness of the store. To the druggist, his work is merely a job, and he is too busy to distinguish one face from another. There is no soda fountain, and the hard, cold floors echo footsteps as customers hurry down the long, perfectly organized aisles. If you are foolish enough to leave a bicycle out front unattended, that is a good chance it won't be there when you return. Your more likely form of transportation, however, is one of the hundreds of cars in the parking lot. I now know all about those odd items for "old people," as I routinely use half of them, and the day when I must concern myself with the rest is coming with relentless certainty.

I suspect that in isolated hamlets a few quaint, little drugstores still exist. But, I fear that these too will soon become casualties of "progress" and "sophistication." Then the old fashioned apothecary, along with Grandpa and his friends will be gone forever.

Source: Author's personal recollection. NOTE: The drugstore was Young's Rexall Drug.

---

## **HANS DIDN'T QUIT WHEN IT RAINED**

Robert O. Kelson

Non Professional Second Place Personal Recollection

Hans Reed Christensen, "Hans," used to employ me when I was a young lad to work on his farm. It was here that I learned to work and also learned a lot of other valuable lessons that have served me well and have stayed with me throughout my life.

I was helping Hans clean Ditch No. 21. This irrigation ditch breaks off the main creek just below what is referred to as the Old Power House in the mouth of Ephraim Canyon. The ditch cuts through the oak brush, across the canyon road, through the cedars along the edge of Ball Mountain.

The month was April, the year 1950, the weather cloudy and cool. Hans took one side of the ditch and I took the other. We moved along methodically, scooping out gravel, cutting away brush, throwing out trash, rocks, and slicing of sod that had grown in the ditch. We removed anything that would impede the flow to the precious water to the fields. This was not the easiest of farm jobs, but one of the most necessary. As we moved across the road and were making our way along the edge of Ball Mountain, the clouds became heavier and a slight mist began to fall.

I looked down in the fields to the west where men had been working; they were moving toward their vehicles, gathering up their tools and getting out of the fields. I looked up ahead of me and noticed that Hans did not show any signs of stopping. Noticing that the distance between him and me had widened some, I increased my pace, thinking that he probably had some stopping place in mind a short way down the ditch. This proved to be a false assumption.

The clouds gathered thicker, the rain fell more rapidly, and I could no longer see the men working in the fields below; as a matter of fact, I could no longer see the fields at all as the mists of rain and clouds obscured my vision. Soon all I could see were the nearby trees and bushes, the ditch, the rain and Hans ahead of me. Surely he would quit soon.

The ditch, which had been only damp, now had about two inches of water and mud in it. When I laid my shovel aside to roll out one of the big rocks, my hands became covered with mud. At first I wiped them on my pants which were getting wetter and wetter. After a while I just left the mud on my hands. The shovel handle was slick when I tried to grip it to chop at the sod and roots of the brush. My hands would slide down the handle, so I gripped harder in order to exercise some control of this instrument of labor, the shovel.

My jacket was soaked, my straw hat had lost its shape, and now the brim bent down so that the rain had a perfect channel down the back of my neck. My shoes were heavy with mud, and I would often slip as I tried to get footing on the edge of the ditch.

Every time I looked up, I would see Hans moving on, showing no sign of quitting or slowing down. Soon it seemed that all I could see was the ditch, the mud, the rain, and Hans ahead of me. Others had left the field. Why were we still working in this muddy ditch?

"Is this what men do?" I had worked on the farms around Ephraim, but this was one of the first times I was expected to take a man's share of the load of the work and hold up my end of the job. I would not quit as long as Hans led the way. I don't know how long we worked in these conditions, but for me, a boy 16 years of age, it seemed to go on forever. Mind and body dulled to cold and wet. I somehow forgot the sensation of water and mud oozing between my toes inside my shoes. All I could see was Hans ahead of me and he didn't quit until we arrived at the head gate very far down the ditch.

We slogged our way back to the truck, which was parked near the canyon road. Hans didn't apologize for the inconvenience, nor did he inquire about how miserable I felt. At the time I did not appreciate that he, too, was wet, cold and miserable. But the heater in the truck sure felt good as we drove home.

I have had occasion to think back on that experience a number of times. Sometimes I have had to work in inclement weather. Most often when I have reflected on this experience, the muddy, miserable conditions were not caused by the elements of nature, but stresses and turmoil from life's challenges. Sometimes when I thought it would be easier to give up, choose another course, or try another day, I have remembered that Hans didn't quit when it rained. And I'm glad I remembered; and I'm glad for an important life lesson learned in a muddy ditch at the foot of Ball Mountain: **"Hans didn't quit when it rained."**

---

## INDIANS IN MY LIFE

Blodwen P. Olson

Non Professional Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

The Indians were in town again, on their annual begging trip. It was September 1920 and we had seen them camped in their makeshift tents on the County Block<sup>1</sup> with their horses and wagons nearby. I knew the women would be going around town from door to door, dragging their sacks to be filled with whatever people would give them. The children would be pulling the homemade carts they used to carry their sacks when they became too heavy to carry. The expected knock came at our kitchen door and I was told to open the door and invite the short round smiling brown woman into our house. When my mother appeared, the visitor held her sack open and said, "Flour?"

Mom obligingly went to the flour bin and emptied a scoop of flour into the sack. After she had put four or five full scoops of flour in the sack, the Indian said, "More." But Mom said, "That's enough. I have to feed my papooses."

The squaw laughed and nodded her head. She saw a coat hanging on a chair and pointed to it and said, "Give me, fit my boy." Mom shook her head, "No, my boy's coat, he needs it."

Then the Indian, feeling she had someone sympathetic to her, asked for fruit. She was given several bottles of fruit. Encouraged by this generosity, she said, "Blanket, cold winter." Mom found a blanket for her and then finally said, "That's enough. You go. Come again next year." The Indian nodded her head, smiled and left to go to the next house.

Although it was fun to have the Indians come and I was glad my mom always helped them, I felt there was something wrong. When my mother needed flour, she called Beck's Mill and they brought sacks

of flour to fill the flour bin. In the summer, Mr. Brown brought us heaping bushels of peaches and apples. All my mother or dad had to do was write a check and make a phone call for these supplies. Why couldn't the Indians do the same?

Mom's mother, Grandma Meacham, had been raised in Toquerville, close to the Indians, and had learned to love them and sometimes respect them. When my cousins came to Manti to visit, Grandma would gather us around her and tell us about the Indians in her life. We knew, if we listened, she would give us each a nickel for a treat. The nickel must be spent at "Dick's Place," a confectionary store operated by her daughter, Fanny, and son-in-law, Dick Daly. Her stories always had a lesson for us to learn.

Her most often repeated story was about an Indian being murdered. Because the white authorities did nothing about it, the Indians held a council to decide what to do. About thirty Indian Braves sat on the ground in a circle. According to Grandma, each one spoke his opinion of who had committed the murder. No one interrupted anyone or spoke out of turn. (Obviously this was the lesson.) A few days after council, the Indian each had named as the guilty one disappeared and was never seen or heard of again. All of us wanted to know what happened to him, but Grandma never told.

She told us about how some of the Indians took anything they wanted if they thought they would not be caught. The lesson was they were always caught and punished severely. She talked about the squaw who worked for her family. When dinner time came, the Indian would sit under a tree to eat. Her utensil was one large butcher knife, which she wiped on her bare fat leg. (Lesson—table manners—maybe.)

Finally our nickels were given to us and we had our ice cream cones or candy. I always remembered these stories and learned another lesson—that Indians were People, too.

After I was married and lived in Ephraim, Phil, my husband, heard of the Church Indian Placement Program, in a Church meeting. He asked so many questions about it that Miles Jensen, who was in charge of recruiting families to participate, came to see us. He explained that Indians from the reservation who were members of the LDS Church were placed in homes of Church members to learn the ways of the white people, go to school and then in the summer return to the reservation to come back again in the winter for the school year.

With some misgivings and feelings of our own inadequacies, we asked for a teenage boy. As we had three girls and one boy of our own, we thought this would give balance to our family. School had started, when Wilfred came to live with us. Parry, our son, who was in his first year at Sow College, took time from his classes to take Wilfred to Manti High School to register and to get started in school. When Parry went late to his class, the professor wanted to know why he was late. "I had Indian trouble," was the excuse Parry gave.

Wilfred was a good experience for us and hopefully for him. He was very well liked by everyone. He was handsome, intelligent, abitious and had a wonderful sense of humor. He loved to watch "McHales' Navy" on television and would literally roll on the floor laughing. When he was asked if he wanted to watch a show about Indians, his reply was, "No, they hardly ever win, anyway."

He beat everyone playing dominoes and was a very skillful artist. He liked to play basketball and for a while played the saxophone in the school band.

One night at the supper table, he asked, "Is it all right if I go to the show tonight?" This request was met by silence and the, Phil said, Wilfred, in our family we have a rule of no shows on school nights." Wilfred laughed, "That's what my friends told me."

He never mentioned going any place on a school night again. He helped Phil with the farm work and was usually a pleasure to have in our home. In his sophomore year, he was voted most preferred man, went to the dance and had a great time. As a junior, he had an arranged date for the Prom<sup>2</sup>. Another young man furnished the transportation and double-dated with him. As far as I know that was the only 'date' he had. Everyone was friendly with him, but the girl he wanted to date was not interested.

His senior year, he stayed in Gallup to attend school. We were sad that he didn't return. He called (collect) to explain. His parents were dead and his grandmother was raising his two younger sisters. "You know," he said, "many very bad things can happen on the reservation. I have to help my grandmother with my sisters."

He graduated from Gallup High School, one of the top students, and then joined the army. We heard from him for five or six years and then finally, that he was doing well had a good job in the Gallup Courthouse and would come to see us as soon as he could get a car.

The winter that he didn't come back, we accepted Rose, a junior in high school. Cathy, our youngest daughter, took Rose to school and helped her get started. She was a little more difficult than Wilfred, but we got along well.

Rose did very well in school and made friends with the other girls who were on the Indian Placement Program, We worried about her Prom, but when it came, the Indian Youth Conference was being held at BYU, which solved that problem. She graduated from Manti High School. Her sister and husband came to attend her graduation and brought her a beautiful, hand woven rug from her mother.

The summer after her graduation, she obtained a job at Carlisle Sewing Plant in Ephraim. She saved her money and this supplied her with clothes for the five years she attended BYU on an Indian scholarship. The summer of her second year in college, she married Dennis Small Canyon. We had the reception in our home. Dennis' and her relatives came from New Mexico and Arizona. They were beautiful people, dressed in all their finery. The women wore the traditional full satin skirts, velveteen blouses and a dazzling display of turquoise and silver jewelry. The men wore white shirts and dark trousers. They were also bedecked with turquoise and silver belt buckles, ties and rings. Everyone had a wonderful time.

However, the marriage did not go well. They had two very nice boys, Jason and Cory, but divorced. As Rose said, "I wanted to live like you do, but Dennis wanted to live the way the Indians do. He wanted to be free to play and I was to take all of the responsibilities of the family and the home."

Thinking of this Placement Program, I don't know if it really helped Wilfred and Rose. I hope so. I know it helped my family and me to have a better understanding of the Indians and some of their problems. I shall always be grateful to Miles Jensen for the work he did in helping the students who came and the families that took them. Because of my contacts with the Indians as a child, the stories my Grandma told and our having had Wilfred and Rose in our home, I shall always have a special feeling in my heart for the Indian people. There are no more empty flour sacks, homemade carts or going begging from house to house. Now, they are all well dressed, drive fine cars and live in good homes, and I'm happy for them.

---

## **BORN IN 1896**

Sharon B. Stauffer

Non Professional Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Vernon H. Brotherson, the youngest of 15 children, was born November, 30 1896, to Hans Christensen Brotherson, Sr., and Fredricka Jensen Brotherson. His father and mother were children of the original settlers of Mt. Pleasant. His father, Hans, crossed the plains with a handcart company when he was seven years old. His mother, Fredricka, came across the plains with her widowed mother and older sister when she was ten years old. His father arrived in Mt. Pleasant in the spring of 1858, and his mother came in the fall of 1862.

Vernon's father died when he was four years old. Due to circumstances, he was required to accept responsibilities at a very young age. When he was eight years old, and school was out in the spring, he

went with his brother to Indianola and learned to herd sheep. When he was twelve years old, he would herd on his own. He had a horse and a couple of dogs and lived in a tent with a little stove.

In his history he said, "I would get up before daylight and go find my horse. Then I would take the sheep where I wanted them and then go back to camp to fix breakfast. After breakfast I went out to the sheep again to see how they were and settle them down. Then you're good till about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Then you go and get the sheep and bring them in by your camp to bed down. I went through the same routine every day for about a week, and then my brother would come and help move me. The sheep would have to be trained to lay at a new camp, and the herding was just the same. In the fall I would go back to school.

"I helped my mother on the farm. I milked cows, and when I was seven years old I took the cows to the pasture every day and brought them back every night.

"When I was 19, I went to Scofield and worked in a store. I delivered with a team and clerked. The store was owned by the Niel Madsen family. When I came home for Christmas it would take from daylight to dark in a Model T Ford. When I was 21, I was drafted in the Army and served with the 8<sup>th</sup> Army stationed at Ft. Lewis, Washington.

"I herded sheep in Scofield for about 20 years. In the spring (about the 15<sup>th</sup> of July) we would take the sheep to Twin Creek (east of Mt. Pleasant). About the 15<sup>th</sup> or 20<sup>th</sup> of October, we went to Cricket Mountain (Black Rock, Utah) for the winter. We would leave there the 1<sup>st</sup> of May and trail them to Scofield. It would take us 2 or 3 weeks to get to Scofield. Then we started shipping them on the train. We would unload at Colton and trail 15 miles to Scofield. Then we started trucking them. We loaded at Black Rock and unloaded at Scofield. This took only about 15 hours. This year (1972) we loaded them at Garrison, trucked them to Mt. Pleasant and sheared them the same day. We never gave up the 'tote-goat.' The horse and dogs still play an important part in herding sheep."

Vernon H. Brotherson was a framer, sheep man and shepherd. In his later years, his age and health did not permit him to live in Mt. Pleasant. Even when he lived in Salt Lake, he always considered Mt. Pleasant his home. He died March 14, 1981, in Salt Lake City, Utah. He is buried in the Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

This information was taken from the personal history of Vernon H. Brotherson.

---

## **HISTORY AND CELEBRATIONS IN OUR CITY**

Our City Celebrates the Centennial 1859-1896-1996

Jessie Oldroyd

Non Professional Honorable mention Personal Recollection

\*\*\*

Land of the mountains high, U-tah, we love thee  
Land of the sunny sky, U-tah, we love thee  
Far in the glorious West, Throned on the mountain's crest,  
In robes of STATEHOOD dressed, U-tah, we love thee.

We are proud of our state, its people, the pioneers, their descendants, and those who are following the standards they gave to us. What a heritage! We are a celebrating people. We celebrate in cities, states, nation, and in our families. Family get-togethers, a birthday, a new baby arrives, holidays, anytime is a good time to be together.

Our city has a birthday, the first one being march 1859. When the first settlers came here, George W. Johnson and his son, Amos, then all the family, came to build a log house with logs chopped from a

beautiful grove of quaking aspen on the town site. Then came more settlers. This was a choice place, and had been for sometime, as a camping place for travelers. It was known as Uinta Springs, the place to stop in traveling from Salt Lake City to Sanpete Valley. The only bad thing—the Indians! In fact, while Mr. Johnson and his party were here to chain the plat for the town, Indians were in ambush, stole all the horses and the surveyors had to walk home to Santaquin and elsewhere.

We have many things to celebrate today and yesterday. The first meeting house was built in 1860, then Church organizations, irrigation, a fort. Lester Holman was the first child born here, and Mary (Polly) Draper was the first white child born outside the fort. The settlement was incorporated as a town on July 21, 1885, with Rees R. Llewellyn, A.J. Aagard, Robert L. Johnson, Lars Nielson, H.C. Hansen Bogh, James Aagard, and George Carter making up the Town Board.

January 3, 1910, was a big celebration, when the town was incorporated as a city. The first five mayors of the city were A.H. Anderson, James L. Nielson, John J. Oldroyd, Henry Jackson, H.P. Olsen. We have had, to the present, twenty-five mayors in our city, Mayor Dean Hansen being the present one.

The city has always celebrated the state holidays, the first one, Statehood, and before and after, July 4<sup>th</sup> and 24<sup>th</sup>... Pioneer Day.

Our city has a holiday of its own to celebrate: Lamb Day! This year every program will be planned around the Centennial. The first one will be held at the Daughters of Utah Pioneers (DUP) building Friday, July 19, at 5:00 p.m., where it is planned for the rededication of the building by the Church Presiding Bishop H. David Burton. Everyone is invited to this very special program. The building has been owned by the LDS Church as the Ward Tithing Office since 1906 and was leased to the DUP as long as it was well kept. Fountain Green City now owns the building and the grounds. Much work and improvement has been done on the building this past year in preparation for the celebration and rededication. They have gas heat, electric lights, newly remodeled porch, railing, fence painted, and new interior painting; so many things have been, and are still being done. These things have been planned and hoped for over the years, and with the help of the city, Lions Club, Sportsman's Club, officers, members and so much help from the city councilman, Lewis Rasmussen, the work will be completed for this 1996 holiday celebration. Mr. Rasmussen has had a great deal of interest in this building, and has had help from many people, including the Young Women's and Young Men's organization in the city.

The DUP contributes much to the people and city. They keep the building and grounds attractive. They have erected three pioneer monuments, one being a monument in recognition of the young Lewis Lund boy who was killed by the Indians. The work of getting the monument restored and moved to the DUP lot was by Kim Bailey for his Eagle Project in 191. At that time, his grandmother, Hazel Bailey, was Captain of the Uinta Camp.

Mrs. Bailey, as Captain, and for Captain, Devona Crowther, worked to keep the lot and building in good condition. Mayor Dean Hansen assisted in the changing over of the deed from Church to City.

Captains LaVon Coombs and Laurelda Despain worked long to get the grounds taken care of, rocks removed, ground planted in grass, a fence put up, along with a bell monument and flag pole. They, with help from members of their families, did much to improve the interior. All are proud of the building and the precious relics and artifacts that have been donated by members and non-members.

The present officers, Captain Arlene Farnsworth, with Vice Captains, Ellen Nielson and Bessie Cook, and secretary, Shirley Millgate, and all the other leaders and members are planning an Open House during this summer of the Centennial and Lamb Day. They will be happy to show off their building and all it contains. Two organs from our old church can be seen there, one from the Relief Society and the other, the big pipe organ, from the chapel.

The DUP also makes quilts every year that will be won by a lucky person at the park on Lamb Day. This organization also adds to the spirit of patriotism and honor given to our faithful, courageous pioneers. During the years of leadership of Laurelda Despain and LaVon Coombs, the school bell that tolled for many years was put on top of the Pioneer monument, and also the school flag pole was set up on the DUP Lawn.

This year, for the Centennial, the Daughters are planning to wear Pioneer dresses and bonnets and present a short program with their kitchen band instruments. They are always faithful and willing to assist wherever needed, and are a special part of our community. All honors to the Daughters of Utah Pioneers was organized in our city, July 15, 1946, with Myrum Lund as Captain, Idena Crowther and Caroline Johnson Vice Captains, Deon Anderson, secretary, Cleo Johnson, the organist, and Eillian Snow as Chorister, and all other officers and members who have been faithful through the years.

The next program will be held at the new elementary school, a celebration and appreciation for this fine, new building in 1996 and for the Centennial. The program will be presented by the school children, with many from the community also.

On Saturday morning, a program at the city park, again with the Centennial in mind, includes memories of city and state in poetry and music. The two ward choirs and other groups will participate. There will be pictures of early Fountain Green buildings, people and places, with narration.

The people of this city have always been patriotic. The early sheep men increased the number of flags being flown on the holidays, with the beautiful American Flag on every corner of Main Street and almost every home flying the Stars and Stripes.

The parade will feature some of Fountain Green history, especially the city float to represent our Big Springs and meadows. Our Wool City Band was always a favorite, and its music and members will always be remembered. The original band was a favorite because of the music they played. They were asked one time to play in the 24<sup>th</sup> of July parade in Salt Lake City. This year the city is trying for another Wool City Band, with the younger generation practicing for the occasion.

A special feature again this year are the softball games, all very popular, especially the tournament with the men from Fountain Green and those former residents who love to come home and play. The Co-ed, or family softball tournament, is preparing for exciting games. The championship games for both tournaments will be held on Saturday evening.

There are the activities at the park, the lamb show which is gaining in popularity, the delicious lamb sandwiches, and all the celebration under the direction of the head committee, with Louis Cook, Chairman, Lewis Rasmussen, Robert Hansen, Denise Aagard, Lola Stewart, Susan S. Allred, and many others.

Another big and looked for celebration will be the Centennial Wagon Train that will be going through our area and city Saturday June 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup>. Volunteers will help to house and feed these drivers of horses and wagons, or those walking. These courageous folds will travel from Logan to Cedar City, over 400 miles, more easily than our pioneers traveled, but still a big challenge in this day of 1996. It will be exciting to see the parade and visit with the People.

UTAH, THIS IS THE PLACE  
Utah! People working together.  
Utah! What a great place to be  
Utah! With its focus on the family,  
Utah! Helping all to succeed  
Utah! With its pioneer spirit  
Utah! What a legacy  
UTAH, THIS IS THE PLACE

## GLEANINGS

Clara J. DeGraff

### Non Professional First Place Historical Essay

Manti, named for a Book of Mormon locality, had been perking along for some 40 years by 1896. It's weekly newspaper, the Manti Messenger, publishing today, was busily reporting local happenings, with general news items also covered.

State historical accounts detail the many petitions made by the Territory of Utah for statehood prior to 1896; these petitions were filed with Congress repeatedly for years, with continuous refusals. Until 1890 the hue and cry in Congress when a petition surfaced was always "polygamy." Then, on October 6, 1890, President Wilford Woodruff issued the document called the manifesto, abolishing polygamy as a Church practice. A short time later he gave this statement: "In as much as laws have been enacted by congress forbidding plural marriages, which laws have been pronounced constitutional by the court of last resort, I hereby declare my intention to submit to those laws, and to use my influence with the members of the Church over which I preside to have them do likewise." He included in this announcement that the Endowment House in Salt Lake City had been demolished. Gone then was the excuse for Congress to deny statehood.

Encyclopedia information, citing Spanish ownership of vast lands which included what became the Utah Territory, records that the region passed to the United States in 1848 at the end of the Mexican War. The Territory was created in 1850 with Brigham Young as the governor. However, the Territory was reduced through subsequent congressional action creating other territories, with the remaining Utah boundaries as they became when statehood at last arrived. Despite the shabby federal treatment of the Mormons, their allegiance to the United States never wavered, and they always desired to be part of it. Statehood petitions were the norm.

The local paper in 1893 carried a few items about statehood petitions, although these were on-going. One would think that three years after the manifesto, opposition would have evaporated, but such was not the case.

On October 13, 1893, typical of coverage, the following was printed: "The parties who borrowed two of the city scrapers and took them from the city hall square, would do the supervisor a favor by returning the same, as they are needed. C.P. Billings, Street Supervisor."

Early in 1894 the paper, on February 2, featured a story which was headed "No Statehood Yet." This text then followed: "The Democrats' afraid to admit Utah into the Union...The leaders here (Washington, D.C.) under the entiresities of Delegate Hawkins and John T. Caine, have given assurances" they wished to pass the necessary bill, but Utah was not included. The article said Democrats were afraid of admitting Utah and also afraid of admitting their fear. Going on, the item read, "The announcement in the republican steering committee that non-admission would be the democratic policy was the truth." President Grover Cleveland was not opposed, the story said, even though there were reports he was. "Senator Stewart said today: the Utah bill could be passed in an hour, as far as the republicans are concerned, if the majority will allow it to be taken out of the committee. It is sheer bosh to say that it had not been held back and it is not difficult to guess the reason. There will be absolutely no republican opposition to the bill. We want the Territory admitted and believe it has the qualifications and are ready to vote it in." This story carried a parenthetical notation, "Tribune special." (Capitalization, text, and punctuation retained as originally printed.)

This same issue carried an item about a Republican Club meeting, stating this was the second gathering with a constitution and by-laws adopted. "Speeches were made by Albert Tuttle and Joel Shoemaker," and it was noted the club was gaining members rapidly with all being invited to attend.

On February 9, 1894, the paper reported Delegate Hawkins thinks the Utah bill will pass sometime, adding, "The outlook at present is very gloomy." This issue also reported on Territorial Legislature activity

in which a bill to move the capitol from Salt Lake City to Provo was debated. There was also a bill to protect fish and game and to abolish a previously passed act to destroy hawks and sparrows.

March 9<sup>th</sup> Manti City Council meeting reported, "Jacob Wintch, supervisor of streets, asked permission to purchase a keg of spikes and a crowbar. Granted." Jacob Wintch was my maternal grandfather. More Territorial Legislature activity covered in this issue gave bills passed, which included new counties and election of officers, education of blind children, amendment to justices of peace laws, and eight-hour day for public works, and uniform free schools throughout the territory with authorizing bonds for them. In the March 16<sup>th</sup> City Council meeting, Joel Shoemaker asked for a free dog tag for Mrs. Nancy Jones, which was granted.

A historical account of this period indicate U.S. President Grover Cleveland, a Democrat, was conservative, and had always wished to see Utah granted statehood. The Congress at this time was dominated by the Republican Party, but there were a substantial number of Democrats' as members. During the year of 1894, the bill to admit Utah as a state did pass the U.S. Senate, July 13<sup>th</sup>. The Messenger duly reported, stating. "Two democrats opposed—Gibson of Maryland and Cockrell of Missouri. The bill is to take effect in 1896. The House will ratify and Cleveland will sign."

An interesting note about the Manti Messenger is a notice, printed under its masthead at this time: "For the free coinage of silver and protection to home industries." April 27<sup>th</sup> carried an item saying Democracy "is a party that never dies. Its composition is such that fire, pestilence, drought, wind, and tornadoes do not affect its mental and physical powers. And that is altogether true...a peculiar trait of character makes a man a democrat and he cannot help himself. Democracy in our age and country has been the negative part, and republicanism the positive."

The paper reported on August 17, 1894, a Republican rally at Saltair on August 11<sup>th</sup>. "There were no no-partisan fakes or democratic nickel-in-a-slot fights or any other disgraceful proceedings." President Woodruff and Joseph F. Smith were seated on the stand with 8000 people attending. "Only 2 democrats were noticed during the entire day."

On September 28, the paper carried a speech given by President Woodruff in Provo. "We emphatically and incisively approved the Mormon people on party lines, and we recognize every man's agency and to respect his right to choose in these matters for himself." Undoubtedly President Woodruff had received some interesting government about his attendance at the August 17<sup>th</sup> rally. Also, undoubtedly, partisanship ran strong then as it does now.

October 5<sup>th</sup>, the following was printed: "The Weather Bureau at Washington will not permit everybody to talk about the kind of weather we will have tomorrow or next week. It will be all right providing the government is not made responsible." The article then quoted the law which called weather prediction a misdemeanor and on conviction carried a fine of %500, 90 days, or both.

The front page of the Messenger during these years always printed ads, most of them block. Denver and Rio Grande Railway, Santa Fe Route, Missouri Pacific Railway, Burlington Route, and San Pete Valley Railway were prominent. Smaller ads touted tents, shoes and Royal Baking Powder. Beginning in 1885 the front page featured Graphics," "Fountain Green Facts," "Green River Rittings," "Ephraim Echoes," "Emery Echoes," "Mt. Pleasant Mites," "Richfield rumbles," and "Milburn Mites," sharing the page with the usual ads.

April 19, 1885, editorially the paper stated, "Utah is entering upon an era of prosperity providing conditions do not change the tide. A broad liberal constitution will make a state of which our nation will be proud." It went on the state that commerce would be protected, that outside capital was needed, and "internal commotions must be settled." On May 24, the paper said it had too many editors, as ads and stories were opposed by individuals. "We wish it distinctly and emphatically understood that this paper is edited by Joel Shoemaker and not by ever Tom, Dick, and Harry who has the cramp colic every time we do not suit his whims and fancies." The article then said anyone may edit any time he purchases the paper "for a sufficient pile of debased silver dollars. Will those who want to be editors please put up or shut up?"

The June 7<sup>th</sup> issue stated, "We said that the first object was statehood and the second was amendments to the constitution." This issue also reported the annual meeting of the San Pete County Bible Society Auxiliary, which was held at the Presbyterian Church in Manti on June 6<sup>th</sup>. The group read 1<sup>st</sup> Peter and there was singing and prayer.

August 30 the paper stated, "Sanpete County has many valuable resources that should be developed. A proper legislature can encourage manufacturers even under the proposed constitution. Vote the republican ticket and get the country on a paying basis once more."

On October 4<sup>th</sup> the Messenger said a potato weighing 86 pounds 10 ounces had been grown at Loveland, Colorado, equal to 1 & 1/2 bushels of ordinary potatoes. It also reported a political race for judgeship between an Englishman and a Dane as candidates. Of the Englishman it read> "It is reported that he said in Fayette, this county, in substance that he did not want to be beaten by a Dane or elected by wooden shoes. If that is true, the old saying, 'that some wear wooden shoes and others carry wooden heads' applies."

December 20, 1895, the paper reported the Utah Constitution was presented to President Cleveland on December 16 with Governor Caleb W. West as head of the delegation. Over the months of 1884 and 1885 items were given in the paper concerning the constitution as it was drafted. Women in the Territory had enjoyed suffrage, and including this in the new constitution was strongly debated. Joel Shoemaker was very much opposed to women having the vote and said so on many occasions in his paper.

January 3, 1896, the paper announced the coming program for the statehood celebration. In the January 10<sup>th</sup> edition, the front page carried a banner "Welcome," FOLLOWED BY THE CAPTION "Heber M. Wells, 1<sup>st</sup> Governor of the State of Utah." "Statehood! When the intelligence was received on Saturday morning that the President had signed the proclamation granting to Utah the boon of Statehood, the population of Manti was wild with excitement. Business houses and private residences were soon decorated and by noon the town was in a perfect blaze of holiday attire." Early Monday whistles, bells, a roar of anvils and small arms filled the air. "The grandest 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration we ever had could not match it. Young and old Americans did themselves proud."

"Statehood at Last!"

---

## A TIME TO BE BORN

Lois T. Kribs

Non Professional Second Place Historical Essay

Research can be interesting, surprising and rewarding. When I read the Messenger, Vol. 3 no. 14., printed January 10, 1896, I found my Great-great uncle William Taylor Reid was a speaker at the Tabernacle on January 6, 1896, at the meeting celebrating Utah's admittance to the United States as the 45<sup>th</sup> state.

William was the younger brother of my great-grandfather, John Patrick Reid. Their uncle, William Reid, brought the message of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints to the family in Belfast, Ireland, in 1844.

Of Scottish descent, William Taylor Reid was born on 21 July 1830 in Ballylesson, Down, Ireland. He died 28 Feb 1904 in Manti, Utah. His father, John Reid, was a gardener, and William was trained in the same occupation. He was baptized a Latter-day Saint January 9, 1848, in Belfast. On December 3 of that same year, he married Jane McEwan in Edinburgh, Scotland. They were both earnest workers in their new religion. William presided over the Edinburgh conference part of 1861 and 1862.

William and Jane immigrated to Utah in 1862. From Florence, on the Missouri River, William drove an ox team to Salt Lake City. They came with a group of Saints led by Captain John R. Murdock.

The Reid family located first to Provo, where William taught school the first winter. He also taught school in Springville, Payson, Spring Lake Villa and Richfield. He engaged in farming at the same time in these various communities. He held the commission of Major in the Black Hawk War in the Sevier County Militia.

William moved his family to Manti in November, 1867, where he was appointed to the offices of County Clerk, Recorder and County Superintendent of Schools. He held these positions for 16 years. In 1877 he was appointed Bishop of the Manti North Ward, President of the Manti Co-operative Mercantile Institution in 1876, and Land Attorney in 1883.

Bishop Reid is said to have been an active hard worker, a man of large experience, unusual sound judgment, through in all business arrangements, keen energetic, and wide awake to the interests of the people over whom he presided and in whose hears he lives.

William was the father of twelve children, nine of whom lived to adulthood and were married.

A few quotations from his speech given in the Manti Tabernacle, January 6, 1896, and printed in the Messenger, January 10, 1896, follow: "...I remember well the establishment of the Territorial Government. The event occurred, I remember on the 9<sup>th</sup> day of September 1850...I was then far away in the City of Edinburgh." (William had been baptized into the LDS Church in 1848, so news of what happened in Utah thereafter was read with great interest.) "I was then just twenty years old, now I am an old man...I then did not know the value of Statehood; but great men desired it and I desired it—men who were moral, who were honorable and true, honest men and patriots who were not only true to their country, but to their God. Has Utah become a State too soon? No! Has it been to late? No! It is just come in the right time and to the right people. There is a time to be born, and a time at which to die, and there was a time for Utah to be born; but no time fixed for her death, for she will never die...It is pleasant, therefore, my fellow citizens, to contemplate our future, and we have a future of greatness. We that are old will pass away and it will give us satisfaction to think that we have left this legacy so good and so valuable to our children...."

Documentation: The Messenger, Manti, Sanpete Co., Utah. Friday, January 10, 1896 Vol. 3 No. 14. Hugh Russel Sloan and Margaret Violet Reid Sloan. Family Newsletter No. 6 June 1967.

---

## **A GLIMPSE OF FAIRVIEW THROUGH THE EYES OF A SPECIAL PIONEER WOMAN**

Norma Vance

Non Professional Third Place Historical Essay

Let's take a look back in time through the eyes of Mary Ann Pritchett, a pioneer woman of Fairview, who served for 33 years as Fairview's first Relief Society President.

Many Ann Fulcher was born on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, 1819, in North Carolina. She married James Mitchell Pritchett in 1836 in Virginia, and they had nine children. She and her husband and their children accepted the gospel and crossed the plains to Utah in an ox-train in 1866, just one year after the end of the Civil War. Andrew Johnson was President of the United States. Charles Durkee was the Governor of the Territory of Utah.

The town of Fairview was just six and a half years old when the Pritchett family arrived in the spring of 1866. That wasn't the best year to come to Fairview as the settlers had moved to Mt. Pleasant that spring for protection against the Indians. However, in August they moved back home.

Two years after Mary Ann arrived in Fairview, Bishop Amasa Tucker called her to be Fairview's first Relief Society President. There was just one ward in town.

Along with her duties as a wife and mother and Relief Society President, Mary Ann was a weaver and midwife. She was on call day or night, winter or summer, to help bring babies into the world. She had

to walk or saddle up a horse to make her calls as there were no automobiles. In the harsh environment of those early days, she no doubt saw much sickness and tragedy along with the joyful times. She saw so many things.

She saw the toll gate at Fairview Canyon. Hans T. Carlston had discovered coal in Huntington Canyon and had built a road up Fairview Canyon to his mine. The toll charge was 50 cents for a team and 25 cents for horseback. Tons of coal that were brought out of the canyon helped supply heat for the residents of Fairview and Sanpete County.

She saw homes of every kind being built—log houses, adobe houses, and, later, frame and fine brick homes. She saw the three creameries in town that provided many farmers with a paycheck. Fairview was called “The Holstein City,” and she often saw the farmers in the fields irrigating, cutting or harvesting their crops to provide feed for their cattle. She saw the blacksmith shop, the roller mills, the mercantile stores, the Pavilion, the three-chair barber shop, the milliner’s shop, the Social Hall, and the Reading Room.

Surely, Mary Ann was at Fairview’s rock meeting house when it was dedicated in 1871. It was located at lot 4, Blk. 10 (100 South Main Street). The Fairview school house was also built of rock. It was located at 100 East 100 South. Fairview always had a wealth of school children, and the children had competent teachers. Dramas and entertainments that she enjoyed were held in the School House, the Social Hall or Pavilion.

On May 21, 1888, Mary Ann was at the dedication of the Manti Temple. Her Relief Society sisters had made cheese from donated milk and sent to the workers on the temple. And those sisters worked many days dyeing and sewing rags to make hundreds of yards of carpet for the temple floors.

She saw the coming of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad through Fairview in 1890 and appreciated the new avenues it would afford the farmers and businessmen throughout the valley. The passenger train could take folks wherever they wanted to go. She could hear the train whistle at each crossing as it went through town.

She saw her daughters marry handsome men and her sons marry beautiful women. Several of her children chose to stay in Fairview to raise their families. She saw beautiful grandchildren arrive and perhaps assisted with the deliveries.

She received many treasured photographs from her loved ones. Frederick Christensen, brother to C.C.A. Christensen, lived in Fairview and was an excellent photographer. Sometimes George E. Anderson brought his portable tent gallery into each town in the county to record events, Mormon landscapes, and take portraits of men, women, and children.

Mary Ann saw Sanpete County Officials choose P.C. Jensen’s farm in Fairview as the site for the County Infirmary. In 1895 she saw the large, two-story brick house constructed near the Canyon Road for the housing and caring of inmates. Mary Ann knew the manager of the Poor Farm (as the Infirmary was called), as well as some of the patients.

Mary Ann was serving as Relief Society President when Utah received statehood in 1896. Otis L. Terry, Jr., was serving as Fairview’s Mayor.

She may have boarded the train and traveled to Salt Lake City on July 24, 1897, to celebrate the Jubilee honoring the pioneers who came into the Valley in 1847. Her sister-in-law, Mary Jane Garlick, who lived just across the street from her, joined in the festivities.

On June 12, 1899, Mary Ann watched in horror as a devastating fire destroyed the Fairview Co-op, the Social Hall and the Reading Room.

In 1900 she helped welcome in a new century—the 20<sup>th</sup> century! That year Mary Ann saw the handsome eight-room sandstone Fairview Public School erected at 100 North 100 East. School children would have the best of facilities as well as excellent teachers. She heard the bell on the roof that called the children in from recess and at noon. (That building now houses the Fairview Museum). Also in 1900, a City Hall was built south of the playground. (This building now functions as the Fairview Library.)

Mary Ann saw the impressive new Fairview Mercantile store being built. She saw much growth and progress in the community. Many fine houses and business establishments had been built.

She saw the babes that she had helped bring into the world grow-up, marry and have families of their own. The little pioneer midwife of Fairview, Mary Ann Pritchett, held the position of Relief Society president until her eyes closed in death March 5, 1901. She had served faithfully for 33 years.

These are the closing remarks in a biography of Mary Ann: "Though Mary Ann was a mother of nine, she was the mother of the town. As a midwife, she assisted at times of birth. All people were hers to love and bless. When she died at 81 all Fairview lost a mother."

Sources:

The Other 49er's, Sanpete County Commission, 1982.

Family Group Sheets, LDS Family History Center.

History of Fairview, George F. Olson, Ellis D. Coombs, Typescript. 1930.

History of Fairview, Additional Information, Allie L. Carlston, typescript, 1967.

Fairview Museum of History & Art Photo Collection, 1996.

Autobiography of Nancy Garlick James, Hardbound.

The Utah Photographs of George Edward Anderson, Francis, Rell G., 1979.

---

## **LILLIE'S ON THE MAIN DRAG IN STERLING**

Rose Mccliff

Non Professional Honorable Mention Historical Essay

In our modern world of the five-day work week, time-and-a-half for overtime, extended vacations and ever multiplying recreational toys and opportunities that compete for our time, it is most unusual to find someone who seemingly never leaves her post. Lillie Thomas of the Thomas Grocery in Sterling, Utah, simply stated, "minds the store," and has done so virtually uninterrupted for the last half century.

For a little over half the time, Lillie had the help of her beloved husband, Evan, but for the last twenty-two years, it has been a solo operation. You could almost count on one hand the days the store has not been open to serve Lillie's customers, friends and neighbors of the Central Utah Community numbering approximately 200 citizens including new comers, new arrivals and seniors. There was the day Evan died in 1975, the day Ace her son-in-law died in 1981, and twenty years to the month after his father, her second son, Sheldon, died in 1995, that the store was closed. There may have been a few other days, e.g., Christmas Day, but for the most part, it has been an on-going seven-day-per-week operation. Moreover, it has had a format of the 7-11 long before that store opened us across the country.

Lillie's maternal grandfather, Seth Alerton, had a post office and store built in the late 1880's in the exact spot where Thomas Grocery is today. In 1945, Lillie and Evan built the store from scratch and somehow built right into the walls a "country, home-like' atmosphere, loving and enjoying their own store which seemed to be felt by all of us who frequently go there.

It is not just a store, but a place to meet friends, find out who won the election, who is getting married, who has had a baby, and when this or that is going to be. Questions often asked get the same answer; "I don't know. Ask Lillie—she'll know." We may say her store is not the only thing in demand; it's Lillie and her store knowledge. Some of her young customers are children, grand and great-grandchildren of people she has known here, and she can discuss things that went on here in earlier times. It is truly like coming home to some people.

The store was first Called "Lillie and Evan's" then sometime later, treated with great respect being referred to as "Johnny Evans" especially when men's quality western wear was the issue which drew many

customers. Sterling men and boys all had a Miller Shirt, Stetson Hat, Justin Boots and a small tie in matching colors to turn your head.

A young boy in the 1940's loved to buy Levi's. In Sterling Evan had Lee Riders brand and Ray Otten had Levi Strauss brand. The boy tried on the pants at both stores and picked the Lee Riders. They measured 2" too big in the waist and 2" too long at the bottom. He said he could tighten his belt and fold up the cuff and he would be fine. He always thought he just had a poor shape. That's loyalty!

Evan had a flair for the western clothing as well as the music. Evan spent a considerable amount of time on the local mountains initialing a few trees and herding sheep with his father. But in the last twenty years, the store has been lovingly called "Lillie's" or even "Lil's."

When Evan was a young lad, he said, "When I get a little bigger, I'm going to get me a banjo and head for the west desert." He did get the banjo and learned to play it, but he didn't head for the west desert. Instead he stayed in Sterling, courted and married his school days sweetheart, Lillie Larson. They together built a home, a store and raised three fine children. Their children, Bill and Sheldon, are known for their talents in playing guitars and banjos and singing. Also, Sheldon had talent with leather, even leather pictures. Daughter, Nedra, and her late husband, Ace Allred, were key workers at Hill Air Force Base where Nedra retired recently. Carolyn and Wilma, wives of the boys, are also talented in music, sewing, and reciting. Evan and Lillie have posterity of ten Grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren and are a close knit family.

In Car and Driver's Popular Magazine, an article appeared in 1990, covering highway 89 starting at Canada and following this picturesque highway to the Arizona-Mexican border. "Just at sunset, coming through Sanpete County, loving the spreading valley of Central Utah, a rosy glow grasped us. In Sterling, we stopped at the little Thomas Grocery on the hill where they do a land-office business with truckers and pickups who stop for refreshments regularly."

In bold letters, the September, 1992, issue of the Ephraim Enterprise featured an article about an event at Snow College on the football field at half-time.

"Lillie Thomas was honored with President Gerald Day speaking. This award given to Lillie, is designed to recognize people who generously serve others called the Presidential Service Citation.

As the interview continues, Lillie gives us the following account: "To be in a store, is a family tradition. Her father Elroy Larson, had a store across the street and to the south about a block."

"The home south is where we lived. I was taken to the store before I was six months old. I have talked to and served people from France, England, Canada and probably all the States of our United States. Two bikers from Canada stopped in one day. Some of their friends told them to be sure to stop at Thomas Grocery and say "Hi" to Lillie. I just said, "Gee whiz, all that way from Canada? That's great." Mrs. Thomas related this story, no way knowing how many thousands of people she has served behind the counter.

President Day said, "It would be hard to find anyone who has served more people than Lillie. This whit-haired lady stopped counting her age at 59 as many people do."

Lillie continues, "The store kept me going when Evan died in 1975. I had to take it over or lock the door. I'm glad I kept it open. If I just went home, I wouldn't be here today. Senator Moss came in one day, Congressman Owens stopped by, and Wilford Brimley a couple of times. After selling Karl Malone fishing tackle, I failed to get his autograph for the kids. I just treated him like all the rest."

Other wonderful recognitions included a water-color picture of the store by Mike Burns which sold for \$3,500.00. Lillie appeared on Channel 4 TV and has also appeared for a commercial for Cream of Weber Milk. Many can recall Evan and Lillie being airplane observers after World War II. Every time one came over, it was called in and described. They received honorary medals from the United States Air Force for their service.

Some changes have been made in and around the store. The gas pumps were moved to the south side with a better light when the State widened the highway. They added more refrigeration inside and out, new heating system and air conditioning, a hot dog steamer, a fountain drink machine, and many

other improvements. Pocket books and funny books have been put back for a good selection of videos. The store has also been updated with a burglar alarm, and the windows are decorated monthly with seasonal displays for advertising coming events, community and church affairs, and posters of upcoming parties. Others recall when Christmas was coming, her windows were full of quality gifts of pretty glasses before plastic came, shirts, gloves, Lee Rider Levi's and decorations. You can purchase the Deseret News and Salt Lake Tribune with your fishing and hunting licenses, fishing tackle, ammunition, and worms. Lillie's is surely a one-stop place for shopping.

One of the highlights of a stop at Thomas Grocery is, especially with children, the penny candy. They can pick and choose their favorites and put it in a sack. It's not just the kids, most everyone likes the extra attention they receive. Grown-ups appreciate and admire Mrs. Thomas' over 100-year-old showcases from her father's store.

Lillie understands many of our struggles and is not a stranger to our needs and health problems. We all appreciate Lillie, for being there for us and not forgetting the customers. Then there is the traveler who stops for a snack as well as everyone who needs a quick pick-me-up of beef jerky and a Super Lillie. In return, the customers have given Lillie great support. They are not unaware of Lillie's needs at times and give her a helping hand. They are thankful for the many hours of service she dedicates herself to. These are the ties that make us a better people.

Lillie's philosophy is, "Happiness lives in your own backyard. That's been my story and it hasn't been travel—it's been right here with the people. I love my life and I didn't need to travel. I just don't get the feeling of wanting to retire." "Thank You Lillie"

References:

Ephraim Enterprise

Car & Driver Magazine

Family Members

Personal Knowledge

---

## WITH THIS RING I THEE WED

Vernon Buchanan

Non Professional Honorable Mention Historical Essay

When my fiancée and I went to get our marriage license in 1946, I forgot my wallet. She quietly passed me the three dollars to pay for it. She never forgot it and teased me later.

Then in 1977 after she had passed away, I married the second time. This time a friend gave my new fiancée five dollars for a wedding gift and again I was cut off at the pass. For a second time my bride paid for the marriage license. She too remembered and reminded me. There are a lot of humorous things that happen relating to marriages.

At the reception of my first marriage, after all plans had been made, the photographer failed to show up to take our pictures. People started coming and lining up. We went ahead. Later, we got someone to phone the photographer only to find out that he had forgotten and had gone to bed. Eventually he arrived to take the pictures after the reception was over.

Weddings are like that. All kinds of unexpected things happen.

Recently, my wife and I were hired to microfilm records at the County Court House. The first records were marriage licenses dating back into the early 1880's. The Utah Historical Society, in the 1940's went through local Justice of the Peace precinct records and extracted some unrecorded marriages in the decade preceding the requiring of county licenses. While filming these records, there isn't time to read or scan all the information, but on occasion as we prepared them for microfilming, it was necessary to see

that they are in date and number order and that the application matches the license. While doing so, attached information stands out to catch the eye.

It appears that in the early marriages of the valley, most of the information may have been kept in local church records before territorial requirements of licensing. If all the people who were married here had remained, houses would fill the valley from one end to the other. We know however, that many of our young people had to go elsewhere for job opportunities.

The real flood of marriages started in 1888 when the Manti Temple was completed and dedicated. The St. George and Logan Temples preceded it, but people from all over Utah living between these two temples, came here to be married or sealed. Most obtained their licenses from the county where they resided. Couples who were previously married civilly and came for sealings had to provide an application from the wife signed only by her. It stated, "I..(her name), nee...(and maiden name) of...County...and Territory of Utah, desiring to procure a License to marry...(her husband's name) of the same place, agreeable with the ritual of marriage obtaining in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints do solemnly swear that I was married to said...(her husband's name) in the ...of....., county of...and the ...(territory or state) on or about the ...day of ....18... That these marriage relations still exist at the present, but to satisfy my conscience I desire to have the ordinance of marriage performed between myself and said...(husband's name)... by an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and that there is no lawful impediment thereto." It was then signed by the wife and witnessed. Then signed and dated by the Probate Clerk (the equivalent to the County Clerk today).

The Temple provided a copy of the certificate of each of these marriages to Sanpete County signed by the person who married them, which in the first fifteen years was almost exclusively the Temple President. Daniel H. Wells was the first President. He served for three years before he died. He was followed by President Anthon H. Lund, and then by President John J.D.T. McCallister. These men must have been tired at the end of each day with all the marriages they performed. In 1893, when the Salt Lake Temple was dedicated, the heavy load lessened considerably.

Just as the license fee has changed from a few dollars in the earlier years to forty dollars today, so have the forms, applications and requirements changed. These were set by the Territorial Government before 1896, and the State of Utah afterwards.

When Utah became a state, some of the licenses and applications still had "Territory" printed on them. This was crossed out with pen by the clerk until new printing took place.

The applications, while not public, had scanty information in the first years. In 1919, new forms required information about the applicant's birthplaces, occupations, parents' occupations and also their birthplaces. On March 1, 1910, a new state requirement was issued and written in by hand on the application. It said, "I am not afflicted with syphilis or gonorrhoea and am not a person subject to chronic epileptic fits," and signed by both applicants. By March 8 a rubber stamp was made up which didn't require the handwritten statement. Later the form was reprinted. This is no longer a requirement. Today, a couple must declare that, if they have been married before, they are aware of support payments, and prove that they are not behind in those payments.

If the girl was under age 18, or the boy under 21, they had to have parental consent to obtain a marriage license. If the parent was not present, he or she might send a notarized statement to the Clerk giving consent. Many did this with spelling that was a bit humorous as they frequently tried to use legal terminology, like "to whom it may concern." Some consents were written on plain or lined paper while others were tiny scraps of paper later attached to the application. Here is one written in 1908 on a 1 1/2" x 5" piece of paper. "Mr. please let Robert have his license," signed by the father and notarized. Another read, "County Clerk, Dear Sir, I wish you wouldn't have my marriage license published for I am not agonto get married." People who couldn't write their name, often had someone write for them and leave a space between the given name and surname and the applicant placed an X between the names, with a notation of the mark being made.

Many times a brother and sister were married in the Manti Temple on the same day. This usually happened when they had to travel a great distance and their families probably all went together. It is apparent that the convenience of auto travel was to be some time in the future.

Economic changes and international conflicts had a definite affect on marriages. During the Great Depression of the 1930's there was a noticeable decrease in marriages. Many couples postponed marriage because their earning power was insufficient to pay rent, much less buy food and raise a family. As the Depression was ending, World War II commenced in 1939, and then the bombing of Pearl Harbor in 1941 started the greatest military buildup this country had ever seen before. It happened so fast that marriages were still lagging and never really got into full swing again until after the war ended. From then on, with the economy soaring, there were a lot of marriages.

One handwritten certificate caught our eye. The marriage was performed by a man who was a Notary Public, but who had no official capacity to perform weddings. One the evening of January 16, 1887, a couple approached him and asked him to perform their marriage on the sidewalk of a Gunnison Street. He said there were no witnesses present and it was "distinctly understood" that it should be a "private marriage" for the time being. (It was probably a cold night so there were no witnesses on the street.) The marriage license was filed with the clerk about eight months later.

There is "An Act Regulating Marriages" printed on the back of Territorial Licenses—Section 6. It states, "No marriage solemnized before any person professing to have the authority therefore, shall be invalid for want of such authority, if it is consummated with the belief of the parties or either of them, that he had authority, and that they have been lawfully married." By this section, the above marriage was valid.

Three telegrams were attached to one license application. A sheriff of a Nevada town sent a telegram to the sheriff in Manti, Notifying him of a man from Mt. Pleasant who was going to marry a 15-year-old girl who had accompanied him from her home. She was the daughter of a man in Nevada who notified the local sheriff. The sheriff wanted him held on an arrest warrant until he could arrive. Three days later the climate seemed to have changed. The father sent a telegram to his daughter giving his consent for her to marry the man from Mt. Pleasant. A third telegram was sent from the sheriff in Nevada to the Mt. Pleasant City Marshall. It reads as follows: "Father of yyy yyy will drop charges against x xxx provided x xxx marries yyy yyy at once and (father) hereby gives his consent to wedding stop After wedding release x xxx, otherwise wire me and I will return then here at once." Signed sheriff (of the Nevada town). They were married.

Many thousands of couples were issued marriage licenses in the past hundred years in our community. Only information regarding the issuance of the license is made public.

Perhaps as you have read these stories they will bring back memories of your marriage or someone close by who, when faced with what seemed like a tragedy at the moment, now appears to be humorous or simply out of the ordinary.

---

## **MAFAUX'S QUILTS**

Bonnie J. Houghton

Non Professional Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Here is a pillow for you to treasure,  
It's value far beyond measure.

Made from an old quilt stitched together with love,  
By Great-Grandma Hannah Faux who watches from above.

Hand quilted with her daughters, Mary, Faith, Ada, and Ramola,  
While under the quilt were many children playing and drinking cola.

When looking at this pillow think of all the stitches and care,  
And of MaFaux and Grandma and the love we all share.

Hannah Nielson Faux, best known to us kids as MaFaux, loved to quilt. She learned to sew in the early 1900's and continued sewing the rest of her life. As a beautiful seamstress, she made hundreds of quilts. She made and sold quilts for a living, donated quilts to the needy, and gave many quilts away to family and friends. She even sent on quilt to Canada.

Our brick house on Main Street in Moroni, Utah, had a big front room. Many of MaFaux's quilts were set up there. Everyone in town knew when a quilt was in. If they had a few minutes, or longer, they would stop in and quilt. MaFaux would let everyone help her quilt, except on the ones she sold. If she didn't like the way someone quilted she would wait until they left, and then inspect their stitches. If the stitches were not just right she would take them out and do it over again—no one knew about this. When Zulla and her cousins were young, they didn't get to help quilt; their stitches were not quite even! Zulla was under the quilt taking care of the younger kids. Children could play under the quilt as long as they didn't bump it.

The Faux family didn't have much money. MaFaux had to be very careful with the quilt fabric she bought. She used every little scrap, even piecing material together to make a one-inch block. Many times three little scraps were used to make a one-inch block.

The three quilts remembered most are the Shaded Star, the Devil's Trail and the Double Wedding Ring. They were all very beautiful.

The Shaded Star would start with a dark center; then the colors would gradually get lighter towards the outside of the star. MaFaux would make some of these out of silk or satin.

The Devil's Trail would be almost any color, but it always had many black blocks in it. She gave each of her granddaughters one of these quilts.

The Double Wedding Ring quilts were very special. MaFaux helped each of her daughters make one of these after they were married. They made these quilt when they were older so they could help quilt on them. As young girls, they thought quilting was "old ladies' work."

Frank Jensen and Faith Faux were married January 6, 1921. Her Double Wedding Ring quilt was made after that. Much work was put into making the Double Wedding Ring quilt or any other quilt at that time. Around the 1920's they couldn't just go to the store and buy Dacron polyester quilt batting. First, they had to go shear the sheep for wool. Next, they washed the wool and let it dry. After it was dry, they carded it with two paddles that had nails sticking out. They carded until the wool was nice and smooth, and then formed it into a twelve inch squares about two-inches thick. They laid these squares all over the quilt lining. On top of the wool was laid the quilt top, made of tiny pieces of fabric pieced together in a beautiful design. Finally, all the "old ladies" got to quilt.

Just like their mother, Mary, Faith, Ada, and Ramola were beautiful quilters. Their stitches, so small and even on the top of the quilt are just the same on the underside.

The girls never did learn to sew. Fabric, at the time, was expensive and scarce to the family. MaFaux did all the sewing and wouldn't let the girls try or learn for fear of wasting the fabric. Besides sewing quilts, MaFaux would sew temple clothes for the Manti Temple. She also sewed burial clothes. There were not many clothing stores in the area, so she sewed dresses for the local ladies. She was known as the best seamstress in Sanpete County.

MaFaux would never stitch on Sunday. She always said, "Every stitch you make on Sunday, you will unpick with your nose after you go to heaven."

## THE CHRISTIAN FRANSDEN HOUSE

McKay Andereason

Non Professional Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Christian Andersen Frandsen, born 10 March 1849 in Bindslev, Hjorring, Denmark, was in 1896 building a fine red brick house for himself and wife and seven children. The house was completed in 1899, just after his wife died. Shortly before Mrs. Frandsen died at age 45, she asked her second-oldest child, Lena, at the age of 17, to promise to be the mother to the family. Lena felt obligated to keep her promise, so it was very hard for her, at age 22, to marry and live her own life. Originally, the house had two rooms downstairs and two upstairs. An addition on the north side was built later. The original paint on the wood trim was several shades, and there was once a little balcony around the upper front window, as well as a fancy wood railing around the front porch. There was a patch of lucern north of the house and an orchard and vegetable garden to the east. One the west and south was caraway from which the children had to pick seed, but they said they didn't enjoy it very much. There were all sorts of apples: Early June, which were ready in July; Golden Sweet; Crabapple; Porter; Water Core: Winesap; and two others they did not know the names of, but called them strawberry apples. There were two plum trees (blue), a row of red currants, and one or two gooseberry bushes.

Beyond the fruit orchard was a nice barnyard, sheds, corral, a stockyard, pigeons, and a small chicken coop. The Frandsen family always had a few cows, two or three horses, a sheep or two, a pig or two, and a few chickens.

Frandsen was a farmer, grist mill operator (east of town), and a glazier and, as such, glazed unknown numbers of windows in the Manti Temple.

Frandsen was on the Ephraim City Council for three or four terms and was a councilman when McKinley became President of the United States. He celebrated by taking home an orange for each of his children.

He sold some trees and shrubs to the city for the beautification of its central area. He sold all the trees and shrubs for just 80 cents.

Frandsen often stood guard for Indians on a hill east of town, called Guard Knoll. It was a round hill with a house built on the top with little holes to look through. Here one could see all around—east, west, north, and south. One night Frandsen was on guard with three others. There was always one guard for each direction, and he said they never got sleepy. They thought of their loved ones and really kept their eyes open all night. On this particular night all was quiet and peaceful, and in the morning Frandsen said, "I'm sure glad no Indians came as my gun would not shoot." They came to find out that not one of them could have fired a shot!

Another amusing incident: In the horse barn there was an oat bin built about a foot and a half from the ground. There was a nest that generally had three or four eggs in it. The children would lie flat on their stomachs to see if there was a hen on the nest before sticking their hands in. One day they saw two bright eyes that couldn't be a chicken. They thought it must be a cat, but no amount of calling "kitty, kitty, kitty" made it move, but it didn't budge or make a sound. They ran and told their mother about it. She came out and looked and then called Jim Haig, a neighbor, who came with his gun. Well, after the shot everybody around the block knew what it was, for Mr. Skunk sure made a stink! Just why he was so thoughtful and polite to the children they never knew, but were ever grateful. He left his brand there for several years.

Another interesting story: There was a large black currant bush by the southeast corner of the house, which made a grand playhouse as the limbs drooped over and made a nice room. One day while some of the children were playing in their playhouse, they saw some Indians coming down the road. They had heard that Indians were really afraid of sickness, so the children dashed into the house, jumped into bed, pulled the covers up to their chins, and peeked at them with one eye open. The Indians always looked through the window before trying the door. Well, they saw the children in bed and supposed they were

sick. They jabbered and chattered in their native language for a while, then away they went! Now, having to get “sick” in such a hurry, the little ones had no time to take off their shoes, but they were very sure their mother would forgive them. And they got “well” just a quick!

After living in the cozy brick house for twelve years, the family moved to Idaho. Christian Frandsen died while visiting Ephraim in 1929.

The McCaffertys, one of the more well-to-do families in Ephraim, were owners of the house in the early 1900’s. Then, for a time the house was abandoned, and the property had a fence around it in the early 1930’s, when sheep had the run of the house and surrounding lot. The house is still standing at the northeast corner of 100 South and 200 East in Ephraim, Utah. Ernest Gonzales is the present owner, and, happily, the house is once again a cherished home.

---

## **AN ANGEL OF MERCY**

Lois Ivory Hansen

Non Professional First Place Short Story

In 1896, my patriotic grandmother, Mercie Collard Ivory, was busy making Utah a fruitful new state and her own little domain in Sanpete County a heaven on earth. As she went from boiling diapers on the coal stove to stirring the soap in the big iron kettle on the brick outdoor open fire on a frosty morning, she sang, “Our mountain home so dear, where crystal waters clear flow ever free.”

Mercie had been born in England and as a little girl had taken her first steps on American soil guided by a loving mother, Hannah, and a protective grandmother, Sarah Bardell Hunt.

It was October of 1964 when, weary and worn, Sarah and her daughter Hannah (also known as Manny) made that momentous decision to stop in this beautiful valley of Uintah Springs—later called Fountain Green—located in the northern part of Sanpete County. The last leaves of red and gold which had been seen so abundantly through Salt Creek Canyon had fallen to the ground and were being crushed and covered with a blanket of sparkling snow.

Kind friends had watched over this party of three on their long journey from England and now suggested that this was the place for comfort and care. Warm fires beckoned and friends offered hospitality of additional quilts and food, thus helping them to make their decision permanent.

Sarah and Hannah were wonderful cooks. Yes, they could even make stone soup taste delicious with the addition of a few spices which they had carefully guarded on their long, arduous journey from England. Those long months had been filled with dedication and courage, but they also had been hard and demanding.

Now it was 1896 and Utah was the brand new state. Mercie was a wife and a mother, but still a loving daughter and granddaughter.

This particular day, January 11, 1896, Mercie was preparing for a celebration. She had been awake since 4 o’clock and had crept quietly out of bed so she would not disturb her sleeping family. She had the fires blazing, hot water on the stove, and the bread mixed and set to raise.

Now she carefully selected the clothing for each family member. George, her sophisticated husband, must have a freshly starched and ironed white shirt. She placed the heavy iron on the back of the stove to heat.

She was the mother of eight—eight beautiful and choice spirits were hers. However, there were just five at home this morning. Mammy had insisted that the oldest three children—Eugene, Ella, and Muriel—stay the night with her. That left Mercie with four little boys, including Ross, the baby. After all, Geneva, the only girl at home, was such a young lady, nearly nine years old, and now as she was peeking around the door, she called, “Mommy, the baby’s crying. Shall I get him?”

“Please do, dear, and then put those woolen socks on your feet. These floors are cold.”

“Where are the fresh diapers?”

“In the basket under the bed.”

Geneva brought the baby out and handed him to her mother. Mercie smiled and tucked the blankets around him tightly.

“Isn’t he beautiful? I think his eyes will be blue, just like yours, Geneva. Do you remember what day this is? We must get everyone ready for the big celebration.

“I’m singing with the choir and have this presentation to make. We must all be dressed up—wear our very best. I think Ella’s blue wool will fit you just fine. Royal has that new sweater that Grandma just finished knitting. Can you lay out some things for those two little boys while I feed the baby?”

She glanced at her husband as he appeared at the door. “Oh, George, I’m glad you’re up. You’ll just have to take charge of those three little boys. I’ll take Geneva with me to help with the baby. There’s mush on the stove and the milk in the cellar. I have to get ready. I must be early so I can practice my presentation. Myrum and I are doing that comic part about the old couple who fell heir to a fortune. And I want to have all the flags pressed and hung around the chapel.”

As Mercie dressed and frizzed her hair softly around her face, she picked up a letter lying on the dresser, a letter from President Lorenzo Snow. Geneva had brought this letter from the Bishop’s house last night, but Mercie had not seen it. She was at the bedside of a very ill sister who was delivering her twelfth baby. Now as Mercie glanced at the envelope, excitement was aroused in her breast and she thought, “Could this be the message I have been dreaming about?”

It was now past 8 o’clock and no time to open the letter, so she tucked it into her blouse and hurried on with the duties at hand—making a curl in Geneva’s hair and a last wipe of the little boys’ faces to remove the milk whiskers and jam spots.

As they all hurried out the door, Mercie called to George, “Oh, I have a letter from President Snow! Maybe it is the message I’ve been waiting for.”

The program was a grand success. They had called upon anyone who wanted to share a thought or poem to do so and Mercie had stood and in her strong, emotional voice recited her favorite poem, “Invictus” by William Ernest Henley.

### Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeoning of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,

I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

Now, as the family gathered around the table to share a pot of mutton stew and a glass of milk, Mercie opened her letter. Tears filled her eyes and her voice quivered with emotions as she exclaimed, "It's true. It really happened. President Snow has called me to study with Dr. Shipp. Oh, I can hardly believe it. Me—to go to Salt Lake and learn the skills I have always dreamed about. To deliver babies and understand their needs, to be an angel of mercy to mothers and many more in pain. This is my crusade."

The days passed quickly as plans were made for Mercie to leave her little family and go to the big city. George had a blacksmith shop behind their home so would be available to help. The older children, Ella, almost fourteen and Grandma Hunt and Manny were indispensable with their untiring love and constant care.

Geneva went with her mother and baby Ross to Salt Lake to begin their mission. Their dear friends, Marta Samuels Gerber and her daughters, were so good to them. They helped with the children and gave constant encouragement besides providing food and shelter.

Classes were held in the Deseret Hospital on Fifth East between First South and South Temple. Mercie graduated from this extensive training, being personally taught by Dr. Ellis R. Shipp, and returned home to her anxiously awaiting family in time to deliver her ninth child, Donna.

For many years Mercie continued her works of mercy, delivering over 800 babies and caring for everyone who had health problems. She was truly an "angel of mercy." If one word could describe her, it would be "charity." She scattered sunshine and the rays fell on all those about her—especially her posterity. She has indeed made our lives richer.

---

## **PIG-KILLING DAY**

Robert O. Kelson

Non Professional Second Place Short Story

I watched the drums being crushed and thrown into a scrap metal dumpster—fifty five gallon drums, hundreds of them, useless, just scrap metal.

My mind went back in time to a place and time when having a fifty-five gallon drum was a treasure. Not very many people had a fifty-five gallon drum.

A kid could climb on it, roll it like a log. It could be a horse or a fort. A fifty-five gallon drum was useful for a number of things around the farm house, but it was absolutely necessary on one day of the year. Pig-killing day.

The arrangements were made several days or weeks in advance: clean wood nailed together into a pallet about four feet by six feet, grill, plenty of firewood, meat-grinder, sausage-maker, smoke house, brine in wooden drums, three sturdy long poles, a block and tackle, the special scrapers for removing the bristle from the pig's hide, and all the other preparations, including a cool fall day.

There were only a few men in the community who were expert in killing and dressing pigs. The man of the house, as well as older boys, was expected to help out, and the woman of the house and other children knew well that they would be spending several long nights making sausage. Everyone was involved.

The pig-killing specialists always had a fifty-five gallon drum; it was part of their equipment. One of the questions asked during negotiations was, "Do you have a fifty-five gallon drum, or do you need to use mine?" Only a few people were lucky enough to have a fifty-five gallon drum, so more often than not the drum was provided by the pig-killer. Of course, it had to be available a day before the big event.

A fire pit was formed with rocks, and a heavy metal grill had to be secured over the fire pit that was strong enough to hold the water as well as the pig. The size of the pig and the amount of water in the drum

were a matter of art and estimation and perhaps calculation as to how much water the pig would displace. It was very important to submerge the pig in the drum without spilling excessive water which would extinguish the fire. More hot water may be needed, so the fire had to be kept going. How long does it take to bring fifty-five gallons of water to a boil over an open fire on a cool fall day? This job had to be started very, very early in the morning in order to do all the other tasks necessary in dressing a large, fat pig.

The water was often put in the drum the night before to make sure there was no spillage on the wood. My dad, Henry Kelson, used wood from the wood box in the house where it had been kept warm and dry to start the fire. He would start the fire long before the boys were awake in the morning. When we got up, we were to tend the fire, always keeping the flames licking at the bottom of the fifty-five gallon drum.

My uncle, Alma Kelson, was a pig-killer. He was admired by the young men in the family. I remember one family reunion many years later which was attended by Ray Kelson (he operated Ray's Café in Nephi for many years). Ray told of his boyhood ambitions. He said he always wanted to be a pig-killer like Uncle Alma Kelson.

Uncle Al would arrive at our house about the time steam began to rise off the water in the drum. All the preparations were checked and there was somehow enough time left for a bite of breakfast and cup of Danish Coffee. Now it was each man to his task, and the final check of the water in the drum. It was boiling hot now, and a great plume of steam rose from the drum into the cool fall air.

The door to the pig pen was opened. Uncle Al stepped in, he straddled the pig, and with a deftly accurate single thrust with a razor sharp, pointed knife, he severed the jugular vein in the pig's neck. He would then herd the pig toward the door in the pig pen. The pig would usually make it out through the door and a few steps beyond before lying down.

Then the heavy work began. The men dragged the pig over near the drum of boiling water, attached the pig to a block and tackle which was attached to the apex of the three poles forming a tripod over the boiling drum of water. The pig was hoisted up and lowered into the drum for a couple of minutes and pulled out and laid on the boards.

Immediately the men began scraping the hair (bristle) off the pig as fast as possible. If the skin cooled off too much the bristle would not come off, and then more of the boiling water was bucketed out of the drum and poured on the pig.

My mother would bring out more clean hot water she had heated on the stove. We could add a few more gallons of cool water to the drum, but not enough to cool it down much, while we kept the fire blazing under the drum. Soon the pig was completely scraped clean and looked so white after it had been washed off with more hot water from the drum.

Now, more expert knife work was called for as Uncle Al or dad would remove the entrails. Uncle Al would then begin cleaning the small intestines. He would turn them inside out and scrape them clean again washing them with the hot water.

There was always the question, "How much sausage do you want?"

"Fifteen feet should be enough," Mom would say. Mom would take the cleaned section of intestine in the house where it could be kept until it would become the skin for the sausage.

The men would cut the carcass into hams, bacon, sausage meat, and prepare the feet so Mom could make "pickled pig feet" and the head so she could make the Scandinavian favorite, "head cheese."

The hams went into the salty, sweet-smelling brine my dad had made. The bacon was made with a strong salt-curing mixture and hung in the cellar. Mother would prepare the ground meat with various seasonings, which would later be put into the sausage stuffer.

Later that evening we would be stuffing the sausage meat into the grinder. Mother fed the skin on the sausage tube. We boys would get to put sausage in the stuffer and press it on through the tube. She would measure out various lengths and tie them off with two strings close together. After trying both strings, she would cut the skin between the strings forming the various lengths of sausage.

Before the evening chores, the men would clean things up. Knives and scrapers were washed in the hot water from the drum. The water was dumped out of the drum on the fire, and the drum was rolled out of the way to cool down. The men would finish the outside clean-up, take down the poles, the boards, buckets and other things, and maybe there was time now to talk over old times, to ask how the chickens were doing, to talk about work, about getting by for another winter. Things were loaded on Uncle Al's trailer, then my dad would say, "You boys bring the drum over here." We wondered when he would ask because we were so excited to climb on the drum and roll it around the shed and over to the trailer.

My brother Leon was on it, then I was on it, then we were both on it making our feet go to roll the drum. We laughed, sometimes we fell off, but we jumped right back on again.

As we moved the drum closer to the men who were leaning against the trailer watching us and smiling, our clothes were dirty with soot from the drum and dust from the ground, but somehow on that occasion it did not seem to matter. We reluctantly hopped off the drum, and the men tossed it in the trailer.

What a great day it had been so far. The men were tired but happy, and we boys were looking forward to next year when we could roll on the drum again—or what if we had our very own drum to play on anytime we wanted?—too much to hope for, but a pleasant dream.

Back to the present. The men were still crushing the drums, and for a moment I mused, "I wonder if I could still walk backward on a fifty-five gallon drum? I would probably break my leg, some ribs or worse. No, better not to think about it, but it was tempting. I drove on my way with a deeper appreciation of a memory of what pig-killing day meant to a boy many years ago.

---

## LUCILE

Ruth D. Scow

Non Professional Third Place Short Story

It is a thrill to be living at this time when the State of Utah is celebrating its one hundred years of Statehood---1896-1996. This year will long be remembered for its planned parades, programs, balls and dances, writings, songs, quilts, and much more. It is a great time to be alive!

Another birthday will be celebrated this year by one of Manti's citizens, who since she was twenty-one years of age has never missed casting her vote in a presidential election.

She is an active citizen, honest, considerate and kind. She has many virtues and is loved by all who know her. She is a great lady! Always she is ready to help those less fortunate than she. She is an interesting and caring person, my cousin—Lucile Anderson Keller.

On October 9, 1896, Lucile Anderson Keller was born in a small Danish house on Manti's Main Street to Lewis Robert (L.R.) and his wife Clara Maria Munk Anderson.

When she was six weeks old, Lucile's parents moved to their newly built, two-story, red brick house at 552 South Main. The walls of the house were built, but there were no porches, nor was there a stairway to the upper floor. There was no electricity, but the house did have two fireplaces which gave warmth on a cold day. Coal oil lamps were used for lights in the evenings.

As a family of three, they were happy and could look forward to the future, It was then that L.R. received an LDS mission call to labor in the Southern States.

L.R.'s mission lasted some over two years, and during this time Lucile became acquainted with her two sets of grandparents: Peter and Eunice Ann Muck lived in the rock house on the corner to the north and could be reached day or night through a garden gate, which Lucile remembers often using as she grew up. The other set of grandparents was Lewis and Mary Ann Crowther Anderson who lived near the Manti Temple. Always she has been proud and happy knowing both sets of grandparents and even several great-grandparents.

Lucile had a pony to ride when she was a little girl. Also she remembers horse-and-buggy rides. On one occasion, she was dressed in white and rode on a white, decorated hayrack wagon to honor Miss Utah who stood in the center of the wagon under a large paper Sego lily.

When Lucile was a child, it seemed every family had a milk cow, chickens, a pig, a garden, and some fruit trees. They did not have much money. Wood and coal were used for heat and cooking, and all babies were born in the home. Too, all clothing was made of either wool or cotton material, and not until World War II were nylon stockings available (being rationed). As a child, she wore hand-knitted, black wool stockings in winter and in summer white cotton.

When her father returned from his mission, the porches were finished, and an open stairway was built in the front hall. Now she could have her own room upstairs. In one corner of her bedroom hung a beautiful doll with a china head, blonde curls, eyes that opened and shut, china hands and high black shoes. She wore a heavenly blue silk dress. Often, the author wished she could take her down and play with her. But, no, she just hung there. Lately on a visit to Lucile, I found the reason: The doll had no body, just straps to connect china head, hands and the shoes.

Lucile attended school in the three-story, red brick schoolhouse that was billed as the 'most modern schoolhouse south of Salt Lake City.' It was built in 1894. Its two entrances led into large, wide halls with wooden, oiled steps which led upward to the next floor. Each classroom had its own large hall in which students could hang their coats. All floors were oiled. In 1901 the first electric lights were installed near the Manti Tabernacle and perhaps at that time electricity was introduced in each room of the school. This building had no telephone, no restrooms inside the building and no fire escape.

Lucile was an adept student as she progressed from grade to grade. Perhaps she attended seventh and eighth grades in the newly built 1905 white brick, three-story Manti high school building on the northwest corner of the Tabernacle block.

In 1902 her father, L.R. Anderson, was elected mayor of Manti. Our city had suffered for years with floods coming from Manti Canyon and wreaking havoc over the city (Manti) street. While he was mayor, he was instrumental in getting a dam built at the mouth of Manti Canyon to hold back a settling pond and much debris such as rocks, trees, and brush that had come down with the water. The dam cost \$3,000. Also at this time, Mr. Anderson pointed out the need to locate springs and water outlets in the canyon and file on them, only to have the City Council vote "No". They said Manti controlled that water, and all the water rights belonged to the people of Manti City. No need to worry or file on Manti Canyon water. Later, her father was elected to the Utah State Legislature and rather than drive on weekends back to Manti, he moved his family to Salt Lake City to live near the Eagle Gate. Lucile was attending Manti High School then. During their stay in Salt Lake City she attended the LDS High School.

She graduated from Manti High School in 1916. From there she attended her first year of college. World War I was raging and that year the Utah State Agricultural College in Logan, where she was attending, closed because early in the spring all the boys attending there had either volunteered or been drafted into the U.S. military service.

Lucile's mind is clear as she tells of Manti in her growing up years. She remembers seeing the first picture show that came to Manti. It was shown in a room north of the Manti Theatre building which was completed in 1910. Its manager was Bill McFarlane, who did a splendid job, always willing to cooperate with his audience. The first silent pictures, including the main title show and the newsreel, could be seen for the adult admission price of ten cents. A girl played the piano in the orchestra pit to accompany the picture. If the picture showed marching, she played a march tune. Always her piano playing was in harmony with the picture that was being viewed. Over these years the theatre schedule was often interrupted with drama, local entertainment, minstrel shows, and Manti High School plays. Here they could be viewed and appreciated by the townsfolk. Later, in the 1930's talking pictures were shown. Various ward and stake programs were also presented on the theatre stage with its various screens and stage settings.

Some of Lucile's remembrances are of the Carnegie Public Library, built in 1910, and of the Manti Tabernacle Choir, with directors such as A. C. Smythe, Ellis E. Johnson, and Edgar T. Reid. Lucile had been given vocal lessons as a child and sang in these choirs.

Just recently I was visiting Lucile. She is a petite, little lady. This day she was wearing a nice, colorful house dress, and, as always, an apron. Her hearing is not so good, and her eyes are failing, but this day she seemed so happy. After I was seated to the right of her chair, I asked, "What have you been doing today?" She answered, "Oh, I have been having the best time this morning. I have been singing," and she proceeded to sing in a beautiful, clear voice, "Memories" and older songs such as my mother used to sing to me. Her lovely voice and words took me back in memory, too. What a wonderful way to entertain oneself!

She remembered when two trains stopped daily at their Manti depots. Also, she told me about electricity coming to Manti accommodating the use of electric washing machines. "We could only wash at night or on certain days of the week," she told me.

Then she went on to explain how the town, and especially Manti High School, depended on the Manti Armada. They did not have gyms in the building, so their basketball games, dances such as the proms, and various other activities were held in the Armada, which was a large auditorium built behind the Manti Theatre. It could be reached by walking up the alley to the north of the theatre. This was not bad during the warm months, but when winter came with heavy snow and ice, that lane could get really slippery.

The Armada had a spring floor which was wonderful for dancing. Sometimes the young folks standing on the west end and moving together got the floor to jumping. This was great fun. Usually it happened at least one time during each dance.

Lucile was twenty-three years of age when she married a Manti boy, Clark Keller, who had no transportation from his house in the northeast part of town and had to walk all that distance to the Anderson home to date Lucile. He was a handsome lad. They were married in the Manti Temple June 30, 1920. After marriage, they were met by friends and relatives who "shivareed" them up Manti's Main Street by riding in the John Tobler street-cleaning cart, pulled by a lone mule to Lucile's parent's home. That night their wedding dinner and reception were held on the front and side lawns, under the tall walnut trees.

Their rented home was the rock house at 125 East Union Street in Manti. Later they bought the house at 403 East 200 North where Lucile is living at the present time.

In the 1920's she heard the first radio that came to Manti. Later in the 1930's she watched and heard the first talking pictures. Her life has had many firsts—the first televisions, and even remote control. Today is the computer age, which mystifies most of us of the older generations.

During World War I, Lucile and other women of Manti made bandages from old sheets which had been cut into the right sizes. Other volunteer Manti women knit socks and sweaters for the soldiers and sailors. Lucile also sewed for her own family, making sheets, pillowcases, even underwear out of flour sacks.

During World War II Lucile often said, "This is the most worrisome time in my life, as all my boys are in the service of their country."

Robert (Bob) was the oldest son, and when the war started he was a member of the Manti National Guard. They were the first troops to be called up when the war began. He served for over four years in the Pacific area, working most of the time as a radio operator and never getting home on furlough in all those long years. Today, he is living with his mother and helps her in any way he can.

Conrad (Con) was the second son. He enlisted and was assigned to a specialized training program, the Signal Corps. After the Battle of the Bulge, he spent a year or so in Germany as reinforcement. Today, he and his wife Margaret are retired and live in Manti. He is the father of six children.

Dan, the youngest son, joined the Air Corps as a belly gunner. During the war he was stationed in England and flew thirty-five missions over France and Germany. During his years in the service he met only one man from Manti, Utah—Don Frischknecht. Today, Dan is married and the father of eight children. He is a practicing attorney in Price, Utah.

Ann was the late-comer in the Keller family. She attended our local schools and graduated from Manti High School, as did her brothers. She married and had six children. She died in 1992.

When Lucile was ninety years old, she talked to the Manti Messenger about her sewing machine: "We are still in working order although our finish is not quite what it used to be when we were both young." Today, she says she is enjoying life. She appreciates the goodness of her children, her families, her neighbors, and friends, and their concerns for her comfort and well-being. All her life she has tried to set a good example for those with whom she comes in contact and urges her family members to do the same. She also appreciates her heritage here in the Sanpete Valley and said, "I always try to do the best I can. I try to think good thoughts and learn better ways of doing things." To be thoughtful and helpful to others has been one of Lucile's goals in life.

Now as she approaches October 9, 1996, we wish her well. She is a special lady! She has accomplished a century of living, one day at a time. She is an important member of our community. We love her.

Happy Birthday, Lucile!

---

## 100 YEARS OF FAITH

Carl Carpenter

Non Professional Honorable Mention Short Story

On October 27, 1894, in the village of Gyorkony, Hungary, a daughter was born to Karl Koch and Ersebet Czeh. It was their second child and they gave her the name Mary. Their first child had died in infancy. Little did Karl and Ersebet know that Mary would spend sixty years of her life in Manti, Utah, and live to celebrate her 100<sup>th</sup> birthday. When she was born there was a Czar in Russia, a Kaiser in Germany, and an Emperor in Austria-Hungary; Gover Cleveland was President of the United States and Wilford Woodruff was Preside not the LDS church.

The Gyorkony area is grape-growing country, and there were many vineyards in the vicinity, one of which belonged to Karl. He made a decent living, but life in Austria-Hungary in 1894 was becoming difficult. When Mary was one year old, they moved to Budapest where Karl worked on the railroad. The work was not to his liking, so the little family moved back to Gyorkony. Two more daughters joined the little family: Theresa and Julia.

About this time Karl and Ersebet began thinking of immigrating to the United States. Karl's older brother Adam had emigrated and persuaded him to come. Karl left his family in the care of their Grandmother Czeh and went to America. Six months later, the family left Gyorkony and arrived at Ellis Island, New York, on September 1, 1900. Karl had settled in Cincinnati, Ohio, and they arrived there just in time for Mary to start school. It didn't take Mary long to learn the English language. At one time she recalled she knew three languages—Hungarian, German and English.

Things did not go well for the Koch family in Cincinnati. A fourth daughter, Elizabeth, had been born in December 1900, and a son, Nicholas in May 1903; but both children died in a diphtheria epidemic within a week of each other. The Koch family was heartbroken and decided to back to Gyorkony. Mary was ten years old and did not want to go back to Hungary, but had no choice. She made up her mind that when she was old enough she would return to the United States.

Mary longed to return to America. When she turned seventeen, her parents consented to let her go. She was under age and so was required to have a sponsor living in the United States. Her Uncle Andreas Czeh was living in Indianapolis and consented to sponsor her. On October 11, 1911, she bade her parents' goodbye, not knowing if she would ever see them again in this life. Shortly before leaving, Mary learned that her mother was expecting another child.

Mary sailed from Feume, Italy, and landed in America on November 1, 1911, in a thick fog. She says, "The fog was so thick we couldn't see the Statue of Liberty. The ship stopped a little distance out in the harbor, and we were later towed in by a tugboat. When my feet touched the ground I felt like kissing it. My heart was full of joy and thanksgiving that I was back once again in the Land of Liberty I loved so much. Little did I realize what blessings the Lord had in store for me."

Mary stayed with her Uncle Andreas in Indianapolis for three months, and then went to Cincinnati. She found employment as a housemaid at the home of a millionaire, where she earned \$5.00 a week plus her room and board.

Later, Mary found employment with the Gerst family. Mr. Gerst spent most of his time in Nashville, Tennessee, where he and his four sons ran a large brewery. Mrs. Gerst was left alone in their Cincinnati home and needed a companion and housekeeper.

Mary lived with the Gersts for two years and was very happy. She says, "This is where I came in contact with Mormonism." Two blocks from the Gersts lived the Wilhelms, a couple with whom she became good friends. They had no family and owned a thriving business. He was a men's tailor and she was a professional dressmaker. Mary spent much of her spare time in their home and place of business.

One Sunday afternoon, Mary was visiting the Wilhelms when two young men came to visit. "I was impressed with their appearance," said Mary. "They were different from the other young men I knew; and they did something that was totally new to me—they administered the sacrament, talked about the first principles of the gospel, faith, repentance, baptism, etc. These things seemed to ring a bell in me, and I believed the." After they left, Mary asked the Wilhelms who these young men were, what church did they represent, and where did they come from. She was told they were missionaries representing The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and they came from the headquarters of the Church in Salt Lake City.

The next day Mary told Mrs. Gerst about what happened and how impressed she was with these young men. The first thing Mrs. Gerst wanted to know was where they came from and what church they represented. When Mary told her she said, "Oh, they are Mormons, and don't you have anything to do with them. They come out here and convert young girls and take them back to Utah where each man has seven wives."

Mary responded, "The Wilhelms didn't say they were Mormons. They said they were from the Church of Jesus Christ."

Mrs. Gerst replied, "I don't care what they said. If they come from Utah and Salt Lake City they are Mormons because that's all there are out there."

Mrs. Gerst was a staunch Catholic, and her husband was Lutheran. Mary said, "I had never heard of Mormonism or Utah. All I knew about the West was what I saw in picture shows—cowboys, Indians, and the wild woolly West. Little did I dream that someday I would go west and establish a home, and raise a family there."

Mary told the Wilhelms what Mrs. Gerst had said about the Mormons. She didn't know that the Wilhelms were Mormons. At that time, prejudice against Mormons was so strong in Ohio and Kentucky, that if they let it be known, they would have lost their business. They explained to Mary that "Mormon" was sort of a nickname because of the Book of Mormon. Mary wanted to know more.

There were only twenty-five members of the Church in Cincinnati in 1915. They had no place to hold meetings, and were meeting in the members' homes. The Wilhelms invited Mary to attend meetings with them, and after six months she was converted and requested baptism.

Mary recounts, "It was a beautiful spring day on Sunday, April 25, 1915. I was baptized in the Ohio River by Elder Ted Hunter of Salt Lake City. Elder J. Gerald Carpenter of Manti, Utah stood on the bank of the river and raised his hands above his head to bless the water. (He was my future husband.) It was a very spiritual and beautiful service, and I had a heavenly feeling as I came out of the water which cannot be described. My first impulse was to shout the good news and share my joy with my friends. But, alas, to my disappointment I was given a cold shoulder." Among those witnessing Mary's baptism was her sister

Theresa, who had emigrated three years earlier. Although she attended some of the meetings with Mary, she did not join the church.

The elder who dedicated the water for the baptism, J. Gerald Carpenter, was completing his mission in Ohio. He had been serving in Germany in 1914 when World War I erupted and had been sent back to the Southern States Mission. Mary first met him one Sunday afternoon when the Wilhelms invited her to a concert given by a German male chorus for the benefit of the German war sufferers. The concert was held in the Cincinnati Music Hall. There was a double line waiting to get inside, and as luck would have it, in the line opposite Mary and the Wilhelms stood Elder Carpenter and his companion, Elder Parker.

Mary recalls, "I was introduced to them by my friends. When Elder Carpenter smiled at me, I got butterflies in my stomach, and I thought to myself, "There's my man."

"We all went in together, and he sat beside me. We chatted in German and how much we got out of the concert, I don't know."

After a few months in Cincinnati, Elder Carpenter was transferred to Toledo and then Cleveland. Occasionally, Mary received a letter from him and they exchanged photographs. Mary says, "I thought I would never see him again. Yet, somehow, there was a tender feeling we had toward each other—a kinship of spirit so to speak. He being a missionary and I a convert, we couldn't let our true feelings be known, but the Lord's hand was in it all this time. Why was I born in a land far across the sea, and he on the other side of the ocean? How were we brought together?"

Elder Carpenter was released and went home to Manti. Mary did not hear from him for a long time. Although disappointed, she consoled herself by thinking, "But he didn't have a girl at home waiting for him." Then she received an announcement of his wedding to Bertella Allred dated September 14, 1916. Mary was devastated.

Not long after the announcement Mary began to get the desire to go to Utah and be with the saints. Her sister Theresa was planning to get married and she decided to go to Salt Lake City. She didn't know how she would get to Zion, as she didn't know anyone there. She said, "The Lord opened the way for me, and I was guided by his spirit."

Joseph Weidner from Salt Lake City was in Cincinnati on business and came to Sunday meetings where he spoke in sacrament meeting. Mary recalls, "President Anderson introduced me to him and told him that I wanted to go to Utah. Brother Weidner said I would be very welcome to come to his home and stay with his family until I became established."

Mary said goodbye to friends and loved ones, and arrived in Salt Lake City on August 16, 1916. She received a warm welcome from the Weidner family and stayed in their home for three weeks, until she found employment in the home of W. W. Ray as a housemaid. She says, "I became very fond of this family, and they treated me like a member of the family. They had four children and the two youngest were only a year apart. Mrs. Ray had poor health so it fell to my lot to take care of the children." She lived in the Ray home for three years, and remembers, "I loved those two little ones, and they became so attached to me that they didn't want me to leave."

When Gerald married, Mary had decided to put him out of her life, but it wasn't to be. Gerald had told his parents about Mary when he returned from his mission. Gerald's sister, Edith, was living in Salt Lake City and made contact with Mary. One day Edith told Mary that her mother, Matilda, wanted to meet her sometime. Edith mentioned that her father, J. Hatten Carpenter, was coming to general conference and would like to meet her on Temple Square.

Mary recounts, "As Edith introduced me to her father I was immediately impressed with his warm, friendly manner. He made me feel so welcome. I thought to myself how blessed I was to be accepted by such fine people, me being a complete stranger."

Shortly after, Mary received a letter from Gerald's mother asking if Mary could arrange for a visit to Manti for a week. She had wanted to meet Mary ever since she heard she was in Salt Lake City.

In July 1918, Mary took the train to Manti for a week and was met at the station by Gerald, his wife, Bertella, and their one-year-old daughter, Julie. Mary says, "I was treated so special by everyone and was introduced to many nice people. Gerald's mother and father were especially hospitable."

Gerald's mother, Matilda, was in poor health, suffering from diabetes. (At that time insulin had not yet been discovered.) She had two young sons, ages twelve and eight, still at home and needed some help in the household. Matilda expressed the wish to Mary that it would be nice if she could come and live there for a few months to assist her. Mary promised that in the following spring she would come and stay for two months.

The fall of 1918 came and with it the end of World War I, but an influenza epidemic was raging throughout the country. Mary and the Ray family all became ill, but everyone recovered. March 6, 1919, Mary was planning to go to Manti as promised when she received a message from Matilda that Bertella had given birth to a son the day before, and then she had died nine hours later. Bertella had contracted the flu which turned to pneumonia causing her death. The baby (Robert) was born three weeks early. Gerald and his two little ones were living with his parents. Matilda asked Mary to come to the funeral.

Mary recalls, "I got permission from the Rays to go, thinking I would be back after the funeral. When I entered the room where the baby was lying in the bassinet, it seemed as though a voice said to me, 'That baby needs you.' At that moment I took that baby into my heart, and I loved him as if he was my very own."

After the funeral Mary planned to return to Salt Lake City, thinking she would come back to Manti in April. However, Matilda's health was so poor, that she couldn't take care of the baby alone. She asked Mary to consider staying in Manti. Mary felt torn—she was needed at the Ray home, and she was needed in the Carpenter home. However, she couldn't bear to leave the new baby, and so decided to stay.

Mary recalls, "Until the baby was six months old we had a difficult time and sometimes feared he wouldn't make it. Finally, when we got the right milk that agreed with him he started to gain and grew into a beautiful baby."

After living in the Carpenter home for six months and being close to Gerald, the old spark was rekindled. Gerald asked Mary to marry him and to raise his children. Mary says, "It was only natural that I should say, Yes!"

Mary and Gerald were sealed in the Manti Temple on October 1, 1919. They remained sweethearts for fifty-nine years together in Manti. Three daughters and two sons blessed their home to add to the two born to Bertella. The family tree now includes thirty-one grandchildren, eighty great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren.

She never saw her parents or her sister Julia again. The baby her mother was expecting when she left for America in 1911, was a daughter, Elizabeth. They met only once years later in 1967 when Elizabeth made a visit to see some of her children in Canada.

Gerald passed away March 21, 1978, and one year later Mary moved to Springville where she resided until 1990. At age 96 she began to lose her eyesight and she could no longer be independent. She moved to Salt Lake City where she celebrated her 100<sup>th</sup> birthday on October 27, 1994. She is still the only member of her Hungarian family to have joined the Church, but all of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren are members. She is also responsible for completing the temple work for 104 of her German-Hungarian ancestors.

## **FLIGHT FROM SONORA**

June B. Jensen

Non Professional Honorable Mention Short Story

“We must hurry.” Matty’s voice was filled with urgency and fear. “Julia, stir the jam again so it won’t scorch and fetch the earthen jars from the cellar. We’ll fill them tomorrow when we get back.”

It was only yesterday in the Colony meeting; the Brethren had urged everyone to leave as soon as possible.

“Your Father is hitching up the team and will be here in a few minutes. Samantha, bring two quilts to use in the wagon box.”

There wasn’t time for tears as she looked around the cabin at a few belongings held most dear. Several short years ago the place had been promising with good rich soil and the hope of a homestead. Hard work had made it all seem right. Now they were leaving.

Matty watered her beloved geraniums blooming on the window sill. They had been the only possession of beauty in that revolutionary land.

With satisfaction she glanced through the window at three tiny graves by the garden. They had been securely covered with boulders a few weeks before.

In a cloud of dust, horses, wagon and family raced to the nearest railway station where they huddled all night in a drenching rain. The train arrived at dawn. It was full but the Conductor yelled, “Hang on where you can and we’ll get across to Texas.”

In the midst of sorrow, Matty was unknowingly comforted because she could not look back. She was spared the smoke, the torched roof and blackened walls. The sight of ripped open feather ticks and sacks of flour strewn about her immaculate kitchen would have been maddening. No one witnessed how the pigs trampled the garden when they were turned out of the pen, or the bottled fruit used for target practice. She didn’t smell the singed feathers; see the slaughtered cattle and sheep lying where they fell or look into the defiled well.

Pancho Villa gave his Banditos orders to “drive out and destroy.”

Across the border in El Paso, they were welcomed to the safety of a fenced –in refugee camp with tents for shelter. A milk truck came through camp each morning so the children could have milk with the parched corn for breakfast.

Matty turned her eyes northward, back to Utah. They had fled the valley of Deseret, in persecution, several years before. Now they would return to begin their lives over again.

---

## **A GRAND DAUGHTER REMEMBERS**

Ina S. Morgan

Non Professional Honorable Mention Short Story

John H. Seely was the son of Justus Wellington and Clarissa Jane Wilcox Seely. His father, along with his family, had joined the LDS Church in Upper Canada, where Parley P. Pratt had been called to labor on a mission in 1836. John Taylor was converted at that time, and the Justus Azel Seely family members were baptized on February 15, 1837. Part of the family left Canada for Missouri, eventually settling in Iowa, across the Mississippi River from Nauvoo. Justus Wellington and Clarissa Jane Wilcox were married March 10, 1842 in Nashville, Lee County, Iowa. They started west in 1846 with their three children, spent the winter of 1846-47 in Pigeon Grove near Omaha, Nebraska, and arrived in Salt Lake City September 29, 1847 with the John Taylor Company.

In March, 1851, Justus Wellington and Clarissa Jane decided to join his brother, David, and go to San Bernardino to help make a settlement there. By now they had five children. Three more children were born in San Bernardino, including my grandfather, John Henry Seely.

When John was two and one-half years old, his parents honored the call of Brigham Young to return to Utah. They lived in Pleasant Grove until the spring of 1859, when his parents went to help settle Mt. Pleasant, Utah. John spent his life there.

Life was hard and luxuries were nonexistent in a pioneer settlement. He grew up in a pioneer community with all of its limitations, its primitiveness, but also its opportunities. He was himself a pioneer and the physical hardships of his youth made him strong in muscle and nerve and enabled him to overcome great difficulties and reap achievements of the first order in his chosen career. His early life brought him a sense of democratic quality, and from this experience of his early years he derived that comradeship and generous sympathy which characterized him in the years when he was rated as a man of wealth, and statewide and national influence. Poverty is always a relative matter. Few American boys nowadays grow up with as few clothes and playthings as John H. Seely had, yet these privations were largely derived from the general circumstances and economic conditions of the time. He learned the simplicity of existence and work without the comparisons that make poverty a source of spiritual degradation.

As a boy he herded sheep in the summer barefoot, and went to school in the winter, sometimes freezing without shoes, because leather was scarce in those pioneer days, and shoes were neither as plentiful nor as stylish then as now. He had to wait until his turn came to get a new pair. Sometimes it seemed so long and hard to wait when snow was on the ground and he had to run from one patch of bare ground to the other to rest and hold up one foot at a time when he did so. Later he could have bought an entire store of shoes.

When he was a boy, he had few playthings as children do now. He had a nice smooth board with a nail in one end to which he would tie a rawhide string. This board was his sled, his wagon. It wasn't much, but it was everything to him in his childish play. John had to give it up because when his little brother David died, that board had to go into the little coffin. Boards were hard to get, and it took time to saw them when men were sawing in pits by hand. So in that emergency they had to take what boards they could find, and John's little sled board had to go into his brother's grave. He told how it hurt him and how he cried when little David and his sled were both taken from him. Later he owned a lumber mill with plenty of boards. He remembered this childhood incident with sadness in his heart.

He was a pioneer, sure, by birth, by training and by life-long practice. When as a boy, he herded stock; he looked forward to the time when he might have cattle, horses and sheep, and land of his own. He knew it would be long and hard, yet when he got to the end he could look at his work and know it was good.

He took the old Mt. Pleasant Co-op herd on shares. His contract called for payment in kind, not money; so many pounds of wool per hear and so many lambs per hundred sheep per year. With sheep shearing three pounds and two to go on shares, the necessity of improvement was apparent. John went to California and bought French Marino rams. He returned to California and bought purebred ewes. Thus he started his breeding operations with "Thoroughbreds," a common name for the sheep at that time. In the meantime he bred up his share sheep until he had a couple of well-graded herds of his own. He quit the share business and started his own sheep operation.

John H. Seely and Margaret Folkman Peel were married on January 15, 1880, in the Salt Lake Endowment House. John had two horses and one cow, and a small amount of money. With the two horses and a borrowed wagon, and in the company of a number of others, John and Maggie started for Salt Lake on January 10 to be married. Heavy snow had fallen. They reached Fountain Green the first night, Mona the second, Pleasant Grove the third, fourth in Cottonwood, and the fifth day Salt Lake City. They were guests at the home of Patriarch Hyde. Friends learned of the newlyweds. They came with noisemakers and shivareed them. John bought shrimp for the crowd.

While in Salt Lake they went to ZCMI and bought a stove, dishes, a lamp and a clock. When they got back home to Mt. Pleasant, Maggie's parents had an elaborate wedding dinner at their home, and John and Peter Anderson, another bridegroom, gave a wedding dance. The entire town was invited. John had \$35.00 left. He and Maggie went to Antone Beauman's furniture store and bought a bed, six chairs, a rocking chair, a table and mirror, for which they paid \$35.00.

John's brother, Wink sold his home to John and Maggie for \$200.00. That was the beginning of their life together. Four children were born in that home. John bought 200 acres of meadow land in Chester, for which he gave a horse.

In 1887 they moved into a larger home, on the corner of Fifth West and First South. Another story was added. John and Margaret lived in that home for the rest of their lives. Six more children were welcomed into the family.

In 1889 John purchased the entire flock of 190 head of purebred Rambouillet from Andrew A. Bates of Ohio, a noted breeder. He imported Rambouillet directly from France several times and developed the flock into the best meat and wool sheep ever produced.

John Seely, who had started his herd with nothing but faith, had one of the largest herds of registered Rambouillet sheep in the world. He was known throughout the world for his fair dealing and his keen sense of quality. His knowledge of sheep breeding was recognized wherever sheep men gathered. Sheep were exported to Russia, Japan, Argentina, Mexico besides being sold in the United States and Canada.

The crowning point of his breeding fame came in 1918, when he sold a prize Rambouillet ram at a sale in Salt Lake City for the fabulous price of \$6200.00, the highest price ever given for a ram at a public sale up to that time. Mr. C. W. Stillman of Sigurd, Utah, bought the ram, which became known as "Old 62." Unfortunately, within two years, the breeder, the buyer, and the ram were all dead.

John Seely was also noted for his Shorthorn cattle. He never lost sight of the constant betterment of his Shorthorn hear. He also had choice French Draft horses, Percheron horses and Berkshire hogs.

John was an organized man. He was loving and kind. He respected his children as individuals. He had a gently temperament. He was loving and gentle with his beloved Maggie. Many employees and friends called him "Uncle John."

He never learned to drive a car. He told Will Clos, his Secretary, that way he would never have to go alone.

I recall he always carried "XXX" mints in his pocket. He always carried a leather satchel. We grandchildren all knew that when he returned home from a trip, his satchel would be filled with small boxes of Poll Parrot Stick Candies. All flavors. Many a winter evening we were invited to his gracious home. He had received a huge barrel of pecan nuts from a friend in Texas. He hand cracked those delicious nuts for us until we could not handle one more. We surely loved our dear grandparents.

He was called to military service during the Black Hawk Indian War. He served as city Marshall, City Councilman and Mayor. For two terms he served as a member of the Utah State Senate. He was active in the American Rambouillet Sheep Breeders Association from 1900 to the time of his death. Several times he served as President. He was active in the Utah Wool Growers Association. He was on the Board of Directors of the Utah State Fair from 1903 and was the second Vice President when he died.

Grandfather Seely died at Fish Lake, where he had gone for a short vacation. He had been on the lake all morning. He came inside and lay down for a short rest. He never awoke. I will always remember that sad day. It was my seventh birthday. I did not think it nice of him to leave me and his family on my special day.

His personal secretary of over twenty years wrote, "He was called a rich man when he died and it was true, but as he lay before us in his splendid coffin, surrounded by a wealth of beautiful flowers, and as I looked for the last time into his kind benevolent face, now still and quiet in death, I remembered it was not always so. From a humble barefoot boy John H. Seely had become a man whose character and life work have entered into the very fiber of the history of the State of Utah.

“Last, but not least, this man was a Mormon. Yes, born, raised and died a Mormon, never ashamed of it, no matter where he went. Like all good Mormons he performed a Mission, only his was different. He did not go to foreign lands and spend a couple of years or so preaching the Gospel. The Mission that the Lord had evidently chosen for him was at home; to build up the country, to develop and increase its resources, and to spread its fame as a fair and goodly place.

“At the funeral, Senator Reed Smoot, Governor William Spry, President W.C. Winder of the State Fair Board and many others bore witness how well and faithful he had fulfilled his Mission.

“His life’s work is done, but his spirit lives on and we that knew him here, live in hopes that we may see him again. So, we say to him in faith, love and all sincerity..AuRevoir until Eternity.”

John H. Seely was buried in Mt. Pleasant, August 4, 1920. His funeral was held in the old Pavilion. Hundreds of people were there, including townspeople, shepherders—one who had walked 30 miles to be there—State Senators, noted people from around the United States and Utah, and his large family.

Documentation:

The Seely Book 1988

Book Utah 1932

History of Sanpete and Emery Counties 1898

Will C. Clos, Personal Secretary

Personal Recollections

---

## I REMEMBER

Lois T. Kribs

### Non Professional Honorable Mention Short Story

The wind rustling through the leaves of the old apple tree makes crackling noises in the microphone that sits on the table between us, a small price to pay for the comfort the wind gives us from the heat of this July day. Eighth of July 1976, to be precise. Edward Kirkwood Tooth is 84 years old today and reminiscing about his life as we ask him questions.

“What is the first thing you remember?”

Ed gazes off into space for a few moments, then says, “I guess the first thing I remember is playing on a rope swing hung from a big old tree in our backyard. Whenever Mother baked bread, she would bring all of us a piece of bread torn from the hot loaf. It would be covered with rich sweet cream butter and honey. I can taste that yet.

“My older brother Will used to shine shoes in the barbershop. When I was around eight years old, I started shining shoes there. I remember when a carnival came to town once, a lady from the carnival walked into the barbershop, sat down in the chair where I shined shoes, put her foot up on the pedestal, looked down at me and said, ‘Com’n boy, let’s get a shine on these boots.’ I guess I was gaping at her, I’d never shined ladies shoes before, but I went right to work.

“We lived a block from the Tabernacle, which had been built by the time I was born. Everything exciting that took place in town happened in this area. Also, there was a great playground there. When I was young, I spent so much time on Main Street one of the men in the barbershop told me I was going to grow up to be a ‘slicker.’ I didn’t know what a slicker was then, but I don’t believe anyone would say I/m a ‘slicker’ today.

I went to church in the Tabernacle from the time I was born until they changed boundaries for the wards and moved us to the South Ward Building. I must have gone to church there for seventy, maybe seventy-five years.”

“Do you remember any special events that took place at the Tabernacle Block when you were growing up?”

I remember going down town when they had the celebration for the boys who came home from the Spanish-American War. I was about six years old when this happened. It was exciting to see all those boys in uniform and all the decorations of red and white and the American Flag of red, white, and blue. We hadn't been a State that long then, so this flag with all the new stars was a wonderful sight."

"Do you remember anything that took place when Utah was made the 45<sup>th</sup> State of the United States?"

"No. I was only three and a half when Utah became a state, so I don't remember anything about it, but we did study about Utah's admittance to the Union when I went to the Presbyterian School. In fact, our teacher told us Reverend George W. Martin gave the benediction at the program in the Tabernacle.

"We had to write a report about it for class, so I asked Mother to tell me what we did at that time. She told me she was 34 and Dad was 43 in 1896. It was a Saturday, the day word came that President Grover Cleveland had signed the Proclamation declaring Utah the 45<sup>th</sup> State, and there was so much excitement in town. We had waited a long time for this to happen, she said. Soon almost all the business establishments and homes were decorated with red and white bunting or red, white and blue. John and Will hung red and white bunting all around our front and back porches. On Monday, January 6, 1896, we had a really big celebration in town, she said. Early in the morning, so much noise was made by the cannon, shotguns and she didn't know what else, that it shook the house so hard the pictures almost fell from the walls. We all went to town to the parade in the morning. My brothers, John 12 and Will 10, kept me in tow. Mamie, age 8, helped Mother and Dad push Glen, a year and a half, in the baby carriage. My oldest sister Sadie was 14 and she was going to sing in the youth choir. Everyone was excited she was going to be on the program. Also, my Grandpa John Patrick Reid's younger brother, William Taylor Reid, was going to be one of the speakers at the meeting in the Tabernacle at 11:30 that morning. This was going to be a special program for all of us.

"Mother told me Grandpa Reid went with us to the parade and meeting, but Grandma Sarah Chadwick Tooth couldn't go because she wasn't feeling very well. She said she and Dad went to the Inaugural Ball that night in the Tuttle Hall, and it was a very grand affair.

"From what my mother told me about what our family did that day, we must have had a really great time. I'm glad I was born then. Even though I can't remember what happened, I was still part of the celebration in Manti when Utah became the 45<sup>th</sup> State of the United States."

Ed is getting hoarse now after talking so long. The shadows are getting long—time to go in the house and have some of Martha C. Tooth's famous hot rolls with sweet cream butter and honey.

Documentation:

The Messenger – Manti, Sanpete Co., Utah. Friday, January 10, 1896, Vol. 3, No. 14

Tapes recorded by Edward Kirkwood Tooth – July 8, 1976

---

## **BURNISHING**

Camille O. Lindsay

Professional First Place Poetry

Would you mind

    If I used the trite phrase

        "molded like potter's clay," again?

            At first I thought

                It was only God

                    Who was doing

                        The molding

and firing  
and burnishing.

Now, as I bump and rub  
on the lives  
on all the other lives,  
I feel the edges smoothing,  
the rough leveling,  
the angles planning—  
And my brightness glossing.

---

## THE LESSON STORE

Camille O. Lindsay  
Professional First Place Anecdote

Yesterday, my daughter, Colleen, asked me to drive her to a friend's house. As I turned the corner on 3<sup>rd</sup> North and 2<sup>nd</sup> East to go south, I noticed a familiar sight was gone: the tan and white building that housed the Paulsen Store. The remains had been scooped to bare ground. Emotions flooded, as I realized that yet another of my childhood neighborhood edifices had vanished. My mind slipped back almost a half century when my life was simple. I was a child playing with box elder bugs and roller skates.

About once a week, Mom would ask me if I wanted to go to Mrs. Paulsen's Store. I always said, "Yes." As a child, I thought the store was big with everything in it. Inside, on the counter, there was a punch cash register with pull handle. Boxes and jars of candy were behind the counter. There were shelves along the wall with flour and sugar and baking supplies. Toward the back, there was an open cooler with fruits and vegetables and loaves of meat ready to slice. I was always fascinated with the meat slicer, a hand cranker. There was even a shelf with dry goods, Levis and plaid shirts. All this was in a space of a one-car garage.

Mrs. Paulsen, a small lady with braided, graying hair, was always helpful. She bent over as she plodded along in oversized slipper. Her companion, Honey, a slow, fat cocker spaniel waddled always at her heels.

We bought the necessities: flour, sugar, baking powder, penny candy, and supplies for sheep camp.

As I grew a little older and Mom trusted me to run the "errand" to the store, I began to hoard pennies for candy. On my trips to the store, up the block and around the corner from home, I made the best of my time. I often counted the cracks in the sidewalk or stopped to pick hollyhocks beside the store to make toothpick dolls. I practiced roller skating and riding my bike on the way.

The day best remembered was one when a lesson was learned. I had been sent to the store for fruit canning lids. Mrs. Paulsen went to look for them in the "fruit canning" section of the store. My penny hoard was depleted, and the candy looked so good. I slipped two pieces of bubble gum and one jaw breaker into my pocket. I paid for the lids and hurried home. Then I climbed my favorite tree and ate the candy. When I went in for supper, Mom said Mrs. Paulsen had called to tell her that I had stolen some candy from the store. I was "caught"! Mom put me in the car and took me up the street to the store. It was a short ride. Even today, I remember the uncomfortable, frightened, sick feeling as I marched into the store. I paid two pennies to Mrs. Paulsen for the candy, and it was then she gave me the "lecture" about stealing, hot it was a bad habit and against God's commandments. She was quite stern about it. Then quite suddenly, with tears in her eyes, she told me that the only way she could live was with the profits from her store. To be honest, I was frightened of her after that, and I didn't go to the store for weeks.

A few growing years later, I realized what a meager living she made, and a friendship, a child-grandma relationship, grew with this humble lady. I suppose she forgave me and trusted me, for often I would go to

the store when she was not inside, walk to her home next door and call for her. She would take me through the back door of the store and tell me to get what I needed and then “ring it up.”

An emptiness came as I realized this growing, learning part of my life was gone. My “store” friend, and the store have passed into eternity.

---

## CELESTIAL BARTON

Dorothy J. Buchanan

Professional First Place Personal Recollection

She was christened Celestial—a most fitting name for her, but everyone called her “Lesty.”

Born sometime before the turn of the century, she lived in Mt. Pleasant in a two-storied red brick house situated through the block from our home and directly across the street (east) from the building site of the new twelve-room school house. This school house was reported to be one of the finest new school buildings in the territory. It has been said that Lesty watched the construction of the new school building with great interest and attended the dedication in 1896. She always called it the “Centennial School”, although it was later named the “Hamilton School.”

No wonder she was interested in this school. Her husband, Kimber Barton, died in his middle years, leaving her with the responsibility of educating and rearing their eight children. Their five daughters were Eva, Hazel, Sarah, Mildred and Grace. Their sons were Roy, Lawrence and Lloyd.

She had a large yard where grew several tall trees. She put up a high swing and made everyone feel welcome to use it. The children in the neighborhood often made the statement, “Let’s go over to Barton’s and swing.” And how we did swing. I swear we touched the stars. Often when we were swinging, we would hear Lesty call from an upstairs window, “Sarah, it’s time to get the cows,” or “Mildred, it’s time to put the clothes to soak,” or “Grace, remember to get in your chips.”

Even with her many responsibilities, Lesty was always calm, serene and pleasant. Everyone loved her and was always ready to help her, just as she was always ready to help others.

As an example of Lesty’s thoughtfulness, I would like to tell of her assistance in one of our times of need.

My mother and I drove to Nephi one hot summer day and bought six bushels of peaches to bottle. Six bushels! I was perturbed when I thought of how hot our kitchen would be the next day with our great black Majestic range boiling batch after batch of bottled peaches.

Early the next morning someone knocked on the kitchen door and there stood Lesty wearing a clean apron, with a paring knife in her hand. She made the statement, “I thought you could use some help with those peaches.” She stayed most of the day and she HELPED.

Sometime after this a bee stung me on the leg. My leg swelled up and became painful. Mama was away. What to do! Lesty again. I was soon at her door. She was busy ironing. She took one look at my leg and went outside and got a handful of mud, which she placed firmly on the site of the sting. The pain left and the swelling went down not long afterward.

Lesty was famous for her cooking. One of her boarders, a relative named Burke McArthur, who was also editor of the Mt. Pleasant Pyramid, would not miss a meal at Lesty’s for any reason. He had his three meals there every day!

Lesty didn’t spend all her time working. She belonged to a club called “The Sunshine Club,” made up of a fine group of women. It was so good, in fact, that Hilda Longsdorf mentioned it in her book, Mt. Pleasant (published in 1939 by the Mt. Pleasant Historical Association) and included a photo showing most of the women wearing white shirtwaists and long black skirts. It is a good picture of Lesty. She was a nice-looking woman with brunette hair pulled away from her face as was the fashion at that time.

I have been told that the women had a good time together. There was merriment and laughter, as befitted the club name, "The Sunshine Club."

Then came December 1918. My mother was expecting a baby, but could find no doctor in Mt. Pleasant. So she called Dr. Rigby in Fairview, who promised to come when he was needed. But when Mama called him, his wife told her that Dr. Rigby was stricken with Spanish Influenza and was very ill. He could not possibly come.

Mama was in a quandary. What could she do? Someone mentioned Lesty. She was called and she came. Her spirit permeated our home. We were delighted to have her. She stayed a few hours with my mother, but the baby would not come. Then we noticed that Lesty had gone outside. When she returned, mama asked where she had been. She answered that she had been talking to the Lord, asking him to bring the baby to us. And it wasn't long before Lesty helped the baby into the world. The baby was my youngest brother, Briant, born December 15, 1918.

We were a happy household. It seemed that Lesty put everything to rights. And how she took care of that baby. As we had no bathroom at that time, she would put a large pan of warm water on the kitchen table and carefully bathe little Briant. Then she would wrap him in a towel and sit in the rocking chair in front of the coal heating stove in the dining room. She would put Briant on the towel on her lap, open the stove door so that the heat could come out and warm his body. It was a joy to watch her pat him and talk to him with love in her heart. I watched every time she bathed him.

In thinking about our centennial year, I thought of Lesty time and time again. She personifies so well the pioneer spirit that has made our state stand out among states. And just as she watched the "Centennial School" being built, and then dedicated in 1896, so I have watched her, first in person, then in my mind's eye, represent the Centennial Spirit we are celebrating during this one hundredth anniversary year—1996.

She went by Lesty, but everyone knew her to be "Celestial"!

---

## **WE WERE THERE**

Linnie M. Findlay

Professional Second Place Personal Recollection

My husband and I were there in the Great Salt Lake Tabernacle in January 1946 when a celebration of fifty years of Utah Statehood was held. That is too long ago to remember much of what was said on that occasion, but I do remember some of what I felt as I listened to the speeches and the music.

The Tabernacle was probably full. We sat in the first row of the south balcony, up near the front of the building. There was a military band and the formal speeches commemorating the Pioneer trek across the plains to the valleys of the mountains and the long and persistent effort to gain a place among the states of the United States and be represented by a new star in the flag.

Someone named Frances Newton has said that she discovered in a book titled The Flag of the United States..It's History and Symbolism by Col. James A. Moss that "the reason why our forefathers placed stars in our National Emblem is given in the Congressional Act of June 14, 1777, which adopted the Flag and prescribed that the Union be thirteen stars in a blue field—representing a New constellation---symbolizing--the stars in the heavens; signaling to mankind the birth of the first nation on earth dedicated to personal and religious liberty; a sanctuary to which men and women the world over, oppressed because of religious and other beliefs, might take refuge and enjoy Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

I don't know if all of our pioneer ancestors were aware of that lofty ideal, as they had suffered much persecution on account of their religious beliefs. They had sent a number of "Memorials" to congress requesting Statehood, so that they could better control their own destiny. Statehood did not come about until one hundred years ago on 4 January 1896.

At the celebration in 1946, there were formal speeches and music, and it was a great occasion. Governor Herbert B. Maw was there and many dignitaries, and everyone was dressed in their Sunday best, and we began to feel that it would not be possible to fully comprehend all that had gone before to reach the desired goal for Utah to become a state.

And I'm sure we don't. I've often thought that hind-sight is only half-sight, because we aren't aware of all that influenced events in the past. But the final speaker in the meeting was LDS Church President George Albert Smith. President Smith was a favorite with many who were not of the LDS faith, as well as with church members, and when he stood to speak, he began, "My dear Brothers and Sisters...."

The feeling in the room changed from stiff formality to warmth and love. It is a feeling I have never forgotten. Everyone there was a friend. Not much of what was said that day is remembered after fifty years, but President Smith's all-encompassing love for his fellow-men is something that has given strength to our lives and appreciation for what it means to live in this land of the free, in Utah, the 45<sup>th</sup> state of the Union, in the years that have gone since.

---

## THE FEATHERLESS BIRDS

Eleanor P. Madsen

Professional Third Place Personal Recollection

Two important things happened in the lives of Charles Heber and Alice Ann Evans Bird in 1896 that had a far-reaching effect on many people in Sanpete County and other communities in the state of Utah.

The first event was a move for the Bird family from Nephi to Manti, a central location for Charles' county-wide practice of dentistry. He established his office in the Tenant Building on Main Street in Manti and made a home for his family on Third East and Union Street.

The house had a white picket fence in front and garden, fruit trees, berry and currant bushes in the back yard. The four-bedroom house provided a comfortable setting for the family.

As the larks in the meadows west of Manti sang their cheery song of a "pretty little town," so the Bird family was soon recognized for the musical talent that radiated from their home. The family spent many happy hours around the organ, with Alice Ann playing melodies as they sang together.

It wasn't long until young Charles, 16, organized a group of young people who met for delightful Sunday evening get-togethers at their home.

The family became involved with music in the Church and community. At one time the opera "Queen Esther" was presented in Manti and every member of the Charles Bird family had a part in it.

Charles Heber had a beautiful tenor voice and would often pick up a child and sooth it to sleep with a lullaby or a hymn. "Come, Come, Ye Saints" was his favorite.

Each child seemed to have a special gift of music and used his talents for the benefit of others.

Charlotte (Lottie), the first daughter in the family, had been a member of the Juab Stake Choir and with that group had performed many programs in surrounding towns. When she married Joseph Booth in 1898, they made their home on Provo Bench (now Orem) where she continued to use her musical and writing talents for the benefit of their family of three children and others.

Harriet (Hattie), a second child, was also a member of the Juab Stake choir, performing programs with them. When she came to Manti, she met Christen Azelsen, a former editor of the Manti Messenger. After they married, they lived in Manti for a number of years where Christen taught school. They later moved to Salt Lake City where Christen Continued to teach and where they gave much loving service in Church and community. They were blessed with three children. A son, Tom, was a boy soprano, a violinist and entertainer. At one time he won a contest on the Opheum Theater stage when he sang the song, "Mickey."

Third in line in the Bird family was young Charles. He married Alice Reid from Manti, and Charles practiced dentistry along with his father in Manti. He served as Ward chorister in the Manti North Ward, and when they moved to Salt Lake City he and Alice were both members of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir for 35 years. For 25 of those years Charles was secretary of the Bass section. They accompanied the choir on three tours, two to California and one to the World's Fair in Chicago. A son, Charles, and his wife were also long-time members of the Tabernacle Choir. Another son, Lawrence, was head of the music department at Wasatch High School in Salt Lake City.

The next child was Ephia, the only one who remained in Manti all of her life. She married Melroy Kjar, and together with her sweet alto and his rich bass voice they had a home filled with music.

Ephia began singing as a child in Primary and Sunday School programs and continued her service as organist and chorister in the auxiliary organizations of the Church. She organized a Relief Society chorus in the Manti Center Ward, which was later known as the "Singing Mothers." She directed this chorus for 20 years. The group sang in General Conference on two occasions and at the 50<sup>th</sup> Year Jubilee Pageant for the Manti Temple. Ephia and Melroy sang with the Manti Tabernacle Choir all their lives. A number of their children also participated with the choir as they sang for Stake Conferences, presented the annual Messiah and on a special occasion performed in the Salt Lake Tabernacle for a General Conference.

Their numerous posterity have given much service with their musical talents in solos, quartets, choruses, performing, directing, and teaching in Church and community on many occasions.

Blanche, a fourth daughter, was also a member of the Manti Tabernacle Choir. She married J. Eugene Harrison. They moved to Provo where they continued to give much service. Their four children have gained much recognition as accomplished musicians. Daughters Edith and Jean sang solos in concerts at Brigham Young University with Florence Jepperson Madsen, a world-renowned vocalist.

Jean's husband, Byron Jensen, is a composer and plays several instruments, being especially acknowledged as an outstanding organist.

The two sons, Dan and Jack Harrison, have also been active in choral groups, Dan singing with the Mendelssohn Chorus in Provo and Jack securing a three-year music scholarship at BYU. He was with the Texas Army Band for four years and Manager of the Civic Orchestra and President of Oak Hill Second Ward Choir in Provo.

Charles and Alice's second son, Kenneth Bird, who married Lola Bradley, made music his career. He attended the McCune School of music and received a Life Teaching certificate. He directed the Alpine Stake choir for 20 years and directed two Stake choruses, an 85-member male voice and a 75-member female voice chorus. He was MIA Stake Chorister for five years and took special groups to General Conference. He was Supervisor of Music in the Alpine School District and was Instructor of Music in the American Fork High School. His family has followed in his footsteps, being active participants in Church and Community choirs and activities.

Heber was only two years old when the family moved to Manti. He spent all his school days there and then taught for seven years and was principal of the school for the last year. He married Irma Reid, and after her death he married Hazel Snow. He and Hazel were members of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir for 33 years after they moved to Salt Lake, where Heber continued to teach school. In 1955 they went with the Tabernacle Choir on a European Concert tour to the dedicatory service of the Berne Switzerland Temple. A son, Gayle, was also a member of the Choir for 15 years.

Myron Evan Bird, the last of the "Featherless Birds," would have celebrated his 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary this year of Utah's Statehood. He was born June 25, 1896, in Manti, Utah. He too had music in his life as he played in band concerts around southern California while at Camp Kerny in World War I. The 145<sup>th</sup> Band also performed benefit concerts throughout Utah prior to leaving for the European Theater of the war. The Unit was stationed at Hospital #6 east of Bordeaux, France.

During a war interval he married Romania Westenskow of Manti and they made their home in Delta where they raised their three children, Dorothy, Evan, and Don. Myron became Ward Chorister and Choir

Director in his ward in Delta. He recorded that his greatest thrill in his musical career was leading the singing for a fast meeting in an airplane 11,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean.

Myron's greatest contribution, however, was bringing music into people's souls as a 'healer of men.' His life was spent as a Medical Doctor in Delta where he delivered 5000 babies and performed countless operations. (His wife and daughter were his assistants.)

Myron somehow found time to serve as Mayor of Delta and as Sunday School Superintendent, Bishop and High Councilman while continuing his medical practice.

On two different occasions his life was spared by miraculous means that he might accomplish the work he was sent her to do. He devoted his life to helping and healing others.

His fondest memories of his life at home in Manti were of the family around the old piano in the parlor singing their hearts out.

Charles Heber and Alice Ann and their nine Birds are all gone now but their numerous posterity still continue to sing, to play, to teach, to gather their families around the piano or the campfire and echo the sweet melodies of the Birds who came to Manti in 1896.

They remember with special fondness, Myron, the last of the "Featherless Birds," who was born that years and who gave so much as a 'healer of men' in the song of life.

---

## **WASHAKORIE'S CURSE**

Duane Hughes

Professional First Place Historical Essay

The year 1896 had double significance to the residents of Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah. The long anticipated news of Statehood for Utah coincided with the completion of a magnificent edifice built to serve as a much needed elementary school for the growing population of the town.

Built of Native sandstone hauled in from nearby mountains, and brick shipped in by rail from Salt Lake City, the three-story marvel boasted of twelve classrooms, offices, storage, and three marvelous staircases ornately carved by local artisans.

The school was located on ground on block east of the town center. The plot had escaped development because it initially served as an Indian burial ground. To accommodate construction, two deceased Indians were exhumed and reburied in Indianola, against the wished of Washakorie, out-of-wedlock son of Chief Washakie and an immigrant woman from Denmark. Also known as Tabacco Red, Washadkorie was a handyman in Mt. Pleasant. He spoke fluent English, but could not read or write.

At the early summer dedication of Hamilton School, which was named for an early settler, Washakorie interrupted the ceremonies to pronounce a curse upon the school, to last for one hundred years. Ghosts of the two deceased Indians were to haunt the school, and two white men were to lose their lives as punishment for disturbing the burial grounds. Washakorie was chased away and dismissed as a drunken fool.

The school became the pride of the community, and the school bell was used for community notification of fires, floods, and special events. It could be heard clearly throughout the town. Along with the nearby Carnegie Library, the area became the cultural center of town and was the site of many celebrations.

Students marched into the school at the start of the day and after lunch and recess to the playing of a piano in the hall of the main floor. Strangely, the piano would often be heard playing at odd hours, both day and night, with no one around. The music was not recognized, but was somber and ominous. The piano was finally moved to the music room on the second floor, and the weird music stopped.

On March 24, 1992, a double tragedy occurred in the boiler room of the school. The custodian, Knute Terkelsen, had gone to the boiler room and did not return. The principal, Elmer Johansen, went looking for him and also did not return. On checking the boiler room, a teacher found the bodies of both men at the bottom of the boiler room stairs. They had been electrocuted by faulty wiring on a light bulb. The light had been used many years without incident. Many people then remembered Washakorie's curse.

Following the deaths of the two school employees, the school bell began to act strangely. The bell would mysteriously toll, day or night, whenever a person in town would pass away. People would joke that their bell was about to be rung whenever they were ill. No reason for the weird ringing could be found, and the ringing was dismissed as a natural phenomenon, like the wind or children throwing rocks. Then, during World War II, it was noticed that the bell would ring although no one in town had apparently passed away. Then, someone noticed that the ringing coincided with the death of a Mt. Pleasant soldier, even though news of the tragedy had not yet reached the family of the fallen serviceman. The ringing suddenly stopped in August of 1945, after the war ended. No further incidents were ever reported.

The fire escape was a twisting slide, with access at the second and third floors. Most students found the fire drill exciting. Those on the third floor would go scooting down, and those on the second floor would try to jump in between. Usually two sixth grade boys would be at the bottom of the slide to catch and steady the student plummeting down. A small number of students, however, found the drill to be an ominous experience. Many claimed that the boys at the bottom took on a strange and dreadful image, as if they were going to snatch a student and run away. Some students said they appeared to be old and swarthy, with long unkempt hair and penetrating eyes. A few students became so terrified that they would be escorted down the inside staircase rather than be sent down the slide.

When the school obtained a movie projector around 1940, the library became the audio-visual center, and some strange things occurred, teacher Clair Madsen was the only one allowed to operate the projector, but there were times when he would unlock the library, and find the projector running, even with no film loaded. On one occasion in the author's experience, the projector suddenly stopped, then started running backward, with no operator intervention. Sometimes unusual images would appear on the screen that was not on the film, and although the films were black and white at the time, a red tint would appear, and then fade away. The projector was finally returned to the supplier as defective.

In the mid-1940's when the author's father was custodian of the school, a custom arose, which, in retrospect, could have had disastrous outcomes. The three floors of the school had slanting ledges on the outside, at the window bottom level. The ledges were about six inches wide, and ran all the way around the building. A brother of the author noticed that he could climb from the fire escape to the ledge on the bottom floor, then carefully and skillfully move along the ledge and actually go all the way around the building. With his success, others followed, and soon a club of "ledge monkeys" was formed. On occasion, someone would fall off, from about six feet off the ground, but no serious injuries resulted.

The ledge pioneer decided to try the second floor ledge. There was no room for error now, for it was about sixteen feet off the ground. After his success, others followed, and soon a group of ten boys were members of the second floor ledge gang. After being chased away by a school board member, the group operated after dark, which made the activity more dangerous and also more challenging.

Finally, the temptation of the third floor ledge was too much to resist. At twenty six feet off the ground, and in the dark, this challenge became a sort of rite of passage for the boys who were in on the activity. A fall would surely be fatal, so the boys would follow below the ledge climber with a safely blanket, thinking that would save any unfortunate who slipped. Five boys eventually mastered the third floor ledge, but the sixth resulted in catastrophe, almost. Arlo S., age 16, made it half way around the building, followed below by six boys holding the blanket. As Arlo paused at the window of the library on the north side of the building, he peered into the interior. A piercing scream penetrated the night air, and Arlo's flailing body hurtled outward and down. His guardian angel leapt into action. A blue spruce, some twenty feet in height, was right at the edge of the pavement, and Arlo crashed into the upper limbs and

rolled downward. With swift reflexive action, we who held the safety blanket moved toward the tree, just in time to catch Arlo as he rolled off the lower branches. We all collapsed into a pile.

A voice from the group asked, "Is he dead?" and Arlo's scrambling body gave the only response. He ran barefoot across the school yard and hid in a ditch beside a distant road. As we hustled to reach him, he shuddered to explain that he had seen the ugliest face on earth looking out from the building interior. Scratched and bruised, he was unbroken in body, but shattered in soul, and the legend of the ledge climbers ended at the time and spot. Later inspection of the library showed that a furniture piece with a large mirror had been pushed up close to the window.

Time and use wore steadily at the Hamilton School, and finally, in the early 1970's, a new building opened, and the cursed edifice was torn down. Pieces were scattered far and wide. Those who gathered mementos took with them memories of individual escapades, and myths of the curse faded away. Now, at the centennial year, Washakorie's curse has ended and blended into the history of this remnant of the Saga of the Sanpitch.

References: [Book of Mt. Pleasant](#) – Hilda Madsen Longsdorf, 1939  
[Wheel of Time](#) – Vida Jones, 1960  
[Hansen Family History](#) – Malda H. Larsen, 1976.

---

## TEACHER AND SURVEYOR

Marilyn Fox Alexander

Professional Second Place Historical Essay

There's a thread which binds me to the historic tapestry of Manti. I am part of that tapestry which begins with a scene in the life of my great-great-grandfather Jesse Williams Fox, Sr., born the son of a "respectable farmer" in Jefferson County, New York. As a boy, he worked on his father's farm until 1837. When he was eighteen years old, he was sent to a "literary institution" (seminary) to acquire an education. From then until 1844—these six years he attended school and then taught school. Except in the name, there was little difference in early 19<sup>th</sup>-century seminaries and academics. Students learned grammar and literature, oratory, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, surveying, geography, history, astronomy, elementary physics and chemistry. Many young men went directly from an academy to the study of law, medicine, and divinity.

In 1844 after he heard about the Mormon Church, a new picture begins to emerge. Jesse emigrated to Nauvoo with his two brothers, their wives, five children and an unmarried sister; it took them two months. They arrived the day before the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were assassinated in Carthage Jail. Jesse was baptized days after viewing the bodies, which were brought back to Nauvoo on June 28<sup>th</sup>. Jesse lived and taught school in Nauvoo until the general exodus of the Latter-day Saints in the early months of 1846. One of his pupils was a thirteen-year-old, Eliza Jerusha Gibbs, whose mother and sister had joined the church after her father died. During this time of persecution of the church embers, many people died of cholera, exposure and lack of nourishment. All but four of the twelve Foxes who lived in Nauvoo with Jesse died. He took responsibility, along with a brother and sister, for his brother's orphaned children. He also helped many members of the church who were in need. Jesse gave of himself and means to such an extent that he became ill and Brigham Young sent him home on a mission to New York and to regain his health. Therefore, he was unable to accompany the first group of Saints across the plains.

He returned to New York where he converted and baptized a number of his family, including his father, Samuel. With him in New York was his nephew Edward W. Fox, who attended school and learned surveying from Jesse. They returned to Council Bluffs together in 1849, then crossed the plains the same year,

although in separate wagon trains. In later years Edward became a resident of Manti and continued the surveying work Jesse had been doing.

The Gibbs families had stayed in Nauvoo and were now preparing to cross the plains. We may imagine the reunion of Jesse and Eliza on the banks of the Missouri early in the summer of 1849 after their years of separation, and their getting reacquainted with each other—now, not as teacher and pupil, but as two people who had admired each other in earlier years. She had become a lovely young woman and their fondness for each other grew stronger until on June 2<sup>nd</sup> they were married by Apostle George A. Smith. Their wedding supper was served in the open with an ox-yoke for a table. She was now eighteen years old and he was thirty. The long trek of crossing the plains was perhaps considerably lighter because it was their honeymoon.

The tapestry continues to grow when Jesse and Eliza arrive in Salt Lake Valley where they soon selected a lot on which to build. According to tithing records, he started farming and was hired as assistant to William Lemmon the Territorial Surveyor. President Brigham Young sent Jesse to Manti with others to strengthen that colony in 1850; Jesse left his wife and infant daughter in Salt Lake. He took his nephew Edward with him and expected to become a permanent resident after establishing himself in Manti. He was going to serve the community as a teacher and surveyor. The value of such a man was no doubt appreciated by Father Morley, whose group of colonists had been exposed for years to hardships of life on the frontier. Brother Morley had come to General Conference in the fall of 1850 to ask President Brigham Young to send more settlers to help the struggling colony. It seems that the County Surveyor, William Lemmon, had run some of the lines of the town site while visiting Manti with President Young and his party in August 1850. Jesse Fox and nephew Edward completed the survey.

Another scene in the tapestry is Jesse as school teacher. The first regular term began in September 1850. A log house had been built for meeting purposes and school was taught there. Jesse Fox's son, Jesse W. Fox, Jr., years later wrote the following: "Father taught school in Manti and Black Hawk was one of his pupils. Later Black Hawk became chief of his tribe and Father drove into his camp on Silver Creek when on his way to Coalville to do some surveying. The Indians surrounded the buggy. Chief Black Hawk recognized Father and waved his hand and the Indians stood aside and let them pass on. Abe Doremus, who was with Father, said he was so frightened that his hair stood on end." This was during the time of the Black Hawk Wars, 1865 to 1867.

The Black Hawk incident is evident of the respect and esteem that Jesse Fox inspired in his pupils. That he had in the few months of his residence in Manti won the confidence and respect of the adult colonists is obvious from the fact of his being elected, in the month of April 1851, to the office of Collector and County Clerk. The election is also evidence that he expected to remain in Manti and that the voters had assurance that he had no plans of a contrary nature. In the very same month President Young visited the colony for the second time and released Jesse to return permanently to Salt Lake City. William M. Lemmon, the principal surveyor in Salt Lake City and County, had died on March 10, 1851, and President Young was satisfied that Jesse Fox was the man best qualified to succeed him. Here then is the piece of the tapestry depicting Jesse Fox, Sr., as a professional man.

We tend today to think of pioneer times as ancient history. To show how untrue this is let me create another picture. Jesse William Fox, Sr.'s son, Jesse Williams Fox, Jr., took as his first wife Ruth May Fox (my great-grandfather and great-grandmother) and as his second wife Rosemary Johnson Fox, Rosemary's son Ellis Mathias\* Fox lives today in Orem, Utah, at age eighty-eight. "Mathias" was named for Matthias Cowley because Jesse Fox, Sr.'s, plural wife was Sarah Foss Cowley, widowed mother of the apostle to be. My father, George Merrill Fox, is still living (1996) at age ninety-four. His grandmother, Ruth May Fox lived until she was almost 105 years old and died in 1958; Rosemary Johnson Fox lived to be 92 and died the same year. They had twenty children.

The thread continues to weave pictures. The tapestry grows through their posterity and the stories continue.

\*Rosemary changed the spelling of her son's name using only one "t".

Bibliography:

The Life of Jesse W. Fox, Sr., Preface by James J. Fox, son of Feramorz Young Fox, who did the research.

History of Utah. Jesse Williams Fox, Sr., Vol. IV, Orson F. Whitney.

High, Dry and Offside. Manti, Utah 1849, Albert C. Antrei.

Song of a Century. 1849-1949, Centennial Committee, Manti, Utah.

---

## THE LUND FAMILY

Eleanor P. Madsen

### Professional Second Place Short Story

Mathilda Emilia Lund was just ten years old that January 6, 1896. How proud and happy she was being permitted to sit with her mother and two sisters in the Union Hall in Mt. Pleasant that day. Almost everyone in town had come to the Hall to celebrate. The sweet voice of the little girl had blended with many others as they sang "Utah We Love Thee." Later, they had bowed their heads in prayer and gratitude that Utah had now been admitted to the Union as the 45<sup>th</sup> State.

Mathilda Emilia had listened thoughtfully as her father, C.N. Lund, told about the proclamation issued by President Grover Cleveland making Utah a state.

C.N. Lund had been a member of the Constitutional Convention which had convened in Salt Lake city on several occasions to frame a Constitution for the state. After seven tries it was now to be accepted. Mathilda Emilia felt the enthusiasm of her father as he said, "What a glorious day! A joyful day for Utah, a day people have waited for and prayed for, for many long years!"

She didn't understand the part about polygamy and the Manifesto but knew it had something to do with Utah finally becoming a state.

Another speaker that day was Attorney A.G. Sutherland. Mathilda Emilia didn't understand all he said. She was getting tired and her eyes reverted to the flags and bunting around the room. She counted each star and stripe in some of the flags. There weren't 45 stars. She guessed they would have to make a new flag and add the 45<sup>th</sup> star.

This was the beginning of 1896 for Mathilda Emilia—a memorable day. Many more things were to transpire in that year that would make lasting impressions in her life.

January 13, 1896, was a joyous day. It was her father's 50<sup>th</sup> birthday anniversary and his home was filled with friends and relatives who had come to wish him well. He was an important figure in the community and had served in so many ways: Mayor, City Councilman, President of the School Board, a member of the State Legislature, Bishop and Stake President. He was always busy and concerned with the welfare of all about him, especially his wife Christiane and his eight children.

Mathilda Emilia wasn't prepared for her father's next assignment, however. She so enjoyed being with him and couldn't accept the fact that he would be gone for two whole years.

On February 21, 1896, C.N. Lund received a letter from Box "B," Office of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake City calling him to serve as President of the Scandinavian Mission. It had been several days later that Mathilda Emilia had been told about the letter and the fact that her mother and father had agreed that he would accept the call.

The little girl had many serious thoughts about it all. How could her mother let her father go when she was expecting a baby in a few months? It wasn't fair, but her parents had said this is what the Lord wanted and He would take care of them. That was all that mattered.

The three months after the call passed swiftly and on 5 May 1896 C.N. Lund called his wife and family into their parlor where he laid his hands on his wife's head and gave her a blessing. Then he took each child and talked with them, telling them what they must do in his absence. After this they all got in the

surrey, provided by a brother, Willie, who worked in a livery stable, and rode to the depot. Goodbyes were tearful and Mathilda Emilia felt and added weight of responsibility now, as she was the oldest girl at home.

August 17, 1896, was Mathilda Emilia's 11<sup>th</sup> birthday anniversary. She could hardly contain the joy she felt when it was announced that a baby brother was born that morning. He was to be named Anthon, a name his father had chosen if the baby was a boy. What a wonderful present!

A letter was soon written to the father 7000 miles away to tell him the good news. How anxiously he waited to hear. How grateful he was that all was well.

He was to receive more good news September as his first grandchild was born in the twentieth at the family home in Mt. Pleasant. Since Christiane was unable to go and be with her daughter, Eliza, for the birth of her first child, she arranged for Eliza to come to the family home for the expected event. The baby girl was given the name of Petra.

When school started that fall, the children were anxious to go since "a modern, up-to-date Central Public School house was erected on the corner of Main and First East" that year. It was named the Hamilton School. Mathilda's brother Chris was one of the teachers in the new school.

With all the responsibilities of the home and new babies to care for, the girls' help was needed so Mathilda Emilia and her sister Amanda took turns going to school and helping at home. This worked out in other ways also, since the girls had only one pair of shoes good enough to wear to school; so Mathilda went six weeks and then stayed home while Amanda went six weeks. Their younger sister, Esther, was in beginner's grade that year.

With the coming of December, 1896 was drawing to a close—what an eventful year it had been for Mathilda Emilia and her family. That Christmas was one she always remembered. Quoting from her journal:

"The family of ten and two babies sat down to the table filled with good things mother had made. That meal is a tradition in my house to this day. (Pork ribs and sausage, potatoes, sour cabbage, jello salad, with donuts and fruit cake for dessert.) The important thing that night was that a place was set and left vacant for father. He told us he would be here in spirit and we all felt that he was. He told us each one where to sit and gave us topics for conversation. Our presents were so meager, but mother made us feel that everything else was more important so we were as happy as if we had been showered with gifts. Esther and I gave readings for the Christmas program held in the church."

1896 had indeed brought many special events into the life of Mathilda Emilia. She was a little older, a little wiser. As the years of her life multiplied, that year represented a new beginning in her life, just as it was a new beginning for a Mission President, a brother, a niece, and new school and a Territory that became a State.

Sources:

Personal knowledge

Diary of Christian N. Lund 1846-1921

My Mother—Mathilda Lund. Albert C. Peterson.

Mount Pleasant 1859-1939 Hilda Madsen Longsdorf.

---

## **CHRISTMAS PRAYER: A SONNET**

CHRISTMAS 1961

Linda Jeanne Peterson Powell

This entry was received earlier than the opening date of the contest and was inadvertently not submitted to the judges.

THOU OMNISCIENT PROTECTOR OF MANKIND,  
PLEASE GUIDE OUR TRAVELS THROUGH TIME'S TURBULENCE.  
FROM WINTER'S DEEP-SET DREAMS WE SEEK TO FIND  
TRUE FAITH TO URGE US ON IN DILIGENCE.

HUMILITY ENSHIRNED THE GREATEST GIFT  
THAT EVER GRACED THIS CRUEL AND SELFISH VAULT;  
THIS FACT REMAINS INTACT THOUGH KINGDOMS SHIFT;  
HIS LIFE WAS LOVE AND COURAGE WITHOUT FAULT.

HE RAISED THE DEAD, BROKE BREAD UPON THE HILLS,  
GAVE BLIND MEN SIGHT, AND TOLD THE LAME TO WALK.  
HE TAUGHT US HOW TO OVERCOME LIFE'S ILLS  
AND TALKED TO US A NEW AND GLORIOUS TALK.

WHEN COURAGE FAILS AND WE WOULD GOLLOW SIN,  
RENEW OUR FAITH AND COURAGE FROM WITHIN.

---