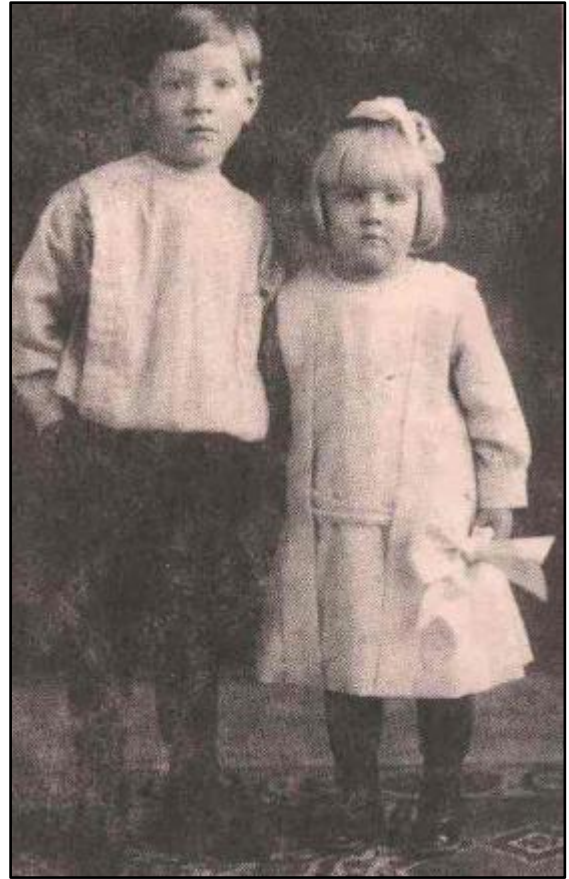




**Gideon Sidwell Jr. and Ellis Sidwell. Early Manti residents.  
(Courtesy Ruth Scow)**



**Levi and Lillian Hansen model clothing made by their mother.  
Karen Hansen, using a foot treadle sewing machine about 1913.  
Sewing represents one of the great arts of the early pioneers.**



**Photography in early Sanpete was an art as it is today. Pete and Mary  
Ann Hansen (Braithwaite) pose in G. E. Anderson Studio about 1900.  
(Courtesy Lillian Fox)**

# **SAGA OF THE SANPITCH**

## **Volume XXIII**

**Winning Entries**

**for the**

**Sanpete Historical Writing Contest**

**Selected Pictures and Writings**

**Sponsored by**

**Sanpete Historical Writing Committee**

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**Eleanor P. Madsen, Chairman**

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**Manti , Utah**

## PREFACE

When despair and discouragement overcame the Pioneers as they traveled the long prairie miles, they found comfort, solace and rejuvenation for their tired bodies and weary souls in song and dance. As they reached the mountain valleys and began building homes, schools, churches, some of the first buildings they constructed were Boweries, pavilions and Opera Houses where they could find entertainment and sociability. They began a cultural climate in the sand, stone and sagebrush.

From their European homes the pioneers brought with them musical instruments, artist's paint brushes, writing skills and other means of creative expression. Some made their own violins with string from the threads in mother's sewing basket or hair for a bow from father's horse.

Each community had gifted individuals who directed choirs, operas, played in orchestras and dance bands, who painted mountain landscapes, pioneer panoramas, entertained with readings and plays, who taught these skills to eager youth.

Of one who gained great fame in the musical world it was said, "He didn't leave home so much as he took it with him and whenever he returned he brought a little of the world's culture with him to Sanpete."

A quote from the Ephraim Enterprise May 19, 1977 reveals the influence of another great teacher. It reads, "His influence is felt when young musicians sit down to accompany congregations in churches and schools of the West...and East. Whenever the sound of a piano is heard in the background of local choral groups, his tutored technique is there."

These comments are representative of a host of Sanpete artists, some of whom have remained, others who have scattered over the world, taking with them a part of the culture that is their Sanpete heritage.

We see talents fostered by these descendants of pioneers in all phases of life and realize that whatever elevates us to live on a higher plane, helps us to soar above the mundane things of life is integrated in a cultural atmosphere.

In our 1991 Saga of the Sanpitch we pay tribute to all who have made our lives better, who have touched our hearts with their words, their music, their painting, their skills of many kinds, their teaching. These words to a great teacher may best express out feelings:

## MAESTRA

They came to her, tall from their fathers' farms,  
Brown with the sun, with morning in their eyes,  
Wearing the summer on their strong young arms,  
Walking with willow-wind upon their thighs.  
From villages and from a city street,  
They came with red-lipped songs for her to hear,  
They gay girls with their voices high and sweet,  
And the bronzed boys, their laughter sweet and clear.

She took the wild green singing that they brought,  
The childish words and untrained melodies,  
And with a master's hand she tempered, taught,  
And urged immortal music out of these.  
She touched the young musicians, made them wise,  
But left them still with morning in their eyes.

Betty Wall Madsen



**CO-CHAIRMEN:** Eleanor P. Madsen  
Lillian H. Fox  
Linnie M. Findlay  
**EDITING:** Diana Major Spencer  
**SCRIPT ASSISTANT:** Norma W. Barton  
**TYPIST:** LuGene A. Nielson

### **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

*The Sanpete Historical Writing Committee wish to thank all who have submitted manuscripts and who have given of time and talents in the production of this volume of the Saga of the Sanpitch. A special thanks to all who have contributed pictures and to those who have given encouragement in many ways.*

### **COVER**

*The cover "Cultural Arts in Sanpete" is a graphic rendering by Mardene Thayne. Mardene is the daughter of LeMar O. Hanson of Ephraim. She with her husband Royce and four children, Zachary, Kirsten, Joel and Erik live in West Valley City. Mardene has her own Art and Frame Business in her home there. She is a graduate of B.Y.U. in Elementary Education and also did extensive study in Graphic Design.*

### **ADVERTISING**

*Radio Stations KM TI and KMXU, Messenger-Enterprise, Manti; Gunnison Valley News, Gunnison; The Pyramid, Mt. Pleasant; The Provo Herald, Provo; Committee members and volunteers.*

### **EDITING**

*Diana Major Spencer is a native of Salt Lake City and a descendant of Mormon Pioneers of 1847. Her home is in Mayfield. She teaches English at Snow College. She is in her second term as a member of the South Sanpete Board of Education. This year marks the 13<sup>th</sup> year she has volunteered her services as proofreader and copy editor for the Saga.*

### **JUDGES**

*Gertrude Edwards Beck was born in Gunnison, a 4<sup>th</sup> generation Sanpete resident, whose four sets of great grandparents came to Sanpete in the early 1850's. she has lived in Sanpete all her life with the exception of a few years in early married life. She graduated from Gunnison Valley High School and attended Snow College. An avid history and genealogy buff, she was associated with the publication of the Saga of the Sanpitch for several years and also a member of the Original Sanpete County History Committee which group was responsible for the publication of "The Other 49er's, a history of Sanpete County. Presently is a member of the Gunnison City Historical Committee and Historian of the Gunnison Chapter of the D.U.P. Married to Woodrow Beck, also a Sanpete native, they have four children. Both are active in church and community affairs.*

*Marian Frandsen Christenson has lived in Gunnison Valley her entire life. She graduated from the Gunnison Valley High School, then went on to earn her Bachelor's Degree in Home Economics at the Brigham Young University. Later she did post-graduate study to receive a Librarian's Certificate, and then served as the Gunnison High School Librarian and teacher of English until her retirement in 1987.*

*She married J. Keller Christenson from Gunnison and they have reared five children. They have always taken an interest in both civic and church affairs in the valley and the county.*

*Lee Reay was born April 9, 1912 in a homestead cabin near Meadow, Utah. Following graduation from Millard County High School at Fillmore and Henagar School of Business in Salt lake City, Lee found employment with Linde Air Products Co., a*

division of Union Carbide corporation, where he worked in various capacities for 40 years. He was a field salesman, process engineer, trainer, marketing specialist, publications editor and product manager, in several cities across the U.S.A.

Following his retirement in 1972 Lee did photo-reporting for industrial magazines and operated a nationwide consulting service for welding industry distributors. He established a publishing company for which he authored and published 3 books under the logo "Meadow Lane Publications".

**Marjorie Elaine Christensen Reay** was born in Gunnison, Utah April 8, 1915. While still in grammar school she moved with her family to Salt Lake City and several years later moved to California where she graduated from Polytechnic High School in Los Angeles. She later accumulated two years of college credit in evening classes at Los Angeles Junior College, and graduated from San Francisco State University with a teaching degree in education.

Marjorie taught elementary school at two cities in California and later in New Jersey and New Mexico.

The Reays were married April 7, 1955 and are the parents of six children. Together they served a two year LDS mission in Virginia and North Carolina. They now live in Gunnison where they enjoy country life and participation in community affairs.

#### **RULES FOR SANPETE HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST**

1. The Sanpete Historical Writing Contest is open to all interested persons who live in Sanpete County and to all former Sanpete County residents.
2. Contestants may enter in one of the three divisions: Senior Citizen, Professional, or Non-Professional. Each entry must state clearly the division in which it is to be entered. Each division will be judged in five categories: Anecdote or Incidents, Poetry, Short Story, Historical Essay, and Personal Recollection.
3. Cash Prizes will be awarded as follows: Historical Essay, Short Story, and Personal Recollection, 1<sup>st</sup>-\$25.00; 2<sup>nd</sup>-\$10.00; Poetry, 1<sup>st</sup>-\$20.00; Anecdote, 1<sup>st</sup>-\$10.00; 2<sup>nd</sup>-\$5.00. Third place will be awarded "Honorable Mention: and will be included in the publication, SAGA OF THE SNPITCH, Volume 13.
4. Essay, anecdote, or personal recollection articles must be written on a historical, pioneer, or Indian theme, based on true happenings in Sanpete County during the years 1849 to 1929. Poetry and short story must be consistent with life in that period of time in Sanpete history and must be based on actual events, existing legends, or traditions.
5. All entries must be the original work of the contestant and should be in keeping with good literary standards. Anecdotes and historical essays taken from family histories, or histories of our area or county, must be authentic and fully documented. Source of material for poetry, personal recollection, and fiction, whether written or verbal, must be stated.
6. The entry must never have been published or must not now be in the hands of an editor and other person to be published, or must not be submitted for publication elsewhere until the contest is decided.
7. Only one entry in each category may be submitted by each contestant. Only one cash award will be presented to any individual in one year. A person winning first prize in any category for two consecutive years must wait one year before entering again in that category. He will, however, be eligible to compete for first place in either of the other categories.
8. Three copies of each entry are required. Names or other means of identification must not appear on manuscripts. Each entry must be accompanied by a separate 8 ½ by 11 inch sheet bearing name and address of author, title, and first line of poem, story, essay, anecdote, or personal recollection. Also, the division in which the author wished his entry to be placed must be stated.
9. Manuscripts must be typewritten and the number of words or lines written on the first page of entry.
10. Former Sanpete County resident who follow writing as a profession, or who have had, or are having any materials published in any book or magazine shall be considered professional writers.
11. Any person who wishes to enter the contest in the Senior Citizen Division must be past 70 years of age and must include the date of birth on the identification sheet.
12. Judges are to be selected by the Contest Chairman and members of the SAGA committee with the approval of the Stake and Regional authorities. Judges have the right to award or not award prizes or honorable mention to entries. The judges' decision will be final.
13. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 1, 1992. Writings not accompanied with a stamped, self-addressed envelope will not be returned.

14. All entries must be addressed to Sanpete Historical Writing Contest, Manti, Utah, 84642. They may be submitted to any member of the Saga of the Sanpitch committee.
15. Winners will be announced at a special awards night which will be held for that purpose.
16. In evaluating the writings, the following criteria will be considered:
  - a. Poetry – Length must not exceed 32 lines
    - i. Message or these
    - ii. Form and pattern
    - iii. Accomplishment of purpose
    - iv. Climax
  - b. Historical Essay and Personal Recollection – Length must not exceed 1500 words.
    - i. Adherence to theme
    - ii. Writing style, (Interesting reading)
    - iii. Accomplishments or purpose
    - iv. Accuracy of information
    - v. Documentation
  - c. Short Story – Length must not exceed 3000 words.
    - i. Message of story
    - ii. Plot development
    - iii. Characters and their presentation
    - iv. Writing style
    - v. Documentation
  - d. Anecdote – Length must not exceed 300 words
    - i. Accuracy of information
    - ii. Clarity of presentation
    - iii. Writing style
    - iv. Documentation
17. The theme for Volume XXIV will be “Business and Industry in Sanpete.” There are many businesses and industries in the County that are not now in operation, but many that have had a great impact on the economy and on the lives of people in the area, the Manti Pea Factory, the Creamery in Mt. Pleasant and other communities, some corner drug stores, ice cream parlors, ZCMI stores, Blacksmith shops, countless others that have wonderful stories to tell which have not been written. Entries not following this theme will also be considered.

Note: Contestants are encouraged to take all reasonable care to submit their writings in conformance with modern rules of English sentence structure and punctuation. However, documented historical information is of major importance.



***Union Pavilion or Mt. Pleasant Opera  
House was destroyed by fire November  
1922.  
(Courtesy Hilda Longsdorf)***

## SANPETE COUNTY HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST 1991

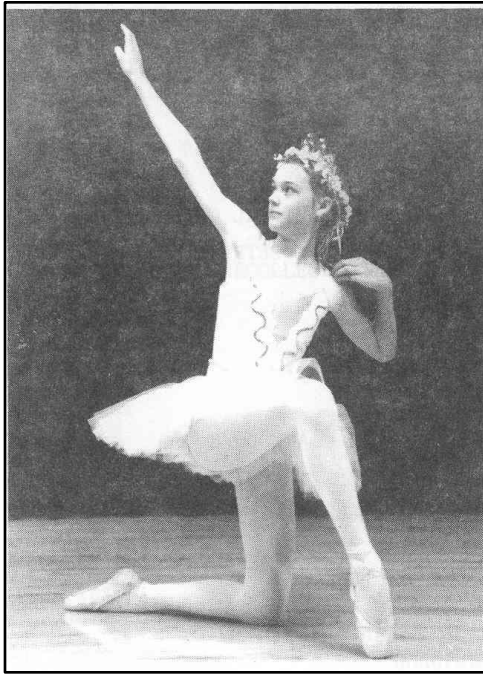
### THE SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

#### Non-Professional Division

<b>POETRY:</b>	SANPITCH HAGGARD ONES.....	First Place
	REMEMBERING GRANDPA .....	Second Place
	FAIRVIEW HOUSE MOUSE.....	Third Place
	THE MUSIC MAN.....	Honorable Mention
	THE COUNTY FAIR, O, THE COUNTY FAIR.....	Honorable Mention
	OUR BOYS.....	Honorable Mention
	A TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER.....	Honorable Mention
<b>ANECDOTE:</b>	CHOIR CHAIRS.....	First Place
	A COW ON THE LOOSE.....	Second Place
	WALES, HAVING A UNIQUE CULTURE.....	Third Place
	A CONSPIRACY AT THE CO-OP.....	Honorable Mention
	GRANDPA'S TYPHOID FEVER.....	Honorable Mention
	THE LINE DRIVE.....	Honorable Mention
	CULTURE ON THE BLACKBOARD.....	Honorable Mention
<b>ESSAY:</b>	A TOWER FOR OUR BELL.....	First Place
	BEFORE THE SAINTS.....	Second Place
	BOOM AND BUST.....	Third Place
	CULTURE BEGINS AT HOME.....	Honorable Mention
	MANTI'S TWO BELOVED MUSICIANS.....	Honorable Mention
	THE YEAR WAS 1853.....	Honorable Mention
	DESTINATION SOUTH TO MANTI.....	Honorable Mention
<b>PERSONAL</b>	SANPETE OOLITE.....	First Place



<b>RECOLLECTION:</b>	SILENT CULTURE.....Second Place
	A JOURNEYING FORWARD.....Third Place
	PIORITY AND AUTHORITY.....Honorable Mention
	MEMORIES OF WINTER IN WALES IN THE NINETEEN TWENTIES.....Honorable Mention
	THE BEST EVER.....Honorable Mention
	CHRISTMAS MEMORIES..... Honorable Mention
<b>SHORT STORY:</b>	ART OF A PARADE.....First Place
	THE COMPASSIONATE WITCH.....Second Place
	SALLY AND THE PERFORMING ARTS.....Third Place
	SANPETE SAGAS.....Honorable Mention
	THE RESURRECTION.....Honorable Mention
	THE CULTURAL ARTS IN OUR TOWN.....Honorable Mention
Professional Division	
<b>POETRY:</b>	TIMELESS – ENDLESS .....First Place
	FREEDOM, OUR PIONEER LEGACY.....Second Place
<b>ANECDOTE:</b>	PAINTER ANDERSON.....First Place
<b>HISTORICAL ESSAY:</b>	OLD FOLKS’ PARTY.....First Place
<b>PERSONAL</b>	
<b>RECOLLECTION:</b>	OLD RED AND WHITE STORE.....First Place
	JOHN STANSFIELD, ARTIST OF RENOWN.....Second Place
<b>SHORT STORY:</b>	THREE O’CLOCK.....First Place



Karen Armstrong of Manti  
of the Central Utah Ballet  
School, is one of more than  
100 students of Vivian  
Kozan Bagnall.  
(Courtesy Lillian Fox)

---

### **SANPITCH HAGGARD ONES**

Annette Van Laar  
22111 River Road  
Escalon, California 95320  
Non-Professional  
First Place Poetry

Gnarled, crooked and bent they grew  
As they writhed to clench  
Each smidgeon  
Of water the desert released.  
They captured precious morsels of moisture,  
Then curled back  
Into hibernation  
'til the next shower spilled delicious drops  
On the wretched beings.

Stripped siblings were abducted from their home.  
They wore neither a skirt nor overalls,  
These untiring uni-legged ones.  
Devoid of gender,  
They now are clothed  
In silken silver-gray  
Always changing

Whether under lustrous summer sun  
Or viewed in glittery, snow-packed evening  
apparel.

Patiently they stand  
Entrenched  
Where ancestors placed them a century ago.  
Now their warted knots bulge.  
Spiked remnants of broken arms, stunted fingers,  
Claw and act as barbs  
Against cattle leaning to graze  
Past these misshapen boundary guards.  
Still the faithfully serve,  
Marking the ground,  
These beautiful haggard  
Fences of Sanpitch.

## REMEMBERING GRANDPA

June Mower Chipman  
191 North 825 East  
American Fork, Utah 84003  
Non-Professional  
Second Place Poetry

There was a man, a smiling man,  
A man whom I never saw,  
But the stories I've heard make him real as life,  
He was my mother's darling grandpa.

It seems that his sweet, gentle nature  
Was admired by all whom he knew,  
To the folks on the street, and the child on his lap,  
A dependable friend, and true.

It was our "Gramsey" Luella who taught us  
(She refers to him fondly as "Dad")  
"He was a kindly and generous father,  
The best that a girl ever had."

There were travels to Salt Lake Opera House,  
In his quest for the good and refined,  
Trips far and near, in the big Premiere,  
Strengthened family ties that bind.

His knowledge of music, incredibly vast,  
Of the French Horn he played in the band,  
And of other instruments, too, self-taught,  
He was master-of-all, this man.

My mother remembers the grandfather's clock  
Audibly tick-tocking time.  
And the bacon n' eggs, in the chill of the morn,  
Were enjoyed by the clock's friendly  
chime.

At night after chores, in his high rubber boots,  
He appeared with his milk pails, a-sway.  
Into the house, to the window bench,  
Came this man that they called John J.

I'm proud of my so-noble birthright,  
Of a grandpa whose nature was mild.  
I'm proud of his pioneer heritage,  
And because I'm his great-grandchild.

Written by a granddaughter for her children, as seen and remembered, through their eyes.

---

## FAIRVIEW HOUSE MOUSE

Zola Larsen  
151 East 3<sup>rd</sup> North  
Manti, Utah 84642  
Third Place Poetry

Mouse, you are a scoundrel, can't you see  
The breadbox is no place for your reverie?  
Skedaddle at once to your home in the wall!  
You arouse indignations and will ruin us all.  
But the mouse so dauntless and unafraid,  
Nibbled on bread crumbs and was not dismayed.  
Now this Fairview home in year 1888

Was preparing for sleep and the hour was late.  
Little Julia and Mary, after prayer was said,  
Climbed under the covers of a neat trundle bed.  
“Will, there’s a mouse in the breadbox, go look!”  
Will was quick to oblige as he lay down his book.  
He picked up the lamp with one hand,  
Opened the breadbox with the other.  
Out jumped the mouse, and with great speed  
Ran up Will’s arm, under his sleeve.  
The coal-oil ignited as the map hit the floor,  
For Will needed his hand, the mouse he wouldn’t ignore.  
It was curtains for the mouse that had caused agitation.  
Now, the rug was ablaze, it needed prompt attention.  
With a little quilt near, will smothered the flame.  
You cannot doubt it, rascal mouse was to blame.

---

### **THE MUSIC MAN**

Elaine Parry Murphy  
1035 South 500 East  
Orem, Utah 84058  
Honorable Mention Poetry

He always stood tall and straight  
He walked the halls with a military gait  
His face, as principal, was often stern  
But in the music room we would quickly learn  
His intelligent eyes could twinkle  
To match his mouth-line crinkle.  
Raising high both of his tireless arms  
We quickly succumbed to his musical charms.  
Our eyes fastened upon his shiny baton  
As through song after song he led us on.  
The words we were singing were value packed  
And our spirits made up for what our voices  
lacked.

The auditorium, which seems so small now,  
As our music room was the whole world,  
somehow.  
It was there that this fine musician  
Also became a very profound magician

As he creatively tied all our voices together  
Oblivious to our being so unlike each other.

He took us over fields of grain  
And walked with us across the plain.  
With him we tirelessly climbed every mountain  
And drank thirstily from the tumbling fountain.  
As “Stout-hearted Men” he allowed no gender  
But with “tea For Two” all our hearts turned  
tender.

For countless years Sanpete was culturally lifted  
By a cultured man who was musically gifted.  
Ancestrally bred and brought across the ocean  
He liberally poured forth this wonderful potion.  
Over time, post high school, the values he  
inculcated,  
Through our use, have been immensely  
expanded.

A posthumous thanks

---

## THE COUNTY FAIR, O, THE COUNTY FAIR

Lillian H. Fox

140 North 100 West

Manti, Utah 84642

Honorable Mention Poetry

The County Fair, O, the county Fair,  
People come from everywhere.  
They park their cars along the streets  
And crowd into the bleacher seats.  
They dress in cowboy hats and boots  
And join the fun with shouts and hoots.

They bring produce, best of all,  
For display inside exhibit halls.  
They bring their livestock row on row,  
That's pets and sheep and pigs, you know;  
Then they await with anxious eyes,  
To see if they have won a prize.

The talent find is one great night,  
Here folks perform with all their might.  
They sing, and play and dance so neat  
Or clogg to rhythms with their feet.  
Down Main Street comes a giant parade,  
With gorgeous floats and art displayed.

The Demo Derby, my, what a show!  
They smash and crash those autos so,  
Until a winner emerges with the prize.  
All this takes place before your eyes.  
The cowboys ride the bucking bulls.  
The clowns perform, the silly fools!

There are hamburgers, hot dogs, pop and more,  
With games and rides and fun galore.  
But best of all is when you meet,  
A dear old pal along the street.  
You laugh and talk and clasp his hand  
And now you know why Fairs are planned.

---

## **A TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER**

Jessie Oldroyd  
Box 153  
Ft. Green, Utah 84632  
Honorable Mention Poetry

Come, dear children, I've a story to tell  
About a great person, some of you too young to remember,  
The older ones, remember him so well.  
He was a man blessed with many talents  
He used and cultivated them, not only for his enjoyment,  
But for all others to share.  
A versatile man was he, and we marveled at his knowledge so vast.  
Music lessons, he had none, self-taught, was he.  
His clear, tenor voice, so true  
This talent he has passed on to me and to you.  
He sang in the choir for many a year,  
"An Angel From On High," his voice we loved to hear.  
He played the cello in the city orchestra,  
Two different horns he played in the band.  
Something unusual, we children were amazed,  
He could play tunes on his head with a spoon in his hand.  
He loved all that was beautiful and good,  
The fine arts to him were special,  
He especially liked music and drams,  
Attended plays and concerts whenever he could.  
In nature he saw beauty,  
The song of the bird, the bloom of a flower,  
Friends, he had many, for he was truly a friend,  
He liked to travel, at home and abroad.  
Service, he was glad to rend.  
His advice: "Learn all you can that is good,  
Serve and help everyone, as you should."  
This wonderful man is your grandfather, and great-great-grandpa.  
To me, he was always my friend,  
My wonderfull Pa-Pa.

Source: Knowledge, my own experience and my father.

---



## **CHOIR CHAIRS**

Helen B. Dyreng  
202 South Main  
Manti, Utah 84642  
First Place Anecdote

Among our treasured souvenirs is a “choir chair.” This valued piece of furniture was just so much junk stashed away in the attic until our friends made an important discovery.

When our dear neighbor died, her children began the task of dividing her belongings. Among them were six dining room chairs. The children had grown-up with these chairs. They were important to them because they reminded them of many happy and special occasions. They had knelt in prayer by these chairs. They spoke of home!

As they perused their mother’s Day Book, in which she had recorded all her business transactions, they noticed she had purchased the chairs from the South Sanpete Stake in 1930. Originally the chairs were purchased by the early Manti settlers and were used by the community and stake choirs in the Manti Tabernacle until it was remodeled. The book noted that anyone belonging to the choir could purchase their “choir chair” for the sum of 50 cents. Their mother had purchased not only her chair, but had bought chairs from her friends in the choir; thus she had six chairs, just right for her round, oak dining room table.

This entry in the Day Book brought a new dimension and greater respect for the chairs. They were no longer just chairs, but chairs with a history!

We were intrigued with the idea of a historical “choir chair.” A trip to the attic brought fourth an old chair. As we uncovered it, we carefully and excitedly examined its distinguishing features. It was of hardwood. There were six small spindles in the center of the back with two larger ones on each side and fastened to these were two curved pieces which secured the sides to the seat. Holding these pieces together was a large curved and lavishly carved back piece. The substantial wooden seat was held up by four wooden legs, the ones in front being quite decorative. The features seemed to meet the “choir chair” characteristics.

As we patiently refinished the chair and rubbed oil into the hardwood, it took on new life and we knew we had a precious antique: A “choir chair” to be used in our historical home. A reminder of beautiful choir music. An important part of our cultural heritage.

---

## **A COW ON THE LOOSE**

Ruth D. Scow  
94 West 400 South  
Manti, Utah 84642  
Second Place Anecdote

Milk cows that belonged to individual families were always important in the Sanpete economy from the time of settlement (1849) to the first half of this twentieth century. Each household always had one or more milk cows on their own lot, which included the house, corral, chicken coop, pig pen, the granary (in which were stored various grains raised on the farm), the outhouse, the orchard, and the garden. A dirt-covered cellar stored apples, potatoes, carrots, and other roots for winter use by the family. Perhaps the family lot was large enough for a patch of alfalfa or a small pasture. Thus, a family could be self-supporting.

Occasionally of a morning, the owner with buckets or bucket in hand, would go to milk the cow or cows, only to find the corral gate opened or the corral fence broken down and his cows gone to seek greener pastures. This was a frustrating experience for the owner because he will knew the havoc his cows would do to his neighbors' gardens, and if the cows were not found soon, the city had a stray-pen. If the cows were not milked on then their milk would also decrease.

Andrew Jackson Judd, Manti, was one such upset owner. He searched his neighborhood for his friendly Jersey cow to no avail. He went around block after city block, always looking, but nary did he see his cow. Finally, many blocks from home, he saw a man working in his garden.

Jull called, "Have you seen my cow?"

The man straightened to his full height, took off his hat, wiped his forehead and replied, "How should I know your cow? I don't even know you!"

Source: Personal experiences of Andrew Jackson Judd, as told to the author's husband.

---

## WALES, HAVING A UNIQUE CULTURE

Glenn Thomas  
2850 Monroe Blvd.  
Ogden, Utah 84403  
Third Place Anecdote

The town of Wales was settled by a music-loving group of church converts from South Wales, bringing with them a quality of life that was fun, rich, meaningful and deeply rewarding. We of the third generation were fortunate benefactors of this colorful legacy.

"Are you going to the dance tonight?" Today this would sound like pretty big talk coming from a ten-year-old. That was not the case seventy years ago; dances then were for the entire family. In winter they were usually held every other Saturday night in the old Wales hall (long since torn down) to the rhythm of the town's dance band. Everyone would be dancing except the very young and the old rheumatic.



**Wales Opera House 1891-1960's. Built with donated labor from lumber purchased from the sales of railroad ties. Dancing, wedding, parties and business meetings were held in this great Town Hall. Many dramatic productions were presented on this first stage in town.**

The unique cultural part of these delightful evenings came at intermission. Small groups would form outside and spontaneously begin harmonizing together. To me, it always sounded beautiful. At times, a group assembled around the piano and became deeply absorbed in singing the songs that were popular at that time. The people of the town created their own entertainment.

Worship services were held in the old one-room church building. Many years ago, the memorable old structure was torn down. The congregational singing was like one large melodious war choir. The hymns were beautifully sung with zest and feeling. One could pleasantly identify a unique blend of impressive harmony.

At that glorious time, singing in Wales was like a great magnetic force that drew people into a happy interaction of delightful, pleasant involvement. Though but a child, I

became deeply inspired, and it gave me a life-long love for music. Unfortunately, singing as practiced then has changed probably because of the advent of television. The people of Wales, however, still have a great love for singing.

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## **CONSPIRACY AT THE CO-OP**

Virginia K. Nielson  
351 North Main  
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Honorable Mention Anecdote

Memories of “the time of famine,” during Ephraim’s first two years, were almost erased from the minds of the pioneers who joyfully attended the grand opening of the Ephraim United Order Mercantile Institution (the “Co-op”) in 1871.

Frost had taken most of the grain in 1856 and grasshoppers had devoured every spear of wheat in 1857. Peter Madsen wrote, “We harvested some seed and had a little bread all the time. Many had none for months. I do not know that any starved.” These valiant souls ate sego-lily bulbs, thistle roots and other wild plants to survive.

President Heber C. Kimball distributed flour to the early settlers to assist them during this difficult period. These Scandinavians were expert dairymen, which was a boon at this time and later, when butter became a major trade item at the “Co-op”.

Those days of tribulation had passed; the pioneers had survived because of faith and determination. Now, it seemed, they almost lived in the “lap of luxury,” trading home-grown products for “store-bought” items, including machinery, shoes, calico and even candy.

The transactions at the “Co-op” were primarily of a serious business nature; however, there arose some lighter moments:

One morning a customer approached the manager with a plea. She explained, “I made some butter, then I found a mouse in the bottom of the cream. I removed it so the butter isn’t hurt a bit. It’s just the thought! Will you exchange my butter for some of yours?”

The clerk, an amiable man, carefully considered the request, then took the basket of butter into the storage room. He removed the wrappers from the yellow pounds and replaced them with “Co-op” wrappers. He re-entered the store, gave the lady her butter, and sent a highly pleased customer happily on her way.

Source: Madsen, Peter, journal .  
Ross, Soren, journal  
Neilsen, Mary K., journal  
The incident related to me many years ago by an early settler

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## **GRANDPA'S TYPHOID FEVER**

Joan Sorensen Larsen  
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Honorable Mention Anecdote

During the warmer months of the 1880's, the Ute Indians camped in the Manti mountains. As a young boy, Grandpa Anderson visited this camp from the time the Utes arrived until departure. This continued for several years.

Finally, one spring, Grandpa did not meet the Utes as usual. Several men appeared at the Anderson home to find out the reason.

Grandpa was inside, sick with typhoid fever. Extreme weakness, high fever and labored breathing forced him to remain in bed. His parents tried all possible cures, but his condition grew critical.

Great-grandma Anderson explained this to the men. They looked at Grandpa through the door. Then, saying very little, they mounted their horses and returned to camp.

Several hours later, they reappeared at the house and handed Great-grandma a small leather pouch containing an herb mixture. They told her to brew it into a strong tea and force Grandpa to drink it. She did as instructed. Grandpa recovered in time to spend his summer at the camp in the mountains.

Although Grandpa developed a life-long fascination for this culture, he never learned the herb blend brought to his mother that day. However, he believed that without it, he would have never survived typhoid fever.

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## **THE LINE DRIVE**

Carl H. Carpenter  
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Springville, Utah 84663  
Honorable Mention Anecdote

In the years immediately following World War II, an amateur baseball league was formed, called the southern Utah League, which included most of the towns in Sanpete and Sevier Counties. Each town had a team made up of returned servicemen, several "old timers," and a few rookies. These "sand-lot" games were usually played every Sunday afternoon because none of the towns had a lighted field. The Manti team played on a dirt field adjacent to, and directly east of, the railroad station. There were a few bleachers, but many people parked their cars along each foul line, perpendicular to the playing field. This often resulted in broken windshields and dented hoods. One of faithful Manti fans was octogenarian, Andrew Merriam. He always parked his car right behind third base. One day, he parked his car in the usual spot and had both front car windows open as he watched batting practice prior to the game. Lester Larsen of Manti hit a line-drive foul ball down toward third base, which went through both open car windows and missed Andrew Merriam's nose by a ½ inch. He didn't flinch a muscle. He simply yelled, "Play Ball!" to this day I don't think he even knew that line drive went through his car without touching a thing.

Source: Personal recollection. The author was present at the event described. He was one of the "Rookies."

## **CULTURE ON THE BLACKBOARD**

Elaine parry Murphy  
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Honorable Mention Anecdote

I want to tell you about one of my fourth-grade teachers, Osmond Olson. His room was situated in the southeast corner of the red school building in Manti. The windows let in the bright morning sun, and I recall one of the boys in our class, whose name I have fortunately forgotten, would catch the flies on the window-sills quite easily because of the reflection of the sun on their translucent wings. He took the wings off before eating them.

Every morning when we entered Mr. Olson's room, we could smell the oil which had been brushed on the bare wooden floors. I can picture his room with the big wooden desk in front of the blackboard and our comfortable desks, with their ink wells and wrought iron sides, facing the blackboard.

I recall Mr. Olson standing by his door so he could greet each of us as we entered in a very respectful way, including the fly-eater. When we were seated we could see the blackboard used by Mr. Olson to convey invaluable values to his students. Each week he would chalk-print on the right side of it a carefully selected poem for us to memorize. After all these years I can still remember him reciting each poem when he first introduced it to us. He became, or at least represented figures such as "Abou-Ben Adam," who loved his fellow-men, or "The Smithy," who faithfully performed his work daily under the spreading chestnut tree and thus earned his night's repose.

Every poem Mr. Olson chose was a classic in relation to building character, and he was a living example of the traits we all admire today. He personified culture to his students in the classroom.

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## **A TOWER FOR OUR BELL**

Ruth D. Scow  
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First Place Historical Essay

Bells have always held a fascination for me. I often think about the day I heard all the bells in Manti ring. On that day, November 11, 1918, I was outside getting our newspaper when they started to ring: the bell in the schoolhouse, the Presbyterian bell, and the bells on the trains that were stopped at our depot west of town. What a melody of sound I heard, each bell ringing a tone all of its very own. This experience, I will never forget.

One morning in 1987, I awoke thinking about the old school bell. The Presbyterian bell still rings on occasion, but the train bells are gone. Where was the school bell that had controlled my life all my growing-up years? What had happened to it over these fifty years since I had heard it ring? My curiosity was challenged.

That afternoon I went to our newly constructed elementary school to talk to Principal Kenneth Graham. Yes, he knew where the old bell was. It was in the school's basement pump room. No one knew what to do with it.

We found the bell covered with the dust of decades, standing in a corner and surrounded by various lengths of lumber. I knew the bell had been placed for some fifty years under the stairway in the basement of the recently razed W.P.A. built schoolhouse. At one time, those in charge were going to trade it to workmen for labor. Finally it was determined that the bell belonged to the Manti School.

With cleansing materials I began to scrub the bell, and found the date "1891" imprinted on its cradle. I became even more excited. This bell was almost one hundred years old" I thought of the Manti history it could tell, if it could only talk. I must do something to preserve it and its heritage.

I began to talk to former students and townspeople. Former Mayor Gail Jensen remembered going to school early each morning for his assignment to enter the building and climb the many stairs to the bell tower to pull the rope that rang this old school bell. Another former student, Milt Hall, also remembered ringing the bell with help from another student. Sometimes they rang the bell so hard that it would lift them off their feet. What could be done to save the bell and make it an active part of today's Manti?

The original bell tower was part of the building built according to the architectural plans for the red brick school building. The bell had been hung some 70 feet in the air; thus, its ringing could be heard in all parts of town. At present, a lone bell tower could not be built to that height, but a bell tower to house the long-lost bell must be planned!

Thus the project began with an enthusiastic committee which concentrated on obtaining addresses of former students. Then our first mailing was sent out, and contributions of monies began to come in.

At first, disaster struck. Thelma Smith, our secretary, became ill; Bernice Keeler died; Fred and Phyllis Carpenter had serious health problems; and another committee member quit. We were very discouraged. Then Helen Wilson came with her expertise to act as secretary. Principal Kirk Anderson and the elementary students had a bell-tower contest, sponsored by Betty Anderson, and even smaller children donated their pennies.

South Sanpete School District Superintendent Lewis Mullins listened, and the district cooperated in helping us with a place to build the tower. Morlin Cox was also an active participant, as were Ray and Ardella Sorenson. Thus, with faith and work and much learning, the project continued to grow with many, many folks and former students becoming involved. Research was done, photos were gathered, and enthusiasm ran high.

An early history of education in Manti tells us that at one time (1866) Manti was divided into four school districts, and that public school was taught in the Council House and the South Ward Assembly Hall. At that time the Board of Trustees decided two one-room rock (oolite) school houses should be built. One faced west near Main Street, where the Sanpete County Courthouse now stands, and the other was built just north of the creek, on Third South and First West.

A Manti Messenger of December 1893 reported: "We are looking forward to again hear the familiar ringing of the bell." Thus, we are sure the bell did ring from the little schoolhouse belfry, and as the Orangeville monument of 1888 tells about their missing bell, "It rang for school-time, funerals, and other special occasions."

On New Year's Day, 1894, a large celebration was held in the town of Manti as the newly built three-story red brick and hand cut sandstone schoolhouse was dedicated. Over five hundred people crowded its halls and classrooms for the program that afternoon. Even Utah's Governor Spry was in attendance. This stately building was hailed as "The most modern school building south of Salt Lake City."

This building was built to face the west on Tabernacle Square. It was an impressive, beautiful building which was heated by a "heating apparatus." Wide wooden stairs led to the upstairs, and along with the wooden floors, they were well oiled to keep down the dust and for wear ability. I remember that



in 1916 we students formed in lines and marched three abreast into the large, spacious hall and up the stairs to our classroom, even to the third floor. A march tune, a record, and the Victorola keep us in step.

May Munk (Livingston), one of the 1894 teachers, wrote in her remembrances:

*The new red school building had just been completed. It was a three story building of beautiful red brick. How proud the whole community was! Now their children could go to school in a building that befitted the desire for learning that each citizen had.*

*There were wide stairways that connected each floor. Nine classrooms with wide window exposures looked out on at least two sides of the building, an ideal teaching and learning way. The blackboards were on the other two sides of the rooms, with pine paneling around the rooms and coming up to where the windows and blackboards began.*

*Between the two east classrooms there was a sliding partition, making it possible to unite the two rooms for special assemblies or early morning exercises.*

*I was one of the proud teachers who ushered my second and third grade classes into the southeast room that morning to begin the school year of 1895-95.*

*The enrollment for these two grades and for this one teacher was 80 students. My teaching salary was \$25.00 per month.*

*As school opened this first morning, I impressed upon the students how very fortunate they were to be able to get their education in such a fine, up-to-date building. I called attention to the newly-bought desks and cautioned all the children to see that they never marred or scratched the fine, freshly varnished surfaces.*

*A few mornings later I noticed that the little girls were draping their shawls over the back of their desks. When I asked why they didn't hang their wraps in the halls that had been built for that purpose, the little girls replied that they had buttons on the backs of their dresses and these buttons were scratching the desks. The shawls were a protection to the backs of their desks.*

Miss Munk did not mention the bell, but I am sure it rang as loud and as long those early days as it did for me for five days weekly, until the building was razed in the latter 1930's. In 1894, Manti had no electricity, no inside restrooms, and no telephone, no school lunch, and no fire escape. Yet, all my life I have appreciated the education I received in the three years I attended school in that building. In 1904, Manti High School came into being. The first half of the year 1904-05 students from Manti and surrounding towns attended the beginning of that year in the Tabernacle annex. They used furniture loaned to them by town residents. Their classroom was heated by a large pot-bellied stove with a long stovepipe leading from it to the outside of the building.

In January 1905, a new three-story white brick school building, with hand cut oolite stone trimmings, welcomed the students and teachers. Electric lights helped with the lighting of the classrooms and wide halls, while long electric cords with a light globe on the end hung from the high ceilings. Here were wooden floors and wide stairs, but now, inside restrooms. In 1909, the first graduates from Manti

High School numbered 17. Her in this building I attended my first three grades, beginning in 1913, and came back again to this building for my 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grades. This high school building was built on the northwest corner of Tabernacle Square, facing the west also.

To return to the old school bell it called us to school every morning, tolled for recess and for a one-hour lunch period, rang us back to school after lunch, and ended the school day. In 1987, the bell was put on display in the elementary hall, and this created much excitement, for now the bell could be touched and examined.

Mailings were sent out again, and donations added to our bank balance. Finally, we felt safe in asking for bids and selecting a design for the tower. SkyCap builders was the winner, and by September 1988 the bell tower with the bell and the electronic clapper were in place.

Three large red sandstones that had lain in Manti's Memorial Park were donated to the project by Manti City. Daren and David Dyreng painted the tower, and saw to the moving of the large sandstone rocks (part of the foundation of the old red schoolhouse) as a service project.

The morning of October 16, 1988, everything was in order. The bell tower was a reality. Some 400 elementary students and teachers, also some interested citizens, were in attendance at the dedication, which was "emceed" by Principal Kirk Anderson. The dedicatory prayer was given by former Principal Kenneth Graham. The bell rang for a while but stopped, requiring adjustment. Now it rings each day at noon, reminding us of our heritage and of Manti's history and accomplishments in the field of education.

Source: Song of a Century, c. 1949

The Other 49ers, c. 1983

Manti Messenger, 1893, 1894

May Munk Livingston's personal Journal, 1871-1968

The author's personal remembrances, 1912-1991

Former students, Manti Public School, 1910-1989

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## **BEFORE THE SAINTS**

D.R.M. Jensen

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Second Place Historical Essay

They were naked, rude, and they ate insects. The native American Indians, or Amerinds, were considered savage heathens by the first white settlers who came to the Sanpete Valley. Their behavior appalled the white men, who did not understand the Amerind culture and at once began to change the people, rearranging the Amerinds's lives to conform to their own.

The white settlers were just as weird and strange to the Amerinds. The two very different cultures clashed. The Amerinds could not or did not want to understand the white man's culture.

Resisting change meant death for the established inhabitants of the Sanpete Valley. The Amerind culture would soon disappear, as would many of the Amerinds themselves.

Culture is the thinking, the ideas, the way of life that a group of people live. Today there are many different types of culture in Sanpete. Now the valley is inhabited by people from all over the world. There are examples of every race of man on earth. Many of these people continue to hold onto a piece of their culture that has withstood the pressures of time. These cultural traits have been brought with them, or handed down from generation to generation.

The Amerind culture is not seen much today. The white man imposed his culture on the people who were here when he arrived, insisting that change was for the better.

The Amerinds believed that they were a part of the land. White men believed they owned the land and put up fences to keep the native Amerinds off. This was difficult for the Amerinds to understand. Many died. Many were forced out of the valley that was their home, and some adopted the white man's culture. They either blended in or faded away.

Before the white men came to Sanpete, the valley was populated by several different tribes of nomadic Amerinds. The Sanpitch Utes and Piutes were common. These people were descendents of the Fremont Indians. The Piutes were nomadic, following the game, not staying in one location too long, and not destroying the land with permanent settlements.

The Fremont people of Sanpete were of a different culture. They were farmers who lived in man-made structures made of adobe in the area where the city of Ephraim now stands. The Fremont's had varied forms of architecture, such as turtle-back adobe granaries. They made pottery, gaming pieces and pendants. These people irrigated the land and tended their crops. The bones of bison and antelope have been found at the sites of their early villages. It is believed that the Fremont people were driven from their homes over 600 years ago by groups of warring nomadic hunters.

It is assumed that the Fremont people are descendents of the Anasazi. The Anasazi were a people who recognized the immense powers of Nature and were subject to its whims, but refused to bow before its inevitability. These people are known as "the children of light." They inhabited the lands south of Sanpete prior to 1250 A.D., the Anasazi Indians of the Southwest represent 2500 years of cultural continuity from the early Basket makers of 700 B.C. to their modern day descendants, the cliff-dwellings built by these ancient people between A.D. 1000 and 1500 are the most spectacular ruins north of Mexico, proof of a highly civilized and intelligent culture thriving before the arrival of the white man. These ancient people built great cities which survived for thousands of years, believing that they were part of the land and that the land was for everyone.

School children were long taught that Columbus discovered America. Now it is generally believed that people from Northeastern Asia discovered this continent some 20,000 years ago via a land bridge across the Bering Strait. However, a number of archeologists now believe that the Sanpete area was occupied by big game hunters 40,000 years ago. The first occupants of Sanpete County were hunters of such late Pleistocene fauna as mammoths, sloths, camels and bison. Artifacts of these early people include Clovis and Folsom spear points. These early archaic hunters enjoyed music, beating sticks on fallen logs. Flutes have also been found. These early people had simple forms of culture.

The Amerinds used a variety of plant and animal life for food. They gathered acorns, pinion nuts, grass seeds, sunflower seeds and the wild berries that still grow in many of the canyons. These early people especially liked the bulrush, sago lily bulbs and other roots. They also hunted small game. Larger game was brought down by using a spear as the major weapon or a dare-thrower called an atlatl. Later they developed the bow and arrow. They ate rats, mice and crickets. The insects and small animals were simply tossed upon the fire until burned, then eaten. They really enjoyed eating giant crickets. The large bugs were rolled around in a bed of red hot coals until the shell had hardened. The shell was then cracked open and the warm meat inside scooped out with fingers and eaten. This was considered a delicacy. They had no guns until the arrival of the white men.

The Amerinds were mostly naked, even on the coldest of days. What little clothing they did have was made of leather or fur or even woven textiles. Men wore kilts and the women wore short skirts. Hide moccasins covered their feet. The children were naked. These people did not cut their hair, but wore it in long braids.

The Amerinds were in Sanpete long before the arrival of the white immigrants, who considered them to be lawless and troublesome. Hunger led many Amerinds to steal from the white men. The white leaders ruled that the settlers “not kill the wild game, leaving the many deer and elk to be hunted by the Indians. It is better for them to live on game than to be driven to starvation or to steal the stock of settlers.” Orders were given not to feed the Indians who camped north of Fountain Green. These Indians were no longer friendly. Their regular business was to beset the route of caravans entering the valley for the purpose of plunder. They would steal stock and kill the settlers whenever they had the chance.

Many of the Amerinds did not want the white man settling in the land they were a part of. But the settlers had come and more would arrive, imposing their culture upon the naked, starving Amerinds.

These archaic Amerinds people knew where to harvest food and where to hunt. They knew how to make use of nature’s gifts, living off the land that they were a part of. Then in the late 1800’s, white man arrived in Sanpete. He changed the natural environment and the Amerind’s way of life, destroying a culture he did not want or could not understand.

These early people believed that in the beginning there was the creator, Tawa, who ruled over a domain of endless space and time and whose power was the course of all life, the sun. Tawa created the stars and planets of the universe to give dimension and substance to his realm. Man is of the earth....

Sources: Mysteries of the Ancient Americas. The Reader’s Digest Association, Inc., Pleasantville, New York, Montreal. 1986.  
The Other 49er’s. Sanpete County Commission. Western Epics, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1982.  
Utah’s Heritage. S. George Ellsworth  
Anasazi Ruins of the southwest. William M. Ferguson and Arthur H. Rohm.  
Utah Vol. I. J. Cecil Alter.

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## **BOOM AND BUST**

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Third Place Historical Essay

Manti’s Main Street bustled every Saturday night during the winters of 1923 and 1924. Up to twenty teams of horses pulling bob-sleds loaded with aspen trees traveled along until one of them reached Dee Lowry’s barber shop. When it stopped, other men in the line stopped to wait their turn. They had been at work in the canyon cutting trees all week, and some of them needed the attention of the barber. Others stopped just to visit the waiting men, and while horses and men were there together, a brisk period of horse-trading took place as each man tried to improve his team.

The reason for all this activity on the quiet Main Street of Manti? It was the beginning of a new business venture.

In the early years of this century most fruits, such as apples, pears, and oranges, went to market in wooden boxes, and in the mountains of Central Utah there was an abundance of quaking aspen trees that were of limited use. Some were used for firewood, some for fencing, and in some localities they were used for coffin bedding. Made into shavings, they were used for the soft layer under the lining of the coffin on which the corpse rested. But the aspen was really just considered a “water-hog” with too few uses. It was too stringy to plane to a smooth finish.

These were depression times, and while many men had horses, wagons, and sleds for their small farms, many of them were not making a living. So people talked, “If all those trees and men and teams

could be at work more of the time, what a different place Manti, even Sanpete, could be?" Fruit boxes sounded like a solution, a way to use the trees and furnish a boost to the whole region.

Facts and figures were obtained from other box factories. There was an estimate of the investment needed to begin such a venture, what the operating costs would be, how many workers would be needed, and how many trees it would take to make the factory a success. It looked promising. The first step was to raise the money.

Doctor George L. Sears' father had recently died and left Doctor Sears some money, so he offered to invest that, plus what money he had managed to save, in a box factory. Ralph Hougaard also offered his savings, as did Lon Billings. Ezra Billings offered his labor in any capacity it was needed. So the four men went about building a factory. They secured some land in the west par of Manti near the depot.

Certainly, the next step in such an operation was the plan to get trees out and hauled out of the surrounding mountains while the factory buildings were being erected and machinery was being purchased and installed. Initially about a dozen men went to work to cut and bring trees to the factory for \$4.50 a cord, which was gradually increased to \$6.50 a cord. While such work was grueling, the men did it gladly, for it brought regular pay checks and a measure of prosperity to their families.

At the beginning, the loggers were Calvin Mickleson, Lawrence Nelson, Julius Jensen, Ralph Tatton, Andrew and Lytle Merriam, Joe Steck, Fred Anderson, Farrel Funk, and Jim and Henry Dennison, with "the Dennison Boys" hauling more lots than anyone else. There were others who worked from time to time, some working on weekends and holidays, and some working after their other jobs. Since it was not possible to cut trees in the winter, the men cut trees during the summer and piled the logs. Then during the winter months they hauled them down to the box factory which would be ready to start cutting them in March.

The loggers all worked hard for long hours, cutting the trees, piling them, then later loading one end of the long logs on a single bobsled and letting the other end drag. At the factory the logs were unloaded and the men went back for another load. When the sawing started, the loggers also skidded the logs into the saws.

After the logs were unloaded at the factory, they were cut, planed, and loaded onto a cart. John Boyington hauled the boards to drying piles where they remained for ninety days. They were then cut into pieces according to specifications for the boxes, bundled, wired, and shipped. The sawdust went into a big tank and was burned.

The factory itself employed men and boys from Manti, plus two experienced men to operate the saws, "Butch," the sawyer and a professional saw filer.

The stringy texture of the aspen wood did not prove satisfactory for the boxes, and the plant was not large enough to be competitive, so after two winters and one summer it closed.

At the time the factory closed there was not enough money to pay all the men in full, so some of them took wood, which they sold, and some of them did well. Cal Mickleson took his lumber to Yardley's establishment in Fayette and sold it; then he loaded his wagon with hay and brought it back to Manti to sell. He made a good profit. Some of the sheds were sold and moved to farms where they are still in use.

The factory, while it lasted, was good for the men who worked for it their families and the economy of Manti. The men claimed that Christmas time during the two years the factory operated were the best that these hard working men and their families ever had. For the four men who built it, it was a financial disaster!

Source: I remember some of this, and I went to Cal Mickleson for verification and for names, facts and figures.

## **CULTURE BEGINS AT HOME**

Mary Louise Madsen Seamons

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Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Culture has been important to latter-day Saints from the beginning, and cultural arts have been fostered.

Joseph Smith himself, though sometimes happiest when competing in athletic events, enjoyed musical and theatrical presentations, and appreciated fine art and architecture.

Weary from plodding along their westward trek, they gathered around their campfires in the evenings, sang and danced to music provided by their fiddlers and other musicians. Wherever the Mormons established homes, theatres and other forms of entertainment were quickly organized.

When they achieved some freedom from persecution and settled in the West, many of the first establishments were built to promote cultural entertainments. Well known artists were brought to Utah, among them Jennie Lind, the Swedish Nightingale. Traveling thespians presented plays. And the Saints developed their own talents, some of which were passed on to their children and grandchildren.

Several of these early settlers achieved varying degrees of fame. C. C. A. Christensen was an artist who studied his craft in France and became renowned, at least among the Latter-day Saints. Some of his paintings, combined to form a large scroll type panorama, were used by missionaries to illustrate their concepts of the Gospel.

One of the early musicians was Jens (James) Hansen who, with his wife Sophia, was converted to the Mormon Church and baptized in 1853 in his native Denmark. Together with their small son, the Hansen's immigrated to America to join other Scandinavian converts in Zion. When they reached St. Louis, a daughter was born to them. Sophia never regained her health but continued on to Utah because of her great desire to be among "her people." Two young Danish sisters, Elizabeth and Johanna Domgaard, helped care for her and her babies. As they entered the Salt Lake Valley, Sophia died, but she had reached her destination.<sup>1</sup>

A month later James married the two sisters. They remained in the Salt Lake Valley for several years. One child was born there to Johanna, but Elizabeth was never to bear children of her own. In the fall of 1858 a child was born to James and Johanna in Spanish Fork, presumably as they were preparing to follow Brigham Young's call to relocate in the early spring to an area north of Ephraim to establish a new colony, later known as Mt. Pleasant, where eight additional children were born to Johanna and James.<sup>2</sup>

Om 1863 James married his fourth and last wife, Johannah Anderson, a young Swedish girl seventeen years his junior. James had designed and built a polygamist home for his two wives on the northeast corner of Fourth West and Main.<sup>3</sup> when he married Johannah, he built a small house immediately east of the family home for his new bride.<sup>4</sup> Ten children were born to this couple.

James was a man of many talents. As a young goose boy in Denmark, he longed for a violin. He couldn't afford to buy one, so he created his own, an instrument he took with him to America and upon which he played for many years.

Many nights around the campfires, James fiddled while others sang or danced his ailing wife enjoyed hearing him play; the music soothed her pains, brought memories of the past and hope for the future, as James' bow drew out familiar melodies.

Nor did he hang up his fiddle during his sojourn in Salt Lake. There he also belonged to the Brass Band.<sup>5</sup> He could, and did, play any instrument and taught organ, later piano, and dance lessons.



James organized the first band, the first orchestra, and the first choir in newly settled Mt. Pleasant. For the first sixteen years James, John Waldermar, and Lars Nielsen “played for all the important gatherings held in Mt. Pleasant.”<sup>6</sup>

Early in 1860, almost in the center of the Mt. Pleasant fort, a temporary building for meeting and school purposes was finished. This was used for “a dance hall, ‘Nigger Shows,’ theatre and school doings.” It was “always packed because the people were glad for any kind of entertainment that could be given.”<sup>7</sup>

Another early structure, completed a few days before the 24<sup>th</sup> of July, was “a bowery 40 by 60 feet, built of cedar posts, and covered with fresh green willows and limbs” constructed in the southwest corner of the fort so the resident could “celebrate in style” the twelfth anniversary of the first Saints’ arrival in the Salt Lake Valley. And celebrate they did, with “spirited speeches, music, vocal and instrumental, recitations,” games, and dancing “which lasted until 2 o’clock in the morning of the 25<sup>th</sup>.”<sup>8</sup>

A dramatic company was also organized in 1860. During the winter, plays were presented in the log meeting house in the center of the fort using whatever scenery and props they could muster. Dramas ranging from The Merchant of Venice to Good for Nothing Nan were performed.

Following the opening on 8 march 1862 of the Salt Lake Theatre, the largest west of the Mississippi, “it was unanimously resolved to build a public building in Mount Pleasant, same to be called the Social Hall” and “completed before winter set in.” C.C.A. Christensen painted the scenery. “it was often necessary for the cast to climb through a back window” as the hall had no side or back entrance and was filled to capacity early in the evening.”<sup>9</sup>

In 1865 James and Niels Rosenlof were selected as architects/contractors to design and build the first church, to be completed by 1 May 1866, though construction was delayed when Brigham Young said the building was too small. The contact price was \$14,000.<sup>10</sup>

Eventually a lovely white adobe structure with a flight of stairs leading to the front door was completed. Inside the double doors was a small foyer, lined on both sides by benches. The chapel originally had a balcony, which was later removed. The benches were in three rows, much like the chapels of today, with the podium and choir seats at the front and the Relief Society room behind the stand. Immediately south of the church the old Social Hall, heated by a round wood-burning stove, served as a multipurpose room. Both buildings were razed and replaced by the new First-Fourth Ward building.

On 12 September 1865 President Young, with a number of apostles and elders, visited the area. A wagon driven by Rasmus Frandsen and Andrew Madsen took the Brass Band, led by James Hansen, to Fountain Green where they met the President’s party and led the procession to Mt. Pleasant.<sup>11</sup>

In 1869, following completion of the railroad, another brass band was organized by James Hastler, a newly arrived Swiss musician. James remained in the band.<sup>12</sup>

Thus his life was spent. Brigham Young sent him to farm west of town. He wasn’t a good farmer, but he was obedient to his prophet. Music still dominated his life. He taught piano and dance lessons, played in the band and orchestra, and sang for special occasions. Though he didn’t teach his own children or allow them to play his organ and piano, many of them inherited his talents and his love for music.

Children of his oldest son, Hans, eventually moved to Provo where they provided entertainment at a resort on Utah Lake. Where the Provo Post Office now stands (First South and First West), they operated the Mozart Dance Hall.<sup>13</sup>

Bothilda, a daughter by his fourth wife, and her husband sacrificed to purchase one of the first pianos in Mt. Pleasant. Their son was offered a scholarship to study at the Met but declined the offer. One of their daughters taught piano until her death at age 89. Another daughter became an accomplished violinist. Their descendants continue to perform and appreciate music in its many forms. At least one

young great-great granddaughter is striving to write and perform her own music. Two of their great grandsons are accomplished artists. And the talent goes on....<sup>14</sup>

James' contributions, his own and those of his descendants, is one example of the talents that flourish in a single family. James appreciated culture in its many forms. His descendents continue to cherish the rich heritage of talent they have been bequeathed.<sup>15</sup>

Sources:

1. Family Records in possession of author.
2. Ibid.
3. This home, currently owned by Eva Staker, is still standing and is on the Historical Regsitry. Tradition indicates that Butch Cassidy once hid out here for a short time.
4. This house also remains and is owned by Mrs. Brown.
5. Hilda Madsen Longsdorf, Mount Pleasant 1859-1939 (Salt lake City, Stevens & Wallis, 1939), p. 63.
6. Longsdorf, p. 62
7. Longsdorf, o. 63
8. Longsdorf, p. 55
9. Longsdorf, pp. 68, 82-83.
10. Longsdorf, pp. 93-94; persona knowledge.
11. Longsdorf, pp. 126-127.
12. Longsdorf, pp. 131-132.
13. Personal interview with Virginia Anderson at her home in Provo, Utah, about 1988.
14. Personal knowledge.
15. James Hansen, great-grandfather of the author, was born in Grønnegade, Fredriksborg, Denmark, on 24 April 1828, and died in Mt. Pleasant on 12 September 1899. Bothilda, grandmother of the author, was born in Mt. Pleasant on 28 March 1866 and died there on 13 May 1948. She sang in the Ward choir for many years and encouraged her family to appreciate and participate in a variety of cultural activities.

**James  
Hansen with  
parents, Hans  
Jensen and  
Ane Kirstine  
Rasmussen,  
early Mt.  
Pleasant  
residents.  
Picture taken  
in Denmark.**

(Courtesy Mary  
Louise Seamons)



**James Hansen,  
prominent  
violinist in Mt.  
Pleasant.**

(Courtesy Mary Louise  
Seamons)

## MANTI'S TWO BELOVED MUSICIANS

Lillian H. Fox

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Honorable Mention Historical Essay

Ellis E. Johnson and his wife Clara Hall Johnson, outstanding musicians, devoted their lives to the culture, refinement and education of fellow citizens. The following material is taken from a booklet published in 1959 honoring this couple's Golden Wedding Anniversary. Added to this are remarks made by Mary M. Peacock, who spoke at both the funerals.

Ellis E. Johnson was born in Huntington, Utah, August 13, 1883, to Katherine and Joseph E. Johnson. His mother died when he was four years old and his father was on a mission in Kentucky. Grandmother Woodward came to live with them and took care of him and his sister, Katie.

He received his early schooling at Huntington Seminary. Much of his early life was spent working with his father on a farm. Besides farming, he did some timber work at Sunnyside and Huntington Canyon. He did freighting to Price, Helper, Castle Gate, Moab and Ft. Duchesne.

After eighth grade he went to school in Provo at the B.Y.U. where he was active in vocal music activities. It was at this time he became acquainted with E.T. Reid, who influenced him to come to Manti.

In September, 1908, after graduating from B.Y.U., he came to Manti where Clara Hall lived. He soon found that Manti had musical talent. Clara Hall was tops. She was a wonderful accompanist, playing in a dance orchestra and for her own beautiful singing. She was organist for the Manti Choir at age fourteen. She was so beautiful to look at, no wonder he fell for her! After a wonderful winter, he signed to teach another year in Manti.

Clara Hall was born August 16, 1889, in Manti. She was the twelfth child of pioneer parents, John and Elmira Tuttle Hall.

Clara went to the University of Utah to prepare to teach. During the summer Ellis visited her in Salt Lake, and it was there that marriage plans were made. They were married in Manti, August 18, 1909, enjoying a wonderful honeymoon to Seattle.

The year 1909-1910, both Clara and Ellis taught school, she the first grade and he the eighth. That year was the beginning of a life of many musical activities. It was during the year they sang the lead roles in Queen Esther.

In 1910-1911 he was named Assistant Principal of Elementary Schools. This was the beginning of many eventful years as an educator. The following August, their first son Clair H. Johnson was born. Other children followed: Kirt W. Johnson, 1912; Helen Johnson, 1915; Harold, 1918; Dale, 1921; and Phyllis, 1923. All the children received college educations and are married, well-established, and contributing to their communities.

Mrs. Clara Johnson was chosen Manti's Mother of the Year because she so abundantly possessed and so beautifully exemplified all the virtues and qualifications necessary for an ideal mother.

She was a member of the Manti Choir for 55 years and on two occasions sang solos with the choir in the Salt Lake Tabernacle at the General Conference of the L.D.S. Church. Her beautiful soprano voice enriched programs in Manti for fifty-three years. She sang in club conventions, Easter Temple programs, patriotic programs and weddings. She took the leading role in operas, including Queen Esther, Snow white and Robin Hood. She and her husband furnished music for more than 1,000 funerals in Manti and surrounding towns from Salt Lake to Richfield.

She was active in the Manti ladies Literary Club from 1912 to the end of her life. She was a member of the P.T.S., Daughters of Black Hawk War Veterans, Garden Clubs, and the American Legion Auxiliary.

She was interested in and promoted the cultural arts, which deeply enriched her life. She read and reviewed many books. She was interested in beautiful paintings and helped sponsor art displays. She loved beautiful flowers and many times won blue ribbons for artistic floral arrangements. She had lovely flowers in her garden and shared them with neighbors and friends.

She taught vocal and piano to many students. She was a member of the first graduating class of Manti High School, 1909, the pioneer class. She abundantly possessed the qualities of love, understanding, patience, courage, refinement and a sense of humor necessary for a genuine home.

Ellis E. Johnson filled many positions in the church. He became the leader of the Manti tabernacle choir. In this position he did the following: (1) Directed the "Vision" two different times; (2) led his choir in conference in Salt Lake City on two occasions; (3) joined with Ephraim chorus for temple celebration for fifty years; (4) conducted benefit conferences for grand pianos in Manti wards; (5) conducted conferences twice a year in Manti from 1916 to 1959, 43 years; (6) served on Stake M.I.A. Board in South Sanpete two different times and on the District Board; (&) traveled for the Church Music Committee to Piute, Garfield, Sevier, South Sanpete and North Sanpete to teach directing for choirs. He made twelve trips to Escalante and Circleville. His wife went with him as accompanist.

Ellis E. Johnson became Principal of Manti elementary School in 1911, Principal of the Junior High in 1920, and Principal of Manti High School in 1922. While Principal of Manti High School, he also taught English and Chorus mostly, although he taught Bookkeeping, U.S. History, Biology, and American Problems as vacancies occurred. In music he accomplished the following:

Operas: H.M.S. Pinafore, Wishing Well, Chimes of Norway, Iolatha, Pickels, Bells of Cornville, Robin Hood, Golden Trail, Arizona, Joan of Nancy Lee, and Mocking Bird.

Minstrel Shows: Four with high school students an numerous concerts, programs and festivals, regular Christmas programs.

For fourteen years he was representative from Region IV to the State High School Activities Association. In that position, he was named Chairman of the Music Committee. He went to the National Music Educators' Conferences in Cleveland, Ohio, 1944, and in Detroit 1948. He served as President of three different Teacher Associations. He was also active in many Civic affairs, being a member and President of the Manti Commercial Club and Manti Chamber of Commerce.

For the Utah Centennial he headed a committee that planned a big countywide celebration to join the statewide activities. Sanpete County held a big pageant at the Fair Grounds.

When Manti was 100 years old, in 1949, a program centered around a pageant written by Mrs. Arch Mellor. Ellis Johnson's choir contributed the music for that. At the time he also helped edit Song of the Century, a book on Manti's history.

Over the years he was active in elections and traveled with programs to the towns of the county and to the State Republican Conventions. He was a member of Manti Home Dramatic Club and played in many plays and operas. Some of them were Confusion, Captain Racket, Golden Giant Mine, Priscilla, and Chimes of Normandy. He helped present some of the most popular productions as minstrels.

At his funeral Mary M. Peacock said: "The halls of Manti High School



**Ellis Johnson, Manti Stake  
Choir Director.**  
(Courtesy Clarion, 1926)

are silent this hour, the classrooms empty; and rightfully so. After his serving for more than a quarter of a century, his name has become something of a legend there. He was a Principal whom we respected; a teacher who inspired us. He helped us students to become familiar with and to interpret the great personalities of literature. I remember well, how Shakespeare's characters became vital and alive, taking on an air of reality as Mr. Johnson led us through those great dramatic works. He fired us with enthusiasm for the literary gems of the ages, making them a delight to us. He helped us to knowledge of the structure and flexibility of the English language. In class, more than thirty years ago, he said: 'It is not a particular compliment to you students to learn to use the English language correctly and accurately, but it is a sad commentary upon you if you fail to do so.' For me this counsel has taken on new meaning as the years have come and gone."

The manner of Johnson's passing itself seems significant. In a sense it is bittersweet. That death should come while he was on route to Salt Lake to meet with the Governor's counselors of Children and Youth Committee on Education is indicative of his interests, his drives, the dedication of his life. That he was snatched away on the eve of his conducting the choir at another conference session reflects a measure of the service he began. His life ended in a buoyant note, an optimistic, a hopeful note, his life that has been so rich and full. The image he left is a dramatic one. What a pleasant thought, what a sweet and satisfying memory!

Ellis E. Johnson died March 23, 1964 and his wife, Clara Hall Johnson, January 29, 1976.

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### **THE YEAR WAS 1853**

Lois T. Kribs

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Honorable Mention Historical Essay

This day in August had been almost unbearably hot. The dust from the wagons going before had seemed to rise in the air a few feet, then settle down on them, making breathing difficult. There had not been a breeze all day. Even the ruts in the trail seemed deeper making the movement of the wagon more pronounced to Sarah. Sarah was about to have a baby. She knew about the baby shortly before they set sail on the ship International in London on the morning of February 20, 1853, bound for America. James was very concerned about her, especially since he had lost his first wife and child eight years earlier. He had spent his time learning the craft of carpentry from his father after their deaths, but he still felt a sense of great loss. In 1849 at his home in Water Eaton, Burkinghamshire, England, he was approached by missionaries of a new religion called "Mormonism" and was baptized February 27, 1850, into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This move was not looked upon kindly by his family, so he began to spend more and more time with the other "saints" in this area. At one of these gatherings he met Sarah Chadwick. Sarah was working as a cook for a royal family and in that day was looked upon as a spinster. Even though she was age 40 when she and James were married, May 5, 1850, she was still as spry and active as his 29 years. Sarah's family had not been convinced of the truthfulness of "Mormonism," so she also was alone in her faith.

Now that she and James were married, their one thought was to immigrate to America. By February 1853 they had enough money to book passage on the ship International. Almost everyone in the section of the ship they were assigned were Mormons on their way to Utah. A few weeks out of London there were many tense hours when the ship sprung a leak. The crew was able to make repairs sufficient to

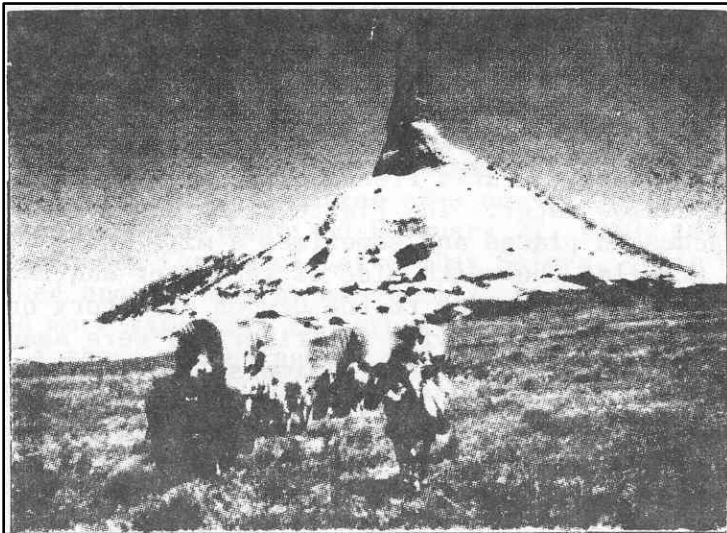
enable them to make port in New Orleans. Years later they heard from other English immigrants the International had sunk on its return voyage to England.

This had been an extremely hard trip, especially for Sarah, as she had been ill almost every day since leaving London. They were very happy and grateful to put their feet on solid ground in America. Even though it was early spring and New Orleans was a beautiful city, it was hot and humid and they were anxious to continue their trip west. Soon they boarded a riverboat and sailed north through Louisiana Territory on the Mississippi River to Keokuk, Iowa. Here they joined a group of Mormons traveling to Utah. There were about fifty wagons, pulled by oxen, with almost 500 people. Twelve people were assigned to the wagon James and Sarah traveled in.

It was relatively easy going across southern Iowa to Council Bluffs. Here they turned south a short distance to the Platte River. They were now traveling in Nebraska Territory, named by early French explorers, which meant flat or shallow water. The Platte River was indeed shallow, a few inches in places and sometimes a mile wide. The Mormons traveled the north side of the river and the "Gentiles" made their way to the Oregon Territory on the south side, but by following the river all were assured of water for themselves and their animals.

Many landmarks were used by the pioneers to measure their progress across this prairie. These outcroppings of rocks could be seen for thirty miles before they actually reached them. One of the first to be seen was Courthouse Rock, named, some said, because it reminded someone of a Missouri Courthouse. Others tell of a time a band of outlaws were tried, convicted and hanged on its summit. The smaller Jailhouse rock got its name because at one time Indians held prisoners there. Next in view was Chimney Rock. It resembled a chimney. Scotts Bluff was the next outcropping. When the pioneers saw it, they knew they would soon see the great Rocky Mountains, the last hurdle on the trail before they reached Salt Lake City. Scotts Bluff was named after fur trapper Hiram Scott. In late October, 1828, Scott had been sent on a trading expedition by General William Ashley. When they reached this area, Scott became very ill and unable to ride a horse. His companions had two choices, stay and die with Scott or continue without him. They abandoned Scott at the bluffs. His bones were found by fur trappers' years later, hence the name Scotts Bluff.

On August 17, 1853, in close proximity to Chimney Rock, the wagon train pulled into a circle, oxen were unhitched, and preparations made for the night. Guards were posted, as every day the thought of



**Chimney Rock** (Courtesy Lois Kribs)

hostilities with the Plains Indians was never far from mind. This night, James and Sarah had more immediate concerns. Their son, James Chadwick Tooth was about to be born. Fires were made, water boiled, clean cloths and blankets made ready, but before James Chadwick made his entrance into the world the awful cry of "fire" was heard. The wagon next to them had caught fire. Frantic efforts were made to round up oxen, hitch them to the wagon and pull it from danger. Sarah was fortunate, however; she was attended by a Dr. Allen who was among the immigrants going to Utah. She had had a difficult time, her first child, born under less than perfect conditions, even for the year 1853, when she was 42 years old.

There was no resting the next day. The wagon train must continue west across Wyoming. They would leave the Platte River and start their trek over the continental Divide. West of the Divide, they turned south to Fort Bridger, west again through Weber Canyon, then on to Salt Lake City.

Soon after arriving in the Salt Lake Valley, James met William Glenn from Manti. He was looking for a carpenter to help rebuild his mill the Indians had burned to the ground. James volunteered immediately, happy to have found work so soon after arriving in Brigham Young's Promised Land.

They began the trip to Manti with a great deal of apprehension. In 1849 Chief Walker of the Ute Indian Tribe had requested Brigham Young to send settlers to the Sanpitch Valley to teach the natives how to build houses and till the soil. The first group of pioneers arrived November 19, 1849, but Chief Walker had proved to be an erratic host. The colonists lived in a constant state of fear because of the Indians. Men labored hard all day, and some of them would have to stand guard over their cattle and homes at night.

On May 27, 1852, they began construction of a strong rock fort. After it was completed, houses were built inside. However, work had to be done outside the fort, so the men went together, in groups of ten or twelve, and two would stand guard while the others worked. This was the way these brave people labored until October 1853 when a greater tragedy struck.

On their way to Salt Lake City, four men with ox teams and wagons loaded with grain were attacked and killed near Uintah Springs (now Fountain Green). This was only about two weeks before James and Sarah were to embark on their journey to Manti. It was a harrowing experience, expecting at any moment to hear the crack of a rifle or whiz of a bullet. One day as they were traveling through Salt Creek Canyon, the tawny forms of Indians could be seen passing back and forth among the cedars, letting forth savage war whoops and waving their rifles and bows. Except for these hours of terror, the wagon train reached Manti untouched.

After nine months of almost constant traveling, they were ready to become part of this frontier settlement November 10, 1853.

Sources: "History of the James Farres Tooth Family", by Sarah Tooth Olsen.

"Discover Us 1988", a tour guide to western Nebraska and southeastern Wyoming.

The World Book Encyclopedia, Nebraska, Wyoming, Plains Indians.

Rand McNally Road Atlas, United States, Nebraska, Wyoming and Utah.

"These Our Fathers", a Centennial History of Sanpete county 1849 to 1947. Arranged and published by Daughters of the Utah Pioneers of Sanpete County Utah, 1947.

Personal travel in the area of Chimney Rock, Scotts Bluff, Nebraska.

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## **DESTINATION SOUTH TO MANTI**

Rose L. McCliff

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Honorable Mention Historical Essay

My grandfather, Erick Ludvigson, Sr., was a native of Copenhagen, Denmark, born in 1824. His first wife was Maren Christofferson. They married in 1843. Their son, Peter Johanas, was born in 1845.

After hearing the Mormon missionaries and feeling the strength of their message, Erick and Maren joined the church.

Seeing the need to spread the gospel, Erick became a missionary himself. Laboring in his native country, Erick told his children this experience:

“While on my mission, I learned to speak rather well in public. My confidence usually ran high. When asked to speak before a group, I did so sometimes without preparation or outline. One time, I stood before the pulpit and everything I knew left me. No sooner had I sat down when the reason why was very clear. I had become over-confident and made no preparation.”

To come to America, their greatest dream, was realized in 1853. They crossed the Atlantic Ocean in a sailing ship and sailed up the Mississippi River to Kiokuk, Iowa. There they were outfitted and joined Percy Olsen’s Ox Train Company. They started west in high spirits and hopes and commenced traveling the Mormon Trail west.

On going through Wyoming Country, the man Hansen, in the wagon ahead, died, leaving a wife (Anna Christene Hansen), who was fast losing her sight, and one daughter who had a crippled hand. Along the trail, Erick was advised by Brigham Young to assist the Hansen’s by helping them with their wagon. Maren and Peter also assisted until the assigned journey was completed.

They were happy to be in Salt Lake City. Here the Ludvigsons’ were advised to continue south. Friendships were made along the trail with the Hansens’. It was decided Erick should have Anna Christene Hansen sealed to him in the Endowment House. This they did. She became Erick’s second wife.

Prior to their destination, Provo was the next stop. There, Erick procured another wagon and ox team. Because of the extra team and wagon, Erick was urged to allow a neighbor to have it and continue on south to Sanpete Valley, taking his neighbor along. This he did.

Arriving at Manti in 1854, they selected a building spot on Main Street at 233 South where they built a home of adobe and put a rock wall across the front. Later he obtained a farm west of Manti.

The first planting of wheat was done skillfully because of the scarcity of seeds. The yield was prolific that first year. We felt very grateful.

Erick was a weaver by trade. His weaving for the King in Denmark pleased the King so much that asked for a second carpet to match. This Erick did by reversing the pattern, which delighted the King. In Manti, the skill was useful, trading with neighbors, which helped everyone.

In 1859, Erick took a third wife, Mary Jensen. With her coming to this household, some of the household burdens were lightened from Maren.

Maren and son Peter became responsible for taking the cows to graze, mostly to the foothills. They would pick berries to eat with fresh milk. Maren and Peter gathered salaradus from the swamp land west and south of Manti. This was used for making lye for soap.

Erick joined the militia of Manti. Before coming to America, Erick was a member of the Danish Military Service. In Manti, his rank was 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant in Utah Territory of Indian wars.

In 18652, Anna Louise Steck became his fourth wife. The family saw troubled times with the Indians. Many of them were not to be trusted.

Guards, especially at night, gave protection to the sleeping settlers. A constant vigil helped protect especially the cattle. Several forts were built and houses set up. From 1852 to 1888 men were on guard. Peter Ludvigson was now of age to help protect the settlement.

The block where the Manti Grocery is today, on the northwest corner, was where the first little fort was built in 1851. The rock wall around it was one of the first built. There were bastions in two corners.



There was a post on each end of main street, where if trouble came, the guards were alerted by a bugle call.

Chief Black Hawk was attending the L.D.S. Church in Manti that day. An Indian came into the church and whispered something to the chief, and both Indians stalked out of the meeting. The next morning, April 10, 1865, Peter Munk and his neighbor Peter Ludvigson and other settlers rode about nine miles south of Manti. Peter Ludvigson was killed by the Indians. Peter Munk had loaned him his pistol. He was the only armed rider in the group.

With no way of fighting the Indians, the white men scattered, each man for himself. Peter Munk arrived in Manti by way of Pettyville. A posse was organized the next day, April 11, 1865, to bring back Peter Ludvigson's body. They found his body naked except for his socks, lying face downward in a prickly pear cactus. (The family of Pete Ludvigson have always been told that those who went for the body kindly wrapped it in white strips of cloth to save his parents the terrible shock.) A strip of flesh had been cut from his back and the story goes that this was roasted and each Indian partook of it, a sure sign of war.

*Information from Saga Vol. 22, Ruth Scow, pp. 39-40.*

The Ludvigson family was saddened over the death of their son. Maren kept herself busy helping others, especially Anna Christene who was now blind.

The fourth wife, Anna Louise Steck, was younger, having ten beautiful children born in this home. Each new baby that came, Maren would go to herself and weep. She often helped these children, showing love to them. They called her Auntie and loved her in return.

When the Manifesto came, the last two wives moved out, leaving the blind wife and crippled daughter for Maren to care for.

The two boys of Erick, Sr., Erick, Jr., and Elmer, stayed with their father to help on the farm. Elmer was young, needing lots of love and attention. Once again, Maren showed him extra care and love. Every night Elmer would sleepwalk and get tangled in his father's weaving loom, thus waking the entire household. It was Maren who got him untangled. Erick would say in Danish, "The little rascal is up weaving again."

One day Elmer asked Maren, "Why do you give to the Indians when they come?" Her reply was, "The Lord said we must forgive."

Maren was a great woman. The Indians killed her only son, yet in her heart was forgiveness. In her life, she continued to give help, food, and understanding to them in her kindly way. She knew that now always had the white man been fair in his consideration of the Indians. She held no rancor in her heart. Her lifetime motto was that she "must forgive."

Also she was a beautiful example of love and kindness to her family and others. Elmer W. Ludvigson so often said, "I will always have a love for Auntie (Maren) for teaching me to never steal eggs and to be forgiving. She was kind and loving to me, often calling me "her little lamb."

Sources: Journals of Mary Ludvigson Jensen.

Journal of Elmer William Ludvigson.

Saga of the Sanpitch, Vol. 22, pp. 39-40 by Ruth D. Scow.

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## **SANPETE OOLITE**

Conrad Frischknecht  
12225 Shadywood Lane SW  
Tacoma, Washington 98498  
First Place Personal Recollection

Brothers Edward and Bernard Parry had an oolite quarry in the foothills three miles northeast of Ephraim. They were the sons of the master mason who supervised the building of the Manti Temple. They lived in Manti, where Edward also operated a gravestone business on Main Street.

On Monday morning, we Manti employees gathered at a Parry home for transport to the quarry. We lived in tents at the quarry and each of us carried a grub box with enough food to last until Saturday night. Ephraim workers went home at night.

I was lucky to obtain employment at the quarry the summer I was seventeen. I earned a dollar and fifty cents a day; previously, I had been paid not more than fifty cents a day.

A fifteen-foot overburden of almost solid stone lay on top of the oolite. Most of the workmen were kept busy removing this rock. Gid Sidwell, Mads Madsen and I did the blasting (the pneumatic drill was not in use at that time). I held and turned the drill with both hands, arms out-stretched so the drill was as far from my body as possible. Gid and Mads alternately raised heavy hammers above their heads and delivered blows to the drill. I then swabbed out the hole. When it was clear, we poured in black powder, fastened a blasting cap securely to a fuse and inserted it. Then we added more powder and finally tamped dirt down tightly. All shots were fired at noon and night. Great care was taken to know whether all the shots had exploded.

The blasted materials were loaded by hand into one horse dump carts. The carts were driven up a nearby hill, backed to the edge and dumped.

Oolite is composed of rounded particles of calcite cemented together. It has an exceptionally beautiful creamy-white color, especially when polished.

The Parry's themselves, with a few helpers, prepared the oolite for shipment. The stone occurred in layers approximately five-feet thick. Cubes of that dimension were cut and loaded onto wagons by derricks for transport to the D & RG siding, where other derricks loaded the blocks onto flat cars that took the stone to Salt Lake City. There, at a stone business on west Third South, the heavy cubes were sawed into manageable building blocks.

The two most conspicuous oolite buildings in Salt Lake City are the John R. Parks building at the top of the arch on the University of Utah campus, and the Senator Thomas Kearns mansion on South Temple at Sixth East.

When Senator Kearns died, his widow moved to Reno, Nevada, and deeded the Salt Lake City home to the state for use as a governor's residence. The legislature, of which I was a member at the time, passed a resolution of acceptance and thanks. Representative Granger, Senator Griffin and I were appointed to make a study of the gift. Our report to the legislature stated that it might cost as much as fifty thousand dollars to make necessary changes to the building (including hot water for showers; one-time pick and shovel miner Kearns had only cold water).

Governor Blood was already living in the Kearns house when it opened officially in August of 1938. Later, Governor Lee thought the building too grand and a burden on the state. The Utah State Historical Society occupied the building until Governor Matheson requested that it again be used as the governor's residence, as it still is.

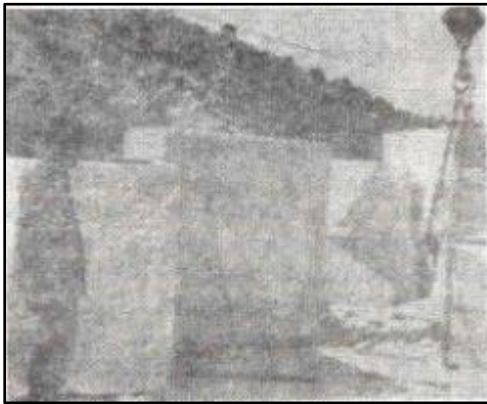
I visited the Historical Society during the time it occupied the Kearns building and saw workmen on scaffolds cleaning the exterior walls. Oolite absorbs soot and loses its attractiveness. I was told the cost of cleaning the structure might be two hundred thousand dollars.

At Manti, most of the oolite for the Temple came from outcroppings of the stone on the north and south sides of Temple Hill. A small amount of oolite was obtained from the Ephraim quarry. The overburden at the Temple site was used for building three twelve-foot-high walls that extended from the drive way on the southeast side to the northwest entrance. These walls were removed in 1910.

Other oolite buildings at Manti were the Tabernacle, the South Ward Assembly Hall, the Presbyterian Chapel and school, and the John McAllister home. The beautiful Sanpete County Courthouse was built by the WPA during the Depression.

An oolite quarry at Spring City was operated for a time by Jacob Bruderer, a Swiss convert living in Manti. He had been a successful quarryman in his homeland, but tastes in building materials changed and oolite was expensive. He did not receive enough orders to stay in business.

However, oolite had played a part in the economy of Sanpete at a time when real money was scarce, and it had provided needed jobs.



Two views of oolite cut from Ephraim Stone quarry.

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## **SILENT CULTURE**

Annette Van Laar

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Second Place Personal Recollection

Morning light lazily filtered through the lace curtains. My face rested comfortably on the cool smooth pillowcase as I savored the pleasant freshness of the room. I became aware that I was the only one still sleeping, so I quickly got out of bed. A bustle of noises from the kitchen told me that Grandma was fixing breakfast. Upon entering the kitchen, I announced, "Good morning, Grandma. You beat me out of bed."

"Oh heavens yes. Grandpa and I got up while it was still dark. We've already milked the cows, fed the chickens, pigs, horses and gathered the eggs. Your Grandpa is walking the cows to the pasture now, and he'll be back pretty soon for breakfast."

"What are you making?"

Grandma had a large tan pottery mixing bowl cradled in one arm against her body, while her other hand whipped the thick batter with a wooden spoon. Grandma answered, "Stay-storra-harra-korra."

I knew from past experience that the rhythmic phrase meant, "Mind your own business and leave me alone." But, I persisted. "Come on Grandma, what are you making?"

Her next answer was "Klutta Kug."

"What's that, Grandma?"

She ignored my question and said, "You can set the table. Grandpa will be here any minute. Then we can eat."

I put the dishes on the table, but kept an eye on Grandma. She yelled, "Oh huddah!" as she touched wet fingertips to the inside of the hot oven. The temperature was just right to bake the fresh mounds of dough. Little sage-flavored sausage patties, butter fried eggs and crisp fried mashed potatoes were already cooked and were kept hot in the little warming ovens at the top of the big black cook stove.

Grandpa could be heard stomping his way toward the house trying to dislodge mud and manure from his high laced leather boots. Before coming inside he scrapped any remaining dirt off of his work shoes on the sturdy iron fixture which was imbedded in concrete for that purpose, just outside the back door. While Grandpa washed his face and hands, Grandma whisked flour into the hot sausage drippings, stirring it to make a brown roux. Milk was added to the thickened mixture, making bubbly tan gravy. The hearty meal was served on the little drop-leaf kitchen table along with fresh applesauce, home-churned butter, clover blossom honey and milk.

After the meal was eaten, dishes washed, dried and put away, the table served another purpose. I sat on a wooden chair and watched Grandma transform the table top into a wonderland of folds and ripples of glistening white satin, shiny white ribbon and fluffy white chiffon. I sat mesmerized by the rich, slick softness of the satin and the cool light film of billowy chiffon fabric. What the world was she going to do with this wondrous material, I pondered. Transfixed, I watched her place white tagboard shapes on the fabric and trace carefully around the shape with a pencil. Then she laid inverted china cups on the fabric to anchor the slippery material while she cut out the shapes with sharp silver scissors. She said, "Never put pins into satin to hold it. Pins leave puncture holes and that wouldn't look pretty."

"What are you going to make?" I asked.

Grandma answered, "Slippers."

"Oh, I said, hoping that they might be for me. I imagined myself as a real princess gently slipping on the delicate satin slippers to dance ever so gracefully in flowing pirouettes. "Who are you making the slippers for?" I questioned while wishing it would be me.

"For a lady," she answered.

"Why does she want such pretty slippers? Won't they get dirty walking around?"

"No, they're not for walking."

I reflected on that a moment and then asked, "If she won't be walking in them, why does she want them?"

"To be buried in."

Her answer puzzled me. "Is she dead?"

"No, not yet."

"When is she going to die?"

"I don't know."

"Why does she want them if she doesn't know when she is going to die? Is she real old and sick?"

Grandma explained, "She's an old lady, but she isn't sick. She just wants to be prepared, so she asked me to sew her some burial clothes. She will keep them on hand, then she will have something nice to be buried in."

"Oh," I said, "Is it scary to sew clothes for dead people?"

"No. There's nothing to be afraid of. I've sewn clothes for lots of people. It's just something that I do."

\* \* \* \* \*

Many times I have recalled this event. It still impresses me that Grandmother (Vanda Peterson) was so "matter of fact" about the lovely service that she rendered in creating clothing to beautify and dignify the passing of the body to the grave. It is indeed a delicate art, a "silent culture."

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## **A JOURNEYING FORWARD**

Norma Wanlass Barton

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Manti, Utah 84642

Third Place Personal Recollection

One morning, Alden Barton said, "Son, Tome and Fred (Dupre) need salt for the sheep and hay for the horses on the West Mountain. No sense of me riding Scotty over alone; will you take a load over on Carey, too?"

There were no wagon roads anywhere on the West Mountain in 1929. The sheep camp and supplies had to be hauled on horseback to the designated place.

The fact that Dad needed and trusted Lee make him feel important, even if his fifth birthday wouldn't be until late fall. They loaded two sixty-pound bales of hay and two fifty-pound bags of salt on each horse and started out.

It was seven miles from Manti to the mouth of Maple canyon, and seven miles up the right-hand fork to the sheep camp. It would take at least four hours one day, climbing over ledges and around boulders, with trees and brush that could knock or sweep one off his horse.

They arrived at the camp in daylight and checked the sheep, in preparation for an early start for home the following morning. Alden had no intention of staying any longer, but next morning there was an emergency. He had to get word to Grandpa Barton. Pondering the wisdom of sending a four-and-a-half-year-old child fourteen miles alone, he finally concluded that he had no other choice.

It was about 10:00 a.m. when he put Lee on Carey with a rope tied in the middle to the saddle horn, wrapped it around his waist twice, drawing both ends to the back, then tied them to the saddle behind him. He couldn't fall off or be knocked off. Dad stuffed tortillas wrapped around bacon strips in one saddle bag and dry horse manure in the other one.

"Don't try to guide Carey. Give her head to her, she knows the way. Duke and Collie will be with you. If you have any trouble, send Duke to Grandpa's house for help. I'm proud of you. I don't know what I would do without you!" With that he slapped Carey on the rump and stepped back to watch Lee, his legs sticking straight out above the ground, bobbing up and down from the saddle, until he was out of sight.

When he reached Maylett's herd a couple of miles farther on, Tom Maylett took him off his horse for a rest, gave him a sandwich and a drink of water, then tied him in the saddle again and headed him toward Manti.

Coming closer to the mouth of the canyon, the mosquitoes became unbearable, biting every spot of unprotected skin. The Sanpitch River, running along the foot of the mountains between Manti and Ephraim, spread over the meadows, causing swampy ground where mosquitoes hatched in hordes. They swarmed around him relentlessly; the more he swatted, the more there were to swat!

From the saddlebag he drew some dry horse manure and held a lighted match to it until it caught fire. He didn't need his hands to hold on to the saddle horn or reins. As he rode along he held the smoldering horse manure close to his ears. It was the only way to keep the mosquitoes away from him. There was no such thing as mosquito repellent until after World War II.

Reaching Manti, Carey headed for Grandpa Barton's yards at 375 North First West. As the dogs drew nearer, they barked excitedly until Grandpa stepped from the house to see what the commotion was. When he saw Lee he looked off in the distance behind him.

"Where is your Dad? Has he had an accident?"

"No. he's okay," Lee answered. "He had to stay on the mountain," and he handed him the written message.

Lee made many trips in the years ahead, either going to or coming from the West Mountain, on horseback, mule pack, even on foot when everything else failed, but it wasn't until the summers of 1949 and 1950<sup>1</sup> that Owen L. Gregerson cut roads up the right-hand fork of the West Mountain, along the top from north to south, and down to Flat Canyon, north of Fayette. He cut the road with a Caterpillar Bulldozer, never having been trained as a surveyor nor having used the sophisticated instruments of that day.

He eyeballed the terrain from the seat of the Cat as he drove along. Even with today's modern techniques, his eyeball engineering proved to be very adequate, and was such that those same roads are being used forty-two years later without changes in the roadbed.

In 1968<sup>2</sup>, while Cliff Blackham, Keith Hansen and Eugene Jensen were Sanpete County Commissioners and Richard D. Olsen was the County Road supervisor, the cost, labor and responsibility for maintaining part of those roads on the West Mountain were petitioned and accepted by the County. It was then that more and more people began to drive four-wheel-drive jeeps and trucks for recreation on a Sunday afternoon, or to go into the mountains for a steak fry for an evening, or to hold family reunions, or to camp for a weekend.

It's called Progress, A Journeying Forward!

Sources: Personal recollection as told by Lee R. Barton, Manti, Utah.

<sup>1</sup>Dates verified by Owen L. Gregerson who now resides in St. George, Utah.

<sup>2</sup>Date and County Commissioners and Road Supervisor verified by Eugene Jensen of Centerfield, Utah and Richard D. Olsen of Manti, Utah.

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## PRIORITY AND AUTHORITY

Robert D. Nielson  
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Apton, California 95003  
Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

It was harvest time in Sanpete County, Utah, in 1920. The days were hot and long. The alfalfa was cut, raked and piled in the fields and ready to haul to the barn for feed for ten milk cows during the long cold winter of December till May.

There was some urgency to “barn” the hay at its right stage of curing and dryness to avoid spoilage. Then there was also the threat of a thunderstorm that loomed up from the southwest almost every afternoon. Rain would cause delay in the curing of the hay and could even necessitate turning of the piles to encourage drying and intercept molding.

The harvest crew consisted of my two older brothers and me. They pitched, I tromped. I was twelve years old and my next younger brother was nine, too young to be much help.

We had hauled and barned two loads by noon time. After lunch was a time for a brief rest. But instead of resting, I joined with my brother and his pals in playing on our two swings which hung from the high, sturdy limbs of our crab apple tree. This tree also provided shade for our playground next to the shanty, a fifteen foot high, two room, gabled roof house where Mother did the washing, and where we separated the cream from the milk, and where we stored coal for the winter.

Soon brother George, six years older than I, called: “It’s time to hitch up and go to work.”

I was having fun in the swings; we had a contest underway as to who could swing the highest in five strokes and then jump the farthest. I wasn’t ready to go back to tromping hay. To avoid muscled coercion, I climbed the crab apple tree and from the tree to the roof of the shanty.

The tree limbs were too flimsy to support George to pursue, so he got the lawn hose to spray me down. I avoided the force of the stream by dodging from one side of the slanting gabled roof to the other. But I miscalculated the strength of the brick chimney which protruded about two feet through the ridge of the roof. In the very last dodge, I grabbed onto the top two bricks to facilitate my maneuver. Alas! As I swung around the chimney, the two bricks came off and I and the two bricks came tumbling down the eight foot slanting roof and then on to the hard ground,, eight feet below the eaves.

It was a pretty jolting experience. I had no previous training in tumbling, but no doubt my wrestling with brothers and friends, playing football, and then tromping hay and milking cows tone up my muscles and perfected my agility.

The jolt of landing knocked out my wind. But George and Mother checked me over and I was soon able to stand up and be counted. It wasn’t long until I was back on the wagon tromping hay.

Later that day, when Papa came home from his job in the building business, he counseled me to “do as you are told” by those in authority.

A cultural experience! My brother was right. I was wrong. My behavior was nurtured.

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## MEMORIES OF WINTER IN WALES IN THE NINETEEN TWENTIES

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Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

My youthful memories of winter in Wales as I'm seeing them tonight are enchanting and impressive. It is a cold, chilly morning. The sky is an azure blue as the welcome sun comes creeping over the East Mountains. The landscape is blanketed with the softness and peacefulness of the new snow that has fallen the day before. I see the shimmering beauty of the white fields glistening in the bright sunlight. The little brook that we cross on our way to school has an enchantment all its own. We listen to the water as it laughs under the ice.

At about the time the light of the new day begins to appear in the east, we hear a call from mother that it is time to get out of bed. There are chores to be done before school begins. My father is the custodian and will ring the large bell at 8:30 a.m. With shoes in hand, we make a wild dash through the cold house into the warm, cozy kitchen. While mother is preparing breakfast on the old cook stove, we boys dress quickly and begin doing the chores. There is much to be done before we leave for school.

As we greet this cold winter morning, the world seems to be filled with sort of a magical spell. Icicles hang along the edge of the house glittering like jewels. The hungry cows and horses gaze toward us with plumes of steaming air coming from their nostrils. Their backs are glittering with frost and they are begging for a few forkfuls of mellow hay that we place in the manger or on the fresh snow. A bucket of grain is taken from a bin in the old log granary. This was once the home of my parents when they were first married, and four of my older brothers and sisters. The grain is scattered among the chickens. A bucket of bran mixed with water is fed to the every hungry, eager pigs. They will provide our family's main source of meat for the winter. Steam rises from their bodies as they wake up from their comfortable bed of straw and begin chomping at the trough. The cows are milked while they are munching on hay. They don't seem to mind our warm hands squeezing on their cold teats, but appear to be enjoying having the milk taken from their full udders. Jimmy, a poor little boy living across the street, about this time arrives with his tin cup. It is a real joy to squirt the cup full to the rim. He drinks it down quickly and then heads for home. After the milk is taken to the house, we dash out to the woodpile and bring our arms filled with fragrant smelling pinion and cedar wood that provides heat for cooking and warmth for the little round stove in the living room. Mother has prepared a delicious breakfast consisting of germade mush, slices of home cured ham, and fried potatoes.

After a busy day at school, we remain and help father with the sweeping of the building. He is in poor health. As soon as we get home from school, we do the evening chores and enjoy a good supper.

There is always assigned homework. Before beginning our studies, a large bowl of apples is brought from the cellar to enjoy. It is common for older members of the family to help younger ones. At times, vinegar candy is made. Light is provided by a kerosene or gas lamp that is difficult to study by.

There is a great deal of excitement in town about electric power being brought from Moroni. The men and older boys are bringing large loads of poles on sleighs from the mountains to a central location where the bark is peeled and the poles treated before being placed into the ground. A big dinner will be held next Saturday night to celebrate the completion of this part of the project. It is fun working together like on large family.



After studies, we kids compete to get the warmest place back of the stove. From our cozy nook we listen to stories and experiences told by the men folks. It makes us wish we could have lived during those exciting times when the west was being settled.

By now, it is a real struggle to keep my eyes open. However, I am soon wide awake as we hurry up the cold stairs into bed. Three of us sleep in the same old metal frame bed with a straw tick under us. Fresh straw is placed in each tick in the fall after the grain is threshed. For the first few nights, the sleeping is wonderful. The straw then becomes slowly pushed to the outer edges. The two sleeping on the sides roll to the middle. The one in center never has a chance to get cold. In fact, he is lucky to be alive, with two of us on top of him for a good part of the night.

Hauling the dead pinion and cedar trees for cooking and heating is difficult and often hazardous work. When the sleigh is loaded with heavy wood, it is difficult to control. The men work closely together for assistance and support.

On Saturday morning I ride to Uncle John's sheep camp. The sheep do well grazing among the sagebrush and dead weeds. They must always be watched to keep coyotes and other predatory animals from killing them. It is fun getting away from town and school, and Uncle enjoys getting away from the sheep. I climb a small hill overlooking the grazing sheep where I build a small fire in the brush and warm my freezing hands and feet. It is deeply satisfying to sit in such comfort and to be in charge of a herd of sheep at the age of ten.

Even on this cold winter day, I soon discover nature's wild living things in action. Along their well beaten trails, jack rabbits are gently hopping along, stopping now and then to check their view and nibble on green sagebrush or grass. The slanting rays of the January sun seem to underscore the gray chill of this winter wonderland. Yet, I know this land is teeming with life, some of it in hibernation, some moving, and some awaiting the encouragement of spring.

Blue jays are scolding each other as they hop from branch to branch nibbling on seeds. How nice to have such company. Nature's enchanting lure once again catches my attention as I see a cute little cottontail sunning himself. The sight reminds me to keep my eyes peeled for other animals and birds. Of course the rabbit has been aware of my presence from the very start, and now I wonder how many other eyes are watching me. Soon, to my amazement, I see a frisky chipmunk enjoying the seed from a small serviceberry bush.

As I guide the pony to the top of the hill, the view becomes more exciting. There are numerous fresh deer tracks among the evergreens. As I come to a large uprooted pine, there appear to be no tracks, but at the entrance a sizeable hole. It appeared about right for a woodchuck den. It appeared his hibernation was secure.

As I head for camp and dinner, a flock of snowbirds flits along ahead of the pony. Soon I am riding along an old fence line. Several meadowlarks greet me with their flute like song. It doesn't take long at the sheep wagon to cook a delicious dinner consisting of bacon, fried potatoes and eggs. I hurry back to the grazing sheep in the snow. At about the time the sun drops behind the west mountains, I give a loud yell and the sheep begin feeding their way slowly to their bed ground near the sheep wagon.

About dusk Uncle John appears riding his sorrel mule, and I'm heading for town with twenty-five cents in my pocket, wages for a pleasant day's work.

## THE BEST EVER

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Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

World War I had commenced and the U.S. was getting more completely involved every day. At school we were advised to buy war stamps and save our monies for just such a purpose. That year we were studying the art of poetry and making words rhyme.

My mother helped me to write:

It's the dimes that make the dollars,  
And every little mite,  
When all is put together,  
Will help to win the fight.

When we had saved a full book of twenty-five-cent stamps we could exchange the book for a \$25.00 war bond. I tried, but never did get that far.

Each year, after harvest, my father with his team and wagon would haul threshed grain to Mayfield to trade it for sacked flour called White Rose. This was a product of the Mayfield Roller Mills, managed by John S. Mortensen. The fall of 1916 was no exception, and our yearly supply of flour was brought home to put on the hanging shelf in our cellar.

The U.S. entered World War I April 6, 1917. Manti sent 127 boys to serve their country, and five were killed in action. In the meantime, the people at home could only buy a brown flour which, no matter what, would never rise too high or be nice and light. Even though my mother tried and tried with other yeast, different kneading and baking, the bread was always soggy and heavy and dark. Time after time, her six-loaf dripper of bread came out of the oven the same way.

It was then on birthdays or holidays I came home from school to a real treat, a slice of white bread with homemade butter and honey dripping from its edges. This slice of bread was larger than my two hands put together, and with my tongue I licked off its dripping goodness. It tasted delicious and the fragrance from each high golden brown loaf is with me even today. When war was declared, there were still two fifty pound sacks of White Rose left on the shelf, and it was the flour from these two sacks that Mother used to break the monotony of the soggy brown bread to give us, her family, these special treats.

Source: The Author's personal recollections.

Book of Knowledge for dates of World War.

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## CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

Jessie Oldroyd

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Honorable Mention Personal Recollection

Christmas childhood memories. How precious they are! Vivid and dear because they are filled with happiness, wonderment, good times shared with our family and friends, and with Santa Claus, too. We had the true spirit of Christmas.

Memories help us relive those days that were so special, because it was the one time of year we received toys and gifts, things that were precious, treasured because we did not get them all through the year. That meant a great time of anticipation, and what we received, we valued, loved and appreciated.

Do you remember your first Christmas tree? I do! My father went into the hills to find just the right tree, cut it, and make and put a stand on it. The family all helped decorate it with red and green paper chains and strings of popcorn. Then he clipped onto the branches pretty, little, real candles. On Christmas Eve, and again on Christmas morning, they were lighted, just for a short time, for safety. Oh, how pretty they were! We were proud of our tree.

My brother, Merrill, and I wrote letters to Santa Claus, and do you know what we did? We mailed them in our kitchen coal stove, as we carefully lifted the lid. We watched them go up the chimney, as the flames and smoke carried them high. We just knew they would get to Santa Claus because Papa said so, and childlike, we did not question how or why.

I remember one Christmas Eve we were allowed to stay up to see and talk to Santa Claus. He had sent word that he would come early, and for all of us to meet at my brother John T's home. We were so excited! I'm sure our hearts beat wildly and our eyes were open wide, as we waited and listened for this jolly man, dressed in red and white.

Suddenly, we heard the sleigh bells and rushed to the windows. There was Jolly Old Santa Claus. He came in, wished us a Merry Christmas, and gave us each an orange. We sang "Jolly Old Saint Nicholas," and then he was off on his long journey. Later, as we were all in bed, I'm sure that visions of Santa and his goodness whirled about in our dear little heads.

Something else I am sure we will never forget: the arrival of Santa's gifts and toys at the store, and the big Grand Opening. At that time, Christmas things were not put out until about two or three weeks before the holiday. No! Not out in October, nor November. That would have spoiled everything.

Our father was co-owner of the Fountain Green Coop Store, so we were privileged. We could go to the store that evening and help open some of the boxes. Always, on this particular evening, the store was closed early, doors were locked, and blinds pulled down, while the family members worked most of the night to get all the boxes opened, and the toys and other Christmas things put on display in the windows, on the shelves, and hanging above our heads. There were "Oh's" and "Ah's" as pretty, cute, colorful, clever items were unwrapped and put out. Young as we were, Merrill and I, and the older nieces and nephews, were so HAPPY to help. What fun!

Many of the townspeople would go by and call out: "What time will you open in the morning? What's new this year?" Everyone was excited and anxious to see and choose.

I remember the big barrels and buckets of candy and nuts that were brought into the store and opened. Yes, we could sample, and we did!

Morning! The store all decked out, and opened. The crowds came, adults and children, excited, happy, anxious, full of joy. The anticipation and interest were great. Can't you just see it? Hear it? Those were the days!

How did we celebrate Christmas Day? That was something! Christmas Eve, of course, we hung our stockings and went off to bed early. Christmas Day dawned, and at the crack of dawn, and often before, everyone was up for the day. You know why.

For our family, it meant the grandchildren rushed to Grandpa's before it was light. Each one tried to see who could get there first, bringing holiday greetings and wondering what Santa Claus left for them, always gifts and remembrances of love. Their faces were beaming and they were so happy.

Then came their parents, and after opening the gifts, we began our tour, a family tradition we keep to this day. We all went from house to house, first to family, then to neighbors and friends, to see and to give.

At 10:00 a.m., another custom, the Christmas program! We dressed in our new holiday clothes, took our favorite toy, and went off to the very special program. It was held in the big, red brick church building. At the end of the program, in came the surprise, yet looked for, Santa Claus, with his big bag. He made his way up the aisle, to the stage, and sat by the big, big, beautiful tree. All the children lined up to meet him and receive a bag of candy and nuts. He was such a kind, friendly man.

Next was our traditional family gathering for Christmas dinner. At our house, Mother Lillie, who loved to cook, always had a big feast, with a favorite fruit cocktail, lots of fruits swimming in cherry, pineapple and orange juices. We still talk about that delicious treat.

After dinner, again we dressed in our best, and were off to the traditional afternoon children's dance. Everyone had fun.

In the evening was the big dance for adults. Everyone came out. Papa played the cello in the orchestra, so sometimes I could go, just to listen and watch. I usually ended up asleep on my grandmother's lap.

Oh, Christmas in Fountain Green, was a never to be forgotten time, with love, friendship, good will and happiness abiding throughout the city.

Santa Claus was always good to me, but I think the most wonderful gift (as toys) that he brought to me, and I still have one in my possession, was a beautiful china baby doll, beautifully dressed, even to the red velvet coat. She had big, brown, eyes that opened and closed. She was lying in the most beautiful big, cream colored cane doll buggy. I was so happy. Thank you, Santa Claus.

After my growing up, an outstanding experience for me, over several years, was playing Santa Claus to the many children in our community on Christmas Eve. It was hard on the voice box, for I did not want anyone to guess my identity, not as to voice nor appearance. My parents helped me to dress in my Santa suit, adding inches around the middle with pillow and cushions, then strapping on the big jingle bells. I wore my father's high, red, rubber boots.

At each home, the activities included listening to the wants and singing "Jingle Bells" or "Jolly Old Saint Nicholas" with everyone, as we danced around in a circle. No one guessed, for a long, long time, so it was a happy experience to see the children's faces. What a joy!

Wonderful Christmas Memories!

## ART OF A PARADE

Annette Van Laar  
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First Place Short Story

The highly polished brass horns caught and reflected brilliant flashes of bright sunlight, turning the instruments into blazing gold. Little Melvin held up a hand to shield his face as he squinted tightly when the brightness of the shiny metal pierced his eyes. He was completely enveloped with wonder, seeing a parade band for the first time.

"Come on, 'Melly', march like the band men are doing," instructed his Aunt Vicena. "Lift up your feet. Go left, right, left, right, march, march, march."

The little short lad grinned as he began marking time to the music. He put his two small hands to his mouth and fingered his pretend instrument while making a tooting noise with his mouth. Drums pounded boom, boom, which made it easy to move his feet to the proper rhythm. Some grownups pointed at him and laughed. He was having so much fun he laughed too and aimed his invisible instrument high into the sky. In his mind he envisioned himself as a big man wearing a finely tailored uniform, black pants, glistening black leather boots, a bright scarlet jacket with smooth gold buttons, braided gold fringe hanging from his shoulders, a gold tassel hanging from his bright brass horn. He tooted the finest sounds, for his luxurious horn blew only the clearest, sweetest notes. He had no music hooded to his horn. It wasn't needed. Beautiful melodies came straight from his head. His repertoire was endless and effortless as he marched in perfect time. His head was proudly carried high, supporting the tall scarlet hat with black chin strap, black silky visor trimmed in swags of gold braid, anchored by gold buttons on each side. He wore impeccable white gloves which matched the white spats pulled over his boots. Smiling as he played, he marched, marched, marched.

After his long, hot and tiring march, the parade had ended. He found himself surrounded by the band members falling out of cadence, not marching anymore. They were mingling, talking, while they pulled off their steamy uniforms. Band instruments were returned to their leather cases and stacked onto a waiting wagon. Uniforms were placed in a large heap beside some wooden storage trunks.

The small boy looked around searching for a familiar face. There was no one here he knew. A little pain stabbed inside his stomach. Where was he? How did he get here? No more beautiful music. No more parade. Where were his parents? Tall adults blocked his view in all directions. They were talking laugh ting. He was trying hard not to cry.

He pushed his way through the milling crowd. He was hot, sweaty and dusty from his long march. A couple of tears rolled down his parched cheeks. He quickly wiped them away with his hands, leaving dirty smudges across his face. Be brave he told himself. Don't cry, people will think you're a baby. Keep walking. Keep walking until you find your parents. He could see his tent over there. Happily he ran in that direction only to discover it was the wrong one.

This was his first experience at a Black Hawk Encampment Celebration, and it didn't seem like much fun. His stomach kept making noises and felt as if it was trying to eat itself up. He swallowed hard so he wouldn't cry, but he had nothing to swallow. Where could he find something to drink?

Then he saw a line of people standing in front of a table. The man behind the table was yelling real loud. Melvin walked closer to see what all the fuss was about. The man was digging some white stuff out of a container and putting it in a little upside down dunce cap. What was it? Up close he heard the man

yell, "Five cents. Only a nickel. Step right up! Freeze your teeth and give your tongue a sleigh ride. Only five cents. Here you are son, that'll be five cents."

Melvin dug deep into his frayed pockets and pulled out only three pennies. The vendor took the three coins and said, "Okay son, move out of the way. Set up folks. Freeze your teeth and give your tongue a sleigh ride."

Melvin walked away slowly and cautiously touched his tongue to the cold round ball of vanilla ice cream. What a sensation to his parched dry mouth. The velvet feel of the icy confection was like a magical dream. Sweet sugar cream dripping down the cone was lapped up and enjoyed as manna from heaven. While savoring his first ever taste of this heavenly dessert he completely forgot about his predicament.

But the fear soon returned and his search continued. He was exhausted from wandering all day. He feared he would never see his family again. He had to keep on walking, try to find the right tent. Never in his life had he seen so many tents and so many people. Perhaps old Chief Black Hawk would send a warrior to capture him, take him to live with the Indians. He had to move along, but he was too tired. He sat down to rest for a minute and quickly fell asleep.

It was almost dark when he opened his eyes in terror. A tall strong man was lifting him up to carry him away. It was a warrior! He knew it.

He had to escape. He began kicking and thrashing around, trying to set himself free from the muscular arms encircling him. "Let me down! Let me go!" he yelled.

"Now son, hold still. You're all worn out. Your Mother is sick with worry about you. She just turned her back and you were gone. We've been looking for you all day. Don't you ever run away from us again. We thought we'd never find you. Now hang on to my neck, our tent is just over there."



**Bands marching in Black Hawk  
parade in Ephraim.**

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## **THE COMPASSIONATE WITCH**

Lois Ivory Hansen  
1448 South 1700 East  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84108  
Second Place Short Story

Sitting on a three-legged stool in my grandmother's summer kitchen, I watched her stir and pat a sticky cream colored paste in a cup.

"Grandma, what are you making? Are you going to eat it? Will it get hard?"

"Oh, dear, yes. It will get hard and I have to work fast before it does. This is going to be by my nose."

"Nose? How?"

"Well, this is part of my costume. See that big black hat on the chest and that long, black taffeta dress. It's my witch costume. And this is my witch's nose. See, I'm shaping it to be long and thin and a little turned up."

"But, Grandma, how will it stay on?"

"Oh, I'll just smooth a little of this soft sticky stuff on my own nose and it will hold this long on in place. You just can't be an effective without a complete change in features. I do like the taffeta dress. It rustles so elegantly and my witches are rather exotic, you know."

"Will you be the witch at my Halloween party?"

"Maybe, when is your party?"

"It's going to be Saturday night. Sixteen girls are coming. Mother says our basement is perfect place, the dirt floor and all the spider webs under the stairs and even in the rafters. You could have a table and a lamp and tell fortunes. That would be so fun."

"Well, tomorrow night is the first performance of our play. The witch part is the most important. It is such an exciting story. The witch maneuvers all the intrigues. It reminds me of the Halloween play years ago when I was a young girl like you and my mother and grandmother were directing and making costumes. My grandmother's witch hat wasn't black, just a soft grey, and it had long streamers of gauze that covered her face and trailed like wings as she swept up the aisle in the theater. That was the first play in our new social hall. And such a success. My mother made the costumes for everyone. She was the heroine and wore a hat covered with roses. My two little sisters, Lyde and Claire, had parts, and did they think they were important. I was the reader. The whole town was involved and we had such good times. Several families hosted dinners.

"we had music too. John Oldroyd played the cello, and we had violins and a clarinet. Lyda Guyman and her sister Kate wrote music for it.

"Grandma Hunt (you know, Sarah Bardell) used to tell me about that first winter in the fort. She said the plays they put on and the music of the choirs were the things that kept them alive.

"In the years to come, they performed Uncle Tom's Cabin and East Lynne and others. They were so sad, but the sometimes funny too. It was a constant weeping and laughing.

"You know Fountain Green had a choir right from the beginning. Music always helped us to smile and look ahead to brighter days."

"Oh, there's the phone, three rings, it's for us. Grandma, it's for you." "Who is it? Tell them I'll call right back."

"No. they have to talk to you right now."

"Hello, oh, yes, (it's Luella). The pains, are they regular and close? Yes, I'll come right away.

"Lois, just leave these things where they are. Run and see if your dad is home. I should get there right fast. Luella's baby seems to be coming and she shouldn't deliver for another month. I've been worrying about her."

"grandma, Daddy's not home. He's probably gone to pick up mother at Gloom Busters."

"I must go right now. I'll just walk. Tell your folks where I am."

But the sun went down in a blaze of color and Mercie didn't return. Darkness drew close, and night settled in.

A call to the Larson's only enforced the news that Mercie would not be back this night. However, it was not unusual for nights and days to pass while Mercie served the expectant mothers of the community.

Morning dawned, but the nurse remained at the Larson's residence. Telephone reports confirmed that things were not right. A call had been placed to reach the doctor in Nephi. However, Dr. Allred was involved in another case and would come as soon as he was able.

In the meantime, Mercie tended the mother. Her cushioned fingers and soft palms soothed the perspiring brow of the young patient. Ice packs and soft warm towels were applied alternately. Mercie worked constantly, being needed every minute.

It's opening night. The music has started, the children are scurrying to their places. The big curtain with the words The Wool City begins to roll. But the stage is empty, where is the witch? The music stops. The music begins again, and again stops. Here comes the Bishop. What has happened?

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Brothers and Sisters, we apologize for the delay. Sister Mercie, our witch, has been detained. Please be patient, she will come as soon as possible."

though performance time had arrived at the social hall, time was unheeded at the home where Mercie was needed. Why didn't the doctor arrive? The pains were severe. The baby was coming. It couldn't be stopped. Mercie with her skill and dedication eased the pain, administering such medication as was available. With tireless arms she stroked the troubled brow and carefully cut the cord. Then with sterile supplies she washed the new born infant and dressed the mother and baby.

Again the music begins. The Bishop comes out on the stage.

"Brothers and Sisters, we again apologize for the delay, but Sister Mercie is on her way. She just delivered a bouncing baby boy to the Larson's residence. Mother and baby are reported to be doing fine."

With a hasty farewell, Mercie hurried to the car that had been sent to drive her to the theater. Her costume and make up supplies were waiting in the wings. The crowd had taken up a chant, "We want Mercie!" We want the witch!" Tapping toes and clapping hands rhythmically punctuated the shouting. The hall was alive with anticipation.

Once more the conductor signaled the attention of the musicians and the downbeat was given. The curtain began to roll, lights were aglow and the audience impatiently anticipated the moment of beginning.

Mercie in all her glory, nose in place, grey locks of hair partially covering her face, rustling skirts and hat tilted at a precarious angle, Mercie, the witch, bursts onto the stage to the screams of the audience.

An unforgettable performance was about to take place, another highlight in the culture and entertainment of this supportive pioneer community.

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## **SALLY AND THE PERFORMING ARTS**

Lilian H. Fox  
140 North 100 West  
Manti, Utah 84642  
Third Place Short Story

Sally was a black horse, a beautiful animal with a white star on her forehead, a long slender graceful body and a joy to ride. She was a pacer and had won prizes at the Sanpete County Fair. I don't remember seeing her perform on the stage at Felt's Pavilion in Manti, but my parents often told me of her illustrious career. I do remember the day my father purchased her from William Macfarland and brought her home. For the next fifteen years she was a kind family pet, a good friend, and we were proud of her.

Looking back into Manti's history, we find that recreation was as important in the lives of the early settlers as it is in our lives today, and it is surprising to note the variety and extent of activities that crowded their lives. They sang as they entered the valley, they danced on bare ground as soon as the snow melted,



and the council House was constructed along with the first homes. Completed in 1854, it immediately housed concerts and one-act plays. Later a rock barn was remodeled for a dance and show house, known as Grier's Hall. Traveling companies as well as home dramatics were performed here.

The town outgrew the Old Hall, and in 1896 N.H. Felt built Felt's Pavilion. This was located on North Main Street between Second and Third on the west side. It was here that Sally became known to large audiences. She not only performed in plays, but also did tricks between acts, doing such things as horses can do, stealing hats from the heads of bald men, shaking hands, sitting down and playing dead.

Some of the plays presented in those day were King Lear, Hamlet, The Merchant of Venice, Macbeth, Othello, Uncle Tom's Cabin and many more. Sally often appeared on stage as part of the cast. My dad told me the following story about Sally:

A traveling group came to town needing a horse to bring Queen Esther onto the stage. Sally's services were engaged, but not long before the performance she gave birth to a fine colt. Sally rebelled and would not leave her new offspring, but soon the colt was running around and following her mother. When Sally learned that the colt could go with her on stage, she cooperated, much to the delight of the audience.

With the completion of the Manti Theatre (still standing but used for other purposes), motion pictures became popular and less interest was shown in home dramatics. That was when dad purchased Sally.

Sally was useful, not only as a riding horse, but also when hitched to a black buggy. She took the family shopping, to visit friends and neighbors, to Crystal Spring Bathing Resort and to Ephraim, seven miles away, for church Conference. Often we took the long way home and drove through the Manti Temple tunnel. This tunnel, on the east side of the building, between the Temple and the mountain, joined the roadway that circled the Temple.

Sally kept sad in hot water trying to guess what trick she would pull next. If she wanted a drink, she curled her tongue around the tap over the watering trough in the barnyard and helped herself; the problem was that she did not turn the water off and the yard was flooded. When she wanted food, she helped herself in the same manner, taking half dozen cows with her into the barn to feast on the hay that had been stored for the winter. Dad was finally forced to put sharpened nails around the tap and on the door latches.

Among my fondest memories are those of riding on Sally into the fields, meadows and foothills. The good earth has great power and there is energy in living things. I rode with the wind and sailed over the land like the balmy clouds over head. I breathed deeply of the fresh air and smelled wild flowers pushing from the earth. I rode bareback and felt the strong muscles of Sally as my own muscles grew and developed. Sally seemed to enjoy these rides as much as I. To me Sally was a performing artist with her own special rights.

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## **SANPETE SAGAS**

George Cleon Whitlock  
1236 East Second North  
Mesa, Arizona 85203  
Honorable Mention Short Story

My interest in the highlights of Sanpete history is based on the fact that all of my family for three generations was there in the beginning of that history.

First in line was Charles Whitlock, my great-grand-father, whose story I shall relate. He came across the Great Plains with the first few companies of pioneers that Brigham led out to Utah. Brigham had chosen him as a youth to help keep the repair of the wagons and the harness equipment in good shape. He was sent back a second time to Council Bluffs to serve as a guide, as well as a help for the new parties starting through their difficulties.

When he married, he was among the first people to move to Sanpete to start the new settlement there at Ephraim. The converts from Denmark increased quite rapidly in the decade following 1850, and most of them wanted to form a new home in Sanpete because of language difficult sand the need to be with their kinsmen during the hard ordeal of moving away from the highly developed civilization of Denmark.

Old Charley, as the Danes always called him, had a dry sense of humor, so it seemed natural to tell stories about the people around him. He especially got a big kick out of the Danish immigrants who were a very hard-working people with strong ambitions to build new homes. They had to adapt their entire culture to a new set of living conditions. They were determined to learn the English language as soon as possible, but the phrasing was different and it was easy to get the syntax reversed when they tried to express themselves. Charley had to laugh at many of the situations they got themselves into but he was gentle enough not to make fun of them or abuse their confidence.

Nearly everything the Danes did called for changes in the ways of doing things. They had never heard of irrigation, building fences, finding drinking water, and plowing up the sagebrush to plant crops in the dry soil. They had to milk the cows and make cheese and butter. They had to shear the sheep and cord the wool into yarn to make bedding and clothing. They had to build a church with logs they brought down from the mountains, and they made homes and roads as they were needed. They had a few minor clashes with the local Indians.

The ancient style of work ethics and honesty in Denmark provided an excellent background for building a secure foundation in this new land. First of all, the people were congenial, allowing for some individual differences, and they had deep respect for property rights. Their life-style was to provide good homes, and the children were given the best opportunities for education. Music and public entertainment were a rich part of everyday life. Soon after arrival, they organized schools and put on public performances. Parties and dancing became an integral part of living, no matter how tired they got from strenuous labor.

Besides the constant hard labor they performed in building their new home place on earth, they were soon informed by Brigham Young that they should begin quarrying the rock from the hill north of Manti so that the important task of building the new temple could start.

The Danes liked Old Charley because of his humorous sympathy with their affairs. They would visit his blacksmith shop nearly every day and sit on the benches they had built to talk over current affairs and gossip about the new arrivals.

Charley soon picked some clues from the mannerisms of the men, and he gave each one of them a nickname. Since many of them had the last name of Peterson, it became, sort of a joke, and this resulted in such names as 'Smilin' Pete," "Baylor Pete," "Petey Bishop," and many others. Somehow he conceived of the nickname "Rastus Canoop." The stories he connected with these names were enjoyed by the Danes so that they all fell into the practice of using the nicknames instead of the true names. This use of the nicknames was so frequent that the true names were seldom used.

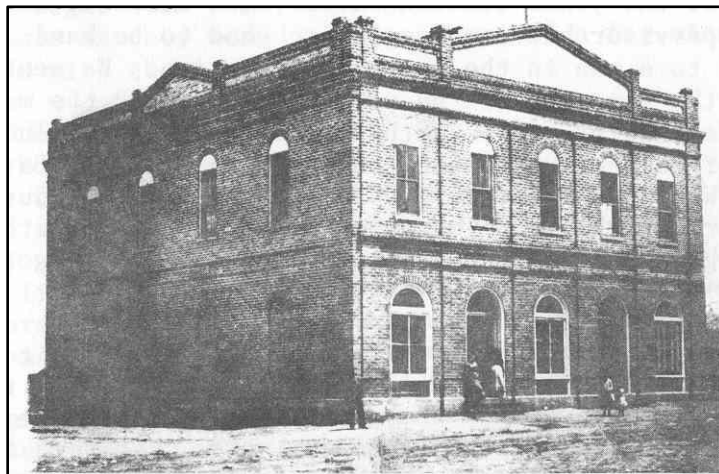
One of the jokes told in later years was that the Forest Supervisor had a message which had to be hand-delivered to a man in the upper part of town. He sent his son with the message, but he was unable to find the man after wide inquiry, so he returned to his father. The Supervisor told him, "Go back and ask for name of 'Baylor Pete.'" When the son returned to the door of one house he had already visited a man came to the door and with a sheepish grin on his face he said, "You know, I forgot dat was my name."

One day a man came to the shop with a terrible toothache. His eyes were nearly swollen shut and his jaw was twisted out of shape with the pain. "Help me, Charley," he pleaded. "I can't stand this anymore." Charley saw what it was, but he didn't think he could do anything. There was no dentist around. The man pulled on Charley's hand again and continued pleading in a most piteous manner. Charley knew that he would have to do something. He looked at the tooth and saw an enormous abscess, so he dug into his toolbox and got his smallest pliers. Then he started telling a funny story to distract the man's attention. He reached in quickly and locked the pliers onto the tooth. Giving a quick twist of his hand and a sharp jerk, he pulled the tooth out.

With a terrible scream, the man flailed his arms and fell to the ground. Charley had a bottle of John Harden's horse liniment which was used to treat certain bruises and ailments of horses. He dipped a rag into the fluid and pressed it to the man's face. Another scream arose although it would be hard to feel any worse than before.

In a few days the man came back to Charley's shop with a look of intense gratitude on his face. He looked quite normal again as he grasped Charley's hand and thanked him profusely.

A story such as this could soon get around, and as told in the Danish accent it became most entertaining to all who heard it.



Mt. Pleasant ZCMI. The second story was used for a dance hall and opera house for many years.  
(Courtesy Hilda Longsdorf)

## THE RESURRECTION

Eugene J. Faux M.D.  
675 North 1130 East  
Provo, Utah 84606

### Honorable Mention Short Story



*Eugene Faux, musician,  
prominent band leader in  
Moroni (Courtesy Rachel Jensen)*

Coming home from a family member's funeral unleashes memories not contemplated for decades; some sweet, some bitter, and some left alone. Today it's my trombone that keeps my thoughts tumbling and disorganized. The old horn hasn't been caressed for forty years, but it was lovingly laid aside after my Big-Band days were ended. It helped me get an education and a wife, and stood by me in case I stumbled in my profession. What a noble piece of mental. What a beautifully crafted Bijou with gold inlaid on silver and a soul to match. We played duets together, that horn and I. We gave all we had to each other in a sound that could be loving or bombastic, slippery or emphatic, bleary or bland; its tone was always true, clear, and stirring.

We were front and center in the marching band, right by the flags and majorettes. We played at grand events and practiced in solitary remote places. Souza liked us best, but we preferred Dorsey, Miller, and Wagner.

Now why am I all wrapped up in this old horn? My dad, a fine fellow, bought it in his youth around 1919. How proud he must have been as he read on its blaring bell, "F. E. OLDS, MADE IN LOS ANGELES, 1912." It was sheathed in the velvet lining of a well-appointed case. Even as I look at it now, it has a regal appearance. Oh, the case is too worn and the velvet is faded, the silver and gold need polishing, and there is even an odor of age. When I pick it up, though, it almost seems to come alive. It wants to sing with me again! I can feel it quiver! I put the mouthpiece to my lips and we both tremble! I can't understand why just age should affect us this way. Perhaps I fear the memories of riding my bicycle while carrying a briefcase full of science books, a 'cello, the trombone and my lunch, racing in heavy traffic to get to classes on time.

My trombone was the last real link I had with my dad. We both loved it and cherished the rich memories, clear tones, and its responsive qualities. I won't wake it up right away; perhaps one of my seven grandsons will kiss it someday with a practiced embouchure and loving embrace.

Eugene L. Faux died in 1930 after a brief career as a high school music teacher. He was born and raised in Moroni, Utah. He taught in Rigby, Idaho; Gunnison, Coalville, and Springville, Utah. Those who knew him described him as unforgettable because of his kindness, warmth, and sincerity. If you happen to remember him please write the author whose memories of childhood are dim.

## THE CULTURAL ARTS IN OUR TOWN

Jessie Oldroyd  
118 South State  
St. Green, Utah 84632  
Honorable Mention Short Story

“Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, we think on (seek) these things.” (Philippians 4:8).

The arts, from the ballet to the movie, whether a poem or a symphony, a statue, a painting, a song, or a novel, can provide a more abundant life, offer opportunities for personal growth and development, give service and joy to others. They become a part of you.

Our ancestors, the Pioneers, brought to this new land cultures and arts from their home land, and this heritage they have passed on to us, to appreciate and to enlarge upon.

It has been said, “Great art, in any form, is an interpretation of life.” The great masterpieces help us create in our own lives, order, beauty, harmony, all of which we have a need of and for.

Our city of fountain Green, and of course, its people, have, over the years, enjoyed the arts, particularly music, grandparents, “Tell me about things when you were young. What did you do? How did you learn to play musical instruments?” It was so interesting to hear their stories, things that relate to the arts, make history live. I would like to share them with you.

MUSIC: The magic of music, the magic of melody, rhythm, harmony, form and composition.

Imagine a world without music,  
Never a song from woodland and sea;  
Never the laughter and song of children,  
A mother’s lullaby, sweet.  
The world would be void of music  
These, and other beauties.

About the year 1882-83, a Youth Choir was formed in Fountain Green. There were only four young men, but several young women, maybe ages 15-16-17. Two men, William Collard and John J. Oldroyd, were the tenors. Some of the ladies were Clara, Rachel, Sadie Collard, Mary Anderson, Frances Johnson and Nora Yorgason. They entertained at programs and sang in church; they loved to sing. By their picture, the ladies looked so pretty in their full, long skirts, tightly fitted waists as was the style. Some wore, others held, their fancy trimmed hats. They would have been a joy to see and to hear.

Fountain Green has continued to have a choir throughout the years, always singing in church in the ward, stake, and conferences. It is believed that the Fountain Green Choir is the oldest choir in the L.D.S. Church, as to years in continuous service.

In about the year 1958-59, the choirs from Moroni Stake, under the direction of the choir leader from Fountain Green and the Stake President, Joseph R. Christiansen, presented a beautiful Easter Cantata in the Stake and on the Temple grounds, early Easter morning. They were also invited to present the Cantata in Juab Stake. Fountain Green has, and has had, several fine soloists, both men and women, and also fine organists.

THE BAND: Fountain Green also can, and does, boast of its great city band, first called The Fountain Green City Band, and later, The wool City Band. One of the first bands we have pictures and stories of had

a membership of nine members; Niels Aagard, Theodore Christiansen, Edward Collard, Harry Creager, Thomas Crowther, Warren Holman, James Mikkelsen, John J. Oldroyd, and Peter Olsen.

As years went by, most of these men continued in the band, and many more fine musicians joined. They played for all holidays and marched in parades, including the Salt Lake City Days of '47 Parade, which they were invited to play and march in. One year in that Parade, they rode horses and played their instruments. This band became quite famous as to their quality of music played, their very fine band suits, their expertise, and friendliness. A favorite tune; "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

During some of the holidays the band played for, and marched, even at cold, wintery Christmas time, they would be invited into a few of the homes for a warm breakfast (that I well remember in our home), and for cold, home-made grain beer and fruit cake.

We also had the elementary and junior high school bands in Fountain Green, so the children learned to play at an early age, while most of the band members in the first band, were self-taught, trained, only by their own practice.

THE ORCHESTRA: Yes, our city had orchestras for many years. Again, the first one we have much history of would have been in the late 1890's and early 1900's. the members of that orchestra included three pianists, Katie and Lyda Anderson, and Hannah Larsen. The men were E. M. and Royal Ivory, clarinets; Niels Nielson sometimes played his trombone; John J. Oldroyd, the cello; Richard Pearmain, the violin and sometimes the drums; and Ivin Rasmussen, drums. Again, most of these men were self-taught, but what a fine orchestra they had.

My father told me this story:

"We formed an orchestra, about the first one in this area. We played for all the town dances, and when we decided we were good enough and skilled enough, we played in Wales, Moroni, Chester. They we decided to go outside of Sanpete County and requested the opportunity to play in Emery County. At first, the leaders of that area doubted our ability to play for their people, so we offered to pay our own way over there (by horse team and wagons) and to play for free if they did not like us."

"How did it turn out, Papa?" I asked.

"Oh, they liked us, and we were invited over there many times to play for dances."

Another question I asked him: "How and where did you get your cello?"

"I bought it from a traveling salesman who was going through town. I paid him three bags of wheat I'd raised and threshed, and three dollars in cash. There was a little instruction book that went with it, so I learned how to play, with practice. I loved it, and loved to play for people to dance."

I remember going to the night dance with Grandmother at one time. I liked to hear the music and I liked to watch them dance. I was just a child, and sometimes I went to sleep on my grandmother's lap, but well do I remember one tune, "Sympathy" and the couple dancing to it. They were my sister, Luella, and her partner, Urban Madsen. At certain places in the music, it called for Dips, Sways, Turns and Whirls, so pretty! I hoped that when I grew up, I could dance like that.

We've had other fine orchestras over time (some of the members being a famous saxophone trio), including Boyd Allred, Lynwood and Gayle Rasmussen, Clark ivory, Victor Rasmussen, and others. Sometimes, different pianists performed, Ethelyn Allred, Geraldine Johnson, and Alverda Anderson Llewellyn.

One of our famous composers of music, and the talent he had playing the violin, was the late LeRoy Robertson. He was nationally known for his writings. We are proud of him.

DRAMA: We had several drama groups in our city, fine hometown talent. Many plays were presented, both one-act and three-act dramas and comedies. We also had famous drama companies who brought their plays to our city for our enjoyment. One was The Moore Company. I remember one play, Camille. These were all held in our Fountain Green Opera House, on Main Street. We lived nearby, and our Bishop was my brother, so when plays were presented, much of the furniture used on the stage came from our two homes.

There was an orchestra pit, just in front of the stage. The “old” Orchestra sat there, and between acts, entertained us, and sometimes, also, two English friends, Sarah Pearmain and Mary J. Oldroyd, also liked to entertain us with their jokes, stories, and whatever would be humorous. Remember the big curtain on the stage? It rolled up and down as needed, and the paintings on it, plus the ads in writing, were interesting. Oh, for a picture of that!

More recently, our Moroni Stake, using both the orchestra, singers, and dramas have presented operettas, on special on being Lelawala. Also, the Moroni Stake and North Sanpete Stake combined, using the orchestra, vocal talent, and choral reading, presented the Church Musical, Praise Ye the Lord, under the direction of Stake leaders Grace Westenskow and Blanche, with the director of the combined arts being Jessie Oldroyd. This was in the late 1960’s.

So, our townspeople, and others from the Stakes, have great talent, and willingness to serve in the artistic fields.

DANCING: Over the years, many of our people have danced (ballroom) at the large Salt Air Pavilion, in the Church M.I.A. dance programs, and one younger group also danced in the colorful, and beautiful Utah University Stadium in a Church M.I.A. dance program.

Now days, the training programs and opportunities are much greater than in the earlier years, but surely we must appreciate those people who were self-taught, using their many talents, gifts, efforts and their desire to learn, to serve and to share in the Cultural Arts.

It was the poet and writer Keats, who said: “A thing of beauty is a joy forever.” So it is with the cultural Arts. They bring out the best in us, up life and delight.

A favorite saying of my sister, which she often quoted, is the following:

“If of thy mortal goods thou art bereft,  
And from thy slender store,  
Two loaves alone to thee are left,  
Sell one, and with the dole,  
Buy hyacinths to feed they soul.”

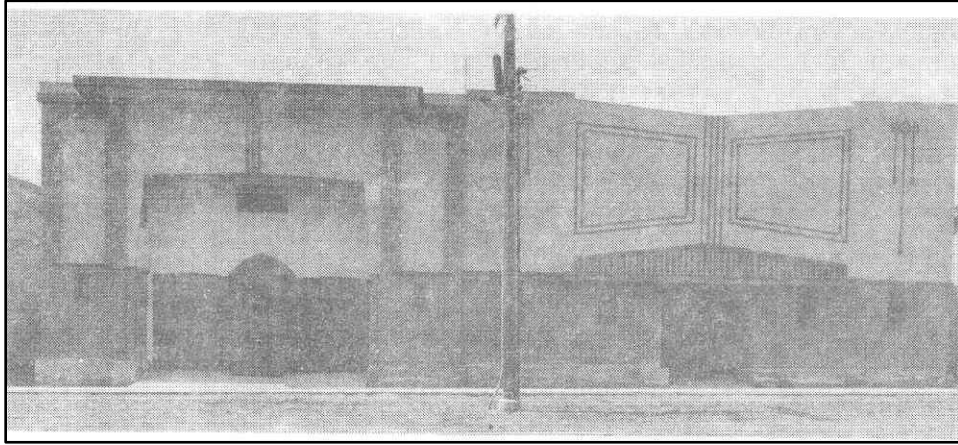
This is from the pen of Moslih Eddin Saadi, a 13<sup>th</sup> century Persian poet.

### **THE LORD MADE THEIR BEAUTY FOR ME**

By Ruth May Fox

Wonderful mountains and valleys  
Wonderful forests and seas  
Beautiful buds in the springtime  
Beautiful rose on the tree

Beautiful birds in the branches  
Singing sweet songs to me.  
Wonderful glory, Marvelous story,  
The Lord made their glory  
For you, and for me.



Fountain Green Opera House in the early 1900's  
(Courtesy Victor J. Rasmussen)

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### **TIMELESS-ENDLESS**

Wilbur Braithwaite

58 North 2<sup>nd</sup> East

Manti, Utah 84642

Professional Category-First Place Poetry

Winning is a thrill for an hour,  
Gives its high for a day or week,  
Spirits sour to euphoric heights  
As victors achieve what they seek.

Then changes come as months roll on  
And peristyles reaching the sun  
Slowly descend to common earth  
Where laurels anew must be won.

Losing gives remorse and regret  
For hours or perchance a long year.  
Vanquished yearn for the jeweled crown  
So elusive and yet so near.

But seasons quickly move along  
And agonies felt from a game  
Cool and die in the hearth of life



Like a fire that has lost its flame.

Sportsmanship is timeless, endless  
Transcending results of a score.  
Teaching precepts for daily life  
To live in the psyche evermore.

Sportsmanship knows the inner heart  
Is longing to do what is right:  
Honoring rules while playing hard  
To give each opponent a fight.

Sportsmanship reflects the spirit  
Burning bright in the soul within,  
Whispering it's okay to lose  
As long as you play fair to win.

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### **FREEDOM, OUT PIONEER LEGACY**

Eleanor P. Madsen  
295 East 1<sup>st</sup> North  
Ephraim, Utah 84627  
Professional - Second Place Poetry

They came from foreign, distant lands,  
Over mountains, through desert sands.  
Left loved ones buried along the trail  
Where buffalo walk and coyotes wail.  
Fought drought and crickets for their food,  
Found dandelion greens, sego roots were good.  
Grubbed sagebrush, nourished the hard soil,  
Built temples, schools with daily toil.  
They fed the Indians, fought fierce war  
Built an empire that extended far.  
They achieved, and gained a great reward,  
Peace, for which they worked so hard.

This our legacy from the pioneers,  
Freedom to live in this land so dear.  
Only as peace fills every heart,  
Greed and selfishness find no part  
In the universe in which we live,  
And we too, are willing to give  
Our all to pay the price of liberty  
Will every soul and every nation be free.

In our hearts their words we'll tell:  
"And should we die, all is well, all is well."  
As with patriot's missiles pointed high  
We clear the scuds from Israel's sky.

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### **PAINTER ANDERSON**

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan  
680 East 1<sup>st</sup> South  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84102  
First Place Anecdote

He wore a shabby leather cap, nondescript clothes, and often smoked a pipe. He was medium height, walked with a brisk step, and lived in a small house in the southeast part of Mt. Pleasant. Everyone called him "Painter" Anderson, the only name I ever knew him by. He came from Denmark. Rumor had it that he had painted in the king's palace. He was a man who understood how to bring brightness and beauty into the world for people to appreciate.

One of the first house painters in Mt. Pleasant, "Painter" Anderson specialized in decorating the interiors of homes as the owners desired. When my grandparents built their home on the corner of Second south and State, they asked Mr. Anderson to paint the house and especially decorate the dining room and parlor, which he proceeded to do in an impressive manner.

In the dining room he painted an eighteen-inch border of various nature scenes, extending from the top of the wallpaper to the ceiling. How clearly I remember lying on my grandmother's tufted red sofa and admiring those fascinating scenes, waterfalls, rivers, trees and flowers, mountain peaks, lakes, and more. I see them now in my mind's eye, real "spirit lifters."

For the parlor he molded shapes of fruits and leaves, which he painted exquisitely, then clustered them around the handsome chandelier centered in the ceiling. He also painted a border around the edge of the ceiling using the same design, thus creating a most attractive room.

Years later, someone removed the paintings in the dining room. They were painted on separate strips of material and glued to the wall. However, the parlor ceiling remains exactly the same as when "Painter" Anderson so expertly decorated it ninety-four years ago.

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### **OLD FOLKS' PARTY**

Eleanor P. Madsen  
295 East 1<sup>st</sup> North  
Ephraim, Utah 84627  
First Place Historical Essay

"Old Folks are to be Entertained" were words appearing for many years in bold, black letters each January on the front page of the Mt. Pleasant Pyramid. The lengthy articles relating to these headlines stated that the old folks' General Committee had met at the Tithing Office a week prior to arrange for the entertainment.

The article outlined activities for the day and listed names of members on committees for General Arrangements, Finance, Reception, Program, Refreshments, Conveyance, Stove, and Tables and Chairs.

One statement read: "All children other than babes in arms are barred from the party."

Nearly everyone in the community was involved. The spouse of a committee member became an invited guest if not on a committee. The Refreshment committee at one time had as many as seventy members. The food was prepared by the committee and also solicited from ward members. Some of it was cooked in the basement kitchen of the South Ward church.

The financial report given at the meeting indicated a few of the items purchased, such as a stove (range)-\$35.00; four lengths of stove pipe-\$1.00; a brass boiler-\$3.25; cups and saucers-12 for \$1.20; 12 plates-\$2.00; and lumber for tables. The report in 1925 said that dishes were borrowed from the stores instead of being brought from homes or purchased.

The financial report showed no deficit for over twenty years. The balance on hand, which varied from \$.03 to \$107.42 was put in a savings account at the Mt. Pleasant Commercial and Savings Bank.

In 1934 there were problems with finance, with no balance on hand. A motion was made that the General Committee pay any deficit. This was passed by the Board with an amendment to read: "if it doesn't exceed \$10."

The report for 1934 showed the following receipts and disbursement:

<u>RECEIPTS</u>		<u>DISBURSEMENTS</u>	
Dance	\$40.00	Armory Hall	\$19.99
Assessments	9.65	Music	16.50
City Donation	<u>10.00</u>	O.M. Aldrich & Sons	6.05
Total	\$59.65	Ericksen Meat	3.35
		Con Furn. Co.	2.60
		Laundry	1.25
		Elite Theater	<u>\$10.00</u>
		Total	\$59.74
			<u>-59.65</u>
			\$ .09

Anticipation of the Old Folks' Party by the elderly of Mt. Pleasant was exceeded only by the eagerness of children for Christmas or Thanksgiving. The party was under the direction of the two ward Bishopricks who had charge of the arrangements for the dance hall, the music and the invitations. The Ward Teachers had the assignment of inviting the guests. "All creeds and denominations were included, the committee having requested the presence of all old people in the community." Similar parties were held in many communities throughout the State of Utah. A number in Sanpete County are still being held each year.

Although minutes of the parties for Mt. Pleasant are available only since 1912, newspaper accounts indicate that such parties were held there as early as 1884. An account in the Deseret News, August 2, 1884, states:

The happy custom originating in Salt Lake City a number of years ago, of amusing the aged by inviting them to participate in a party, has been adopted in this our city.

At 12 o'clock sweet strains of music by our brass band were heard at the spacious bowery on the meeting house square.

Soon afterward over 300 sat down to partake of the bounties of life which had been plentifully provided.

The feeble and infirm were conveyed to and from the party in carriages provided for that purpose. In the evening a dance was held in the Assembly hall where all young and old who desired shook the light fantastic toe.

A purpose for the entertainment was given in a news clipping for 1920, which read:

It has been the custom of the good citizens of our splendid community to make the older people feel they were really appreciated. The noble work they did in laying the foundation of our city will long be remembered by the present generation.

The gala celebration began when men with teams and wagons traveled around town to pick up the old folks. At times there was a "goodly amount of snow on the ground," so bobsleighs were used. In 1918 some automobiles took the place of wagons or sleighs.

By 10:00 a.m. most of the guests had arrived and "sociability was the order until the noon hour when they sat down to a very sumptuous banquet which they partook of with the keenest relish."

A 1908 newspaper account describes the dinner thus:

The dinner served consisted of well cooked delicacies and dainties with a plentiful supply of the substantials required and the necessary liquid refreshments accompanying.

Dinner was taken to the homes of those who were unable to attend.

Following the banquet a "very interesting" program was presented with music often furnished by the town band and the high school orchestra and chorus. A speech of welcome was given by the Mayor. W. D. Candland, Mayor in 1918, said in part:

We do not do this because you are old and feeble. You are not old. Only they are old whose spirits droop. You are young and buoyant in spirit.

He further encouraged a joyful day, saying:

Let us not tell of our woes today. Let us not speak of those things that will make us sad, but of the bright side of life, of the good and beautiful.

Readings, instrumental and vocal selections, dances, skits, plays by the MIA and high school were all special program numbers over the years, representing the finest talent in the community. A program presented in 1912 included the following:

Bishop James Larsen presiding

Music - Mt. Pleasant Band  
Song by audience – “How Firm A Foundation”  
Prayer - C. W. Sorensen  
Song – High School Choir  
Remarks – Bishop James Larsen  
Trombone and Cornet duet – Plumas and J. M. Boyden  
Remarks – Bishop L. O. Larsen, Spring City  
Solo – Miss Francis Jensen  
Recitation – Mrs. Charles Musig  
Remarks – John H. Seely  
Violin and Piano duet – Willie and Fern Matsen  
Remarks – C. C. A. Christensen  
Solo – Mrs. Leah Ballard  
Quartet – “O My Father”  
Speech – Reverend Meeker  
Remarks – Fred Christensen  
Reading – Mrs. Jenny Ryan  
Song – High school Choir  
Reading – C. W. Sorensen  
Benediction – H. C. Jacobx  
Music by band

Until 1915 the dinner and program were held in the South Ward church. As the number attending increased, the program was presented in the town theater and the dinner in the Armory Hall. (Both these buildings burned down in February, 1990.)

The theater was known by a number of different names as it changed management through the years: Melba, Elite, Peerless and Kinema. C. G. Purrington did comic readings and special entertainment at the Melba Theater in 1912-1913. The following years, free picture shows followed the program for the honored guests.

During the program, presents were given to the oldest man and oldest lady and sometimes the oldest couple present. In 1912 Fred Nielson, 90, was the oldest man and Eliza Staker, 87, the oldest lady. In 1922 there were three over 90 – John Knudsen, 93, Peter Monson, 92, and Mary Wilcox, 90.

All who were 60 years and older were honored guests, as well as the mayor and City Councilmen, Stake Presidency, Bishops, wives of missionaries, widows and widowers, and other “specially invited.” In 1908 there were 324 “at the tables,” and in 1936, 465 were present. A minute of 1920 says:

“The 13 widowers were very quiet and bashful as they  
were no match for the 62 widows.”

Each honored guest was given a white, blue or red badge designating his age group, 60, 70, 80. Carnations in colors to match the badges were presented by Country Squire Jewelry Company, which also decorated the tables with flowers. Other decorations in the Armory, left for the occasion, were those which were used for the High School Junior Prom held just prior to the Old Folks’ Party each year.

After the program and show, many of the honored guests returned to the Armory where a light lunch was served before the tables were taken down and preparations made for the dance that evening.

Many of the honored guests and a few young people attended the “married couples dance” to which the public was invited.

Admission to the dance was 50 cents, with 25 cents for extra ladies. In subsequent years the price was raised to 75 cents, with 10 cents for extra ladies, then it dropped to 40 cents, with extra ladies free. All males were to pay “whether they danced or not.” Honored guests were admitted free.

The Mt. Pleasant paper stated:

Here the old folks who had been confined to their homes  
with rheumatism for weeks forgot their ailments and danced  
around like they did 20 years ago.

Music for the dance was furnished by one of the two town orchestras, “whichever could be obtained the cheapest.”

Following the dance, honored guests were taken to their homes, where they could reminisce over the events of the day.

Postscript:

A summer social was held June 23, 1926, on the North Ward church grounds where the Old Folks were treated to a dinner and program and an automobile ride to Manti.

About 1942, the Bishops relinquished to the Mt. Pleasant Pioneer Historical Association (founded in 1909) the responsibility of providing a dinner and program for the Old Folks. The event has been held in March each year since that time, commemorating the founding of Mt. Pleasant and giving special recognition to the older citizens.

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## OLD RED AND WHITE STORE

Wilbur Braithwaite 58 North 2<sup>nd</sup> East

Manti, Utah 84642

First Place Personal Recollection

Stroll backward in time to days of yore  
To a 1930 grocery store  
Where pot-bellied stoves warmed up cold hands,  
And sprayers cooled off vegetable stands.

Bananas ripened right on the stalk,  
Time clicked off to a grandfather’s clock,

Wood barrels brimmed with brown ginger snaps,  
Kegs of vinegar had spigot taps.

Canned goods were faced in double-stacked rows,  
Straw hats on pegs, blue denim and bows.  
Cast-iron hand-pumps metered coal-oil.  
Hemp-rope was cut from off a rolled coil.

Limburger smells pervaded the air;  
Awnings rolled down to shade the sun's glare.  
Spring scales suspended down from a beam.  
Apples were polished to a bright sheen.

Russet potatoes sacked in brown bags  
Were stacked on the floor with special tags.  
Crates of gooseberries made a quick sale.  
Pinenuts and peanuts sold from a pail.  
Wedges of cheese were cut on a wheel;  
Oak tin-lined bins held beans and cornmeal,  
Walnuts and sugar, split-peas and rice,  
Protected from sun, weevil and mice.

Slabs of salt-pork were sliced nice and thick;  
Liverwurst chubs sold fast by the stick.  
Sugar-cured ham hung high from a hook,  
Aged to perfection, bake or pan cook.

Yellow smoked herring from the North Sea  
Whetted the taste buds, most would agree.  
Red sockeye salmon went for two-bits.  
Displays showed tempting hominy grits.

Honeycombs had a smooth, mellow taste;  
Chew on the wax, there's nothing to waste.  
Dozens of eggs were used as barter,  
Traded for sweets, or pills by Carter.

Health foods contained their own natural cures  
Better than found in local drug stores.  
Dry yellow mustard broke up a cough,  
Mixed as a plaster in flannel cloth.

Hot lemonade cooled down a sore throat.  
Treat sunburns with an olive oil coat.  
Pure baking soda polished teeth white.  
Carrots were thought to keep-up eye sight.

God liver oil kept doctors away;  
Better, by far, eat apples each day.  
Garlic buds came in clustering rings,  
Sure guaranteed to cure anything.

Citrus fruits helped to conquer all colds  
Long before Fleming spied in on molds.  
Cayenne, like garlic, gave germs a kick:  
Rather than re-take, no one was sick.

Shoppers arrived with a list in hand,  
Ready for service at a check stand.  
"May I help you ma'am?" a clerk would say.  
Taking her note, he moved on his way,

Fetching each item down on the list,  
Crossing them off so nothing was missed,  
Weighing spaghetti, lentils and beans,  
Horehound and gum drops, syrup-filled crèmes.

Off to the vegetable stand he'd walk,  
Coming back with a crisp cel'ry stalk.  
Retrieved link sausage from the meat case  
Or a soup bone to make a beef base.

Waiting on people took a long time.  
Customers calmly stood in the line  
Until orders at last had been done;  
Tallying items was then begun.

Prices were marked with pens in black wax.  
Grey plastic tokens covered sales tax.  
Costs were punched in a Burroughs machine;  
Pulling a lever caused it to ring.

Groceries were carried, enough to fill  
Model A's for a ten dollar bill,  
With change to purchase Double Mint gum  
From a coin machine, if it would run.

Upon his shoulders a clerk would pack  
U & I sugar in a cloth sack,  
And Lehi flour trucked from up-state,  
A hundred and fifty pounds of weight.

People came into this grocery store  
For a good deal, yet a good deal more.  
News could be learned there every day  
As town friends conversed along their way.

Whether the weather was harsh or mild,  
Who had a baby or lost a child,  
If a foreclosure shut down a farm,  
Where was the fire for last night's alarm?

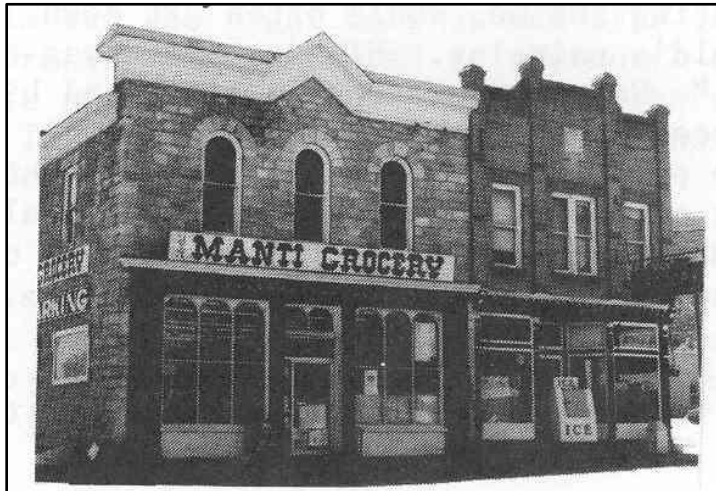
Amos and Andy jokes were retold,  
How Lewis knocked Max Schmelling out cold.  
Pros and cons of the W. P. A.  
Featured champions who argued each way.

Weddings and fun'ral times quickly spread  
Before the weekly was ever read.  
Who had the doctor doctored so late?  
Could the high school team make it to state?

Twenty five hundred lived in this town,

Fred Peterson's mind had the facts down  
Including each birthday, parents, and name,  
Roots and heritage from whence each came.

Go backward in time and days of yore  
To a 1930 grocery store  
Where everyone knew how others fared  
And everyone knew how others cared.



Red and White Store, Manti Grocery  
(Courtesy Wilbur Braithwaite)

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### **JOHN STANSFIELD, ARTIST OF RENOWN**

Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan  
680 East 1<sup>st</sup> South  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84102  
Second Place Personal Recollection

The name John Stansfield is synonymous with the word "art" in Sanpete County, and also throughout the State of Utah. Who knows how far his fame has extended. Though he is no longer with us, he has left paintings that represent him now and will continue to do so as long as the world remains intact.



I realize now, as my years accumulate, how fortunate I am to have known Mr. Stansfield and to have admired each painting as he put it out for us to view and enjoy. I am proud and grateful that I own one of his paintings, Mt. Nebo from the Sanpete side. I always admired Mt. Nebo as we saw it near Nephi as we rode on Highway 91, but I considered it to be more attractive when viewing it from the east side in Sanpete County.

After the Great Depression was over and I was able to teach school again and earn some money of my own, one of the first gestures I made was to write to Mr. Stansfield and ask him to paint me a scene of Mt. Nebo, as I desired it. He obligingly painted this for me, just as I wanted it. It has hung over my fireplace in my home for many years and people have admired it. Mr. Knapfus, a house painter, while painting for me, would often sit down and admire Stansfield's painting. His statement was often: "It is so majestic." He was of Norwegian birth and himself a fine painter of scenes and other objects. Several people borrowed the painting and copied it. My daughter, when she was acting as hostess at an open house in Salt Lake City, was surprised and delighted to see a copy of this painting in the master bedroom of the house.

Several years after I received the painting, Mr. Stansfield and his wife came to my door and asked if they could see the Mt. Nebo painting he had made. He explained that several people had mentioned it and he had forgotten just how it looked, so he decided to see and re-evaluate it. I brought them into the room with the painting, had them sit down, and left them by themselves to discuss and enjoy.

My mother, Alberta L. Jacobs, was an artist of considerably ability. As she progressed with her oil painting, she and Mr. Stansfield were drawn together through their mutual interest in art. They organized the Sanpete Art Association, which flourished for some time. Later, Mr. Stansfield taught art at Snow College.

One day when he was visiting in our family home in Mt. Pleasant, he and mother were discussing various aspects of art. I asked him how he came to become an artist. He smilingly replied that he actually drew his first picture on canvas, like a real professional. He went on to explain that when he was a young man he spent time in the mountains herding sheep. He had such a strong desire to become an artist that he drew pictures on his sheep wagon with charcoal sticks.

Mr. Stansfield was a genial man. He was always gregarious, was drawn to people, and was a natural conversationalist. He had a keen sense of humor which he used freely, but never in a negative manner.

His was the right makeup and type to supervise the Poor Farm Infirmary located at the mouth of Fairview Canyon. His wife and children lived with him there from 1921 to 1928. The occupants were fond of him and his happy manner of associating with them.

It is said that he painted several thousand pictures. A few years ago the Springville Art Gallery presented an exhibit consisting of John Stansfield's paintings. I took time to visit that exhibit and was never more proud of my friend, John Stansfield. It was difficult for me to detach myself from that inspiring display.

"A Painter paints to unload himself of feelings and visions," someone has said. And John Stansfield did just that. We are all his benefactors.

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### THREE O'CLOCK

Wilbur Braithwaite  
58 North 2<sup>nd</sup> East  
Manti, Utah 84642  
First Place Short Story

She stands by the window at 3 o'clock each day,  
Glances anxiously outside, hoping he will come.  
His pattern of visits is predictable.

Every other day he drives from their home, only  
A few miles away, taking the same right and left  
Hand turns to arrive at the Nursing Home.

She is still not aware of which days he will come.  
Alzheimer's Disease has a way of playing tricks on the mind.  
But she has flashbacks of memory and knows that he is her husband,  
Especially when he says, "I'm here to take you for a ride. I'm your husband."

A smile lights up her face, still beautiful after seventy years, and she says, "Let's go. Can we get out of here safely?"

They open the door and slowly walk down the pathway.  
She is dressed in her causal pink sweat-suit. It is a balmy, clear day in Southern California.  
Birds are singing, and even though it is December, flowers are out.

He opens the car door and buckles her up, then retraces his route, backing out, proceeding North before turning right on the first through street.

In a fearful voice, she wonders, "Will we be able to get through this street safely?" Observing the heavy traffic he answers in his calm, assuring way, "Yes, we will drive slowly and very carefully."

They come to a stoplight. The truck in front has a  
license plate at eye level.

"Can you tell me the numbers on the license plate ahead?" he asks. His question goes unanswered. Some days she will respond to such questions. Today her thoughts are elsewhere.

In around fifteen minutes, they drive into their front yard, past her beloved rose hedge. He stops near the home entrance, goes around the car, and opens the door just as when he courted her so many years ago.

As they enter the kitchen, she reflexively turns on the light. Some things are never forgotten. She spends time browsing through the home looking at pictures of her children and grandchildren, no longer remembered.

She opens cupboards, walks through the hallways, and glances at mirrors, perhaps not certain of whose face she sees reflecting back.

He goes to the refrigerator and takes out a pint of Baskin-Robbins Ice Cream. It is her favorite flavor, strawberry. "I am going to have a dish of ice cream; will you join me?" he asks. She answers, "Why, yes. That sounds good to me. Does it sound good to you?" "Yes," he answers; "Let's eat together in the kitchen."

After about 45 minutes, they start their return trip to the Nursing Home, backing the car out past the rose hedge that gardeners have replanted with her favorite colors and varieties.

As they approach the intersection of the noisy, busy main street, she wonders, "Will we be able to get through this street?" Patiently he answers, "Yes, we'll drive slowly and very carefully."

In close to fifteen minutes, he makes the final two turns-left, then right, and they are back to the Nursing Home driveway.

Inside he tells a nurse, "Please give her a drink of orange juice now." The efficient, caring young worker retrieves a gallon can of Tang from an over-head shelf, measures the powder, adds an ice cube, and mixes it in a glass of water.

As his wife sips the drink from a straw, he quietly leaves the room.

Putting down her drink, she looks up at a tall dark complected stranger, who is also ready to leave, and says, "My husband is a good man and we love each other." Some things are never forgotten.

Tomorrow at three o'clock she will stand at the window again.

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## NON-JUDGED ENTRIES

From time to time we have articles written that are of valuable historical interest and relate well to the theme but which fail to meet the criteria of any of the categories. The following entries were unanimously considered worthy of publication.

LAVAR JENSON: by George Pederson

A TRIBUTE: by Linnie M. Findlay

SOREN C. ROSS: by Hoyt Anderson



Inside Moroni Opera House.  
Said to have seated 1000  
people. Note elaborate  
scenery on stage with rollup  
curtains.  
(Courtesy Ramona Harris)



Moroni Opera House  
built about 1891 by  
Mons Monson and  
Thomas J. Morley,  
used for dancing,  
local and traveling  
performers and for  
public meetings.  
(Courtesy Edna  
Coates)

## LAVAR JENSON

George Pederson  
562 South 450 East

Orem, Utah 84058

LaVar Jenson is generally thought of as a piano teacher gifted in the art of music. This is certainly true as there are few families in central Utah who have not been touched by his skill. His expertise in teaching the piano and his willingness to share his professional talents at funerals and special programs are widely known throughout the area.

He was committed and dependable and extended his talents to others through donations and scholarships.

LaVar loved the people of Sanpete valley and even though he had many offers to go elsewhere, he chose to come back to Ephraim and Manti to share his special ability with the people where he was raised.



LaVar Jenson, concert pianist,  
outstanding teacher,  
excellent accompanist.  
(Courtesy Marge Anderson)

Music was not his only talent. He was very friendly, personable, easy to talk to, and enjoyed company. He was not pushy or aggressive, but enjoyed it when people would come to see him.

Through his extensive reading, he was knowledgeable about so many subjects: whether it was gardening, world events, cooking, or whatever it may be. He had a broad span of interests. His garden and lot was a masterpiece of beauty, well manicured, as was the interior of his home.

His furniture, his carpet, each piece or design had a special meaning and he knew the origin of each.

He was an artist himself. He would sketch and paint for his own enjoyment and show his personal work only to his friends.

The paintings in his studio each had a story about them and he not only knew the story, but also the background of the painter.

He liked antiques that had meaning and value, of which he had many.

LaVar loved the out-of-doors: a trip up the canyon, a picnic, a fishing trip, or a trip to Lake Powell were all to his liking.

He was so appreciative for things done for him. He was not only grateful at the time but always followed up with a note of thanks.

LaVar's friendship and teachings have really made life more worthwhile among all who knew him and the chain reaction will live on forever.



Born in Ephraim, LaVar taught for many years in New York City,  
coming home in the summers to enrich our valley.  
(Courtesy Marge Anderson)

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### **A TRIBUTE**

Written for LaVar Jenson, Piano Artist, Performer and Teacher  
Linnie M. Findlay  
255 East 100 South  
Ephraim, Utah

Take a Star.  
It sends its silvered radiance  
Across the many miles of time and space  
And shines on me, where I stand  
Here on the earth.  
Its light twinkles  
Through great distances,  
And as it shines from sky to me  
It reaches out to light another star  
And many more.  
Its borrowed gleam  
Is sent from star to star  
And back again, and spreads

Not with light to dazzle or to blind  
That one must turn away  
And fail to see, as does the sun:  
Nor like the moon,  
Whose light must come and go:  
But constant, steady, always in its place,  
To be itself, no more, no less,  
To give its best to earth and sky.  
So some who walk the earth  
Learn well,  
And share pure knowledge gained, and skill.  
They give their best  
As does the star,  
And reaching out, they light an answering soul  
And many more.  
Who can tell the growing worth  
Of men like these!

---

### **SOREN C. ROSS**

Hoyt Anderson  
7343 Lindenmere  
Birmingham, Michigan 48010



Soren C. Ross  
(Courtesy Hoyt C. Anderson)

Life comes to each of us differently. We each make our mark in life according to our individual needs and our individual circumstances. Sometimes our contribution influences others and they remember and feel a loss when we are no longer there.

That seems to be the way it was when Soren c. Ross of Ephraim graduated this earth life in 1990. For many years Soren spent his evening in the library, either the Ephraim Public Library or the Snow College Library. And if he found a student he could help with a school assignment in math or some other subject, he offered that help.

One who grew up in Ephraim and came to know and appreciate Soren was Dr. Hoyt C. Anderson, Birmingham, Michigan. When he learned of Soren's death, he wrote his feelings. We believe there are many others who were tutored by Soren who might share Hoyt's sentiments.

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Soren C. Ross was a life-long friend of mine despite an eighteen year difference in our ages and was a major influence in my life. Since I am sure he had a similar influence on many other young people in Ephraim and surrounding communities, some of your readers may be interested in a few of my recollections of him.

We met in front of the old Folmer Bertelson Store in Ephraim in 1926 when I was 8 and he was 26. I was carrying a pet pigeon. He fell in step with me and began bombarding me with questions to find out what I knew about pigeons. By the time we reached my home near the old high school we had begun to get acquainted and he had given me an intensive short course in the care and feeding of domestic pigeons and had told me about the demise of the Passenger Pigeon and about the amazing feats of Homing Pigeons. That was the beginning of a friendship that was to last until his death 64 years later when he was 90. It was also the beginning of a rich educational experience for me that continued until my last visit with him 2 years ago.

When we met, Soren was completing his graduate work in chemistry at BYU. Although his professional interest was chemistry his curiosity and intellectual interest seemed to be unlimited. While still an undergraduate at the Y he read "for recreation" the Encyclopedia Britannica from A to Z. He learned thru his pores and what he learned he seemed never to forget.

Someone has said that the ideal school room is a log with a teacher on one end and a student on the other. That was the kind of educational situation Soren created for me. During the Summer months when he was home from school we spent long hours together while I herded the family cows in the lanes and fields near Ephraim. Everything was grist for our sessions. One day we excavated an ant hill to study the life of the colony; another day we opened a beehive to steal some honey, but mainly to have a look at the queen and her nursery. Once he brought a powerful microscope out to the field so we could examine a blade of grass and we had a lesson chlorophyll and photosynthesis. Many nights we spent with his telescope supported in the crotch of an apple tree while we studied the terrain of the moon and the wonders of the Milky Way. We set up experiments to study the formation of crystals and he explained how he thought industrial diamonds could be made by applying pressure on carbon by having it imbedded in molten iron while it cooled. (I have since read that this has become both technically and economically feasible.) We had long lessons on Great Basin geology and I learned how to remove warts with nitric acid (and, incidentally, how to treat the resulting infection with hydrogen peroxide.) He even gave me boxing and swimming lessons.

Later when his graduate studies were completed and he came home to care for his parents he was available throughout the year to help with homework, especially in math, chemistry, and physics. He could be found at the same table in the public library practically every evening until closing time. He was available as an unpaid tutor to literally generations of students. All he required was that you ask and that you have a serious interest in learning.

After graduating from Snow College I left Ephraim, but continued a correspondence with Soren and visited him whenever I was in town. I encouraged him to write of his experiences and of the history of Ephraim and I became the repository of many of his historical monographs.

When I last saw him two years ago his mind was still as sharp and his memory as retentive as ever. He had recently taught himself to read French and, despite failing eye-sight, was busy reading a vast collection of French literature and historical documents. In that last visit I tried to tell him how much I appreciated his influence in stimulating my interest in learning. I told him I thought he played a large part in my decision to continue my studies at the graduate level and to take a PhD degree. He said he was disappointed that I had not taken the degree in the physical sciences, but said he would forgive me for that.

Soren became increasingly reclusive in the latter part of his life, but I am sure my recollections of him are not unique and I hope that relating them will refresh the memories of him in the minds of the many people whose lives were touched and enriched by this very remarkable man.

YOURSELF AND LADY ARE CORDIALLY INVITED  
TO ATTEND A  
GRAND CLOSING BALL  
IN THE  
MANTI OPERA HOUSE, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 10, '09,  
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE  
CENTRAL UTAH COLLEGE SUMMER SCHOOL.  
TICKETS 50 CENTS.  
EXTRA LADIES AND SPECTATORS 25 CENTS EACH.

# PROGRAM.

DURING THE EVENING THE FOLLOWING  
PROGRAM WILL BE RENDERED:

*Turkish Recitation*.....  
.....Supt. A. L. Larson  
*English Recitation*.....  
.....Prof. Ezra Christiansen  
*German Song*.....  
.....Mr. T. W. Vickers  
*Danish Recitation*.....  
.....Supt. Oliver Christiansen  
*Greek Oration*.....  
.....Prof. A. C. Carlson  
*Swedish Recitation*.....  
.....Hon. George Christensen

MANAGERS { EZRA CHRISTIANSEN,  
A. L. LARSON,  
OLIVER CHRISTIANSEN,



Let youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the golden hours  
With flying feet."

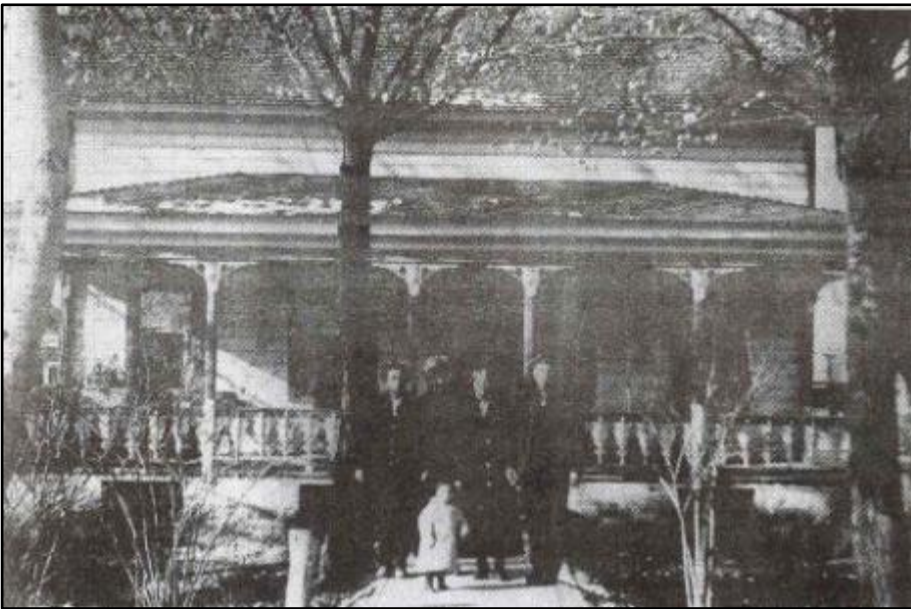


Temple City Band

Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory. —Shelly.

Invitations are representative of many groups that entertained at the Manti Opera House in the early 1900's. (Courtesy Ruth Scow)

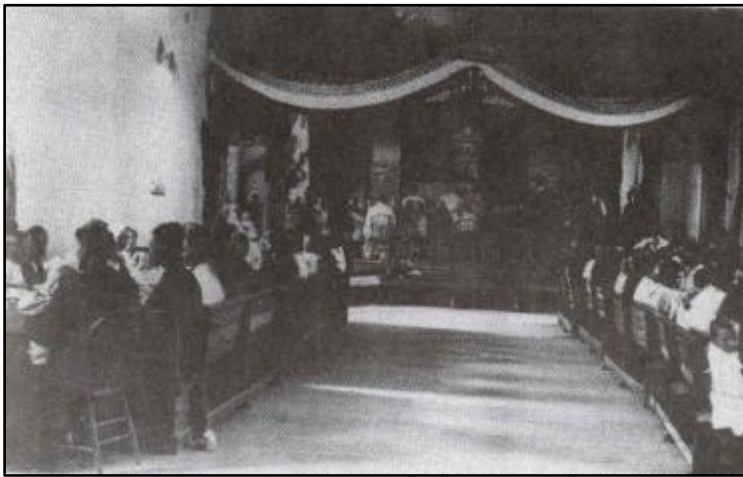




Home built in Gunnison about 1875 by Joseph A. Young, a son of Brigham Young. Also known as Robison Hotel, later the Bjerregaard Hotel.  
Burned down in 1924.  
(Courtesy LaMar Larson)



*Double features shown in Fairview theatre around 1920. (Courtesy Judy Anderson)*



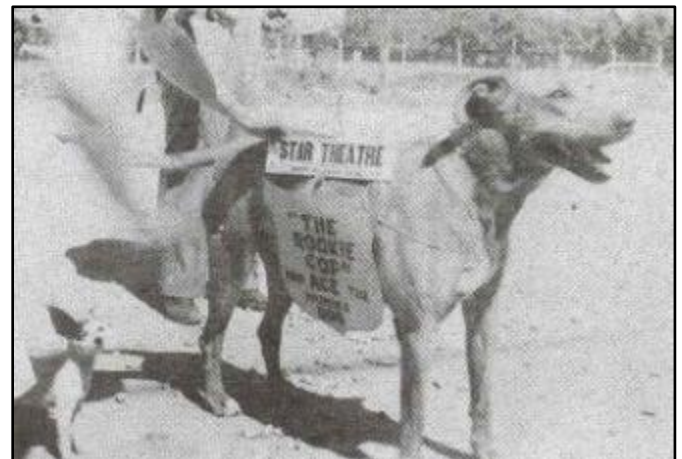
*First Old Folks banquet held in Relief Society Hall in first LDS church building in Gunnison. Built in 1902. (Courtesy Lamar Larson)*



*Mt. Pleasant Star Theatre, Old Armory and Jacobs Mortuary. Destroyed by fire in 1990. (Courtesy Judy Anderson)*



*Truck advertises for Star Theatre about 1940 in Mt. Pleasant.  
(Courtesy Judy Anderson)*



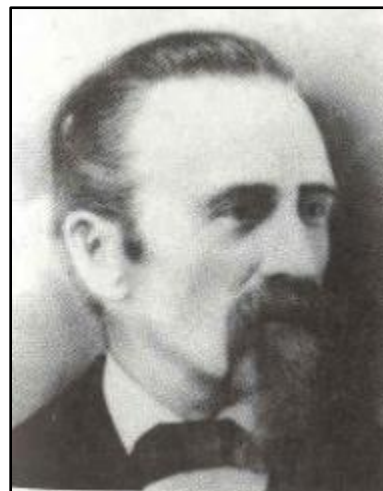
*This may not be Ace the Wonder Dog, but he's doing his best to advertise that show at the Star Theatre in Mt. Pleasant. (Courtesy Judy Anderson)*



**Adam Craik Smyth, 1840-1909, organist, conductor, composer, came from England in 1864. Graduate of London Conservatory of Music. He lived in Salt Lake City, Manti and Fountain Green, where he taught music and directed choirs and operas. Many of his hymns are included in the LDS hymn book.**



**William Fowler, 1830-1865, violinist, composer. Born in Australia, orphaned at 15, baptized a Latter-day Saint in 1849. Served a mission in England and emigrated to America in 1863 and settled in Manti. Worked for a time as a school teacher. Wrote the familiar LDS hymn. "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet."**



**John Hasler came from Switzerland in 1869 and spent his life in Mt. Pleasant. It was said of him that "no other man helped to bring music into the homes of so many people over so large an area as did John Hasler."**



**George Brox was born in Rhineland in 1860. Organized a German band, and male chorus in Manti where he was well known with his zither and trumpet.**



**LeRoy J. Robertson was born in 1896 in Ftn. Green. His first music came from his homemade violin. Professor of music at BYU for 23 years, and later at the U of U. Highly acclaimed for his musical compositions. Many of his symphonies and oratorios have been performed around the world. A number of his hymns are found in the LDS hymn book. (Courtesy Marian R. Wilson)**





**William Henry Terry was known as spring City's "Music Man," graduated from USU, BYU, and attended New York School of Music; taught music in North Sanpete High School for many years.**



**Richard Nibley, violin virtuoso, teacher, professor. He had a BS degree from Julliard, played in Europe and America and recorded for the Voice of America. He came to Ephraim in the mid 1960's where he taught at Snow College and organized a young boy' violin class. He brought programs that filled the auditorium to overflowing for great lyceums. He launced hundreds of students in his classes to appreciate great music. He led out in a movement to save the "old co-op" building from being demolished.**

*(Courtesy Nadine Nibley)*



**John H. Stansfield, Mt. Pleasant. Self portrait in oil.**

**One of the foremost landscape artists of the 1930's. painted his first picture on the canvas of a sheep wagon. Was an art teacher at Snow College for 13 years. He was said to be "a man of large sympathy, gentleness, appreciation, a genial personality, the 'shepherd artist' of Utah." He painted thousands of pictures.**

*(Courtesy Linden Christensen)*



**Glade Peterson, 1928-1990. Acclaimed as the "supreme vocal artist" of Fairview. He performed at the Munich State Opera and in Berlin, Vienna, Zurich, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Stuttgart, Brussels, Dublin and Geneva. He was always happy to come back to Utah, where he organized the Utah Opera Company. He sang the National Anthem at the Mormon Miracle Pageant in Manti a number of times.**

*(Courtesy Mardean Peterson)*



**Music was Harry A. Dean's life. He is best remembered for initiating and directing B. F. Handel's Messiah for at least 48 years. He served an LDS mission in Samoa where he taught music and prepared the Samoan translation of the LDS Hymn book. He taught at Gila College in Arizona, Ricks College in Idaho and at Snow College from 1934-1958, and continued to live in Ephraim until his death at age 95.**



*Fred J. Fjeldsted, Gunnison taught music at Snow College about 1926-1933. Credited with introducing school song to several generations of Snow College students. Sponsored contest for students to write school son. "Live Snow Live." (Courtesy Snowonian, 1933)*



*Joseph Crane: a golden era of drama and musicals began at Snow College when "Joe" began teaching there in 1946. He brought a new world of culture into the school and community as he designed and constructed stage settings, directed casts to excellent performances and taught in the class room. He was also an expert photographer. (Courtesy Snow College)*



*First high school class in Manti 1905-06. D. H. Robison, Principal; Chris Axelson, Shop; Ella Mayer, Domestic Science, \_\_\_\_\_Crawford, Bookkeeping. (Courtesy Conrad Frischknecht)*



Any study of culture in Sanpete County would be incomplete without including the Mormon Miracle Pageant. Scenes included here show early pageant cast members.



*Ned Madsen in authentic costume, has portrayed George Washington in most of the 25 years of pageant history.*



*Merritt Bradley calls square dances in early pageant scene.*

*Daylight rehearsal of New England scene in Mormon Miracle Pageant.*

*L-R:*

*Lydia and Richard Nibley,  
Barbara Barton,  
Vic Brown,  
John Barton,  
Janice Washburn  
Schmidt,  
Becky Barton,  
Jean Strate Nielson,  
Rose McIlff and  
Albert Antrei as the  
preacher.*





***Moroni Stake Operetta: "Lelawala," leading characters: Front row, L to R: Gerald Bradley, Dora Arnoldson, Kay Ostler, Harold Christensen, Jessie Oldroyd, Howard Blackham, Ella Bradley, Harold Arnoldson, Garn Olsen-Music Director, standing at left; Mrs. John (Eva) Jensen-Stake YWMIA Counselor. Far right standing: Mrs. Rodney (Venice) Anderson-Stake YWMIA president, James Prestwich-Drama Director. Colonial leaders: Glendale Larsen, John Guymon, Urban Madsen, Rex Kellet, "The Hunter." Presented about 1936-1940 with a cast of over 35 from Ftn. Green and Moroni.***

*(Courtesy Jessie Oldroyd)*



***Ftn. Green Band: L to R, front row: Warren Holman, \_\_\_\_\_Bartlett, John H. Oldroyd, Niels Aagard. Back row: Theodore Christiansen, Thomas Crowther, James Mikkelsen, Hans Peter Olsen, Edward Collard.***

*(Courtesy Jessie Oldroyd)*





*Ftn. Green Youth Choir about 1888 or 1900. Bottom row, L to R: Janette Anderson, Polly Dugmore, Laura Nielson, Rena Aagard, Ella Olsen, Rachel Collard, Laura Yorgason, Nellie Guymon, Vilate Johnson. Row 2: Augusta Johnson, Maria Anderson, Filanda Guymon, Janette Collard, Mary Anderson, Clara Collard, \_\_\_\_Amost Johnson. Row 3: Alice Adams, Frances Johnson, Clara A. Collard, Sadie Collard, Nora Yorgason, Lettie Anderson. Row 4: William Collard, John J. Oldroyd, Robert Guymon. (Courtesy Elna Nielson)*



*Picnicking at Crystal Springs, where warm water bubbles up out of the ground about two miles south of Manti. 1900-1904.*

*(Courtesy Ruth Scow)*