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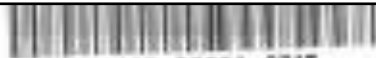
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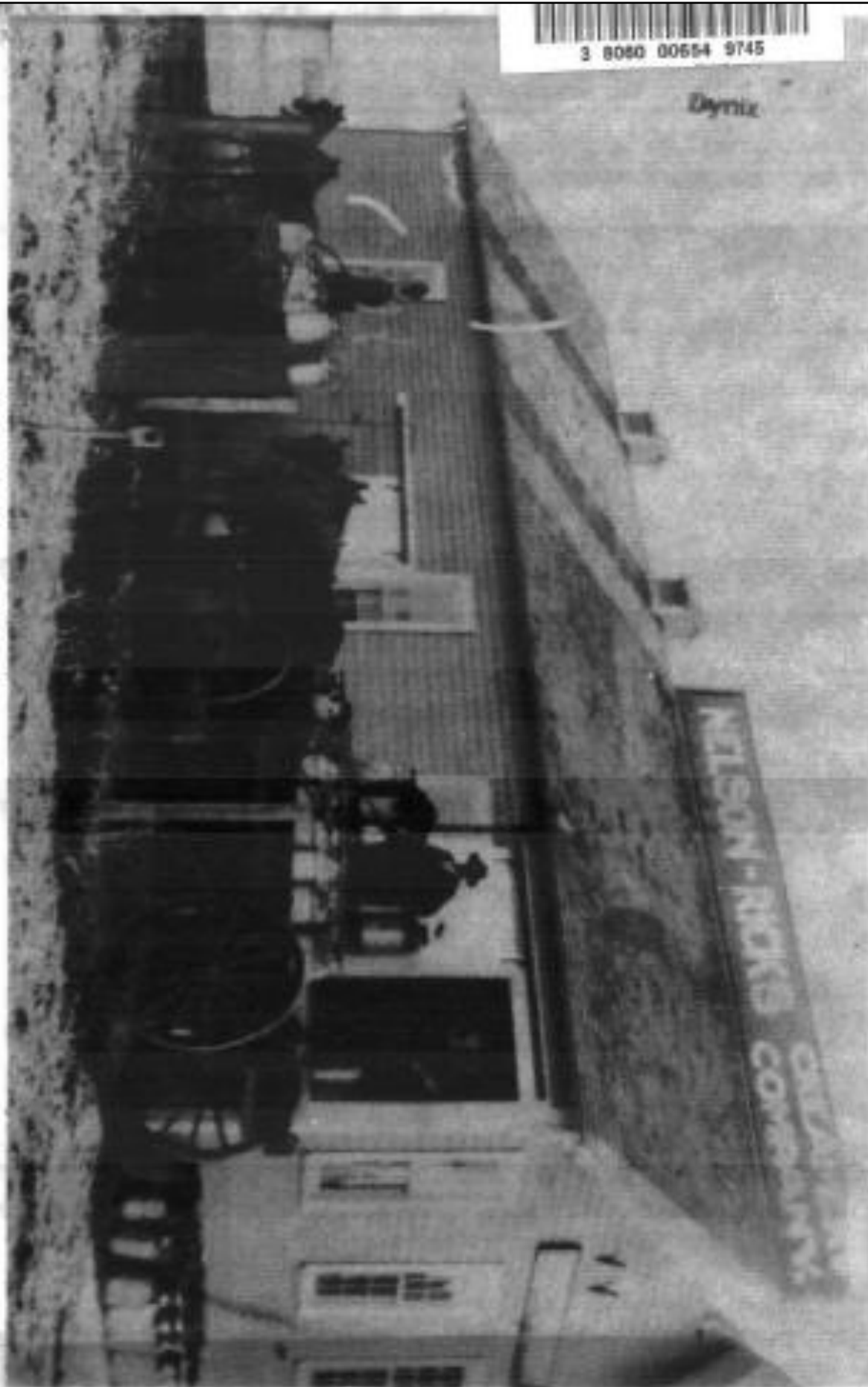
Saga of the Sanpitch

VOLUME 24 - 1992



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Nelson-Ricks Creamery Co. Miami. Courtesy Norma W. Barton.

SAGA OF THE SANPITCH

Volume XXIV

Winning Entries

of 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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PREFACE

In choosing a theme for this year's Saga of the Sanpitch, "From Peas to Parachutes and Hats to Harnesses", we hoped to stir memories of old businesses and industries that once occupied the buildings in the towns of Sanpete or those that no longer exist and some that are still in operation. We are pleased with the response we have had.

The more research we do of the past, the more we become aware of how fast the access to this history is being lost and how needful it is to preserve the information concerning the people, places and events that have made our communities what they are today.

The work, the disappointments, the fun and the excitement our ancestors experienced as they developed industries can all have an impact on our lives as we struggle with our own problems in this complex world. Their examples of thrift, integrity and industry can give us courage, incentive and foresight in making plans for the future and giving us a strong foundation on which to pattern our lives.

What fun our grandparents had at the corner drug store with their 4th of July sundaes or visiting the town creamery for a taste of the fresh cheese curd or following the farmer's wagon full of newly cut peas, ready for the viner. What a sense of patriotism they developed as they worked at the Parachute plant, helping the war effort. How much they learned to appreciate the daily toil as they visited the harness shop and watched horses being shod, or went to the mill and felt the soft flour as it emerged from the grain being ground.

Business today is much different as we don't have the direct contact with the processes that supply our needs. We probably don't want to go back to the pioneer ways, but we need to have an understanding of their way of life. It will help us appreciate our rich heritage and value the hard work and sacrifices they made for us that we might enjoy all the luxuries we have today. We need to know that our ancestors found much happiness in their work and that their lives were satisfying to them because they were creating industries and building businesses for future generations. They were learning, growing, building, watching their dreams come true.

As you read these stories, perhaps you will visualize where some of the old buildings once were. Perhaps you can picture the sturdy men and women who worked there. We hope you will feel the spirit that permeates the places where business and industry flourished in the not so far distant past. May you one day tell your grandchildren, "That is where your great grandfather's old mill once stood. You can read about it in the Saga of the Sanpitch."

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 is given to those who have contributed pictures and to those who have given encouragement in many ways.



The Japanese school house, moved from the topaz concentration center in 1944, and the rock church house built on the "Order" in 1884, were combined to accomodate the family enterprise, "Christensen's Bonnets." The business, started by

COVER

The cover depicts the diversity of businesses that existed in the early days of Sanpete County. The artist Ned J. Erickson, has his own roots in the county, having been born in Spring City. He now lives in Moroni with his wife Kristin and their daughter, LaTressa. Their two sons Dick and Charles Russell are attending Snow College and stationed at Naval Aviation Base in Memphis, Tennessee, respectively. Ned is a graduate of North Sanpete High School, Snow College and BYU, where he graduated with a degree in Youth Leadership. He worked for seven years with the Boy Scouts of America. As a youth he spent much time in the mountains where he gained a great love and appreciation of nature. His art work commonly portrays the theme "Country Western NT Wild Life."

ADVERTISING

Radio Stations KMTI and KMXU, Messenger-Enterprise, Manti; Gunnison Valley News, Gunnison; 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 third term as a member of the South

Sanpete Board of Education. This year marks the 14th year she has volunteered her service as proofreader and copy editor for the Saga.

JUDGES

Winona Greaves Erickson was born in Ephraim, Utah and is a fourth generation Ephraim resident. She graduated from Snow College, received her Bachelors degree from the University of Utah and certified in Instructional Media with further study at Utah State University and Brigham Young University. She taught several years in the Utah schools and served as the Media Specialist in the Manti High School Library for 11 years. She is married to Clair Erickson and is the mother of 6 children. She has served in numerous capacities in her church and on several civic boards in Ephraim. At present she is a member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers serving as 1st Vice President in the County organization and has been active in the Ephraim Co-op restoration project.

Jeannette H. Anderson was born and raised in Sanpete. She is married to Gary Anderson of Ephraim, and their six children can claim six generations of Ephraim ancestors. She has a Bachelors degree and Masters degree from Utah State University.

Jeannette has taught English at USU, CEU and Manti High, and has written text for the Mormon Miracle booklets and the Mormon Miracle 25-Year History. She currently teaches English at Snow College.

W. McLoyd Ericksen is a fourth generation Sanpeter on his mother's side and a descendant of the early pioneers in Sevier county. He was born in Richfield, Utah to Vernal Niels Ericksen and Mary Anita Stringham on September 30, 1919.

His college education encompassed the attainment of a Bachelor's degree with a major in music and a minor in English from Brigham Young University, and a master of music degree from Utah State University. During his senior year at BYU it was his very good fortune to meet Marjorie Storrs. They were married in the Manti temple September 19, 1941. They have been blessed with four children.

While teaching has been his primary occupation, he spent some time in the Army Engineers with bases in Leyte and Luzon, Philippines during World War II. Before coming to Snow College, they lived in Salt Lake City where he was office manager for Pearce Music Company. In 1961 the family moved to Ephraim where he was chairman of the music department at Snow College. After working in this capacity for twenty years was appointed Director of Continuing Education. The two years prior to retirement in 1986 were spent as Dean of Instruction.

Sanpete County is home for McLoyd, Marjorie and their children which is the ultimate statement that can be made about a place.



**Early drag store and Post Office in Ephraim, stood where Nuttall Hall
Presently stands. Courtesy of the H. Sampson.**

RULES FOR SANPETE HISTORICAL WRITING CONTEST

1. The Sanpete Historical Writing Contest is open to all Sanpete County residents and former residents,
2. Contestants may enter in either Professional or Non- Professional Division. Each entry must state clearly the Division in which it is to be entered. Each Division will be judged in five categories: Anecdotes, Poetry, Short Story, Historical Essay and Personal Recollection.
3. A cash prize of ten dollars will be awarded for first place and complimentary books for other prizes.
4. All entries must be based on actual events, existing legends or traditions of Sanpete County and must be consistent with the time period. They must be authentic and fully documented.
5. All entries must be the original work of the contestant in keeping with good literary standards. They must not have been published or must not now be in the hands of an editor and/or other persons to be published. The entry must not be submitted for publication elsewhere until the contest is decided.
6. Only one entry in each category may be submitted by each contestant.
7. Three copies of each entry are required. Names or other means of identification must not appear on the manuscripts. Each entry must be accompanied by one separate 8" x 11 sheet bearing name and address of author, title, first line of entry and the division in which it is to be entered.
8. Manuscripts must be typewritten and double spaced. The number of lines for poetry and number of words for all other categories must be written on the first page of the entry.
9. Judges are selected by the Contest Chairmen and members of the Saga Committee. Judges have the right to award or not award prizes or honorable mention to entries. The judges' decision will be final.
10. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 30, 1993, For return of manuscripts please include full size envelope and sufficient postage.

11. All entries must be addressed to Sanpete Historical Writing Contest c/o Eleanor P. Madsen, 295 East 1st North, Ephraim, Utah 84627, or to Lillian H. Fox, 140 North 1st West, Manti, Utah 84642
12. Winners will be announced at a special awards program that will be held in August for that purpose.
13. In evaluating the writing the following criteria will be considered:

Poetry: Length must not exceed 32 lines

- a. Message or theme
- b. Form and Pattern
- c. Accomplishment of purpose
- d. Climax

Historical Essay and Personal Recollection:

Length must not exceed 1500 words.

- a. Adherence to theme
- b. Writing style (interesting reading)
- c. Accomplishment of purpose
- d. Accuracy of information
- e. Documentation

Anecdote: Length must not exceed 300 words.

- a. Accuracy of information
- b. Clarity of presentation
- c. Writing Style
- d. Documentation

Short Story: Length must not exceed 3000 words.

- a. Adherence to theme
- b. Writing style
- c. Characterization
- d. Well-defined plot
- e. Documentation

14. The theme for Volume XXV will be "Silver Sunset," celebrating the 25th anniversary of the Saga of the Sanpitch. Many of you who write for the Saga have entries you would like to submit but feel they have not been in keeping with the themes that have been used. This year is an opportunity to enter all those bits of information, all those precious ancestral stories that have been kept in your memory. Sunset represents a finishing, a closing of a day, of a chapter, of a period of time, the conclusion of an era. Don't let the sun set this year until you have added your story, essay, poetry, anecdote or personal recollection to the Historical Writing Contest entries.



Marianne Oveson demonstrates spinning of wool to Ephraim 4th and 5th graders 1925. She did much spinning in 1800's. Those pictured include: 1st row: Phyllis Mortenson, Kenneth Rassmussen, (not known), Thelema Hansen, Rex Christensen, 2nd row: Paul Peterson, Afton Christensen, Paul Neilson, Flora Stevens, Marianne Oveson, Evan Anderson, Lucile Armstrong, Gordon Olsen, Evelyn Sorensen. 3rd row: Ruby Bartholomew, Ray Peterson, Ora Jensen, Ray Thompson, Ethelyn Peterson, Ora Jensen, Ray Thompson, Ethelyn Peterson, Clifford Peterson, Veon Neilson, Gordon Olson, Patty McGee, Rita Anderson, 4th row: Leota Anderson, Teacher, (not known) Robert Christensen, Lynn Olson, Beth Anderson, Vivian Beal, 2 faces hidden. 5th row: (not known) Clive Johnson, Clarice Olson, Ray Anderson, Thehna Douglas, Howard Willardson., Mable Larsen, Woodrow Olson. Courtesy Thelma H. Sampson.

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BEAUTIFUL SANPETE FOR ME

SECOND PLACE POETRY

Iven R. Cox
15 North State St.
Fairview, Utah 84629

Beautiful Sanpete for me.
Valley of charms so enthralling.
Peaceful and joyous to see,
As childhood days I'm recalling
Peace to the nations you bring.
Messengers carry the story
As God's praises they sing.
Proclaim to the world his great glory
Peaceful this valley, and dear,
Blessing forever is here,
I love my own Sanpete home,
Beautiful Sanpete for me.
I love my own Sanpete home.
Beautiful, beautiful Sanpete for me.

THE PARACHUTE

THIRD PLACE POETRY

Lillian Armstrong Fox
140 North 100 West
Manti, Utah 84642

The following poem was .written December 1944, during World War II, when I was an employee of the Reliance Manufacturing Company. I worked in the Office as Personnel Supervisor. Each month it was my responsibility, along with many others, to publish a small bulletin known as The Wasatch Stitches. The purpose of this bulletin was to unite employees in a common effort, develop friendships and pass along items of human interest. Mr. Ellis was the plant manager.

THE PARACHUTE

Stitch, girls, stitch the parachutes into the skies,
For in each unfolding seam a panel of freedom lies.
Sew new seams for history, work that women must do,
It was hands like ours unfaltering that fashioned
The Red, the White and the Blue.

There is no wrath in the heavens,
The stars do not rage in the skies,
The holes that are made in the earth by men,
Must be mended by those who die.

Stamp, girls, stamp numbers upon which our men rely,
Imagine his thoughts in a bomber that is shot down from the sky.
String, girls, string lines for a glorious peace,
The pride in our hearts, when we are doing our part Is not known by one at ease.

Seize, girls, seize courage into your knots,
Pass it on to him where the battle is dim,
Here music plays into your thoughts.
You, with the light of inspection glowing gold in your face,
On you depends perfection, God's noble grace.

Repair the broken stitches, straighten the flaring seam,
Remove the fear of uncertainty, for him where the cannons gleam!
Spread the nylon smoothly, cut the ply piled deep,
The patterns we draw without a flaw cannot mean defeat!

The sewing hum is another gun that fights the battle of war,
They cannot move to the front if your needle is blunt,
The mechanics repair the scar.
Stitch, girls, stitch us up the line!
There are many ways of making delays.
Let's get our chutes there on time!

PLANTING WHEAT PIONEER STYLE

FIRST PLACE ANECDOTE

Glenn Thomas
2850 Monroe Blvd.
Ogden, Utah 84403

In order to have the old flour bin filled for the coming winter, my mother requested I plant a field of wheat at age twelve, following the death of my father in 1926 at Wales. I had assisted the year before. Placing the lines around my neck, with the team hooked to the hand plow, I pointed it into the hard, dry, soil. Huge clods were turned over while I was thrown about desperately struggling to keep the plow in position. After five days of plowing, harrowing, breaking the hard clods with an ax, and leveling, the planting could begin.

Sacks of wheat were placed at the top, middle, and bottom of the field. Placing a marker at each position, I carefully measured off eight short steps. A bucket was then filled with wheat and buckled with a leather strap around my neck. Now standing at the four step position at the top of the field, I carefully sighted a point at the middle and again at the bottom and began taking careful steps in a straight line. With each step, I reached into the bucket, took a handful of grain and allowed it to sift through my fingers with a sweeping motion of the arm, making sure the grain was being evenly spread, refilling the bucket at the middle and again at the bottom of the field, and repeating this rhythm until the field was planted. The wheat was harrowed into the ground and furrows made for irrigating. Water turns were met faithfully.

A rich reward came at harvest time with an excellent crop of wheat. Some was taken to the mill and made into flour. Thankfully, the old bin was filled for another year.

LITTLE WILLIE'S HOT SPRINGS SPECIFIC

SECOND PLACE ANECDOTE

Conrad Frischknecht
12225 Shadywood Lane S.W.
Tacoma, Washington 98498

Little Willie's Hot Springs Specific was a patented medicine sold at night at Felt's Pavilion in Manti by a fly-by-night party which was composed of a manager and chief spokesman, a legman who circulated in the audience to deliver bottles of medicine and receive payment, and by a hypnotist who provided entertainment and whatever respectability there was to the enterprise.

The barker for Little Willie's Hot Springs Specific relied entirely on testimonials to make sales. The happy consumers of the medicine could live far away, or not at all.

It must be remembered that the potential customer helped the medicine man. There were many illnesses and few cures early in the century, and in any audience there would be people who had not found cures for their ailments, Little Willie's concoction might be their last chance to find relief. Enough people took the chance to make the venture profitable for a week at a time.

The dismal talk about a multiplicity of diseases and a sure cure for them was counteracted by the hypnotist. It was to see him and to try to figure out if hypnotism was a hoax that several of us took French leave after Deacon's meeting one night and went to Felt's.

The hypnotist offered any boy in the audience a small sum of money to be his subject. One of our schoolmates accepted the offer. The boy complied with instructions and was soon hypnotized. The hypnotist told him that he had red (biting) ants in his pants. The suggestion was as real as ants and the boy tried everything short of taking off his pants to get rid of the insects.

Next the hypnotist said the boy had lice in his hair, and our schoolmate soon had both thumbs and index fingers in his hair trying to smash his tormentors. The audience was greatly amused and laughed heartily. Later, at school, our classmate assured us that what we had seen was real and genuine in every particular.

Source: Personal experience.

THE HAT

THIRD PLACE ANECDOTE

Blodwen P. Olsen

132 West 100 South

Ephraim, Utah 84627

Mom saw the dress and matching hat on display in Mrs. Wilson's dress shop window. They were fashioned of a heavenly blue chiffon. The dress had a full skirt that reached nearly to the ankles of the mannequin. Intricate designs of silver and crystal beads accented with tiny pink satin rosebuds decorated the overskirt that hung in graceful folds. The bodice had the same delicate decorations on the neck and on the bottom of the sleeves. The hat was made of the blue chiffon with a wire frame for shape. A circlet of bead work and roses wound around the crown. The wide brim of the same material had a hint of a veil clinging to the rim. Mom knew she wanted that dress and hat.

She looked and coveted before she had the courage to enter the shop and ask the price. Twenty-five dollars for the dress and five dollars for the hat! It would take my dad one week to earn thirty dollars. He worked hard in cement and stone work, when work was available, to earn five dollars a day. Mom wouldn't think of spending that much on herself. She was an expert seamstress. She knew she could make the dress and the hat for much less than thirty dollars. She had one problem: where could she get a wire frame for the hat.

Before her marriage, Mom and her sisters had operated a millinery store. By hand they had made many of the hats they had sold. They bought assorted wire hat frames from a wholesaler and covered them with fabrics to suit the taste or to match the gowns of their patrons.

Mom bought material, sewed the dress, and spent hours doing the bead work and making the rosebuds. The hat was her next project. She inquired at all of the stores, but no one could supply her with a hat frame. Discouraged but not defeated, she made a frame using pliers and wire from Dad's workshop. It didn't look right, but she felt that it would be fine when the material was sewn onto it. At noon one day the hat was completed, and she modeled it for Dad. The material had not improved the lopsided, scalloped frame. The wire sagged here and bulged where it should have been smooth.

Dad looked at the hat and blurted, "You can't wear that thing!" Mom put the hat down, and tears came to her eyes. "All I needed was a frame. I tried so hard to save money."

Everyone was sad, and dinner was eaten in complete silence. Instead of taking his usual short nap, Dad left immediately. He didn't get in the car to return to work, but walked through the back lots toward town. In a few minutes, he returned with a hat box. He handed it to Mom and said, "I think this one will

look nice with the dress." Mom was overwhelmed, five dollars! A day's work for a hat! She turned to thank Dad, but he was gone.

The next Sunday, Mom looked beautiful in her dress and the ready-made hat as Dad proudly escorted her to church. I don't know what happened to the homemade Mt, but I do know that my dad loved my mom.



Simmons Furniture Store Main Street Manti.



**Christensen's (Stubbs) Department Store
Ephraim. Eleanor Madsen.**

INDIAN CHIEF ARRAPENE

HONORABLE MENTION ANECDOTE

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

In my research these past few days I have become intrigued with the Indian Chief Arrapene who succeeded Chief Walker as Chief of the Ute Indians. I came upon this story telling about what happened the morning of April 18, 1865 when John Lowry pulled the Indian Yenewood (Jake Arropeen) off his horse. My Grandmother Munk often told me Chief Arrapene often joined in the Mormon Church services held in the Council House. Before the meeting closed that day he let it be known that he would like to speak and was given that privilege. He began very quietly, then as he proceeded he became eloquent. He raised his voice to a high pitch, grabbed his dagger and sank it into the pulpit and broke the blade. The women and children became somewhat nervous, but Arrapene meant no harm. This was just his savage way of letting the people know he appreciated the square deal the Mormons were giving the Indians.

Another Sunday morning he came in with the bishop and brought a renegade Indian with him. Arrapene was in the habit of carrying a cane which had a spike in the end. Before the close of the meeting the bishop told the audience that Arrapene wished to let the people see how he warned bad Indians. He took his cane and put the spike end into the renegade's ear, twisted it around a time or two and said, "This will make him remember to keep his promises better."

I also learned that there were six Utah Indian Chiefs, Chief Washakie, Chief Sowiette, Chief Konosh,

Chief Walker, Chief Arrapene, and Chief Black Hawk.

Chief Black Hawk attended school in the 1850's in Manti, but there is no record that Chief Arrapene could write. We know that he agreed with the settlers when he deeded Sanpete County to the church in 1855. His name was written in longhand as Siegnerouch (Arropine with an "X"), his mark.

During this time also I have found many ways of spelling Arrapene — Chief Jake (Arapine, Ara-pene), also Yenewood Chief (Arrapeen, Chief Jake). On the plaque positioned on a large rock near the picnic grounds at Palisade, Funk's Lake, the Chief's name is printed as Arapien.

Sources: Plaque at Funk's Lake State Park, Utah.

Indian Depredations - Peter Gottfredson, c 1919.

Utah, Indian Stories - Milton R. Hunter, c 1946.

Song of a Century - 1849-1949, P. 32.

Gunnison Memory Book - 1859-1959.

These Our Fathers - Sanpete D.U.P. 1947.

Memories of the Old Council House - Elizabeth C. Munk, 1920.

A FAMILY MANUFACTURING AND SALES PROJECT

FIRST PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Vernon F. Larsen

3981 Fruitvale Ave.

Oakland, California 94602

"Boys, as soon as you finish supper, hurry and clean up our three wash tubs. Use plenty of soap and water and do a good job. I'll go wash and sack the potatoes we will need and bring them up from the cellar."

Then turning to our mother, Father asked, "Will you please see if you can find the three potato graters that we hung in the granary after finishing our job last year? They will need to be thoroughly cleaned."

Father was organizing and directing the family for the job that was to begin the next morning. As a nine years old in 1915, I knew immediately what it all meant. Making potato starch had been a regular family activity every fall for as long as I could remember. But the memories of having our little kitchen turned into a starch-making factory disturbed me. With tubs, sack of potatoes and grating equipment lined up in the middle of our kitchen, there was little room left for cooking and eating. It was the only room in the house, except the bedroom which led directly off the kitchen. However, the family was happy to keep up its reputation for producing a quantity of good, wholesome potato starch for home use and for sale to community members who had learned to depend on our family for their supply.

My brother and I hurried to get our job done. The tubs had been stored on the back porch after last Saturday's wash day. We used hot water and extra soap to get them cleaned for the task ahead. We brought them into the kitchen and lined them up across the middle of the floor. Daddy brought in the sacks of washed potatoes and leaned them along the wall near the door that led into the bedroom. The room now resembled some type of warehouse rather than a home kitchen.

It took Mamma but little time to locate the graters and get them ready for use. Each grater was almost as large as one of our regular washboards. They were made of polished tin and constructed so that one side projected a sharp grater surface sufficient to handle the grating of potatoes in the starch-making process.

All was in readiness. Morning found us ready to begin the work as soon as our breakfast of graham mush and toasted homemade bread was finished.

Daddy poured out three pans of the cleaned potatoes and set one beside each of the three tubs. He then took his position in front of one and assigned us two boys to take our place in front of each of the other two. He demonstrated, as he had done each year, the operation of taking a potato in the right hand and pushing it up and down on the grater to shave the potatoes into fine particles. We had to see that the gratings were safely emptied into the tub before us. He cautioned us to be careful with the potatoes in hand as they became smaller.

He said, "Do your best to grate all the potato, but be careful to not grate your knuckles and fingers. Please, let's not have any cut up hands. It might be better to discard the last little bit of potato and save your fingers."

The process began. We grated. We grated. We exchanged places as a rest at times. Mother took her turn. Soon one sack was empty. By evening all sacks were grated and each tub had now about eight inches or more of gratings in it. We were now ready to begin the next important step.

This consisted of filling each tub over half full of clear, cool water and thoroughly mixing the gratings up with the water. This produced a jello-y, murky-looking concoction. We then covered the tubs and left them to settle overnight.

When we removed the covers the next morning we were surprised. The gooey mixture was no more. We saw only a tub of dirty-looking water. This we poured off. There on the bottom was a grayish solid mass, almost hard in texture. Daddy explained that this was the heavy starch that had settled overnight. Now the job was to once again fill the tub full of clean water. We had to take butcher knives and cut and pry the settled starch to get it thoroughly mixed with the clean water.

The mixture was then allowed to stand overnight again. When we examined the mixture again, the water on top was a little clearer but was yet dark-looking. We poured the water off again. The starch on the bottom was now whiter than it was before. We again poured clear water and mixed the starch as before and let it stand for hours. We continued the process for several more times.

The last time we uncovered the tubs, the water on **top** was as clear as when we had first put it in. Now to our delight, the starch on the bottom was pure white, with no evidence of impurities. We then cut the white starch from the tub and placed it on a large drying board and set it outside to dry.

After drying, the pure potato starch was packaged in two-quart cans. The result: dozens and dozens of cans of starch ready for our home use and for marketing to our friends in the community who depended on us for their supply.

The tubs were removed from the kitchen; the graters were cleaned and hung in the granary. Our kitchen and living room were back to normal. Our family was happy for a job so efficiently accomplished.

Now, when we sat down to a pudding dessert made from our potato starch, or when we went to church with a clean, new-starched shirt, we experienced a feeling of accomplishment in the joy of using our own manufactured product. We had been a happy family in this process.

It soon became known about town in Mt. Pleasant that the supply of potato starch was ready. Our regular customers arrived and made their purchases. In a short time our entire supply was sold out. Perhaps we should have made more since news of our project had spread and new customers continued to appear, only to be disappointed that the supply was exhausted.

There had been no advertising, warehouse, sales or other business expense. Each year we enjoyed clear profit from this little family manufacturing business venture. The financial returns were so very welcome in those days of a shortage of ready cash in our ongoing agricultural activity.



Chris and Jim Johansen's Harness Shop used about 1900-1945.

Courtesy Louise Johansen.

JACOB B. JACOBSEN and J.B.J. BRICKS

SECOND PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Conrad Frischknecht

12225 Shadywood Lane S.W.

Tacora, Washington 98498

J. B. Jacobsen's life spanned about the last third of the last century and the first third of this one. He was born at Milton, Morgan County, on February 25, 1868, and died on August 13, 1931, in a Salt Lake City hospital.

In Manti, his interests ranged from work in the LDS Church, to making bricks, to providing for entertainment.

Jacobsen was for many years first counselor to Bishop L. C. Kjar; he was a teacher in the Church and a school trustee; and he was a "trustee in trust" for the Church. This position arose from the Edmunds-Tucker Act passed by Congress, which, among other things, called for the confiscation of all property of the Mormon Church valued in excess of \$50,000. The Manti Temple had cost more than \$1,000,000, and Church authorities hurriedly transferred title for it to the trust of twelve Manti City Mormons. One of the other trustees was Luther Tuttle, a member of the Mormon Battalion. Jacobsen was the trustee who deeded the Manti Temple back to the Church in 1928.

The Jacobsen brickyard, JBJ Bricks, was on the old state highway between Manti and Sterling, where the soil was a heavy clay suitable for making bricks. There was a small pond in which the clay could be

soaked to make it the proper consistency for forming into adobes (sundried, unfired bricks). The principal equipment was a pug mill which mixed the clay and pushed it in a steady stream onto the molder's table.

The crew consisted of a man to shovel mud into the pug mill, the molder, three out-bearers (boys aged twelve or older), Jacobsen, and a grown boy to help him build the kiln.

Jacobsen's carriage left home promptly at seven, taking his crew who met him there or were picked up along the road. The workday ended when 5,200 adobes had been made; that could be as early as two in the afternoon.

To make the process as continuous as possible, mud for the following day was prepared the day before and adobes were removed to make room for wet ones.

The pug mill was operated by a horse on a treadmill. The molder stood in a pit, which allowed him to work at waist height. He would snatch a handful of sand and spread it on the table, take a gob of mud—a little more than was needed to make a brick—roll it about and then slam it into the mold. The mold held three bricks. The molder then drew a strike across the top of the mold, cutting off the excess mud. The strike was a half-circle of metal with a steel wire stretched between the ends.

An off-bearer boy laid the mold he had just emptied onto the table and carried off the full mold to deposit the adobes in the yard to dry. The adobes were laid down in straight rows, which were always begun from the far end.

The day after the adobes had been made, Mr. Jacobsen an expert at his trade, and his helper loaded them onto wheelbarrows and wheeled them to the point where the brick kiln was to be built. First, a firebox was made, and then the adobes were laid down so that each one was surrounded by air on all but two sides in order to create the necessary draft. All the drafts combined to create as much total draft as a tall smokestack. A very hot fire was required to fire bricks. Those exposed most to the fire became white; those with less exposure were red; the numbers of the two were about equal. In construction, the white bricks were used for facing and the red ones for backing. The white bricks sold for about a dollar per thousand more than the reds.

Burning bricks required at least five days of constant firing; it was a terribly hot job and Jacobsen suffered much punishment. He and his helper had beds at the brickyard and each one put in a twelve-hour shift.

Jacobsen was one of the owners of the Armada, a cooperative enterprise in Manti built with the idea of out-producing Felt's Pavilion. The Pavilion served as a dance hall and theater. It had folding chairs, which were put into storage when not in use.

The Armada had a bigger and better dance floor. A separate theater with a stage and very comfortable seats was used by traveling theatricals as well as for local productions; it also had a moving picture screen. Company F of the National Guard of Utah stored its arms on the second floor, above the dance hall.

The Armada soon had practically all of the theater, picture show and dance business. Felt's Pavilion stopped operating and was eventually sold to the Fair Board and moved to the Fairgrounds.

Income from the Armada provided a measure of financial security to Jacobsen in his later years.

Source: Personal recollection.



This home, built in 1912, located at 300 W. 2nd N. in Manti and now on the National Register of Historic Homes, is typical of the many walled up with brick kilned in the Jacobsen Brick Yard. Each brick has a "J" engraved on the back. Over the windows are built by L.P. Miller at that tie. Courtesy of Lillian Fox.

THE STONE BOAT

THIRD PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Blodwen P. Olsen
132 West 100 South
Ephraim, Utah 84627

"When my stone boat comes floating up the Sanpitch River," was what my dad said when we asked for things he couldn't afford to give us. To me it meant, "No." Who ever heard of a "stone boat" floating on the Sanpitch River! Most of the time the Sanpitch River looked more like a big creek than a river anyway. But I knew that the statement had a special significance for Dad, and some day I would learn what that was.

When my Grandfather Parry died in 1906, my dad became the manager of the Parry Bros. Stone Co. and was in charge of quarrying the oolite limestone from the queries in Manti and Ephraim. The Ephraim quarry was the larger one, and from it stone was shipped to dealers in Utah and other states.

At the Ephraim quarry, tunnels had been made into the hill to obtain bigger and better rock than was available on the surface. Skill was essential in knowing how to make the tunnels safe for the workmen.

Some of the most skilled quarry men came from Wales, Utah. This small community had been settled by Welshmen who had been coal miners in the "old country." When a vein of coal was discovered in the west hills of Sanpete County, these Welsh converts to the Mormon Church were sent to develop and mine this coal, and they named their community Wales. As better coal was found in other places in the state, the men turned to farming and other pursuits for a living. Many of them were glad to earn extra money by using their skills in mining the white oolite stone.

Being Welsh, most of these miners could sing. As they camped at the quarry during the week, they spent many musical evenings singing the songs of their home country, old and new hymns, and songs of their new country. My dad loved these musical evenings. The Welsh had a keen sense of humor and enjoyed a good story or joke. Some of their practical jokes involved the huge rats that lived in the quarry. The men pretended the rats were chasing them, or they occasionally killed a rattlesnake and put it in someone's bed. They didn't let their love of fun and singing interfere with the dangerous work of mining the rock.

Handling the dynamite was the most hazardous of the many quarry jobs. My dad often said that one of the best powder men he ever had was his oldest son, B. H. Parry, who started to do this work when he was sixteen. He playfully tested the dynamite by creating a large firecracker out of a half stick of dynamite, but at the quarry he was very careful.

One day when it seemed that all of the charges had been exploded, the dust was settled, and all appeared safe, the men entered the tunnel and began to work. Jack Johnson put a crowbar into one of the drilled holes. The contact exploded the remainder of dynamite that had not gone off with the original blast. Particles of rock flew with great force into his face and eyes. He was taken to a local doctor, who cleaned and bandaged the wounds, but Dad was worried about Jack's eyesight, and so Jack's doctor was able to remove more rock fragments. If these had not been removed, Mr. Johnson could have completely lost his eyesight. He never fully recovered from this accident and had trouble with his eyes the remainder of his life.

There were always dangers of injuries or of not being able to handle the large rock. Some weighed as much as twenty tons or more, and hauling them to the railroad was often difficult.

One night, as it grew dark, I could feel that Mother was worried and upset. Dad usually quit work at five o'clock. He could travel the ten miles and be home by sundown. When Dad finally arrived, he was tired and upset. One wheel of the huge wagon, with a seventeen-ton rock on it had slipped off the narrow bridge that crossed the wash on the way to the railroad. The entire quarry crew and drivers had worked to get that wheel back on the bridge. They had used jacks, crowbars, extra teams, and everything they could think of, but the wheel could not be budged. They had come home very discouraged, expecting to see the whole wagon and its load in the wash the next morning. Some went to their homes in Ephraim, Manti, and Wales; and some went back to their camp at the quarry. At daylight, they were back on the job. The men were rested, the teams were fresh, and an improvised derrick was erected. The wheel finally yielded to their efforts, and the wagon was on its way to be unloaded onto the railroad cars at the Parry spur.

Each time my dad received an order for stone and the work at the quarry commenced, I was sure that at last the stone boat was floating up the river.

I asked, "Is the stone boat floating now?"

Dad laughed, "No, not yet."

I said, "When is it?"

Dad replied, "You'll know when it does because I'll tell you. You'll know."

There were several queries in the Ephraim area. The Sanpete Stone Company owned a quarry around the hill east of the Parry quarry. The Parry Bros. Stone Company and the Sanpete Stone Company had been competitors for furnishing the stone for a few buildings. When Provo City and Utah County planned to build a new City and County building, P. C. Peterson, manager of the Sanpete Stone Company, and my dad decided that instead of being rivals, they would cooperate; and if they obtained the order, each would supply half the stone for the building. This they did, and the job was one of the last big orders for stone that the queries had. The cooperation between these two men began a life-long friendship.

One of the last jobs at the quory was to furnish the stone for the foundation for the Manti High School building. My dad and his brother queried this rock and cut it by hand. They erected a temporary shed south of the Manti Public Library for shelter while they cut the stone. It was in this workshop that I learned that money grew under rocks. When I visited there, nickels, dimes, and even quarters were found under certain rocks. You had to know where to look. No money was to be found if Uncle Ed or Dad were not at the workshop. These were good times. Dad was always happy working with stone and with his older brother. But still, no stone boat.

Very little activity took place at the queries during the late 1920's. When President Roosevelt initiated the WPA (Works Progress Administration) in the 1930s, Sanpete County received a grant to build a new courthouse. A new building was to be built of the oolite stone from the Manti quory. Dad was appointed to be building supervisor.

The stone was queried and then sawed to sizes for the inside as well as the outside walls. The sawing was simple. A rotary saw was mounted so that the stone conveyed on a belt passed the saw and was cut to size. The sawing caused friction heat. To alleviate this hazard, piped water slowly poured on the saw to cool it. Sawing was a much easier way of preparing the stone for building than cutting it by hand. However, there was always some finishing to do on the stone and some preparation for getting it ready for the saw.

Many of the workers on this building learned for the first time the mechanics of stone work. The plans specified that the lintels of the windows and doors have ornamental carving, and some carving was done as a trim on the top edge of the outside walls. This had to be done by hand. Dad's brother, E. T. Parry, did some of this carving and taught my brother Harmon the art so that he completed the work when Uncle Ed became too ill to finish it. Also at this time, a city building was built in Ephraim of rock from the Ephraim queries.

When the Sanpete County Courthouse was completed and dedicated, I knew the stone boat had finally arrived, but my dad again said, "No." He was proud of the work that had been done on that building, but it wasn't his stone boat. Well, what was the stone boat then?

When the LDS Church announced the construction of a temple in Los Angeles, the announcement was also made that it was to be built of cultured stone. My dad said impatiently, "Why don't they use natural stone?" I thought, why don't we ask? So Dad and I wrote a letter to church headquarters and asked, "Why is natural stone never used in church buildings, especially in temples?"

The answer was prompt but not satisfactory. They said that natural stone was too expensive and not as durable as some cultured stone. I could tell that my dad didn't agree with that opinion. Then I had a hint of what Dad's stone boat was. Could it be that he wished to build a temple of oolite stone as his father had done?

At the Ephraim quory, the tunnels are now covered with debris, and the derrick has been carried away piece by piece. The big wagon was stolen long ago, and the rock blacksmith building was sold to someone for the stone it contained. The bunkhouse is falling down, and no trace can be found of the lumber blacksmith shop. The powder house has caved in. The wash that nearly swallowed the big rock is now just a wide ditch. The roads are there, but the memories are beginning to fade. The Manti quory has been reopened and leased by the State Stone Company of Salt Lake City. Stone is again being shipped to Salt Lake City and other places in the world. The stone now goes by truck, and the quorrying and cutting is done with modern machinery. The stone business may develop into a profitable industry again. Maybe someone will someday see that stone boat come floating up the Sanpitch River.

Notes:

1. This was their official title used on all advertisements and letterheads.

2. I don't remember when I first learned that "quory" was spelled and pronounced "quarry." It was always "quory" to me, and that is what it has always been called in my family.

MEMORIES OF A SHEPHERD BOY FROM WALES

HONORABLE MENTION PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Glenn Thomas
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The little gray donkey I had been leading down the extremely steep, rugged mountain slope lay with her four feet helplessly in the air and on her back in a mahogany bush, groaning and pleading for help. A heavy pack of sheep camp equipment was securely bound with ropes and straps to the pack saddle and to her back.

Even though I was only twelve years of age, I had been skillfully trained in the art of moving camp. The pack had to be evenly distributed, carefully balanced and securely tied with ropes using proper knots and hitches. My younger brother, Lawrence, was moving the sheep. It was my first experience in moving the camp down into this almost vertically deep, rugged basin. There was no trail, so I had to simply feel my way with the rifle in one hand and the rope in the other. It was about three miles from the old camp to where the new one was to be. I had easy traveling along a plateau to the edge of the basin. A slow, drizzling rain had been falling. There was another much longer route I could have taken, but since nightfall was coming on, I chose the shorter and more hazardous way.

As we moved slowly down the mountain, low-growing vegetation with a sprinkling of mahogany bushes made the area fairly open. The little donkey felt the dangers as I did. She kept her head close to the ground as if testing each step. About a third of the way down the slope, a tragic thing happened. She accidentally put one front foot into the rope halter. At this moment, I looked back and saw the donkey rolling end over end coming directly toward me. I leaped and barely missed being crushed. Down the rugged steep slope she went, gaining speed. I could see nothing to save the poor beast from death because there was still a distance of at least one quarter of a mile to the bottom. I had no idea how many times she rolled, but suddenly she came to a stop in the mahogany bush. Looking down the hill, I could not determine her condition. A quick examination showed she would soon be dead. The wet ropes and straps had become so tight they had to be cut. She appeared greatly relieved as soon as I cut away the pack. Then by pulling her head to one side, she quickly flipped onto her feet. On such a steep hill, it took some time to get the pack reloaded. Several essential items had been thrown through the air and had to be gathered. It was well after dark when I finally arrived at the campsite.

1Lawrence had successfully brought the large herd of sheep down to the new campsite and was in the process of building a fire to provide light. He had remembered to fill the water bag at a spring. The horse and donkey were tethered for the night and were munching on the tender grass growing close by. In about ten minutes the tent was pitched with guys tightly stretched so the canvas would shed the rain that was still falling. The bunk bed was made by cutting four small logs and notching them to fit in the far end of the tent, then laying them on the level ground as one would start building a log house. Freshly cut pine bows with limbs tucked under followed by a heavy quilt and two army wool blankets with one or two heavy quilts on top made a good bed. The small camp stove was leveled, and two small chimney pipes extending

through a hole in the side of the tent made it ready for building a fire and cooking supper. It was soon discovered the sourdough start that had been mixed following our noon meal had all been spilled out of the crock used for this purpose. The mess was quickly cleaned up and baking powder biscuits were substituted. Delicious mutton steaks were soon sizzling and a good supper was had. Soon after, we were fast asleep in a somewhat very damp bed. The crisis of the day had passed.

My experience of herding sheep in the mountains began in the spring at age nine following a bout with rheumatic fever the winter before, causing my mother deep concern about my health. My Uncle John had suggested that I be permitted to go with him into the mountains to herd sheep for the summer. Mother finally consented, so in late May with me riding back of him on the old sorrel mule, we headed for the sheep camp. Needless to say, I was a very happy boy.

The first few days were exciting. One of my jobs was to get water from a small spring that came out of the ground about a half mile farther up the canyon. The sheep drank from the same spring by us making small ponds. I collected water in a water bag by peeling the bark from a limb, making it into a trough allowing the water to trickle into the bag. Back at the camp, I soon learned not to pour the water into a cup, but to drink out of the bag, because mosquito larva would be seen wiggling in the cup.

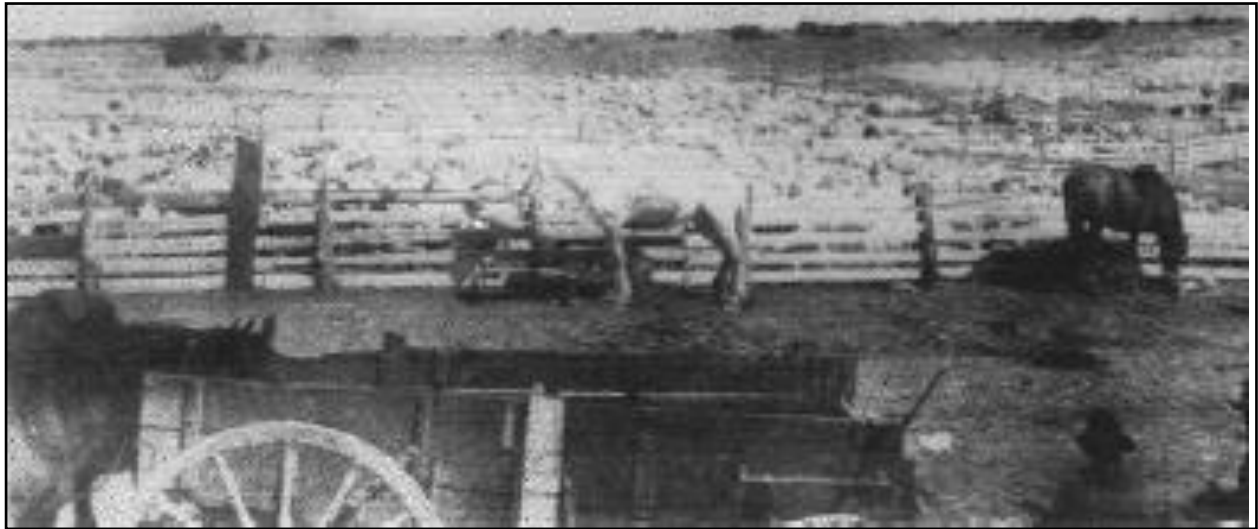
In moving camp, my Uncle John taught me many useful skills, such as arranging the pack on the pack saddle with proper balance on each side and securely tied using proper knots and hitches. The small donkeys were kept at camp mainly for moving camp. At times, they were a big nuisance. They would often disappear when needed the most. One of them was a genuine thief. She loved to sneak into the tent when we were away, find the sack of flour, drag it out of the tent with her teeth, scatter the flour everywhere and eat it. Of course, this always required a special trip to town to replenish the flour.

One morning while going to the spring for water riding one of the donkeys, as we came around a sharp bend in the trail, suddenly two huge, ferocious bulls were in a terrible fight in the middle of the trail. They were only a few feet away from us. A cloud of dust surrounded them. Blood was oozing from their nostrils. Their heads showed several bleeding cuts and their eyes were all bloodshot. I tried to stop the stupid donkey, but she kept on going as if nothing were there. When the bulls saw us coming, they backed away three or four feet. Just as we were directly between them, the donkey stopped dead still, and began chewing on some tender grass. I was petrified with fear. I had no choice other than sit until the donkey finished and moved on down the trail. By this time, the bulls had decided to quit fighting. The little donkey truly knew no fear.

By midsummer, we were camped in a very wild, rugged area. We seldom saw anyone, and we were very lonely. Since we were getting low on provisions, we killed a mutton one evening and hung it high in the trees to keep it fresh and cool. The next morning after breakfast, we wrapped it in wool blankets from the bed to keep it cool. Uncle then left for town. The dog followed him. After spending the morning looking after the sheep, I headed for camp and prepared a good dinner. I then returned to where the sheep were grazing. As evening came on, I gave a loud yell, and was proud to see the long strings of more than 2000 head of sheep trailing into the bed ground.

As I pleasantly mosied into camp, darkness was coming on. A candle was lit, and I began to prepare supper. When I reached for the mutton, to my shocking surprise, there was nothing there. The sack and all had completely disappeared. I began to reason as to what might have happened to it. Could a bear or some wild animal have taken it? No, the bed covers were undisturbed. Suddenly, on the ground, I discovered a large footprint of a man. Feelings of great fear came dashing through my youthful mind. Who could it be? Could he still be hiding out in the trees? Will he come back? Only a week before a Richins boy my age from Coalville had been kidnapped while tending his father's sheep in the mountains. A shuddering fear came over me. I thought of taking a blanket out in the trees and curling up in it. Still, he could be watching every

move I made. Humbly, I prayed for protection. Eventually I dropped off to sleep. About daylight, Uncle rode into camp and called. Words cannot express my tremendous feelings. Another crisis had passed during that first eventful summer when I was herding sheep in the mountains at age nine.



Sheep waiting at Jericho Shearing Plant for their turn to be shorn of their wool. Herd belonged to John J. Oldroyd. Ft. Green. Courtesy Jessie Oldroyd.

HARLOW BROOKS McQUARRIE M.D.

HONORABLE MENTION PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Scott W. Findlay

12-75th St. SW

Everett, Washington 98203

In small, rural communities few people have more influence than the local physician. This influence comes at least partially from the fact that doctors have contact, at one time or another, with the majority of the population and are in a position to make decisions that can affect both the length and the quality of our lives. Years of training and medical experience create a mystique around "the doctor," which causes people to do things which may be quite out of character for them under normal circumstances, such as listening carefully as advice is given and, in some cases, actually following the advice for a few days after the office visit. For many years in Ephraim, H.B. McQuarrie was "the doctor."

Dr. Harlow Brooks McQuarrie was a practicing physician in the community of Ephraim for 35 years, during which time he became very well known in the city and the surrounding area. He came to Sanpete after having graduated from George Washington School of Medicine in Washington, D.C., and serving an internship and fellowship at the Mayo Clinic. His influence on the townspeople was pervasive as he served as their sole authority on medical matters, delivered their babies and comforted their dying. With his wife, Helen, he lived in an apartment above his office where he was almost always available when needed, whether in the office during the day or for emergencies at night.

When visiting Dr. McQuarrie for medical treatment, one would be greeted in the unique corner office by soft words from Mrs. McQuarrie and the smell of medicine in the air. An assortment of people

could be found seated in the waiting room: young mothers with their babies, mothers with their sick school age children and older people seeking help in facing the problems of advancing age. In turn, each would be ushered into the examination room from which they would later emerge, having received a few words of advice and a prescription. The office business was always conducted very quietly and the soft rustling of papers and muffled voices helped soothe the nerves of those feeling anxious about seeing the doctor.

"What's the matter?" Dr. McQuarrie would ask upon entering his inner office. Youngsters could remain silent, depending on their mothers to explain things, but grown-ups had to speak for themselves. Patients would sit on an examination table while parents hovered nearby ready to help out. While being examined, the observant patient would notice the dark wood paneling, the cabinets containing medical supplies and the desk with its medical reference books, pen set and digital clock (probably the first one in Ephraim). Hanging above the desk were signed photographs of William and Charles Mayo, founders of the world-renowned Mayo Clinic where Dr. McQuarrie had studied. Further back in the office were other exam rooms, an x-ray room and a long, narrow garage completely filled by two Chrysler New Yorkers. After a brief examination and a very few words, Dr. McQuarrie would come to a conclusion as to a course of action for his patient. If he then left the room, whether he said anything or not, one could almost always be assured that an injection was next on the agenda. Presently the doctor would return with the prepared syringe and anxious eyes would try not to look at the needle.

Before excusing the patient a prescription would be written, using an expensive fountain pen. A brief admonition regarding future behavior would end with the statement, "Well, see how it goes." As one patient went home to rest, another was being seated on the exam table and the process was repeated.

Dr. McQuarrie was known for his rather intimidating, taciturn demeanor, and there may have been some who were put off, interpreting his behavior as harsh and uncaring. Those who knew him well were able to appreciate qualities in him that were hidden by his gruff exterior. The widow who visited the doctor regularly for nearly a score of years would tell you of Dr. McQuarrie's good nature. The tearful teen-age boy with broken shoulder bones who received help buttoning his shirt and words of comfort after an x-ray would substantiate that Dr. McQuarrie was compassionate. The family who received the doctor into their home numerous times to treat a dying son would say that Dr. McQuarrie was as caring, as thoughtful and as charitable as any one of us could hope to be.

Although he was a member of the LDS Church, Dr. McQuarrie did not attend regularly. He could be counted on, however, for financial support for a church building program and assisted many missionaries as they prepared to go to their areas of assignment. For several years he and his wife were "home taught" by Bishop Lawrence Poulson who would take his young companions to Dr. McQuarrie's home and give them the opportunity to share a message. At the end of each monthly visit Bishop Poulson would, while shaking hands, tell the doctor that he loved him and that he missed seeing him in priesthood meeting. "I know," would be the reply.

While he spent the majority of his time tending to the health needs of the people of Ephraim, Dr. McQuarrie did have outside interests and hobbies which he participated in. He was known to have an interest in writing poetry and was an accomplished photographer. Some of his photographs were used in publications at Snow College and in programs for the Mormon Miracle Pageant. Dr. McQuarrie also received the Yule Candle at the annual Christmas Candle Light program presented by Ephraim Junior High School, in recognition for his service to the community (Mrs. McQuarrie once confided that she had been forced to tell him he was receiving the candle before he would agree to attend the program).

Dr. McQuarrie was born in New York City, raised in Salt Lake City, educated in Logan, Washington, D.C. and Rochester, Minnesota. It would seem that with his background there may have been opportunities

for him to work in medicine in larger cities with their inherent advantages. Instead he chose to spend almost his entire working life in Ephraim, helping people who appreciated his service to them.

Documentation: Some information was obtained from Dr. McQuarrie's obituary published in the Deseret News, October 9, 1984. All other details are from personal and family experience.

IT WAS MY FIRST CREATION

HONORABLE MENTION PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Elizabeth Jacobsen Story

1513 Madison St.

Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001

I remember my mother first teaching me to sew when I was a young child. She showed me how to cut and fit pieces of cloth together, how to thread a needle, and how to tie knots in the ends of the threads. She showed me how to make a seam and how to do a back stitch, a feather stitch, and a satin stitch.

I was very interested in watching my mother and my three older sisters sewing clothes, quilts, Pillows, and other things. These things we used to make our house a pleasant place to live in. I lived with my mother and father and sisters in the old house that my grandfather had built in the early days of Mt. Pleasant.

One day my mother had a quilt on the frames which almost filled our living room. As I watched her quilting, I could see her thread her needle and, with small stitches, sew the three layers together. First she laid a piece of plain material on the frame, then the wool batting, which covered the entire backing. Then the pretty, crazy-patch quilt top was laid on top of all. Then my mother started to quilt through all the pieces and batting.

I remember telling my mother that I would like to make a small quilt for my doll, Barbara Ann. She told me that I could. First, I needed to look in her scrap bag to find some small scraps of cloth. Nothing was ever wasted. Every little scrap was saved for some use later. In the bag, I found some pretty colored pieces and my mother showed me how to piece them together. I sewed the seams of the small pieces by hand.

Next, I needed some wool to use for the batting. Then I remembered seeing little balls of wool that were torn from the sheep when they brushed against the barbed wire fences. I saw these balls of wool each day as I went to the fields with my sister to take the cows down the lane to the pasture. I could gather these small balls of wool along the fences as we walked.

When I had gathered what I felt was enough, I washed the pieces in cool water to rid them of dust and oil. Then I let the wool dry in the sunshine. Now I would need a backing for my small quilt, and wondered where I could find material for that.

Then I remembered gathering the little tobacco sacks that men who smoked Bull Durham tobacco would toss by the way when the sacks were empty. Slowly, I gathered enough of the tiny sacks. I began to take out the threads of the seams and opened up the small pieces of factory material. I had to wash the pieces to get the smell of tobacco out.

Now it was time to sew these small pieces together to make the backing just large enough to be the same size as the quilt top. Next, I needed to put the three layers together. First, I found some pretty colors of thread left over from some embroidery work. I threaded them in the needle and did a feather stitch around the top side where the seams were. It was so pleasing to me, like a work of art. Now it was time to put the three layers together. I used tiny pieces of scrap thread and pushed the needle and thread all the

way through the three layers and the back up very close to the place I had started from. There I had two ends of one thread on top of the quilt and I tied the two ends carefully together with a double knot so it would never come undone. I followed the pattern of the crazy quilt until I had anchored everything together with many knots across the quilt top.

My mother then explained how to fold in the raw edges and sew the top piece to the bottom piece.

The little doll quilt was finished, and it was such a joy. It had not cost one cent, and I had done it all by myself. It was my own creation, something I would never forget.

When I tell my children and grandchildren about the little quilt, they say they wish I had saved it for them to see. But the quilt was well played with for years and much loved. That is the purpose of our efforts and our need to be creative—just for the joy it brings.

THE WHITE STONE MEN

FIRST PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

Blodwen P. Olsen

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In 1880 Edward Lloyd Parry took a claim on three hundred and sixty-eight acres of oolitic limestone deposits northeast of Ephraim, which became the Ephraim Quarry.¹ A company was formed named "E. L. Parry and Sons, the White Stone Men." In 1888 the Manti Quarry was added to the Ephraim claim. When E. L. Parry died August 26, 1906, the company became "Parry Bros. Stone Company."² It was dissolved June 10, 1940, for lack of activity. From 1906 until his death in 1940, Bernard Parry was operator and lessee of the Parry Bros. Stone Company. At his death, Thomas H. Parry, Bernard's son, took the responsibility of the quarry until his death in 1982. In 1989 sixty five descendants of E. L. Parry organized the E. L. Parry Trust. In 1990 the quarries were leased to the State Stone Co. of Murray, Utah.

Edward Lloyd Parry was an expert stone cutter and carver and was known as a "Master Mason." He personally trained his son in all the aspects of stone work. In 1882 the first stone was shipped to Elias Morris, a dealer in stone in Salt Lake City. George P. Billings was paid \$30 for the quarry work and \$20 for hauling the stone to Wales to be put on a railroad car.³ Mr. Morris paid \$116 for this stone. The dimensions of each stone were given in Mr. Parry's account book. They ranged from 157 cubic feet to 257 cubic feet at \$.60 a cubic foot, car #134. One thousand seventy-nine cubic feet of stone was shipped to Salt Lake City which were donated to be used in a special place in the Salt Lake Temple.

From this beginning the quarry business became very profitable for the owners and also provided an income for the men hired to quarry and haul the stone.

Most of the men who worked at the quarry came from Manti and Ephraim. In later years some of the best workmen came from Wales, Utah. The workmen stayed at the quarry during the week. They camped in tents until the stone bunkhouse was built. They returned to their homes on Saturday for fresh supplies. Very early Monday morning they traveled to the quarry in time to begin work. They worked ten hours a day, six days a week for wages ranging from \$1.25 to \$3.00 for a man and his team.

Procedures for getting the stone from the hill were varied, intricate, took skill, and sometimes involved a certain amount of danger. In the open quarry, the overburden consisted of soil, small rocks, bushes, clay, and other natural materials. It was removed by scraping, shoveling and sometimes blasting. When the solid rock was reached, wedges were driven in the natural breakage fissures (faults), one foot to one and one-half feet apart with a heavy sledge hammer. The quarry man waited, then hit all the wedges

again, and waited. This was repeated until the rock broke free and could be pried loose. Using big crowbars, he rolled the rock onto steel rollers and moved it into position where the huge chains from the derrick could be fastened, and it was loaded on the wagon that hauled it to the railroad. If the stone was hauled a short distance, it was slung to the running board of a wagon with huge pincers and chain. This was the easiest way, because at the destination the chain was released, the pincer removed, the wagon driven away, and the stone was left to be trimmed, or as the stonecutters said, "dressed." Sometimes the rock was lifted onto a sled which was pulled by horses to where the derrick could load it onto a wagon.

The derrick consisted of two large timbers anchored in the hillside. One timber acted as the post, the other the crane. The crane had a large cable that went through pulleys at the point of the timber. This cable was fastened to a winch or windlass on the post timber. The winch could be turned by hand, and had a handle long enough for two men to crank, but it could also be pulled by a horse to load the larger rock.

In the Ephraim quarry, the overburden became too deep to remove, so tunnels were made into the hillside, and the rock was mined. Always on top of the solid rock was trash rock which was called buttermilk. To remove this, holes were drilled above the good rock, and dynamite or black powder with an exploding cap and fuse were placed in the holes. "Do-gads"⁴(round mud cakes) were placed in the hole and carefully tamped into place on top of the dynamite to seal the charge and make it more effective. Each charge was connected to a graduated length of fuse so that there would be an interval between explosions.

When all was in readiness, the quarrymen left the tunnel and took shelter so they were not in a direct line with the mouth of the tunnel, because sometimes debris came flying outside. Two men stayed behind with carbide lamps to see by; they systematically lighted each fuse with a lighted candle, never with the carbide lamp because the fuse spitting could blow out the lamp and leave them in the dark.⁵ After lighting the fuses, they joined the other workmen outside the tunnel. As the explosions took place (usually about twelve), they were counted to be sure each had detonated.

When all had quieted down and the rock had stopped falling, the men entered the tunnel to remove the trash rock. The buttermilk was hauled out and dumped over the side of the hill with wheelbarrows or one-horse carts. Sometimes, the buttermilk was used to help shore up the sides of the tunnel. This job was called "mucking," which, next to making "do-gads," was the lowliest of the quarry jobs.

The dynamite for the blasting was kept in a powder house. The powder house was a small room dug into the side of the hill. It was lined with rock and had a rock and thick dirt roof. A small door made of heavy timber was the access to this powder house. Every precaution was taken to keep the powder dry and to protect it from freezing.⁶ The exploding caps were stored away from the powder. It took skill to handle the charges that were placed to remove the stone, and, of course, there was always danger. The person who did the powder work had to be careful and know his business.

As tunnels into the hill lengthened and were supported with heavy timber, artificial light was needed. The most common light was a candle. A special candle holder of tin was made by the blacksmith. It had a spike on one side to stick into timber or a crack in the rock. For additional light, each man wore on his hat or cap a carbide lamp. It was about the size of a small can except it was made of brass. It had a reservoir for water; when the water dripped onto the carbide in the bottom half of the lamp, it produced a gas that burned and made light for the miner.

A good blacksmith was an essential part of every work crew at the quarry. At the Ephraim quarry, a building about thirty feet square was built of stone at the foot of the quarry hill for the blacksmith shop. The blacksmith kept the chisels, wedges, and drills sharp. He replaced handles on the hammers, picks, and shovels. He also kept the winch on the derrick in good operating condition. He repaired wagon wheels, wheelbarrows, and harnesses. He made the candle holders and was a general handyman to fix anything that needed fixing. He also shod the horses that worked at the quarry.

Another important operation was the hauling of the rock to the railroad. The wagons to haul the stone had been built with extra bed strength and large well-ironed wheels. When one of these wagons was loaded with a twenty-ton rock, three teams of horses and the skill of an expert teamster were required to pull it.

The rock was shipped to distant places by railroad on flat cars. Until 1890, it was hauled by wagon to the Sanpete Railroad in Wales. The Sanpete Railroad had been built in Wales to ship to Salt Lake City the coal that was mined there. In 1890 the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad built a line to Manti.⁷ The Parry spur was built at the junction of the quarry road and Highway 89. Remains of this spur can still be seen three miles north of Ephraim.

In the early 1900's stone was shipped by railroad to several dealers in San Francisco. When it was to be shipped in the late fall of the year, it needed to be "cured" or exposed to the air to harden so that frost would not hurt it. Occasionally, box cars were used to ship the stone over the high Sierra Mountains. To further protect it from the weather, straw or even manure was packed around the stone.⁸

Some of the stone was used in the local cemeteries. There were many monuments and markers fashioned of the white oolite limestone, a number of which were carved in intricate designs. Flowers and vines outlined the names, dates of birth and death, and sentimental sayings or verses. Lambs adorned the tops of many monuments. Fancy columns and balls were also carved.

The white oolite stone is very adaptable for fancy carving. Carving of the stone was a delicate process and required skill, artistic ability, and patience. It was done by hand with special chisels and hammers or mallets. The pattern drawn on the rock had shadings that told the mason how deep to carve. The lettering was also done by hand. Many times a large wooden mallet was used instead of a hammer to save the head of the chisel and stonecutter's hand.

Before the grounds of the cemetery were planted in grass and perpetual care instituted, many cemetery lots were enclosed in low stone walls. These were usually made of stone cut in an ornamental style. Lots were also enclosed by wooden fences, but to be very elegant, an intricately designed metal fence was used. The base of this kind of fence was often of stone. The early burial vaults, in which the caskets were placed, were sometimes built of stone. Mr. Parry's burial vault was constructed by his sons of stone from his quarry.

The Ephraim Quarry has been deserted for many years. There are few evidences of the activity that took place there or of the contributions the quarries made to the economy and culture of Sanpete County. However, the most beautiful example of the use of the oolite stone, the Manti Temple, stands as a reminder. This building, built by pioneer craftsmen, is a work of art. The arches, the window openings, the trims on the towers, the walls and the doorways are unique. All of the stone in the original building was cut by hand. E. L. Parry supervised all of this stone work, and some of the actual labor was done by him and his sons, known as "The White Stone Men."

Notes:

1. Limestone is composed of calcium carbonate (calcite), a very finely granulated texture. Some of the lime was chemically precipitated. Other limestone beds represent the accumulation of lime removed from seawater by living organisms. Beds of clean limestone can only form farther out to sea and in deeper water beyond the distances that stream-borne clay particles and sand can travel. Often remains of the organic life of the sea of the period depositions are included in beds. These are fossils. Frederick H-. Pough, GUIDE TO ROCKS AND MINERALS. "Oolitic limestone is composed of small, spherical particles with concentric structures called oolite. Oolite forms by precipitation of calcite around a nucleus of some foreign particle such as a sand grain or a bit of shell." Joel Arem, ROCKS AND MINERALS.
2. This was their official title used on all letterheads and business cards.
3. The Sanpete Railroad Company was incorporated June 6, 1874. It operated a line to Wales, Utah, from

Nephi, Utah, beginning July 31, 1882. It ran a line from Nephi to Morrison until it merged with the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad August 1, 1908. Donald B. Robertson, "The Desert States," *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WESTERN RAILROAD HISTORY*.

4. Personal recollections of Lloyd H. Parry.

5. Ibid.

6. Ibid.

7. Robertson.

8. Buildings of oolite stone not mentioned in the essay: Sheraton Palace, San Francisco, California

Parks Building, University of Utah Campus, Salt Lake City, Utah Maeser Building, Brigham Young University Campus, Provo, Utah Provo City and County Building, Provo, Utah Kearns (Governor's) Mansion, Salt Lake City, Utah Manti Tabernacle, Manti, Utah Foundation of the Noyes Building, Snow College Campus, Ephraim, Utah Foundation of the Manti City Building, Manti, Utah Ephraim City Building, Ephraim, Utah Sanpete County Courthouse, Manti, Utah Co-op Building, Ephraim, Utah Hearst Castle, San Simeon, California Decorations of many mansions in California Many other foundations, walls, and homes throughout Sanpete County.



A trainload of oolite stone from Parry Brother Quarry-Manti. Courtesy Blodwen Olsen.

THE CHESTER PEA VINERY

SECOND PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

Shirley Reynolds Burnside

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The funny-looking barn, or so it seemed, stood on the corner of Beck's lane and the Chester road that ran west to Wales. It was a small, square, red, well-built and quite open building. It was built in 1924 and was a pea vinery.

Peas grew well in the cool Sanpete climate. A large number of the farmers grew peas, and large crops were

brought to the vinery each year. The peas were sent to a canning factory in Ephraim to be canned.

Clyde Hollenbeck ran the vinery and used his tractor to power the machinery. The vinery separated the peas from the vines, shelled and sorted them by conveyance over a metal plate with different size holes that dropped them into wooden boxes with heavy wire mesh bottoms. The open bottom boxes helped keep them cool and fresh. The pea harvest lasted about two to four weeks and the vinery operated 24 hours as needed to accomodate the farmers.

Peas shell and keep better when they're cool, so many farmers came at night with their crops.

Peas and vines are heavy and crush easily so they could not be piled high on a wagon. When Elmo Reynolds was a young man, he had taken his father's pea crop to the vinery on three wagons hooked together, pulled by a team of horses. It was after midnight when he got through and started home. On the way, a car hit the end wagon, fortunately not too hard. The driver of the model-T saw the wagon just before he hit and put on the brakes.

We lived south of the pea vinery on Beck's lane. Dad tells us that the steady, noisy thump of the tractor motor and the machinery could be heard at our house. It was exciting when the peas were ready in the field, and the quiet building came to life for a short time. The farmers came with their wagon loads of peas on the vines
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and waited in line to unload. Sometimes the line would extend out to and down the side of the road. Horses pulled most of the wagons, but some farmers had tractors. Each farmer pitched the peas from his wagon into the vinery. The wagons were weighed to determine the share of pea silage each farmer would recieve, which he later fed to his cattle.

After the peas were shelled, the pods, vines and leaves were crushed through large rollers and then conveyed outside onto the growing silage stack. I remember that the stack was always the same square shape and size, just getting taller. It was interesting how such a delicious vegetable pod and good smelling vines would stink so in that stack. Pea vines become silage by fermentation and it is a sweet, strong, sour, powerful odor.

One morning when I was in the third grade, the

school bus was very, very late. The pea vinery corner was the next stop after mine. One of the boys at that stop had become bored with the waiting, so he began to explore and ended up stomping through the old pea silage stack. When he got on the bus we all screamed and held our noses all the way to school. He disappeared very quickly after we got to school because the teacher got in touch with his parents to come and get him.

One summer day when I was walking up the road past the pea vinery, I spied a clump of green pea vines by the side of the road. How exciting! Some of those delicious fresh green peas had fallen off a wagon and were waiting just for me. I quickly shelled one and popped the peas into my mouth. Yuk! They were old! I even more quickly spit them out. I was too young to know how quickly peas aged in hot sun. What a disappointment.

Just across the road to the east lived the Silvan (Sib) and Agnes Christensen family. When the vinery was operating, the machinery was very noisy, but the family became so used to it that when it turned off late at night they woke up. The noise and people didn't bother their dog. He loved to eat green peas and they had to watch him closely.

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One 24th of July, when the vinery was operating, their daughter Arlene and her friend Fern (Cloward) decided to go over and see what was going on. They had on new white shoes and stockings. The men let them help by tromping the pea vines in their new shoes. Their mothers were not happy when they got home.

In Sanpete County it was a daring evening of fun for teenagers to go stealing peas in the field. I don't suppose they took very many but probably trampled a lot.

My grandmother, Sylvia Reynolds, bottled many peas at home. The family helped her do about 40 pints each season. They found a way to quickly shell peas. The washer was filled with hot water and the pea pods put in, then the peas were put through the wringer and it popped the peas out of the pod.

After the farmers stopped growing peas, the pea vinery stood empty for many years. It was curious that it was seldom used but remained the same. Many people have many different memories of it. It stood straight a long time as a silent reminder of the thrift and industry of the early people of Chester.

Sources:

The author's personal remembrances.

History of the Chester Ward, 1870-1964, p-5.

Personal knowledge of Elmo and Nida Reynolds.

Personal knowledge of Arlene Christensen De Leeuw,

Agnes Christensen and Dale Christensen.

Manti Pea Factory. Courtesy Jean Hulme-Norma W. Barton.

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CURDS AND WHEY

THIRD PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

Norma W. Barton

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In Sanpete County, the pioneer families that settled here took their milk cows to the east mountains each summer for the feed. The women made cheese from the milk every day. Twenty gallons made ten pounds of cheese. They used at least two buckets of fresh, sweet milk, or morning's and night's milk together, provided that the night's milk was promptly cooled when fresh, and kept cool, about 50 degrees F., until morning⁽¹⁾

Usually they took the cows into the mountains as soon as the new grass sprouted, about May 15th. The cows were brought out of the mountains when storms drove them down in late fall⁽²⁾

Before making hard cheese, the housewife made cottage cheese. She set skim milk in a flat pan on the back of a wood-burning kitchen stove and heated it until a curd formed. The whey was drained off, the curd was cut into small cubes, and salt was added. After the whey was drained sufficiently, the housewife mixed thick cream with it and a delicious supper was enjoyed in the early spring, of cottage cheese, little green onions and radishes from the garden, and homemade bread just out of the oven, spread with fresh, sweet butter⁽³⁾

In 1866 Catharine Jensen, her husband Lars, and family were crossing the plains in the Peter Nebeker Train, when Mr. Jensen died near Sweetwater County, Wyoming. Catharine brought her children on to Manti, Utah. It was natural for her to come here, but she had no means of support. Upon her arrival, she gave the sad news of their son's death to her in-laws. A short time later Catharine married Peter Mickelson⁽⁴⁾

Catharine had been a professional cheese maker in Denmark, and now her neighbors often brought their surplus milk to her home where she made cheese for them. On designated days they brought all their milk and she made cheese to take to the Bishop's storehouse, where donations and tithes were distributed to the temple workmen. ⁽⁵⁾ The Manti Temple was built between 1877-1888. Hardwood had to be shipped from the Southern States for the winding staircases and railings. Often merchandise was bartered or exchanged, but cash was demanded for the beautiful hardwood.

A cooperative creamery, operated by W. D. Livingston and Joseph Judd in Greir's Hall, was then moved to the Warm Springs, which later became Crystal Springs⁽⁶⁾ Andrew Merriam made butter and ice cream there in 1906. He packed butter in one-pound molds with four screws placed at precise intervals, one across from the other, on the mold. To these he hooked wires. When he pushed the butter through the wires, it cut it into 1/4 pound cubes. This is thought to be the first commercially sold butter cut in quarter

pounds in this area. Mr. Merriam wrapped each cube separately, and the whole pound together in a clear butter paper, before sending it to the silver mines in Nevada or points beyond⁽⁷⁾

In 1923 final preparations for the Manti Cheese Manufacturing Company were made. It furnished a market for milk from Mayfield, Sterling and Manti. About 13,000 pounds of milk were delivered daily, from which 200 pounds of cheese was produced⁽⁸⁾ The Manti Commercial Club was instrumental in starting this cheese factory, along with such other projects as a high school for Manti, a Carnegie Library, and a municipally owned light and power plant. A large group of farmers set up the cheese factory as a co-op so that no one could own more than enough shares to equal the sum of \$10.00; thus, one person could not gain a controlling interest.

From the minutes of the Manti City Council, Ernest Madsen, Mayor, there appears: "Sept. 15, 1923, Marshall Sidwell stated that the Cheese Factory had applied to have the water piped to the factory across the railroad track. He was instructed to attend to this matter"⁽⁹⁾

The Manti Cheese Manufacturing Company began business on January 19, 1924. Paul M. Smith was the first cheese maker hired. He was cheese maker, janitor, bookkeeper and paymaster. John Boyington hauled milk in Manti with a team of horses, and Parley Peterson hauled with a truck from all three towns. If the farmer whose milk was brought in had pigs and wanted whey, it was returned to them in their own milk cans the following morning, free of charge⁽¹⁰⁾

In Manti if a farmer's milk was picked up, there was a hauling fee of 150 per hundred pounds of milk, and where this milk check was often the only cash flow in a family, a child pulled the milk to the cheese factory in a coaster wagon⁽¹¹⁾ Milk checks were paid twice a month. In 1937, Ernest and Ruth Scow made their first payment on their farm, with a milk check for \$6.43.

Every morning Arch Livingston went to the cheese factory. Sitting on a table was a Daisy (a 60-pound round of cheese) with a cutter bar, from which he cut and paid for a slice of cheese as large as he wanted, drew a glass of rich milk off, and ate his breakfast. He carried his own crackers with him⁽¹²⁾

One morning the haulers brought the milk in very late. Sour milk won't make cheese, and the milk came straggling in so long that it was sure to be sour. When it was finally in the vat, Smith started the resin but forgot the color. When he realized it, it was too late. He had over a hundred pounds of white cheese and didn't know what to do with it. He called the manager in Salt Lake City. Mr. Beeler suggested that he send the white cheese to the office and let them try to sell it.

About a week later there was a telephone call from Wyoming. "Where could they get more of that delicious white cheese? There was a group that would take all they could get." From that day on, Smith made a special order of at least a hundred pounds of white cheese each week⁽¹³⁾

On January 28, 1927, Paul M. Smith quit making cheese. The building stood idle until 1930 when Nelson-Ricks leased it and hired Andrew and Lytle Merriam as cheese makers.⁽¹⁴⁾

"On the First day of June 1937, the Manti Cheese Manufacturing Company did hereby sell, grant, set over and deliver to Nelson-Ricks Creamery Company, such items as 1 #40 DeLaval separator, 6 10-gallon cans, 2 5-gallon cans, 295 sample bottles (rubber stoppered), 40 milk test bottles, 15 cream test bottles, 1 acidity test bottle, 1 curd rake, a Dumrow milk vat (8000# capacity), 1 continuous cheese press, 35 triplet cheese hoops, 1 mechanical rennet tester, 1 vertical curd knife, 1 horizontal curd knife, 44 5-pound loaf cheese hoops, 1 cheese cutter, 1 milk stir, 1 paraffin vat, 1 Burroughs adding machine, 1 alarm clock, 1 Pick-up International 3/4 ton truck, 1 check writer (protector), together with all supplies and good will of the seller in a cheese manufacturing plant and business in Manti, Utah. This Bill of Sale interprets the responsibility, energy, and total commitment of time expended by a cheese maker."

For Nelson-Ricks Creamery Company, there were reliable hardworking men who carried the title of cheese maker well: Andrew and Lytle Merriam, Arden Carlyle, Merlin Bahr, and MoRell Snow, men who

worked thirteen hours a day, seven days a week, and added much to the economy and heritage of this area⁽¹⁵⁾

In 1945-46 the government school lunch program came into existence in Sanpete County. This required Grade-A milk and many small dairy farmers were forced out of business⁽¹⁶⁾

In the early 1960's 10-gallon milk cans were eliminated and were replaced with cooling tanks. The family cow soon disappeared when state laws imposed new sanitary regulations.⁽¹⁷⁾

In 1965 Nelson-Ricks Creamery Company consolidated the Manti plant with one in Aurora, Utah, and they began to ship raw milk from this area by refrigerated tanker trucks to northern Utah.⁽¹⁸⁾

"On June 17, 1968, Nelson-Ricks Creamery Company, a corporation, did Convey and Warrant to the Manti Telephone Company, beginning at the Southeast corner of Block 90, Plat 'A,1 Manti City Survey, thence North 8.00 rods, thence West 10.00 rods, thence South 8.00 rods, thence East 10.00 rods to the point of beginning, containing 0.50 of an acre, more or less, Signed by Calvin L. Nelson, President."

No, Ashley and Michael, milk does not come from plastic bottles in a grocery store, nor does ice cream come from sugar cones⁽¹⁹⁾

Sources:

(1)CHEESE MAKING, A Book for Practical Cheesemakers, Agricultural Colleges and Dairy Schools. By J. S. Sammis, PH.D., Associate Professor of Dairy Husbandry, University of Wisconsin.

(2) Lee Barton remembers when cattle were allowed on the mountains as early as May 15th by the Forest Service In June 1992 it is June 15-20.

(3) Recollection of the George Wanlass family.

(4) Nora Mickelson.

(5) Nora Mickelson.

(6) The Other 49ers, a topical history of Sanpete County, Utah, 1849 to 1983. Page 282.

(7) From Vonda Merriam, Manti, Utah.

(8) From "These Our Fathers," Page 32.

(9) Minutes of Manti City Council, Sept. 15, 1923, Page 75.

(10) From Calvin Mickelson, Manti, Utah.

(11) From Vonda Merriam, Manti, Utah.

(12) Recollections of Paul M. Smith.

(13) Recollections by Paul M. Smith.

(14) From Vonda Merriam, Manti, Utah.

(15) From MoReil Snow.

(16) The Other 49ers, A topical history of Sanpete County, Utah, 1849 to 1983, Page 286.

(17) From Harold Christiansen, State Health Inspector.

(18) From Harold Christiansen, State Health Inspector.

(19) Ashley and Michael were the two most popular names given to baby girls and baby boys in the year 1991, according to the Deseret News, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SERICULTURE, THE SILK INDUSTRY IN EPHRAIM

HONORABLE MENTION HISTORICAL ESSAY

Virginia K. Nielson

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An unusual industry in Utah during pioneer days was "sericulture," the raising of silk worms for the production of raw silk. President Brigham Young felt this could be "economically profitable in this day when money is scarce, and would also provide pioneer mothers with finery which women, by nature, love, such

as silk dresses, shawls and lace trim." During his term as Utah governor, about 1856, he purchased a supply of "mulberry seeds from France. These were carefully cultivated and, in a few years, over fifty acres of mulberry trees were planted in the Salt Lake area." From that time on these trees were grown in nearly every town and village in the Territory. They flourished luxuriantly.

President Young urged presidents of Relief Societies "to act as agents for sericulture and solicit donations from the sisters and brethren of their districts." The money was to be used in the purchase of machinery needed in completing the silk cycle. A reel, a twisting wheel with attachments, and spinning, looming and weaving machinery were needed to turn the delicate envelopes covering the silk worms into articles made from the silk fabric.

The United States annually imported about \$2,000,000 worth of silk material, primarily from France and Italy, a potentially lucrative market for Utah silk growers. Experienced sericulturalists' services were obtained from France and Italy to instruct those who raised silk worms. Much benefit was derived from these classes. In China sericulture was a jealously guarded secret for centuries so this knowledge was a great boon to those in Utah who were involved. "In six weeks seven hundred pounds of cocoons were raised; these were valued at \$2.00 per pound in France" and were readily sold. The Women's Exponent, February 1 and 15, 1894, heartily endorsed this industry and wrote, "Sericulture could be a source of considerable wealth and revenue for the Territory."

Many sisters were enthusiastic about the project. A letter in the Women's Exponent, February 1 and 15, 1894, stated, "The raising of the silk worm is extremely interesting and, to the woman's heart, brings out a loving care and interest that makes it more than a labor. The gentle touch needed can only be found in woman's hands." Another wrote of how she enjoyed watching "those little fellows" crawl around while they ate! Lettuce could be fed the worms for a short time, but mulberry leaves were their primary diet.

Throughout the Territory interest in sericulture grew. The Ephraim Relief Society records state the \$10.00 was spent for silk machinery in 1869, the initial investment on their developing industry.

"The Deseret Silk Industry" was established in 1876 to dispense information and assist with sales of products. A bounty was paid for cocoons.

Utah was invited to have a silk exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. A pair of brocade silk portiers, featuring a sego lily design, and several other locally made items of silk were displayed and "raised profound surprise because of their exquisite quality and beauty."

Sericulture had been practiced on a small scale in Ephraim, then on March 19, 1897, a giant step forward was taken. "Eight acres, more or less," was purchased in the southeast corner of Ephraim for a Relief Society "Silk Farm." This plot of ground was located "east of the highway and south of the street going to the Ranger station." The sisters were to serve as directors and workers of the silk industry. "One thousand mulberry trees were planted on this farm" and near some homes. A quantity of silk worms was purchased and cocooneries were set up inside several homes.

In the June 15, 1894, Women's Exponent an article was published that carried detailed instructions on silk worm care, which also included an advertisement. These are the sister's words: "I have 212 pounds of green cocoons and 26 ounces of eggs and will have twice as many more, for sale at \$4.00 an ounce. Get eggs now and properly keep them until the leaves are ready. The eggs must be kept on the paper upon which they were laid. Roll them up carefully and place in a perfectly clean lard bucket. Perforate the lid and the bottom, close lid and tie in place. Lay them in a cold, dry cellar until mulberry leaves are as large as a dime. Bring them up and keep in a warm room of even temperature night and day. Feed every two hours after first molting, then every three hours until second molting, then four hours until they spin."

The Women's Exponent had an avid reading audience in Ephraim who evidently carefully heeded the instructions, A local pioneer's journal states, "Many fine pieces of silk evolved in Ephraim, but the

growth of the trees was slow due to the cold weather and short season, never-the-less, for a time, this was a successful industry."

Sericulture occupied only a portion of the summer unless one was caring for the pin-head-sized eggs. The trees put forth their leaves in the spring. The women and children were kept busy picking the leaves and feeding the voracious silk worms during the six weeks of their growth. The worm's demands were greater than those of a new-born baby! The trees planted near homes made this task much easier for those involved. Ephraim's dry climate produced a high quality cocoon.

When Ephraim was brought in close contact with the East by the railroad, it was no longer necessary for the mother to make the cloth with which she clothed her family. "The interest in the work waned and finally, due to lack of support and economic conditions, failed completely. One by one the trees died and then disappeared." The Ephraim silk farms closed April 6, 1907.

A memorable occasion occurred in 1900. A bolt of black silk brocade was presented to woman's suffrage leader, Susan B. Anthony, on her eightieth birthday. She said it was made into the most beautiful dress she ever owned.

Although of merely ten years duration, sericulture was a worthwhile industry in Ephraim. An offer was made by Congress to allot an appropriation to revive the industry in Utah but this did not materialize, for the interest and know-how had declined. The success, though short-lived, manifested the sisters' faith in the Prophet's word, exhibited their determination to succeed and their devotion to the Gospel cause, for this was a community effort. Some of the sisters felt the silk worms were repugnant; despite this, they valiantly fulfilled their assigned duties, but perhaps felt little remorse at the industry's early demise. "The sisters who had worked so faithfully and diligently to promote sericulture were disappointed at its failure but accepted the closure nobly."

There are now, in Ephraim, a few silk cocoons, that are carefully preserved, as probably the only existing memento of the early silk industry. One of the last remaining mulberry trees that had been planted by pioneer hands was a grand, aged specimen standing southeast of Ephraim's library. It stood near the little adobe schoolhouse of former days. Yearly it produced luscious berries in abundance that were plucked and eaten by passers-by. In September 1985 this tree was severely damaged by lightning then later removed.

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 4. Abstract of "Silk Farm," in Francis Larsen's possession.
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 6. History of Relief Society, General Board of Relief Society 1966.
 7. A Saga of the Sanpitch typist, LuGene Nielson, was born on the "Silk Farm" when her parents were living in a home on that area, many years after it closed.
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THE BANK OF EPHRAIM CALENDAR

HONORABLE MENTION HISTORICAL ESSAY

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For over eighty years the Bank of Ephraim calendar has graced the homes and offices of the friends and patrons of the Bank of Ephraim. It has not changed in those many years, which makes it somewhat of an institution for the many who are acquainted with it. The calendar is printed on white paper and is nineteen and one-half inches wide and twenty six and one-half inches long. It has a separate page for each month, and the print is in black and red ink so that it can be seen by most anyone from a distance. The numbers are large with ample space to write in things to do, or special days not normally indicated on a calendar. Bank officers and the year of service for the Bank are also listed. A weather forecast and phases of the moon are indicated in black as are most of the dates on the calendar. Sundays and holidays are printed in red numbers.

I first became aware of this calendar when we moved to Ephraim in 1950 and opened an account at the Bank. Since that time we have had one of their calendars in our home and office and it has become part of what we depend on for the information it provides, either printed on, or written later as a reminder. Now our children are married and have their own homes with their own Bank of Ephraim calendars.

One of our sons was visited by a prominent lady and member of the district school board in their area. She immediately saw the Bank of Ephraim calendar in his office and commented that she surely would like to have one for her home. She remembered in her home there was a Bank of Ephraim calendar and it was the place where the time and dates of the water turns were kept, as well as where all other important reminders were posted and referred to on a daily basis.

I have thought that there were probably many others with the same experience. In talking with Bank officers, I found that these calendars have been sent to many places far and wide for those who have known about them and who desire to keep that remembrance in their homes. These calendars can be seen in many places, such as LDS Business College in Salt Lake City; Snow College in Ephraim; all the public schools in this county; and coast to coast to old time customers.

Over 1200 of these calendars are printed and circulated each year, and requests come from many states in the United States. In 1908 the cost of the printed calendars was twelve cents each. In 1991, the Bank of Ephraim paid \$2.92 for each calendar.

The following story is told of another Bank of Ephraim calendar which hangs in the Clark County Nevada Treasurer's office:

A Jewish citizen from Israel came to Las Vegas, Nevada, to complete some business there. He came into the County Treasurer's Office to negotiate with the County Treasurer, Mark Aston, to have the penalty waived since he was delinquent in paying the taxes on a large amount of property there. He was quite forceful in his desire not to pay the penalty, but the County Treasurer was insistent that he pay. During the discussion, the Jewish fellow saw the Bank of Ephraim calendar on the wall and asked R. Aston if he was from the Tribe of Ephraim. Mr. Aston replied that he was from the Tribe of Ephraim. The fellow then asked him again if he was from the Tribe of Ephraim in the House of Israel. Mr. Aston then stated again that, yes, he was from the Tribe of Ephraim. The fellow then said to him, "If you are from the Tribe of Ephraim in the House of Israel, I will pay the taxes plus the penalty." All conversation was over at that point, and the taxes were paid, with approximately \$10,000 worth of penalties.

Credits:

Research on calendar - Ruth Rasmuson.

Incident in Las Vegas - VaLene Aston.

PETER THOMPSON'S HOME AND SNOW COLLEGE

HONORABLE MENTION HISTORICAL ESSAY

Ethel Thompson Lewis

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The purpose of this history is to establish our pioneer family in their original setting in Denmark, in their coming to America for their religious beliefs and to make a home in a desert area. Their home and property was located on the Snow College block and what later became a strategic and vital factor in the future of Snow College.

They left Copenhagen on December 23, 1853, on the ship Slesvig. At Liverpool, England, they boarded the ship Jessie Munn and came to the Port of Entry at New Orleans. They came to St. Louis on the paddle wheel ship St. Louis. Wife and mother had become ill and died on March 13, 1854. They arrived at their destination of Fort Ephraim on October 24, 1854.¹

They made and lived in dug-outs, and shared their space with others. Adobe, log and mud houses were built within the fort wall to provide for the settlers, many of whom also lived in wagons and tents.

Education was an integral part of pioneer life in Ephraim.² Those early settlers had sacrificed much, endured sufferings, privations and persecution. Since the Gospel teaches that "The Glory of God is intelligence" and that "Man cannot be saved in ignorance," it is not surprising that a school was established 'simultaneously with the building of a meeting house and family homes within the little fort.

Bishop Edwards asked Agnes Armstrong to conduct school in the Fort. Sister Armstrong held school at her home, a one-room adobe within the Fort, which she had purchased with a cape and flower-trimmed bonnet. It is described as having a fireplace for cooking, and for light, a piece of flannel dipped in a pan of oil. Benches were made of slabs with pegs for legs. There were no text books; many used a Book of Mormon or perhaps a Bible. For pencils a soft yellow rock found near the stone quarry was used. It was sawed or cut into desired shapes and sometimes burned to make it write black.

On March 5, 1855, Fort Ephraim was organized into a school district called District #1.³

The first day of the beginning of the Sanpete Stake Academy was held on November 5, 1888. This one-room school was located upstairs in the building now part of the Junction Coop. The only entrance/exit was a walled in stairway at the back of the building, consisting of several steps, a landing and a few more steps. There was no light except what came through the open door at the bottom of the steps by day and a coal-oil lamp that hung at the top of the steps by night. The school room, too, was lighted by hanging coal-oil lamps. There were no desks, and they had plenty of hard work, but it never became a drudgery.

We will go back now to Peter Thompson who is still in Fort Ephraim.

This anxious and energetic father is all the time making plans for building a home outside the fort for his family. He and his sons established a home site. They hauled oolite stone from the quarry north of Ephraim for their new dwelling. Oolite stone is a rock consisting of small round grains usually carbonate of lime, cemented together.⁴ They brought stringers red pine (Douglas fir) from the mountains, long horizontal

timbers used to connect uprights in a frame or to support a floor or ceiling; 6 x 8 inch logs were used.⁵ Ship-lap lumber was used on the floor, which means they were cut away for a portion of the width on both sides, so as to make a flush with similar pieces." Square nails of iron which were flat on four sides and could have been handmade were used.' Small split-like poles were used for steps. Muslin, a cotton factory-like material, was put on the walls and paper on the top of the muslin, this being the finish that covered the walls at the time of the conclusion of the home.

It didn't look like there was any mortar on the outside of the walls, but the mortar on the inside made it smooth and firm. There was a well at the back of the house. The home was constructed after the pattern of the home they had left in Denmark.

Stone-cutters from the quarries were needed to shape the stones by hand — tediously chisled to the desired shape.

One of the sources of information about the home are recollections of a great-grandson as he remembers growing up with constant visits to the home. There were two sections that were just alike. There were brass door knobs with a "T," brought from Denmark. On the south side of the house was where Peter Thompson, Jr., and his wife Marie lived.

There was a foyer as one entered into this dwelling.⁹

The upstairs attic was filled with things of antique interest. There was a spinning wheel and a beautifully made wooden trunk most artistically painted which had come with them from Denmark. Many things that were very old were stored in the attic. As one came up the steps to the attic there was a wooden door that had the old type latches on, like a barn door used to be latched with. The other doors inside had primitive-type latches, also; the cellar door followed this pattern. The steps to the attic were of an unplanned wood. There was a place for toys to be kept under the stairs. It is remembered that in the cellar was one of the first Edison light bulbs hanging from a cord in the ceiling that was still working. The floor and steps were made of stones.

In December of 1986 Snow College was excavating for utility purposes and came onto a foundation of stones from this area of the house. The storage areas in this cellar are of particular interest. They were possibly three feet wide, four feet high and flat on top, used for perishables, such as cream, milk, rice and raisin cream puddings. The walls, ceilings and shelves were calcimined white. It was a cool place for storage.

As time went on an extension was made to the home of another ten or twelve feet, making it so that the steps that came in from the outside are now in the middle of the house. There was one space upstairs that was finished as a bedroom, the rest of the area was used for storage.

By now Snow College was continuing to grow and expand, feeling the need for the Peter Thompson home. Great efforts were made to accomplish this purpose. The people in Ephraim were in opposition to having the home taken down because of its historical value.¹² it was one of the first homes constructed after coming out of the fort. It was unique in its structure.

Peter Thompson, Jr., while serving as City Mayor, gave the city a portion of the north part of the block to add to what the city already had.

The Peter Thompson home would have made an excellent museum. There were relics of its time period of great value. Two reasons the college would have liked to have had it, were: They felt it would help to beautify the college block; and they felt it would increase enrollment at Snow. The President of Snow College was under constant pressure from the chairman of the board at USAC, of which Snow College was a branch at the time. The President knew it and had been warned that if the house went down there would be trouble. What happened was that he had the Ephraim Demolition Company there before daylight to take the home down. At first they couldn't get it to move. "It was like fighting against a stone wall."¹³ The

stone structure held to the Douglas fir framework. After one hundred years, it was as though it didn't want to leave. Finally, with all the strength and power they could muster, they were able to get the home down.

A marker placed where the home was reads:

SNOW COLLEGE
ESTABLISHED 1888

The marker is beautifully made, and rests on an appropriate mounting. It is pleasing to the eye, and looks good.

We may surmise that although Peter Peterson Thompson didn't know, he may have been led to this particular spot on which to build his home. In knowing of the character of our great-grandfather, I think we would be safe in saying he is proud of his contribution to Snow College, in helping to provide an opportunity for his descendants, and all others, to have the privilege of taking advantage of all that Snow has to offer.

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PALISADE

HONORABLE MENTION HISTORICAL ESSAY

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The word "Palisade" during my lifetime, and especially since the 1920's, has given me much happiness in remembering; it also gave me much pleasure, great fun and relaxation.

As a little girl I enjoyed my Grandfather Peter Munk telling me about the Aropine Valley, just across the hills east of his farm. He told of his finding the Indian Chief Aropine sleeping on the hay in his farm wagon. He said he never bothered the chief, but he knew the chief appreciated the fact that Grandfather never awakened him. Thoughtfully Aropine sent his several squaws down the hill with their arms full of short oak lengths, cut just right to help in building Grandfather's fence.

December 23, 1855, Aropine appeared before the people of Manti and said he believed there was room for all the people, Indians and whites. Believing that he was the rightful owner, as Chief of the Utahns, he deeded Sanpete County to the church.

After the Black Hawk War of 1868, the Sanpitch Indians were transferred to the Uintah Indian Reservation. In 1873 Daniel Buckley Funk received the deed to the entire Aropine Valley. Accordingly, with horse/oxdrawn scrapers, wagons, plows and other equipment of that day, plus much hard labor, Funk built a dam to impound some water from Six-Mile Canyon to make a lake. Also he planted many Cottonwood trees for shade. Finally, when the waters deepened he devised a steam-powered boat as a special attraction to excursionists. For ten cents per ride, a passenger could ride across the lake and back again. The boat would carry thirteen people, and to ride in that boat finished the day off in style – a day to long remember!

Then came the fatal day of June 22, 1878. People from Manti and Ephraim had planned a big celebration at Funk's Lake. All the people of the county were invited to attend. Thus wagons and buggies full of happy folk could be seen along the roads leading to the lake. A fine program was prepared for the forenoon by individuals from each town. At noontime the folks opened baskets of food or cooked over an open fire. Games were scheduled for the afternoon, but many folks chose to sit in the shade to visit and renew old acquaintances while watching their young people swim.

This was a joyous occasion! The water of the lake was calm and very blue — a beautiful day! The boat returned from making its first trip across the lake. A long line of folks was waiting for the second trip. On their return trip, a light wind began to blow; gaining in velocity, heavy black clouds hurriedly followed. Passengers began to panic as the high waves dashed against the sides of the boat, causing it to dance and sway upon the water. The passengers were very frightened and began to move and some even stood up, causing the boat to capsize. In a moment thirteen people were floundering in the water, each one crying and calling for help! Eleven of them could not swim, and only two men made it to shore. Their relatives and friends, who were waiting, saw what was happening, and they became hysterical, crying and screaming. Pandemonium broke out! During the long hours of the night, men searched for the bodies and even into the next day before all eleven were recovered.

Thereafter, celebrations at the lake ceased for many years. Then as the story of the drownings faded into the past, folks again began to enjoy Funk's Lake for fishing, which was excellent.

World War I began in Europe in 1914, and the United States entered that war in the spring of 1917. Ardray Wintch (Ard.), who belonged to the Manti National Guard, along with other Guard members were soon on their way to France to do their part in winning the war.

It was in the battle Chateau Thierry-Paris Road where the German advance to Paris was stopped June 1917. Ardray was in the Second Division. The enemy was now halted, but orders came to this Division to drive a series of vigorous attacks against the Germans who were in hidden nests of German artillery. This resulted in the capture of Belleau Woods, but only after severe fighting. In these operations the Second Division met with the most desperate resistance from Germany's best troops.

Ard. at this time was engaged in manning a U.S. big gunner. All at once a large artillery shell from the German lines exploded behind him sending shrapnel fragments into his back and legs. For two days he lay on the battlefield before he was picked up and hauled in the back of a truck, without any padding, to a French hospital. Here he remained until after the Armistice was signed, November 11, 1918.

January 1919, Ard. was brought back to the U.S. and sent to an army hospital in New York, which overlooked the harbor and the Palisades of the Hudson River. Here he remained until April 1919 when he was considered well enough to return to Manti, Utah.

Desiring to become an automobile mechanic, Ard. went by train to enter Utah State Agricultural College at Logan for one year at government expense. Returning home to Manti he obtained employment at the Cox Garage, located just east of Manti City Savings Bank. With his friends Frank and Clarence Peterson, both W. W. I. veterans, and Milt Cox, son of Ross Cox, who owned the garage, many happy times were spent together reminiscing over the experiences and things they had seen. They decided that Sanpete needed an open-air dance hall. Funk's Lake was ideal for such an undertaking. They leased the hill west of the lake where they built the first outdoor dance hall south of Provo, Utah. They named it PALISADE! Soon the lake itself was called Palisade.

Utilizing a road built west of the house that today (1992) stands on the brink of the hill brought them to the dance hall. Cars could be parked in the area of the dam. The dancers then walked up the hill on a steep dirt and rock pathway to enter the north side of the floor. The wooden floor was placed on a rock foundation approximately 125 feet by 75 feet with an orchestra pit at the south end. A board wall, perhaps four and a half feet high, surrounded the entire structure. Tickets to the dance, 9 P.M. to 12:30 or 1:00 A.M., Wednesday and Saturday nights, were \$1.00 per couple with extra ladies "free."

If one wasn't dancing, he could stand by the wall and count the cars turning off from highway 89 to climb the hill to Palisade. The Big Band Era was beginning. At first we danced to the music of such Bands as the Night Hawks or others from various towns in the County. The Footwarmers Band was made up with musicians from Mayfield, Gunnison, and Manti. For special occasions, bands such as the Don V. Tibbs Band or Ralph Malachi from distant Salt Lake City came to furnish the music. They played the dreamiest waltzes, the liveliest fox trots, and many extras.

The location of the dance hall was perfect. High on a hill, its electric lights could be viewed for many miles away. To see the moon come over the mountains and shine over the lake was a great experience . . very romantic and beautiful!

Palisade Dance Hall opened for public dancing in 1923, but it burned down in 1931. Later it was rebuilt with a cement floor, but I was married then, and with the Great Depression on, we did not go to too many dances. Nevertheless, the name PALISADE stays with me. Many times to entertain the children and our grandchildren and ourselves we have enjoyed going out to Palisade. It is not far from Manti, and the fish seemed always to be biting. When stress came into my life I have found solace and peace in watching the water.

In 1962 the lake, some acres and water rights were purchased by Utah Natural Resources Parks and Recreation Today the park has been upgraded to have a 9-hole golf course, a picnicking area, and R. V. parking, plus good fishing, boating, and hiking.

Near the entrance to the picnic area are two large rocks with plaques on each. The underlined words in the statement on the plaques, and typed here below, I cannot fully understand:

"DANIEL BUCKLEY FUNK ARRIVED IN A BARREN SANPETE VALLEY IN 1849. HIS VISION OF A LAKESIDE RESORT TRANSFORMED THE VALLEY INTO WHAT YOU SEE TODAY. FUNK SECURED PROPERTY FROM THE UTE CHIEF ARAPIEN, BUILT A LEVEE BY HAND AND DIVERTED SIX MILE CREEK TO FLOOD THE VALLEY FLOOR. BY 1873 FUNK'S LAKE RESORT OFFERED DANCING, BOATING, AND FISHING. FUNK'S LAKE WAS RENAMED PALISADE LAKE IN THE EARLY 1900s AND BECAME A STATE PARK IN 1962."

Utah Natural Resources Parks and Recreation

Sources:

The author's personal remembrance and experiences.

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A Still Small Voice, Grace Madsen, SAGA OF THE SANPITCH, Vol. 6, Pg. 51, 52.

Pearl Bessey Wintch (Mrs. Ardray Wintch) St. George, Utah.

Marlin Cox, Manti, Utah.

SONG OF A CENTURY, c. 1949, Pg. 32.

INDIAN DEPREDACTIONS, Peter Godfredson, C. 1919.

'IIS SHOES WERE MADE FOR WORKING

HONORABLE MENTION HISTORICAL ESSAY

Lois T. Kribs

195 East 100 South

Manti, Utah 84642

I quote from his diary: "I was baptized the 18th of April 1875 by E. Torgesen and the laying on of hands by Soren Pettersen on the 20th, in Christiania, Norway (now Oslo). After that I visited ray parents in Toftedal, Sweden, but was not welcome because of religious reasons. I left the next day for Fredrikstad and emigrated from Christiania the 22nd of June 1875 and arrived after a good journey to Utah on the 22nd of July. I lived in Spring City until November, then I moved to Ephraim." He was 22 years old.

Carl Frederick Carlson was born January 28, 1853, in Giseller, Alvsborg, Sweden. He was one of fifteen children born to Carl Jonasson and Christina Olsson Olofsdotter. Carl was seventeen when he went to live with his brother Gustaf in Fredrikstad, Norway, for two years, where he learned the art of making shoes.

He worked at this trade for three years in Fredrikstad. During this time he also met missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He joined the Church and his great desire became immigrating to Utah, even though it meant leaving his family in Sweden. They were very opposed to his conversion to this new unknown religion. Regardless of their opposition he stayed true to his faith and arrived in Utah in 1875.

He met Marie Jorgensen from Christiania, Norway, after he arrived in Ephraim. They were married September 11, 1876. A shoemaker was much in demand during the early settlement of the Territory and he always found work to support his family. By October 1878 they had saved enough money to be able to buy a house and city lot in Manti. He also bought a building, located approximately 36th South on Main Street. There he set up his own shop for making shoes. This was a frame building, gable roof, but with a square flat front that extended up beyond the gable. This architecture was common to area buildings used for business after the Saints arrived in Utah.

It was no small feat setting up a small business in 1878. He needed leather to make the shoes. This had to come from Salt Lake City, first by wagon, but later by train. He had brought patterns for the upper part of the shoe and also for the soles with him from Norway. He had a last on which the shoes were fitted. (There is a thought among family members that the first boots were made on the same last - no right or left shoe, until he was able to purchase a last for the right foot and one for the left foot in different sizes).

He had a sewing machine for stitching the leather and fabrics for the upper shoe and for attaching the heavy leather soles to this upper section, but there was still a great deal of heavy hand work to do. Carl made and sold heavy work boots, but he also sold shoes for ladies which he had shipped in from the East.



Carl Fredrick Carlson shown hauling grain from the depot to Becker's Mill Manti. Courtesy-Lois Kribs.



Carl Frederick Carlson in his shoe shop on Main Street in Manti. Courtesy-Lois Kribs

The picture of Carl in his shop shows the counter, newspapers used to wrap purchases in, shoe polish and the door to the workroom in the back. His shop was open early in the morning until sometimes dark at night. His wife would bring him lunch, until his children were old enough to stay and meet customers while he went home for lunch.

Carl's shop was not only his work area, but a place where his friends and colleagues came to discuss their faith - he was a very devout Latter-Day Saint. In 1885 he was called to serve a mission in Sweden and Norway. It was hard for him to leave his family, wife and three children, the youngest only a month old. Nevertheless he felt he must make this sacrifice. He found a shoemaker to work in his shop and keep it open while he was gone. Early in the morning of April 10, 1885, he left Manti on a return trip to his homeland to preach the gospel.

When he arrived in Sweden he was reunited with his family. At first they did not recognize him. He had been, gone ten years.

He had a successful year in the mission field except for the same old antagonism over religion within his family. His mother was torn between her love for her son and the feelings of her husband. However, his brother Gustaf and sister Bina were baptized into the Church. After he returned to Utah, he was able to send money to help them immigrate to Utah.

Again I quote from his diary: "May 12, 1886 - I took farewell of everybody in Gunnarsnas for the last time. Also said good-bye to my brother Johan Alfred and his wife Lene Soder for the last time. They were very unfriendly and angry. From there I went to my parents house. I brought a bouquet of flowers." "May 13, 1886 - I said farewell to my parents, brother Anders and sisters Emma and Anna-Stina. My father was very bitter the whole time and all I heard from him was very negative. My mother and sisters were very sad that I was leaving; together with my brother Anders they all walked with me north to the river that separates Norway from Sweden and there we said our big farewell. Then I continued my walk over the big fields to Ohr." Except for Bina and Gustaf he did not see any member of his family in Sweden again.

He returned to Manti in July 1886, took over the management of his shoe shop again and remained in business until his death in 1925. After Carl died, the building was sold, moved from Main Street, used as a storage shed, and later torn down.

Documentation:

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Conversations with Ivan, Lenore and Clair Carlson March 1992 — April 1992.

Memories of conversations with Martha Carlson Tooth.

La MARGUERITE BEAUTY SHOP

HONORABLE MENTION HISTORICAL ESSAY

Marguerite Taylor

53 South 350 East

Orem, Utah 84058

Marguerite's beauty shop began long before "La Marguerite Beauty Shop" was born. She needed to help her husband earn the family living in view of his seasonal shearing work, so after she had her first child, she went to Salt Lake to study hair care, leaving her baby in the care of her mother. She stayed with her grandmother while she went to beauty school. She became skilled at hair cutting, hair fashion design, permanents, and marceling. At that time, the most "in" fashion for hair was the "marcel," and she excelled in it.

Her first shop was set up in a small building on the east side of Main Street near what was Dreamland Dance Hall. Later when she and LaVor had a home of their own, the shop was moved into a

bedroom of their home, which had to be vacated, so a son had to sleep at his grandparents' home, in the house next door north.

When business picked up enough, Marguerite had to hire extra help, but it was hard for extra help to find housing, so Marguerite also provided them with a place to stay. The hired help not only helped in the beauty shop, but they also helped to care for the children and did some house work. Among those who became under Marguerite's tutelage were Laura Faye Thomson who lives in Ephraim today.

Business had picked up enough with an extra beautician that the business had to be enlarged. In the house, there was no place to expand, so Marguerite rented a small building two blocks south of her home, on the west side of the street, next door south of the theatre, and the La Marguerite Beauty Shop was born.

At that time Marguerite had one permanent wave machine, two hair dryers, with one sink and two tables with mirrors. The shop faced east with a large picture window and a door that opened in from the east. On the right side was a tree horse for patrons to hang their winter wraps.

There were no central heating and no furnaces, so early in the morning, Marguerite would leave her home and go to the shop to start a fire in a stove equipped with a water heater, to heat water for the first patrons when the shop opened at 10 a.m. and earlier if some patron needed a special favor done. Marguerite would dash back home to get breakfast for the family, and by the time she was ready to open for business, the water would be hot and she would be ready for the day.

Hers was a barber and beauty shop. When she made a few knicks in the hair cut, no one knew. If the hair cut was too short, she told them it would grow back in a few days.

In the southwest corner of the shop was the sink where patrons would get their hair washed to begin the transformation that Marguerite would perform on her customers. The shop had two tables with mirrors for the patrons to watch the skill of Marguerite as the coiffure took place on their heads. In the southeast corner was the one table with a mirror while the other was on the west wall and another beauty operator might have been working there.

The permanents were done in a much more complicated way than they are done today. The permanent was made permanent with a machine that was made of steel which stood on the floor with four castored feet and was taller than the average person. A central steel pole went up the center of the four caster feet and at the top had a myriad of clamps that individually fit onto a separate roller on the head. Each clamp was connected to the pole with an electrical wire that could be pulled the distance to the head and then electrically heated.

The hair had to be sectioned off much as it is today, but instead of the plastic rollers that are used now, a quarter-inch-thick piece of thick felt approximately an inch by three inches, with a slit through the lengthwise center, fit next to the head, and attached to it on the top was a metal bracket, the same shape, but smaller with fitted slots at each end, also with a slit. It was the slit (felt and metal) that the hair was brought up through, then placed on a roller to fit into a slotted end of the felt-metal. The operator had a tiny awl-like instrument with a wooden handle which she used to help to wind the hair around the roller and not straggle loosely. When loose ends were discovered, she quietly cut them off. Nothing was said. The hair was pulled through the slit, wrapped around a roller and with the awl-like instrument, the operator helped each strand of hair get wrapped around the roller, and rolled until the ends of the roller fit into the slotted end of the felt-metal bracket on the head. The clamps from the machine were brought down to clamp onto the roller on the rolled hair. This was done all over the head until the head was very heavy with metal.

The process completed, electricity was turned on, timed and when finished, the perm was done. The problem was that the clamps would get very hot and would sometimes be touching the head and burn

the head, so the operator would give the patron a bulb syringe with which to blow cool air onto the offended or burned spot to help get it cooled.

Marguerite also was expert at doing "marcel waves," which were difficult to do and were done with a special curling iron as we would know them today. Then, the curling iron was heated with an electrical machine which sat on the table and which had a hole the diameter and length of the curling iron and heated the iron to just the right temperature, which Marguerite tested by smell. If the smeller was sick, the hair might get burned – but just a little. The hair was placed in the iron just as it is today with a curling iron and then unrolled and with skilled hands could be formed into very narrow waves all over the head. At that time, it was a very fashionable way to wear the hair and only the most "hip" people would go to the expense of having it done.

Perms took three and a half to four hours to complete and could be had at that time for \$3.50, and a marcel wave could be done for \$1.00. A marcel always took a minimum of an hour to do just one head. Marcels weren't intended to last longer than any other hairdo of today.

The La Marguerite Beauty Shop was a place where feelings were vented, where joys and sorrows were shared, where tears were shed. City events took place, parades passed by, the fire truck squealed down the street; where "Desperate Hesper" (Sevy) could be seen dashing down the street to arrest someone, people going to the post office, grocery store, furniture truck hauling some lucky family a new piece of furniture. The location was perfect to observe everything taking place.

The "shop" was a place where women came to hear all the gossip and to add their bit to the list. There was always lots of interesting information being whispered about in the small country town. It was a place where mischievous Marguerite cooked up many of her pranks. It was a place where a patron could leave, looking as if she had more hair than she had come in with even after a cut. It was a place where daughter Norma, who had learned the hair-dressing trade from her mother Marguerite, brought her friends to try out all the new hair colors, tricks and weird hair-dos.

It was the place where Marguerite directed the lives of her children when husband LaVor was often away from home shearing sheep. It was a place where young son Zane watched the transformation and listened to the- laughter of the patrons. It was the place where pre-schooler Margene would take the opportunity to slip away from mother and run off to play, heaven only knew where.

The shop was permanently closed in 1948 when Marguerite and LaVor closed up and moved to Montana where LaVor was appointed to a new leadership position.

POWER FOR FLOUR

FIRST PLACE SHORT STORY

Lois Ivory Hansen

1448 South 1700 Zast

Salt Lake City, Utah 84108

The day was warm; in fact, for raid-September, it was hot. The land was dry. A good rain would be welcomed. Only the trees and bushes near the top of the beautiful Eastern Range of the Wasatch Plateau displayed the colors of red and gold and predicted that autumn would come. The sparkling water of the mill race splashed and chattered far below the platform on which Hans stood. Here was housed the newly enlarged and reconstructed water wheel that turned the machinery of the Union Roller Mill of Fairview, Utah.

Hans Peter Hansen, the miller, stood on the platform, and as his eyes gazed at the landscape he breathed the freshness of the air and drank in the beauty of the valley. This was his land—the land he loved, the land where he was born and where he would live and die.

This mill land was especially cherished. Many years ago—even before this twentieth century—he and his stepfather, John Walker, had contracted to produce flour from grain on this site. John Walker believed anything was possible if only he could have the sustaining force of this young son to give him assistance. Together they had adjusted the rollers, tightened the belts, lubricated the bearings, and repaired the roof. The mill race had to be dug deeper. A stronger flow was necessary to speed the operation and provide power to turn the machinery.

Back in 1898 this was a grist mill, and the overshot water wheel provided the power. Hans remembered the many days he and John had worked digging ditches to deepen the trough in order to supply enough water to fill the buckets that surrounded the wheel and forced it to turn. The amount of flour they could produce in a day was minimal. But today, 1918, there was a new wheel—a horizontal one that turned on a vertical shaft and produced tremendous energy. And the pulleys and belts and shafts turned in a continuous motion. This new machinery was a thing of beauty as it transformed the wheat into various products.

But now, John Walker was not here to help. Today's helpers were much younger. Hans' two sons—John, sixteen and soon to graduate from Snow Academy, and Allan, a mere twelve—provided a good source of power. That is, they were strong and could lift and pull. They were handy and intelligent, too. John had an uncanny understanding of machinery and could make the shafts fit smoothly, Allan, too, was a good worker—the only problem was how to maintain their interest and keep them on the job. There were many forces drawing them away, friends with plans for picnics and parties, music and books that held wondrous knowledge, radios to build, and the excitement of automobiles that moved without horses. Yes, it was difficult to keep them interested in milling. Just this morning, John had insisted that he had to present his radio to an assembly in Ephraim and would be gone all day. And where was Allan? Heaven only knew. He was planning to help. Hans thought he had a glimpse of him on the horse—but then he remembered there were two or three horses. Just like the old saying—"One a boy, two a half a boy, three no boy at all." He was alone today at the mill.

As Hans turned to enter the mill and inspect his workings, he reached in through the curtain that covered the rolls and felt a sample of flour between his forefinger and thumb. From this texture he could tell if the mill was operating properly; As he looked up his eyes focused on the Number 3 roller. He saw it was coming loose from the pulley. He would have to force it back into place.

He moved the ladder from its corner to the wall near the pulley. Then with an ax in hand with which to hammer he began to climb to the ceiling. When he reached the top of the ladder, he turned, and with his back to the ladder proceeded "to lift the ax and strike the pulley to force the belt back on to the pulley. As the blows resounded sharply through the air, he felt the ladder lurch and slip from his control. Panic struck him and before he had time to drop the ax he was thrown to the floor with a mighty force.

For some time he must have been unconscious as the wheels continued to turn and the water to splash and flow. When consciousness began to return, Hans realized how very seriously he was hurt and knew that he must have help. He tried to lift his head but could not do so or even turn it. His back—perhaps it was broken. Then he tried to move a leg but it remained stationary. The ax lay across both legs and the ladder was twisted on its side. With excruciating pain he tried to force a finger to move. One hand was under the ladder but the fingers of his left hand opened a bit at the pressure.

Painfully he surveyed his position. There was a telephone only a few feet away, but it seemed impossible to reach. Each time he moved a finger, he fell back exhausted and unable to think. With all the

energy he could muster, he began to pray. "Oh, Father, help me. Send someone. Give me strength. Let my family know of my danger." His eyes closed and he sank into unconsciousness again.

Then Hans began to dream. It was 1900. He was in Georgia—a missionary for the LDS Church. His companion, Elder Castleton, was pounding on a door. Yes, pounding and shouting, "Let us in. The mob is after us. Help us." Then the door opened and shut and the two Elders were pushed into the hole in the ceiling leading to the attic. Oh, how they prayed and trembled. Their prayers were answered and they tingled with the comfort and power of the Holy Spirit as they realized their lives had been saved. Elder Hansen saw the saints—those he loved and served. He saw them in need. He longed to help them, to comfort and care for them.

The pain returned and again Hans began to feel a strength surging through him and he opened his hand and grasped the leg of a chair nearby. If he could tip this chair over, he might reach the telephone cord. Oh, how painful was the stretch. Again he lapsed into unconsciousness and dreamed.

He was standing at the pulpit. He was the bishop. As he looked over the congregation he felt a love and concern for each of them. He saw their needs, their fears, their loneliness. He cried out to them. "Tell me your troubles. I will heal them. Let me help you." It was flour they needed. He could provide it. They were hungry and they were fed.

Returning to reality, Hans felt sick at his stomach. The pain was unbearable. Gritting his teeth he forced his hand to extend toward the telephone. He touched the cord. Excited with his success, he pulled himself forward, dragging his useless legs. With all his strength he reached for the chair. Worming his arm to the chair seat, he managed to touch the crank on the phone. He released the receiver and with all his might turned the crank. It was ringing! Ringing!

Was it real? Did he hear the operator? Catching his breath he cried, "Help. Get my son. To the mill. Oh, help."

Exhausted, Hans slumped to the floor. He could rest. Help would come. His prayers were answered. He groaned in pain but felt consoled. As he relaxed he noticed the lengthening shadows and knew the day was nearly over and night would fall quickly.

He heard a new sound. The creak of the stair. Someone was coming. All would be well. Help had arrived.

Allan bent over his Dad. With loving tenderness he performed the tasks needed to get him home where he could be cared for and comforted.

It was many days—weeks and months before Hans returned to the mill. Operations were limited; however, John and Allan performed the necessary tasks and carried the work load.

This incident was only one of many that occurred to Miller Hansen as he operated the mill to provide flour for the noble saints of Fairview, Sanpete County.

Hans was a good miller. The mill produced three grades of flour plus bran, middlings or shorts, cereal (Germade), wholewheat flour (graham flour), and ground feed for livestock.

The mill once operated on a "toll" basis. For each bushel of wheat ground, the farmer would receive pounds of Grade A flour and 14 pounds of bran. The mill retained 13 pounds of wheat for the grinding. Many times flour was provided for the needy with no thought of recompense.

A little history of the mill—the Union Roller Mill evolved from the first mill that was constructed by Elam Cheney in 1868. He was a pioneer of 1847 and was requested by Brigham Young to quarry and shape stones from Little Cottonwood Canyon just south of Salt Lake City. These stones were fashioned to grind the wheat into flour and were turned by an overshot water wheel that was powered by water from the Sanpitch River.

In the late 1800s Brother John Walker, with the help of his step-son, Hans Peter Hansen, operated the mill. They hired an assistant, a young man named Lindsey E. Brady. In 1900, Hans was called to serve a mission to the Southern States. Lindsey Brady became the miller, and with the help of his family successfully operated the mill for eight years.

In 1908 Hans again took over the management and operation of the mill. Four years later, he was called to serve as the Bishop of the Fairview Ward and he continued operating the mill with help from others until 1922 when he relinquished his interest.

Bishop Hansen is remembered as a prominent miller in Fairview and a great benefactor of the industry.

THE STORY OF SALVATION WHEAT

SECOND PLACE SHORT STORY

Virginia K. Nielson
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It was not unusual during the early days of the church for married men, even with sizeable families, to be called on missions, and such calls were rarely declined. These assignments, particularly in foreign lands, were frequently of several years' duration. The missionary's wife was enjoined to care for the children and solve various problems as they arose to the best of her ability. This story is a true account of one of those valiant families.

Peter and Herborg Peterson and their son, Canute, left their homeland in Norway for America in 1836, hoping to better their conditions. They settled in LaSalle, Illinois, where a number of their Norwegian countrymen and former neighbors lived. Many of these had immigrated for the sake of religious freedom because they were Quakers.

In this settlement were Cornelius and Kari Nelson and their three children, Sara Ann, Nels and Peter. The parents had lived a few miles from the Petersons in Norway and were good friends.

Peter Peterson and Cornelius Nelson died soon after their arrival in the new land, leaving their wives and children to carry on.

Canute became interested in the Mormon elder's message and was "ready to join with them," but wanted to talk to his mother about this important step. When he did, to his great joy, his mother confessed that she, too, "was in sympathy with the Mormon doctrine and found nothing but truth in its teachings."

Elder George P. Dykes, an intelligent and spirited missionary, taught Canute and his mother the gospel principles. They were baptized in August 1842.

Kari Nelson was a devout Quaker and had no intention of joining the Church, but her daughter, Sara Ann, listened to the missionaries' message, attended their meetings, became converted and received her mother's permission to be baptized. Kari was opposed to her daughter's request, but nevertheless gave her consent and added, "be a worthy member. Be the greatest Mormon possible." It took great courage to concur with her dear daughter's desire to join this unpopular sect. At that time church members were persecuted severely.

Canute assisted in the construction of the Nauvoo Temple and served as a missionary to a group of Norwegians living in Wisconsin for a few months. Upon his return he became aware of preparations being made for a great westward trek by the Saints. The Martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum intensified their desire and effort to be on their way.

Canute was advised to remain with his mother, who was crippled and quite dependent. He worked at various jobs until June 1848, when his mother died quietly and peacefully. He soon sold his land and purchased an outfit that would enable him to join the Saints in the west.

Finally, on April 18, 1849, a company of twenty-two Saints departed in six wagons. This company included three families and several young people. Among them were Canute Peterson and Sara Ann Nelson.

Sara Ann was deeply grieved to leave her mother and brothers, but felt that it was the Lord's will. Among the possessions she took with her were some little branches from the family's willow tree. She wrapped them in moss, paper, and cloth and kept them moist, ready for planting in her new home.

Sara Ann and several other company members developed the dreaded cholera while on the trail. She almost lost her life but recovered following an administration by Canute. They soon realized how very much they loved each other and were married July 2, 1849, by Apostle Orson Hyde at Council Bluffs, Iowa. They arrived in Utah October 25, 1849, following a seven and one-half months' journey.

Time passed. They owned some farm land, a comfortable home, had a fourteen-month-old son, Peter, and were expecting another child, when a letter arrived from President Brigham Young. Canute was asked to prepare himself to leave immediately to open an L.D.S. mission in his homeland, Norway. He would be gone for seven years.

The young couple were devastated by this important call, considering the many years they would be separated, but accepted it with faith. They felt if they were prayerful and humble they would be given needed strength and wisdom to act properly.

Three years had passed since Canute had left his family. It was spring of 1855, and all the farmers had planted their crops. Sara Ann knew that if her precious wheat seed was to be planted, she would have to do it herself. The men were too busy to help her and she was too independent to ask for assistance if she could do it through her own efforts.

Even though the planting would be late, Sara Ann set about to do it. She prepared the soil, then taking her hoe and bucket of wheat seed, began planting. By making the furrows with a hoe, the only farm implement she possessed, the furrows were much deeper and the grain was planted further below the surface of the ground than if this had been accomplished with a disc. She devotedly irrigated and cared for this land.

Some of the grain in all the other fields came up fresh and green. It had been planted earlier and not as deep. Sara Ann wondered if her seed was of poor quality or what was wrong. Her anxiety for the success of this crop was great, for if it failed, her family would suffer severely. Their sustenance depended upon a good harvest.

A few days later a great calamity struck the little community. Grasshoppers suddenly descended upon the farms in great hordes. The Saints sought to drive them off with burning sacks and shovels, but to no avail. The greedy invaders consumed every green spear.

The people gathered in dejected silence after the hoppers had moved on to devastate other sites. The crops were gone and there was no more seed to plant. The vision of empty flour and grain bins loomed darkly in their minds. All their work had been for naught. They were filled with despair and sorrow.

A week passed by and the late planted wheat in Sara Ann's field began to sprout and green shoots appeared. The discouragement of the community was alleviated. Here was one little crop that had been spared by the hand of providence. Sara Ann was well known for her generosity and for the joy she received from helping others. All felt assured that if her farm produced a bountiful harvest, each person would benefit.

Thereafter that crop was tended with loving care by many hands. When harvest time arrived, all of the men helped reap the crop, for it was the only one to be harvested. When it was threshed, Sara Ann had raised sixty bushels of wheat.

This she divided with the entire community. It was their salvation, for by careful, frugal management it fed every family all winter. Sara Ann gave unstintingly of her supply which seemed to hold out despite the constant need for it. The sixty bushels were fittingly called "Salvation Wheat." When the supply became low Sara Ann placed some grains in a bottle to show her husband when he returned from his mission. Canute treasured this little gift.

Canute Peterson was a remarkable individual and a strong leader in church and community affairs. He and Sara Ann accepted the church practice of polygamy, and he married two other women and had numerous offspring. Sara Ann always acted as the mediator when differences arose. He erected a distinctive two-story home for Sara Ann at 10 North Main Street in Ephraim. It has a so called "Polygamy hide-out" in a back room that was used on necessary occasions. He purchased two homes a short distance away for his other family members.

Canute served as Ephraim's bishop for ten years, from 1867 to 1877. He was then ordained Sanpete Stake President, where he served for twenty-five years until 1902. During his tenure, the Manti Temple was completed and dedicated, and Snow Academy (College) was established.

Sara Ann served as a counselor in the Relief Society, then as the Ephraim Stake Relief Society president for twelve years, from 1869 to 1881. She was a beloved, capable, energetic leader. She was involved in the wheat storage plan and in sericulture, the silk industry. Tradition gives her credit for the novel plan of "Sunday eggs." Thousands of dollars were raised and used for charitable purposes. A beautiful silver sacrament set with two pitchers and six cups was purchased with \$114 of this money and was donated to the church. Most pieces of this set are still carefully preserved. She supervised the planting of her willow tree shoots. These stand as a living memorial to her as they beautify Ephraim's north entrance and in many other places. She died May 20, 1896.

Canute placed his small bottle of "Salvation Wheat" among his most prized possessions and requested that it should be buried with him. His family heeded his request, and when he died, October 14, 1903, the precious little bottle of "Salvation Wheat" with its contents undisturbed, was placed in his coffin.

Sara Ann and Canute Peterson lie buried side by side in a well cared for Peterson family plot in Ephraim's historical Pioneer cemetery. They left a noble posterity.

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Threshing machine - an important business in the early days of Fountain Green. The thresher belonged to John Holman and John J. Oldroyd, who went from place to place wherever needed. They were fed good meals by the lady cook, working in a well kept camp wagon. Courtesy Jessie Oldroyd.

BUTCHER SHOP-D. HENRIE

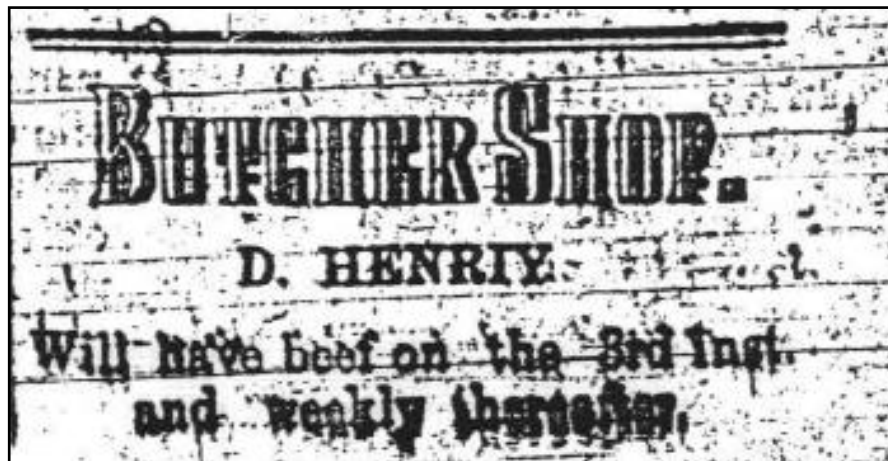
THIRD PLACE SHORT STORY

Ruth D. Scow

94 West 400 South

Manti, Utah 84642

The Home Sentinel, 17 July 1885 published at Manti, Utah p. 4 bottom of page.



DANIEL HENRIE

"Daniel was a butcher, and in those early days of 1890 he being about the only butcher in Manti, he would kill his animal and at 6 a.m. would hoist a red flag at the corner of Union and 2nd West streets that he had beef to sell. Thus buyers would come from all directions and by 8 a.m. there was very little left for the late buyers.

He had a primitive way of bookkeeping. Those customers who did not have the money to pay at the time, he wrote their names on a board he kept hung up, and relied on their honesty in paying him when they could.

The old lumber butcher shop has been taken away for many a year, but I pass the spot almost daily as I walk up town, and I see the shop in my mind's eye, so to speak, but the present generation knows nothing of such an edifice ever stood there." J. Hatten Carpenter-

Upon the request of Gerald Henrie. Daniels life-long neighbor wrote about Daniel. This is quoted from that writing.

Not so long ago (1992) a very dear friend handed me the above account written by J. Hatten Carpenter of Manti and published in Manti's first printed newspaper, July 17, 1885.

Daniel Henrie was one of Manti's first entrepreneurs in a business of his own: butchering, advertising and selling fresh meat. It was July, one of the hot months of Sanpete's summer. At that time no one knew much about refrigeration, but Mr. Henrie realized that the meat had to be handled quickly, kept clean, and as cold as possible. If Mr. Henrie did not sell the meat the same day that he butchered, he perhaps wrapped it in a clean cloth or sack and buried it in his grain bin until nighttime when he would take it out and hang it in a tree or shed so it could have the advantage of the fresh, cool air with no flies.

This brings to mind one of our family stories about my mother's sister, Lily May Munk.

One summer morning when it was barely daylight, May was awakened from a deep sleep by her mother's insistent voice. "May, wake up! You are a sleepyhead. Come, I need your help." May hurriedly sat up in bed and rubbed the sleep from her eyes. She remembered her mother asking her last night if she knew where Dan Henrie's Meat Shop was. Now to be asked to go alone would be a great adventure. Quickly she dressed. She looked longingly at the breakfast table, but mother said, "I saw his red flag yesterday. Wouldn't you like some good Danish dumpling soup? You'll have to hurry to get there before he sells all the good soup bones." Then handing May a small bucket containing a folded white dishtowel, mother hurried her out of the door to buy the meat.

At the gate May turned to look back. Mother was still in the doorway calling, "Take care of your money and do not stop to play on your way. Just go down to Brother Henrie's, get the meat, and hurry home."

Now May was on her own. She had learned the way north down Manti's Main Street to the rock store, and then two blocks west. The sun was just showing its beams over the east mountain. West was the opposite direction.

Teams and wagons plus some horses were tied to the hitching post in front of the log cabin meat shop. The red flag announcing the fact that Brother Henrie had recently butchered a cow was floating in the early morning breeze. The sound of many voices coming from the meat shop caused May to hesitate. Quietly she slipped through the open door. Brother Henrie was busy with his saw and a large sharp knife cutting the right meat for the men who waited. Each had volunteered to get meat from Henrie's before they went to the fields to work that day.

May waited and waited and waited. No one paid her any attention. At last she marched up to the chopping block, faced Brother Henrie and said, "I'm just a little girl. My mother sent me here to get some

meat. I am tired of waiting!" She handed the carefully wrapped money to him. She had his attention. Each time thereafter, no matter how many people were ahead of her, Brother Henrie remembered. Never again did she have to wait for attention to buy meat. After that it was her responsibility to hurry home before the meat had time to get too warm.

Sources:

Newspaper copy - Home Sentinel - July 17, 1885.

Author's knowledge of this family story about Lily May Munk (Livingston).

FROZEN STIFF

HONORABLE MENTION SHORT STORY

Lloyd H. Parry

1762 Alray Drive

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Over the years several young children have lost their lives after falling into the creek that runs through Manti. One winter, when I was very little, this creek was flowing swiftly, even though some of it was frozen over. In many places it was running too fast to freeze over and ice formed along the edge.

One bitterly cold day of that winter, I was a couple of blocks from my home playing a game along the bank of the creek with two of my friends. We called the game "Buck Jones," as Buck Jones was our cowboy hero of that time. Buck Jones later lost his life rescuing people from a terrible fire in a dance hall. Whoever was selected to be Buck Jones in our game was the leader until one of the other boys challenged him by performing some dangerous, daring feat.

We found an exciting section of the creek on Second North a half a block west of Main Street where the creek was partially frozen over and the water was flowing fast under the ice. We decided that the boy that could climb down the rock bank of the creek and walk on the ice would be brave, but the one who would daringly walk along the edge of the stream, staying on the narrow ledge of ice that was clinging to the wall, would be "Buck Jones" for sure.

The other boys would not try to do it. It was my turn. I climbed down the five feet of stone wall on the bank of the stream and got onto the ice where the stream was frozen over. I could hear the water rushing swiftly under the ice. I walked on the ice to the place where the stream was not covered with ice, and as the water rushed by, I started to walk carefully along the narrow strip of ice that was clinging to the rock wall. I had successfully made it about six feet up stream alongside his hole in the ice, when the strip I was standing on gave way. I was plunged into the stream and was immediately swept downstream, feet first.

Faster than I can tell about it, I was plunged under the ice. The last instant before completely disappearing under the ice, I put my hands up and caught the edge of the hole in the ice and this stopped me. The shock of the cold water took my breath away, so I could not call for help. It would not have done much good anyway as there was no one that would hear me since I was down in the creek bed and there was no one nearby. As I looked up for my two friends, they were nowhere to be seen. They thought I was a "goner" and being frightened at my sudden disappearance, they had both run for home. I did not see them anymore that day. Struggling to get out from under the ice I looked up for help. Standing on the bank was a man with a familiar, friendly face, but I did not know his name. He said, "Can you get yourself out?"

I managed to say, "Yes!" I struggled to my feet, bracing against the current, lest I fall under again.

I scrambled up the icy rock bank and looked, but the man was gone. I shuffled the two blocks home the best I could. By the time I got to our front porch, I could not bend my legs or arms because my clothes were frozen stiff. I could not open the front door, but managed to kick it a little bit. Soon Mother came down the hall and opened it. She quickly pulled me into the warm dining room, thawed me out, put me into a tub of water and had me change to some dry warm clothing. Then she asked:

"What happened?" I told her all I could remember.

Then she asked:

"Who was the man that spoke to you encouraging you to get yourself out?"

"Where did he come from?"

"Did you know him?"

"Where did he go?"

I did not know the answers to those questions then and I don't know the answers now. But I do know that without his encouragement I may not have made it out of that creek and I would have been numbered with the other boys who have lost their lives playing along this attractive stream.

A HAT-A HACK-A BROKEN HEART

HONORABLE MENTION SHORT STORY

Reva T. Jensen

1221 South Speed St.

Santa Maria, California 93534

As the door slowly opened, chimes with a musical chant rang loud and clear, telling Miss Martha and Miss Marie - a customer is here. Within seconds Miss Marie appeared from the rear door of MARTIN'S FINE MILLINERY: "Yes, dear Liddia, come right in, shop the store. We have lots of new things, laces, ribbons, capes and hats, buttons n'bows, linen handkerchiefs from Ireland. Sister Martha has crocheted a lacey edge around each one."

The tall, dark-haired girl with flashing brown eyes, a willowly figure, delicate hands one would love to hold, interrupted Miss Marie;

"Oh, thank you, Miss Marie, but I have only come to buy a hat."

"Of course you want a hat for your going away out-fit. You see, I know all about your wedding next week. Charley's Aunt Marion was in yesterday and purchased a beautiful tablecloth. Miss Martha is embroidering your initials on it, and Charley's Aunt Marion will pick it up later today. OH, MY! I shouldn't be telling you this."

"That's all right, Miss Marie, everyone in Manti keeps aware of everything going on."

"Yes, Liddia, Mormon gossip goes on and on. When my brother Reverend George W. Martin came to Manti in 1879 to be Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, every man, woman and child knew the details before we did back in New York City, and when my sister Martha and I followed him here and settled in the white oolite House on Second West, the town folk were more than curious. Then when Sister and I opened the little shop with living quarters in the rear, the Mormon ladies were aghast! Who will buy hats in a Presbyterian shop when Stella Crawford has a lovely Hat Shop on S. Main?"

"Let me tell you, Miss Marie, your shop is unique. Everyone I know loves to come here, if only to look at things, and some come just to hear the chimes ring. Yes, MARTIN'S FINE MILLINERY is the only store where one can find pretty petticoats, nightgowns with lace trim, hats: Hats fit for royalty. But today I came

to buy that brown velvet hat with the ostrich plume, the one in the window. You see, I am taking a few days to go to Salt Lake City before my wedding."

"Sure, Liddia dear, you have good taste. I will get it from the window. Let's try it on." Quickly Miss Marie placed the hat on Liddia's head.

"Oh, it is perfect with your brown suit and I will give you a hat box for the same price."

"But, Miss Marie, I am wearing the hat. Milt Harmon is sitting in his hack right outside your door. He is taking me to the D.& R.G. Depot. The train from the south arrives here at noon. It stays long enough for travelers to run across the tracks to Aunt Lucy's Eating House for a two-bit dinner, then back to the train north bound, and I want to be on that train." Liddia's knuckles were tense and her impatient foot tapped as the clock ticked twelve.

"Miss Liddia, how come you know this schedule so well and why just before your wedding are you traipsing off?"

"Miss Marie, I get around! Yesterday in the Co-op Shoe Dept. I sat next to Ted Sparks, a traveling man for the McDonald Candy Co. in Salt Lake City. Ted knows everything. He thinks I am wasting myself, my beauty, and my talents here in this place. All women here know is how to make bread and babies, but let me pay you."

Milt Harmon was calling, "Better hurry, Liddia."

She opened the door as the chimes sounded the end of the sale, then paused and from her purse she handed Miss Marie a sealed white envelope. "Please, Miss Marie, when Charley's Aunt Marion comes to pick-up her purchase, will you give her this?" She was in the hack, on her way to the D.& R.G. Depot as the conductor called, "Last Boarding for Salt Lake City," and Liddia was on that train.

As Miss Marie slipped the white envelope into her apron pocket, she noticed on the envelope written in fine feminine script, "FOR CHARLEY." Shaking her head with questions in her mind, Miss Marie placed a woven straw hat with ribbon streamers long enough to tie a bow under the chin. Her spirits were not exactly soothing, and she left for the rear door to tell Sister Martha.

Charley had left that morning at 4 a.m. for Willow Creek Canyon, a ridge high on the Wasatch Range, where pine trees and oak reach for the sky, grasses and streams multiply, stillness is broken when logs are loaded and hauled to the village for building log cabins, fences, and firewood. As Charley passed Strawberry Grove where the aspen trees hugged the river bank he paused to let the horse drink. Dropping the reins gave him the time to think. Suddenly he wanted the whole world to know and on the soft white bark of an aspen tree he carved carefully, so all could see, "CHARLEY LOVES LIDDIA."

It was dark when he unharnessed Dixie and Dod, giving each a friendly pat.

"You're a great old team; 'twas a heavy load over a steep and rocky road." Each harness was brushed and hung to dry, each horse fed oats, hay, and rye, and each responded with a "Neigh."

The delicious aroma from the kitchen told Charley that Aunt Marion had supper ready. Cornmeal, porridge, pork sausage, soda biscuits, and Scotch Short Bread for dessert. 'Twas a happy, hungry family saying Grace.

At bedtime Aunt Marion remembered the white envelope in her pocket.

"Charley," she said, "Liddia was buying a hat in Martin's Millinery Shop today, and she left this envelope to be delivered to you."

Charley undressed and put his head on the pillow before he opened the white sealed envelope. It read...

Dear Charley:

I have left Manti for good. I want to see the world!

I want to do things, see places, how city folk live.

I cannot just stay in this town and only make Bread and Babies.
I will always love you
Please forgive

Liddia

Charley carried the white envelope in his breast pocket for years. No one ever read the contents until Charley passed away; a niece found it in his trunk along with other keepsakes. He never courted another girl...

Fifty years after Liddia left, one morning while reading the Messenger, a name caught Charley's eye. "Liddia J. Parks passed away at her sister's home in Sterling. She was laid to rest in the Manti Cemetery."

Late one evening, when the sunsets and shadows fall, when streets are empty, no clarion call, when no one would notice, a man stooped and gray, carrying memories and a small bouquet, went looking for a headstone, one that would say:

"LIDDIA, LOVED YESTERDAY AND TODAY!"

HOME INDUSTRY AND THE PIONEERS

HONORABLE MENTION SHORT STORY

Lillian H. Fox

140 North 100 West

Manti, Utah 84642

"Grandma," said Anne, "In one of our classes we were talking about the pioneers and my teacher said there were no stores in all Central Utah. Where did the kids spend their money?"

"Children in those days had no money to spend, my dear. There were no stores here when the pioneers arrived."

"Couldn't they buy anything?"

"We must remember that it was November when they came here and they had only the 'provisions' brought along in covered wagons to keep them alive and warm. Sanpete was a wilderness area inclusive of what is now Sanpete, Carbon, Emery and Grand Counties. This large area was inhabited only by wild animals and Indians."

"There must have been a store someplace."

"The nearest store was a trading post at Fort Provost (now Provo). Then there was Salt Lake City, but that settlement was only two years old, and it was three weeks away when traveled with a team of oxen."

"Three weeks to get to a store! How did they live?"

"That first winter they lived in dugouts in what is now Temple Hill. Along with the supplies in their wagons, the men hunted and fished. They had some wheat, but only one little grinding mill to make it into flour. They turned this little mill by hand and passed it from door to door for everyone to use. They mixed the flour with salt and water and cooked it over a campfire. This was their breakfast cereal."

"Did they have milk to put on the cereal?"

"They had some milk for awhile, but before the winter was over most of their cattle died from cold and starvation. By spring only one team of oxen was able to plow the ground."

"If I had to eat that cereal I would have put lots of sugar on it."

"They had no sugar. At a later date my grandfather and some other men tried to raise sugar cane, but the seasons were too short and the grasshoppers ate the leaves as fast as they grew. However, they learned that grasshoppers would not eat turnips, so they planted many turnips, boiled them down and ate the sweet syrup. They also ate sego lily bulbs, thistle roots and pig weeds."

"Pig weeds! That's gross," said Anne. Then grandma continued:

"There was another leafy plant growing near the gray hill. The Indians and their ponies would not eat this plant, but the pioneers claimed that it helped them stay alive when they were very hungry.

"The pioneers had to depend upon themselves and what they could produce with their hands and in their homes if they wanted to survive. Let me tell you about my Danish grandmother. Her name was Maren Anderson Hansen. She was a crippled girl, walking with two crutches due to a disease of early childhood. She joined the Latter-day Saint Church in Denmark against the wishes of her family and friends. This made them very angry and they disowned her. She then earned her living by sewing until she had saved enough money to come to Manti with a group of women. She had no money, no education, and there were no motels or places to live. The Bishop asked my grandfather to take her into his home and care for her along with his wife and eight children. He did so, and after about a year he married her even though he was thirty years her senior. He purchased a little home for her down by the County Block. Here this good crippled woman gave birth to five children ray dad being her only son. Grandpa had two families to support, and all of them worked very hard just to live. Grandma crawled up and down the rows of her garden on her hands and knees pulling weeds and raising food for her children.

"About a mile south of Manti, saleratus was found covering several acres of ground. Saleratus is a natural compound such as soda. Grandma used it for home baking of bread and cakes. She added wood ashes to make it into lye and animal fat to produce soap. This soap was used for all her cleaning and scrubbing."

"If there were no stores how did they get clothing?" questioned Anne.

"Grandma secured a few sheep. She drove them to the warm springs a mile south of Manti where she scrubbed their wool; returning home she had them immediately shorn and then washed the wool again in saleratus water, then spread it on the floor to dry. She carefully handpicked the wool to remove burrs, seeds and things like that, and then carded it by hand. Next she spun it into yarn by a spinning wheel and wove the yarn into a coarse cloth which made jeans for the men folks and linsey dresses for the girls and women. A peculiar feature of this cloth was that if one were caught in a rain it would get so stiff that the trousers and dresses would stand up alone."

"That's neat," replied Anne. "If my dresses could stand alone I wouldn't have to worry about hanging them in my closet. But I guess there wouldn't be room in our house for all our clothes. What are some other things this grandmother did?"

"Bless her heart, even though handicapped, she worked with other women helping people in need. There were no doctors, so the women went into the homes and cared for the ill and dying. There were no morticians so the sisters washed and cared for the dead and sat with them until the funeral. They brought ice from the Sanpitch River and stored it in sawdust, then packed it into bottles and placed it around the corpse to preserve it while the women made burial clothing and the men made crude coffins."

"Did you know your grandmother?"

"No, she died long before I was born. I only know about her from my father. She died at age thirty-nine from a disease known as black canker, which we know now is lack of vitamin C. Her children were left orphans; my dad, being the oldest, took care of his nine-year-old sister until she was grown and married.

"You asked me where the children spent their money. For a long time there was no money in Manti or stores where they shopped.' Finally, there was- the Co-op Store and here they took their butter, cheese

and eggs and traded them for other goods. When grandmother died, she had a five dollar bill tucked away in a drawer, the only one she had ever seen and it looked as big to her as the American flag. She did have some coins which she shared with her children. My dad said that he had two nickels a year, one for Christmas and one for the Fourth of July. He usually bought an orange or an ice cream cone."

"Our teacher said we should be grateful to the pioneers for all they did to make life easier and better for us," said Anne.

"That is right. We walk the same streets as they walked, but life is very different. I am grateful to all pioneers who have worked to improve living conditions. My grandmother died at age thirty-nine, and that was the average life span of the pioneers, and here am I twice that age. I have already lived two lives compared to her living only one. If all goes well for you, Anne, and if modern pioneers continue adding to our knowledge and understanding, you could live three times as long as she, so take good care of yourself, and remember, people can live without stores and money if they have to."

Glowing Embers

PROFESSIONAL CATEGORY

FIRST PLACE POETRY

Sherry A. Hundley

443 North 750 East

Orem, Utah 84057

To this old town where I was born,
I've come again to think and reminisce,
re-living days of yesteryear—
of Grandma's rolls
 and Grandpa's whiskered kiss.
A meadowlark is trilling in the field,
the sheep and lambs are
 bleating in the lane;
I hear the distant clinking of a cowbell
upon the whispered wind that smells of rain.
Then through the mist, a cabin comes to view,
a pioneer mother holds her babe
 and softly weeps;
the fifth of her children to die of the fever,
she'll lay him in the ground
 before she sleeps.
For this she left her home across the sea,
she rode the waves and walked the dusty plain;
beneath the searing sun she bore her child,
then carried him through wind
 and blinding rain!
I do not know the pain she had to bear,
nor if she loved or sorrowed more than I,
I only know with faith we carry on,

and long to hear the lark before we die,
Its song is more a feeling than a sound,
like glowing embers when the fire burns low;
we feel its warmth, but know 'tis fading fast,
Yet, see...
another log has caught the glow!

Source: Family histories.

ECHOES

SECOND PLACE POETRY

Wilbur T. Braithwaite

58 North 2nd East

Manti, Utah 84642

Music permeates the soul
Weaving sound waves, keyed and timed,
Leaves, then wanders back again
Haunting chambers of the mind.

Lingers on- yet slips away
Like two friends who drift apart
'Til the melody returns
Echoing within our heart.



Wilbur Braithwaite of Manti, not only writes poetry but enjoys playing musk. As a coach he was recently inducted into the National High School Sports Hall of Fame, Kansas City, Missouri. Courtesy of Jane Braithwaite.

SAFEGUARDED

THIRD PLACE POETRY

Remelda Gibson
439 East Vine St.
Tooele, Utah 84074

I parachuted to the past
In Sanpete County's hills,
To struggle with an inner strife
And dull the aching ills.

I found a soothing remedy
In the air of which I breathed
And gloried in the trust with which
My countenance was wreathed.
I walked within the garden

That my parents planted there
And bordered it with larkspurs
And petunias with care.

I parachuted to the past
Where fondest memories
Reward me with the knowledge
I picked a pan of peas.



One of Manti's first school houses 1850-1866. Courtesy of Ruth Scow,

THE SALINE SOLUTION

HONORABLE MENTION POETRY

Loueda

Ft. Green, Utah 84632

The forests were gone;
The ozone depleted.
Earth fought to survive;
Was nearly defeated.

Much sorrow and pain
Swept over the Earth.
Too late for regrets;
All lost hope for rebirth.

The last few survivors
Came up with a plan.
A capsule was sealed;
A message from Man.

With great effort
They sent it to orbit.
For ten thousand years
It circled the planet.

For ten thousand years
The Earth Spirit rested.
'Twas death or be changed.
All life forms were tested,

The time came at last;
The Right Fateful moment.
The capsule returned
To offer its contents.

Atonement for sins
Spilled over the Earth.
She opened her Soul
And granted Rebirth.

Divine Evolution
Led the ancient prayers
Of a Saline Solution:
A million human tears.

BUTTONS

THIRD PLACE ANECDOTE

Dorothy J. Buchanan

680 East 1st South

Salt Lake City, Utah 84102

As I came downstairs that bright spring morning, I heard a different noise — a distinct bleat. A lamb! I hurried over to a wooden box behind the coal range where I found a new lamb lying. His head was up and he was trying hard to move out of the box. I picked him up and placed him on the floor. His long legs spraddled out as he made an effort to walk. I thought he looked at me beseechingly and I said to my mother, "His eyes look like buttons." So I named him "Buttons" and claimed him as my charge. For some time I faithfully fed him milk from a pop bottle topped by a rubber nipple.

He grew rapidly and we were soon able to place him in a movable pen on the grass in the back yard. It wasn't long before we often took him from the pen and allowed him some freedom in the yard, and even in the house at times. He was a cherished pet for my brothers and me. He followed us around and seemed like one of the family.

We enjoyed him for nearly a year, when one morning at breakfast my father remarked,

"I'm afraid Buttons is getting too large. He'll have to be butchered. We'll have some good lamb roasts."

An intense silence. My brothers and I were speechless for a moment. Then pandemonium broke loose.

"Oh, but you can't do this to us," we said. "We can't bear the thought of eating Buttons." And on infinitum.

After a few additional conversations on this subject, my father realized what Buttons meant to us and kindly sold him to a man who put him in his large sheep herd. We were delighted and grateful that Buttons was living with a real sheep family where we hoped he could remain for some time.

PEA CANNING

FIRST PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

Eleanor P. Madsen
295 East 1st North
Ephraim, Utah 84627

Do you remember following behind a wagon with a load of peas on its way to the viner and pulling off some of the tender pea pods, popping them open and relishing each tasty bit? If you lived in Sanpete County before 1960, this may be one of the memories you cherish.

The summer before I was married, I helped with a pea canning session one hot August day. As a family we went into the fields and pulled up the vines which were loaded with peas. We sat under some tall bushes in the Danish Field west of Ephraim and shelled the peas. The next step was to take them home and put them into bottles for processing. With a little salt and filled with water the bottles of peas were sealed with hot lids and put in a large boiler of hot water. The peas were kept boiling for about five hours, with the coal stove kept plentifully supplied with wood and coal. How good those peas tasted on a cold winter day as they were brought up from the cool cellar where they had been stored.

Some of the ladies who canned their own peas shelled them through the wringer of the clothes washer. The peas were first put in hot water, and as the pods went through the ringer the peas rolled back into the tub.

Most memories of canning peas were related to the pea factories in Manti and Ephraim. The farmers who raised the peas and those who worked at these plants can recall days of long, hard work. In 1914 a group of men in Ephraim organized the Ephraim Cannery Company. H. P. Peterson was President, Ben Rasmussen Vice President; Charles Johansen, P. D. Jensen, Ephraim Peterson, Hans Christensen and John K. Olsen were the Directors. A building to house the project was built that year, and the first peas were canned in 1915. Manti soon followed with a canning plant in 1923. Labor from both Manti and Ephraim was used in building the canneries.

In 1924 the first peas were canned in Manti with Wren Peterson, son of H. P. Peterson, as the plant superintendent and Charles A. Bessey as assistant. In 1925 Erastus Jensen, father of Gail Jensen and Ada Eliason, was the first Manti man to be superintendent of the Manti plant with Mr. Bessey as assistant. About 20,000 cases of peas were canned that first year.

The two plants were known as "Ephraim Sanitary Canning Company: Plants, Manti and Ephraim." Frank, Garbe was one of the early superintendents of the Manti plant, was manager of both plants from 1947 to 1955, and was then transferred to the Tremonton plant until it was finally discontinued.

While the plants were under one management, a head office was maintained above the Bank of Ephraim with Ada Eliason serving as clerk. She was paid 35 cents an hour for her work, which amounted to many long hours during the campaign. She worked for the office for 15 years, moving with the office to the Manti Cannery after that plant had been erected.

Canning peas was a long, tedious process from the planting to the storage. When the peas began to ripen, field men went into the farmer's fields and tested the peas to see if they were ready. When the peas were pronounced ripe enough, the farmers worked fast and hard to get them to the cannery. Sometimes they worked far into the night so the peas would not be too old and be rejected for canning. Peas were hauled by horse and wagon, hay rack or truck to the viners where they were thrown by pitch fork on to the conveyor belts where the peas were separated from the vines. After being vined, the peas were taken in boxes to the cannery where they were inspected and the canning process was completed. Workers sat on benches by long conveyor belts and removed by hand any pieces of weed, pods or peas that were too old. One lady said she was paid 17 cents an hour for this work, but she was glad for the work.

Farmers took the vines and stored them in silos where they were used as silage to feed their animals. The pungent odor of the silage could be detected for many blocks. There were six viners during the first year of operation. As the years went by more viners were added to those in Manti, Ephraim, Mayfield, Christianburg and Clarion. The viners extended into Juab and Sevier counties. Glen Bailey remembers trucking peas from as far as Murray.

Frank Garbe received a letter from a man who had been given work at the plant during World War II. The man was a transient who came to Manti plant and asked for work. He was badly needed so was given a job stocking, in silage. He was promoted to several different jobs and finally finished as a platform foreman. The letter received a year later said:

I want to thank you for the job you gave me. I have been all over the United States and worked on many jobs. Never in all my life have I seen people work so hard and be so happy working long hours as I saw at the Manti cannery. I surely had my eyes open to this wonderful feeling of friendship and love given me there.

During the Depression it became very difficult for the canning plants in Utah to continue their operation. The Manti-Ephraim Canning Company, the Twin Peaks Canning Company (Murray-Draper), the Van Allen Canning Company (Roy, Ogden and Tremonton) joined forces and merged into the Rocky Mountain Packing Corporation with Harold P. Fabian as President and Hans P. Peterson as Vice President.

Under this new corporation, acreage and production increased and new warehouses and viners were built. New and modern equipment was installed. Two viners were placed in Salina, one in Redmond, one in Axtell, two in Gunnison, three in Sterling, four in Fayette, three in Clarion, four in Mayfield, seven in Manti, nine in Ephraim, two in Moroni, five in Nephi, one in Chester, two in Spring City, three in Mt. Pleasant and one in Fairview. Production increased to a point where the Manti-Ephraim plants produced nearly a million cans of produce.

During this time other vegetables were added, which made the canning season longer. Items canned were peas, peas and carrots, diced beets, diced carrots, celery, sauerkraut, vegetables for salad and soup, and green beans. Sweet corn was added to the Manti plant in the mid 1940s with some 40,000 cases, extending the season from July to September. Seed peas were also grown, processed and sacked for planting during October and November.

About 1943 Hunt Food, Incorporated, obtained the controlling interest in the two plants and the name was changed to Hunt Food Industries. The last year the Ephraim and Manti plants operated as canning plants was 1953. They were used as warehouse storage for canned goods, and both plants were filled with goods canned in California and Northern Utah until they finally discontinued in 1960.

In 1938 there was a severe frost. One day there were 10,000 cans of peas processed. The next morning all the peas in the fields were black—all frozen. The plant was in great financial trouble and went downhill after this. The farmers lost too much for all their hard work. The closing of the canning industry in Utah hurt many farmers and employees, but weather conditions, lack of water and other drawbacks made this come to an end. Fond memories are still with many who worked at the canneries. As many as 360 people were employed there during one year.

Source:

1. Personal interview with Ada Eliason by author.
 2. Personal interview with Glen Bailey by author.
 3. Garbe, Frank: "Manti Senior Citizen News Letter, September 1989. -Memories of the Old Pea Cannery- Beginning to End."
 4. "These Our Fathers" - Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1947 p. 36.
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WOMEN ANCESTORS AT WORK

SECOND PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

Elaine P. Murphy
1035 South 500 East
Orem, Utah 84058

My grandmother, Vilate Christy Harmon Parry, widow of Bernard Parry, stone mason and building contractor, stretched out on the large comfortable brown leather sofa in front of the marble fireplace. There was no need for the fire to be lit this summer day, and the three-foot-deep rock walls were doing a good job, along with the black walnut tree on the west lawn, to keep the room cool from the heat of the sun. On Grandma's lap were her scriptures, in her one hand the Relief Society lesson manual, and in the other her pencil. Her glasses were in place but would soon be pushed up on her forehead and her arms would rest on her bosom. She was always conscientious about being prepared for her Relief Society class, even when she was not teaching it. Something about this lesson had stimulated her thoughts about the strength and helpfulness God had imbued in women, and she lay there thinking of some of her deceased family members.

It would soon be time for her to keep an appointment with someone in Gunnison who was interested in selecting a monument for her husband's grave. She dealt with so many widows in her work, and they related to the lesson she had just read. Grandma was tired, but she couldn't rest too long. Her philosophy had always been to never stand when she could sit and never to sit when she could lie down. The leather couch was her favorite resting place even though she loved her feather bed upstairs, especially in the winter time with a quiet fire in the fireplace and occasionally an excited grandchild beside her. How I had delighted in this special treat. In the spring and fall the sleeping porch took precedence in the cool evenings, listening to her youngest boy, Lloyd, and his friends, and some of her oldest son Harmon's children, including me, playing, "Run, Sheep, Run" and "Hide and Seek" in the front yard while potatoes were baking in a roadside fire for eating after the games were over. But right now other things were on her mind.

She had got up early to weed her fairly large vegetable garden, extending to son Tom's vault-making shop on the east and the old barn just south of it. She had once milked the cow and separated the milk in the efficient steel separator in the cool basement and always enjoyed its sweetness over dandelion greens sprinkled with sugar. Her old car, which she would be using later in the day, stood in the driveway, also bordering her garden, because the entrance to the garage frightened her in its narrowness and she also disliked the memories the interior evoked. The garage stayed locked most of the time. Bernard's tools of the trade were still housed there. She used to make lye and ash soap, and the big black kettle was housed there, also.

She had picked enough leaf spinach to share with her daughters-in-law, Ella, my mother, and Margaret, Tom's wife, and then she could finish her usual morning chores. She would be sure to toast some bread on top of the old black stove and put it in the top warming oven for the grandkids who stopped in often after school for the buttery treats. She needed to check in on Bernard's maiden sisters, Hattie and Emma, in the home next door which he had built for them. They were quite self-sufficient, but Hattie was showing signs of the cancer which was so prevalent in that side of the family and had taken Bernard. Emma was six years younger than Hattie, but she was aging faster. After she had taken care of the garden, housework, visiting, mail, etc., she had finally been able to get to her lesson book and was now reminiscing about the people whose lives fit so well with the ideas she had just read about: women as interdependent helpmates.

Elmeda Stringham, her grandmother, married Appleton Milo Harmon in 1846 in Nauvoo. In crossing the plains, he built the odometer which Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, and William Clayton had envisioned in 1847, and he brought it to reality with his creativity and skilled carpenter hands. As a family, the Harmons arrived in Salt Lake in 1848. In Utah, he logged wood from which he made homes and furniture. He always had a crew of men working for him and, although he never said anything in front of the men, Appleton let Elmeda know he couldn't have done anything without her support.

Grandma Vilate often laughed as she told us the story of her grandmother Elmeda when she was cooking for the men. She was at the camp alone except for their two small children when several Indians came in and begged for food. They had probably smelled the biscuits she had just baked and put on the table. She was scared because they were so demanding, but she just stood with her back to the table, spreading out her apron to help cover the biscuits, all the time shaking her head and saying, "No, no, no!" Finally the Indians left. Later, when she told some folks what had happened, they said, "Oh, my goodness, you could have been killed!" Her grandma had said patiently, "I might as well have been killed as to have had no bread for the men's dinner." She had worked hard all of her ninety-four years, even after her husband had left her. She told how she would wrap the men's feet in burlap in the winter when they were logging so they wouldn't freeze while they cut the trees and then slid the logs down on the snow to the mill to be ready for the saw in the summer time. Raising crops, making clothes, birthing twelve children were all taken in stride and also with a pride because she knew she was a very necessary part of the family and felt fulfillment in being needed, just as Grandma's lesson had stated about the nature of unselfish women.

Then my Grandma Vilate recalled her sister, Katie Belle, who had married Bernard's cousin, David Parry. David died six months after their last child was born. She had kept right on taking care of the Salt Lake apartment house they owned and lived in with their five children. Her sister, Fannie, had lived there, too, after her husband, Dick Daley, Manti's "Candy Man," had died. They had both kept right on going their usual helpful, business-like ways as widows. When their mother, my great-grandmother Martha Elizabeth Spillsbury, also a business-like woman, needed help managing the Eagle Hotel in Manti, Katie Belle was the one to do so for four years, leaving to go back to Salt Lake in 1924 when their mother had sold the hotel

after running it for quite a while. Fannie had helped Dick in his business at "Dick's Place" next door to the Eagle Hotel, first making sandwiches and soups for her boys' "hunger stops" and then putting them on the menu and later expanding it to include fresh oysters brought in daily on the train, and other speciality items. Later she kept herself independent by running a boarding house in Salt Lake, keeping her loneliness in check by church work and relaxing each evening while watering the lawn. Grandma's reflections continued as she thought of her other sisters, including Appie Tennant, who had died two years before Bernard, and of MayBelle Anderson and Beth Jensen. They all exemplified the industriousness her Relief Society lesson had praised about women.

It was time for Grandma to get up and put on clean clothes after bathing and placing her dirty clothes in the chute which emptied downstairs in the kitchen. How we kids loved to slide down that chute ourselves! Grandma liked being on time for her appointments and, because she never knew how her car was going to run, she usually left early. Since being chapter chairman of the Red Cross in Sanpete, she had friends in every community in the county, which had helped a great deal in making contacts for the cemetery monuments she was now selling. My Grandpa Bernard and his brothers had been in the monument business for many years in Manti, making many artful memorials with their stone mason skills. Now Grandma was selling for other monument companies and did so for seventeen years. She was a good businesswoman and knew in her mind that she made honest deals. Maybe she would make a sale this afternoon and get back in time to take some of the grandkids fishing. That was part of the lesson, too!

Epilogue

They were of different sizes in stature
But all sequoias in strengths and wills.
Each woman unique in her nature
Each with remarkable industrial skills.

Documentation:

1. Personal recollections of my grandmother and great aunts.
2. Family histories, anecdotes, and some imagination of feelings of characters in keeping with the theme of the essay and my personal recollections and information from family members.
3. Book, Appleton Milo Harmon Goes West, by May Belle Harmon Anderson.

A BRIDGE TO THE FUTURE

THIRD PLACE HISTORICAL ESSAY

Linnie M. Findlay
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Ephraim, Utah 84627

Many are familiar with existing stories of Ephraim's pioneer heritage, and part of that heritage is retold frequently as the role of the Co-operative Mercantile Association is recounted. However, some may not remember the storm of controversy that swirled about this stately structure in the late 1960s, when the wooden center part of Hermansen's Flour Mill was removed and it was thought by some that the entire corner would be cleared, and a modern service station could be built there to attract passing motorists to spend a little time and a few dollars to help build the economy in Ephraim.

Citizens of Ephraim were in the middle of a clean up campaign, and many old barns and tumbling out-buildings were cleared away. That was a time when some felt that the most beautiful interior

decorations inside a newly built home could be fashioned from "barnwood," and there may have been sale for the boards that had not entirely disintegrated. Along with teetering barns and trees that clogged the canals carrying water to Ephraim, some thought the Co-op and Granary on what is now called "Ephraim Square," should also be razed. The buildings were referred to as an "eyesore," and one newspaper account states that with the removal of the flour mill, work had also begun to tear down the granary.

Most of what I have recently confirmed about that time in the history of those buildings comes from the Ephraim Enterprise, where the controversy was aired. However, we learned about historic old buildings and their value in a community from Richard and Nadine Nibley, who came with their three little girls to Ephraim in March 1966.

Editor Larry Stahle had published an article about the history of the Co-op in the Ephraim Enterprise in 1962, but most of the discussion about the future of the building occurred in the late 1960s.

Newspapers for early 1969 were full of the pros and cons of preserving or removing the Co-op Store and the Relief Society Granary. An article in the Ephraim Enterprise for 27 March 1969, appeared under the headline: "Historic Landmark to be Razed." The article indicated the "future of the Ephraim Co-op building could be very short," and stated, "the removal of the pioneer landmark now looms on the horizon." The article recalled some of the past uses of the Sanpete Co-op and brought some nostalgic responses in letters to the editor, as readers added their personal knowledge of elementary school and a farm implement store being held in the building, and a portable bowling alley set up in a large open area east of the store.

The Co-op and Granary and the property where they stood were mortgaged by the Bank of Ephraim, and in order to secure the future of the buildings, the Nibley's persuaded Orson Lauritzen and Don C. Montgomery of L & M Enterprises in Mt. Pleasant, to buy the mortgage. They then formed the Sanpete Development Corporation to help with expenses.

An article in the Deseret News for 14 April 1969, was headlined: "Passing of a Pioneer," and began the lead paragraph with: "The walls are tumbling down." But probably what brought the most support to restoring the buildings was an anonymous letter which called the buildings an eyesore and expressed the feelings of the writer that the Pioneers were certainly not being honored with the buildings as they then stood.

This letter brought a flurry of letters to the editor, supporting the restoration of the buildings. One said: "Without history we have no identity in time or place . . . The irreplaceable quality of a historic building is that we can actually go back and touch the years that are gone. Destroy history and we destroy ourselves."

Nibleys were encouraged in their effort to preserve the buildings by state architects who recognized the Ephraim Co-op as typical of many like structures that were built by the Utah Pioneers, and the only one still standing. It was their dream to have the building restored and made useful, as it now stands, the one outstanding building on Ephraim's Main Street.

Early in July 1969, Richard Nibley was invited to meet with the Clean-up, Fix-up Committee, and encouraged by members of that committee to submit his report to the newspaper so that interested citizens might know what he believed the future was for this building.

By 23 September 1969, there were 44 stockholders in the Sanpete Development Corporation, mostly from Ephraim, Manti and Mount Pleasant, but also from North Carolina, Oregon, California, and Provo, Ogden, Orem, American Fork, Kaysville, Fielding, Clearfield, and Salt Lake City, Utah. In a paper prepared for the stockholders, the following information was included:

The Utah State Legislature says:

Recognizing that the historical heritage of this state is among its most valued and important assets .. protect historical areas and sites.

Lee Knell, chief architect of the Utah Heritage Foundation says:

Every architect in the State of Utah should see the handsome heavy trusses of the Ephraim Co-op which beautifully express the function of a truss. The physical fact of restoration would be easy to do.

Nationally distinguished engineer Glenn Enke says:

The Co-op building is capable of structural rehabilitation without excessive cost. The exposed trusses would be gorgeous. The pioneer workmanship is not equalled today.

Presiding Bishop John H. Vandenberg says:

The brethren encourage you and others in the community (Ephraim) in the preservation of historical and pioneer structures.

Presidents David O. McKay, Hugh B. Brown and N. Eldon Tanner say:

The Church is concerned with preserving architectural fragments, etc. If there is a building or dwelling in your area which should be preserved because of its part in Church history or the history of your community, please report this to Elder Mark E. Peterson of the Historical Arts Committee. An editorial note by Brother Nibley included, first, an invitation for others to become members of the Corporation, and then, "Real estate is a best-bet investment. Pioneer real estate a responsibility."

An article in a state paper for 15 October 1969, told about the value of preserving the pioneer heritage that was then being threatened. Governor Calvin Rampton issued a directive requiring those things with discernible historical and cultural importance to be submitted for a state historical and cultural review board's evaluation, and a committee was formed with an injunction to "serve the past in ways that honor the future."

Brother Nibley received a letter from Mark E. Peterson, a member of the Council of the Twelve on 25 March 1970:

Your letter dated October 11, 1969, addressed to me and then referred by me to the First Presidency has been returned to my desk by the Presidency.

We took the matter up this morning in a meeting of our Historical Arts Committee and the entire committee was in favor of encouraging you fine people to preserve these landmarks. We surely hope that every effort may be made to preserve them and that they may be used as museums to foster interest in our pioneer history. We would be glad to hear from you further.

I apologize to you for this long delay in writing you, but I assure you of our definite interest.

In order to qualify as a candidate for the State or National Register of Historic Sites, correct dates for the building had to be established. Again, Richard and Nadine Nibley did their homework and found deeds that gave a firm date for the completion of the Co-op building.

By the 5th of June 1970, the Co-op building had been added to the Utah State Register of Historic and Cultural Sites, and the Ephraim Enterprise for 20 April 1972 reported the building had been nominated for the National Register. A year later on 3 May 1973, the Enterprise reported that the United Order Co-op had been listed on the National Register.

Now as we thrill to the beautiful architecture of the Co-op building, and enjoy the charm of the Sanpete Sampler with the large variety of items for sale, many of them produced locally, as well as the facilities of the large assembly room upstairs, complete with kitchen, restrooms, elevator, a baby grand piano and refinished hardwood floors; and as we enjoy the art on display in the beautifully renovated "Art Barn," we need to remember the foresight, the untiring efforts and the firm resolve of those who preserved this building through the storms that would have had it demolished.

Many have worked to effect the changes that make this corner of Ephraim attractive, educational and useful. Linda Lohrengel, who began as Ephraim Bicentennial Chairman in 1975, expressed the hope of those who have worked to achieve this restoration: "We hope, that this site can forever serve as a bridge between our pioneer heritage, with its ideals of commitment and dedication and service, and that future, which is constantly arriving upon our horizon and needs to be firmly anchored in the past."

Source:

Newspapers cited and clippings and notes from files of Nadine Nibley.



Houses at Great Basin Experiment Station-Ephraim canyon. Courtesy Thehna Sampson.



**Paul Hansen measuring snow depth at Great Basin Experiment Station. Paul worked there 47 years.
Courtesy Thehna Sampson.**

CURDS, KNAPHOST and SMØR

FIRST PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

Eleanor P. Madsen
295 East 1st North
Ephraim, Utah 84627

I suppose that it is due to my Danish heritage that I am a cheese lover. I remember when I was a young lad I would get in the back of my grandfather's truck, which held a ten gallon can of milk, and anxiously wait the trip to the creamery in Manti. While the milk was being unloaded at the dock at the creamery and as I waited for my grandfather to have the milk weighed and tested for butter fat, I would climb down from the truck and go into the creamery where there were huge vats of milk being made into cheese. At this point the cheese was of a rubbery consistency, and I could pull it off in long strips and eat it. It was called curd. How good it tasted for my boyish appetite.

I have never lost my desire for it. After I was married and did some traveling on business throughout the state, I would often stop at one of the creameries that dotted the state then and beg or buy some of that good cheese curd. Most of the creameries are gone now but there are still one or two left and also some supermarkets where the curd can be purchased.

My appetite for cheese was whetted even more as I spent time in Denmark on a mission and while there found a large variety of delectable cheese. It was many years prior to this, though, that I had my first introduction to Danish cheese.

My grandmother made a cheese which was called knaphost. The clabbered milk was set on the back of her coal stove where it was just warm, not hot, until the whey separated from the clabber. The whey was then strained off and the cheese allowed to sit in the strainer until it became firm. At this stage it was

called cottage cheese. To make the knaphst, the cheese was mixed with a little salt, some caraway seeds and formed into little oblong shapes. It was seasoned over a period of time and then was ready to eat. It had quite a bland taste, but to a cheese lover like me it was really good.

Another thing that had fascinated me at the creamery were the long metal arms that churned the cream into butter. The sweet cream butter was another thing I liked.

Instead of selling milk to the creamery, my maternal grandfather separated the cream from the milk and sold the cream. Every morning he would separate it, and then on certain days of the week he would set the five-gallon can of cream out by the gate post where it would be picked up and taken to the creamery.

My uncles earned money for school supplies and spending money milking the cows and doing the milk separating. They had both Holstein and Jersey cows. The Holsteins gave the most milk, but the Jerseys' milk was more rich, measuring 4.5 in butter fat content while the Holstein cows measured only 2.5, so it was a good balance to have both.

Buckets of this whole milk were poured into a huge metal bowl at the top of the separator. It was fun to watch the stream of skim milk come out of one spout and the long, thin line of cream from another. There were rows of discs that did the separating. These discs, along with other parts of the separator, had to be carefully washed each day, which was a tedious task which no one really liked to do.

Before separating the milk my grandfather always brought one bucket of milk into the house and strained it into large flat pans. From these pans of milk my grandmother saved the cream so she could churn her own butter.

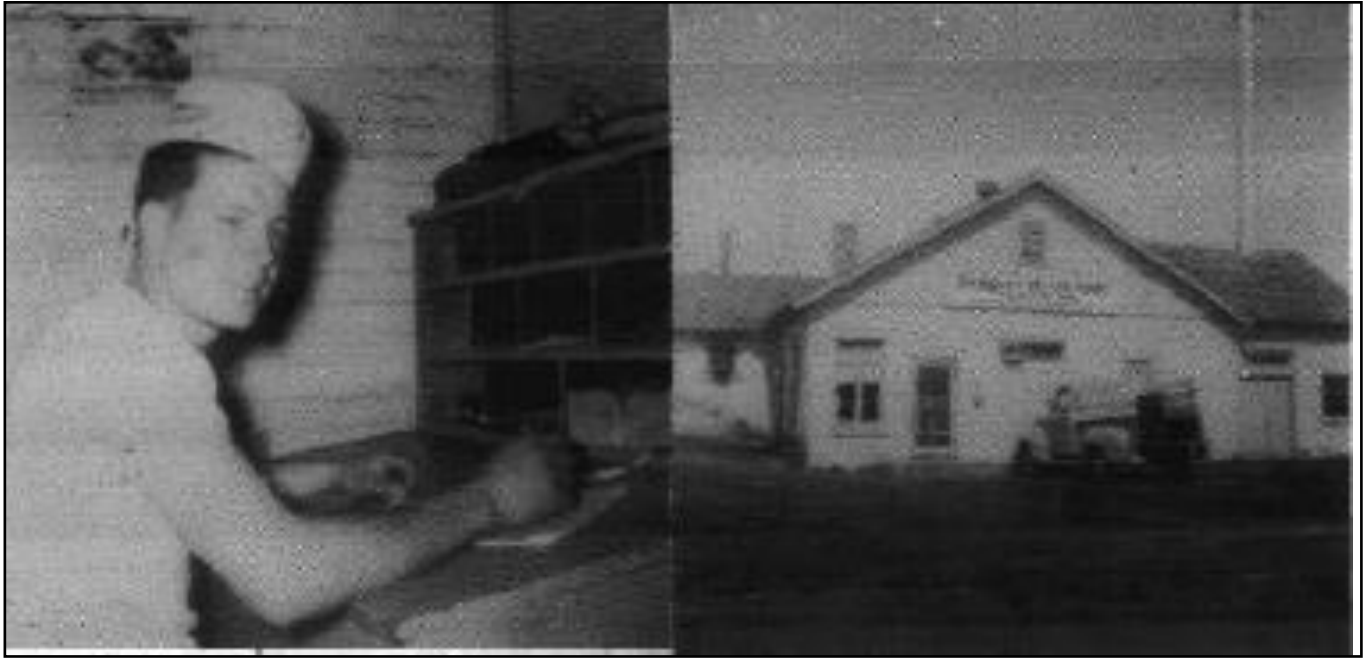
I often helped my grandmother churn butter in her large wooden churn. We grandchildren were allowed to push the long handle up and down and up and down until the butter appeared. The butter was then put in a large bowl, washed, and salt worked into it with a wooden spatula. It was then formed into a pound shape in a wooden mold. Sometimes my grandmother would put waxed wrappers on the butter and sell it to the neighbors, but most of it was used for the large family of seven children. A Danish word for butter is smor. It is pronounced smur; I guess that is because you smear it on your bread.

Many people used to make their own butter and cheese or exchange it for the milk and cream they delivered to the creamery. Nearly every town had its own creamery, and many farmers milked cows and sold milk or cream to the creameries. There are only a few commercial creameries now in the State and a few farmers who sell milk and cream.

I'm glad I could share the experience of separating and delivering milk and cream to the creamery...glad I learned how to churn butter and make Danish cheese...happy for remembering the taste of Curds, Knaphost and Smor.

Source of Information:

Personal recollections of author's son.



MoRel Snow at Manti Creamery 1956-1962, Morell pursued a cheese making career. Courtesy MoRel Snow and Norma Barton. Manti Creamery leased by Ed Carlisle from Nelson Ricks. Merlin Bahr Mgr. Coutesy MoRel Snow and Norma Barton.

PRESTWICH LUMBER COMPANY

SECOND PLACE PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

D.R.M. Jensen

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Ft. Green, Utah 84632

The earth is alive, green with living organisms. It is a gigantic organic garden producing many living things - flowers, wildlife, and a lot of trees - hundreds, even thousands of different kinds of trees cover our home planet Earth. Environmentalists claim, if you cut down all the trees the earth's atmosphere would be destroyed and the planet would be uninhabitable. Therefore, we humans need trees. We need a lot of trees. So plant your seeds.

Imagine yourself being in the mountains surrounded by trees and quiet. Dead things crunch as you step on the years of fallen debris, leaves and pine needles. Stepping on the fallen brittle matter is good. It breaks up the material, releasing nitrogen into the soil. Even with the fallen dead things underfoot, the mountainside is alive. Part of the time it is green. Then it explodes into a multitude of colors, oranges, yellows, reds, before turning gray and going to sleep under a white blanket of snow. Then it awakens and it happens again. The mountain is alive and so are all the trees, flowers, blades of grass - a beautiful, serene place. The birds do not fear. A deer creeps quietly through the forest, munching along the way on the fresh green grass. It's a doe followed by Bambi.

Crash! You hear a thunderous sound. The silence has been destroyed by a large diesel motor. A caterpillar-type tractor is pushing through the virgin wilderness. The sound of a chain saw! The roar of a

skidder! Dust, heat and bugs! Your first thought is that an environmental disaster is happening. There are men in the forest. They have a job to do.

The Prestwich Lumber Company was established in Sanpete County in 1979. Ron, Rodney and Steve Prestwich bought the company from their fathers, relocating it from Orem to Moroni, Utah. Acres of land store the piles of logs, the fallen trees, the products of Mother Nature.

Every time I go to the saw mill, it's been raining. The place is a noisy, greasy mud hole where the large earth-moving equipment is stored. There are four fulltime employees and eight during the log-cutting season. The loggers work from sunup to sundown, processing over one million board-feet of timber a year. The Prestwich's have felled a lot of trees. Most of the trees are diseased. They need to be cut down and hauled away from the forest to prevent further spread of the disease. Other trees are cut from overgrown areas that just need the care of a little cleaning up. The lumber company buys the timber from the United States Forest Service. Eighty five percent of their finished product is purchased by Pacific States Cast Iron Pipe Company. They also cut special orders and produce a lot of firewood for Sanpete residents. Sawdust, which is a by-product, is used by the local turkey growers. The Prestwich Lumber Company is a valuable commodity for Sanpete County and is expected to be in operation for many years.

The Prestwich owners are all hard-working family men living in Moroni. Ron Prestwich, the brains of the operation, does the paperwork and runs the saw at the mill. He keeps track of all the goings-on, how many trees are being hauled in and how many 4x4's are cut and hauled out. The sawing equipment was modernized last year. It's almost a one-man operation now, turning trees into 4x4's. The logs are cut to length with a chain saw. Then, with a huge front loader, the trees are dumped onto a ramp and fed into the saws. Ron cuts the logs to their proper dimensions while sitting in a plastic box pushing buttons. He sits in the booth all day long, cutting logs as fast as the other men can haul them into the mill.

Rodney (Rock) Prestwich says he has to be a lawyer, an accountant, - everything. Rodney negotiates with the Forest Service over the price of the trees and all the many details that must be worked out before cutting a tree. Being a lumberjack is not all cutting trees. Roads need to be graded. Equipment has to be hauled to the site. Erosion-prevention work needs to be done. It's a jack-of-all-trades job. Rodney says, "After all the hassling, the glory is finally cutting the tree." Rodney and Steve are the timber-cutting team. "We cut more timber than ordinary guys," claims Steve Prestwich. "Rodney and I are closer than brothers after spending so much time together in the mountains."

Steve's job is to operate the skidder. He drags the logs off the mountain and loads them onto trucks. Besides being a woodsman, he's also a truck driver and mechanic. He even makes tire chains for the trucks. Steve said, "The harvest of timber is a delicate, sensitive process that is extremely dangerous. The job requires a great deal of skill in order to directional-fall a twenty- to thirty-foot tree without causing damage to the landscape and existing habitat. Before leaving an area that has been cut, erosion work is done, brush piling, and reseedling completed. We have provided a better environment for future generations." Steve takes his job seriously. He takes care in restoring an area back to its natural state.

I have traveled to these lumber camps to see these men working. Yes, it does look like an environmental disaster is taking place. The large earth-moving equipment and semi-trucks look very much out of place on what was once a pristine landscape. Logging is a job that requires a lot of gigantic, loud, greasy equipment that makes a lot of noise. They do make an unsightly gouge in the earth during the logging operation. The Prestwich logging team cleans up the mess they have made. I have talked with the Forest Service's inspectors. They say the Prestwich guys do a good job of returning a cut area back to its natural condition. Sure, trees are cut, but the diseased trees are removed and new ones are replanted. It takes time, but Mother Earth has the ability to heal the scar. The Forest Service says good things about the Prestwich boys. Rodney says, though, "They say a lot of other things, too."

The harvest of timber is a commodity lost if the loggers are prevented from doing their job. The earth is like a big garden. The trees need to be harvested like corn or wheat. You can't expect a garden to grow without weeds. The Prestwich's are the earth's gardeners.

THE SPIRIT IS WILLING

FIRST PLACE SHORT STORY

Sherry A. Hundley

443 North 750 East

Orem, Utah 84057

(John Blain was thirteen years old when he made the arduous journey from England to America in 1863. With his widowed mother, Isabella Graham Blain, he brought his six younger brothers and sisters to their new home in Zion. Three of his older brothers had already made the trip to Utah and had settled in Spring City.

The following is a somewhat embellished account of some of the incidents in the life of John Blain, Jr., whose faithful and unwavering course in the path of duty and responsibility have been an inspiration to this writer, as well as to many others. The basic facts are true, although somewhat fictionalized in part, depicting in more detail the way it might have been.)

Heavy milk cans rattled as the wagon rumbled over the rocky road leading to the creamery west of Spring City. The driver held the reins gently in his wrinkled hands, guiding the team of horses so as to avoid as many rocks and holes as possible. An old dog faithfully followed— as aged for a dog as his master was for a man. Occasionally he would stop to pant and rest, then mosey on before the wagon got out of sight. The driver would turn and watch, now and then beckoning for the dog to come and sit beside him on the seat, knowing that as each day passed it was becoming more and more difficult for him to walk long distances, and he was too much a part of the daily milk wagon ritual to be left behind.

But the dog would ignore the invitation, as if to prove that he could still follow, just as the old man on the wagon needed to prove that he could still drive.

In the early years of his life the man had endured many hardships, coming across the ocean in trying conditions, walking across the plains through scorching summer heat and dangerous situations. Yet all these experiences had taught him responsibility and had offered valuable lessons of life, both disappointing and satisfying. He learned to be a man who faithfully discharged his duty to family, to his fellowman, and most of all, to God, and he always tried to show his gratitude for the many blessings he had received.

His thoughts drifted back to a time when he was only sixteen. He was working for Apostle Orson Hyde, the presiding authority for the Church in Spring City at that time. The young boy had been given a bed in the large rock stable where he could keep a close watch on Elder Hyde's many fine horses. Indians were still a problem throughout the Sanpete area, often raiding the town and stealing whatever they could get their hands on. But the boy was a trustworthy young man and would do all that he could to protect the horses, just as in later years he would sit at the window of his cabin, rifle in hand, watching for Indians through long and sleepless nights, protecting his family.

During the night the boy in the stable awoke and checked the animals. Going to a window he looked out and caught a glimpse of something out on the far hills to the west. Knowing that Indians often camped

in the hills on the night before a raid, he went to Elder Hyde and told him what he had seen. Elder Hyde gathered a few men together, instructing them to sound the warning drum and to prepare for the raid which was sure to come. The townspeople were told not to leave their homes even to go to the hay meadows, and that if they would obey his counsel, all would be well. Most of the people did as they were instructed, but those who did not were either killed by the Indians or wounded, including a brother of the young boy John Blain, who, by his quick thinking action obviously saved the town from disaster.

Memories of his life came easy, riding along in the open. He thought of how the obedience learned from Elder Hyde had helped him in his mission. That was a difficult decision, leaving a wife and family of seven children for a man who was in his fifties. But he had been called, and he would go, though the states of New Jersey and Maryland seemed as far away as the country of England from which he had come as a lad. It was something that had to be done, and he would do it.

The old dog began to bark as the wagon neared the creamery. Other wagons had already arrived, which only proved to be an unwanted reminder that he was not as efficient as he used to be. His son, Jesse, was one of the milk haulers. He had talked a great deal lately about his father giving up hauling the milk, but the old man couldn't bring himself to give up even though he knew that the work was becoming increasingly difficult for him. His tired old muscles were not so strong any more, and his stomach problem was growing worse.

The men unloaded the wagon and took the milk inside, where it was dumped into a large vat. Samples were taken and a guage indicated the butterfat percentage, as payment was made accordingly. After the cream was pasteurized and processed, it was put into sterilized bottles. The skim milk was returned to the individual providers to be fed to their pigs and other animals.

At the end of the day the bottled cream was taken to the train station and shipped to a creamery in Salt Lake to be made into butter and cheese. The Spring City Creamery was known as a facility that was not only efficient, but highly rated for its cleanliness and management.

Butter and cream could be ordered through the haulers. As there were no refrigerators as we know them today, milk and other perishable food such as cheese was kept in a cool cellar or in a cooler made of burlap wrapped around a wooden frame and kept wet. Some people had ice houses where they stored large blocks of ice during the winter. John and Jesse would go down to the Wales Reservoir and bring the blocks back in a bobsleigh, put them in the icehouse and cover them with straw. In this way, they were able to have homemade ice cream as late as the Fourth of July.

His job finished at the creamery, the old man pulled himself slowly up to the wagon seat, snapped the reins lightly and headed back toward town, driving more slowly now so that he could enjoy the singing birds in the fields and the crisp morning air. The dog jumped into the wagon and lay down beside his master, willing to rest now.

"Well, you've decided to give in and ride, have you?" the man asked. "I guess we both have to admit we're not as young as we used to be." He patted the dog's head and ruffled the hairy ears. "What do you think ol' boy, is Jesse right? Is it time to quit?"

He drove the wagon to each of the houses on his route and left the cans of skim milk, finishing up at the home of his daughter, Rose. She greeted him as he entered her kitchen and sat down at the table. Reaching for a teacup from the glass-fronted cupboard, she poured a cupful of steaming liquid from the stove and placed it before him. She knew what he wanted, a cup of tea for his ailing stomach, or sometimes just a warm cup of water would suffice to ease the pain.

"You look so tired, Pa," she said. "Don't you think it's time to quit lifting those heavy milk cans?"

The old man took a sip of tea and wiped his mustache with the back of his hand. He had heard it all before and knew they were right, but how could he quit the last job he would ever have? There was more

than enough time now to sit around the house. It only served to remind him of the busy days of his past, when he had actually enjoyed the hard work of building his home, hauling the white rock from the quarry as they had done in building the Manti Temple. He was proud of his house, and knew would never build anything like it again.

"That fire in the stove feels good," he said, changing the subject. "Even on a nice morning like this it's good to warm the ol' bones a bit."

Still he made no comment about what Rose had said. She went on talking to him about other things—the children, the grandchildren, all busy with their lives. Charlie working too hard, his rheumatism really bothering him. Grace getting ready to go away to Ogden to work.

He enjoyed his visits with Rose, though he usually sat quietly as she did most of the talking. She was more like her mother in that respect, but she had also inherited many of his generous and caring ways, the deep and abiding affection for family. Sometimes they didn't have much in the way of material things, but they loved to give. For Christmas the old man would go to the store and buy little glass dishes for five cents a piece to give to his grandchildren. When Grace went away to teach school and then married, Rose sent packages from home, sometimes only a bottle of meat or a piece of cloth to make a dress for the little girls, but it came with love, like all the penny postcards which contained a whole letter in lines and lines of scribbled writing.

They had a way of showing their great love, setting a wonderful example for me to follow. Now I keep one of those little dishes in my own glass cupboard to remind me of these good things in my past. It was given to me by my mother, Grace, as it was given to her by her grandfather, John Blain. There is also an old-fashioned gold-framed portrait of him hanging in my home, and I am reminded each time I look into the eyes of my great-grandfather, that he was a man worth patterning my life after. That even in the face of trial and pain we should go on doing what we can, in the best way we can.

From the example he set, John Blain must have believed that in this life we have a duty to be busily engaged, to earn our own bread in any honest way we can, and whether our work be planting, building, tending horses or driving a milk wagon, it should be looked upon as a blessing and not a curse. John Ruskin once said, "...we are not sent into the world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our own bread, and that should be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily. Neither is to be done by halves, but with a will, and what is not worth this effort should not be done at all."

Only when Jesse made the decision to sell the wagon and team was Grandfather forced to quit working. He knew that he physically could no longer stand the strain of the lifting, as his body became weaker from the serious problem in his stomach, yet he felt he couldn't give up. He loved his work, his team and his wagon, and when they were gone, it broke the old man's heart. The spirit was oh, so willing, but the flesh was far too weak.

One summer day Rose went to take Grace to the train for Ogden. When she returned she was told to go to the home of her parents, that her father was dying. Though he had suffered greatly with stomach cancer he had never become bedfast, but his generous and loving heart just seemed to give out. Did he die because he was forced to quit working? Or did he quit working because he was about to die? Perhaps some day we shall know, but for now I will remember and revere a man I never knew, but whom I love with all my heart. I believe that his spirit—along with others who have lived before me—still influences my life and all his posterity, and shows us the way we should go.

Someone once said that God gave us work, not to burden but to bless us, and useful work willingly and effectively done is the finest expression of the human spirit.

Then perhaps it is true of the statement that says, "The purpose of life is not just to be happy, but to

matter, to be productive, to be useful, to have it make a difference that you lived at all." —Leo Rosten

Source: Family histories and interviews; Life Under the Horseshoe: A History of Spring City.



Spring City Main Street with City Hall 1986. Courtesy Spring City Corporation.



**Spring City Creamery where John Blain was one of haulers of milk and cream,
located about one and a half blocks west of Second West on Chester highway.
Courtesy Spring City Corporation.**

NON-JUDGED ENTRIES

At times we have articles and poetry written for the Saga that are of valuable historical interest and relate well to the theme but which fail to meet the criteria of the contest. This was true of the essay of the Bank of Ephraim this year, but it was unanimously considered worthy of publication. The Bank of Ephraim was willing to supply some of the additional cost so this history might be preserved. We appreciate their contribution to the Saga.

We also had a poem which was too lengthy but which we agreed should be published because of its reference to each of the towns in the county. The poem was written by Mary P. Sanderson who was born November 4, 1887 and died November 26, 1978. It was found in her personal journal in her own handwriting and was submitted by her daughters Melba Brotherson and Irene M. Nielson who contributed funds for publishing the poem in the Saga.

THE BANK OF EPHRAIM
CARROT COUNTY

Gwen J. McGarry
Mary P. Sanderson

"The Peoples Bank"

THE BANK OF EPHRAIM

Gwen J. McGarry

35 East Center

Ephraim, Utah 84627

Born of necessity, nurtured with integrity, faith and intestinal fortitude by men of vision and dedication, the Bank of Ephraim has become a financial cornerstone of the community, Sanpete County and the surrounding area.

According to the handwritten minutes kept of the first meeting of the organizers of the bank which was held November 18, 1905 in a private home, the following men were in attendance: J. F. McCafferty, C. J. Fisher, Adolph Hansen, Peter Greaves, H. P. Larsen, L. M. Olson, T. J. Edmunds, C. A. Larsen, Willard Pehrson, Thomas Fontin and Joseph Nelson, a representative of the Utah National Bank of Salt Lake City. L. M. Olson was chosen chairman with C. J. Fisher, Secretary. The purpose of the meeting was stated and Joseph Nelson was asked to explain the legal issues, liabilities of the stockholders and the necessary procedures to obtain a charter. Mr. Nelson was then asked to draw up the Articles of Incorporation to be presented at the next meeting.

It was decided that the capitol stock would be \$25,000.00 with 250 shares of stock to be issued at \$100.00 per share par value. It was also determined that the bank would be chartered as a State Bank rather than a National one. Two names were placed in nomination Bank of Ephraim was selected over Ephraim State Bank. A committee of five was elected to sell subscriptions to the stock. A 25% down payment would be accepted with full payment by December 1906. The following seven directors were chosen to serve until the next stockholders meeting: L. M. Olson, Joseph Nelson, C. F. Fisher, T. J. Edmunds, C. A. Larson, H. P. Larsen, J. F. McCafferty.

The directors met immediately after the initial meeting and elected L. M. Olson as President with J. F. McCafferty as Vice President. At a Board of Directors meeting held on November 27, 1905, C. J. Fisher was elected Cashier, Henry Green was elected to Board of Directors to replace him. Mr. Fisher would "run

the bank." An executive committee consisting of the President, Vice President and Cashier would examine the books on a regular basis and report on the condition of the bank at each Board of Directors meeting.

The draft of the Articles of Incorporation were approved and the Executive Committee was instructed to file it with Sanpete County and the State of Utah.

Quarters for location of the bank was left to the President and Cashier. Mr. Nelson was instructed to purchase a safe, necessary fixtures and stationery for the bank not to exceed a cost of \$1000.00.⁽¹⁾ The year 1905 must have been a good one economically. According to the records of Sanpete County the Articles of Incorporation of the North Sanpete Bank were recorded on December 13, 1905 just five days before the Bank of Ephraim, which was December 18, 1905. Just one month after the initial organization meeting the Bank of Ephraim was officially registered by Sanpete County and a Utah State Charter was granted on December 30, 1905. (The founders of the Utah Independent Bank of Salina worked almost 18 months to cut through all of the red tape of the State and Federal Governments to obtain a Charter in 1977.)

The next Board of Directors meeting was held January 7, 1906. No mention is made of the actual date that the bank would open for business or where the exact location would be. From these minutes one must assume that the opening had not occurred as the main topic of business was interest rates to be charged on loans. Rates varied from 4% on \$25.00 up to \$500.00 up to 8% on \$1000.00 to 6% over \$2000.00. However, the Executive Committee was not bound by these figures. They could use their own discretion.⁽²⁾ (No state or federal regulations to be adhered to.) Ephraim Hansen was retained as legal counsel for \$50.00 per year. (There must not have been so many lawsuits as well as regulations around in 1906.)

Free checkbooks were to be supplied for customers which continued until the early 1980's. Counter checks were placed in all the businesses as well.

According to Edgar Anderson who worked at the bank for 36 years, the bank was first located in the building now occupied by the Anderson Drug Store on the Northwest corner of Main and Center streets.

The opening must have occurred immediately after the January 7, 1906 meeting, the minutes of the February 2, 1906 meeting stated that Mr. Fisher's salary was to have begun in mid January. Also, Cashier Fisher requested help to keep the books as "it was too much for one man."⁽³⁾ The hiring of F. H. Rasmussen as bookkeeper was approved.

The question of whether to purchase the present building or to build a new one was raised (Business must have been booming!). The site of the present bank on the northeast corner of Main and Center streets was a plot of land 100' x 30' owned by J. F. McCafferty. It was purchased for \$1000.00 and at the stockholders meeting in October 1906, the directors were instructed to erect a building at "a cost of not more than \$7000.00. Two sets of plans by Architect D. C. Dart were submitted at a cost of \$150.00."⁽⁴⁾ No mention is made in the minutes as to when the construction of the new building was begun, but in July 1906, 100,000 bricks were purchased at \$6.75 per thousand.

Regular Board of Directors meetings were not always held. The record shows that during farming season, May to October, the meetings were intermittent and many times a quorum was not present as no business could be conducted.

The minutes of the stockholders meeting in January 1907 showed the following directors elected: J. F. McCafferty, C. J. Fisher, C. "A. Larsen, Peter Greaves Jr., Henry Green, J. Armstrong, N. E. Noyes, H. P. Larsen, Willard Pherson. President Olson declined a nomination. At the Board of Directors meeting J. F. McCafferty was elected President with C. A. Larsen Vice President and C. J. Fisher Cashier. In March 1907 F. H. Rasmuson became Assistant Cashier.⁽⁵⁾ Evidently a Mr. Brienholt was the contractor for the new building. Progress reports were read in the Board of Director meetings and in August 1907 Contractor Brienholt was asked to supply a stone for the front of the building with the year of erection on it. He agreed

to do it, but at an additional cost of \$7.00 (Seven dollars). A hot water heating plant was to be installed and in September of 1907 linoleum, paint and hardware were authorized. In December the curtains were installed Construction was essentially completed. Banking days would be Monday through Saturday.

January 11, 1908 a 4% dividend was declared on the stock. Permission from the City Council was obtained to place an outside stairway to the basement on the West side. A ladies millinery and dress shop occupied rooms in the basement for many years. "" Cement sidewalks were to be poured around the building at a cost of 12 cents per square foot, also grades on the south side of the building as well as the ditch were to be restored to pre-construction condition. An iron hitching post was to be added and a flag pole was to be erected before July 4. ⁽⁶⁾

Offices upstairs were leased to the U. S. Department of Agriculture and Attorney Hansen was given office space in lieu of a retainer fee. In January 1909 Cashier C. J. Fisher died and F. H. Rasmuson was elected Cashier⁽⁷⁾

Prosperity seemed to be the order of the day. Loans were plentiful. The bank was making money and an 8% dividend to stockholders was declared in August of 1910. A savings department was established, safe deposit boxes were purchased and rented to customers for \$1.00 and \$1.75 per year depending on the box size.

In October 1911 running water "taps" were installed in the bank. Each tenant was to pay for their own "tap."⁽⁸⁾

In the early part of 1912 a group of men organized for the purpose of establishing another bank in Ephraim. It was to be called the Farmers Commercial Bank. Seeing no need for a second bank in Ephraim the directors of the Bank of Ephraim devised a plan to increase the Capitol stock from the original sum of \$25,000.00 to \$50,000.00 with 500 shares of stock being issued at \$100.00 per share. They also agreed to the election of nine directors. According to the records and minutes of director meetings this was finally accomplished when a special stockholders meeting in July 1912 was called and the proposal to consolidate with the Farmers Commercial Bank by selling subscriptions for 250 additional shares of stock and raising the Capitol to \$50,000 was passed. Amendments to the Articles of Incorporation and notification to State authorities completed the process. William G. Barton and Andrew Christensen were elected as additional directors. Ben Rasmussen was hired as assistant Cashier⁽⁹⁾

During 1913, savings accounts and deposits of South Sanpete School Board, City, County and State governments were solicited. Correspondent accounts were established with Utah State National Bank. The State Banking Commission began imposing regulations and doing regular examinations. Loans to sheep men, cattlemen and farmers were in demand.

In January 1914 Andrew N. Bjerregaard was elected President with C. Willardsen as Vice President and Fred Rasmuson as Cashier. Loans were made to the Ephraim Sanitary Canning Company and to pea farmers who supported the cannery. In 1916 it was decided to close the bank at noon on Saturday from May 26 to September 1⁽¹⁰⁾

Very little reference is made to World War I during 1917 to 1918 except that the bank purchased Liberty Bonds Also the bank was painted inside and out and a discussion of remodeling the banking room was held. In April of 1919 Victory bonds were purchased. In 1920 the Bank of Ephraim joined the Federal Reserve System. That same year Peter Jacobson from Fountain Green was elected to the Board of Directors. He was to be the first of three generations to serve as Directors and bank officers.

In 1921 a robbery attempt was made on the bank. According to Nellie Doke the would be robbers escaped, but the robbery was foiled by J. B. Anderson, Ephraim City Marshall, when he fired several shots from a barber shop which was located on the site where the city building now stands on the southeast corner of Main and Center Streets. One of the bullets lodged in the south wall of the bank. Marshall

Anderson was given a \$100.00 reward for his bravery and a resolution of thanks by the Board of Directors⁽¹¹⁾

No direct mention is made in the records of the 1929 stock market crash but loans by the bank from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, one of President F. D. Roosevelt's New Deal programs were noted, bank officers and employees salaries were reduced and no dividend was declared in 1932-33.

According to the Bjerregaard family history in April 1932 while living alone in his home, President Andrew Bjerregaard was attacked, murdered and an attempt was made to burn his body. The man accused of this savage crime was tried, convicted, and received a life sentence to prison. After serving nine years he was pardoned. He later burned to death in a motel fire⁽¹²⁾

In April 1932 Andrew Christensen was then elected President with C. Willardsen Vice President and F. H. Rasmuson Cashier. Roger Armstrong was hired as a clerk. William G. Barton, a director since 1912, a summer employee and a retired Snow College teacher was hired as Assistant Cashier. In November 1932, after the death of his father, Peter, Virgel P. Jacobson was elected to the Board of Directors⁽¹³⁾

The effects of the depression were becoming apparent even though the executive committee report showed the bank to be in good condition considering past and present unfavorable conditions⁽¹⁴⁾ Farmers and livestock men were struggling to refinance their operations as a drought had added to their problems of rock bottom prices for wool, lambs and cattle. Foreclosures occurred and disposition of mortgaged property was effected.

In December 1934 a 4% dividend was declared to stockholders. Turkey growers were making a mark in the economy and in 1935 a "turkey dressing and cooling plant" was built in Ephraim⁽¹⁵⁾

The financial crisis was not over, but new life was being pumped into the economy by government programs. In 1935 the Bank of Ephraim was authorized to "make federal Housing Loans where advisable" and application was made for membership in the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. Nineteen thirty-six and nineteen thirty seven were better years for agriculture and for the bank. Loans were made on a selected basis. The year 1937 was declared to have been the best year since 1928⁽¹⁶⁾

In January 1937 Andrew Christensen resigned because of ill health as President. F. H. Rasmussen was elected President with C. Willardsen Vice President and William G. Barton Cashier. Several new employees were hired. In 1938 the number of Bank Directors were reduced from nine to seven. This was done with an amendment to the Articles of Incorporation which states not more than nine and not less than five directors were to be elected⁽¹⁷⁾

In 1939 plans were drawn up for the first major remodeling of the bank. By summer the work on the project was progressing. At one stage the vault was left unprotected due to the windows being replaced. President Rasmuson hired two teenage boys, Cal Nielson and Kent Thursby, to stay all night on the lawn outside the LDS Tabernacle on the Southwest corner of Center and Main Streets. They were to maintain an all night lookout on the bank. While one slept the other one would keep his eye on the building and his loaded 22 rifle cocked⁽¹⁸⁾

By October the project was nearing completion. Turkey and livestock prices looked good. Feed costs were down, however, a drought and frost had made crop conditions poor especially for pea farmers. Turkey production needed to be cut back in 1940. Wool prices had dropped to 27-28 cents per pound. By August 1940 feed in Sanpete was ample and cattle feeding operations were encouraged if cattle could be purchased fairly low. Nineteen Forty-one brought a demand for more turkey loans. Toms were selling for 19 cents per pound and hens at 21 cents. Feeder lambs could be purchased for nine cents per pound. Feeding operations were encouraged, as eighty thousand turkeys were expected to be harvested⁽¹⁹⁾

The declaration of War on December 7, 1941 on Japan was reflected in the banking business by higher production cost to the customers which created a lull in business. The demand for loans was down as the country made the adjustments to wartime conditions.

Tragedy once again struck the Bank of Ephraim when President Fred H. Rasmussen was stricken with a heart attack and died at his desk on April 14, 1942. He had worked in the bank 42 years. Roger Armstrong was appointed as director and then elected President with C. Willardsen Vice President and William G. Barton Cashier. The first woman employee, Zella Rae Christensen was hired as a stenographer and the second woman employee, Erma Olsen was hired in 1942. Two percent interest was paid on savings accounts and the bank purchased more war bonds.⁽²⁰⁾

In June of 1944, Vice President C. Willardsen was killed in an auto crash on Ephraim Main Street. He had been a director and Vice President for 30 years. Virgel P. Jacobson was elected Vice President.⁽²¹⁾ World War II Veteran Edgar Anderson was hired in 1945 and Roy McKay Andersen became an employee in 1948 and Ruth Madsen was hired in 1950. In November 1952, Rawlin Jacobson came into the bank for three months without pay to work and to make a study of banking procedures. Then in 1955 he was hired full time. More female employees came into the bank. That same year the Bank of Ephraim turned 50 years old.⁽²²⁾

In July 1956 President Roger Armstrong succumbed to the ravages of leukemia. He had been with the bank for 36 years. William G. Barton was elected to serve as President with Virgel P. Jacobson as Vice President and Cashier.⁽²³⁾

In April 1959 the policy was made to require the bank to remain open on Lincoln's Birthday, Arbor Day, Columbus Day and Veterans Day. However, it would be closed on Saturday.⁽²⁴⁾

The L & M Trailer plant opened in 1961 and provided much needed employment for Sanpete County residents. When the first recreational vehicle, an 18-foot trailer, rolled off the assembly line the plant owners Harry Mosher and Will Lott proudly towed it to the bank where the officers and employees inspected it with a great deal of interest.

During the summer of 1962 a major remodeling of and addition to the bank was begun. Business as usual was conducted amid the sawdust and sounds of saws, hammers, and the presence of plumbers, electricians, and carpenters. The end result was a beautiful modern facility.⁽²⁵⁾

By 1964 Credit Life and Small Business Association loans were a part of services offered by the bank.

The morning of April 14, 1966, President William G. Barton failed to appear for work at the bank. He had died in his sleep at the age of 90. His services extended more than 54 years as Director, Cashier and President. April 19, 1966 Virgel P. Jacobson became President with his son Rawlin V. Jacobson as Cashier. George Barton replaced his father on the Board of Directors. Curtis Armstrong was later elected Vice President.

In 1968 a night depository was approved. That same year the Board of Directors voted to demolish the Ephraim Mill. The bank had acquired ownership of the property several years previously and they considered it to be a physical and business liability. Grace Johnson the author of the "Mormon Miracle" pageant and Richard Nibley, a Snow College Music Professor, both historical conservationists appealed to the Board to stay the execution of the demolition until they could make arrangements to purchase the property. Their request was granted⁽²⁶⁾ and more than 20 years later, complete restoration of the beautiful old historic Ephraim Coop Building was completed.

In October 1971 the bank received the first shipment of the new Eisenhower silver-less dollars. Eager customers bought them as rapidly as they came in!⁽²⁷⁾

In 1973 Cashier Jacobson was appointed Executive Vice President as well as Cashier. On March 5, 1975 President Virgel P. Jacobson drove to Fountain Green. While there he suffered a massive Myocardial

Infarction (heart attack) and died. He had been a director for 42 years, Vice President 19 years and President of the bank for nine years. He was buried March 9. That same evening at a special Board of Directors meeting, Rawlin V. Jacobson was elected President with Curtis Armstrong V.P. and Edgar Anderson Cashier. ⁽²⁸⁾ The only one to actively succeed his father as President in the bank, Rawlin V. Jacobson's tenure in leadership was cut short when he suffered a massive Myocardial Infarction and died in Salina Canyon on November 18, 1978 after three years and nine months in office. He had been employed by the bank for more than 23 years.

Curtis Armstrong was elected President with George Barton Vice President and Edgar Anderson as Executive Vice President. Roy McKay Andersen became Cashier and Allen P. Jacobson was named director. ⁽²⁹⁾

In August 1979, Gerald Naylor, a Salt Lake Banker with more than 20 years of experience, was hired and in March of 1982, Edgar Anderson retired as Executive Vice President but retained his appointment as director and secretary of the board. Gerald Naylor was appointed Executive Vice President. Ruth Madsen Rasmuson became the first woman to hold the position of Vice President. She has worked for the bank 42 years with only enough time off to have two babies. Cashier Roy McKay Andersen retired in 1989 and died in 1990. ⁽³⁰⁾

The economic conditions of the 1980s were generally good even though the first part of the decade was plagued with heavy snows and unusually wet conditions. Portions of mountains slid into the valley temporarily cutting off water supplies and transportation. Then came the drouth years of the late 1980's and the slump in the market prices of agricultural products.

In March 1991 President Curtis Armstrong died after serving 35 years on the board of directors, 13 of these years as president. Donald Barton was elected President with Gerald Naylor Executive Vice President, Calvin M. Allred inactive Vice President, Ruth M. Rasmuson Vice President, Randy McArthur Cashier, Kenneth Palmer and Clive Young Assistant Vice Presidents. ⁽³¹⁾

The Bank of Ephraim, "The Peoples Bank" has endured to become one of the only two remaining independent banks left in Sanpete County. Despite the hundreds of state and federal regulations imposed on the business it continues to serve the people and to grow. According to the Statement of Condition published December 31, 1991, assets have grown from the original \$25,000.00 capital stock to more than 22 million dollars, an amount far above and beyond the wildest dreams of the founding fathers.

Bank officers have represented the area by serving as committee members of the Utah Bankers Association. President Rawlin V. Jacobson was a member of both the Legislative and Executive Committees and Executive Vice President Gerald Naylor has served on the Board of Directors and the Legislative Committee. He presently sits on the Agriculture Banking Committee for the Utah Bankers Association and is a member of the Executive Committee of Agriculture Bankers of the American Bankers Association.

Repeated recessions, "the great depression" and good economic times have come and gone in the 87 years since the Bank of Ephraim was conceived. The faces of Stockholders, Bank Officers, Directors, employees and customers have changed but the institution and its integrity has endured for nearly a century. After 87 years of progress and service, the Bank of Ephraim still remains "The Peoples Bank." (My apologies to directors and employees and their families whose names space will not permit mentioning, also for any deletions or incorrect information.)

Bank of Ephraim Presidents

1905-1907 L. M. Olson * Non-active
1907 - 1914 J. F. McCafferty
1914 - 1933 A. N. Bjerregaard

1933 - 1937 Andrew Christensen *
1937 - 1942 F. H. Rasmuson
1942 - 1956 Roger Armstrong

1956 - 1966 William G. Barton
1966 - 1975 Virgel P. Jacobson
1975 - 1978 Rawlin V. Jacobson

1978 - 1991 Curtis J. Armstrong *
1991 - Current Donald Barton *

Directors serving 10 years or more not mentioned in article:

Cleon Anderson
Cannon Anderson

Lawrence Hermansen
Reuel Christensen

Bank employees serving 10 years or more not mentioned in article:

Silas McCafferty (Deceased)
Erma Lee Hansen
Mayre Anderson (Deceased)
Maurine Young (Deceased)

DeVonna Tolman
Randy McArthur
Carol Warnick
Nancy Barnett

Current Board of Directors of Bank of Ephraim (1992)

Donald K. Barton, President
Gerald D. Naylor, Executive Vice President
Calvin M. Allred, Vice President

Edgar R. Anderson, Secretary-Treasurer
Wm. C. Stringham

Employees (1992)

Gerald D. Naylor, Executive Vice President
Ruth M. Rasmuson, Vice President
Kenneth D. Palmer, Assistant Vice President
Clive A. Young, Assistant Vice President
Randy K. McArthur, Cashier
Nancy J. Barnett
Geraldine B. Olsen
DeVonna Tolman

Erma Lee Hansen
Mary Lee Nelson
Julie Hansen
Mary Joy Nuffer
Sandra Breinholt
Pat Olson
Allan Green, Custodian

Bibliography:

- (1) Minutes of Stockholders and Directors Meetings, Bank of Ephraim 1905.
(2) Ibid. 1906
(3) Ibid. 1906
(4) Ibid. 1906
(5) Ibid. 1907
(6) Ibid. 1908
(7) Ibid. 1909
(8) Ibid. 1910-1919
(9) Ibid. 1912
(10) Ibid. 1914-1916
(11) Ibid. 1921
(12) Bjerregaard Family History.
(13) Minutes of Directors Meeting Bank of Ephraim 1932.
(14) Ibid. 1933
(15) Ibid. 1934-1935

- (16) Ibid. 1937
(17) Ibid. 1938
(18) Cal Nielson Interview.
(19) Minutes of Directors Meeting Bank of Ephraim 1940.
(20) Ibid. 1942
(21) Ibid. 1944
(22) Ibid. 1945-1948-1950
(23) Ibid. 1956
(24) Ibid. 1959
(25) Ibid. 1959
(26) Ibid. 1968
(27) Ibid. 1971
(28) Ibid. 1975
(29) Ibid. 1978
(30) Ibid. 1990
(31) Ibid. 1991

CARROT COUNTY

Mary P. Sanderson

Our Memory goes back home again
To carrot field and mountain glen,
Into the towns that were our youth,
The vista of life's naked truth.

We take the road back there once more
Through Salt Creek Canyon's rocky floor,
Until we reach Old Fountain Green,
The Jericho wool town serene.

A Holy City - we have one
In our Jerusalem, whose sun
Sinks over Maple Canyon's hills
From out of which flow rippling rills.

We seek our Freedom, further on,
Arrive at Wales, not woebegone,
And find we have no empty dish
When in the reservoir we fish.

Now anglers we've seen quite a few
Young ones* red ones, both old and new.
The cedar hills lie silent by,
When we arrive at Moroni.

Then Chester comes along the pikes,
And Ephraim at a little hike.
Our Snow College is also there,
Where all the girls are pretty and fair.

The Temple City next is seen,
The temple with its lawns so green,
The county seat and county jail—
Manti, where we get marriage bail.

Now Wrigley made his chewing gum
From Sanpete beets and busy thumbs.
He's made the other companies run
From the old town of Gunnison.

And there's a place they call Fayette.
All red to one called never sweat.
They raise big crops with monstrous yield,
Some say they beat old Centerfield.

And down along the old Sevier
We reach Axtell and shed a tear
To think this ends fair Sanpete's track-
That we must turn around and beat it back.

At Mayfield we make another turn.
A while we visit, then adjourn
And hasten on to Christianbury-
A place as famous as McClury.

There is a meaning too genuine
In cash, in gold, in sheep,
Sometimes it sets your brain twirling
To find out if your goods are Sterling.

We journey back to Pigeon Creek.
Again we change our auto track,
And come to Jacob Johnson's home.
Spring City, where the Allreds roam.

And then across the cheatgrass hay,
We feast upon the Rambouillet.
The center of the world of sheep,
Mt. Pleasant, 'neath a mountain steep.

North Sanpete High and Gymnasium we view
The Hospital- something new-
The doughboy on a monument
And pioneers who came and went.

Forget we cannot, Riverside-
That name is wrongly now applied.
That place is a familiar scene,
We used to call it Fiddler's Green.

It's by old Sanpitch, you'll agree.
Where the fun was had by you and me.
A river we boast of, it may be small,
Yet it furnished water for us all.

Quite soon we rise to old Fairview,
The old Coal Road, well known to you,
The poor house far up by the hill,
The old pond and flour mill.

We pass Milburn, some farmers, too,
Then Carrot Flat fades out of view.
We hasten on, afraid to stop,
Until we cross old dry Hill Top.
Then Thistle Valley, grab it all!
Indianola bids us a call.

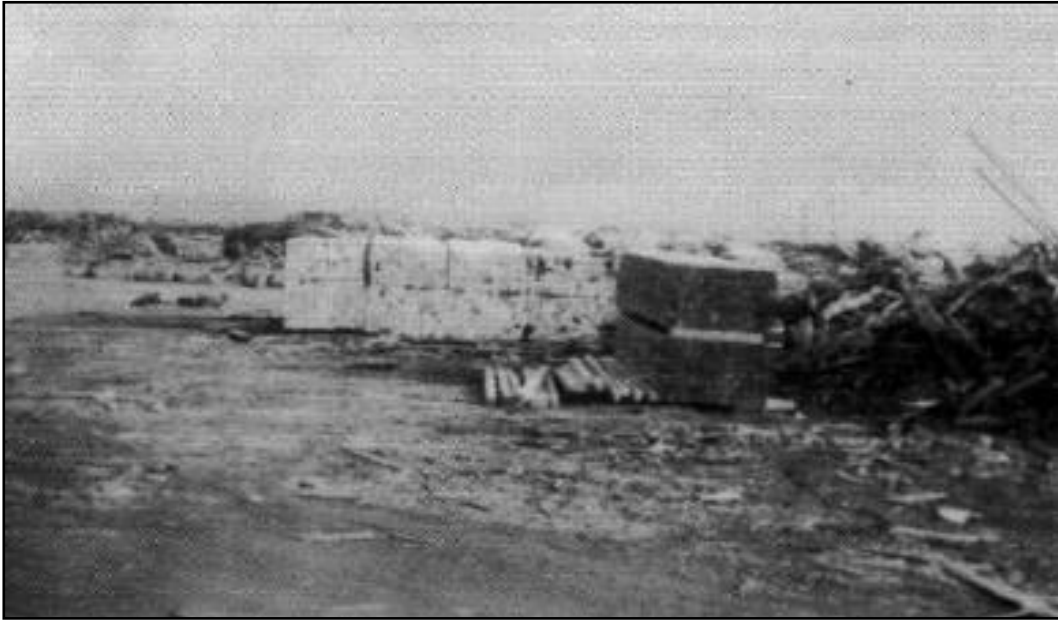
And see her flocks and streaming springs,
Her hayfields, and her kids and things.

Then Sanpete bids us all adieu,
Sanpete with skies of azure blue,
The clearest valley in the west,
The soil that all of us love best.

Now that is what we children call
The Carrot County, one and all.
Now carrot is a thought to hold-
A "carrot" weight means much in gold.

Mary Peterson Sanderson 1887-1973. Attended School in Mt. Pleasant and at Snow Academy. Married Vera Sanderson. Lived in FAirview. Had no children of her own but raised a niece, Melba and Irene Metsker, whose mother died in an accident. Courtesy Fredrick Petersen Family.





Prestwich Lumber Co. Ft. Green. Courtesy D.R.M. Jensen.



Ft. Green Garage-owned by Jerry Beck three generations: Lyman Beck, Jerry L. Beck, Wade Beck. Garage built in 1918 on 100 South East Main. Courtesy: Jean and Jerry Beck and Jessie Oldroyd.



Ft. Green Barber shop. Built by Loren Jensen 1926. Sold to Averill Larsen then to Vurl W. Morgan 1947 present owner. First South, West of Main Street. Courtesy Merline Morgan and Jessie Oldroyd.



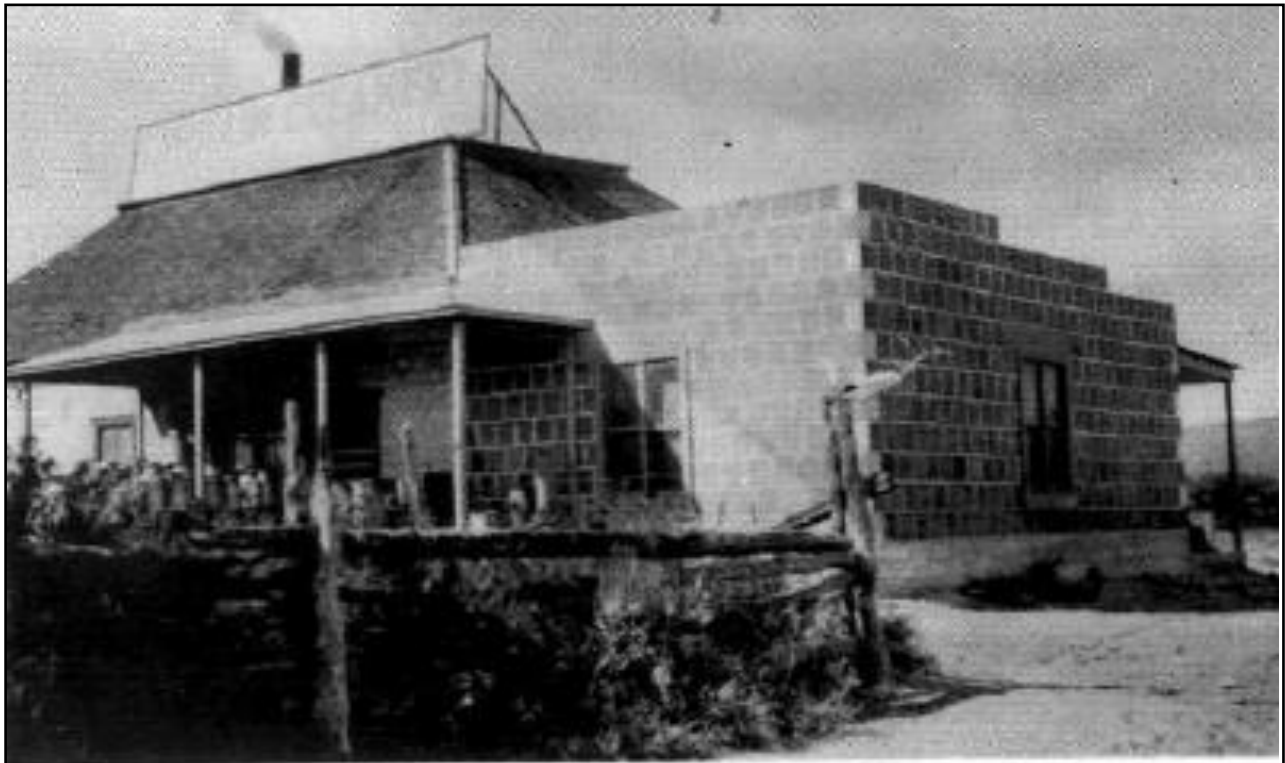
**Mertz Monument Company Mt. Pleasant.
Courtesy Louise Johansen.**



**Clark Furniture Store Mt. Pleasant about 1900-
1910. Courtesy Louise Johansen.**



**Consolidated Furniture Co., Still stands on Mt. Pleasant Main Street.
Courtesy Louise Johansen.**



Ephraim Creamery, Courtesy Linnie Findlay.



Ephraim cannery place of first pea canning Sanpete County, Courtesy Linnie Findlay.



Surface Quarrying at Ephriam. Courtesy Blodwen Olsen.



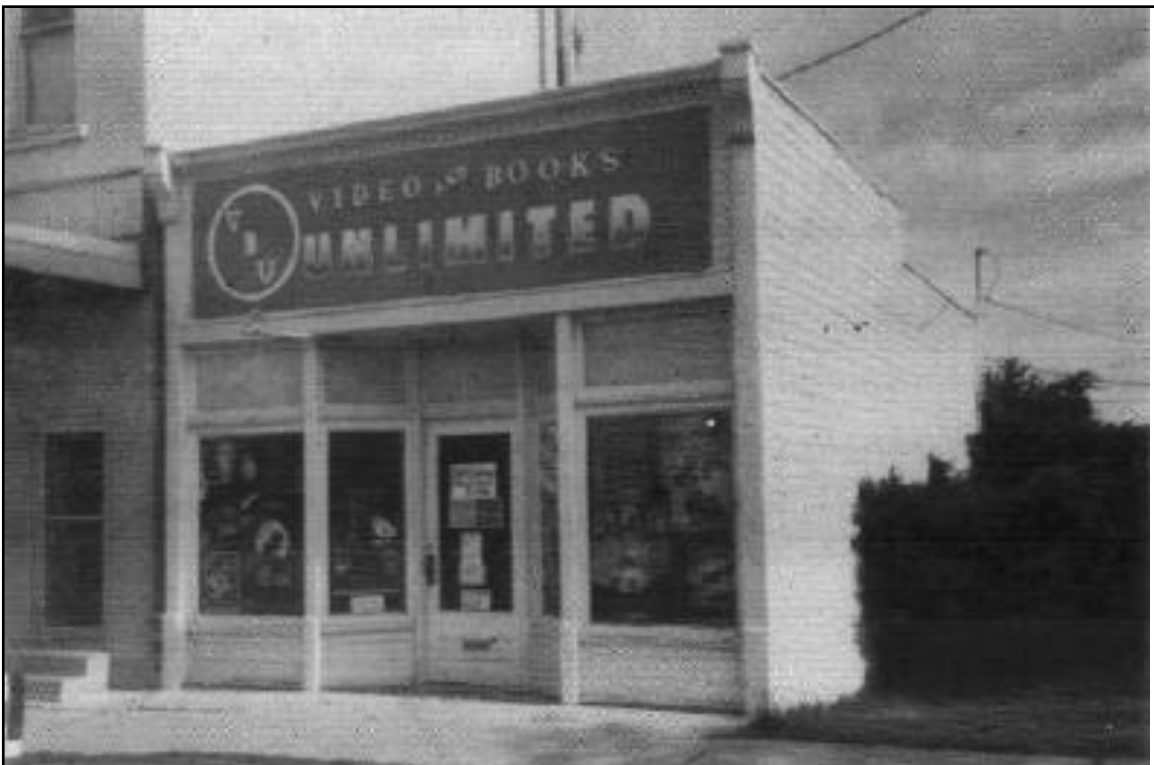
3 Teams needed to haul this large stone to Manti. Courtesy Blodwen Olsen.



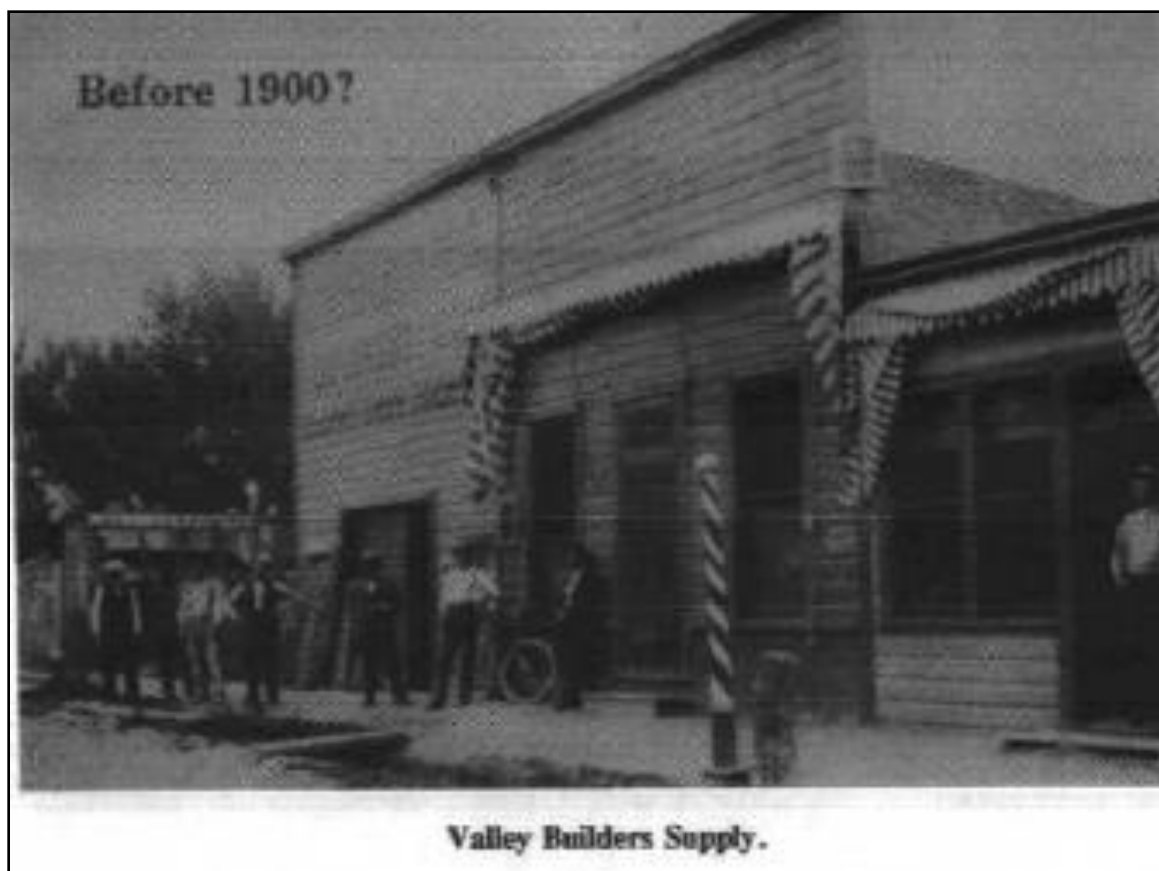
E.T. and Bernard Parry, Manti cutting stone. Courtesy Blodwen Olsen.

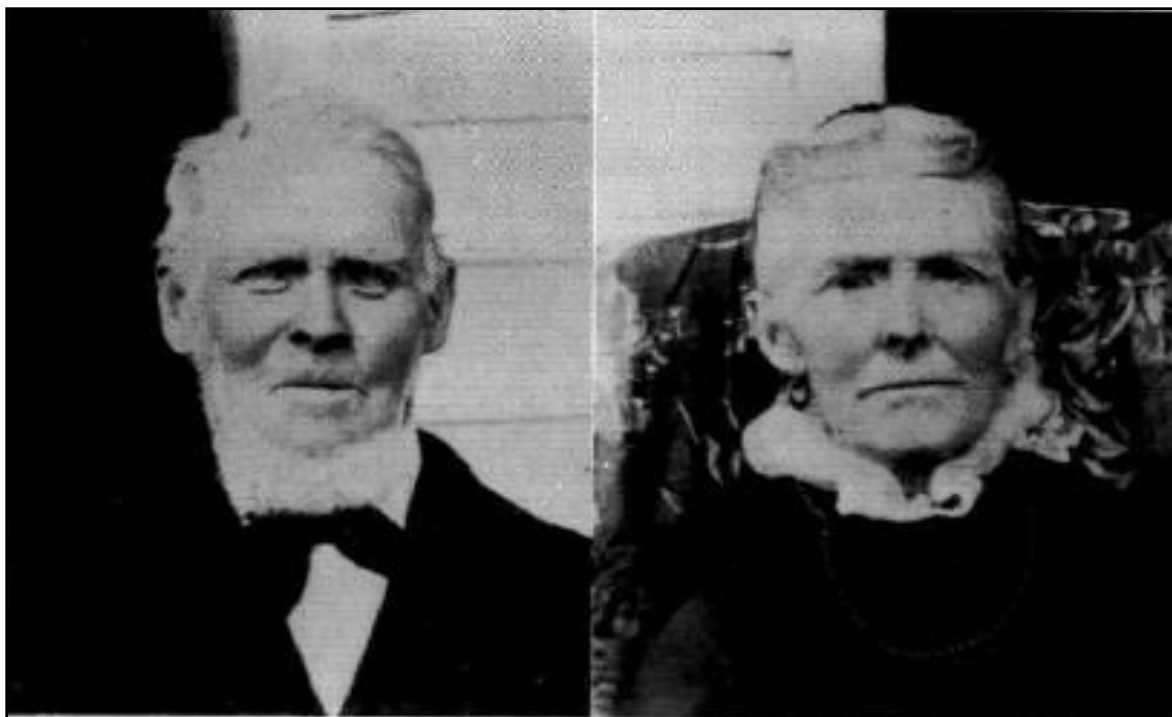


Fred Nilesen's Market 1906, Ephraim. Located 9 North Main, (where Sharon's Century Styles and Cuts beauty salon now operates.) Left to right Robert Nielson (son), Ferald, Antone and Anger Anderson, and Mrs. Stevens.



Some stores go on forever. Former Easton Jensen store east of Bank of Ephraim now a Video Store. Courtesy Elanor Madsen.





Robert L. Johnson opened first store and first pioneer hotel in Ft. Green. He was bishop in 1862 held that position for 21 years. Courtesy Edna Christensen and Jessie Oldroyd.

Polly Ann Johnson, wife of Robert Johnson. Relief Society President in Ft. Green for over 30 years. Courtesy Edna Christensen by Jessie Oldroyd.



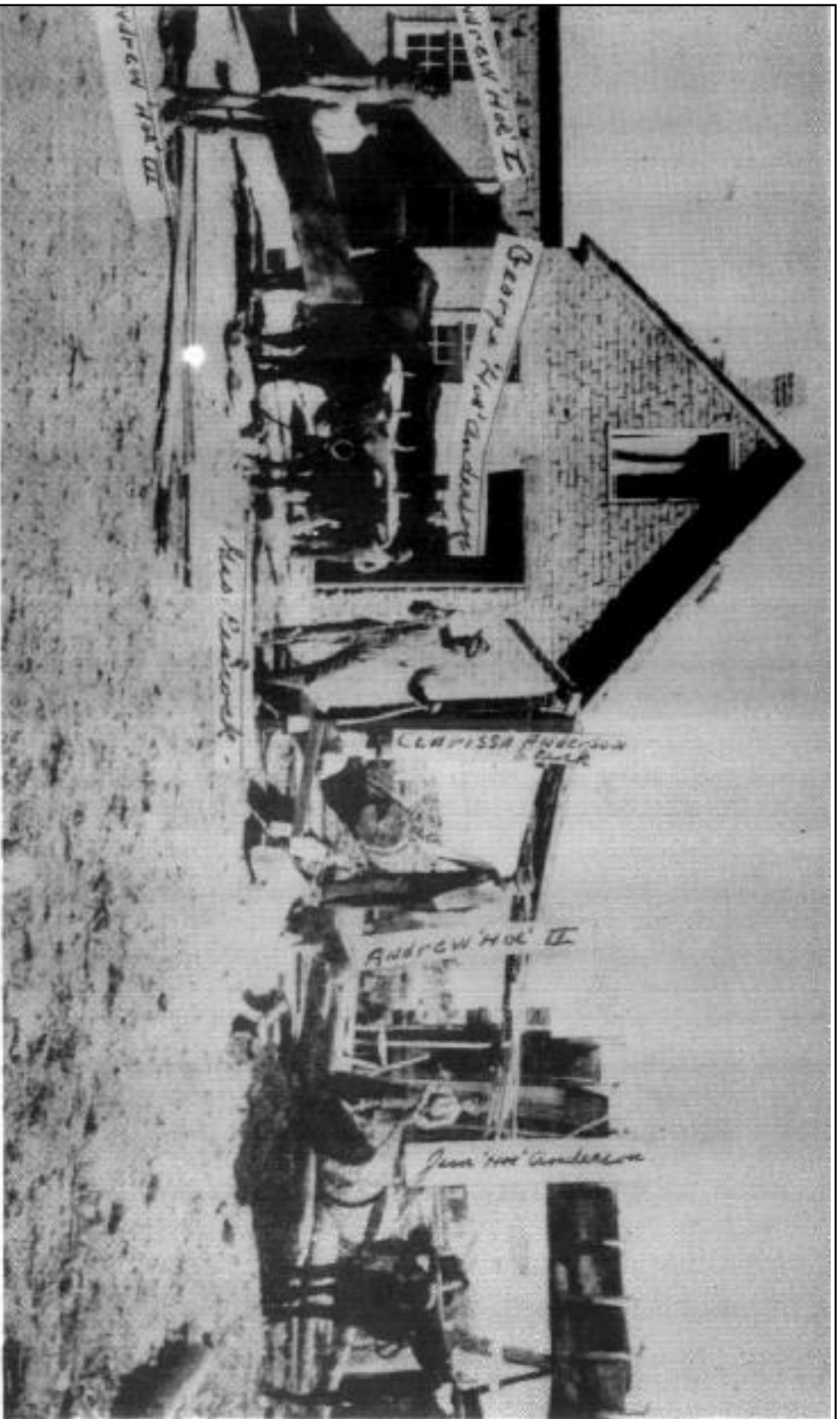
Ft. Green's first hotel, still standing, owned by Owen Madsen. Courtesy Edna Christensen, by Jessie Oldroyd.



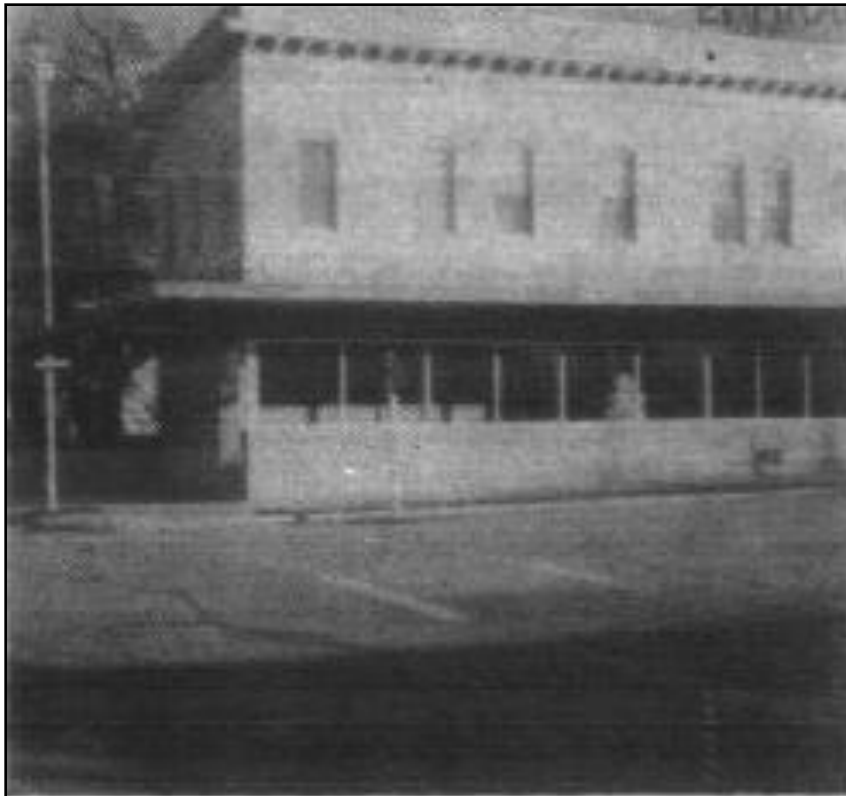
Home of Mayor L.M. Olsen now owned by Mark and Susie Nilson Ephraim. Courtesy Thelma Sampson.



A gathering at home of Peter Peterson Thompson Ephraim. Courtesy Ethel T. Lewis.



Old Maui Calendar.



Bank of Ephraim Incorporated in 1905.



Bank of Ephraim "The People's Bank"

