OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS
AND WRITING SAMPLES
OF N.R. HACKEN
The Pleasant Green Cemetery is located near Magna, Utah where 35th South curves northward to run parallel to the B & I. (Kennecott R.R. tracks) Cross the tracks and go up the hill. There is a sign across the road at the entrance to the cemetery.
PLEASANT GREEN CEMETERY:
RESTING PLACE OF GRANDMA ELISABETH...
THE PLEASANT GREEN CEMETERY

There is a hush among the tombstones
As if someone is going to speak.
The rough, dry earth
Lies waiting and listening.
But no sound is heard
Save that of my footsteps
Crunching through the dry weeds of yesteryear.

I seek an elusive burial place
Last seen a dozen years ago.
The search continues,
First this way,
Then that
Among the weeks, tombstones
And occasional rusty tin cans.

A soft breeze stirs the new leaves
Of a stunted lilac,
Nourished only by winter snow
And occasional rain.
Nearby, like a lighted jewel
In a dark room,
A single red tulip sways gently
To the rhythm of the wind.
Then I hear a voice
Not loud, but clear and distinct:
Elizabeth, Grandma Elizabeth!
I stop mesmerized.

The voice is my own.
A scant yard from lilac and tulip
I see the final resting place
Of one who departed before my birth.
Her grave was marked
By a concrete slab, larger than life,
That covered the ground
Over her remains.

The breeze seems suddenly warm
In the morning sun.
A bird somewhere begins to sing.
My heart seems to leap
With strange affinity
For this place.

The slab once lay flat
But is now tilted sideways,
One edge resting on the gravel surface,
The other edge buried thickness-deep
In the dry ground.
Its surface is weathered,
Exposing the stones in the aggregate.
There is no way to know who is buried here.
The marker was once painted
A light gray
With black letters that read:

MOTHER
ELIZABETH HACHEN
1833 - 1911

The paint lasted only a year or two,
Then peeled off
In great flakes
In the scorching summer sun,
Leaving the bare concrete
For lizards to lie upon.

It was about the year '29 or '30
When the great depression
Swept the land with grim foreboding.
I was a youth then
And felt the sting
Of economic reality.
Father said one day:
"I will make a grave stone
For Mother."
Nineteen years she has lain
In an unmarked grave,
And I must do something."

With scrap wood
He fashioned a sturdy form
About the size of a shortened kitchen door
With sides about half a foot deep.
Inside the form
He attached a wood strip
That would leave the top edge
Of the cast stone
Reveled all around.

I helped mix the gravel and cement
And shoveled the concrete
Into the form while father saw to it
That no bubbles formed or voids occurred
That would mar the stone's appearance.
The concrete was left in the form
To cure
for about two weeks.
When the form was removed,
The concrete was hard as stone
And weighed almost half a ton.

After some negotiation (and twenty dollars),
Mr. Rasmussen,
An acquaintance from Magna,
Agreed to haul the stone
To the cemetery.

"Ve yust might be able to do dat,"
He said in his Danish accent,
"But ve'll need anudder timbur
Under dere." He pointed
To the supports on which
The slab rested.
With neighborhood help
We pushed, shoveled, lifted
And pried until the slab
Lay on the floor of the dump truck.

At the Pleasant Green Cemetery
Father was met by
Old-timers who tried to remember
Where Grandma was buried.
Father wasn't sure.
They all agreed on the general area,
But there was some difference
Of opinion on the exact site.
Jimmy Rayhoe spoke up,
An old friend of father's:
"I believe this is the place,"
He said with some assurance.
The others, one by one,
Came to the same conclusion.
Whether by recall of memory
Or suggestion, who can tell?

Mr. Rasmussen, waiting for a decision,
Stood by.
I stood and listened
And waited.

Finally, the decision made,
Mr. Rasmussen was shown the spot
Where the slab should be placed.
After a few tries,
He maneuvered the truck into position.
Then he cranked up the body
Of the truck until the front end
Was high in the air.
The slab began to move,
Then suddenly slipped
To the ground with a dull "plop."
Right in place!

There in the gathering twilight
We took off our hats.
Grandma has a gravestone
At last!

N.R. Hacken
The southeast part of the state, with its profusion of multi-colored rocks, canyons, mesas and mountains is considered to be the least explored. This is the most inaccessible land, parts of which were never explored. Other sections have been explored, but the desert, for example, what could be more distant than the salt flats and the surrounding inhospitable lands? Where the colorful canyons entice you with their views and the desert leaves you open and vulnerable to the heat, sun and oven sky with no escape but the gray sand and clay, scattered here and there with the most incredible of desert plants. Over the mountains surrounding the flat valleys seen to underscore the fact that this is the bottom of the great basin.

The red rock country on the other hand gives you a vista of ever-changing color and values. There seems to be a certain majesty and aura of mystery to this land which has played host to millennia of native tribes who, for various reasons, chose this land for their home and life and are still there today. The spirit of these people still lingers on in the small villages and individual homes where their ancestors live on as their ancestors did a thousand years ago. This spirit is as strong that it can almost be felt as one looks over the vast panorama from a higher vantage point.

Such a vantage point is Bouder Mountain which rises between Boulder and Sheep. The great swell in the surface of the earth rises above the surrounding land, offering an unobstructed view southward toward the Grand Canyon. Here one can feel the spirit of the Navajo and Zuni and Hopi who now occupy the lands south of the Colorado River. At the foot of the mountain and stretching southward to the river there lingers the spirit of the Anasazi who predated the other peoples whose ancient villages we pass on the way up the mountain. Renewed, restored and partially restored, we are reminded that a great culture once existed here and for some unknown reason disappeared.

Standing on the mountain, I was reduced to minusity size as I contemplated the vast expanse before me. I looked out over the land in awe at the colors. Off in the distance is the great sacred mountain called Navajo Mountain. It rises like a giant being stark and hard, distinguished by its lighter color. The dark recesses of the labyrinth canyons accent the pinks and reds and yellows that show through the base. Off to the horizon, one can glimpse the irregular outline of the San Francisco Mountains in Arizona. Closer at hand, but no less spectacular are the forests of quaking aspen which form a canopy for the south slope of the mountain. These trees cover the mountain from a point above Boulder to almost to the summit, one the most magnificent displays of aspen I have ever seen.
Most of the weather vanes I have observed over the years were those on church and public building roofs in some way resembled a cross, but were actually a plain arrow pointer that revolved on a vertical shaft such vanes you can see on the St. George and Logan temples. There are also a few that are quite unusual in appearance and don't follow any particular pattern. They are found on the St. George Tabernacle, the old Summit Tabernacle in Helper city, and the Spring City chapel.