A Folk History of the Manti Temple: A Study of the Folklore and Traditions Connected With the Settlement of Manti, Utah, and the Building of the Temple

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A FOLK HISTORY OF THE MANTI TEMPLE: A STUDY
OF THE FOLKLORE AND TRADITIONS CONNECTED
WITH THE SETTLEMENT OF MANTI, UTAH,
AND THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE

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by
Barbara Lee Hargis
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CHAPTER I

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE SANPETE VALLEY AS IT REFLECTS
THE CHARACTER OF THE BUILDERS OF THE
MANTI TEMPLE

Silhouetted against the melded grey-blue-pink of a
rain-washed sky, swallows cast final circles about the two
silent towers of the Temple and light in the tops of dark
pines. The Temple is still white in the early evening.
Surrounding trees stand unmoved by breezes from a nearby
canyon while the people of the small town rest from daily
routine. Looking back at the Temple on the hill, one wonders
at the serenity of this place. It is difficult to believe
that before the pioneers came the hill was but an obscure,
rocky spur at the foot of tall Utah mountains.

The settlement of the Sanpete Valley in the middle of
the nineteenth century was directed by Brigham Young, president,
prophet, and spiritual leader of the Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints. It was in the fall of 1849 when the first
pioneers arrived. Less than thirty years later, the construc-
tion on the Manti Temple began, commencing a period of hard
labor, perseverance, and sacrifice required for the completion
of this great task.

As with any undertaking of this magnitude, a rich store
of folk history develops. Because folk history is fact or
fancy readily altered by its different spokesmen, its value
lies not in its historical accuracy, but rather in its
expression of the human element which permeates all history.

Such was the case in the building of the Manti Temple. Even as its history affords one a startling record of accomplishment, the generated folk material reveals a treasure of human experience, much of which gradually became tradition as it was handed down through descendants of the early settlers.

The Mormons are a temple-building people, whose concept of temple building is derived from tradition going back to Old Testament times.

In ancient Israel a tabernacle, built of the finest materials obtainable, was maintained as the sanctuary of Jehovah. From the time of Israel's wandering in the wilderness until after the death of King David this reverently guarded structure was made a shelter of the Arc of the Covenant. Only those who had been anointed and set apart were allowed to enter and officiate within its precincts.¹

For the Mormon people the restoration of the gospel in the latter days included the renewal of the practice of temple building. The earliest temples in ancient Israel were built so that men might have a place to worship God. The Mormon temple serves this as well as other purposes. Within the temple the Mormon learns the story of the Creation and the purpose of mortal existence. He also participates in ordinances necessary for the salvation of himself and his kindred dead. These incentives initiated by divine injunction have given the Saints motivation for temple building.

¹Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Latter-day Saint Temples (Salt Lake City: Deseret News Press, n.d.), no pagination.
Prior to the beginning of construction on the Temple in Manti, Utah, in 1877, five other temple sites had been dedicated by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At Nauvoo, Illinois, and Kirtland, Ohio, temples had been completed, but were soon abandoned because of the persecution of the Mormon people in those places. Immediately following the exodus to the West, the Church began building the Salt Lake Temple, and shortly thereafter, temple sites were dedicated in Logan and St. George, Utah, as well.

However, the story of the Manti Temple itself began, not with the ground breaking for its construction, but many years before. In the Life of Heber C. Kimball, an Apostle, 1888, is the following account.

One of the Elders laboring in the Manti Temple writes: "In an early day when President Brigham Young and party were making the location of a settlement here, President Heber C. Kimball prophesied that the day would come when a temple would be built on this hill. Some disbelieved and doubted the possibility of even making a settlement here. Brother Kimball said, 'Well, it will be so, and more than that, the rock will be quarried from that hill to build it with..." 2

This prophesy was echoed by the pioneers sometime later when they gathered to worship on their first Sunday in the Sanpete Valley. That morning an elder, George A. Smith, who was called to speak, talked of building a House of God in the tops of the mountains. 3

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2Orson F. Whitney, Life of Heber C. Kimball, an Apostle (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1888), pp. 446-447.

That first company, 224 men, women, and children, arrived in the Sanpete Valley November 19, 1849, under the leadership of Father Isaac Morley, Charles Shumway, and Seth Taft. In making their way to the appointed place, they had broken new trails, fixed fords, and built dugways. Consequently, there were days when the wagons moved only two or three miles. The way through Salt Creek Canyon at the northern end of the Sanpete Valley became difficult and dangerous because of heavy, cold rains.

When the company first reached Sanpete, some of the men wanted to call a halt and settle before they reached the place Brigham Young had designated for the settlement. Then upon arrival at the grey hill, the appointed place, others expressed a desire to proceed down the valley until they found a better camp site. Opposing any change of plan, the resolute Father Morley said, "We behold that stake driven in by Parley P. Pratt in his explorations of this valley. This is our God appointed place, and stay I will, though but ten men remain with me." Most of the families stayed, and their dissatisfaction with the soil and the prospects for timber

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5Adelia B. Cox Sidwell, "Biographical Sketch of Orville Sutherland Cox, Pioneer of 1847," MS. in personal file of Roscoe Cox, Ephraim, Utah.

6Anderson, p. 11.

7Ibid., p. 12.
subsided after the men explored the country. Upon finding an abundance of firewood, they made permanent camp.8

By December the Sanpete settlement consisted of one family in a house and about forty-six families in wagons and tents. Because of heavy snowfall, some of the settlers decided to return to Great Salt Lake City.9 Some families, humbled by the cold, cut dugouts in the south side of the hill. President Young, perhaps disgusted with the settlers for not getting a fort built, directed the Saints to "huddle together beneath a stone." Soon the rock ledge that projected out on the south of the hill served to shield most of the pioneers against the icy winds from the north.10

The winter storms had not completely hidden the natural beauty and resources of the valley. On December 4, 1849, Parley P. Pratt and his exploring party recorded the following description of the valley.

"... The location of the settlement is beautiful, soil a reddish clay, the land gently sloping. Within some half dozen rods of the building spots is an abundance of beautiful building rock, the pieces the size and shape suitable for building as though purposely cut for that object. There are also flint, lime, and sandstone, and within a mile thousands of cedars, and thousands more within another mile.11"

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8"Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" (unpublished MS., Salt Lake City, Church Historian's Office, November 24, 1849), no pagination.

9"Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," December 3, 1849.

10Anderson, p. 11.

11"Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," December 4, 1849.
Brigham Young had sent the settlers to Sanpete at the request of Chief Walkara, who was called Chief Walker by the whites and who ruled over the weaker tribe of Sanpitch Indians living in the valley. Alternately hostile and friendly, the Indians under Walker caused the settlers much anxiety. He kept the people, both Indians of other tribes and the whites, in constant fear throughout a good part of the West. Manti's first flour mill was destroyed by Indians and the millers were killed.\textsuperscript{12} About the same year, 1853, the Walker War started, supposedly because the Indians became "exasperated at some slight offense on the part of the Mormons, . . . Scarcely a week passed that did not bring the tidings of scenes of blood and carnage enacted in some portion of the Territory."\textsuperscript{13} Though the Manti settlement was threatened, it was not raided. The Indians frequented the settlement, often begging for food. Some attended worship services and aided the settlers. This inconsistency of the Utes was evident early in their dealings with the pioneers.

On December 13, 1849, Chief Walker . . . arrived in Manti with nearly five hundred warriors. They camped near the mouth of Manti Canyon and held a War Dance that lasted for three days. Chief Walker forced the white settlers to come and watch them dance. The Indians remained there during the winter. Early in the morning on several occasions, Chief Walker came riding into town very excited, swinging his arms and shouting that the Great Spirit had been with him during the night and told him that he and his braves must not kill these white

\textsuperscript{12}Theresa Emmerette Cox Clark, "Frederick Walter Cox and His Family" (unpublished MS. in private file of Ray Cox, Manti, Utah), p. 1.

\textsuperscript{13}Anderson, p. 19.
people because the white people were the children of the Great Spirit the same as the Indians.\textsuperscript{14}

Despite threats and occasional trouble with the Indians, the settlers were disposed to stay in Sanpete. Seemingly, the slightest encouragement, even from the volatile Walker, helped the newcomers retain faith in their endeavor.

... February sun came out and reflected its brilliancy on the encrusted and crystallized snow, it soon rendered nearly all the men snow blind. The little boys now made themselves available by leading men to the warm springs where labor ended at nightfall to be resumed in the morning. Snow, snow, snow, nothing whatever to rest the vision upon but on a vast expanse, and dreary, monotonous waste of snow, and while the cattle were faring thus badly the people themselves were none too well provisioned and a general feeling of anxiety prevailed throughout the camp.\textsuperscript{15}

With the spring thaw, a new danger beset the pioneers. Few experiences of that year were as indelibly impressed on their minds as the surprise appearance of hundreds of rattlesnakes on the hill.

Just after sunset on this memorable occasion here a weird hissing and rattling was heard apparently coming from all points at once; and the very earth seemed writhing with great gaunt spotted-backed rattlesnakes.

They had come from caves situated above us in the ledge of rock that had been our shelter and shield, from the piercing northern blast of winter. They invaded our homes with as little compunction as the plagues of Egypt did the palace of Pharoah. They arrogated to themselves the privilege of occupying our beds and cupboards (pantries we had none). The male portion of the community turned out en masse with torches, to enable them with more


\textsuperscript{15}Adelia B. Cox Sidwell, "Reminiscences of Early Manti" (unpublished MS. in files of Manti City Library, Manti, Utah), p. 3.
safety to prosecute the war of extermination, and the
slaughter continued until the "wee small" hours.
Persons who were engaged in the work, estimated the
number killed the first night, as near three hundred.

The remarkable feature of the invasion was that not
a single person was bitten by the repulsive creatures;
and for several evenings the killing continued before
the alarm subsided. It may not be generally known, but
this species of reptile do most of their traveling in
the early evening, and are most alert and dangerous when
recovering from the comatose state induced by the intense
cold of winter.16

Florence Hougaard, who knew Adelia B. Cox Sidwell,
remembers hearing the pioneer author give the following
account of the rattlesnakes.

Collected: July 24, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Florence Hougaard, age about 74,
a friend of Adelia B. Cox Sidwell.

The early settlers that first winter had planned on
making improvised homes out of wagon boxes, but they
found that they were inadequate for sleeping, eating,
and things. So they moved to the south side of Temple
Hill and made dugouts. They fixed holes so the smoke
could get out the back of the dugouts. The sun shone
warm on the side of the hill and they were really quite
comfortable. That winter the Indians told that the snow
was the highest it had ever been. It seems like the
Lord was trying the settlers with as much as they could
stand.

In the spring of the year when the days lengthened
and the sun got warmer, the dugouts were invaded by a
horde of diamond-backed rattlesnakes. They were found
everywhere, in the beds with the babies, in the cupboards,
everywhere that snakes could get. The men and women, even
the children who were old enough, armed themselves with
anything available. Pine torches were their best weapons.
They worked all night, I'm sure, listening and driving.
They estimated that five hundred were killed in one night,
which is more than just a few. There wasn't a soul bitten.
The incident reminds me of the story of Daniel in the lion's
den. Their mouths were sealed and they were unable to do
the harm they would ordinarily do.

16Adelia B. Cox Sidwell, "Reminiscences of Early
Manti," in Anderson, p. 16.
When the deep snow melted and blue skies replaced the low cloud covering of the long winter, the families left their wagon boxes and dugouts. They moved into modest but much more comfortable houses the men had built from adobe, native timber, or the cream-colored rocks of the quarry in the hill. \(^ {17}\) As soon as the ground was warm enough to receive seed, the pioneers' attention turned to cultivating and planting. That first year they planted two hundred and fifty acres of grain. \(^ {18}\) At first there was only one ox team strong enough to pull a plow and turn the soil. Later teams were sent down from Salt Lake City, enabling the settlers to finish their planting. \(^ {19}\)

The struggles of the early years in the settlement of Manti reflect the growing personality of a pioneer people. An account of the temple they built is not complete without mention of some of the trials that served to strengthen them and give them the confidence necessary for survival in this frontier land.

To assume that the pioneers became dispirited and pinch-browed, even during that first difficult year, does them an injustice. An exploring party led by Parley P. Pratt recorded its observation of the sustaining spirit of

\(^ {17}\)Interview with Dilworth Wooley, Manti, Utah, June 30, 1965.

\(^ {18}\)Anderson, p. 9.

\(^ {19}\)Sidwell, "Reminiscences of . . . ," in Anderson, p. 15.
the settlement. Upon passing the wagons and tents of some of
the settlers, the party heard a cannon boom and people singing
"Some Fifty Sons of Zion," "All Is Well," and "Come All Ye
Sons of Zion."20 Managing as well as they did in their
trying encounters with nature and with Indians, the pioneers
were encouraged in the assurance that they were winning their
place in the Sanpete Valley. Hence they continued to protect
their interests from inimical forces that could tear away
the new fibers.

The strengthening of the Mormon colony is evident
in the efforts of the early leaders to involve only indivi-
duals of integrity in the settlement of the valley. During
a general conference on September 6, 1850, Brigham Young
spoke of his interest in the welfare of the settlement.
"'... the inhabitants in the Sanpete settlement are No. 1
and when I was in the valley I prayed to God that he never
would suffer an unrighteous man to live there.'"21 He
called for volunteers to return there with Father Isaac
Morley. Then Father Morley said that he "wanted a company
of good men and women to go to Sanpete Valley and he desired
that no man should dwell in that valley who was in the
habit of taking the name of God in vain." The privilege
of choosing the hundred men with or without families was

20 "Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints," December 3, 1849.
21 Anderson, p. 10.
then given to Father Morley by wish of Brigham Young and consent of the congregation.\(^{22}\)

A man's speech is only a limited measure of the man; yet, the leaders in Manti believed it a value significant enough to incorporate into law. In fact, the first city ordinance adopted on November 22, 1851, stated that every man or woman who used profanity was to be fined not less than five dollars and not more than twenty-five dollars.\(^{23}\) As a consequence of this and other preventive measures, "a jail was considered superfluous until camp followers in the wake of the United States Army at Camp Floyd made the construction of a county jail a necessity."\(^{24}\)

A second city ordinance approved December 14, 1851, established a committee for the loan of city funds to the county. That same day bills were approved to provide for labor on a road and payment of a water master, and a motion was made for the construction of a public corral. A provision for the allotment of lumber used for coffins in the burial of Indians was also presented and passed.\(^{25}\) Another city ordinance adopted that same day read:

> Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Manti, that every holder of lots within the bounds of said City are hereby required to set out in front of

\(^{22}\)Ibid., p. 24.

\(^{23}\)Ibid., p. 26.


their lots, such trees for shade, as shall in their opinion, be the best calculated to adorn and beautify the City; . . . .

Together, these few rulings reveal the disposition of the pioneers in Manti. While problems like building roads and developing water systems concerned them, more than these received their attention. From the first the pioneers were engaged in such endeavors as would satisfy the aesthetic and moral as well as the physical needs of their community.

Along with the rulings of a civic nature were the even more important tenets of church and home. The priesthood of the Mormon Church governed its members in temporal as well as religious affairs. During those early years the Bishop served also as mayor. Accordingly, one early bishop said, "The Priesthood has the right to dictate to the people all kinds of duties to perform. The Lord spoke to Brigham, and Brigham to the Bishops." In the family groups the father, who in almost every case held the priesthood, governed, as he understood, according to the law of man and the law of God. In a very real sense the father protected his family from physical dangers and provided food and shelter. His righteousness, skill, and ingenuity were his wealth and that of his family. At his side the mother took what the father provided and made the family as

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26Ibid., p. 27.

comfortable as she could. However, her most important task was to teach her children to live the principles of the restored gospel. Because most of the immigrants who settled in Sanpete were from Scandinavia, to teach and work in the context of a second language was a challenge. For example, even to know the practical philosophy of the Church required constant effort. The following experience of Mary K. Nielsen was typical.

... While I was settling myself in America, I read something that stayed with me through the long years and the short ones to follow. Framed on a wall in the room where I usually spent my busy hours, was a short verse stitched in black letters on muslin. I asked Sister Oversen, the lady of the home where we were staying, what the words said. "Why, that is the motto of our church, 'The glory of God is intelligence,'" she explained, and added that we were the only people in the world who belonged to the one true church, and we must show the world that we are the learned people. I thought about this and decided I had better learn the English language. That evening when I told Father, he said that Sister Oversen was right; the leaders of the church insisted we let the people of the world know the Saints are the most intelligent people of all.

The next day I started to learn English which, at first, seemed an impossible task. But little by little, I learned enough words to understand what people were saying. Father borrowed a copy of McGuffey's Reader, and I wore it out. I used it too hard.

We moved the next summer. Our new house wasn't finished but that didn't matter a bit; it was our home. I brought some red yarn from Sister Oversen's and one of the first things I did in our new home was to embroider in red yarn on a piece of clean flour sack the motto, "The glory of God is intelligence." This was the first thing that hung on our living room wall.28

Education, especially the teaching of reading and writing, for the youth of the settlement was initiated in

various homes by those who had learned the skills before settling in Manti. More formal instruction was begun as early as the winter of 1850 by Jesse W. Fox. He held regular classes in a log meeting house. The most respected persons in the community were the school teachers, and every child was in some kind of school. Among the early teachers was Adelia B. Cox [Sidwell], one of the pioneers of the first company to arrive in Sanpete. As a result of her own interest in learning, she enrolled in the University of Utah and studied under Dr. Park. Ada S. Anderson, her biographer, writes that Adelia "attended school for six weeks, long enough to teach her how to study and to give her a few valuable pointers on how to teach. She put both into practice and became a very successful teacher before she was sixteen." 

Surely the challenges of those early years in Manti helped the pioneers remain humble while they grew physically, mentally, and spiritually stronger. Only a people so oriented could know the blessing and responsibility of the promised temple they were soon to construct.

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CHAPTER II

THE FOLKWAYS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CONSTRUCTION PERIOD

Fragmentary evidence of rugged pioneer life in Western America can still be found in many such places as abandoned homesteads or old corrals. Among possible findings, the lean hulk of a wagon box, a frame of a butter press, and a corroded iron kettle can be material for thoughtful consideration; for in them is reflected the vital force which built America. A major element of that force is the fusion of frugality and desire. It built towns and a temple in Sanpete Valley.

The conveniences that many of the pioneers left east of the Mississippi and in the Old Country were seldom part of their lives in the valley during the last half of the nineteenth century. The mountains and the valley provided most of the raw materials necessary for their existence, and through their own resourcefulness, the pioneers were able to assist each other in building homes and working the land. Some pioneers took opportunities to make a few embellishments for their simple existence. Additions like Sunday shoes sewn from scraps of cloth, sweet pies made of molasses and dried pumpkin helped make life a little more bearable.

Desire for an abundant as well as an adequate life gave impetus to the great effort needed for permanent and successful
settlement. Frugality, economy, cooperation, and imagination were among the qualities with which the early settlers responded to their challenges. These qualities, overlapping in their influence, helped enable the pioneers to develop the home industries essential to their way of life and to cope with the trying conditions of their environment. The individual personal characteristics they possessed of humor and enthusiasm, loyalty and faith served to strengthen the settlers in their endeavors. Determination, blended with insistent practicality and idealism, also made it possible for them as early as 1877 to devote eleven years of effort and a million dollars in donations to building the Manti Temple. This monumental undertaking falls into the pattern of folkways of life in Sanpete which is illustrated in the stories and folk material herein presented.

In addition to a harsh environment and inadequate supplies, the settlers of Sanpete were often burdened with encumbering difficulties of living in a remote area. Except for a small log fort located near the present site of Provo, the nearest settlement was Salt Lake City, one hundred fifty miles away.¹ This problem of distance was compounded by the rough, mountainous terrain through which all supplies had to be transported in order to reach Manti. Therefore, it was essential that the early settlers provide for themselves by utilizing the available natural resources.

¹Anderson, p. 11.
Exemplifying the pioneers' ingenuity was their production of soap, starch, and soda.

In the preparation of soap it was necessary to burn lime. In the bed of a deep, protected gully with vertical sides a hole twelve or fifteen feet deep and about two and a half feet square was dug. Iron rods were crossed over the opening to serve as a grate. Limestone in the form of blue cobble rocks was packed into the hole. A fire was built under the grate and kept burning for nine days. After two weeks of cooling, the lime was removed for dry storage. Following a period of dry storage, the lime was ready to be "slacked." The procedure called for a wood box approximately six feet long and covered on one end with a wire screen. Lime was placed in the box and then covered with water. Contact with water caused the lime to boil instantly. The mixture was stirred until it stopped boiling. The lime that would not slack was raked away, and the white liquid mixture was released through a screen and allowed to run into a hole that had been prepared. In order to keep the lime clean, the hole was covered with a cloth and a board. It was considered an unpardonable "sin" to get dirt in the lime. The process of slacking was repeated until the hole was filled. Then the lime was left alone until the water had drained out into the soil. When slacking was complete, about half a hole of solid lime remained which could be used in making whitewash or plaster as well as soap.²

²Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, April 24, 1965.
One pioneer, Mary K. Nielsen, filled her twenty-five gallon kettle half full of water on the day she planned to make soap. To lime that was clean and powdered she added all the fat scraps saved up over a period of a year. This conglomeration was put in the kettle until it was filled to within four inches of the rim. The kettle was then propped on rocks and heated by a fire built underneath it. "The fire had to be right, not too hot, nor too cold." The lime and fat mixture was allowed to slow boil four or five hours. When an unbroken string of the mixture two feet long would stretch between the ladle and the kettle, the soap had cooked enough. The soap was left in the kettle to cool overnight. The next morning the kettle was lifted off the rocks and turned over on clean boards. There always was a thin layer of dirt, bits of bone, and rine which had settled to the bottom. This residue was scraped off and saved for future boiling, "to get a little more out of it." The finished product was smooth, white, and of a gelatinous nature. To get usable bars, it was necessary to cut the soap into large four-inch blocks as the soap "shrank a lot" when placed in the sun to dry. The dried bars were stored in boxes ready to be used for the rest of the year's cleaning.3

3Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, April 24, 1965.
The largest potatoes were scrubbed clean with a brush and set aside for starch. These potatoes were grated on a curved tin that was framed with boards and set over a tub. The potato grater was made by driving ten-penny nails into the piece of tin. An immigrant and neighbor of the Nielsens, Sister Hansen, was "the best potato grater around." She wrapped her thumbs double their size with rags, and taking a potato in each hand, she scrubbed back and forth across the grater. When she finished, she removed the tub underneath that was usually half full of gratings and water. After stirring this mixture, she strained it through a piece of burlap stretched tightly across another tub. The next morning when the starch had settled to the bottom of the tub, the water was poured off, and the starch was scraped onto a clean cloth and put in the sun to dry.

Soda made from saleratus was the "cleanser for everything and everybody." When soda was needed, men watched for storms that dissolved alkali and brought it to the surface of the saturated bottomlands south of the town. The alkali looked like snow where it lay in a loose covering over the land. When the saleratus was dry, the children took a picnic lunch and climbed aboard a wagon for a trip to the saleratus beds. There they used shingles to scrape up piles of the white alkali which was sacked and carried home. Saleratus to be used for cooking was added by teaspoonfuls.

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4Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, April 24, 1965.
to hot boiled water in an earthen bowl and allowed to settle. The water was poured off and the saleratus (soda) was left to dry.⁵

Illustrations of the manner in which the pioneers fulfilled two basic needs, clothing and food, reveal further the pioneers' industry and economy. Just as in the preparation of soap, starch, and soda, the essentials that satisfied the needs for food and clothing were assembled and made from materials found or cultivated in the valley.

Materials for clothing came from available supplies of wool and cowhide. Some of the women spun silk produced by silk worms they raised. Old clothes were remade for children. When calico was available, it was used.

Wool from the sheep kept by the settlers was the most common source of material for clothing. "Wool was washed at the Warm Springs, 'picked,' made into 'bats,' carded into 'rolls,' and spun into yarn, all by hand."⁶ Usually each mother was allotted wool according to the number of children she had to dress. Some of the dye for the wool was ordered from the East by Brigham Young, but most of the dye was made from various materials available in or near the settlement. Log wood was used for black; certain barks made brown; peach leaves, green; rabbit brush, yellow;

⁵Clark, p. 4.

⁶Anderson, p. 83.
urine and blue vitriol powder, blue. Alum was added to set some of the dyes.⁷ Looms for weaving cloth for clothing were kept in some of the homes. In what the Frederick W. Cox family referred to as the Big House were three looms which were used to weave the thread produced on the family's eight spinning wheels. Because the wool had been sorted according to texture, four grades of fabric could be woven. The finest grade was used for making fine flannel for dresses, the next finest for linsey sheets and underwear, the next for jeans or heavy cloth for trousers for the men and boys, and the most coarse fibers were hand carded for quilt batting.⁸ It wasn't long before the women in the settlement had the use of a power-driven [obviously foot or hand-powered] carding machine which produced rolls of wool. These rolls were much easier to spin into yarn than those which were hand carded.⁹

The tailoring of leather, another source of clothing for the pioneers, was a skill developed by one of the Cox women. From an account of her work in the Frederick W. Cox family history comes the following description of preparing leather for sewing. Emeline Cox began by basting the edges of two tanned skins together. The boys and their father dug a small round hole in the ground and kindled a

⁷Interview with Ellice Moffitt, Manti, Utah, July 6, 1966.
⁹Anderson, p. 83.
strong smudge in it. With pliable sticks the skins were stretched and spread above the smoke where they took on a pleasing and unfading tan color. Care had to be taken in the process so that the skins would not "get blazed" and ruined. 10

A Brother Braithwate used cowhide in making shoes. One pair of shoes had to protect the feet of a child all winter; the same child went barefooted in the warm summer. Accessories such as sunbonnets and other head wear were first braided from straw, and then sewn, shaped, bleached and pressed.

The women also found economical ways of providing clothing for their families. Mary K. Nielsen, who lived on a farm five miles away from Manti at Shumway, clothed her girls by making dresses out of her old ones which she had brought West with her on a wagon train when she was eighteen. Her boys wore homespun, linsey-woolley. 11 Scraps of left-over material were saved by the women and pieced together for quilts. Aunt Jemima of the Cox family made slippers for holiday and summer wear from scraps of the heavier goods. 12 The necessity to be frugal generated ingenuity; wastefulness as seen in present affluent American society was unknown.

10 Clark, p. 9.
11 Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, April 24, 1965.
12 Clark, p. 8.
In addition to the problem of obtaining clothing, a more difficult and perhaps more demanding problem was obtaining food. Again economies of the pioneers proved vital. For example, out of 240 head of cattle brought to the valley that first fall, there were only a hundred that survived until the following summer. At least this many had to be saved as breeders that their number might increase. Yet, within a few years most of the families had enough animals to supply scanty needs of meat.

Other staples, such as bread and its substitutes, were made in the homes. Salt-rising bread was used by the Cox family until the latter part of the 1880's. All the ingredients: flour, water, and a pinch of salt were products of home industry. A dutch oven large enough to bake about fifteen loaves of bread was built in the dooryard of the Cox home. Biscuits leavened with soda of saleratus were also baked there. Flora Washburn, a pioneer of the first company that came to Manti, had a large adobe oven in which she could bake forty loaves of bread at one time. Bread was stored in clean barrels in the cellar. Racks of crackers were baked in the kitchen of the Washburn home. After Flora Washburn prepared the dough, every child in the family old enough to help was given a wooden potato masher or rolling pin to beat pieces of dough set out on clean mixing boards. Sister

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14Clark, p. 8.
Wasbourn supervised their labors and turned the dough, which was later rolled out and baked. Crackers were sent with the men who went East to bring immigrants to Utah.  

Fancy baked pastries were made only for special occasions since supplies had to be conserved. A birthday in the Nielsen home always prompted Mary K. Nielsen to use her fresh eggs for baking a large white cake.  

Parents tried to satisfy their children's hunger for sweets by crushing melon, cornstocks, or beets, and boiling them down into molasses. Molasses was also used in making cake, butter custard, and other simple desserts. Another sweet the children discovered was sap which they could lick from the inner bark of green pines and aspen. There were times when the sap and soft tree lining scraped with a little piece of tin or china was the only food the children had.  

Theresa Cox Clark remembers hard times when her family did without wheat bread. "... we got along by substituting corn bread and the greens which sprang up so miraculously at the foot of Temple Hill and grew so thrifty that we gathered them day after day." Numerous accounts exist concerning the greens that grew by Temple Hill and supplied the settlers with nourishment in time of need.  

16Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, April 24, 1965.  
17Interview with Ellice Moffitt, Manti, Utah, July 6, 1966.
Collected: July 1, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Ellice Moffitt, ninety-one, who has written down many stories and songs of the pioneers. She is a native of Manti, Utah, and her parents were among the early settlers there.

The diet of those early pioneers consisted chiefly of vegetables. During the winter months the vegetables were eaten very sparingly, so that they would hold out until spring. Early in the springtime they would go on the sunny side of the hills and dig segoes to eat. Later in the season pig weeds were gathered for food. Pig weeds at that time were very much like spinach. There are no such weeds now-a-days. The place where the weeds were gathered was down on the south side of the stone quarry where the Mormons first camped. After each day a-gathering there was none left for the next day. But like the food miraculously supplied to the Israelites in the wilderness, each day, just so the Lord provided for this supply of pig weed each day for the early pioneers.

When "... grasshoppers devoured all the plant life except a wild spinach or 'pig weed,' that sprang up at the foot of 'Temple Hill,' where the first camp was made. Women and children collected and cooked these while men battled grasshoppers." 18

Collected: July 17, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Florence Hougaard, age about seventy-eight, who was a good friend of Adelia B. Sidwell, pioneer and writer.

Pig weed (that grew at the campsite of the early pioneers) is not the same as wild spinach. It looks different. I've eaten lots of these greens, plus a little red root that I didn't care for.

Vegetables and fruit were especially desirable foods. The vegetables the pioneers found growing wild in the summer included white meadow thistle, black mustard, sego lily bulbs, roots of weed onion, and dandelion greens. Families

18W. H. Lever, History of Sanpete and Emery Counties (Salt Lake City, 1898), p. 79.
had big gardens as soon as they could get them started. Cabbage, potatoes, carrots, beets, turnips, and onions were among the more common varieties of vegetables planted. Some large plants were kept for seed.\textsuperscript{19} Fruit was scarce and many of the settlers went to much effort to obtain it. Wild currants and serviceberries were picked in season, especially by the young people. The older girls in the Cox family sometimes picked for a full day to get two quarts of wild currants. Berries were made into jam and jelly and saved for winter.\textsuperscript{20}

Another area in which the pioneers demonstrated their ingenuity and economy was in preparation and use of home remedies. The old people brought their knowledge of medicine as well as their superstitions to Sanpete. The faith the pioneers had in the healing powers of familiar remedies was responsible for their use.

Probably the most common kind of remedy was a tonic, "the stronger the better." Various plants found in the valley or on the mountains served in the brewing of an amazing number of tonics. Golden rod was used in making kidney tonic. A tonic for purifying the blood was made by steeping "quaking" aspen bark in water. "If that didn't help, the patient died or got well anyway." A tonic or tea that was used to quiet the nerves was made by steeping

\textsuperscript{19}Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, July 23, 1967.

\textsuperscript{20}Clark, p. 8.
catnip in hot water. If sugar were added it had a good taste. Spearmint made into solution settled the stomach, and as a tea it healed the bowels when someone had diarrhea. A bitter tea made from wormwood helped rid children of worms. Mustard water made with ground wild black mustard was taken as an emetic to start vomiting. A reputable cure for colds was a wild onion tea. Swamp root from the common cattail was crushed, boiled, and the solution drunk as a tonic. The tea of gold mallow probably had more use as a "general tonic" than anything else the pioneers had. Sagebrush tea, as well as serving the purpose named above, was used in washing hair to remove dandruff, to make the hair soft, and to keep it from early graying. 21

Plants had medicinal value to the pioneers in preparations other than in tonics and teas. Pieplant (rhubarb) was used as a laxative. A cure for liver trouble was stewed dandelion greens. Flaxseed poltice was used for chest colds, sore backs, or for any area of pain. In early summer horehound was gathered and used as a cough remedy. 22 A wide leafed mint called "old man" helped reduce fever. The leaf was chewed by the sick person; presumably, deep breathing of the macerated leaves lowered the fever. Creosote was good for a toothache. 23

21Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, April 24, 1965.

22Interview with Ellice Moffitt, Manti, Utah, July 6, 1966.

23Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, April 24, 1965.
The plants needed for home remedies were usually gathered in the summer and dried in the shade for winter. Sometimes women raised the plants in their yards. If a town happened to have an "herb woman," she kept a garden of the various plants. Both her plants and her knowledge of their use were deemed valuable by many settlers. Fort Ephraim near Manti had such a lady. To dry herbs, a string was wrapped around a little bunch and hung from the ceiling. Since it was very difficult to secure commercial medicines, medicinal plants were used and stored with care.24

Some remedies other than those made with plants included salt water for eye wash, kerosene for chest colds, and turpentine for infection. Sulphur burned in a frying pan fumigated a house. Bleeding could be stopped with spider web, "but it was hard to get enough." Dry sun-baked dust or dirt also stopped bleeding. There were two cures for rheumatism: copper bracelets worn on the wrist and a flat white potato, Green Mountain variety, carried in the left hip pocket. In those days it was also common to use leeches for bleeding the sick.25

Description of the economies of the pioneers in Sanpete is not complete without attention to the cooperation that made many home projects possible. The Saints were not as concerned

24Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, April 24, 1965.
25Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, April 24, 1965.
with the accumulation of material wealth as they were with survival, and families willingly shared what they had. As early as 1850 their determination to assist each other brought them into near harmony with a system called the United Order, which was introduced formally sometime later by the Church leaders. "The motto was 'share and share alike,' a folk pattern that almost universally prevailed throughout the Mormon settlements."26

The following three stories are evidence of the cooperation which benefited the settlers during their early years of struggle. The first recounts an incident in the life of Sarah Peterson, the wife of Canute Peterson, who became the Assistant Superintendent of the work on the Manti Temple.27 Doing her part, Sarah effectively engaged the women of the valley in projects to raise funds for the building of the Temple.28 The second story describes the determination of Mary K. Nielsen to make life better for her family during the absence of her husband. Sister Nielsen was one of the regular contributors of "Temple eggs," one of Sarah Peterson's fund raising projects. In fact, some of the eggs Sister Nielsen uses for barter in the story to

26Utah Historical Records Survey, "Inventory of the County Board of Commissioners, No. 20, Sanpete County (Manti)" (Salt Lake City, Utah State Historical Society and Millard County Board of Commissioners, October 1941), p. 33.

27Information in a letter from John Taylor, past President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, April 17, 1879, in personal file of P. C. Peterson, Provo, Utah.

follow were "Temple eggs," and she never forgave herself for using the eggs for a purpose other than for the one they were intended. The last account tells of a woman whose illness following childbirth was remedied with the help of a neighbor's quick action.

Collected: July 6, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Florence Peterson Faux, age about seventy-four. Mrs. Faux is a resident of Manti, Utah, and is a temple worker in the Manti Temple.

It was in the spring of 1856--three years since her husband, Canute Peterson, had left for his mission to Norway, and back in Lehi (a settlement between Salt Lake City and Manti), Sarah Ann was having her problems.

All of her neighbors were busy planting their crops, but she knew that if her own fields were to be planted with wheat, she would have to do it herself, as all the men were too busy with their own plots to help her. Taking her hoe and the precious bucket of wheat seed, Sarah began planting the grain. By making the furrows with a hoe, it was planted real deep.

The grain in all the other fields, being planted earlier and not so deep, came up fresh and green and was a beautiful sight to see, but calamity struck the little community. Grasshoppers in countless millions were upon them, and were on the fields before they were aware of them, and they devoured every green spear in sight and passed on to other communities.

A week passed by and the late-planted wheat in Sarah's field began growing. Here was one little crop that had been spared by the Hand of Providence. It was tended with loving care by Sarah all that summer, and when harvest time came all the men helped Sarah harvest her wheat, as it was the only wheat to be harvested in Lehi that year.

When it was finally threshed Sarah had raised sixty bushels of wheat. This she divided with the settlers--it was their salvation, for by frugal, careful managing it supplied bread for the little settlement all winter. They called it "Salvation Wheat," and when it was almost gone, Sarah put some in a small bottle to show to her husband

29 Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, April 24, 1965.
when he came home from his mission. And this little bottle of wheat she kept all her life—and years later when her husband, Canute, was buried, this small bottle of wheat was placed in the casket and buried with him.

Collected: April 5, 1966, Ephraim, Utah.
Informant: O. W. Nielsen, a native of Ephraim, Utah, and a son of Mormon pioneers of the Sanpete Valley.

Things looked good the second winter, and we started plowing for the coming spring. Then Pa was called to go to Europe on a mission for the Church. We all cried our hearts out when he left, but we were told by our bishop that Mormons were supposed to be brave. We tried our best. I remember the day when Pa left; the children and I had a very long three-mile walk back from town to the farm.

That first evening the children didn't seem to want to go outside and play, so while the older boys milked the cow, chopped and hauled in the wood, I hurriedly whipped up a cake and opened a bottle of serviceberry preserves from the year before. After we ate a good supper, the children began to feel better. No study that night; we just said our prayers and went to bed. The next week two of the older boys got jobs over West. They stayed there until the first part of December. For pay, they received three old ewes, a sow pig, and a silver dollar apiece. We celebrated their return by singing and playing games in the evening.

That night as I was passing the open door of the boys' room, I heard the two older boys praying. I knew it was wrong to stop, but I did. The oldest boy was doing the praying, and when he had asked the Lord to bless nearly everyone we knew, the younger boy spoke up, "Say, ask God to get Mother to loosen up and buy us a shotgun."

This nearly broke my heart. Instead of going to sleep that night I tried to figure out how I could help answer that prayer. The next morning the oldest boy and I walked the three miles to a store in town. I asked if I could see the manager and was told to go right in at a side door. After I explained what I wanted, he asked me how much money I had. I told him just four dollars, but that I could let him have butter and eggs for the rest of the gun. When he thought about this for a few minutes, he said, "I have a fairly good second hand twelve-gauge shotgun that might serve your purpose." He went into another room and returned with a somewhat old and partly rusted gun.
"I can let you have this for four dollars, ten pounds of butter and ten dozen eggs. You can bring the butter and eggs in as soon as you get them," he said.

I paid him the four dollars, took the shotgun, and started to leave.

"Here," he called, "you need something to shoot with." He wrote on a slip of paper and told me to take it to the counter clerk for four brass shells, a pound of black powder, two pounds of shot, and a box of primers, a wad cutter, and some other things that I didn't understand. My boy, who had been doing some of our weekly errands, met me on the street. Even when he learned what I had done, I don't think he was as excited as I. Walking that three miles home was the fastest trip I ever made.

That night the boys brought home two nice fat ducks and a goose that they said was a honker. From then on our meat diet consisted mostly of wild game.

Collected: July 6, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Ellice Moffitt, age ninety-one.
She is a native of Manti, Utah.

September 12, 1865, Grandmother gave birth to another beautiful daughter. She was named Henrietta Lorency. Two days after her birth Grandmother was very ill. She was running a high temperature. She needed a laxative; they had no laxatives in those days. The old lady who had waited upon Grandmother when the baby was born, said she must have an oil of some kind to heal her within and for other purposes. Neighbors and friends were very much concerned over her serious condition. They had nothing that could meet the need. At evening as neighbors and friends stood outside the home wondering what could be done before it was too late, a good neighbor spoke up and said, "Leave it to me. I'll get up early in the morning and go up on the side of the mountains and find a bear. I'll kill it and bring its tallow home." (When bear tallow is rendered it is more like oil than any other fat. Men killed bears purposely to get the tallow they needed to oil all their leather goods.)

He did as he said he would. Before 10:00 o'clock the next morning he was back off the mountains with the bear tallow. It was rendered; the oil was consecrated for the healing of the sick. And that is just what the oil did in Grandma's case after she laid at death's door for many hours. The good neighbor who brought the tallow from the mountain was Isaac Vorhees.
There are other examples of cooperation among the early pioneers. First was their sharing of the first mill used for grinding flour in the settlement. The mill was a large coffee grinder that was passed from house to house. Theresa Clark recalls another example: the Cox women took apart a neighbor's old quilt for thread to patch and darn clothes. After they pulled the stitches out, they washed and carded the cotton, spun doubles and twisted the cotton into thread. The neighbor got half the thread "for a rag of a quilt." 30

Sharing was not limited to kin and neighbors. Indians, travelers, and immigrants were also accommodated. Because the early pioneers shared the Sanpete Valley with the Indians, there are many stories of their mutable friendship. Brigham Young cautioned the settlers that it was better to feed the Indians than to fight them.

The Indians were nearly always with us begging, and when we had bread they shared with us. About ten or twelve would come to the door to perform and beg. They had a drum made of an animal hide stretched over a wooden vessel like a handle. They held the drum in one hand and beat the flat side with a stick and danced, singing hi yia, hi, hia, ya yia, keeping time. They kept up the grotesque performance until given something to eat. . . . 31

Many times the settlers gave more through good will than through force or annoyance.

30 Clark, p. 9.
31 Ibid., p. 10.
Indians came to Grandmother Anderson one day and asked for her milk pans. Grandfather Anderson was such a good friend of the Indians, and he would do anything for them. She washed the pans, which were all made of wood, and gave them to the Indians. The Indians stretched buckskin tightly over them and used them for drums. Then they danced all around their fires chanting their Indian chant. This all happened across the road from the Anderson home.

Occasionally the Indians, too, were generous, not with their property, of which they had little, but with their knowledge of how to cope with some of the problems of living in the valley.

When Mother was three years old, she hurt the cord above her heel. As Mother was showing the sore infected leg to a neighbor, an old Indian lady came to the door. She shook her head and from her buckskin pouch she took a small buckskin box that was full of salve. She spread salve over the sore and then gave it to Mother. She made the neighbor and Mother understand that the salve had been made from sticky pine gum. A combination of pine gum and tallow was a home remedy ever after. The salve cured Mother's heel.

At one time she watched her dress a leg that had been shattered by an Indian's bullet. The lady washed the wound with clean water and then blew alcohol through a straw into the wound and did not pronounce it clean until she was able to force the alcohol through the man's leg. After this it was plastered with sticky pine gum salve, and the leg was healed.

The following is Mrs. Moffitt's recipe for sticky pine gum salve.

Put pine gum in a tin can and set that can inside a container of water. Set the gum on the stove to melt.
You melt it slowly, so it takes a long time. I'll tell you what I do; I take a potato strainer and line it with gauze cloth. Strain the gum through. When it is hard enough to form a ball, add about one third of the melted mutton tallow, kidney tallow is best, stirring it into the gum. Add the rest of the tallow. I don't use quite as much tallow as gum so the salve has the right consistency. Also, I often add a few drops of carbolic to the tallow and gum so the salve will be antiseptic. The process takes all day. I don't hurry it.

Collected: July 24, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Florence Hougaard, age about seventy-eight, who was a good friend of Adelia B. Sidwell, pioneer and writer.

In the early days John Haslem Clark came up on the opposite side of a bush where a bear was standing on its hind legs eating serviceberries. "Haze," as they called Clark, was unnoticed by the bear. The men in those days tried to get rid of as many of those kinds of things as they could, because they meant trouble for the stock. The Indians had told him how they did it. He took a heavy part of his clothing, probably his jacket, and wound it around his arm from his elbow to his hand. When the bear saw Haze, it lunged toward him. Haze threw out his left arm. As the bear sunk his teeth into his arm, he raised his right arm and plunged his knife into the back of the bear's neck and killed the bear.

The established settlers were frequently faced with the problems of orienting naive newcomers to pioneer life. Immigrants, who had been converted to the Church in the Old Country, came to America and crossed the plains in order to join other Mormons in Utah. At that time the Church leaders were involved in the colonization of Utah and parts of surrounding states, and almost as soon as immigrants arrived in Salt Lake City, they were instructed to continue their journeys to rather remote settlements. Consequently, in Salt Lake City itself the orientation to pioneering was sometimes abrupt. The following is an experience of an eighteen-year-old girl who encountered the bodyguard of
Brigham Young, Porter Rockwell, and learned she was among those who were to go on to Sanpete.

Collected: April 17, 1966, Ephraim, Utah.
Informant: O. W. Nielsen, age about eighty, who was told the story by his mother.

Our company arrived at the church corral in Salt Lake City late one stormy day in November, 1860. Excitement and confusion prevailed while the immigrants pulled and lifted belongings from the wagons. Since it was my turn to prepare supper, I hurriedly built a fire and filled our charred kettle with water. As usual, the meal was "black pot mush" which was a mixture of flour, salt, and water. While tending the fire, I noticed a tall, gaunt, long haired stranger [this was Porter Rockwell] sitting on a pole fence nearby. He was chewing tobacco, that's what he was. I'm sure of that, because he was spitting the vile stuff in my fire. All at once he got down off the fence, mounted a mule, and galloped away to town. In about an hour when we were finishing our supper, he returned, climbed the fence, and shouted, "All you Danes and Swedes have got to go south to Sanpete. Brigham said so!" This stranger's blunt command served as my brief introduction to the land of the Saints.

When the immigrants reached their destination, they soon were made welcome. "You could always pick out the immigrants, because they walked down the middle of the road." Whatever the means of identification, the immigrants were kindly received in the settlement and given assistance in adjusting to their new environment. The following story describes the welcome given to William Fowler.

Collected: July 6, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Ellice Moffitt, age ninety-one.
She is a native of Manti, Utah.

When men from the East traveled this way bent for California, most of them stopped here in Manti for a few days to rest and to get their mules shod. With them they had brought a supply of groceries and dry goods. With

32Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, April 25, 1965.
the extra butter, cheese, eggs and good cured bacon Mother had on hand, she made an exchange for tea, coffee, spices, and merchandise. Danish people craved coffee. A cup of coffee was a life saver for the Danish. The tea was kept for English immigrants when they arrived here, tired and worn from their long journey from their homeland. One of these immigrants, William Fowler, author of the poem and song, "We Thank Thee, Oh God, for a Prophet," came with his family from England to make his home in Manti. They settled in a little log house which had one room, a fireplace, a small window, and a door. The place was not far from the Anderson home. Grandma learned of the family's poverty and that Fowler was in poor health. Not many hours had passed until a basket of food was packed and Mother was sent to take it to the Fowlers. When she was within a little distance of the place, she heard music. She heard these words, "We thank Thee for every blessing bestowed by Thy bounteous hand... and love to obey Thy command." A small cloth that was used to cover the window had been fastened to one side so light could shine in the room. Brother Fowler was standing in the light playing his violin. His wife was singing an English melody as they fitted the words to the tune he was playing. When Mother was admitted into the room, she wondered what blessings they had for which to be thankful. She handed the basket to Sister Fowler. With a smile on her face Sister Fowler kept humming as she set the basket on the small stool near the table. She took cold boiled ham, Danish bread, and buns from the basket. Last of all was a package of tea. She opened the package and with her long bony fingers she took a few leaves of tea and laid them on her husband's tongue. Then she put a few leaves on her own tongue. A cup of tea was soon steeping in a tin can on the coals in the fireplace, alongside a pot of boiled wheat.

Another account tells of the hospitality two newly married couples, the Willardsons and the Scows, received in the home of Flora Washburn.

... They had no place of shelter and could not speak a word of English. Grandmother saw their condition and, through an interpreter, she told them she would divide her one large room and let each couple have one-fourth of it. She and her family would live in one-half until these two couples could get homes of their own. The couples gladly accepted this offer and lived there for some time. The three families cooked over one fireplace. Neither they nor Grandmother could speak a word that the
other understood, but in that one room grew a friendship which lasted for life.33

Imagination was also required of those who came to settle in the isolated communities of the Sanpete Valley. What was needed, however, was not the ability to escape a hard existence with illusions of a better, but a creative capacity for improving one's circumstances with whatever resources were available. Usually, the pioneers had only past experiences and present ingenuity at their disposal. Obviously, imagination accompanied the skills of the unsung craftsmen of the communities who developed home industries, but it was also essential for other reasons. The settlers' struggle in a new environment and especially their precarious relationship with the Indians proved challenging. Imaginative handling of difficult situations resulted in saving of time, property, and even of life. The four accounts which follow illustrate the manner in which several pioneers contended with obstacles. The first is a story of Orville Sutherland Cox, a skilled craftsman of the valley, who later helped with the pine framework inside the Manti Temple.34

When the ditch was first laid out that was afterwards called "City Ditch," every man and boy was called on to come and work on it every day until it would carry water. This was in the spring, and it had to be finished before the fields were ready to be plowed and planted. The men turned out well with teams and plows, picks, crowbars, and shovels. There was a rocky point at the head of the ditch to be cut through; it was hard pan, about like

33Turner, p. 25.
34Interview with Roscoe Cox, Ephraim, Utah, June 26, 1966.
cement. Couldn't be touched by plow, no siree; no more than nothing. We was just prying the gravel loose with picks and crowbars, and looked like it would take us weeks to do--six weeks. Cox looked at us working and sweating, and never offered to lift a finger. No sir, never done a tap; just looked and then without saying a word, he turned around and walked off. Yes, sir, walked off! Well, of all the mad bunch of men you ever saw, I guess we was the maddest. Of course, we didn't swear; we was Mormons and the Bishop was there, but we watched him go and one of the men says, "Well, I didn't think Cox was that kind of a feller." His going discouraged the rest of us, just took the heart out of us. But of course we plugged away pretendin' to work the rest of the day, and dragged back the next morning.

We weren't near all there when here came Cox. I don't just remember whether it was four yoke of oxen or six or eight, for I was just a boy, but it was a long string and they was everyone a good pulling ox. And they was hitched to a plow, a plumb new kind, yes sir, a new kind of plow. It was a great big pitch pine log, about fourteen feet long, and may have been eighteen, with a limb stickin' down like as if my arm and hand was the log and my thumb the limb; he had bored a hole through the log, and put a crowbar down in front of the knob; and crossways along the log back of the limb he bored holes and put stout oak sticks through for spikes. They were the plow handles; and he had eight men get a hold of them handles and hold the plow level and he loaded a bunch of men along on that log, and then he spoke to his oxen.

Great Scott, ye oter seen the gravel fly, and ye oter heard us fellows laugh and holler! Well, sir, he plowed up and down that ditch line four or five times and that ditch was made, practically made. All that the rest of us had to do was to shovel out the loose stuff; he done more in a half a day than all the rest of us could a done in six weeks.

Why didn't he tell his plans the first thing, so we wouldn't be so discouraged, and hate him so? Why, cause he knew it wouldn't do a might of good to talk. He wasn't the Bishop; and even if he had been, plans like that would sure be hooted at by half the fellers. No, siree! His way was the best when a bunch of men see a thing a workin' they believe; yes, sir, seein' is believin,"

Along toward the end of June when no rain fell, we began to worry about the crops that had come up looking fine. To make the matter worse, the grasshoppers came. At a distance they looked like some invisible force pulling an immense dark blanket slowly toward the valley. We were told this swarm or herd of grasshoppers had been hatched in the foothill country over west. They were still too young to fly, but they surely could creep and hop. We set about to do battle with them best we could by digging a trench on the upper side of our wheat patch. With straw and dry weeds we laid a long border around all the places on the farm that we wanted to protect. In the early morning we set fire to the straw and weeds and burned all the hoppers that crawled into the dry material for shelter. We kept up this fight for a week, and about half our crop was saved.

The day was August 5, 1854. Mary was just a young girl nineteen years old. Her grandmother had had a stroke and had come to live with them. Mary was left there alone to be with her grandmother while her family, including her mother, were away in the fields. Her grandmother was helpless, paralyzed, but she was in a chair. They had a big handmade pine table, and her grandmother was sitting by the table. Before I tell the story, you should know that Mary had always been taught not to lie to an Indian. The Indians looked for an excuse to start trouble. And Brigham Young said it was better to feed them than fight them. They (the settlers) gave them almost anything they wanted to eat.

Well, big old Chief Walker came to the house. He had told Brigham Young he would like him to give him a white squaw. Brigham Young didn't know that Chief Walker already had his eyes on my grandmother. She had sparkling brown eyes and lovely brown hair, and she was considered a very beautiful girl. Brigham Young sent word back if he (Walker) could find a squaw that would have him, he had his consent. So Walker went in and asked her to marry him. She was so frightened and so was her grandmother. She wondered whether she should lie to save herself. She knew that if she angered Chief
Walker, the lives of her family and others would be in danger. And she knew one should never lie to an Indian. Chief Walker offered her fine furs, cattle, horses, and a wicki-up. He told her he would never take her to the mountains like he did his other wives. He said he would live with her in her wickie-up in town. Her heart was pounding and she was holding tightly to her grandmother's chair. She couldn't run away because she would have to run out the same door where Chief Walker was standing. Finally she said, "I am married; I am a white man's squaw." She could talk Indian. Chief Walker asked, "Who?" She thought quickly of the young boys her age and knew she couldn't name them. Then she thought of her older sister's husband, Judge Peacock. She had been in her sister's home to help with the children when she could. She had always liked Judge Peacock. She gave Chief Walker his name. Chief Walker was standing quite a ways away and he threw his knife into the table right by grandmother's chair. She looked at the knife and knew that was what he would do to Judge Peacock. Her sister would be left with young children and there was the danger to other people besides.

She was crying and trembling when her family came back from the fields. She ran out when they were unharnessing the horses. Her father decided that there must be a wedding to save Manti. He thought the old warrior was just waiting for something to happen so he could attack the white people. They sent for Judge Peacock and decided to get Brother Morley to marry them. He married them. Then they sent a six-legged messenger to Brigham Young. Brigham Young told them to come to Salt Lake until Walker got over being so mad, so that's what they did. They went between the two suns and stayed there until the Chief cooled off a little.

According to Mrs. Sidwell, who wrote a lot of the early history, Brigham Young had a beef poultice given to Chief Walker to heal his head. As far as I know, he didn't ever ask any other white woman to marry him. Grandmother's first child, my father, was born a year after they were married. An old man here in town who knew the family said that Mary was his choice wife. I said he couldn't have made grandfather admit to it, but he said that's the way it was just the same.

Collected: July 24, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Florence Hougaard, Manti, Utah.
She was a worker in the Manti Temple and a friend of Mrs. Sidwell.

There was an Indian raid in Manti. Mrs. Sidwell knew she couldn't get away and carry her baby. So she dug a
hole in the snow, placed the baby in the hole, and covered it all over except a hole for air. Then she left it. After the raid was over, she returned to find her baby safe. The beautiful thing about it was that the baby hadn't made a sound to draw the attention of the Indians. There were foot marks all around, but no one stepped right where the baby lay. The baby was asleep and sweating profusely. Snow is a good insulation. Mrs. Sidwell had tears in her eyes when she told me that she knew that the Lord had surely protected the baby so it wouldn't be found during all the walking around and yelling of the Indians.

The role of pioneer was a necessarily rigorous and confining one, and moments of diversion and inspiration were appreciated. Organized entertainments were popular, and a sense of humor, especially the pioneers' ability to laugh at themselves, frequently helped alleviate pressures. The young people, whose imaginations enhanced simple pleasures, also helped make pioneering endurable. Finally, a more essential encouragement came of the pioneers' sincere faith in leaders, country, and God.

Most, if not all, Scandinavian immigrants to Sanpete were fun loving. Dancing, play acting, and debating were weekly occurrences. It wasn't uncommon to step into some hastily provided house-theater and see the performance of Othello or The Merchant of Venice. Adelia B. Cox Sidwell, who wrote plays herself, memorized many of Shakespeare's and Scott's works, which she recited for community entertainment.

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36 Information in a letter to Barbara N. Bosen from O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, June 26, 1959; see also Anderson, p. 126.

37 Anderson, p. 133.
For many years the South Ward Assembly Hall (dedicated in 1882), in addition to being a place of worship, was the social center of the community. It was the scene of many wedding dances, theatres, pageants, and Scandinavian picnic parties. Every year a "Wood Dance" was held. The men went to the mountains for wood, and all participating were given tickets to the dance. Sometimes twenty-five or thirty loads of wood were brought in, and were distributed among the poor and aged. Coal oil lamps were used in lighting the hall. A little bulb lamp was placed in a bracket at each window with a crimped tin reflector at the back. The lamps were taken down and filled, and the chimneys shined and wicks trimmed every evening before an entertainment or meeting.38

Of all those who settled in Sanpete in the early days, none were better known than the Danish for their ability to sense and enjoy the humor of a difficult and somewhat awkward existence. One Dane, Edgar Jensen of Ephraim (a town seven miles north of Manti) expressed it this way:

All worthwhile people are funny in streaks and their idiosyncracies are the very things that make them interesting and stimulating to others. We Danes are not necessarily more queer, ridiculous, or whimsical than are other people. We just seem to recognize our peculiarities a little more. Perhaps we have more insight.39

In his own collection of humorous stories (several of which are included here) he comments on the philosophy of the Danish people which, in part at least, motivated the stories they told on themselves.

... they refused to let little insignificant things trouble or irritate them. They took each day as it came; magnified its blessings and minimized its vexations. The tendency was not to be morbid or over-sensitive or

38Ibid., p. 57.

to let little trivial, irrelevant happenings rob them of their joy.\textsuperscript{40}

The stories that follow illustrate Danish humor that served to lighten the temper of the settlements in Sanpete.

Collected: April 24, 1964, Ephraim, Utah.
Informant: O. W. Nielsen, age about eighty, son of the pioneer woman in the story.

The spring Father came home from his mission he, like all those first missionaries, brought a bunch of immigrants, four men and four women. After embracing Father, I drew him aside and asked him in a whisper, "Aren't they lousy?"

He laughed and answered, "I guess they are."

Well, that was that; I asked the four women to step out into a small adobe house and take off their clothes. Then I boiled the clothes of the men and women in a large dark copper kettle. The boys called the kettle "our louse bucket," because we had used it for lousy clothes of other immigrants who came by.

Collected: April 24, 1965, Ephraim, Utah.

The food problem was hard to solve, especially in the winter. We tired of our usual evening meal of boiled wheat and wild jackrabbit. Once when one of the older boys was asked to say the blessing on the meal, he used this verse he had made up:

\begin{verbatim}
Rabbit young, rabbit old
Rabbit hot and rabbit cold,
Rabbit tender and rabbit tough
O please, Dear Lord,
We've had enough.
\end{verbatim}

Along the Sanpitch River west of Ephraim are hundreds of acres of swamp land. In wet years the spring high waters spread over this region and the land produces excellent crops of grasses. This wild hay is gathered in the fall and stacked on the higher lands for winter forage for drystock. The farmers, however, often meet

\textsuperscript{40}Ibid., p. 4.
with serious difficulties in hauling it off the swamps. Wagon wheels cut through the shallow sod and sink to the hubs in muck or quicksands, and the loads of hay must be unloaded in order to get the wagons out of the ruts. Certain areas along the roads were always bad and it was finally decided that something would have to be done. Mormon Preacher Nielsen called a meeting of those interested, and they talked over ways and means of doing the job. It was finally decided that they must get a lot of wooden blocks and drive these like piles into the mucky areas. Shimmey Soren protested against this procedure, "for," said he, "ver is ve goin to get de blocks?"

Mormon Preacher was disgusted with Shimmey Soren. He protested, "Der you goes again, Sore; always pessymizing. Ver ar ve goin to get de blocks? Ve will get dem and you can depend on dat. Ven ve Danes cooperate ve can do it. All ve have to do is to get our heads together un ve will have de blocks und de vork will get done."

They got their heads together, and as Mormon Preacher Nielsen predicted, the work was done.41

Danes, generally speaking, are talkative people but now and then there is one who is a man of few words. Silent Pete was one of these monosyllabic Danes in Fort Ephraim.

One day he was accosted by Noble Andrew, who said, "I understand, Peter, dat your horse got bot flies. Vat did you give him to get rid of dem?"

Silent Pete answered, "Turpentine."

A week later Noble Andrew met Silent Pete again and said, "By de vay, Peter, vat did you say you given your horse for bots?"

Silent Pete answered, "Turpentine."

Noble Andrew said, "Dat is vat I tot you said. It killed mine."

Silent Pete answered, "Killed mine, too."42

For their amusement, young people often climbed Temple Hill which was a favorite retreat. There they spent many

41Ibid., p. 27.
42Ibid., p. 8.
satisfying hours modeling a soft yellow clay which they formed into everything from horses to frying pans. Girls fashioned many kinds of dishes for cooking and the table. The hill was a hunting ground for such treasure as Indian wishing stones, Indian eyes, jack stones, and brown stones. "Skatter pick-ups were played on the back of the hand with small colored stones from Temple Hill. They began skatter two's and so forth." Other places children gathered were the homes of family or friends. The Big House that the Cox family moved into about 1861 contained a large, well-lighted room which the young people enjoyed. There was space for two teachers to hold classes, or there was room for either singing or dancing lessons. Story telling was the best entertainment for long winter nights. If they had books, reading would have been very difficult, because they had no lamps and only a few candles. Cattle couldn't be spared for fat. In place of candles a "slut" was used. This was a saucer with a small piece of rag in the shank of a button. The weight of the button would hold the rag down in any kind of grease. It made quite a light, although it gave off smoke.

Little children delighted in nonsense rhymes and counting games. Ellice Moffitt remembers some of the ones she memorized as a child.

43Clark, p. 11.
44Interview with Ellice Moffitt, Manti, Utah, July 1, 1966.
45Clark, pp. 10-11.
Sincey Ancyey won the game,
She rolled it up in her petticoat tails,
One flew east and one flew west,
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest, the cuckoo's nest.

Ickety pickety my black hen
Lays an egg for gentlemen
Sometimes one, sometimes two
Sometimes one for me and you.

Count out:

One or one or'ry ickery Anne, filicy falacy Nicklaus John,
Quiver quaver, English naver, strinkum stranklum
Te ta, you be buck spells twenty one.
(Last person to finish the verse wins; he is the
new head of the game.)

1-2-3-4 Mary at the cottage door
picking cherries on a plate 5-6-7-8.

Cock-a-doodle-do, my daddy lost his shoe.
He went to bed and cracked his head
And didn't know what to do.
He jumped out of the window
Broke his little finger
Ran up the lot as fast as he could trot
Jumped over the fence and we haven't seen him since.

The children spent many a moonlight night playing
games on the road of Manti. Mrs. Ellice Moffitt says that
they had all kinds of games.

Leisure time for older children was limited, and
like the adults in the settlement, these children learned
to find enjoyment in work. During long hours of spinning,
girls would sing.\footnote{\textit{Ibid.}, p. 13.}
time for memorizing songs was while the girls peeled apples.47

A matter of gratitude rather than amusement or humor was the pioneers' love of country. Expression of patriotism came naturally for the early settlers of Sanpete. At the earliest convenient moment after the first company arrived in the valley in 1849, a liberty pole was raised. Orville Sutherland Cox, an expert at hewing and squaring logs with an ax, was commissioned to find and prepare the right pole. Nobody appreciated the liberty pole and all that it stood for more than he did.48 To raise the liberty pole was the first duty of a company of infantry organized from among the settlers. The occasion is described in the following account. "Captain Higgins proceeded to Temple Block and raised a liberty pole, then returned to the foot of Temple, amid the deafening roar of artillery which was commanded by Captain Titus Billings; also, the hurrahs were re-echoed back from the mountains and deep defiles, answering 'Amen and Amen.'"49

Collected: July 6, 1965, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Ellice Moffitt, age ninety, daughter of pioneer parents of Manti, Utah.

Mother's earliest recollection of the 4th of July celebration was when the pioneers had set up their first

47Interview with Ellice Moffitt, Manti, Utah, July 1, 1966.

48Sidwell, "Biographical Sketch of . . . .," no pagination.

49"Sanpete Stake Record" (unpublished MS., Salt Lake City, Church Historian's Office, December 7, 1850).
flagpole. This was down in the Tabernacle Square (Temple Block). Uncle Fred carried her on his back so they could hurry along with the older children to join the large crowd that had assembled. They stood among tall sage brush. As the flag was being hoisted it appeared as if it were coming out of the earth. To the children it seemed supernatural. They were half frightened. When it was at the top of the pole, it unfurled in full glory. The sight was so impressive mother cried. All her life she loved and revered the stars and stripes, the flag of the United States of America.

Especially memorable in the minds of the children of the pioneers are the holiday celebrations which were held in the settlement. Often the programs included patriotic tributes.

May Day was a great holiday in those early pioneer times. Young and old gathered in the "square." A high rock wall that had been built around the block served as a protection against intruders. Here they would spend the day. A queen was chosen and crowned with a wreath of flowers. Red, White, and Blue streamers were fastened to the flagpole. Before hand a number of girls were trained to braid the Maypole.

Crowning of the queen and braiding the Maypole were heights of the program. When this part of the program was announced, each girl dressed in white, then picked up her Red, White, or Blue streamer. Then the band began to play. In step to the music the girls then braided the pole. When it was finished the band stopped playing. Perfect silence followed for a few seconds while in their heads they pledged allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America as the Red, White, and Blue, unfurled at the top of the flagpole. Mother was one who took part in those activities. She danced the grand right and left and helped braid the Maypole.50

As Wallace Turner puts it, the Church "developed a people who are unique in American society. To be born a Mormon is to be born with a second nationality. The duties required to maintain this connection are at least as demanding

50Ellice Moffitt (unpublished account in private collection of author, Manti, Utah).
as those of the American citizen, and perhaps much more demanding.\textsuperscript{51} The pioneers were temporarily separate from the rest of the nation. In their mountain retreat the Mormon settlers' dependence on the Church leaders continued to increase. Faith that a prophet of God presided at the head of the Church was a very stabilizing influence in the lives of these pioneers. Brigham Young traveled often to the various colonies in order to evaluate needs and give counsel. His leadership strengthened and reassured the Saints. The following incident told by Jabez Faux to his grandson illustrates the faith one pioneer had in the prophet, Brigham Young.

Collected: July 6, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Ferry J. Faux, age seventy-five, formerly a guide on Temple Hill and presently a temple worker.

One day when I was traveling through Salt Creek Canyon with a heavy load of goods, I got stuck. Me horses couldn't pull me out. Along came the bodyguard of Brigham Young, and they said for me to move out of the way. I said, "Hout of the way! How can I move hout of the way when me horses can't pull me hout?"

Soon Brigham Young came. He said, "What's the matter, me boy?"

"Me horses can't pull me hout," I said.

"They will pull you out." Saying that the prophet went on his way.

"Get up," I said, "and they pulled me out of the mud. Now wasn't that a prophesy on me head!"

Visits of the Church authorities, especially of the Prophet, in Sanpete were memorable, for they brought encouragement

\textsuperscript{51}Wallace Turner, \textit{The Mormon Establishment} (Boston, 1966), p. 4.
and instruction. Upon their arrival in Manti, Church leaders were often greeted with much pomp and ceremony. On one occasion when President Young and his company "came near the settlement their ears were saluted with the roaring of cannon on the mountain side, the waving of banners, and the shouts of joyous people." The following account describes another display of affection for the Prophet.

Whenever word was received that President Brigham Young would soon visit Manti, impressive acts were planned to take place at his coming as a mark of respect. It had been announced in church that he would arrive here on a certain date. Spring flowers were in bloom in the field and on the hillside. Young folks gathered the bright wild flowers and their mothers helped the girls weave them into long garlands. Below Temple Hill these were draped from an arch for a sign of WELCOME.

When his carriage was drawn near the arch, children stepped in line on both sides of the road, and as the coachmen drove through the line, wild flowers were tossed on the President's lap and on the road ahead by the hands of those lovely children.

Belief in the leaders of the Church was founded on the pioneers' faith in God. Although the measure of men's testimonies varied according to their righteousness, and were marked by varying degrees of wisdom and simplicity, a forthright and uncomplicated declaration of faith in God, such as the following, was not uncommon.

"The Church officials often sent wagon trains back to the Missouri River to pick up the immigrants and help them on their long trek..." On one return trip, "Lars Peter had a lot of trouble with his wagon. The wheels squeaked and cut the axles, and the wagon pulled so hard that his oxen were practically exhausted. He took the

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52 "Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," April 29, 1851.

53 Moffitt, no pagination.
matter to the Lord in prayer and was inspired to use his rancid bacon to grease the axles. The squeaking stopped, the wheels moved smoothly, and all went well. Lars Peter, in testimony, gave God full credit for this.

He said, "De veels squeaked, de oxen de won't go, und it was a very sad time for me. Vel, I go to de Lord und He inspire me to grease de veels vid bacon grease. Und dis is my testimony dat de Gospel is true."54

Church leaders encouraged members to rely on the Lord for guidance through all problems of life. As the daily concerns of sustenance, protection, and health were taken to the Lord, one can be sure that many resulting efforts were believed to be inspired. Consequently, it was faith in the Lord that was the most significant element of the pioneers' approach to life. This faith is best shown by the settlers' willingness to do what they believed to be service to the Lord. The building of the Temple in Manti exemplifies the spirit and quality of this service.

54Jensen, p. 47.
CHAPTER III

THE FOLK HISTORY OF THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE AND A REFLECTION OF THE TEMPLE'S INFLUENCE

Those tales which have been preserved in the oral tradition do not reveal a logical or full account of the building of the Manti Temple. However, the particular concern of this study is folk history, which will be given primarily as it has been preserved by the folk. Where it is needed, historical material per se will be used to clarify the circumstances surrounding a particular tale.

A common belief of the Mormon people is that God prepares men and land for his purposes. Consequently, it is not unusual that there is a story telling of a boy's vision of the Temple when, years later, the same boy was to figure importantly in the history of the Temple. The daughter of a man who claims to have viewed the Temple before its construction tells the following story.

Collected: April 24, 1965, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Mable Simmons, age 71, the daughter of Lewis Anderson, Temple President 1906-1933. She has served as a temple worker in the Manti Temple.

Once when father was fifteen years old, he rode a load of wood on its way to Moroni. The horses became frightened on a hill and the load of wood was knocked to the ground. Father's words were "I am broken-up in general." He had broken his collar bone, arm, a leg in

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two places, ribs, and a finger. They thought he was dead but he wasn't.

In the early days there were no hospitals, so Father had to lie in bed at home for weeks for all those bones to knit. A nerve doctor set the bones. Father would get very depressed and despondent. His folks had come from the Old Country and they were very poor. Father was afraid he would always be crippled and a burden to them. One day when he was feeling very depressed, a picture came before him. It was a picture of a building. He said it looked as though someone was holding it, but he could not see any hands. It stayed long enough for him to study it. He remembered all the details of the outside of the building. And he didn't have any idea what the building was, because he had never seen a building or picture like it before. Well, it just disappeared, faded away.

Father got well, grew up, married, and went on two missions to the Northern States. When he came home from his last mission, the Temple was ready for dedication. He hadn't seen it during construction. He had lived in Fountain Green for part of the time the Temple was under construction, and he was on a full-time mission the rest of the time. He was called to come as a recorder in the Temple, another missionary calling. When he got to the south side of Ephraim on his way to accept his calling, he saw the Temple. The vision he had long ago all came back to him. He exclaimed, "There is the building I saw when I was a boy!" He came into the Temple that day as a recorder. Later he was called to assist Brother John D. T. McCallister in the Temple Presidency. Still later he served twenty-seven years as president of the Temple.

For almost thirty years the pioneers anxiously awaited the actual building of a temple in their valley. All believed that the Lord directed the building of a temple; therefore, they had to wait for direction from Church headquarters in Salt Lake City before they could begin. According to Frank Cox, son of one of the early pioneers, that direction first came at a Church conference held in Ephraim in the spring of 1875. Five of the leading brethren of the Church were there, and each included in his address the statement that a temple would be built in Sanpete in the very near future. However,
not until April 25, 1877, was the hill above Manti dedicated as holy ground and the site of a future temple.¹ A Manti woman remembers her father telling of his experience on the day of the dedication.

Collected: July 24, 1967, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Florence Peterson Faux, age about 74.
Mrs. Faux is a native of Manti, Utah, and a temple worker in the Manti Temple.

My father, Peter Cornelius Peterson, was twenty-seven years old at the time. He was the son of Canute Peterson, the Stake President of all Sanpete—way south and way north. Being the president of the Stake, all the General Authorities stayed at his home. Brigham Young was there at the time for a stake conference, and of course, my father was his driver. He drove the team and the surrey. During the conference President Young and Warren Snow got up and left the conference. Father, thinking the Prophet might need the team and surrey, followed them out. They came up to the hill where the Manti Temple stands today. Brigham Young put his cane in the ground and said, "This is the spot where the Temple will be built.”

There had been some controversy. Ephraim people wanted it half-way between Ephraim and Manti. But Brigham Young knew that the Angel Moroni had dedicated the hill. He must have known to be so positive and to put his cane down in a certain spot that way.

Then they went back to the conference. I'm sure Brigham Young must have known the hill had been dedicated for the Temple.

Published version of the story:

During the conference, President Young and Brother Warren Snow, the other visiting authority, arose and left the conference. . . .

Peter went to the rig and soon President Young came and climbed in telling Peter to drive them north and up on the side of a hill right on the northeast side of town to a spot that he would show him.

Peter drove them to this designated spot, and here the brethren got out of the surrey.

Taking a shovel from the surrey, President Young thrust it into the ground with his foot, turned over a shovelful of sod and said, "There is where the Manti Temple corner stone will be."

After this, they went back to the surrey and got in and drove back to the tabernacle for the remainder of the conference.

After the conference was over, President Young, and a large following went up onto the hill again, and President Young dedicated the hill for the site of the Temple.2

An account concerning the dedication of the temple site was recorded by Orson F. Whitney in his biography of Heber C. Kimball. The urgency and importance of the building of the Temple is evidenced here.

...At 4 P.M. that day President Brigham Young said: "The Temple should be built on Manti stone quarry." Early on the morning of April 25, 1877, President Brigham Young asked Brother Warren S. Snow to go with him to the Temple hill. Brother Snow says: "We two were alone; President Young said: 'Here is the spot where the Prophet Moroni stood and dedicated this piece of land for a Temple site, and that is the reason why the location is made here, and we can't move it from this spot; and if you and I are the only persons that come here at high noon today, we will dedicate this ground.'"3

In his dedicatory prayer Brigham Young referred to the previous dedication of the hill by the Angel Moroni.4 Many of the Saints in Sanpete believed that the Book of Mormon prophet, Moroni, dedicated the site for the Temple many hundreds of years before. This belief inspired determination

2 Edith P. Christiansen, Canute Peterson: From Norway to America (Provo, Utah, 1953), p. 113.

3 Whitney, pp. 446-447.

4 Cox, p. 1.
and, together with the solemnity of the dedication in 1877, shows that to these Mormon pioneers the building of the Temple was a meaningful and spiritual undertaking.

Five days after the dedication one hundred local men met to begin the work of excavating the hill down to the present level. We are told that only one blast or shot was fired to loosen the hill so it could be plowed and scraped. . . . This work was done either by hand or by ox teams. . . . The minutes of the account state that they used all of the black powder that was available in Utah.5

Two years were spent clearing and leveling the temple site before the cornerstones were placed. "On April 14, 1879, in spite of a threatening sky and rain, a grand parade was held. Then nearly 4,000 people gathered around the temple site, when, in the shadow of the unfurled Stars and Stripes, the cornerstones were laid. . . . During the ceremonies the sun burst through the clouds and covered all with its warmth and brightness. As the last of the people left the hill, rain once more began to fall."6 President John Taylor had laid the southeast cornerstone. Each of the other cornerstones was dedicated and laid by different Church leaders.7

It is significant that almost all the building material for the Temple was found and prepared within the Sanpete Valley or on its steep mountain slopes. The stone, cream-white oolite, came from the Temple Hill itself. Oolite was

5Ibid.


7Interview with Frank M. Cox, Jr., Manti, Utah, April 24, 1965.
"easily worked and hardened after exposure to the air." It took a man a day to shape a stone once it was cut, and each stone had to be squared except for the ornamental stones and drip stones. The latter provided the sculptured pattern of vertical and horizontal lines of the Temple. The drip stones were placed under each window to give protection from drainage during storms. (The outside of the Manti Temple has never needed cleaning during the seventy-eight years since its completion. One only needs to see the temple lighted at night or against a "Wedgwood sky" to appreciate its glowing brightness.) Andrew C. Nielsen, one of the many skillful builders of the Manti Temple, was the only craftsman who knew how to do "peach facing," a skill he had learned in Denmark. This type of facing involves chipping the stones to round them on the front side. The exacting work of handling the stone is evidenced in the following incident.

Collect: Manti, Utah, July 6, 1966.
Informant: Ferry J. Faux, age about seventy-five, temple worker in the Manti Temple.

One of the workers . . . was noted for his keen eyesight. He didn't need instruments to tell him when the work was not being done as well as it should be. One day when the building was about two-thirds of the way to the top, he looked along the side of the building

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8Information in a letter to Dick Merrill from Mrs. Daren Hakleman, research librarian, Utah State Historical Library, Salt Lake City, Utah, October 26, 1963.

9Interview with O. W. Nielsen (a son of a stone mason at the Manti Temple), Ephraim, Utah, April 24, 1965.

10Interview with Virginia Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, April 26, 1965.

11Interview with Barbara N. Bosen (a granddaughter of Andrew C. Nielsen), Springerville, Arizona, January 1, 1968.
and said, "These two top rows are out of line." No questions were asked. The Temple workmen took off the two rows and after checking the stone, replaced them. This was a tremendous job...

According to Frank Cox, who witnessed part of the construction of the Temple, the mortar for setting the stones was made from material found within or near the hill. The old lime kiln was four miles west of the hill in Dodges Canyon. This canyon supposedly contained the best vein of lime in the country. A half cord of wood was needed to burn one load of lime. The spur at the north end of the hill was capped with a very fine grained sandstone. Frank Cox remembers how intrigued he was with the machine which ground the sand. "The rock was pounded into pieces, large at first, and fed into the machine. The machine was made from a set of gears that sent the rock grinding downward through the gears until it was sufficiently smooth for plastering. Rocks needed to be sent through only once." In commenting on the superior materials and workmanship of the Temple, P. C. Peterson said "neither the stone nor the mortar has deteriorated one bit."

The wood for the Temple was taken from the virgin stand of hard red pine in Canal Creek Canyon. In this deep canyon were timbers long enough to reach from the

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12 Interview with Frank M. Cox, Jr., Manti, Utah, April 24, 1965.

13 Interview with P. C. Peterson (who served as a temple guide at the Manti Temple for many years), Provo, Utah, March 15, 1965.

14 Interview with Ivan Dyreng, Ephraim, Utah, May 24, 1965.
foundation of the building seventy-nine feet to the square for scaffolding. The long trees called "stringers" were carved for pillars to be used inside the Temple. The walnut wood used in the banisters of the spiral staircases was the only building material which came from outside the valley.

The Temple even has its own supply of water which comes from a spring east of the hill's crest. In those early days when the Temple was built, the water was piped through hollow timbers tightly bound together. The spring has been in constant use since that time. Although the spring appears to be in a low place, the force of gravity is strong enough to carry the water to the top of Temple Hill. For some reason, the city of Manti never claimed the rights on this water. Finally, the Mormon Church sought the help of a local attorney, Dilworth Wooley, to secure the Temple's permanent use of the water from the spring. Recently these rights were established. The spring still supplies all the water the Temple requires. According to J. Hatton Carpenter and L. R. Anderson, long-time residents of Manti, the flow of the spring has increased with the needs of the Temple.

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15 Interview with Ellice Moffitt, Manti, Utah, July 6, 1966.
16 Cox, p. 1.
17 Interview with Osmond Olsen, Manti, Utah, April 24, 1965.
18 Interview with Dilworth Wooley, Manti, Utah, June 30, 1966.
Those who helped construct the Temple had reason to believe the Lord was watching over them, protecting them from the difficulties and dangers of their labors. Even though many of the men were skilled in such trades as logging, stone cutting, masonry, and carpentry, they did not have adequate tools for their great task. In spite of this and other handicaps, there were no fatal accidents involving workers during the eleven years of construction. Seldom was an injury more serious than a broken ankle. Experiences such as the following probably served to strengthen the morale of the workers.

Collected: April 24, 1965, Manti, Utah.
Informant: L. R. Anderson, age ninety-two,
Past President of the Manti Temple 1943-1959.
He was five years old when construction of the Temple began.

The temple workers set up a sawmill in Canal Creek Canyon east of Spring City. They had an accident; rock skidded down on the snow. They had a snow slide. Oxen and men went under with the snow slide. All you could see of the oxen were the horns sticking out. Couldn't see the men that went under with the oxen. Twenty or thirty minutes later they found him and got him out all right along with the oxen. One other man was covered to his knees with snow and logs.

Collected: May 24, 1965, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Mable Simmons, age seventy-one,
daughter of Louis Anderson and sister of Lewis R. Anderson. Both of these men were presidents of the Manti Temple.
Mrs. Simmons has served as a temple worker in the Manti Temple.

This is a testimony given to me by my first husband's father, Joseph Taylor. He was the son of President [John].

20Ward H. Magleby, teacher, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Manti Seminary Church History class (unpublished MS. "Bits of Pioneer History Relative to Manti," J. Reuben Clark Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, 1947), no pagination.
Taylor, and the time keeper for the Manti Temple. At
the time they were getting rock out of different quarries.
He had to go around every day. He had to check on all
the men. He always went east around the Temple on the
little path that went in front of the quarry. He always
went that way until one morning. He started around the
other way. He came to the first quarry where men were
working way back in the hill. It seems the beams were
weak that held up the sides of the tunnel. He called
the men out of the quarry, and just after he did, the
quarry walls caved in. If he hadn't gone around that
way, he wouldn't have been there in time.

On June 28, 1877, a large rock fell on Daniel
Williams, Wales, Utah. He suffered no broken bones. 21

To the builders' surprise, even the mules laboring
with them appeared to share in the zeal of temple building.

Collected: July 6, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Ferry J. Faux, age about seventy-five, temple
worker in the Manti Temple and long-time
resident of Manti, Utah.

At the Temple two little mules hooked up to a double-
tree were used to hoist rocks to different levels of the
building. One morning the mules were missing from the
stable where they were kept. Every man was sent out to
find them. They looked high and low all over the country-
side, but they couldn't find the little mules. Finally
the men came stringing back. When some of the workmen
reached the Temple, the saw the mules backed-up against
the wall ready to be hooked to the double-tree. "Weren't
they good temple workers," President L. R. Anderson would
always say.

Published version of the story:

There is the story of the Parry mules. It is said
that one morning the mules could not be found. Finally
it was decided to go the Temple hill without them. The
mules were found at Temple hill standing ready to be
"hitched." Evidently they too were serious about the work. 22

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21 Moses F. Farnsworth (unpublished MS., "History of
Manti," Sanpete Stake Record, Salt Lake City, Church Historian's
Office), p. 63.

22 Anderson, p. 46.
The spirit of the workers was evidenced in their humor as well as in their labor. President L. R. Anderson recalls an experience of a lively relative who was engaged in moving broken rock from the hill.

Collected: April 24, 1965, Manti, Utah.
Informant: L. R. Anderson, age ninety-two.
President of the Manti Temple, 1943-1959.

I'll tell you a story about an uncle of mine; he helped haul the stuff. They had camp houses there by the south of the Temple. My uncle, Richard Crowther lived there when he came to work on the Temple. They called Richard "Flying Dickie," because in freighting one time, he got some people to hold his horses. He whipped the horses and went right over. He drove fast.

Once when there was a fire in town, Flying Dickie drove the temple workers in to help put it out. He drove so wildly that he bounced the workers off the wagon rack before they got there.

Then there was the supposed-to-be workman who was always talking and always going for a drink. It was said of him, "It takes more water to run that old windmill than any windmill I ever saw."\(^{23}\)

Those who built the temple received no payment for their labors. On the day the temple site was dedicated, Brigham Young said that "not one penny in wages" would be paid for the work done on the Temple.\(^{24}\)

... it seems to be an established fact that no wage scale, as such, was ever set during the building of the Temple. The Church sent agents to all of the various settlements asking donations from the people for the Temple. These donations were then brought to the storehouse and made available to the workmen. These

\(^{23}\text{Ibid.}\)

\(^{24}\text{Cox, p. 1.}\)
donations were in kind almost exclusively, there being very little money available.25

Brigham Young had put the problem of financing the building of the temple squarely on the pioneers who lived in Sanpete and the surrounding valleys. Their means were limited, but through their frugality and ingenuity, they were able to support the building fund. Families gave commodities and some money, which eventually amounted to the estimated million dollars needed to build the temple. Donations included white pine lumber, beef, pork, chickens, sheep, eggs, butter, wheat, flour, cloth, quilts, overalls, shoes, sox, steel, iron, tools among other items. Everything from a few pennies to 1,117 pounds of meat was carefully recorded in day books, and a receipt along with tithing scripts for the cash value was returned to the giver.26

One such receipt of seventy-five cents for two spring fryers credited to Ellice Moffitt is still in her possession. She was a young girl at the time the Temple was built.27

One of the most regular contributors to the temple fund was the Relief Society, the Church auxiliary for women. In Sanpete the organization was under the leadership of Sarah Peterson, wife of Canute Peterson, who was the Sanpete Stake President and Assistant Superintendent under W. H.

25Information in a letter from A. Bent Peterson, President of the Manti Temple, Manti, Utah, March 7, 1967.


27Interview with Ellice Moffitt, Manti, Utah, July 1, 1965.
Folsom, the architect of the Temple. Sister Peterson initiated the project of "Sunday Eggs," through which the women gave all the eggs their hens laid on Sunday to the temple fund. Although chickens were not plentiful, it seemed that on Sunday they "responded better than on any other day of the week." 28 Hundreds of yards of carpet were woven by the Relief Society for the Manti Temple. 29

Making cheese for the men who worked on the Temple was another project of the women. Ellice Moffitt recalls the method that was used by her mother.

At an early date Mother made cheese. The rennet made for cheese making was the stomach of an unweaned calf washed clean. It was then placed in a strong brine and hung up to dry. Small pieces of this was cut and put into cold water. The water was added to sweet milk to make it curdle. When the cheese was done, it was pressed between boards that had been shaped for this purpose. A heavy weight was placed upon the cheese press. They always kept an extra supply on hand. 30

According to Mrs. Moffitt, this cheese was made from milk that was donated for the use of temple workers. Families with milk cows donated two quarts of sweet milk on Monday. 31

There are accounts of another kind of donation which seemed to come more from inspiration than planning, as the following incidents will illustrate.

28 Interview with P. C. Peterson (a grandson of Sarah Peterson), Provo, Utah, March 15, 1965.

29 Anderson, p. 61.

30 Interview with Ellice Moffitt, Manti, Utah, July 1, 1966.

31 Interview with Ellice Moffitt, Manti, Utah, July 1, 1966.
Collected: July 1, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Ellice Moffitt, age ninety-one.
   Her father helped log the timber for the east tower of the Manti Temple.

We had our picket fence put up all around the place to the northwest. We had saved enough so we could get a few gallons of lindseed oil and white lead in buckets that was mixed for the paint. The authorities sent out for the paint to paint the towers of the Temple, the first coat. We all felt good about that, we felt blessed. My folks had the children interested in all the activities of temple building.

Collected: July 6, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: A. Bent Peterson, President of Manti Temple since 1959.

Brother Jones stood up in meeting one Sunday, and with much sincerity he recounted a story of his donation to the temple agents. He and his young family lived in Emery County, a hard county to settle. When the agents for temple donations came, Brother Jones said he was inspired to give them the lovely cow that provided milk for their baby. He gave them the cow even though the young couple didn't know how they could get milk for their child.

Later that day a neighbor, a bachelor who lived on a farm down the road, came up to tell them that he had a good cow they could have as long as they could use her. The cow gave a lot of sweet milk that he couldn't use, and he thought they might want it for their baby.

Published version of the story:

... There is the story of Brother Jones from over the mountain to the east who, with tears in his eyes, in later years told a meeting at the Temple how Brother Cyrus Wheelock called on him for a donation and he felt impressed to give his only cow for the temple fund and did so despite the need of his family. Just a few hours afterward an angel came in the form of a well-to-do bachelor who asked if they would take his cow and perhaps once in a while he could eat with them.32

Because money was scarce throughout Sanpete during the years of settlement, donations in coin or bills were rare.

32Anderson, p. 46.
According to a resident of Manti for over ninety years, Lewis R. Anderson, there was no bank in Manti until long after the Temple was finished. Because Mr. Anderson bought and sold wool, he had a little money. Men used to ask him to write ten dollar checks for them to use for money. Before some of his checks got back to him they had gone as far south as Panguich and Parawan. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that the builders of the Temple expressed surprise when a stranger with his sheep stopped by Temple Hill and said that he wanted to donate a hundred dollars to the Temple.33

Eleven years after the dedication of the Temple's site, the House of the Lord was completed and ready for dedication. The finished structure stood 179 feet high at the east tower and 169 feet high at the west tower. To the square at sixty-nine feet, the building's dimensions were 171 feet by ninety-five feet. On May 18, 1888, a private dedication was held which was attended by Church leaders. Three days later on May 21, 1888, the doors of the Temple were opened to hundreds of Latter-day Saints who had been interviewed by Church authorities and found worthy to enter the Temple.34

Much of the strength of the pioneers had gone into the building of the great white structure. Consequently, even

33Interview with Lewis R. Anderson, Manti, Utah, April 24, 1965.
34Cox, p. 1.
those who had to travel long distances made the effort to attend. A granddaughter of one of the women whose prayerful desire to attend the dedication was realized recounts the following incident.

In May 1888 the Manti Temple, about sixty miles north of Elsinore, was dedicated. The story was told to me by my mother that my grandmother wanted to go to the dedication, but she had no one to take care of her children. A man whom she had never seen before came to the door and offered to look after them while she was away. Somehow she knew they would be all right and left them in his care.35

The dedication left a lasting impression on those who were in attendance. Approximately 1,500 people could be comfortably seated in the assembly room on the upper floor of the Temple; however, more than 1,700 managed to find places for the five-hour service on May 21. President Lorenzo Snow, who presided over the dedication, gave the dedicational prayer, and several addresses were delivered by Church leaders. Though the meeting was long, no one grew restless.36 The following story reflects the spiritual tone of the meeting that was enhanced by the reverence and attentiveness of those present.

Collected: Manti, Utah, April 24, 1965.
Informant: Mable Simmons, seventy-one, daughter of the fourth president of the Manti Temple. Mrs. Simmons has served as a temple worker in the Manti Temple.

When Father was a boy, there were no schools to send him to. His father sent him to a man in Springville, a

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36Lund, p. 333.
bookkeeper from England. He told the man to teach his son all he knew about bookkeeping. The bookkeeper was a good man. He spoke two languages and served on the Snow College Board of Directors. Father was prepared to serve as the first recorder for the Temple.

The day the Temple was dedicated, he took the stand so he could keep the minutes. At one point when the President was offering a prayer, he hesitated like he didn't know what to say. Father heard the words dictated to him and he had them partly written down when he heard the President say the very same words.

After the service he went to every man on the stand and asked each who dictated to the President when he hesitated, but no one on the stand answered that he had. "But," said my father, "I had the words partly written down when the President spoke them. . . ."

Additional testimony of the presence of the Lord's spirit during the dedication was given by those who heard the heavenly music. A. C. Smyth, a very articulate musician, had just completed a selection from Mendelssohn when voices of an invisible choir were heard. Those who could hear them turned their heads in the direction of the sound, wondering if there was another choir in some other part of the building.

Included in Clair Noall's story, "Woman Heart Is Many Voiced," is her mother's description of the dedication in which she mentions the heavenly choir.

The morning of the dedication the quarry-whitened hill above Manti was darkened with horses, buggies and wagons. Only one third of the people who had arrived could find space within the auditorium. . . .

All about her in the auditorium, she found the perfection of old world artistry—expertly carved, light colored woodwork of lecterns, choir stalls, the railing of the galleries, the spiral staircases. Outside the day was clear. The thunder and the rain of the night had given way. From the farms below the hill, the fragrance of

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37Anderson, p. 42.
meadow grass wafted with the breeze to these heights. Cattle were lowing, sheep bleating. Beyond the scars of the quarry, the natural shrubs had leafed and bloomed. And above the cream colored oolite masonry of the square, the Towers of the Lord rose toward the blue of the sky.

"I was one of those," said my mother, "who heard the heavenly music during the dedication. . . . It was like the voices of angels, or divine choir singing above our heads, and perhaps back of us in the clear high tones. Ethereal . . . And after the meeting," she said, her eyes still rapt, "several people spoke to me of hearing the angelic choir." 38

Frank Cox of Manti is also among those who take pride in having heard the testimonies of the heavenly choir. His aunt who sang in the Manti Tabernacle Choir told him that she heard the heavenly choir as plain as she ever heard her own choir. 39 "Not all who were present at the dedication heard the choir. Probably they were not privileged to hear it." 40

Many years have passed since the Temple was build and dedicated in Sanpete Valley. Today some refer to the "Pioneer Temple" as the most beautiful of all the temples erected by the Mormon Church. However, more important than the Temple's careful construction or beauty is its influence on the lives of people, those who work within its walls, live in its vicinity, and visit its grounds. The work done within

38 Clair Noall, "Woman Heart Is Many Voiced" (unpublished MS. in private file of Thomas E. Cheney, Professor of English, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah), p. 9.

39 Interview with Frank M. Cox, Jr., Manti, Utah, April 24, 1965.

40 Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, July 24, 1967.
the Temple walls is held very sacred by faithful Latter-day Saints, and it is not in the realm of folklore. However, the following stories told by guides who used to talk with visitors on Temple Hill are of the oral tradition of folk history and can be examined as such.

Collected: July 6, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Ferry J. Faux, seventy-five, resident of Manti and a worker in the Manti Temple.
At one time he was a guide on Temple Hill.

The workmen were so accurate when they built the walls of the Temple that you can see a fly as you look along the straight side of the building. Men skilled in stone work and building construction have told the temple guides that such work couldn't be done with tools and machines they had in 1877-1888.

Informant: P. C. Peterson, age eighty-nine, a temple guide for many years.

The hill sloped down. They wanted a square, solid foundation on which to build the temple. It took them two long years with their oxen. A fellow wise-cracked, "Why didn't they wait for the bulldozer?"

"We had the bulls," I told him, "but there wasn't a dozer in the bunch."

Informant: P. C. Peterson, age eighty-nine, a temple guide for many years.

There was a gentleman from Iowa called one day. He was quite thrilled at the beauty of the cream-colored stone. The nearer he got to it, the more impressed he was. Being a builder himself, he appreciated anything that was really good. I took him all around the Temple. He had never seen such well cut stone anywhere. I told him where they got the mortar. They got the lime in the West Mountains and they got the sand someplace else. They mixed them together so the mortar would be perfect. The first thing he remarked about was the wonderful stone cutting. I told him how they got the lime for the stone. They took the bright blue, hard limestone and burnt that. They used wood fuel then because we didn't have coal.
They burned the lime in the kiln and got right nice lime. They burned the lime on the east side. That lime is as hard as the rock and has never deteriorated one bit.

He walked over and looked at the wall. "How could these pioneers make the walls so straight. I've had contractors and they can't do that kind of work. What instruments did they really use?"

I said I only remembered one, the spirit level with the accent on the spirit.

Collected: July 28, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Edna Munk Nielsen, who served as a temple guide at the Manti Temple. She is a resident of Ephraim, Utah, and a granddaughter of a Manti pioneer family.

One day in 1964 Phil Powers, his wife, their three teenage daughters, and his lovely mother toured the Manti Temple grounds under my direction. He was very impressed with the mortar and the kind of rock that had been used. I talked to him for a while and answered many of his questions. While his family was resting, Mr. Powers wrote what I thought was a thank you note. When he finished, he came over and asked me if I would accept the paper. Then he left. But in a few minutes he came back and asked if he could read what he had written to me. I said that I would appreciate it very much. This is what he read:

I saw a temple standing high
Against a peaceful Utah sky
No songs were sung; no prayers were prayed
And yet I stood undismayed.

It seemed I saw in every stone
The soul of people long since gone
Who left a work to know them by
Against a peaceful Mormon sky.

I walked with him and his family to their car, and I asked him for his name. He said they were from Chicago and that he would like to get his family out of that city. Nationality or race was not the problem (Mr. Powers was a Negro), but rather politics and graft.
Collected: July 6, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Ferry J. Faux, age seventy-five, resident of Manti and a worker in the Manti Temple. At one time he was a guide on Temple Hill.

Two Catholics, a man and a woman, stepped up to the guide on Temple Hill one day and took their shoes off. The guide, Maxine Peterson, said, "That isn't necessary."

They put their shoes on again. Soon the guide was interested in some of the other people there. When she met the couple a while later, they had their shoes off again. "I thought I told you that it wasn't necessary to take your shoes off."

The couple answered, "We took them off because we feel we are on hallowed ground."

Collected: July 6, 1966, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Ferry J. Faux, age seventy five, resident of Manti and a worker in the Manti Temple. At one time he was a guide on Temple Hill. The incident he tells reveals the Mormon peoples' belief that spirits of the dead may return to earth for various missions.

One day a couple stopped at the Temple. They were in a hurry to get to California, but they paused to speak to me while I was there substituting for one of the regular temple guides. Soon we were talking about the Gospel. The husband reminded the wife that they must rush to catch their plane, but she wanted to talk awhile. After a good conversation, I asked them if they would like to register their names there in a book on a table outside. She took a pen and wrote down the names. After she wrote, she looked down at the book, and in amazement said, "Why, I have signed the names of my mother and father. They are dead. I've never done that before."

I wonder if her parents weren't near-by.

Collected: April 24, 1965, Manti, Utah.
Informant: Frank M. Cox, age eighty-eight, a native of Manti, Utah, whose parents were pioneers there. Mr. Cox served as a temple guide for many years.

I was on the outside of the Temple waiting my turn to lead a tour around the grounds. There were three of us standing by the engine house waiting for visitors.
When my visitor arrived, he was smoking. I noticed that before I walked over to meet him he put a cigar in the glove compartment of his car.

I said, "Good morning, mister. Is there anything I can do for you?"

He said, "You can tell me why I put my cigar in the dog box!"

I looked at the big redheaded Irishman and said, "This is a Latter-day Saint temple. These grounds have been dedicated to the Lord. When we are here . . . ."

"That's enough, mister," he said. "I just wondered why I put my cigar away. I love a cigar and I've never done that sort of thing with one before. I guess I was prompted."

I asked the man if he would like to get out and walk around the Temple. I told him I would tell him how the building was made. He said he would like that, so we walked west around the Temple.
CHAPTER IV

THE FOLK HISTORY IN RELATION TO AMERICAN AND MORMON FOLKLORE AND AS A SOURCE OF MATERIAL FOR LITERATURE

A collection of early Sanpete folk material is significantly representative of American folklore. Many general characteristics of this regional material are typical of our folklore tradition, whereas some exceptional qualities make it distinctively American. The Mormon Church directed the settlement of Sanpete and is responsible for this double bonding.

Folklore in America has grown up with American history. True, many folklore traditions were grafted from the Old World onto the New; but early in its history along with the development of its own institutions and customs, America developed its own folklore. The accompanying creative energy of the folklore of our country owes much to the Great Adventure with the land itself. In surveying American folklore, Richard Dorson puts it this way:

It is my conviction that the only meaningful approach to the folk traditions of the United States must be made against the background of American history, with its unique circumstances and environment. What other history—or folklore—grapples in the same measure with the factors of colonization, immigration, Negro slavery, the westward movement, or mass culture?¹

¹Richard M. Dorson, American Folklore (Chicago, 1959), p. 5.
Actually there is no other meaningful unification of the folk material of America. Profitable study of traditions that carry into the lore of England, France, Scandinavia, for example, are of use to the student of American folklore, because in them he can discover parallels to credit the universality of his comparatively recent findings. However, according to Dorson, there is no "general theory" of solely American folklore as yet, and the strength of American studies remains in the various regional stores with their distinctive contours.

Mormon folklore shows striking parallels with the broader traditions of American folklore. Dorson goes so far as to say, "Alone among American regional groups, the Mormons have developed much of their folklore from stirring events in American History."\(^2\) Of these events named by Dorson the Mormons were active and dramatic participants in three: the westward movement, colonization, and immigration. During the years when the frontier with its explorers, adventurers, pioneers, and Indians was of national interest and concern, the Mormons made the largest exodus of any single organized group. In Utah they established settlements which became the crossroads of the West. The historic background of the legend, "This is the place," the story of the Seagulls and the Crickets, the accounts of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, and the driving of the Gold Spike were all moments in Mormon history that registered on the national

\(^2\text{Ibid., p. 113.}\)
scene. Mormonism fostered immigration, welcoming converts from Scandinavia, England, and Germany and other countries. Perhaps nothing the Church did was more in keeping with American tradition than the welding of the different cultural, material, and educational backgrounds of these many nations. In a spirit that has come to be known as American, the pioneers and immigrants worked together in a surprising unity encouraged by their religion.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints "shares with the Christian Science the distinction of being the most striking indigenous major American religion," according to Stow Persons, one of a number of contemporary historians who ascribes much importance to the movement.

To see the scope of the relationship of Mormonism and the "American Dream," one must consider the motivation of the founding fathers: "... the belief that they were creating a new government and acting out a providential pageant in the promised land." The Mormon pioneers were no less inspired when they trekked west to reclaim freedom of religion. Folklore, however, does not dwell on inspiration alone; it relies on environment and social relationships. The conditions which accompanied the development of colonial folklore were quite similar to those which prompted the Mormon folklore. In the

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colonies, according to Dorson, three special themes were supplied by the American setting:

The land itself, with its strange denizens and luxuriant, unfamiliar growths, furnished the stuff of sensational reports. The savages who inhabited the land reveled in barbarous customs and diabolical sorceries astounding to the Europeans. And the hazards of life in a wilderness providentially governed by God as his special preserve inspired awesome "relations."  

Variations of these same themes appeared in Utah folklore about one and a half centuries later when the Mormon pioneers were struggling to subdue the land which was still partly occupied by the unpredictable Ute and Sanpitch Indians. Whereas New England colonists took special interest in the "strange denizens" and unfamiliar aspects of the land, the Mormon Pioneers gave more attention to the streams, edible plants, and potential building materials. Brigham Young instructed the Mormons to settle on every spring and creek and claim the water. "The land was the thing" even though it had to be shared with the Indians who were still restless in the presence of white men. In the eyes of the Saints the role of the Indian varied from that of compatriot to that of fiercest enemy. Despite Brigham Young's strong advocation that "It's better to feed them than fight them," conflicts arose. The two Indian wars of Walker and Black Hawk hindered the efforts of the pioneers toward more peaceful relations.

5Dorson, p. 9.

6Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, July 24, 1967.
The third theme mentioned by Dorson, which concerns the supernatural, is of special importance in Mormon folklore. By the middle of the eighteenth century, Calvinism had long since ebbed, as had most other influences supporting the evidence of the supernatural. But in Utah a new belief in divine intervention and providence prevailed among the Saints. Dorson sees this belief as a source of folklore:

Mormon theology invited folklore of the supernatural with strong commitment to intuitive knowledge and extrasensory experience. The church dogmas supported the reality of spirits and miracles, the rewards of prayer and zeal, the genuineness of inspiration, and the uniqueness of the Saints in the eyes of the Lord.

These three themes of Dorson's reappear clearly in the folk history of Sanpete. The folk material often deals in one way or another with the land. The pioneers had little choice as to whether or not they would work the land, because having brought relatively few goods with them, the land became a primary resource. Hence the processes involved in home industry, building and farming were directly influenced by what raw materials could be found in the immediate vicinity of the valley. Dorson says that "in the folk region, people are wedded to the land; the land holds memories." This is especially significant in Sanpete Valley, which produced more grain than any other city or settlement.

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7 Dorson, p. 39.
8 Ibid., p. 115.
9 Ibid., p. 75.
in the territory of Utah.\textsuperscript{10} Crops were important, but so were the gardens. "Everyone had a big garden in those days."\textsuperscript{11} The land was used in another way when it served the needs of the builders. Limestone from the quarries, red pine from the mountains became framework and finish for homes as well as for church buildings. More significant, however, was the building of the Manti Temple. Rock, timber, and lime of the area were skillfully combined in a most outstanding structure, the construction of which was well underway within a mere thirty years after the first company of pioneers arrived in the valley in 1849 to establish a settlement. The fact that most of the building materials were local is a special point of pride with many of the residents in Sanpete, and they can tell one just where in the valley the various materials were found. Consequently, the stories and incidents surrounding the building of the Temple have remained in oral tradition.

Experiences with the Indians provided material for every settler's conversation, hence for the oral history of Sanpete. Difficulties with the Indians continued throughout those early years and examples of these difficulties appear in this collection. Chief Walker's proposal of marriage to Mary Lowry (p. 40) and Adelia Sidwell's quick thinking that saved her baby's life (p. 41) are two accounts which show the unpredictable balance of life with the Indians.

\textsuperscript{10}\textit{Western Train," Deseret News}, October 19, 1859, in Anderson, p. 57.

\textsuperscript{11}Interview with O. W. Nielsen, Ephraim, Utah, July 24, 1967.
Finally, and more importantly, the pioneers believed their experiences were often prompted or altered by a beneficent God, and that their own efforts had even more spiritual than temporal significance. True, many of their immediate concerns were with food, clothing, and shelter, but beyond these, the settlers wanted to live in harmony with Church doctrine, with the gospel which they believed had been restored to the earth. This desire influenced daily activities and personal contacts. Gifts of health, land, and time were respected and talents developed. There was more than a practical value in doing something well. With what B. A. Botkin, a seasoned folklorist, calls "mind skills, and hand skills" the pioneers labored to improve upon their blessings. As a result, attitudes were formed that provided a spiritual reserve to steady the settlers in times of difficulty. Because spirituality permeated the lives of many of the settlers, it is not surprising that accounts of divine intervention and premonition became traditions to be handed on with pride. Needless to say, the Manti Temple since early in its construction has been a source of accounts of the supernatural.

The folk material from Sanpete that tells of land, Indians, and the supernatural is only part of the oral tradition of the area. However, these themes serve to reflect the earlier themes of Mormon folklore and of the original

colonies. The individual stories may fade in time despite the fact they have been favored enough to come into an oral tradition. Even though the stories belong to an era with antique appeal, many of them now lie hidden in family histories, old newspapers, journals, and memories. What will persist despite time, death, and the buffetings of a modern world are the basic patterns such as premonition, providence, improvisation, and divine intervention.

The patterns of these stories reappear under similar circumstances. No longer do Mormon women make their own soap, grow all their own food, weave their own clothes; and only a few of the men build their own houses. Of course, there are no Indian raids to fear. However, Church members are called upon by their leaders to perform in ways that call for spirituality, endurance and a variety of skills. Accounts of the accomplishment of difficult tasks often accompanied by evidences of divine intervention belong to the oral tradition of a group of Latter-day Saints. It is not uncommon for the sincere participants at the dedication of an L.D.S. temple or chapel to relate occurrences of divine manifestations. Nor is it unusual for a man to tell of a personal revelation or premonition that has come to him in time of need.

Traditions grow out of the repetition of patterns in a culture, and as such, according to Levette J. Davidson, "... are the inherited explanations, attitudes, and responses orally transmitted as a part of folk education. They may
concern events, objects, people, places, or behavior patterns." Because the folk of Sanpete continue to be proud of their heritage, retelling of various incidents are intended to impress, inspire, and educate listeners. According to Stith Thompson, the term "folktale"

... is legitimately employed in a broad sense to include all forms of prose narrative, written or oral, which have come to be handed down through the years. In this usage the important fact is the traditional nature of the material. In contrast to the modern story writer's striving after originality of plot and treatment, the teller of a folktale is proud of his ability to hand on that which he has received. He usually desires to impress his readers or hearers with the fact that he is bringing them something that has the stamp of good authority, that the tale was heard from some great story-teller or from some aged person who remembers the good old days.14

Although Mormon folklore has not the longevity enjoyed by some other regional folk material, it definitely has tradition.

B. A. Botkin says that

A tradition derives its strength and being from a sense of group identity, on one hand, and a sense of historical continuity, on the other. And since local history, legend, speech, and folkways give what Whitman calls "that taste of identity and locality which is so dear in literature, .. ." they are basic in regional traditions.15

Folklore, the rich accumulation of tradition, is the grass roots of a country's literature, because it holds the basic strength and the design of the writing of many serious artists. William Butler Yeats, whose poetry is filled


15Botkin, p. xxiii.
with allusions to folklore of his native Ireland, believes that "local customs, local characters, local songs and stories, local expressions gave the landscape its 'look' more than the sun or the moon did."  

"All poetry,' he writes, 'should have local habitation when at all possible. We should make poems on the familiar landscapes we love, not the strange and glittering ones we wonder at."  

Richard Ellman believes that by landscape "Yeats meant more than a collection of inanimate natural objects. As soon as locality became important to him, he sought out all the imaginative connections with the places that he could find."  

Folklore is an audible heartbeat of man's feeling for life. Its expression, which both suffers and is enhanced by repetition and consequent alteration, often displays the marks of pure artistry. For example, the quality of universality is born with and retained usually without conscious awareness by the folk.  

A universality which invites identification of many people with this collection of Mormon pioneer folk material is evident in an examination of particulars, the concrete universals found in stories and descriptions of folk industries and traditions "... that belong to the folk everywhere... ."  

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17Ibid.  
18Ibid.  
19Botkin, p. xxiv.
Yeats, according to Ellmann, was "... like many modern artists (in that), he assumed that the more primitive a person or expression, the more certain to be universal."²⁰ The folk, in spite of what Yeats calls their "endless abundance,"²¹ stay close to the essentials of life, and these form the broad universal base for regional folklore.

The following represent the universal motifs that are found in this collection:

The belief in divine intervention, in providence, appears in the folklore of all people and especially in that of a religiously oriented people.

The Calvinistic theory of providences gave universal folklore motifs direct and special application to American history, which commenced indeed under providential direction. Besides the miracles of the dieties, other folk beliefs, in dreams, signs, apparitions, enchantments, were brought within the concept of providences.²²

Various accounts of divine intervention appear throughout the folk history of Sanpete and the Manti Temple. Such stories as: the farmer's donation of a cow to the Temple agents (p. 66), a boy's vision of the Temple before its construction (p. 53), the appearance of pig weed during the time of need (p. 25), the deliverance from the rattlesnakes (p. 7), God's protection of the temple workers from accident (p. 61), and the dedication of Temple Hill

²¹Ibid., p. 88.
²²Dorson, pp. 30-31.
by the Angel Moroni (p. 55) are evidence that indicate the reality of divine intervention as an element in the lives of many of the settlers of Sanpete.

Akin to divine intervention and of special interest in Mormon folklore is the legend of the Three Nephites which Dorson describes as belonging exclusively to Mormonism. In Dorson's words:

One Supreme legend arose soon after the establishment of the Church of Latter-day Saints in Utah, which came to symbolize the whole Mormon experience. In time of distress, physical or spiritual, one, two, or three elderly strangers appeared at a Mormon home or by the roadside or even in the desert, proffering aid to a Saint. ... The ubiquitous three, who usually materialized singly, devoted their powers to humble, individual cases, making no attempt to interfere with divinely foreordained persecutions and martyrdoms. 23

One story in this collection belonging to the tradition of the "Three Nephites' Visits" is that of the woman whose children were cared for by a kindly stranger while she attended the dedication of the Manti Temple (p. 68).

Closely related to the matter of divine intervention and providence are the explanations of memorable or unusual experience from Biblical reference. This tendency to refer to the experiences of Old Testament people is shown by the likening of pig weed near Temple Hill to the "manna" of Israel's wilderness and by the comparing of the protection of the pioneers from snake bite to the deliverance of Daniel in the lion's den. Not emphasized in this collection, but still prevalent in Mormon pioneer lore, is the equating of their

23Ibid., p. 115.
move to the West to the Biblical exodus to a promised land, the Mormon people under Brigham Young, Israel under Moses.

Mormon people sought expression of aesthetic values. During the earliest years in the colonization period the pioneers of Manti planted trees to beautify each lot or yard. The Temple, built by skilled craftsmen who used the finest material available, stands as a symbol of their aesthetic interest in beauty and simplicity. Its graceful lines flow upward, filling the onlooker with reverent appreciation.

In the early years in Sanpete much had to be done with limited resources. For example, the solutions to the needs of food and clothing were conservative, yet varied. Such measures as unpicking threads from a ragged quilt (p. 33), using home remedies (p. 26), and salvaging the layer of residue from the bottom of a batch of homemade soap (p. 18) illustrate the frugal habits of the pioneers. The accounts of Sarah Peterson's wheat crop (pp. 30-31), the Henry rifle for the Nielsen boys (p. 31), and the reliance on cooperation and donations in the building of the Manti Temple (pp. 64-66), give additional insight into the frugal nature of these people that is typical of a pioneering group.

Among the most prominent elements of a culture are its home industries and economies. According to Dorson, "Each regional complex contains its one genius, inclining perhaps toward material folk crafts, . . . depending on the historical, ethnic, and geographical elements that have
shaped its character.24 (In his book, American Folklore, Dorson discusses the Utah Mormons in the context of five richest regional areas of American folklore). The home industries of Sanpete described in this collection are varied yet simple. Soap, starch, soda, breads, home remedies, and homespun cloth represent some of the staples produced in the settlements. The pioneers' ability to provide for their own needs enabled them to extend production to supply the greater demands of building a temple.

Finally, the settlers had to match wits with nature and with the Indians daily in order to survive. The pioneers' uses of medicinal plants, methods for dealing with the Indians, and skills in handling the raw materials of the valley demonstrate the vigor of their struggle. Specific incidents which illustrate further the pioneer effort tell of the measures taken to protect crops from hordes of grasshoppers (p. 40), action of a resourceful pioneer girl who refused a proposal of marriage from Chief Walker (p. 40), and the building of a super-plow for use in irrigation (p. 38).

Among other popular folk motifs found in this collection are the Danish numskull, the folk hero (Brigham Young), and the homely philosopher.

The following two stories are a sampling of the use writers have made of the folk material of Sanpete and the Manti Temple.

\[24\] Ibid., p. 75.
"A Veil Is Drawn"
from
Miracle of the Mountains
Truth More Fascinating than Fiction
by
William H. Peterson

Toward the close of a bright spring day in 1851, while the families were still living in their warm dug-outs in the south side of the gray hill, they were aroused from their haven of temporary security by an ominous warning. The hill, which had provided protection against the bitter blasts of winter, suddenly assumed a threatening aspect.

Throughout the hours of this eventful day, the rays of the warm spring sun penetrated the rocky surface of the hill. As the last of the warm rays were cut by the western mountains, the unsuspecting pioneers were startled by weird hissings that seemed to come from the bowels of the earth. Horror was on the faces of the women, and in the eyes of the little children there was fear—pathetic and helpless. Alert and ready to protect their families, the men prepared quickly to meet a foe, which had appeared unexpectedly in great numbers.

From the cracks and crevices in the rocky hill, from holes in the ground and from caves under the slabs of stone crawled hundreds of long, gaunt, spotted-backed rattlesnakes, hungry and eager to strike. Hissing weirdly, and with rattlers in constant motion, they bared their poison fangs and moved in a fearful wreathing mass into the little settlement for the kill. Hideous as an Octopus, this army of snakes, released by the heat of the spring sun from the comatose state, alert and eager to strike, hunted out their human enemies and engaged them in one of the strangest battles recorded in history.

The life-and-death struggle which ensued continued through the darkness of several nights, lighted here and there by flickering pine-knot torches, for the snakes retreated into their holes at dawn, and then returned to the attack at dusk. With the weapons at hand the settlers fought the loathsome invaders. The night rang with shouts of caution and encouragement as the defenders struck death blows with stones, clubs, knives and guns, while the attacking reptiles, poison hidden under their flashing fangs, hissed as they coiled and struck.
In the darkness, snakes crawled everywhere. On the south slope of the gray hill they lay in coils on the paths; they crawled under the woodpiles, into the dwarfed underbrush and under wagon boxes. Into the dug-outs, hissing, they moved, where they coiled in wood-boxes, tool-boxes, cupboards and beds. To seek out these fearsome intruders, the men carried the torches; and in the flickering light of these crude beacons, they strove to annihilate them. On the precipitous, loose surface of the rocky hill, they slipped and stumbled, often bruising themselves. As they bound up their bruises, their determination to subjugate and bring under control this wild, uncrowned region grew stronger. The rocky hill, which appeared to hinder their progress, was in reality a severe but beneficient taskmaster, for it aroused in them an invincible determination to fight the battles of pioneer life and win.

After the first night of the nauseating conflict, three hundred gaunt, spotted-backed rattlesnakes lay dead. For several nights the unusual encounter continued, until the hordes of reptiles were exterminated, and marvelous as it may be, not a man, woman nor child was bitten. Grateful for the outcome of this experience, which had impressed them with the fact that success in the work of building their zion could only be won by eternal vigilance, the Saints gave thanks to God for their deliverance from this terrible menace.

The pioneers had overcome the rattlesnakes, but a veil had been drawn between them and the gray hill, from whose rocky bosom the plague had issued. The hill, with its caves and holes, was no longer an alluring refuge. The valley was green, and it beckoned charmingly. Accepting the invitation, the settlers moved away from their protecting "dug-outs."²⁵

"The Story of the Gray Hill"
by
Florence N. Bagnall

The Master Artist who molded the Wasatch Mountains surrounding Sanpete Valley, must have loved beauty and put an extra measure of it in His work that day. He made these mountains high and strong and rugged. He remembered to garment them with blue pine forests, with groves of slim, graceful aspen and scarlet maple patches. He strung crystal ribbons of water along their arms and pinned white columbines and blue bells high upon their grassy heads. In the midst of this beauteous creation He carved out a "Queen's Throne" or a "Bishop's Chair." As he tapered them off near Manti, He carelessly left a mound of ivory stone jutting out into the valley. Many days and seasons covered the stone mound with gray alkali dust of the valley bottom. A few scrub cedars and pine crept out of the lower canyons and stood upon this plain, gray hill; because from its summit they could see the whole valley.

One day a young Nephite came to the valley purposely to visit the small gray hill. He stood very quietly upon its crest. The hill felt the warmth and power of his magnetic person. He was a prophet of God! His fair hair shown gold in the sunlight, and his face was serene with the spirit of revelation.

This prophet, Moroni, knelt and brushed the dust from off the hill's face and withdrew a chip of white oolitic limestone. He smiled happily as he examined it. Then he bowed his head in prayer and dedicated the hill to become a home of a sacred temple of God.

Many years passed. Seasons of eternal snows and thawing winds swept the hillside. A few more cedars came out of the deep canyons to keep watch.

Only the Red men visited the gray hill. They built their fires upon it, strewed their litter across it, and wandered on to better hunting grounds.

To the gray hill, time did not darken the memory of the Nephite's visit, but centuries of waiting did bring discouragement and disquieting fears. Hope seemed almost lost. Winter, spring, autumn. Another year, and then another autumn came to deck the great Wasatch mountain in scarlet, gold, and purple.
It was another November. A crisp Indian summer day. The grey hill, wide-eyed with wonder, saw in the distance a caravan of strange people approaching. The caravan wormed across the valley and drew halt under the foot of the plain, gray hill.

There was much disagreement as to the location of their camp site. Father Morely, the leader, insisted he was acting upon Brigham Young's instruction. They should make camp near the gray hill.

When all were asleep late that night, the cold breath of winter came out of the West. It licked its hoar frost over all life in the valley, turning the enchanting colors of autumn to withered blackness, much as fire would char.

This accomplished, the clouds sent down an ermine blanket of snow to shroud the death of summer. Everything in the valley lay cold and white--everything, except the watchful cedars on the gray hill. They stood green and fragrant.

Next day, Father Morley led his people to the hill. They tore great holes under her ribs and dug out warm homes for the whimpering children and the purple-lipped women.

All through the winter the gray hill felt the warm glow of hearth fires inside her. She heard laughter, weeping and praying. Praying that sounded reverent as the Nephite's dedication.

On bright winter days the children pulled their handmade sleighs upon the crown of the hill, and with shrieks of merriment slid down its rough, unkempt face. Winter waned. Days began to lengthen and warm. The gray hill became worried and fretful. It knew when spring came that rattlesnakes would crawl from its thousand crevices. The snakes would challenge the dug-out homes of these pioneers. The hill was helpless to give aid. She could only hide her ugly, muddy face and bear this humiliation. Would her promised destiny never be fulfilled? When the dreaded day came, these valiant men and women met the challenge of the poisonous fangs and slew the snakes by the hundreds. No one was bitten or injured.

Soon the Indians came to torment and kill. The pioneers found their dug-out homes insufficient protection. They needed to build walls eight feet high and two feet thick. When built, the walls saved many lives when Chief Blackhawk was on the war path.
Twenty-seven years passed. The colony grew. The grey hill supplied the stone for new homes built by the settlers. It furnished entertainment and pine nuts for the children. With all the new changes and scenes it remembered the Nephite dedication.

Today this memory was vivid. Today was April. Springtime always brought new hope. Today the mountain air was filled with wild flower fragrance and mating songs of the birds. During the night a gentle rain washed the valley to sparkling brightness. The warm morning sun called from out the earth its verdant green carpet and spread it wide as if to welcome a nobleman's coming. Today, April 25, 1877, the gray hill felt the footsteps of another prophet.

It listened as Brigham Young told his companion, Warren S. Snow, "Here is the spot where the Prophet Moroni stood and dedicated this piece of land for a temple site. That is the reason why the location is made here, and we cannot move it from this point. Today, at high noon, we will dedicate this ground."

Five days later construction began. For two years the workers tore, blasted and dug into the hill. When the foundation was laid, deep and secure, the temple grew like an exquisite white flower from out of the depths of the hill.

Out of the hearts, out of the foodstuffs, out of the labors of these people, the temple was built. An egg here, a young calf there, a bushel of wheat gleaned by a widow--it all added up over the years to one million dollars.

Eleven years, the gray hill waited to see the delicate towers of the temple patterned against the sky. At the sight of it, when finished, the heart of gray hill burst wide open with joy and let forth a flow of clear, pure spring water. Lawns, trees, shrubbery, and flowers could then be planted. The spring watered them to thrifty growth.

Thousands came to visit "Temple Hill" before the dedication. On dedication day an invisible angel choir came to sing a song of praise.

Viewing the folk material of this collection as a whole, one can get a feeling of what pioneer life must have been like in the Sanpete Valley during the colonization of the territory of Utah. At the conclusion of this study it is important to note that although there are universal elements in the collection, the lore is that of an insular society. Such lore resists change and thus becomes a source of traditions. Local events have become legend and folkways have hardened into custom. In Sanpete the stabilizing elements of land, of religion, and of mutual dependence helped give identity to the people. Significant is the simplicity of the accounts of storytellers and folk historians represented in this collection. Their narratives are usually unembellished by exaggerations or elaborate descriptions. For example, little attention is called to the difficulty of such arduous and time-consuming tasks as making a year's supply of soap from lime and fat, baking fourteen to forty loaves of bread in an outdoor oven, or chiseling a stone a day for use in the building of a great temple. The unassuming directness of the accounts is representative of this folk material as a whole. The collected lore is a modest illustration of a rich tradition. America's literary reserve would be diminished for its passing unrecorded.
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An Abstract of
A Thesis
Presented to the
Department of English
Brigham Young University

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts

by
Barbara Lee Hargis
May 1968
ABSTRACT

For some time I have been collecting folk material of the pioneers of Sanpete County, Utah, and their subsequent building of the Manti Temple. A few of the county's senior citizens witnessed part of the construction in the late 1870's and 1880's and the dedication in 1888 of the Temple. Many more are descendants of men and women who were directly involved in the building of the Temple and in the early work done there after its construction.

The stories that these people tell are significant. A collection of them represents a rich folk history of a religious, pioneering people who, in spite of their lack of material possessions, sacrificed to donate in coin and in kind a million dollars and eleven years of labor to build a House of the Lord. Many of their descendants have continued maintenance and ordinance work with similar zeal. Lives that are influenced by this particular building seem buoyed up and intensified by the tremendous task thereby incurred. This commitment, an eternal commitment for the Mormon people, is exemplified in the oral history and folklore that continues to live.

The organization of the collection and its accompanying historical accounts and critical evaluation take the
following order: the settlement of the Sanpete Valley as it reflects the character of the builders of the Manti Temple; the folkways and customs of the construction period as revealed in oral tradition and folk history; the folk history of the construction of the Temple and temple guide stories; and finally, the collection in relation to American and Mormon folklore and as a source of material for literature.

This collection of folk history and oral traditions is of value because it preserves the pioneer culture for future generations. Also, it serves as a ballast to the ever-moving tradition of American literature, for it recalls a significant saga of vigorous physical, mental, and particularly spiritual accomplishments instrumental in the building of the nation.
This abstract of a thesis, by Barbara Lee Hargis, is accepted in its present form by the Department of English of Brigham Young University as satisfying the abstract requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

January 26, 1968
Date

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