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Courtesy of Bonnie Jean Bacon Feser (see cover sheet)

THE PIONEERS

BY

CLARA HONOR PORTER HOFF SMITH

I'D LIKE TO SPEAK FOR THE PIONEERS

THAT LIVED HERE FIRST IN OUR LAND SO DEAR.

THEY CAME A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

IN THE GOLDEN MONTH OF SEPTEMBER GLOW.

THOSE FAMOUS PIONEER WAGONS OF 1»63

SLOWLY ROLLING ONWARD TO A LAND THAI' ^

KNOW AS BEAR LAKE VALLEY, BEAUTIFUL AND
BLESSED.

THE LAKE, THE SAND, THE WOODED HILLS,

A PLACE OF PEACE AND REST.

ONWARD WAS THEIR MOTTO

AS THEY FACED THE VAST UNKNOWN.

WITH TRUST IN GOD THEY JOURNEYED ON

TO FIND A PLACE FOR HOME.

THEY GAZED AT THE FAR HORIZON

BUILDING DREAMS FOR THE FUTURE AHEAD.

THEY WORSHIPPED, THEY LAUGHED,

THEY WORKED AND PLAYED.

IN TEARS THEY BURIED THEIR DEAD.

THE PIONEER CABINS WERE BUILT SO STRONG.

SOME STANDS TODAY THOUGH THE TIMES BEEN
LONG.

CORRALS AND BARNs, THEIR SPRING HOUSES
TOO,

WHERE FLOWED COOL WATER LIKE MORNING
DEW.

THERE THE MILK CROCKs SIT IN THE COOL DEEP
SPRING,

STORES OF HOMEMADE BUTTER, CHEESE, AND
MOST ANYTHING

IT WAS THEIR FRIDGE IN THOSE DAYS OF OLD.

IT WAS THE ONLY WAY THEN TO KEEP THINGS
COLD.

THE TRAILS THAT THEY LEFT ARE STILL FAINTLY
THERE,

IN PLACES NOW UNUSED BUT ONCE PICKED OUT
WITH CARE

WINDING UP SOME HILL THROUGH THE SOD AND
THE SAND,

TO THEIR FARM THAT WAS ONCE A FRONTIER
LAND.

NOW THE LANDSCAPE HAS CHANGED WITH OUR
MODERN SKILL

WHERE BROAD HIGHWAYS ROLL WITHOUT THE
HILLS.

WHERE WE DASH WITH SPEED IN OUR MIGHTY
RUSH

SO WE MISS THE SIGNS THEY HAVE LEFT FOR US.

THOSE WINDING DUSY ROADS OF

WAGON WHEELS ARE SYMBOLS OF

AN ERA THAT THE MARCH OF

TIME CONCEALS. SO WE PAUSE

AND PAY OUR TRIBUTE TO THOSE

NO LONGER HERE. WE LIFT OUR

HEARTS IN GREATFUL PRAISE

TO OUR NOBLE PIONEERS.

Image #1An illustration of a pioneer wagon being
pulled by two oxen.By Clara S.