Art & Heritage:
The Summit County Fine Arts Collection
Summit County is a place of unsurpassed beauty, long acknowledged as an exceptional place to live, work and play. Summit County is also a place of great art. For decades artists have found their muse in the exquisite scenery, rich history and spirited citizenry of Summit County. Every year the Summit County Council selects an artwork at the annual Summit County Fair Art Show to become part of the Summit County Arts Collection. Over the years, this collection has grown through Fair Awards, purchases and generous donations by Summit County residents.

The Summit County Arts Collection is an intersection of art and history. The biographies of the artists contained in these pages celebrate our rich and varied populace. In addition to the adults profiled in this catalogue, youth artists are profiled. Several artists were actually of high school age when they created their art, which is a testimony to our exceptional art instructors in our Summit County school systems.

The mission of the Summit County Public Art Advisory Board is to celebrate and unite Summit County residents through public art. We commend the Art Board for documenting our county’s fine arts collection and celebrating our county’s artists. With this catalogue the County Commissioners affirm their belief that the aesthetic nature and charm of Summit County is further enhanced by the arts and an awareness of the visual arts.
A camper emerges from his tent in a meadow at the base of Red Castle in the High Uinta Wilderness. The peaks of Red Castle are particularly vibrant in the dawn sunrise against the brilliant blue of the sky. Though it seems to be early summer, the morning seems cold—snow lines the crevasses of the mountain, and snow fields blanket portions of the scree on the talus cones at the base of the formation. The meadow and trees are a beautiful emerald against the primary colors of the mountain and sky. The tent and hiker seem to be experienced— the tent a hunched, efficient bunker, the hiker up early to begin his day on the mountain.

Cordell Andersen is a lifelong explorer and Utah wilderness buff. Born in Ames, Iowa in 1936, Andersen spent a good deal of his early life in Albany, California, before moving with his family to Provo, Utah. He was an athletic kid, playing football and running track before an injury kept him sidelined. He attended BYU as a geology major before going on a mission to Guatemala. He became an avid wilderness explorer, having hiked thousands of miles in the High Uinta Wilderness, documenting his travels and photographing his adventures. Andersen is an avid blogger, generously breaking trail for those that would follow in his footsteps.

In a fairytale-like charcoal illustration, a young girl walks across the snow in a pair of wooden snowshoes. The scene is drawn in a lovely, stylized hand, with delicate linework in the dress and face of the girl, and looser, more expressive markmaking in the background. The girl looks down at the ground in a seemingly pensive or contemplative mood. Behind her, the artist has used fast, sharp marks to create the feel of a dark winter wood. The girl's short dress and bare arms lend her an extra sense of vulnerability and innocence—she looks slightly underdressed for her sport. With both its sweetness and ominousness, the scene feels as if it could be a plate from a book of fairy tales, an illustration from a folktale or fable.

Rendered by an artist long since forgotten, this charcoal drawing is of North Summit High School English and P.E. teacher Maurine Spriggs. This was long before Ms. Spriggs would teach countless Summit County residents grammar and dancing, back when she wore short sleeves to go out snowshoeing, when she was just a little girl.
In Micheaux Brock’s lovingly rendered landscape, a dusky valley is washed in rich evening jewel tones. Amethyst farm houses and barns rest in a rolling emerald meadow. Charmingly decrepit fence posts—long since missing their rails—lean haphazardly along a path that ambles across the span of the composition. The trees are energetically painted in quick impressionist strokes of branches and trunks. They also have a gem-like palette of peridot and tourmaline with a smattering of them starting to change to deep amber as the valley begins to take on autumnal hues. Rising up in the background, the mountains echo the colors of the trees, fields, and structures below, and the whole scene has the richly-saturated feel of a dream or treasured memory.

A Utah native, Micheaux Brock spent her early childhood years in Holladay and Murray. Her family dreamed of living in the country, though, and decided to move to Coalville when Brock was in middle school. She and her four siblings loved growing up in Summit County and it was while in middle school—in Mrs. Bate’s eighth grade art class—that she first fell in love with painting. She then took every class she could with Hannah Wilde all through high school. In her current practice, Brock says she’s very driven by color. “I get inspired by things I love, like my kids, flowers, outdoors—colorful things all around me.” She likes to work in graphite, colored pencil, and acrylic, as well as her preferred medium: watercolor.

One of Summit County’s first notable artists, George Beard was born December 21, 1854 in Whaley Bridge, in Derbyshire, England not far from Sherwood Forest. In 1868, at the age of 14, he came to America with a group of Mormon immigrants, and then made his way out west. As a teenager, Beard worked on his sister’s husband’s farm—the tidy farm in Echo Canyon that’s pictured in his painting. He would contemplate the Witch Rocks as he worked on the land. He found the formations fascinating, and returned years later to paint them. An artist since childhood, Beard continued to paint even as he helped work to build his new community in Summit County. He loved the Uinta Mountains and painted many studies of the beautiful landscape of his new home. George Beard died in Coalville in 1944.
There is a mood of triumph in Clark Bronson's watercolor painting of a bald eagle with his catch. He perches on an ancient-looking twist of tree, the dead wood twining in silky spirals under the eagle's talons. The bird has just pulled a cutthroat trout from the water—the fish a colorful ombre of pink, yellow, and blue. Beyond the eagle, in the distance, a range of mountains flank the bay or lake in the background. Wisps of clouds hug the mountain range, and large drifting stratus texture the blue sky.

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Clark Bronson's illustration of a grazing bison is richly detailed in both linework and emotion—the scene gives just enough of a context around the animal to feel like a compressed story. The bison grazes a small patch of grass in an otherwise empty page. The skull of the bison's brethren in the foreground adds to the stark mood of the vignette. The animal's head and face are mostly in shadow, though the sun beats down on his back. One wonders what timeframe the artist was imagining for this scene—is it contemporary, with the bison on a preserve? Or was it at the end of the bison's reign on the prairie? Or is it set further back in time, and this animal is simply at the end of a harsh winter with miles of land to forage in all directions.

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A big, hearty brown trout makes a heroic leap at a tasty insect flying over his section of river in Clark Bronson's watercolor illustration. The fish's whole body clears the water so one can admire the ornate deckling of haloed black and red spots against the brassy background tone of his skin. Bronson has created a dynamic splash where the fish left the water. There's a feeling of action in the chop of the river surface, and danger in the jagged broken branch snagged on a mossy rock and jutting into the sky. The fish's expression is fierce and intent. The moment seems to be a split second before or a split second after the trout has realized the fly is not what he was hoping to catch.

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In the center foreground of the composition of Clark Bronson's watercolor illustration, two Canada geese join the migration. Bronson has beautifully captured the detail of the birds' plumage—multi-layered and richly-colored wing feathers, variegated body plumage in chestnut and golds, black head and neck, and distinctive chinstrap of white. There is power and grace in their flight. Beyond the two, another pair wings south. Far overhead, vast autumn vees of geese fill the sky, tendrils made of hundreds of birds moving through currents of air. In the foreground, Bronson has depicted the front goose of our pair in mid-honk. One can imagine the sky full of honking, the smell of autumn wetlands, and the crisp fall air as the yearly ritual of the southward flight takes place, just as it has for time immemorial.

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Oil Paintings by Clark Bronson

**Canvasback Ducks in Flight**
22 x 28 in.

The sky and water are the same brilliant blue in Clark Bronson’s watercolor illustration of a landscape filled with migrating canvasback ducks. In the foreground, six ducks’ creamy bellies and gleaming black necks flash the viewer. Bronson has captured the brilliant sheen of their chestnut head and throats. He also captured the endearingly awkward dangle of their large webbed feet— which disclose their prowess as powerful divers. In the background, the sky is filled with more ducks, and beyond those, distant vees of still more ducks flying in Bronson’s deft washes of drifting clouds. Below them, a thin line of mountains and a strip of wispy reeds separates lake and sky— realms that the birds are equally adapted to. For the moment, they choose sky.

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**Cougar, Timpanogos, Snow**
16 x 21 in.

The winter Timpanogos, wisped by clouds, create the dramatic backdrop for Clark Bronson’s watercolor illustration of a mountain lion atop a beautifully rendered sinewy twist of dead pine, freshly dusted in snow. His gaze is both focused and relaxed, regal and ready. The cougar’s rich coloration: cream, honey, chestnut, and black stands out against the snow-covered landscape even as it blends with it. Bronson has masterfully taken the palette of his subject and echoed it in the bark and shadows of the tree branch; the rocks and horizontal striations of the Timpanogos. The sky, though, is a contrast. It’s a color on the opposite side of the color wheel from the golden fur, a pale aqua that works to amplify and offset the colors of the cat as well as the landscape from which he springs.

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Great Horned Owl on Branch
22 x 18 in.
A great horned owl sits on a brittle tree branch focused on the landscape below. Its feathers are painted in a careful pattern of lights and darks, giving the owl a sense of volume and softness. There is a stylized feel to the animal—realistic, but also friendly in a way that makes it an iconic member of Clark Bronson’s illustrated Animalia. The artist has given little clue about what makes up the world beyond the owl and the gnarled pine it sits in, but one definitely wonders what is capturing his attention down below. The owl is crisply in focus, but everything more than a few inches from his body, even the branches and pine needles directly behind him, disappear into the pale vignette of the paper.

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Red Fox Pup Sitting, Looking
11 x 9 in.
The soft, precise markmaking on the textured paper render Clark Bronson’s fox pup an almost palpable fluffiness. The highlights and shadows do the rest of the work—giving the softness of the fur a convincingly chubby fox pup volume. The deftness and realism of the drawing leaves the viewer to contemplate the subject’s demeanor: bright, intent eyes, ears cocked forward, head cocked to the side, toes activated. Clearly this little pup is curious, learning about its world. The kit looks like it might pounce off the page and onto the object of its curiosity, but for the moment it shows cat-like restraint: its bushy tail remains curled demurely around its haunches while it studies the situation.

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A glorious male ring-necked pheasant has just been flushed from dry fall grasses in Clark Bronson's watercolor illustration. The pheasant lifts into the sky, startled by an enthusiastic golden retriever. The bird's autumnal jewel tones: emerald and amber with a rich and complex patterning of neutrals on the wings and tail feathers, feel as rich and abundant as the season. Bronson has captured the urgency of the bird, the giddiness of the dog, and the heart-racing excitement of the moment. His composition is a soaring triangle; the grasses and bird balance each other in weight, while everything—grasses, dog, bird—are all straining and rising skyward.

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A trio of big horn rams—powerful and regal—pose in Clark Bronson's watercolor illustration. The snow is melting on the mountaintop, exposing rock and bits of dry vegetation and foretelling the coming spring. The colors of the dry grasses are picked up in the highlights of the rams' horns, the contours of their muscular flanks. There is a compositional hierarchy between these three—the front sheep large and central in the foreground, standing on the highest shelf of the mountain. The two to the left stand below, with posture lowered. Perhaps the three have already established rank in their social hierarchy as well, and have an understanding. Or perhaps the subordinate two are sizing-up the reigning leader. Behind the three, the distant mountains are a gentle wash of blues and purples. For now, there's a peace among them.

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Chief Washakie
22 x 17 in.

Rendered in pastel on a textured coquille paper, Linda Combs’ drawing of Chief Washakie—legendary leader of the Shoshone people—depicts Washakie in his later years, silver-haired but still a powerful man. He holds a peace pipe in one hand, perhaps to commemorate his prodigious skills as a diplomat and statesman. His clothing speaks to his position straddling two cultures: a western plaid shirt and silk neckerchief fastened with a disk of horn, and also a full eagle feather headdress. Washakie, a legendary warrior, initially tried to stop the pioneers’ westward movement and guard the Shoshone land from settlement—which at one time spanned all the way from the Salt Lake Valley in the South, to the Tetons in the North. Washakie later became a respected and effective diplomat, negotiating and re-negotiating Shoshone territory as western settlers increasingly moved in. He is said to have promoted goodwill and peace amongst the nations even as his world changed dramatically.

The county doesn’t have information on the artist of this piece, other than the signature and date at the bottom of the painting. The piece was discovered at Deseret Industries by Lucie Washakie who recognized the historical significance of the piece and donated it to the county. Lucie Washakie is the great-great-great granddaughter of the statesman.

Linda Combs

Valoy Eaton

Untitled
16 x 32 in.

A boy walks toward a line of horses in Valoy Eaton’s oil painting, “At Attention.” It’s a face-off, and the boy is grossly outnumbered. The herd stands on dry, late fall grasses, painted in fast, impressionistic strokes. The trees are similarly given a loose treatment, with the finer branches rendered in wonderful blurred movement. Eaton has painted the boy and horses in finer detail—though still with deft looseness in his mark-making. “I happened to be an interested spectator while this boy tried to catch his horse,” Valoy Eaton writes. “I didn’t think his chances were very good because horses in a group like that seem to inspire mischief in each other. Anyway, in the painting I tried to capture the exact moment when the horses would either stay or run. The boy’s chances would have been improved with a bucket of grain.”

Valoy Eaton has had a one-person retrospective show at the Springville Art Museum, was voted in to a lifetime membership of the National Academy of Western Art, and was appointed by the governor of Utah to represent visual arts for the state on the Utah Arts Council. His portrait hangs in Abravanel Hall in honor by the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce for his contribution to the arts. He was also presented with the Utah Governor’s Mansion Artist award. His watercolors, oils, and prints have also been purchased by hundreds of collectors. Eaton writes that “he believes that some of the most profound subjects are found in everyday occurrences when living close to nature.”
The snow has melted back to reveal last season’s grasses and crisp shrubs in Valoy Eaton’s oil painting “January Thaw.” Painted with quick strokes, Eaton’s piece has a realism that leans toward impressionism—there’s a beautiful play of light and shadow across the landscape, a softness to the wood, grasses, and figures. It’s one of those midwinter days where 40-degrees feels balmy, after likely having hit single digits sometime around Christmas. A nice day for a stroll. In the scene, the light is weak but starting to round the corner on a new season. With the dry grasses suddenly exposed again, it looks like autumn, but feels more like spring. “I am a landscape artist,” writes Valoy Eaton, “I appreciate my surroundings and try to express my love for the seasons.”

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In Valoy Eaton’s oil painting, a pioneer waters two draft horses at the bank of the placid river as the sun rises on East Canyon. Behind them, smoke lifts from a campfire by the covered wagons as the day begins. The traveller looks slim but healthy, his team still vigorous and sleek. The settlers have arrived at the point where everything is behind them, but everything also still lies before them. The scene is a soft patterning of early morning summer pastels—a mountainside of sunlit golds and sage, shadowed mauve and blue. Beautiful reflections striate the river, giving a sense of ease and gentleness to this final leg of the journey. “Artists should paint from their own experiences,” writes Valoy Eaton. “They are at their very best when they are putting a little bit of themselves into their work. The end result is something that no one else could have done.”

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In Thomas Moran’s historic painting, “The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone,” a soft chromatic of golds, teals, and greens wash the canyon and sky surrounding a distant waterfall. In the foreground, dark carnelians, emeralds, and peacock tones define pines and rocks which frame the distant grandeur. This is a copy of the original, which hangs in the Smithsonian American Art Museum. It is said that Yellowstone’s impact was so great on the artist, that after his encounter with the region he started signing his work T-Y-M for Thomas “Yellowstone” Moran. Similarly, the park adopted Moran: one of his favorite spots to sketch is now referred to as “Moran Point.”

Thomas Moran was born in 1837 in Bolton, England, but moved to America and became one of the premier painters of the American West. He was a painter and printmaker of the Hudson River School in New York. In 1871 while working in New York as chief illustrator for Scribner’s Monthly magazine he was invited by the director of the United States Geological Survey to join an expedition to the Yellowstone area— which at the time was still relatively unexplored by westerner settlers. The sketches Moran produced on the forty-day trip were instrumental in persuading President Grant and the United States Congress to establish Yellowstone as America’s first national park in 1872. In addition to hanging in the Smithsonian American Art Museum, Thomas Moran’s work is in the White House collection. His painting, “The Three Tetons” hangs to the right of the portrait of George Washington in the Oval Office.

Otto Pendleton’s neat, graphite drawing of the Summit Stake Tabernacle almost has the feeling of an architect’s rendering of a proposed project. In the drawing, the trees and landscaping are already starting to grow in, the grounds tidy and clean. With its careful patterning of bricks, gothic windows, spire, and the soaring 117-foot center tower, the Tabernacle looks like it would convince any city planning commission to raise the funds for its construction. Pendleton has imagined the Coalville Tabernacle shortly after it was constructed and just before its dedication in 1899— eighty-six years before bulldozers took it to the ground. The structure was so beloved in town, residents fought to keep the old building, but alas, in 1971 the Tabernacle was razed so that a new stake center could be built. One can dream, though, looking at Pendleton’s drawing, that plans for the Summit Stake Tabernacle have just been drawn up, it’s yet to be constructed, the first brick yet to be laid.

Born in 1927, Morgan County artist Otto Pendelton was well known for his graphite and charcoal drawings of the landscape and architecture of the west. He passed away in 1999.
The snow almost completely obscures the town in Jan Perkins’ oil painting, “Snowy Main Street.” The piece is composed of 80-85% whites—both white-whites, and off-white pastels which work to create contour to the overwhelm of snow. The shape of buildings are visible on what is clearly Main Street, Park City, and there is a street just discernible through the flurry. There’s a fluffy mound of a snowbank at the curb where a plow has tried and failed to keep the road clear during the storm. A groove bisects the snowbank, carved by pedestrians into what should be a sidewalk. In the foreground but to the left of the composition, shops and lights pop brightly in the monochrome of the blizzard dusk. Only here, closest to the viewer—in 15% or so of the composition—are colors fully saturated and darks visible, cheerfully illuminating the otherwise white-out of the painting.

Jan Perkins graduated with a degree in illustration from Utah State University. She has worked as a fashion and magazine illustrator before turning to painting full time. Working in oils, she prefers to layer her paint using a palette knife, with some brush work to create richly textured work. Her paintings have exhibited in Oil Painters of America Western Regional Show, the American Plains Artist’s Show, the 16th Annual American Impressionist Society National Exhibition at Trailsides Gallery in Scottsdale, AZ, the 46th Annual Mountain Oyster Club Contemporary Art Show and Sale in Tucson, AZ, the American Academy of Equine Art Spring Exhibition, and the Cheyenne Frontier Days Western Art Show. Her work as also shown in numerous local exhibitions, including the Park City Kimball Arts Festival, and the Springville Museum of Art, Spring Salon.

The mountainside is a frisky percussion of color and pattern in Jan Perkins’ oil painting, “West of Bald Mountain.” There is kinetic energy to the piece—the brushstrokes are so playful the piece feels almost more like a dance than a painting. Or it is as if the artist is hopping from stone to stone as she works her way across the canvas. The composition is carefully plotted in terms of color and gradient of tones—with swaths of light, mid, and dark tones creating a dominant macro pattern across the piece. But the brushstrokes are executed quickly—giving the painting its joyful mood.

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Golden Surf
20 x 59 in.

A turbulent froth of waves crash against the rocks at sunset in a reproduction of a Rossi oil painting, Golden Surf. The dark evening has opened into a transcendent sunset in this scene, with a deep golden glow staining the ocean and creating a spectrum of rose, gold, jade, aquamarine, and indigo across the horizon line of the sea. The drama of the sunlight parting the clouds is equaled by the drama of the turmoil of waves as they pound into the jagged shoreline.

This piece was recovered from the basement of the Summit County Courthouse, and while the artist who painted it is known to us only by his or her signature, records of the piece’s popularity can be found in the form of avertissements. Golden Surf was featured in ads in newspapers across the west, including Salt Lake City’s F. Auerbach & Bros. department store. Auerbach’s used to be on the corner of State Street and 300 South in Salt Lake City where wall decor was found on the fourth floor alongside: Silver • China • Glassware • Holiday Trim Shop • Gift Shop • Gourmet Center • Notions • Domestics • Drapery • Fabrics • Stereo & TV • Records & Radios & Books. The print seemed to be very popular in the 1960s, and must have been a lovely reminder for the person who chose it of a landscape far from snowy mountains of Summit County.

Bennion Home in Spring City
23 x 33 in.

A brick ranch house under a blaze of tree is the subject of Al Rounds’ watercolor painting. The colors in the piece could have been raked off the ground: autumn orange, rust, straw, oak, and earth tones make up the palette of the fall day. Winter is on its way— snow already covers the Wasatch range in the distance. It’s a scene very distinctly in Utah—the iconic architecture and mountains are unmistakable—but when in Utah is uncertain. The ranch’s outbuildings look weathered but sturdy, the split-rail fence could use straightening, but may have just seen a hard winter or two. The street is unpaved—or perhaps just rendered loosely by the artist. The scene could be from 1930, 1950, or 1980—when Al Rounds painted it. There is a certain satisfaction, though, in not being able to tell.

Al Rounds was born in Utah. He was raised in Walnut Creek, California, but returned, earning his bachelor’s degree from the University of Utah in 1977. While in college he was influenced by the English portrait master, Alvin Gittins, and newspaper art critic and watercolorist, George Dibble. In his paintings he likes to move through history, as well as place. His work is very much influenced by the landscape of his home as well as his travels. While his work has gone on to become internationally known, Rounds chooses the Rocky Mountains of Utah for his home.
The palette in H. Francis Sellers’ watercolor of the old Park City Silver King Coalition Mine is mostly drawn from the blue of the sky and the brown of the Silver King. Sellers picks up the browns and blues in the shop in the foreground, the woods and hills surrounding town, and the smattering of old Main Street structures which peer from behind trees in the background. Sellers uses a combination of dry and wet brushwork that gives the structures a slightly gritty, degraded feeling.

Friends and museums alike tend to describe Utah watercolor painter H. Francis Sellers’ personality before his paintings. He was a legendary figure who friends described as fun-loving, irreverent, and larger-than-life. Born in Rock Springs, Wyoming, in 1937, Sellers studied art at Brigham Young University. He was a watercolor painter with a traditional style, but he wasn’t necessarily interested in traditional subject matters. He made his home in the Salt Lake Valley, though he would spend as much as half the year away from home, exploring the San Rafael Swell, helping out on dinosaur digs, getting into mischief and gathering new tales to recount of his adventures around Utah. He was an epic storyteller. But as wonderful a character as the artist was, his paintings stand on their own. He passed away in 2011. In his day H. Francis Sellers was a both notorious and beloved figure, whose precise watercolors were highly sought after by collectors.

Coalition Building, Sepia 9 ½ x 13 in.

Park City’s iconic old Coalition Building stands as it might of in its final days. In H. Francis Sellers’ sepia-on-cream water media rendering, the colors and the grainy dry brush texture give the painting the feeling of a very old photograph. In fact it seems almost like a sepia photograph that might have been taken around the time the structure was built, in 1901. The broken window panes and crumbling railings reveal the structure to be long past the time that it was the bustling lower terminal of the Silver King Mining Company’s aerial tramway, though. Seller’s subtle shading gives the painting an impressive realism.

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H. Francis Sellers has placed the Union Pacific Depot in the center of his painting of Park City as it once was. In this middle time of the town’s history, the old Victorian Depot has a rickety little fence and yard full of unraked autumn leaves. The tracks that used to carry passengers to Ogden and Salt Lake are missing from the dirt roads threading Park City. The old Coalition Building looms in the background in a similarly neglected condition.

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It appears to be spring or early summer in Afton Siddoway’s oil landscape of an old ranch under the Teton mountains. A meadow nestles into the trees, which are dotted in light and shadow—the vibrant fresh green of aspens mingling with the dark, almost black, depth of the pines. Intersecting the trees is a shadow of the mountains, and then the massive, jagged Tetons rising up and flanking the scene. Siddoway has treated the clouds with great sensitivity, they’re rendered with such realism and subtlety the viewer almost forgets to notice them behind the severity of the mountains. Between the meadow and edge of the trees loll two old barns, their shadowed sides matching the dark of the pines. Along the edge of the meadow, a buck-and-rail fence zips between trees and around the barns, which, more than anything else, lends the scene an unmistakable flavor of the west.

Born in Blanding, Utah in 1916, Afton Siddoway graduated from San Juan High School in Blanding, and then worked for the Internal Revenue Service as a cashier and head of returns and receipts. Oil painting was her passion—her favorite subjects were nature and animals. She passed away in 2001.
Cache Cave
14 ½ x 52 in.

The light is hitting the rock so that it glows like a warm campfire in Jenefer Smith’s panoramic photo of historic Cache Cave located in Echo Canyon on the Mormon Trail. Smith has taken detail shots of names, arranging them along the top and bottom of the panorama. The photo evokes the warm feeling of shelter and the relief it must have brought its occupants, and captures a moment in the long history of the cave where one can still connect in a very visceral way to the individuals who took refuge within its walls.

Jenefer Smith was a self-taught photographer and self-published bookmaker. A Summit County native, she was born in Coalville, graduated from North Summit High School in 1971, and eventually settled in Hoytsville, where she lived with her husband, Vernon Sanders Jr. She was a photographer for over thirty years and worked on making books for five or six years before she passed away in 2017. She was a passionate chronicler of the landscape of her home, and loved her heritage. Jenefer collaborated with the Summit County Historical Society to produce “Then and Now,” a walking tour of Coalville’s Historic Main Street. She also worked with the Historical Society to help create Under One Sky, contributing photographs that documented the beauty and history of Summit County. Her photos stood alongside the work of some of the county’s most prominent photographers. Jenefer’s photography can be seen on her website Earth and Heaven Photography. In addition to photographer, Jenefer Smith was a mink rancher, a gemstone retailer, a celebrated green thumb, and was well known in her community for her deep caring of all manner of living creatures. She brought to her photography the same love and dedication she had for the earth, for her family, and for her home.

Provo River Falls
8 x 40 in.

In Jenefer Smith’s panoramic photograph, the Provo River Falls are caught in a frozen suspended animation. Silent cascades of iced waterfall are paused in their motion as they wait out the season. Pools of slush fill in the spaces between rocks in the sluggish river. The light is bright and dappled, though, the sun shining vigorously on the rocks, the trees, the white snow covering the banks. It’s morning, perhaps, early spring, perhaps; the whole scene seems to be a study in seasonal impermanence, the ice both solid and momentary.

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Thayne Stembridge's panorama of Kamas Valley records a long swath of Summit County geography. Stembridge took this photo from the hills of his ranch looking over Peoa toward Kamas. The peak in the middle of the range is Hoyt’s Peak, with the town of Marion in the middle and Kamas to the right. In sunny summer light the sweep of the camera takes in streams and pastures, mountains, ranches, trees, grasslands, wetlands, and hillsides. From this focal length, everything looks tiny, and yet vast. Once can just make out houses, but not individual homes. Though, for those who grew up in the valley, home is a relative size. The familiar line of mountains, curve of stream, the color of the grass— home encompasses the scope of the whole panorama, and so much more than the camera could ever take in.

Thayne Stembridge is a third-generation rancher from Peoa, Utah. In addition to cattle rancher, he's also a firefighter/paramedic for Unified Fire Authority. Stembridge has worked as a rough framing contractor, and also as a commissioner for the South Summit Fire Protection District in Kamas, Utah. He's an engaged and active member of his community, his family, and also the local rodeo. He's helping his son (a fourth-generation Peoa cowboy) learn team roping and horse riding. Stembridge also drives a team of black Percheron draft horses that he hooks up to a sleigh every day in winter to take hay out to his cattle. He started getting serious about photography around 2007, inspired by the captain at his fire station who was also a photographer. Thayne started out doing a lot of still lifes, and then portraits and landscapes, as well. His photography documents the his life as a rancher, a firefighter, a father, and as part of the history, land, and economy of life in the rural west.

A firefighter’s helmet rests in the center of Thane Stembridge's 2007 commission award photograph. The shallow depth of field of the photo renders the helmet in sharp relief, while everything else in the vignette blurs softly out of focus. The helmet is on the step of an engine in the foreground; in the background the red pipes are shining and grill is gleaming. The helmet appears both well-worn and well-cared for. It seems we're seeing these tools in a moment of pause, a blessed moment of non-emergency. The light is warm and incandescent— though there is a bit of melancholy in the shadows, the dim light. It seems, perhaps, the end of a day, or the middle of the night; the helmet put aside so its wearer, a paramedic, can recharge. But likely not for long— the flashlight, and the machinery beyond are all polished and ready, each tool prepared for the next time it will be called into service.

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In Janet Thimmes’ photograph of downtown Kamas, a snowstorm blows through the intersection of SR-246 and 200 So. Snow powders the trees, surrounding buildings, and the stoplight... which has turned red but which is unable to stop the traffic. There’s not a car in sight, but dozens of starred and blaze-faced chestnut and bay horses are running through the center of town. The scene seems almost to be from an alternative world, where equines rule, undeterred by the laws of either humans or nature.

Janet Thimmes was born and raised in Central California and wound her way to Utah through a path of creative pursuits. She earned her B.F.A from the prestigious Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California, where she studied with noted Utah artist, Don Weller. After graduation, she worked in Hollywood as a graphic artist, designing and performing creative management services for the TV/film industry. She worked with clients including MGM-UA, Columbia, Tri-Star, National Geographic, and the Walt Disney Company. She and her husband, photographer Timothy Thimmes, decided to leave LA in favor of the friendliness, rich history, and the natural beauty of Summit County, where they opened their own marketing and advertising agency, T Squared Studios. They also ski and raise llamas.

A leisurely crew rolls through the center of Timothy Thimmes’ photograph, “Movin’em.” Five or so black cattle almost seem to amiably chat amongst themselves as a seasoned cowboy escorts them to their next destination. He’s relaxed on his horse, posture easy, not in a terrible hurry; he seems to be whistling. He’s done this a few times before. Bringing up the rear, a smiling border collie trots at the horse’s feet, ready if she’s needed, but for the moment just enjoying the walk. The composition is split nearly right down the middle by the fence the small party travels along. In the foreground are golden dry grasses. In the background— the opposite of the grasses in both color and texture— purple hills roll lackadaisically across the horizon.

Timothy Thimmes is a purist when it comes to light. A stickler for craft, Thimmes works to get the composition, shape, detail, and light right from the beginning of the process, rather than relying simply on electronic post-processing and image enhancement. “It must be perfect from the start,” he says. Thimmes trained at Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California, earning a BFA in photography, after pivoting from an early educational direction that involved receiving a BS in business management from the University of Colorado, Boulder. He merged the two paths and went on to open his own studio in Los Angeles, with clients including Columbia Tri-Star, MGM, Orion Pictures, The Samuel Goldwyn Company, and others. He and his wife, Janet, moved to Summit County, where they opened a marketing and advertising agency, T Squared Studios. Thimmes loves his life in Utah, where, in addition to taking photographs, he skis and raises llamas.
In Timothy Thimmes’ summer landscape, Park City’s iconic white barn is draped in a wall-sized American flag. It is late afternoon, the height of summer. Golden cattails fill the foreground of the frame. Around the barn the fields are a mid-summer lush green, the cottonwoods and aspens in full leaf. Behind the barn, the Wasatch back is shadowed, while above, a back-lit puffy cumulus is rolling through on its way to evening. There is a steadfastness to the barn, it feels timeless and solid, while around it the natural world plays out an ever-unfolding beautiful perfection.

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At first glance “Rowdy’s Place” looks like an abstract painting—a spare southwestern modernist color field with a restrained red and white palette, the white dripping down toward a horned bull skull in the center of the composition. On closer inspection, one realizes the piece is a photograph of a snow-covered roof dripping icicles over the brick-red wooden slats of a barn wall. It’s such a spare composition that the viewer is left with simple passages of texture and color: the shadow-striated red of the sun-soaked wall, the perforated white of the snowy roof, the jagged percussion of icicles as well as their fat shadows, the dark red of the roof, the perfectly bleached skull, and its meaty, almost life-like shadow.

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Sandhill Cranes on a Snowy River
6 x 15 in.

Timothy Thimmes has captured a pair of sandhill cranes wading near the bank of a nearly frozen river. The scene is stark and almost monochromatic but for the cranes' ruddy-grey plumage and signature bright red spot across their foreheads. The photograph is beautifully minimal—the bank cuts a meandering diagonal across the composition with the flat white of the snow at the top of the picture, the mottled grey of the water at the bottom. The birds stand out starkly against the snow, their black legs and beaks the darkest elements of the photo. One wonders how the cranes survive in the extreme weather—the river is icy and dollops of snow dot the surface of the water, the grasses on the bank, as well as the backs of the birds.

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Summer Harvest
9 x 19 ½ in.

A half-hearted but beautiful summer storm blows over a farmhouse and half-harvested field in Timothy Thimmes' "Summer Harvest." The clouds are a wispy movement of pinks and blues but thicken in areas with just a hint of darkening threat of rain. Below the clouds, the field and hills beyond are the rich deep greens and golds of late summer with the tall, stately farmhouses to oversee them. Giant rolls of hay are a graphic counterpoint to the organic wispy foreground of uncut grasses, the gentle hills, and the moody chaos of the summer afternoon weather.

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Uinta Mountain Goats

A small group of mountain goats stand at attention, startled to find themselves in the scope of Timothy Thimmes’ lens. The center goat, a brave nanny, faces off with the lens, her kid demurely curious beside her. Two other members of the herd look on, just outside the camera’s focus. The four are composed in a satisfying arrangement—the nanny tall in center of the group, with her companions flanking her on either side, nearly symmetrical in their relative size. Tall pines rise up around them, the sharp grey tips of the trees in a sort of conversation with the sharp grey tips of the goats’ horns. Beyond the herd, the sun sets on the side of a mountain, a purple shadow creating a lovely backdrop for the animals’ bright wool.

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All Over That Monster

In Don Weller’s watercolor painting, “All Over that Monster,” a bull rider is in the early stages of getting launched from a colossal black-and-white bull. The rider seems calm, but about to completely lose control; the dash of the bullfighter rushing in underscores the urgency of the next moment. The scene is full of kinetic energy: the diagonal of the bucking bull—its mass filling nearly a quarter of the composition—the mud radiating in a spray from its massive hooves, the thrash of fringe on the rider’s chaps, the sideways flight of the bullfighter as he rushes in to distract the animal from goring its rider, and the billowing clouds of dust that partially obscure the onlookers leaning and perched on the rails of the corral. Weller places the viewer right in the center of the action, right as everything is happening, and the outcome is yet uncertain.

Don Weller spent decades teaching at both UCLA and Art Center School in Pasadena, and as a professional artist, working in both graphic design and illustration. He created record covers, and covers for Time Magazine and TV Guide. His work was featured in countless magazine ads and he illustrated stories for such publications as Sports Illustrated, Boy’s Life, Pro, and Readers Digest. He designed posters for the Hollywood Bowl, The National Football League, and the Rose Bowl. He’s published several books, and he created posters for the 1984 Olympic Games, as well as five stamps for the United States Post Office. Working on a book project for the National Horse Cutting Association, Don travelled throughout the West painting cowboys in action. Don and his wife, Cha Cha, live in Oakley, Utah. His watercolor paintings are sold in fine art galleries across the west.
New Generation
12 ½ x 18 in.

Three horses and riders pause before they set out on a ride. There are two men and a boy. The man in the middle is the elder and clearly the leader. The man at the left of the composition seems fully grown, but his posture suggests he defers to the elder rider. The rider to the right of the trio—though he's nearly in the center of the composition—is a child, and seems to be soaking up the wisdom of the elder man. Part of the subtle beauty of the painting is in the repetition of the dynamic of the riders in the demeanor of their horses.

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