

DIXIE FOLKLORE

and

Pioneer Memoirs

A. K. HAFEN
1961

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Foreword

History and tradition make for a rich folklore, and Dixie is a good source of such material. These stories of our pioneers deal with their efforts to bring civilization to the Indians, to conquer the arid waste, and to procure food, clothing, fuel, and the other comforts of life, as well as their struggles against diseases, raging floods, and other obstacles. We see them in their amusements, in their neighborly contacts, and in the friendly fellowships that existed. This basic life and culture is the foundation of our heritage.

Our pioneers developed ways to meet their needs according to conditions under which they lived. They developed independence. Their unique ways of living coincided with the unique country which they settled. Many of their beliefs, and many of their customs, have given way to book learning and to advanced methods of producing and caring for the necessities of life. But the folklore of Dixie has not yet died out. It will take its place in the history of our state and in the literature of the world. The stories of their struggles, of their faith, and their conquests, will be told over and over again, and in this way Dixie Pioneers will live again.

A desire to have some of these experiences of the yesteryears preserved has prompted me to compile this booklet. I realize it is only fragmentary and far from complete. However, I trust the material is representative of the subject with which it deals, and that the booklet may add to our appreciation of our forebears and the heritage they left us.

For mistakes and over-sights I am solely responsible. I have had to work with material most accessible, and I realize there is much yet to be done in this field. I am deeply grateful to all who so generously told me, or gave me written accounts of, incidents and information used here. I am especially indebted to Miss Lenore Thurston, a teacher of years ago in my department of English at Dixie College, for collecting from her students so much material on folklore and compiling it. Other helpful sources are Corbett's "Jacob Hamblin," "Diaries of John D. Lee," and many personal interviews, some of which are recognized in the articles here printed.

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This western country, as territory of Spain and later of Mexico, was left to the native Indian tribes and wild animals, except for occasional traders or trappers. A trade route from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Monterey, California, was used by bands of Mexicans who would come upon the Indian tribes and steal or trade for Indian children, whom they sold into slavery. Missionaries to the Indians, whom Brigham Young had sent south, relate some of the gruesome experiences they had as they became acquainted with Indian customs.

Jacob Hamblin, a friend maker with the Indians, tells of approaching a tribe south of the present site of the town of Washington. The Indians were very timid; the women and children secreted themselves in the brush. When they found the whites to be friendly they dispatched a runner to the Indians on the Santa Clara to tell them friendly whites were approaching. At this camp they found about one hundred and seventy-five men, quite a number of women, and but few children. He, with other missionaries, returned to Harmony, headquarters of the Southern Indian Mission, but returned later and helped the Indians with their work and taught them a better way of life.

He was concerned over a squaw who had been stolen by an Indian of another camp. He made a search for her throughout southern Utah, but was unable to find her. The Indians told him later she had been sold and taken away. The missionaries bought several Indian children for the purpose of giving them a home, teaching them to work, and saving them from being sold into slavery. Jacob says he bought three girls; two of them had been bought from a more distant tribe. He gave one horse and two guns. To quote him, "The Indian said the girls' father and mother cried to see them go, but they had nothing to eat and it would be better for the children than to stay and starve. I saw the tears fall fast from the eyes of the oldest one of the three, a girl about ten or twelve years old. I felt heart-sick to see them dragged from their homes to become slaves of the gentiles."

While the Burgesses were living in a wagon box and a tent, they bought a pretty Indian girl five years old for fifty dollars. Mr. Hamblin rode into the camp with the child in front of him in the saddle and explained the Indians had lost their belongings in a flood at Santa Clara and desired to sell the child to obtain necessities. Mrs. Burgess wanted her and would not give her husband any peace until he bought her as a playmate for her two small sons. She loved this mother until her dying day.

The first thing was a warm oose-root sudsy bath, to which the girl objected strongly, then her pretty black hair was washed, and soon clothes were made for her. They gave her a birthday, July 4, and named her Minnie Viroque. Sister Burgess made her a big rag doll and dressed it up. This pleased her very much, and day after day, she grew more contented. Her native parents and sisters came often to see her, but each time she would hide behind the big rocking chair, and no coaxing could get her to come out until they left. Her foster parents never scolded her for not coming out, as they felt sorry for her. She seemed to know her parents had given her away and it grieved her. They soon quit coming.

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She enjoyed playing with her brothers and other boys in the neighborhood, although she did not speak English for a long time.

She grew to maturity in this home and married a white man in Silver Reef. She became the mother of four children, but died shortly after the last baby was born. It died also. Sister Burgess went to their home and cared for the children until their father married again. He married another Indian girl, Cora, who had been reared in the Keate home. Her children married white men and reared fine families.

Marriage Customs

From the Memoirs of John R. Young

"A squaw fight came about this way. If a brave saw a maiden that he desired he would go to her father, who, according to their laws, had a right to sell her and bargain for her, usually obtaining from one to five ponies for her. If it happened that the girl had a lover, and he would put up as much purchase money as had the first applicant, then the lovers would settle it by a fist fight.

Sometimes conditions would be such that every warrior in the tribe would be allowed to aid his tribesman to win his wife. It would then be a national war, and would be conducted on long-established rules and ceremonies which the Indians held in deep reverence.

"In 1861 at Santa Clara, I witnessed one of these tribal fights. A young, slender girl of Tutse Gabet's band was purchased by a brave from Coal Creek (Cedar) John's band. But a brave of the Santa Clara tribe was the girl's accepted lover. The aspirants were men of influence in their respective bands, though they were unequal in physical ability. The man from Coal Creek, Ankawakeets, was a large, muscular, well-matured man of commanding personality, while Panimeto, the Clara man, was only a stripling, a youth of fine features and an eagle eye, about fifty pounds lighter in weight than Ankawakeets.

"By the rules of the contest, this physical difference made it impossible for the lovers to settle it by a single combat. Hence, it was arranged by tribal agreement, that twenty warriors on each side should participate in the struggle. The ground selected was a flat just west of the old Clara fort. A square was marked off, the creek being chosen for the south line. A line drawn in the sand marked the east, west, and north boundaries.

"East of the east line was Ankawakeets' goal, which if he could reach with the girl, she was his; contra, west of the west line was Panimeto's goal, claiming the same concessions. On opposite sides of a line running north and south through the center of this square, were the braves, lined up, stripped to the skin, save for the indispensable gee string.

"At the tap of the Indian drum, the two files rushed like angry bullocks upon each other. A second tap of the drum, and the warriors clinched. To vanquish an opponent one had to throw him and hold him flat on his back for the supposed time it would take to scalp an actual enemy. At the end of an hour's exciting struggle, a few warriors on each side had been vanquished, but the forces remaining were equal in number, so neither party had gained any advantage.

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"They now changed the procedure. The father led the maiden to the central line. She looked terrified, as well she might, for the ordeal through which she was to pass was a fearful one. The champions ran to the girl, and seizing her by the wrists, undertook to force her to their respective goals. Soon it became a "tug-of-war" with fifteen strapping warriors on each side.

"Gyrating from one side of the field to the other, they came, in one of their wild swirls, to the banks and fell into the water pell-mell up to their necks. The girl, evidently in a swoon, was entirely submerged, only her mass of glossy tresses floating on the surface of the water.

"Andrew Gibbons, one of the Indian missionaries, flung himself on the bank, and seizing the girl's hair, he raised her head above the water. Instantly every brave broke his hold, and scrambled on the bank, and Ankawakeets angrily demanded that Gibbons should fight him for having interfered. Gibbons accepted the challenge, and stepped into the ring. Tutse gave the signal, and Ankawakeets sprang to the fray, only to measure his length backward on the sand. After Gibbons had held Ankawakeets until the imagined scalping was performed, he stepped back and folded his arms. His vanquished opponent arose, stepped to the maiden, spoke a few low words, and taking the unresisting hand, led her to the victor and presented her as a bridal trophy for the white man's valor and skill.

"Gibbons accepted the maiden, and leading her to Panimeto, gave her to him. The presentation was followed by a war-whoop from Ankawakeets and his braves. Rushing to their camps they returned with guns in hand, and forming a circle around the girl, ordered her to march. This time it was Thales Haskell, another Indian missionary, who stopped Ankawakeets, and Tutse Gabet again commanded the father to lead the girl to the center of the field and told the warriors that they might go on with the fight until the sun should hide its face behind the mountain. If neither party won by that time, the girl should be released from her father's vows.

"Again the warriors took their places, the champions grasping again the wrist of the trembling young squaw, on whose face was a look of despair. At this critical moment, the girl's younger brother, who had stood aloof with folded arms and clouded brow during all the struggle, bounded to his sister's side and, drawing his knife from its sheath, he buried it in her bosom. She fell lifeless into her father's arms. The brother, holding the bloody knife on high, said 'I loved my sister too well to see her suffer more. If there is a brave who thinks I have done wrong, let him take the knife and plunge it into my heart. I am not afraid to die.'

"Every warrior lowered his head and turning, walked in silence to his camp."

After this tragedy Jacob Hamblin persuaded the Indians to give up this custom.

Medicine Man

Jacob Hamblin, a missionary among the Indians, tells of a medicine man attempting to heal a sick woman by going through a round of ceremonies. He

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struck arrows in the ground at the entrance of the lodge, placed a medicine bow in a conspicuous place, and adorned his head with eagle feathers. He then walked back and forth in an austere manner, making strange gestures with his hands and hideous noises with his voice. He would then enter the lodge and place his mouth to the woman's in order to drive away the evil spirits and charm away the pain. The medicine man howled and kept up his performance most of the night. The sick woman's friends carried her some distance away from the lodge and left her to die.

Whenever an Indian was sick, his tribe dug a pit six to eight feet square. This they lined and covered over with heated rocks, then sprinkled water on the rocks to produce steam. The suffering Indian was obliged to crawl into this pit and steam away his illness.

An account is given of a Muddy Indian killing one of a band near Santa Clara, and the Indians further up the stream took a Moapat woman, fastened her to a tree and burned her to death. When the white missionaries talked to them about the deed, the Indians cried and said they could not have done less. Their customs and traditions made it a necessary duty. Blood had been spilled, and nothing but blood would do.

Experiences With The White Man

Lyman L. Woods, an early settler in Dixie, was called to the Muddy Mission, but was released shortly after, and given permission to settle in Clover Valley where earlier settlers had lived, but because of Indian troubles, had moved away. He relates the following incident.

Some Indians who were working for him discovered five Muddy Indians driving fourteen head of Clover Valley's best horses away. After securing the horses the Clover Valley Indians reported to Woods what had been going on. Saddling two horses he took Hebe Mangum, who understood the Indian's language, and started in pursuit of the Muddy Valley Indians, first instructing some of his men to get provisions and follow him.

Just before dark that evening, they came in sight of the Indians camped in a sandy wash. As the sand permitted them to approach quietly, they crept near to the Indians without being discovered. Finding themselves trapped and unarmed, the Indians offered no resistance. In the course of the conversation one young Indian became rather sarcastic. This enraged Mangum, and he threatened to kill the Indian. Woods immediately began to reprimand Mangum for taking advantage of an ignorant unarmed Indian. The Indians understood that he was talking in their behalf, and thereafter they regarded him as one of their best white friends.

During his conversation with the Indians he discovered that they had taken three horses from Clover Valley previous to this time. He tied four of the Indians together, and setting the fifth one (a young fellow about eighteen years old) free, told him to get the three horses which had been stolen and bring

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them back to Clover Valley within six days, and that if he failed to do so, he would kill the leader of the band.

He then set out towards home with the four prisoners, arriving there the next day. He put the Indians to work clearing a rocky piece of ground. They worked well until the end of the sixth day when the fifth one returned with the stolen horses. Woods had a calf killed and gave the Indians a big feast, which they enjoyed very much. The next day he held a conference with them, at which it was decided, with the consent of the Indians, that their leader deserved to be punished.

He, therefore, tied the leader to a wagon, and giving a young Indian a horse whip, told him to whip his leader. The young Indian was lenient with his leader, so an older Indian took the whip and punished him as he thought he should be punished. At the third stroke he was stopped by Woods, as the blood was flying each time. This was the last time Clover Valley was molested by the Indians.

Mrs. Flora Brooks tells this incident of her grandmother's experience (Ann Chatterley Macfarlane).

She knew if she was to help the Indians she would have to learn their language. She learned to speak it fluently, so naturally, the Indians came to her to talk to her or to obtain help.

One spring morning after she was married a squaw came to her home bringing her son and asked Ann to help save him, as Indians of another tribe were after him. The Navajos would come and steal the children, take them away and sell them. So the local Indians had to be on guard.

Her grandmother lifted a trap door, and after telling the visitors they must not make a sound, she put them in her small cellar, closed the trap door, put a rug over it, and placed a rocking chair and a table on it. She picked up her work, and sat in the rocker working at her sewing and rocked. She knew if they thought she were frightened they would take advantage of it and make trouble for her. Her calmness led them to think she knew not where they were. The Indians searched the place and left, not knowing the trap door was there.

She kept them in her home until she felt it was safe for them to return.

Jacob Hamblin adopted an Indian boy age 10 whom they called Albert. This boy lived with the family for 12 years, then died. His death brought sorrow to the Hamblin family, as he had been such a fine young man, a reliable help to them, and a close companion of their oldest son.

Jacob bought other Indian children in keeping with the advice of President Brigham Young to adopt or purchase them to give them a home, teach them to work, and save them from being sold into slavery.

So, quite a number of Indian children were reared in the homes of the white settlers. Some of them returned to their tribes after growing to maturity. Others were married by white settlers. Jacob Hamblin is reported to have married one of the girls he raised, and Ira Hatch married an Indian girl raised by the Hamblin family. Dudley Leavitt married an Indian girl reared in the

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home of a white family. He made a home for her on the Rio Virgin and reared a large family. Their children married in local settlements.

Thus we see some of the influences of the Missionaries among the Indians. In the main, the Indian customs prevailed, but their standards were raised in many respects.

The Rain Dance

Lincoln, an Indian, told a group of men gathered around the campfire, on the banks of the Rio Virgin, that the Indians had a dance and a song by which they could cause it to rain, whenever they so desired. The men challenged him to verify his statement, so he rose to his feet and danced the rain dance, within a circle formed by the seated group. He made some queer gestures, and gazing into the starry heavens, began half hopping, or limping, and singing a weird, though musical song. He continued to circle the camp fire until he was completely exhausted and dropped to the ground, saying in a low voice, "Pretty quick, everyone heap wet."

He removed a canvas from beneath his bed and spread it over the top, and retired, lamenting the fact that he had done the rain dance. The sky was clear, but in a few minutes a small black cloud appeared in the southwest, which rapidly grew in size until it obscured the light of the stars. It grew very dark, and the rain began falling in torrents, and continued until eleven o'clock the next day. During the night, Lincoln could be heard often repeating the words: "Pretty good rain dance." The rain extended far north on the upper water-shed of the river and caused a great flood.

The missionaries promised the Indians that they might have rain for their crops if they would plant their seeds. In the summer the Tonaquint (Santa Clara Creek) was "dead," as the Indians expressed it. There had been little snow in the mountains and no rain during the hot summer months. The chief said, "We have a medicine man; I will send him to the mountains to make rain medicine, and you do the best you can, and maybe the rain will come, but it will take strong medicine, as I never knew it to rain this moon."

The creek was dry for a stretch of twelve miles, but the next morning the medicine man's smoke could be seen on the mountain. Hamblin kneeled and prayed to his God and asked, if he had been unwise in promising rain, to be forgiven. He reports that while he was still on his knees he felt several large drops of rain and knew that was an answer to his prayer. The next morning a gentle rain began to fall, and there was plenty of water for all the crops, which were reported to be the largest yield of any known season.

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LAWLESSNESS

Some time ago some of the local chapter of Sons of Utah Pioneers went to a spot on the old "Trail," the former road leading into Dameron Valley, and excavated skeletons of two men buried there in a shallow grave many years ago. A few days later members of the chapter, and others interested, cemented the top of the site where a marker will be erected soon to commemorate the following story.

Rustlers had raided herds of cattle and bands of horses and had driven them to markets in Nevada. In late September 1878, a band of horses had been gathered and corralled in Ben Paddock's corral in Middleton with the intention of driving them to Pioche, Nevada, to be sold. Word had been received of the rustlers being in the vicinity, so Sheriff Augustus P. Hardy and deputies guarded the corral. After dark three men came from the east and attempted to drive the horses from the corral. When the officers called to them to halt one man made his escape by running eastward and was not captured.

The other two rushed westward and were fired upon, with the result that one of them was wounded.

The men evaded the officers and fled to the river bottom where they were captured in the early daylight hours. One of them had a shattered arm. It was learned that they were wanted in Nevada for similar crimes, so the local officers were glad to turn them over to Nevada officials.

Jim Pearson of Pioche and Tom Moore of White Pine county, Nevada, purporting to be officers, took the two captives, Jerry Salome and Perry Tuttle, chained their legs together and proceeded toward Pioche. The two men were killed on the spot referred to at the beginning of this story and their bodies were left to the side of the road. Passers-by a little later reported, and a crew of men went to the spot, dug shallow graves and buried the bodies.

It is thought the killers were not officers, but part of a gang to which one of the slain men also belonged. They were never tried.

Perhaps the most instances of lawlessness in the early days of Dixie were to be found in Silver Reef, a mining town in the eastern part of the county. Now a ghost town, this community thrived for twenty five years (1870 to 1895), then suddenly went out of existence. With a population of fifteen hundred, several large business firms, and five saloons, life at times was very exciting.

George E. Miles, now 93 years old, recalls vividly experiences of the days when he worked there. He gave me much of the following information. A spiritualist told John Barbee where a vein of ore was, and it was found on a white reef. Silver had never been found in sandstone before, excepting one instance where the ore was of little value. So, it was rather miraculous, and it certainly meant much to the people of Dixie who were destitute and sorely in need of money. To quote him, "The silver in the reef was placed there by the Lord to help the people."

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Many desperate characters lived there, as shown by the following incidents. An evening session of court was being held in a room which was joined on the south by George Miller's saloon. There had been feeling between John Trudy, constable of the court, and Jack Diamond, an Irishman. Diamond went into the court room with his hat on, and refused to remove it when told to do so by the constable. Whereupon Trudy put him out and a scuffle resulted. Each man grabbed the other with his left hand and drew his gun with the right hand and fired. Both men were killed instantly.

Hank Parish was feared by every one. After Silver Reef closed down, he went to Pioche, Nevada. One time in a saloon there he leaned over the back of a chair occupied by a man playing cards. The innocent man asked him to please not lean over the chair and hinder him when he was playing. Thereupon Hank drew a long knife and cut the man across the center section of the body and killed him. Hank was arrested, taken to Carson City and tried. He was found guilty of vicious murder and sentenced to be hanged. He said he killed nineteen men.

An incident long remembered resulted from Tom Forrest's being discharged by Michael Corbis, foreman of the Buckeye mine. The following morning as Corbis was on his way to the mine he was stabbed by Forrest and died the same day. Forrest was arrested, tried, and lodged in jail. As the funeral was being held he was brought to St. George and placed in the jail here, which at that time was in the basement of the court house.

After the funeral, a body of forty horsemen came to St. George and overpowered the guards at the jail during the night and demanded the keys of Sheriff Hardy and deputy Frank R. Bentley. They got Forrest out of jail, placed a rope around his neck, and dragged him one block to the east and hanged him on a tree in front of George T. Cottam's residence, (just south of the present location of Phillips 66 service station). The people of St. George resented this lawlessness.

No trial was ever held.

Two other incidents in connection with life in Silver Reef might be interesting. Colonel Allen, superintendent of the Stormont Mining Co., took over the Buckeye Company in 1878. Nearly all the miners were Irish. They were paid \$4.50 per day for miners and \$3.50 per day for car men. The company reduced the wages of the miners to \$3.50 per day, which made the miners angry.

Colonel Allen was escorted out of Silver Reef by a cavalcade. They hoisted the U. S. flag and carried it along because of his army colonelship. They took him as far as Kelsey's Ranch (near Harmony) where there was a stage station, and told him to keep going. He reported the affair, and U. S. Marshall, Arthur Pratt, came down and met Sheriff Gus Hardy in St. George and formed a posse **commitatus** and went to Silver Reef to arrest the men. Among those going from here were Gus Hardy, Frank Bentley, George Brooks, A. W. Ivins, Dan Seegmiller, and Hebe Smith.

They arrested some of the men and placed them in a building with large iron doors. They drew a line over which no one was to step. One bravado

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stepped over, whereupon Seegmiller poked a gun in the man's stomach and told him to get back or he would shoot him. When he was asked why he stepped back, he replied, "I could see by the white of his eye he was going to shoot." Although the men were arrested, nothing was ever done to them.

Burmeister, a Swede, (Mr. Miles knew him) was brought to St. George for drinking and likely fighting. Sheriff Hardy had him placed in the jail, which was in the basement of the court house, but he always got out and was seen around on the streets. Gus cursed him, and with the help of his son, Ernest about 20 years old, got a large iron cage and put it in the middle of the basement, shackled the man, both hands and feet, and locked the cage, and also the outer door of the basement. The sheriff damned him, but the prisoner said, "I'll be over for breakfast." (Hardy lived one and one half blocks west of the court house). The next morning at 7 o'clock there was a knock on the sheriff's door, and there stood Burmeister. He was given his breakfast. Mr. Miles thinks he was a spiritualist.

A man from Mesquite, Nev., visiting here, one day facetiously asked a group of us if we could hold our land in Utah if we had a title to it. We answered in the affirmative, whereupon he replied, "We can't in Nevada." He was thinking of the inroads the Rio Virgin had made on farmlands. The years of struggle battling the floods in the river has been rehearsed, and the story is too long to relate here. Now that the stream seems to be harnessed, we are prone to forget the struggles of the past.

Likewise, irrigation canals along sand banks come in for their share of disappointment and heartache. With our concrete-lined channels we know nothing of pioneer troubles. I recall becoming exhausted many times in my efforts to control a stream in the absence of all material except sand. Have you ever tried to mend a break in a sand bank caused by a gopher's digging? Listen to this tale.

Brigham Jarvis, Sr. tells of patrolling the old Virgin Ditch constructed by tunneling through the point of the black ridge south and east of St. George, to irrigate the land in the lower end of the valley. He tells of patrolling the canal for two days and nights to safeguard the water's reaching the parching crops. He says during these two days and nights all he had to eat was a dish of bran porridge sans sugar and sans milk.

Another time he and his father discovered a break caused by a gopher, and shoveled frantically for an hour trying to close a five-foot gap in the bank, only to see the water carry away the dirt they so assiduously supplied. An Indian emerged from his wickiup nearby and lent his aid, but to no avail. Resourceful? He called to his squaw, who reluctantly came over, and after some remonstrance acceded to his request. She was unusually large, and when she threw herself into the gap, back up stream, the water was sufficiently checked to enable the men to mend the break within ten minutes.

Road building, as well as irrigation, comes in for its share of pioneering. A half hour, or less, suffices today to travel distances formerly taking a half day. As you speed along highway 18 leading to Dameron Valley, push the

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curtain aside and see the team tugging and straining through the sand patches and up the rocky hills with only medium loads on wagons.

Where ordinarily one team would take the load, two teams are required to move the load slowly along over this stretch. Significant landmarks on this road are "The Twist," "Buckskin Hollow," "The Ladder," the "Little Sand," the "Big Sand," and "The Trail." This latter was the long ascent upon the volcanic ridge bringing us into the valley. Upon entering the valley the team was unhitched and a boy, brought along for the purpose, mounted one of the horses, and leading the other with the single trees and chains jingling, retraced the route homeward.

On highway 91 about two miles east of Leeds you will notice some trees and an old house. This spot known as Grapevine Springs, was kept by a man who maintained a stretch of road one mile long extending westward as a toll road. A money fee permitted a teamster to travel this improved bit of the road. A padlock was unfastened and a bar across the roadway was raised allowing the wagon to enter, or leave, this one-mile stretch.

Farther up the highway on the Black Ridge the roughest going was experienced. A route east from Fort Clara to Fort Harmony was explored and Zadock Judd's wife tells of coming down the ridge after a rain storm when two families were in their wagon. One lady was given the care of the children and Mrs. Judd, being large and strong, clung to one side of the wagon to keep it from overturning as they proceeded down the ridge.

Rocks that could be removed were thrown in low places. Where the route was steep, brakes were used, or wagons rough locked, and sometimes trees were dragged behind to retard the speed of the wagon. At one gulley intercepting the route, known as "Peter's Leap" the wagons had to be lowered then raised on the other side over the cliffs by means of ropes.

The Sego Lily

"Sego Lily, of the valley; Sego Lily colors rare!
In the beauty, peaceful emblem, on hillside so fair.
Then we'll sing our song, praise to thee,
Flower giv'n by heav'n tenderly."

These words forming the chorus of the beautiful song written by Karl E. Fordham express the sentiment felt for our lovely state flower, the Sego Lily. The sentiment originates not only in the beauty of the flower, but from the fact that the Sego bulb was used so widely for food—in fact, saved human lives from perishing through starvation.

It was eaten raw or cooked, or dried in the sun and ground into meal and flour. This flour was used for making tasty dainties.

Legends of the flower belong not only to our pioneer forebears, but many Indian legends are connected with it.

Long ago the Indians were prosperous, but they envied each other and warred, killing many, and they were soon without food. One day the sun shone brightly and up in the hills they saw a little plant growing everywhere. The

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Great Spirit had heard their prayers and when they tasted the roots, they knew that the Spirit had saved them from death. So, ever after, they never fought where the lily bulb grew, and they called it the little "life plant of the hills."

One morning after a great battle between two of the Indian tribes in which many were killed, the battlefield was blanketed with thousands of sego lilies. They were amazed and asked the Great Spirit the meaning of it. The Spirit showed the Indians how to dig and eat the roots of the plant and save themselves from starvation. They made a pact never to fight on the battle fields where the sego lily grew.

The flower was formerly called the Spanish Mariposa (butterfly), because of its tinted hues. It was the Indians who told the pioneers of the food value of the bulb of this plant. There are two varieties, the one being poisonous. They are distinguished by the shape of the leaf. In some localities, the color of the flower is white, but in Dixie it has a purple or orchid tint, perhaps due to climate or condition of the soil.

A local legend tells of a young bride who came to Dixie and saw the bareness and dreariness all about her and became discouraged with the outlook. Her heart was filled with sorrow, and she longed to go back. Her husband encouraged her by telling her the country would one day blossom as the rose. She replied if one thing of beauty could be found here she would be content. Her husband hunted and hunted and finally found a beautiful Sego Lily and brought it to her. When she saw it she admired its beauty and felt comforted, and lived many years in Dixie and learned to love it.

Visitors at the Centennial Celebration will be interested in an old landmark which is being restored by the local Chapter of Sons of Utah Pioneers. About ten or twelve miles southeast of St. George old Fort Pearce of historic interest, is being restored to its original appearance. County officials have cooperated by having the road improved so the spot is accessible by automobile.

Named for Captain John D. L. Pearce, who was in charge of the herd ground in that vicinity, both the fort and wash bear his name. Pioneers who owned stock joined together in putting their animals in common herds or bands and hired guards to protect them against Indian depredations.

Fort Pearce was a landmark on the routes east and south from St. George to Canaan, Pipe Spring and Kanab. Likewise the route south to the Trumbull sawmill passed this fort. The walls of the fort were eight feet high, and the building was in the shape of a red cross. There was no top on it. Sixteen port-holes in the walls gave guards cross fire from all directions. The fort overlooked a large rock corral where animals were kept at night.

The most serious tragedies growing out of troubles with the Navajoes occurred farther east in the vicinity of Pipe Spring. J. L. Whipple recounts his worst battle at Fort Pearce when camped one night with three other buckayeros. Myriads of ants invaded their beds and forced them to seek refuge in some trees near by. To their dismay, the ants were in the trees also in great numbers, so they were vanquished and yielded all rights to sleep or rest that night.

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Let's open the door of a home of the yesteryears and see life as it was lived there. Figuratively speaking, this door was always open to anyone hungry or in need.

Five brothers and three sisters lived in this happy home with their parents. Winter evenings the group would gather in the large living room with a bright fire in the large fireplace, the parents watching the children in their innocent fun, playing games, singing, or dancing. Playing cards was never allowed. The mother had a sweet voice, and young folk liked to come into the home and listen to her songs.

The mother made the clothes for the family—gathered straw and made hats; tanned the leather and made shoes, and the father soled them. She had no sewing machine—used the same needle for five years by keeping it in hiding. Grain was cut with a cradle—a sort of scythe with eight or ten so-called fingers attached so as to carry one good size bundle of grain—and the boys helped bind the bundles and thresh the grain with wooden flails.

The father was a good nurse, using remedies that could be had from nature. He cured blood poisoning with poultices of pitch from pine trees. He cured croup and pneumonia with cold water packs. Once when a case of pneumonia would not react to cold water treatments, he, with the help of a Welsh lady, cured one of his own children with the skin of a black cat. "The darker the cat, the surer the cure." Before the cat was hardly dead, they had its skin off and on the sick child. The electricity seemed to pull all the poison from the child's body. He always had rattle snake oil on hand from snakes he himself killed. He would not use the oil that anyone else had for fear the snake had bitten itself and therefore, would be poison. Snake oil was also very good for rheumatism. Many a suffering man found his way to their door, and the mother, also a good and kind nurse, went from house to house soothing aches and pains.

The mother taught her husband to read and write after they were married, as he had never learned either before. He became a very good penman and a great reader.

Our early pioneers, left to their own resources, developed various remedies for physical ills. They seemed to think everything had been created to help them, if they could only find its use. By the trial and error method they found certain remedies to cure their illnesses.

Here are some of the ways they received help from their suffering. A dried malaga grape raisin, boiled and opened, and the fleshy part bound on the navel, was a method of disinfecting the navel of a new-born child. Thick, bitter molasses, mixed with finely-cut horse hair, was used as a salve to cure worms. A felon was healed by boiling the affected finger in a cup of water on a hot stove until the water began to boil. To stop wounds from bleeding, flour and turpentine were mixed together and spread on the wound. Snake bites were cut cross wise and treated with milk weed, tobacco juice, whiskey, or black mud.

A slice of over-ripe cucumber laid on each eye was good for sore eyes. Catnip was given to small babies to cure colic. A strip of heavily-peppered fat

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wrapped around the neck was prescribed for sore throat. Molasses and sulphur mixed together, taken in the spring of the year, would clear the blood, and used as a salve, it would cure the itch. Teas made from sweet balsom leaves, sage, saffron, yarrah, mountain rush, and Brigham Tea were good for indigestion, for blood purifiers, for fevers, for colds, to bring out a rash, and for a variety of similar complaints.

Some remedies were not pleasant, and may have been harmful. A child was cured from biting his fingernails, or from other nervous tendencies, by putting some finely cut human hair in his bread and milk. To help a baby cut his teeth, his gums were rubbed with somekind of animal's brains, preferably a rabbit's. A teaspoon of mare's milk three times a day was given for whooping cough. For chapped hands, children were compelled to bathe their hands in "chamber lye" (Urine); this was also given to babies when they suffered from croup. Manure from the corrals was used to make complexion packs, and fresh warm, cow manure was used to make poultices for infected parts.

The following remedy seems purely superstitious. If one would spit on his finger immediately upon awakening in the morning and make a cross on his corn, it would soon disappear.

Did you notice how much the papers said about the thirteenth of this month coming on Friday? Have you ever heard a remark when four persons happen to shake hands at the same time? These, and other well-known superstitions, persist today as remnants of the past. They have not entirely died out, but are giving way to learning found in books. Many such were common among the early residents of Dixie.

My wife was cutting the fingernails of our first baby in Santa Clara. A good neighbor called in and, in horror, shrieked, "Don't do that. If you cut a baby's fingernails he will grow up to be a thief," she said solemnly and seriously. The Dark Cave on the Red Hill, north of St. George, was believed to be haunted. Before the advent of the pioneers, the Indians of this vicinity used it as a burial vault for their children. The younger people of St. George believed that the spirits of the Lamanite babies were hovering near the place where they had been buried and were likley to push the rocks together and crush unfortunates who might be squeezing their way through the chasm.

Other common superstitions were concerning mirrors, black cats, numbers, umbrellas, and ladders. If knives were crossed, the two persons who saw them first would surely quarrel; if a baby saw himself in a mirror before he was a year old, he would die within the year; if one killed a frog, his cow would give bloody milk; if one nailed split shingles on a roof upside down in the old of the moon, they would surely curl up on the ends.

For good luck don't put both shoe and stocking on one foot before the stocking is put on the other.

One elderly lady believed witches were in her cream when the butter didn't "come" for a long time. Curiously enough, when she tried to drive them away with a hot poker, by thus stirring the cream, the butter soon "came."

Andy Winsor, when a boy, lived in Hebron, now a ghost town in Western Washington County. He says the following stories are true. He has lived to

testify that part of this statement is true: "Old Hebron is located on an old battle-ground, and there are more Devils there than there are cedar trees," which are many.

A young boy, he went with his father to get some horses from a field west of town. His father left him sitting on a fence awaiting the father's return with the horses. While sitting there he heard the most beautiful brass music he had ever heard. He asked his father to let the horses go and listen to the music. When his father stopped to listen, the music ceased.

He says there were a number of men and women possessed of the Devil. One time when a man was possessed, messengers were sent for an elder who lived five miles away. This elder seemed to have power over these spirits. At the very time he left home on this errand the spirit departed.

"A man of the town was on Flat Top, a hill some miles away, building a fire. As men on horses approached, he fled across a canyon and built a fire on the other mountain. No horse on earth could run fast enough to catch him. When he was finally exhausted a little child could handle him."

"Another fine man had a tussle with Satan. After his tussle, he was so worn out and weak that father took him for a ride west of town. When they came to a certain place the man said, 'That is where I had my tussle with the Devil.'

"A woman was possessed at one time. Men on horses could not catch her. Finally, the mail driver caught her and brought her to town. I can remember the women bathing her feet, and how worn out she was, and how she moaned and cried."

"In 1903, there was a terrible earthquake that shook the chimneys from the houses, and cracked every brick or rock house in town. The people ran out into the streets in terror. More evidence that there was a curse on that place."

Have you heard any of these sayings? "Comb your hair after dark, and you comb sorrow into your heart." "If you dream of fruit out of season, you'll have trouble out of reason." "If you want to live and thrive, let a spider run alive." A rational bit of philosophy is found in these words: "A kiss for a blow always bestow; And Angels will guard you wherever you go."

Perhaps this is more fact than fancy: "Oh, Lord of love, come down from above, and pity us poor scholars; We hired a fool to teach our school, And paid him forty dollars."

Would you like to have lived in Dixie before the days of disease germs? The following activities characterized procedures of those days.

Drinking water was obtained from a running stream which furnished drink for the people, for the animals, and water for irrigation. To have the best water for drinking, it was dipped early in the morning with buckets and poured into barrels. Two advantages were had by dipping it early. First, the water was cooler than it would be later in the day, and secondly, it should be taken before the animals were released from their corrals to have their morning drink. One hour was reserved in the morning before animals were allowed to drink from the ditch. Coming from corrals which were not always clean, the

animals would walk into the stream, sometimes wade up and down while they were having their morning drink. Animals were given the same privileges at noon and in the evening.

To keep the water cool, barrels were wrapped with burlap soaked daily with water and kept in the shade of a tree or a shrub. From this barrel members of the family dipped freely as occasion required, either for a good drink or for culinary purposes. In addition to serving the family, this barrel of water often served passersby, as it was sometimes on the sidewalk in the shade of a tree. A dipper, or cup, was generously provided in a convenient place.

This idea of a public drinking barrel was carried out also on holidays where lemonade, or wine, was furnished at the public gathering place. On such occasions several dippers were provided. Old and young alike helped themselves to the refreshing drink. Men with long mustache and beard imbibed freely but this did not in any way affect the next in turn.

In serving water in church for the sacrament, pitchers were filled and deacons took a tumbler to each section of the congregation and refilled as necessary. A cup was placed by the wine press to assist any one desiring a drink of "sauser" from a tub or other vessel into which the juice flowed.

A corral with a goodly supply of animals was a part of each family plot. The corrals, often not far from the house, provided a bounteous supply of flies, which were often the menace of a meal.

Although Dixie Pioneers worked hard, they set aside time for recreation. Dancing was their favorite amusement. This was usually in the ward amusement hall under direction of the bishopric. If there were no buildings available, they would gather in someone's door yard and dance to the tune of a fiddle or an accordian. The musicians were paid in produce—whatever they could use.

Old-time dances included the polka, the schottische, quadrille, Virginia reel, six nation, two step, spat waltz, and polygamy waltz—two partners. Round dances, such as waltz and two step, were limited to three such dances per person in one evening. Lively tunes, such as: "Yankee Doodle," "Turkey in the Straw," "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," Red Wing," and "The Old Gray Mare," put spirit into the dancers, and they danced from early evening until the late hours, sometimes all night.

Another amusement was the "scalp hunt." The younger people of the town organized and divided into groups of equal numbers. Scalps of rodents and destructive animals were sought and rated according to prevalence of the animal, and the benefits derived from having the animal destroyed. Points were given for such scalp, or tail, and at the end of an appointed time, usually a week or two, the points were tallied, and the group with the fewer points provided a community dinner and a free dance ticket to the winners. Many were victims of the hunters and trappers.

"Peaching cutting" and "corn husking bees" were other events greatly enjoyed. Scaffolds, made by the men were set up on which to dry the pitted peaches. Dried peaches were marketed, as well as used for family food. Sometimes groups joined at a scaffold to care for the entire crop in one day, then move to another scaffold the following day, or night. Likewise, to husk the

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corn, crowds gathered in the moonlight evening and chatted and sang as they removed the husks from the large pile of ears of corn which had been brought from the harvest fields. Competition set in to see who could accomplish most in an evening, as the winner was permitted to kiss all the young ladies present.

To celebrate a holiday they used the entire day. The fourth and twenty-fourth of July were prominent holidays.

Utah pioneers observed Independence Day, even when they were crossing the Plains on their way to their future mountain homes. One of the first notable celebrations in Salt Lake City was in 1852. For a time they blended the idea and the spirit of the Fourth and the Twenty Fourth, which they considered Utah's natal day. We have the following account of the celebration July 4, 1856.

Firing a national salute of thirteen guns at daybreak was the signal for ringing bells and hoisting flags. Large flags were displayed in prominent places and business houses and residences. A great variety of banners and mottoes were displayed with the flags. Bands played at the homes of prominent officials, then passed on through the principal streets of the city. A grand procession followed in which leading government officials were given prominent places and saluted with the firing of cannon. At the public meeting the constitution of the United States was presented and read, followed by three cheers from the troops and the assembled multitude, and a roll of drums, and music by the band. Then came the patriotic oration prepared by Brigham Young.

Many settlements outside of Salt Lake celebrated this same date. The program of the day became rather a pattern which was followed for years by cities and towns throughout the state. Later celebrations of the Fourth reveal times of excitement. The night of the third getting ready for the big day. Children had their pink pop corn, flags, parasols, whistles, and fans. "It was a day of flags, of brass bands, of pretty white dresses, and of deep-seated sincere patriotism. It was everybody's day, everybody's meeting, everybody's dance, and all were there." The day was filled with activity, for old and young. Children's dances in the afternoon, or early evening, and dances at night for the adults, always climaxed the day's celebration. This was typical of celebrations in Dixie, but some used the day to escape from the heat and relax in the mountains. The Twenty-fourth was rather set aside for trips in the mountains, usually at Pine Valley.

July celebrations in the past were characterized by mass participation. This, perhaps, contributed to forming a bond of friendship and interest in each other, for which Dixie has been so noted. Today we do not seem to have time for each other, nor the regard for the two significant holidays that was shown formerly. Honor for these two days is dwindling, the time being given over to personal whims. Patriotic orations were given and the Declaration of Independence was read on the Fourth, and on the Twenty-fourth tributes to the pioneers and stories of their struggles were given and heard by everyone.

I remember, as a boy in Santa Clara, sleeping on an outdoor deck and being awakened at daybreak by the roar of salutes fired in St. George, and hearing the reverberations and echoes along the hills. Old Glory was hoisted and music by string or brass band was brought to the home of every family by

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serenaders. In St. George it has been chiefly the martial band (fife and drum corps), but a brass band also played an important part in activities. This band was a community band, until later years the school sponsored a band. Other communities also had their martial band, which survived through the years.

The patriotic meeting was spiced with wit and music, and was enthusiastically attended by everyone. Sports on the public square were attended just as enthusiastically and old and young alike participated. Novelty races, such as sack races, egg races, potato races, nail driving by women, sewing buttons by men, and a great variety of sports made fun for all. Of course, refreshments were not forgotten, prominent among which was the large barrel of lemonade from which each in turn might quaff. Children danced to the tune of a fiddle with organ accompaniment in the afternoon, and in the evening the same musicians set the adults afire. They danced with zest, and really enjoyed it. All ladies present shared, in varying degrees, in the dance, for each fellow felt duty-bound to dance at least once with every girl present.

Does the present generation look back in amusement as it sees their elders frolic, and enjoy life? Perhaps so, but there surely are those who would have today's curtain closed and revert to the fun of the good old days.

The entrance of the pioneers into Salt Lake Valley is an event that should be commemorated forever. Communities, large and small, over the years, have conducted grand celebrations. The first one was July 24, 1849, in Salt Lake City. Cannons were fired, the brass band furnished music through the streets, the flag was unfurled and a patriotic meeting was held in the old Bowery. During the procession there was singing, the cannon roared, the musketry rolled, and the Nauvoo bell rang as the brass band filled the air with its beautiful strains.

A hurried glimpse across the years reveals these events. Beaver, always loyal in commemorating the day, followed the usual pattern of the first celebration in the forenoon. "Every man, woman, and child got the spirit of the occasion." In the parade Brigham Young, a hand cart company, the queen, Miss Utah, and her attendants and other notable events were represented. Picnic time came, then games, races, and dances.

In the early years of Rockville elaborate celebrations were made, such as pioneer costumes, renovating wagons and hand carts and arrangements to have the Indians in their regalia participate in a mock battle. Girls held a slumber party the night of the 23rd. Everyone gathered at the church for a community dinner. Boys had gone twenty miles to get snow with which to make ice cream. At the dance, babies were taken care of by those unable to dance.

In Hebron the celebration lasted three or four days. Horse racing, roping and riding wild horses and cattle furnished the chief entertainment. In 1881 a red pine pole 55 feet long was brought from Grass Valley and planted in front of the church. A lovely flag waved from it.

Santa Clara in 1900 reports much time was spent in preparation for the day. Ice stored twenty miles away during the winter was used to make their ice cream.

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In Washington, camp had been made after the parade, and Indians rode up and snatched a little girl from a wagon. Scouts went in pursuit of her, but were unable to rescue her. However, the scouts returned later with an Indian boy whom they had captured. Later the Indians returned with the girl, and by means of an interpreter the Indian chief exchanged the white girl for the Indian boy.

Parades in the various communities typified the pioneers by costume, covered wagons pulled by yokes of oxen and hand carts with women and children walking or pushing the cart.

An entry from St. George July 24, 1866 states: very warm in the morning; refreshin^g shower in the afternoon. There was a sunrise salute, an elaborate procession, and a meeting at the bowery. "In the afternoon we went to Washington, and were welcomed by the citizens there. We went to the cotton factory, which Brother Snow dedicated. The remainder of the time was spent dancing until after midnight. We got home a little before daylight."

Early in Dixie history, pioneers planned a summer outing centering around the 24th of July. Pine Valley was the favorite resort for the summer festivities, and people from many of the nearby communities participated. Today, less than an hour's drive from St. George, the journey then to Pine Valley required two days.

From a journal of one of the pioneers we have the following account. "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, July 23, 24, 25th, 1865, at Valley, up among the towering pines and majestic mountains we were in company with several of the brethren and sisters. Three of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles preached to us. Besides this, we sang, danced, jumped, romped, etc. The scenery was truly sublime and imposin^g. Got safely home in St. George on the 27th (pretty well tired out from the jolting over the rough and rocky roads for two days.)"

One of the local citizens of Pine Valley described the celebrations by stating that each year, soon after the 4th of July, a town meeting was held to select a committee for the day. The committee selected a Marshal of the Day, an orator, and a chairman of songs and recitations. Band practice started early with interested town people listening each evening. The dance on the 23rd lasted all night, and ended with the martial band serenading from house to house at daybreak. Programs, games, sports, and a dance were enjoyed during the day. A ball at night lasted until every dancer was exhausted and morning was well on its way. Our celebrations were always voted "superb success."

In 1904 the following account was written. "People from miles around came to Pine Valley and camped in a grove of trees. No one wanted to miss a single event. Days had been spent building a platform in the trees, and erecting long tables and log seats. Calves and pigs were barbecued for the big feast. A huge fire was built in the center of the picnic grounds.

The day began with a big parade through town. Then followed races: sack races, potato races, egg races; men sewed buttons; ladies drove nails, and there were horse races and ball games. There was pink lemonade, pop corn balls, and plenty of candy and gum. A dance was held for the children in the afternoon, and a drama was presented one night for the adults. The closing attraction was the dance for the adults."

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Stories about certain places and people in Dixie were repeated and so well known that they became household tales and were accepted as true. During the past week an elderly lady who lived in Springdale as a child, told me she was told so often not to do this, or not to do that because of serious consequences that would follow, that she became tired of superstitions that were so prevalent. She vouches for the veracity of the following story.

"In the early days at Springdale an elderly couple that once belonged to the church had apostatized. One night a small boy there, nearly well from a long sickness, suddenly broke into a tantrum and could not be quieted until some one discovered that the evil old man was standing outside the window, glaring in. He was dressed in his temple clothes. It was evident that he had bewitched the child.

"The woman, never known to have harmed anyone, was the terror of the people. It was known that she couldn't go under steel. One day in a rain storm she came to Grandmother's home. As she was sitting near the stove to dry herself, someone slipped a knitting needle in the rafters just above her head. Her clothes began to steam, and she looked as if she were surely in misery. Yet the poor creature couldn't move until the piece of steel was removed from above her head.

"One day when Grandmother was alone, she saw the witch coming toward her house; remembering the incident, she stuck a paring knife in a crack above the door way; then she invited her caller in. After several useless attempts to comply with the invitation, the mysterious woman decided to stay outside.

"Though none knew of any harm she had ever done, she was considered a detriment to the community, and a few cruel half-insane boys took it upon themselves to get rid of her. They told her that her son wanted her to follow their directions and bring him some food. Her mother's heart made her go to the spot designated. The boys hiding there beat her to death with rocks. This spot in Zion Canyon has been pointed out to me, and I know four young people who have reason to believe it is haunted.

"Years later, when some boys were riding on horses through the canyon, they came upon a queer-looking old woman sitting on a rock. The boys, eager to find out who she was, started towards her, since she wouldn't answer any of their questions. At first she was near them, but after she started running, their horses couldn't over-take her. Before their eyes, she ran to the top of a steep mountain. It seemed to the awe-stricken watchers that she flew, for no one had ever been able to climb that mountain before. My uncle was one of the boys who saw her."

It always has been the custom of the membership of the Church to meet in General Conferences in April, the birthday of the Church, and also in October. Sometimes special conferences have been held. When the headquarters of the Church were established in Salt Lake City, members from many communities assembled to hear the counsel of the leaders, to visit old friends, and to transact business. As the journey then to Salt Lake required many days for some, visits would naturally be restricted to one or two each year. Some walked long distances, some rode horseback, some rode in wagons,

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buggies, or carts. After the advent of the railroad, it was easier to make the trip. "Going to Conference," was a great occasion in early days.

Following the pattern in the "Center of Zion," were the conferences in the various stakes. These were held quarterly, and representatives of the General Authorities attended to advise the people in material, as well as in spiritual matters. Headquarters of the stakes were more accessible. However, some stakes, such as St. George, extended to distant areas. Wards in Nevada, Arizona, and the eastern part of Washington County, were from fifty to sixty miles distant. Travel by team required one or two days each way. Conference was held three days, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Wards nearer by could drive to St. George in the morning and return after the meetings. Three or four spring seats were placed on each wagon and a jolly crowd could be accommodated. A bundle of hay for the horses and food for the conference goers was carried along. Long rows of wagons were parked on Tabernacle Street and horses were tied to the wagons. The noon meal was usually eaten on the wagon, or in warmer weather, under the shade trees along the street.

Conference goers from more distant points camped several days, generally at the home of friends or relatives. Such homes were filled to capacity, for it was expected that friends would come, and the doors were open to them. It was not uncommon for fifteen to twenty guests to be found in one home. Every bed, and improvised beds on the floors, together with stacks of baked pies, bread, meat, fruits and vegetables, awaited their coming. Children liked to go to conference, too, perhaps for more reasons than one.

That the pioneers would recount their experiences in tales around the campfires, or later in their homes around the hearthsides, is but natural. From being oft repeated it would entice some ballad maker to set these stories to music and thus lend entertainment and encouragement to the listeners. It is not surprising, then, that ballads originated in the trek across the Plains, dealing with their experiences, and again, in the trying times of Dixie, expression would be given to the feelings of the settlers.

The hand cart song, written by J. D. T. McAllister, expressed the spirit of the people and was sung often. Consisting of six stanzas, it tells the call to leave Europe, come to the land of freedom, push the handcarts, and be welcomed by friends among whom they can make their permanent homes. Only the chorus of this ballad will be given here.

"Some must push and some must pull
As we go marching up the hill,
As merrily on the way we go
Until we reach the valley, oh.

McAllister came to Dixie and served as president of the St. George stake from 1877 to 1888. There were other handcart ballads, also.

Popular ballads tell of the life in Dixie, too. One by George A. Hicks and his wife, Betty, reflects their disappointments in Dixie after leaving their home in Cottonwood. Another, "We Left Our Home in Utah," tells of a company

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sent to guard the route from Dixie to Lee's Ferry during the time of Indian dangers. Among the hardships encountered, they relate humorous incidents also, to alleviate their worries.

A popular song writer of pioneer themes was Charles L. Walker. Perhaps his best known ballad he titles "St. George and the Drag On." Three stanzas tell of the discouragements in this desert land with Indians prowling around. But he sees green spots with vines and fruit trees and flowers, even though the sun is hot and the wind blows like fury. The chorus reads: "Mesquites, soap root, prickly-pears, and briars.

St. George ere long will be a place that every one admires."

Other titles of his compositions include: "Marching to Dixie," "Dixie Song," "Dixie Land"; and one called "Remedies," tells of various remedies his friends suggested when his foot was hurt by a rock while working on the construction of the St. George Temple.

The songs and ballads of Dixie take a prominent place among her folklore.

Interesting pioneer tales deal with mining. According to tradition, a spiritualist told John Barbee where a vein of ore could be found on a white reef. In mining lore, silver had never been found in sand-stone. However, thousands of dollars worth of ore was mined from this vein, and the thriving town of Silver Reef developed and flourished until the ore was exhausted, and Silver Reef became a ghost town.

The story was told of a group of travelers on the road to California finding a rich ledge of gold at the junction of the Santa Clara and Magotsu streams. The place was marked, but because of heavy floods the place could not be found again. Known as "The Lost Lead," it was the object of much searching. A woman looking through a "Peep Stone" directed W. B. Pace to a rich mine in the vicinity. Time and money were spent in vain search for "The Lost Lead." One of the old settlers explains that particles of rich ore were found in the stream, but he thinks they were from ore Spaniards, or other travelers over the route, had unloaded because of excess loads over the heavy roads, and some of it washed into the Santa Clara Creek.

The following story is confirmed by descendants of James Holt. "One day while James Holt was riding in the hills near his ranch on the edge of the desert, he came upon a ledge of richly-colored rocks. As he was interested in mining, he broke off a piece of the rock and took note of the landmarks to guide him back to the spot. The assayer assured him that the rock contained an unusually-large amount of gold. At his home that afternoon, a small man with a white beard riding a donkey, asked for food. Mr. Holt obliged him, and engaged him in conversation while his wife prepared dinner. The first words uttered by the stranger were to the effect that Mr. Holt had found a rich mine. Mr. Holt confirmed the report, and in surprise asked how the stranger knew it. The man evaded his question and merely said, "You had better forget about this mine. If it develops, it will be the ruination of your boys."

Mr. Holt went into the house to see how the food was coming. In a few minutes he returned to find the stranger and his donkey had vanished as if into thin air.

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Nothing has been found of the mine, although the rock was kept in the Holt home, and efforts have been made to locate the spot. Mr. Holt believed it was all for the best, for he never revealed the spot to any of the members of his family. Some of his descendants are still interested in locating this mine.

To us who have our needs supplied from resources other than our own, it is easy to forget how self-reliant, pioneers living in a desert, had to be. Unique ways were developed in providing some of the necessities from materials available.

Note the following. Soap was made from the oose root found on the hills, shampoo came from the same source. Lye was made by putting ashes from cottonwood into water; saleratus, or baking powder, from the alkali that covered the valleys like snow. From potatoes, grated and dried, starch was made. Burning rags, soaked in grease, served as flash lights, and candles and coal oil lamps furnished illumination for the homes. Yeast was made from a plant yielding "hops." If one used his last bit of yeast, he could go to his neighbor, for every one must have yeast as a necessity in making bread. The supply of yeast could be replenished by adding water that had been used to cook potatoes.

Dishes were shaped from wood or moulded from clay. Hats braided from wheat straw were made white by curing the straw in a barrel of sulphur. Cotton was grown and cured and spun into cloth by hand. Silk worms were raised to produce silk. To get coloring for this home-made cloth, a variety of materials were used and combined. Brown color was obtained from walnuts, blue from indigo blossoms, yellow from rabbit-brush flowers, brown-green from peach leaves, red from dock root and madder, black from squawbush (shumack), and green from chaparral. Other shades could be had from burdock, sage brush, and the tan bark from pine trees.

For fuel, dried trees or limbs from trees growing in the hills near by, or dried cactus were used. Sometimes loads of drift wood could be gathered from the river bottoms after a flood. The supply of pine and cedar was limited, so cottonwood trees and larger willows were planted and cut into stove lengths or for fire places, when the wood was green and left in piles to dry for summer use. Charcoal, green wood processed for greater heat, was used in smelting ore from the Grand Gulch mine in a smelter set up in St. George.

Markets at our door for surplus produce, and markets at home supplying our every necessity, present a marked contrast to conditions of earlier days. Trucks bringing loads of fresh foodstuffs, and hurrying away with loads to other markets, make us forget the tedious and arduous ways of pioneer days. Markets where cash could be obtained were limited largely to mining centers. There was an exchange of foodstuffs among adjoining counties, and fruits and vegetables from Dixie were exchanged in Iron, Beaver, Sevier and even Sanpete counties for flour, grain, potatoes, and other produce.

Some of these northern counties, also found an outlet for their products in mining towns in Nevada, which towns in turn, were dependent upon these settlements for the necessities of life. For many years the shotgun was the law of the land. There was little protection for travelers. Many an escapade is

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recorded of travelers with money obtained for loads of produce being attacked by lawless gangs. Also raids were made on horses, sheep, or cattle being trailed to the market.

Many arrests were made, but many got away from the clutches of the law. One man crowding a herd of cattle up Stateline Canyon toward the Nevada line was shot by a deputy marshal. The officer called "halt" several times, but the man kept going and was shot dead before he reached the line. Another deputy followed tracks of shod horses, stolen from freighters, into Pioche where he found the horses. He went into a saloon and found the suspect. When the officer asked the man to follow him, four men at the gambling table picked up their revolvers to protect their thief. The courageous officer succeeded in getting the culprit in the penitentiary.

The story is told of a man from Parowan returning from Pioche with his little daughter, being attacked by two men. They ordered the man to throw up his hands, but instead he dropped down between the wheel mules and drew a pistol out of his boot top. The lead mules turned around as the men tried to get a shot at the man and thus kept him covered. He finally got an opening and shot one of the robbers. The other robber, along-side the mules, tried to get a shot, but the man grabbed the reins and jerked the bridle and his horse reared. The robber fired a shot, but it went wild. A shot from the man underneath the mules hit its mark, another shot hit the rider's horse. A posse sent out from Panaca followed the bloody trail and found the man's body in a pool of blood, and the dead horse not far away.

Another man, from Pine Valley, returning from Caliente, was attacked by two men shortly after he started home. One of the men, with a pistol in his hands, ordered everything thrown out of the wagon. This done, the robber came nearer the wagon and stooped over to pick up the money that had been thrown out. In a flash the man in the wagon picked up his rifle and covered the two men. It was bitter cold, but the robbers were compelled to take off their coats, drop their pistols and hold up their hands. The outlaws were told to beat it back to Caliente, and were told they could get their coats and belongings the next day at the police station in Panaca. No one ever called for the belongings.

I told of experiences in the earlier days when gangs attacked and robbed travelers returning from the Nevada markets. In time the law gave protection to travelers, but jealousy on the part of those having licensed markets made trouble for peddlers. They felt peddlers should also buy a license to sell.

People were dependent on foodstuffs brought by wagon and team, as railroad transportation was not available, or was too costly. Amicable arrangements were worked out between the peddlers and the local merchants, so it was not a serious concern. However, as late as 1908 there was still controversy. During that summer renewed efforts to keep peddlers out of Pioche were made. To meet the situation, producers united, bought a license, and rented a place of business in Pioche. Harmon Gubler, Jr. and I operated the business there that summer. Each man brought his load to the store where it was weighed in, paid for, and he was soon on his way home. The loads in turn were sold at the store,

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or orders were taken and deliveries made. We had a one-horse vehicle for delivery.

Produce sold consisted of a wide variety. Fruits and vegetables were the main items, but other items in small quantities which had been taken to the town grocery store, to be paid in lieu of money, in exchange for such items as a general merchandising store carried, were also marketed. Also at the Bishop's storehouse tithing in kind was paid and accumulated. These items were to be sold to outside markets, as there was little demand at home. These items consisted of eggs, chickens, molasses, dried fruit, almonds, pits from apricots (sweet-pit variety), all varieties of fruits and vegetables, and in general, anything that was palatable and would serve as food.

During the earlier years, Silver Reef afforded the chief outlets for local produce, also for hay and grain. Wine was made in large quantities, but it was sold largely at home. Grapes were hauled to the camps where they were made into wine. Meat was dressed at slaughter houses adjacent to the markets. Animals were driven to market as there was no refrigeration to keep meat from spoiling.

After Silver Reef closed, markets were chiefly in Nevada, prominent among which were Delamar, Pioche, and Caliente. Other small mining camps which lasted only a short time were Deerlodge and Stateline (now Hamblin Valley). In Utah, Milford afforded a small market. As it was the railroad terminus, goods were loaded and hauled to the home stores. West of Milford, Frisco and Newhouse were good markets for a number of years.

I would like to tell in detail of a trip to these markets.

To reach markets with produce in good condition required great care in selecting and loading. The load would be in transit for three or four days, and if the weather was stormy, fresh fruits and vegetables would require special attention. Another problem was to get fresh eggs to the market. The average load, in a covered wagon, would weigh much less than a ton.

The first camp would usually be at Dameron (Diamond) Valley. An additional team was used over the heavy roads on this part of the trip. Water for the horses was bought there. Other famous rendezvous for campers were: Chadburn's Ranch, east of Veyo on the Santa Clara Creek; Cane Springs (usually noon the second day); Holt's Ranch, on the edge of the desert. From Holt's Ranch the route to Frisco and Milford extended northward by what is now Newcastle to Antelope Springs, then northward to destination. The route to Pioche and Delamar extended to Panaca and Pioche, or south of Panaca to Caliente and on to Delamar. Later a good road was built westward from the Santa Clara Creek where a smelter had been built to smelt the ore from the Apex mine. This road extended by Jackson Springs to the Beaver Dam Wash and up the west fork of the wash to Acoma, a railroad station. This was a much shorter and better route to Caliente and Delamar. This road was ruined in 1910 by floods caused by a heavy snow storm followed by extended rain. A trip to market and return required one week.

Though travel was slow and lonesome, there still were thrills camping in the open. If a fellow acquaintance were met returning home there was plenty

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of time to stop for a good visit. If near camping time, camp would be made early so they could spend the night together.

There was no effort to regulate the market. Each man would go at his convenience, and when his produce was ready. Sometimes there was competition, as several might be ready to go at the same time. If the market were over stocked, prices would decline, as there was nothing else to do but sell at whatever price one could get. When a man learned his neighbor was going about the same time he was, there would be rivalry to get to the market first to get the best prices.

To list accouterments for such a trip I would like to use a stanza from a jingle by Owen Sanders of LaVerkin "Words of Yesteryear," and add two stanza more.

"Fellies, spokes and spindles,
King-bolts, tongues, and reaches,
Stay-chains, tugs, and croupers,
Hames and straps for breeches."

Neck-yoke, pads and collars,
Clips, and snaps, and single-tree,
Throat-latch, belly-band, and hobbles,
Hub, and thimble, double-tree;

Lines, and reins, and buckles,
Axle, stretcher, tire,
Wagon bows and cover
Burs and barrel, and bailing wire.

The hunter with his gun gets a thrill roaming the hills in search of game. Sometimes he is assisted by a dog, or a pack of dogs, trained to help him pursue and capture his game. With such help, capturing larger game, such as mountain lions or cougars must be thrilling. Compare the adventures of earlier days.

One fall during the cattle roundup in Bull Valley some of us came upon a few cougar kittens playing in an open space in the Twin Peaks area. We were successful in catching one of them and taking it into camp. It was fed milk and kept around until the drive was over. Taken home, it was object of a great deal of curiosity. It was finally decided to take it to Salt Lake City and sell it. As I was to leave for school soon, it was decided I should take it with me. It was put in a small box covered with burlap, and a handle attached for carrying it. I took it as part of my luggage when I got on the train and set it down next to my seat. All went well until about 2 a. m. when it became hungry or lonesome and began to cry. There was a group of curious people gathered around me to listen to the story of its capture and to tales of western life in the rugged mountains, so often the enjoyment of a group of cowboys gathered around a campfire. The conductor asked me to put it in the baggage car when

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the train made its next stop. The little cougar was sold, but it was not a profitable venture commercially.

Johnny (Jack) Pulsipher, a fearless rider and mountaineer, one day discovered one of his heifers killed. He followed the tracks of a cougar until he found it crouched under a bush. Riding past it, he slipped his lariat over the lion's head. He said, "Lordy, you should have seen Nigger Boy, (his horse) run." He took the lion dangling through the air, only as the rope slacked, allowing it to hit the ground, for several miles until it was dead. To substantiate his tale, he took the dead lion into town for people to see.

Billie Truman and his son captured a grown cougar in the same way. After throwing a rope over its body, they tied its feet together and put a muzzle on its nose. Throwing one end of the rope over a limb of a tree, they raised the lion, blindfolded the old mare, then let the lion down on the saddle and tied it securely. When they raised the blindfold, to quote Billie: "Man, Oh man, you should have seen that old mare buck." They took the lion into town and let people see it by paying 25 cents each.

So you think you're busy! Let's turn to Grandmother's day and spend some time with her. No electricity; no automatic washer; no refrigerator; and so with innumerable appliances of today which shorten the time and ease the work of each day's routine. Food was cooked on a stove fired with wood; shoes were shined with soot accumulated on the under side of the stove lids; butter was made from cream in a churn with a dasher. Cheese was made from a large quantity of milk (milked by hand) accumulated in a large galvanized tub, treated with tablets to set the curd and dispose of the whey, heated to a required temperature, put into cheese hoops and pressed for 24 hours. Other details for texture, color, and flavor should be noted. Bread was mixed by hand, if enough flour was on hand, and meat and all other perishable foods were to be treated with skill and caution.

Where did she get the clothing for her family? Perhaps made it herself. When the weather was warm enough to permit, sheep were caught, their feet tied, and they were placed on a large scaffold, and the wool was shorn from them. The wool had to be washed, then picked, so it would be light and fluffy.

A little grease was then worked into it. The children could assist with the picking, and often had the largest pile. Grandmother would card the wool by hand, unless she lived near enough to a carding machine in a nearby city. The rolls were as large around as a woman's little finger and were one-half yard long. Wool from a black sheep was mixed with some of the white to make the gray yarn. Wool was used to make heavy cloth for men's wear and for long, knitted socks. It was now ready to be spun on a spinning wheel. When the spindle got full, the wool was reeled off, forty threads in a knot; ten knots in a skein. Each woman who wove had a dye pot—a little jar. To color yarn blue, the jar was filled two-thirds full with chamber lye, with a little bag of indigo blue added. When the dye looked blue, the yarn was put in and remained until it was as dark as wanted, then wrung out and

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more was put in. Black yarn was colored with a dye made from log wood, and alum was used to set the color. Red dye was made from a plant in the gardens called madder—the roots being used to make the dye.

These mothers had beautiful cloth for dresses. If they wanted flannel, the warp and filling both were colored. Cloth was woven for jeans, flannel and linzy, as needed for family use. The mother cut the jeans for her husband, then did the sewing on them.

She also made him a hat by selecting wheat straws, then braided eleven strands wide braid, then sewed them into shape and placed a band of black around the hat. He was proud to wear it on special occasions. However, some hats were made from cloth.

Clothing and household articles were from silk and from cotton.

We used to say: "A man works from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done."

Our pioneer mothers could milk the cows, chop the wood, help with the planting, hoeing, watering, and harvesting of the crops, hitch up the team and drive it to work, and do all the numerous chores connected with a pioneer home. She, of course, could patch and mend the clothes, act as nurse with homemade remedies when the children were sick, and keep the house clean and prepare the meals for the family. She had no substitutes for caring for the children.

Our pioneer fathers shared the daily tasks, but when their work took them away for an extended time the mothers kept the routine program going. As children were able, they shared in many of the daily chores.

In addition to the general household tasks, the earlier settlers made their own clothing. The cotton industry and the silk industry both flourished in Dixie for some years as a matter of necessity.

Cotton was raised, although there were troubles and discouragements. It was described as a hard, tedious back-breaking task. After the ground was worked, the seeds were dropped by hand into holes made with a hoe two or three inches in depth. The rows were three or four feet apart, and the plants about two feet from each other. When the plants were a few inches high, all were pulled out except the thriftiest stocks. The young plants had to be irrigated, weeded, and cultivated. When the cotton was ripe, it was picked by hand. At first, seeds were separated from the fiber by hand, but later cotton gins did the work.

The cotton was carded by hand with two hooks, or cards, one in each hand. The card with cotton placed on it was held in the left hand and the right hand was used to comb to form rolls, or pads. This batting was now ready for use in making quilts. To make cloth, the rolls were placed on a spinning wheel. One end was fastened, and by pulling the other end while the wheel was turned with a treadle, the cotton was stretched and made into threads. The yarn was made into socks by the dexterous use of knitting needles or into embroidery work by crocheting, or woven into cloth from which articles of clothing were made. Many women made their dresses in this way. Men's suits were also made by hand from cotton cloth made at home. In time machinery was provided to make the cloth.

Silk production was also carried on in Dixie. Silkworm eggs were shipped from overseas. Many problems arose, but the prospect of silken gowns encouraged the women. The project was placed in charge of the Women's Relief Society, and the experiment of hatching, feeding, and rearing silkworms was undertaken. The worms fed on mulberry leaves given to them every four hours, day and night. Great care was given until they matured. The process of growth until the silken threads were taken from the cocoon, and the task of threading the reel and preparing the threads for the loom where the cloth was woven, was a tedious one. With silk available, the women could proceed with articles to wear—perhaps a wedding dress or handkerchiefs and scarves, or knitted ties for men.

PIONEER MEMOIRS

Day after day, as the swift moments fall,
We are hanging pictures on memory's wall.
The painter is ready, and dark or fair,
Our thoughts and acts are pictured there."

From "Memories" by Jennie B. Miles

Trip to Dixie

By HANNAH FAWCETT

Hannah Fawcett, a girl of sixteen, tells of the trip to Dixie with her father's family, one of two families to arrive first of the group called in 1861.

"We were called to Dixie in the fall of 1861. We had a pretty comfortable home, fruit trees beginning to bear, and gardens and field doing well. We started on the twenty-ninth of October in company with Robert Thompson and family, and Joseph Johnson and family, the first on the road. We had three yoke of oxen, one span of horses, one two-year colt, four cows, and three calves. Some of us walked to drive the stock.

"Sister Thompson's baby died when we camped between Provo and Springville. When we got to Beaver the wind was blowing a hurricane, so the bishop let us camp in the meeting house. Coming down the Black Ridge, the wagon tire broke, so it was taken to Toquer to be mended. While we camped on Ash Creek a heavy storm came up and blew our tent down. We started again, and when traveling around a rocky ridge we broke the axletree and had to leave the wagon. After going back for the wagon, they brought it to Harrisburg where we got a cottonwood stick and fixed the axletree.

"Brother Johnson left us there and went to Santa Clara to visit his wife's brother. We camped in Washington that night. In the morning we traveled over the hill to St. George, arriving about noon, Nov. twenty-fifth (Saturday), 1861. We camped a little west of the adobe yard. On Wednesday, about noon, there was a company of Swiss people came and nooned at our camp. People from the settlements along the way brought them from one settlement to another. The Cedar boys brought them from Cedar to Santa Clara. While they were at our camp they sang some Swiss songs and had a nice time. On Sunday, Dec. 1, there were several families drove into the camp."

"Family History Journal"

By JOHN S. STUCKI

In his "Family History Journal," John S. Stucki writes: "There was not room for anything in our hand-cart except a very little clothing and bedding. We had to leave all else we brought with us from Switzerland without

realizing a cent for it. After we started, we were told we could have only half rations of food. Mother had a baby to nurse, so after pulling the handcart all day, she became worn out. Father let her have a little larger ration.

"The load was heavy for Father to pull alone, so we children pushed to help. I remember as a boy nine years old how tired I became and wished I could sit down and rest for just a few minutes, when Father asked, if I could not push a little bit more. I was hungry all the time. Father was given a piece of meat when one of the teamsters shot a buffalo. That was early in the week, but it was decided to keep the meat for Sunday. I was so hungry I could not resist cutting off a piece each half day. I would chew it so long it became perfectly tasteless. I was afraid of getting a severe whipping. On Sunday, when Father asked me if I had eaten some of the meat, I answered, 'Yes,' but instead of punishing me, he wiped tears from his eyes.

"When Father drew a lot, he went right to work making a dugout, covering it with bulrushes and dirt. My bed was straw on the ground with no pillow. The straws cut and pressed into the skin until by morning I would have to pick them out. We children had to go without shoes for a good many years. Our cow had to pick her living, and I often had to go to find her in the evenings. In the cold winter days, crossing the stream with floating ice, and walking on frozen ground, I had to run to keep my feet from freezing to the ground. Sometimes my tracks could be traced by blood from my feet. In the hot summer days while herding cows, my feet would nearly blister from the hot red sand. I would run from one bush to another to get my feet in the shade.

"Father and I walked four miles each day from Santa Clara to assist in the work of building the St. George Temple. After our day's work, we walked home."

A Tin Smith, C. L. Riding

Christopher L. Riding records he brought a stock of sheet iron, sheet tin, copper, brass, wire solder etc. with him to Dixie. As there was not enough business in St. George to provide him with work, he procured a cart and an ox and traveled to all the southern Utah towns. He loaded his cart with tin-ware and tools and drove to Cedar, Parowan, and even to Beaver, selling his wares, accepting flour, butter, eggs, cheese, or any produce in payment. Later, he invested in a horse and a new cart and continued his trips.

He made his wares chiefly from waste cans, as it was too expensive to ship in tin. People saved cans and metals of all kinds for him, and he made buckets, milk pans, milk cans, cups, plates, bread cans and tins, lamps, washboards, or any metal article needed.

The great ball on the temple and also on the tabernacle are his work. He was a master workman, and he did metal work on all public buildings before his death.

"Aunt" Julia Graf

"I was born in Salt Lake City, but my parents came to Dixie when I was six weeks old, and we lived in a dugout in Santa Clara. Children, as soon as they were able, had to work. As I grew up, I helped in the fields thinning cotton, picking cotton, watering fields, cutting grain (by hand), stripping cane, gleaning grain, herding cattle, in fact, everything there was to do.

"Food stuff" was scarce in the early years, and it seems to me we children were always hungry. Bread was made from bran and shorts, or corn and sometimes cane seed. Baking was done in a small Dutch oven by putting coals under and over it. Our bread was rationed—two small slices per meal. We children were good to forage. We would eat wild cabbage stalks, sour dock stalks, sego bulbs, tender young willows, and Squaw (Sumac) berries, and pout berries. One day we three older children took a loaf of bread and a knife to Mother, who was working in the garden, and begged for bread. She knew we were hungry, and she sat down and cried and cried, and said some day she would give us a piece of bread all around the loaf, with maybe butter on it.

"Our education was very limited. The teacher would board round according to the number of pupils in the family—one day per child. Sometimes our parents couldn't afford all the children to go to school, so those who stayed out one winter were allowed to go the next. There were no grades, and often, one book had to do for the family. Discipline was very strict. I remembers one teacher who wore out apple willow after apple willow on some unruly boys.

"When I had ear ache, a neighbor blew tobacco smoke in my ear to ease the pain."

"Mother Terry"

Mother Terry ("Aunt Lydia") brought her weaving loom and spinning wheel with her, and just as she had done in Salt Lake, employed her time, and, as the girls grew older, their time also, in preparation of cloth, yarns, etc., for family use. Often they had three spinning wheels going at once, with mother and daughters at work. They made their own soap and candles also. Mother Terry taught her girls all the arts of pioneer housewifery, so they would be prepared to keep their own homes thriftily.

She was one of the girl telegraph operators of pioneer days. The Deseret Telegraph line was extended from St. George to the minning camps of Pioche and Ely, Nevada; in 1872 an office was opened in Hebron. She attended a school in telegraphy from January to March in 1872 for which her teacher made wooden keys. She was placed in charge of the Hebron office where she served for several months. She was then transferred to the office in Panaca, Nevada, and at the age of nineteen she went to take care of the office at Pipe Spring, on the border of Utah and Arizona.

"Memories" by Jennie B. Miles

"My father, Melancthon W. Burgess, built the first house in St. George. While the neighbors were living in dugouts, or in willow houses plastered over with mud, or in wagon boxes, we thought it was a luxury to have such a "nice" home. Father cut timber on the Parowan Mountains with a cross-cut saw and brought lumber and clapboards to build the house. The nails he made from iron ore obtained near Cedar City. The one-room building was lined with adobes (Dixie mud). There were four doors, one in each wall, and one window with eight small panes of glass which he brought with him from Salt Lake. There was a fireplace on the north side which was used for heating and for cooking. An iron bar with a hook in the middle extended across it. A large black iron kettle, in which meats and other foods were cooked, hung from this. Bake ovens and a frying pan with a long handle were also used. Potatoes and onions could be cooked in the coals or ashes. The floor was scrubbed with sand. Father made these cooking utensils, as he was a blacksmith.

"The furniture was made from a wagon box, of black walnut wood. The wash bench was half of a large log with legs inserted at each end, smooth on top for brass buckets. In 1863 a bed room, a kitchen, and a porch were added. Now in this home could be seen a Charter Oak stove, a chest, a sewing stand, a sewing chair, and a coal-oil lamp on the table. There was a built-in cupboard; the carpets were made from old clothes rags; and a chicken wing, or a bunch of feathers was used as a duster. There was a stone crock churn with a wooden dasher.

"In this home parties, dances, wedding dances, Sunday school, and meetings were held. At the dances some were barefoot, some had cow-hide boots, or heavy shoes. A piece of tallow on the shelf was used to minister to stubbed toes or bruised feet so they could go on with the dance."

Foods stored in the home would include salted-down trout, bull berry preserves, Johnny cake, head cheese, wurst, sour kraut, cucumbers in salt brine, and molasses or honey in the comb. There were also pickled grapes, ground cherry preserves, clingstone peaches and pears with cloves stuck in each one.

In the garden were grown medicinal plants as mint, sage, catnip, horehound, fennel, angelic, and peppermint. They raised madder and indigo for coloring to dye carpet rags. In their garden also was a great variety of flowers.

From oose roots were made shampoo and soap suds; water and cottonwood ashes took the place of lye to loosen the dirt from the clothes.

Told by Edward H. Syphus

Three people, two young ladies and a man, started from Overton to go to St. George. After driving across the Mormon Mesa and descending the long dugway to the river flat, they attempted to cross the river which was swollen with flood waters following a rain storm. The team was drowned and the wagon stuck in the quick sand. The wagon bed, with the people in it, floated down the stream a distance, then drifted on a sand bar on the east side of the river. From there they walked twenty miles along the river bank through mud and brush, then rested until morning.

"An Indian from a camp on the west side of the river, seeing them, rushed to St. Thomas and awakened the settlers and told them of the three people nearly frozen on the opposite bank of the stream. Though it was extremely dangerous, a rider attempted to cross the stream with waves seven or eight feet high. The horse and rider were completely submerged, but by clinging to the saddle, the rider was carried to the opposite bank, by the horse's swimming like a fish down stream until a landing was found.

"The people, cold and hungry, and foot sore, with their clothes torn and muddy, were thus rescued and taken to St. Thomas where they were given a warm breakfast before being returned to their homes in Overton."

To us, in retrospect, some of these experiences seem to take a humorous turn, but to those concerned it was a serious matter. Out-witting the federal officers reveal some interesting stories, and being re-baptized wasn't just a matter of conduct.

A fabricated letter to John D. Lee, threatened to hang him if he did not leave town within ten days, for the part he had taken in the Mountain Meadow Massacre. Lee's wife, Emma, thought she knew who had written the letter, so she retaliated by calling him uncomplimentary names, and telling him he had better keep out of her way, or she would put a shotgun load of salt in his backside.

The man preferred a charge against her for unchristianlike conduct, and a bishop's trial was held. The bishop decided both were in error and that they should be re-baptized. Emma asked the privilege of choosing the man who should baptize her and was granted the privilege. She asked the bishop to baptize her, saying, "I demand baptism at your hands, seeing that you are so inconsiderate as to require a woman to be immersed when the water is full of snow and ice (it was in April), and that too, for defending the rights of her husband. You should pay a little of the penalty for making such a decision, and perhaps, if your backside gets wet in the ice water, you will be more careful how you decide again."

Plural marriage, advocated by church leaders and practiced generally throughout the church, was readily accepted by the pioneers of Dixie, and some men married, two, three, four, or many wives. Some diaries record a congenial, happy life in homes where the father had more than one family. Often separate homes were provided for each family.

In the 1880's federal legislation made polygamy illegal and imposed a fine and imprisonment for those living in "co-habitation." Brigham Young had instructed his people: "Be careful that you don't get into trouble. Get good young women when you get them that can be controlled." He further advised: "If any good man wishes to take an Indian girl for a wife, he should first gain her affections, and take pains to instruct her, and then have her sealed to him by the proper authority, precisely the same as with a white woman."

Many incidents are related of men evading the U.S. Marshals. They were alerted wherever possible in time for them to go into hiding. The officers usually stopped in Silver Reef as they came into the county. The telegraph operator there sent the message (a code), "Send Up Two Chairs," and the operator in St. George got word to the parties concerned. Children were instructed to know nothing of certain neighbors when questioned by strangers.

The marshals were often out-witted, but there were instances of victims being caught and convicted. A three-hundred dollar-fine, and six months in the penitentiary worked a hardship in those days. Some moved to Mexico; some built homes in Nevada or Arizona, and moved all but one family from the state.

Infractions of established social conduct were handled by the Bishop's Court, consisting of the three members of the bishopric in each ward. Appeals from these decisions could be taken to the Stake High Council.

The usual punishment for a public offense was to make it right with the people in mass meeting. By appearing publicly and by stating one was sorry for what he did, and promise he would do it no more, the offender was granted forgiveness and restored to full fellowship, usually by being re-baptized. If he felt not to comply with this request he would be ex-communicated.

One night in a dance a young man was rather roudy and rude. The bishopric, always in charge of the dances, demanded he make restitution by asking forgiveness. He refused to do this, and was excommunicated. He held ill will toward the church during the remainder of his life.

Another instance is of a man drinking too much wine purchased in the cellar of a neighbor—a practice common in those days. He became rude and noisy as a result. The person who sold him the wine had him arrested and tried. He was ex-communicated and remained outside the pale of church activity until he was eighty years of age. Then, by his own request, he was re-instated.

Memoirs of Charles Franklin Foster, Sr.

"In 1862 I went with Father and others to California to purchase trees, grapevines, hives filled with bees, and other freight."

"In January, 1866, with others, I went to Pipe Spring after Indians, when word was received of the death of James Whitmore and Bud McIntyre at the hands of the Indians. During the night James Andrus went out to do a little private scouting and found a Kaibab Indian, lassoed him and brought him into camp, where we kept him for several days before he would tell us where the dead bodies were. The clothes and possessions had been taken, and the Indians had made their escape, except a few who were taken captive."

"In the fall of 1868, I drove four yoke of oxen to the Missouri River after emigrants, walking all the way. It required about five months to make the trip. We were paid \$16 00 per month in labor tithing."

"The previous spring we took a herd of cattle to California. There were five deserts to cross, and we crossed one that required three days, and this without water for the cattle until a rain came. We made the return trip with pack horses, a very hot, dry trip."

"In 1869 I made another trip for freight for the St. George Co-op store. One night Frank Woolley failed to hobble his horses, and soon they were missing. The next day was spent hunting the horses, but none were found, and Woolley had not returned. Later his body and the mule he was riding were found, both having been shot by the Indians."

Relating to such trips as the foregoing to the Missouri River we have the following incidents recorded by Young in "The Founding of Utah."

"Teams were raised in all parts of the territory, organized into companies of fifty wagons each, four yoke of cattle to each wagon, and placed under the care of experienced men. These were sent to the Missouri River, a distance of 1400 miles, to haul the luggage of the immigrants. The people were required to walk.

"I lost an ox and went out to look for it, finding it twenty-five miles from camp. I discovered Indians driving horses they had stolen. I sneaked up to the camp, unfettered the horses, and killed one of the Indians. I was then caught in the middle of a wolf pack, when a fresh pack came sweeping across the road in front of me. The horses coiled back, and I began shooting right and left. One of the horses bolted from the band and ran wildly across the plains. Instantly, every wolf joined in pursuit. I arrived safely at camp at four o'clock A. M."

"About three o'clock in the morning, a wild yell like an Indian war-whoop rang out on the air, followed by a rush of cattle. In an instant all was confusion; women and children tumbled pell-mell out of the wagons in their night clothes, screaming and fainting. The men, guns in hand, formed bands, and,

rushing in front of the cattle, fought desperately to keep them from bolting; and caused the crazy beasts to run in a circle. Every round brought them nearer the wagons. The men fired a volley in the air; the flames from the guns seemed to paralyze the stock, and then with a rush that shook the ground, away they thundered toward the foothills.

"The cattle were rounded up the next morning and hitched to the wagons, but they were still nervous. Suddenly two Indians rode from the head of a hollow and gave their wild, blood-curdling war-whoop. As quick as lightning an alarm seemed to flash from one end of the train to the other, and every team rushed wildly down the hill.

"My pen is too weak to describe the heart-rending scene that followed. Wagons were jolted against wagons with such force that the inmates were thrown out, to be run over and tramped under feet by other mad teams following in their rear. On they came, tearing blindly in any direction that their crazy fear led them. Wagons were imbedded in the mire of the creek, and the tongues jerked out. At last they began to scatter, and then they stopped. Attention was then turned to the wounded ones."

From O. N. Woodbury Memoirs

"My father ran a molasses mill, and I well remember the thirty-gallon barrel of peach preserves we had every winter made with molasses. When the molasses was nearly done, he would have the peaches washed and put into the molasses—and cooked into preserves."

"When flour was \$25.00 a hundred, few people could afford wheat bread; corn bread and johnny cake was the staple, and that hard to get."

"Sometimes at night the drums would beat to call the men out to repel a Navajo attack, and the hearts of the children almost stood still with fright."

Notes from living pioneers over ninety told to me in 1961.

Sarah L. Jacobson knitted stockings, mittens, and gloves for her family and for her husband's brothers and sisters.

Sarah Ellen Judd Lund recalls preparing lunch for her husband while he worked at the adobe yard. The lunch consisted of brown bread and molasses.

Alice W. Harmon said her daily chores used to be gathering mulberry leaves to feed her mother's silk worms. She was one of the girls carrying flowers who lined up in front of the court house to greet Brigham Young when he came to St. George to dedicate the Temple. He came in a white top buggy.

She went to Huntington in a covered wagon for her wedding trip (honeymoon). It took nine days to go and nine days to return.

Mary Jolley of Washington tells of their home near the dam and canal on the Virgin River. One night as a flood came down the river, she helped her father pile sand bags against the dam in an effort to save the home. The home, except the large rock chimney, was swept away, and the family spent the night, wrapped in quilts, leaning against a rock, listening to the loud roar of the flood all night.

The town herd was formed by each family turning its cows out of the corral at the signal of a horn shaped like a cow's horn, blown each morning by some one designated. Beginning at the extreme end of town the herd would begin, gradually increasing in size as it proceeded toward the hills where they would graze during the day. A boy was hired to care for them all and return them to their corrals at the close of the day.

Dr. Silas G. Higgins

The history of Dr. Silas G. Higgins reveals the heroic work of a family doctor called to Dixie in 1861 when it was reported malaria fever was prevalent in the area. Many deaths due to diphtheria, whooping cough, measles, scarlet fever, or other dread diseases, were recorded in the city cemetery in the early years. For forty-three years the doctor ministered relief to the suffering, whether it was caused by illness or broken bones.

He went about until he was exhausted all hours of the day and night. He lived in the northwest section of the city, and many times he had to make his way through the darkness where mesquite and rabbit brush grew in the sandy streets. Friends prevailed upon him to eat a meal before going home where other calls were waiting. He answered calls from Hebron, fifty miles distant, from Silver Reef, and communities nearer home. He traveled horseback or with a swift team and buggy on longer distances. He would diagnose the case by observing the color of the tongue.

He compounded all his own medicines. He avoided the operating knife unless life depended upon it. In a little lumber building at the side of his home he kept his drugs and herbs and worked them into powder and folded it in paper or capsule for his patients. This little shop was also his reception room.

One young man jumped from a point on the Sugar Loaf and broke his leg with the bone protruding in the sand. Amputation was recommended, but the doctor found a way to cure it. Another instance records a man's being burned with copper ore; the flesh to the bone dropped off. With salve he completely healed the burn. Pine gum and mutton tallow were common ingredients used.

His wife was a midwife, and these two people were indeed benefactors to the people in this community and surrounding territory.

He, evidently, was a psychologist also. For those who would not be satisfied with an answer that nothing was wrong he administered a harmless palatable compound made of dry orange peelings pounded to a powder and mixed with powdered magnesia. This powder was folded in paper and put in packages of one dozen.

One case he diagnosed as a bad case of lethargy. Reports have it the patient worried considerably about his condition.

Girlhood Memories

Contributed by Jennie Nixon Foster

Father died when I was very young. Mother supported us by washing, doing housework, and making hair switches for women out of their own hair. After Father died we went to live with Grandfather and Grandmother. At night Grandfather would sit around the only light we had with his newspaper, and as very little light would get through that, we were obliged to get our lessons during the day.

My first chore at home was to keep the knives and forks scoured. This was done by taking them out to the ditch bank, and with a small rag apply damp sand to them, then wash them thoroughly in the house.

It was a sin to waste food. I had one best dress. We braided our own hats from the wheat straw after threshing. Many times I mowed lucern with a scythe and hauled it two blocks on a wheel barrow.

In Later Years

I taught school in Price and Bloomington, and would come home on week ends either on horseback or with a friend in a two-wheel one-seated cart. May Day was the biggest day of the year, the whole Sunday School would go in wagons to the fields or to a grove, and did we have fun! We used to make our own rag carpets from clothes too worn for further use. We would dye the light colored ones, cut and sew them in long strips, roll them into balls, then weave them.

During house cleaning we would take the carpet out and beat the dust out of it, then cover the floor with fresh new straw and lay the carpet over it. A tug of war then began to get the carpet pulled up to the mop board and tacked down. The tighter it was stretched, the easier it was swept.

In the summer heat I would wet a sheet and hang it across the room and sit and wave it over the cradle to make the baby comfortable.

An outdoor screen cupboard with wet sacks was our refrigerator. We kept the butter in a dish and the dish in a pan of water with another pan over it, and wet cloths over the pan to keep milk fresh. Flies were a serious problem.

Eve Seegmiller Starr recounts experiences of her life. As a girl, she remembers her mother pulling and bundling by hand the grain that was too sparse to be cut. As she helped, she left the baby in the shade of the bushes.

When one of the babies was not well, her mother tried in every way to build up her strength. The boys killed birds with their flippers, and her mother dressed them and made broth for the baby.

From the mountains they would gather choke berries, elder berries, and service berries and dry them and prepare them for winter. They would scale small tomatoes and dry them for winter. They made dried-peach pies.

Chewing gum was gathered from sap dried on "squawbushes" (sumac), drops from the milk weed were dried, or soft gum from pine trees would be heated. It was also gathered from rabbit brush by peeling the bark from the stem. Rosin, pine gum, and a third ingredient was cooked and made into bars and then chewed.

Beer was made by stewing peach leaves in a large kettle, throwing in a bag of hops, some yeast, and some honey to sweeten it.

"Mother never knew the help of a doctor in the birth of her thirteen children. When one of the babies was to be born an old squaw came to her with some dried prickly pears and told her to make a tea from them and to drink it "to make papoose come easy."

When Eve was married they drove to the field for their honeymoon. Her brother provided crackers, cheese, and root beer, and just family members attended the reception. They had a good time.

Her husband, Charles C. Starr, tells of driving four horses and a wagon over rough and steep roads. Where the road was steep-slabs were hooked to the back of the wagon for a drag. "One day my drag hit a rock and broke the chain. The brakes wouldn't hold the wagon and the horses couldn't hold it back either. I was afraid of the wheelers getting into the stretchers of the lead team, so I used the whip and yelled to the man ahead to get out of the road. As luck would have it, there was room for him to clear the road, and I dashed down the slope, made a turn at the bottom, and got half way up the hill on the other side before I stopped. I couldn't have done that without good horses."

"When we hauled big timber, the wagon was coupled out long, and it was difficult to make the sharp turns in the road. To assist, we carried quacking aspen skids, fresh and sleek, and pointed at one end, so they could be driven into the rocks on the outside of the curve. They were set at an angle, so when the wheel would go out on the pole it would skid the wagon back on to the road."

APPENDAGE

Pioneer Songs

*Songs often sung by our pioneers—or Pioneer Favorites.

The Last Rose of Summer	The Birdie's Ball
Hard Times Come Again No More	Fallen Leaf
After The Ball	When My Golden Hair Has Turned to Silver
The Mistletoe Bough	Juanita Grey
Farewell Mother	Sidewalks of New York
Daisies Won't Tell	The Little Dog Under The Wagon

Pioneers composed many songs and sang them. Special occasions and unusual incidents were narrated and set to music or contrafactured (sung to well-known tunes). Religious topics came in for their share. Among these we note: "The Ten Commandments in Rhyme"; "Word of Wisdom Song"; "Tithing" (a sort of sermon); "Temple Dedication Song"; "Polygamy."

Among those commemorating special occasions were: "The Hand Cart Song"; "Fourth of July"; "Song for the Twenty-fourth of July."

Recounting activities of the time, we have: "All Hail the Twenty-fourth"; "There Is A People in the West"; "I'm Glad I'm In These High Mountains"; "I'd Rather Live In Utah"; "Merry Mormons"; "Hurrah! Hurrah! The Mormons Have A Name."

Rather negative in nature were "Mountain Meadows Massacre"; "Don't Marry The Mormon Boys"; and some anti-Brigham Young songs. However, this latter was offset by one entitled "God Bless Brigham Young."

*Words for many of these are available. Dozens more could be listed.

*Old-Time Dances With Music by a Fiddle, Organ, and Perhaps, an Accordion

Each dance had its name, and appropriate music; there was uniformity in dancing. Some dances were schottische, waltz, two-step, fox trot, barn dance, seven-up schottische, lagrace, versuvianne, Virginia reel, Boston slide, horseless four, the waltz quadrille, two-partner waltz, (each gent had two ladies) Newport, or three-step, and a variety of others. Of course, the quadrille was the standard dance, as round dancing (where body contact was made) was frowned upon, and limited to two or three such dances per evening.

Typical quadrille calls would be: balance all, swing your partner, and all promenade. Or it would start: Circle all to the left, promenade back, right hand your partner and gran right and left. Then would come the chief feature: Swing the ladies in the center of the set, and gents promenade; pass by your partner join hands, balance, break and swing, four ladies gran chain, finish the chain and promenade all.

The second couple would follow this pattern, followed by the third couple, then by the fourth.

The Second half of the quadrille begins after a short pause; with one of the introductory calls then the main feature might be. First couple lead up to

the couple on the right and circle four; lead to the right and circle six; lead to the right and circle eight; four gents, or four ladies chain or other intermediary call and back to partners and all promenade. The second couple then the third couple; then the fourth couple etc. Appropriate tunes for the quadrille would be "Golden Slippers," "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" and scores of other lively tunes.

Popular waltz tunes were: "Over The Waves"; "After The Ball"; "Good Old Summer Time"; "Daisies Won't Tell"; and many more. The Virginia reel was danced to the tune, "Turkey in the Straw"; the three-step to "Chickie, Why Don't You Lay"; the Rye Waltz to "Coming Through The Rye." Two-step to "Red Wing" or "My Merry Oldsmobile" etc.

*Directions for the dances, and calls for the quardrilles can be given to any one interested.

"And here the world, through all the years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay....."

"We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
....."

Whittier Snowbound

"Through the battle, through defeat,
moving yet and never stopping,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

Whitman

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St. George Centennial

1861 — 1961