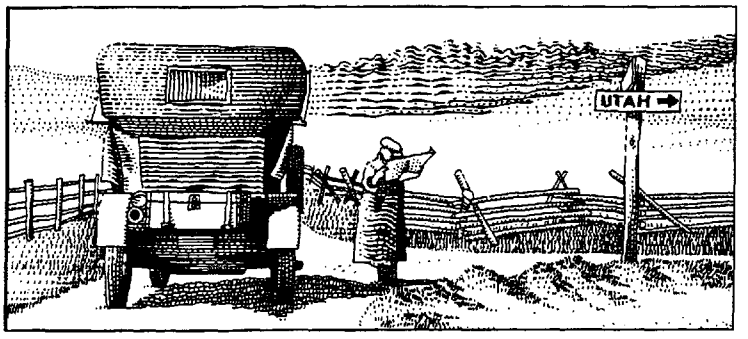
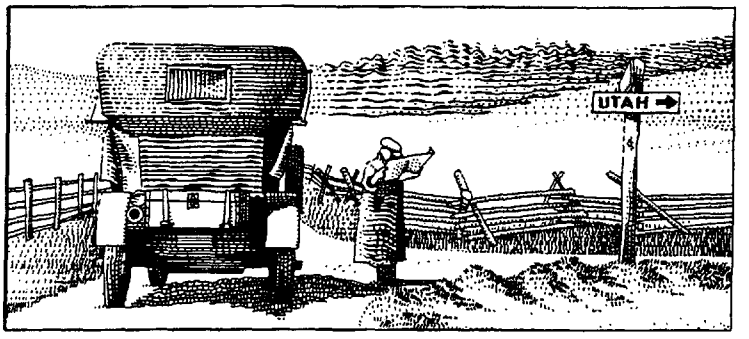


THE HISTORY BLAZER

NEWS OF UTAH'S PAST FROM THE

Utah State Historical Society
300 Rio Grande • Salt Lake City, UT 84101
(801) 533-3500 • FAX (801) 533-3503

March 1996 Blazer Contents



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Utah's Answer to the Cardiff Giant

IF F. WHITESIDE O'CONNOR, IMPRESSIONABLE EXPRESS MANAGER for the Utah Central Railroad, had ever heard of the Cardiff Giant, he probably would have saved the money he spent on a small amount of candy and bought himself a beer on the way home from work that night. That decision would have spared him a tremendous amount of embarrassment, and he could have derived at least some solace from the lager.

The Cardiff Giant was unearthed on a farm in Cardiff, New York, in October 1869. Its enterprising discoverers advertised the 10-foot long, 3,000 pound manlike form as the petrified body of a prehistoric giant. The discovery frightened the Onondaga Indians in the area, for one of their legends told of a stone giant who roamed the hills around Cardiff and stalked Indian villages every morning to select a warrior to eat for breakfast. This story did not diminish the crowds of credulous spectators who gratefully forked over 50 cents to view the natural wonder. However, its popularity decreased somewhat two months later when experts revealed that the monstrous form had been carved from a block of gypsum by stonecutters in Chicago. The chisel marks were erased with a wet sponge filled with sand and natural-looking pores were created with needles and a hammer. The colossus was then hauled to the area by train and taken by wagon to its burial site under cover of darkness late in 1868.

But that hoax had been perpetrated almost 17 years earlier. O'Connor had probably never heard of it when he entered the small railroad town of Leamington in Millard County on January 4, 1886. The usual humdrum of everyday life in the village was interrupted by some exciting news. Men digging a well had reached the 10-foot level when they discovered what appeared to be the petrified head of a human imbedded in the loose gray sand. The head was painstakingly removed without injuring it in the least. The eye sockets, nose, chin, and neck of what appeared to be the grayish-colored head of an adult were as natural as they had been in life. But the back of the head was not so unblemished. The process of petrifaction had not been completed. The head was rather soft in some places, and the little gray cells and other internal parts were somewhat exposed.

We can only speculate about why O'Connor wanted the head, but fame and fortune must have played a big part in his decision to buy it. Besides, the price was so reasonable. Stout, the man who claimed possession of the head, indicated he would trade it for enough candy to treat the well diggers. It proved too much of a temptation. The candy and the head exchanged owners, and O'Connor's prize was carefully loaded on board a train headed for Salt Lake City.

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O'Connor proudly displayed the "petrified head" in Juab County and other stops between Leamington and Salt Lake City. When the train finally pulled into Utah's metropolis, the artifact was taken to Godbe, Pitts & Company's drug store where it was put on display and immediately became one of the area's central attractions. According to the *Salt Lake Daily Herald*, the majority of onlookers accepted its authenticity, but others were inclined to be skeptical. Those who thought it was authentic asked, "Well, if it isn't a petrified head, what is it?" The skeptics wanted to drill inside the head to ascertain whether the molars were still sound. That, they thought would prove if it was genuine.

Meanwhile, on January 6, O'Connor, the budding promoter, boarded the train for its return run to Leamington with an armful of legal papers for the man who had discovered the head to fill out and sign. These would testify to the natural wonder's authenticity.

That evening the *Herald* received a letter from Juab County that condemned the head as a hoax and revealed its short history. It seems the man Stout, a resident of Leamington and the person who had sold O'Connor the head, had learned the art of molding parts of the human body, which he did for his own amusement. As a joke, Stout claimed, he took a pan of fairly solid mud and stuck his face into it long enough to leave its impression. Next, he let the mud freeze, coated the inside impression with dry sand, filled the depression with a soft matter, and let it solidify. The "petrifaction" was complete. He had only sold it because of O'Connor's urgent desire to own such a wonder. Stout thought it would dry out and fall apart long before it reaehed Salt Lake City.

Stout also claimed to have no knowledge that his creation was intended for exhibition. Had he known that, he maintained, he would have done a better job on it. However, some of Stout's acquaintances revealed that if the hoax had not been so quickly exposed, a future expedition would have been planned to discover other parts of the "late lamented."

As for poor O'Connor, word that he had been taken in by the hoax spread quickly. Much to his embarrassment, he was greeted at receptions held in his honor by railroad workers at each stop on the Central Pacific line. He may have dreamed of notoriety but not this type, and Utah's answer to the Cardiff Giant died abirthing.

Sources: Writer's Program, Work Projects Administration, New York, *New York: A Guide to the Empire State* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1940); *Salt Lake Daily Herald*, January 5, 7, 8, 1886.

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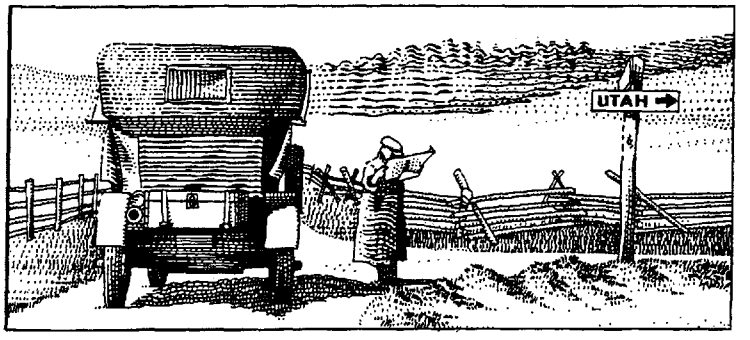

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Gabriella Clerico Found the Good Life in Carbon County

AT THE AGE OF 13 GABRIELLA LEFT HER FAMILY'S FARM to work for a prominent industrial family in Turin, Italy. For five years she served the Patrona or lady of the house. The young Italian farm girl quickly absorbed "the charisma and finesse of her beautiful, wealthy, and well-edueated Patrona," Margaret Turcasso later wrote. She also learned the cooking, cleaning, marketing, and economizing skills that would help her achieve *la dolce vita*, "the good life," in Carbon County. At 18 Gabriella married Battista Clerico in a lovely ceremony supervised by her imperious Patrona. Like so many Europeans at the turn of the century, Battista was determined to make his fortune in America. The newlyweds, full of high hopes, booked a third-class passage for the U.S. and then traveled by boxcar across the country. Battista had contracted to work in the coal mines at Diamondville, Wyoming. As for Gabriella, she believed herself capable of succeeding in business in her new country, given her recent training and some schooling in arithmetic and reading—skills many immigrants lacked.

Strong and energetic, Battista was disappointed in the opportunities available in Wyoming, and they moved on to Castle Gate, Utah, where he hoped prospects would be brighter. They had to live in a dugout in Gentile Wash up Willow Creek. After the birth of their first child the couple agreed that Gabby, as she was called, would return to Italy to work until they could accumulate enough money to buy some land. They thought it might take five years before they could be reunited as a family. Just when Battista thought he had saved enough money "he was crushed in a cave-in....[and] told that he would never be able to work in a mine again." Gabby returned with their daughter to Carbon County with surprising news of her own. In those days before Workmen's Compensation, most of Battista's hard-earned savings had gone for medical bills. But Gabby arrived at her husband's side with a large sum of money. She had worked for three families in Turin, not just one, and had saved every lira possible. Determined to buy a farm for her family, she set off on foot to look for one.

Gabby had not spent her teenage years with the Patrona for nothing. She found "choice acreage for half the going price, with a water well." She had cash to pay for it and the savvy to know she should consult local experts before signing any papers. She sought advice from her banker, lawyer, doctor, priest, and the marshal. For a family that would ultimately include five children, Turcasso wrote, "The farm was a bonanza. Besides the flowing water well, there was a beautiful orchard of peaches, apricots, several varieties of apples and pears, cherries, walnuts, plums, and nectarines....a garden plot of strawberries, rhubarb, asparagus. Gabby had gone to heaven....If her Patrona could only see her now."

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The family quickly became self-sufficient. In addition to the garden, they kept chickens, cows, and pigs and made their own butter, cheese, sausage, salami, soap, and lard. A horse and buggy was included with the farm, and Gabby used it to set herself up in business. She ran regular routes to the Carbon County towns with loads of fruits, vegetables, and eggs. She charmed her customers by adding little gifts to their purchases—a shiny apple or a couple of eggs—and always offered a sparkling smile and a compliment. "Then another catastrophe," Turcasso wrote. "Their [log cabin] home burned to the ground. 'Sempre Avante!' [Always Forward] Gabby may have been happy about it. Now she could build a fine brick home."

The Clericos continued to prosper. They invested in a hay baler and then contracted to bale hay for farmers throughout the county. The family's two daughters worked alongside the three sons in the family enterprise. Through it all, Turcasso said, Gabby urged them on, clapping her hands and calling out "Presto! Presto!" [Quick! Quick!] The family was able to invest their earnings from the farm in a few commercial buildings and rental properties. The outgoing Gabby was generous, financing farms for several friends and eventually helping the Clerico sons establish businesses of their own.

Although the Clericos worked hard, they also knew how to relax and enjoy the good life in America. Sunday was "a day to honor the Sabbath, to rest, to dress up, to have a splendid dinner, to have friends visit....to toast America for all the blessings it made possible, like their gramophone on which they played operatic arias and sang along in mirthful relaxation, each trying to sound like Caruso."

It was a simple life, but one that made Gabby feel rich. She loved to cook and to bake bread in her outdoor oven or *fourno*—one of the enduring symbols of southern European immigrant life in Carbon County. She sang as she sewed flour sacks into petticoats and bloomers for her girls on a Singer treadle sewing machine, a marvel she was proud to own. She decorated the outhouse with photographs of current movie idols. She knit sweaters and socks for anyone she could think of, although she only knew two patterns. In later years one of her great pleasures was to take an elderly woman neighbor to the Saturday night dance so they could enjoy the music of the band and watch the young people dancing.

Battista died in 1941 following the amputation of a leg. Gabby lived for 18 more years, to age 81, dying in 1959 after a series of strokes, "the only time," Turcasso said, that "it was not, 'Presto! Presto!'"

Source: Margaret Turcasso, "'Gabby'—the Go-Getter," *Carbon County Journal*, fall 1983, copy in Utah State Historical Society Library.

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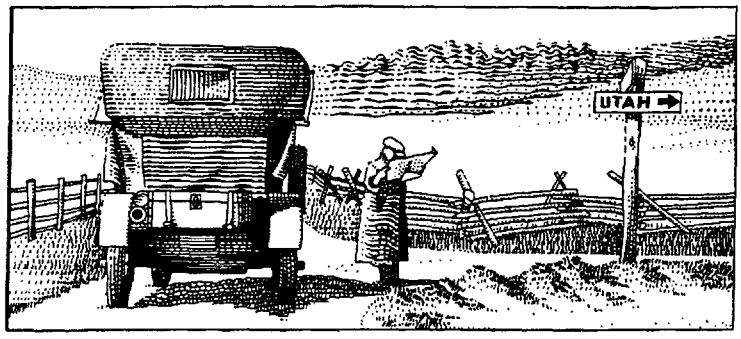

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A Blind Man and His Harp

WHEREVER THOMAS GILES WENT, MUSIC traveled with him. Crowds gathered to hear this master coax lovely melodies from his harp. He was much in demand throughout northern Utah, and nowhere was his music more welcome than in Brigham Young's home. His talent and skill were unusual, but there was something else that made Giles special: he could not read music because he had no sight. His music came from his heart and carried the tones of troubles and triumphs, mourning and merriment. He earned fame as the blind harpist of Utah.

Born and raised in Wales, Giles made his living as a coal miner, a very hazardous occupation then. In 1848 a large piece of coal fell on him, causing severe head injuries and leaving him totally blind. Yet, a month later he was up and carrying out his duties for the Mormon church, often guided from place to place by a family friend, the widow Hannah Evans Bowen. Sometime after the accident Mormons in Wales gave him a harp as a gift of love and respect. He learned to play it skillfully. In 1856, 36-year-old Giles and his wife Margaret decided to emigrate with their children Joseph, Hyrum, and Maria, ages 9, 7, and 1.

With limited financial resources the family had to travel with a handcart company. Seventeen pounds was the limit for personal belongings on the carts, so most likely the harp was left behind to be freighted to Utah later. Sorrow struck again when little Maria became sick and died. The Gileses were part of the Edward Bunker company of handcarts, composed almost entirely of immigrants from Wales. Despite the difficulties of handcart travel, music was part of the Welsh soul, and the people often burst into merry song as they walked. Blind as he was, Thomas pulled and sang with the rest. Alfred Reese, his partner with the cart, led the way for him. However, troubles followed them westward. Not far from Fort Laramie, Margaret gave birth to baby Elizabeth, but neither mother nor child would survive. Then, because of Thomas's blindness, his two boys were sent back along the trail to join the Hunt wagon company with which some Welsh immigrants were traveling. Friends of Giles would care for Joseph and Hyrum.

Alone, grief-stricken, and concerned about his sons, Giles traveled on. As they neared Fort Bridger he became seriously ill. For a couple of days the group delayed for him, but when the captain felt there was no hope for his recovery, they left him in camp with two men to bury him. Giles had heard that Mormon Apostle Parley P. Pratt was coming east. Hoping to be healed, Giles was determined to stay alive until he could see Pratt, whom he had met in Wales. Pratt arrived and blessed Giles, who regained his health, caught up with the company, and entered Salt Lake Valley on October 2, 1856.

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Meanwhile, snow was about to delay the Hunt wagon company, traveling with the Martin handcart company. Hannah Evans Bowen, immigrating with her daughter Ann, took responsibility for Joseph and Hyrum Giles during the terrible storms that left the two companies snowbound. Though emaciated and frostbitten, the boys survived the tragedy that took so many lives and were able to rejoin their father. Hannah, who had cuddled the boys in her long skirts to keep them warm, suffered severely frostbitten feet. She remained with the Giles family as a housekeeper at first and then as wife and mother. She became Thomas's eyes. They had one son, Henry Evans Giles.

To make a living, Giles's hobby became an occupation. He used a harp owned by Brigham Young until his own harp arrived. Young gave him a letter of introduction that allowed him to travel through the settlements giving concerts. Large audiences came to hear him play the harp and sing hymns and popular songs. Admission cost whatever the people could contribute. Luke Gallup attended a concert in Springville, paying in wheat, and felt that Giles had entertained them well for it. Giles also played and sang at dances, socials, and church services. Sometimes the family traveled as far north as the Mormon settlements in Idaho, but for many years Ogden was home, since Thomas's mother and a sister lived there. In Ogden he was the leader of community singing, particularly of popular songs. In October 1869 he led the Tabernacle Choir during the Weber Stake Conference. Later the family moved to Salt Lake City. Brigham Young especially enjoyed his music, and Giles often played for parties and social functions at the Beehive House, the Social Hall, and occasionally the Salt Lake Theatre. When Thomas's harp was accidentally damaged beyond repair, Brigham Young replaced it with a valuable new one now on display at the DUP Museum in Salt Lake City.

Music was a family affair. His sons traveled and performed with him. Hyrum played the violin to accompany his father on the harp. Later, Henry, who learned the violin from his brother, joined the ensemble. Henry also played the piano and organ. Joseph, Hyrum, Henry, and Thomas all sang beautifully as well. Their concerts and dances provided the family income. After a concert the chairs were moved to the edges of the hall and dancing would begin. The Gileses provided the music and "called" the dances, brightening many a pioneer evening.

Thomas and Hannah spent their twilight years with Henry's large family in Provo where Henry taught music. On November 2, 1895, the harp became silent; the blind harpist had died at age 75. Thomas Davis Giles gave to Utah his musical skill and provided entertainment for its citizens, but, more important, he left a legacy of personal courage and resilience.

Sources: Andrew Jenson, *LDS Biographical Encyclopedia*, vol. 2 (Salt Lake City, 1914); Kate B. Carter, comp., *Heart Throbs of the West*, vol. 10 (Salt Lake City, 1949); Ruby K. Smith, *John D. Giles, Modern Trail Blazer* (n.p., 1961); Dorothy Giles Topham, "Thomas Davis Giles ('The Blind Harpist') and Hannah Evans," Helen Sharp Madsen, "Thomas Davis Giles of Blenavon, Monmouthshire, England," MSS in LDS Church Archives; Luke Gallup, "Reminiscences and Diary of Luke Gallup," MS in Lee Library, Brigham Young University; interview of Henry E. Giles by Harold H. Jenson.

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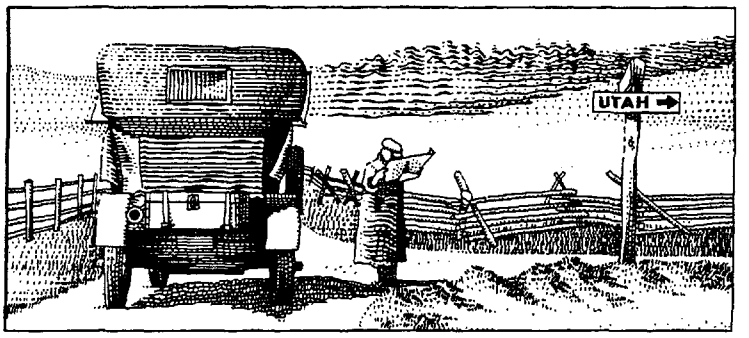

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Mysterious Fires Frighten Springville

DURING THE SECOND WEEK OF AUGUST 1891 the hot, stagnant atmosphere in the central Utah village of Springville was suddenly electrified with excitement. Word of the bizarre "fire mystery" at the Boyer Hotel spread through that town and along the Wasatch Front faster than wildfire. Local astrologers and barnyard philosophers throughout Utah Valley mulled over the phenomenon and sought an explanation. The feelings of the townspeople were echoed by J. W. Westwood who wrote to the *Salt Lake Herald*, "It is the most mysterious affair that ever took place in Springville." For years Springville had been without a hotel, and overnight travelers lodged with townspeople. As travel increased, so did the need for a hotel. In the 1870s Philip Henry Boyer built a two-story adobe hotel with fifteen rooms on the corner of First West and Third South. The Boyers raised much of the food they served. Good meals and clean rooms attracted entertainment groups, salesmen, and other travelers as repeat customers. In June 1891 business was apparently brisk enough that a servant girl, Nicolena Erickson, was hired to help with the cleaning and cooking. She was a fifteen-year-old native of Norway who had no family in Utah.

One warm Sunday morning in August the monotony of the constant round of cooking and cleaning at the hotel was interrupted by a fire near the Boyer granary. All was bustle and excitement until the fire was extinguished. Later that morning the curtains and blinds in the front room of the hotel mysteriously ignited. This fire was also put out before there was extensive damage. The next day passed normally, but on Tuesday there was another fire at the granary, again with very little damage. Wednesday, August 12, 1891, proved to be a day of enigmatic happenings that Springville would not soon forget. No less than 12 mysterious fires at the Boyer Hotel seemed to have been kindled out of nowhere. They ignited upstairs, downstairs, near the granary, and at different places on the lot. It was enough to mystify the "All-Seeing Eye." The first fire flared in the morning near the east end of the now well-scorched granary. The next started indoors in a closet where clothing was alight. Mr. Boyer quickly smothered it with a blanket. Then in a bedroom where a Mr. Sumpsion stood gazing out the window pondering the cause of the previous blazes, the curtains next to him suddenly began to burn. Clothing in the kitchen flared up, and in the yard newly laundered clothing in a clothes basket took fire. Then other fires began in the hotel—on the floor, on the wallpaper, in a bed, on clothes hanging on the wall, on towels, on dresses and coats hanging on the hat rack, and even in a flower pot. By now several hundred dollars' worth of clothing and furnishings had been damaged or destroyed. The sample room for the salesmen was in a building separate from the house; as two men sat there discussing the fires, the cover of a table ignited. Fearing that the whole place would soon be alight, the owners began to move the surviving

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clothing, utensils, and easily portable furniture into the yard. Marshal James E. Hall and several men took charge of the building on Wednesday evening. Utah newspapers carried stories about the seemingly occult happenings, and Springville and fire were words on everyone's lips.

Only the brave and those who could not find another place to stay spent Wednesday night in the brimstone scented inn. The servant girl, Nicolena, stayed with the Groesbecks, a nearby family. There were no fires that night. The next morning Marshal Hall sent some partially burned clothing to Provo for chemical analysis. Mr. Boyer and others suspected someone of spreading a combustible ingredient through the house. This seemed the most favored explanation for the fires. As a precautionary measure, more furniture and household goods were hauled out onto the lawn. The marshal and his assistant continued to guard the premises. Nicolena came home at seven o'clock and resumed her daily chores. Suddenly there was another fire and then three more that day, including one that started on the dish rag and another that blazed out of a flower pot. Hall and his men minutely inspected the building. He and W. B. Johnson found evidence of burned matches in all of the rooms and agreed that the fires must have been set on purpose. Nicolena was the main suspect, and Johnson watched her carefully as he set a trap. That afternoon he carried a sack and some papers into the pantry in a pan. He then lay down on a sofa in the dining room where he could watch the kitchen and pantry and pretended to sleep. Nicolena soon came in and asked Johnson if he were asleep. Getting no response, she then passed through the kitchen into the pantry and closed the door behind her. Johnson heard a matchbox rattle and a match strike, and when the girl came out of the pantry he smelled smoke. Johnson rushed into the pantry, grabbed the pan in which the papers were burning, and threw it outdoors. When he confronted the girl, she denied lighting the fires at first and then confessed. She was arrested. When she appeared before the judge, she confessed and her bond was set at $500. Unable to procure the bond, she remained in custody.

It seemed very likely that Nicolena would be sent to reform school, but events took a turn in her favor. J. W. N. Whitecotton, a Provo attorney, became interested in the case and befriended her. He paid her bond and took her home to live with his family while she awaited trial. Testimony at her trial seemed to establish the girl's guilt, but she now denied confessing, and Whitecotton established the lack of malicious intent. Since the girl had no criminal intent, the Boyers and the prosecutor chose not to carry the case further. The judge instructed the jury to render a verdict of not guilty, and Nicolena was spared time in the reform school. What her life was like after the trial is not known, but the final fate of the Boyer Hotel has been recorded. When Mr. Boyer died in 1905, Mrs. Boyer left the management of the hotel to others and spent part of her time with her daughter in California. It was operated for years as a boardinghouse and was sold in 1917 and turned into apartments. Vacated in 1965, it was unused for two years and then torn down in 1967. The corner lot remains vacant at the present time, and many of the memories that were formed there have flickered and gone out like the last blaze of Springville's little fire fiend, Nicolena Erickson.

Sources: *Provo Daily Enquirer*, August 13, 14, 18, October 14, 1891; *Salt Lake Herald*, August 14,15,16, October 15, 1891; *Salt Lake Tribune*, August 14, 16, October 15, 1891; Thelma Boyer Carter, "The Boyer House," MS, Springville DUP.

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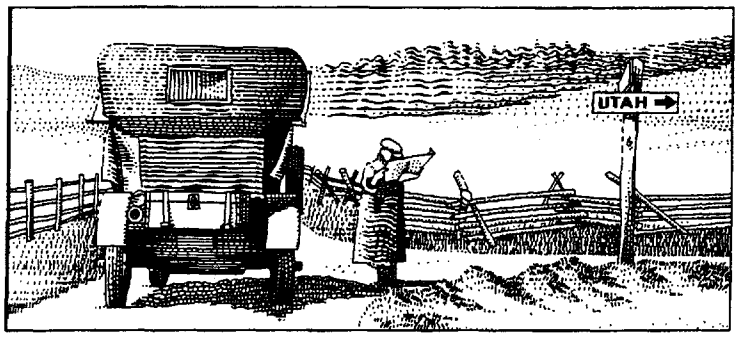

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Newsboys Claimed Their Street Corners in Downtown SLC

THE SIGHT OF YOUNG BOYS SELLING NEWSPAPERS on downtown Salt Lake City streets was a familiar one for much of the city's history. As in cities all across America, the job of newspaper boy usually did not mean a set route with established customers who received the newspaper on their doorstep every morning or evening.

William Gould was one of Salt Lake City's early newspaper boys. He began his newspaper career during the 1890s. Later he became a locomotive engineer, first for the Denver and Rio Grande and then the Utah Railway Company. His recollections give a fascinating glimpse into the thoughts and experiences of a newspaper boy a century ago:

"I have heard kids say that they could get two papers for five cents and sell them for a nickel apiece. I couldn't believe this. Why would anyone give five cents for something that cost only half as much? The whole idea of profit didn't make sense to me. When I got a nickel one afternoon I found my way up to the distributing office of the *Deseret Evening News*, right about where the Hotel Utah now stands. I bought two papers with my nickel. I was so surprised that I ran all the way home to show Mother. She asked me what I was going to do with them. That was something I hadn't thought about at all. She thought I should sell them. That seemed to be a pretty good idea. She suggested that a good way to sell them would be to go back up town with them. After thinking it over for a while I agreed.

"What a feeling came over me when I realized that I had doubled my money! I now had two nickels when before I had only one. Instead of getting more papers to sell, I again ran home to show Mother what I had done. But I gradually learned that the more papers I sold the more money I made.

"If you had a favorable place to sell your papers it was because you fought for it and were thereby able to held it. If you couldn't lick the guy who wanted your corner, you just moved off and hunted another place. I had very little trouble holding the northwest corner of First South and Main in the evenings, and the southeast corner in the mornings.

"As a rule I made very little money in the evenings—maybe twenty or twenty-five cents—unless something of singular interest developed. But in the mornings I very often made as much or sometimes even more than did my dad. There was a reason for this: I would be roused out of bed at 4:30 or 5:00 every morning. Mother would fix me a hot breakfast and send me on my way. In the winter she would bundle me up so that I would not feel the cold.

"Another reason for the favorable earnings in the mornings was that there were very few newsboys on the street that early in the morning. The market was divided between fewer sellers. I

(more)

would meet the streetcars as they came out of the car barns and sell most of my papers to the streetcar men. If I had any left after the cars were all out, I would finish up at the corner of First South and Main. Then I would hike home and go to school.

"The *Deseret News* sold for five cents a copy. The *Telegram* sold for three cents a copy. That is, it was supposed to sell for that price. The only trouble was that we newskids always seemed to be out of pennies when it came to making change. Unless a customer presented three pennies in exact change he would usually wind up paying a nickel or going without his paper. It eventually got to the point where we refused to sell the paper for less than a nickel.

"The management of the paper soon got wise and started to clamp down on us. They refused to let us have papers unless we could show that we had a handful of pennies with which to make change. I think this rule was what caused us to organize the union. We boycotted the *Telegram*. If any kid showed up on the street with those papers, he had them taken away and torn to pieces by the goon squad. After a few days of this the *Telegram* changed its advertised price to five cents a copy.

"Our union did not survive for very long after our victory over the *Telegram*. I think when the novelty started to fade, so did the interest. Before it did, our union arranged for two kids to lead a big yellow dog between two lines of marchers during a Labor Day parade. This dog was carrying a placard on each side which read, 'A yellow dog is better than a scab.' I don't think we kids knew the full meaning of that term. However, it went over big with the other labor organizations. The morning papers featured it as one of the highlights of the parade."

Source: William John Gilbert Gould, *My Life on Mountain Railroads* (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1995).

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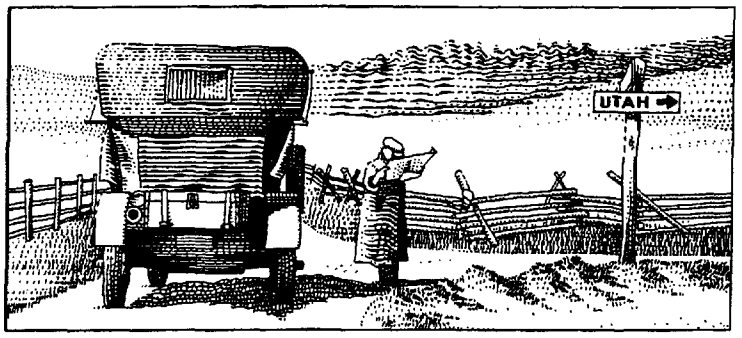

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Herbert S. Auerbach, Renaissance Man

HERBERT SAMUEL AUERBACH WAS BORN IN SALT LAKE CITY on October 4, 1882, to Samuel H. and Eveline Brooks Auerbach. His father was a partner in the pioneer merchandising firm of F. Auerbach & Brother that became one of the city's leading department stores, second in size only to ZCMI. Herbert received his early education in the local schools and in 1897 went abroad to study in the Fresenius Laboratories and the J. J. Meier School at Wiesbaden, Germany. Three years later he took up studies in Lausanne, Switzerland, at the Conservatory of Music and Lausanne Technical School. After graduating he toured the concert stage in Europe as a violinist. He then entered the Columbia University School of Mines in New York City and received a master's degree in electrometallurgy in 1906. For several years he worked as a consulting engineer and was in charge of numerous mining properties in Colorado and Idaho. Gradually, though, he began to take more interest in his family's business. From 1911 on he devoted all his time to it, becoming president of Auerbach Company and the family real estate firm and other businesses. Unmarried, he lived at 268 South State Street in the Brooks Arcade.

With the help of his younger brothers, George and Fred, Herbert expanded the department store and moved it from Main Street to the southwest corner of State Street and Third South. His most ambitious project was designing and building, kitty-corner from the store, the Centre Theatre, at the time the largest and one of the best equipped motion picture houses in the city.

Herbert had barely had time to settle in as a new member of the Board of Regents of the University of Utah in 1917 when he resigned and enlisted in the army after the U.S. entered World War I. He served as a major in the Ordnance Department until 1919. He was a member of Salt Lake Post No. 2, American Legion, and involved in numerous clubs and service organizations, including the Alta Club, Rotary Club, and Chamber of Commerce. Proud of his pioneer Jewish heritage, he served as vice-president and president of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers. He was also a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers. In 1925 he began the first of two terms in the Utah State Legislature. A true westerner, he realized the importance of water and was a member of the Metropolitan Water Board of Salt Lake City from 1935 to 1942 and a director of the Colorado River Basin Water Users Association, 1941-42.

But merely to list all of his memberships and directorships would not do this versatile man justice. His keen interest in pioneer lore had been sharpened by his travels all over the West as a mining engineer and a sportsman. He also had fond memories of stories told by his father and uncle of their adventures on the road as merchants in California, Nevada, and Utah. This led to one of his most absorbing hobbies—western history. His collection of books, manuscripts, maps,

(more)

documents, and pictures of the Old West was, at the time of his death, one of the outstanding collections of its kind in private hands. Another priceless historical collection consisted of the furniture, family utensils, and other relics of Joseph Smith, laboriously picked up piece by piece and year by year in out-of-the-way places in Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, and New York where the Mormon prophet had lived. The collection was exhibited for some time in the Auerbach store, and then he presented it to the General Authorities of the LDS church.

Auerbach spoke French and German and also became a competent translator of early Spanish documents. He was especially interested in the early Spanish padres who traveled in the West. He translated Father Escalante's 1776-77 Journal, which appeared in *Utah Historical Quarterly* in 1943. He also wrote articles for *UHQ*, including studies of Escalante's route and itinerary, and of early trails, forts, trappers, and traders. A member of the Historical Society's Board of Control, as it was then called, he served as its president from the time of his appointment in 1936 until his death in 1945.

In addition to history, Auerbach wrote poetry that was widely published in the West. This accomplishment, along with his musical talent, led him in later years to the writing of ballads and religious songs, of which more than 100 were published. Some of them were written in collaboration with Anthony C. Lund, director of the Tabernacle Choir.

Auerbach's philanthropies were extensive, varied, and seldom heard of by others, according to J. Cecil Alter. But one of his interests, Old Folks' Day, held at Liberty Park for many years, was more widely recognized. On this occasion he loved to distribute baskets of fruit and foodstuffs grown on his own Meadowbrook farm or selected from his grocery department. It was his tribute not only to the city's aged but also to the memory of his parents.

He died after a brief illness on March 19, 1945. His success in life was attributed by his Rabbi to his instinctive quest for "Those things which unite men, rather than the differences which break them up into sects." His funeral on March 23 was held not in the Synagogue but in the larger capacity Assembly Hall on Temple Square where people of all religious faiths and those of no affiliation paid their respects. Jessie Evans Smith, well-known singer and wife of then-Apostle Joseph Fielding Smith, accompanied by Tabernacle organist Frank W. Asper, sang "To Every Heart Must Come Some Sorrow," the words and music both by Herbert S. Auerbach, Renaissance man.

Source: J. Cecil Alter, "In Memoriam, Herbert S. Auerbach, 1882-1945" *Utah Historical Quarterly* 13 (1945).

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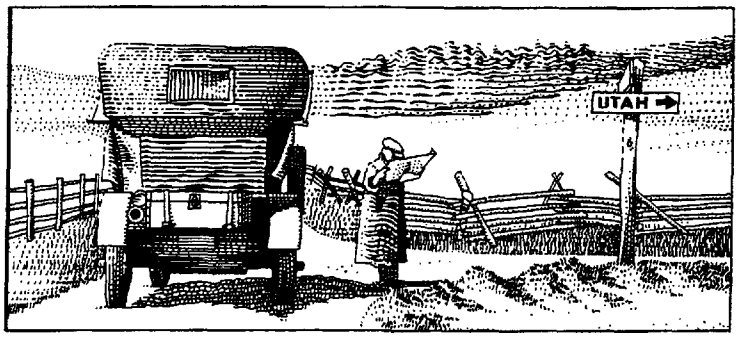

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NEWS OF UTAH'S PAST FROM THE

Utah State Historical Society

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Lupe Otanez Grew up on Utah's Salt Flats

ON THE EVE OF HER PARENTS' ARRIVAL in Irapuato, Mexico, on November 29, 1921, Guadalupe Otanez was born. Little Lupe had not been expected so soon. Her parents, Ramon and Josepha Otanez, had traveled from the Utah Salt Flats to their native Mexico for the event. They stayed there until Lupe was six months old. Then the family of three returned to Utah where Ramon worked for the Western Pacific Railroad as part of an extra gang. Extra gangs were sent wherever the railroad needed more workers. Lupe's father helped to keep up the track on Western Pacific's route from Salt Lake City to Wendover. The railroad gave the family a boxcar to live in. With a home on wheels it was easy to move to wherever the track needed repair.

Living in isolation on the Salt Flats with her immigrant parents, Lupe did not learn to speak or understand English. When the family moved to Salt Lake City in 1926, kindergarten confused her. Like other immigrant children, Lupe felt uncomfortable in clothes that looked different from what most youngsters wore. She could not understand the jokes of other children. They spoke what was to her a foreign language. Still, she loved school and was a quick learner.

But at home Mexican traditions were comfortable and expected. In April 1926 the third baby of the family was put into her arms. Five more brothers and sisters would later be given to her to care for in the traditional Mexican way. Before school she would dress and feed the children. She saw that the beds were made and the house straightened and also helped her mother make the daily tortillas. Lupe found other times to iron, embroider, study, and play. Her mother did the daily laundry, cooked, cleaned, and made all their clothing. The division of labor was rigid, but it was accepted and necessary in a large family.

By 1929 the Otanez family had returned to the Salt Flats. This time the father was assigned to a railroad section. One man maintained a 10-mile section of track. Instead of living in a boxcar the family now lived in a two-room section house. These were happy times for Lupe. During those same years the U.S. suffered from the effects of the Great Depression. Many men lost their jobs. People stood in breadlines to receive food. The Otanez family had no luxuries, but they never went hungry. As lonely as the desert looks, it gave a secure rhythm to their lives that the rest of the country did not feel. The Otanez children learned the railroad ways and greeted the trains with waves and signals. When they saw smoke rising on the distant horizon they knew a train was on its way. Each week a train stopped to bring them a barrel of fresh water and food or household items ordered from the United Market in Salt Lake City. The engineers gave the children candy and magazines. In return, the men would be sent on their way with a pot of beans and a stack of tortillas. In the summer—if they were lucky—a train would slow down long enough to throw out

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some extra ice from a refrigerator car. The chipped ice was mixed with milk and caramelized sugar to make a kind of ice cream. In winter the trains brought coal. The family spent the cold evenings huddled around the stove, listening to the father tell of life in Mexico and of how he had fought in the army of Pancho Villa. The children amused themselves by playing tag or hide-and-seek. Sometimes they tried to tame the local desert animals. Lizards became pets. While living in Timpie, Utah, the children trapped gophers in a birdcage and studied their habits. They tied bows on their tails, making it easier to keep track of the animals' activities once they were set free.

When Lupe turned eight she began to help with the family expenses. She ironed clothes for the single men living along the railroad line and sold them tortillas she made. She also learned the importance of beauty in the Mexican home. Dishtowels, for example, should be not only clean but beautiful. When her family was in Saldura, Utah, near a deserted salt plant, Lupe and her mother gathered discarded salt sacks. They washed and hemmed them for use as dishtowels after they had been beautifully embroidered with colored thread. During the school year Lupe's mother rented a cabin in Grantsville, Utah, so the children could attend school. Their father would visit the family on weekends. Again, the embarrassment of going to school in old-fashioned clothes made Lupe feel awkward. High-topped shoes had long been out of style, but each day Lupe wore her brown, high-topped shoes and her black dress. Her father believed in modesty and strictly enforced his dress code. He thought gym clothes were too revealing, and Lupe was excused from gym classes.

Finally, the depression of the 1930s began to affect the railroad and the Otanez family. By 1936 Lupe's father had to look elsewhere for work. The family decided to try thinning beets in the Idaho sugar beet fields. Painfully, they found they were not used to farm work. The pay was low, and they were forced to live in what was little more than a hut. When her mother became ill that winter, Lupe took over the complete care of five younger children and also found work watering a horse and caring for a neighbor's pigs. The food they could buy or were given was not always fresh. One horrifying day she found baby mice in the flour. She knew she must rid the flour of the mice and make tortillas so her family would have something to eat. The children made all-day games out of feeding the little stove with willows. By spring the whole family was wearing gunny sack shoes. But their health was good and their spirits cheerful. Others were not so fortunate. Lupe's father found six neighbor children, ages six months to six years, abandoned in a nearby cabin. Lupe agreed to look after them until their father returned in the late spring.

When the Western Pacific Railroad began rehiring workers, the Otanezes returned to Grantsville. Lupe's formal education ended after two months of the ninth grade when the family moved back to the section house at Saldura near Wendover, Utah. Her childhood faded further the next fall when her father began to look for a suitable husband for her. Lupe's growing up years were difficult. Yet, she remained cheerful and learned to work hard. She also learned the values of her Mexican heritage—especially family responsibility and honor.

Source: Rebecca Phillips Guevara, "Boxcars and Section Houses" *Beehive History 6* (1980).

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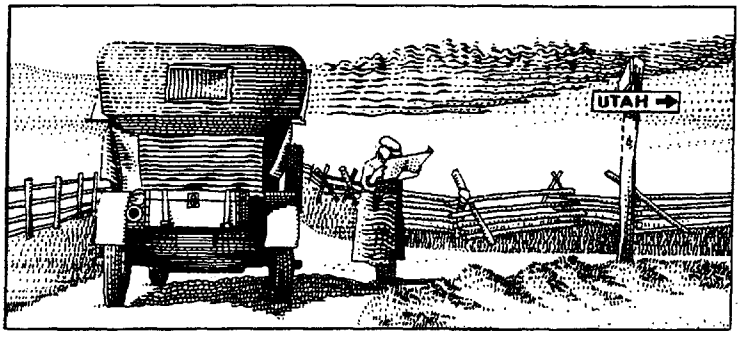

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Utah Had Hollywood Style Western Gunfights

UTAH TERRITORY HAD ITS SHARE of bonafide, shoot-em-up gunfights. In 1890, for instance, Price was as surprised as lawman Jack Watson when Watson was gunned down in broad daylight on its main street. He had had a colorful career. As a Confederate soldier he sustained a wound to the instep that gave him a lifelong limp. Despite this, he became a cowboy and then a Texas Ranger. In 1884, after a drinking bout, Watson shot up Montrose, Colorado, and a $600 reward was posted for him. No long afterward he was free and working in Crystal, a Colorado mining camp. There he knifed a man, apparently for cause, for he was arrested but acquitted. Crystal's sheriff had worked with Watson as a cowhand and hired him as his deputy. Watson served faithfully.

By 1890 Watson was in Price, Utah, acting as an undercover agent among horse and cattle rustlers. He must have been successful, for eventually, his cover blown, he had enough enemies that a gunman named Ward was hired to kill him. One day Watson turned up as usual in a Price saloon. Ward waited for him behind a high wagon on the opposite side of the street. When Watson came stumbling out, Ward aimed and fired. The lawman fell, badly wounded. As he tried to crawl back into the saloon to get his guns, Ward fired again. It was the end for Jack Watson.

An even more tragic gunbattle took place near Thompson, Utah, in 1898. Joe Walker had been born in Texas about 1850. While Joe was still a baby his father died, and his mother turned over the family herd to the management of Joe's uncle. In 1870 the uncle was killed in an Indian raid. His widow and her sons relocated to Utah where they became prominent ranchers and bankers. Then Joe turned up, claiming his father's share of the herd. The Whitmores turned him away. For several years Joe worked in the area, harassing the Whitmores in his free time for what he felt was rightfully his. His anger spread. In 1895 he got drunk and shot up the town of Price. A running 15-mile gun battle ensued as a posse of five bounty hunters chased him. He took refuge in Robber's Roost, the notorious outlaw hideout.

For two years Joe ran with the Robber's Roost gang, stealing livestock and having close encounters with the law. One of the closest occurred in 1897 after he had stolen more Whitmore horses and hid them in a secluded corral. He and his accomplice, Gunplay Maxwell, argued. Maxwell then rode to the Whitemore ranch and told of Joe's whereabouts. Sheriff C. W. Allred and Deputy Azariah Tuttle went in pursuit. They caught Joe on the riverbank, cut off from the cabin and corral but not from his gun. Joe scrambled across the river and halfway up the canyon wall before knocking Tuttle off his horse with a shot to the leg. Tuttle and Allred scurried behind some boulders. For several hours gunfire was traded, but it was an impasse.

(more)

Eventually, Allred rode for help, herding the stolen horses before him. Tuttle is said to have pinned Walker down with accurate gunfire for two hours, until the sun grew hot and his wound got the best of him. At last Tuttle pled for quarter. He threw down his guns and Joe brought him a bucket of water before scaling the canyon wall. He hiked two miles and then completed his escape on a stray horse.

That spring Joe Walker rode with Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch, cutting telegraph wires for the $8,000 Castle Gate payroll robbery. He continued his entrepreneurial raids on the Whitemore ranch. In May 1898, after one such raid, Joe happened upon a passing cowboy and they camped together for the night near Thompson. In the darkness a nine-man posse surrounded the camp. Posse members assumed Walker's companion was another Wild Bunch member. When, as light broke, Walker and the cowboy stirred, shots rang out. The innocent cowhand died along with Walker, his bedroll riddled with bullets.

Source: Bill O'Neal, *Encyclopedia of Western Gun-Fighters* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1979).

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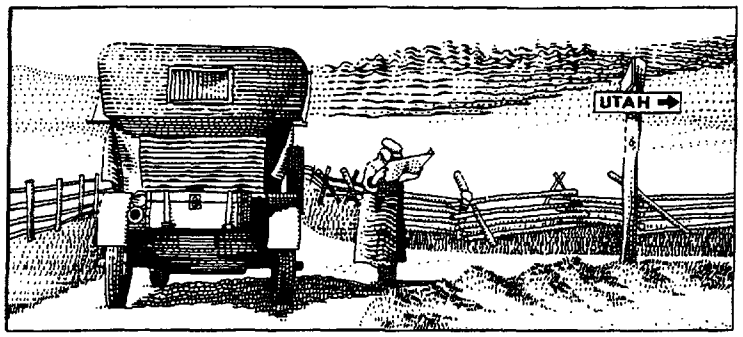

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From Free Salt to a Major Industry

IN PIONEER UTAH SALT WAS FREE for the taking. A family had only to drive out to Great Salt Lake's south shore (a bridge spanned the Jordan River after 1848) and shovel raw salt into a wagon. In a few places it came off the ground pure enough for table use, but most of it had to be boiled down. Four barrels of sand typically produced one barrel of refined salt.

Probably the first salt manufacturer was Charley White, who from 1850 to 1860 ran a boiling operation below the south point of Antelope Island. By the 1870s a number of small companies mined the south shore. The period 1880 to 1900 saw twenty such enterprises. Inland Salt Company, organized by James Jack (treasurer of the Mormon church) sent half of its crude salt to Utah and Montana silver mines and refined the rest for food use. But the 1893 depression closed many mines and caused salt prices to drop. This signaled the end of the era of small operations. Inland was bought out by midwestern investors. In 1889 another locally owned company, Intermountain, united with Inland until Inland emerged as the market leader. Eventually Inland acquired Royal Crystal.

Royal's salt works stood 14.5 miles from downtown Salt Lake, about a mile east and slightly south of Saltair resort where present I-80's route out of Salt Lake City curves slightly to follow the lake shore. Beginning about 1905 a village of 40 employee houses surrounded the plant. Other workers commuted from Garfield or rode the Salt Lake & Garfield Electric Railroad which serviced the resort and Inland's spur.

Royal/Inland commanded Utah's salt industry through its modern refinery, extensive pond system, and aggressive expansion efforts. In 1915 Inland bought Diamond Salt, and stories persist of strong-arm tactics against smaller companies—mainly vandalism and price controls. Inland's first real competitor arrived on the scene in 1918 when Morton Salt leased a potash plant at Burmeister and gradually turned it over to salt production. Morton gained a controlling interest in 1922 by buying out Inland's owners.

In 1928 the Royal/Inland plant burned down. This gave Morton the opportunity to acquire Inland's remaining stock and make Saltair its refinery for both the Morton and Royal Crystal brands. Morton and Royal continued to have separate sales and management staffs, although Royal handled both payrolls.

The new plant stood three miles closer to downtown, right on the Western Pacific rail line. With 200 workers it was busy. Several miles north (and a mile into the lake) huge pumps sucked lake water into massive wooden flumes that stood far enough above the lake level to gravity feed hundreds of square miles of ponds south of the plant. Each pond was left to evaporate throughout

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the summer. An alkali crust formed on its surface which eventually grew heavy enough to settle to the bottom. The pond would be reflooded and another crust would form, sink, and thicken the bottom layer. At summer's end the pond was drained and harvested by hand because the clay mud would not hold up heavy machinery.

In 1929, when the stock market crashed, a period of austerity set in. Workers were cut back to four-day weeks. In 1933 Royal Crystal finally combined with Morton, which cut back its Burmeister operation. This period brought both major and minor changes in production techniques. Workers invented many improvements in salt-packing equipment. Tractors used at the Burmeister potash plant were reengineered to replace men and shovels in harvesting the salt ponds. In 1936 larger scoops were added to the tractors, which were named "Hootin' Nannys." Later, these would be replaced by "Jackrabbits," built more like automobiles, and still later by "Scoopmobiles," which were larger and more powerful tractors. In 1964 combines came into use.

In 1949 the Saltair plant burned down again, to be rebuilt the following year. In 1950 Royal Crystal Company was dissolved following antitrust action. Morton, which throughout the 1930s and 40s held a near monopoly on Utah's salt industry, assumed total ownership. Morton was anxious to create a nationwide system of distribution. But the expanding 1950s market allowed three other companies to gain footholds in Utah without curtailing Morton growth.

In 1991 Morton purchased the North American Salt Company plant near Grantsville and tore down the remains of the Saltair works. Using 15,000 acres of evaporation ponds, Morton continues to produce and distribute varying grades of salt for human and livestock consumption, water softening, and de-icing.

Sources: John C. Clark, "History of Utah Salt Industries, 1847-1970" (Master's thesis, Brigham Young University 1971); Foster family personal histories in possession of writer.

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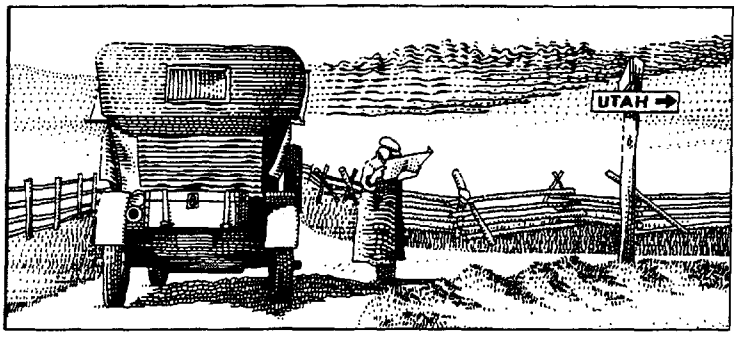

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A Unique Home in Peoa Tells Its Tale

WE OFTEN LEARN THE HISTORY OF A PIONEER DWELLING from the written records of the people who lived and worked in it. But sometimes the house itself is a historical record. Features of the Oscar F. Lyons home in Peoa, Utah, a tiny farming community twenty minutes from Park City, suggest the character of the people who built and occupied it for three decades.

First, the design of the Lyons house—with its two bay windows, three attic gables, and modestly adorned porch—went beyond spartanism while skirting extravagance. The house was not meant to impress but to provide sturdy comfort. Second, among Peoa's pioneer buildings, this house has been superbly maintained. Third, despite this, the house went unpainted until 1990, showing again that its owners were practical folk who could not afford luxuries.

The Lyons home reveals more. Its builder used a technique common in the East and Canada but almost unique in pioneer Utah: plank-on-plank construction. In Utah the usual method for building with wood was balloon framing. First a stone foundation was laid. Then a light but sturdy vertical skeleton of framing timbers was erected—sometimes two stories at a time and often assembled on the ground to be raised in one piece. Cross-members were inserted for lateral stability.

In plank-on-plank construction, a wall went up by stacking horizontal planks which were nailed together. The boards were thick and heavy—in the Lyons house they used 4 x 8s—and butt-jointed at the corners (an engineering term for joining components end to end), sometimes staggering the joints layer by layer and sometimes, as in the Lyons house, spiking the ends for greater strength.

But sometimes a building as historical record provokes as many questions as it answers. How did this one-of-a-kind method come to be used when every other Utah builder was doing it differently? Who was the builder and where did he learn his craft? To get answers we must turn to written records.

Biographical and town histories show the owner, Oscar Fitzallen Lyons, to have been born in Ireland in 1838. Converting to Mormonism, his family immigrated to Utah in 1849. They probably arrived in Peoa soon after its small fort went up in 1860. Life in frontier Peoa was precarious. Indians were such a threat that in 1867-68 Peoa was abandoned altogether. But settlers returned in 1869, the year 31-year-old Oscar married Maria L. Marchant, daughter of Peoa's leading citizen. By 1875 some residents could afford more substantial homes, and sometime between 1875 and 1880 Osear and Maria were among them. Judging by their house and the variety of work Oscar took on over the years—farmer, stockraiser, postmaster, and later a law

(more)

practice—they prospered while never becoming outright wealthy.

Since plank-on-plank construction was not used in Ireland, Oscar probably contracted out his house. Local tradition says that the contractor was a Mr. Criddle from Morgan. It seems likely that Criddle learned this construction method while living on the eastern seaboard or in Canada. He may have applied the technique to this one house because of an abundance of timber and nails. (Amassed by Oscar during ten years of bachelorhood?) And perhaps Criddle used this method only once (plank-on-plank was used elsewhere in Utah for outbuildings but not for houses) precisely because of the abundance of materials required.

We may never know, for on these points the Lyons house is mute—except to testify that its designers built for keeps.

Sources: National Register of Historical Places Nomination Form; Frank Esshom, *Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah* (Salt Lake City: Western Epics); *Echoes of Yesterday: Summit County Centennial History* (Summit County: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1947).

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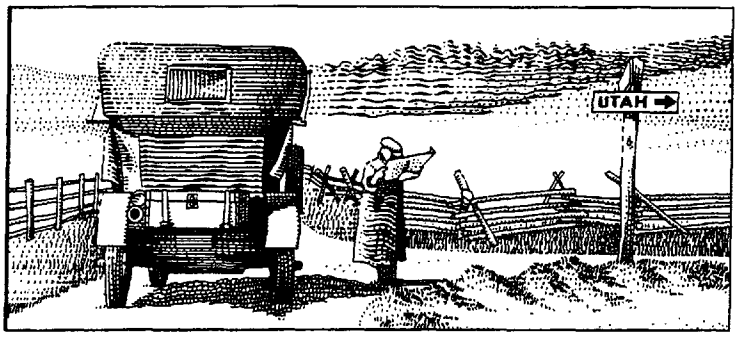

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Reverend McLeod and the Building of Independence Hall

IN 1864 TRUSTEES OF THE AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY decided to expand the Society's evangelical efforts into the Far West. The Reverend Jonathan Blanchard was sent to survey Montana, Idaho, Utah, and Colorado. He was impressed with the possibility for missionary activity among the Mormons and received strong support for the venture from Patrick E. Connor, the commanding officer at Camp Douglas, a Catholic. Action came rather quickly, considering the slowness of travel before the transcontinental railroad. The Reverend Norman McLeod, a Congregational minister, arrived in the Utah capital on Monday, January 16, 1865. He had previously worked in New England, Minnesota, and Canada and claimed to have met LDS Apostle John Taylor when he (Taylor) was a Methodist minister in Canada, prior to his conversion to the Mormon faith. McLeod had been serving in Denver when the Missionary Society advised him to leave his congregation in the care of an assistant and proceed at once to Salt Lake City. He was warmly welcomed by Connor who hoped to secure the post of chaplain at Camp Douglas for McLeod. That would, of course, make the minister immediately self-supporting.

McLeod, with much encouragement from the city's non-Mormons, began the formal organization of a church with a board of 12 trustees and a constitution. He conducted services both morning and evening in the city and in the afternoon at Camp Douglas. Soon two Sunday Schools had been organized as well. In a letter to the Missionary Society he stated that 17 individuals had pledged to organize "The first Church of Jesus Christ (Congregational) in Utah." He estimated an initial membership of 20, including three physicians. By mid-February 1865 the church was not only organized, but the trustees had initiated plans for a church building and were already raising funds for its construction.

The proposed church building—which would eventually be called Independence Hall—would be the largest and most important non-Mormon building in Utah for a number of years. One member of McLeod's small flock, a Mr. Ellsworth, traveled to the East to solicit funds for the structure, and McLeod himself visited northern California where he succeeded in raising some $2,000 from Congregationalists in that area. With those funds he bought a lot on the south side of Third South west of Main Street. Independence Hall was dedicated on November 26, 1866. It had cost $7,500 to build; a debt of $1,200 for its construction was not paid off until 1876.

Hoping to find more contributions for his missionary work in Utah, McLeod traveled to the East in late 1865. By then he had become an ardent foe of Mormonism and testified before a congressional committee where he urged the federal government to end Mormon dominance in Utah Territory. By the time McLeod had completed his rounds in the East in 1867 and was

(more)

preparing to return to Utah, he received word in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, that his Sunday School superintendent, Dr. J. King Robinson, had been murdered in October 1866—perhaps the most notorious unsolved crime in the city during the territorial period.

McLeod delayed his return to Utah and his small congregation evidently did not survive his absence, but in a sense he had already made his most important contribution to Utah history in the building of Independence Hall. The Episcopalians took over the Sunday School and rented the hall from the Congregational church. They used the building for their church services and also established St. Mark's School there in 1867. In turn, Bishop Daniel S. Tuttle of the Episcopal church let the Methodists use Independence Hall for their church services until they built a church building, and when St. Mark's School moved to another location in 1870 the Methodists set up their Rocky Mountain Seminary in the hall. Later still the Congregational church returned to the site and used it as a church until 1890 and also housed their Salt Lake Academy there. Additionally, many non-Mormon meetings of all kinds were held in Independence Hall.

As for McLeod, he returned to Salt Lake City and assumed duties as post chaplain at Camp Douglas and also began preaching at services in Independence Hall. According to Catholic historian Robert J. Dwyer, McLeod's preaching consisted largely of attacks against Brigham Young, polygamy, and the Mormon hierarchy. Perhaps his small flock tired of these harangues, for by October 1872, after six months at the pulpit, he had failed to gather a congregation—many of his former adherents had evidently joined the Presbyterian church—and he stopped preaching in town. He did, however, continue his diatribes at Camp Douglas at least until June 1873, after which he faded from the Utah history record.

See T. Edgar Lyon, "Evangelical Protestant Missionary Activities in Mormon Dominated Areas, 1865-1900" (Ph.D. diss., University of Utah, 1962).

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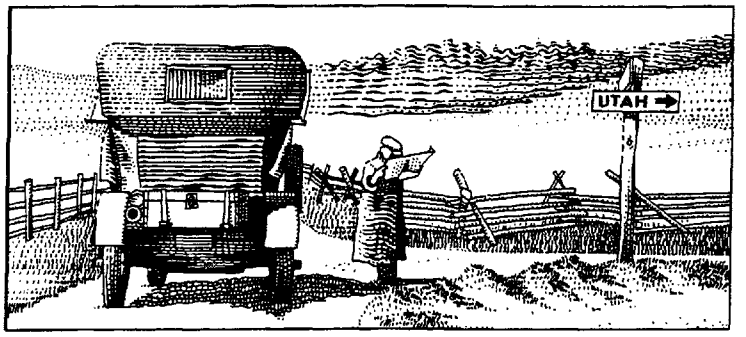

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Bishop Edwin Woolley and Capitalism in Early Utah

THE ETHICS OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE and devotion to the Mormon kingdom existed side by side in early Utah. The career of merchant Edwin D. Woolley personifies this. Woolley, longtime bishop of the Salt Lake Thirteenth Ward, where many prominent Mormon and non-Mormon merchants lived, was also the manager of Brigham Young's private business affairs for over a decade.

Born a Pennsylvania Quaker, Woolley as a young man followed his girlfriend's family to western Ohio where he beeame a successful farmer, merchant, and innkeeper. Converting to Mormonism, he again kept store in Nauvoo. Instead of joining the 1847 migration to Salt Lake Valley, at Brigham Young's request he remained in Winter Quarters and helped the migration by operating a branch of the St. Louis firm of Beach & Eddy.

Woolley brought his storekeeping instinct to Utah in 1848. Next spring he returned to the States to purchase a private stock of goods which, on his return, he sold out of his freight wagons. But on this trip he also acted as tithing agent, purchaser for the public works, and presiding bishop's representative in carrying $5,000 in gold to supply immigration stations along the Mormon Trail.

This dual role would characterize Woolley's career from then on. From 1848 to 1852 the role seemed to reform like the walls of an amoeba cell as Brigham Young improvisationally assigned him and other men to this or that task according to the skills the job required, without concern for how the assignment might look on the account books or an organizational flow chart.

For instance, during 1852-53, Woolley took the church cattle herd to California—not because he was an experienced cowhand but because he was a skillful bargainer. While keeping store, he also served briefly as foreman of the public works stonecutters, having learned this craft in his youth.

It is clear, however, that the core of Woolley's service was managing "the Church Store" (actually Brigham Young's private storehouse), taking $1,500 per year in pay for his and his son's services. In this capacity Woolley seems to have been quartermaster or provisioner for Brigham Young's many private enterprises. E.D. supplied the companies and paid the employees (mostly in goods instead of cash). For a time he was also overall business manager of these enterprises.

The lines between Woolley's work for himself, for Brigham privately, and for Brigham Young the church Trustee-in-Trust, were not clearly drawn. The only thing certain is that he did not run the Tithing House; that duty fell to the Presiding Bishopric.

While delegating many tasks, Brigham maintained close personal control over both his

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private and church enterprises. This may be one reason why Woolley eventually grew restless in his employ. In 1858, at the time of the move south, Woolley moved his families to Provo where he opened a short-lived private store. Back in Salt Lake, he opened a store in a location separate from the Church Store. Family lore indicates that Brigham resented his increasing independence. At a housewarming in Woolley's gracious new brick residence, Young attended but stomped out wordlessly.

Woolley continued to manage both his own and the Young store until 1864, when he left Young's employ altogether. From then on, their relationship resembled that of every other town merchant to the Mormon leader. When Woolley leased a factory and machinery, it was from Brigham Young. When he used church construction workers to build his house, he repaid the church for their services. It could be said their break was caused by a conflict of personal interest. Brigham Young preached and acted out of dedication to the communal good. Yet his position encouraged diverse activities and created immense resources that allowed his wives and children to live very well by frontier standards.

As long as Woolley worked on salary, he was limited in his ability to better his own large family's situation. Thus he came to sympathize with the Godbeites' mercantile attitude, belief in the profit motive, and desire for a more laissez-faire approach to private enterprise by the church.

Remaining bishop of the Thirteenth Ward, Woolley continued his dual public/private role throughout his life. He sought only the privilege of choosing the mix for himself rather than having a master prescribe the mix for him.

Sources: Rebecca Cornwall, "Of Frogs and Fishes," paper presented to the Mormon History Association, May 1978; Leonard J. Arrington, *From Quaker to Latter-Day Saint: Bishop Edwin D. Woolley* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1976).

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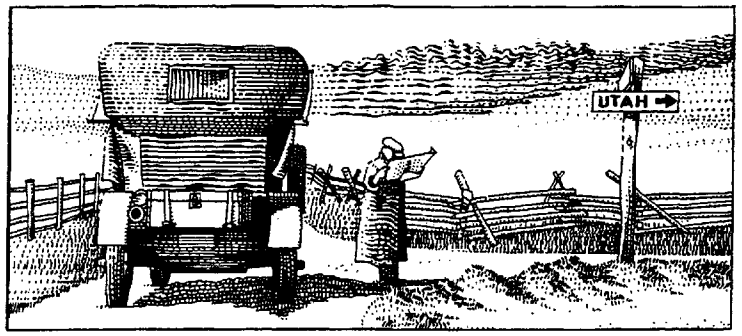

THE HISTORY BLAZER

NEWS OF UTAH'S PAST FROM THE

Utah State Historical Society
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A Real Ghost Town—Forest City

SOME OF UTAH'S GHOST TOWNS ARE EXACTLY THAT: ghosts. So little remains of them that it almost takes an architectural historian to discover where they stood. One such ghost town is Forest City, located in the north fork of American Fork Canyon, Utah County, at the juncture of Mary Ellen Gulch and Shaffer Fork.

Forest City had a brief life. It was founded in 1871 when the Aspinwall Steamship Company, doing business as Miller Mining & Smelting, began to work its claims on Miller Hill. By 1875 the mines were playing out—although sawmills continned to ship lumber from the site through 1878. Until then, according to some oldtimers, the town boasted as many as 3,000 residents. Judging by the size of the remaining foundations and the terraces on which the houses stood, however, the resident population was probably more like 150.

Still, for almost seven boisterous years Forest City contained 40-plus family homes, one or two boardinghouses, a schoolhouse with a lady teacher brought from Salt Lake City, a saloon, several sawmills, the Sultana Smelter, and fifteen charcoal kilns standing on the hillside across the stream. A narrow-gauge railroad came to within a few miles of the town, which was also served by a stagecoach line. In addition, the city had its own small dairy in the form of Kitty Nash and her son Worthy's cattle herd, and crime in the form of rustlers who once absconded with these cattle to Heber City.

The smelter cost $90,000 to build and consisted of three cupolas with engines, blowers, and a roasting furnace. The charcoal kilns were an experiment in substituting wood for coal, which was not readily available in the canyon. The effort failed, however, for the wood never burned hot enough to sufficiently smelt the ore concentrates.

In a meadow southwest of town lay the city cemetery populated by victims of mining accidents and disease. The Birk family was an example of the fragility of 19th-century mining town life. Frank Birk was the saloon and boarding house proprietor who sometimes traded liquor for railroad ties which he sold down in the valley for a profit. While he and his wife Sarah "realized a considerable amount of money" in their business affairs, their personal life was less satisfying. Small son James Frank died in the 1872 diphtheria epidemic. Son Albert died two years later. The Birks stayed on long after most townspeople had drifted away as evidenced by the grave of a third son who died in 1881. Alongside the Birk children rest the remains of, among others, a miner killed in a Bay State Mine explosion and a man buried in a snowslide.

Forest City seems to have had only one lingering resident, Ed Hines, who had left his girl

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in New York City to make his fortune out West. By the time Ed realized he was not going to become rich in mining, his sweetheart had become a nun. He returned to the West, served a stint in the California mines, and then resumed his Forest City work as a smelter assayer. After most of the town had moved away, he stayed to occupy the two-story boardinghouse, later moving to a cabin where he lived out a solitary life, visited by friends who brought food and clothing.

Ed was aware of his vulnerability as a recluse. He always swore he would build himself a red pine coffin and at the first indication of impending death climb into it so he would be safe from canyon rats. Instead he died quietly one night after dining on a large steak. His cabin was torn down and the boards used to build a blacksmith shop in American Fork. Forest Service employees have installed a picket fence around the cemetery which, with the roofless kilns, a few foundations, and the smelter slag pile, are the only vestiges of a once-busy "city."

Source: Utah Division of State History Historic Sites Survey Report based on on-site inspection and interviews with former residents and U.S. Forest Service personnel.

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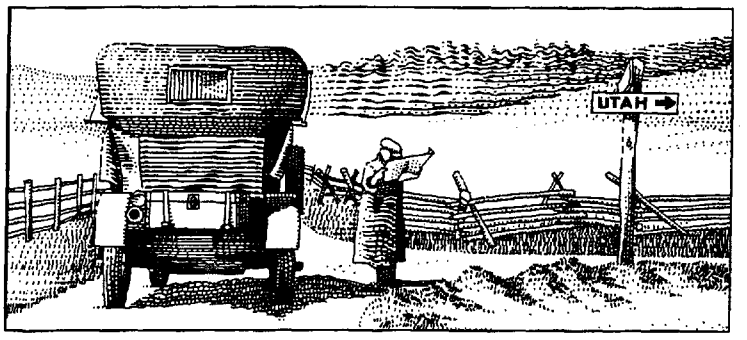

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A Brewer-Sportsman's Stunning Prairie Style Home in Ogden

GUSTAV LORENZ BECKER, A LEADING BUSINESSMAN in the Intermountain West, was a well-known brewer both locally and nationally as well as one of the world's best trapshooters. The home he built for his family at 2408 Van Buren Avenue in Ogden remains an outstanding example of the Prairie Style in residential architecture in Utah.

Becker was born in Winona, Minnesota, on April 7, 1868. Following graduation from Lambert's College in his hometown, he entered the business world. The Becker Brewing and Malting Company was begun by William Schellhas, a partner of John S. Becker, Gustav's father, but in 1890 the senior Becker and his sons Gustav and Alfred moved to Ogden to manage the company. The brewery flourished during its first quarter-century and became one of the most important distributors of beer in the West. During the mid-1910s, however, prohibition threatened to close the brewery. The resourceful Gustav and Alfred, president and vice-president respectively, changed their production to soft drinks and a nonalcoholic cereal beverage known as Becco. In June 1933 when the consumption of 3.2 beer became legal in the surrounding states (but not yet in Utah) the Beckers were able to secure passage of a state law that permitted the manufacture of beer in Utah for sale in "wet" states on the grounds that it would create jobs for Utahns during the difficult days of the depression.

Active on various committees of the United States Brewers Association, Gustav became the organization's president in 1939. His business success gained him appointment as a director of several companies, including Amalgamated Sugar, Utah-Idaho Central Railway, Superior Rock Springs Coal, Lion Coal, Tintic Standard Mining, the *Ogden Morning Examiner*, and Ogden State Bank.

As a second-generation German American businessman during World War I, Gustav was concerned about potential charges of disloyalty simply because of his ethnic background. In 1918, at the age of 50, he joined the Utah National Guard and worked strenuously to promote the interests of America's fighting forces. He was one of 12 persons selected to receive the American Legion medal for distinguished service. He was made an honorary life member of the Baker-Merrill Post of the American Legion.

Becker also made his mark as a sportsman. Recognized as one of the world's best trapshooters, he won numerous trophies, including the trapshooting handicap championship of America. One of his most publicized stunts was the shooting of clay targets while standing in a motorboat as it skimmed across Pine View Reservoir at speeds approaching 60 miles an hour. Another popular feat was to play "My Old Kentucky Home" using a .22-caliber rifle to hit a

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chime target built for him by John M. Browning, the world-famous inventor of firearms. "Ogden has the unique distinction," one newspaper writer observed, "of being the home of two men who became known to all the world for their proficiency with firearms—John M. Browning, who developed them to a point of convenience and accuracy never before deemed possible, and Gus Becker, who demonstrated the art of shooting speedily and surely against all challengers."

In 1892 Gustav had married Thekla Bohn, another second-generation German from his hometown of Winona. The couple had two daughters. The home the Beckers built in Ogden in the 1910s has an intriguing design history. It appears to have been adapted from Frank Lloyd Wright's "A Fireproof House for $5,000" published in *Ladies Home Journal* in April 1907. In plan the Becker home differs from this published Wright design only in the larger amount of space, central fireplace, and decor. The red clay pantile roof and perforated eaves (which serve as trellises) were suggested by Mrs. Becker and offer an interesting contrast to the otherwise pure Wrightian influence. The Salt Lake City architectural firm of Ware and Treganza designed the Becker home following "many strong-willed discussions" with Mrs. Becker and Florence Ware, senior partner Walter E. Ware's artist daughter. Some have claimed that Eker F. Piers, who designed many Prairie Style homes in the Eccles Subdivision one block from the Becker home, was initially involved in this project as well.

The Beckers chose many expensive details for their home, such as leaded glass windows and fine woodwork, that negated the supposed economy of Wright's $5,000 model. The dining room with its slightly arched ceiling is the highlight of the interior decorative features. Students of Wright's work have found many features in this home to compare with homes designed by the great architect.

Gustav Becker died on January 12, 1947. His wife remained in the Van Buren Avenue home until her death in 1958. The Becker home was listed in the National Register of Historic Places some 20 years later. The house was recently rehabilitated and is used as law offices.

Source: National Register Nomination Form, prepared by Allen D. Roberts and A. Kent Powell, in the Preservation Office files, Utah Division of State History, Salt Lake City.

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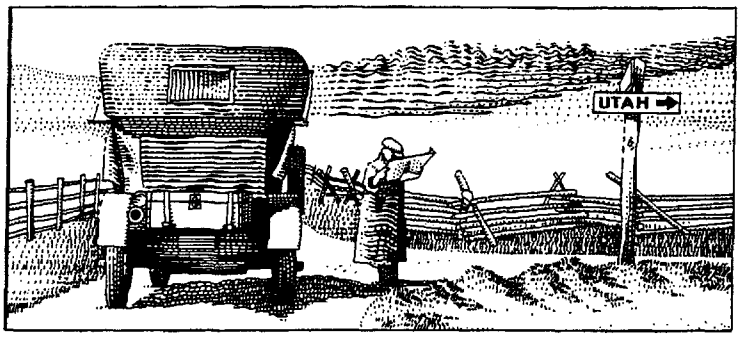

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A Utahn Survives the Attack at Pearl Harbor

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE SURVIVAL STORIES of the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, is that of Walter Staff. Born in Magna, Utah, he grew up in Salt Lake City where he attended South High School before joining the Navy in February 1940. He was assigned to the battleship USS *Oklahoma* in the summer of that year. On Friday night, December 5, 1941, the *Oklahoma* returned to Pearl Harbor from maneuvers in the Pacific. Part of the crew was given shore leave, and those who remained on board looked forward to a weekend of light duty. Walter was among those on board the battleship when it was attacked and sunk. He remained trapped in the submerged battleship for two days until rescue crews were able to set him and a companion free. He was the last of 32 sailors to be rescued from the *Oklahoma*, which lost 450 of its 1,300-member crew during the attack. Interviewed nearly 50 years later, the ordeal remained vivid in Walter Staff's mind:

"I had been to breakfast. We had pancakes and sausages. First general quarters sounded. Everybody was grousing around—we had just been off maneuvers, it was Sunday morning. We thought it was just another drill again and why on Sunday morning. Then about thirty seconds later a boatswain's mate came just screaming over the speaker. And you could tell by his voice that something was wrong. My general quarters station was on the water watch [to check for water leaking into the ship]. I had to go the length of the ship on the third deck. I was about halfway down the port side, and we felt this one hit. I came back up out of the lower compartment into this big forward air compressor room. There were four or five of us there, and we got another hit. It shattered the lights and we were in complete darkness. Somebody had a lighter. It gives you a lot of light when you are in total darkness. Then it was just like a waterfall—all of a sudden you are in water. I came to and felt around and Centers was there with me. We still didn't know what had happened and never heard from or saw the other two or three guys. We were all right there together when the ship turned over.

"We could hear firing, and then later on after the main battle was over we could hear boat whistles, and we knew we were sunk, but we had no idea how bad everything was. We knew where we were trapped and we expected the air to be used up. We would just pass out, and we were resigned to our fate. We didn't see any hope at all knowing about where we were and everything.

"You lose all track of time. Then we heard some tapping and we figured something was going on. They tapped one-two, one-two. Then we tapped back. We were under a lot of pressure.

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We knew they were there. We could see a little bit of light. They are cutting away and I am watching the water below us. The water is coming up and they are cutting. I thought the water was going to beat them. It is up around your waist now, up around your neck. The water was running out where the rescue crew was working, so they just took off. You could hear them leave. It is about the worst thing, because you are that close to being rescued. You can just about touch somebody and then they had left. We pushed into this other compartment. We dogged the door down after we got in so none of that water could get in. Pretty soon they were up above us, and there was a hatch on this one. They yelled down asking if we were in a dry compartment. I told them "Yeah," and they said, "Stand clear." The door flops open and there's your rescue party. I thought it was just getting dark Sunday night when we came out and it was just getting light Tuesday morning. I lost twenty pounds since I didn't have anything to eat or drink for the two days we were trapped in the ship."

Source: Allan Kent Powell, comp., *Utah Remembers World War II* (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1991).

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