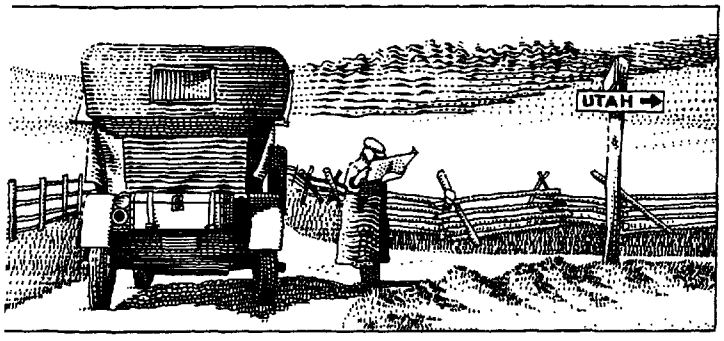
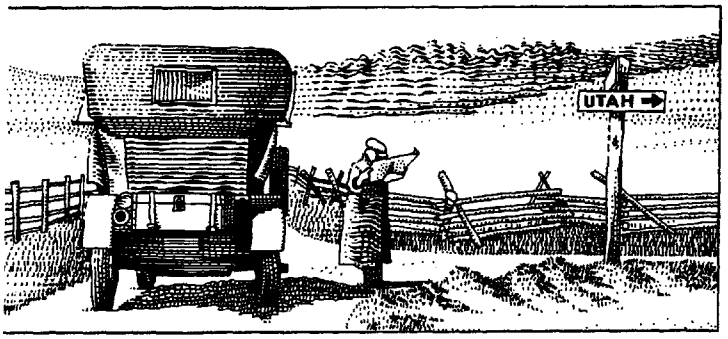


THE HISTORY BLAZER

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

November 1996 Blazer Contents



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John F. Dallin and the Wreck of the Mable Davis

MANY SKIFFS, YAWLS, AND STEAMBOATS have met their demise on the Great Salt Lake. Devotees of Utah's briny not-so-deep know of several such craft and of their disastrous endings. *The Timely Gull* was shipwrecked in 1858 when a gale loosed it from its moorings near Black Rock and swept it against the southern end of Antelope Island. Its wreckage served for many years as a reminder that the lake is a dangerous body of water. In 1875 an attempt was made to tow John W. Young's little steamer, *The Lady of the Lake*, from the beach at Lake Side to Lake Point. On the passage she broke loose from her fastenings and sank to the bottom. The jaunty little side-wheeler *Susie Riter* lasted on the lake only two years in the early 1880s before she went down while anchored in a storm. The lake's largest boat, *The City of Corinne*, later renamed *General Garfield*, ignominiously burned to the waterline in 1904. These are all craft familiar to students of the lake, but few have heard of the *Mable Davis*. The violent wreckage of this obscure sailboat on the western shore of Antelope Island in August 1886 nearly ended the life of John Finch Dallin.

Dallin was a 54-year-old Englishman whose father, Tobias, had joined the Mormon church and brought his family to Utah. Tobias became one of the premier fisherman on Utah Lake, and his sons were skilled sailors and fishermen. The family eventually moved to Springville where some of the Dallin boys, including John, fell away from the church and became political and social mavericks. John stayed involved with Utah Lake, but also launched a career in the brewing business, which created problems with Springville City since it was a dry town. This trouble prompted him to move to Thistle Valley in Spanish Fork Canyon where in 1879 he built the Thistle Creek Brewery and got a license from Utah County to make and retail beer and liquor.

When Dallin sold his property in Thistle to the D&RGW Railway Company in 1886 his interests turned to the recreational development of Utah Lake. This, oddly enough, is what took him to Garfield Beach on the Great Salt Lake in late August of that year. He bought the sailboat *Mable Davis* and planned to move it to Utah Lake where he hoped to run an excursion business during the rest of the summer season and eventually open his own pleasure resort on the freshwater lake. His immediate problem was how to transport the sailboat to Utah Lake. First, he planned to sail from Garfield, on the south shore of Great Salt Lake, to Lake Park, a resort on the east shore just west of the present town of Syracuse. From there he would load his boat on a railroad car and convey it to Utah Lake via the D&RGW. Since Dallin was a seasoned sailor, he had no fear about making the solo trip to Lake Park, and with high spirits he loaded what he considered to be enough food and water for his voyage and set sail.

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A propitious south wind briskly moved the little craft toward Lake Park. An hour into the voyage, however, a gale arose that drove the boat toward the rocky west shore of Antelope Island. Large waves were running, and even though Dallin was still a mile from the beach he could hear the growl and roar of the breakers pounding the rocks as darkness approached. Unfamiliar with the shore, he did not dare risk beaching the boat but dropped anchor and endeavored to keep the craft away from the shore till daylight. The wind howled so fiercely that Dallin feared the anchor cable would snap. As he fought the violent storm, he worked up a terrific thirst and grabbed for his demijohn of water. The cork had worked loose, and the earthen container was contaminated with salty bilge water. He drank it anyway. At about 3:30 A.M. the anchor gave way, and the boat was swept toward shore. When the boat struck land, Dallin threw ashore a blanket, some clothing, and a sack that contained a can of salmon and a pound of cheese. Then he jumped landward. The boat was now completely at the mercy of the breakers. It rolled over twice and in a few minutes was dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Completely exhausted, Dallin lay down and dropped into a fitful sleep. When dawn broke, he began to search for water. Unaware that the east side of the island was occupied, he wandered along the west shore all day driven by thirst. He grew weaker, and his tongue dried and began to protrude from his mouth. Fearing that he would die, he wrote a note and stuck it on a shrub. It included his name, where he lived, how he happened to be on the island, the direction he was traveling, and what to do with his body. As he plodded on, mirages in the form of people and houses formed, only to disappear as he neared them. Dallin finally began to work his way toward the central ridge of the island. He rested frequently and wrote two more notes that he placed on points of rock. On the ridge he got a faint glimpse of what appeared to be a farm, but he had seen so many mirages that he paid little attention to it. He trudged down the eastern slope hallooing every few steps in hope that someone might hear him. In his weakness he stumbled and fell over brush, stones, and small depressions.

About nine that night he lay down to rest, periodically waking and yelling for help. Eventually, Dallin heard voices, and then human forms appeared. After he briefly explained how he came to be there, the rescuers took him to a nearby house that belonged to Frederick Meyers, a partner in the Island Improvement Company. Dallin rested for a day and the next morning boarded Meyer's cattle boat for the slow trip to the mainland. The boat landed about three miles above Lake Park. A man named Layton drove him to the bathing resort where Dallin caught the evening train to Salt Lake City.

This disastrous adventure failed to discourage Dallin in his quest to provide recreation on Utah Lake. The next summer he had a sailboat on the lake and was offering excursions to pleasure seekers. In 1888 he established the Geneva Resort close to warm springs on the shore of the lake near the present site of the steel plant that bears the same name.

Sources: Dale L. Morgan, *The Great Salt Lake* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1973); Clayton J. Holt, *History of Antelope Island* (Syracuse: Syracuse Historical Commission, 1994); *Salt Lake Daily Herald*, September 1, 1886; *Salt Lake Tribune*, April 4, 1888; *Provo Territorial Enquirer*, June 17, 1887; T. C. Hebertson, "Writer Recalls History of Geneva," *Provo Herald*, March 27, 1949.

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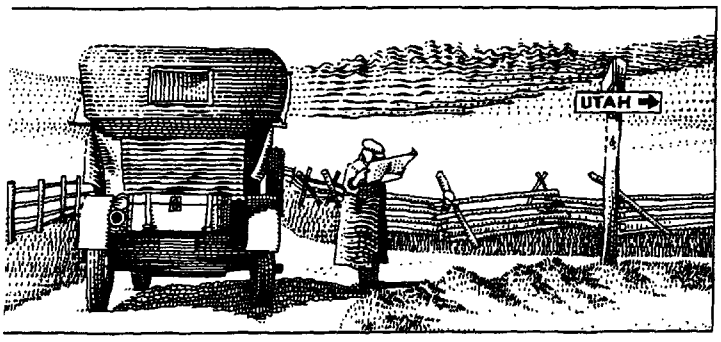

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Latinos at the Kennecott Copper Mine

DURING THE COPPER STRIKE OF 1912 UTAH COPPER COMPANY brought many Mexican and Mexican American strikebreakers to the Bingham mine. According to historian Vicente V. Mayer, most of them did not remain after the settlement of the strike. Company records reveal, though, that by 1918-19 large numbers of Spanish-surnamed individuals began to be employed at the copper mine, and additional Latinos were recruited during the labor shortages of World War II. For many of these men it marked the beginning of long careers as copper workers. Issues of the company magazine, *Kennescope*, in the 1950s emphasized the diversity of the work force, which in 1953 represented 20 different ethnic backgrounds, from Native American to Japanese.

The company especially liked to feature the children of its workers in articles and photographs. The April 1954 issue, for example, devoted a two-page spread to a PTA program put on by the children in Copperfield. One segment of the program highlighted Latino youngsters: "A Puerto Rican dance was presented by little Miss Jennie Rosa in full costume.... The pageantry of Mexican life and religion portrayed by Lawrence Lovato and Rubio Lopez was inspiring. This was followed by 'Mariachis' or troubadours singing and concluded with a Mexican 'hat-dance.'" Photographs of Rubio Lopez playing a trumpet and Jenny Rosa dancing were included in the layout. Another photograph on a picture spread in the center of the magazine showed Rubio Lopez and Eloy Vigil holding U.S. and Mexican flags in front of a large crocheted image of Our Lady of Guadalupe "hand-made by Mrs. Lawrence Lovato, wife of a Mines employee." This, too, was part of the PTA program and an effort to explain the differing religious practices of the community's diverse population.

In June 1954 *Kennescope* reported on the annual Cinco de Mayo festivities, one of the big ethnic celebrations in Bingham Canyon each year. The magazine reminded readers that the May 5 anniversary of Mexican independence from the French was as important to people of Mexican heritage as July 4 to Americans of all backgrounds. Mine company families and many guests, including Mayor Dispenza and his wife, had attended the program. As usual, there was dancing, singing, and "an excellent Mexican meal." The Felix Lugos Orchestra furnished the music, and dance performers included Theresa Rosales and Julian Lozano.

The achievements of children in school were often noted in the magazine. For example, Edward Aguayo, a senior at Bingham High School, was recognized for his outstanding athletic endeavors, scholastic achievement, and participation in student affairs. A son of Jesus Aguayo, a flagman at the mine, Edward was named to the all-region football team in his senior year, served as student manager of boys' athletics at BHS, was sergeant-at-arms of the Prospectors Club, and

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maintained a B average in all his classwork. Another Latino student, Carmen Sanchez, placed second in the "I Speak for Democracy Contest" held at BHS; Andy Trujillo was a semifinalist.

The mine workers themselves were also recognized in articles and pictures. Pablo Lozano, for instance, was shown at the controls of a tram that hauled hundreds of workers into the mine each day. A native of Mexico, Lozano said he was very happy with his job and liked the U.S. "a lot." Benjamin Cordova and Bernardo Suarez were pictured operating a new piece of equipment at the mine, a multiple tie tamper, that made track moving and construction more efficient.

Salvador Guitierrez, a trackman at the mine for nine years, had an unusual claim to fame, according to a light-hearted photo feature in *Kennescope*: "When he wears his broad-brimmed hat and glasses, his fellow-miners think him a dead ringer for Harry S. Truman," the former president. When asked about his political affiliation, Guitierrez "grinned his best Harry S. Truman grin and said, 'I do not know—me—I'm just a working man."

That many Latinos enjoyed long careers at the copper mine is illustrated in the periodic listings of employee service years in *Kennescope*. For example, in April 1958 a special awards dinner honored those with 20 and 30 years of service with Utah Copper. Among the 30-year veterans were trackman Felix Gonzales and tram operator Juventino Ramirez. Those honored for 20 years included trackman Fidel Gallegos, repair machinist Paz F. Gallegos, welder Tony M. Gallegos, shop tool operator Alex Montoya, and precipitation plant worker Juan Villalobos.

The distinctive characteristic of Utah's Latinos in this period, according to Mayer, was their varied origins, including Mexican immigrant, Mexican American, Puerto Rican, and South and Central American. Prejudice and discrimination were undoubtedly facts of their lives. That *Kennescope* emphasized positive aspects of its "melting pot" work crew is understandable. Given that, however, the magazine remains an important source of historical data on the state's largest ethnic minority.

Sources: *Kennescope*, monthly issues published during 1953-59, copies in Utah State Historical Society Library; Vicente V. Mayer, "After Escalante: The Spanish-speaking People of Utah," in *The Peoples of Utah*, ed. Helen Z. Papanikolas (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society, 1976).

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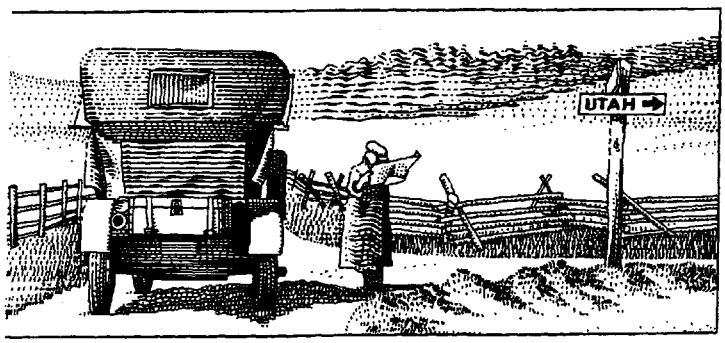

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Green River Presbyterian Church

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD BROUGHT a flock of Protestant evangelists to Utah eager to convert the predominantly Mormon citizenry to mainstream Christianity. They quickly learned that camp meetings attracted fewer patrons than church schools. So, wherever local school terms were haphazard, books in short supply, and teachers poorly trained (which included most everywhere in the territory), Mormon and non-Mormon parents alike enrolled their children in the alternative Methodist, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian grade and secondary schools. Many a non-Mormon church built in early Utah served a double purpose as a schoolhouse.

But by the end of the century Utah saw a decline in Protestant evangelistic fervor. One contributing factor was the Manifesto officially ending the Mormons' practice of plural marriage—a reform Pretestants had eagerly worked toward. Another factor was the very success of the Protestant schools in preparing the way for a public school system mandated by the Utah Territorial Legislature in the 1890s. A third factor was the Panic of 1893 followed by nearly a decade of severe depression. This greatly affected the ability of eastern congregations to support Utah and other missions financially.

Thus a new phase of Utah Protestantism began: the era of community churches. The Green River Presbyterian Church represents this phase. The wooden Victorian Gothic chapel was built in 1906-7 just as Green River, Emery County, was becoming a distinct community. A settlement had actually existed at this favorable crossing of the Green River since 1879, when a mail route was begun between Ouray, Colorado, and Salina in Sevier County, Utah. Within four years the Denver & Rio Grande had laid its line through the town. In about 1895 residents began calling their settlement Green River.

Due largely to the railroad but also to a budding peach industry, Green River saw considerable growth between 1900 and 1910. Citizens elected their first town council, platted a new townsite, officially incorporated, and built a metal-truss wagon bridge over the river. The Reverend J. K. McGillivray established the town's first church: Green River Presbyterian.

But non-Mormons were a minority in almost every Utah town, and Green River was no exception. To assemble a congregation the little church had to draw its 29 members from eight denominations. This was not uncommon for Utah Protestant bodies. Usually they maintained loose ties with a sponsoring sect that provided financial and pastoral support. In Green River, McGillivray moved on to be replaced by the Reverend McLain W. Davis who was the prime mover behind a chapel.

The church project received wide support. A local development company, Green River

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Land and Townsite, donated five lots totaling just under an acre at 134 West Third Avenue. The Utah Presbytery's Board of Church Erection provided a $1,000 grant, probably in the form of a mortgage. Local members raised $2,200 through suppers and bake sales, cash donations, and labor subscriptions. The total cost came to $4,500.

For a fee of $125 the Salt Lake firm of Ware & Treganza Architects drew up plans for the edifice. Characterized as Late Gothic Revival, their design stipulated a stone foundation and a cross-shaped wooden superstructure with a tower surrounded by four battlements at the fore of the projecting wing.

By summer 1907 members were using the building, and it was dedicated that October. For the next 50 years, one full-time Presbyterian minister or another ministered to the Green River congregation.

But by 1958 the Utah Presbytery could no longer provide such support, and the Green River congregation officially reorganized as a community church. In 1963 they added four classrooms and a storage room to their building. In 1986 they painted the church white with gold trim and replaced the roof. Green River Presbyterian Church survives as a beautiful example of a turn-of-the-century Protestant community church in Utah.

Source: Nomination form, National Register of Historic Places, Preservation Office files, Utah Division of State History.

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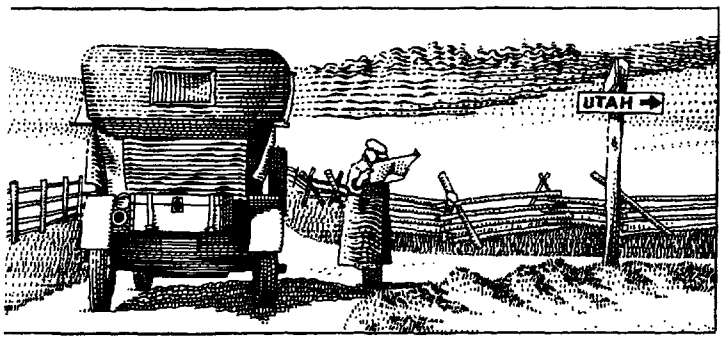

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Nancy Kelsey, the First White Woman to Cross Utah

"WHERE MY HUSBAND GOES I CAN GO. I can better stand the hardships of the journey than the anxieties for an absent husband." With those words Nancy Kelsey began a journey across country no white woman had ever made. With her baby on her hip, Nancy, who had just turned 18 a few days earlier, became the first woman, other than Native Americans, to walk on Utah soil. The year was 1841 and the Kelsey clan, often on the move, once again had itching feet. A letter from a Dr. Marsh in California praising the new land excited many Missourians yearning for a great adventure. However, when spring came only a small group gathered at Sapling Grove near Weston, Missouri, to actually make the trip. Among them were several members of the extended Kelsey family, including Nancy, her husband Ben, and their daughter Martha Ann. Known as the Bartleson-Bidwell company, this group followed dim traces of the now Oregon Trail. Tom "Broken-Hand" Fitzpatrick, famous mountain man, was their guide as far as Soda Springs, Idaho. Then they were on their own. Seven long, weary months would pass before they arrived at Sutter's Fort in California. Nancy would also earn the distinction of being the first white woman to cross the Sierra Nevada.

After crossing South Pass in Wyoming, some families in the company began to worry about going to California. No one knew the route, and wagon trains had never gone there before. Oregon—at the end of a known road and more settled every year—sounded safer. By the time they reached Soda Springs, all the families had decided to abandon the California dream—all that is but Ben and Nancy. Nancy bid farewell to her in-laws and became the only woman among the 31 men who turned south into the unknown country that was to eventually become Utah. Surely it was rash for a woman to venture on so perilous a journey, but that did not seem to occur to Nancy. Most of the young men were adventurous and willing to take risks, but this was no ordinary lark for a young woman in 1841.

The travelers knew absolutely nothing of the terrain ahead. In fact, they were so ignorant of western geography that some had brought boat-building equipment so that when they came upon the Great Salt Lake they could build a boat and float down its outlet to the ocean! The advice they got from Fort Hall, where some of the men had gone for provisions, was no better than their own strange notions. No one knew the territory well enough to be their guide. The people at the post could only tell them to be careful not to turn west too soon or they would become lost and perhaps perish in the canyons and chasms below the Snake River and not to go too far south or they would perish of thirst on the salty desert. The small party continued south along the Bear River.

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They had heard from mountain men about Cache Valley and hoped to stop and hunt there, but somehow they went right through it without realizing where they were. They continued on through the "gates" of the Bear River and then had to take a long detour to find a place to cross the salty, undrinkable Malad River whose banks were impossibly steep for wagons. After finally reaching a place to ford, they again turned south toward the Great Salt Lake. They could see nothing before them "but extensive arid plains, glimmering with heat and salt," wrote John Bidwell. They were desperate for water. As Nancy and the men skirted the northern end of the Great Salt Lake, the only feed for the animals was coated with salt, and water at the few springs was also somewhat salty. In their search for good water they camped on a hill on August 23 and got their first full view of the Great Salt Lake to the south. The location offered little water, however, and their animals strayed off in search of something to drink and had to be rounded up.

On August 24 they camped near numerous springs, a bit salty, but drinkable. The salt clung in lumps to the grass, and the travelers gathered lumps ranging from the size of a pea to a hen's egg. Following an old Indian trail they hoped would lead to water, they fought their way through sage and wormwood but found no water, though they searched until ten o'clock at night. In the morning light, they continued on toward a green spot five miles away in a small canyon. To Nancy's great joy the water and grass were excellent. For 10 days the immigrants rested there while scouts tried to locate a route to the Humboldt River. Friendly Native Americans came to this campsite to trade. Although the scouts had not yet returned, the party moved on because their oxen had eaten all the grass. Slowly they moved southwest around the northern end of the Great Salt Lake. It was early September, but the weather had turned very cold with ice freezing in their water buckets. At last, on September 9, the scouts rode into camp with word that Mary's River, now called the Humboldt, was only five days away.

The Kelseys' oxen, weaker by the day, had difficulty pulling the wagons. The weather warmed, and Ben decided the wagons must be left. At what was likely Owl Spring, about eight miles west of Lucin, Nancy parted with her wagon home. Ben fashioned packs for the horses to carry food and other necessities, and the young couple trudged on. They camped on Pilot Creek and on September 14 passed out of Utah's domain around the southern end of the Pilot Range and into Nevada. Nancy's adventurous journey continued across Nevada and over the Sierra Nevada. Hunger dogged every step, and the specter of winter loomed over the mountains. Tattered, exhausted, and with nothing but their lives, they at last arrived at Sutter's Fort in December. Fellow traveler Joseph Chiles later wrote of the indomitable Nancy: "Her cheerful nature and kind heart brought many a ray of sunshine through clouds that gathered round a company of so many weary travelers. She bore the fatigue of the journey with so much heroism, patience and kindness that there still exists a warmth in every heart for the mother and child, that were always forming silvery linings for every dark cloud that assailed them."

Sources: Charles Kelly, *Salt Desert Trails* (Salt Lake City: Western Epics, 1969); Dale L. Morgan, *The Great Salt Lake* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1975); Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., ed., *The Bidwell-Bartleson Party: 1841 California Emigrant Adventure* (Santa Cruz, CA: Western Tanager Press, 1991).

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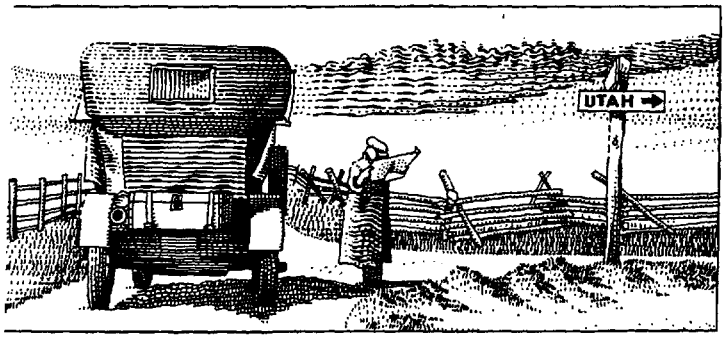

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A Policeman's Lot in Early Salt Lake City

IN 1848 A BASHFUL, OVERSIZED 21-YEAR-OLD by the name of John Pulsipher crossed the Plains with his parents and settled in Utah. He found Salt Lake City to be a very quiet settlement consisting of only two blocks of houses joined as two forts. "Besides these forts," John wrote in his diary, "there was a small saw mill and a corn cracker for a grist mill and a small house by each mill which was the amount of the building in this country at the time of our arrival."

But the following year "a large gentile Emigration" passed through the city on the way to the California gold fields. Most of these strangers were peaceable, stopping only long enough to earn money to get to the coast. Many even attended a Mormon meeting or two. However, the city also attracted a small cadre of gentile and Mormon rabble-rousers. Soon local authorities deemed it necessary to form a corps of watchmen who could keep the peace day and night.

In his diary, John related the formation of this force. He noted that at the close of a public meeting (i.e., church service) one Sunday in June 1849, the clerk read a list of names of men who had been chosen to staff a police force. An hour and day were appointed for these men to meet with Brigham Young, Jedediah M. Grant, and other city/church officials to obtain their commissions and instructions. Young convened the police meeting by stating: "The time has come to have a company of Police officers to watch over this city. I have made a selection of 40 men such as I can trust—when one of these men is on duty I can keep [secure]—the city is poor, not able to pay you much now; so we must have economy and after which we hope to do better."

According to John, all 40 of the men accepted the call. Perhaps the qualifications of the other 39 were similar to John's. He had had prior experience in the Nauvoo Legion (having been admitted at 15 since he was large for his age), and he was steady and sober.

During this meeting John, along with the other men, took an oath of office. He learned that his duties were to see that all people observed the city ordinances and broke no territorial laws and to be on duty at all times and to "put down iniquity whenever we find it as we are passing around and about our work." The police were not to charge for their vigilance except when they were on night watch, when they would be paid 25 cents an hour—about the same as Utah's then-current minimum wage. President Young admitted this was "too small pay for men being broke of their rest. But be of good courage," he said, "for you shall be blessed." As for police ethics, Young told the group: "If any man asks for your authority knock him down with your cane. Serve my boys the same way."

The police brigade subsequently met each Sunday between the two church meetings to "post

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each other in the line of duty." John did not mind these gatherings, finding them to be "of great benefit" by way of instruction, shared news, and no doubt camaraderie.

John served as a Salt Lake City police officer for four years. He later wrote that many incidents occurred during his tour of duty, but "I have not time to write it." On occasion he was gone a full day or even two chasing thieves and tracking down stolen property such as cattle and horses. Besides his 24-hour volunteer vigilance—a duty filled "while we are about our own business"—John served one-half night of watch duty per week, taking the irregular hours in stride. Night work "would scarce ever hinder me from my daily labor," he noted. "I have tended mill so much, worked all day and half of the night that I don't need as much sleep as some think they do."

Source: "A Short Sketch of the History of John Pulsipher...Written by Himself," (n.p.: June 1970), mimeographed typescript, copy in LDS Church Archives, Salt Lake City.

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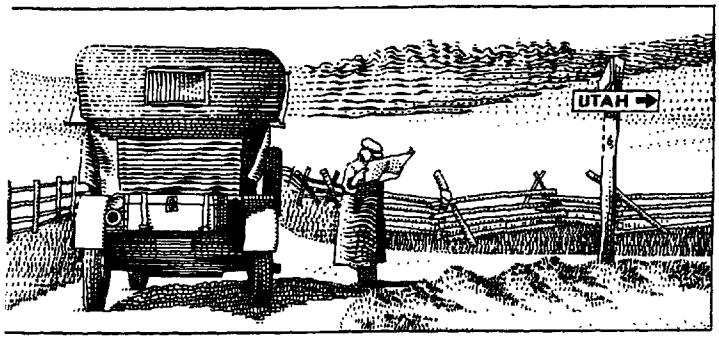

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The Sweet Story of the Startup Candy Company

UTAHNS HAVE LONG HAD A SWEET TOOTH. In 1919 statistics showed that Utah had the highest per capita rate of sugar consumption in the U.S. Numerous candy manufacturers may well have been a significant reason for the high usage. Nine wholesale candy producers in the state used over 3.5 million pounds of sugar in 1917.

The Startup Candy Company of Provo was recognized as one of the largest confectionery makers in the West. It had its beginnings in London and Manchester, England, with William Startup who made "cough candy" and other candy products in the basement of his retail store. His son William Daw Startup assisted him until 1869 when he immigrated to America. The 23-year-old brought his candy-making skills and some tools, including scales, with him and bought more equipment in Philadelphia. His next stop was Salt Lake City where he married Hagar Hick in November 1869. Moving to Provo in 1874, they built a home and a small factory in which they started making candy in 1875. William's career was short-lived, however. In January 1878, he was struck by a stone cooling slab that ruptured a blood vessel; he died 10 days later. With four young children, Hagar continued to make candy on a small seale for several years, teaching her sons the business. One son, George, would inject new life into the company in 1895.

Employed as a typesetter for the *Daily Enquirer*, George worked hard and gave his paycheck to his widowed mother to help support the family. Still, he had managed to save $80 by the time he was laid off in the aftermath of the Panic of 1893 due to the newspaper's financial woes. With his savings he went full time into the candy-making business. His equipment initially consisted of one stone candy slab, four iron edging bars, a pair of candy shears, a candy drop machine, several candy hooks, and a few pans, according to an early Provo historian. He rented a small frame building on Center Street and opened for business in 1895. A summer storm nearly ruined his first batch of candy when water ran through the leaky roof. Legend has it that George grabbed a handful of gum and chewed vigorously as he scrambled to plug some of the leaks in the iron roof with wads of gum.

His brothers, Walter and William, joined a partnership with George and the enterprise took off. In 1896 they produced the Opera Bar, possibly American's first candy bar—layers of vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry creams covered with chocolate. Its wrapper proudly announced: "Provo, Utah, The Candy City." Another specialty was the magnolia, a tiny flower-perfumed hard candy with a liquid center. Startup also became famous for "clear toys" made from clear, red, yellow, or green hard candy molded in the shapes of animals, trains, and Santas to delight children. Other products included chocolates, chewing gum, and a variety of confectionery delicacies.

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In 1900 the brothers began construction of a huge factory complex at Sixth South and First West in Provo, near the railroad tracks for easy transport. The facility eventually included a box plant with a printing press to decorate the fancy boxes. Packaging added to the fame of the candies. The company was proud of its fancy boxes, folding cartons, and tin containers. With their printing press, the Startups produced millions of printed box wrappers, colorful labels, advertising pictures and signs, promotional calendars, decorated boxes, and various novelties. Utah artist Samuel Jepperson painted pictures to be used as premiums with the candy orders.

George Startup was gifted in the use, repair, and invention of machinery and made many improvements in the manufacturing line. Besides modern equipment, the company was ahead of its time in labor practices. The welfare of employees was an important concern. During a time when many employers exploited their workers, the company tried to create a comfortable and healthful working environment. It provided life insurance for workers and offered employees a profit-sharing bonus based on merit. In contrast to the opposition of many manufacturers, George Startup lobbied the Legislature in 1914 for a minimum-wage bill for female workers.

The business prospered and in the 1920s reached its zenith, wholesaling its products throughout the West and into the eastern U.S. and even a few foreign markets. The company employed 175 workers and 15 salesmen. In 1924 sales totaled about half a million dollars. But the Great Depression hit the company with tremendous force. People could not afford the luxury of candy. As the company struggled to survive, Walter bought out the interests of his brothers George and William. Despite his effort to save the business, the bank repossessed the buildings. As soon as he could accumulate the cash, Walter bought back the north building of the factory complex, the box plant, and continued producing candy there.

Sugar was virtually impossible to buy during World War II, and the company faced another challenge. Most products had to be discontinued. However, molasses could be obtained in small quantities. Sugar would crystalize from the molasses, and the Startup family was able to make a few fudge candy bars to sell. Thus the factory kept going on a day-to-day basis.

After the war, Harry Startup revitalized the business, which continues as the century turns again with the fifth generation of Utah Startups. Fine hand-dipped chocolates, clear candy toys, suckers, and a variety of other quality candies are still produced by the century-old Startup Candy Company of Provo, Utah.

Sources: Interviews with Harry W. Startup, Jr. and Carma Startup, Provo, and materials provided by them; J. Marinus Jensen, *History of Provo* (Provo, 1924); William M. Wilson, *Utah County, Utah in Picture and Prose* (Provo, 1914); William M. Wilson, *Provo, Utah, Early Pictorial History*, 1910 ed. ([Provo]: "The Scribbler" n.d.); Marilyn McMean Miller and John Clifton Moffitt, *Provo, A Story of People in Motion* (Provo:Brigham Young University Press, 1974); Noble Warrum, *Utah Since Statehood*, vol 1 (Chicago: S. J. Clarke Publishing Company, 1919); *Our Pioneer Heritage*, vol. 20 (Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1977).

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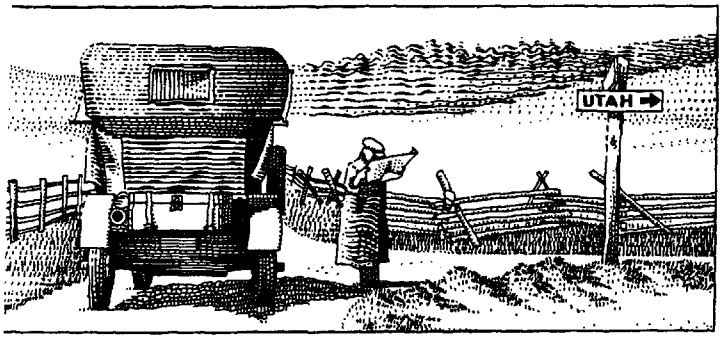

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NEWS OF UTAH'S PAST FROM THE

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The Killing of Old Ephraim

IF FRANK CLARK HAD LIVED IN THE ERA of the mountain men his name might be as well known in Utah history as Antoine Robidoux or perhaps even Jim Bridger. But Clark was a quiet, rather unassuming sheepman caring for his flock rather than a wilderness adventurer, and so he did not become known as Frank "Bear Killer" Clark with a host of legends attached to his name. He was born too late for that. It was August 22, 1923, when he killed a legendary grizzly bear in Cache Valley—Old Ephraim. And before that he had killed a lot of brown bears that were bothering his sheep.

Clark was born in a cabin on Henderson Creek in Idaho in 1879. Like many children of that time he had few educational opportunities, but he did attend a school at East Portage, Box Elder County, Utah, for a short time. He was, though, an avid student of nature as he worked on the open range from about age 12. In 1911 he started to herd sheep in the forests of Cache County. His most famous exploit, the killing of Old Ephraim, was evidently recounted many times but never to Clark's satisfaction. Some accounts were probably too dramatic to suit his taste. He wrote his own version of the story for Lee Kay, editor of the *Utah Fish and Game Bulletin*, who published it in the September 1952 issue.

When Clark moved into the Cache area it was "infested" with brown and grizzly bears. Many of them killed sheep, and he recalled that one summer 150 sheep from one herd were lost to bears. In 1912 alone he killed 13 of the predators. But one bear proved elusive:

"...Old Ephraim...was a grizzly bear. The...name was given to him, I think, because of an outlaw bear found in California that had been written up.... Old Ephraim was well known, mainly because everyone who saw his tracks recognized him. He had one deformed toe. Many weird tales were told about him. He was supposed to have ranged all the way from northern Utah to the Snake River...in Idaho, but I never found his tracks more than two miles from the range that I was using." Nor was Old Ephraim a wanton killer of sheep. Clark said that the dreaded bear rarely killed more than one sheep at a time and that he "never seemed to pick on the same herd twice in succession, but roamed around for several miles in the proximity of the spring where he bathed and would take only one or two sheep from each separate camp."

Clark began to set traps for the big grizzly in 1914, but for nine years Old Ephraim evaded and outsmarted him. The bear had scooped out a pool in a little canyon, "and at least once a week he would come there to wallow.... I set my trap in the pool thinking I would catch him, but every time I set it and the bear visited the pool, he would 'pertly' pick it up and set it on the side of the pool." In 1923, though, the bear dug another pool below the first one, and that proved fatal. On

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the evening of August 22 Clark set a trap in the bear's new wallow, stirred the mud to cover it, and then returned to camp about a mile downstream. He was awakened that night "by the most unearthly sound I have ever heard." Stopping only long enough to put on his shoes and grab his rifle—he did not fully dress because he thought the bear was very close—he soon saw the bear's tracks in the moonlight. He followed the tracks and the bear's roar until "there came rushing out of the creek bottom the giant form of Old Ephraim walking on his hind feet. He was carrying on his front foot the large trap that weighed 27 pounds and the 15 feet of log chain neatly wrapped around his right forearm. As he came towards me, it chilled me to the very bone and for several paces I didn't even attempt to shoot. Finally, more out of fear than any other passion, I opened up with my small 25-35 caliber rifle and pumped six shots into him. He fell at my feet dead, and as I looked at the giant form of Old Ephraim I suddenly became sorry that I had killed this giant bear." Clark retraced the bear's trail from the wallow and found that it had walked on his hind feet for over a mile carrying the trap and chain. In its torment it had "cut down" quaking aspen up to six inches in diameter in its path.

Old Ephraim's body was buried near Clark's camp "until it was unearthed and his skull sent to the Smithsonian Institute [*sic*] where it remains today." The Boy Scouts placed a wooden marker by the grave stating that the grizzly was 9 feet 11 inches tall and weighed approximately 1,100 pounds. Later, Nephi J. Bott erected a stone monument as tall as Old Ephraim at the site in Long Hollow, Temple Fork, Logan Canyon. Bott also wrote a song about the bear that pictured it as a terrible killer in league with the devil.

Other writers added many dramatic details not found in Clark's version of his exploit, and one can see why he wanted to tell the story his way. As F. M. Young recounted it, for example: The bear staggered after each rifle shot but moved relentlessly toward Clark, its muzzle covered with froth! Then Clark heard his dog, Jenny, barking wildly and nipping at the bear's heels; this brief diversion gave him time to steady his rifle against a tree and place a fatal seventh shot (using his last shell!) behind the bear's ear. The next day Clark's herding companion, Sam, returned to camp, and they examined the fallen giant only to find that "two of Clark's bullets had actually pierced the heart"—not a serious enough wound, according to Young, to fell an enraged grizzly. Clark and Sam buried the bear because its presence, even though dead, alarmed the horses.

Clark did not try to capitalize on the killing of Old Ephraim or the alleged 43 bears he killed while herding sheep. Moreover, his attempt to set the record straight in 1952 did not succeed in stopping others since his time from adding dramatic details to his story.

Sources: *Utah Fish and Game Bulletin*, May-June and September 1952 issues; Coralie McCarty Beyers, "Old Ephraim," *Western Humanities Review* 4 (1950); F. M. Young, "Utah's Old Ephraim" in *Man Meets Grizzly: Encounters in the Wild from Lewis and Clark to Modern Times*, comp. F. M. Young, ed. Coralie Beyers (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1980); Historic Monuments and Markers Project files, Utah State Historical Society.

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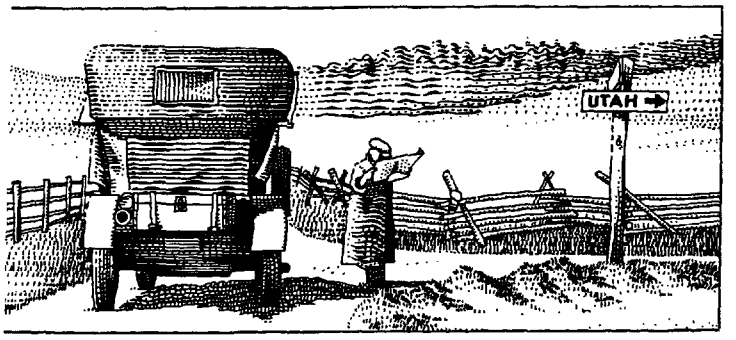

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Some Utahns Went for the Gold in California

SOME YOUNG MEN IN UTAH naturally hankered toward the California gold fields discovered just six months after the Mormons arrived in the Salt Lake Valley. But Brigham Young, favoring an agrarian rather than mining economy, firmly discouraged them: "If you Elders of Israel want to go to the gold mines, go and be damned." On the other hand, Mormon colonizing efforts suffered from a severe lack of cash. So church leaders outfitted companies of "gold missionaries" whose assignment was to send back the precious California metal so the church could buy badly needed machinery and equipment from the East. These missionaries no doubt kept a percentage of their pickings to cover costs and provide for their families in Utah.

In addition to those called to the task, a number of Mormon miners selected themselves. Some had mustered out of the Mormon Battalion and stopped long enough in the Sierra Nevada to dig some quick cash before continuing to Utah. Others were boys itching for a chance to make their fortunes and not very pleased with prospects in the Great Basin. They could not see the harm in spending just one summer in California.

Three such young men were the brothers J. Wellington and David Seely, and a brother-in-law, Edwin Pettit. Their story shows the interplay between early Mormons' intense community loyalty and their frontier-like independence and drive to make good. It also shows that although Brigham Young's words appear to have allowed no room for individual choice, he actually tolerated a fair amount of deviance from his directives.

Both Seelys were young married men who had crossed the plains with their aging parents. The first two years in Salt Lake Valley, watching their wives and small children go hungry, must have hit them hard. When asked to sign on as teamsters, they jumped at the opportunity. Their employer was a man named Pomeroy who had brought a wagon train of merchandise from the States to trade for oxen which he intended to sell in California. Private merchandising was acceptable in Mormondom as long as a merchant honored local currency and did not gouge.

The Pomeroy train left for California in November 1849, about the same time as several church trains. It consisted of 50 wagons, each with two drivers and four oxen. In addition, it had a considerable cattle herd. Some of the animals had come from the East earlier that year while others were fresh Utah stock.

Each of the young Utahns found himself responsible for 40 to 50 cattle. Even traveling along the southern route they soon encountered rain, mud, and snow over six inches deep. By the time the company reached what is now the California border, according to Edwin's journal, the

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cattle that had crossed the Plains that spring were wearing out. At first he would have to leave 2 behind, then 5, and finally 19 in one day. At Mud Lake (northwest of present-day Baker), Pomeroy consolidated to 7 wagons, burning the other 13. Here the Seely party, no longer needed, opted to leave the slower-moving Pomeroy.

Other companies fared as poorly. Pomeroy had come upon an independent band, lost and starving in the desert; the Seelys joined and assisted this group, which was also headed for the gold fields. In addition, there were the Huffaker and Jefferson Hunt companies, the latter including Mormon Apostle Parley P. Pratt as passenger. Pratt's journal describes problems similar to Pomeroy's.

It took the Seely party over five months to reach Coloma by way of San Bernardino, Los Angeles, sailing vessel to San Francisco, steamboat to Sacramento, and mule pack into the Sierra. They mined only three months. By August, Wellington Seely was ill and all three men were homesick and discouraged. Apparently they deposited their earnings in the same Salt Lake church "gold account" used by the gold missionaries, and from records of this account it appears the three of them together sent home no more than $350. Considering that one man could earn $50 per month working in Utah, this was less than a third of what they might have earned had they stayed home.

These Utah gold seekers had the same experience as the vast majority of other forty-niners. The likely result of this venture was that the young men decided Brigham Young was not as dumb as they had thought. Ultimately, two of them would to settle down in Sanpete County and raise sheep and alfalfa. The other, David Seely, had gotten a whiff of the California climate and would never again be content in Utah.

Sources: Montell and Kathryn Seely, *Seely History*, vol. 2 (Provo: Justus Azel Seely Family Organization, 1996); David Seely, autobiographical sketch, c. 1885 (LDS Church Archives), and biography of Edwin Pettit, both cited in *Seely History*.

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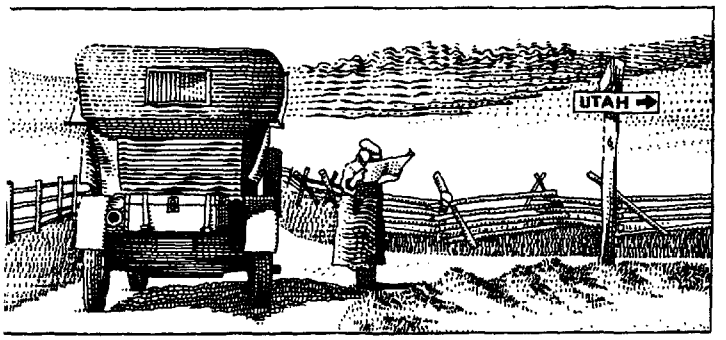

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Poet Hannah Tapfield King

HANNAH T. KING MAY NOT HAVE BEEN THE MOST GIFTED of Salt Lake City's early women poets—some have credited Sarah Elizabeth "Lizzie" Carmichael with producing poems of genuine literary merit—or as well known as Eliza R. Snow, but Hannah did have two books published while she was still living in Cambridgeshire, England, and she had long corresponded with Eliza Cook, a voguish British poet of the mid-19th century.

In addition to writing poetry King kept journals—sometimes more than one. At some point, she or her granddaughter synthesized the various diaries into one chronological typescript. Besides her journals, Hannah was an avid letter writer, producing effusive epistles to family and friends whom she considered kindred spirits in the love of Christian literature. In 1856, three years after arriving in Utah, King wrote, "The Californian mail came in [today]. How delightful a letter is to me, penned by sincere and congenial spirits. Such have been my panacea through life...."

Hannah was born in 1807 at Gogmagog Hills in Cambridgeshire, where her father served for over 60 years as land and house steward to the Earl of Godsplin. She received the typical schooling (two years) for a Victorian female (or "village girl" as she called herself). But Hannah had a predilection for culture that was enhanced by her friendship with the earl's daughter (Charlotte Goldolphin Osborne), marriage to a member of the minor gentry, and self-education through reading and associating with other book lovers.

At age 17 Hannah wed Thomas King, the 24-year-old son of a neighboring landowner. Thomas had courted her faithfully every Thursday and Sunday since she was 14. But her father did not really like the young man, and Hannah herself was unenthusiastic. Then at age 16 she and her mother enjoyed a whirlwind visit to London parties at the invitation of an aunt and uncle who "lived in good style and their circle was tonish!" During this time, a city gentleman fell in love with her. Although she refused him, the experience made her appreciate Thomas's devotion, despite her feeling that they were intellectually and spiritually mismatched. She admitted that his being an only son and sure to inherit the eight-room King cottage and fields influenced her thinking.

For six years after her marriage to Thomas King, Hannah gave birth almost annually. Two babies apparently died shortly after birth and one child at 14 months of "an affection of the brain." By the time a robust little daughter they named Georgiana came along, Hannah and Thomas were jubilant. They eventually had 11 children, but only four lived to maturity. Hannah commented, "I had lost so many that the remnant were doubly dear to me...."

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Hannah matured into an upper-middle-class English matron. Despite the responsibilities of housekeeping, supervising two servants and a governess, helping her mother, and taking in a widowed daughter with five children, she maintained a circle of friends with whom she exchanged letters, books, and Bible verses. They included the local bookstore owner, the popular poet Eliza Cook, and a bachelor mysteriously referred to in Hannah's journal as R.L.D. (R. L. Dowton) whose death in 1849 left her bereft.

Hannah often found solace for her grief in writing, but faced with many tragedies she began to feel as if her world were collapsing around her. In 1849, when a dressmaker told her about Mormonism, Hannah converted within a few weeks. By 1853 she and her four surviving children, along with a very reluctant Thomas, left England for Utah.

Settling in Salt Lake City, the Kings spent most of their remaining money on a house. Everything cost more than they had expected, and they were soon broke. Thomas, a fiftyish gentleman farmer, knew nothing about making a living, so Hannah opened a school in their home and persuaded Brigham Young to give son Thomas Owen a job.

Life in Utah brought its frustrations: neighbors who considered Hannah uppity for her highbrow English manner and 1856 Reformation preaching that offended her for its low-church, hellfire-and-damnation tenor. But on the whole, Hannah was satisfied with her new life. She replaced her old circle of literati with the Mormon Polysophical Society, whose members read and discussed their own and others' essays and poems. She continued to write and saw her works occasionally published in the *Deseret News* and *Woman's Exponent*. Thomas was baptized in 1857, which greatly relieved Hannah's fears for their mutual salvation. He died in 1875, she in 1886.

Sources: Journals of Hannah Tapfield King with foreword by Bertha Eames Loosli, typescript, Utah State Historical Society Library, Salt Lake City; Maureen Ursenbach, "Three Women and the Life of the Mind," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 43 (1975); Ancestral File (computerized records) on individual King family members, LDS Church Family History Library, Salt Lake City.

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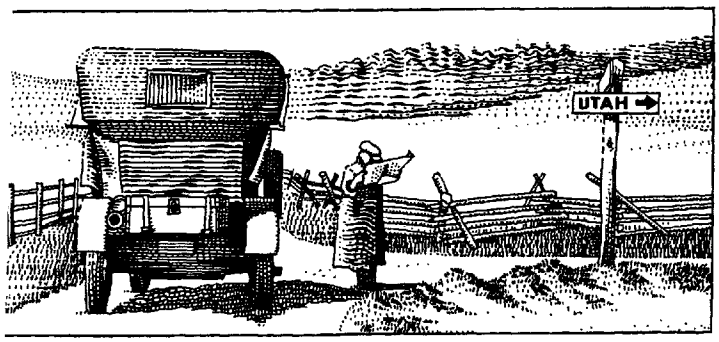

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Utah's First State Park

WASATCH MOUNTAIN STATE PARK, located along the eastern slope of the Wasatch Mountains, became a reality a century after the settlement of Heber City and Midway in 1859. The alpine Heber Valley was characterized by plenty of water, good pasture and farm land, and, compared to many settlements founded at the same time, relative closeness to Salt Lake City. The towering mountains and green valley were, and still are, often compared to the stunning scenery of Switzerland. Swiss converts to Mormonism found Heber Valley, and Midway in particular, attractive after their immigration to Utah in the late 1850s and early 1860s. John Huber and Ullrich Probst were two Swiss who established homes and farms along Snake Creek. Some produce from their farms was sold to miners who worked the mines up Snake Creek Canyon. The Huber and Probst property was sold to the state by their descendants and became the heart of Wasatch Mountain State Park.

The establishment of this park came shortly after the creation of the Utah State Parks and Recreation Commission by the legislature in 1957. Although Utah was the last state to establish a parks and recreation program, once appointed the commission moved quickly to inventory potential state park areas, reporting to the legislature on January 2, 1959. The report noted 118 potential state parks areas and recommended some for immediate acquisition and development. Wasatch Mountain State Park was given high priority for funding. The proposed park would encompass 25,800 acres with 560 acres to be acquired from the Bureau of Land Management, 1,280 acres already owned by the state in school sections, and the remaining 23,960 acres to be purchased from private land owners. The report emphasized the alpine beauty and great recreational potential of the proposed park, including camping, picnicking, horseback riding, hiking, hunting, winter sports, scenery, photography, history, and geology.

During the field surveys conducted by parks director Chester J. Olsen, the first discussions were held in Heber Valley about a potential state park in the area. Most agree that the proposed Wasatch Mountain State Park was the brainchild of Harold P. Fabian, appointed by Governor George Dewey Clyde in 1957 to organize and serve as the first chairman of the State Parks and Recreation Commission. Born in Salt Lake City on April 1, 1885, he graduated from Yale in 1907 and Harvard Law School in 1910. He spent his summers in Brighton, and while riding and hiking the canyons of the Wasatch with his friend Henry Moyle, the two "looked down into the Heber Valley and pretended it was their own big ranch lay-out." Fabian established a successful law practice in Salt Lake City and in 1926 became involved in examining the titles and buying privately owned lands in the area that is now Grand Teton National Park. A close friend of

(more)

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Fabian proposed construction of the Jackson Lake Lodge and served as president and manager of the Grand Teton Lodge and Transportation Company until 1953. This experience, plus a deep commitment to Utah's wilderness and history and involvement with the Republican party in Utah and the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce, made Fabian a logical choice to organize and lead the Utah State Parks and Recreation Commission.

Working closely with his life-long friend Henry D. Moyle, by then second counselor to Mormon church president David O. McKay, and with local leaders in Midway and Wasatch County to promote the park and to secure commitments from local land owners to sell their property to the state, Fabian secured from Wasatch County a 46-acre tract on which was located a small ski tow and 536.853 acres of private land purchased for $351,943.65. This acreage, mostly located at the junction of Pine Creek and Snake Creek canyons, became the nucleus of the park. Then, in 1961, the Legislature appropriated some $1.5 million to acquire additional land for the park. The bill, signed on Friday, March 10, 1961, by Governor Clyde, allowed the commission to acquire the land over a 10-year period. Some owners were reluctant to sell and would have preferred to keep their land, but community and church pressure left them little choice but to sell, according to some residents.

The significance of the effort in putting together the package was summed up by parks director Olsen: "The Wasatch Mountain State Park is first in importance in the entire program. Due to location and scenic terrain, the lands involved are readily accessible to nearly 75 per cent of Utah's population, are attractive from the recreation standpoint in both summer and winter, are striking enough to attract out-of-state as well as local residents, and are close to major federal highways and to Salt Lake City, which is one of the major transportation junctions of the west.... It is extremely doubtful if an entire area in so many private ownerships has been put together or offered to Utah or any other state or government agency for a park and recreation area with such united community effort or at such a sacrifice on the part of public-minded citizens. It is not likely that such a course of action will be taken again, in the Heber Valley or elsewhere in Utah." Governor Clyde would later echo that sentiment: "The history of Utah is a history of cooperation and there has never been a greater story than this one here."

Source: Allan Kent Powell, "Preliminary Overview History of Wasatch Mountain State Park," Utah State Historical Society, June 18, 1989.

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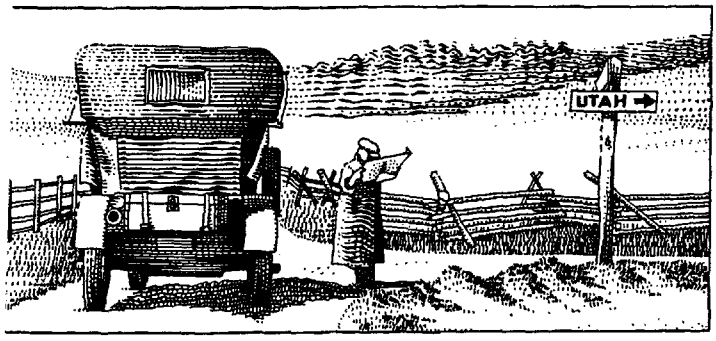

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Life on the Garfield County Frontier

HERDER, SHERIFF, LEGISLATOR—THOMAS SEVY wore all those hats while living on the rugged frontier in Garfield County. He was born in New Harmony, Iron County, in 1867 to Phoebe Butler and George W. Sevy. Four years later his family moved to Garfield County to help resettle Panguitch—abandoned in 1866 during the Black Hawk War. His father ran a sawmill 12 miles up a canyon. At age eight Tom began to work at the mill even though he was too young to operate the machinery. His job was to catch fish for the sawmill gang to eat: "With meager fishing tackle and grasshoppers for bait, he caught so many fish that the men had to carry them back to camp for him. Luscious native trout literally packed the creek that drained Panguitch Lake." Before long Tom got his "first real job" herding 75 horses that his uncle had brought from California. Many Utah farmers were still using oxen to plow and pull wagons, so the horses were welcome arrivals in the community. For herding the horses Tom was paid $7.00. To him it looked like a fortune. He asked his father to buy him a book the next time he went to Salt Lake City: "When he returned he had bought me a book telling how to doctor sick horses. This was a disappointment to me, but I read every word of it several times." Later, Tom hired on as a sheepherder and was to receive five sheep a month. The pay turned out to be "just promises."

At age 18 Tom began to work as an "under-sheriff" in Garfield County. His first assignment was "to help capture 5 train robbers who had escaped from Arizona....[including] such men as Buckie O'Neil and Jim Black. My companions on the trip into the rugged country east of Panguitch...were Carl F. Holton, a railroad detective, and Tom Haycock.... Holton was later killed on San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders.... We went down on the Wauweep [Wahweap]. Here we ran into the five renegades. It was pretty exciting for a while and we exchanged a good many shots. No one was hurt, although we did shoot one horse from under a rider and a cartridge belt was shot off one of the robbers. Within a few days we had captured all five of them."

Tom also helped round up a local gang "that had been robbing stores and we had to chase these men into the back country before cornering them. I remember when we brought Bill Lee back to Panguitch, we had no prison, so I simply took him into my home—had to keep him chained up for a while, but later I gave him a little more freedom until he was taken to Beaver for trial."

In 1886 Tom married Sarah E. Crosby; she died in 1899. In 1900 he married Amy Clark. He was the father of five sons and four daughters.

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Tom still had an interest in livestock and had managed to get a small herd of sheep together. This led to another "exciting episode when I took my sheep into the Wauweep country. Waterholes were scarce, although the food was lush.... There had been a line of demarcation made by the cattlemen, and one morning as I started my sheep toward the waterhole the man in charge of the cattle told me to bring my sheep no farther or he would shoot, but I talked and bluffed him out of it, and from that time on we took our sheep into any range we desired."

When the two major national political parties were organized in Utah, Tom Sevy became active in the Republican party. He was elected to the first House of Representatives for the new state and elected to the House again in 1914. He also served as mayor of Panguitch for four years and as a councilman for 12 years. While mayor he worked to have the town's first water system installed. He was also a member of the first State Tax Commission.

When interviewed by Lee Kay in 1949 for the *Utah Fish and Game Bulletin*, Tom remembered the abundant wildlife—sage hens, deer, mountain sheep, wolves, cougars, and coyotes—as well as the clear water of the Sevier River and "grass...belly deep to my horse and the white sage growing everywhere...." He told Kay that overgrazing had changed the environment, but he remained optimistic about the ability of rangeland to recover: "Why, only 35 years ago I purchased a ranch that had been practically grubbed into the rocks. I have used it wisely and you should see it now."

When Tom died in the Panguitch hospital in April 1953 at age 86, newspapers in Salt Lake City believed him to be the last survivor of the first Utah State Legislature. For a man who "really got to go to school one quarter only...[and] actually learned to read out in the sheep camp," he accomplished a great deal with his life. His recollections of frontier conditions in Garfield County help to preserve the flavor of a significant era in the state's history.

Sources: *Utah Fish and Game Bulletin*, April 1949; Garfield County Chapter of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, *Golden Nuggets of Pioneer Days: A History of Garfield County* (Garfield County, 1949); *Deseret News*, April 4, 1953; *Salt Lake Tribune*, April 4, 1953.

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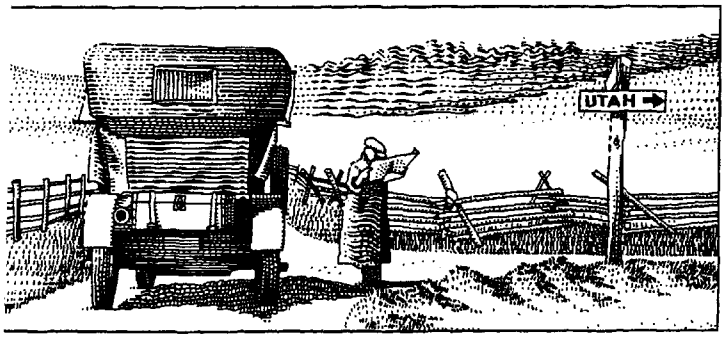

THE HISTORY BLAZER

NEWS OF UTAH'S PAST FROM THE

Utah State Historical Society
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The Early Salt Industry in Syracuse

THE FIRST SALT INDUSTRY IN SYRACUSE, Davis County, was established by George Payne in 1880 at ponds on the south side of the Syracuse road. His efforts, although limited, marked the beginning of a thriving business that would employ hundreds of people and produce thousands of tons of salt needed by farmers, ranchers, and the mining industry.

In the early days, salt deposits were made by evaporating salt water in special ponds. The crystallized salt was shoveled into large piles and wheeled to the outside banks in large wooden wheelbarrows along planks to keep from breaking the crust. Payne loaded the salt into wagons and hauled it to Ogden where it was sold.

In August 1885 William W. Galbraith bought Payne's salt works and his farm which paralleled the lake shore, about 120 acres. Galbraith constructed 90 acres of salt ponds. Water from the lake was pumped into the ponds by three steam engines. The fresh water used for steam was supplied by artesian wells. He was soon producing as much as 20,000 tons of salt each year. As the industry developed, he decided to refine and package the salt in three- and five-pound sacks. The refining grinder and packaging plant were located just north of the Syracuse road, about where the Syracuse Resort was later built.

Galbraith adopted the brand name Syracuse, after Syracuse, New York, where reportedly the purest salt in the world was being produced at that time. Within two years the name caught on. A railroad was built, and the spur was called Syracuse Junction. That same year, 1887, the Syracuse Lakeshore Resort was built, and the name Syracuse became permanently attached to the community.

Galbraith sold his interest for $13,000 to Fred Kiesel and Daniel C. Adams who incorporated the Adams and Kiesel Salt Works on May 17, 1886, with Adams as president and Kiesel as vice-president. The new owners did away with the refining and packaging plant but continued to harvest and ship crude salt to the Silver Mill in Montana. In 1887 the Ogden and Syracuse Railroad was constructed from the Syracuse Junction (present Clearfield), to the salt works five miles west. Adams and Kiesel sold between 15,000 and 20,000 tons of salt per year. Only Inland Salt Company had a greater capacity, producing 40,000 tons in 1890 and 90,000 tons in 1891.

A unique procedure using a "split" or "cleavage plane" was developed by Utah salt makers. It greatly assisted in the harvesting of salt. Salt was allowed to build up to a depth of several inches, forming a hard floor on the bottom of the pond. Each season thereafter a thin layer of very fine crystals was deposited, forming a split between the floor and the newly formed

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crystals. Without this cleavage plane, the new crystals would fasten themselves to the salt floor in a continuous formation that was impossible to separate. The split was accomplished in two steps. First, workers drained the pond until only a small amount of heavily concentrated brine covered the floor. This was called a "sunsplit." Then a layer of very fine crystals one-eighth of an inch deep covered the large jagged crystals below. A rail was dragged across the floor of the pond knocking the edges off the crystals, thus forming a fine layer of salt to separate the floor from the new crop to come. Finally highly concentrated brine was introduced into the pond and larger crystals of the annual crop grew on the layer of fine salt.

The harvest followed after a five-month growing season. Horse drawn, single-bottom, moldboard plows were used to loosen the salt. The plow blade was inserted into a hole that had been chipped down to the split with a shovel or grubbing hoe. At the beginning of each furrow a new hole was dug. Precise attention was given to keep the plowshare or cutting edge perfectly level following the split.

Preventing contamination of the salt was a very real problem with the use of horses during the harvesting process. A bag strapped to the tail and hind legs was an attempt to solve one problem, and an alert, coordinated boy with a bucket seemed a logical solution to the other.

After the salt was plowed, men working in pairs with square shovels loaded the salt into wheelbarrows holding from 500 to 800 pounds. It is said that each man loaded an average of 8 to 12 tons a day, for 35 cents per ton, and worked from daylight to dark. This method proved too slow, and horse-drawn cars were constructed to move the salt to solid ground. The salt was shipped in its coarse state to Montana to be used in fluxing ore at the Butte refineries. Harvesting and refining methods varied with each company. Prior to 1890 salt production in Utah was sold as crude or pond-run salt. Very little refining was done in Utah before the larger companies became established in the late 1880s and early 1890s.

Sources: David E. Miller, *The Great Salt Lake* (Salt Lake City, 1949); Christopher Galbraith, "Incidents in the Syracuse Salt Works;" Adams and Kiesel Salt Company, incorporation letters, Salt Lake City, office of the Secretary of State; T. H. Bright, "Salt Making on the Great Salt Lake," *Journal of Chemical Education*, March 1932.

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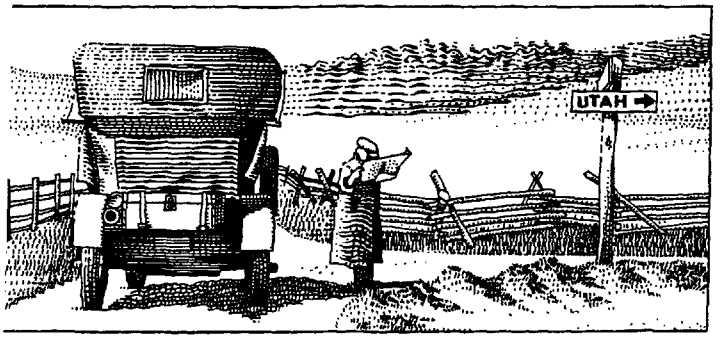

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Pioneers Worked and Played Together

THE DIARY OF CATHARINE MEHRING WOOLLEY, the young, Pennsylvania-born wife of Samuel A. Woolley, reveals that the couple arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in the fall of 1848 with their small son, Bub, and Samuel's brother Edwin (E.D.) and his family. Other family members crossed the plains that same year. Thus Catharine and S.A. (as she most often referred to him in her diary) enjoyed an immediate network of extended family and friends from Nauvoo and Winter Quarters.

Through this network, they were given temporary room for their tent and wagon boxes behind John Woolley's "house." Catharine immediately set up housekeeping, airing out their packed belongings, cleaning the boxes (in the process frightening away two mice that had eaten some brown muslin), and baking suppers and dinners. But she did not try to cope alone. She paid Susan Gusting 37 cents to do her first week's washing, an accumulated batch from the final weeks of the journey. And she immediately commissioned women to sew her a bonnet, tailor a jacket for Samuel, and cut out linings for dresses she was making.

Samuel's first task was to go into the canyon and cut logs for a cabin. He did not work alone either; he and his brother Edwin's boys formed a small caravan of family wagons. Lumber trips usually took three days. During his absence Catharine always fetched cousin Maria Dewey or "Sis" (one of Edwin's daughters) to spend the night.

It is hard to tell how much of the constant bartering among these early settlers was motivated by social instinct and how much by economic necessity. Catharine often welcomed several visitors during the afternoon—mostly women friends who had finished their daily chores. Samuel's male associates were more likely to drop by in the evenings. Almost always the guests brought goods to trade: three cucumbers for a skein of thread, turnips for saleratus (soda), beets for the loan of a teakettle and some milk, "garden sauce" for some of Catharine's soap. Less frequently, Catharine went to other women's homes, usually combining such visits with a shopping trip. One day at her sister-in-law's cabin she ironed while Maria cut out a cap for Bub. Once when Catharine made pies and pudding, she took some to a friend with whom she had had lunch a few days before.

A few days per month Samuel, having a sturdy team and wagon, hired out for cash as a hauler. He moved corn fodder, hay, stone, and lumber. A nephew often accompanied him on these trips. More often Samuel worked with his brother in John's cornfield, helped to build a family hayrack, or traded labor with other men in clearing each other's lots. He virtually never worked alone.

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After waiting in line at the sawmill to get logs split, Samuel and Catharine were ready to build their own cabin. This too was a group effort as other couples came to watch and help. Only when the cabin walls were up and the roof laid did Samuel work mostly by himself at chinking and daubing. Even then, as he sawed out and constructed his window frames, Catharine stood by to insert the glass panes.

Samuel got Calvin Ensign, a finish carpenter, to make two bedsteads. To save on the cost, Samuel bought only the components, intending to assemble the beds himself. But when he went to pick up the pieces, Calvin and Lyman Ensign returned with him and helped him put the frames together, cord them, and set up the beds. Samuel paid for the carpentry work but not for the extra service.

Besides working together the pioneers played together. On one November evening Horace Whitney, Porter Rockwell, and a Mr. Baird dropped by the Woolleys' new cabin. After chatting for a while, someone got the idea of adjourning to John's house where an impromptu dance lasted until midnight.

Another evening "two young gents" stopped by to see if the Woolleys would host a Christmas party. Catharine spent the next week baking eakes and pies. On Christmas morning Samuel took the furniture out of the house, and a friend, Betsy, came in to mop the floor while Catharine finished preparing the holiday meal. Seventeen couples arrived for lunch; stayed for dinner, a nap, evening refreshments, and a danee; and did not leave until sunrise the next morning.

Much like our Generation X, Utah's early settlers appear to have loved a party. This tendency must have made pioneering more bearable if not downright enjoyable.

Source: Diary of Catharine Mehring Woolley, excerpts published in installments in J. Cecil Alter's column, "In the Beginning of Things in Utah," *Salt Lake Telegram*, February 8 to March 2, 1935.

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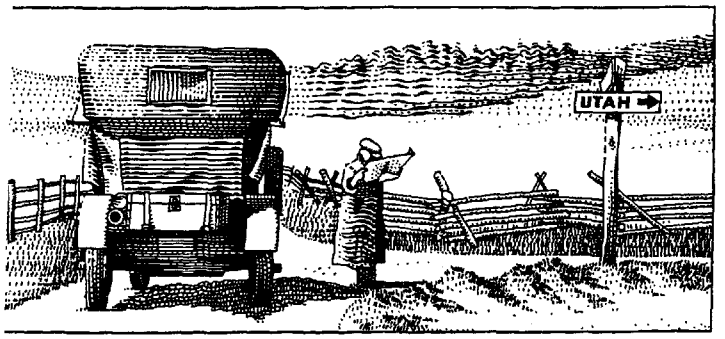

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The Long, Hard Life of Mary Jane Palmer

WHEN MARY JANE EWER PALMER DIED in Grantsville in 1934, her son said of her: "Few women of civilized countries gave more and asked less of life.... Thousands like her have been missed by historians."

Mary Jane was born in 1846 in Banbury, England, the fourth of eleven children. Because cottage industry was being supplanted by factory production, her family, home weavers, lived in rented quarters and "struggled constantly for a meager living." The parents and older siblings worked on two looms. By the time Mary Jane was six, she was spending long hours each day winding bobbins. When the warp caused her fingers to bleed, her mother wrapped the cuts in linen so she could keep working.

Mary Jane's biography states that she was converted to Mormonism at age 14 through missionary Charles Penrose's preaching. But genealogical records show she was actually baptized at age 10. The elders had to cut away a layer of thin ice to perform the ceremony. Her younger brother's name—Moroni—suggests her parents also converted.

Also when she was 10, Mary Jane's older brother obtained a factory job, and she took his place as apprentice weaver. Her very first day at the loom she wove a whole yard of cloth—a notable feat for a beginner.

At 14 Mary Jane and her family relocated to Coventry. There she worked in a private home as a weaver for 2 to 3 shillings a week. In time she was weaving ribbons and "plush" (velvet) for 3 to 4 shillings a day.

But in Coventry, too, home weaving was dying out. When a job opened up in a local dress goods factory, Mary Jane watched and learned for three weeks before finally being put to work on "an expensive piece of linsy" (probably linsey-woolsey, a sturdy wool and cotton fabric). Docked half a day's pay for an error, she never made another mistake.

Factory girls worked 12-hour days, six days per week, with half-hour breaks for breakfast and lunch. At 6:01 A.M. the factory was locked, and latecomers had to wait out in the cold for the doors to reopen at break time. Since Mary Jane was too poor to own a clock, she learned to tell the time by the street lamps.

It is no wonder that Mary Jane was eager to "gather to Zion," as was then custom among Mormons. Besides paying tithing and her share of chapel upkeep, each payday she gave her father a few shillings to deposit to her Perpetual Emigrating Fund account. It took her five years to save enough to emigrate. Then tragedy struck: she and several siblings contracted smallpox. Two younger children died. Mary Jane's father came to her bedside and asked if he could use her

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savings to bury them. She said she would have to think about it. Ultimately, she refused. Perhaps she reasoned that she had already spent 13 years supporting the family. If she remained in England she might never have a life of her own. Town officials helped her father bury the family dead, and Mary Jane prepared to sail. After reaching New York, she had to work and save some more to continue to Utah. While crossing the plains she tripped over her blanket in the night and broke several ribs.

Arriving in Salt Lake City, she found a job and joined the Tabernacle Choir. A year later she became the third wife of James Palmer, an English contractor, mason, and stonecutter. He took her first to Tooele, where they could not get anything to grow, and then to Skull Valley, where she lived 20 years and raised 10 children.

Despite the hard work, isolation, and "years of poverty [and] trial," Mary Jane liked her new life. A daughter wrote, "She had trained herself to take pleasure at her work, no matter what situation arose." James was only a part-time husband, but when he was around he taught her to read and write and the children to play the clarinet and sing.

In 1887 Mary Jane's oldest son died of appendicitis. She felt that good medical care would have saved him, so after that "she was no longer happy on the farm." When her oldest daughter married and moved to town, Mary Jane sold the farm. She spent her remaining 47 years raising teenagers and gardening and storekeeping in Grantsville.

Did Mary Jane regret her decision to leave England? She once said, "I have no regrets except that I might have lived a more perfect life."

Source: Fannie Palmer Gleave, "History of Mary Jane Ewer Palmer, Pioneer of 1866," photocopy of typescript, Utah State Historical Society, apparently typed by a WPA writer from Gleave's handwritten manuscript.

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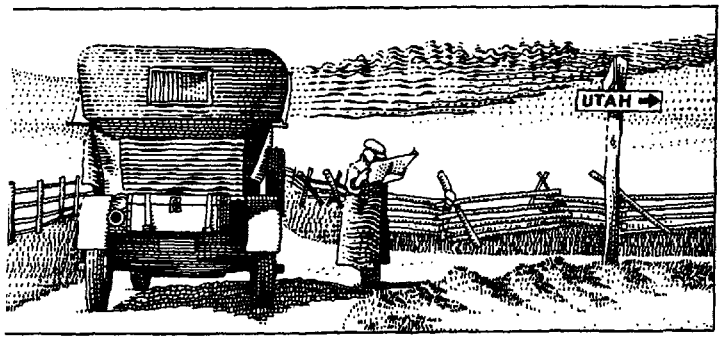

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Methodists Helped to Transform Utah Schools

THE MORMONS LEFT ILLINOIS to escape hostility and violence encountered in the Midwest from governments and other Christian sects. After only two years of relative isolation came a horde of gold-seekers heading for the California mines. The 49-ers were followed in the 1850s by several hundred thousand West Coast-bound immigrants, a quarter of whom veered far enough south from the Oregon Trail to pass through Salt Lake City.

The discovery of valuable minerals in several locations in Utah, plus the 1869 completion of the transcontinental railroad, ended any remaining hope for Mormon isolation as many outsiders came to Utah to trade, mine, preach, teach, and govern as federally appointed officials.

It is not surprising that conflicts arose from this confrontation of cultures. Mormon domination of territorial and local institutions was all the more irritating to newcomers who saw the sect's practices of polygamy, theocracy, and exclusive trade as un-American. With the fervor of do-gooders, some set out to "to civilize the Mormons."

Among the civilizers were Methodists. Apparently the first known Methodist to enter the Great Basin was Jedediah S. Smith, the mountain man. Decades later, in the 1860s, a string of itinerant Methodist ministers passed through the territory, some preaching in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. But a lasting Methodist influence did not begin to be felt until 1870 when a church was established in Corinne, Box Elder County. Within two years Methodists had arrived in numbers in Salt Lake City, 80 miles south. They, along with some newly arrived Mormon converts, were disappointed with Utah's inferior system of ward schools. Most of the schools lacked well-trained teachers, met only three months a year, and used Mormon scriptures in place of costly textbooks.

Thus began a Methodist educational effort that would culminate in the establishment of free, standardized public schools throughout Utah. The campaign was two-pronged. One vanguard was the Utah Mission run by the central church's Home Mission Board. During the 1870s a succession of ministers and missionaries built up churches and congregations with attached schools in Corinne, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Tooele, and Provo.

The second vanguard was the national church's Women's Home Mission Society (WHMS). Between 1882 and 1895 a small corps of women missionaries, teachers, and nurses came to Utah to work with ordained ministers in setting up schools in northern Utah's mining camps, central Utah's small agricultural villages, and along the entire Wasatch corridor.

Between the Utah Mission and the WHMS, 42 Methodist schools were created from 1870

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to 1900. Sixteen schools would continue long enough to exert a profound influence on their communities. In fact, in 1890, 67 percent of Utah students were attending non-Mormon schools, many of them run by the Methodists. In 26 Methodist schools surveyed that year, 1,467 pupils were enrolled including 544 Mormons, 673 apostate Mormons, and 250 Protestants.

The curriculum varied. Most Methodist schools taught only basic reading and writing for children and non-English-speaking immigrants. But the Rocky Mountain Seminary in Salt Lake City boasted three departments—grade, intermediate, and academic (or high school). Throughout the 1870s any Salt Lake family that prized education sent its children there, where courses were available in assaying/mining, oil painting, pencil and crayon sketching, rhetoric, literature, civics, vocal and organ music, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, elocution, moral science, French, German, Greek, and Latin.

Many Methodist grade schools closed in 1890 when the Utah Territorial Legislature passed a bill requiring each township to provide free, compulsory education. But the quality and loyalty the Methodist schools had attained ensured the survival for another quarter-century of schools in Ogden, Salt Lake, Murray, Grantsville, Stockton, Payson, Santaquin, Nephi, Moroni, Spring City, and Elsinore.

The last Methodist attempts to found schools in Utah were the Beaver and Price academies. Both had closed by 1917, unable to pay debts. The Price school building, however, continued to serve after being sold to the Carbon County School Board.

The demise of Utah's Methodist schools did not signal failure. After 50 years they had accomplished their purpose: Utahns were "Americanized," and a state school system greatly indebted to the Methodist schools had come into being.

Source: *The First Century of the Methodist Church in Utah* (Salt Lake City: Utah Methodism Centennial Committee, 1970).

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