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WORTH THEIR SALT, TOO

MORE NOTABLE
BUT OFTEN UNNOTED WOMEN OF UTAH

Edited by Colleen Whitley

Worth Their Salt, Too

More Notable but Often Unnoted Women of Utah

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Utah State University Press
Logan, Utah
2000

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Preface

Several years ago I visited with a woman who had immigrated to the United States with her husband and their children shortly after World War II. When she mentioned her husband had worked for the telephone company in Denmark, I flippantly asked, "Did he ever bug anyone's telephone?"

She replied matter of factly, "Only the Nazis."

I was stunned. When I asked for details, she explained that on the day the Nazi occupation of Denmark began, her husband went directly to their headquarters, slipped into the basement, attached a tap line to their phones, and then left. For the rest of the occupation, whenever the Germans counted the number of phone lines to see if an extra had been added, none was found, because the tap he had put on was simply counted in with the original number. Meanwhile, the Danish underground listened in on every call. With a little prompting, she went on to recount dozens of stories about the occupation, the underground, and the tactics of survival. Finally I asked her, "Have you written all of this down?"

"Oh," she said, "who would be interested?"

I stifled the impulse to respond, "Steven Spielberg." Instead I simply assured her that I was interested, and I was sure that others would be, too.[1] Fortunately, some of her descendants eventually convinced her that they were also interested and persuaded her to tape-record her experiences. When she saw that they really did care about what she had done in her life, she opened up, not only about the war, but also about growing up in Denmark, being courted, marrying, and raising children, immigrating to a new country, and learning its language and customs. Now her family has a heritage of tape recordings and transcriptions which can be shared with the rest of us. In far too

many cases, however, no one takes the time and effort to make such a record of themselves or of their family members.

That woman's initial assumption that no one would care about her life reflects one of the problems we face as we assemble a book like this: in order for a person's biography to be written, information must be available about that person. Obvious as that statement is, most people believe exactly what that remarkable woman did, that their ordinary lives are not interesting to anyone else and hence, not worth recording. As a result, many people whose lives should be noted never will be. Ronald McCook, nephew of Chipeta, "Queen of the Utes," summed up the problem well: "Of all the Ute women who have ever lived, she is the only one we know anything about."[2] We could substitute the names of a great many other groups for "Ute" and the statement would be equally true.

This anonymity is particularly acute for women because women's work traditionally has attracted very little attention, even when it carries enormous social import, like the raising of the next generation of human beings. Consequently, when a group of volunteers from the Utah State Historical Society called me a few years ago saying each wanted to write a chapter about a favorite woman from Utah history, one of my first questions was, "Can you really get enough information?" They could, and so could several others who eventually joined the project. The result was *Worth Their Salt: Notable but Often Unnoted Women of Utah*. All of us connected with that book have been very pleased (and quite frankly amazed) at the enormously favorable response it has received, and we are delighted to be able to present a second volume.

As in the first book, these biographies are arranged chronologically, beginning with the earliest, Sarah Ann Cooke, widow, actress, and suffragist, who arrived in Utah in 1852, and ending with Emma Lou Thayne, a writer, lecturer, and teacher, who is still around, making life more humane and cheerful for the rest of us. Because this book, like *Salt I*, is a labor of passion as much as intellect, each article is prefaced with a statement about the author, giving his or her biases, interests, obsessions, or other reasons for choosing a particular subject. And once again, everyone involved has chosen to donate all royalties to the Utah State Historical Society.

The fundamental premise of both books is that many Utah women have made contributions to the state, the nation, and the world

but either were not given adequate credit in the first place or have since been forgotten—and there are obviously a lot of them. When some of us involved with the first book casually suggested that we might consider a second, we were flooded with suggestions of women to include. Among the first people to call was Mary Bradford, asking if she could contribute a biography of author Virginia Sorensen, who may be better known outside Utah than she is in her native state. Another early candidate was Sorensen's cousin, Esther Peterson, consumer advocate, labor organizer, and advisor to presidents who became well known, not just in Utah but around the world. However, her sister, Algie Ballif, is hardly known outside her family despite her immense contributions in dance, state government, and a dozen other areas. (The serendipitous inclusion of three such amazing members of one family in a book of this kind raises questions about the genetic components and family values intrinsic in high achievement and public service—obviously far beyond the scope of this volume, but good questions nonetheless.)

Whatever the motivations for their remarkable achievements, women who have contributed to society have frequently been overlooked. One reason for this neglect may be that historically a woman's role has been to assist her husband in whatever job he might have, usually receiving neither recognition nor remuneration. Two of the women in this book did exactly that, in two very different ways. Lola Atiya followed her husband from one university to another as he taught Middle Eastern studies. In each of those places Lola volunteered or worked for only a token wage cataloging items for museums, translating and transliterating Arabic scrolls, preserving invaluable artifacts—work on the highest levels of academia. Marion Clegg also aided her husband, but in a very different field, literally a field: she spent every summer for forty years camping out, while he maintained the reservoirs on the upper Provo River. In the process, she established a Utah landmark, Trial Lake Lodge.

But if those women followed a common road to uncommon ends, others established new trails altogether. Romania Pratt went to the East Coast to study and returned to Utah Territory as its first woman doctor, and Gean FarmanFarmaian left her home in Smithfield to marry a Persian prince.

Still other women applied their talents to organizations and causes that impacted the entire region: Ora Bailey Harding directed musical productions that led to permanent institutions in Carbon

County. Kitty Kimball followed the tradition of her Mormon pioneer ancestors and changed religions, introducing Christian Science to the state. Ada Duhigg came to Utah as a Methodist missionary and helped three generations of immigrant children acculturate to America.

In addition to showing a broad range of women's contributions, this volume also contains a variety of approaches to presenting biography: an autobiography by educator Alta Miller, an annotated interview with painter Ella Peacock, an oral history of social activist Alberta Henry, and a critical examination of Camilla Cobb's contributions to education in the state.

Whatever their occupations or activities, and in whatever form their lives are presented, all of these women affected their communities, the state, and even the nation and the world. They changed the way we live today. There are, of course, still many more women who have contributed to our state, and by extension, to our individual lives—Edith Melendez, Hispanic linchpin in the state Democratic party; Jane Johnston Black, pioneer midwife; Ione Bennion, social activist in Cache County; Enid Cosgriff, supporter of activities from baseball to ballet; Juanita Brooks, historian and author. . . . The list could go on and on.

For the reader's convenience, the notes are again "securely kenneled in the rear,"[3] arranged by chapters and containing both sources and additional information. A single bibliography covers all chapters but includes only readily accessible books, articles, and items on file in archives and libraries; unpublished papers, interviews, diaries, e-mails, or personal letters are noted in individual chapters but are not included in the bibliography.

Recognizing how difficult it is to trace an individual's life, I am grateful for the diligent work of the authors who have completed the biographies we have in this volume and for several other people whose contributions made this work possible. Those volunteers from the Utah State Historical Society who initially proposed *Salt I* obviously recognized a real need for such histories and deserve great praise for doing something about it. One of those volunteers, Judy Dykman, has offered invaluable suggestions as well as chapters for both volumes. My husband, Tom (still the resident user-friendly liveware), has provided badly needed assistance with assorted electronic aspects of the project. And John Alley of USU Press has once again supplied his excellent and gracious guidance.

1

Sarah Ann Sutton Cooke
"The Respected Mrs. Cooke"

Patricia Lyn Scott

Patricia Lyn Scott holds a B.A. in history from Southern Utah University, an M.S. in library science with a specialization in archival administration from Wayne State University, and an M.A. in history of the American West from the University of Utah. She is currently the local government records archivist for the Utah State Archives and provides consultant services and training in every aspect of archival and records management to Utah's counties and school districts. She is the author of the book A Hub of Eastern Idaho: A History of Rigby, Idaho *and has written numerous historical articles and papers, including a biography of Eliza Kirtley Royle for the first volume of* Worth Their Salt. *She serves on the executive committee of the* Journal of Mormon History. *Scott has done extensive research on Utah women and is currently using the membership lists of Salt Lake City's Ladies Literary Club and the Blue Tea club from 1875 to 1893 to identify non-Mormon women in Salt Lake City. Her interest in Sarah Cooke grew from that research. Sarah's conversion to the LDS Church led her to become a leader in Utah's Mormon community; following her disenchantment with the faith she became a leader in the non-Mormon community. Scott was fascinated by a woman who was obviously deeply respected by both groups.*

For thirty-four years, Sarah Ann Cooke resided in Salt Lake City, where she taught music, acted, and became the widow of Utah's first police officer killed in the line of duty. She was a recognized club woman, lecturer, and leader of women's opposition to polygamy. It all began with a

The Ladies Literary Association of Salt Lake City created a history for the 1893 Columbia Exposition which included this picture of Sarah Ann Cooke (ca. 1870s). Photo courtesy of the Utah State Historical Society.

"temporary" stop in Salt Lake City on her way to the California goldfields in 1852 and ended with her death at seventy-seven. People of opposing persuasions looked at her with respect because of her accomplishments. First, as a Mormon convert, she taught in Brigham Young's school and performed in both the Social Hall and Salt Lake Theatre, gaining the respect of members of the Mormon community. Then conflicts with Brigham Young and her ardent opposition to polygamy elevated her to leadership in the non-Mormon community. Finally, she became president of the Anti-Polygamy Society and served as a symbol of Utah women who opposed polygamy.

Sarah Ann Sutton was born 15 August 1808, to Sarah Smith Sutton and Thomas Sutton,[1] a practicing attorney, in Leeds, Yorkshire, England.[2] She was the first of three children and the only daughter.[3] She and her brother George were orphaned at an early age and were "consigned to the care of kind and loving grandparents." Her custodial grandfather, George Smith, was an invalid and soon died. In her later life, Sarah recalled playing and romping with him and using "his cane as a pony." She attended boarding school, where she was well educated and received extensive musical training.[4]

Sarah married William Cooke on her eighteenth birthday, 15 August 1826, at the St. Peters Parish Church in Leeds. Marriage records identify William Cooke as a man servant from Manchester.[5] They were married "by license" with the approval of the vicar.[6] William was the second son of Sarah Routh Cooke and John Cooke, born in Pollington, Yorkshire, England, on 28 August 1803.[7] Later Sarah wrote that her cousin Annie served as her bridesmaid and accompanied her on their wedding tour and visits to William's relatives. Her cousin Mary "efficiently superintended" the furnishings and arranged Sarah's new household in Manchester, where Sarah and William arrived "late in September."[8] On her fiftieth birthday she described her thoughts on arriving at her new home in verse,

> But when we crossed the lighted hall
> And reached the supper room
> Glass, silver, lights and pictures all
> Make it appear full moon.
> And *these* were mine *this home my own*
> No thought or wish unkept;

My heart filled with grateful love
I leaned my head and wept.
Yes wept upon the manly breast
Of him who these had tried
To make a paradise on earth
For me his girlish bride.[9]

On 7 June 1827, Sarah gave birth to her first child, William Sutton, in Manchester.[10] She later recalled her joy,

And yet the cup so richly filled
Ere twelve month had passed by
Was filled yet more with richer store
God's gift—parental joy.
O blessed day! O happy hour;
Anguish replaced with joy
When thee I gazed upon my own
My first-born beautious *boy*.[11]

In 1828, the Cookes left Liverpool aboard the American vessel *William Thompson* for the United States. The ship docked in New York City on 26 April 1828.[12] While the Cookes' particular reasons for emigrating remain unknown, for many English the period between 1750 and 1850 served as a transitional period away from domestic manufacturing in England, with the greatest period of adjustment from 1800 to 1840. In 1828, slightly less than a quarter of the 27,382 people emigrating to the United States were English.[13] For eight years the Cookes lived in New York City. Sarah later recalled that she taught music in "families" and in the schools of Mrs. Starr and Mrs. Putnam.[14] Her husband's occupation is unknown.[15] During this period Sarah gave birth to three children. Within four months of the family's arrival, Sarah had borne and lost a second son, Albion, in August 1828. In October 1830, John Richards was born, and Thomas W. in 1833.[16]

The Cookes then moved to North Carolina, "where they remained ten years but ardent in their abolitionism were uncomfortable for the antagonism it excited."[17] Sarah bore three children there. Their first daughter, Sarah Ann, died shortly after birth in 1838; their second, Eve

Anna (nicknamed Lilly), was born in 1843; and a son, Edward, was born in 1845.[18]

The Cookes next moved to Iowa, where they lived for five years, first in Davenport and then in Dubuque, where Sarah "taught voice and instrumental music." She reportedly had "a large patronage."[19] She bore her last child there, Richard, in 1848. Their eldest son, William Sutton, married one of Sarah's music students, Lucy Rutledge, a recent English immigrant, on 26 December 1849.[20] Sarah's first grandchild was born on 16 August 1851, just one day after her birthday, and was named Sarah.[21]

In the spring of 1852, "California fever" was at a high pitch in Iowa, and the Cooke family decided to join the march westward. Sarah later said of her family during the journey, "They were comfortably provided and had a delightful journey of two months."[22] Lucy documented their trip west through a series of letters she wrote to her sister, Marianne, who lived in Rockingham, Iowa. They were later published "for the benefit of her family" in 1923 and republished in 1985 as part of Kenneth L. Holmes's *Covered Wagon Women*. Lucy wrote that William, her father-in-law, had secured twelve young men as paid passengers traveling to Sacramento, California, along with the ten members of the two families: William and Sarah (she called her in-laws Ma and Pa throughout her letters); Lucy, twenty-four; William Sutton, twenty-five; John Richards, twenty-one; Thomas, nineteen; Eve Anna, ten; Edward, seven; Richard, five; and baby Sarah.[23]

While William Sutton started the passengers toward Council Bluffs, Iowa, in April 1852, William Sr. drove Lucy, Sarah, and their children seventy miles south to Davenport in their "two-horse drawn wagon" with a "covered top and laden to the bows."[24] They were placed on the steamboat *Golden Era* to sail down the Mississippi River to St. Louis and then up the Missouri River to Council Bluffs. William Sr. then took the team and joined the others on their trek across Iowa.[25]

The trip to St. Louis was uneventful. Then, on 10 April, Sarah, Lucy, and family boarded the steamboat *Pontiac 2* and sailed up the Missouri River to Council Bluffs to join the rest of the party. They were charged $70 for their passage, but were short of funds. Sarah put down $30 with the rest to be paid in Council Bluffs and with John working for part of their passage by helping the captain. Homesick, missing her

husband, and remembering her life in Dubuque, Sarah lamented, "I wish we had never started."[26]

The trip was long and tedious but far from uneventful. Lucy wrote that Sarah was downcast and "thinks she shall never be happy again." Lucy added, "I think she would have me believe it was entirely on William's account that they take this move but I cannot quite think so as of course it was as much for her other sons."[27]

On Sunday, 27 April, the *Pontiac 2* ran aground and began to sink. Though it was "only about 3 feet under water," the boat owner evacuated the women. While Lucy wrote that "none of us seemed very terrified," she clearly noted the cold, the wind, and the rain. Because the first yawl was full, they had to return to the "ladies cabin," being told they "would be perfectly safe." In an hour the steamboat began breaking apart and a second yawl was sent. Lucy wrote, "After much struggling we managed to get in but we had a good load[,] most of the passengers wanting to be among the first to be on terra firma." The river was very rough; four men had to row the yawl to the timbered shore. Not until dusk was all baggage removed from the boat. The captain then refused to charter the first boat that arrived on the scene and it left with only a few passengers.[28]

The Cookes booked passage on a second boat, the *Midas*, and boarded it around 9 P.M. Lucy noted that they were "fortunate in having paid the capt of the Pontiac [only] $36 for he would, not have returned any had we paid the $70." The *Midas* captain agreed to take them to St. Joseph for $2 each, but Sarah told him she only had $5 left and might have to stay in St. Joseph for a while. The captain agreed to accept $3. They stayed on the boat that night and left the next morning, arriving in St. Joseph about eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, then engaging another boat to go on to Council Bluffs.[29]

They remained in St. Joseph for three days and then boarded the *Robert Campbell*. Lucy wrote, "We were very slow and every few hours got stuck on sand bars." It took three days to reach Council Bluffs. The first night they got stuck on a sandbar for eighteen hours. A similar problem the second day delayed them for six hours. All men and horses were put ashore to pull the boat off the sandbar. They finally arrived on Saturday afternoon, 3 May. They hoped they would be met by their families but had to wait an additional one and one half hours. Their families had not heard of the fate of the *Pontiac*. Lucy described the

town: "This Kanesville is a poor little mean place. I don't think there's a brick house in it. Most of them are log cabins."[30]

Wednesday night the reunited group borrowed a piano, held a concert for others traveling to California, and raised money for their journey (clearing $23). The Cookes left Kanesville on 9 May, and traveled eight miles that first day. Mr. Cooke "resolved not to travel on Sundays unless obliged" and attended religious services when possible. They started their mornings early to allow them to rest during the heat of the day. The journey was hot and dirty, the air thick with mosquitos. Lucy suffered with a sore throat and swollen tongue for most of the trip. She recounted that she had "lost my taste . . . I just [had to] live on chocolate and currant bread."[31]

They arrived in Salt Lake on 8 July 1852. William and Lucy were tired of traveling and decided to stay in Salt Lake City until spring. Lucy wrote that "I was very much pleased with the appearance of the place." William found a position during the winter to haul lumber from the mountains to a sawmill. A Mr. Roberts, a former Iowan neighbor, persuaded Mr. Cooke to take his passengers to California and leave Sarah and their children in Salt Lake City until he could prepare a home for them in California. Mr. Cooke stayed in Salt Lake City for ten days before resuming his journey with his five passengers. John Richards and Thomas were left to care for the family. John was provided two horses and a wagon. Lucy wrote that she hoped "the responsibility will have a good effect on him" and noted that Sarah had located a small house "in town." She described the Mormons as being "as hospitable and kind as any people I ever met."[32]

Lucy and William lived with Mr. Roberts and then moved to a house close to the sawmill eight miles from the mountains. William and John worked together in hauling logs to the sawmill for cutting shingles. Lucy wrote to her sister that they would not go to California "if [William] can make a living here" and that they could live in Utah for four to five years. At the end of October, Lucy stated that they had "done better than Ma has in the city for John makes a poor one at providing for a family" and added that she "[doesn't] think he's lazy but they manage so poorly so that whenever we go to see them they have nothing but bread and potatoes."[33]

In September 1852, Sarah was baptized into the LDS Church. She was a woman "of strong religious sentiments" and was said to have

"possessed a deep and almost ideally conscientiously religious nature." She "had studied the subjects of the Jewish dispensation and had thought considerably about the second coming of Christ." Sarah had read and studied the "Voice of Warning" pamphlet by Parley P. Pratt and other works, and "gradually accepted it all heartily and conscientiously."[34] The Cookes had originally been Episcopalian, but had become Baptists in Iowa "from deep conviction and conscientious scruples." Lucy wrote at the end of October that she witnessed the baptism and that John and Lilly were to be baptized the next Sunday. She added, "My only fear is that she will influence my dear William," adding that she was "glad that we live away from the city as that is a good excuse for not attending their meetings."[35] It was later written that Lilly had originally prayed that "her Heavenly Father should not permit her mother to become a Mormon."[36] John was employed by Brigham Young to haul wood from the canyons for $2.50 a day plus the boarding of his horses. While Thomas worked in the mill with William, Lucy noted, "He does not seem to like the Mormons though as he's Ma's favorite . . . she is anxious he should be connected to her faith."[37]

Mr. Cooke's letters from California reported that he supervised a farm not far from San Francisco earning $75 a month. He had not yet learned that Sarah had joined the Mormon Church, but Lucy noted that, "I guess he'll not hesitate to join them for he said before he left he was almost a Mormon."[38] He sent Sarah "a lot of new music." Because they did not own a piano Lucy reported they "all went to the [home of] Governor Brigham Young to try it."[39]

Sarah was quickly becoming part of the community. On 13 October 1852, Sarah became a member of the Deseret Dramatic Association. It was founded on 20 February 1852 by thirteen men meeting at the home of William Clayton "for the purpose of organizing a theatrical association."[40] The Deseret Dramatic Association would eventually claim over one hundred members, "only ten of whom were actually actors who received public notice or appeared on the stage, while others formed the production staff."[41]

In 1852, the Social Hall was constructed on State Street between South Temple and First South. It was intended for plays, musical recitals, dancing, and other public gatherings. Lucy wrote that when the "Music Hall" was finished "a room [would be] assigned [to Sarah] to teach music" and that Brigham Young had "bought a superior

English piano and melodeon for her use in the hall."[42] As a pioneer music teacher in Salt Lake City it was said as long as Sarah lived, "[She would] stamp the imprimis of her strength and versatility of gifts, upon young and old."[43]

On Saturday, 1 January 1853, the Social Hall was dedicated and formally opened. LDS apostle Amasa M. Lyman offered the dedicatory prayer. The program included speeches and musical performances by some members of the Deseret Dramatic Association followed by a grand ball. The association planned their first season in January 1853. Lucy wrote that Sarah "is one of the actresses[;] she has been voted in by the committee in 3 different plays."[44] It involved much labor and time, but the actors found considerable "enjoyment in it as well."[45] Rehearsals took place every night except the performance nights of Wednesday and Saturday. The men and women worked all day and rehearsed until late in the evening, normally until at least midnight. Later the following lines were written describing the actors:

> From the beginning the plays in the Social Hall had cordial receptions, and the players became great favorites. No salaries were paid. It was literally a community enterprise. The only reward was an occasional benefit and applause that came over the foot-lights.[46]

The actors had little experience; none had education for the stage or came from theatrical families. Few continued as professional actors anywhere. Forty-seven percent played no more than ten performances, and 22 percent played no more than one season. Fifty percent were between the ages of twenty-six and forty (Sarah was forty-four).[47]

The first season ran from the opening on 17 January to 23 February 1853, playing every night for the first week, and then on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Sarah performed in three plays that first season and in all subsequent seasons through 1856. She acted character roles "exceptionally well," but it was in the music that she made her chief contribution. For example, not only did Sarah play the role of Widow Melnotte in *Lady of Lyons*, she "rendered her services on the piano" after the performance.[48]

In March 1853, Lucy reported that William Sr. was "very anxious to have all the family come as he has a very good berth & is doing fine"

and surmised that "Ma will go but not until July or August as Ma has just commenced giving music lessons so she will have to finish the quarter." Brigham Young had lent Sarah one of his pianos, "a very handsome one," and she had three students.[49]

Lucy and William left Salt Lake City on 31 March 1853, heading for California. Lucy wrote, "We met with much kindness among the Mormons [and] shall always have reason to speak well of them."[50] They settled in California and spent the rest of their lives in California and Nevada.

Though Mr. Cooke was very anxious to bring the family together in California, it did not occur. Sarah remained in Utah for the rest of her life. The events of 1853 remain unclear. Sarah's autobiography seems to indicate that her husband came back to Utah, was baptized a Mormon and then went on a mission to Australia and New Zealand for three to four years.[51] Yet, contemporary sources clearly indicate that he went to Australia for the gold strike and was baptized there.[52]

On 15 May 1851, the *Sydney Morning Herald* announced the discovery of an extensive goldfield in the Wellington district of New South Wales. The gold rush was on. Within three years, the number of ships arriving in Australia more than tripled while population quadrupled.[53]

In October 1854, William reported he had arrived in Australia from California "fifteen months before," or in August 1853.[54] Australian historian Marjorie Newton wrote that he "moved to the Australian diggings" but "had received a letter from his wife" when he had arrived in Sydney, which "told of her conversion to Mormonism and urged her husband to find the missionaries and investigate the new faith."[55]

William later reported he was "baptized for the remission of sins and having received the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands" he was ordained an elder and "sent forth to preach."[56] He assisted in establishing a branch at the gold camp, Bendigo.[57] On 20 October 1854, William accompanied mission president Augustus Farnham to New Zealand to open a new mission. William was left in New Zealand and reported in the spring that he had baptized ten and organized a branch.[58]

On 28 May 1856, William, at the age of fifty-three, left Australia with Augustus Farnham and 120 Australian Saints aboard the *Jenny Ford*. Newton reported that once at sea, "spirits and good health prevailed."[59] Life was highly organized with twice-daily assemblies for prayers and hymns. Also aboard the ship was Joseph Ridge, another

convert, who brought a seven-stop organ that he had donated to the church in Salt Lake City. With help the organ was dismantled and placed in six large tin cases and stowed aboard. The ship docked at San Pedro, California, on 15 August 1856. The travelers disembarked and "comfortably encamped in tents."[60] It is not known when William arrived in Salt Lake City. The organ was hauled by mule teams to Salt Lake City and arrived 12 June 1857. It was installed in the old adobe Tabernacle on Temple Square. By 11 October 1857, the installation was completed.[61] Sarah served as organist for over ten years for religious services and choir practice.

It is uncertain what occurred after William's arrival in Utah, but Sarah welcomed him with open arms. It is known that Sarah and William were married in the Endowment House in 1857.[62] Sarah had become integrated into the Mormon community. She earned a living as a music and day-school teacher and had become a valuable member of the circle of highly regarded performers of the territory as a member of the Deseret Dramatic Association. She was also a private music instructor in Brigham Young's household.[63] On 4 June 1856, Sarah and her students presented *Flora's Festival* at the Social Hall. It was reported to be so popular with the public that it was repeated twice that season and was remembered for decades later.[64]

By the fall of 1858, William was working "by request" with Salt Lake City as a policeman and city jailer. Historian Donald R. Moorman, called him (as a jailer) a "favorite target of ambush gunfire, frequently finding himself surrounded by drunken mobs attempting to storm the prison to release friends or fellow travelers."[65] In the evening of 12 October 1858, William was shot in the thigh by "a ruffian named McDonald, alias Cunningham," a recently arrived teamster. McDonald and two other men went to the jail to forcibly release two prisoners. They were allowed entrance without disclosing their weapons. When the prisoners refused to escape, McDonald pulled his weapon, cocked it, and cursed at a prisoner to escape.[66] William told him to stop. McDonald ordered him to release the prisoners and William reportedly told him "that as a policeman and on duty . . . [he] would not let [them] out." McDonald fired, hitting him in the thigh. After lingering for six days, William died on the evening of 18 October, becoming Utah's first police officer killed in the line of duty. A coroner's inquest was convened that evening. It determined that the bullet had severely

fractured William's femur and that "recovery was beyond the poser of human skill."[67]

After thirty-two years of marriage Sarah was a widow at the age of fifty. Her anguish was captured in two poems addressed to her by noted Mormon poet Eliza R. Snow. The first poem, "To Mrs. Sarah Ann Cook [*sic*]" consisted of seven stanzas and described William as an ". . . affectionate father—a husband confiding & true." "How cruel the blow of bereavement," it went on, "He had enter'd a higher existence the crown of a martyr to gain."[68] The second nine-stanza poem described Sarah's sorrow and attempted to comfort her,

> Look thro' your tears, Dear Lady,
> And see the rainbow spread
> A glorious resurrection
> Awaits the virtuous dead.[69]

Within a week, Sarah began advertising the opening of a school for girls at her residence in the Fourteenth Ward.[70] In addition to primary and advanced English, lessons on the melodeon were offered for $12 per quarter for a one-hour-long lesson per week, with a $3 charge for use of books and instruments.[71] On 30 October 1858, the Salt Lake City Council noted the condition of the Cooke family and appropriated $150 to "sustain the family of William Cooke."[72] Brigham Young offered her a home, allowed her to select its location, and bought it for her for $500, giving its equivalent, a wagon and team, to its owner.[73]

In November 1860, Sarah reported she had closed her day school and advertised the opening of a singing school in December for young women and gentlemen. She noted she had additional space for pupils on the "Piano Forte and Melodeon."[74] Unfortunately for her, musician David Calder, a recent English immigrant, had opened a singing school that same month. By 1861, Calder had organized two singing classes consisting of two hundred students.[75] His successes reportedly caused Sarah to close her school. It has been suggested that Calder's highly advertised patronage by Brigham Young accounted for its success and that it reflected the "popular attitude that music, as a profession, should be left to men."[76] It also reflected interest in the new arrival of a well-trained musician, even though Sarah had already been teaching for almost a decade.

In 1858 during the Utah War, activities at the Social Hall had ceased. When the troops left, Brigham Young determined that Salt Lake City should have a first-class theater, and construction began in July 1861. The Salt Lake Theatre opened its doors on 6 March 1862. The dedicatory prayer of Daniel H. Wells described its purpose: "Thy people may receive amusement and recreation, and dedicate to Thee Our Father, that it may be pure and holy unto the Lord Our God . . . for pastime, amusement and recreation, for plays, theatrical performances for lectures, conventions or celebrations, or whatever purpose it may be used for the benefit of Thy Saints."[77] Brigham Young only wanted "members of the church to work in the building . . . he did not want tragedies performed" because there was "enough tragedy in the lives of the Saints already."[78] On the opening night, Sarah played the part of Gavotte in *Pride of the Market*. She then appeared seventeen more times in 1863 productions.[79]

A story is told that at the closing of the theater's first season, it was decided to acknowledge in "rhythmic terms" the players who had donated their services as "a matter of love." Sarah was asked to do it "metric justice." She wrote a verse of appreciative praise to each player (excluding herself) describing acting roles followed by a "rollicking chorus." All was set to the tune of "Merry Mormon." Henry Maibeu served as spokesman, while others stood in a semicircle on the stage. Each verse was sung, followed by the chorus. After the final chorus, Maibeu sang impromptu:

> I publish Mrs.Cooke's good fame,
> When Lady Leatherbridge I name,
> Or Lady Scraggs, that haughty dame,
> Or sprightly Miss O'Leary.[80]

In 1864, Sarah asked to retire from performing because of her age, "but begged to remain an honorary member of the association" that she might receive free admittance to the theater. The privilege was granted.[81] The average age of members ranged from seventeen to twenty-three; Sarah was then fifty-six.

In 1865, an earnest request was made for the revival of the very popular play, *The Porter's Knot*, in which she and Hyrum Clawson had taken leading parts. It was said that Clawson made a personal appeal to

Sarah Ann Cooke acting in an unidentified play on the Salt Lake Theatre stage, ca. 1863. Photo courtesy of the Utah State Historical Society.

Sarah and she had accepted the invitation.[82] The performance was scheduled for Saturday evening, 26 February 1865. Sarah started from her dressing room at the signal for her appearance on stage, but she tripped, falling down the stairs. She dislocated her wrist, broke her arm, and was severely bruised. John T. Caine, stage manager, immediately made the announcement before the curtain. The *Deseret News* reported, "The lady being so well known and highly respected . . . a gloomy feeling was felt around, neither performers nor audience being able to enter with spirit into the entertainment."[83] Brigham Young asked her to place her arm on his, but she refused and had a doctor called. Sarah's arm was never "wholly restored," and Brigham Young told her it was because she did not first have the faith that he could heal her. He called upon her the following morning and told her that he had paid Dr. Andersen $25 and that she would not need him again.[84] His actions began her doubts and would color her views of Brigham Young forever.

Sarah's friends were profoundly distressed by the accident and agreed something had to be done to assist her. Actresses Sara Alexander and Margaret Clawson led the effort and proposed a fund to buy Sarah a piano for her to teach music in her own home rather than in Brigham Young's private school. Public response was said to be overwhelming and gratifying. In their first two days of solicitation they raised $400. The remainder of the funds were raised and the piano was purchased and delivered.[85] Still, it was said that Sarah was never able to perform publicly again, though she did continue teaching private music lessons.

The 1860s saw the marriage of two of Sarah's children. Lilly married William Lehi Dykes on 24 December 1894 in the Endowment House. She was twenty years old, while William was a twenty-three-year-old miner.[86] John married Margaret Catherine Miller at the home of Judge Elias Smith on 16 September 1866 in the presence of Sarah and her son Thomas.[87]

The next few years of Sarah's life remain unclear, but her subsequent public actions placed her clearly in conflict with Brigham Young. A personal conflict with Young only intensified her doubts about the Mormon Church. An ownership dispute arose regarding the home provided to Sarah after her husband's death. In August 1866, she was shocked when Mr. East, a neighbor,[88] informed her that he intended to purchase her home from Brigham Young. She immediately sent a letter to President Young reminding him that the home had been provided to

her after her husband's death, that he had declined the money she had offered in payment, and of "the fidelity with which [she] and [her] son had carried out [his] directions."[89] Sarah and her family had spent more than $2,000 making extensive improvements to the property, including constructing an addition to the house, digging a cellar, building fences, and planting orchards and shrubs.[90] She later said that Mr. East's letter "made [her] doubtful about President Young having given [her] that piece [of land]" and she asked him "if he was going to make any exchange or disposition of it to let [them] have the first chance."[91]

Brigham Young offered to sell them the property for $4,000 in four annual installments of $1,000 with 10 percent interest. Since the initial installment included a large interest payment it proved impossible for the Cookes to pay. Sarah was unwilling to give up what she "considered [to be her] home" and proposed an extension of the payments. Brigham Young told her to submit her proposal in writing. After three days and what Sarah called "a sleepless night" she told President Young that it was impossible for her to undertake the obligation. Sarah never signed a contract for the property's purchase.[92]

Sarah was contacted by a Mr. Musser, an emissary from Salt Lake City,[93] and informed that the Salt Lake City Council had appropriated $2,000 for the benefit of her family. He added that he carried an order from "Esquire Wells" (Daniel Wells was Salt Lake's mayor) for the payment of $2,000 to Brigham Young for her signature. She believed that her signature would secure her home.[94] She later received a note from Brigham Young stating he had credited the money to her account and indicated that he would give her two years to pay the remaining $2,000 and with interest collected monthly. She made interest payments totaling about $187. No further payments were made to the principal and she ultimately asked for the return of the $2,000. For five years, the dispute continued without resolution. Sarah had been an active and involved Mormon, but her once close relationship with Brigham Young had soured and caused her serious doubts about the church. She had totally and completely trusted Brigham Young, and his demands for her to purchase the property that she truly believed had been given to the Cooke family shattered her beliefs and made her receptive to other views.

Historian Lola Van Wagenen described Sarah's apostasy as being born out of the "New Movement (commonly known as Godbeites)."[95]

This was a movement of intellectuals opposed to Brigham Young and his ideal community which broke out in the fall of 1869. This short-lived movement had popular appeal and established a rival church, founded an opposition press, and built the Liberal Institute (a comfortable lecture hall). Ronald Walker's *Wayward Saints* noted that Sarah lectured at the Liberal Institute.[96] She later recounted that her earliest doubts arose when she first "heard Brigham Young's family prayer expressing so much vindictiveness . . . [with] bitter denunciation of their enemies and prayers of their destruction . . . free of Christian love and charity." Sarah had never fully accepted polygamy and came to believe "women living in polygamy, were sacrificing living martyrs . . . [who] believ[ed] . . . the priesthood was one ordained by God."[97]

On 25 August 1871, Sarah filed a complaint in the Third District Court against Brigham Young, charging that he owed her $2,187, which included the $2,000 provided by Salt Lake City and interest paid.[98] Brigham Young's attorneys responded with a countersuit for $4,310.85 for sums "alleged to have been paid for the plaintiff, and for the rent." The counterclaim listed eleven years of rent, groceries, theater tickets, and medical bills.[99]

On 23 October 1871, the trial began in the Third District Court with the complaint and answer read and opening arguments made.[100] Brigham Young did not attend any portion of the trial, but was well represented by noted Mormon attorney Zerubabbel Snow. Sarah was represented by well-known anti-Mormon attorney Robert N. Baskin. The trial lasted three days with only four witnesses testifying. When Brigham Young's attorneys admitted to the validity of her claim, the judge determined it was unnecessary to hear evidence concerning the claim but ruled the defense had to prove its counterclaim.

Snow contended that the claim was offset by their countersuit and attempted to show that Sarah owed Brigham Young the $4,000 by calling Young's bookkeeper and Dr. Andersen, Sarah's physician, to testify. Sarah was called the second day. She testified that she had "never rented the place from Brigham Young or any of his agents; that it was purchased for her by Brigham Young; after her husband had been killed."[101] She noted that she had given twelve years "service as an actress in Brigham Young's Theatre," adding that she had "understood that [her home] was to be given to her . . . in consideration of these facts." She "was willing to pay what it cost and had offered to make a

first payment, but was told by Brigham Young to go and improve the place for her home."[102] Judge McKean limited the defense's cross-examination of Sarah when they challenged Brigham Young's indebtedness after they had previously accepted the debt. On the third day, the plaintiff and defense attorneys summarized their cases. Judge McKean concluded, "There was [*sic*] no difficult questions of law involved in the case." He charged the jury that "if the jury believed that the plaintiff had occupied the house of the defendant without an explicit agreement, they must allow a fair and reasonable rental, but if the facts in evidence proved a condition of things inconsistent with this assumption, they must be governed accordingly."[103] On 26 October the jury decided in favor of Sarah and ordered Brigham Young to pay her $2,986 plus interest and court costs. The defense immediately gave notice it would appeal.[104]

The verdict did not end the case. Various legal maneuvers delayed the execution of the judgment as Brigham Young appealed the verdict to the Supreme Court, asking for a delay. During the October 1873 term, the Territorial Supreme Court dismissed Brigham Young's appeal. On 17 October 1873, Judge McKean ordered the judgment served. Delays by the state's attorney caused the *Salt Lake Tribune* to declare that "no fact is better known here in Utah than that Brigham Young is above the law."[105] The judgment was finally paid, but only after long delay. This case marked Sarah's complete and total break with the Mormon Church.

Sarah's final struggle was to gain the ownership deed. On 8 March 1872, she filed a declaratory statement that she "claim[ed] to be the rightful owner and occupant and entitled to the possession" of the west part of lot 2 in Block 78."[106] However, on 8 July 1874, Mormon probate court judge Elias Smith ruled "that Sarah A. Cook[e] being only a tenant at will of Brigham Young is not the rightful owner." On 11 April 1877, Sarah appealed the decision to the District Court, and it ruled, "Sarah Ann Cooke was and is the rightful owner and occupant" and decreed that "a deed . . . should be issued to her." Brigham Young and his son Hyrum Smith Young immediately appealed the decision to the Supreme Court. Finally, on 17 August 1878, the Utah Territorial Supreme Court affirmed the decision.[107] The case ended seven years after it had begun. Sarah had finally won her home and it would remain in her family for more than half a century. Brigham Young died in

August 1877, and Sarah carried proudly for the rest of her life the title of "first person to win a civil judgment against Brigham Young."

While these final court appeals were being resolved, Sarah continued to establish herself as a prominent figure in the world of non-Mormon women. On 30 November 1872, she joined a small group of women meeting at the home of Mrs. Lucien P. Sanger to organize the Ladies Library Association and to establish a library and reading room. Members were primarily the wives of prominent non-Mormons—including the wives of territorial governor George A. Woods and Chief Justice C. M. Hawley. Sarah was elected vice-president.[108]

On 16 December 1872, the Ladies Library Association opened its library and reading room in a small, carpeted room over the First National Bank. A local reporter described the room as being "decorated with paintings, pictures, and many things a lady's taste suggest, present[ing] a cozy inviting appearance." Four hundred books filled the shelves, and the latest newspapers and popular magazines covered the tables. Though the library was proposed as a free institution, a donation box was placed at the door for "the slipping of any loose change."[109] The library was opened evenings from six to ten, and on Sundays from one to five.[110]

The library's initial outlook appeared encouraging. Donations were regularly received and the patronage seemed to increase daily. By 1873, its popularity had increased to such an extent that the library was moved to larger quarters on First South.[111] These early successes, however, only masked the library's underlying financial difficulties, which became evident by the end of the year. Annual expenses amounted to approximately $1,150, which included $250 for books and periodicals and $900 for rent, librarians' salaries, and supplies. The association was solely dependent on donations, and the added competition of two other libraries eliminated many funding sources. Campbell and Pattenson, booksellers and stationers, established a circulating library of eight hundred volumes for a dollar a month for regular subscribers. In the fall of 1874, the "Public Library and Reading Rooms of Deseret University" was opened free to the public and contained between two and three thousand volumes.[112]

The Ladies Library Association continued to fight for survival, but its futility soon became evident. In the spring of 1876, it requested the return of all books, which were then boxed and placed in storage.

The doors were closed "until an opportunity should offer to bring them into use again."[113] This ended the efforts of the Ladies Library Association, though individual members continued their fight for a public library for almost two decades.[114]

Sarah also gained recognition as a leader in the antipolygamy movement. She aided Ann Eliza Young, the divorced wife of Brigham Young, who was determined to escape Utah. Afraid for her own safety, Young made careful arrangements. On 27 November 1873, she stole from Walker Hotel in Salt Lake City with her father and, as a diversion, visited friends. On the walk back to the hotel they were met with a carriage. They then picked up Sarah (as her traveling companion) and headed for Uintah east of Ogden to meet the Union Pacific train. Irving Wallace, novelist and biographer of Ann Eliza, described Sarah as "a large, intelligent woman . . . [who] shared [with Ann Eliza] a single desire to avenge the wrongs committed against them by Brigham Young and aid in the destruction of polygamy."[115] Ann Eliza later wrote, "The night was intensely dark; we could not see our hands before our faces." Twice during the evening they were lost but finally reached the station just as the train arrived. After they departed, Ann Eliza described herself as feeling a "new sense of freedom," with "such utter loneliness" that she was "bewildered by the situation." She wondered what to do and Sarah told her, "Keep up a brave heart and think of the work before you." Ann Eliza noted that Sarah's experience with Mormonism "had been no pleasanter than mine, and she was glad to get away from it.[116]

In Laramie, Ann Eliza began a lecture tour which took her eastward across the United States. Sarah accompanied her for two months through Colorado, Kansas, and Missouri and then returned "bravely" to Salt Lake City at the end of January 1874.[117] Ann Eliza called Sarah "a devoted and faithful companion."[118] There is no evidence that Sarah was endangered on her return to Salt Lake City.

In 1875, Sarah joined a small group of women who met at the home of Mrs. Jennie Froiseth and formed the Blue Tea, Utah's first women's club. Jennie, the wife of Bernard Froiseth, an army surveyor and cartographer, had arrived in Utah just three years before.[119] The Blue Tea was an exclusive literary and cultural club with a membership limited to twenty-five. The women met to discuss literary works and to read papers that the members had researched and written. Meetings

were held weekly on Thursday afternoons for three hours.[120] Sarah was elected president and served from September 1878 to September 1879.

On 28 May 1879, the Blue Tea held a special meeting "designed both as a compliment and a surprise" for their "beloved President Mrs. Cooke" at the home of Mrs. Harriet Bane. A large number of members and a few visitors were in attendance and spent a "delightful afternoon with musical and poetical entertainment." Mrs. Froiseth delivered an "impressive" impromptu address and presented Sarah with a gift, "a slight testimonial of appreciation and affection from the ladies." Sarah was said to have been overcome with emotion but soon recovered her "customary equanimity." By request she recited a thirty-three stanza poem of her own composition, placing it in context by first explaining her own early life.[121]

Among the members of the Blue Tea were a few women who believed a nonexclusive women's club was needed in Salt Lake City, one that was not only for the literary elite, but also for women who were just learners. Eliza Kirtley Royle, Blue Tea vice-president, later wrote, "Very soon the few who were determined that a club should stand for the education of the many rather than culture for a few, seceded from the original society."[122]

In February 1877, three Blue Tea members and a few friends met at the home of Mrs. Tina R. Jones and organized the Ladies Literary Club for the purpose of "literary pursuits and mental culture." Eliza Kirtley Royle was elected its first president and its first plank was said to be the "open door." Since no minutes survive from before 1879, little is known of these first meetings, nor who its first members were.[123] It is not known when Sarah actually joined, but she is listed in the club's fifty-year history as having joined prior to 1879.[124] In 1915, the *Deseret News* even identified Sarah as one of the club's founding members.[125] Blue Tea members who participated in the "secession" were expelled from Blue Tea membership.[126]

Unlike most literary clubs formed during the 1870s and 1880s, the Ladies Literary Club and Blue Tea members were not "older women who had joined after their families had grown," but were for the most part young mothers with young children.[127] Most of these women were the wives of prominent businessmen, government officials, and religious leaders, and had resided in Utah for only a short time. A few were single professional women, but all were said to be

non-Mormons.[128] Mormons were not excluded from membership by the constitution or bylaws of the Ladies Literary Club, but by what was said to be a common understanding. Gentile women, a tiny minority in the entire territory of Utah, felt a need to form a sisterly enclave.[129] Eliza Kirtley Royle later wrote that "the Club was organized for intellectual culture and upon the principles of deep sympathy and broad charity."[130]

Mrs. George Y. Wallace, a founding member, later recalled: "We studied Rome until I could nearly find my way blindfolded through its streets. I had to write a paper, about it, and I can remember that, while I didn't mind writing it. I tried to get someone else to read it. She wouldn't, so I had to do it myself. I was scared to death, but I managed through it."[131]

Two of the most important functions of the club were broadening the members' outlook and developing their poise. The club seemed to bring out talents and abilities that might otherwise have "lain dormant."[132] Karen J. Blair noted in *Clubwomen as Feminist* that "the task of freeing women from inhibitions about speaking publicly was not an easy one. For generations women and girls had been taught that silence in public was a virtue."[133]

Meanwhile, Sarah continued her antipolygamy activities. Throughout the early 1870s, antipolygamy efforts were largely limited to public lectures, letter writing, and petitioning Congress. In the fall of 1878, though, an incident changed these efforts. Miss Carrie Owen, a young Englishwoman, reached Utah as a Mormon convert and found herself engaged to marry John Miles on the same day that he had taken another wife.[134] She told her tale of woe to various non-Mormon women, including Sarah, and soon this case became a cause célèbre. While accounts of the case differ dramatically, all observers agree that it was used to escalate antipolygamy efforts. Orson F. Whitney called the Miles case "the beginning of the anti-polygamy movement."[135]

Antipolygamists adopted Miles as their spiritual sister and met at Sarah's home to plan an antipolygamy rally and compose letters of protest. On 7 November 1878, the rally was held in Independence Hall, with Sarah serving as the chairman. No minutes exist for the meeting, but newspapers recorded that more than two hundred attended and that "non-Mormons [had] meticulously planned a single speech and deliberately limited debate."[136] A Miss Read read the two

letters composed previously and the memorial. The first letter was addressed to the national clergy, the second letter to Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, the nation's first lady. They outlined the problems associated with Mormon polygamy and the political domination of the Mormons in Utah. The memorial was addressed to the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives, requesting that they strengthen the Morrill Act of 1862. The vice-president of the Women's National Temperance Union, Miss A. Losee, spoke, and the assembly organized a finance committee and a committee to collect signatures and distribute the letters and the memorial. All attendees but two or three signed the letters.[137]

An initial meeting for an organized society was held after the rally. Not everyone that stayed had sympathies with the antipolygamy cause. Emmeline B. Wells, a well-known plural wife, attended and suggested that the new organization be called the Anti-Polygamy Celestial Marriage Association. The *Salt Lake Tribune* reported that ". . . someone said that it would make it pro-infernal, and the old hen subsided." The name Anti-Polygamy Society was selected and it was organized with the purpose of "prosecut[ing] the work enacted by the mass meeting."[138] Thirty thousand copies of the letter were printed and distributed throughout the United States, particularly targeting religious organizations. Six hundred copies of the *Salt Lake Tribune*'s account of the mass meeting were also distributed to newspapers throughout the country. Historian Joan Smyth Iversen wrote that the Carrie Owen affair provided "the final impetus for forming the society."[139]

The Anti-Polygamy Society's first official meeting was held on 12 November 1878. One hundred and fifty attended. Cornelia Paddock, a well-known antipolygamy author and lecturer, gave a "very stirring and eloquent address" which was interrupted by two Mormon women claiming that plural marriage was instituted by God. The *Salt Lake Tribune* dismissed the incident with a recommendation that Mormon women who attended in the future "confine themselves to decency." Thirteen officers were elected, including six who represented their own churches. At seventy, Sarah was elected the society's first president with Jennie A. Froiseth as vice-president.[140] The society's stated purpose was "not . . . to wage war against any party, sect, or person, but . . . to fight to the death that system which so enslaves and degrades our sex, and which robs them of so much happiness."[141]

After the initial meetings of the Anti-Polygamy Society, its officers helped to expand the network of antipolygamy advocates. Jennie A. Froiseth and Cornelia Paddock traveled, lectured, and wrote books. Sarah wrote letters and planned strategy. While no records of the Anti-Polygamy Society have been found, the *Anti-Polygamy Standard* began publication in April 1880. The newspaper was an eight-page monthly with an annual subscription price of one dollar. Each issue of the *Standard* carried the biblical verse 1 Corinthians 7:2 as its motto, "Let every Man have his own Wife, and Let every Woman have her own Husband," and a call to action to the "Women in America" by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Its purpose was "to plan and execute such measures as shall in the judgment of its members tend to suppress polygamy in Utah and other Territories of the United States."[142] It documented the society's activities from 1880 to 1883. In August 1880, the society became a national organization, the Woman's National Anti-Polygamy Society, and chapters were soon formed throughout the United States. Sarah served as the society's president.

In 1882, Cornelia Paddock described the society's membership as being composed of one-third Gentiles, "the wives and daughters of our best citizens," while the "others are women who have been driven out of the Mormon Church by the wrongs and cruelties inflicted [upon them] in the name of religion." She added that Sarah, "is too well known to need any defence."[143]

Woman suffrage was probably one of the most difficult and decisive issues confronted by Utah's antipolygamists. They disapproved of Mormon women leaders' involvement with the National Woman Suffrage Association (NWSA), but they still wanted to be viewed as suffragists.[144] In May 1881, Sarah was made the NWSA's vice-president for Utah at a time when Mormon leader Emmeline Wells also held that title.[145]

On 7 February 1882, the National Woman's Anti-Polygamy Society members discussed woman suffrage at their regular meeting and issued a statement signed by Sarah and the society's secretary, Mrs. L. W. Rivers, requesting its distribution to all woman suffrage organizations. It determined that "the ballot in the hands of Mormon women has only . . . [proved] to be an engine for the perpetuity of fanaticism, ignorance, crime and misery, instead of the palladium of American freedom." They concluded that "in spite of all these facts, we do not

advocate the repeal of what proved itself a most unjust law, nor ask for the disfranchisement of the women of the Territory as *women*." They "advocate[d] . . . the privilege of the ballot be denied any woman or man who lives in, or advocates the practice of polygamy . . . we do not desire to have the woman deprived of the privilege unless the same be done with her partner in crime."[146]

Sarah devoted the rest of her life to the antipolygamy crusade. She served as the movement's matriarch. It is not known whether she traveled or lectured, but she conducted all of the society's meetings and periodically wrote articles for the *Anti-Polygamy Standard*. Because Sarah retained Mormon friends, she could speak and listen to Mormon women who were unhappy in polygamy. Some of these tales were later published in the *Anti-Polygamy Standard*. The Anti-Polygamy Society played an important role in the final demise of the practice of polygamy. It focused public opinion and pressured the U.S. Congress to pass appropriate legislation. The passage of the Edmunds and Edmunds-Tucker Acts proved mighty weapons against polygamy.

In June 1883, an editor of the *Woman's Journal* came to Salt Lake City and interviewed the antipolygamy leaders. She described Sarah as "a gentle, motherly old lady, to whom I completely lost my heart, and I am not alone." Sarah told the story of her "conversion from Mormonism" and described Brigham Young's family prayers. Sarah recounted how she began "to suspect that . . . [such] a religion . . . was not of God." She also told the tale of "Mr. J," the husband of an "intimate friend" who lent money to Brigham Young, was never repaid, and had his property destroyed and burned by Young's "emissaries." She finally described her role in raising some of the surviving children of the Mountain Meadows Massacre.[147] The editor concluded her article with a plea for contributions to the Woman's Anti-Polygamy Society adding, "If we are sincere in our professions, let us help to furnish 'the sinews of war' to the brave women who are fighting the evil in its stronghold and sorely need help to carry on their little missionary paper."[148]

Two weeks later, the *Deseret News* editorialized against Sarah's interview stating that "one of the editors of the *Woman's Journal* was hoodwinked while in this city, by some women who want to raise cash in the East." They called Sarah's tale of "Mr. J" a "rhodomontade" and forcefully added that "we had never heard of it before, and that

inquiries among the oldest inhabitants failed to elicit anything in support of the story." They added, "We will have no objection to the relation of anything that has taken place in this territory, and can make allowances for the exaggerations and colorings which may be used by persons who have receded from the faith, to give them weight in a desired direction." They charged that "Mrs. S. A. Cooke will gain nothing by manufacturing from this warp and woof of a diseased imagination of a malignant heart, such robes of falsehood as she used to dress up that slight fragment of truth, to appear in the startling form with which she and her associates beguiled" the editor. They concluded, "We shall take the opportunity to expose their nefarious doings as plainly and widely as possible."[149]

In 1884, Sarah was interviewed by Matilda G. Bancroft, the wife of Hubert Bancroft the noted western historian, during the couple's six week visit to Salt Lake City. Hubert Bancroft later wrote, "We saw much of the leaders on both sides, were entertained by gentiles and Mormons, and entertained them in return; we listened attentively, but said little." An autobiographical life sketch was created from the interview; it served as Sarah's sole autobiography. It provides an overview of her life, describes her musical and theatrical career in Salt Lake City, and devotes one-third of its pages to the evils of polygamy. It only lists the number of Sarah's children but not their names nor ages.[150]

It is not known how Sarah spent her last days. It is assumed as her health and strength allowed she divided her time between the antipolygamy crusade, her church, and her family.

The 1880 census showed that Lilly and her four sons were living with Sarah and her two unmarried sons. She was identified as a dressmaker and her sons' ages ranged from seventeen to five at the time. She had lost her third son, Frank, the previous year at the age of twelve to diphtheria. Her brothers Thomas and Richard were single, worked as carpenters, and financially supported their mother.[151]

Though Sarah had left the Mormon Church in 1869, she was said to have "never lost her faith in God or in the great essential truths of religion."[152] It is not known whether she affiliated with any other church until she joined the Congregational Church in 1880.

On 7 August 1885, Sarah died at home surrounded by her family, just eight days short of her seventy-seventh birthday. Sarah's funeral overflowed with her family and friends from her long and full life in

Utah. She was eulogized by her friend and pastor Reverend J. B. Thrall as a "saint" whose "sanctity was not a mere veneer . . . [but] a sanctity of life and character." He described her as "a woman of thorough-sincerity . . . of deep religious nature . . . [and] thorough-giving faithfulness." These three characteristics were said to be "the roots of her life." She was the "best of mothers" and left a family of six children (five sons and one daughter) who "loved and revered her," along with seventeen grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren who "idolized her."[153] The *Salt Lake Tribune* devoted a full column to publishing Reverend Thrall's eulogy while the *Salt Lake Herald* included only a brief death notice. No mention was made in the *Deseret News*. The "respected Mrs. Cooke" lived a long and full life. She suffered numerous adversities but fought for what she believed. She left her mark on Utah by training numerous local musicians, and led a movement which helped change the Mormon Church forever.

Romania Pratt became the first female doctor in Utah. Photo courtesy of the LDS Church Historical Department.

2

Esther Romania Bunnell Pratt Penrose

An Uphill Climb

Shana Montgomery

Shana Foster Montgomery was born in St. Anthony, Idaho, and now lives in Holladay, Utah. She holds a B.A. in English from Brigham Young University. In addition to her interest in history and biography, Montgomery has studied painting and vocal music. She has sung with the Utah Symphony Choral and currently sings with the Jay Welch Chorale. Her friends, neighbors, and family, however, say her chief hobby is doing things for them. Like many women, she constantly faces the choices of family and career, and so she is fascinated by Romania Pratt because she "did not limit herself. She believed she could do it all and she did."

With a shake of her head, the sixteen-year-old girl loosened her dark hair in the early morning breeze. She stooped to pick a handful of wild flowers before beginning her ascent up the hill before her. She swung her arms determinedly as she fell into a steady climbing rhythm, one foot after another, until she reached the summit and gazed a little breathlessly at the wagon train just breaking camp below. She waved and then watched the sun rise above the horizon.

Among the many notable women in Utah's history, few were more determined to succeed than Romania Pratt Penrose, the first Mormon woman to receive her doctor of medicine degree.[1] With the same resolute determination she had displayed crossing the plains to

Utah in 1855, Romania studied to further her education in languages and music to prepare herself to become a teacher. It was her deep desire to relieve suffering that gave her the strength to sacrifice so much to study medicine, and it was her commitment to help build Zion that gave her the faith to accept whatever call came from the prophet, whether in auxiliary leadership, polygamy, or a mission.[2] Successfully realizing these goals was an uphill climb for Romania, but her determination and faith sustained her as evidenced by her own words: "It has become a trite but true saying that there is no excellence without great labor. God virtually says to each of us, 'The world is before you. Be as good and great as you will, and I will assist you.'"[3]

Romania was born on a farm in Indiana on 8 August 1839, to Esther Mendenhall Bunnell and Luther B. Bunnell. Both parents embraced the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by the time Romania was six years old, and when she was seven, the family moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, to gather with the rest of the Saints. However, 1846 was not a good year in Nauvoo; persecutions drove the Saints across the Mississippi River, and Brigham Young was forced to lead his people into Iowa. As preparations continued for the Saints' journey west, Romania's father prepared to return to Ohio because Esther's health was delicate. She had recently given birth to a second daughter, Josephine, and Luther thought it wise to postpone the journey west.[4]

He farmed for three years more until news came of the gold strike in California. In 1849, Mr. Bunnell left his wife and four children for the Pacific coast. The first of many difficult hills to climb presented itself before Romania when her father contracted typhoid fever and died before he could return to his family. She was ten years old. Mrs. Bunnell then took her children back to Indiana.[5]

It was there at the female seminary at Crawfordsville, Indiana that Romania's thirst for knowledge first became evident. She studied music, painting, German, and other languages, in addition to the general branches of education, until she was sixteen. She recalled that she would have "obtained a very finished education; but my looming womanhood began to draw around me admirers which warned mother to flee from Babylon before I became fastened by Gentile bonds."[6]

So in May of 1855, Esther Bunnell sold her home and took Romania, Josephine, and her two sons, Luther and Isaac, to join the

Saints. They met Captain John Hindley's wagon train of fifty in Omaha and began the difficult four-month journey to the Salt Lake Valley, a journey which Romania seemed to take in stride. "The journey across the plains with ox teams was a summer full of pleasure to me; the early morning walks gathering wild flowers, climbing the rugged and oftimes forbidding hills—the pleasant evening gatherings of the young folks by the bright camp fire while sweet songs floated forth on the evening air to gladden the wild and savage ear of the red men or wild beasts as well as our own young hearts."[7]

The party's arrival in the valley on 3 September 1855 presented new kinds of challenges for Romania. They camped on Union Square, which later became the University of Deseret, and they soon learned that the Saints were in the midst of a grasshopper-induced famine. Romania said that "for the first time in life did I face its [famine's] stern realities."[8] The Bunnells arrived in the valley with little; however, Esther was thrifty and industrious and soon began taking in laundry and doing miscellaneous tasks for the neighbors. Romania earned money by teaching in Brigham Young's school.

Two years later, word came that the family could receive money from the Bunnell estate in Indiana, so Esther left Romania in charge and journeyed back to Indiana to collect the inheritance. Upon her return Mrs. Bunnell brought, among other household comforts, a piano for the daughter who had so faithfully performed the duties of a mother while she was away. It was one of the first pianos brought to Utah, and Romania prized it highly.[9]

In her twentieth year Romania married a "son of promise," Parley P. Pratt Jr., eldest son of apostle Parley P. Pratt. Romania's husband had been born under unusual circumstances: his mother, Thankful, had been childless for the first nine years of her marriage. When his father, Parley, was called on a mission to Canada, Thankful's illness and their heavy indebtedness had filled their minds with doubts. Apostle Heber C. Kimball paid them a visit and gave Thankful a blessing, promising that if Parley would go on his mission, the way would be opened for him to pay his debts and to do a great work in Canada, which work would later spread to England. He also promised Thankful that within a year she would bear a son and call his name Parley. The fulfillment of the promised birth came in Kirtland on 25 March 1837, when Thankful gave birth to Parley Jr. She died soon afterward.[10]

Perhaps now that she was married, Romania hoped her life would be filled with happiness and easier times, but this would not be the case. Two years after his marriage to Romania, Parley was called to labor in the Eastern States Mission. A short time after his return he was called to England and was gone for four difficult years, leaving Romania to support herself and two-year-old Parley Jr. as best she could, while expecting another child. The baby was born, and he lived only three days; Romania sadly buried Luther, named for her father, in the Salt Lake Cemetery.[11] It was only her faith that sustained her. In her journal she wrote: "I do not remember having any other faith than that of the true and everlasting gospel. It has been a matter of great satisfaction to me to remember how fully and easily I received all the principles of the gospel even from my earliest recollection. I can truly say I do not remember when I did not believe. It is not a part of the plan of creation for man to have gratuitously bestowed upon him the fruits of great energy and labor, but our agency is given us and the wide world full of opportunities by which we can prove our worthiness in the future and all are left without excuse . . . surely such sacrifices must be only for the love of the true God."[12]

Upon Parley's return, the Pratts added five children to their family. Her sons lived to maturity, but an only daughter died when she was less than two years old and caused Romania lingering sorrow that she would recall many years afterward.

After a quarter of a century of colonizing, Utah had produced many midwives but no trained women doctors. Yet due to the strict moral code of conduct, male doctors were seldom called in to attend to female diseases and childbirth. Thus women doctors were needed. Recognizing that need, Mormon leader Brigham Young issued a plea from his pulpit in 1873 for women to study medicine.[13]

Romania was thirty-three years old when she heard Brigham Young's plea, and it appealed to her great love of learning and literary pursuits. But it also appealed to her great sorrow over the loss of her babies and other people she had known. She had once watched a close friend die: "I saw her lying on her bed, her life slowly ebbing away, and no one near knew how to ease her pain or prevent her death; it was a natural enough case, and a little knowledge might have saved her. Oh, how I longed to know something to do, and at that moment I solemnly vowed to myself never to be found in such a position again, and it was

my aim ever afterward to arrange my life work that I might study the science which would relief suffering, appease pain, prevent death."[14]

Besides her desire to relieve suffering, Romania also desired to help build Zion, and Brigham Young's request was the incentive she needed to make the necessary sacrifices. She sold her piano and her home and left her children, Parley Jr., age fourteen; Louis, age eight; Mark, age four; Irwin, age two; and baby Roy, less than a year old, in the loving care of her mother.[15] She boarded the train in December of 1873 and began the climb up a long and difficult hill, a journey that would cost her dearly but would ultimately bring her greatest rewards and satisfaction when she finally graduated as a doctor of medicine in March of 1877.

By the second half of the nineteenth century women practitioners were just beginning to be recognized on a somewhat equal level with male physicians. America reluctantly produced the first woman doctor, Elizabeth Blackwell from Bristol, England, in 1849. She had made numerous attempts to enter several colleges of medicine. To one of her applications for admittance to study, one professor frankly replied, "You cannot expect us to furnish you with a stick to break our heads with."[16] The first American woman to gain a medical degree was Lydia Fowler, in 1850. That same year witnessed the beginning of the Quaker-founded Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, the first chartered accredited female medical school in the United States.[17] Thirteen short years later, Romania Pratt entered the relatively new field of medicine for women, first at the Women's Medical College in New York, and then the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia.

Because the semester was nearing its completion, Romania primarily observed when she first arrived. However, through the private tutelage she received during the summer and in her classes, she soon distinguished herself as a leader in the freshman class. She especially excelled at dissection, which was one of the most formidable challenges for most women students. The cost of dissecting a cadaver was forty dollars, which was split by a "club" of four girls who worked as a team. Romania lived in a small, cramped room for which she paid one dollar per week. Matriculation and lab fees as well as the one dollar per hour fee for medical instruction combined to make the cost of continuing in medical school prohibitive to Romania.[18]

Spring came, and with her freshman year over, Romania returned to the Salt Lake Valley, where she "had the joy of the society of my children

and the Saints."[19] Her finances had been depleted, however, and in desperation she called on President Brigham Young. He, in turn, called Eliza R. Snow to him and said regarding Romania: "She must continue her studies in the east. We need her here, and her talents will be of great use to this people. Take this upon yourself, Sister Eliza, to see to it that the Relief Societies furnish Sister Pratt with the necessary money to complete her studies. Let them get up parties and thus provide the means."[20]

All through that summer Romania enjoyed caring for her family, and at the same time she accepted the responsibilities of president of the Young Ladies Retrenchment Association in the Salt Lake Twelfth Ward. In the fall she returned east to complete her studies with her finances secured, money she would eventually repay in full.

For the next two years Romania took courses in obstetrics and diseases of women, anatomy, chemistry and toxicology, principles and practice of medicine, surgery, *materia medica*, physiology and hygiene, microscopy and histology, and dentistry.[21] Romania later recalled the difficulty of the days of study at medical school. She said that all days "seemed so much alike that it was as one long day."[22]

In her senior year, Romania completed her courses of study and wrote a thesis entitled "Puerperal Hemmorrhage [*sic*], Its Cause and Cure." She successfully passed all of her examinations and defended her thesis before her professors and also before the student body, making it possible for her to graduate on 15 March 1877, at the age of thirty-eight.[23] She recalls the difficulty of her educational journey: "At last the winter days were over and those who successfully passed their examinations stood on the heights of the rugged hill we had been climbing waving joyfully the flag 'Excelsior.' On March 15, 1877, one of the most eventful days of my life arrived, my graduation day. As we sat on the brow of the hill I mentally offered up a prayer asking our Father to so bless me that I might fully appreciate the privilege I then enjoyed. Dressed in black and with throbbing hearts we repaired to Association Hall."[24]

Romania's vacations between winter terms had been spent in the hospital for women in Boston, and after graduation she remained in Philadelphia to continue her studies of the eye and ear. These additional courses gave her the distinction of being one of the earliest physicians to specialize. But instead of traveling home immediately upon completion of these courses, she journeyed to Bloomington, Indiana, to take care of her sister, Josephine, who was expecting a baby. She also, at the request

of Brigham Young's son John, visited the Elmira Water Cure, a popular health retreat, for a month. Her stay with Josephine necessarily lengthened into two months, and when she was finally able to leave Bloomington she was very anxious.[25]

> I had now been from home nearly two years and none except those having experience can know my joy when I felt I really was homeward bound. The journey was long and wearisome though of only a few days. I arrived home September 18, and found my home still, quiet and empty, but hearing voices in the orchard I wandered back and found my dear, faithful mother and two youngest children gathering fruit. My heart was pierced with sorrow when my little ones opened wide their eyes in wonder and with no token of recognition of their mother. I wept bitterly that I had been forgotten by my babes. Very soon all my dear children were gathered around me and we soon renewed old acquaintances and affections.[26]

Being four years away from her children and suffering the temporary loss of their affections would not be the greatest sacrifice Romania would be called upon to make for her medical degree, however. In the year of her return, her husband had taken Brighamine Nealson as a plural wife. But, as in all the trials and tests she received in the church, she accepted this call as yet another upward climb and met it with her usual faith and determination:

> Even the principle of plural marriage seemed a most rational and eternal truth. I never opposed the principle when practiced with singleness of heart as commanded. Were it lived according to the great and grand aim of its author, though it be a fiery furnace at some period of our life, it will prove the one thing needful to cleanse and purify our inmost soul of selfishness, jealousy and other mundane attributes which seem to lie closest to the citadel of life. With these uncongenial attendants we never can enter and remain in the Celestial Kingdom of our Father, therefore if we can use this as a refining element let us accept it as a means of salvation. Plural marriage is the platform upon which is built endless kingdoms and lives and no

> other or all combined principles revealed can be substitutes as a compensation. It is only our want of knowledge that we do not hail it as our greatest gift, and be stimulated to fight the warfare of this earthly life and prove ourselves conquerors to march onward in the upward scale of eternal lives.[27]

A woman of ability, Dr. Pratt set about to establish herself professionally. With her specialization in eye and ear infirmity, she was soon considered the authority in the state and patients came to her with their maladies. She has been credited with performing the first successful cataract operation in the territory.[28]

A medical authority among women, Romania was approached by a committee, headed by Zina D. H. Young, to conduct classes in obstetrical science, and with dedication she opened a series of lectures. She subsequently taught hundreds of eligible women who later contributed their skills to the small communities. She wrote articles for the *Woman's Exponent*, and her articles on hygiene also became a regular feature in the *Young Woman's Journal*.

Because she was a woman and a doctor ahead of her time, Romania embarked on yet another cause with determination and zeal. She wrote an article in the *Exponent* in 1879, on woman suffrage. She said it was a woman's "duty and privilege to do whatever she can that will promote the advancement and elevation of her own sex."[29] She spoke to a large audience in Ogden City Hall and told them that "it is good to become self-sustaining and have a complete knowledge of some branch of work. . . . [A woman] must work her way up to the position she desires to fill in life [keeping in mind that] her mission as a mother is a sacred one."[30] She later wrote in the *Young Woman's Journal*, "Why not let capacity and ability be the test of eligibility and not sex?"[31] She continued, "In a nutshell our duties as suffragists are to inform ourselves and instruct each other in the science of government, to interest all our friends in the movement, and convert our fathers, brothers and husbands to the fact that we can understand and wield an intelligent power in politics, and still preside wisely and gracefully at home."[32]

In the same *Exponent* article, she asked her readers, "Is law a protection or a guide, or is it a vicious weathercock set up on the cross roads, pointing the road just as the wind may blow? . . . It is high time women set a high price on all her works and abilities, and see which bill foots up the highest."[33]

In 1881, after twenty-two years of marriage, Romania concluded that she and Parley should be divorced. It is difficult to ascertain the reasons for this decision. Parley had never been able to support the family because of his delicate heath and his frequent absence, and Brighamine now had children that needed any support Parley could give. The years of separation in early marriage while Parley was on his missions and later as Romania attended medical school had likely alienated the Pratts and had probably added to Romania's decision for a final separation.[34]

Alone, but certainly not abandoned nor discouraged, she was called that same year to be the treasurer of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association of the Salt Lake Stake. She was given a blessing with this calling by church president Joseph F. Smith in which he asked God to bless her "with the light, wisdom and power of His Holy Spirit in your occupation as a doctor, as a midwife, as a teacher of obstetrics and of medicine and of all things connected therewith."[35]

In 1882, after many years of effort, the Relief Society established the Deseret Hospital in Salt Lake City and President John Taylor dedicated it. A benefit was held in the Tabernacle that same year, and the building was illuminated with eight electric lights, "the effect being intensely beautiful."[36] This hospital served the people of Utah for twelve years, both as a hospital and center of health and hygiene. Maintenance depended on voluntary contributions, annual memberships of one dollar per family, and fees from patients, which included cash and commodities such as chickens and pigs. Over four hundred operations, including most of the major surgeries, were performed there. Dr. Pratt served on the professional staff of the Deseret Hospital from the beginning as visiting surgeon on the eye and ear. However, because of lack of funds, the hospital closed in 1893.[37]

Romania Pratt had now seen all her aspirations come true. Through her own determination, she had raised her five sons. She had obtained an enviable education even by today's standards. She had received her doctoral degree, and she had served wherever she was called in her church and had seen Zion grow. Then in 1886, at the age of forty-seven, she became the third wife of Charles W. Penrose. They would have a close and endearing relationship until his death in 1925.

Charles worked as the editor of the *Deseret News*; he went on to become assistant church historian, a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, and a second counselor in the First Presidency of the

Mormon Church to both Joseph F. Smith and Heber J. Grant.[38] During the busy years of their marriage—when Romania had a heavy medical practice in addition to her writing and teaching, and when Charles was required to spend many hours on church business—they still managed time together. They loved to attend the theater and travel together; Romania was well suited to be the wife of an apostle. She was well respected for her work in medicine and suffrage, and she was also a spiritual leader. She served as general secretary of the Relief Society.[39] Susa Young Gates, a long-time friend, described Romania in 1891 as a

> wonderful woman. Not because she has done anything impossible to be done by other women, but because in becoming a doctor able to sever a limb, or take out an eye, now delivering a woman, then attending with gentlest care the sick bed of some poor old man at the hospital, yet with it all she has a home on another street where she keeps a corner warm and cozy for mother and her unmarried boys; also is she a woman with religious duties devolving upon her shoulders, and with it all she is the same sweet, quiet-voiced, gentle lady that my childish memory so vividly produces. She is loved and honored by all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance and their name is legion.[40]

On 8 August 1889, Romania was given a surprise party to celebrate her fiftieth birthday. Speeches were given and a large photograph album was presented to her. Dr. Ellis Shipp paid tribute to her determination, her strength, and her faith: "In you we recognize many gifts and graces that glorify the character of women. We admire your talents, we honor your undaunted courage and perseverance in toiling alone up the rugged hill of science, opening the path to a higher and broader field of usefulness for your sex. . . . It was said of Napoleon that he could win battles but Josephine had achieved the greater success for she could win hearts; the presence of so many appreciative friends assembled here tonight to honor your Jubilee proves that you have learned the art known to the charming."[41]

But Romania did not rest on her laurels. In January of 1907, she and Charles left Salt Lake City to preside over the European Mission for the LDS Church. Romania organized branches of the Relief Society

while traveling through Europe. She wrote to the *Exponent*, delighting her readers with her descriptions of the Rhine, the towns and villages and castles, the grape vineyards, and towers, "gray and ice-covered, full of mystery."[42]

While in Europe, Romania was appointed by Utah governor John Cutler to attend the Woman's International Suffrage Alliance held at Amsterdam on 15 June 1908, where representatives were in attendance from all the civilized countries of the world. Romania addressed the convention and spoke about suffrage in the West. In May of the following year she was again asked to participate in the International Alliance representing the western states.[43]

Upon their release from the mission in 1910, Romania and Charles moved into their home at 1175 South Ninth East in Salt Lake City. Though advanced in years, they hosted many family gatherings, attended the Salt Lake Theatre often, and traveled to Saltair, the Chicago World's Fair, and California.[44] Romania returned to her medical practice for a short time, but she found she was too busy to continue her practice and retired in 1912 after thirty-five years as a practicing physician.[45] Charles continued vigorously in his work as counselor in the Mormon Church First Presidency until his death on 17 May 1925.

Toward the end of her life, Romania became blind and finally died on 9 November 1932, at the age of ninety-three. She was survived by four sons, ten grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.[46] Romania Pratt Penrose's life was an inspiration. She mastered all the challenges of a long, complicated, and surprise-filled life. She explored every opportunity presented to her and achieved all her dreams. She was intelligent, strong-willed, and committed. She toiled alone up rugged hills where few women had gone before with undaunted determination and faith in God, yet in all this she never compromised her womanhood. Before his death, Charles penned these words in a poem as a tribute to Romania:

> Peace be to thee, and lengthened life
> Eternal bliss and glory given.
> A loved and loving honored wife
> Thou shalt be crowned, in earth and heaven![47]

Camilla Cobb introduced Frobel's principles of early childhood education to the children of Utah. Facsimile photograph by Nelson B. Wadsworth, courtesy of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

3

Camilla Clara Mieth Cobb
Founder of the Utah Kindergarten

Catherine Britsch Frantz

Catherine Britsch Frantz has three degrees from the School of Education at Brigham Young University: a B.S. in elementary education and a M.Ed. and Ed.D. from the Department of Educational Leadership and Foundations. Her hobbies include studying LDS Church history, traveling, hiking, camping, and "reading anything I can get my hands on." Her general interest in the history of education led her to a dissertation on Camilla Cobb and her influence on kindergarten in Utah.

Camilla Clara Mieth Cobb, the founder of Utah kindergarten, was born on 24 May 1843 at Dresden, Saxony, Germany, the fourth child of Karl Benjamin Immanuel Mieth and Henrietta Christina Bakehaus Mieth. Her parents were educated and refined; her father was the principal of the first district *Buergerschulen* (public school) in Dresden, and her mother came from a wealthy, prominent, cultured family.[1] Camilla's oldest sister, Anna Henrietta Therese Mieth, became the wife of Karl G. Maeser, well known among Utahns as the second president of Brigham Young Academy (later named Brigham Young University).[2]

Camilla's father hired Karl G. Maeser to be a teacher in the first district in Dresden. He taught at Mieth's school during 1852 and 1853 along with Edward Schoenfeldt, who later became Maeser's brother-in-law and lifelong friend. Karl and Edward made frequent visits to the Mieth home, where they courted and eventually married the principal's oldest daughters.[3]

These two men received the missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and thus altered the course of Camilla's life. On 14 October 1855, Karl G. Maeser and Edward Schoenfeldt were baptized members in the Elbe River. Five days later Camilla, her mother, her two sisters (including Maeser's and Schoenfeldt's wives), and her brother were all baptized. Soon after joining the church the Schoenfeldts and the Maesers, along with Camilla, began making plans to join other members of their newly found religion in Utah. The two families left their homes in June of 1856. Camilla went with them. At thirteen she left her mother (her father had passed away in 1853) and her homeland of Germany and remained with the Maesers until her marriage in 1864.[4]

The Maesers and the Schoenfeldts traveled to London, England, on their way to America. Soon after their arrival in England, Karl Maeser was called to serve the Germans in England and Scotland as a Latter-day Saint missionary. So the Schoenfeldts went to America, while the Maesers and Camilla remained in England for one year. Upon completion of Maeser's mission, the family sailed for America on the vessel *Tuscarora.*[5] While en route, two days before they reached shore, the Maesers' second son, who was born in England, died. They kept his body with them and buried him in American soil. Because they lacked money to immigrate all the way to Utah, the Maesers remained in Philadelphia for several weeks.

"There we were in Philadelphia without means," remembered Camilla much later, "and Brother Maeser out of work. Thomas B. H. Stenhouse was president of the branch in Philadelphia, and he helped us. It seems someone has always come to my rescue in time of need, thanks to the help of the Lord."[6] A descendent of that time period relates: "Once when Aunt Camilla was telling me of the harrowing experiences they passed through at this time [soon after arriving in America], I asked her, 'Aunty, how did you ever live?' And she answered, 'Well, I just don't know. But it seemed that when things came to a point where we hardly knew which way to turn something always happened to help us out, and we were able to go on a little while longer. Sometimes we had only white flour or mush to eat, but we were so hungry it tasted good, and we were thankful for it.'"[7]

Karl tried to find work in Philadelphia, but foreigners were hired last, so the family often went to bed hungry. Their poverty also forced

them to live in a cellar, which was quite a change from their fine Dresden home. During this time period another child, a girl named Ottilie, was born to the Maesers.[8]

While the Maesers and Camilla were living in Philadelphia, Karl was called on another church mission. This time he labored in the state of Virginia. After serving in Virginia for a time, he sent for his family to live with him. While in Virginia he financially supported his family by teaching music lessons to some prominent people, including ex-president of the United States John Tyler.[9]

When Karl's mission was completed, he taught piano full time to save money for his family's trek to Utah. Since Karl was a music instructor, it is likely that he taught music fundamentals to Camilla. As an adult Camilla had a beautiful singing voice, and to augment her income while in school, she played the organ and was soloist in several churches.[10]

In June of 1859, the Maesers returned to Philadelphia to prepare for their journey to Utah. The Maesers had now spent three years in the East, then in September 1859 they finally left Philadelphia and traveled by railroad to Florence, Nebraska. They stayed at the former Winter Quarters,[11] until June of 1860, when they left for the Salt Lake Valley by ox team with the John Smith Company.[12]

Crossing the plains was a great trial for the Maesers. Karl did not know how to manage animals or mend broken wagons, and, although Anna was a fine cook and housekeeper, she became discouraged keeping house in a wagon box and cooking over a campfire with ashes and sand blowing into the food.[13] The *Deseret Evening News* wrote of their arrival in the Salt Lake Valley on 27 July 1860, quoting the names of the entire company including Karl, Anna, their son Reinhard, and Camilla.[14]

In the fall of 1860, Karl arranged to open a school in Salt Lake City, and by November he had secured the use of an old adobemeeting-house in the Fifteenth Ward. The *Deseret Evening News* printed a public announcement advertising the school. By the time Camilla finally arrived in Utah, she was seventeen years old. She had received good educational opportunities in Philadelphia and also private instruction under Karl G. Maeser,[15] so she assisted him in his teaching at the Fifteenth Ward schoolhouse.[16]

Early in the spring of 1861, Brigham Young appointed Karl to head the Union Academy located in the Doremus House on the west

side of Salt Lake City. Originally built as a ward meetinghouse, the building had a few crude tables and chairs, some maps, a broken chalkboard, and a few pieces of chalk. However, Karl designed the curriculum well enough that the school attracted many students from both within and outside the Salt Lake Valley. From the fall of 1861 to the spring of 1862, Karl conducted the school. This time period was significant to Camilla because this was when her future husband, James Thornton Cobb, came into contact with the family. Karl hired James, who was not a member of the LDS Church, to help with the school.[17]

Meanwhile, in 1862 Bishop John Sharp asked Maeser to start a school in the Twentieth Ward. After consulting with Brigham Young, who evidently supported the move, Karl began the school known as the Twentieth Ward Seminary. Camilla also helped him teach in this school.[18] Then, on 24 October 1863, Karl G. Maeser baptized James T. Cobb a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. A year later, on 14 November 1864, Camilla Mieth and James T. Cobb were married by Brigham Young.[19]

Camilla's husband James was from Beverly, Massachusetts, born on 18 December 1833. He was a graduate of both Dartmouth and Amherst Colleges. In his earlier days he had worked as a journalist.[20] James was not only well educated, but he was also regarded as an expert student of Shakespeare and corresponded with Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr. a longtime personal friend, on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.[21]

Seven children were born to James and Camilla: Ives Emanuel Cobb was born in 1867; Lucy August Cobb Ivins, 1869; Karl Albert Cobb, 1874 (died in infancy); Henry Ives Cobb, 1877; Rufus Kellogg Cobb, 1878; James Kent Cobb, 1884; and Grace Camilla Cobb, 1888.[22]

In the summer of 1874, after the birth of Camilla's second child, she went to New York City to visit her husband's relatives. Regarding the trip Camilla explained: "My husband wanted me to go. I was going to visit his people. I went to get President Young's counsel and he said, 'You want me to counsel you to go, don't you?' I didn't think of studying then, so I said, 'No, I want you to counsel me just as you feel.' He then said, 'You go. You will go in safety and return in safety. You will make many friends wherever you go.'"[23]

While Camilla was in New York City she read in the newspaper about a New Jersey kindergarten being run by Dr. Adolph Douai, a

well-known German educator. Camilla was familiar with the German kindergarten and was very interested in learning about American kindergartens. She temporarily moved to New Jersey, where she visited Dr. Douai at one of the schools he had established. Because she informed him that she could not stay long enough to take the entire kindergarten course, he advised her to go right into his Newark kindergarten and spend her remaining time there observing the teachers.[24] Since Douai's school was taught in both English and German, Camilla, a German by birth, adjusted well. Referring to her time with Douai, Camilla recalled that she enjoyed herself there and felt that what she learned was valuable.

Douai taught kindergarten principles in his school as established by the founder of kindergarten, Friedrich Froebel. Froebel preached that young children should be taught with object lessons, or real life examples. He believed in connecting the subjects and all learning into one whole; hence, much of his kindergarten theory was based upon the blending and application of all subjects. Furthermore, he taught that creative work and play should be the primary objectives of education. He named the objects that he used in his kindergartens "gifts and occupations." His materials and activities were carefully sequenced according to developmental readiness to maximize educational potential. After spending time at Douai's school, Camilla said that she was impressed with the importance of kindergarten work and began to see that other educators did not fully understand Froebel's ideas. She hoped there would come a time when justice would be done to "this great educator of childhood."[25]

While Camilla was at Douai's school she was visited by John W. Young, a son of Brigham and Mary Ann Angel Young. He was very impressed with what he saw at the school and asked Camilla if she would be willing to start a kindergarten upon her return to Salt Lake City. He offered to help her get set up, and she readily agreed.[26] Camilla opened her kindergarten in the fall of 1874 in the vestry of Brigham Young's schoolhouse. The schoolroom in which she opened her kindergarten was small, and it is likely that other classes were operating in the building at the same time.[27] John W. Young furnished the room in which Camilla taught. Camilla also brought home from New Jersey a trunk full of kindergarten gifts and occupations.[28] In addition, she found some materials in Salt Lake City and "with a little ingenuity

turned many things not especially intended for this purpose to splendid account."[29]

The first students at the kindergarten were Camilla's own children, the children of John W. Young, and "some others." Among the pupils who attended were Brigham W. Young, Seymour B. Young Jr., Lulu Clawson Young, Lutie Thatcher Lynch, Katie B. Young Kraft, Lilly Young Wells, Luna Young Moore, Fannie V. Young Clayton, and Anna T. Piercey.[30]

As part of her kindergarten curriculum, Camilla taught the students German. Camilla said she taught the German language through object lessons, "and it was surprising to see how rapidly the little ones gained a knowledge of this language, and it is not long since I heard a mother, formerly a pupil of my school, sing to her own babe the little German songs of the pioneer Kindergarten of 1874."[31] One of her original kindergarten students wrote that "many of her pupils speak German and can sing the old melodies in German taught them a half century ago."[32]

Besides teaching the kindergarten curriculum, Camilla also taught her students principles of the church. A former student wrote that Camilla helped them gain a strong faith in God as well as a desire in her students to be upright in all their doings.[33] Camilla sometimes told the following teaching story: "One boy I had repeatedly called to order and when he flipped papers I told him he would have to leave school. He came up after class and said: 'Auntie can't you forgive me?' 'No,' I answered, 'I repeatedly warned you.' 'But,' he said, 'you taught us the Savior forgave seventy times seven and you haven't forgiven me half that.' 'You are right,' I said, and took him in my arms. This taught me a lesson I never forgot and I never lost my temper again in a school room."[34]

Perhaps because Camilla was so diligent in President Young's request that she teach religious principles in his school, Camilla and Brigham Young had a very good relationship. Although President Young was advancing in years at the time Camilla opened her kindergarten, he was aware of her work and very supportive. Camilla said, "He thought I had quite an ability to teach. I know that he was pleased with me and my teaching." They were very good friends and he treated her like one of his own daughters.[35] Regarding Brigham Young, Camilla remembered that occasionally she sent the kindergarten children into

his office, which was located close by. She said that he was getting on in years, and he found pleasure in seeing what the children wrote or did. When asked if she converted Brigham Young to kindergarten work she replied that she did not think so. However, she probably talked to him about it because she was enthusiastic, and he was a very dear friend and was happy to help her.[36]

Besides carrying out her kindergarten duties, Camilla also tried to educate the women of Salt Lake City regarding Froebel's concept of the kindergarten. During the fall of 1875, a series of her articles appeared in the *Woman's Exponent*, a newspaper published by and for Latter-day Saint women. In the first article she gave a brief history of well-known people who believed in child's play. She listed Lycurgus, of whom she wrote, "The great lawgiver of Sparta, 800 years before Jesus Christ already introduced the idea of training children from a very early age by play to the earnest work of life."[37] She also discussed Plato, the Roman emperor Justinian, the emperor Charlemagne, and Peter the Great as leaders who encouraged structured play among their young people.

Following her brief history of child's play, she indicated that the children in Utah would be better behaved if they had structured play. In fact, she explained that the rude habits of the majority of the children in the Salt Lake Valley could be directly traced to their unfamiliarity with the "healthy spirit of well-directed and judiciously selected plays, the absence of which forced them to indulgence of their own uncultivated making."[38]

In the remainder of the *Woman's Exponent* article Camilla outlined how a kindergarten should be run. She explained that the teacher should be "a lady of very gentle manners, intellectual attainments and good taste" and that she should be familiar with music and drawing. Furthermore, she specified that the teacher should work alongside the child, not ruling above the child as in ordinary classrooms. Camilla also wrote that the teacher "should be the first one on the spot. . . . That her thoughts and mind be perfectly calm and composed, for she must feel herself, for the time being at least the little one's truest friend."

In addition to giving instruction regarding the attributes of the teacher, Camilla also addressed how children should dress to come to kindergarten. She indicated that fancy dress among the children encouraged inequality. She wrote, "Of all resorts a hall of learning should be the last for such displays of fancy and little children should

not be made to feel their inequalities of social position because of them." Furthermore, she also explained and described Froebel's meaning of gifts and occupations.

Because of a high influx of students and the need for teachers of students in higher grades, Camilla taught kindergarten for only two years.[39] When asked if she kept up the kindergarten after she was obliged to teach other and higher grades, Camilla replied, "Not altogether. You see, I couldn't. So many children were older and needed more teaching. . . . I opened the doors and they came. I had to turn some of them away when I didn't have enough room. I was like a child with the spirit of a child and I knew what the children wanted. I guess I was born that way."[40]

Camilla also taught at the Social Hall in Salt Lake City, and in her own home that was located directly south of the Social Hall.[41] Heber J. Grant, in referring to his school days, mentioned, "I also went to Camilla Cobb to school before I went to the University. She had a private school south of the Social Hall."[42] Additionally, Camilla taught in the old Exponent Building after Emmeline B. Wells (editor of the *Woman's Exponent*) moved from the Exponent Building to the Wells Building. Camilla paid $10 a month for the use of the building and had approximately forty pupils in her class.[43] The teaching environment was sometimes difficult for Camilla. In 1930, she referred to teaching seventy-six pupils at one time, with only one book for the class to share. But, even through these challenges, she remained a popular, dedicated, and well respected teacher.[44]

Considering Camilla's training and experience working with children, it is not surprising that she spent a large portion of her adult life serving in the Latter-day Saint Primary Association. The Latter-day Saint Primary Association, an organization for young children, was founded in 1878 in Farmington, Utah. The purpose of the Primary Association was to assist parents in the training of their young children by providing weekday religious training. On 19 June 1880, the women of the Salt Lake Stake, which at the time included the entire Salt Lake County and several outlying counties, met together in the Tabernacle for a two-day conference. At the conference church president John Taylor announced the calling of Louie B. Felt as president over all the smaller primaries established by ecclesiastical or ward boundaries, and as such she was officially named the Primary general president.[45] In addition, the first stake Primary board was

organized in the Salt Lake Stake that day. Ellen Spencer Clawson was called to serve as president of the Salt Lake Stake Primary Association. She chose Camilla C. Cobb and Lydia Ann Wells to serve as her counselors. Camilla served as a counselor to Clawson until Clawson's death in 1896, when President Cannon called Camilla to be president of the Salt Lake Stake Primary.

To illustrate the magnitude of her responsibility, the report of the Primary Association for the Salt Lake Stake recorded on 30 June 1897 that there were forty-six Primary associations, 309 officers, and 3,901 Primary children in the stake with average attendance of 2,001. Between June 1896 and June 1897, there were ten Primary conferences, three fairs, and thirty-three entertainments.[46]

Camilla addressed the Primary leaders and children at annual conferences, where she encouraged and advised them. For example, in the 4 January 1902 Primary conference Camilla said that she saw great improvement in Primary work. She also expressed gratitude for the previous Primary conference, and she urged the officers in the Primary to subscribe to the *Children's Friend* and to teach children the words to the songs.[47]

On 25 March 1904, the Salt Lake Stake was divided, and four stakes were created from the thirty-eight wards. The Eighteenth Ward, in which Camilla resided, was made part of the newly created Ensign Stake. Hence, Camilla, after serving in the Salt Lake Stake Primary presidency for twenty-four years, was released from her position as Salt Lake Stake Primary president.[48]

In 1895, Louie B. Felt, general president of the Primary Association for the church, and her good friend and Primary associate May Anderson became interested in the pedagogical principles of the kindergarten. Camilla had probably introduced kindergarten pedagogical practices and ideas to Felt and Anderson, as they were all involved in Salt Lake City Primary work. Previous to 1895, the Primary classes followed the same pattern as education in the United States in the latter part of the nineteenth century, where children learned by drill and by rote. Primary children often recited questions and answers and catechisms written by Eliza R. Snow. However, after 1895 the Primary was divided into developmental groups or grades.[49]

In 1898, while Camilla was serving as Primary president of the Salt Lake Stake, she was called to be a member of the general board of the Primary Association. In the October 1899 General Conference

report for the church, Camilla is listed as a member of the "Primary Board of Aids."[50]

On 23 February 1917, after thirty-seven years of Primary service, Camilla was released from the Primary general board. As a member of the Primary general board, Camilla had participated in the first annual officers meetings, the beginnings of the *Children's Friend* magazine, and the dividing of Primary children into three basic groups or grades. Additionally, she had helped establish the Primary Annual Fund, the annual general conferences for all Primary workers, programs for enlistment and improved attendance at Primary, and the beginnings of the Primary Children's Hospital program.[51]

Camilla's service in the Primary Association occurred at the same time that she taught school to Salt Lake City children. Her dedication and devotion to children is depicted in the following quotation that her nephew, Reinhard Maeser, included in his *Relief Society Magazine* article about her: "To my mind, you [referring to Cobb] have done more for the uplift of the child than any other woman I know; first, because you introduced real Kindergarten work into the state; second, you were associated at the head of the largest child organization in the Church, the Primary association; but these are not alone the reasons why I say you have done more than others; but because of your interest in every child whom you called by name."[52]

The first public recognition of Camilla's kindergarten work appears to have been at the National Education Association luncheon at the Hotel Utah in 1920. Camilla, at age seventy-seven, was the guest of honor. She briefly spoke about her first kindergarten, saying that the first kindergarten in Utah was established in Brigham Young's old schoolhouse with a class of twenty. She also mentioned that education in the state at that time was entirely in private schools using crude equipment. The children were taught kindergarten games and told human interest stories and stories of the pioneers.[53]

Further recognition came in 1922 when Camilla was honored by the University of Utah kindergarten department "as the real pioneer of their special work in this section." An article mentioning the occasion in the *Deseret News* reported, "Mrs. Cobb is now a charming, modest woman of 79, who declares her accomplishments were very small and can only be considered as a part of the general pioneer life here. . . . This pioneer teacher comes of a family of educators, her father having been a high school instructor in his native land, and other relatives having

held similar positions there. She was also connected with the Primary Association of the Church from its early days."[54]

Additionally, in 1928 Camilla was the guest of honor at a banquet at the Hotel Utah hosted by the Utah Educational Association. Besides the recognition granted Camilla at the Utah Education Association banquet, 1928 was also the year in which the Utah State Kindergarten-Primary Association formally declared that Camilla had opened the first Utah kindergarten. The Utah State Kindergarten-Primary Association "presented the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers with a picture of Camilla Cobb and an affidavit of her students verifying the existence of and attendance at the kindergarten."[55] Camilla signed the affidavit that states, "Camilla C. Cobb, being first duly sworn deposes and says: That in the early seventies she went East and took a kindergarten course under Dr. Dorris [Douai] of Newark, New Jersey, and upon her return to Utah about the year 1874, she taught kindergarten in the private school building of President Young, located near the Eagle Gate, on the North-east corner of State and South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah."[56]

In addition, Susa Y. Gates and Zina Y. Card signed the following written statement:

> Susa Y. Gates and Zina Y. Card, being first duly sworn depose and say: That they have, for many years, been personally acquainted with Mrs. Camilla C. Cobb, and know that she went East and took a course in kindergarten training under Dr. Dorris [Douai] of Newark, New Jersey, and that upon her return to Utah she taught kindergarten between the years 1874 and 1876 in the private school building of President Brigham Young, located near the Eagle Gate, on the North-east corner of State and South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. And Zina Y. Card further testifies that she visited said kindergarten and saw and handled Froebel gifts which were used in said kindergarten.[57]

Several of Camilla's first kindergarten students, including Brigham W. Young, Seymour B. Young Jr., Lula Clawson Young, Lutie Thatcher Lynch, Katie B. Young Kraft, Lilly Young Wells, Luna Y. Moore, Fannie V. Young Clayton, and Anna T. Piercey signed a statement that said they were in Cobb's first kindergarten class. All of these statements were signed and notarized on 30 April 1928.[58]

Apparently the affidavit was supposed to settle some controversy regarding who started the first kindergarten in the state. However, the affidavit did not end the dispute. Protestants maintained that in the 1880s Elizabeth Dickey resigned her work in Philadelphia and went to Salt Lake City to start the kindergarten movement there—claiming that the school Camilla ran was an "infant" school or nursery school and that it was not taught by Froebelian methods.[59]

The debate regarding who started the first Utah kindergarten continued for some time and remained divided along religious lines. In 1930, Marie Fox Felt wrote a brief history of the Utah kindergarten movement and asserted that Camilla had started the first kindergarten. Marie's history was sent to Charlotte Anderson of Los Angeles, who was associated with the early Utah Presbyterian kindergartens. Charlotte wrote to Marie and said that she knew Camilla Cobb, and although she felt that she was a cultured and refined lady, she did not consider the kindergarten she ran to be a Froebelian kindergarten. Additionally, Charlotte Anderson wrote a letter to a professor in the education department at the University of Utah asking for her opinion regarding Camilla's kindergarten work. Unfortunately, the reply to her letter is not available.[60]

Notwithstanding the controversy, recognition of Camilla's kindergarten work continued into the 1950s. The Utah Association for Childhood Education met on 21 June 1934 to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the kindergarten organization. The association "extended a tribute to the late Mrs. Cobb." Eighty members were present at the meeting that was held at the Administration Office of the Salt Lake City Board of Education Building.[61]

Additionally, in May 1936, the Utah State Kindergarten-Primary Association celebrated its fortieth anniversary with a banquet. Several people gave toasts in honor of early kindergarten workers including a tribute to Camilla with a toast titled "A Children's Garden: Aunt Camilla."[62]

In 1937, The Utah branch of the Association for Childhood Education was renamed the Camilla C. Cobb Branch of the Association for Childhood Education. Several years later, following a period of inactivity of the Camilla C. Cobb Branch, Mrs. Addie J. Gilmore called a meeting at her home on 4 September 1953 to reorganize the association. Four objectives were proposed at the 1953 meeting: "1. To place

the name Camilla C. Cobb, Utah's first kindergarten teacher before the public. 2. To see that the dues of at least ten members were fully paid, our national building allotment paid and other obligations met. 3. To make two interesting meetings a year available to all those who desire them. 4. To work for a permanent memorial to honor Camilla C. Cobb by presenting to the Salt Lake District Boards of Education groups the interesting life story of Mrs. Cobb and her earnest efforts in behalf of little children that they might grow through 'self-activity.'"[63]

Camilla Clara Mieth Cobb died on 19 October 1933, at age ninety. Heber J. Grant, church president at the time and Camilla's former pupil, was one of the speakers at her funeral. Additional speakers were Levi Edgar Young, another of Camilla's former students, and Thomas A. Clawson, bishop of the Eighteenth Ward in which Camilla resided. Camilla's body was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.[64]

Camilla's German background was a very important factor pertaining to her contributions to childhood education in Utah, especially because it influenced her interest in the kindergarten. Additionally, because she spoke German she could observe and teach in Douai's school, one of the earliest in the United States. Camilla became something of a heroine to both the members of the Utah State Kindergarten-Primary Association and the Utah Association for Childhood Education. Perhaps it was because they so highly valued kindergarten and were so eager to see kindergarten as a permanent fixture in Utah schools that they so emphatically regarded Camilla's work as a significant and truly pioneering effort.

Camilla spent the majority of her life working with children. She taught kindergarten and elementary school to hundreds of Salt Lake City youth for most of her adult life. She spent thirty-seven years working in the Latter-day Saint Primary Association, and she mothered her own seven children. Marie Fox Felt wrote of Camilla: "She was an efficient officer and tender mediator between the children and whatever difficulty arose in regard to lessons or play. Her intelligence was equaled only by her devotion to the work and her sublime power for love and sympathy. Brigham Young once said of her that she was the type of mother under whose care all children of the Latter-day Saints might profitably be trained."[65]

Camilla's life is representative of Utah working women in the late 1800s. She was not a pioneer of women's rights, nor was she one who

ventured into a traditionally male career. Teaching was a common and acceptable occupation for women of the time and in some respects her teaching career epitomizes educational careers of the time. However, although Camilla epitomizes some aspects of Utah women teachers, she was not an ordinary teacher. Her specialized training, her child advocacy—including her background, study, and writings of child-centered theory—and her lengthy teaching career were all atypical. Additionally, her writings are proof that she was an articulate, intelligent advancer of education. Furthermore, by founding the first kindergarten, Camilla began a long-lasting kindergarten tradition in Utah and, hence, had an immeasurable positive impact on Utah children.

4

Lucretia Heywood Kimball
Pioneer in Utah's Early Christian Science Movement

Jeffery Ogden Johnson

Jeffery Ogden Johnson was born and raised in Aurora, Utah, a town sufficiently small that he found more people in his dorm at Brigham Young University than there were in his whole hometown. He received his bachelor's degree from BYU and then joined the LDS Church Archives, where he worked for fifteen years, while also completing the course work for a master's degree. He took a year's leave to organize national archives for the Cherokee Nation. For the last fourteen years he has worked for the Utah State Archives, the last ten as director. He has published articles in Sunstone *and* Dialogue: Journal of Mormon Thought*, also serving on the executive committee for the latter. His interest in religious history and particularly in people who have been involved in religious movements in Utah led him to Kitty Kimball.*

On 17 July 1891, at the downtown Salt Lake City lodgings of Mary Ann Bagley, a group of eleven people met to organize a "more systematic work as Christian Scientists" in Utah.[1] These eleven individuals, eight women and three men, became the driving force behind the activities of the Utah Christian Science movement during its decade of energetic growth just before the turn of the century. Ten years later they would have converted several hundred Utahns and built, paid for, and dedicated one of the most beautiful churches in the state.

The Christian Science movement began twenty-five years earlier in Lynn, Massachusetts, in February 1866, when Mary Baker Patterson

(later Eddy) slipped on some ice and hurt her back. When it healed three days later following her reading of the story of Christ's healing a man with palsy (Matthew 9), she became convinced that the Bible contains the key to healing powers. In the next few years she wrote *Science and Health*, opened her "Christian Scientists' Home," and held the first public service of the group on 6 June 1875. She then opened the Massachusetts Metaphysical College to teach Christian Science to missionaries, who helped spread the doctrine worldwide. By 1890 she had trained over 730 practitioners, who would devote their full time to the healing ministry of Christian Science.[2]

A year later, Christian Science followers in Salt Lake were meeting to organize their activities. Mary Ann Bagley, the hostess of that meeting, had graduated from Mrs. Eddy's Metaphysical College. She then came to Utah from Montrose, Colorado, as a Christian Science practitioner.

Most of the those attending that first Salt Lake meeting were, like Mrs. Bagley, recent arrivals in Utah; but two of the women had strong ties to the local culture. Thirty-seven-year-old Henrietta Young and thirty-five-year-old Lucretia Heywood Kimball were descendants of prominent Mormon families who had helped settle the Intermountain West. Most Utahns even today would associate the names Kimball and Young with the Mormon Church rather than with Christian Science.

Lucretia Heywood Kimball, known as Kittie, was born in Salt Lake City on 16 June 1856, the daughter of Sarepta Marie Blodgett and Joseph Leland Heywood. Joseph had joined the Mormon Church in Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1842, influenced by the church's founder, Joseph Smith. He was baptized in the Mississippi River by Mormon apostle Orson Hyde. When the Mormons left Illinois, Heywood was appointed a trustee to sell church property. He subsequently served in various civil and ecclesiastical positions, including bishop of the Salt Lake Seventeenth Ward, postmaster of Salt Lake City, and federal marshal, being appointed by both Presidents Fillmore and Pierce.[3]

As a Mormon polygamist, he had four wives. His first wife, Lucretia's mother, was a gracious hostess in Salt Lake City. The Heywood home on north Main Street in Salt Lake City was elegant for pioneer Utah and, according to Mormon apostle Orson F. Whitney, was "a most popular rendezvous to the young people of those times."[4] It became one of the meeting places for the fashionable Wasatch Literary Association, a society organized by young adults in Salt Lake City.

Kittie, one of the most prominent members, gave dramatic readings, starred in plays, and sang.[5]

Also a member of the Wasatch Literary Association was Kittie's future husband, Frank D. Kimball, son of Sarah Melissa Granger Kimball, one of the originators of the Mormon Church's women's organization, the Relief Society.[6] Despite his family's prominence in Mormonism and his friendship and longtime business partnership with Heber J. Grant, who became president of the Mormon Church, Frank was alienated from the Mormon Church in his youth. Frank married Kittie on 19 December 1882, and they eventually had three children.[7] In October 1889, she went to Boston and attended a primary class in Christian Science taught by General Erastus N. Bates at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College.[8]

Another associate from the Wasatch Literary days was Bicknell Young. Bicknell, after spending several years in Europe, had developed poor health.[9] Kittie suggested he go to a Christian Science practitioner. Bicknell's brother, Mormon general authority Seymour B. Young, credits Kittie with his family's conversion to Christian Science. In his diary, he bitterly observes:

> There has been for several years growing up in our midst a silly system of faith designated Christian Science introduced into Utah by the right reverend Mrs. D. B. G. Eddie [*sic*] who claims that she has founded the only true system of religion and that it is a [unclear] of her own production which I am ready to admit for I am truly aware that God never had anything to do with it. Mrs. Kilt [*sic*] Haywood [*sic*] Kimball became one of her leading disciples and she also converted my mother and all my sisters and B. B. Young our youngest brother.[10]

Seymour B. Young's father, Joseph Young, was the older brother of Mormon Church president Brigham Young and had also served most of his adult life as one of the church's general authorities. Until his death in 1881, he presided over the ecclesiastical activities of the seventies priesthood quorums.[11] Seymour Bicknell Young replaced his father as a general authority[12] while another brother, LeGrande, also active in Mormon affairs, became legal counsel for his church.[13]

Even though Seymour's sister, Henrietta, was at the first meeting in 1891 and stayed very active in Christian Science work, she did not become an official member of the Salt Lake congregation until her eighty-one-year-old mother and four sisters joined in October 1895.[14] Later, Henrietta's brother-in-law, Thomas John Mackintosh, also joined. Her younger brother, Brigham Bicknell Young, was already active in the Christian Science Church in Chicago where he and his wife, Eliza, performed and taught music with considerable local success. He was soon made soloist in the Chicago congregation and in 1898 was made first reader of the Second Church of Christ, Scientists. Eventually he was working full time for the Christian Science Board of Lectureship, completing the first world tour by a Christian Science lecturer in 1907. In 1910 he began teaching the Normal Class—the class which prepared Christian Science teachers. The highlight of his career came in 1917 when he was elected first reader for the Mother Church in Boston, placing him among the most important leaders in the history of Christian Science.[15]

The local Christian Science records also note Kittie's prominence in the development of the movement in Salt Lake City. She was elected to the first board of directors in 1891 and reelected the next year.[16] One of the issues brought before that board was a resolution that "all applicants for membership in the Church of Christ Scientist should first withdraw from all other associations."[17] Even though Kittie voted with the majority to reject the resolution, she wrote to her Mormon bishop, asking that she and three others be taken off the church rolls: "If on account of our names being on the Church books we are now considered members of the Church, we feel that it is honest and best to ask you to take our names from the books as it is our desire to be united with the Christian Science Church."[18]

In 1893 Kittie was asked to be in charge of the Salt Lake City Reading Room. She also traveled to Boston again to study, and there she received her bachelor's degree of Christian Science from the Massachusetts Metaphysical College. Entrance requirements included previous education and three successful years of practicing Christian Science.[19] She joined the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston on 6 April 1895.

Kittie returned to Salt Lake City in 1896, was elected as second reader in the Salt Lake church, and started working as a Christian

Science practitioner.[20] A year later she again traveled to Boston. Her mother-in-law wrote: "Lucretia returned on Wednesday from Boston and Chicago where she has been the past month in the interest of her Science Church work. She did not see Mrs. Eddie but attended the Mother Church in B. which is to them equivalent to our Temple. She looks well and seems much pleased with the result of her visit. Next year they will build a Church here."[21]

The energies of the Salt Lake congregation had been directed to the building of that church since its first meeting in 1891. They obtained the services of important Utah architect Walter E. Ware, who designed a beautiful Richardsonian-Romanesque structure. The cornerstone was laid on 4 June 1898, and the dedicatory services were held on 27 November that same year for the finished structure, then completely free of debt—a remarkable evidence of the energy and commitment of the congregation.[22]

The building had a seating capacity of 650, but the services were attended by over a thousand from Utah, Colorado, Nevada, Wyoming, and Idaho. The aisles of the lower floor and balcony were filled with chairs, and people stood in any available space. Kittie opened the services and acted as first reader, in the absence of Lewis B. Coates, who was in the East. C. F. Stayner then acted as second reader in her place.[23] During the service, Kittie summarized her testimony: "Whole nations have risen or fallen through their misconceptions of Deity. Let us rise to the true understanding of God, as revealed in Christian Science—Infinite Life, Truth and Love—and man as His image and likeness . . . the appearance of beautiful churches all over our land testify that prejudice and intolerance has given way to investigation and acceptance."[24]

In August 1899, an advertisement appeared in the *Christian Science Journal*, the official organ of the Christian Science Church, which listed Mrs. Lucretia H. Kimball, C. S. B., principal of the Salt Lake Academy of Christian Science, with two classes to be taught each year. At some point she was given private instruction in Chicago from Edward A. Kimball, one of Mrs. Eddy's students and the Normal Class teacher in the Board of Education, which had been established in 1898 by Mrs. Eddy to prepare certified teachers of Christian Science. On 27 February 1920, Brigham Bicknell Young notified the Mother Church of her passing on 22 February in Boston.[25] She had been visiting with her daughter. Her obituary recognized that "it is said to have been

largely through her efforts that the Church has grown to its present proportions in Salt Lake."[26]

It is appropriate that a religious system founded by a woman had a woman as its chief supporter in Salt Lake City. The movement's flourishing in Utah may have been encouraged by Mrs. Eddy's advocacy of equality between men and women: "Civil law establishes very unfair differences between the rights of the two sexes. Christian Science furnishes no precedent for such injustice, and civilization mitigates it in some measure. Still, it is a marvel why usage should accord women less rights than does either Christian Science or civilization."[27]

A Mormon pioneer family, responsible in part for the successful founding of Mormonism, produced in the second generation an additional religious pioneer, Lucretia Heywood Kimball, who helped build a strong foundation for Christian Science work in Utah.

5

Ora Bailey Harding
Making Music

Marianne Harding Burgoyne

For Marianne Harding Burgoyne this essay was a personal as well as an academic endeavor. All her life she had heard that her grandmother, Ora Bailey Harding, had been instrumental in organizing musical performance groups in Price, Utah, so she set out to discover just how influential Harding had been. Newspaper reports offered ample evidence that Harding's efforts had significance far beyond her own lifetime: her initial productions were the fountainhead for many of the musical and theatrical groups still operating in Carbon County. Burgoyne was born in Hayden, Colorado, and educated in public schools until her junior year in high school, when she became a boarding student at Rowland Hall-St. Marks in Salt Lake City. She received her bachelor's degree from Brigham Young University and has completed her master's as well as her Ph.D. course work in English at the University of Utah. Widely published, she has written poetry, magazine articles, a novel, and, with her husband, professional articles in medicine and psychiatry. She is also a popular public speaker, currently conducting in-house symposiums for the Utah Opera Guild.

"Her hobby was music. She started taking piano lessons at seven years when her little hands could barely reach an octave," writes Nellie Cluff Bailey in her personal history, about her daughter Ora, whose short life was a sustained dedication to making music. "Not only did Ora play the piano, but she had a lovely voice as well," continues Nellie. "She was always willing to give of her talents to the joy of others. She sang in the Mormon Tabernacle Choir as a soloist when she was only a young

Ora Bailey Harding promoted musical productions in Price. From her efforts have come many of the performing organizations still active in Carbon County. Photo courtesy of Lurean S. Harding.

girl, and after her marriage, moved to Price, Utah, and there established a studio and taught voice and piano to many, many students. She was music director of the LDS Carbon Stake Mutual, and conducted a chorus of two hundred voices. The service she rendered will never be forgotten by the people."[1]

I am happy for Nellie Bailey's history, written in 1949, extolling the talents of her daughter. This history details essential facts about Ora Bailey's life and is all I have ever known about her until now. I am Ora's granddaughter, who never met her. She died at age forty-five in 1939, a year before my parents were married. I was, then, never a beneficiary of her talents, except perhaps genetically. I don't even remember many family stories, only that she taught voice and piano lessons to pay for her son Edward's, my father's, tuition for two years at the University of Utah. When she died, my father could no longer afford college. He married and went to war for his country. Getting to know my grandmother, therefore, became a matter of research. I was motivated by the KBYU advertisement which asks, "One hundred years from now, will anyone know who you were?"[2]

I have since learned from Ora's obituaries that her mother's journal did not record several of Ora's most outstanding accomplishments, among them producing and directing the operas *Martha* in 1937 and *Carmen* in 1938 for the Carbon Stake Mutual Improvement Association (MIA) of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS Church). Both productions received "church-wide acclaim."[3] She directed the *Messiah* as well for many years in the Carbon Stake. Ora sang solos and also soprano in quartets she organized for countless church gatherings, including weddings and funerals, a familiar presence whenever a performance was requested.

Civic-minded, Ora's interests extended beyond church callings. A second obituary further informs that she was state chairman of music for the American Legion for nine years and filled the same office for the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs, compiling the music book used by both organizations. Included in the book were many of her compositions. Her American Legion chorus and trio received recognition at the state convention in 1938, and the trio went on to place third at the national convention in Los Angeles.[4]

All of this Ora did because she loved music. Her daughter Virginia Carnavali, of Scottsdale, Arizona, told me that other than for

her private voice and piano lessons, Ora never accepted money for the countless hours of service she rendered, directing music for every civic organization in town. Producing *Martha* and *Carmen*, Ora trained every solo part herself.[5] Virginia speaks of her mother with awe, a bold reverence, unable quite to articulate what was so inspiring about this woman who ultimately spent so much energy doing what she loved that she died doing it.

Ora was born to Nellie and Oliver W. Bailey on 7 October 1893, their first child.[6] Apparently, she came into a happy home. Nellie writes in her history that a day after her wedding, "We moved into our own little home built by my lover husband. Happiness seemed our crowning glory. We lived there eight years where three of our children were born. The experiences of those days were precious. . . . Opportunities came to my husband and his ever ambitious efforts were rewarded, so we built another home, ten rooms, located near my old home, on Fourth East, between First and Second North in Provo, Utah." Nellie writes of her duty and pleasure to encourage and help her husband with "my love and confidence, thrift, and sacrifice." She writes that she even gave up a trip to the 1904 World's Fair in St. Louis, to finish the upstairs and put in a bath. "Then room by room we bought the new furniture." She exclaims, "Oh! the satisfaction and joy of those efforts. Those stairs were always a joy to me, for down them came each morning my children, happy and content."

Nellie's glowing account tells of what mattered to her: spouse and children, material possessions, things of beauty. She cared that her home was nurturing and secure. The young couple seemed very much in love. The blissful state described captured what the couple's early years of marriage must have been like. Then, too, they had money on their side.

Ora's father, Oliver William Bailey, was financially affluent. He owned a saloon, Bailey and Vincent, in downtown Provo, and prospered, providing stability for his family. In the 1910 edition of *Pictorial Provo,* mention is made:

> Bailey and Vincent—Liquors
>
> In a city the size of Provo there is always to be found a number of institutions whose business it is to furnish liquid refreshments to her citizens, and a first class institution of this

> kind is owned and conducted by the above named gentlemen, in their own building, at No. 22 West Center street.
>
> The bar and the interior are handsomely furnished in cherry, decorated with French double plate mirrors.
>
> The goods handled are the choicest imported and domestic wines, liquors and cigars, and the standard brands of whiskeys, making a specialty of the celebrated Old Crow and Sherwood Rye brands, several employe[e]s are required and in every way the house denotes a first class gentlemen's resort.
>
> The proprietors, Mr. Oliver W. Bailey and Mr. David J. Vincent, are both natives of Provo, and are well liked and respected throughout the community.[7]

Nellie was embarrassed that her husband ran a saloon and wouldn't talk about it. She didn't mention it in her personal history. Nor did she mention that in later years she and Oliver had their share of marital problems involving another woman.[8] When that liaison ended, Oliver and Nellie had their fourth and final child, born nine years after their third, which event Nellie called "another supreme happiness." She writes, "My husband was so proud and happy, he went downtown and bought a cradle, a buggy, and a high chair, all for our darling son." Oliver and Nellie remained married until Oliver's death on 7 July 1923.

Nellie writes, "My hobby was refinement and culture, and I never failed to grasp the opportunity to improve the shining hours." According to her daughter-in-law, Merlene Bailey of Provo, Utah, Nellie was a member of two prestigious literary clubs and gave numerous public book reviews.[9] One of her foremost investments was in the upbringing of her only daughter. Nellie was intent on ensuring Ora's cultural success. She likely arranged Ora's solo debut with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.[10] She also would likely have been the driving force behind Ora's continuing schooling.

Ora grew up in the Provo schools, attending Brigham Young High School beginning in 1909, receiving a diploma in music in 1913. Her transcript reveals she was a dedicated student, achieving more A's than B's, taking piano and/or voice classes all four years.[11] Since she was nearly twenty at the time of her graduation, it is likely she completed a special two year's course in public school music from 1911 through 1913.

According to the 1911 yearbook, the *Banyan*,[12] this course was first instigated in 1909, while Ora was still in high school. The course was under the general direction of the Music School at Brigham Young University, first begun when Dr. Karl Maeser was the entire faculty, developing by 1911 into a department with nine special departments with special teachers in each. The university music department's four-year course gave general culture in addition to special music training.[13] The two-year course followed suit.

The *BYUTAH* (replacing the name *Banyan* that year) 1913 yearbook features Ora singing with a girl's quartet, as a soloist in a practice room, as a member of the 13HS (high school) executive committee, as well as her individual and class group pictures. She burst actively on the scene, busy and productive, extensively involved in her music. She received A's in both her piano and music classes that year, as well as in history and theology, receiving a B+ only in English.

In the 1913 yearbook, an anonymous author prefaces pictures of students engaged in music activities with an introduction entitled "The Music School," where he campaigns against "rag-time music," the nemesis of his age. He writes:

> Many people of the twentieth century wonder and even go so far as to ask, why is music spoken of as being sacred, as being a supplication unto God. Is it any wonder that such a question could be asked by the uneducated class, when we hear nothing but rag-time music at all of our modern places of amusement? This condition among our people is deplorable, and every effort on our part as individuals should be used to put a stamp of unfitness upon rag-time music, and to bring ourselves and neighbors into closer touch with music of a higher class.[14]

The author is likely a faculty member or at least a senior student influenced by a faculty member who believes this ragtime–all bad, classical–all good dichotomy. Something of an idealist, he continues:

> Very few people have the ability to render selections from Wagner, Beethoven, Liszt, Mozart, Tan[n]hauser, Mendelssohn, etc., but we all have the capacity to enjoy and appreciate these selections when rendered by capable men and women. . . .

> Imagine, if you can, after hearing a selection from one of the famous composers, the joy that they received while their minds were in a condition to write such themes. We cannot all become great composers, but we can train ourselves to appreciate a high standard of music, and to be able to offer simple supplications unto God with but a very limited musical training.[15]

The quest of this music department, then, was a noble one, with a commending stamp of approval sealing classical music as perhaps the single worthy investment. This thinking permeated the environment of Ora's impressionable years. She was being trained to render sacred music unto God, to learn and propagate only the best that is known and thought in classical music, and to go forth with a mission, educating the masses to appreciate the greatest musicians who had composed.

In one more significant point of this introduction, "The Music School," the author tells us: "For a number of years the choir, under Professor Lund, has put on an opera each spring. These have proved successful and educational from every point of view. We are very sorry that we were not favored with a production this year. Instead, Professors Lund and Johnson are working up a male chorus and also a ladies' chorus, consisting of twenty-five voices each; they will render selections from Wagner."[16]

Mentioned in a preface, again entitled "The Music School," in the 1911 *Banyan*, are some of the best remembered operas: *Daughter of the Regiment, Priscilla, Beggar Student, Princess Ida,* and *Maritana*.[17] These productions introduced Ora to the planning, work, and joys experienced by bringing a cast together to put on a performance. Likely, she participated in these and knew the joys of being on stage. Of particular interest is the opera *Priscilla*. Years later, in February 1927, when Ora was a young mother living in Price, Utah, she sang the lead in *Priscilla.* According to the *Sun*, the Price newspaper, the production was staged at the Star Theater 31 January and one evening the first week of February. The cast then toured the coal-mining towns Hiawatha, Castle Gate, and Sunnyside. The *Sun* reports, "Packed audiences greeted the cast at all performances."[18] The article lists Mrs. Ora B. Harding as Priscilla, along with ten other principals. Professor E. M. Williams from the high school faculty directed the production. *Priscilla*, then, is a link to Ora's schooling. Her years at Brigham Young directly shaped

her career. And a decade after this performance, when she staged her own productions, she again copied the pattern of her formal training: she chose the spring every year to perform them.

Ora matriculated to attend Brigham Young University, taking science, two vocal classes, piano, pedagogy, and gym, and achieving a perfect A record her freshman year. Because Ora was enrolled in the pedagogy class, she was likely a part of the Normal Training School, which purposes were "to help students appreciate educational theory by themselves putting it into practice, and to train them in those practical adjustments which constitute effective teaching."[19]

The 1914 *Banyan* includes in its "High Lights of the Year," written by Professor A. C. Lund: "The B.Y.U. Music Department has twenty-six representative students teaching school music. A similar number of choir leaders are doing splendid community service. It numbers among its singers several in important places in opera in Europe and America. Its weekly recitals by teachers and pupils have disseminated as much culture as any organization in the West."[20]

So solid a member of this music department was Ora, I visualize her student teaching in the public schools, supervised by professors; leading choirs in the community to fulfill service projects; and giving solo recitals on campus to earn her A grades. She learned "to serve, to accept responsibility, and to produce results socially valuable,"[21] again the aims of the Normal Training program. These very skills became her great assets once she left the cocoon of her training and surfaced as the music butterfly in Price, reenacting the highlight of her training.

One more article in the 1917 *Banyan* is of interest with respect to Ora's college training. The article is a small write-up entitled "B.Y.U. Symphony Proves Great Success," which begins: "While the B.Y.U. team is in Chicago contesting for world honors in basket ball, an event quieter, but perhaps more significant in the long run, was taking place in Provo Wednesday night [14 March 1917]. This was the symphony concert by Professor Gudmundson's orchestra. The presentation represents the third season when the organization has attained to this high musical achievement."[22]

Its significance is this: Ora was enrolled at Brigham Young when its music department blossomed like a rose. The new special departments included vocal, instrumental, wind instruments, harmony, violin, band, and orchestra. She was enrolled when the symphony put on

its first performance. As a newlywed still living in Provo in 1917 and taking classes sporadically at the university, she may have heard this third symphony performance, which included among its selections Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Schuman's *Aria* from the F-sharp Sonata, and Nicolai's Overture to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.[23] What is most certain is that she fell under the spell of great minds whose governing philosophy was this: train students well, send them forth, and they will produce what is socially valuable, what is classical, what is beautiful.

This 1917 *Banyan* article ends meaningfully with this: "The months of study necessary to this recital served only to heighten their [the performers'] appreciation of the masterpieces presented, which fact is always a characteristic of classic art, be it literature, painting, music, or what-not; whereas a similar period devoted to rag-time music would satiate and disgust." Here's the deprecation of ragtime again. The crusade against it had not yet abated. "Long after our basket ball heroes shall be forgotten, these young people will be organizing orchestras and stimulating the beautiful in music throughout the hamlets, towns, and cities of the entire intermountain region."[24]

From this high-minded influence, Ora emerged, a woman capable, a woman schooled to sing Mozart and Wagner. Perhaps she had even fantasized by then that she could stage operas much like the ones in which she had surely performed. When she settled in Price, a coal-mining town and melting pot of race and culture, she had the education, inspiration, and audacity to bring the music of Bizet, von Flotow, and Handel with her. One wonders if she ever allowed anyone under her tutelage to sing ragtime.

In 1916, Ora married George Belt Harding,[25] whom she had met in high school sometime before 12 June 1912, when he left Provo for a Mormon mission in England. He mentions her name on what seems like every page in his two-volume, 410-page journal, sometimes desperately speculating whether or not she will wait for him. Ora was not an easy catch, however, and nearly married a young attorney-to-be. Even the 1916 *Banyan*, in a caption next to her name, claims, "She sets a spring to snare them all."[26] Ora's brother-in-law, Thatcher Jones, said, "The attorney would have been a better match for Ora intellectually, but George was beautiful and he won out."[27] In fact, Ora's daughter, Virginia, admits, "Ora was no beauty, not as beautiful as George, but she was classy and carried herself like an aristocrat. She dressed well,

even elegantly, and liked wearing the Bavarian crystal beads George brought her from Germany."[28]

Ora and George had two children. Edward was born 25 May 1919 and Virginia on 24 November 1920. Ora's daily responsibilities undoubtedly changed to the domestic. Having two children eighteen months apart would have kept her tied to household chores. In 1923, the young family moved from Provo, Utah, to Price, her final home.

Once established there, Ora didn't waste any time. She immediately organized a community choir. News of its genesis appears in the *News-Advocate*: "A community chorus has been organized under the direction of Mrs. George B. Harding that will probably bring together the greatest number of talented singers ever assembled in Price. At a business meeting of the singers last Friday evening Henry Gibbs was elected president of the new organization and Mrs. Rulon Bryner secretary-treasurer. Mrs. Harding was given the privilege of selecting her own assistant director . . ." (24 May 1923). This choir performed for numerous celebrations under her direction for nearly two decades. By 1933, the *Sun-Advocate* reported the chorus boasted 150 voices when it performed on July 4th (6 July 1933). Ora also quickly became a soloist at important events around the community. The *News-Advocate* reports she sang a solo, " The Mighty God Hath Spoken," pleasing her audience, at the dedication of the LDS Tabernacle (5 July 1923).

Because Ora served as stake MIA choir director in the Carbon Stake after moving to Price, I searched the LDS Church Archives beginning in 1923 for reference to her. There is no mention of her until 1927. Neither, curiously, is there much mention of any event involving music. Then, on 12 May 1927, a mention is made that the Ladies Chorus of Carbon Stake won first place in an interstake contest.[29] Less than a month later, on 16 June, the record reads, "A motion was made to write a letter of appreciation to Sister Ora B. Harding for taking part in the stake chorus." Recently acclaimed for her successful run as the lead in *Priscilla,* Ora quickly became the driving force behind future stake competitions and music productions.

The next year, again in May, the Ladies Chorus of the Price Ward won first place in an interstake contest, and by 22 August 1928, the minutes show that Ora Harding was accepted as the music director on the Carbon Stake MIA board. Ora served the next eleven years in this capacity, until she died.[30] The church records are filled with references

to her, citing her busy at work on competitions, plays, Gold and Green Balls, and musicals. Quotes like "Ora talked on the duties of a music director and on contest work for November" (24 October 1928), "Ora discusses community singing and gave suggestions for [music] to be used during December" (25 November 1928), "Ora talked on music in contest work" (25 February 1929), "Ora urged executives to get busy and begin contest work now in wards. Once a month she will visit the wards and help all she can" (24 November 1929) suggest the gusto with which she went about her church calling.

It is not hard to visualize her at work at any given time of the year. Early spring brought the Gold and Green Balls. She served on the organizing committees, generally to choose the queen. The spring performance followed—plays in the early years, and later musicals, the May and June stake music competitions, community singing at the Union Meeting at the Stake Tabernacle, stake and general conference meetings, mixed quartet performances in the fall, the *Messiah* in December. Often, the *Sun-Advocate* named the choruses performing simply as " Mrs. Ora B. Harding's." (19 July 1934)

Nona Stevens Smith, of Salt Lake City, grew up in Price and recalls one such MIA competition when Ora took her and a group of young people to the June conference in Salt Lake, "the highlight of their year." There, they competed in a music contest held at the McCune school of music. Nona writes in her book, *Nona Is Another Name for Love*: "Mrs. Harding was the director of our chorus and she had us doing a beautiful job. The judge for the contest was Evan Stephens. Later, it was rumored that the chorus that won was from Nevada, and their director was a personal friend of Even Stephens. She [the Nevada director] was no more like Ora Harding in her directing than anything! She just didn't act like she knew what she was doing when she directed. We were really disappointed that we lost."[31] In a personal interview, Nona affirms, "Ora was the best."[32]

All this while, Ora taught private piano and voice lessons. Her niece, Barbara Hess, of Salt Lake City, remembers that once a week Ora drove from Price to Soldier Summit, twenty-four miles, to teach piano.[33] Students also drove from surrounding communities to take lessons. One such piano student was Mae Lemon Barton, who lived in Ferron, Utah, but drove forty miles every week while she was in junior high and high school to study under Ora. Ora's daughter, Virginia,

describes Mae as Ora's finest piano pupil. Mae describes Ora as one of her "very best" piano teachers, recalling that Ora taught her "good technique." When Mae was a senior in high school, she gave an all-Chopin recital, and she remembers when Ora encouraged her to play in a Provo, Utah, competition, at which time Mae memorized Chopin's *Scherzo* in B-flat minor, all twenty-five pages. She doesn't remember that she won first place, but remembers doing very well.[34] It was Ora who encouraged Mae to continue her piano studies and helped her get into the Sherwood Music School in Chicago. There, Mae was praised for her fine technique, which, again, she attributes to Ora's tutelage. Mae even remembers that while Ora was teaching her, Ora went to California and studied under a well-known pianist, coming home only to pass on to Mae all that she had learned. Mae says, "Ora was energetic and competitive, driving her students to outdo themselves. Her vision of what we could achieve encouraged me to pursue my studies nationally. Ora was a wonderful part of my training and has, therefore, always meant so much to me."

Ora had big plans for her own dreams as well. As early as January 1930, the word "opera" is first mentioned in the Carbon Stake MIA records: "Ora talked on places for opera and suggested plays that could be given" (26 January). In February of 1930, "Ora read a paper on 'The Life of Schubert and Beethoven['] and demonstrated how music could be put over in words." There is evidence in these stake minutes that the two major operas Ora directed were not her first opera projects. On 18 September 1932, "Brother Arvel Stevens [of the stake MIA presidency] gave out copies of the opera. Sister Ora Harding talked on the music project." On 28 January 1933, "Sister Ora Harding explained plans made for musical to be held on March 4th." Another entry on 21 November 1935 cites "the stake board meeting held at the home of Ora Harding. Sister Ora Harding discussed the opera." Unfortunately, these minutes never specify which opera.

Opera was not foreign to the community either. The *Sun-Advocate* reports that during those years, staging light operas was a project of public schools. Ora may have been a major force in opera, but others were clearly engaged in the cause. Carbon High School presented *Don Alonzo's Treasure* in March 1937 (reported 11 March 1937),[35] Columbia sixth grade cast the operetta *Autumn Gold* in 1937 (2 December 1937), the Price Central School performed *Spring Glow* and *The Wedding of the*

Flowers in 1937 (11 March 1937) and *The Palace of Carelessness* in 1938 (3 February 1938), and Harding School staged the operetta *Betty Lou, the Dream Girl* in March 1938 (reported 24 February 1938). Opera was not as removed from the common school child as it seems to be today. For one thing, no legislature had disbanded music programs in the elementary schools, and music was a solid part of the curriculum in all phases of public schooling.

Anne Ewers, the very successful and charismatic general director of Utah Opera since 1991, graciously granted an interview and speculated with me how a woman of Ora's capabilities could have accomplished what she did. She recalls her own experience coming to opera: "I can go back to when I was six years old and was directing plays in my parents' garage. It was something that was part of me from the beginning and there are those of us in the business who experience it. There is a passion and it's not that you want to do it; you have to do it. And so you put yourself in a position to gather the resources, you believe in it so strongly."[36]

Remembering the training that brought her to her present position, Ms. Ewers explains, "When I was in graduate school at the University of Texas, if I wanted a good production, I designed the lights, the costumes, the set, and directed it. It was a marvelous learning experience which I have never regretted. And the same thing with the early years of running a tiny company in Boston—I almost killed myself doing it, but the desire, the passion to make it happen moved me, and I'm sure that's what your grandmother possessed."

Ms. Ewers speculates that Ora must have started moving the community toward performing opera long before she attempted her major performances. Says Ms. Ewers, "You couldn't march in and do a *Martha* or a *Carmen* without some kind of ground work both in terms of audience education and doing smaller works to get people intrigued." Ms. Ewers also surmises that if Ora were directing operas in Price, she was dealing with some pretty young, green, and inexperienced singers. "So there is that challenge of teaching them to put one foot in front of the other," says Ewers. "She was quite a neat lady to have accomplished all of this."

The first notice of a community opera appears in the *Sun-Advocate* on 11 March 1937. Under the heading, "Community Opera Plans under Way," with a subheading, "Talented Group Is Preparing for Presentation," the article reads: "A musical treat is in store for Carbon

County residents in the near future when the Community Opera Company presents the opera 'Martha,' under the sponsorship of the Carbon Stake Mutual Improvement Association. . . . The production, the date for which has not been definitely chosen, is under the direction of Mrs. Ora B. Harding, who reports that all members of the chorus as well as the leading performers have been chosen by tryouts."[37] By this time in her career, Ora had long since assumed the music chairs for the American Legion and Utah Federation of Women's Clubs. Her music calling was not simply a church appointment; she was directing music for the entire town. She drew from all her resources, reaching outside her church to cast her productions, making *Martha* a major community project. Ora thought big, at least for a small-town girl. Then, too, she drew from the resources of her community choir.

On Thursday, 15 April 1937, notice is again given in the *Sun-Advocate*, "Delightful Entertainment Is in Store for Music Lovers":

> One of the most ambitious operatic undertakings in the country's history will be fulfilled Thursday (tonight) and Friday with the presentation of the musical classic, "Martha." . . . A matinee performance Wednesday afternoon in the high school auditorium served as preview for the evening show and demonstrated the high quality of the entertainment offered music lovers.
>
> A star cast of local singers, elaborate costumes, beautiful scenery, and expert direction combine to make the opera one of the most outstanding productions of its kind ever attempted in Price.
>
> Comedy, drama, romance, and melody are delightfully blended in the ever-popular vehicle that has thrilled audiences throughout the world. . . . The cast includes 12 principals and a chorus of 37 selected singers. The score will be played by a full orchestra featuring string instruments.[38]

The coverage of the opera in the *Sun-Advocate* reported *Martha,* a light comedy of mistaken identities, to be a success:

> Fully living up to advance promises and justifying further activity along the same line, the Community Opera's presentation of

> Flotow's famous opera, "Martha," was enjoyed by large audiences Thursday and Friday evening in the high school auditorium. The select cast of Carbon County singers scored a pronounced success. . . . The leading roles were portrayed by the following: Verda Beck, Natalie Bean, Murray Mathis, John Harmon, Willard Harmon, Rollan Gardner, Jack Redd, Kell Grange, Veloy Powell, Mazel Harmon, E. R. Hansen, and James Anderson. . . . Mrs. Ora B. Harding was musical director of the opera, with Mrs. Grace Harmon as piano accompanist, Clark Wright as director of stage and scenery, Allan Ramsey as concert master and Gunda Anderson and Lucian Reid as dance directors.[39]

A cast picture exists of Ora's *Martha*.[40] Ora is on the far right in formal dress, tall and thin, a baton in hand. The lead singers, Murray Mathis and Verda Beck, are seated in front, with the cast of sixty in peasant costume. The stage is decorated with trees to resemble a country fair setting. The achievement is apparent. The cast is professional looking. The click of the camera has sealed forever one of Ora's crowning moments.

With her first major success accomplished, Ora moved on to something even bigger: *Carmen,* the famous tragedy of the ruthless gypsy. I asked Ms. Ewers what it would take to produce *Carmen,* one of the most difficult of the grand operas in the classical repertoire. Ms. Ewers herself directed Utah Opera's production of *Carmen* in the fall of 1996. Says she, "The biggest thing you are dealing with is the huge cast. I am including chorus, supernumeraries, the whole lot. You are dealing with anywhere from eighty to one hundred fifty people on stage. And so 'traffic cop' is a big issue in terms of how to move the people, how to move them convincingly, how to give them individual characters and make the piece come alive."

Ms. Ewers notes that another challenge is the interpretation of the piece. She has seen *Carmen*s that were pretty, not so pretty, glitzy, abstract, even esoteric in their approaches to *Carmen*. Ora would have had to decide from a broad range how she was going to interpret the piece. Then, too, Ora would have to choose whether to perform the recitative or dialogue version, and have an ability to translate the libretto, word for word.

The cast of *Martha* assembled on the stage of the LDS ward in Price. Director Ora Bailey Harding is at the far right, baton in hand. Photo by Rice Studios, no longer in existence; this print from Bruce Bryner; copy by Cherrinda Beck Gardner; used courtesy of Nona S. Smith.

Ms. Ewers points out that there are a lot of dramatic holes in the opera. "If you read the novella, you can begin to tie them together. It's not like Puccini that works by itself. You've got to do things to *Carmen* to help the plausibility and to help the piece flow." Ms. Ewers notes that although Bizet was brilliant, he hadn't had a lot of experience and unfortunately died before he achieved success. "He didn't," she says, "have all of the tricks down in terms of the composition."

Ms. Ewers thinks that the character of Carmen is one of the most demanding roles in the repertoire. She explains, "You've got to have a Carmen who, for me, is utterly free. And to find a woman who can portray that on stage—it's not grinding the hips; it's a total sense of self, a total sensuality, but you have to be it, not act it." Of course, Ms. Ewers had the wonderful opportunity to work with a natural, Ms. Adria Firestone in 1996, but she has had other Carmens who were not innately tuned into the character. She says, "They can sing it beautifully, but they can't necessarily act it, and that's the challenge for a stage director."

Ora's Carmen was Edith Olsen, a woman who had sung opera all of her adult life, including *Norma* and *La Boheme*. She was forty-four when she performed the title role in Ora's production. Her daughter, Dorothy Whitney, of Scottsdale, Arizona, informs me that her mother was an eager Carmen. Mrs. Whitney says her mother was an innate actress who threw herself into her roles. When asked if her mother were "sensuous," she answered, "Oh no, she wasn't sensuous, but she loved the thrill of doing something as racy as *Carmen*."[41] These leading roles, which included the town's prominent tenor, Murray Mathis, were covered by the best singers Price had to offer. And although they may not have just stepped off the plane from New York, having previously performed their role dozens of times, they were talented and ripe enough to succeed with the production.

I asked Ms. Ewers about the work it must have required for Ora to train all of the solo parts herself: "Certainly her own knowledge and study. But the bigger issue is the energy and stamina required to do that. With an opera like *Carmen*, she's not just coaching a Carmen, Don Jose, Escamillo; she's also doing the tiny roles, the ensembles, the quintet. The piece is very tricky musically, so you've got to envision someone who is working hours a day to get the cast to achieve this. Any time you coach, you pull from your own emotional experiences to help

the singers get it. You drain yourself completely. When you are at the keyboard, the notes you are playing must be second nature so that you can focus on what the singers are doing vocally and stylistically. Because Ora was producing something in a community theater setting, she had probably been coaching her principals for months and months and months."

Ora's daughter, Virginia, attests to this. "Edward [her brother] and I were so sick of the 'Habanera,' we thought we would shoot ourselves if we ever heard the piece again. That's not to say that we weren't proud of our mother on opening night."

Ms. Ewers says that anyone who chooses to do *Carmen* isn't just competing on a level with everybody else; she wants to be better than everybody else: "You don't just go for the A; you go for the best A." Ewers adds, "She's a real risk taker because she could have gone with *Cosi fan tutte* or *Don Giovanni*, smaller, more intimate pieces, but she chose one of the biggest challenges in the repertoire. She could have fallen flat on her face."

The first notice of *Carmen* in the *Sun-Advocate* is made 10 February 1938, informing us that the choice of twelve leads had been chosen by four judges:

> Mrs. Ora B. Harding, opera director, made the announcement.
>
> "Don Jose," principal male part, will be played by Murray Mathis; "Escamillo, Toreador" by Merlin Nielson, Kenilworth; "Zuniga," Oris Simmons, Spring Canyon; "Morales," Rollan Gardner; "Lillas Pastia," innkeeper, LeGrande Mathis; "Carmen," gypsy girl, Edith Olsen; "Micaela," village maiden, Pauline Olsen; "Frasquita," Ida Seekmiller, Kenilworth; "Mercedes," Natalie Bean; "Dancairo," James Anderson; "Remendado," Max Thorne, Spring Canyon; "Guide," Bob Carnavali, Kenilworth.
>
> Rehearsals are held almost every night. Choruses for the opera have been organized for several weeks, and it is expected that the entire presentation will be ready for public appearance the latter part of next month.[42]

Ora did not do this production alone. First of all, she reached into neighboring communities (as the above list indicates) to find singers. She set up committees in finance, advertising, costumes, and properties,

consisting of prominent men and women of Price. She also had two assistant directors, Harold Bithell and Clark Wright, who were in charge of the dramatic actions. Her piano accompanist was Mrs. Grace Harmon, and the concert master was Alvin Duke.[43] The community orchestra was enlisted. By all indications, this production was a major community event.

News of the opening made the front page of the *Sun-Advocate* Thursday, 31 March: "Grand opera, considered an almost unattainable pleasure in this section and for the general population, will lead the entertainment program of most of Eastern Utah's music critics and enthusiasts next week, this opportunity having been made possible by Carbon Stake M.I.A. under direction of Mrs. Ora B. Harding, in presenting "Carmen" Wednesday and Thursday, April 6th and 7th at Carbon Theatre in Price. . . . A chorus of fifty voices, choice singing talent of this region, will support the principals."[44]

The *Sun-Advocate*'s article reporting the event gives a mixed review, without elaboration. In an article entitled "County Singers Display Talents in Famed Opera," the coverage begins:

> Opinions differ, but all agree that *Carmen* . . . was one of the most outstanding musical productions ever given in Eastern Utah.
>
> Talents trained for co-operative rendition by Price's prominent vocalist and music leader, Mrs. Ora B. Harding, were joined together smoothly, affording the audience a treat seldom available to the public.
>
> Realistic stage effects, designed by S. A. Olsen, Lynn Fausett and Carl Olsen, with colorful costumes worn by the characters proved additionally attractive, while Mrs. John Harmon and Alvin Duke furnished principal instrumental accompaniment for the singers.
>
> Mrs. E. K. Olsen and daughter, Pauline, who took the leading female roles, and Murray Mathis, tenor principal, gave splendid interpretations of Georges Bizet's most famed composition.[45]

"Opinions differ, but all agree," is ambiguous at best. It is interesting to speculate how Ora fared with the subject of *Carmen*. *Verismo* opera, *Carmen* offered "a slice of life," focusing on the lives of common

people instead of aristocrats, and tackled low-life, even seedy, situations. Carmen, for example, allows her fate to be determined by a card game. Its subject indeed may have been shocking to some Carbon County residents, as it had been when it was first performed in 1875 at the Opera-Comique, the Paris theater that catered to a particular kind of family audience.[46] And Ora's production was church related. It's hard to imagine any LDS ward today choosing to produce *Carmen* or even garnering the resources necessary to produce it.

In that same paper (7 April 1938) is an article offering viewers' comments following the opening night performance: "A very high class entertainment and a credit to the community. Congratulations to Mrs. Harding, the cast, and the M.I.A." (W. E. McIntire); "I think the opera is by far the best I have ever had the pleasure of seeing in Carbon County" (Mrs. Leo Clark of Spring Canyon); "A splendid rendition of an opera of highest quality. Congratulations to Mrs. Harding and the whole company. The orchestra deserves special mention" (Melvin C. Wilson); "In the production of 'Carmen,' a big thing has been well done" (Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Liddell and Mr. and Mrs. D. Christensen of Columbia).[47] These comments provide at least enough insight to say Ora and her cast pleased many in the audience. The opera did not fall on its face. By all indications, it was well received, and its subject matter was not an issue, at least publicly. Instead, Ora realized her greatest achievement. That moment came not any too soon.

Ora took ill in February 1939, at her younger brother, Harold's, wedding. She never gained her strength back. She died in her home on 21 July 1939. Elaine Jensen, a former vocal pupil of Ora's, said she worked herself to death.[48] Not having professional resources at her fingertips, and carrying the "buck stops here" burden of the enormous productions, she was undoubtedly exhausted. It is sad to speculate when she must have realized she did not have the vitality in her to do it all again.

Her obituary reports that she died of "heart trouble,"[49] but the family remembers that she died of a bowel obstruction.[50] In either case, her son came home one July afternoon to a silent house. His mother lay dead in the front bedroom. Had Ora kept her health, she probably would have continued to put on an opera each spring. Piano and voice lessons would have continued, at-home auditions and opera rehearsals. Making music would have, as always, been the central focus of the household.

Ora's husband, George, married five or six times (his children lost count) after she died, never finding the same happiness he had found in loving her. Ora's son, Edward, married Lurean Stevens, one of the cigarette girls in *Carmen,* and Ora's daughter, Virginia, married Bob Carnavali, who took the small part of the guide. Edward had four children, two sons, two daughters; and Virginia had two daughters. Ora's legacy of *Carmen* was greater than she lived to realize.

I witnessed my father, Edward, who was a tough, worldly, unsentimental man, cry only twice: once, when he told me my best friend Pat had been killed in a fall from a horse, and, covertly, when we sat together in the Mormon Tabernacle (a rare experience), listening to the choir. He must have been overwhelmed by memories of his mother, who died when he was barely nineteen. And any music of *Carmen* must have been nostalgic, even the once hated "Habanera." *Carmen* is my favorite opera. It is the one opera about which I can say I enjoy almost every minute of its lucid and sensuous French music. I like to sit back in my lounge chair, close my eyes, and listen to my compact disc of it, so deeply imbued with a Spanish spirit that I imagine myself transported to some Basque countryside. And if I imagine a little harder, I can position myself in the Carbon Theatre, 6 April 1938.

In my mind's eye, I can see Ora walk from the side of the stage, hear the audience warm to her appearance, watch her as she steps up onto the podium, takes a deep breath, waits, waits still, and then raises her baton. The "Toreador Song" bursts forth with overpowering force, dazzling, exotic, exhilarating, a melody so universally recognized as one of opera's greatest "hit tunes" that it is hard to believe Bizet himself once called it "trash."[51] But then, artists often fail to recognize their achievements. I wonder if, at this moment, Ora realizes what she has accomplished. She undoubtedly experiences overwhelming emotion as the opera unfolds, her cast singing back to her: Carmen's seductive "Habanera" and taunting "Seguidilla," Don Jose's poignant, heart-rending "Flower Song," the inebriating frenzy, dizzying *accelerato* of the bohemian dance, Escamillo's swaggering entrance, the chorus's jubilant "Toreador Song." I experience Ora's quintessential moment. She is as glorious as Bizet's chorus, as brilliant, as passionate, as triumphant. She is vibrant, so fully alive in this magical moment. She is happy. And one hundred and seven years after her birth, I certainly fathom who she was.

Algie Ballif models the new uniform for BYU's dance department, ca. 1920. Photo courtesy of Georganne Arrington.

6

Algie Eggertsen Ballif
No Subject Was Taboo

Georganne B. Arrington and Marion McCardell

As a child growing up, Georganne Ballif Arrington knew her grandmother delighted in watching her dance. But it wasn't until Georganne was majoring in dance at Brigham Young University that Algie shared her own experience in helping to create that very dance department. Georganne went on to receive a B.A. in university studies and an M.A. in dance at BYU, writing her master's thesis on her grandmother's contributions to the school. Today she is a professional dancer and is currently the director of education for the Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company. Her neighbor, Marion McCardell, holds a B.A. in English and an M.A. in communications from BYU and has taught both subjects at BYU and at Salt Lake Community College. She has written a variety of free-lance articles. When Arrington offered to provide the research if McCardell would do the writing for this project, she gladly agreed since she also descends from early Utah settlers and is interested in their stories, especially those of the women.

The sins of the fathers may be visited on three generations, but positive parental traits are bestowed on countless children's children. Algie Eggertsen Ballif was the product of such parenting. Student, dancer, teacher, school administrator, political activist, daughter, wife, mother, grandmother, Algie Eggertsen was born 3 May 1896 to Lars Echart Eggertsen and Ane (Annie) Grethe Eggertsen nee Nielsen. As the second child, Algie entered a home already infused with education, art, conversation, and a firm sense of the individual's responsibility to improve the community, especially the lives of the disadvantaged.

Lars Eggertsen was born 3 March 1866 in Provo, Utah, to Danish immigrants Simon and Johanna Eggertsen. Annie Nielsen was born 8 January 1868 in Veddum, Denmark, to Back and Mette Marie Christensen Nielsen. Lars and Annie were married 28 October 1892 and raised six children: Luther, Algie, Thelma, Anna Marie, Mark, and Esther.[1] Together they diligently fostered and carefully nurtured learning in their home. No subject was taboo for intellectual quests, and two rules always applied: consider all sides and think seriously about any issue raised.[2] The community sometimes looked askance at this liberality of ideas—it led to questioning authority, discussing touchy religious philosophy, and forming unpopular political opinions. It also produced articulate, clearheaded children who would foster learning, thinking, and artistic endeavors in their own children and communities.

Lars was well equipped to inculcate thought and art in his children. He devoted many years to Utah County schools as "a teacher, principal, school board member and president, and superintendent of both public school and church seminaries." His college experiences in eastern schools had given him a profound interest in culture and the arts, and he devoted his life to improving both in Utah Valley, an enormous challenge in a small community still reluctantly withdrawing from the frontier. Few Utah Valley towns had been settled for longer than fifty years, and the people of Springville had only recently felt the security of consistent crops and harvests, permanent homes, tolerable weather, peace with the Indians, and a humble amount of leisure time. The idea of "painting a picture" rather than a barn, a fence, or a wagon, was foreign to most residents. So when Lars was living in Springville, reorganizing its public school system, he began a concerted effort to educate the community about art and its intrinsic worth.[3]

He formed the Springville Art Movement and used it as a vehicle for finding ways to combine familiar art forms such as music, drama, and poetry—recreations that sustained pioneers on the westward trek and helped settlers keep faith and optimism while fighting illness, famine, and blight—to tell the story and illustrate the meaning of a wide variety of paintings.[4] He sponsored "Library and Art Evenings" to help familiarize people with art as a legitimate way to spend time and express meaning. The *Springville Independent* describes one of these educational evenings: "Twelve beautiful pictures, subjects from our best painters, were the special gifts of the evening. The subjects of several pictures were explained by music, story, or verse."[5]

Lars offered public access to his personal collection of books and art prints. He arranged for traveling art exhibits to include Springville on their itinerary and for businesses along Main Street to exhibit them. Although these exhibits only contained prints, not original paintings, he was able to attract the public and get people to pay a modest entrance fee, the proceeds of which would go to buy paintings.[6] The Art Movement was eventually able to put together an art collection and even build an art gallery which opened in April 1907, bringing, as the *Springville Independent* wrote, the distinction that, "Springville now lays claim to the honor of being the first community in the State to acquire a public art gallery thru [*sic*] the efforts of the district schools."[7] This evolved into the renowned art collection now housed in the Springville Art Museum. Lars's talent for taking something with which the community was well acquainted and comfortable to communicate the meaning of something unfamiliar taught Algie lessons she would absorb and utilize throughout her life.

However, Lars Eggertsen's cultural interests did not end at visual art, drama, and music. He was also devoted to literature and "declamation." He loved acting and had parts in many local theater productions when he was a young man, as evidenced by his collection of newspaper clippings and advertisements for plays and musicals and critical notes about his performances in them. He was also a fine orator and gave many public speeches such as the valedictory address at his Michigan School of Business graduation. And his personal library included books by Francouis Delsarte, through which he became acquainted with the Delsartian method of combining speech with dramatic gesture.[8] These wide ranging cultural pursuits so important to her father helped construct Algie's paradigm of what was, or should be, a normal, well-rounded life—an ingrained assumption that guided her eventual desire to include dance in the BYU curriculum and reading in the Head Start program.

Annie Nielsen Eggertsen also had a profound influence on Algie's world view. Annie was devoted to her family and her husband's educational ideals. She stalwartly supported all Lars's professional pursuits and was as dedicated as he to supplying their children with an appreciative background in good music, painting, drama, and literature. What's more, Annie made sure her daughters had the same opportunities as her sons. Esther Eggertsen Peterson, the youngest daughter, observed, "We were certainly all education-oriented; that was just

assumed. Also, as I look back on it now, I think how wonderful it was that there was never a question but that all the girls would get the same education as the boys."[9]

Ensuring cultural education required considerable creativity. The Eggertsens, as with most rural families at the turn of the century, had never-ending work and innumerable menial tasks to perform as part of their day-to-day existence. The only way to make enough time for recreation was by combining it with work, and Annie made sure culture was part of that combination, taking every opportunity to teach her children as they performed various household tasks. Caruso on the phonograph accompanied food preparation; someone reading from a novel enlivened rug making; adding to a progressive story sped raspberry picking. Even Sunday meant much more than church. "Sunday dinner was a time of excitement for the children; parents, older children, and guests provided a lively and informative discussion around the dining room table," a pattern Algie was to continue for her own children and grandchildren. These Sunday visitors included artists, school teachers and administrators, local politicians, and in the summer members of Chatauqua, a touring group from Chatauqua, New York, which produced drama, music, lectures, and other cultural activities for the children. These varied visitors made the Eggertsen children feel they were "touching greatness," and as Esther put it, "We were not concerned with things but ideas."[10]

Algie never lost the appreciation for art and respect for intellectual inquiry inculcated by her parents. Diaries from her youth through early old age contain many more references to the quality of ideas, conversation, and thinking of the people she encountered than they do physical descriptions. Sometimes her early dedication to culture and learning could make her a little harsh in her judgments, it is true, but such innocent snobbery is easily forgiven. Three diary entries serve as samples: Tuesday, 30 November 1915, "Mr. Knight took me to the vaudeville. My, the people there. I can't imagine what will become of our civilization. We don't appreciate the big and beautiful. People enjoy amusement where they don't have to think. No wonder Shakespeare isn't liked or present dramatists like George Bernard Shaw." Sunday, 28 May 1916, "After dinner Jessie put us in the car and we went over to Saratoga. It is a resort where people break loose from all moral restraint and do as they please." Sunday, 4 June 1916, "Oh I hate Salt Lake. The Park [Liberty Park] was crowded with pleasure

seekers. Aimless girls and youths. Seeking only the showy side of life. The dreamy side where you don't have to think. Thank God I have parents who have inspired me in nobler lines."[11] Algie never did suffer fools gladly, and in later journals, she freely expresses disappointment, even disgust with boring activities and nonthinking people.

The quality of ideas and artistic endeavors were not the only things to mold Algie's life, of course. She had her share of all-too-real physical experiences as well—trials which enlarged and deepened her empathy, her "unflagging ability to identify with minorities and underdogs, whether of the racial, ethnic, impoverished, or handicapped variety." Algie was born with a cleft lip, and while she didn't have the challenge of a cleft pallet as well, "the hurt of realizing, at some moment in her childhood, that she had a disfigured mouth, that she couldn't have it surgically repaired until she was in her teens, and that the operation would in any case leave a scar—this kind of pain, of particular anguish during the years of puberty, was to leave scars of an inward sort, which . . . figured significantly in the development of her enormous powers of empathy with disadvantaged people of all kinds." While the proclivities of her parents would have taught Algie sympathy for the less fortunate in any event, without this deformity, it might not have been "as intensely and personally felt. It was her strength and good fortune to be able to divert what might have been a crippling self-pity into channels of active love and vital service to family, community, state and nation, and in doing so to save her *self* from her sense of blight."[12]

The very establishment of her mother's household also shaped Algie's sense of self, duty, and the traits admirable in a woman. The Eggertsens were "a house plumb full of people." For most of Algie's growing up years they lived in Provo at 868 North University Avenue and took in BYU students as boarders to supplement Lars's income. During the 1913–1914 school year, when Algie was seventeen, in an arrangement that the BYU Housing Standards Committee would never allow today, both boys and girls boarded with them. Four boys lived in the two north bedrooms upstairs: Harold and Clive Davis, Milton Marshall, and Harry Russel. Across the hall in the large south double bedroom lived four girls: Algie and her sister Thelma, Louise Howard, and Jessie Greene. According to Algie's daughter Gene, "Upstairs, between the north and south bedrooms, was a fair-sized hall-sitting room, and beyond that to the west front of the house was a small library

where many of the family books were kept and where there was a study-table and chairs. So what separated the boys from the girls in this arrangement was only this common-room hall and study—and of course their own good Mormon sense of where to draw the line."[13] The rest of the family slept on the main floor. With her own children plus boarders, Annie had a household of fourteen to manage, and there was a tremendous amount of work to do.

In her 1914 diary Algie mentions the arrangements for the boarders and spends considerable time analyzing their personalities and romantic entanglements, but refers only briefly and tangentially to the bane of all women in that era, trebled in such a large household, the Saturday work. Housecleaning was

> a weekly labor of no mean dimensions in those appliance-starved days—and the Eggertsens did not yet have even a vacuum cleaner. Everything had to be swept with a broom, dusted, rugs taken out and beat clean; floors had to be mopped and bathrooms scrubbed; all the bed linen had to be changed. . . . And then there was cooking and baking and churning butter (they had their own cows) or killing, plucking, cleaning, and dressing chickens (they had their own chickens), and of course taking care of the cows and chickens themselves, and all that entailed. Then there was always sewing and mending and weaving rugs, and whatever chores might need doing—and there were always plenty of them.[14]

Algie's entries note that she "worked good" if the Saturday work is finished by four o'clock.

The primary responsibility for heavy Saturday housecleaning tasks may have fallen on Algie and Thelma, but overseeing that work was only the beginning of Annie's. She "had her hands full in the kitchen and cold-cellar, preparing food, cooking and baking, often helping her husband out of doors in the garden or cow-shed or chicken coop, or with their plots of fruits and vegetables, or tending to the irrigation."[15] Naturally, Algie and Thelma helped with these tasks too, and various other weekday tasks like the huge washing on Mondays and the endless ironing on the following days,"[16] but Annie was still left with more to do than time to do it.

Eventually, Annie's load became too heavy and Algie had to drop one of her favorite classes so she would have more time to help her mother. She wrote, "I decided to drop American Literature. It is too hard on Mama to have to do all the work. I had a right good cry this morning. So did Mama. I don't blame her for getting despondent sometimes. She works so hard . . . I suppose these days come in every woman's life and will come in mine when I get married."[17]

Annie's schedule left no choice but to give Algie a lot of responsibility. Algie sincerely admired her mother for being able to run a large household smoothly while keeping it pleasant and loving as well. She wanted to help her and felt duty bound to hold herself and her younger sisters to the same high standards as her mother set for herself. So she was rigorous in her supervision of the chores done by Anna and Esther. They would have said she was bossy. They were much less aware of Algie's desire to spare her mother than of her sometimes imperious manner, and some lifelong resentments grew in the hearts of the little sisters. Esther "several times recall[ed] the exasperation she felt on being compelled by Algie to dust every little curve and crevice of the parlor furniture, and get in between every little spoke and slat of a particular rocking chair that had a great many of them."[18]

In spite of her awareness of how demanding home management could be, by 1914 Algie saw her future through a mist of romantically idealized domesticity. She yearned for "someone she can love, who will love her in return, someone with whom she can hope for a full life, for marriage and a family as dear to her as the family she'd grown up in, and for a sense of personal meaning and worth."[19] Even the hard work was made beautiful when Algie saw it in the context of being like her mother. "Whenever she envisioned her future as wife and mother the desire was always to be like Annie Eggertsen and to have a family as happy as the one she belonged to." On 8 March 1914 she writes, "My the kiddies are sweet. I hope I can have some like them someday," and during spring break she describes her family this way: "The kiddies are mopping the floor, Mama is making button-holes, Papa is reading the papar [*sic*]. My, what a happy home we have! I hope I can always make it happy too." The "kiddies" might not have been too thrilled about mopping the floor, but Algie "cherishes the whole scene."[20]

That Algie wanted to improve herself in every way is shown in this Saturday, 11 April 1914 diary entry: "I worked good today.

Thelma and I had all the work done by four. I finished copying my short story [one she wrote for Girls Day and wanted to have perfect] and then I cut potatoes. My but it was fun! After that, Thelma and I planted potatoes, and my, the people that passed by were so silly! They made fun of me! But I didn't care. I want to be able to do all things." This ambition was the direct outgrowth of wanting to be able to do "everything her mother could do, as well as to be able to accomplish those things her mother encouraged and inspired her to do outside the domestic realm."[21] These accomplishments included improving her education and excelling in school.

When Algie started Brigham Young High School, her main interests were elocution, drama, and literature, but she soon discovered a different art form: dance. "At this time, I was beginning to be aware through the reading I did and pictures in magazines that there were in the United States great people who were expressing themselves in the dance. I read all I could about these interesting activities."[22]

She met a young woman, Margueritte Stewart, who had studied tap-dancing and ballet in New York. Algie admired Margueritte and thought her dancing was beautiful, but she was reluctant to become involved in dance herself until the eventful night when she went to the light opera *Madam Sherry* at the Provo Opera house. She recalled:

> It was a lovely musical . . . but the one act that simply . . . took me off my feet was when the dancers came out. I can't call it ballet, because it wasn't ballet, but they had some dancers . . . and they all were gowned in white, filmy costumes with great sleeves that made lovely waves—and rather long below their knees. Well, they danced and I thought it was so beautiful; I even remember the words of the song . . . because this was really the theme of "Madam Sherry":
>
> Every little movement
> Has a meaning all its own;
> Every thought and feeling
> By some gesture can be shown
> And every love thought
> That comes a stealing
> O'er your being

Can be Revealing
In its sweetness
With some appealing
Little gesture all of its own

Well, I'll tell you, they did it—and it was just beautiful to me. I recall I came home completely carried away.[23]

The concept of motion merging with meaning stayed with Algie, and from that time she spent many hours, when no one else was home, practicing what she had seen. She would open the sliding doors between the parlor, reception room, and dining room of her parents' house, rummage up old pieces of "torn sheet and anything else soft and filmy," and dance up and down the rooms, trying to match the steps of the *Madam Sherry* dancers. "I was simply overcome with joy of the music as well as the dancing."[24]

There wasn't a trained dance teacher at Brigham Young High School, and folk dancing was only infrequently included in physical education classes; still, Algie managed to nurture her interest in dance on her own until her junior and senior years at Brigham Young University when she enrolled in "modern social dancing, folk dancing, group games, and social plays."[25] She would use all the techniques taught in these classes by Eugene L. Roberts and Edith Barlow—who trained at the University of Utah and taught physical exercise and personal hygiene and similar classes at BYU from 1915 to 1918, and who also had a little dance training which she shared with her students, helping them learn to move gracefully and easily—in the years to come as she taught physical education herself.[26]

The many and varied activities of Algie's student life give insight to the innocent sophistication of the time. They also show her tremendous energy, dedication to study, and a social life many now would be hard pressed to keep up with, but which established the busy pattern she continued even in her "working grandmother" days. On Wednesday, 1 December 1915, she writes, "Had a short talk with Than, he thinks I am a fright the way I run from one place to another." Running from one place to another is an apt description. In her entries from 23 November to 1 December 1915, we learn she gets up at 5 A.M., studies, takes biology and a biology lab, teaches classes at the high

school, makes rolls for Thanksgiving, runs cross-country, does the family wash—during which she reads *The Tempest* and "two or three love stories too," starts teaching private elocution students, goes to Salt Lake to hear the Honorable Mr. Hobson on prohibition, studies, organizes the Literary Society, takes gym, teaches gym, goes to rehearsal for a play she is in, goes to the vaudeville, takes elocution class, and goes to a "Board of Control Meeting." She puts a lot into nine days. And in just one, not atypical day, Saturday, 4 December 1915, she attends Teacher Institute, goes to a discussion about George Bernard Shaw, comes home and "made me a gown," does a little crocheting, and goes to rehearsal. Going to dances and plays two or three times a week and staying up until 2 A.M. was not at all unusual either.

During these busy school years, two of Algie's teachers were especially influential. One was Miss Camp, who taught elocution, speech, and drama. For Miss Camp's classes, Algie studied such things as *The Sorrows of Rohab*, *The Soul of the Violin*, and *The Revolt of Mother*.[27] Many journal entries refer to memorizing cuttings from these, writing and practicing speeches, and wanting to please Miss Camp. They also document her struggle to swallow her disappointment when Miss Camp decides to produce *Cupid at Vassar*, the Gilbert and Sullivan parody of erotic renunciation, and after hinting at Algie's taking an important role, not only doesn't cast her for a lead part, but doesn't put her in the play at all. Journal entries show her efforts to "show Miss Camp," by working, practicing, and applying every little criticism to become proficient at both public speaking and acting.[28] She knew early the sweetest revenge is success and forcing herself to get over heartbreaks, or at least not let them show, and forging ahead in some positive direction was a typical coping strategy throughout her life.

Algie's second influential teacher was Miss Alice Louise Reynolds, who taught theology and literature. For Miss Reynolds, Algie read Bryant, Shaw, and Henry Snyder Harrison's play, *V.V.'s Eyes*. This play about "an enthusiastic young doctor, V. Vivian, who attempts to reform the selfish daughter of a factory owner, includes pleas for improved factory conditions, child-labor legislation, and women's rights." Clearly, "Algie's liberal-reformist education may well have begun at home, but it was certainly nourished by some of the literature she read for Miss Reynolds."[29] Miss Reynolds would continue to guide, instruct, and

motivate Algie throughout her life, and in appreciation Algie would help organize the Alice Louise Reynolds Forum.

School served another important role in Algie's later teenage years: a talisman against the unpleasantness of life as a spinster. By the summer of 1914, Algie's interest in romance was in full bloom, and the more her friends found beaus, the more she wondered if she would ever have one and the more determined she was not to let her eagerness for her own romantic entanglements show. She wrote, "Henry took Louise to the basket-ball game and I had to stay home alone. I don't care if I will be an old maid. Men are no good. Anyway, I can teach Elocution and be happy."

Much of Algie's early writing is exceedingly earnest and more concerned with the state of art and matters of the heart than with being witty, but occasionally she lets her wry sense of humor come through. On Saturday, 3 June 1916, she writes that she went to an outdoor performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and "just as we were leaving, the grandstand gave way. Jessie and I fell ten feet but we were not hurt. It certainly was an experience though. Very unique sensation too."[30]

In the spring of 1916 Algie began seeing A. Ladru Jensen, and her writing chronicles her first love affair in classic forms of the romantic literature of the time: flowery language, pastoral settings, unrequited passions. Several entries illustrate the way her cultural and artistic background percolated into her prose and how noncynically innocent were those pre–World War I days:

> The things he said to me I can't repeat or write, they are hidden deep within my soul. . . . After our talk we walked slowly home and went up in the orchard. We had walked in silence for some time. Oh those moments when two people can live in the realm of deep thought, and still feel the other's influence. I can't understand Ladru. When we got under a good old apple tree, he took my arm and said with such feeling and frankness, "Don't you think our friendship deserves a few liberties and familiarities between us?" and my answer will on that rest a dream and a hope. A dream of a few minutes that I can hardly think of as real. The hope that as Ladru said our friendship will last forever. The first time that my heart throbbed for some reason or other. The first time I utterly trusted a boy. [Wednesday, 31 May 1916.]

She says this after he told her at the beginning of their walk that "it is a good thing school was closing because we two could not go together much longer. We both would have to forget each other for a time."[31]

Ladru has now gone and Algie is sad. She goes to a dance with someone else, and misses her "Perfect Day" dance with Ladru. "Came out in the orchard and had a good hard cry. Oh how I cried, some unknown Algie came up in me and made me sob. . . . I didn't know how much of my joy depended on someone else until tonight. [Thursday, 1 June 1916.]"

> I love my beautiful Utah home, the wildness and primitiveness of the scenery is what inspired me. After we left Stewart's ranch we found a little island in the creed [*sic*] where we ate our lunch. The spot was so quiet and verdant, the boughs hung so low, the noise of the water blending with our voices made it very sublime. The boys did enjoy lunch, especially the sandwiches. While there it began to rain, we hurried on but it soon came down in such torrents that we had to seek shelter under the trees. The storm ceased a little, so we started on. Got on the wrong trail but it led through a most beautiful spot, up through the pines over a stream on a log. I love to go new ways so it pleased me. The air was wonderful scented with that fragrant pine odor, the damp earth and the rain-laden leaves all gave the scent of spring. The mountains were rich in vegetation. The most beautiful shades of green I have ever seen and right next to all this spring grander [*sic*] was great masses of white snow. Just beneath these mountains was a great grove of quaking aspen. Their silvery leaves were trembling in the wind. I can't describe the joy I experienced in viewing such scenery. I love Nature, to me it is my inspiration." [14 July 1916.][32]

As in any romance, Algie's plot is complicated and then thickened. Her 1916 summer entries vacillate between euphoric descriptions of true love when all is well between herself and Ladru and distraught examples of her broken heart when he ignores or misunderstands her.

Her Saturday, 19 August, entry introduces what will prove to be a life-altering experience. "Went to Dentist Hansen and got my tooth

eased. Washed, dusted, crocheted, reconciled myself to going to Rexburg [Idaho]."[33] This is the first time she writes about going to Idaho and her less than joyful feelings about it. According to Algie's daughter Gene, BYU president George Brimhall extended a call from the church for Algie to go on a teaching mission to Ricks Academy. She didn't want to go, but her parents eventually persuaded her to try it for a year. Whether this stemmed more from their religious convictions or from their concern that Algie was more in love than Ladru and that her passions were increasingly more difficult to keep in check is not clear.[34]

By 1 October, she is packed, ready, and the day of her departure is upon her.

> It is 1:30 Sunday night. I am sitting by the fireplace and all is over. Ladru has gone and perhaps forever. Never to leave this house feeling as he does toward me as he does now perhaps. Our evening was oh! So beautiful and sacred. I felt I know him as no other person. My soul and his soul beat in such unison. I gave him my picture and then came the parting. I love him, by my soul I do, and his feelings are the same. I'll miss the press of his big strong hand and oh! The absolute contentment when he holds me tight to him. Does it live or die?[35]

So off Algie goes, "in the throws of love-bridled agony, not really knowing, but always striving to articulate the reason why, and make herself feel good about it."[36]

Her time at Ricks Academy tested Algie in a variety of ways. She got an intensely hands-on introduction to the demands of full-time teaching. Besides teaching gym, physical education, theology, and expression, Algie taught "lots of English" at the academy high school, something she hadn't expected and didn't want to do. She filled many of her lonely evenings preparing for her classes: "Came home and spent most of the evening studying, it keeps me busy to give my students something worth while. I am . . . going to try and do good work in everything. Praying God to help me I think I shall succeed. [Wednesday, 11 October.]" After spending hours trying to develop the right approach, "I talked to my physical ed. girls on how to keep their bodies well and clean. I talked real plain to them, some rather laughed at me, but they will get over it. [Friday, 13 October.]" "One more day

of experience gone and I am so busy I can't see how I am going to get through it all. My English work has kept me busy from 5 until 10. [Thursday, 17 October.]"[37]

Hints at the tensions that would develop between her own conscience and the official pronouncements of the institutional Mormon Church also make their way into the Rexburg journal entries: "Sister Paxman gave me some brandy for my cold. [Sunday, 8 October 1916.]" She has been to the lyceum concert with several other teachers and "Lo and behold Dell took us into a cabaret. Just think, Academy teachers at such a place. A lady in a See-more gown danced and sang all the time. We sure felt foolish, yet enjoyed ourselves immensely laughing about it. [Saturday, 15 October 1916.]" "Had an excellent faculty meeting, yet some of the things they decide to do are so narrow. [Monday, 6 November 1916.]"[38]

Ricks was an emotional refinery as well. Between being desperately homesick for her family, from whom she had never been away for a prolonged period, and longing for Ladru, to whom she was all but engaged, Algie's heart was sore at best. But the poverty of some in the community was wrenching, and her awareness of it propelled her burgeoning self-motivated, as opposed to parent-directed, concern for the poor. "Today I went to Lyman to visit S[unday] S[chool]. It was a good cold ride in an auto . . . it filled me with a new desire to work when I saw children walking for miles, and families ride in buggies three or four miles to go to SS. Could I do it? [Sunday, 22 October.]"[39]

The lonely, heartsick fall quarter finally ended and Algie went home for Christmas. She spent an almost frantically happy vacation getting ready for Christmas and spending time with Ladru going to church and dances, playing games, reading literary works aloud, and having long, tender discussions. She was a nervous wreck when she got on the train to go back for winter quarter. It is possible some of this emotional upheaval was rooted in an event not recorded in her diary, but often told to her family later. One of Algie's duties as a faculty member was chaperoning school dances. In the course of one evening before Christmas break, a school official pointed out to her a certain young man he thought was "dancing too close" to his partner. He told her to correct the indiscretion, which she reluctantly (according to her) did, by tapping him on the shoulder and politely informing him of the official opinion. The gentleman then courteously inquired whether she

would be so kind as to show him "how to do it right." Whereupon she did, making it possible for him to finish the dance in perfect Mormon decorum. After this he sought her out, introduced himself, and asked her for the next dance. "That's how it all began, and if papa could hear this account of the occasion again he'd say 'Yes, and she's been showing me how to do things right ever since!' And mama would laugh, and exclaim 'Now George!'"[40]

Algie might not have written about him, but she was impressed enough by this young man, one George Ballif, returned missionary and local boy, to cast him as the leading man in the play *Cousin Kate*, which she was producing, directing, and playing in as the lead female role. She had cast him for the play before the holidays and started rehearsing with him immediately after her return, before she had quite decided on the rest of the cast.[41]

By the end of winter term, Algie was "overwhelmed by the dilemma she finds herself in—virtually committed to Ladru and now falling in love with George." Her diaries stop abruptly after George "startles and thrills" her by expressing his feelings for her, but four of his letters to her over the ensuing spring and summer are included in the 1917 transcripts and they "indicate very well what is going on between them and how intense the romance has become." According to her daughter Gene, "From what he says we know that there were other letters of that period, and that Algie wrote him as often and as passionately as he wrote her. What happened to those letters I don't know, but my guess is that so much of Algie's conflict over her feelings for both George and Ladru get into them that she may have destroyed all of her own and probably those of George's that revealed too much of it."[42]

Part of Algie's indecision over whether to stick with her first love or transfer all her loyalties to her second came from Ladru himself. He was handsome, a good match, and had consumed her dreams, heart, and plans for over a year. However, he had "hurt her deeply when they were all but formally engaged, by asking what the risk might be of their having a child with the kind of hare-lip she herself was born with." No doubt he brought this up with all the delicacy at his command, but Algie was excruciatingly sensitive to this birth defect, even after it had been surgically repaired, and that Ladru, who knew what a devastating thing it was to her self-esteem, would bring it up had to make her feel he would love her less, or perhaps not want to marry her, if he thought

she could pass on the defect. George Ballif's "unqualified love and ardent devotion harbored no such scruple."[43]

Before Algie had completely sorted out her tumultuous passions, America entered the Great War, and both George and Ladru were conscripted into the army. By the time the war ended, George would be her man. He would transfer to BYU when he got out of the army and join the debate team. He and Algie would make a wager over the outcome of the BYU-Princeton debate: If BYU won they would get married. What they would do if Princeton won would not be specified, but people get engaged in all sorts of strange ways in Provo. BYU did win and George and Algie were married in the Salt Lake Temple on 24 December 1920, putting to rest any lingering fears Algie might have harbored about using teaching as spinsterhood consolation.

However, back in 1917, when her beaus went off to the war, Algie took her confused heart back to Provo and graduated from Brigham Young University in 1918. Her first job after graduation was to teach at American Fork High School for the 1918–1919 school year, but the flu epidemic closed all the schools in Utah County, as well as much of the rest of the state. So she nursed her family instead. She never went back to American Fork High because before the 1919–1920 school year started, President George Brimhall offered her a contract to teach at BYU. "Her responsibilities were to include classes in speech, English, physical education, and Book of Mormon—all teachers were required to teach one religion class. Her stipend was $90.00 a month."[44]

Algie earned every penny of the monthly ninety dollars and then some. During that school year she taught English, speech, religion, physical exercise and personal hygiene, social dancing, advanced gymnastics, advanced apparatus gymnastics, advanced marching and rhythmic exercises, dancing and social supervision, scout craft and beehive activities, and athletic coaching and directing. Not only did she have many individual classes, but each was rather all-encompassing. For example, in physical exercise and personal hygiene for women, the description in the 1919 BYU course catalogue said:

> The exercise work in this course is designed to improve the health, strength, and physical efficiency of the students and to develop good posture, correct bearing, ease and grace of movement, and economical motor habits. The plan includes formal

> gymnastics, marching, dancing, games, and sports suitable for women.
>
> The hygiene instruction will embrace lectures and demonstrations in care of teeth, eyes, ears, throat, nose, hygiene of exercise, bathing, diet, sleep, work, study, recreation etc.[45]

Of her teaching this year, Algie later recalled, "My interests were quite divided between the work I had to do in physical education—classes for all freshman, a class with folk dancing, and a class instituted by Director Roberts in social leadership. So one can well see how busy I was and how torn I was in my teaching between things that I wanted to accomplish and yet there was not sufficient time in the day to take care of them."[46]

Algie "quickly realized that she needed more advanced instruction and direction in the area of physical education." What is more, Professor Eugene Roberts, the chairman of the Department of Physical Education, was eager to include dance in the department, and he wanted to make sure "its proper technique could be taught to the students of the University."[47] This "proper technique" element was so important because the dance craze that swept across America in 1915 and 1916 had concerned and offended some BYU administrators. President Brimhall had called on Professor Roberts to "hold the gyrating dances in check,"[48] and Algie had had a few run-ins with the president of Ricks over which dances she was allowed to teach there.[49] So when Algie approached Roberts about doing graduate work in physical education, he agreed and suggested she concentrate her study on dance at a twelve-week summer session in Berkeley, California.[50]

Algie spent the summer of 1920 in Berkeley with her father, who was also in school doing advanced work in educational administration. The techniques she later used to teach dance at BYU were instilled by her teacher Nesa Mathe Wehr. She helped Algie "recognize that the purpose of teaching dance should not be to encourage girls to pursue professional careers, but to help them appreciate their bodies and understand the necessity of their proper care . . . to be proud of a good figure and protect it through good nutrition and appropriate dress."[51]

During her summer at Berkeley, Algie also took speech classes and participated in the campus Greek theater production of *Antigone*.

Algie was, of course, well acquainted with Greek mythology and tragedy, but she had never seen it performed. As a member of the play's chorus, Algie was fascinated by its role in the production. "According to classical tradition, as the chorus sang the 'strophe'—similar to every third stanza in a poem—they moved from right to left; while they sang the 'antistrophe,' they retraced their steps exactly and returned to their original place. When the 'epode' was recited, the chorus stood in place."[52] Algie was impressed with this carefully choreographed stage movement and the way it advanced the dramatic action. "It seemed so much like dance to her, that she determined that one day she would combine drama and movement . . . for her own 'dance-drama.'"[53]

Algie came home from Berkeley filled with new ideas and embarked on two more years of teaching, which would not only sharpen her skills in the classroom but hone her ability to assess what was needed, negotiate with recalcitrant administrators for all they would yield, and slide some of the things they rejected, but which she thought necessary, through the back door. This was a skill she would use again and again in dealing with school boards, the Utah House of Representatives, the American Fork Training School, and the President's Council on Women.

Because Algie was dedicated to Nesa Wehr's teaching philosophies about developing positive attitudes toward one's body, she "wanted to give her students something tangible that would allow them a sense of pride and freedom about their bodies." Until Algie came home from Berkeley, "all exercise and dance were performed in the wool gym suits with bloomers below the knee." She came home armed with patterns for "practice dresses for dance class," and chose one she thought was both "appropriate" and "allowed total freedom of the body." This "uniform was a checked gingham dress—the girls picked their own color—with skirts above the knee and no sleeves, finished with anklet stockings and ballet slippers. Algie had instituted the first dance costume at Brigham Young University. Her students were delighted."[54]

Although it was not formally acknowledged in the course catalogue, Algie also began a specialized dance class for girls who had finished freshman physical education, and even though it was a no-credit class, she had so many students she had to teach a beginning section "especially for girls who needed help with relaxation," and an advanced

class for "those girls who seemed to have a natural grace and ease about their bodies."[55] Thus the women's dance department was born.

The dance classes were able to wear dresses, but the physical education students still had to wear the standard wool serge gym suits. Algie taught a class in the men's gym on one side of the campus, and another immediately after in the women's gym on the other side. This was a considerable distance to cover in the brief time allowed between classes, and to Algie it seemed eminently sensible to wear her thoroughly body-covering gym suit from one class to the other. President Brimhall thought otherwise. One day as she walked across campus she was summoned by a voice from an open window, "Miss Eggertsen, please come to my office immediately." BYU was considerably smaller then, and the president both knew his teachers by name and had time to notice what they wore. President Brimhall gave her a firm reprimand for appearing on campus in a gym suit and ordered her to wear proper clothing from thence forth. Algie tried to explain the illogic of changing her clothes, only to carry her gym clothes across campus and change back into them less than ten minutes later, but he was unyielding. Her mother helped her make a skirt that would "discretely cover her bloomers" so she could quickly pull it on over her gym clothes and still avoid the cumbersome business of a double, complicated lady's attire change.[56]

This solution filled the letter of President Brimhall's commandment. It also served notice of his "rigid attitude" and that "she would have to be careful as to the speed and extent of the changes in dress and classroom instruction that she wanted to introduce."[57]

Her problem solving skills were tested once again during winter quarter, 1921. Her advanced class was going to "display their newly acquired dance skills" during the Senior Prom intermission in the spring. For weeks they practiced to Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," the BYU band learned the music to accompany them, and costumes were made. They were made of some lightweight fabric—not as filmy as Algie would have liked, but she was being careful—which was tie-dyed in a variety of spring colors, and the hemlines had "a scalloped, almost petal effect."[58]

The day before the Senior Prom "the Ladies Gym was filled with students decorating, the band rehearsing, and the dancers practicing in costume." Unfortunately for Algie's plans to evoke the feeling of

nature, President Brimhall and art department chairman Elbert Eastmond dropped by to check on things. They saw the bare-armed, barefooted dancers and called Algie on the carpet. They told her the dance was lovely, but the girls had to wear socks and their dresses had to have sleeves. Algie "diplomatically protested," but the decision was final.

> When I went back to the stage and reported to the girls what the decision of the President and the Head of the Art Department was to be, they almost broke into tears. But we went on practicing and then had a little get-together afterwards upstairs in my office to see how we were going to meet this need. It was very disappointing to me particularly because I couldn't imagine the girls dancing in stockings. But the decision was made by the girls that it was one of those things that we would all have to abide by regardless of what we felt . . . We would have to buy stockings and put a semblance of a sleeve in the dresses. Mother was an excellent seamstress; she suggested that we make a little cap sleeve that would cover the upper part of the arm. The girls learned how to do it, and I must admit that everyone of them tried to make it as small as possible. Then the stockings—all we could buy were white. We tinted the stockings in very pale shades and kept them as near tan as we could to simulate the color of skin.[59]

Algie further recalls:

> The night of the performance came, we had practiced in the gym, and the girls were ready. They performed beautifully. If you could have seen it today—if we'd have had a movie of it—you would have screamed with laughter and I likewise get the giggles when I think that I had the courage to do what I did. And yet the audience clapped and clapped and the girls had to come out and do it a second time. My one disappointment was that they couldn't dance barefooted. But I had a feeling that the introduction of dance at BYU as one of the major divisions of the women's physical education department was really on its way.[60]

The dance department would indeed thrive, and in the 1970s there would still be friction between teachers and administrators over what classroom attire and costume designs were appropriate. For years girls had to special order ballet leotards to get the same capped sleeved coverage as Algie's students.

During the summer of 1921, Algie again went to school, this time in Salt Lake City, taking an intensive ballet course which met twice daily and was taught by Peter Christensen. This class increased her technical knowledge and helped her become proficient at barre exercises. In spite of her additional training, however, her fall quarter dance classes were "still unrecognized in the University Course Catalogue and still did not earn college credit."[61]

George Ballif graduated from BYU in 1921 and won a scholarship to Harvard Law School in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Even with the scholarship, they couldn't really finance it, so Algie stayed in Provo, teaching and earning money during the 1921–1922 school year.[62] Algie joined him as soon as possible after the BYU year ended. They lived in Boston for the summer, and Algie went to Radcliffe College, taking advanced gymnastics, field hockey, and eurythmics. She didn't care much for field hockey, but the gymnastics class, which "focused on exercises that manipulated props such as wands and clubs," gave her very helpful teaching information.[63] It was the eurythmic class, though, that captivated her. It was a new modern type of instruction helping women interested in dance to relax the body, to understand the movements and responsibilities of all the muscles, and to make them move smoothly and gracefully as they were portraying feelings, emotions, and ideas through dance.

Algie went back to Provo with a wealth of new teaching techniques to use in her finally officially recognized dance classes: PE 26 (Elementary Dancing), PE 27 (Elementary Dance Continued), PE 28 (Advanced Folk Dancing), PE 31 (Elementary Aesthetic Dancing: A course in dancing technique), PE 32 (Fundamentals of Position and Movement), and PE 33 (Interpretive and Descriptive Dances).[64] In this, her last year of teaching at BYU, she was able to "realize her dream of a dance-drama, 'Aphrodite and Adonis.'"[65]

In retrospect, Algie called this production "a masterpiece of ingenuity and amateurish dancing." Her attempt to introduce Provo to the art of dance was not unlike her father's efforts to acquaint Springville

with visual art. His Library and Art Evenings combined poetry, music, and painting, and her *Aphrodite and Adonis* merged art forms to create acceptance of yet another new form, "visual art and 'art' dance." "And of course when I think about it I want to laugh; I just keep wondering how I ever had the courage and the nerve to do what I did. Thank goodness there were no experts around that would call me on the carpet and say, 'You don't know what you're doing Mrs. Ballif because that doesn't conform' to this, that, or what have you. But nevertheless, I did and the girls and I loved it; the audience enjoyed it, too."[66]

Spring quarter, 1923, was Algie's last as a paid teacher. George had transferred to Bolt Hall Law School at Berkeley, and she was able to join her husband during his final year in law school. He graduated in 1924, and they came back to Provo to set up his law practice. Algie's father was ill, her siblings had all left home, and her mother needed her, so she and George moved into the Eggertsen home, where they would live for the next ten years, and Algie entered her life's next stage: motherhood.[67]

Algie entered the middle phase of her life with the same enthusiasm and vigor she had shown her other endeavors. She bore and raised four children: Algene, Joan, George, and Ane Grethe. But she didn't let little things like child care, housework, and home management slow down her other interests. Shortly after her first child was born in September 1924, she was called to the Provo Stake Board of Relief Society in charge of literary lessons. She served on this board for ten years.[68]

In 1930 the American Legion Convention was held in Provo.[69] Algie was elected president of the state women's branch, the Utah American Legion Auxiliary. "This gave me a lot of responsibility. I felt at the time I had no right to take it, but I did and I had a very successful year . . . I had the cooperation of my wonderful mother and my fine husband and family." The National Convention of the American Legion Auxiliary was held that year in Boston, and as Utah's president, Algie was responsible to go and represent Utah. "The state presidents were to wear the most historic gown we could get, gowns typical of the state we represented. I finally found and was able to obtain . . . the gown of Amelia Folsom Young, favorite wife of Brigham Young. She wore this gown to the inauguration of Ulysses S. Grant."[70] Each state's representative wore her costume and gave a ten-minute talk at the convention's final banquet in Boston's Symphony Hall.[71] "My talk,

which I had memorized, was well received because I had a good voice and everyone could hear me." (Take that, Miss Camp.) The dress became the "center of attraction at the banquet and people just hovered around our Utah table."[72] "That was quite an experience for me. I was very, very happy."[73]

In 1932 Algie became the national membership chairman of the American Legion Auxiliary, a position which gave her tremendous opportunities but also further raised the eyebrows of her disapproving neighbors. The national convention was at the end of January, and Algie was to present a paper she had written. There was just one small complication. Her fourth child was due 15 December, but "decided to wait too long," and wasn't born until 8 January. People were critical of her for thinking of leaving a six-week-old, but to go with a two-week-old was beyond the pale. However, "I had a good nurse then who came and took care of the child. A lot of people thought that I did something I shouldn't have, but I was so delighted I did. Oh my, some of the people thought that was awful. But it was one of the finest experiences I had. It tells of the struggle that women have right within their own community. Sometimes those whom you feel know you very well can hardly understand why you get motivated to do these things. I couldn't have given up some of these experiences without losing some of my education."[74]

In 1935, when the youngest of her four children was only three, some "very fine citizens" asked her to run for the Provo school board. Algie was afraid her young family should preclude such outside the home activity, but with George's support, finally decided to run. She ran against two "very splendid gentlemen" and won. Algie didn't gloat over her victory. In her usual understated fashion she simply said, "It was very unusual" for a woman to be on the school board. "Many years ago there had been one woman who had been on the school board by appointment. I guess somebody passed away, and she only served that one term." Algie on the other hand was elected on her own merits for five five-year terms.[75]

She served twenty-three of those twenty-five elected years, only missing the last two because Governor J. Bracken Lee changed school board elections to come every three instead of every five years. Of her time on the school board Algie said, "This was a most satisfying experience for me. It was a position which gave me insight, far more than I

had ever had into the problems of public education and I hope that I did some good."[76]

While she was on the school board, Algie also served two terms as president of the Utah School Boards Association. In both these positions she

> worked very hard for the equal pay for men and women teachers. I worked for the women diligently because there was a time when I would sit in board meetings and some of the male members of the board would come out with suggestions that this particular girl shouldn't get the same salary as a young man who was married and had a family. Now I disagreed with that policy, and I fought to see that women were paid for the job they did and the preparation [was] just the same as men, that the school board had no right to take into consideration if they were single or married or their responsibility. That was their job. We got that into our policy which I felt was very, very good.[77]

She thought the men on the school board were willing to listen to her because she had "learned the value from my mother and father in presenting problems without making the decisions . . . letting the decisions develop instead, and that is a long process."[78]

Algie wasn't finished shocking the neighbors though. In 1939 she worked on Governor Blood's Committee of the Utah World Fair Commission. Utah had a pavilion at the New York World's Fair in Flushing Meadows on Long Island, and the governor asked Algie to go back for at least a month as a pavilion hostess. She worried about leaving her family for so long, but Annie offered to care for them, and she and George convinced Algie to avail herself of the opportunity.[79]

While Algie was busy with child rearing, school boarding, American Legion Auxiliary meetings, and church work, she also found time to be active in the political process. She worked the grass roots level of the Democratic Party going door to door trying to get people, especially women, to register to vote. This was often very discouraging. Too many people just weren't interested. Once in a while even her dear friends would say, "You take time to do all this Algie? Do you really think women ought to be interested in those things? I have such faith

in my husband that if he tells me how to vote, I am going to vote just like he tells me." She had to use great tact and diplomacy to help both women and men see that political self-identity had nothing to do with supporting priesthood authority.[80]

Eventually Algie rose in the party ranks to vice-chair and then chair of the Utah Democratic Party.

> Now, that was an exciting experience. I think it was Roosevelt's second and third terms. I was in for eight years. We were organizing the state for a good Democratic landslide, which we had. It was fascinating to meet the people that came from Washington. We had meetings and radio was just beginning to be used. I very frequently had to take to the radio because they said my voice carried over well; I got one or two commendable comments about it. [Are you paying attention, Miss Camp?] So, I was a very busy person. But, all this time . . . I was able to manage my home, see that my children were well fed and went to school on time and did their work. I think it can be done if you have motivation. Some people will always find criticism. Did I find that out!"

However, some people were encouraged by her activism. When people who were ordinarily not "very anxious to get out and make their politics known" could see there were a "few people that are leaders in reasonably good repute in their community" and "active in the church," they could say, "Well, now Brother and Sister Ballif are active Democrats. I sort of like the way they think about these things," and then go out and take interest themselves.[81]

By 1958 Algie had slowed down a little. "I am off the school board. I am out of the American Legion. I am no longer on a Planning Board in the city, but I am still working in clubs and organizational work." Those clubs and organizations *only* included a few little things such as the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs, for which she chaired the International Relations and Community Service Divisions,[82] *Sorosis*, the American Red Cross, and Polio March of Dimes,[83] so naturally she needed something to do. The Utah Democrats asked her to run for the state legislature from her district. Again it took considerable thought, but she finally agreed. "I believed in women participating. I have

always been a great believer in women's rights . . . I felt I had the capacity because I had been in the legislature to lobby for school programs and I felt that I could do about as well as the men I had heard and talked with."[84] She again had two male opponents, and again she won.

Algie served two terms in the Utah House of Representatives. Her major work was in education and social services. She worked for "the increased equilisation fund in our schools" and was chairman of the Education Committee.[85]

She was persuaded to run for the state senate in 1963, but lost to Dr. John Bernhard, a BYU history and international relations professor and friend who had been helping her with some American Association of University Women duties while she was in charge of its International Relations Division.[86] Of her legislative work, her daughter Gene would come to say,

> If the essence of political life is the ability to practice "the art of the possible" then my mother is a gifted woman in both her private life and public endeavors, and as able and accomplished a mother as she has been civic leader and legislator. . . . She has always accorded her opponents equal respect and status and has always learned something worth while from her most difficult and costly encounters. In short, my mother knows that it is through the honest and spirited clash of ideas, opinions and temperaments that life sustains and enriches itself and that individuals can earn and enjoy the right to be themselves, to express their vital energies, and take pleasure in contributing to the welfare of each other.[87]

From 1959 to 1960, while she was still in the legislature and chair of the Utah Democratic Party, Algie worked very hard for John F. Kennedy's election. During the course of the campaign, Eleanor Roosevelt came to some of the Salt Lake City Democratic meetings and Algie "had the occasion to become quite well acquainted with her." When Kennedy took office, he organized the United States Commission on the Status of Women. He appointed Eleanor Roosevelt chairman and Algie's sister, Esther Peterson (whom he had also appointed assistant secretary of labor) vice chairman. Eleanor remembered Algie and her years of dedicated Democratic Party service and asked her to serve on the Education

Subcommittee. "They wanted a woman from the West, a woman who had school board experience. Well, of course, I was just happily honored."[88]

As an Education Subcommittee member, Algie went to Washington, D.C., about once a month to attend meetings and listen to women from all over America describe their experiences. Algie thought, "Sometimes I probably was over-awed with their brilliance and their knowledge, but I did the best I could and I think what I did was appreciated."[89] According to her daughters, one of Algie's greatest foibles was never realizing how smart and talented she was and forever feeling at least a little inferior.[90] The subcommittee also met and visited certain institutions all over the country.

When Eleanor Roosevelt died, President Kennedy appointed Esther to take over the chairmanship.[91] Algie and Esther had a complicated relationship. Each loved and was proud of the other, and each felt a little insecurity-based resentment toward the other—Esther toward Algie as the oldest sister, the one who had always been in charge and done everything first; Algie toward Esther as the one who had moved beyond Utah, had more postgraduate education, and now was famous and powerful. Sometimes this created a little friction when they worked together, but never enough to make either not want to be involved in what the other was doing.[92]

The commission worked for a full year to complete its report, *The American Woman*. In October 1963 the entire commission assembled in Washington, D.C., and presented the report to President Kennedy in the Gold Room of the White House. This "was the highlight of my life."[93]

About a year later President Lyndon Johnson directed every state to make a State Status of Women Commission. Algie served on the Utah commission under both Governors George D. Clyde and Calvin Rampton. "This has been one of my most satisfying experiences, and I hope, achievements."[94]

In 1965 Algie entered her "working grandmother" phase. Governor Rampton simply called her one day and asked if she would serve as a member of the Commission of Public Welfare of the State of Utah. "I had had no training in social service work, only as it came through the multi-disciplinary things I had done in public service. But [I] finally accepted it and felt honored as well as humbled to think he would want me. This was the first salaried job I had undertaken since my family came. I was then over 65."[95]

With typical Algie fortitude and energy, she immersed herself in this new endeavor. The commission had responsibility for policy making and implementation, and spending the money appropriated by the legislature for public welfare throughout the state. "I will tell you, there was much to learn," she said, but she gave herself a crash course, reading everything she could and meeting with staff members. It wasn't long before she was fully competent in the areas assigned to her: day-care centers for children, social workers in certain areas, and the "general over-all policy-making of the entire organization, which took in about six other divisions, such as the Division of Aging, Division of the Blind, and Mental Health and Retardation."[96]

This position both tested and demonstrated Algie's leadership skills. One approach, which she found particularly effective, her staff found particularly endearing. She often said to them, "Now, please help me to see wherein I failed in this area and give one suggestion that will enhance my work and make it more profitable and helpful for the people who we are trying to serve way down at the bottom end of the ladder, particularly the poor."[97]

Algie had seen many difficult circumstances in her life, but her work on the commission "opened my eyes to problems that I [never] knew existed. Sometimes you have to have contact with folks who have had difficulties in financing, marital problems, children's problems, problems of not knowing how to live, how to budget. You seldom think of these as you are getting acquainted with the problems of your community."[98]

Algie had worked on the Welfare Commission for two years when the Department of Public Welfare was reorganized. The Division of Family Services was established, and she was appointed its director. She held this post for two years, during which she lived in Salt Lake with her daughter Grethe and son-in-law Chase Peterson during the week and went home to Provo on weekends. She often had early meetings, and the drive was too hard on her.[99] Sometimes George came to Salt Lake during the week, but they were always together on the weekend.

The Division of Family Services had jurisdiction over all areas pertaining to family relations, such as day-care centers, nursing homes, the Utah State Training School, and the State Industrial School. She directed the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program and worked on implementing Head Start in the schools. She also supervised

the then-new aid from Medicare and Medicaid for "medical services for the underprivileged and the poor under welfare." She thought one of the most important things she did was to train young mothers, so that they were ready to get jobs when their children were old enough to go to school."[100]

In 1967 President Lyndon Johnson appointed Algie to the fifteen-member Commission for the Study of the Health Facilities in the United States. This gave her "a great perspective of the total health problems of the United States."[101]

In 1974, at least in part because she was suffering from macular degeneration, Algie retired from the Welfare Commission, ending her stint as a paid government employee and entering her "Grey Panther" phase of life. In the mid-seventies she, her sister Thelma, and her friend of sixty-five years, Helen Stark, earned this sobriquet because "they were fighters, never mind that the their average age hovered around 80." They could be found at any intellectual forum, political rally, or discussion of civil rights, "elegantly dressed in their handsome suits and stylish shoes, their grey hair beautifully coifed. There they would be on the front row of life: alert, taking notes, asking, with the greatest of tact and diplomacy, the most outrageous questions—the questions which, however hard, had to be asked."[102]

Much of her activism during this stage found both focus and outlet in the Alice Louise Reynolds Forum. "But lest you envision the Forum as a group of elderly women doing needlework and reliving the past, be advised that the informal name for the Forum was the Grey Panthers . . . They had the wisdom of their years, plus connections, know how, and, most wonderful to some of us in the younger contingent, they had the courage to act."[103]

While in this stage of life, Algie fought for universal health care, rights of the elderly, and passage of the Equal Rights Amendment. Algie had always been, as she put it, "a Danish Mormon," and as such, from the time she was a child, activities in addition to church on Sunday were not controversial, keeping the consumption proscriptions of the Word of Wisdom meant moderation when having an occasional glass of wine or bottle of beer, and coffee klatches were both normal and necessary. Word of Wisdom questions weren't a universal part of LDS temple recommend interviews until the 1970s, and even then, Algie and George both considered themselves, and were considered by their bishop, active members

of the church. Algie accompanied her granddaughter Gigi to the temple when she was married in 1978. Algie considered it part of her duty as a church member to make thoughtful, prayerful decisions, study out all issues, and speak up when she thought injustice was being done. Some people thought she was outrageous, but, "if, as concerns her church, she was something of a maverick, she was a maverick who nevertheless did not desert the herd, but contributed her talents generously."[104] Of herself, shortly before her series of strokes, she said in a KUTV interview, "I love my church, but I won't go back on my own integrity. It is quite a thing to still believe and be able to criticize."[105]

Her personal examination of beliefs included scrutinizing her thoughts about the role of women in the church in general and the Divine Feminine in particular. "I am still asking questions. I wish I knew what my concept of a Mother God is. I know there is one, or whatever it is, it is an essence of power, a great over riding something that I have to have in my consciousness . . . in order to be happy."[106]

It did concern her greatly that the church was so opposed to the Equal Rights Amendment. But she thought the official opposition was based more on misinformation than ecclesiastical ill will. In fact, the Alice Louise Reynolds Forum came about because she and five other women "decided it might be well if we had some meetings for the study of the ERA, because the opposition were bringing into the discussions what we called 'red herring.' They played on the fears that the legislation would ruin the home, the relationship between husbands and wives would be damaged, and women would become aggressive personalities." They thought these "ridiculous things needed to be discussed" and that they needed to educate themselves and "learn things relative to the amendment." So they got a group together and met in the Alice Louise Reynolds Room in the BYU library. According to Algie, they had the finest speakers they could get. "We have had some marvelous meetings, some excellent talks, and they have all been very stimulating." There was no official organization at first, no membership, no dues. "We just call people up and promulgate the news about the meeting." They were "open to discussion and disagreements and questions." Algie said, "They tell me that I am the Sponsor and the one who has made this activity acceptable to women and men who are really in the vanguard. We might be wrong in some of the things we do, but we still feel we have the right to go ahead and explore these problems."[107] Thus the Alice Louise

Reynolds Forum was born.[108] And Algie's response to those still-raised eyebrows of some of her neighbors was, "I am still a good member of the LDS Church and want to do what good I can . . . but if I am to be pushed aside and intimidated in my thinking because of this one great interest I've had, then I think it is most unfortunate."[109]

Although for years Algie was blind and partially deaf, probably the most devastating trial in her entire life was George's death in October 1977. "I have a loneliness that no one ever knows about or dreams about because George's and my life together was so full of love and respect and devotion to each other."[110] Algie lived another seven years and filled her time with typical Algie hard work and intellectual activism, but her joy in life was never quite the same.

Algie suffered a series of debilitating strokes in February 1984, which left her "with a still brilliant intellect, but robbed her of the power to organize thoughts into words."[111] She finally succumbed on 11 July 1984. In one final surprise to the neighbors, three members of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles spoke at Algie's funeral: Marvin J. Ashton, James E. Faust, and Dallin H. Oaks. Their general consensus agreed with Elouise Bell's "In Memoriam": "Algie . . . [was] part of a tradition of noblesse oblige. Like the Roosevelts and the Kennedys, the Eggertsens, and in turn the Ballifs, were brought up to believe that if you had advantages in life—brains, talents, education, means—you therefore owed something to the world, especially to the less fortunate members of the human race. It's a tradition that deserves to be passed on."[112]

For forty years Marion Davis Clegg camped out in the family cabin, which became Trial Lake Lodge, a haven for campers, hikers, scouts, hunters, and fishermen. Photo courtesy of Photosynthesis.

7

Marion Davis Clegg
The Lady of the Lakes

Carol C. Johnson

Carol Ann Clegg Johnson completed her B.A. in English at the University of Utah in 1990 after a thirty-year hiatus to raise six children. Three of those six were attending the U. at the same time she was, and all six received at least their B.A. or B.S. degrees there. She and her husband, LaVell, a biochemist, have founded three companies: Auto Assay (to automate a radioimmunoassay system, funded by Howard Hughes's Suma Corporation for three and a half years until his death); Chisi (named for their dog—to create Yellowstone Treasure Quest, an educational strategy board game); and in 1994, Photo Synthesis (to digitally manipulate, restore, compose, and print photographs and posters). Having a business partnership with her husband comes naturally to Johnson, who spent every summer as she was growing up at Trial Lake where her father, H. C. (Cardie) Clegg, was the superintendent of fifteen reservoirs. Her mother, Marion, was of necessity his assistant in fact, if not in name or pay. Thousands of Boy Scouts, fishermen, hikers, campers, and sightseers found food, shelter, directions, bait, first aid, and general connection with civilization at the Cleggs' family cabin, which gradually evolved into the Trial Lake Lodge. Using Marion's autobiography, augmented by documents and interviews with family members, Johnson presents a delightful memoir of a place and a family that many Utahns thought of as their own. She plans to expand this into a full history of the Clegg family's adventures at Trial Lake.

> There are mansions of marble and houses of stone
> And beautiful sights to see.

But Cardie's log cabin in the pines at Tryol Lake
Is near enough heaven for me.

—Ollie L. Rhodes[1]

This verse, prominently displayed by Marion Clegg in that cabin-lodge by Trial Lake, at the head of Provo River, expressed her romantic view of the idyllic mountain setting she lived in and gave voice to why she returned summer after summer with her husband, Cardie.

On the other hand, every spring when she first arrived, after the chipmunks, mice, and other wild creatures had made winter nests in the cabin, it was anything but romantic. Reflecting on her disillusionment, she wrote, "Cardie would invariably unlock the cabin and head out to check reservoirs, the children would carry in [buckets of] lake water and run off to see if their favorite rocks and trees were still there, and I would collapse onto a bench and sob, 'Everybody wants to live here, but no one is willing to help clean up this dirty, dusty, filthy cabin. No one will destroy the mice nests or scour the stove after the dirtier-than-skunks vandals have used it and left their spilled food to spoil on it.'" But once everyone's energies were marshaled and the cleanup was over, the cabin truly was near enough heaven for her.[2]

Marion treasured her unique thirty-nine summers spent in that log cabin with water buckets instead of plumbing and white gas lanterns instead of electricity. She bandaged injured strangers and pulled porcupine quills from dogs' noses. She comforted fishermen caught unprepared for storms and acted as an information center for those seeking lost hikers or leaving messages for campers. She hosted prominent government, religious, and education figures, as well as illiterate sheepherders and Boy Scout troops, and was gracious to all.

But Marion hardly seemed destined for a primitive life in the mountains. She was born Marion Garland Davis in Salt Lake City on 6 December 1898, as Utah's pioneering era was winding down. While growing up on K Street, the last in a family of five children, she frequently questioned whether God was love, as her family believed. If God really loved her, why did he let her father die when she was only two years old? Why did her mother have to take in boarders and sewing in order to eke out a living? Why did Marion have to wear her sister Grace's hand-me-downs and feel poor? It took years for her to work

through those feelings, but she finally decided she could feel rich if she had cheese every day.

Her father, John McClellan Davis, was a mining engineer and principal investor in the Annie Mining and Milling Company in the Camp Floyd district in 1895.[3] He used his savings and mortgaged the family home to develop five mining claims; then his work impacted his health and he died of erysipelas, an acute skin disease, leaving a destitute widow and five children aged two to nine.[4]

So that widow, Lillian May Thomas Davis, worked extremely hard to care for her family. Every year, however, when the mortgage payments were due, she took in extra sewing and worried that her boarders would skip out without paying. When Marion was about six, she thought the mortgage must be like an ogre in a fairy tale and decided to get it off the house. She bravely climbed a tree next to the roof with a flipper and some pebbles and waited for hours to scare the mortgage away before finally descending for dinner.

Marion also remembered when her mother removed their outhouse in favor of two toilets installed right in their home, one for themselves and one for renters. They caused quite a scandal throughout the neighborhood. "How unsanitary!" neighbors protested.[5]

In school Marion excelled academically and was a member of East High's graduating class in 1917, a class that saw many of its members and Marion's only brother, Frank, fighting in World War I. After two years at the University of Utah, she earned a teaching certificate and began her career in Orderville in southern Utah, a town originally founded as part of a Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon) experiment in living the United Order, a utopian, socialist life that attracted polygamists as well.[6] Her schoolroom was in the Mormon meetinghouse, and the friendly townsfolk treated her with respect and acceptance; the church patriarch even gave her a blessing, something rarely done for people who were not members of the church.[7]

Her family members were Episcopalians and Christian Scientists. Her sister Anna Cady had a regular Sunday morning Christian Science radio broadcast in Salt Lake City in the 1940s. As a practitioner, she treated ill people in Utah and later in Los Angeles.[8] Marion, too, helped the ill, for that year in Orderville the terrible flu epidemic was sweeping the community and the world. Schools closed and Marion volunteered to help. One difficult night she cared for an eighteen-year-old

boy and his married sister as they both died. Her stories of Orderville made lasting impressions on her own children, one of whom incorporated them into a novel.[9]

In 1920 Marion returned to Salt Lake City and rode daily in a motorcycle sidecar to teach school in Hunter twenty miles away. Then she attended summer school at the University of Utah, where she and Ramona (Mona) Clegg of Heber City resumed their friendship formed two years earlier while they were classmates. In an elocution class they met Raymond (Ray) Maw, a pre-med student.[10] While Ray and Mona were courting, they introduced Marion to Mona's brother, Henry Cardwell (Cardie) Clegg, who had returned from California where he worked as a draftsman for Standard Oil. He was managing the family farm in Heber for the summer.

Cardie was also assisting the caretaker of several small reservoirs built by farmers from Kamas, Heber, and Provo Valleys at the head of the Provo River. He invited Ray, Mona, Marion, and another couple to visit Trial Lake. The guests drove a Model T Ford to Soapstone, where they met Cardie and slept on the rangers' cabin floor, three to a blanket; Cardie and Mona took center spots with men lined next to Cardie and women next to Mona. Marion wrote:

> A lot of giggling and squirming went on before someone realized that we had left a candle burning in the window sill. Who was to get up and blow it out? No one wanted the honor. No one cared to try to find his . . . floor allotment in the inky darkness after the candle was put out, so Cardie settled it by taking his Luger from its holster under his pillow (a rolled-up gunny sack) and shooting out the flame. The shot was deafening and the smell of powder filled the room, but soon we were sleeping.[11]

The next day they rode horses and a wagon twelve jolting miles to Trial Lake over ruts and "corduroy bridges" (logs laid sideways across swamps). Cardie had helped build this road in 1910 so a team of horses could pull one ton of supplies to the lakes for the dam builders. That night he explained that Trial Lake was named for two small dams, one built in 1887, the other in 1888, by Heber farmers as trials to see if water could be stored there. Both dams washed out, but the experiments gave farmers sufficient encouragement so that in 1889 they built substantial

dams on Trial and Washington Lakes. Again, both washed out the following spring and litigation in courts kept water companies from trying again for twenty years.[12]

The following day Cardie, Marion, and the others rode to the base of Bald Mountain, left their horses, and climbed to the top. Marion wrote,

> We stood there a long time looking out over that ocean of space and a healthy respect for the Creator of all the earth was reborn in my soul. . . . I even saw Cardie with new eyes. He was no longer just the handsome, athletic young man whose . . . good looks and kind manner had won my heart down in the valley. He was a part of all this glorious country. He was perfectly at home in this ruggedness, perfectly able to meet all the demands such primitive life could make. He was courage, honesty, truth and power all rolled into one wonderful man. I think I would have died if he had not loved me.[13]

On 28 December 1921, they were married. Marion was teaching school in yet another remote, rural area—Hiawatha, a mining town near Price. She took time off for a honeymoon to California, and half of the school bet she would not return, but she kept her commitment and finished the school year.[14]

In the fall she and Cardie moved to Santa Fe Springs, California, where Cardie once again worked for Standard Oil. Before spring, however, Cardie's ailing father asked him, the only son, to return to Heber to take over the farm for good. In exchange Cardie was given land next to his parents' home on Sixth South between Main and First East. Cardie set about building a comfortable stucco home in which he neglected to build bedroom closets—an oversight Marion never forgot.

Six months after her marriage, Ray Maw baptized Marion into the Mormon faith in Luke's Hot Pots in Midway, a swimming pool that used geothermally heated water. On 6 September 1922, her marriage to Cardie was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple, an eventful day that also saw two of Cardie's six sisters married there—Mona married Ray Maw and Ruth married George Wimer.[15]

Life in Wasatch County's Heber City was quite different from what Marion had known. It was wonderful to have fresh vegetables,

milk, butter, meat—and cheese. But it was back-breaking work that seldom paused for holidays. She adjusted, however, to being a farmer's wife and began raising their five children, born over a fourteen-year span: Marjorie, Patricia (Pat), John (Jack), Jerry, and Carol.

Marion also embarked on a lengthy period of LDS Church service, including serving as Primary president from 1927 to 1931. She was the Wasatch Stake Relief Society literary leader for seventeen years, and in that capacity taught hundreds of classes and wrote scores of skits, plays, and programs. She never learned to drive a car, so Cardie chauffeured her all over the county. From 1947 to 1953 she was the first counselor in the stake Relief Society presidency with the responsibility of helping to introduce the church's welfare program to the area.[16]

She was on the cutting edge of other social improvements as well. In February 1947 she and two friends, Edna Montgomery and Deon Hicken, organized the wives of cattlemen who met yearly in Salt Lake City into the Utah Cowbelles. Marion was its legislative chairman. The idea spread from an original twelve to two hundred members in several local Utah groups two years later.[17] While she was president of the Central Elementary School PTA, the organization began testing the feasibility of serving school lunches. She wrote: "Many a huge, cast iron pot of baked beans, soups, and other foods I cooked and helped serve." Not long after their efforts became known, school lunches became popular elsewhere.[18] Marion was invited to serve on the Wasatch County Library board and soon resigned to become the evening librarian, a position she kept through most of the 1950s, except for summers at the lakes, of course.

Editors from the *Provo Herald* persuaded her to be their correspondent. After a few years, in 1947, she began playing with misplaced modifiers and words with double meanings similar to the ones she had noted in rural papers. She made up a fictitious town to go with them and reported (for 15¢ per column inch) the doings of its inhabitants under the pseudonym Elvira Hicks. Her "Hicks Holler" was peopled with delightful characters who regularly appeared for two years in the *Provo Herald*. For example: "Marshal Forces was surprised to find a case of beer on the courthouse steps this morning. He has not found the owner yet but is working on the case."[19] She was often surprised to hear her characters quoted at banquets and programs, and she was delighted when rumors eventually placed Hicks Holler beneath the

waters of Deer Creek Reservoir, whose dam was built between 1938 and 1941.[20]

In spite of all her involvement in local affairs, she often felt like an outsider; however, she possessed a positive attitude that encouraged accomplishment and refinement in herself and her children. Her humility also prevented her from offending anyone, including her neighbors for their colloquial speech; but she was determined that her children learn to speak standard English and constantly corrected their lapses. Marion was not only proud of her children, she had a great sense of humor about them and could not resist repeating what an acquaintance once wondered aloud: "I don't know how all of your children are so smart. They don't get it from Cardie. And certainly not from you. It must be the cross."[21]

Her family and community accomplishments aside, Marion is most widely known for her years of hospitality at Trial Lake. Every summer from 1926 to 1966, she packed up everything but the proverbial kitchen sink, Cardie teased, to take up to the lakes.

Since 1910, Cardie had either helped build or repair dams and roads or had hauled freight for those who did, or he had regulated the flow of the Provo River from several reservoirs for the Union Reservoir Company. By 1926 he and Marion had two daughters, Marjorie and Pat, and Cardie wanted them to spend the whole summer together at his favorite spot—a two-room log cabin below the Trial Lake dam. Daisies bloomed on the sod roof that covered the tool shed-stable portion, while rain resounded unmercifully on the tin roof that sheltered the living quarters. Pat, barely a year old, needed fresh milk daily, so Cardie arranged with a road construction crew that received supplies daily from Kamas to leave some at the "crossroads," the Mirror Lake road junction to Trial Lake a quarter of a mile below the cabin. But each day the milk was almost churned to butter after its trip across the bumpy, washboard road. So Cardie enlisted the help of some fishermen. Together they drove a wild range cow onto the dam, lassoed and tied her, and tried to milk her. The beast kicked up an awful fuss, spilling most of the milk. After an hour's strenuous work, he salvaged about half a cup, which Marion carefully strained through a dish towel. Then Cardie proudly offered the milk to Pat. She wrinkled her nose and batted it away. Marion decided they had better return to Heber, and Cardie, saddened by this defeat, headed out on foot to check reservoirs a

few miles west on the North Fork of the Provo River. He planned to return the next morning to take his young family back to Heber.

That night Marion, alone in the tiny cabin with her two babies and only a leather strap to keep the slab door from swinging open, had a terrible scare. About midnight she heard someone unlatch the door, creep into the room, and rifle through the cupboards in the spooky darkness. She cried out, "What do you want?" and a young fellow, Clyde Maycock, who belonged to one of two families building cabins west of the dam, answered, "Gee, Mrs. Clegg, did I scare you?" His mom was sick, and he was just looking for some aspirin.

Marion slept fitfully, listening to the wind whooshing through the trees and a porcupine gnawing on the cabin, only to be aroused early the next morning by a woman's frantic screams. The woman was spending the summer at Lost Lake, a mile east, with her husband who was herding sheep there. She had been on the verge of a nervous breakdown when her doctor suggested she spend a quiet, restful summer in the beautiful mountains, away from pressures. But no one reckoned on a bear poking its nose into her tent. She threw a frying pan at it and fled. Fortunately, her horse was saddled and tied to a nearby tree, and together the two panicked beings headed for Trial Lake. Marion helped her off her horse and brewed some tea to calm her nerves. By the time the woman was coherent, both Cardie and the woman's husband had arrived. Soon they were all on their way back to civilization.[22]

Later that summer, in 1926, Cardie obtained a permit from the U.S. Forest Service to graze cows and horses and to build a two-story log cabin east of the dam. The Forest Service soon changed its policy and no more permits were issued; Cardie's and the two cabins west of the dam were the only ones ever built there. All three were constructed at the same time, with owners helping each other, and were ready for occupancy by 1928. The other two cabins were used primarily on weekends, but for the next thirty-nine summers Cardie and Marion lived in their cabin full time, taking care of fifteen reservoirs and umpteen fishermen and campers: cutting wood, milking cows, planting fish, operating a "candy counter" in their front room, and renting out horses, boats, and guest rooms upstairs.[23]

Cardie's cabin stood atop a barren hill east of the dam, a landmark visible from cliffs, mountain peaks, and airplanes that occasionally buzzed it. Marion planted a row of pine trees along the south edge of

the parking lot in the rocky ground and hauled water from the lake for decades to nurse them along.

The cabin was originally meant for just the family. By 1928, however, a new dirt road ran past it, through the spillway, and across the dike to a new campground. People continually knocked on the door seeking help of every conceivable kind, from removing fish hooks from necks and bandaging ax wounds to fighting forest fires, fixing broken axles, and syphoning gas to take them back to civilization. The pressure was great on Marion, tied to the cabin with her ever-increasing family and barraged by campers with requests. So Cardie built a candy counter for her in a corner of the large front room where fishermen and their families felt welcome to wander in seeking help or to swap fish stories. One regular tale spinner, Ollie Rhodes, used Cardie as the butt of his hilarious tall tales; one even won a National Liars' Club contest.[24]

Marion gradually got used to the idea of strangers entering her front room at will—which was preferable to their entering her kitchen unexpectedly. She painted a wooden sign that modestly proclaimed "Trial Lake Lodge." Still, to the family it remained just "the cabin." The days she baked bread in the coal stove, fishermen were lured from half a mile away. Besides selling 5¢ candy bars for 6¢, she added bottles of soda water cooled in a tub of snow, cans of tomato juice to subdue skunk odors, can openers, fishing lures, flashlight batteries, matches, and other essential items. She could have sold truckloads of camera film and other supplies, too, if she had wanted to make a real business of it. "We'd have to have a store bigger than Macy's to supply half the stuff campers want," Cardie muttered in exasperation. The counter never made much of a profit since the family ate up much of the inventory, and chipmunks nibbled nutty bars regularly, often scolding those who tried to shoo them away. After several years Marion began selling hamburgers. She had only a coal stove that took half an hour to heat up, not worth the trouble for one hamburger or one cup of coffee; customers could drive twenty-six miles to Kamas faster. Still, many preferred to visit and wait.

The front room had a huge fireplace with seashells cemented into it for no reason other than that they were handy when Cardie's Uncle Herb Clegg built the fireplace and elevated them to their prominent position—which prompted thousands of people to ask, "Did those shells come from this lake?"

For two decades, fishermen hoping to reach the campground tried to ford the spillway before the lake had drained enough to make that route passable. The road dipped down into the spillway, which when it was full of water, required fording. While Cardie pulled their vehicles out with horses or a tractor, Marion invited them to dry their wet bedding and clothes on a wire screen she placed before roaring flames in the fireplace. She also rented out boats so they could transport their gear to the campground. On many crowded July Fourth weekends, Marion awoke to find tents tied right to the cabin. Eventually the spillway was bridged; then years later a new road bypassed the cabin, the spillway, and the dike.

Snowshoes hung on the south wall next to the candy counter, reminders of Cardie's annual winter treks from above Woodland or Kamas to Trial Lake and from there to the scattered reservoirs. Those trips took several strenuous days with freezing nights spent in snow caves or cabins. What a boon when Utah State University (Agricultural College then) and the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Logan began taking Cardie to the lakes on a large snow cat they were developing about 1940![25] Data is now gathered electronically, eliminating the need for some winter trips, although someone still needs to keep an eye on the thawing reservoirs and their spillways. Cardie's last winter trek by foot was made in 1965 at age seventy-four.[26]

Occasionally in the evenings the family put on shadow plays featuring mock surgical operations. They hung a sheet from ceiling logs and behind it placed a doctor, a nurse, a patient lying on a table, and a bright lantern that cast their shadows onto the sheet. Doctor Darekill and Nurse Slaughter would saw open the patient, complete with sound effects, and pull out all sorts of odd-looking fishing tackle and tools from what looked like the victim's stomach, making clever remarks about each. The day after one such operation, some campers timidly stepped into the cabin, not wanting to bother Marion but curious about the person who had had emergency surgery the night before. They had wandered to the cabin in the dark and witnessed the operation through a window thinking it was real.[27]

The most memorable public event to take place in the lodge occurred in August 1945. Marion heard on her battery-operated radio that World War II had ended, and immediately she sent word throughout the campground. "Everyone was overjoyed. People began singing

and dancing and whooping it up. They crowded into the cabin to listen to follow-up comments. "It was a time of blessed rejoicing!" she wrote. Because no one wanted to miss any of the details that poured out of the radio, Marion invited everyone to bring in their dinners. Cardie set up long tables and made benches of lumber nailed to sawed off logs. After the feast an old hand-cranked Victrola played music and the group danced and sang and listened to radio bulletins until midnight.[28]

The strangest thing Marion experienced as she stood behind the counter was in 1958, when she greeted a man, heavily bearded, disheveled, and dirty. He asked if she had a room for him, and she hesitated, wondering if she really wanted to take in the Fidel Castro look-alike. Finally, he said, "Mother, don't you know me?" Marion gasped. It was her son Jerry. He had been in Germany for two years as a Russian interpreter for the U.S. Army and had hitchhiked home by way of Turkey, India, and Alaska. His last ride had left him near Kamas, and he had walked up the canyon. Marion spotted Cardie approaching from the dike and quickly put his new ax into Jerry's hands and sent him to the woodpile. Cardie, true to his ax-protecting form, yelled, "Hey, who gave you my best ax?" Not until Marion suggested he should know Jerry did Cardie recognize him. The men embraced, and then Cardie smiled mischievously, saying, "OK, you can use the ax."[29]

A good ax was essential for the demanding task of gathering wood. For special occasions and for igniting logs, pitch stumps or shavings were burned. Mostly, Cardie sawed down dead trees, split logs, and chopped kindling. One time a flying chip struck his eye. No one who was around could drive—not even Carol, age sixteen. But she drove Cardie the seventy-five miles to Salt Lake City anyway. Cardie later acknowledged, "I started out praying for my eye and ended up pleading, 'Never mind my eye—just keep us out of the river!'"[30]

By then Ray Maw, Cardie's brother-in-law, was an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist, and after examining the injured eye, he phoned Marion for permission to remove it. He was sure it could not be saved, and the infection might destroy Cardie's other eye. Marion, always a believer in miraculous healings, made him promise to wait. A day later, Cardie's eye was healing and no surgery was needed.

Family life in the cabin was centered in the kitchen, adjacent to the candy counter and the master bedroom. Its walls were adorned with coats, hats, hammers, axes, saws, fishing poles, fishing baskets, and the

Luger. Pleasant aromas wafted across the room from Marion's fresh trout frying or wild currant jelly simmering. Cardie made a long table using tree trunks for legs; Marion tacked oilcloth onto it and placed eighteen chairs around it, which often proved insufficient to accommodate visitors who dropped in. She had company so often in later years that for two consecutive summers guests stayed for at least one meal every day. Since the nearest store was twenty-six miles away, few arrived without bringing plenty of food to share. Marion would be out of meat or fruit and invariably someone would show up with a fresh supply. Instead of planning menus, it became more sporting to wait and see what would turn up.

One of her problems was keeping food fresh. She used snow when available. Two milk cows helped. But for many years she kept food chilled in unusual ways: meat wrapped in a blanket under bed covers, milk stored outside on window sills, vegetables—and cheese—placed in the rickety valve house where water rushing through the dam continually sprayed them. It was a great summer when a butane refrigerator and two lamps were installed.

Upstairs there were five bedrooms sectioned off with wooden slabs about eight feet high, which left plenty of room for the children to walk on top of them and from there reach higher rafters to climb on. Cardie built the roof supports strong enough to "hang a beef from every rafter" to prevent cave-ins from heavy snow.[31] On stormy nights fifty or more people could sleep in the cabin, if some did not mind the floors. Many times such guests who slept beyond 6 A.M. were startled awake as a frisky family dog licked their faces or as Cardie "kicked on the ceiling" of the room below with a broom handle.

Marion was pleased when Cardie built a second outhouse, or "office" as she referred to it, in the trees beyond the woodpile. She hoped one could be for the family and one for all others—shades of her mother's two indoor facilities for family and renters. That soon proved unworkable, so she and the children made signs that read "Hill Billies" and "Hill Fillies." No one seemed to understand that distinction either, so both were used indiscriminately.

One year two tiny chicks grew from pets to pests. The hen took to roosting in the old "office" on a warm ledge under the two-seated openings. When a visitor would slip in after dark, the hen would squawk wildly and fly up through the empty seat, panicking the user. The

rooster would crow at 5 A.M. every morning and the family felt like killing them both. But by mid-morning no one had the heart to do it. One afternoon two men left their fishing poles with baited hooks outside while enjoying their sodas inside. The chickens swallowed the hooks and at last had to be killed. "How can I explain this?" one asked Marion. "I've been fishing all day with no luck, and now I've caught a chicken!"[32]

Because the cabin was on a hilltop, hauling water *up* from a spring two hundred yards down a ravine below the dike, at an elevation of 9800 feet, was a real chore. But for nineteen summers they did it, and begrudged every thirsty fisherman's request for a free drink of water. Carriers always took two buckets. This kept shoulders even, one arm from growing longer, and the water supply at an optimum.

Marion envied the Grix family in the first cabin across the dam because their spring water could run downhill through a pipe right into their sink.[33] But they had problems too. Their spring was on the trail to Washington Lake, and though they stored their water in a concrete box with a wooden lid, Marion wrote, "some people could not tell it was clean drinking water. And John Grix did not want to call attention to it with a sign saying so. More than once when we visited them they complained, 'Our water has a peculiar taste today.'" Cardie learned why. As he was passing their spring, he found two dusty, sweaty fishermen soaking their feet in the box. One of them called out, "Mr. Clegg, I've been meaning to thank you for providing this here foot bath. It sure does make a foot-sore fisherman feel refreshed! We use it every time we come up."[34]

Marion, who had won the first automatic washing machine in Wasatch County by writing a jingle for Bendix Home Laundry, was reduced to hauling her laundry down to the river. She tossed soiled clothes into the churning water for a brisk rinse, and the children retrieved most of them downstream. Cardie built a fire to heat water, and Marion hand-cranked a washing machine with an attached ringer. To do so she donned boots and a coat because it was swampy and shady there. She spread the clean articles on bushes to dry. "We then had the laborious task of pressing them with our three heavy irons inherited from my Grandmother Reynolds who crossed the plains [with them] pushing a handcart all the way," she wrote.[35] When the irons were swiped by vandals, Marion was truly downhearted.

Finally, after all those efforts and more, in 1945 Marion convinced Cardie to let her order a ram that would pump water uphill from the sheer force of water running down into it. It took weeks to install and daily trips thereafter to keep it running, but it was a major improvement. The first bucket full of water to arrive at the cabin was offered to a horse to satisfy wartime restrictions—the system could only be built if it were for livestock, not humans. That seemed an unimportant point with the war ending, and besides, Cardie called his children "livestock" every time he was questioned at the California border about what he was bringing into the state—"No fruit, just livestock."[36]

Marion had been a long-distance telephone operator while attending the University of Utah, but that experience in no way prepared her for contending with the huge, iron, battery-operated telephone at the lakes. It was first bolted to a tree trunk below the dam in about 1916 so water company officials stationed there could regulate water flow as needed in valleys below.[37] Then it was moved to the old cabin and finally into the new one where it was installed at Cardie's mouth level. He was six feet, two inches tall, and Marion five feet, three inches. So whenever the longed-for three short rings blasted out, she climbed onto a chair and shouted into its mouthpiece. There were some twenty parties on the line, all connected to the operator at Kamas twenty-six miles away and later to Park City even farther away. That there would be eavesdroppers was a given, and often the line sounded like bacon frying. To reach the operator, Marion would crank the phone while counting slowly to eighteen. It nearly always took several tries before the magic connection was made. "By thee hell, I could get the operator faster by hollering off the back porch if the wind's right!" Cardie would occasionally fume. Trees fell across the lines; lightning flowed through them and sometimes exploded or dissipated in the cabin, and often the phone service was more a curiosity than a benefit.[38]

Cardie's Uncle George Clegg had planted the first fish in the area in 1912; three years later they were twenty inches long.[39] So after the automobile road to Trial Lake was built in 1926 and a fish hatchery truck could reach there, Cardie began planting fingerlings in sixty-five lakes within a five-mile radius. He distributed grayling and brook, rainbow, and native cutthroat trout on the Provo, Weber, and Duchesne River drainages. To keep track of the lakes planted, Cardie named several for New Testament personalities, friends, and family, but none for

Marion or himself.[40] It remained for Cardie and Marion's children to persuade the *Salt Lake Tribune* and several government entities to name the highest peak in Wasatch County (east of Lost Lake) Mount Cardwell in the mid-1990s. Their more recent proposal to name a landmark for Marion is on its way through committees.[41]

On fish planting days, Cardie had the daily chores done and his horses saddled by 6:30 A.M. so the tiny one- or two-inch fingerlings could be transferred quickly from the hatchery truck to milk cans until they were about half-full of water, ice, and fish. With rubber bands, he secured pieces of porous gunnysacks tightly across the tops of the cans. He tied one can to each side of the saddles. Then the horses were kept moving to aerate the water until the fish were released in streams or shallow safe havens in lakes where large fish would not eat them.

At one of Marion's annual fish fries for her Heber sewing club and their husbands, Lee Kay,[42] a good friend and a Utah Fish and Game official, told the group that as far as he knew, Cardie was the only man who cared enough to plant fish for the state for twenty years without receiving any pay for his services. Though he marveled at Cardie's sacrifice of time, he was dismayed that the state had taken advantage of him. With Kay's prodding, the Fish and Game Department began paying Cardie for his time, in addition to a meager horse rental fee. Now fish are dropped from airplanes into remote lakes, as daughter Pat maintains, "with no one to tuck them into their protected nurseries as Cardie did."

Marion's contribution to fish planting consisted of "holding the fort" while Cardie and his assistants were away. When a hatchery truck carrying legal-size fish approached Trial Lake, she also closed the lodge and rushed out to toss stunned fish that flipped onto the shore back into the lake.

Marion loved trolling from a boat, a practice too monotonous for her family, who preferred fly fishing or casting spinners from shore. When her children were small, they pestered her to tell the story of the "Three Billy Goats Gruff" and the mean old troll who lived in the water and wanted to eat them. It was years before she realized that when she went trolling, they thought she was after that old troll—much as she had worried about the mortgage ogre on her mother's house. Meanwhile, fear of the troll kept her young children from playing near the lake.

The mountain behind Trial Lake Lodge has recently been named Mount Cardwell in honor of Cardwell Clegg who maintained the reservoirs on the upper Provo River for over forty years. Photo by John Clegg; copy courtesy of Photosynthesis.

Marion was the stabilizer for the myriads of activities spinning around her, responding to others' joys and misfortunes. But at times she needed respite from the hubbub in the cabin and retreated to her favorite spot—a cascade of water from Washington Lake that tumbled over wide, smooth slabs of rock, like a giant staircase. She wanted to have a cabin at its base, but in lieu of that, she often hiked there to meditate and write. She intended to write seriously one day, but lacked the confidence to do so. Her motto that anything worth doing was worth doing well made her critical of her writing, which rested in boxes in her Heber basement for years. She did have some poetry published, and Carol prodded her into writing her life stories.[43]

Cardie retired from his fifty-six-year stint at the lakes in 1966. Besides being superintendent of fifteen reservoirs, he had been a game warden's deputy and sheriff's deputy of Wasatch and Summit Counties. He never arrested anyone but "straightened out" a good many in a friendly manner. The Union Reservoir Company bought his share of the cabin for $500 (his original investment, along with an equal amount from the company, forty years earlier), but after several years of disuse, the Forest Service wanted it destroyed. The water company submitted proposal after proposal to keep the cabin, but in the fall of 1974 it was intentionally burned by the Forest Service after others were unable to dismantle it for its lumber—it had been built too well![44] Son John, who oiled the cabin and otherwise cared for it for years, wrote: "It had withstood 48 years of mountain weather. Its structure and roof never failed nor leaked. Thousands who remember it for rescue, shelter, or only for refreshment returned again and again to what they regarded as a place of natural, substantial beauty. Poets praised it in verse. Artists painted it. Photographers could not resist it. To some it was simply a haven from storm, figurative or atmospheric. To those who lived there, it was hard work, and in retrospect, a high point of their lives."[45] Cardie mourned the destruction of his beloved cabin until his death on 17 December 1975.

Though Marion had been fearful that medical care would be too far away for serious emergencies, only one person died at Trial Lake while she lived there; he drowned. In 1980, however, fourteen years after Cardie and Marion had retired and the cabin had ceased to be a lodge and six years after the cabin had been burned, she witnessed a tragic death. Marion returned with her daughter Carol, son-in-law

LaVell Johnson, and their children. With no cabin to call home, they continued up the mountain on the Crystal Lake dirt road. A man frantically waved down their motor home—his friend had just suffered a heart attack. He and LaVell started CPR. Another group of vacationers driving down the road discovered what had happened and shouted as they sped away, "We'll get help at the lodge at Trial!" Carol dashed after them in a futile attempt to tell them the lodge was gone and to radio for help instead. Marion, now helpless without her ancient telephone, watched as the would-be saviors tried to resuscitate the man with breaths stolen from the perilously thin mountain air. By the time an ambulance arrived, an hour had passed; the man was pronounced dead in Kamas. That day was doubly hard for Marion as she gazed down the mountain, seeing no cabin, just a parking lot full of vehicles where it had once stood and the row of tall, but not yet stately, pine trees she had nurtured for so long.

Marion followed Cardie in death on 25 June 1991. Their children, grandchildren, and hosts of others thought the cabin-lodge should have become a historic landmark, perhaps even the real ranger station for which it was often mistaken, even on official government maps. But memories of it and its Clegg family linger on and have found a treasured place in the lore and lure of the Uinta Mountains.[46]

8

Alta Miller
A Short Sketch of My Life

Autobiography

In her long life Alta Miller has been a teacher, a supervisor of teachers for Jordan School District and for Brigham Young University, a member of the Primary general board for the LDS Church, and a member of the Midvale Historical Society, where she helped organize the local museum. The breadth of her service is reflected by a few of the many honors accorded her: a master's degree from Columbia University, the Silver Fawn Award from the Boy Scouts of America, Special Science Award from the Utah Science Association, admission to the Midvale Hall of Honors and the Bingham High School Hall of Fame, Outstanding Educator, and Woman of the Year. The affection of her students is expressed in a letter from Roma Iasella Ganz: "You have been my idol ever since I was ten years old. . . . We loved you Alta, because you loved us and set the tone for a superb learning environment."[1]

Some of these honors, and, more importantly, a record of the work that led to them, are contained in Alta's autobiography, written in 1989. Included, too, is her charming description of growing up in an area which doesn't exist any more. Bingham Canyon, on the east side of the Oquirrh Mountains, was the major access to rich copper deposits. The canyon was shaped like a Y. At the base was Copperton. The stem of the Y was known as Lower Bingham while the top left arm was Upper Bingham and Copperfield. The right arm was Highland Boy. Markham Gulch joined the stem at a right angle just below Highland Boy. All of these areas except Copperton are now buried under debris from the mine which engulfed them as it expanded.

While Miller wrote this for herself, her family, and friends, she has graciously given us permission to use portions of it here. A complete copy is on

When Alta Miller observed her ninetieth birthday in 1994, citizens of Midvale City celebrated her life of dedicated service to their community and to the state as a whole.

file at the Utah State Historical Society. It begins with extensive family background of her ancestors from Scotland and Denmark and the events that brought them to Utah. We join it as her father, Robert Collin Miller, arrives in Bingham.

When my Father came to Bingham he was looking for a place to stay. He heard of my Grandma Cook's boardinghouse.[2] He walked up to Upper Bingham, where the boardinghouse was located, to see about getting a place to live. . . . He said as he walked in the yard, he looked up, and sliding down the bannister was a girl, quite a large girl. He discovered afterwards it was [the woman who would become] my mother.[3] He always said he saw her backside before he saw her face. Anyway, they became acquainted. Several months went by and he started courting her. He and Grandpa Cook became very interested in the mines in Bingham.[4] They both had a liking for blacksmith work. So they worked in the Upper Bingham mines for leasers for about $1.50 a day.[5] With Grandma Cook bringing in what she could from the boardinghouse, they were able to get by.

My dad married my mother not too long afterwards. Their marriage took place on 17 November 1891 in Salt Lake City, Utah. At that time my dad was twenty years old and my mother was only eighteen. Things went pretty well for them. In three years one child was born; my sister, Hazel, was born in October 1894. Shortly after this a great depression occurred. My dad was out of work and had to give up the apartment where they were living. He didn't know what to do. Finally, he decided to send his wife and baby down to American Fork, Utah, to live with his mother and dad until he could get on his feet.[6] . . . While they were there a second child was born; my brother, Etherick, was born on 16 March 1897.[7] When Etherick was a few months old, things seemed to pick up in Bingham and my dad brought his wife and two children back. . . . Two other children were born there, Robert in 1898, and Dewey in 1901.

My dad became quite famous as a blacksmith. He was a very meticulous man. He could design the intricate parts needed when the machinery broke down. He got a chance to go over to Highland Boy and work for a wealthy mining company there. While he was there, Alta was born on 23 March 1904. Then Dad got another opportunity to work up in Markham Gulch, which was another very productive area as far as

minerals were concerned. He moved his family down to what was known as Lower Bingham, and it was there that Leonard, the youngest one in the family, was born on 19 September 1905.

My dad had an opportunity to move his family into a company house, about a mile and a half up in Markham Gulch. He took his family, carried what furniture they had, and moved them to Markham Gulch. This is where most of our childhood was spent. The company house in Bingham was a very peculiar little place. We had six children, two adults, and four rooms. The rooms were built one after the other in a long line. In fact, we could stand in one end of the living room and throw marbles right through to the kitchen, which was the fourth room away. It was a wonderful old house, and we loved it.

There was no running water. Beside our house was the most marvelous spring where the water ran into a barrel. We had to carry the water into the house in water buckets. We had a coal stove, or wooden stove because we had no coal then, and a reservoir on the side of it. We would fill the reservoir with water from this wonderful spring. People came from Lower Bingham and would bring bottles and buckets to get some of this wonderful water from our spring.

We had a cellar Dad built in the mountain. It was like a little tunnel where we could keep our food and vegetables. We had an outhouse behind the house and had to walk up some steps in order to get there. It was very miserable on a cold winter morning to have to climb up steps covered with snow. But we enjoyed that old house.

I remember so often as little kids coming home from school, walking up that canyon, with snow up around our waists, and our feet soaking when we got home. Mother would meet us at the door, pull down the oven door, take off our shoes, and put our cold feet in the oven to get them warm. There we'd sit eating homemade bread and chokecherry jelly and warming our feet.

We had a cow we named Molly. She was a great pet and followed my mother everyplace. We'd turn her out on the hillside during the day to feed on the mountain grass in the summer. When it was time for her to come home, we'd whistle and the cow would come home to be milked. We always had plenty of good milk to drink.

We bought our vegetables each winter from my uncle who lived in American Fork. He'd bring up a truckload of potatoes, onions, carrots, and cabbages, and we'd store them in the cellar.

One day an interesting thing happened—we lost old Molly. We looked everywhere for her, and after two days, we decided someone had stolen her. We were all very grieved. My mother had an occasion to go into the cellar for some vegetables, and when she went in, there was poor, old Molly. She had followed Mother in, and Mother had locked her in by mistake because there was no light. Molly had spent two days in that cellar eating most of the vegetables we had stored for the winter. She was a really sick cow. I can remember bringing her out and getting a veterinarian to come. He put a tube down—a rubber hose of some kind—down her throat and worked on her. Finally, she came out of it and was able to breathe normally. Another thing she did was follow my mother down to main Bingham when she went down to do her shopping. When she got to where Markham Gulch met Main Street, Molly would hide behind one of the buildings. When Mother came back, she would whistle and Molly would come out from behind the building and follow her home. She was just like a pet. We loved old Molly. I remember when she broke two of her legs falling down a hole. We had to kill her and everyone in the family was heartbroken because of it.

We had very little money, but we had an awful lot of love, which was more important. I remember this love at Christmastime. My mother was a beautiful, wonderful woman, very compassionate, very friendly, and full of fun. However, my dad was different. He was serious and read a lot. He was also so honest, it was almost embarrassing. Mother had many, many friends, and at Christmastime she liked to make fruitcakes to take to our nearest neighbors as a present. My dad and I would usually distribute them on a sleigh. One Christmas there was a company strike, and everyone was out of work. Mother couldn't make the fruitcakes that year. No raisins were available and no sugar. My dad conceived the idea of begging scrap iron from the blacksmith shop where he worked and making little miniature candlesticks like the miners used in the mines. . . . Mother put a candle in the holder and a bow of ribbon around the stem. I remember this Christmas Eve going with my dad down to our nearest neighbors and giving them one of these lovely little candle holders from Dad and a loaf of bread from Mother. I still have one of those candle holders. . . . On New Year's Eve of that year, the neighbors invited our family to come down under the Markham Bridge, which was quite free of snow, where they built a great bonfire, cooked hot dogs, and had a celebration. When we

arrived, every one of these neighbors lighted the candles that Dad had given them and sang, "For he's a very good fellow." . . .

Another thing I remember about Christmas is our family project. We always used to go up in the mountains to get our Christmas tree. My dad . . . had taken on a job with Utah Copper Company becaus e he could make more money. We bought a horse and a two-wheel cart which he drove in the summer. He rode the horse in the winter. At Christmastime we'd take this horse into the mountains and cut down one of the conifer trees for our Christmas tree. We would take along a sled, which my dad had made for us, and we'd strap the tree on the sled. Before we came home, we would build a little campfire and eat the lunch that we brought. The sled was pulled by the horse down to our home in Markham Gulch. There we would set it up in the living room. We had nothing to put on it except what we made. We strung popcorn and cranberries and made paper chains and cornucopias. One thing we made was very unique: Mother would take unshelled walnuts, because then you couldn't buy shelled walnuts like you can now, and she'd crack them open very carefully so the shell halves were preserved. She'd take the meat out of them, and then she would color the walnuts, some silver and some gold. She'd add a piece of ribbon so they could be hung on the tree. Then she'd glue the two walnut shells together again with the ribbon ends inside so it could be hung. These were very beautiful. Everything on the tree we had to make ourselves. What fun it was. I can remember sitting around that old kitchen table, everybody helping to make the Christmas decorations.

It was the custom then that the men would get paid on Christmas Eve. On Christmas Eve, Mother and Dad would go down to Lower Bingham to buy our presents, and we would be in bed by the time they got back. They would wrap them and put them under the Christmas tree. We didn't get very much, probably just one thing each. We also got an orange because some cousins of ours in California sent us a box of oranges. But we didn't get any bananas. In fact, I didn't even taste a banana until I was in high school. Usually, we got something to wear which Mother made for us, shirts for the boys and a dress for my sister and me. We always got one little plaything. It might be a flipper; it might be a game or puzzle, some little thing that didn't cost too much money. These we found under the Christmas tree. I loved those Christmases because of the love we shared.

My sister was a little older, so she got a job in Lower Bingham at a dry goods store. My brother, Doc, got a job in Upper Bingham in the Copperfield Merc. Then my brother, Bob, got a job in a store. That left three of the younger children at home most of the time. The older children came home at night but they were gone during the day. . . .

I want to tell you some of the interesting experiences we had. There used to be lots of snow in Bingham. We probably thought there was a lot because it was never moved from the streets. Up the canyon where we lived, there was a stream that ran down the side of a very narrow road. The road was only wide enough for my dad to travel in his two-wheel cart. Occasionally, ore wagons with narrow gauges would come up into the canyon to carry out the ore of some of the leasers who were mining up in that part of the canyon.

We had a very interesting old friend we called "Oquirrh Jack" because he lived in the Oquirrh Mountains. He lived up on the top of the mountain, and we used to go up all the time to visit him, especially in the summertime when we had to help get wood. We would find the dead wood up among the conifer trees, cut it down, stack it up so my dad could come up with his horse after work or on Saturdays and drag it down to our home so it could be cut into shorter lengths later. Because of our activity in cutting wood and because we loved to explore, we knew where the first pussy willows were and where the wallflowers grew. We knew where everything grew in the canyon. Because of our wandering, we became acquainted with "Oquirrh Jack," and he became a very good friend of ours. He always had something to give us. He made pie, cooked, and always gave us something to eat. However, he had a very bad habit; he liked alcohol. When he had ore to ship, he loaded it on a wooden sled and had horses take it down to Lower Bingham where it could be loaded on cars and taken to the smelter. After he got the money back, which happened about every three or four months, he would go down to Lower Bingham on his horse, and there he would get drunk. He would buy himself a bottle to take home and a pocketful of candy for the Miller kids. He would get just as far as our house and then fall off his horse. My mother would put him to bed, sober him up, give him a loaf of bread or something to eat, and send him on his way the next day.

I've always wondered what it was about our home that encouraged that horse to get as far as our house and then stop for "Oquirrh Jack" to fall off. I think it was because of love, love of my mother in taking care

of that old man, love of the old man because he loved my mother and because he loved us. Because he always brought back candy for us, we didn't resent him being put to bed and sobered up in our home. We always were compensated. Even the old horse must have felt this love because he'd get just as far as our house, put his head down and his ear up, and wait for "Oquirrh Jack" to fall off. He knew, too, he would be fed and watered if he came to our home. Throughout my young childhood, "Oquirrh Jack" was quite a character but a good friend.

I remember when we got a dog, an orange, long-haired shepherd dog. We called him Jack. In the wintertime the coyotes would come down really close to the house and growl, bark, and keep us awake at night. Jack would bark and chase the coyotes up the mountain, and the coyotes would chase him back down. Some nights, all night long, they were chasing each other back and forth up the canyon. We were not afraid of the coyotes. We knew they were cowards, and they didn't bother us.

We had a lot of experiences with other animals. We became acquainted with mountain lions, bobcats, porcupines, and snakes, especially rattlesnakes—there were a lot of rattlesnakes. Above our home, on the top of the mountain, were cliffs where most of the rattlesnakes went to hibernate in the winter. When spring came, they would come out. So very often we would encounter rattlesnakes, but we weren't afraid of them. We discovered early that they were just as frightened of us as we were of them. If we didn't bother them, they would go their way and we'd go ours.

One time, however, we had a very frightening experience. On one side of the mountain where we lived, there was a trail that wound its way around the mountain to where you could overlook Lower Bingham. It was one of our favorite places to hike and look for wild flowers and have an interesting walk. We always took Jack with us. One day we were walking along this path with Jack ahead of us. When we turned the corner, there was Jack in front of us, stiff-legged, swaying from side to side, not barking, not making a sound. As we got a little closer, we saw a rattlesnake poised, ready to strike again. Its head was going back and forth, and Jack's head and body were swaying with it. We knew if we didn't get some help soon, Jack would be a goner. We picked up big rocks and threw them at the snake, finally driving it away. When the snake left, Jack fell on the ground. He was so weak and

sick that he couldn't walk. We had to carry him home. For days he was sick and couldn't stand. Never again, when we went for a walk on that path, did Jack go with us. That was a bad experience with a rattlesnake.

Later, on that same path, one of the men who worked in the mine killed a rattlesnake with fifteen rattles, which meant it had shed its skin fifteen times, so it was a pretty big snake. As I tell this story, some people say they have never heard of a rattlesnake charming a dog. But three of us witnessed that, and Jack really was charmed.

When I was growing up, I was fascinated with the underground mines. Frequently, I would go with the miners and watch them muck the ore and load it in cars. I learned all the tricks of the trade as far as underground mining was concerned. I was really friendly with the miners, and very often they would give me dynamite, fuse, and caps, and teach me how to use them. I would help them set their own stakes to be blasted during the night so they could take out the ore the next day. I used to take some of this dynamite and fuses and caps and go up to the top of the cliffs to blast out some of the rattlesnakes. I think this was a horrible thing to do, but I didn't have any more sense then.

We had a very fascinating experience one day. My brother Dewey and I were up by "Oquirrh Jack's" getting wood. We happened to travel over a little ravine where we had never been before. I stumbled over an object. We uncovered the brush to see what it was and discovered a bell. As I can remember, it came up to my waist and was very rusty. The gong had rusted to the side of the bell, so we broke the gong loose and cleaned off as much rust as we could and banged it against the sides to see if it made a noise. It didn't ring very true, but it made a thudding noise. When we would go for wood, we would scatter in all different directions. When it was time to go home, the one who was nearest the bell would thump the gong against the side of the bell and that was the signal for us all to come together to go home. For several years we used that as a sort of signal. Later on, I noticed that on it there was some writing and I made a copy, as far as I could from memory. I didn't know what it meant, but I knew it was Spanish.

Later, I went to the University of Utah and took a class from Levi Edgar Young, a great historian. I wrote a story about the bell. He was so excited, he called me at my home and said, "Is that a true story?" I said it was. He said, "Where is the bell?" I said, "The bell now is up in Markham Gulch covered with millions of tons of dump waste from the

Utah Copper Company." He said, "It's no longer able to be located?" I said, "It's gone." He said, "What a tragedy. If we could find that bell, and you said you thought it was Spanish writing on it, we could prove that Coronado's men, or some of his men, did not just stop at Utah Lake in Provo, but went up over the Oquirrh Mountains on their way to California and dropped the bell in the ravine because it was too heavy to take it any further." He said, "If we could find that bell it would change the whole history of the Utah territory." I thought how terrible it was we didn't report the bell to somebody who knew what it was. . . .

Oftentimes we would go down to Bingham Main Street. We'd go to a show or to a school activity of some kind and it would be dark when we came home. There were no lights, no electric lights of any kind on the way to Markham Gulch, so my dad made us a lantern. We called it a bug. He would take a lard or honey can, put a hole in the side of it, put a candle in the hole, and put a wire handle on the top. It made a good light. We would hide these bugs among the bushes. We also hid a little bottle with some matches. If darkness came before we got home, we would just find one of these bugs, light it, and that would give us light to get home so we wouldn't fall into the stream or have any problems.

One night we had a very interesting experience with one old bug. One of my brothers and I had just been down to a school affair. It was dark, so we lit the bug and made our way up the canyon. It was snowing quite heavily. In fact, before we got home, a regular blizzard was blowing. We were walking along, trying to find our way along the path, when all of a sudden something swooped out of the sky and grabbed hold of my shoulder. I took the bug and slammed it into whatever it was that hit me and it fell to the ground. Then we lit the bug again and looked, and found that it was a bald eagle. We had killed it. The bird had lost its way in the storm, and our light attracted it. We felt terrible about killing it. We left it there and the next morning my dad found it and brought it home. He reported to the police what had happened because it was against the law to kill an eagle. They said, "Well, it was one of those accidents that couldn't be helped." I was just trying to protect myself. Anyway, we took the bird to a taxidermist, had it preserved, and gave it to the Bingham High School. It was in their office for years and years. I don't know what ever happened to the bird, but to us that was a very dramatic story.

Again, we often went down to Bingham Main Street. As kids we'd go down and just bum around. The sidewalks in Bingham, at first, were just wood. They didn't have cement until later. Sometimes they would have to change the wooden planks and we would be there when they changed most of them, if we knew about it, because people often lost money—pennies, nickels, and dimes—down the cracks of the boards. The children would all gather around when they changed the boards on the sidewalk, hoping they would be able to find some of this currency.

There were interesting characters in Bingham. I remember one whom I loved dearly was old Ching Ling, the only Chinese that I knew of in Bingham at that time. He was a laundryman. You've heard how laundrymen held water in their mouths and sprinkled it on the clothes. Well, Ching Ling did that. He washed beautifully and ironed beautifully. The bachelors living in Bingham took their clothes to him. We would go visit him, and occasionally my mother would send a loaf of bread, a pie, or something to him, and he would give us Chinese candy. We learned to love that old fellow, and he was part of my childhood growing up in Bingham. I remember when he died. The Chinese—it must have been a Chinese club from Salt Lake—came to bury him. They put him out on the sidewalk in his casket and left him there for half a day. The people in Bingham walked back and forth in front of the casket. Later, it was closed, and his henchman, who was Chinese, put him on a wagon. They had drums to beat and a dragon they pulled along behind. They walked down to the old Bingham Cemetery and buried Ching Ling.[8] I remember most of the kids in Bingham went with them. The Miller kids certainly did. For years after that, we would go into the mountains and get flowers on Memorial Day and put some of them on old Ching Ling's grave. He was a wonderful old Chinese man.

Another character who was very interesting was Joe Burger. . . . Everybody in Bingham knew him. When he first came there, he ran a novelty store, then he tried to run a newspaper. Finally, he became a mortician, the only mortician in Bingham. There were quite a few accidents, and sometimes men would get killed and nobody claimed the bodies. It was up to Joe Burger to try to dispose of them. People always said that if you couldn't find Joe Burger anywhere, you could go to the saloon or look in his embalming room. Often if you couldn't find Joe Burger anywhere else, you'd find him drunk and asleep in one of his

own caskets. There's a very interesting story told about Joe, and it's a true one. One of the miners was killed and nobody claimed the body. Joe Burger said he was sick and tired of taking care of all those poverty cases. He took this man, set him up at a table in the mortuary, and put a deck of cards in his hands as if he were playing cards. He invited people to come and look for 25¢ a look. Of course, out of curiosity, many people in Bingham went to see this corpse playing cards in Joe Burger's mortuary. He raised enough money so he could bury the man in the Bingham Cemetery and have some money left over for flowers. Joe later gave up the mortuary business and moved to Upper Bingham where he opened a novelty store. There he sold souvenirs and soft drinks. He was a real gentleman. Joe's wife lived in Salt Lake—she wouldn't live in Bingham. Every once in a while, he'd put on his tails, his best clothes, and catch the old bus down to Salt Lake to go with his wife to a concert or to a movie. Later, he would catch the bus and come back to Bingham to carry on in his little shop. He was one of the legends of Bingham, a very, very interesting man.

There were lots of other interesting characters living in Bingham: Dr. Inglesby, who was a dentist; Dr. Stropp, who for a while was the only doctor and traveled all over Bingham on his horse;[9] there was also Dr. Fraser. Later, he became famous because he went to the South Pole with Perry to carry on an experiment. There were many, many outstanding people who lived in Bingham; many who became lawyers, doctors, teachers, and wonderful basketball players. All this was going on when we were growing up in Bingham and going to school. I went to the Bingham Central School, and then to the Bingham High School because they didn't have junior high school. I graduated from the Bingham High School in 1922, went to the University of Utah, and later came back to Bingham to teach. We were very faithful students; we had good attendance. Sometimes the snow was so heavy that when we got out of school, we would wait for our dad. He would come along with his horse, put the two little ones on the horse's back, take the bridle, and walk ahead to break the path, and the rest of us would take hold of the horse's tail. Away we'd go to our home in Markham Gulch.

We learned to ski in Markham Gulch, but we never learned to ice skate because it was too steep. Many of the children from down in Lower Bingham would come up to our home because we had a great big yard. We played baseball up there in the summer and in the winter

we would ski and go for bobsleigh rides. We had a lot of fun in the canyon.

Later on, the company that rented us our house wanted it back. We had to move down to Lower Bingham down near the bridge, which was just a little distance from Markham Gulch. We lived there for some time, and Dad went on working for what later became Kennecott Copper. There my brother Doc met Olive Erickson, whom he later married. My sister, Hazel, met Lee Anderson and married him. My brother Bob married a girl from American Fork, Myrle Smith. My brother Dewey married into a family who lived across the street from us. My brother Legrand married Lillian Downs of Midvale.

Later on, about 1927, my family moved to Midvale when there was still Leonard and I at home. We bought a house from Eli Mitchell, who wanted to sell his home because he had built a new one on First Avenue. It wasn't quite ready, and we had to move, so we lived in that house with Eli Mitchell for several months. We had part of the house, and they had part of the house. When they finally moved, we took over the whole house. It was here that Leonard met his wife, Lillian Downs, who lived right across the street. I began teaching school in Midvale in 1925 in the old West building. E. E. Greenwood was the principal. I lived with the Rosse family for two years until my folks moved to Midvale.

So the years move on. I wish I had the power of words to adequately tell about my life in Bingham Canyon and the life of my friends and family. I almost get a lonesome feeling wanting to go back and relive some of those beautiful, wonderful experiences. The people made Bingham so wonderful.

I remember the sidewalks, and I remember the dirt roads with mud up to your knees. I remember when they put cement on the roads in 1938. I remember the wonderful celebrations that we had; I especially remember Columbus Day. On Columbus Day all the Italian people in Bingham would get together. They would dress in the old Italian costume of Columbus and they would make the three ships—the *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa María*. Then they would have all the children excused from school. We would line up. Each child had two flags, and we would hold one in each hand—one Italian flag and one American flag. We would follow the three ships up the main street. The bands would play, the people would wave their flags, and everybody in

Bingham came out and lined the sidewalks. It was wonderful! In the afternoon they had all kinds of races—foot races, three-legged races, and horse races. Then the Italian people would serve refreshments. We all looked forward to Columbus Day.

We had other celebration days. The Japanese people had Kite Day and Doll Day.[10] One thing about the people in Bingham, everybody supported everybody else. I feel there was no prejudice among the people in Bingham at that time. There were many different nationalities, especially Spanish, Greek, Austrian, Italian, quite a few English, lots of Scandinavians—about eighteen different nationalities. Many of them were young men who came to work and later brought their families. They built homes, many of them up on the side of the mountain just like a crow's nest. Many of the single men lived in boarding houses.

The streets of Bingham were very narrow. It was almost impossible for vehicles to pass each other during rush hour. In fact, one fellow said, "The only thing between you and the next car is a coat of paint." That's true. If anybody ever double parked on that road, it was very hard to go up or down. It was a narrow, winding road.[11] What stories that road could tell. Of course, today it's all gone. . . . All that's left is a great pit that covers the whole area that used to be Bingham.

But the memories of Bingham are treasures for me. Hundreds of beautiful experiences come to mind. Dozens of beautiful friendships still exist. I think of our family growing up in Bingham and what a great privilege it was. . . .

I grew up in the elementary school in Bingham, went to the high school, graduated in 1922. I was valedictorian of our class. I wanted to become a teacher, so my father said, "If you want to become a teacher I'll do what I can to help you." I went to the University of Utah for one year. At the end of the year, D. C. Jensen, who was the superintendent of Jordan District, called me and said, "How would you like to go to Upper Bingham and teach school?" I said, "I don't think my dad will let me; he wants me to finish and be a teacher." Superintendent Jensen said, "If you had a few years' experience, your college would mean a lot more to you." He talked me into it. I went up to Upper Bingham in 1923 to teach school. I was only seventeen years old. I was paid $800 a year.

In that old two-story building, they had just installed plumbing. It had a bell on the top of it, and a very small playground. The children

had to do most of their playing on the mountainside and in the road. I'll never forget that first day. After a short faculty meeting, I walked into my room and there sat forty-five children from three grades—third, fourth, and fifth. There were rows and rows of seats screwed to the floor and nothing but a teacher's desk and a chair.

Standing in the back of the room, in a corner, was a boy, a man, as tall as I was. I knew that this was Malachi. The principal, Mabel Neprud, had told me about Malachi. She said, "He probably will be in your room; he carries a knife and he teases the children, so you'll have your hands full." Because I'd had some good psychology classes, I went over to Malachi, and I said, "Malachi, I'm so glad that you're in my room. You can help me; there are so many things that we need and you can help with the boys and girls." Somehow this was the right approach and it worked. Malachi turned out to be my right hand man. He was wonderful, and I loved him dearly. He used to stay after school almost every night and make me furniture. He made me a table; he made chairs; he made a reading table; he made bookcases; he made them all out of powder boxes his dad got from Kennecott Copper and also out of orange crates that I begged from some of the stores. Malachi was a wonderful person.

We had sixteen different nationalities in that group, beautiful children. They brought to school with them many of their customs. Some of their customs were they'd have to drink a glass of wine before they came to school because it kept disease away. They had garlic on their breath because that was what many of them used in their food. Around their necks many of them wore a little bag of asafoetida, which is a very smelly disinfectant—it's supposed to keep diseases away. Some of them were sewed into their underwear in the fall and didn't get out of it until spring. Many of their other customs came with them. In spite of these personal habits, they were adorable children, and I always considered 1923 one of the most beautiful, successful years of my life.

Still, it was a hard year. It snowed really heavily. I had to walk a mile and a half down Markham Gulch, then I had to walk a mile and a half up to my school, three miles a day. When it snowed, I'd put on overalls in the morning to walk to school, change when I got to school, and put overalls on again to get home. Sometimes, when the roads permitted it, I took a sleigh and slid down on the sleigh. Once in a while

we got snowed in. There were two other teachers, besides myself, in the school, Mrs. Atkinson and Alta Accord. We'd get snowed in, and we'd stay all night in the schoolhouse. The people around us would bring in dinner. They were wonderful, especially the Japanese people who lived right across the street in Jap Camp. We had camp cots and blankets ready for our use in the storeroom.

Behind the school was Dinkeyville, where many of the Greeks lived. Down the street were the Austrians, English, and Irish. Whenever they knew we were held up in the school and couldn't get home, somebody sent over our dinner. It certainly was a satisfying experience to have taught in that school.

After one year I was transferred down to Lower Bingham and taught in an old gym building. I taught on the top floor—it was three stories up. That was an interesting experience. In 1925 I was given the chance to go to Midvale to teach. I went to Midvale School and taught there until 1937. In 1937, Superintendent C. N. Jensen called me into his office and said that Freda Jensen was going to get married and would I be interested in taking her job as an elementary supervisor? I was. So I borrowed the money, and my dad promised to help me; I went back to Columbia University in New York for one year. Oh, what a beautiful experience that was!

About Christmastime of that year, I got word that Freda's fiancé, Ray Beck, had died. I thought, "Well, now they won't need me." So I partly committed myself to Salt Lake City to teach there. Superintendent Jensen called me on the phone one night and said, "We still want you to consider the plan. Freda Jensen will be the primary supervisor and you the intermediate." So I became the intermediate supervisor of Jordan School District. I graduated from Columbia University that June with a master's degree, having had a tremendous experience. I met and worked with some of the giants in education: Mrs. Lois Mossman, Jean Betzner, Roma Ganz, and Dr. Counts . . . and I had the privilege of knowing them. I also met two beautiful people who became my friends, Lorene Fox and Wanda Robertson. They became lifelong friends of mine. Wanda died just a short time ago, and Lorene is in a nursing home. Through the years they have been wonderful friends and wonderful people.

I came into the district to work with Freda. She was an outstanding working companion, very cultured, very refined, a beautiful individual to

work with. Until 1969, when I retired, I held that position. We did some interesting things, I think, Freda and I. When we began in the district, there were no school libraries; none of the schools had libraries. We asked the boys in shop to make us fifty tin boxes. We took WPA project money, $5,000, and went to Deseret Book and bought some of the most beautiful children's books we could buy.[12] At that time you could buy a beautiful book for about $2 to $3. We put them in the tin boxes and rotated them around the schools. We left them in all the elementary schools, and every two weeks the principal would take them to the next school. They rotated them so the children had access to some of these beautiful books. That was the first library in Jordan School District.

When you think of what they have now, the beautiful libraries in each school and the county library. . . . We also had no visual aids; so we started that also. . . . We had a little old cubbyhole in the supply room where we had the custodian build some shelves for us, and we bought a few filmstrips. I remember the first one we ever bought was called "What Is Flour?" It was the story of the making of flour. After a while, each school got a filmstrip machine, and we had a library of filmstrips that we rotated around, but no moving picture machines. Finally, we had access to movies from the state school office. We bought a moving picture machine, and we would rotate the machine with the film. They'd keep it in the school for a day, and then the principal would take it to the next school. That was the beginning of the audio-visual library. Just imagine what we have today—at each one of the schools they have their own moving picture machine, and almost every room has a filmstrip machine. Think of the TVs they have; think of the wonderful computers they have now. What a great difference between then and now—how wonderful that we can make school more interesting for the children.

I taught and supervised for forty-six years in Jordan School District. After I retired, BYU offered me a position as student teaching supervisor. For two years I supervised the BYU students who were training in Jordan District and conducted training classes for them. My experience in education of forty-eight years has been a very rewarding experience for me. I have worked hard and wouldn't begrudge one minute. If I had to do it all over again, I'd choose the same profession.

As I look back over my teaching, many beautiful experiences stand out. This Malachi Lopez I've told you about stayed in my room until just about Christmastime. The Depression came and his dad lost

his job with Utah Copper, so Malachi was going back to Mexico. This knife he had was a part of his personality. His uncle, in Mexico, who knew he was coming to Bingham, gave him the knife and said, "Malachi, I'm giving you this knife because when you get to Bingham you're going to find some tough characters and you're going to have to protect yourself." That's how Malachi happened to have this knife. When I first knew Malachi, he carried it with him. But very gradually he quit chasing the children with it. Finally, he started allowing me to keep it. He'd give it to me when he came in the morning and get it when he left at night. Finally, he gave it to me on Monday, and I could keep it until Friday. He said, "You keep it for me and when I want it I'll come and get it." So I had that precious possession of his in my desk.

After school on the day the Christmas holiday began, the children all came up and gave me their gifts and wished me a Merry Christmas. I noticed Malachi just stayed around and stayed around. Finally, he came up to me with tears in his eyes and said, "I won't see you anymore. My dad and I are going back to Mexico tomorrow. He's lost his job, so I'm going home. I don't have a Christmas present for you, but I want you to know that I love you because of all the people of these United States who really loves me you were the only one. And, I want to give you a gift: I want you to have my knife." Malachi walked over to my desk, took out the knife and gave it to me, kissed me on the cheek, and ran like a deer out of the door. I don't know who shed more tears that day. I never forgot Malachi. In fact, the next year I got a letter from his principal in Guadalajara, Mexico. He wrote, "Malachi wanted me to write and just tell you that he's doing very well in school." About twelve years later, arriving at my desk in Jordan School District because it was the only address they had, I got a letter with a newspaper clipping in it. The clipping said, "Malachi Lopez had just been elected the Mayor of Guadalajara, Mexico." Oh what a thrill that was to me—this big, tall, lonesome boy had the right goals in life and had achieved them until he became the mayor of Guadalajara.

So that's just one success story. I think, like every teacher, hundreds of stories, hundreds of experiences with children could be written. But always to my mind when I think of the compensation of teaching, I think of Malachi, that wonderful boy from Guadalajara, Mexico. I still have Malachi's knife, and I treasure it very, very much.

All the time I was in supervision in Jordan District, I was having other beautiful experiences. In 1942 Sister Laverne Parmley called me in to the general board offices of the LDS Primary Association to have a conference with me.[13] . . . A few days later a letter came from the First Presidency inviting me to become a member of the Primary general board. For thirty-two years I served on the Primary general board in many capacities: in-service training, conference training, Tabernacle programs, articles for the *Children's Friend* and others. But most of my general board experience was in Scouting. When the Boy Scouts of America lowered the Scout age to eleven years, the MIA was unhappy with the program. The president of the church asked the Primary to take it. We were responsible for the eleven-year-old Scouting program for the entire church. Sister Laverne Parmley asked me to serve as chairman of the eleven-year-old Scouting committee. I accepted and chose a wonderful group of board members to help me.

Edna Faux and I wrote the first manual for the leaders of the eleven-year-old boys of the church. We were asked by the First Presidency of the church to correlate Scouting and priesthood preparation in the manual. . . . The Scout emphasis for the eleven-year-old boys' guide was to reach the rank of Second Class in Scouting. This was the first effort to correlate the two programs. We accomplished this, and it proved to be helpful and successful. The lessons had to be approved by the Primary presidency, the church Curriculum Committee, and the National Boy Scouts of America. It was a very exacting and humbling experience. We did a lot of research and a lot of planning. We did a lot of rewriting, a lot of weeping, and a lot of praying. We had six months to complete the project, and we met the deadline. What an experience it was. We met so many new people in the process.

In all, I spent nearly twenty years in just the area of Scouting alone. As I traveled all over the United States on conferences and training sessions for Primary people, one of my big emphases was to help in the Scouting program. After I retired from school, I had the privilege of taking many trips overseas. I went to Australia and New Zealand, Tahiti, all over Europe, Mexico, Alaska, and many other parts of the world doing Primary work.

I remember, especially, going to Australia where they were very interested in starting the Scouting program. I met group after group of

teachers, to help them and train them in this new eleven-year-old Scouting program. In Italy, I remember, we had many private meetings on Scouting. So, while there was great emphasis on that, I did other jobs in the Primary. But what an experience that was to travel the world, to meet those wonderful LDS Primary leaders everywhere who were so gracious and so wonderful to us. I traveled thousands and thousands of miles, flying most of the way. Never once in those thirty-two years did I have any kind of an accident. I was never ill, never had to miss a conference, never had an unpleasant experience. The Lord was certainly with me.

Since then I have had other experiences. I've been a counselor in the Relief Society, spent three years as president of the Relief Society, been a Sunday school teacher, stake and ward cultural refinement instructor, and one of the compassionate service directors of the Midvale Third Ward. So, I've kept busy because I believe everybody needs to have work in the church and I love the callings.

I have helped to establish the museum in Midvale and now, along with Laura Cerrone, have charge of the displays and help schedule the hostessing for that museum. I have tried to keep up in some of my other professional organizations, and I've found I have a very busy and wonderfully productive life.[14]

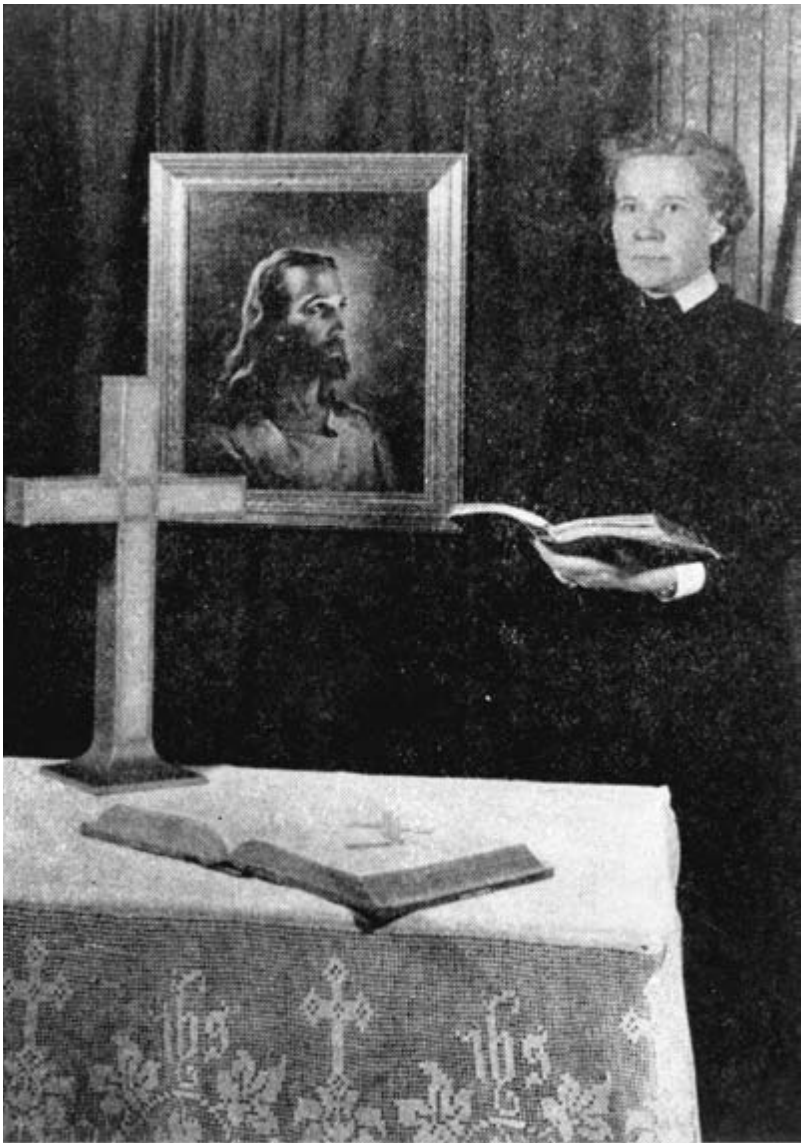
9

Ada Duhigg
Angel of Bingham Canyon

Floralie Millsaps

Floralie King Millsaps was born in New York City, the daughter of a professor at New York University. She grew up on Long Island and went to college at Middlebury, Vermont, where she fell in love with psychology and American literature. She worked as a psychiatric aide at Hartford's Institute for Living and New York's Neurological Institute, and in the personnel departments of Sears and Bouleva Watch, in New York City. Then she took off on a three-month fling in Europe "to spend all my savings." She returned and went to work for the American Smelting and Refining Company, where she met her husband, Frank. Together they have lived in numerous remote mining camps from Saudi Arabia to Crested Butte, Colorado, raising three children along the way. Their twentieth move brought them to Salt Lake City in 1973. Since then she has worked and volunteered in various places—University Hospital, Newcomers' Club, Elderhostels, the Utah Heritage Foundation, and Utah State Historical Society. She has presented more than one hundred lectures for the UHF, some on outstanding Utah women, including Ada Duhigg. In the course of preparing for those lectures, she has interviewed many people who came under Duhigg's care in Bingham Canyon, and she transmits their respect and concern for Reverend Duhigg in this biography.

Ada Duhigg came to Utah for her first time on 9 August 1932, in the depth of the Depression, traveling by train from the Midwest to Salt Lake City. From there a small bus trundled her west across the wide valley to the sharp rise of the Oquirrh Mountains, where its steep barrier was pierced by the mouth of the Bingham Canyon. It was a forbidding



"Miss Duhigg prepares to give the Sunday evening message to the children, young people and adults who gather for church services in the large assembly room of the Community House." From *Methodist World Outlook*.

day of low-hanging fog and rain, obscuring her vision of her surroundings as the bus lumbered up the seven miles of narrow, steep, shoestring road that formed the stem of the Y of the canyon layout. The road forked, and the bus driver chose the right arm of the Y to toil on up for another three miles and a sharp climb of one thousand feet until the conveyance arrived at the cluster of buildings clinging to the sides of the steep slopes. She had arrived at the mining community of Highland Boy, at an elevation of 7000 feet. What thoughts coursed through the head of this twenty-seven-year-old new Methodist deaconess as she peered out the windows, trying to determine what lay on either side? She could hardly have dreamed that here she would find fulfillment for the next twenty-eight years, meeting the needs and shaping the lives of what would become her family. It was a diverse population of seven hundred, dominated by immigrant Slavs, Greeks, and Italians but also including Mexicans, Indians, and other newcomers to the United States.

The "Angel of Bingham Canyon," Ada Beatrice Duhigg, was born on 1 March 1905 in the western Iowa town of Missouri Valley, just east of the Missouri River. She was the older of two girls born to a high school teacher, Mr. Duhigg, and his wife, Linnie.[1] Ada's father hungered for new opportunities farther west. When the governor of South Dakota opened up some Indian country to homesteading around the turn of the century, Duhigg filed his claim and traveled to his allotment to build a sod house, shed, and barn before sending for his family. Linnie and the two babies followed aboard an open railway freight car, jostled and crowded by all their possessions, on a day-long ordeal that was noisy, hot, and dusty. Once in their new home, the parents, bolstered by the large, protective family dog, had to keep a careful watch on the little girls to guard them from the rattlesnakes that infested the land. Just a few years later, when Ada was five, her parents decided their daughters must have a proper education, which meant uprooting and traveling east by covered wagon to the plains town of Huron, South Dakota. In this lively growing community, Ada began her formal schooling. In 1922, at age seventeen, she graduated from Huron High School and was qualified to teach in rural schools. The one-room schoolhouse situations gave her good training in handling students of all ages. Some eighteen-year-olds were unwilling attendees, forced by law to be there until they completed the eighth grade. They often were

her stickiest challenges. But her teaching paid for intermittent attendance at Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa, where she ultimately achieved teaching certification for both Iowa and South Dakota.[2]

However, even in her high school days Ada felt a call from God to enter missionary work, and by putting aside whatever she could save, by 1931 she was able to enroll at the Kansas City National Training School for Christian Workers in Kansas City, Missouri. The school is now the prestigious St. Paul Theological School. It was a wrenching decision because her father, an unwavering Roman Catholic, had pronounced that if she chose the Protestant faith, she would never again find a welcome at home. From then on she recognized that she would have to lean on God for her assurance and comfort. When she graduated a year later as a Methodist deaconess, Ada would join the roster of six hundred deaconesses sent out to serve in five hundred communities. Her appointment was made by the Women's Home Missionary Society and confirmed by Methodist Bishop Ralph Cushman at conference: She was assigned the role of superintendent of the Highland Boy Community House (HBCH) in Bingham Canyon, Utah. The building had been dedicated only five years earlier as a missionary project by the Methodist Church and a neighborhood house for all races and creeds.

So a few weeks later she found herself jolting up the narrow canyon. While the bus unloaded Ada's belongings, her curious gaze took in her new home. Built on a mine dump on the site of the earlier Methodist church that had been wiped out in the infamous snowslide of 1926, Highland Boy was a three-story structure of three parts, white board ends framing a wide, brown-shingled center section. It faced the road and backed up against the mountain with the words "Highland Boy Community House" stenciled across the facade below the large second-story windows.

Comfortable quarters for Ada and staff members were on the third floor. Their numbers would vary over the years from four to six women, their stays averaging six to eight years. Among them was Ada's younger sister, "Miss Vera," who served as community nurse and home matron until her death of a brain tumor in 1946 at LDS Hospital. Vera took special delight in the little female Pomeranian Spitz they kept for some years in their upstairs quarters. Ada's mother, Linnie, known as "Mother Duhigg," came in 1943 after her husband's death and served

as housemother, nursery attendant, and in various other ways until 1956. It was of great comfort to Linnie that Ada had come home on word of her father's impending death, and peace between father and daughter had been won before it was too late. Linnie was then released to join Ada and Vera in a new career for the older woman.

Alice Brown, one of the early staff members, was killed in a car accident while she, Ada, and Mother Duhigg were on a speaking trip in California. Ada and her mother were severely injured and help was agonizingly slow in coming in the ferocious desert heat. Alice's successor, Mildred May, of Danville, Kentucky, another deaconess, came in 1948. She was acknowledged as Ada's sidekick over the eighteen years they served together. Mildred and Ada were both happy, confident, can-do types who would tackle anything, from tarring the roof to leading a climb to the top of the mountain. Mabel Hopkinson was for some time home visitor and in charge of the juniors. Others remembered were Mary Cone, kindergartner and minister of music; Margaret Simpson, nurse; Lily Stokes; Grace Weaver; Ruth Pierce; Mother Gallbraith; Harriet Chapin; Ruth Savin; and Miss Button.

Janie Montoya, who had come from Mexico to Dinkyville in Bingham Canyon as a small child, learned to count on Miss Duhigg after she moved to Highland Boy as a young married woman. She knew Miss Duhigg as light haired, tall, straight, and slim, with a warm smile. Perhaps because Ada often dressed in dark clerical clothes with a close white collar, Janie's son, Mike, as a five-year-old, likened Miss Duhigg as "being in the presence of the Pope." They looked to Ada for guidance, understanding, and assistance. "She made you feel important, she always listened, and her message seemed honest and true. In her sermons she appeared to speak right to me."[3]

Ada's creed was the deaconess motto: "I serve neither for reward nor gratitude, but from love and gratitude. My reward is that I may serve," and "I am challenged to love them all, wicked, selfish, unappreciative, others thoughtful and kind." All children were her children. Sophia Piedmont recalled, "Ada stood out from the rest of the religious leaders. She came to our homes, often up steep grades high on the canyon walls, to find out first hand our problems and concerns." Sophia's Serbian father, Stevan "Pete" Lovrich, had come in 1906 and after his wife's death was raising six children at Highland Boy. He especially appreciated what Miss Duhigg was doing for his family.[4]

The lower floor of the Highland Boy Community House consisted of a washroom, furnace room, craft, club, and classrooms. On the second floor was a home-economics-style kitchen and a spacious gym that also served as the sanctuary for church services. A switch over could be made in a half hour from a hotly contested hoop game or noisy roller-skating rink to the gathering place for a house of worship. There was a library of fifteen hundred books with popular story hours and available guidance in reading programs, many for those who only knew English as a second language. The versatile rooms were filled with activity seven days a week, including worship services, church school and vacation church school activities, missionary clubs, and Bible study. There were parties of all kinds, sewing, arts, crafts, and cooking classes. There were meetings for leadership training, for Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts, Brownies and Girl Scouts, even Campfire Girls. Every child was taught to swim. Training was provided in first aid, Red Cross skills, and nursing. There were well-baby clinics and tonsillectomy clinics that included impromptu use of the kitchen as an operating room—"tonsil parties," with as many as thirty children benefitting. Kindergarten was important: "Here the little ones learned sharing . . . in His school of love."[5]

"Children were safe and there was always something to do."[6] Every activity increased abilities. But best of all, Janie Montoya recalled, "It was always warm, with plenty of light." And Indians, Puerto Ricans, Yugoslavians, all shared equally. Milka Smilovich, Sophia's sister, helped with citizenship classes for Italians, Yugoslavians, and Greeks. Miss Duhigg would take the Mexican children to sing at St. Paul's Methodist Church in Copperton, in a move to heal the alienation between the Anglos and the Hispanics.

Summer school at the Community House involved learning household skills: how to cook on electric stoves and how to use washing machines and sewing machines. Boys took woodworking shop and learned to use tools. Acquiring good manners and respect for family and those who deserved it were part of every activity. Summer also brought camping trips. Janie Montoya recognizes now that they were some of the happiest days of her life. Even though she was a nursing mother with her new baby along, it was complete joy, helping Ada with the children, hiking, singing, always singing, and loving Jesus and the freedom of the outdoors.[7]

It's not surprising that there was very little juvenile delinquency in Highland Boy. Between school and the multitude of activities offered at HBCH, there was little time or energy left over for mischief. Teachers and mission house personnel worked with families. "In tragedies and in the ordinary incidents of everyday life, Miss Duhigg was indispensable. She was the intermediary between us at the school and the children's parents. No one did more to unite the immigrants and the native Americans and make Bingham a closely knit community than Miss Duhigg."[8]

Although the Fourth of July and Columbus Day were major landmarks in the Bingham Canyon year, Christmas was the most special of all holidays for the children. A play would be presented and a wide repertoire of carols sung and broadcast over an outdoor amplifying system to reach out to all the residents up and down the canyon. Outside the Community House, twinkling lights on a large, fresh-cut tree beckoned. Inside Santa presided, and there was a Christmas box for every family and a wrapped present for every child, often along with an orange and candy. No one was left out; everyone was welcome. Gifts and clothing were donated from around the country, and the staff spent many evenings sorting and wrapping the right size clothing and toys for each child. Two women from distant areas each sent one hundred pairs of knitted mittens every year. If a family was unable to attend because of illness, a box would be carried to them.

> The office was a place of service, too. Here a mother comes for help concerning a problem child; a father wants a letter written to his wife, urging her to come home to her family. The same father wants to know what size dresses to buy for his little daughters. Another desires us to call the doctor for his sick child. A young girl and her husband want to know what to buy for a layette. A second couple wants to work for a layette that their coming baby may be welcomed properly. Others claim our influence to obtain employment or our assistance in making a gymsuit, a boy's shirt, or a party dress for the high school formal. Conferences with PTA presidents, committees, relief workers and deputy sheriffs take place here, too. Many tears have been shed within its tiny walls, many friendships made for Jesus and many prayers voiced and

> answered. Thank God for these four women willing to be used by Him![9]

These "angels" used their talents to the limits, but they were always expanding possibilities. There were twenty-seven nationalities and fifteen denominations among Highland Boy's seven hundred residents, the work force for the ever-expanding mining operation of the Utah Copper Company, later to become the Kennecott Copper Company. With Ada's leadership they would come together and draw strength from each other to meet the challenges of economic downturns, strikes and layoffs, mine disasters, and the gamut of natural disasters: fires, avalanches, mud slides, and rockfalls. With the power of faith, the tools of learning, and their cooperative efforts, she would lead them to their better selves, and their children to a new level of achievement and self-respect. She opened the doors to a new vision of life. She shared their burdens of sorrow, illnesses, and deaths of loved mates and innocent children. And she was also there for their weddings and spiritual joys, their triumphs, and their disasters.

On 9 September 1932, less than a month after Ada's arrival in Highland Boy, a spark flamed up in the abandoned Princess Theater, and fire swept down the canyon for a third of a mile on both sides of the road, destroying seventy-five buildings and making 323 persons from nearly one hundred families homeless.[10] Sophia Piedmont's father lost all the eight houses he had thriftily acquired, and he and his children were roofless.[11] A relief station was set up at the HBCH under the direction of Deaconess Ada Duhigg. Ada and her staff were bonded with the community on a new level as the building served as a nerve center and distribution point for the displaced and distressed. A family of ten found refuge at the center for more than a week; others filled additional classrooms for as long as they needed. Meals were brought in by the Red Cross and community. Furniture and clothing were collected and distributed for the displaced. "Many fathers for the first time looked at the Community House as a source of comfort and help as well as a place to play and learn."[12]

A few years later another kind of disaster struck.

> The snow slide of 1939 caused six deaths (two members of the Thomas family, the mother and little ten-year old Helen). Miss

> Duhigg worked all night with the rescue team and first aid groups. She held the joint funeral in the high school auditorium down at Copperton, at the opening of the canyon. We couldn't find Duchie Thomas until morning, and then found him safe in his bed under a sheltering leaning wall. He laughingly told Miss Duhigg that he thought God had saved his life for a purpose. As of now—many years later—he has served hundreds of high school young people as their teacher. Eleven months later, the oldest brother, Nick was killed in a horrible mine accident. Again, it was Miss Duhigg's painful task to take the death message to the little family and to hold the funeral a few days later.[13]

Ada sat beside the dying, comforted the sick and sorrowing, and held the funerals for most of the deaths.

"The work at the House was always varied. Because the Depression was in full swing and people didn't always have the money to travel to Salt Lake City to look for work or go to a hospital, the staff at the community house was often called into service to get people into town. Rose Abreu recalled the night her daughter was born Miss Duhigg took her into St. Mark's Hospital (SLC) through a blizzard which left travel almost impossible. That night she gave birth to a [two-month] premature daughter, who is now a teacher and has a daughter of her own."[14]

When Ada received her expanded deacon's orders and then her elder's orders in 1944 and 1955, she was the only fully ordained minister in the area authorized to preside at mixed faith marriages and funerals. This was forbidden to the Roman Catholic priesthood. Ada was the only one willing "to marry or bury" members of a family of mixed faiths. As love blossomed between young men and women regardless, Ada saw no barriers. This expanded her role considerably. Presiding at many baptisms gave Ada deep satisfaction in her mission call.

There was little mention of Ada in the local social news. She was too busy with the Community House activities and was also reluctant to accept home hospitality when homemade wines flowed freely in the Old World custom of plenteous food and drink for every major occasion, including weddings and funerals. "Prohibition was never practiced in the canyon."[15] Many houses had a still within their walls; it

was an integral part of European customs the immigrants brought with them. "When children showed up on school grounds with feet stained purple it was known they were crushing fruit at Highland Boy."[16] Ada's religion did not permit alcohol, and her belief was reinforced by dealing with the results of overindulgence—wife beatings, misspent wages, lost jobs, and acute alcoholism. Bars represented each ethnic group and were the social clubs of the day for the men. Drinking was heavy and a major part of life. It also resulted in street violence, shootings, and stabbings that must have been in dramatic contrast to life on the streets of the quiet farm community of Huron, South Dakota.

In the midst of all this, The Highland Boy Community House was widely known as the House of Joy, putting Jesus first, others second, yourself last. Its mission was to bring direction to abundant life through Jesus's fourfold teachings in mental, physical, social, and spiritual development. Ada often used the four-armed Maltese cross as a motif to reinforce the lessons. Tillie Tsinnie, a Navajo Indian who lived in the canyon as a child, recalls that her mother learned to crochet and embroider and cook Anglo meals. She said of Ada Duhigg, "Your gospel teaching, your works, acts of kindness, encouragement, your kind of guidance of Christian living, had an influence on my life. Not until we left the canyon did I realize there are cold, cruel persons. I cannot remember a sad time in the House of Joy."[17] That remembrance of joy permeated many of the letters Ada Duhigg received after her retirement. She lived joyously and her joy was contagious, a special gift of her own being and the beliefs that infused her life.

Funding for the HBCH was largely through the National Organization of the Women's Home Missionary Society, supplemented in token amounts by the Bingham Canyon Community Chest, and supported by the people with what they could spare. In the Depression years the budget was very tight. The community was suffering real poverty. But the "angel" always found a way to go forward. On the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Highland Boy Community House on 2 October 1952, when asked why she did not leave for the better opportunities that constantly came her way, Ada replied, "Because the challenge here is too great!"[18]

On 14 August 1945 Japan surrendered and World War II came to an end. Two hours after receiving the announcement, Ada Duhigg held a prayer service at Highland Boy Community House. Seven hundred

sixty-one Bingham Canyon men and women served in World War II; fifteen were lost forever. Among Ada's flock in Highland Boy were families needing comfort.

As the behemoth copper company's expansion of the mine pit gobbled up more and more of the mountain, communities were given notice that they were in the path of progress and would have to move. Residents began packing up and leaving, often across miles of Salt Lake Valley floor, to find new homes. The houses they left behind were demolished almost immediately. Even Ada's team had to say goodbye to the House of Joy and move their community action program three miles down the canyon to headquarters at the older Methodist church in Bingham, at the fork of the canyon's Y. Small quarters and a fast-diminishing population crimped the program. In another three years the Bingham Methodist Church too succumbed to the giant pit's appetite. By the early 1950s, Ada's flock was scattered, and it was time for her to consider the next step.

During these seasons of change, Ada had presided at both the Bingham and Copperton Methodist churches as their minister. There were very few women in the pulpit, and the congregations' acceptance of Miss Duhigg as their teacher and minister was verification of the place she had earned with her sermons and demonstrated works. Reverend Duhigg and Deaconess Mildred May spent a short time living in the newly provided parsonage in Copperton, formerly the home of Dr. Jenkins, while preaching and serving St. Paul's Methodist Church. Then the Women's Division of Christian Service called them to a much larger task: to survey the needs of the church's scattered people, spread out over 195,000 square miles in the western United States.

The two women developed a traveling ministry in a big house trailer, set up for both living and church services, crisscrossing rural Utah and lapping over into the edges of Idaho and Colorado, even Nevada. There would be Protestant services for as few as five or six church members stranded in a community of Mormons. The women worked this way for six years, until Mildred May was called away by her mother's final illness. Then their house trailer found a home on a plot in Midvale donated by Charlie and Lillian Dumas. Midvale, a town across Salt Lake Valley to the east, was the final destination for many former Bingham Canyon residents. The Dumas family knew Ada well

from Highland Boy days and was delighted to be able to return some of the good she had brought to their lives. Ada carried on alone for two more years, driving long days, reaching out to the lonely, organizing churches, training leaders. She planned vacation church schools that welcomed all children—Mormon, Catholic, and Protestant. Rarely was there a moment unfilled by her wonder works.

But the load was very heavy, and eventually the doctor advised Ada that her heart was weakening under the strain. With feelings of guilt, she took early retirement at age sixty-three and withdrew in August of 1968 to the church-supported Frasier Meadows Manor outside Boulder, Colorado. For another year she met the needs of two small churches at Matheson and Simla in eastern Colorado, traveling and preaching on a very strenuous schedule until they obtained full-time pastors. Ada's life then evolved into keeping in touch with her flock and church communities by extensive letter writing, encouraging participation in Christian works, and assembling the story of her life. Testimonial letters were gathered that recalled the shared experiences and the roles she had played in others' lives.

She cited a poem from Grace Noll Crowell, "A Pastor to his People," as "my prayer year after year for 38 years as I was reappointed your pastor. Today, my only service to you can be a prayer—may this poem still express my concerns and hopes." In part, the poem reads, "You are my people, . . . To serve, to shepherd through the days ahead; . . . I am glad that I was led. To come to you, . . . to work . . . to serve . . . Each hungry soul . . . And I would honor with my every work The blessed Savior, Jesus Christ our Lord . . . may we be Builders together for Eternity."

In 1976, at the traditional Fourth of July Lion's Club Breakfast, where ex-Binghamites gather for reunion and remembrance, twenty-two hundred people were present as Ada Duhigg accepted a plaque engraved with "To Ada Duhigg—a testimonial of sincere appreciation of distinguished and unselfish service."[19]

Ada spent her final years in Frasier Meadows, but her Utah friends remembered her. After Miss Duhigg left Utah, Janie Montoya felt compelled to visit her at least once a year for spiritual renewal, "to be refreshed, for there was the Grace of God for you and me," even though Reverend Duhigg always stressed she was only the messenger—"don't love me, but love the Lord."[20]

"Miss Ada Duhigg, deaconess at Highland Boy Community House, and a licensed local preacher visits a neighboring family. All these children and a baby sister, were baptized by Miss Duhigg." From *Methodist World Outlook*.

She anticipated her death without fear, as revealed in a letter written during a serious illness two years before her final day. In it she reviewed some of the funeral sermons she had given over the years:

> Death . . . was an important subject in Bingham, as it is everywhere. I had as many, on the average, of three funerals a month. Causes were ore dust, miner's con, mine accidents, dynamite accidents, high altitude, one cowboy's horse running away dragging him to death, one crib death "believed caused" by Protestant baptism when part of the family was Catholic, several snowslide victims, again believed "caused by Protestantism." The Mormons assigned we Protestants to the lowest of five heavens as their servants. Funerals were frequently on Tuesdays, which canceled the sewing classes. One little girl in one of the classes grudgingly asked "Are funerals ALWAYS on Tuesdays?" Being the only Protestant minister in the canyon most of these twenty-nine years, I had the larger number of the funerals. I was the only one willing to marry or bury a member of a family of mixed faiths. . . . As I leafed through those three notebooks, memories flooded. Some had feared death for themselves—what was going to happen to them or to their loved one? Many questions as to why miner's con, why accidents, why babies died, why did sufferers seemed obliged to live long years in suffering with miner's con? God gave me a simple faith for each one—simple and sufficient for myself. In spite of differences in theology, I was invited to preach in many Mormon services. One Mormon physician often kidded me after such a service by saying "You took our dead bodies away from us again today!" . . . A God-Creator great enough to create a world such as this (granted millions of years in creation) has an answer to desires for life after death. He will meet our needs. No, I'm not afraid of death, I'm looking forward to being in the hereafter and being with Christ and with loved ones gone a while. We'll know and be known. Praise God from Whom all blessings flow! See you over there! Spiritual guide for many of you, teacher for some and friend of all![21]

Ada ascended into that next life during her sleep on 22 June 1992, at age eighty-seven, at the Frasier Meadows Health Care Center, confident that she was going where she had always wanted to be.

She was memorialized at three services, the first on 30 June at Frasier Meadows Phillips Chapel in Boulder. Janie Montoya flew over with Charlie and Lillian Dumas, who were married by Miss Duhigg, as was their daughter. Miss Duhigg's story was shared with those who had only known her in later life. The second service was at the First United Methodist Church in Salt Lake City at Second East and Second South at 7:30 P.M. the same day. The third was on Sunday, 19 July, at 4 P.M. at the St. Paul's United Methodist Church in Copperton, Utah, where a collection was taken for the Ada Duhigg Memorial Scholarship Fund for needy Methodist seminarians. Lillian Dumas gave the prelude, Janie Montoya was master of ceremonies, directing the singing and remembrances, and Ron Yengich, Salt Lake City criminal defense attorney who participated in Highland Boy Community House activities for three years as a child, gave a life history. "She was a true Christian in the basic sense of that word," declared Yengich. "Her ministry cut across all denominational lines. The mine eliminated the town, but the heart of the people remains. And she touched the hearts of a lot of people."[22] The *Salt Lake Tribune* reported, "The Rev. Duhigg served 28 years as a deaconess and minister in the Methodist Church, becoming 'like a mother' to the canyon residents."[23] Perhaps Mildred May said it best, "A missionary is a millionaire in friends."[24]

But the tributes did not end with her death, and not all were formal. During his final days at the hospital, Sophia Piedmont's younger brother, Mike Lovrich, kept in his nightstand the pocket-size Bible Ada had given him as a child, his last precious possession. The far-reaching consequences of Ada Duhigg's teachings and actions are beyond calculation. The lives she affected and changed are like the ripples on the pond after the splash of a pebble; they go on beyond the limits of our knowing.

Ella Peacock's studio in her Spring City home, like her paintings, bore her direct style and the colors of Sanpete County. Photo by and courtesy of Paul A. Allred.

10

Ella Gilmer Smyth Peacock
Spring City's Resident Saint

Edited by Susan Mumford

Susan Larson Mumford, native of Eugene, Oregon, holds a bachelor's degree in English and Spanish from Brigham Young University and has done undergraduate study at the University of Mexico and graduate work in creative writing and library science at the University of Oregon. A gifted artist herself,[1] she currently operates Frameplace in Salt Lake City, where she does custom framing of objects ranging from flat prints to family heirlooms. In the process of restoring a farmhouse in Sanpete County, Mumford met Ella Peacock and was inspired by her "example as an artist and an independent woman." Here she presents Peacock's own reminiscences of her ancestry and her own life from an interview with Sharon Gray of the Springville Museum of Art.[2] The interview itself is lively, but, as interviews often do, wanders occasionally. As it is presented here, it has been sequenced chronologically, annotated, and supplemented by an introduction and an afterword.

In 1970, Bill and Ella Peacock left Salt Lake and headed south for a Sunday drive of 120 miles. Just past Provo, they turned east through the Spanish Fork Canyon where Father Escalante and his party first stood to view the valley of Utah Lake, the Jordan River Narrows, and the Great Salt Lake. A prominence with a cross marks the spot. They turned south again and followed Highway 89, the north-south highway through the middle of the state that follows the Manti-La Sal mountain range and National Forest. The highway is the main street of small towns: Thistle (destroyed by a mud slide and flood in 1983),

Birdseye, Fairview, Mount Pleasant. Then the Peacocks turned east five miles further on a side road that leads into a place time seems to have forgotten.

> Old faces, old places, and rickety old signs,
> Life here resembles a much gentler time.[3]

The whole of Spring City, as this town is called, is a national historic district, with houses and barns that have not been much altered since their original construction in the 1860s and 1870s. Canal Creek and natural springs provided water to support settlers. After being driven out twice by the Native American populations, the settlers returned in 1859 and established the town. Spring City now consists of a few substantial homes, some small businesses, and a pioneer chapel built of oolite stone, quarried south of town. The raising of substantial crops historically made this area thrive, but the Peacocks wanted to see Spring City because they had heard it was an artists' colony, and they "decided we liked it well enough to stay there."[4] The local citizens decided they liked the Peacocks well enough, too. One man has called Ella "our resident saint."[5]

Autobiography of Ella Peacock

I was born in Germantown, Philadelphia, in 1905. . . . My mother's father, Leander W. Mennhall, was a Methodist minister—kind of an evangelist, I guess. He was quite a lively person, a handful as a boy, so I hear. Once his mother punished him by taking his clothes away when he went swimming against orders. This did not matter to him; he went home without them. He was in thirty-three battles of the Civil War. He started as a drummer boy and became an adjutant lieutenant. He also did blacksmithing, said he shod all the kicking mules. Later he became a dentist because he could forge his own instruments. Then he became a minister—got his degree for that. I was very fond of him. He was an excellent swimmer, wanted to swim the Hellespont like Leander of old, but the ship's captain would not allow it. He traveled extensively. My grandmother, his wife, attended college as a girl. This was rare in those days. Shortly before my grandfather's death at

nearly ninety-one, he went to California to preach for Aimee Semple McPherson! I'll never know why.

Grandfather's parents were David Mennhall and Abigail Rue Moore. His father died and his mother took the family from Indianapolis in a covered wagon. One time they were down to ten cents and had a family conference as to how to use this. They decided on beans. His father David had cosigned a note for a friend and lost all of his money. They went to Iowa, where Abigail married again to a man named Isaac Phipps.

My Aunt Dibbie (Elizabeth Mennhall) took care of Grandfather after Grandmother died. She never married and was like a second mother to me. I lived with her for six months when I was five years old. Mother was having a baby; Father had a nervous breakdown; my brother and sister had pneumonia, and I had just poured water down the piano keys, so they were glad to unload me for a while.

I had a double curvature of the spine. Could not stand school until the second grade. We were all sent to Germantown Friends School [Quaker] because the public schools then were very bad. Friends School had a high scholastic standing. Most colleges accepted their graduates on certificate, no college entrance exams required. For several years my most unfortunate job was getting my back straightened. I went to a special gym in the city to do an exercise routine. School was of second importance; however, I made it somehow.

My father [George Albert Smyth] was a lawyer, and he became what he wanted, too—a corporation lawyer—he did not like or wish to practice criminal law. I loved my father and I think he was partial to me, maybe because I needed his regard more than the others. He called me "Bunting." I was shy and lacked confidence. My parents always wished I was more like Mary. Mary was Mary Shivies. Mary was given authority over me—I had tantrums a lot. She could hold me motionless, which only enraged me more. She has lately told me that she used to encourage these outbreaks; it was fun.

Our family were fine Christian people. Grandfather Trunhall (I never knew the Smyth ones) knew his Bible from front to back and used to disagree strongly with the ministers of the day. He could quote passages of the Bible which were in direct opposition to each other as written. We always had a family prayer at his house. We also had prayers at home. I guess I was a rebel. I remember hearing an interesting happening

about Cousin Georgie Short (a woman). I believe she lived in New York. Buffalo Bill's Wild West show was coming to town and was badly in need of financial help. Cousin Georgie had plenty of what was needed and came to the rescue. She was repaid with a barrel containing the first gate receipts just as collected. Mostly silver as I have heard.

Our family had a cottage in Lavallette, New Jersey, a very small settlement. We had a sneak box [sail boat] which we sailed all over Barnegat Bay. The Willburn family—ten children—-also spent their summers there.[6] We used to join the yacht club sailboat races in their boat. We always took care of scraping and painting our boats and painting and repairing our cottages. In Germantown, we always had one maid, sometimes two, but not at the shore.

In Lavallette I had quite an admiration for one of the Willburn boys, Donald. I was used to hearing a certain amount of fun being directed at my nose, which was much longer than necessary. Donald said if anyone had anything to say about my nose, let them come to him! I thought he was wonderful to stand up for me. . . .

In Lavallette, on the Barnegat Bay and the oceanfront, we used to go crabbing in our sailboat. If we were not wet on our arrival home, we would jump overboard. Could not come back dry! We also upset the sneak box more than once. My father would always bring meat with him when he came down because it was unavailable at the shore. Also, we got our milk every day at the railroad station, the milk train. No facilities in those days for keeping things cold in Lavallette. We used to buy fish fresh caught at the fish pond at the edge of town. Ocean-caught, of course, and we cleaned our own.

We all learned to swim at an early age. During northeast storms we used to swim in the ocean and ride the big breakers in—sometimes with the benefit of a piece of board and sometimes just us! Those were very good days. We had a bathtub with a hand pump at the end. The same "plumbing" was in the kitchen. Our "White House" in the back yard served as the rest of our bathroom. We had had a large hole dug in the yard for a septic tank. There was no plumbing except a waterline then. Later, the town put in facilities so that we all could have plumbing. This did not make Lavallette any more attractive to us.

One weekend when my father was there, my Uncle Billy [Henry Field Smyth], his brother, asked him to take him up the coast to help his son, Henry, who was having trouble. My father said to Mother then

that he did not want to go, but of course he went. He was hit by a train at a crossing. My uncle was not hurt, but Father was pinned and the Ford caught fire. He died in the hospital later that day. This was 3 August 1919. Mother really had a terrible time being left with five children, the youngest a baby. I was thirteen at the time.[7] There was plenty of money, no worries on that end. Mother tried after that to make up to my two younger sisters for not having a father. I think they were quite spoiled. I felt that she did not love me much, but I am sure that was only in my mind. I think I was not much help to her.

A few years later my mother lost the largest part of her money. This was before the Great Depression. The family business, Young Smyth Field, was a wholesale import and export business located on Arch Street in Philadelphia. They had exported a large amount of goods to South America. Our government declared a moratorium, saying that South America did not have to pay its bills at that time. My father had been the lawyer for the firm. My Uncle Calvin was vice-president and uncle Isaac was president. This put the firm in the hands of the receivers as more than a million dollars was owing, and maybe a lot more than that, I don't know. Anyway, the family lost out, and the largest part of mother's money was in the firm.

I had left Friends School to attend a private school in Chestnut Hill, Springside. Mother took me out of there the end of my second year of high school and sent me to Germantown High School. I hated that. I had had three years of Latin and six years of French at that time but could not keep up with high school at the second year Latin level. They were all using "fonies" for translating, I found out later. I did not know what a "fonie" was.[8] I was most happy to quit in the middle of my senior year and go to art school, one year in Baltimore, then to the School of Design for three years in Philadelphia.[9] Mother's good friend, Mrs. Ballinger, the wife of a successful architect, furnished me with what she called her "private scholarship." I worked as a camp counselor teaching swimming, life saving, and canoeing in the summer to pay for my materials. My third and fourth years in art school were on a senatorial scholarship. I won the sculpture prize on graduation. . . .

Back at art school my mother thought I should study music more (after about ten years of music lessons). I tried at Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore and decided I still wanted art school. Mother's friend Mrs. Ballinger had helped Mother a lot. She financed the remodeling of

some of our house in Germantown to make two apartments for renting. She wanted to help in other ways, but Mother did not want to accept all of that.

One episode in art school days I forgot to mention: I had always wanted to "hop a freight train" like the hoboes. In Baltimore I accomplished this. Not a very long ride, but a sample! On graduation from art school I won the sculpture prize. Sam Murray, a close associate of Thomas Eakins, awarded this (our sculpture instructor). I had met a girl at school, Frances Watson, who specialized in animal illustration.

After graduation I took charge of organized play at Springside School and also taught some clay modeling. While teaching at Springside School, I stayed at a farm in Bucks County—an illegal "still" during those days. My friend Frances Watson was buying it, and her mother was living there with her. This was during the Depression of the thirties. She got a job as supervisor of art in the public schools of Pleasantville, New Jersey. Had to stay there during the week, so I stayed with her mother in the old stove house.

New Jersey then started paying their teachers with "scrip." "No money available," Watson explained to the real estate agent. He told her that the owner would wait for the scrip to be redeemable. All of a sudden he appeared at the farm. I was there, said he came to see about the rent. The real estate agent said we had best get Watson's valuable antiques and stuff moved out or he was going to claim them. This we did. While we were leaving, we saw his (the owner's) racing gig being taken away as well and other items which he was supposed to have taken a long time before. We were later arrested for the theft and for destruction of property. After a trial (they had me in jail overnight until bailed out the next A.M.) we were acquitted, and our lawyer sued the owner for all expenses. Lots of fun—my "night in jail." Of course the parents of the school children did not want me teaching there anymore. I was ready to quit that job anyway.

Then Watson and I went into partnership on doing basement recreation rooms, mostly for the Jewish population in Philadelphia. During the Depression of the thirties, it was hard to get people to work for you. Everyone was happily being on welfare and preferred not to work. Watson knew all that was necessary about carpentry, and she taught me so that we were able to build bars, cabinets, and line the walls, et cetera. The workers were mostly all on relief (welfare) and that

was easier than working. One basement was the interior of a spaceship (Flash Gordon style). Murals were views from the windows. Another was an adobe interior, and another, Mexican.

We then took on the remodeling of rooms for apartments for homeowners.[10] This is where I met Bill, my husband. He had been working during the Depression at carpentry jobs and house painting. Plenty of work to do at not too high pay, but better than the dole! Bill had come to this country after World War I, in which he served four and one half years in the British Army. He enlisted at the age of fifteen (lied about his age, of course). Well, not too long after this, Bill and I decided to be married. He was nearly forty and I was thirty-four. When I finished art school, I had the opportunity of spending an entire year in Florence, Italy. I was to live with a cousin who had married an Italian count (Palavechino is as near as I can come to their name). I had met her and a daughter years earlier when they visited this country. I was very busy with a so-called career then, and I should have been tied up and made to go then. I certainly have regretted not taking this opportunity ever since. I could have furthered my education as well as seen the world, which I have not been able to do since. . . .

I had various and assorted jobs after art school—painted "hand painted" lamp shades for piece work,[11] tried teaching at art leagues and even at Eastern University in Philadelphia. I hated it and was a very poor teacher. Mrs. Paula Balano, an instructor at the School of Design, had me working for her, painting and waxing up, cementing, and firing stained-glass windows. She made windows for several churches in Philadelphia and Wilmington, Delaware, and did the designing for the chapel at Valley Forge, working for Nicola D'Asuzo (spelling?) [Peacock's note] at the time. She was the first woman to win the foreign scholarship from the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

Also, I worked for mural painter and illustrator George Harding. Then I got a bit sidetracked, took a short drafting course, and had numerous drafting jobs, became a senior draftsman and engineering technician.[12] I liked the work, but should have quit sooner and gone back to painting. I did pressure-vessel, architectural, and electrical drafting, designed and drew up changes to a warehouse for the purpose of manufacturing the Poseidon missile body. Worked on electrical diagram for the sea-going *Voice of America*. Was offered a job by Bell Laboratories to work on the communications satellite. Jewelry designing

for J. E. Caldwell in Philadelphia was another job: beautiful antique jewelry would be sent in by customers to have the stones reset in platinum settings, thus ruining the piece to my mind. (This was J. E. Caldwell Jewelers et cetera in Philadelphia.) George Harding was commissioned to oversee and do all the art work for the season (as far as I know it was all of it, but I'm not absolutely certain). I worked for him on this along with others, of course, while I was still in art school.

Charming as Ella's autobiography is, she has not included everything. She remembered and followed the advice her father gave her when she was very young: "Think carefully about what you want to do, then get the best education you can."[13] She lived in Philadelphia until she was thirty-four, when she married Bill Peacock; they had one son, Bailey. Together they bought and ran a dairy farm in Pennsylvania. While living there, the family joined the LDS Church and decided to move to Utah. They sold the farm in 1964 and moved to Salt Lake City. Ella continued to work as a draftsperson, although she had never really given up painting. She started painting steadily again when she retired, and she and Bill moved to Spring City in 1970. When she worked, she wore a sweater, sweats tucked into her boots, and a flapper-style scarf, or sometimes one of Bill's old ties, around her head.[14]

After the move to Spring City, Bill and Ella bought an Airstream trailer and began to take painting and fishing trips together throughout the West. Most of Ella's inspiration for painting, however, has come from the area around Spring City. "The subject matter of most of her paintings is taken from the scenery within a ten-mile radius of her home."[15] Her grey Chevy Nova became a familiar sight on the local roads or parked beside ditches, occasionally in ditches, "where she [painted] until rescued by one of her Spring City neighbors."[16] She usually sketched the landscape and then finished it in her studio.

Her studio was the dining room of the pioneer home she and Bill bought after his retirement. Upon moving in, she painted over the flowered wallpaper in the living and dining rooms, making the walls a flat grey with a waist-high frieze of desert symbols. The colors were the same as those of her landscape palette—turquoise, coral, ochre, greyed-out blues, and greens; yellow light streaked across umber fields, and skies full of shifting shapes and color. The room held several of her own paintings, a portrait of a local cowboy, "Curly," done in 1972, a self-portrait,

and a portrait of a woman in traditional European style. She painted the woman in art school and kept the portrait in her studio because it was one of Bill's favorites. She has painted several self-portraits, one of which hangs in the Fairview Museum. Many of her paintings were promised to her son Bailey, but she sold many others from the living room of her Spring City home. A great many people would like to own a Peacock painting.

Over the last twenty years, she exhibited in several galleries in Utah and neighboring states, winning numerous prizes and awards. Snow College and the Springville and Fairview Museums bought her work. Brigham Young University is a major collector, owning over sixty paintings; in 1981 BYU staged a one-woman show of her work. In 1994 Art Access Gallery in Salt Lake City displayed about eighty of her works; that collection then became part of the Utah Arts Council's *Traveling Arts Exhibition*.[17]

Ella has achieved considerable regional recognition, although Osril Allred, her neighbor in Spring City and a professor of art at Snow College, says she avoided juried shows, not wanting to see her art as a competition. Allred also comments that Ella's subjects themselves were chosen to express mood or emotion and are representative of the time in which she lived. He believes she painted about things as they were, not embellished: old buildings, untended landscapes, the effect of age itself.[18] Dawn Pheysey, a curator at BYU, sees in Ella's work the expression of "a very independent woman who has worked hard all her life. She is, however, very modest about her accomplishments and her paintings."[19]

Modest though she was, Ella seemed to have quiet faith in herself, in her ability to see, and in her capacity to love her friends. Ron Staker, director and curator of art for the Fairview Museum, says, "Caring about her work seems so natural and ties into her own unassuming and natural caring. The comfort she felt in expressing herself in paint told well who she was, not what she did." Staker adds that he believes Ella's paintings express an experience of serenity.[20]

One of the hallmarks of Ella's paintings is their frames. Earlier in life when she couldn't afford frames for her work, she bought a used carving set from a Philadelphia pawn shop for eighteen dollars. She began to carve grooves in sugar pine or basswood frames that she could have made at a reasonable price and painted the grooves and corner

designs with scrapings from her palette.[21] The frames became an integral part of her art, and other Sanpete County artists have modeled their frames after hers.

Following an unsuccessful cataract operation, Ella lost her sight in one eye—a severe handicap for an artist—but she still continued to paint, and her good eye was lively as she told the story of her long life. After her husband Bill died, Ella lived alone in Spring City for another ten years with the company of her two cats, looked in on by numerous friends and neighbors. In 1998 her son Bailey persuaded her to move into his home in Connecticut to live with him. Her Spring City house was sold to a gallery owner in Salt Lake City long before she moved, but he wanted her to live there as long as she could.

On 24 June 1999, the matriarch of Utah artists died at the age of ninety-three. Her body was returned to Utah for a funeral in the Spring City chapel and burial in the historic cemetery next to Bill.[22] So the resident saint has departed, but she leaves the great legacy of her art. She lived fully her father's advice and always did what she wanted to do, maintaining an interest in life for more than ninety years. She was always modest and self-deprecating about her own art but had strong opinions about public art education. She believed art was not for everyone, and that those who felt drawn to this difficult and demanding discipline should seek out the education for themselves. She followed her own path in life in a unique and inimitable way. Her paintings are a legacy for others who want to follow her path of visionary expression to the beauty of landscapes and faces familiar and loved.

11

Esther Eggertsen Peterson
"The Most Dangerous Thing since Genghis Khan"

Carma Wadley

Carma Wadley was born in Providence, Utah, and being a true Cache County resident, attended Utah State University, where she received her bachelor's degree, followed by a master of arts in communications from Brigham Young University. She has worked for the Deseret News *as a writer and feature editor. Recently, readers have been delighted with her reports and photographs from her extensive travels. During the twenty years she covered consumer issues for the news, she frequently met Esther Peterson at conferences all around the country. Peterson always asked Wadley what was happening in her home state, and the two became good friends. Wadley was consistently impressed by Peterson's depth of knowledge and her commitment to the consumers of the world, and, as she also says, "You can't meet Esther and not love her."*

In December 1984, at an age when many people who have devoted their lives to public service might consider taking a well-deserved rest, Esther Peterson celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday by traveling to Bangkok, Thailand, to deliver the keynote address at the annual conference of the International Organization of Consumers' Unions. It was a rather somber occasion, actually. The clouds of Bhopal had just released their deadly gases in what was the worst industrial accident in world history. More than four thousand people died outright when a venting tube at the Union Carbide chemical plant spewed out a killer cloud of methyl isocyanate; some three thousand deaths were also later attributed

Esther Peterson defended the rights of consumers around the world and originated many of the standards now expected in shopping and safety conveniences. Photo courtesy of the *Deseret News.*

to the effects of the gas. The impact of the Indian tragedy was felt strongly by the world's consumer advocates gathered in Thailand. Questions were on everyone's mind: How did this come about? Who is responsible? Is this what happens when social development is superseded by technology? The tragedy and sadness of Bhopal gave urgency and sadness to the discussions. And Esther Peterson's message: There must be no more Bhopals.

She believed strongly that the world's consumers had a right to a safe world, and if she had anything to do with it, they would get it. Setting out to change the world may seem like a monumental task to some, but not to Esther, who had spent her life to that point battling for the rights of the poor and downtrodden and the uninformed and the needy both at home and abroad. As the author of a magazine profile on her at the time pointed out, Esther Peterson had moved unions, she had moved organizations, she had moved presidents, she had moved history. It was not too much to expect that she would move the world.[1]

And, indeed, as another decade has gone by, it is possible to look back and see that there are few lives—in America or around the world—that have not been touched in some way by the work of this remarkable woman. Anyone who has shopped in a supermarket or taken out a loan or purchased insurance or appliances or participated in the marketplace in countless other ways has benefited from her work. The lot of workers has improved. Consumers around the world have been protected because of her actions; there have, so far, been no more Bhopals. It is a remarkable legacy for one woman, and with characteristic modesty, she never sought a lot of credit, talking about how much help she had and speaking of only doing her duty.

"We were raised to do something more than just take care of ourselves, whatever it was," she said of her life. For her, that "whatever it was" was a long career spanning labor, government, private industry, and worldwide consumer advocacy. And through it all, she said, two songs lyrics from her youth were the music of her devotion: "Do what is right; let the consequence follow," and, "Have I done any good in the world today? Have I helped anyone in need? Have I cheered up the sad and made someone feel glad? If not, I have failed indeed."[2]

Esther Eggertsen was born 9 December 1906 in Provo, Utah, the fifth of six children, to Lars and Annie Eggertsen. They lived in a big brick house on North University Avenue. In many ways her childhood

was typical of that spent in any Mormon community in those days. A lot of her life centered around family and work in the home and around school and church activities. Her father was superintendent of the schools, so emphasis was placed on education.

But looking back, she remembers one episode from her early teens that seemed to have great significance in the way her life turned out: a strike by railroad workers in the Salt Lake Roundhouse. "I drove up from Provo in a car full of BYU student strikebreakers. As we drove through the picket line, which was being opened up for us by a policeman on horseback, we came practically to a stop. A woman with two children, one in her arms, caught my eye and said to me, 'Why are you doing this to us? Why?' I knew something was wrong."[3] It was Esther's first contact with the labor movement. And although she did not get involved at the time, it planted seeds that would grow to maturity later on.

Esther graduated from Brigham Young University in 1927. She taught physical education and dance at the Branch Agricultural College in Cedar City for three years before deciding she needed to explore the world beyond her native Utah. In 1930, she moved to New York to obtain a master of arts degree from Columbia University's Teacher's College. And it was there that she met the person who would come to mean the most to her personally and do the most to encourage her professional development: Oliver A. Peterson. There she was, a conservative Mormon Republican from Utah who was falling in love with a socialist who drank coffee and smoked a pipe. "In the end, I trusted my heart and rejected the rules about what I was supposed to do. I can't imagine how my life would have turned out if I hadn't had the courage to accept that I had fallen in love. My Oliver gave me the strength to work for change and to disturb the peace at times."[4]

Oliver was a Depression farm boy who had grown up in poverty in Washington state and South Dakota, who had borrowed $400 from a teacher so he could do undergraduate work at the University of North Dakota, and who had come to Columbia for further study. He also earned money as a Lutheran preacher. He didn't like banks and speculators, but he did have a deep appreciation for the work of unions. He and Esther didn't always agree, but they enjoyed debating social issues of the day, and Esther always appreciated the way he forced her to study and think so she could hold her own in their discussions. One night

they got so involved in a debate on the business practices of Henry Ford, they stayed in a park at Columbia University long past closing time and were eventually kicked out. Esther always remembered that night as the night she fell in love with Oliver.[5]

They were married in 1932 and moved to Boston, where Oliver studied at Harvard and taught at the Affiliated School for Workers, and Esther taught physical education at Winsor School for Girls, a private college-prep school. Many weekends were spent skiing and camping in Vermont, where they eventually bought a farm as a summer retreat.

It was in Boston that Esther, at Oliver's urging, started doing volunteer work at the local YWCA. It was at this time, too, that she took a summer position as recreation director at the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers in Industry. In both cases she came into contact with seamstresses from the nearby mills and became concerned about their low wages and poor working conditions. She empathized with their efforts to unionize. And thus began her long association with the labor movement. She called her six summers at Bryn Mawr "the best education on workers' issues I could have experienced."[6]

For Esther, it was as much a question of fairness and value as politics, and she felt strongly that workers deserved adequate pay and good working conditions. Over the next several years, she taught at the Hudson Shore Labor School in New York, worked with the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, and worked for a year with the American Federation of Teachers. In 1939, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America (ACWA), noting that she had teaching experience in the labor field, appointed her assistant director of education, a post she held for the next five years.

While all this was going on, the Petersons also had four children: Karen, Eric, Iver, and Lars. In addition to her work outside the home, Esther was devoted to her family.

In 1944, the Petersons moved to Washington, D.C., where Oliver took a position with the State Department, and Esther continued her involvement with labor, serving as a lobbyist for ACWA. For Esther this was a chance to continue working for a cause she believed in, but it also marked an increased involvement in politics and the beginning of an association that would have long-term implications. As a lobbyist, she was assigned to work with the junior representative from Massachusetts, John F. Kennedy.

In politics, timing is everything. And the time Esther spent working with Kennedy would come into play in a big way later. But first there were foreign adventures to experience. By this time, the Petersons had left the socialist arena (although some of their connections would come back to haunt them) and, in the time of FDR, had become staunch Democrats. In 1948, Oliver was offered a post as a labor attaché in Sweden. They were thrilled at the opportunity of living close to their ancestral homelands (the Eggertsens came from Denmark; the Petersons, from Norway). This was followed by an assignment in Belgium. In both cases, Esther continued her involvement with labor issues, working with the Swedish Confederation of Free Trade Unions and with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions in Belgium. Of particular concern were the problems of women workers. She helped organize and was one of the teachers of the First International School for Working Women conducted by the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, held at LaBreveire in France. It was attended by women from twenty-seven different nations and dealt with setting international standards for the employment of women.

Esther enjoyed these assignments and tried to get to know the local people. She also learned a lot about international diplomacy and protocol. Overall, only one thing marred this international experience: in 1953, Oliver was called back to the U.S. for a hearing on charges that he was a communist. There was no truth to the accusation, and he was formally cleared. But it was a difficult thing, for Esther, who had to stay in Belgium with the family, and for Oliver, who had to endure the congressional hearings. He was never quite the same afterward, and although he appeared outwardly calm, he smoked his pipe constantly. "He had an inner strength that I didn't have, but I think the experience took its toll. Oliver developed cancer a few years later, and I have always had the feeling the cancer developed during this time of stress."[7]

Because of Oliver's health, the family returned to Washington, D.C., in 1957, and Esther returned to work as a lobbyist for the AFL-CIO Industrial Union Department. By this time that junior representative from Massachusetts was in the Senate and planning a run for the presidency. As a labor specialist, Esther was invited to work on his campaign. Because she believed in his goals and his vision for the country, she agreed to coordinate the campaign in Utah. She hadn't done it for a

reward, but after Kennedy was elected, Esther was appointed as director of the Women's Bureau in the Labor Department. Later came a promotion to assistant secretary of labor.

During this time she was involved in what she considers one of her most important contributions: the organization of the president's United States Commission on the Status of Women. Eleanor Roosevelt was appointed as chairman of the commission, with Esther as executive vice-chairman. Thus began a special friendship between the two women. The former first lady was a mentor, a role model, a friend. "It was a marvelous experience working with her during the last years of her life," said Esther. "When things get tough, I still think, 'Eleanor, stand by me, stand by me.' And I feel she is there."[8] The commission met between December 1961 and October 1963 and published its findings and recommendations in a landmark study called *American Women*. It received widespread attention, even internationally, and is considered by many to have been a major catalyst for the women's movement.

But life would soon take Esther in a new direction—into the fledgling field of consumerism. President Kennedy, respected in consumer circles for his historic declaration of consumer rights, had talked to Esther about his desire of setting up a special advisor to the president for consumer affairs. But Kennedy's assassination left it to Lyndon Johnson to carry out the task. Under LBJ, Esther became the country's first special assistant for consumer affairs, while continuing her post in the Labor Department, and was considered the highest woman official in the Johnson administration. She was doing all of this at a time when women were not actively involved in many of these positions and is therefore regarded as one of the great pioneers of her time.

It was not always easy. Esther's support of consumer legislation and issues often put her in direct opposition to big business interests that had a powerful voice in Washington. The Advertising Federation of America went so far in one of its editorials as to call her "the most dangerous thing since Genghis Khan."[9]

But Esther persevered. And during this time many of the protections and guidelines that today's consumers take for granted came into being: truth in labeling, truth in lending, fair credit practices, care labels sewn into clothing. At the press conference announcing her appointment, someone asked Esther if people could write to her. "Tell them to write to me at the White House," she said—and it was one of

the best things that could have happened. Letters began to pour in. "I intend to use these letters," she told UPI. "I think we can accomplish a lot by voluntary action, without new laws, once the manufacturers are aware of how the public feels about some of these practices."[10]

Time and again, she called on the teaching and practices of her youth. "I got into a big squabble with one of the big canners who kept saying they could not tell the consumer how much water there was in a can of beans, how much was water and how much was beans. . . . And I remember saying to them, 'Have you ever canned beans?' They hadn't. 'Well, I have,' I said, 'and it can be done.' I can't tell you how many examples of open dating, unit pricing, all kinds of things we worked on that came from my background. I knew it from the bottom up!"[11]

When the Republicans took office under Richard Nixon, Esther worked for a time with the AFL-CIO and was then offered a position with Giant Food Corp., a major supermarket chain in the Washington, D.C., area. There, more things that today's consumers accept as standard procedure—especially unit pricing, open dating, nutritional labeling, generic drugs, universal product codes—first saw the light of supermarket aisles. Now hardly given second thought, most of these things were revolutionary when they were introduced. Not only did they benefit consumers, but they paid off for Giant Food in a big way.

This was also an important concept—that doing right by consumers could be good for businesses. Esther's article for the *Harvard Business Review* on using consumerism as a marketing tool was used in business classes around the country, and she always considered her seven years at Giant among the most productive and satisfying of her career.

In 1976, President Jimmy Carter offered Esther her old job back as presidential adviser and chief consumer advocate. At age seventy, she was not sure she wanted it, but on the urging of her husband, whose health had deteriorated considerably, she moved back into government.

Her major goal was the establishment of a cabinet-level Office of Consumer Affairs, which would have the power to act in the consumer's interest before federal agencies and in the courts. The agency failed to withstand the strong lobbying efforts by business and trade interests, but other programs were established that benefited consumers in many ways: energy-efficient labels on products, simplified language in government documents, itemized prices for funeral homes, consumer rights for

overbooked airline flights, increased competition in the trucking industry, publication of a consumer resource handbook.

Two other accomplishments made Esther especially proud. The first was the creation of a consumer affairs office in every government department, so there was at least one person in each area who would respond to consumer needs. The second was an executive order signed by Carter that forbade the export of hazardous products that had been banned in the United States—an action given impetus by the TRIS case. When TRIS, a fire-retardant chemical used to treat children's sleepwear, was shown to cause cancer and was banned from use in this country, sleepwear manufacturers threatened to simply dump TRIS-treated clothing overseas. Not that the ban was an easy accomplishment—it took Esther two years of intense lobbying and finally a direct appeal to President Carter. One of the president's aides later remembered that she had come to him and said, "Jimmy, do this for me. It's very important to do this."[12]

Carter signed the order shortly before leaving office. It was rescinded by Reagan early into his first term, becoming known as one of the shortest executive orders on record and a reminder that politics are, after all, political.

Oliver Peterson died in 1979. At age seventy-four, Esther Peterson was widowed and, when the Republicans returned to power, out of a job. But quit? Not she. When the International Organization of Consumers' Unions asked her to take a volunteer position as its lobbyist at the United Nations, she found a perfect opportunity to pick up where she had left off with the hazardous exports ban. As early as 1971 an IOCU conference had addressed the need to develop consumer guidelines for food and commodities that crossed international lines and eventually took the problem to the United Nations. But it was making slow headway, and Esther's input and energy were needed. After numerous drafts and revisions and much debate, the guidelines were finally approved by the UN in 1985. Equally important was the passage by the general assembly of a consolidated list of banned and potentially dangerous pesticides, chemicals, drugs, and consumer products. Working on these two issues—the consumer guidelines that created a world charter on consumer rights, and the consolidated list of hazardous products—was Esther's chief concern during her work with IOCU. But it was not always easy. And ironically, her chief opponent

was her own U.S. delegation, which felt the guidelines did not best serve U.S. business interests.

But if there was frustration for Esther in dealing with the Reagan administration, she also saw some humor in the situation, such as the time she was almost asked to register as a foreign agent, because IOCU, on whose behalf she was lobbying, is headquartered in the Netherlands. "I really kind of get a kick out of it," she told the *Washington Post*. "The way they talk about 'foreign agent,' I feel like I'm in a spy book."[13]

Nor did she let such opposition discourage her.

> I say to opponents in this effort . . . what we want for consumers in poor countries is no less than what we take for granted ourselves in well-off countries. Basic human rights are identical. Our hearts go out to the suffering of starving people . . . and our food aid follows our hearts. But what we are calling for through these guidelines is extending not just a loaf of bread, but the ability to grow one's wheat, the assurance that the bread from that wheat will be pure and wholesome. If some multinational wants to make the bread, fine; but the protections abroad should be as good as those here at home. No, I don't think that is asking "too much" in the Twentieth century. From the Bhopal tragedy it became clear that consumer concerns are universal . . . The world is one. We have to know that.[14]

In 1993, one more assignment came Esther's way. She was appointed by President Clinton as an official delegate to the United Nations, one of three public delegates for the U.S. who sit in on official sessions.

Throughout her career, Esther was guided by strict principles of honor, ethics, and a desire to do what is right. She learned early on that it was important to get your facts right and then stick to them. She felt it was important for people to understand what they believed, but even more important to act in accordance with those beliefs. And she never had a hard time finding a need to be filled. Speaking at graduation at the University of Utah Law School in 1992, Esther told of a letter sent to her by the wife of a dying Utah miner. The man had spent his life working in the uranium mines, but when he developed cancer as a result, the government turned its back on him. The woman asked

Esther which state had the best compensation for a man such as her husband. "Where shall I take him to die?" the woman asked. The question haunted Esther. "It represents the cry of society's vulnerable, denied their rights." But she hoped it would also be a reminder of "the difference a determined person can make."[15]

Esther Peterson has made a difference. And, while she could show steely determination when she knew she was in the right, she also had a sparkle and genuine love of people that won her friends wherever she went. Her humor was a special trademark. She liked to start a speech, for example, with "People often introduce me by saying I spent fifteen years in labor." With her distinctive braids, wrapped like a corona around her head, she became a familiar figure in Washington, the advisor of presidents, a force to be reckoned with.

She also made some foes, acknowledged President Jimmy Carter when he presented her with the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the highest honor the government bestows on civilians. "And I would guess, knowing her, that she's prouder of the foes she has made . . . than even some of the friends she has. She has never been afraid to address difficult issues even at the expense on occasion of personal harmony with those about whom she cares. She serves others with her entire dedicated life."[16]

Always politically astute, she never let politics become the final goal. She believed in equality for women, equal pay for equal work, and also felt deeply about traditional family values. "When I consider all the important jobs I have had and things I have done, one accomplishment overshadows all others: the fact that Oliver and I raised four wonderful children."[17] That is saying something from a woman who has received countless awards and recognitions, including the Medal of Freedom and the Eleanor Roosevelt Award for "profound contributions to humanity," and who has been inducted into the National Women's Hall of Fame. She was, says Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith, "one of the most diversely useful persons of our time. . . . The situation of the consumer into which Esther Peterson ventured a half century back and more was very different from what we know today. . . . A goodly part of that change—the heightened awareness of consumers, their greater protection from mistruth and defective and hurtful products—has resulted from the efforts of Esther and those with whom she has worked and who she has guided and led."[18]

Esther's remarkable career came to an end 20 December 1997, when she died at her home in Maryland at the age of ninety-one. How would she like to be remembered?

> As a nice old grandma. I would like to be remembered as Esther. I would like to be remembered as a kindly, loving person who loved my family and people very much. I would like to be remembered as somebody who did what they liked to do and found satifaction in doing it. That makes for a great deal of happiness in the end. Living is the thing that's important. It is the doing of things. I learned that from Mrs. Roosevelt. You don't do things because of the rewards or because someone may remember you after you are gone. The satisfaction is in the doing. Whether or not someone remembers does not really matter.[19]

Robert F. Kennedy, one of Esther's early mentors and friends, said, "Each time a man stands up for an ideal or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope." If that is true, then Esther Peterson, a native of Provo, Utah, who grew up to become a spokeswoman for the world, created oceans of hope that will not be forgotten.

12

Virginia Eggertsen Sorensen Waugh
Utah's First Lady of Letters

Mary Lythgoe Bradford

Mary Lythgoe Bradford grew up and was educated in Salt Lake City. A former editor of Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought, *she is a prolific writer and speaker. She has authored two books,* Lowell Bennion: Teacher, Counselor, Humanitarian[1] *and* Leaving Home, Personal Essays.[2] *As she points out in this article, her interest in Virginia Sorensen began in graduate school; since then that interest has grown. She has written several articles about Sorensen and is currently working on a complete biography with Susan Elizabeth Howe and Sue Simmons Saffle.*

In 1988, Utah's first gentleman of letters, Dr. William Mulder, named Virginia Sorensen "Utah's first lady of letters." Honoring her election to Phi Beta Kappa, he noted that paradoxically her works were out of print. But he noted also that rebound volumes in public libraries show "out of print" does not mean "out of mind."[3] It does not follow, however, that educated Utahns will have heard of her. Although I have always been an omnivorous reader, I was in graduate school at the University of Utah in 1955 before I was introduced to her works, and to Virginia herself. As my thesis chair, Dr. Mulder, suggested I analyzed her works under the title *Virginia Sorensen: An Introduction.* It is one of the ironies of my life and hers that I have been introducing her ever since. But it is a task I accept with delight.

Some writers live within the walls of their own minds, but Virginia Sorensen lived an adventurous life as dramatic as any novel.

Virginia Sorensen celebrated her Utah roots in her novels and stories. Photo by Brenda Schneider, courtesy of Mary Bradford.

Her first marriage of twenty-five years, to Frederick Sorensen, made her a published author. Her second marriage, to British travel writer and novelist Alec Waugh, made her an insatiable traveler, whose letters recorded a passionate love of places and people. When she died at seventy-nine, she left nine adult novels and seven children's novels, seven with Utah or Mormon themes. She is the only Utahn to win both the Newbery Medal and the Child Study award for two of her children's novels.

Further study reveals reasons for our neglect of Virginia. She was part of a "lost generation" of Mormon writers, named thus by critic Edward Geary, who noticed that certain novelists and historians of the 1940s were unappreciated by their natural audiences. Vardis Fisher, Maurine Whipple, Richard Scowcroft, Jean Woodman, Fawn Brodie, and Sam Taylor were published in New York City to some acclaim but were greeted in Utah with what Samuel Taylor called a "deep freeze." In rereading Virginia in 1967, Taylor opined, "Her sensitive first book [*A Little Lower Than the Angels*][4] reads for the most part like something *The Improvement Era* would like to serialize." He thought that Virginia and other writers of the forties had suffered from "bad timing."[5] Reviews of her first novel show that the book sold well everywhere but in her own state. Mormon readers and critics, of which there were few, suffered from a paranoia left over from the pioneer era. Virginia's era is the transition period immediately following "anti-Mormon" persecution.

Edward Geary points out that "the rural-agrarian economy had reached the saturation point. . . . Economically Utah was being pulled into the American mainstream. . . . The Manifesto and statehood signaled a decisive accommodation." Geary declared that Virginia is the "author who writes most perceptively about this provincial period."[6]

Virginia Eggertsen spent her early childhood and young adulthood in three Mormon towns—Manti, American Fork, and Provo. The third of six children, and second daughter, of Helen ElDeva Blackett and Claud E. Eggertsen, she descended from pioneer Mormons on both sides. Her mother's grandfather was a soldier in the Mormon Battalion. She was proud of her great-grandfather, Simon Peter Eggertsen, who pushed a handcart filled partly with books. "There were many important things he could have taken that weighed less and might seem more

important in a pioneer society, but he chose books." She concluded that "when I choose to stay anywhere, most of my weight is in books."[7]

As Professor Susan Elizabeth Howe put it, Virginia "recognized the heroism and the humanity that became source material for her fiction." The fact that her mother was Christian Scientist and her father a "jack Mormon" meant that as she participated in Mormon society, she always stood slightly outside it. This "insider/outsider" stance helped her to "understand the deep beliefs of church members, but she was also learning to identify with the values of those outside the Church."[8]

Virginia's childhood was ideal for a writer. Ensconced in her favorite apple tree or tucked away in a windowed closet under the stairs, she could read and write and observe to her heart's content. She shared her verses at the dinner table and spent happy hours developing lifetime friendships. When her enchanting short story collection was published in 1963, she dedicated it to Carol Reid Holt, who had shared so many events represented in her *Where Nothing Is Long Ago: Memories of a Mormon Childhood.*[9] In fact, her gift for friendship sustained her, and her expansive letters to her many friends are gold waiting to be mined by biographers.

Virginia's gift for stories and friendships carried her through American Fork High School, where she appeared in school publications and graduated as valedictorian in 1930. Then it was off to BYU where she excelled in English and journalism, with a year at the University of Missouri. She married Frederick Sorensen, a high school English teacher from Mendon, Utah, in 1933, departing shortly afterward for Stanford University and Fred's doctoral studies. Close to the moment that Virginia gave birth to daughter Elizabeth (Beth), 4 June 1934, Virginia's mother collected her diploma for her. Son Frederick Walter (Fred) followed two years later.

Life in cramped student housing with two children and her mother-in-law did not deter Virginia. In a course from renowned critic Ivor Winters, she wrote a verse play about Mt. Timpanogos. She also wrote her first novel (still unpublished) about Mother Sorensen's experiences in training poverty-stricken young women in domestic science. Writing habits forged during these lean years would come to Virginia's rescue in the challenging years to come.

Fred's first professorship took the family, including his mother, to Indiana State Teachers College at Terre Haute. Its proximity to

Nauvoo, Illinois, was propitious. *A Little Lower Than the Angels* grew from research about her husband's pioneer ancestry and the LDS Church's Nauvoo period. She sought to please her difficult mother-in-law, her difficult husband, and her Mormon contemporaries, yet was surprised to find her efforts tarred with suspicion.

Virginia had accepted her culture's customs that dictated a BYU education and a temple marriage. Like other faithful wives, she followed Fred from one English professorship to another, each never lasting longer than six years. During this trek, she also followed him out of the church. It is paradoxical that even as she rebelled against the teachings of her youth, she became a family chronicler who took her best stories and themes from the culture she had left behind. These mirrored her personal conflicts as well as her passionate joy in living.

After the success (except in Utah) of her first novel, which imaginatively recreated the Nauvoo period of the church with Eliza Snow, and Joseph and Emma Smith as secondary protagonists, her publisher, Alfred Knopf, urged her to write another historical Mormon novel. But the novel she wrote about Samuel Brannan was rejected, and she turned back to her own intimate experiences, producing two "Manti" novels: *On This Star*[10] and *The Evening and the Morning*.[11] The latter is considered her best by most critics. Dr. Geary pronounced it "a well-finished study of three generations of Mormon women. . . . Her sympathetic characters are all skeptics and rebels to some degree, but they also acknowledge the inseparable ties that bind them to the community and a nostalgic loyalty which amounts to an act of faith."[12]

She pursued similar themes in her Colorado novel, *The Neighbors*.[13] In 1951 she departed from her own past to write *The Proper Gods*,[14] a novel that grew out of a Guggenheim to Yaqui Indian country in Mexico. "It was not the strangeness, not the exotic quality of the Yaquis that forced me to write their story; it was their similarity to my own people, their humanness, the fact that asking questions of these strangers taught me what questions to ask myself, what questions to ask of *life*."[15] As Jacqueline Barnes has said, "*The Proper Gods* is a gift to us so that we may value and empathize with another culture."[16]

(In 1954, she returned twice to Utah settings—first for *The House Next Door: Utah, 1896*,[17] and then to the small town of Mendon, where her husband was born, to tell an unusual love story about post-Manifesto life, *Many Heavens*.[18]) Professor Susan Elizabeth Howe notes,

"The love stories in Virginia Sorensen's Mormon novels were groundbreaking works for Mormon literature. She was the first to write of a woman's experience in Polygamy, the first to write about illicit love among Mormons, and the first to write about Mormon adultery from a woman's perspective."[19]

Reviewer James Gray said of *Many Heavens*, "Mrs. Sorensen has created as appealing a pair of lovers as recent American fiction has to offer."[20] The title comes from Crenshaw's poem: "Happy proof! she shall discover / What joy, what bliss / How many heavens it is / To have her god become her lover," thus echoing the same theme of polygamous love she had explored in *Angels*. For this and her other novels, critic-historian Dale Morgan praised her for dramatizing "the age-old questions that are always new: on what terms a man and woman may live together, what they can possess of life, and what can life do to their possession of each other."[21]

Virginia's characters faced issues like these wherever she settled, for she had vowed to "find stories that came out of the ground wherever I am," succeeding in creating what Geary calls "a visitable past." Throughout, she kept a childlike wonder that prompted her good friend, Anna Marie Smith, children's librarian at Utah State University, to suggest that she turn to fiction for children: "Your children are your best characters," she told her.[22]

In Auburn, Alabama, Virginia wrote her first book for children, using her experience in obtaining bookmobiles for rural families. Virginia recalled that she had Curious Missie's teacher say "in self defense when she is too overworked to answer all of Missie's questions, 'Everything in the world is in some book or another.' And books, she adds, 'will never be too busy.'"[23] The success of *Curious Missie*[24] gave her the courage to move on to her prize-winning and most successful books: *Plain Girl*[25] and *Miracle on Maple Hill*.[26] She finished them in the seclusion of the famous writers' retreat, MacDowell Colony in Vermont. There she met Alec Waugh, who was finishing his own most successful novel, *Island in the Sun.*[27]

Virginia's troubled marriage came to an end in 1957. Fred, whom she described as "stormy petrol," was drinking heavily and recovering from treatment in a mental hospital. His simmering jealousy and resentment of Virginia's success seemed to push him over the edge into violence. She finally left him after he tried to strangle her.

Despite upheavals at home, she finished her Danish novels—*Kingdom Come*[28] and the children's book *Lotte's Locket,*[29] the product of a Guggenheim to Denmark—between December 1954 and 30 April 1955. Published in 1960, *Kingdom Come* was dedicated to her aunt, Ane Grethe Nielsen Eggertsen, Esther Peterson's mother, with whom she had boarded as a student at BYU. In this novel, Ane's pioneer family history, set in Aalborg, Denmark, was combined with William Mulder's pioneering work on Scandinavian immigration to Utah.[30] After reading one of his articles, Virginia wrote to him: "It was so exciting that I began reading to everybody and getting ideas about how I might do better. For years and years I have believed—for what reason, I wonder, since I never really lived in the houses where the true tradition was, but could only visit a while and listen and pause always by the gate where I could hear and see it?—that I was the one to tell the story you speak of. Almost I have heard the call!"[31] *Kingdom Come* is a story of Danish conversions in the twentieth century and could be profitably studied with faith-promoting missionary histories of today.

When I asked Virginia about her methods of merging history and fiction, she replied, "Things can be twenty years apart when I was a child. This makes me realize that I was always busy with fiction and no good at history. When I gather masses of history, as I did when I was writing *Kingdom Come*, I was using church history straight . . . much of it from *The Millennial Star* and Bill Mulder. I felt a great obligation to Bill that I should get it right."[32] A good novelist can transform research into something new but true on a deeper level. Virginia identified with Wallace Stegner's comment: "It takes a literal and pedestrian mind to be worried about what is true and what is not true. . . . Any material that comes under my eye is legitimate for use as an imaginative re-creation."[33]

After the Danish books, Virginia traveled to Utah where she stayed with her widowed father in Springville and wrote her last western work, the short story collection *Where Nothing Is Long Ago.*[34] The title story and "The Face" had been previously published in the *New Yorker*. In each story the narrator is an adult recalling her childhood in Manti. Virginia's dedication called it "a dream dreamed out of memory." She saw her childhood as "a paradise of space" and a "good place for Saints to spend a millennium."[35]

Her "long traveling friendship" with Alec Waugh led to marriage in 1969, after she accepted a writers-in-residence stay at the University of Oklahoma in Norman, where she began her last adult novel, *The Man with the Key*.[36] As her second departure from the Mormon story, it was greeted with almost total silence. Even the publisher failed to advertise it. That she considered it a failure is attested to by her inscription on my copy where she promised to "abandon the byways" and return to "the initial path."

The Waughs settled in Tangier, Morocco, where they lived for twelve years, returning to the United States in 1981 just before Alec's death. Her life with Alec produced two children's books, *Around the Corner*[37] and *Friends of the Road*.[38] She berated herself for this dry spell as Alec worried that he had "redomesticated her." Her plans for a sequel to *Kingdom Come* melted in the Moroccan sun and in her happiness with Alec. "I was married to an angry man, and now I am married to a peaceful man." This sophisticated bon vivant from England was stimulating company, dedicated to world travel, and acquainted with most of the best continental writers. She was entertained at lavish celebrity dinners; she and Alec had standing reservations at the Algonquin Club, that famous watering hole for writers. She traveled on his research trip to the West Indies while he worked on his history of the islands. She enjoyed her closeness to Alec's children, Veronica, Peter, and Andrew. Although she never met Alec's brother, Evelyn Waugh, she was acquainted with his son, novelist and humorist Auberon Waugh. In Tangier, they were friends with Graham Greene, Ezra Pound's son Omar, and Jane and Paul Bowles. As members of International PEN, they participated in exciting writers' congresses in exotic ports. Is it any wonder that Virginia, who during her first marriage had to "steal" writing time, now found herself unable to retain her productive habits?

She was now married to a writer who appeared at his desk every morning by 5:30, inscribing by hand meticulous, seldom altered manuscripts, to be turned over to his typist and waiting publishers. He expected Virginia to be at the office he had arranged for her, working on sequels to her Danish books. He spoke to her of the sacred quality of "the work," reminded her of the great "ad*vah*ntage" it was to have such a "peculiar people" as subject matter. Virginia's cousin, Shirley Paxman, remarked that Alec "expanded Virginia's physical world" and therefore

her "view of life." But this open-ended happiness had restricted her creative powers.

Paradoxically, her unhappy first marriage had driven her into her fictional worlds. Now the real world was too engrossing to miss. "I would rather make a meal for Alec than write a story," she told me once. Her son Fred guessed that living in exotic Tangier, so far away from her wellsprings, had dammed her creative stream. The domestication she needed was actually foreign to Alec's way of life.

In 1980 the Waughs returned to America to live near daughter Beth in Florida. A year later Alec, at eighty-three, died of a stroke, and Virginia retired to Hendersonville, North Carolina, where her children later joined her. Her grieving took the form of meditative diary-keeping and comforting domestic chores. She made friends with kind neighbors that included Carl Sandburg's family. Another neighbor, Mary Kenyon, helped ready her voluminous papers for the archives at Boston and Brigham Young University. Her last diaries and letters are worthy of publication under the title "Meditations on Aging." A comment to Shirley Paxman typifies their elegiac tone: "I'm beginning to talk in centuries. I wish I could start over. . . . There are so many stories to tell . . . but now it is a time *where everything is long ago.*"[39] Writing to Anna Marie Smith on Alec's birthday, she "felt like writing to someone I love—Alec would have been eighty years old. How he would have hated it! His one big dread was that he might live to be the Old Club Bore—to be a nuisance—to depend on anyone." She was glad he was out of it, and she was feeling the pains that would lead to her death from cancer five years later. In her diary, she wrote, "Everybody who wrote to me after Alec's death remembered wonderful occasions he had made for them. And I—what a wealth I remember! And now, among the ruins, my son and daughter still make pleasures for me and I hope I am able for a little while yet to make some pleasures for them."[40] A few months before she died on Christmas Eve, 1991, she wrote, "I feel easy only when I am alone, which seems sad. But I feel somehow finished, which is quite different from feeling complete. Was I ever completely happy except in love?"[41]

On her last trip to Utah, she visited her family's graves in the Provo Cemetery. Shirley Paxman accompanied her: "We went to say goodbye to her mother, her father, and her sister Helen. She placed a bouquet on each grave, then folded little notes she had written and

tucked them under the tufts of grass around the headstones. It was her farewell to them."[42] Virginia had stipulated that her ashes be interned in the family plot.

One of the last of the many paradoxes of Virginia Sorensen's life was that she was finally rediscovered by her natural audience just as her life was ending. The Mormon audience had matured under the tutelage of the independent journals and magazines of the 1960s and 1970s, and the founding of associations for the encouragement of good writing and reading, like Association of Mormon Letters (AML) and Mormon History Association (MHA). Critics and professors who were finally raised up in these latter days—professors like Edward Geary, Eugene England, Robert Rees, Bruce Jorgensen, Susan Howe, and Maureen Beecher who trained young scholars in the skills of understanding "imaginative re-creations." Older scholars and teachers like William Mulder, Lowell Bennion, Sterling McMurrin, Juanita Brooks, and Leonard Arrington had lit the torch and opened the doors. Now an energetic younger group critique Virginia's work and that of other members of the lost generation. Practitioners of a more expansive Mormon literature brought her to Logan, Ogden, Salt Lake City, Provo, and Manti.

This renaissance began in 1980 when the editors of *Dialogue* devoted part of an issue to her work. In 1983, she made her first public appearance after Alec's death at Shirley Paxman's McCurdy Doll Museum in Provo. That same year, the editors of *Exponent II* honored her and Esther Peterson at their annual retreat. Thanks to the efforts of Bradford Westwood and the late Dennis Rowley, and with the cooperation of Dr. Howard Gotlieb of Boston University, BYU now has a Virginia Sorensen Waugh archive. As I write, three of her novels are being reprinted and a biography is planned.[43] Professor Howe is editing Virginia's so-called "little books"—seventeen handmade books of poems Virginia presented to Fred for his birthday, to be published by BYU's English Department.

Today most westerners can appreciate Virginia's sense of history, her domestic love of the hearth, her celebration of love between man and woman, and her sympathy for those who occasionally must break out of society's pattern to find themselves. All of her works call for "freedom within a tradition [with] an ever-widening tolerance for the traditional values of others."[44]

13

Lola Atiya
Adventurer of the Mind

Kristen Rogers

Kristen Smart Rogers holds a degree in university studies from Brigham Young University and a master of fine arts in creative writing from the University of Utah. She has extensive background in writing and editing and currently works as the associate editor of the Utah Historical Quarterly. *A native of Salt Lake City, she grew up just up the street from Aziz and Lola Atiya and was impressed with their wide experience, their great skills, and their graciousness in sharing both with others. When she learned this book would be published, she seized the opportunity to learn more about her former neighbors. In this article she examines the long and fascinating path that led Lola Atiya to settle in Utah and contribute so much to the state.*

"As a young woman, I was living balanced between two stools, rather than falling in between. One of the stools was a liberated woman, and the other was a conventional woman," says Lola Atiya.[1]

She's speaking of a time sixty years past, and of a place thousands of miles away. Now, in 1997, Lola Atiya sits in her comfortable old home on a quiet street near the University of Utah. She wears a long skirt and an orange blouse, and her salt-and-pepper hair is pulled tightly back into a bun. As always, she looks elegant. In the room are old tapestries and ceramics, painted landscapes, antiques from Cairo, and a porcelain statue of Joseph Smith—a gift from Avard Fairbanks. There is also a vase of fresh flowers, poised between blooming and wilting.

Lola Atiya's remarkable scholarship and tenacity have given several universities precise organizations and labels for their collections of Middle Eastern texts and artifacts. Photo courtesy of Narya Atiya.

What was true of Lola Atiya as a young woman has remained true: Lola has spent her life creating balances. Since her girlhood between convention and liberation, she has negotiated her way between different cultures, between compliance and rebellion, between faith and disbelief, between several widely differing scholarly projects, and through dozens of countries. Although she lives in a Salt Lake neighborhood, she considers herself not so much Egyptian or American as a member of the world community. Her enormously curious mind has led her to visit much of the planet and to devour hundreds of books. Now in her eighty-first year, she has just completed her latest project, an index to the massive *History of the Patriarchs of the Coptic Church*.

The project is just one indication of Lola's ability to use and synthesize whatever comes her way into somethig new. Raised a Coptic Christian, she has used her background to make large contributions to Coptic scholarship. She chose to marry an internationally respected medieval scholar so that she could travel, study, and learn. She chose to leave her native country, and she has woven together her two cultures into the tapestry of her generous world view.

Ordinarily, a girl born in Egypt eighty years ago would have had few choices and few opportunities to create balance. Girls were not greatly valued; in fact, whenever a girl was born into Lola's family, her grandmother would wear a band around her head as a sign of mourning. Significantly, however, when Lola was born, her grandmother wore no band. "Catrina [Lola's mother] doesn't have a girl," the grandmother explained, "and this one will be her friend, her beloved." So even in her birth, Lola was poised between old stereotypes and new attitudes. In fact, as Lola likes to point out, she was born in November of 1917, the very month the Russian Revolution began.

This little girl grew up adored. Her family lived in an upper-class neighborhood that included palaces, villas, streets lined with huge wild sycamore trees, and beautiful gardens. Lola remembers clearly the garden of flowers and trees that her mother grew on the family's large balcony. "I loved flowers from very early," she says. "I bought lots of flowers for friends and sick people. But more than anything else I loved blue roses," a specialty of Egyptian flower shops in that time. On Sundays the family would visit Lola's artist uncle, who lived in a large house on vast grounds, for lunch in the gazebo, films, and games with her cousins.

It was an idyllic life, and Lola was loved and pampered by the whole family. The attention—coupled, no doubt, with the material abundance—shaped her character and gave her self-assurance.

Probably even more important to her self-assurance was the kind of family she was born into. Although many of her relatives were strictly traditional, Lola's own parents were progressive. In fact, Catrina was almost avant-garde. Lola describes her mother as an adventurer who thought nothing of taking her children to Europe while her husband traveled elsewhere. She would take her three small children climbing on Alpine glaciers, and when they crossed mountain passes, she would jump from rock to rock.

Lola's mother was multitalented, and adventure permeated everything she did. Raised in a very well-to-do family by a father who took her to the opera and who sent her to a Greek school, Lola's mother could "do anything": fix an electric switchboard, paint, embroider, do carpentry. She was also devoted to the Coptic religion, and she never missed a mass.

Lola acquired her mother's devotion. But she could never pretend to have her mother's love for physical adventure. With a heart that had been weakened by an almost fatal pneumonia at age two, Lola couldn't exert herself without great strain. She tried tennis and Swedish gymnastics, but sports simply wore her out. Still, she says, she came out of childhood with her own sense of adventure. "I can face changes in my life without being upset. It was my sense of adventure that brought my husband and I to the United States. And I always have an urge to travel."

She also developed an adventurous, questioning mind. "I felt very early an embarrassment of the aristocracy. . . . I thought social classes were very bad. I didn't like them. Why? I don't know. I thought the way [the lower classes] were treated wasn't right." Today, she regrets how she and her family once used servants. She feels remorse when she remembers how they would make the servants stay late during parties, sitting in chairs in the kitchen until the guests had all gone home.

Most of the servants who tended Lola and her brothers were from Nubia. These nannies, she says, were "truly part of the family." Not long before, however, they had been slaves; Lola's grandfather had bought one for each of his children. When, in the 1890s, the slaves were freed, they were given the opportunity to leave the family or to stay. Many chose to stay.

When Lola was quite young, an incident occurred that deeply affected her views of social classes. She loved an aunt who lived in the same apartment building and who owned a little slave girl, nine years old. "I used to pretend to teach her, when I was four, myself. Sometimes I would become rough. My aunt would reprimand me: 'You must not treat her like that. She is your slave'—a word that now sounds horrible to my ears. This little girl died when she was nine years old. Her death affected me very much. I started to see how embarrassing and wrong it was to have servants and demands. But I couldn't do anything about it. I accepted the status quo—and tried to be as good to the servants as possible."

Although she says there was no shattering poverty in Egypt at the time, there was a peasant class, and as a young girl, Lola realized that many people had far less than her family did. She remembers that in Old Cairo there was a huge banyan tree where a woman had carved herself a home. The woman slept in the hole—something Lola can never forget.

At age thirteen, Lola started driving, and five years later she received one of the first driver's licenses given to a woman in Egypt. She had learned to drive at the insistence of her father, a strong-willed, forward-thinking man. Although he had received only a high school education, Lola's father wrote and spoke many languages, played the piano by ear, and before his retirement from the government reached the position of controller of the Ministry of Finance. Determined to give his daughter the best of educations, he sent her to a French lycée—a school in Cairo run by the French government. This was an unconventional act; usually, Christian girls had to go to religious schools run by nuns. But Lola's father went even farther: most women and girls weren't even permitted to go out alone in public, but he let his daughter travel alone on public transportation the fifteen kilometers to school.

Lola is grateful for the relative freedom she enjoyed and the confidence it gave her. Her confidence had been growing since she was a young girl, making her bold enough to clash regularly with her father over the freedoms that she still lacked—she too was strong-willed. But she could also be winningly persuasive. In fact, whenever her brothers wanted anything from their father, they sent Lola to ask.

In school, she learned ideas that added fuel to her restlessness. She knew that, compared to girls from other families, she had a lot of freedom; for instance, she was allowed to mingle with both boys and girls.

But she still chafed under those traditional restrictions that her father did impose. Most of the girls at the lycée enjoyed more liberties than she. Her dearest friend was allowed to go swim with boys, but she couldn't. It made no sense to her.

So she revolted—sometimes. "When my parents tried to impose rules, I was very harsh. I had lots of encounters with my father. I won sometimes, but he was strong-willed."

As she sought to move beyond her protected world, she found an escape in Hollywood, that exotic and glamorous world. As a child, she'd loved those Sundays when the family saw films at her uncle's house; now, as a schoolgirl, she devoured everything she could about American movies, actors, and actresses. The movies were magical to her, and Lola escaped to them as much as she could.

But the enchanted world of film was one more forbidden fruit. Lola fought with her parents over the movie magazines she loved, and eventually she began to hide them in her desk. She hated to ask permission to go to the movies. When her parents said no, she sometimes slipped off to the show anyway. "To sneak out was to do something *very bad*," she says now.

Still, she did it. She was probably seeking alternate worlds, restlessly looking for new ideas and new people. Ironically, the fantasy of Hollywood was Lola's first and only significant impression of the United States—an impression that lasted until years later, when the opportunity to live in Washington, D.C., arose. Although at that time she didn't know much more about the country than the names of its former movie stars, she jumped at the chance to go, driven no doubt by her unquenchable hunger to experience different people and cultures.

During her school years, movies weren't the only avenues of exploration, however; Lola loved to read. "When I look back, I see how poor our libraries were," she says, rolling her r's with her slight Egyptian accent. "I remember how I'd wait for Saturday to come so I could check out books. I would read everything they had," especially historical novels, romances, and French magazines. She also loved music and studied piano at the Conservetoire. And she caught fire with a passion for archaeology.

From the time that Jean-Francois Champollion had discovered the key to hieroglyphics in 1822, the French had maintained a strong connection to Egyptian archaeology, and the lycée capitalized on this

interest. Lola was able to go on school-sponsored digs during vacations. She explored the great pyramid at Giza at a time when no tourists were snapping photos and nobody was selling souvenirs at the entrance. In fact, nobody else was in the pyramid at all. It must have been exhilarating for her to step outside her traditional world into this other "magical" world.

Perhaps so she could connect with other peoples and places, Lola learned languages. They have served her well in her travels around the world and with her diverse group of friends; when she answers her phone, she can—and does—begin speaking in any of several languages. Of course, she learned to speak fluent French among her schoolmates. She also learned English. To prepare for her baccalaureate, she needed to solidify a third foreign language. She wanted to continue with Italian, but her father told her no—she should take Arabic. This time she obeyed his wishes, studying Arabic after her regular school day. Now she's very grateful that her father insisted; the language connected her more firmly with who she was. "It was silly to be completely Westernized. In geography we talked about France as if it were our country—which was stupid. For a while I didn't feel a part of my own culture." She didn't stop with school, however. From a journalist she learned German, and she studied Italian in classes taught at the Italian consulate. Later, after coming to the United States, she took it upon herself to learn Spanish so that she could travel and communicate in South America. "I'm interested in people," she explains.

As time went on, she "liberated" herself from the imbalance of feeling like a French citizen; it was not in her nature to lean on one stool more than another. As she began to follow Egyptian politics more closely, she learned to bitterly resent Westernization and the British occupation of Egypt. She remembers clearly an incident that woke her into awareness: she was once arrested for some small offense by an English constable. He was so arrogant and domineering that she became indignant—inwardly, at least. "What are these people doing here?" she asked herself.

But her anger did not propel her into the extreme of political action, even though many of her family members were active in the push for independence. She remembers how, in the middle of the night, a family member who was part of the revolution once smuggled some papers to their house and gave them to Lola's mother for safekeeping.

When Lola was around fourteen years old, other relatives, members of the Nationalist party of Egypt, were put on trial. The events impressed her deeply.

So Lola became a young woman who was keenly aware of politics, justice, and injustice, but who still led a privileged life. Educationally, she had eagerly learned all that she could, but for no objective other than the pleasure of learning. It was at this point, when she had graduated from the lycée, that she first encountered her future husband, Aziz Atiya.

She had gone to consult her cousin, a doctor, when a man came into the office. She did not pay any attention to him, but he noticed her. After she had left, he asked the cousin who she was and how he could meet her. The cousin offered to bring her to Atiya's upcoming lecture at the Royal Geographical Society.

Dr. Aziz Atiya, a medieval scholar who had just returned to Egypt from Germany, was several years older than Lola. Even now, Lola doesn't know why she made an impression on him. But she went with the cousin to the lecture, found it interesting, met the lecturer, and went home unchanged. "He was a good lecturer," she says, "and I'd seen an impressive book he'd written, but from feeling anything toward him, not really. It was like any stranger. It was not love at first sight."

Dr. Atiya persisted, however. He asked the cousin if he could invite Lola and her parents for tea. Prevailing social standards forbade him from asking directly, but the indirect invitation worked. Lola and her parents came to his house—and this time, it *was* love at first sight.

He had so many books! Dazzled, Lola instantly fell in love—not with Aziz Atiya, but with his library. Without those books, she says, the courtship probably wouldn't have gone anywhere. Having won some part of her adoration, Aziz got serious. He sent the cousin as an emissary to make his intentions known to Lola's parents. The cousin also came to Lola in Aziz's behalf. "I like that man," he said. "Give him a chance; get to know him."

Lola shrugged. "I don't mind," she said.

But when Aziz brought her presents, she refused them. "I'm not committing myself to you," she told him. "I simply want a normal friendship. If after a certain period we think we can get along, the story will be different."

They began going out—without a chaperone, since Lola wouldn't accept a chaperone any more than she would accept an arranged marriage.

She remembers a place they often visited, "a very lovely place on the road to the pyramids." The road was almost empty, with very old trees lining it and few houses. In one of the houses, an English bungalow, lived an Engishwoman who raised chickens and served tea. Many times, the couple spent peaceful hours at a table on her porch.

After some time, Lola agreed to marriage. She had weighed matters and decided that they did "get along." Besides, he had interesting connections with the outside world that she was drawn to; she could see that "tying my life to his would give me the opportunity to travel. I never knew if I would have the same opportunity with another person."

Then, of course, there were his books.

They were married on 31 July 1941. She was twenty-four years old; he was forty-two. Aziz had had a fancy suit of clothes made for his wedding, but that was before he knew his bride. Lola wouldn't accept one of the big conventional celebrations with their long guest lists, big banquets, and huge appliquéd tents pitched in the gardens of the homes to provide space for everything. It was partly embarrassment and a desire to be out of the spotlight that made her resist tradition, but it was also her distaste for the whole idea of lavish weddings. Even today, she's appalled by most weddings. "They should be focused on love," she says, "not show."

For her own wedding, she insisted on a small, home ceremony with a priest, and she got her way. She wore a plain, off-white dress; he wore a simple suit. The only guests were immediate family, and the wedding banquet was a simple family dinner.

At first, for Lola anyway, the marriage was based more on good logic and the fact that she got along with Aziz than it was on love. "It's very funny," she says now. "After a while, love can develop from friendship."

There followed an "interesting period" in Cairo. Marrying Aziz had indeed opened doors for Lola. She was able to indulge her passion for archaeology through Aziz's connections to people who did excavations. She also became interested in ancient beads. Finding beads became a consuming passion for her, and she would explore the old quarters of the city, bargaining with dealers. Now, it's illegal to deal in antiquities, but at that time she was able to begin what became a significant collection.

Every new find was exciting. In particular, she loved scarabs. Ancient Egyptians worshipped the scarab beetles, and when they removed a mummy's heart, they filled the cavity with scarabs carved

from faience and stone. Lola says there were millions of these carved stones in Egypt. She remembers the excitement of acquiring one particular scarab. She was in Luxor with her grown daughter Nayra and her cousin Suzy as guests in a house on the Nile. One morning when the others went to visit some tombs, Lola decided to go see an antique dealer she knew on the east bank of the Nile. She walked to his shop and greeted him.

"Do you have anything to show me?" she asked.

"To tell you the truth, there's nothing anymore these days," he replied. "But if you want to look . . ." He brought out a tin box full of junk. Idly, she went through it—and found a beautiful ivory scarab. She'd take it, she told the dealer. What did he want for it?

He shook his head. It was Ramadan, the Muslim month of fasting, and he couldn't even offer her a cup of coffee, he said. Therefore, he wouldn't ask much.

This was true excitement for Lola, going home with such a find. Both beads and scarabs remained a prime interest of hers. Later, when she and her family were living in Ann Arbor, she put her knowledge of old beads to use for the University of Michigan, where she meticulously catalogued each bead in the Kelsey Museum's collection. These beads had come from the ancient town of Karanis, south of Cairo, discovered during an excavation conducted by the university in the 1920s and 1930s.

The early interesting period of hunting for antique beads in Cairo was short, however. Aziz, one of the founders of the University of Alexandria, was asked to come and teach there. "This was a big tragedy in my mother's life," Lola says. "Although we were only 150 miles away, it was very, very hard on her. It was hard on me, too; I was so close to her. But I always thought that I wouldn't stand in my husband's way whenever it was in his interest to change."

A second tragedy occurred when Lola's father was killed in an accident in 1943. At the time, her brothers were abroad, trapped in England and France by the war. So Lola returned to Cairo to be with her mother, taking her eight-month-old daughter, Nayra, with her. In 1945, the brothers returned, and Lola moved back to Alexandria with a new baby, Ramez, leaving Nayra with her grandmother.

In 1951 Aziz was asked to participate in a symposium called "The Town Hall Meeting of the Air," which was organized in order to

encourage public discussions between countries and to create better international relations. As he established contacts with scholars from the United States, other opportunities arose. He was invited to head a U.S.-sponsored expedition between the University of Alexandria, the Library of Congress, and Johns Hopkins University to microfilm the valuable manuscripts at the Monastery of St. Catherine in Sinai. This was followed by simultaneous invitations to come to the United States. One of these was from the Library of Congress to edit the Arabic manuscripts microfilmed during the Sinai expedition; the other was to visit as the first Fullbright scholar from Egypt. Aziz hesitated, unable to convince himself that the move would be a good idea. But when he raised the subject with his wife, she had no doubts; of course they should go!

They did. It would be a watershed decision in their lives. The couple crossed the Atlantic on the *Queen Mary*, arriving in New York shortly after the new year.

"Why did we come to the U.S.?" Lola wonders now. "For us, it was as far away as Mars." A few minutes later, she adds, "You don't do anything about your own destiny. Events guide you. Sometimes things happen to you that just direct you to your destiny." Maybe that's true. But it does seem that Lola has taken those events and shaped her own destiny.

Aziz was ill when the ship docked, but Lola immediately began investigating the country that she had known only through celluloid. She recalls that her very first impression was an ugly one; on the way to Penn Station, the taxi driver stopped and asked for his tip in advance.

Other impressions were more benign, but they were puzzling. In many ways this seemed like a very strange country. For instance, when Lola asked the steward on the train to Washington for a newspaper, he brought back a whole stack of papers. She thought the man was crazy, but he'd merely given her a single Sunday edition of the *New York Times*. At the hotel, she put her shoes outside the door to be polished, as was the custom in Europe. In the morning there was a knock on the door: the puzzled hotel manager had come to ask why her shoes were in the hallway.

Aziz was still ill, so Lola went out alone to explore. When she went into a small grocery store to get a drink for her husband, the woman clerk asked her, "What can I do for you, honey?" Lola was startled at such

informality. Then there was the Waldorf salad she ordered in the hotel restaurant, thinking to get something special. Instead, she got apples in a sweet and sour dressing, and she didn't like it at all. "Imagine how they serve salad here," she wrote home. "With sugar and vinegar mixed together!"

Another jolt came when she and Aziz rented an apartment. The landlord had a beautiful fourteen-year-old daughter. Lola asked her mother about her school studies. "Oh," the mother said, "for the moment there's nothing but her boyfriend in her life."

"That bewildered me," Lola says. "A boyfriend at that age?" For, although her "avant-garde" parents had allowed her to mix with both boys and girls, it would have been unthinkable that she should have a boyfriend so young. Again, she found herself between traditional and current ideas.

The whole American experience was one adjustment after another, and on the whole Lola enjoyed the challenge. But when it came to racial prejudice, she refused to adjust, nor would she take the middle road. The racism she encountered shocked Lola greatly. When she and Aziz rented an apartment behind the Supreme Court and close to the Library of Congress, the people at the Egyptian embassy were scandalized. "You've rented one block away from the Black community!" they exclaimed in horror, and they urged the Atiyas to find another neighborhood.

In turn horrified at such prejudice, the Atiyas refused to change apartments. Lola had never encountered such narrow-mindedness in Egypt, and it troubled her to find her own countrymen so intolerant of race. In fact, in all her travels, she says, she had never encountered discrimination. It was true that there had been slaves in Egypt, but both white and black people were used as slaves. And, as she is quick to point out now, her own family's freed slaves were like part of the family: they went to church with the family and were later buried in the family vaults. But the U.S. seemed to be full of bigotry. There were the segregated streetcars, for instance, which Lola simply couldn't understand.

One day, Lola herself felt the direct effect of prejudice. A cosmetics firm called her asking if she would host a luncheon—provided by the company—to showcase its products. But when the woman caller found out that Lola was Egyptian, she withdrew the offer. "This

will never work," the woman said. "We can't put cosmetics on black people!"

"You are ignorant," Lola replied, and informed her that most Egyptians aren't black. But even so, she refused to host the luncheon: "I won't promote a firm that is biased," she told the woman.

Lola says that she and Aziz never encountered discrimination in this country—but they usually associated with people who recognized them as honored guests. When on her own, Lola felt completely safe as she explored the city. She went to concerts and museums and to the library, where she loved to listen to recorded music and poetry; she strung her antique beads and went shopping. "There was only one thing I truly missed," she says, "my two children [who had stayed behind with their grandmother]. It was very, very hard."

As a visiting scholar, Dr. Atiya was invited to lecture at universities across the country. To Lola, seeing a new country from east to west was a delight. So were the people they met. She and Aziz found "a lot of goodness." Perhaps they found that goodness because Lola tends to look for it, and she remembers even modest acts of kindness. For instance, when they visited Indiana University, they checked into a motel, got freshened up, then called Dr. Velorus Martz, a friend they had met in Egypt.

"You're at a *motel?*" he cried. "That's impossible! You'll stay in our home."

The Atiyas explained that they had already used the towels and may as well stay where they were, but the professor drove over and talked to the motel owner. The owner kindly let them leave without paying anything. It was a small thing but, Lola says, "Instances like that leave an imprint you can't forget. We have seen nothing but kindness since we set foot in this country. . . . Our lives have been touched."

After nine months, the Atiyas returned to Egypt. Three years later, however, they returned to the U.S., where Aziz had been invited to come as medieval professor of Islamic studies at the University of Michigan. This time they brought the children and enrolled them in school.

There were still new things to be learned about this country. "I was bewildered when I saw the library in the junior high school. A whole library, with cards! I was stunned!" Lola's lifelong love of books had found a new object of admiration: American libraries. American

skyscrapers never moved her, she says, but the books did. She was amazed at the bookmobiles that came to the farmers' market every Saturday, and she marveled that ordinary people could have such liberal book-borrowing privileges.

In one way or another, Lola has stayed intimately connected with books throughout her life. Later, she and Dr. Atiya would work strenuously to acquire and process forty-five crates of books to take from Egypt to the University of Utah collection. And, of course, the Atiyas always kept a library of their own. Now she sighs as she looks around at the bookshelves in her house. "There are books in every room!" she exclaims. "I can't possibly move from here!"

After the year in Ann Arbor, Dr. Atiya was invited to spend a year at Columbia University, and it was there that Lola got a hands-on experience with books through a course in bookbinding. She approached the course the way she has whenever she has encountered anything new, with a sense of excitement.

Around this time, the Atiyas renewed an earlier acquaintance with Dr. A. Ray Olpin, president of the University of Utah. He, like Lola, had been impressed by Aziz's books, and also by the Atiyas themselves. He invited Aziz to come to Salt Lake City and deliver the commencement address in the summer of 1956, and then to teach a summer term.

Dr. Atiya spoke at commencement in 1956, but he and Lola didn't come for a summer term until 1958. Lola felt an immediate connection with this new "alternate world"; she loved both the mountains and the many Utahns who opened their doors to her and Aziz. But then, she loved all the places she had been. So it was strange that, as she and her husband returned to Egypt by freighter at the end of the summer, while they were sitting on deck, Lola casually remarked, "If I will die somewhere outside Egypt, I would like to die in Salt Lake City."

She can't explain that remark now, whether it was a premonition or just a coincidence. But when Dr. Olpin began to urge Aziz to come to Utah to set up an Institute for Intercultural Studies, Lola was more than willing. She liked Utah, and she thought it might be a good place for the children to finish their schooling; after that, the children would go to college somewhere else, and she and Aziz would go home to Egypt. Neither of them had any idea that Salt Lake would become home or that both children would choose to go to the University of

Utah. In fact, both of their children married Utahns and settled in Salt Lake City.

Although they were planning a relatively short stay, when the Atiyas arrived in Salt Lake, both of them plunged into the community. Willima Mulder, Dr. Atiya's co-director at the university's Middle East Center, asked Lola if she would like to work on any projects there. Knowing that the university had some old documents of papyrus and paper that needed to be restored and preserved, she offered to do it.

So she moved into an office on the fourth floor of the Park Building then set about figuring out how to restore the papyri. In Egypt she had watched dealers trying to open papyrus scrolls by putting them between layers of clover to soften them. So, with only this knowledge, she invented her own method. She would place the papyrus between pieces of damp blotting paper, then watch it carefully; the document couldn't stay inside the blotting paper for too long or it would disintegrate. Then she used blunt needles to open the papyrus and special brushes to clean it. The work was tedious and painstaking, but she did it well. Over the course of two years, she restored and sealed behind glass more than eight hundred pieces of papyrus and eight hundred pieces of old paper—and she didn't lose any of them.

When that project was done, Lola knew so much that she could have written a book on restoring papyrus, she says. She learned even more when she went to Washington, D.C., to take a course in papermaking and restoration at the Library of Congress. It wasn't because she was planning to become an expert restorer; she just wanted to learn. "Anything I did was not with any thing in view for the future [as a career], but more for volunteer work that gave me pleasure," she says now.

Next, she became aware that the university library needed to do some Arabic cataloguing, so she offered to help with it. Working with librarian Marian Sheets, whom Lola calls brilliant, witty, and pleasant, Lola learned how to transcribe Arabic into English characters, and then she transliterated Arabic titles so the books could be catalogued. That skill would prove valuable later during the preparation of the *Coptic Encyclopedia.*

At the same time, Lola was raising her children. Previously, the children had gone to private schools, but in Salt Lake the Atiyas were

advised to send them to public schools; the children went to East High. Her daughter, Nayra, a scholar and writer now living in New York, says, "The wonderful thing about how we were raised was that there was no difference in how boys and girls were treated. We had the same responsibilities and were given the same expectations."[2] Lola had seen gender injustice, and she was determined to do her part to change it.

Lola's sense of equality, justice, and acceptance extends to all situations. Often she had the opportunity to travel with her husband all over the world, and she sees herself now not as a Utahn or Egyptian, but as a world citizen. "I feel an affinity with any community I've been in. I never feel like a stranger. I believe strongly in the community of mankind rather than in barriers."

She travels out of curiosity about other people and places, but the main thing she loves is to make contact with people. Several incidents stand out vividly in her mind. Once, in Norway, she and Aziz went in search of a Coptic cross they had heard about. They went into a church to ask about the cross, and the wife of the pastor took them to see it. When the woman learned they were from Egypt, she insisted that they come and have lunch. Lola was delighted. Aziz, however, felt that they couldn't impose on a stranger.

"But she insists with such warmth," Lola argued.

In the end, Aziz prevailed, and the Atiyas told the woman they couldn't stay. But the woman made them sandwiches anyway.

"Something like this touches me very much," Lola says. "Of these stories I have very many. Something draws me to them—to people who believe in the community of mankind."

Actually, people are drawn to her; people from all walks of life seek her out, maybe because Lola has a rare ability to make and keep friendships in many different situations. On a recent trip to Alaska, she chose not to follow the tour group one day. Instead, she explored Seward and ended up having coffee at the Senior Citizens Center. There she met an Aleutian woman who could hardly speak English and was the only survivor in her family of the earthquake of 1964. This meeting was the highlight of her trip—and Lola plans to stay in contact with the friends she met there.

In the late 1970s, at age eighty, Dr. Atiya began work on the *Coptic Encyclopedia*, a huge project that would take years to complete. Lola worked by his side for the pay of (one dollar a year). She began by

merely "helping out" a little, but she gradually became more involved in the encyclopedia until she was completely immersed.

"The more I worked, the more work I found I needed to do," she later told Everett Cooley in an oral history. "I'm glad I was involved, because it made me aware of every aspect of it, aspects that probably nobody else but Aziz and myself knew." When Aziz died before the project was completed, it was Lola who knew what to do to carry it forward to completion. She did this despite some serious health problems. But Lola is strong-willed, and she pushed on.[3]

Even before her husband died, her strong opinions influenced the project. Donna Smart, who also worked on the encyclopedia, remembers often hearing Lola in the office with Dr. Atiya saying, "La la la la [no, no, no, no], Aziz!"[4]

"I contested some of his ways," she admits. "He was too courteous, and I didn't think when you do scholarly work that you should be courteous just because people were helping materially. I thought he should keep certain standards and say no [to requests for special favors]. I was able to stand up against the men in Egypt; they resented me very much. They wanted to enter their relatives in the encylopedia, but they didn't get in. The editors agreed with me. Aziz agreed also, but with some reluctance."

In many ways there seems to have been a creative tension between the two of them: Aziz with his gentle ways and Lola with her forcefulness. There seems also to have been a difference in their views of life, religion, and death. Aziz had faith, Lola says, probably more than she, but he wouldn't admit it, so she doesn't really know. They never discussed religion.

But Lola is willing to talk about her views. This woman of balance dislikes the differences that people make between belief systems and says that, although she herself doesn't believe, she respects all religions.

"I was so religious as a child. . . . But the more I thought about it, the more I had my doubts. For me, religion is a way of life and a way of dealing with the people around you. And religion hasn't done that at all. We do all kinds of evil things in the name of religion. I believe in the teachings of Christianity." She also believes in "moral standards," the old fashioned virtues. "The whole world would be better off if young people would consider some ways of life other than to be absolutely free to do whatever they want," she says. She hates violence,

and wonders sometimes after reading the news "if we are human beings."

Along with advancing years have come an assortment of physical ills, but Lola shrugs off her pains. Whenever anyone asks her how she is, she says, "I am very fine." Once when a friend asked why she claims to be fine even when she really isn't, she replied, "It doesn't make me feel any better if I complain, and it doesn't make anyone else feel better, either."

Despite her challenges, she recently finished a much-needed index for a reference work, the twelve-volume *History of the Patriarchs of the Coptic Church*, which was written in the tenth century and added to during subsequent centuries. The index didn't take quite so long, but it did take Lola four years to complete. It includes Arabic names, transcriptions of the names, and annotations in English. It was "tedious but interesting work."

Now that she has finished it, Lola says she has no plans for another project—no plans, that is, unless she decides to "make something" of her copious notes on Coptic analogies, customs, and miracles. "The arts are endless, but life is short," she says with a shake of her head, quoting a Latin saying.

"My trouble is, I'm flighty. I don't stick with things," she says. Perhaps it could be better said that Lola Atiya isn't someone who is prone to choose just one "stool." She is a multifaceted woman. She has contributed to scholarship in many fields, but everything she has done has been for the pleasure of it. She hasn't even taken credit for much of her work.

Her days are now filled from morning to night. As always, her door is open to her many friends and family members, and she still tries to travel. She recently went to Egypt to visit a beloved cousin who was ill. But she keeps returning here, to her quiet old house. And her premonition on the steamer so many years ago has proved true. She will be buried here. That decision wasn't made until Aziz died in 1988.

Dr. Atiya had made careful arrangements to be buried in Egypt. In Old Cairo there is still a tomb with his name on it. But when he died suddenly, Lola decided that she didn't want to take him back to Egypt. He had lived a long time in Salt Lake, and she was here now. So she buried him here, in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. "I like where I'm going to be buried," she says now. "I go and sit there and tell Ramez, 'Isn't the view beautiful?'"

Death doesn't frighten her. Everything has a beginning and an end, she says. "I don't have a belief or a disbelief in an afterlife, but nobody has come from the other side and told us what happens. I don't tell people to put away their beliefs. It's something totally personal."

So as she has journeyed between a beginning as a girl-child in Cairo and the last years in Salt Lake, she has maintained this middle approach. She accepts the ways and beliefs of others but does not hesitate to offer her opinions and gifts. She has clearheadedly chosen her path but at the same time recognizes the element of fate working in her life. She has moved through her days with a kind of naturalness tempered by artfulness and acceptance.

In a way, Lola resembles the blue roses that she loved so much as a girl in Egypt. These were flowers that, although they had been artificially colored, were still live, still subject to the large forces of mortality. "I don't like artificial flowers in my house," she says decidedly. "I like live flowers; I like to see them die and then to put them in the garbage. I think it's something absolutely natural. . . . Our lives are like flowers too."

Gean Miller FarmanFarmaian wears the Kurdish regalia of her husband's Iranian royal family. Photo courtesy of Gean FarmanFarmaian.

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Verla Gean Miller FarmanFarmaian
How a Beekeeper's Daughter Became a Persian Princess

Judy Dykman

Judy Dykman recently retired after thirty years of teaching world geography and Utah history at Salt Lake City's Churchill Junior High. Her extraordinary abilities were consistently appreciated by students and parents. Churchill's staff and administration, Granite School District, and the Utah State Historical Society all recognized her as an outstanding teacher. Co-author of The Silver Queen: Her Royal Highness Suzanne Bransford Emery Holmes Delitch Engalitcheff, *she earned her bachelor's degree in history from Weber State University and her master's degree in history education from Brigham Young University. She knew of Gean FarmanFarmaian as an outstanding teacher, but when she actually met Gean, she was impressed with her knowledge of and tolerance for people from all parts of the world. The more she became acquainted with Gean, the more Dykman knew her story needed to be told.*

At least once in every young girl's life she fantasizes about becoming a real-live Cinderella, and for some it comes true. About five hundred American women married royalty during the Gilded Age.[1] After World War II the number of royal matches dropped significantly, but a few Americans still took the plunge: Lisa Halliday became Jordan's Queen Noor; Grace Kelly became Monaco's Princess Grace; and Rita Hayworth married an Arab sheikh, Ali Khan. Two Utah women also became royalty: Susanna Egera Bransford, Utah's Silver Queen, became

Princess Engalitcheff; and Verla Gean Miller became Princess Verla Gean FarmanFarmaian of Iran.

Gean was born on 20 April l920, the oldest of five children, to Clarice Stockdale and Raymond Nephi Miller of Smithfield, Utah. In many ways her parents were typical residents of the area. Both came from large farming families, had a strong work ethic, valued education, and were members of the Mormon Church.[2] However, the Millers were affluent and could offer their children more opportunities.[3] By contrast, the Stockdales had less, and only six of their nine children reached adulthood. Clarice was an adored child and the only girl to reach maturity. Because she was needed at home, her father didn't feel she needed more than an elementary school education. This decision devastated her as she was bright, musical, and dreamed of someday becoming a teacher. Desperate for a change, she begged permission to finish high school and attend college. Eventually her father relented, permitting her to enroll in Logan's Brigham Young College, which was a high school-junior college at that time. His one stipulation was that she wouldn't date as she was only fifteen years old.[4]

Ray and Clarice met during their freshman year and fell in love, but mindful of her promise to her father, waited seven years to marry. Clarice met her goal and earned a certificate of completion. Working with the family's beekeeping business kept Ray busy late into the fall and took him out of school early each spring. Despite these handicaps, he was still an active debater and an excellent student. For a time, the young couple lived in Preston, Idaho, where Ray had several jobs, one at the sugar beet factory. Ray's father persuaded him to return to the family's bee business soon after Gean, their oldest child, was born. The business offered more financial stability, even if they as beekeepers were continually on the move establishing and tending bee colonies. Ray's first assignment was to live in Rexburg, Idaho, for four years; then there was a season in Colton, California, before he and his family returned to Utah to live in Fillmore and Salt Lake City. When Gean was old enough to attend junior high, the Millers settled on Salt Lake City's State Street, having moved at least seven or eight times during the first twelve years of her life.

Moving frequently was physically draining and wreaked havoc with school work and records, but it offered many opportunities to meet people from differing cultural backgrounds. Because Mormon

wards weren't always available, Gean frequently attended services in other churches and quickly learned tolerance for new ideas. Through all of the moves, Clarice encouraged her children to study and improve themselves. She was pleased to see Gean become an avid reader very young. Gean also showed an early aptitude for music, dance, and dramatics, so Clarice set time aside to teach her piano, beginning when she turned seven. As their busy schedules became more hectic, mother and daughter often got up at 6 A.M. so Gean could have some uninterrupted time at the piano. While Gean practiced, Clarice ironed or did handwork. Ray also helped by packing the heavy, old, upright piano with them each place they moved. It would have been easier to leave it behind, but neither Gean or Clarice would consider that option.

When Gean turned sixteen, her family moved into East High's boundaries. This thrilled her because East High School offered many music and drama programs with which Gean became involved. She had progressed beyond her mother's ability to teach her piano, so she took lessons from Rose B. Lewis. At first Gean was just one of many students to perform in the Lewis piano recitals, but after several programs, she was featured in her own recital. Following this successful performance, Rose encouraged Gean to begin teaching piano lessons.

Her life was a whirl of activities. Then one day an incident occurred that dramatically influenced her decisions about a future career. She startled her parents by complaining of agonizing side pains and feeling faint. The family doctor, Dr. Grosbeck, diagnosed the problem as a ruptured appendix which was almost always fatal in the 1930s. However, he urged Clarice to try a technique he had developed to keep the poison from spreading throughout the abdomen: alternating hot and cold packs over a forty-eight-hour period. He hoped the unorthodox treatment would dramatically reduce the inflammation and swelling so the needed surgery could succeed. Fortunately for Gean, he was right; the appendectomy at LDS Hospital was successful.

While she convalesced, Gean had several conversations with Dr. Grosbeck about her future goals. Women had few career options during the l930s and l940s; generally they were nurses, teachers, or housewives. Gean had seriously considered enrolling in nursing school or working with the mentally handicapped after college, but he advised her that she was too emotional and too deeply involved with others to be successful in nursing. When she later discussed this with her

mother, Clarice agreed with him and persuaded her to consider teaching instead, a career Clarice had dreamed of following.

When Gean graduated from high school in 1937 at seventeen, the Millers informed her that as much as they wanted to help, she would have to put herself through college. They encouraged her to live at home and attend the University of Utah. To raise tuition and book money, Gean immediately started giving piano lessons for 25¢ an hour. Working long hours, attending classes, and studying left little time to socialize, but she managed to date occasionally, and a few men she knew would one day be prominent in Utah. Land developer Verden Bettilyon and KSL radio announcer Rex Campbell took her to the theater, dances at the Old Mill, and picnicked with her at Saltair resort. However, money problems not only ruled out sorority life but forced her to drop out of school the next year. Hoping to make sufficient income to return to school the following year, she added twenty new students and raised the price of her piano lessons. Despite the Depression, few of her pupils changed teachers. Most parents were satisfied and admired her efforts to put herself through the university. In the fall of 1939 she returned to the University of Utah, and she graduated with high honors three years later, with a major in education and a double minor in music and speech.

Despite her scholastic honors, getting a teaching position in Salt Lake City during World War II was difficult. While she looked for work, Gean served as a Girl Scout counselor at Camp Cloud Rim above Park City. The work ended in September, but she thoroughly enjoyed her experience and made many new friends. Finally, a fifth grade position opened in Cedar City. Life was certainly different in the small, southern Utah farming community. Gean was surprised to find the school's principal, Mr. Hulet, was also one of the school's sixth grade teachers. There was no school lunch, nor a cafeteria or kitchen to prepare the food. For the few students who needed a hot lunch, the lady teachers took turns bringing casseroles from home. The school also had no music, drama, speech, or dance programs. When Gean checked to see who was using the school's old, upright piano, she discovered she was the only one who knew how to play it. Determined to add music to the school's curriculum, she volunteered to come one hour before school a few days each week to conduct a group sing-along. At first only a few students attended, but as word spread, the number of participants

rapidly increased. Soon many of the student body were involved in the early morning singing.

Gean also saw a need for local plays and musicals for the school and community. Her fifth grade class put on Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, creating all the sets and costumes. Working with her church, she played Esther in one production and directed several others. An active Mormon, she also taught seminary and played the piano for Sunday services. Learning of her talents, Mr. Barlow, Iron County school superintendent, offered Gean a summer scholarship to a BYU music program. Thankfully accepting, Gean registered for a program directed by Lila Belle Pitts from Columbia's Teacher's College in New York City. The scholarship included board and room in one of the school's dorms, so Gean roomed with students from many parts of the world. During that eventful summer, the group shared many ideas about their differing cultures and values. Gean reveled in these experiences and, when the summer ended, she knew that returning to Cedar City would be a mistake. If she went back, she might not be able to leave again. She called Mr. Barlow to tell him about her decision. Understandably he was disappointed, but wished her well. Teachers from big cities seldom stayed long in small towns.

Clarice and Ray welcomed Gean home but knew it would be a short visit as she soon planned to leave again. She had taught U.S. history and geography as part of her fifth grade curriculum for three years but had never traveled east of the Rocky Mountains. Now she needed to see the eastern part of the U.S. so she would be better prepared to teach American history in the future. She announced her plans to go to Washington, D.C., and stay in the YWCA until she found work and an apartment. Her parents also knew she wanted to be near a former boyfriend, Ed Rosenburg, who was now working in D.C. for the War Department. Gean and Ed had similar interests, and the Millers felt it would be a good match if they decided to marry.

Gean applied for a sales clerk position at Jelleffs, one of Washington's most upscale ladies' accessory and lingerie stores, and was accepted. But within a few weeks she had mastered all the aspects of the new job and had visited all of the local sites including the entire Smithsonian Institution. She approached the store's personnel manager to ask for Wednesdays off and explained her reason for moving east. At this time, forty-hour weeks didn't exist, but the manager was

impressed by her ambitious goal to improve her knowledge of American history and geography and granted her request. Over the next several months, starting at dawn each Wednesday morning and ending in the wee hours, Gean used the bus to travel to the surrounding states. Her travels ranged from Pennsylvania to Alabama, where she visited Revolutionary and Civil War battle sites, historic homes, museums, national parks, and everything in between. She found each new city and state very different from the large western expanses she was accustomed to and enjoyed the contrast.

On one of her trips into the southern states, Gean witnessed the ugliness of racial discrimination firsthand. She bristled at the injustice of separate drinking fountains, restrooms, and cafeteria seating. As she entered a crowded bus in one of the South's big cities, she noted that all of the Blacks stood or sat at the rear while the Whites sat at the front of the bus. The situation sickened her so she marched to the back of the bus and sat with the Blacks. Hesitantly, the bus driver approached her and invited her to sit in the proper section. She refused and said she was comfortable where she was. The driver repeated his request and Gean repeated her refusal. Neither would give in until a little Black woman leaned over to Gean and politely said, "Ah 'preciates what ya-all is tryin' to do, dear, but ah've got to get to mah wuk—do what the man says." Gean was a little startled, but realized the woman was right, and moved. Her protest occurred several years before Rosa Parks made her historic stand, and while she didn't bring change, at least Gean knew she had recognized the injustice long before the Civil Rights movement brought it to general public attention.

Eight months later, Gean's romance with Ed ended; now it was time for another change. She bade good-bye to her roommate Margaret Hood, and in 1946 moved into New York City's YWCA for a few weeks. Almost immediately she started taking bus trips to the historic sites in that area. Her trips ranged into Maine and western New York. She also started searching the want ads of the *New York Times* for jobs. Working as a sales clerk had lost its charm, so she decided to apply as a governess. After growing up in a big family and teaching elementary school, she knew she qualified for that position.

One morning she ran across a simple ad: "Wanted, a governess, someone who loves children." It included a phone number, so she called for an appointment and an address. Used to the simple layout of streets

in Salt Lake City, she expected she could save cab fare and walk to the appointment. An hour later she discovered she was still some distance from the apartment house she was seeking; New York City isn't laid out on a grid system. She now faced a real dilemma: should she run the rest of the way and arrive windblown, or walk and arrive neat but late? She finally decided punctuality and dependability would make the best impression and started running. Several minutes later she arrived at the entrance of the apartment building. The impressive doorman took her up in the elevator to apartment 6A. When she was shown into the main hall, she was greeted by Mrs. Pathy, a small, beautiful woman. Pleased to find her instincts were correct about being punctual, Gean apologized for her breathless disarray and asked permission to tidy up for the interview. Mrs. Pathy was impressed by her integrity, punctuality, and credentials and hired her on the spot to work with her daughters, ages four and eight.

The Pathys were an amazing Hungarian family. Mrs. Pathy had an aristocratic education, spoke several languages, and possessed a generous heart. Mr. Pathy was a brilliant, international lawyer who had been a prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials. He had come to New York City to earn a law degree at Columbia University so he could practice in the U.S. Prior to the war, he and his brothers had managed a shipping company, owned a farm in Egypt, and held the Coca Cola franchise in Egypt. When the hostilities started, he moved his family to the U.S. After the war ended, the Pathys were fortunate to still own most of their extensive holdings. These and several other lucrative investments had generated their wealth.

They traveled frequently, entertained in grand style, and wanted only the very best for their daughters. Gean was a little in awe of her new employers, but bonded with them and their daughters quickly. She was also pleased that Mrs. Pathy occasionally included her in her social circle even though she was now an employee. Once the girls were bedded down for the night, she was sometimes invited to join the parties, receptions, and dinners where scholars from many fields, well-known artists or writers, foreign statesmen, and musicians gathered. It proved easy to blend in with this new social setting. During the time Gean worked for them, the Pathys proved to be invaluable mentors and opened doors to rich, interesting experiences she would not have had otherwise. They took Gean with them to Europe twice and visited

Egypt on one of the trips. There she got her first real taste of life in the Middle East: she rode a camel, visited the pyramids, and spent time in Alexandria and Cairo.

Part of her duties included explaining the format of American schools so the Pathy family would understand the exclusive private schools the girls eventually attended. She took the girls to their swimming and horseback riding classes, gave them piano lessons, took them to parks and museums, and ushered them into all types of cultural activities. It was a stimulating life, but after both girls started attending school, Gean decided, with the Pathys' encouragement, to enroll at Columbia University's Teacher's College. This would fill her hours when the children didn't need her, give her a chance to attend stimulating lectures and plays, and would provide an opportunity to meet people. Her former music instructor at BYU, Lila Belle Pitts, was part of the school's graduate music education program. Gean immediately applied and started working on a master's degree.

One evening in early 1952, as she was taking the bus to Columbia's Teacher's College, she noticed a banner on the campus cathedral advertising T. S. Elliott's play, *Murder in the Cathedral*, which was being performed there that night. Fascinated at seeing the play performed in an actual cathedral, she skipped class and purchased a ticket. Minutes after she took her seat, a tall, handsome gentleman took the seat next to her. During the intermission, they started to chat. Gean was pleased to see he was charming, articulate, and eager to get acquainted. Some might have been put off by a foreigner, but this only made Gean more interested in him. Through her early moves in life to her recent experience as a member of the International House at Columbia, she had learned to feel very comfortable with people from many different backgrounds. When the play ended, he offered to take her home. She refused, concerned that this might take him hours out of his way. In response he asked where she lived. When she told him she lived on Fifth Avenue between 94th and 95th Streets, he chuckled because he lived just half a block away! In the weeks and months that followed, Gean became very familiar with Prince Manucher FarmanFarmaian and met many of his family and friends. She also began to refer to him privately as Manu.

Mr. Pathy hadn't been concerned about Gean's social life as she had dated several men, but when he realized she was considering marriage, he had Interpol investigate him. He also invited the prince to

lunch on several occasions, chatting with him at length about his present situation in the U.S., his future plans, and his family. Since Manucher had been educated in French and English schools from an early age, he seemed very European in his outlook, dress, and mannerisms. Later Mr. Pathy took Gean aside and told her that a Muslim marriage would be challenging but that Manucher was a good man and was in love with her.

Gean was pleased that her Mormon background blended easily with his Middle Eastern origins. On her first visit to his apartment to meet his sister Leyla, who was studying at Barnard College, she noticed a long, framed picture of an enormous bed filled with weeping women. In the center of the row of women was a wreath with the words, "In memory of our beloved husband, Brigham Young." Startled, Gean immediately asked where he had found the picture. Manucher recounted how he had discovered it in a Paris flea market and had purchased it because it reminded him of his own family. Amused, Gean then told him that polygamy had played a major role in Utah's early history but was removed at the time of statehood. When Manucher explained that his father, a deposed Qajar prince, had eight wives and thirty-six children, his polygamous lifestyle didn't seem an unsettling foreign concept. She had absolute confidence that this charming Qajar prince loved her and would be a good husband and provider. It also didn't concern her at this point that he was not interested in having a family of his own. Like many women in love, she thought that time would change his mind. She realized that he and many of his brothers and sisters had little interest in having children because they had been raised in a harem among so many children. Manucher's mother was a warm, loving person but his father, Farman Farma, was much older and interpreted his family role differently. Concerned for each child's future welfare, he saw to it that all of the children, even the girls, were well cared for and received a good education. They were sent to colleges and universities in the U.S. and Europe and were urged to set high goals and excel. This farsighted vision eventually produced doctors, lawyers, scientists, social workers, bankers, and ambassadors who served capably in Iran, Europe, and the U.S.

Within three months of their first meeting, Manucher proposed and Gean agreed to marry him. Though they had known each other a short time, they felt they knew each other well enough to make the

commitment. As both were now in their thirties, neither needed to seek their parents' consent, so they made plans to have the three necessary ceremonies. On 26 May 1952 they had a civil ceremony in New York's City Hall and a Moslem ceremony conducted by D. A. Faisal. Two days later, at Mr. Pathy's insistence, they married in the Iranian Consulate so their marriage would be recognized without question when they moved to Iran. Following the many marriage ceremonies, the Pathys honored Gean and her prince with a large reception in a Park Avenue hotel. When the formalities concluded in New York City, the FarmanFarmaians left on an extensive honeymoon around the U.S.; Manucher had several brothers and sisters who lived in the U.S., and he wanted to introduce Gean to all of them. Some had married and had established themselves in occupations, while others were still in college. After several weeks they eventually arrived in Salt Lake City to meet Gean's family. The Millers were very excited to see Gean and to meet the man she had married. Her large extended family and many friends gathered in her parents' backyard for a garden reception, and members of the press attended to cover the event. Gean easily mingled with her old acquaintances and graciously introduced the prince, fielding all of her family and friends' questions. Would the couple live in the U.S. or would they return to Iran? Did Manucher plan to resume his former career as a government oil minister? Since the political situation in Iran was unclear at the time, the couple announced their plans were still in limbo.

A few months later, Manucher departed for Iran, and Gean continued to live in their apartment, taking classes for her master's degree. She kept in contact with the Pathys and worked for Blue Cross Blue Shield. Several months later Manucher mailed her boat and plane tickets. During his absence they had written constantly, but she yearned to rejoin him.

Traveling to Iran was not a simple matter in the l950s. There were no direct flights into the Tehran airport from New York City. Gean first took a boat to Beirut and then flew to Iran. Though she had met many of his family in the U.S., she was not prepared for the large family gathering that awaited her in Tehran's airport. Many men, women, and children of all ages eagerly huddled at the gate waiting for her to deplane. Several of Manucher's siblings had also married foreigners, including some Americans. In a playful mood, Manucher decided to try to trick

her. Since he and his brother Aziz looked alike, they decided that Aziz would greet Gean with a big embrace and see if she realized something was amiss. It had been several months since Gean had been with Manucher, so the prank almost worked until she spotted him grinning in the background. Laughing, she eagerly made her way through the crowd to embrace Manucher and proved she really knew her own husband even though Aziz was convincing.

After spending a few days with his mother, Manucher took Gean to their apartment in the heart of Tehran. Because he had come to Iran ahead of her, he had found a lovely place and furnished it, hoping to ease her adjustment to life there. The six-room apartment was on the second floor of the building and had large windows that looked out onto a small terrace and a busy street. There was one bedroom and bath, a large tiled kitchen, a big dining room and living room, and an extra room that could have served as a library or music room. Within a few days, it was obvious that the large windows needed to be covered because they made the apartment too light and warm. Manucher and Gean had purchased a large black and white corduroy bedspread with a black dust ruffle for their bedroom before he left the U.S., so Gean found several yards of black corduroy material and fashioned some draperies.

Their new home had most of the conveniences she could have expected in New York City except that the water was tainted and the decor was different. It was safe to use the water from the faucet to bathe in, but drinking water or water to brush their teeth had to be purchased every morning from a little man who carried it into town from the mountains on his donkey. Like most of the upper class, the FarmanFarmaians had a houseboy to help with the housework and to fetch their water. Realizing that music was a vital part of her life, Manucher surprised Gean with an upright piano which she proudly displayed in their living room. They wanted a coffee table, so Manucher brought home two enormous glass bottles from the oil refinery and added a table top to make one. With a spark of impish fun, Gean put several gold fish in each bottle to amuse them and their company.

Gean soon felt at home in Iran; the semiarid climate was similar to that of Utah, mostly hot and dry but with cold spells and powdered snow in the winter. She was also pleasantly surprised to see that many families had beautiful gardens with many flowers and pools of water.

She soon learned that gardens reminded Muslims of paradise or heaven.[5]

But Gean also had to adjust to some of the difficulties the country was facing. The Iran Gean saw at that time was a victim and byproduct of its turbulent and colorful past. Despite the country's strong traditions and Islamic faith, in the past thirty years it had been forced to undergo many major, rapid changes against its will. Gean quickly learned that her husband and his family had been part of those changes and that they had adapted well, but many of the people were still reeling from their effects.

After World War I, the Ottoman Empire collapsed, and Iran, weak, divided, and with its finances in chaos, underwent a military coup. Then in 1925, the British government helped an aggressive military leader, Reza Shah, to seize power. His agenda was ambitious: to force Iran to Westernize and adopt many social, political, and economic changes. Using a strong army, he squelched the power of the minorities and tribal leaders. Reza Shah attacked and limited the power of the clergy, reorganized the economy by instituting taxes and developing a national banking system, drastically altered the government by introducing new commercial, penal, and civil codes, and established secularized courts. His government encouraged the cultivation of more staple crops and developed industries to produce more consumer goods and products for exportation. Railroad lines and roads to outlying areas were also started. Then, to protect his reforms and also ensure his control, the shah suppressed political parties, muzzled the press, and turned the local legislative body, the Majlis, into a rubber stamp.

Reza Shah's reforms also tore at the country's social fabric. Traditional and tribal dress were banned, and European headgear and clothing were stressed. In 1936 the chador, or black veil that completely covered women, was banned. Many people were scandalized as they felt the chador provided women protection and its removal defiled them.

When the Nazis marched into Russia in 1941, the British and Russians, anxious to protect the southern routes into the U.S.S.R. and to insure access to Iran's oil supplies, forced the shah to abdicate so they could replace him with someone they could easily manipulate. Reza was replaced by his young and inexperienced son, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. Shy, quieter, and less confident than his father, the younger shah was much easier to control. Mohammed Shah tried to follow in his

father's footsteps as a great reformer but lacked his father's strength and decisiveness. During World War II, the presence of foreign troops in Iran was also politically, economically, and socially disruptive. Inflation, profiteering, shortages, and large-scale migration from villages to urban centers, coupled with crop failures, imposed severe hardship on the poorer classes. The humiliation of foreign occupation and interference fed political unrest.[6]

While these changes were occurring, Manucher had spent much of his young life in England, earning a degree in petroleum engineering. When he returned to Iran in the late 1940s, he worked as Iran's director general of petroleum concessions and mines. He watched as Mohammed Reza Shah tried to continue his father's progressive reforms. The shah and his Egyptian queen opened hospitals and built schools, roads, and irrigation projects to help the people, but Manucher was disappointed to realize that the young monarch was a weak leader. While some of the people welcomed the Westernization, many feared it and rebelled against the shah's efforts. Unable or unwilling to communicate with his ministers, he alienated some by holding lavish entertainments while many of his people lacked the necessities. He even imported European foods and beverages for his parties instead of patronizing local merchants. In some cases he seemed to openly defy the Koran when he sided against the clergy.[7]

As resentment toward the British and their control of Iran's oil industry increased in the early 1950s, many in the government pushed to nationalize Iran's oil industry. One of the major proponents of nationalism was Manucher's first cousin, Dr. Mohammed Mossadeq, who became prime minister in 1951. Dr. Mossadeq was the first Iranian prime minister to be chosen by the people through their Majlis, or legislature, instead of simply being the shah's candidate. Manucher opposed nationalization at that time because he realized it would impact the country's entire economy, not just the oil industry, and could do much damage. After nationalization took place and the British left, Manucher was disappointed when Mossadeq removed him from office for appearing pro-British. Later, Manucher approached the shah for a passport to attend an important oil conference in Venezuela because Mossadeq's office had rejected his request. The shah eagerly issued the passport and sent his guards to personally escort Manucher and two sisters to the plane. Following the conference, Manucher took

his younger sister, Leyla, to Barnard College in New York City. Then, instead of returning home, he decided to stay in the U.S., where he had always wanted to live for a few years. While he was living here, meeting and marrying Gean, Iran was facing still more changes.

The U.S. tried to mediate a compromise between the British, Mossadeq, a divided Iranian government, and the shah. Unable to work with this situation, the British and the Americans sponsored a coup to remove Mossadeq and his ministers and leave the shah in total control. As plans for the coup were being finalized, the shah fled the country. But with the American CIA's help, Mossadeq's administration was ousted, and the shah returned to sign the agreement.[8]

Gean arrived in 1954, several months after that coup, and she had an opportunity to see the effects of the agreement first hand. She felt empathy for the men and women who struggled in this changing world. Although the FarmanFarmaians were Muslim, many of the younger members of the family were shifting their practices to mesh with the new lifestyle. Some members of the family observed the five daily prayers and read from the Koran each day, while those who had been Westernized were less stringent in these practices. Some of the older women still wore the chador, but many of the younger women dressed in Western clothing, wore makeup, and became increasingly independent as they pursued careers. Many Muslims believe that collecting interest on money is wrong, so they oppose banking. Yet, as Iran modernized under the shah's leadership, its financial structure was Westernized, and several of Manucher's brothers contributed to the effort.

One of the first things that Gean discovered was that in Islam, Friday is the holiest day of the week, and most of Manucher's brothers and sisters ate their Friday meal at his mother's home. Manucher's mother, Batoul Khanoum, or Lady Batoul, invited them to eat many of their meals with her; she was an outstanding cook and personally supervised her helpers. The Persian seasonings, meats, and breads were very tasty, and being someone who enjoyed new experiences, Gean loved the cuisine. As the family arrived, they greeted each other as though they had not seen each other in years, with lots of hugs and kisses. Gean had studied a little Persian before leaving the U.S., but the course was too brief to teach her much. Thus, she found herself floundering when she tried to talk with her new mother-in-law. Eager to learn the language so she could better understand Iran, she started working with a tutor.

Manucher, sensing that Gean felt overwhelmed in this new world, carefully explained Islam and the Persian culture to her. He wanted her to see that despite some of the harsh elements of Islam, there was much beauty in it and in Iran.[9]

Gean found the Iranians very warm and welcoming, and she was often invited out. One afternoon, she observed her friends eating oranges and sat spellbound as they meticulously peeled them in various art forms: one a flower, another in concentric circles that turned into a spiral. On many occasions, she saw them eating pumpkin and sunflower seeds using only their teeth to delicately remove the hulls.

On Noh Ruz, the Persian New Year,[10] Manucher took Gean to the provincial town of Kermanshah to visit his mother's Kurdish family and friends. She learned that Batoul Khanoum's family was considered nobility and was better educated and more affluent than most. They visited Manucher's favorite maternal uncle, and Gean posed in a Kurdish headdress and costume for a photograph. She soon discovered that the Kurds, like some Native Americans, wore their family wealth instead of depositing it in a bank. She was aghast when she tried the headdress on; the many coins sewn into it made it very heavy. Posing and holding her head up to smile for the photographer was no small feat. Manucher appreciated her efforts to wear the attractive, ornate costume, and the photo became a treasured memento. The visit was one of the ways he hoped to gently ease her into her new life in Iran.

During the months and years that followed, Gean was amazed at the influence Batoul Khanoum had in her daily life. Since many Persian women spent most of their time at home among their children or other women, traditionally they were not only under the supervision of their husbands, fathers, and sons but also the older females in the family. Mohammed Reza Shah and his father, Reza Shah, made every effort to give all women more opportunities, but even if the women wore Western clothing, old traditions died hard. Gean quickly realized that Batoul Khanoum was a sweet woman who had made up her mind to accept her foreign daughter-in-law and make her life as pleasant as possible. When she traveled to the market or went out to a village named Poonak, which the family still owned, Batoul Khanoum took Gean along. There Gean had a chance to see the charitable programs Batoul Khanoum had instituted to help the poor and watched her work with the village women as they made preserved vegetables and fruits. On

another occasion, Gean observed Batoul teaching her male cook how to read. Recognizing that few servants were literate, Batoul made every effort to help all of her staff. Batoul Khanoum also took Gean aside and encouraged her to find work outside the home so that she would feel useful and have something to do. She acknowledged that American women were accustomed to greater independence with fewer restrictions and told her this was acceptable. Her permission made it much easier for Gean when she eventually ventured out into the community on her own. Now she would not be criticized by conservative members of society when she taught several English classes at the Iran-America Society. One class that particularly amused her contained a number of young soldiers who leaped to their feet and smartly saluted when she entered the classroom.

Manucher, too, was adjusting to life in Iran under the shah. While he was living in the U.S., he had worked for the Voice of America, had written articles for *Petroleum Weekly* and *The Oil Forum*, and did a series of speaking engagements that took him all over the country discussing Iranian oil and politics. Now that he was married and had returned home, he deftly maneuvered through political minefields and developed contacts with men of vision and power. He was glad he had remained neutral when mob forces attempted to oust Mohammed Reza Shah in 1953. Now that the shah was back in power, Manucher found he was part of a group of young people who were regularly invited to join in sporting events, parties, and outings. Sometimes the events were entertaining, other times they were rather stiff, but to refuse was unthinkable.

Gean also participated in the shah's court and met Queen Soraya on numerous formal occasions. By now she felt at home in her adopted country and had gained an appreciation for Iran's literature and art. She observed that Persains from all social classes, even the very poor, entertained each other by reciting poetry such as Firdausi's *Shah Namah*, the great Persian epic, and the works of Hafiz, the greatest Persian poet of all. When Manucher was invited to dinners, receptions, or balls, Gean accompanied him and found the evenings stimulating.

After Gean had been in Iran for some time and had been involved in the Iran-America Society, the U.S. Point Four Program, and the American Women's Club, the American Embassy asked her to help lead the second annual Girl Scout camp on the shores of the Caspian Sea,

replacing the previous American director who had gone back to the States. Gean would be the co-director and would assist the Persian women and their American counterparts in organizing the event. Gean saw to it that each girl received a list of the clothes, footgear, toiletries, and crafts supplies they might need. To reassure the families that the girls, ages twelve to sixteen, would be safe, the government sent a contingent of armed soldiers to guard the camp. The soldiers were stationed around the perimeter of the camp and were given strict instructions to never face inward to watch the girls. The girls were also instructed to never approach the soldiers so that propriety could be maintained.

When she arrived in the camp, Gean was impressed by the location's beauty. She had visited the Caspian Sea on other occasions but had never been to that area. It sat at the base of a high, wooded mountain, with the Caspian Sea and its beaches stretching for miles. Gean and her Persian counterpart were amazed that several of the girls had not brought the sturdy shoes they were asked to bring. Instead of sensible, flat-heeled, walking shoes, they brought dainty, high-heeled sandals with bows. Regardless, the leaders made no changes in the day's itinerary and began hiking up the nearby mountain. About an hour later, the dainty party shoes began to fall apart, and the girls who wore them had to return to the camp under a leader's direction. The girls' painful experience vividly reminded everyone that the there was a reason for the camp's dress code.

The last afternoon at camp, Queen Soraya visited to greet the girls and hear about their activities. She was impressed with the skills they had acquired during their hikes and crafts. Gean had a chance to visit with Queen Soraya, whom she had met previously, and they chatted informally. After the formalities ended, the queen visited with some of the girls, and during one conversation, she casually asked a girl how she liked democratic living. The girl paused, smiled, and said, "Well, it's interesting; you can clean the johns in the morning and meet the queen in the afternoon." Those nearby burst into laughter; it was not what they had expected to hear!

In the months that followed, Gean was invited to several of Queen Soraya's teas, and she was grateful her experiences at the Pathy parties prepared her for such events. During the next several months, Gean grew to admire the sweet, beautiful queen, but rigid etiquette defined

how closely they would become acquainted. Soraya was a caring person and was concerned for the welfare of Iran's women and children, and Gean was glad to be able to help in some of her charities. She played Chopin's *Fantasy Impromptu*, Opus 66 in C-sharp Minor, for a charity benefit the queen was hosting. On another occasion Soraya requested Gean travel to Zahedan as her representative and as part of the Iranian counterpart of the Red Cross. A flash flood had left the people homeless and desperate for food and medical supplies. Gean and the relief workers brought many useful supplies and some well-intentioned but inappropriate gifts from countries that wished to help but didn't understand Iran's climate. One country sent numerous pairs of rubber boots and another sent dainty layettes for the babies. Whatever the project, Gean enjoyed helping the queen with her charities and was saddened when Mohammed Reza Shah divorced the childless Soraya in 1957.[11]

Nonetheless, Gean continued to try to adapt to life in Iran. One night, she danced with the shah at one of his dinner parties. He was charming and courteous but chided her when he discovered her limited Persian vocabulary. Later, she was pleased when several members of the party asked her to play the piano. A Western music lover, the shah was very complimentary when she played some Chopin and various American folk songs. Unfortunately, Gean's flamboyant spontaneity made the British ambassador's wife, who was a widely respected concert musician, feel uncomfortable. Gean gallantly offered to share the spotlight, but the lady declined, saying she played only classical music. Months later, the ambassador's wife invited the shah's court with Manucher and Gean to hear her perform.

There were other challenges for Gean and Manucher during the first years of their marriage as she was valiantly trying to learn about his life and fit in. In the male-dominated Iranian society where women played a subservient role, this was especially difficult. One weekend, thinking Gean would be impressed with his prowess as a great hunter, Manucher arranged to take her out into a remote part of Iran for an ibex hunt. The day was hot, the landscape barren. As far as the eye could see, there were no plants, animals, or even insects. When one lone ibex was spotted on a mountain top, Manucher took careful aim and shot it with great flourish. Gean wept. This waste of life was unconscionable. It had been the only living thing she had seen all day; how could he destroy it just for sport! Manucher stared in amazement. The numerous servants

he took along wildly cheered, and any Persian woman would have praised his marksmanship, making him the hero of the day. Obviously, despite their efforts, their cultural differences remained great.

Still, they had many bright moments. During a splendid excursion to the Caspian Sea with the shah's court, Gean seized an opportunity to permanently cement their relationship. The shah's staff had arranged an elegant dinner with music and lavish accommodations. The dinner had been dazzling, the dancing romantic, and the night sky was filled with millions of brilliant stars. Gean was wearing one of her particularly attractive gowns, and Manucher was dashing as always in his tuxedo. Manucher was also happy, as he had found satisfying involvement in the government. A friend, Dr. Amini, had recently helped him get appointed to the prestigious Oil Consortium Board. Sensing that this might be a good time to start a family, Gean worked out a plan to conceive a child that night. As both were in a particularly good mood, she skillfully managed to steer him away from the question that he always asked when they slept together: Had she taken the necessary precautions to prevent pregnancy? She clearly had not and was overjoyed when their romantic evening went as hoped. When two months passed, she knew she was pregnant. This would be the glue to bind them together and help them surmount all the challenges that routinely beset them.

Unaware that Persian custom dictated announcing a pregnancy to the husband first, Gean reacted as any American girl would. At one of the family's dinners, she waited until there was a lull in the conversation and all were together, then excitedly announced she was pregnant. Manucher froze, flabbergasted that he was going to be a father and that he was hearing about it for the first time. He quietly rose, took her by the hand, and led her out of the room. When she realized she had embarrassed him, she burst into tears.

Soon after that, Manucher took Gean to Persepolis, Shiraz, and Isfahan, the ancient architectural gems of Persia. She had talked of visiting these sites for months. The trip to the ancient Persian cities was wonderful. It was particularly meaningful to Gean because the great Persian poets, Sa'di and Hafiz, had lived in Shiraz. Following their return, Manucher gifted her with many little trinkets and then put her on the plane to Beirut. He had arranged for her to go home to her parents in Utah for their baby's birth. Gean wept as her plane taxied down the

airstrip and headed for America. She stayed with the Pathys in New York City until Manucher followed a few days later. He was to give some lectures on Iran and its oil for the Clark Getz's program. Together they flew to St. Louis where he was to address a large group of businessmen, and Gean took a bus to Salt Lake City.

Ray and Clarice Miller and all her family met Gean at Salt Lake City's bus depot. During the next several months, all of the Millers rallied around to give her moral support and show their love. Manucher arrived in Salt Lake City at Christmastime, and as he disembarked from the plane, he nonchalantly handed her a large, cord-bound box. Gean eagerly opened the box to discover an elegantly styled mink coat that extended to her calves. During his stay, Gean's friends, the Mackeys, presented him at an impressive dinner and reception at their home.

The following February, their little daughter, Batoul Roxane, arrived. She was a beautiful, healthy baby. She had her parents' intelligence and striking good looks, including her father's dark hair, eyes, and golden skin. Though Manucher was not on hand for the baby's birth, one of his brothers came through Salt Lake City and sent a large bouquet of roses. Another brother sent gifts for the baby and Gean. A local newspaper also covered the birth and published a picture of both princesses. From the minute she held the tiny bundle in her arms, Gean vowed that she would keep Manucher informed of Roxane's development. She sent photos and letters every few days. It seemed that each time Roxane smiled, Manucher received a new letter and photo. And from the moment the first picture arrived, he was mesmerized. She was the most beautiful baby he had ever seen! After five months of watching her grow and develop from afar, he sent Gean the tickets to return to Iran.

In her absence, Manucher had worked hard to ensure his position in the International Oil Consortium. The government of Iran had signed an agreement with eight international oil companies from Great Britain, France, the U.S., and the Netherlands. He found the Dutchmen particularly likeable and spent many evenings and weekends at their homes. By being careful in his dealings with the shah, with the other Iranians, and with the foreign members of the group, he had avoided political pitfalls. He also found it easier to be a part of the shah's court, but he was still vigilant. He could never forget that Reza Shah had been wary of the Qajar family ever since he had taken

the throne from them in 1925; the current shah was also suspicious. Because the Qajars had previously ruled and had lost properties and government jobs, the Pahlavis expected a backlash. Farman Farma and several of Manucher's brothers were imprisoned for minor offenses so they could not threaten Reza Shah's reform policies. One brother, Nosrat-Doleh, was even killed in one of Reza Shah's prisons because he had once been a candidate to be shah.[12] Now as Gean returned, things were more stable for the popular FarmanFarmaian family, but being a part of the government was still like taking a bumpy ride.

After returning to Iran, Gean resumed her duties of entertaining Manucher's business contacts, foreign dignitaries, and friends. Naturally a warm person, she enjoyed helping with entertainments and meeting people. Several months later, when Roxane was about fourteen months old, Manucher invited some members of the Oil Consortium to the FarmanFarmaian country home in Poonak. The home was surrounded by high walls, had a beautiful garden, and a nine-foot-deep swimming pool. Gean had finished dressing and had put Roxane in a frilly white frock. With Roxane and her Persian nanny nearby, Gean stooped to pick a flower or two to add to one of the floral arrangements. Looking up, she could not see Roxane anywhere. Panicked, she looked around her and suddenly realized the pool was close by. As the guests were arriving, Gean dashed to the pool and spotted Roxane floating deep in the water. Fully clothed, she dived into the pool and brought the baby to the edge. Turning the infant onto her stomach so the water could drain from her mouth and nose, she was relieved when Roxane sputtered and cried. Hearing Gean's calls, Manucher came running. He scolded the nanny severely for leaving the child's side. Gean dashed off to change clothes and repair the damage to her hair as he began to greet their guests. When the last guest left that evening, Gean, beyond exhaustion, burst into tears at nearly losing Roxane.

Despite their love for Roxane, Gean and Manucher's differences soon convinced them they couldn't live together. Gean offered him a divorce, but he declined saying they should separate instead. Under Muslim law, the man typically keeps the child; however, Manucher realized this would not only hurt Gean but would be harmful to Roxane. He loved the little girl but was not in a position to raise her himself. They agreed to part and for Gean to take Roxane with her.

Roxane was three when Gean arrived in Holland in 1958. She had taken a quick trip to the U.S. to visit her family but soon left, realizing Roxane would see more of her father if she lived somewhere in Europe. On her previous visits to Holland, Gean had met several women from the American Women's Club and the Dutch community. Now they warmly welcomed her as she settled among them. At this point, Gean still hoped she could make her marriage work even though she no longer lived in Iran. In the interim, she became very active in the American Women's Club and eventually became its president. Gean also found a teaching position in the American School and later in the American International School of the Hague in Holland. Still later, she became a principal. As promised, Manucher frequently stopped to check on Gean and Roxane. Though he didn't understand his beautiful American wife, he felt immensely proud of her. And as for Roxane, she was perfection personified!

Gean was concerned that Roxane have a happy childhood, balanced by two loving parents, contact with her grandparents, an excellent education, and good childhood companions. When Roxane became old enough to join the Girl Scouts, Gean became a troop leader. Eventually, Gean became head of the Girl Scout program in Holland and received the highest scout service award in 1964. She was also happy when Manucher flew Roxane to Iran every year so that she could stay close to his mother and her Iranian family. They were thrilled when Clarice made a visit to Holland in 1962 despite all the trouble she had getting a passport. Record keeping in her small Idaho hometown was inadequate, thus she had to find a relative, Moroni Heiner, to vouch for her identity before the U.S. State Department would issue the passport.

Since they were now living separate lives, Gean knew that Manucher had been seeing other women. However, it still came as a surprise when she learned that he had divorced her and taken a new wife in 1966. Under Islamic law, a man can have as many as four wives at one time, but polygamy didn't appeal to him. Gean heard that the new wife, Petronella Kahman, was Dutch, spoke French and Italian, and was very attractive, wealthy, and articulate. To his credit, during the coming decade, Manucher made every effort to include Roxane in his new family. Eventually, she became very close to her stepmother.

During the fifteen years Gean lived in Holland, she kept in touch with her Persian relatives and her family in Utah. Shortly after the divorce, Batoul Khanoum visited with a niece who spoke Persian and English to act as her interpreter. Gean was touched that this gentle, little woman had traveled so far to reassure her of the family's love. However, such kindnesses were common in their relationship, deeply bonding them together.

When Roxane turned eighteen and graduated from high school, Gean and Manucher were proud that she graduated with distinction. Her high school was small, affording her personalized instruction, but she was also a serious student. After living abroad for many years, she told her mother that she now wanted to attend college in the U.S. The European papers reported stories of escalating violence and crime in America nearly every day, so Gean was apprehensive and worried that America had become too dangerous in recent years. With this in mind, Roxane and Gean selected Mt. Holyoke College, a small but prestigious girl's school located in Massachusetts, not far from Smith and Amherst Colleges. This made it convenient for Roxane to take classes from those schools in addition to her courses at Mt. Holyoke. Two years later she was ready for another change. All of her classes and instructors were excellent, but she wanted to attend a co-ed school and meet more people. She enrolled at Princeton and graduated with honors two years later, with a degree in Middle Eastern studies.

Gean's life took another major turn when Roxane entered Mt. Holyoke. They had discussed whether she should take a teaching position and live nearby, but a college requirement settled the issue. All students were required to live on campus. Roxane found work to supplement the money her father sent for tuition, books, and living expenses. She was now eighteen, and it was time for her to be on her own. So, freed to pursue her own interests, Gean returned to Utah.

When Gean arrived in Salt Lake City, her mother, Clarice, eagerly greeted her. Her father had passed away by this time, but many of her family still lived in the area. After devoting so much time to Manucher and Roxane, she now had plenty of time to do volunteer work, take classes, and attend lectures and concerts. She found work and decided to seek a second master's degree at the University of Utah in educational systems and learning resources. During the years after her

divorce, Gean had many opportunities to remarry but wasn't interested. No one compared with Manucher.

By 1978, she had finished her second master's degree and was teaching in Salt Lake City's Wasatch Elementary. There she served as a pullout teacher for two years, helping students with special needs. She organized an early morning choral program again and sponsored special school performances. Later that year, she was thrilled when the principal offered her a contract to teach fifth grade.

Gean was also immensely proud of Roxane, who graduated from Princeton in 1977 and briefly worked at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., with the American Film Institute. Although her grandmother Batoul Khanoum had passed away in 1975, Roxane moved to Iran, anxious to spend more time with her father and to learn more about his country. She arrived just in time to witness the revolution that would overthrow Mohammed Reza Shah and bring Ayatollah Khomeini to power. At first she worked at an English language newspaper, the *Kayhan International*. When it closed during the revolution, she and two Persian editors from that paper founded a weekly publication called the *Iranian* that was recognized by the *Atlantic Monthly* for its excellence. Now her career as a serious journalist was assured.

Just as life was taking on some semblance of normalcy for Roxane and Gean in 1979, Manucher's life in Iran became more complicated. The shah and his family left, and Khomeini's supporters blacklisted the entire Qajar family to secure his position as an absolute ruler. For a while, Manucher and several of the FarmanFarmaian family who held prominent positions stayed in Iran. They had hoped to be useful to the new government, but soon most would flee to avoid imprisonment or death.[13] To avoid detection, Manucher crossed the Iranian border into Turkey on foot and then was detained in Bulgaria for having a fake passport. After the Bulgarian secret police finished investigating him, their men moved him safely past Khomeini's spies in the French airport. Eventually Manucher reached Venezuela, where he had served as an Iranian ambassador and was given Venezuelan, citizenship. Meanwhile, Roxane miraculously passed through the revolution safely but left in 1980 just the same. The greatest threat to her safety had not been being an American but being a member of the FarmanFarmaian family.

During the 1980s and first half of the 1990s, Gean continued to teach at Wasatch Elementary. From time to time, the local newspapers also featured stories about Utah's Persian princess.[14] She gained a reputation for being an extremely caring teacher who worked wonders with the children she taught. Her Halloween costumes became legendary; the Columbus one was regarded as truly amazing. Her classes were creative as she sponsored plays and musical programs every year. Students who had long since moved on to high school and even college would drop by to say hello and received warm, sincere compliments and encouragement. Countless other students regularly invited her to high school and college graduations and weddings. Her memory for each face was phenomenal, and she could relate a story about each of them.[15] Eventually, her school nominated her for Salt Lake District's Teacher of the Year Award, and a friend in the administration, George Henry, lobbied hard in her behalf with the selection committee. She didn't win the honor but was gratified to hear she was a finalist in the competition. A few years later in 1993, at the age of seventy-three, Gean retired after fifty years of teaching in the U.S., Holland, and Iran.

During these years she also stayed involved with the Middle East Center at the University of Utah, the Salt Lake Committee on Foreign Relations, the United Nations Association of Utah, the Utah Opera, Utah Symphony, and Pioneer Theater Guilds. Many of her Persian friends have found her upbeat and positive attitude about Iran particularly refreshing. In an era when many Americans are critical of it, Gean has many kind things to say about her adopted homeland. She also stays in touch with Manucher and frequently corresponds with other members of her Persian family.

Fifty-five years ago, few Las Vegas bookies would have taken bets that a beekeeper's daughter from Smithfield, Utah, would travel around the world, meet and marry royalty, and teach elementary school for more than fifty years. But if they had known Verla Gean, they might have reconsidered. She knows that life is often challenging but feels hers has always been rewarding. Through her efforts, countless children and adults gained self-esteem and learned about their countries and the beauties in the world around them. No teacher could ask for a more fitting compliment than to be remembered so fondly by so many. Along the way, she also found time to be a devoted parent and wife, caring sister and sister-in-law, and sympathetic friend.

Alberta Henry has spent fifty years working for minorities, children, the poor, and all the rest of us. Photo by Howard Moore, courtesy of the *Deseret News*.

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Alberta Mae Hill Gooch Henry
"Feed My Sheep"

Colleen Whitley

A native of Ogden, Utah, Colleen Whitley holds an A.A. from Weber State College, a B.A. from the University of Utah, and an M.A. from Brigham Young University and consequently doesn't care who wins football games. She has taught on every level, from elementary students through graduate students, plus Job Corps, and she helped to open one of the first alternative high schools in the state. She is currently teaching for the English Department and the Honors Program at BYU. A community activist, she works with Girl and Boy Scouts, community councils, PTAs, and lists among her hobbies, "harassing inept public officials." She wanted to include Henry in this volume because "I think she is one of the most important women in Utah in the twentieth century—and maybe in its entire history." Finding Henry most generous in helping assemble materials and delightful to work with, she plans to expand this essay into a full-length biography.

Julia Ida Palmer lived in Kansas City, Missouri, until she was in the eighth grade. Then one afternoon, on her way home from school, she was dragged into an alley and raped.[1] When her mother, Susie Wallace Palmer, learned of it, she took her daughter to Shreveport, Louisiana, where her mother lived. There Julia met and married James Hill, a descendent of slaves, born on a reservation near El Reno, Oklahoma.[2] They worked as sharecroppers in Hosston, Caddo Parish, a little north of Shreveport, where they produced four children: Rosetta, born 1917; Nevada, 1919; David, 1921; and Alberta, born 14 October 1920.

Alberta would eventually move to Utah and become one of the state's most significant community leaders.

Because the Hills were sharecroppers, planting on a White man's land, they were required to shop at the company store during the year and sell their harvest there in the fall. Naturally, the value of all products bought and sold was determined by the store owner. As was frequently the case in such arrangements, the shopkeeper told the Hills that the assessed value of the harvest did not equal their incurred debt in the store. Julia, however, kept careful records, her eighth-grade education serving her well. When she protested, the landowner, Henry Noel, told Julia's husband, "Shut up that gal, boy. Make sure she keep her mouth shut 'cause she gonna get lynched down here."

Neither James nor Julia wanted her to be hanged, and both knew she would not be quiet. Even more important, they wanted their children to be educated above the levels available to them in Louisiana. So in the winter of 1923, the family moved to Topeka, Kansas, where chances of a Black woman both speaking out and staying alive were greatly increased, not that Topeka was entirely open to Blacks, of course. The elementary school the children attended, McKinley, was segregated, although Curtis Junior and Topeka High, which Alberta attended, were integrated.[3]

Her brother David says Alberta was much like their mother even as a child: aggressive, authoritative, and usually right.[4] Alberta enjoyed school and met many people, some of whom would remain friends for the rest of their lives. One of them, Georgia West, would sometimes stay at the Hill's house after school until someone could come and take her home. One evening the two girls decided to go to a football game at Kansas Vocational School. On their way to catch a bus, they met some friends who owned a car, a Model T Ford, a rare possession for anyone in 1938 but especially for Blacks. The girls climbed in, and they drove off. Soon after, they were hit broadside by a drunken driver, the glass from the car's window slashing Alberta's face between the eyebrows and across her left eyelid. She still carries a scar from that accident. The drunk, who was White, ran immediately to the police station where his brother worked and reported that his car had been stolen, thus avoiding prosecution.

Alberta was taken to the hospital where doctors discovered that as she had blinked that slashed eyelid, the glass had dislodged and done

more damage. The doctor examining Alberta was White, and when he said she would need stitches, Alberta demanded that she be treated by a Black doctor. They found an intern, Dr. William Scott, the only Black on the staff, to sew up the eyelid. By that time Grandmother Barnes had arrived without having been told that an accident had occurred. Her precipitous arrival did not surprise Alberta. Susie Barnes was part Native American and a spiritualist; her premonitions and insights were known to presage events. She had earlier warned Alberta's mother against letting her ride in cars. Julia, however, was unconcerned, pointing out that they didn't own a car and knew no one who did, so it wasn't likely to be a problem. When Grandma Barnes learned Alberta had demanded a Black doctor, she announced that seeking opportunities for Blacks would become Alberta's life work. At the time, Alberta had no intention of doing anything of the kind; she didn't know exactly what she would do with her life, but civic activism didn't seem to be on the agenda.

Following high school graduation in 1939, Alberta entered the Youth Works Project Administration, attended by girls from all over the state.[5] They learned to clean, cook, shop, and sew. After two weeks, Alberta received $18, which she gave to her mother, who returned an allowance back to her. Alberta did not care for sewing, but she took to catering and worked with a catering group for about a year. Then a friend became a cashier at a theater and arranged for Alberta to be hired as a ticket taker. When the friend left for California, Alberta succeeded her as cashier and eventually became assistant manager. Because she was bonded, she often handled the tickets for the big bands that came through Topeka, occasionally hiring her brother as a security guard.[6] She even became a projectionist during World War II when no men were available for the job.

While she was working in the theater, some friends brought in a cousin who was serving in the army. He was immediately taken with Alberta and announced to his commanding officer that he needed leave to marry her. She married Gooch[7] in 1941. When she told her mother she was planning to marry, Julia said, "You are old enough, so I am not going to tell you no, but you are playing with God here. If you make your bed hard, you have to lie in it." Initially Alberta and Gooch lived in San Luis Obispo, California, but when Gooch left the service, they returned to Topeka, where they bought a house and a share in a small

restaurant. Alberta's mother, who had divorced her husband by then, lived with them. It was Julia who found Alberta collapsed on the floor in 1948.

She was rushed to a hospital, where surgery revealed that her appendix had burst, spreading infection throughout her abdomen, a condition that was almost invariably fatal at the time. When Alberta was released from the hospital, the general medical consensus was that she was simply going home to die.

Her mother cared for her, and friends from all over the country sent letters and gifts. An old friend, Dorothy Lytle, who later married a member of the Mills Brothers singing group, flew in from Los Angeles—an adventure in itself in those relatively early days of commercial aviation. When Dorothy asked what the doctor was doing for Alberta, the family explained that nothing was being done. The surgeon who had performed the operation was White, because Black doctors were not permitted to perform surgery; however, Black patients were assigned Black doctors for follow-up care, generally limited to dispensing pain pills. Dorothy immediately went to the Santa Fe Hospital[8] and demanded a White doctor, Fred L. Ford, make a house call to see Alberta. A White doctor coming to a Black home was a social anathema at the time. On his initial examination, Dr. Ford said there was nothing he could do. Dorothy refused to accept that diagnosis, so Ford tried another tactic. He asked, "Can you make her angry?"

The family explained that Alberta was too good-natured to get angry over anything trivial; they said the one thing that might work would be a danger or insult to her mother. Dr. Ford told Julia to go over and touch her daughter, and then shouted at her to stop. Alberta roused enough to open her eyes and think, "What's that White Paddy doing in my house talking to my mother like that? I will never speak to him as long as I live."[9] Then she went back to sleep. After that, Dr. Ford came to the house three times a day and brought an experimental treatment, sulfa and penicillin. The sulfa required great quantities of liquid, so family and friends worked in shifts around the clock to give her water, juices, soups, and milk shakes.[10] They carried her to the bathroom for three sitz baths a day for six months until she could walk in by herself, though she still needed help getting back to bed. In the process she went from 130 to 66 pounds. Dr. Ford had said initially that even if she lived, she could be in a vegetative state and would

probably spend the rest of her life in a wheelchair. When she recovered fully, he said, "I didn't save her. What did?"

Alberta's answer to that question stems from her enormous personal faith. As a young woman she was baptized into her Grandfather J. J. Palmer's Church of the Living God, where she taught Sunday school. She longed to become a missionary to Africa and developed a great and lasting love for the Bible.[11] While she was so sick, almost unable to move, she saw a white light come into the room and sit at the end of her bed. Then she heard a voice say, "You will not die. I have work for you to do." It would be several months before she learned what that work was.

When she recovered sufficiently, Alberta returned to work at the cafe, which she discovered was rapidly deteriorating. Cooks or waitresses sometimes did not show up, and Alberta had to cover their jobs. She realized that Gooch's gambling and infidelity had destroyed both their business and their marriage, and she determined to divorce him. Initially, she wanted nothing of their property, despite the fact that it had been her hard work and saving while he was in the service that gave them the initial capital to buy a home and a share in the cafe. The lawyer insisted she should have half, so the judge gave her one of the two cars and the shares in the cafe; Gooch got the house and all the appliances, including two real luxuries for the time: a washer and a dryer.[12]

Alberta continued to work in the cafe but had to stop to rest frequently. Dr. Ford declared the work was simply too hard and told her to go away somewhere so she could rest. She could think of no place to go until one day a Pullman porter came into the cafe and suggested that she go to Salt Lake City. Alberta's only previous experience in Utah had been a short stop on the way back from California with Dorothy in the winter of 1947, the worst on record to that point. The memory was not encouraging. However, the porter reminded her, Blanche Lytle, a friend from McKinley Elementary School, and her husband Raymond were living in Salt Lake City and were doing well. Besides, Raymond respected Alberta since she did not drink, and he would welcome a visit.

In August of 1949 Alberta traveled to Salt Lake, leaving her mother in her apartment down the street from the cafe, expecting to stay in Utah only a few weeks. Although her experience in Utah in the fall of 1949 was far better than in the winter of 1947, she still had not learned to love the place, but she seemed to be unable to leave. Every

time she started to return to her apartment and her cafe, even when she had tickets ready to go, she simply could not leave. Then one day she was standing at the sink washing dishes and looking out the window to the east at the mountains, which she had come to love, wondering what mission the Lord had for her when he promised that she would not die. Suddenly, she realized what it was and drawing on her deep faith immediately replied: "Oh, no Lord. Not Utah."

But Utah it was, and has been for the last fifty years.

Despite her problems with her health, she knew that if she were to stay, she would have to find a job. But Salt Lake City, like virtually every other city outside the deep South, had its own form of de facto segregation. While minorities could ride the busses, most clubs, hotels, restaurants, and other public facilities were closed to them. Alberta still has the realtor's card from the first house she bought which contains the notation, "Can sell to coloreds." The notable exception to this exclusion was Lagoon amusement park in Davis County; Robert E. Freed had dropped color bars in the 1940s.[13]

The impact of the de facto discrimination hit when Alberta started looking for a job. Thinking her experience in theaters would provide good opportunities, Alberta went to the employment office where she was told, "We don't hire coloreds." Learning that the only positions open to colored women were in domestic service, she returned to the Lytles' house and opened the newspaper. When Blanche suggested that such menial jobs were beneath her, Alberta replied, "My mother always said anything that's honest is not beneath you. You do the best job you can as long as it's honest." Eventually she interviewed with Helen Sandack, admitting that she had no references or professional experience as a domestic but that she knew how to keep a clean house. Helen asked if she liked children, and just then "my eight month old baby [Artie] came crawling in and the smile on your face told me everything I needed to know."[14]

On election day, 7 November 1949, Alberta went to work for A. Wally and Helen Sandack. She became an integral part of the family; the children, now grown, still call her "Berta." The respect the children held for her was demonstrated when Nancy brought home a young man of whom her parents did not approve, but they decided to say nothing. Alberta quietly took Nancy aside, shook her head, and said, "Uh, uh, he's not one of us." Nancy dropped him immediately thereafter.[15] That

mutual affection and respect still remain. A few months ago Henry attended Artie's son's Bar Mitzvah.

While she worked for the Sandacks, Alberta joined the Pilgrim Baptist Church, feeling then, as she still does, that church membership is important. She appreciates the care and concern congregants offer each other, the sense that they are all part of a family. She represented Pilgrim Baptist at a convention in Ogden in 1960 where they elected her president of the Utah and Idaho Missionary Society. She had fulfilled that childhood dream of becoming a missionary. Although it wasn't exactly Africa, it was among African Americans. She visited throughout the area, anywhere there was a Black community and a Baptist Church. She arranged her visits over weekends and maintained her job with the Sandacks, who supported her completely in her religious endeavors. They even helped her to find a doctor, Irvin Ershler, to monitor her health, still precarious following her ruptured appendix.[16] When Wally Sandack asked her what she planned to do or what she thought the Lord wanted her to do, she replied that she did not know, but she turned, as she always does, to her Bible. She kept encountering Christ's injunction to Peter, "Feed my sheep."[17]

While the church was the center of her social life, she had secular outlets as well. In August of 1949 Blanche took her to the Porters' and Waiters' Club in Salt Lake City and introduced her to Harold Lloyd Henry. Alberta played tunk, dominoes, and checkers very well and with great enthusiasm. Harold was impressed. As they visited, Alberta again had a sense of calling to which she again replied with great faith: "I guess the Lord picked him out but I'm not having it." Harold, however, persisted. He visited her at the Lytles' and later at the Sandacks' every time he was in Salt Lake City. In time she came to like his beautiful green eyes and realized "he was a lovely person." They were married on 17 November 1950.

Harold had been married twice before and had two sons, Harold Jr. and Warren. Harold and Alberta adopted two children, Julia, whom they named for Alberta's mother, and Wendell. Despite all of the Henrys' efforts, Wendell, like so many young men, became enamored of drugs and was consequently involved in many problems which contributed to his death in 1988. Harold worked as a waiter on the Union Pacific Railroad until his retirement in 1972.[18] When he became ill in 1994, Julia, her husband Daniel Cosby, and their three children,

Patricia, Denitra, and Daniel Julian, moved in with the Henrys to help Alberta care for him. When Harold died on 10 June 1996, he and Alberta had been married for forty-six years, and she speaks of him still with great affection and respect. The Cosbys still live with her, an arrangement that works well for all of them. She looks forward to her grandchildren's arrival every day after school.

Through all of those years, Alberta's family and her church were the core of her activities. For twenty-two years she served as the clerk for the New Hope Baptist Church, arranging funerals, filing obituaries, and helping people in difficult situations. She also continued to work with the Utah and Idaho Baptist Association. Along the way she learned aspects of law and procedures in dealing with public offices, gained insights into the lives of minorities in the area, and recognized both problems and methods of solving them.

One of the problems that troubled her most was that many young Blacks dropped out of school and few, if any, attended college. On her first visit to the University of Utah in 1949, she asked how many Black students were enrolled and learned that the school usually had a few Black athletes on scholarships but when their eligibility to play expired, most left, never graduating.[19]

One solution grew from Alberta's remarkable ability to bring together diverse individuals and groups. In the early 1960s the Utah Baptist Association identified four students from four different churches who needed help to attend college. When Alberta mentioned them to Wally Sandack, he approached several wealthy Jewish families and arranged support for those young people. The next year more students were identified, and it was obvious something more formal would be required. Wally Sandack continued to help and organized a meeting at Virginia Hiatt's home on 4 December 1967. Alberta was elected chairman, Hiatt vice-chair, and Ben Roe as treasurer.[20] Roe was a retired businessman with many contacts in the community. He talked to the Chamber of Commerce, the Bamberger Foundation, and other groups with access to capital to provide the seed money. Support also came from many churches. Christ United Methodist Church offered help immediately and continued contributing for the next thirty-two years. Virginia Hiatt, representing the Presbyterians in Church Women United, brought in more financial contributors and interested mentors as well.

When the time came to name the organization that was growing from all this activity, most of the people involved favored calling it the Alberta Henry Education Foundation (AHEF). Alberta objected but was outvoted. Begun in 1965 and incorporated as a nonprofit organization in December 1967, AHEF aids minority and disadvantaged young people. By 1973 the foundation was awarding as many as fifty scholarships per year to schools ranging from public universities to technical schools to private undergraduate schools. By 1991 it was attracting corporate support, but, as Henry is proud to point out, it has never used federal tax dollars.[21] Among its more than three hundred alumni is a range of professions: Solomon Chacon, a criminal lawyer; Shauna M. Robertson, a lawyer with legal aid; Harvey Boyd, architect; his sister, Marsha Boyd Hodges, probation officer; Toni Harp, state senator for the Tenth District, New Haven, Connecticut; Judee Williams, who worked for a long while with the University of Utah women's programs. Today both Boyds and Karen Wallenberg, another Henry scholar, are working with the Henry Foundation, giving others the same chance they were given.[22] Jim Rock, secretary treasurer of the AHEF, coupled donations to the foundation with other scholarships and aids to extend the funds further. The foundation itself has become a catalyst for other civic and educational activities, as has Alberta herself.

Busy as she may have become helping others, Alberta's main emphasis for several years was her own offspring. As her children started kindergarten at Franklin Elementary School, she became involved in PTA. The principal, LeRoy Nelsen, quickly recognized her abilities. "She was vitally interested in the welfare of all the kids—not just her own or just the Black kids. She was intelligent, bright, energetic, but she was working as a domestic and I felt she was capable of more complicated work. I suggested she go to the university and get a degree."[23]

In time Alberta followed Nelsen's suggestion, but she did a few other things first. At the same time she was helping at the school, she was also spending many of her days voluntarily chauffeuring Mignon Richmond, who did not drive, to various appointments. In 1921 Richmond had become the first Black to graduate from a college in Utah and was a prominent leader in the Black community, serving on several boards and committees.[24] Alberta had met Mignon at church and recognized the value of her services to the community as a whole

and to the Black population in particular, so she offered to drive for her. What started as a simple act of kindness led to a whole new career: as Richmond left several of those boards and committees, Alberta took her place.

Among the organizations with which Richmond worked was the Salt Lake branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP). Alberta became their youth director and spent four years at the Nettie Gregory Center.[25] As a youth director, she supervised games and crafts, but she quickly displayed what would become her trademark in dealing with civic activities: look for lots of options and don't settle for the obvious ones. In 1974 Reverend France Davis, who currently serves as pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, was an instructor in the Communications Department at the University of Utah. Alberta asked him to come and explain parliamentary procedure to the young people at the center. It was a new topic for most of them, but many found it fascinating and, eventually, useful.

Alberta also worked with four young Black students from the University of Utah who had been hired by Salt Lake School District to counsel high school students who were performing poorly and appeared to be in danger of dropping out of school. She quickly formed a bond with one, Marsha Boyd. They would learn which students were missing from the high school, then go out and find them. "Marsha always knew where the kids were hanging out."[26] The kids got a pep talk (or a chewing out) and a ride back to class.

Recognizing that at least part of the problem stemmed from negative perceptions of Blacks, both by many elements of society and by much of the Black community itself, Alberta and Marsha looked for ways to alter those perceptions. At a regional NAACP conference they saw some drill teams sponsored by local branches; they quickly realized that the young people involved were learning discipline and cooperation, as well as receiving plaudits. Thus Salt Lake City's "Soul Sisters Drill Team" was born. The group performed in various places, but especially in schools, helping children and young adults broaden their horizons. In 1973 they were named "Outstanding Youth Group" at the NAACP West Regional Conference in Pacific Grove, California.[27] In the course of joining boards and working with young people, Alberta Henry became widely known as a woman of integrity who recognized problems and worked to solve them.

By 1967 her reputation as an innovative problem solver brought her into another field. Utah community leaders Lucy Beth Rampton and Esther Landa were among those who had lobbied in Washington for a Head Start program. When it became a reality in Salt Lake City, they recommended that Alberta be hired as an aide in the program.[28] Alberta agreed because her own children were by then ten and eleven.

Initially, the school met on Twenty-first South, a little east of the present Salt Lake County complex, and later it was moved to Central City, with Lynn Crookston as the director. A group came from the University of Utah to evaluate the program and observed that Alberta, who had never been to college, was as competent as any of the teachers and recommended that she be given a room of her own. A degreed teacher was hired to show her how to deal with the mechanics of teaching, like lesson plans, reports, and discipline. In a few weeks, the teacher said, "She already knows what she's doing. Just leave her on her own and give me the other three-year-old class and we'll work together." They did, very happily, for several years.

At the same time, Alberta maintained her high level of civic involvement. On most days after she finished at the day-care center, she went to NAACP activities or served in the Model Cities program, serving, among other duties, as chairperson of the Education Task Force. Her administrative abilities showed most clearly in the way she handled discussions, sometimes heated, about everything from the expenditure of funds to establishing a peace garden.[29] Alberta credits her ability to conduct meetings and organize groups to Esther Landa. She says, "I watched her several times. She could really handle those meetings and be fair."

In 1971 she received a phone call at the day-care center from the parents of some junior high school students who felt that a principal had just suspended their children unfairly. She was preparing to go do battle with the principal when another call came, this one from the regents of the University of Utah asking her to accept an honorary doctorate degree. She replied that she was very busy at the moment, preparing to go burn down a junior high school. The man laughed and said, "That's fine. Just give us your approval to give you an honorary doctorate and then you can go burn the school down." She agreed, although she insists that at the time she was not altogether certain what an honorary doctorate meant. She then went on to the junior high

school where she was able to achieve redress for the students without resorting to arson.

She became an honorary doctor of humane letters in June 1971 in company with Senator Wallace F. Bennett and Nobel Prize winning biologist George Wald.[30] She was the first Black to be so honored by the University of Utah. The letters of congratulations she received for that award reflect her impact in the community. They came typed on letterhead from various departments of the university, from public officials, from newspaper editors, from her colleagues in community services programs. And they came handwritten on notecards from friends and neighbors. Their sentiments are reflected by Afton Forsgren of the governor's Committee on Children and Youth: "I know of no one among all of my acquaintances that is as deserving of this honor as are you. So many people who receive honorary degrees have everything and everyone 'going for them.' Not so with you. You did everything you have done against great odds."[31]

By 1980 Dr. M. Donald Thomas, superintendent of Salt Lake City schools, had become Alberta's friend and confidant. He recommended she complete a bachelor's degree so that she could receive both the title and compensation she deserved for the work she was doing.[32] So, Alberta returned to the university commencement to receive her bachelor's degree, with honors, in education. Again, she received letters of praise and congratulations. This time they came especially from the young people, many of them now grown, who had benefitted from her foundation. One of them put it very succinctly: "Now you know the glory you've made possible for so many of us."[33]

Alberta greatly enjoyed working with the children in the Central Cities Day Care Center. In time, however, the federal government demanded that the parents become involved and recommended Alberta be named parent coordinator. Alberta refused, saying she enjoyed the children far too much to leave them altogether, so they compromised: she would work as an administrator from eight to four, but at four o'clock she would return to the day-care center and stay with the children until their parents picked them up in the evening.

She was an ideal choice for the administrative job, since she had already developed credibility in the community with her previous civic and church work. She meshed the two worlds well, calling on church groups to help provide for the needs of the children—from Christmas

presents to foster grandparenting. She helped parents find jobs, arranged doctor and dentist appointments, and generally fielded the many problems that beset all parents and can overwhelm those without the means to handle them.

In August 1972 she received a letter from Salt Lake School District asking her to become a minority consultant for the Black student population. Once again, she was not looking for a new job and didn't really want to change, but she accepted because she felt strongly that the Lord was moving her along to help others who would need her. She recalls the day she resigned from day care as one of the saddest of her life. She became the first Black administrator in the district and found some of her established White colleagues reluctant to accept her. She was amazed to learn that some principals in schools were intimidated by her; she still thought of herself as a little Black woman who was just trying to help people out and do what the Lord wanted her to do.

She recognized quickly that many Black students had a limited or even negative self-image, which was to some extent fostered by some counselors and teachers who advised careers only in manual trades or menial service areas. To alter that vision, in 1973 she established a Black Honor Society to give young Black students a source of pride and a goal to reach. She was shocked when the society was criticized for being limited to Black students. "It was a great learning experience to see yourself as a racist."[34] The group was quickly renamed the Rainbow Honorary Society and opened to all students. The society sponsored a variety of activities for students, including out-of-state trips.

Alberta's reputation for justice and equality was established, soon after being hired, by the way she handled an incident at Riley Elementary School. Two Black boys were fighting during recess and calling each other "nigger." The principal broke up the fight and sent them back to class. A week later another fight broke out, this time between one of those same Black students and a White boy. The White boy called the Black boy a "nigger," and the principal immediately expelled him. The boy's mother protested that the punishment was unfair; her son had heard the word used a week earlier by that same Black student with no real consequences. Alberta was called in to mediate, and as soon as she learned the circumstances, she agreed with the White mother. If the word was sufficiently offensive to require expulsion when it came

from a White mouth, it was equally repulsive coming from a Black mouth. "Fairness must work every kind of way," she says.

Alberta was frequently asked to settle disputes, and her unusual (sometimes outright bizarre) solutions became the stuff of legends. Roger Tucker, former principal of Jordan Junior High,[35] recalls a problem with a young Black man, not a student and much older than junior high students, but a frequent visitor at the school. He stole a pair of shoes from the boys' locker room, and when the White owner saw him wearing them, he demanded them back, saying he could prove ownership because he had written his initials inside each shoe. The Black boy insisted they were his and refused to take them off. Their argument quickly escalated into a racial confrontation involving many of the students in the school—the White students maintaining that he should take off the shoes and let someone examine them and the Black students insisting he should not be subjected to any such humiliation. While the students were screaming at each other, Tucker called Alberta. When she arrived, she simply took the suspected culprit into an office and asked him to take off the shoes. Seeing the initials clearly, she returned the shoes to their owner and escorted the young Black man out of the building. Tucker says that a week later he got a call from the U.S. Army asking him about the young man, who was now considering military service, and he wondered if Alberta had simply followed up on the case and found a place for the young man. Such additional service would have been typical of her.[36]

In another incident, Alberta was called into a junior high when a fight broke out between two girls, one Hispanic and one White. By the time she arrived, the room contained not just the fighters but their entourages as well. Alberta refused to listen to anyone except the actual combatants. The Hispanic girl said someone had told her that the White girl intended to take a group of friends to her home and beat her up. The White girl described how the Hispanic girl's friend had told her she would be a target of abuse. Finding that each girl denied having made such statements about the other, Alberta called for the friends who had delivered the threats. She opened her purse, took out two one-dollar bills, and handed one to each of the friends who had instigated the fight. The fighters, of course, were instantly unified in a demand to know why those people who had encouraged the fight should be so rewarded. Alberta's reply was simple: "Any time anybody can just make a suggestion or tell a lie and get other people to fight, I'm going

to pay them." Her action caused a temporary rise in attempts to start fights, but it ended all the real battles. It also forged a lasting friendship between the two combatants.

Alberta spent a great deal of time in the schools, aside from being called in to solve crises. She thought it important to let the students see her, and, by extension, themselves, in positive situations, so she would often visit, sometimes as many as five schools a day, always smiling broadly and asking students how they were doing.

Alberta's work for Salt Lake School District was not confined to finding solutions to student problems. Sometimes she was asked to solve the administrators' problems as well. The district owned some buildings across the street from West High School; they planned to tear them down and add new facilities for the school. When three families established squatter's rights in those buildings and the district's lawyer was unable to persuade them to move, Alberta went in to talk with them. In a short while she negotiated with the three families to move in to a motel at district expense for two weeks while more appropriate accommodations and employment could be found. The district was able to begin demolition on schedule while the families had a reprieve and a new friend to help them find jobs and homes.

Alberta's reputation for fair, if occasionally unorthodox, handling of difficult situations continued growing in both the school district and the community as she continued to work with the NAACP and other civic groups. Not everything she did was universally popular, however. One case, in particular, drew as many, or even more, protests than it did applause. On 22 April 1974 five people were tortured and three of them murdered during a robbery in Ogden's Hi-Fi Shop. The case drew enormous public outrage because the victims were imprisoned in the store's basement, tied up, forced to drink caustic drain cleaner, and one woman raped before all were shot. Citizens and officials alike called for the death penalty even before the culprits were known. Evidence and witnesses against Dale Pierre Selby and William Andrews, two Black servicemen stationed at Hill Air Force Base near Ogden, surfaced within days.[37] The two were eventually convicted of the crime and sentenced to death. Selby was executed soon after, but Andrews's case presented some peculiar problems.

Both Selby and Andrews were identified by one of the surviving victims, and a fellow serviceman testified that they had told him they

committed the crime. After his conviction, Selby admitted that he had committed the rape, but they had both brought the drain cleaner with them, intending to use it to kill any witnesses. He also confessed that he had shot all five victims when the drain cleaner failed to act quickly enough. The shooting occurred, however, after Andrews had left the shop. In point of fact, only Selby had committed murder. Andrews, however culpable he was as an accomplice, however horrible his participation in the tortures, however guilty he may have been in premeditating murder by drain cleaner, had not actually killed anyone.

Alberta, along with James Gillespie of the Ogden branch of the NAACP, issued an objection to Andrews's execution on several grounds.[38] To that point in Utah, no accomplice to a murder had ever been executed. Some states have since passed laws that specifically allow for accomplices in murders to be executed, but Utah had no such law at the time of the Hi-Fi Shop murders or at the time of the trial. In addition, Utah, like the rest of the United States, had (and still has) executed a disproportionate number of Blacks relative to Whites in the state's population. A study of executions in the U.S. between 1930 and 1967 showed that while Blacks constitute only 10 to 12 percent of the population, 50 percent of those executed were Black. Although 97 percent of those executions took place in the southern states, other states, including Utah, still showed a higher relative percentage of executions for minorities.[39] Many people, both Blacks and members of other races, regard the criminal justice system and especially the death penalty as racist. Response to these objections ranged from complete agreement to reasoned arguments that Andrews's intentions and involvement made him equally culpable to a request "that all you nigger bastards go back to Africa and starve to death."[40]

Andrews was eventually executed, and Alberta moved on to other causes—sometimes trying to improve situations and sometimes simply setting the record straight, as she did on Jackie Noakes's television interview program in 1965. Despite all of her work with Utah's Black community, Alberta had lived in the state nearly twenty years before she learned slavery had been legal in Utah Territory, and she decided to share her new knowledge with the public. She concluded one of her appearances on Noakes's show by mentioning, almost casually, that Utah had been a slave territory. The response was clamorous. Telephones at KSL began ringing immediately. On Alberta's return to

her office at Salt Lake School District, Dr. Thomas greeted her with, "Tell me what you've done this time, Alberta. People are demanding that I fire you." KSL requested she make another appearance on Noakes's program, so she returned with Dr. Ronald Coleman from the University of Utah History Department because she wanted to be sure the story was told accurately and with authority.[41] She was glad to clarify an important point in Utah history and even more delighted with the furor she created.

While Alberta Henry may have delighted in occasional public furors, the bulk of her work was quietly done out of the spotlight. When she retired from Salt Lake School District in 1986, she had served as an advocate for fourteen years for all minorities and disadvantaged students, although by that time she was receiving more calls from Whites than from Blacks. She encouraged teachers to include minority studies and viewpoints in the curriculum, and she was influential in establishing Martin Luther King Day as an annual event in the schools.[42] While she was still employed by Salt Lake School District, she continued her work with church and community groups, including the NAACP, moving from youth director to vice-president to twelve years as president. During that time she helped arrange visits to Salt Lake by Rosa Parks, leader in the Montgomery bus boycott, and held public meetings about the arrest of Rodney King, widely viewed as a victim of police brutality in Los Angeles. Remembering what she had observed in Esther Landa's chairing of meetings and what she had learned from Reverend France Davis and Daily Oliver, Sr., a lawyer for the Utah-Idaho Baptist Association about parliamentary procedure, she was particularly careful in handling discussions and making decisions. She was scrupulous about clearing all proposals and financial questions with the board of directors and established protocols to give the organization stability and maintain its credibility. In 1974 she ran for the state legislature in District 6 where she was defeated, but two years later she served as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in New York.

Alberta Henry may have been unhappy that the Lord wanted her to stay in Utah, but she did stay, and has worked very hard to make it a better place. She has served on hundreds of committees—sometimes on over forty at one time—from the governor's Black Policy Advisory Council to the Travelers Aid Society to the Utah Endowment for the

Humanities to the Brookings Institute, all the while remaining active in the Calvary Baptist Church and helping with its many programs and activities. She has been honored by nearly as many different groups: Elks, Exchange and Altrusa Clubs, Utah Technical College Students, State Human Services Conference, Westminster College Alumni, the NAACP, Utah Opportunities Industrialization Center, and the Campfire Girls. She was the first Black elected to the Utah Women's Hall of Fame. She has fought campaigns for civil rights—winning some, losing others. She has been honored and vilified, praised and condemned. The one thing she has never been is quiet. Her mother would be proud.

16

Emma Lou Warner Thayne
On the Side of Life

Cynthia Lampropoulos

Cynthia Lampropoulos's employment career is highly varied, ranging from hospice director to college instructor. She is also a successful entrepreneur; her current venture is in retail sports equipment. The emphasis of her life, however, is service. She has worked with community councils, parent-teacher organizations, and served on several boards for Ballet West, the Salt Palace Advisory Board, and the Salt Lake Fine Arts Board. She initially interviewed Thayne as part of an assignment for a class in biography, a class which helped her earn a B.A. in English from Brigham Young University. Lampropoulos gratefully acknowledges Thayne's gracious cooperation and assistance with this project. Thayne's inscription on a copy of her book, How Much for the Earth?*, reveals the bond that grew between the two women: "For Cindy—who is a strong and spiritual influence for gentleness and good"—an observation that could apply to Thayne herself.*

"Like a versatile painter, she does portraits, still life, and landscapes. With words as her paint and her word processor as her brush she captures more than a camera could, that aesthetic quality that appeals to our souls and stirs feelings of warmth and familiarity." These words of tribute are from Emma Lou Warner Thayne's elder brother, Homer Warner. He continues, "The morning after [I had a cataract operation], I awoke to a new world of brighter colors and distinct borders that I couldn't remember ever seeing before. What a beautiful world it is out there and what a blessing it is to be able to see it clearly. And I am thankful for poets like Emma Lou who remind us of the good and the

Emma Lou Thayne speaks, both in meetings and in print, for peace throughout the world. Photo courtesy of Emma Lou Thayne.

beautiful in life in a way we don't get from the newspaper or the ten o'clock news."[1]

In no way is Emma Lou a woman who closes her eyes to political injustice and the anguish of others' misfortunes and deprivations. She has always used her talents to speak out for peace, for humanitarian service, for understanding and generosity. Emma Lou has written, "Out of my life of being loved and encouraged, lavished with kindness and understanding, I could try in telling my stories to make the light as real and moving as [others have] made the dark."[2]

At the 1990 International Citizens' Congress for a Nuclear Test Ban Treaty in Alma-Ata, Kazakhstan, in the then Soviet Union, three hundred delegates from twenty-three nations gathered in the interest of peace. Testing in the desert of Semipalatinsk, much like the testing in the Nevada desert by the U.S., had been halted thanks in great part to the efforts of a poet-politician there. On the final day of the Citizens' Congress, television crews recorded the session that included only men and, spontaneously, one grey-haired woman from Salt Lake City, Utah.

At the urging of friends from Utah and from hasty notes arising out of sleep the night before, she started her unscheduled talk: "I am a babe in your woods, you scientists, business and government people, makers of films, organizers, understanders of tests and bans and treaties." Mouth dry from nervousness, she asked for a glass of mineral water. Handed a sparkling goblet, she smiled and proposed a toast, "To the Congress. To all of us." Then she continued, "As a writer of paragraphs and poems, as a respondent to your world, I have learned much from all of you . . . but I believe most what newly elected president poet Václev Havel of Czechoslovakia said to standing ovations in a joint session of my American Congress—that our mutual future will depend not so much on politics or even economics as it will on morality . . . It will depend on our connectedness—to each other and to the divine in each of us." To end her talk she read from her peace poems, *How Much for the Earth?*, which had been translated into Russian and German: "I have only one voice, one language / one set of memories to look back on, / a thousand impulses to look ahead / if I will . . . / It's time. It's time we said together / Yes to life. To ashes, simply No." The TV station aired only her talk because, a woman later told her, "it was warm, and you had the eyes of a mother."

"Known as a writer and humanist as well as a poet, Thayne's words have inspired Utahns and people far from the state for years. *How Much for the Earth?* was translated and released in Russia by the thousands. In the midst of the Cold War, Thayne's voice, praying, shouting, and crying from the Utah desert, was and remains a source of light, joining still more seekers of peace."[3]

Born on 22 October 1924 in Salt Lake City, Utah, to a devout Mormon family headed by Homer C. (Pug) and Grace Richards Warner, Emma Lou was one of four children and the only daughter. Her mother and father taught her to understand rules and consequences; at the same time they taught kindness and fun. Her mother, an artist, penned messages in calligraphy to hang conspicuously here and there, such as "The man who lacks responsibility is totally useless" or "Pray at night, plan in the morning." She praised "the majesty of calm" and taught her children that "you are no better than anyone, but you're just as good." Her father, in the automobile business, was also an athlete whose good-humored mottos like "Things work out" and "Try hard, play fair, and have fun" were adopted by Emma Lou. With their mother, "Father," as the children always called him, watched the tennis matches of his four athletic children, which included his tomboy daughter. On a notepad, he kept track of errors and placements. "But he didn't show them to us unless we asked, and we knew that win or lose, we would be welcomed after with open arms and 'you did fine.'" The Warner children knew that they were loved and would be received in any state and in any stage of their lives.

Emma Lou's mother read to her children, painted, wrote poetry, and tended to an immaculate house—one full of love. Tucked in a lunch sack at school, posted on the refrigerator, or laid on her pillow after a date, Emma Lou often found a humourous "ditty," her mother's term for her own verses of encouragement. Emma Lou notes her mother's abiding influence, but as a young wife, Emma Lou admits she kept her own house "obliquely" as she gravitated to other compelling interests. "She loves to keep house, but both she and the rest of us would have been cheated beyound anything . . . if that was all she ever did."[4] A friend and colleague, Jane Edwards, noted that Emma Lou had, without a doubt, the most cluttered office she had ever seen. "When I mentioned this to her, she responded: 'I have a plaque in here

that says "A neat desk is a sign of a sick mind," but I don't know where it is.'"[5] It was never enough just to stay home and keep house. "It was not that I didn't respect what she did, but to stay at home being the total homebody, keeping house would never be enough." When her mother was close to death, Emma Lou wrote:

> So now I was losing her, my Grace, my pillar, my soft, soft lady with the lamp. I leaned close to her, concerned that she hear, as she always had, my concern. I'd been a daughter different by far from the one I'd always imagined her wanting—a needlepoint, demure daughter more like her than my athletic, involved father. . . . I said, "Mother, I know you've always wished I'd take a gentler horse."
>
> She opened her brown eyes, flashing in dark circled settings, squeezed my hand harder, and said, "No, I've always loved you on the wild one."[6]

Her brothers, close to her in age, Homer three years older, Richard eleven months older, and Gill four years younger, also helped shape her life. "Having all brothers I've always been one of the boys," she jokes. "They don't intimidate me and I don't intimidate them." Homer[7] has become her medical resource, Rick[8] her financial guide, and Gill,[9] her only brother to serve an LDS mission, her spiritual advisor and playmate since her older brothers outgrew her as competitors on the tennis court. Her friend Thomas S. Monson says, "Emma Lou grew up in a family of brothers and had to hold her own with all the boys. She's very much for fair play and is an advocate for the underdog."[10] Thayne says of her own upbringing, "I grew up in a household of faith. It was a household that always said, 'of course.' 'Of course' we saw the good in other people. 'Of course' we believed in God and cheered each other on. It was easy to believe in a God who was simply an extension of my mother and father."[11]

When Emma Lou was four years old, she started kindergarten, but missed her brothers. Richard (Rick) was "clear on the other side of Highland Park School in the first grade. He found me cryng on the playground and marched me into his class where he talked the teacher, Miss Lindsay, into letting me stay—as long as I could read the flash

cards. Rick must have been a great salesman, even back then. I did stay, and we went all through school like twins. Really good pals, we were officers together in various schools, we double dated, and we married the same year."

Even though she was a year younger than most of the others in her grade, Emma Lou's writing ability surfaced early. For a contest in the fourth grade she wrote a poem about spilling some batter on the kitchen floor while cooking with her mother. Her teacher, Miss Peterson, said she must have copied it somewhere—and gave the prize to another girl's poem, one that Emma Lou had just read in the *Saturday Evening Post*'s Campbell Kiddies. Disillusioned, she ran off her chagrin on the playground, where she could count on Rick to choose her for his team for whatever they were playing.

She went on to write poems at every turn. At about twelve she lay on her bed at the family cabin and wrote "Adolescence." Needing independence and finding none, she wrote of her resentment. "I memorized it and was invited to recite it all over town at farewells for missionaries. I'll never know why. Then I was always on assemblies and writing scripts for this and that."

At the University of Utah excellent teachers influenced Emma Lou's writing. "Dr. Harold Folland gave my first freshman English theme a C, and I was used to getting A's. Shocked, I listened hard as he went on to teach us about things like parallelism and the importance of a thesis statement to ground our logic." Dr. Louis Zucker, author of *A Jew in Zion*, about his life among the Mormons, was a superb teacher of expository writing.[12] At the same time she learned from Brewster Ghislin, a poet noted for his work on the creative process. Later Dr. Clarice Short would spell out the dictates of form and Dr. William Mulder would inspire her to go for a graduate degree.[13] All helped balance how Emma Lou's writing would later be tuned.

As a young woman Emma Lou Warner developed the idea that nothing is impossible, a belief she still holds. Graduating from East High School at age sixteen, she had her B.A. by the age of twenty and was needed in 1945 as an instructor of freshman English when twenty thousand men returned to the campus after World War II. Most of her students were older than she was, and in the years since, she has enjoyed them as bankers, doctors, builders, or presidents of boards she would serve on.

Emma Lou went on to fill in at midyear as a teacher at Murray High in 1950. That year she skied over a cliff, fell fifty feet into trees, and broke her back. That same year Diane Hunsaker, who had been her friend since first grade, introduced her to Mel Thayne at his water-skiing business on Pineview Dam. He taught her to water ski wearing a Mae West life jacket to cover up her bulky back brace. She also wore maternity clothes to cover up the brace. He laughs that the reason he married her was because she was so farsighted that she already had a closet full of maternity clothes. He had returned from World War II, graduated from Weber College and Utah State in Logan, Utah. She fell in love with the tall, red-haired, sunburned entrepreneur living in a sheep tent and planning to leave in the fall to do a master's degree in history at Stanford. They were married three months later, and on 27 December 1999 celebrated their fiftieth anniversary.

At Stanford they lived on $9 a week in a converted motel room with a drop-down bed and a kitchen about four feet square with no oven. "Making cookies on a hot plate was a real trick!" But Emma Lou had cooked for her father and three brothers and managed to help her new six-foot-one husband add 30 pounds to his very thin 140 pounds. Working in the Stanford accounting office, Emma Lou despaired,

> On a Minnesota Multitudinal Aptitude Test, I was in the oneth percentile on clerical! Imagine me at the end of a day trying to find where I had lost a nickel! Mel studied. I saw mostly the back of his head. I took my tennis racquet to court, found interesting friends, and wrote freelance articles that were rejected as often as they were accepted. But I had to write. I typed Mel's thesis on Reed Smoot, senator for thirty years from Utah. He claims I turned it into a historical novel, but Smoot was a dull man . . . and Mel wasn't.

The Thaynes returned to Salt Lake City where Mel's brother Bill diverted him from history into teaching and then selling real estate. Three times as young marrieds, Mel and Emma Lou built and moved into new houses. The last one has been their home for more than forty years. Into that home were born five daughters in under ten years, the subject of many of Emma Lou's numerous "family poems."

Three Forty-Five
Sonnet to Five Daughters Gone to School
1965

Fly open, door, and let the chaos in!
Sweet silence, though delicious, now is stale.
The house, too neat, and in its order pale,
Resounds with lonely petulance. Begin
My life. Floor home, five girls, with brushed embrace,
With lengthy resume of great events,
With wistful lot of unreserved laments.
Fly open, door, to a girlhood's breathy pace.
How far the day before that door will close
On brides no longer bent on quick return,
Whose lives will stretch beyond this childhood womb?
My loves, throw wide the door, your zests impose,
Immortalize your bubbling, brief sojourn
With nearness ringing loud in every room.

The Coming of Quiet
To a Home with Five Daughters Gone
1987

I could have declared, would likely believe
No day would come when the house all quiet
Would suit my heart, that I would not grieve
For the crowded rooms, the noisy diet.
Admittedly, eloquence sometimes came
One voice at a time, and silence crept
Light as a bird, the first to proclaim
The growing up and out as we slept.
But now this passage to silence and spaces
Throws up its hands, says, Make up your mind,
Choose: the clutch of voices, fingers, and faces?
Or unoccupied order? Strangely I find
This moment, that, that moment, this,
Each transient and lingering as a kiss.[14]

Literary critic Richard H. Cracroft of Brigham Young University once observed, "For one who finds much of her personal identity in her family, writing with skill and control about family is a test of her art—and Thayne passes the test." In "First Loss," one of her finest, "she evokes, at the poem's conclusion, the resonating image of a snowbank angel to convey the twelve-year-old girl's response to the death of her grandmother, with whom she had long shared a bed":

First Loss

My grandma shared her bed with me,
Till she died when I was twelve.
We slept with breaths that matched.
I went to sleep every night restraining
Deliberately one extra breath in five
To let her slower time teach mine to wait . . .

She died there when I was twelve.
I was sleeping, alien, down the hall
In a harder bed, isolated from the delicate
Destruction that took its year to take her.
That night my mother barely touched my hair
And in stiff, safe mechanics twirled the customary
Corners of my pillow one by one. "Grandma's gone,"
She said. Crepuscular against the only light
Alive behind her in the hall, she somehow left.
My covers fell like lonely lead on only me
I lay as if in children's banks of white where
After a new snow we plopped to stretch and carve

Our shapes like paper dolls along a fold.
Now, lying on my back, I ran my longest arms
From hips to head, slow arcs on icy sheets,
And whispered childhood's chant to the breathless room:
"Angel, Angel, snowy Angel,
Spread your wings and fly."[15]

Cracroft admires Thayne for "evading the sentimental, the smug, the self-righteous, and the specious in writing about things intensely personal and familial."[16]

In those busy years as a young wife and mother, Emma Lou dreamed of having a day between Sunday and Monday that nobody knew of but her. "I had accompaniment wall to wall, most of which I loved. But I needed silence like I needed breathing." To find this, she stayed up all night once a week. "Luckily I've almost always had more energy than time," she says, "and I could use those delicious eight hours any way I wanted—writing, thinking, reading, freezing raspberry jam, painting a bike for Christmas, finishing furniture. And if I got to bed at a normal time the next night, I was fine."

In 1968, when her youngest child started school full time, Emma Lou also started school, back to the U of U for a master of arts in creative writing. "Euphoria! To sit in a carrel in the library surrounded by books and with time just to be! It was scary though, being a university student after being a teacher there for all those years."[17] She wrote her thesis, a collection of poems, under the tutelage of her chairman, Henry Taylor, soon to be a Pulitzer prize winner. It became her first book, *Spaces in the Sage*.[18] Henry Taylor wrote, "Honest and joyful, various in mood and subject, [these poems] respond with generosity and love to a world seen clearly. . . . I enjoy the thought of its giving pleasure to the wider audience it deserves."[19] Two years later another book of poems was published, *Until Another Day for Butterflies*.[20] Ray Bradbury wrote, "Emma Lou Thayne is full of truths and knows how to get out of the way and let them come out as naturally as seeds pop from a pomegranate. Her voice is needed and welcomed."[21] A third book of poetry, *On Slim Unaccountable Bones*,[22] was published the next year, and two collections of poetry and prose, *The Family Bond* and *A Woman's Place*, in 1977.[23] Her first novel *Never Past the Gate*[24] appeared in 1975. In 1995 William Mulder commented on *Never Past the Gate*, describing it as "a story of family adventures centered on their mountain retreat, a cabin that has figured so importantly in the life of Emma Lou and her family. As a writer, teacher, tennis coach, traveler, civic worker, and activist for peace she has moved far beyond the gate. . . . I have seen a provincial poet become ecumenical with global sympathies."[25]

The most difficult time of her life occurred when her oldest daughter Becky was in college. "Becky was succumbing to and then

reeling back from a disease that few knew anything about": manic depression, then bulimia and anorexia nervosa.[26] Emma Lou and Mel worried, prayed, and looked for help for their daughter. In finding help for herself, Emma Lou wrote words and Joleen G. Meredith composed the music for a song that has become a standard in Mormon hymns: "Where Can I Turn for Peace?"[27] Years later the mother and daughter collaborated on a book, *Hope and Recovery*, drawn from their letters and diaries. *Kirkus Reviews* noted, "Both are good writers. . . . A consistently engrossing account in which the ups and downs of mental illness in a real family are especially well portrayed."[28]

As the girls grew older, the family traveled more widely. In 1980 Mel, Emma Lou, and three of their then teenage daughters went to Israel on a tour guided by Lowell Bennion, a longtime teacher at the University of Utah and director of the LDS Institute of Religion there.[29] Emma Lou kept a journal, writing notes as they traveled in the jiggling bus and then at night. Traveling on Salt Lake City time, she would wake at four in the morning and quietly find refuge in the bathtub so as not to disturb anyone. These notes became *Once in Israel,* a book of prose and poetry.[30] In the foreword, Esther Landa, president of the National Council of Jewish Women, observes, "Given Emma Lou Thayne's background and beliefs, it is no wonder that her first journey to Israel became a lasting spiritual experience. [*Once in Israel* was] no ordinary travelogue, no usual volume of poetry. A rare combination of prose and poetry, it springs from the heart and soul of a woman whose sensitivity to the rhythms of life, to the variegated colors of Israel's diverse people, to the pull of an ancient land has enabled her to produce a work that rises above history, geography, or theology."[31]

With the girls grown, Emma Lou expanded her already busy schedule of activities, still writing prolifically, but now doing even more public speaking. She has campaigned for world peace and opposed nuclear weapons testing. Her book of poems *How Much for the Earth?* was selected by the Association for Mormon Letters as the best book of poems in 1986.[32] She recalls the first time an atomic bomb was dropped in her poem "Consideration II."

> In Salt Lake City, the morning of August 6th, 1945, the
> intersection
> of First South and Main steamed under pedestrian traffic.

Streetcars clanked out passengers from their middles,
took them up and in on flop-down steps in front. . . .
At 10 A.M. on August 6th, 1945, I was walking east,
on break from my first full-time job, theoretically in advertising,
actually spraying fourteen hundred and
thirty-one colors on poster board at Bennett Glass and Paint. . . .
Four newsboys
I could hear before I got there: "Extra! Extra!
Big Bomb Dropped on Japs!: "Extra, Extra! War Over Soon!"
"Extra, Extra! New Atom Bomb!" and "Extra, Extra! Hiroshima Bombed!
Spells Peace!"[33]

She knew that her brother, Homer, would be coming home from the Pacific, that Guadalcanal and Iwo Jima would go "back to maps / and fiction / with sun instead of Stan and Clint / and Wilbur splashing on their shores."

In "Considering—The End," she writes of another meaning to nuclear weaponry:

I consider only life: The holocaust ahead
would leave no one behind
to question how we happened not to happen
in any moment but our tragic own.[34]

She has continued to campaign for peace as a member of the Steering Committee for Utahns United against Nuclear War since 1982 and as a member of the Board of Advisors for Women Concerned about Nuclear War since 1984.

Another area of concern for her has been the image and lifestyle, real and artificial, of Mormon women. She wrote essays for *Network*, a Salt Lake City women's magazine, and for the now defunct *Utah Holiday* magazine. In 1980 she began writing a column with Laurel Thatcher Ulrich, Pulitzer prize–winning historian, who lives in Durham, New Hampshire.[35] The East Meets West column was published in *Exponent II*, a quarterly magazine published by Mormon women in Boston. In 1985 the two collaborated a book, *All God's*

Critters Got a Place in the Choir.[36] "The collaboration was done by telephone and fax machine as the writers were separated by 'two time zones and 2,500 miles.'"[37] The book of personal essays, talks, and poems covers the spectrum of the authors' adult lives—from young mothers to grandmothers. In *Critters*, as the publisher promises, the authors' writing reaches across stages, age, decades, moods, persuasions, and a continent, embracing a circle of sisterhood that includes a Siberian Communist and an Old Testament peacemaker, a harried clerk in a fabric store and a neighbor who threatens to drown cats."[38]

Emma Lou continues to publish essays, monographs, and poems in journals, quarterlies, and anthologies. In 1995 she and Darla Hanks wrote *To Be a Mother, the Agonies and the Ecstasies*, dealing with one of her favorite topics.[39] She has been listed in *A Directory of American Poets* since 1976, *Contemporary Authors* since 1977, and *Who's Who of Women* since 1979. She is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, Mortar Board, and Beehive honorary societies. She has been granted awards ranging from the Panhellenic Woman of the Year (1976) to the David O. McKay Humanities Award from Brigham Young University (1978) to the Distinguished Alumna, University of Utah (1981). Still an avid tennis player, she was nationally ranked number three in the Senior Women's Doubles in 1980 and twenty in Senior Women's Singles in 1983.

She has given enormous service to her church and community serving at various times with the Utah Endowment for the Humanities, Utah Arts Council, Lay Advisory Committee for the University of Utah Medical Center's OB-GYN program, Visiting Poet in the Schools, University of Utah Alumni Board of Directors, as vice-president of the University Alumni Association, on the advisory boards for Pioneer Memorial Theatre, Odyssey House, Utah Arts Council Rural Consortium, Utah State Institute of Fine Arts, and general board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association for the LDS Church.

Her humanitarian service has been noted in several ways. In 1991 the YWCA honored her as a Woman of Outstanding Achievement. In 1995 the Salt Lake Community College opened its community services center, modeled after the Lowell Bennion Community Service Center at the University of Utah and named it the Emma Lou Thayne Center for Learning through Service. Thayne said she was "awed and honored [to be] given an honor like this for doing what I love doing."[40] Two years

later she was given the Madeleine Award for Distinguished Service to the Arts and Humanities. Of these honors she said, "I get embarrassed by this kind of thing. There are so many people who work quietly out of the spotlight. People don't know about them. I wish I could bring up a computer screen that had all the names of people who make such offerings."[41]

In 1996 a metal bar—now saved symbolically in the Thayne home—broke loose from a truck on the freeway and crashed through the windshield of Emma Lou's car, resulting in eight facial fractures and the inability to focus her vision for seven months. During this time, Emma Lou experienced a presence of light. "I had a whole new focus. I learned to listen to an inner music that I'd been too busy to hear." Emma Lou revisits the light to gather strength, strength which she calls "a divine source beyond myself that I get to draw on constantly."[42] Out of this experience has come her most recent volume of poetry, *Things Happen: Poems of Survival.*[43] Of this volume of verse, nationally renowned poet William Stafford has said, "Let me face our times with this book in my hand, for things do happen, the crucial emergencies of every life, and the precious, suddenly illuminated everyday miracles. Reaching out, this book will be your friend—you will not feel alone in a foreign world: in these generous poems there is no foreign world."[44]

You Heal

One morning you wake
and everything works
and almost nothing hurts.
After seven months
and the surgery up through
your mouth, screwed to metal plates
scars invisible, you even can focus.

After things happen
you heal. It take its jagged course
upward and then
believe it or not,
so much for it,
and it is done
the chance of happening.

Then the heart of not
figuring a way back
just happens again
in the still world
like rain running the
skies and green becoming
the hand of the sun
with God standing by.[45]

Emma Lou says of her writing, "Each book has been like a companion. When I'm writing a book I feel I'm being given a gift. It's like being on a mission . . . prose is the journey, but poetry is the arrival."[46] Emma Lou Thayne's contributions to the community at large might best be summed up in the words of one friend who said, "To know her is to have a whole new definition of joy," and another who introduced her as "the effective communicator and healer, whose spirit of love and acceptance and her cockeyed optimism has fostered the cause of peace and understanding among communities whose diversities range from religion to lifestyles."[47] Emma Lou's joyous outlook on life is found in all of her poetry, but it is the advice she gives to all who seek to know the same that best reflects the contribution she makes.

Lesson #1

Ski here, my child, not on gentle slopes
where the snow is packed and the trail is wide.
Instead cut through the trees where no one's tried
the powder. Push toward the hill and rotate
as you rise. No, the snow-plow holds you back;
it's slow and makes you frightened of your turn.
Think parallel. Stay all in one, then learn
to ski the fall line, always down: Switchback
skiers in their caution never know how
dropping with the mountain keeps the balance
right and rhythm smooth. Don't watch your tips at
all. Look past them at the deep white snow,
virgin as light, and yours. Just bend, release:
You, gravity and white will make our peace.[48]

Notes

Preface

1. Karen Stilling, conversations with Colleen Whitley, 1990s.
2. Ronald McCook, quoted by Susan Lyman-Whitney in "Chipeta: She Didn't Want to Come to Utah," in *Worth Their Salt*, ed. Colleen Whitley (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1996).
3. John Livingston Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1964), xiv.

Chapter 1

1. "The Late Mrs. S. A. Cooke," *Salt Lake Daily Tribune*, 12 August 1885, 4. Sarah was christened on 12 September 1808 at St. Peters Parish Church in Leeds, Yorkshire, England. See Leeds, Yorkshire, England, St. Peter's Parish Register, "Christenings," Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah (hereinafter called FHL), film 0,918,377.
2. Leeds is located 203 miles north of London and 194 miles south of Edinburgh, Scotland. It was one of the first commercial towns in that part of England. By 1811, the city boasted a population of 62,534. An early guide described the "columns of smoke arising from the numerous manufactories" and that the "water is more contaminated by the manufactories than even the atmosphere—so much as almost to be rendered unfit for culinary purposes" (*Directory, General and Commercial of the Town & Borough of Leeds for 1817* [Leeds: Edward Baines, 1817], A; FHL, film 0,918,377; *The Leeds Directory of 1809* [Leeds: Robinson & Co. Booksellers, 1809], 68; FHL, film 1,866,844).
3. Charles Sutton, the third child of Thomas and Sarah Sutton, was christened on 31 May 1811 at St. Peters Parish Church, Leeds, Yorkshire, England ("Christenings," FHL, film 0,188,377). He must have died as an infant because no further mention has been located. Sarah only mentioned one brother.
4. Blue Tea Minutes, 28 May 1878, 59, Special Collections, Marriott Library, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah, MS 439, box 3.

5. Leeds, Yorkshire, England, St. Peter's Parish Register, "Marriages, 1825–1827," certificate number 531, FHL, film 918,384.
6. Ibid. Though Sarah was only eighteen, she was identified as a "spinster" as most other brides were. Marriage was most often by banns. They are notices of intentions to marry called out three times during Sunday services in the church or churches in the parish in which the bride and bridegroom lived. Marriage by license was a less common, more costly, but quicker method. It was seen as a "status symbol." All upper class and some middle class couples were married by license while few lower class couples were. See Gerald Hamilton-Edwards, *Tracing Your British Ancestors: A Guide to Genealogical Sources* (New York: Walker and Company, 1967), 65–68.
7. Pollington is a small community just twenty miles east of Leeds (Ancestry File, Family Search, "Marriages," FHL, certificate 531).
8. Blue Tea Minutes, 28 May 1878, 59.
9. Ibid., 63.
10. Ancestry File; St. Peter's Parish Register, FHL, film 0,918,377.
11. Blue Tea Minutes, 28 May 1878, 63.
12. National Archives, "Passenger Lists of Vessels Arriving at New York, 1820–1846," Colm-Cook, FHL, film 0,350,221; National Archives, "Register of Vessels Arriving at the Port of New York from Foreign Ports, 1789–1919" (19 July 1819–30 March 1831), FHL, film 1,415,144.
13. George M. Stephenson, *A History of American Immigration, 1820–1824* (New York: Russell and Russell, 1926), 12; *Historical Studies Statistics of the U.S.: Colonial Times to 1970* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1994), 42–43.
14. S. A. Cooke, "Theatrical and Social Affairs in Utah," 1, in *Longworth's American Almanac, New York Register and City Directory for the Fifty-nineth Year of American Independence* (New York: Thomas Longworth, 1834). Teachers Catharine H. Putnam and Lydia S. Starr are listed in the New York City directory.
15. *Longworth's American Almanac, New York Register and City Directory* (New York: Thomas Longworth, 1831–1835). Only one William Cooke is listed in the New York City directory between 1831 and 1835. There is no way to know whether he is the same person. In 1831, a William Cooke is identified as a builder. In 1833, William Cooke is listed as a manufacturer of window blinds.
16. Family Search, U.S. Census, 1860 Census-Utah, 56, FHL, film 0,805,313.
17. S. A. Cooke, "Theatrical and Social Affairs," 1.
18. Family Search, U.S. Census, 1860 Census-Utah, 56; "Resident of Salt Lake since 1857 Succumbs," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 28 July 1923, 2.
19. Lucy Rutledge Cooke, *Crossing the Plains in 1852: Narratives of a Trip from Iowa to "the Land of Gold" as Told in Letters Written during the Journey* (Fairfield, Washington: Ye Galleon Press, 1987), 7.
20. Lucy Rutledge Cooke, "Letters on the Way to California," in *Covered Wagon Women: Diaries and Letters from the Western Trails, 1852–The California Trail,* ed. Kenneth L. Holmes (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1985), 210–11;

Scott County, Iowa, Marriage Record, book 1 (1838–1852), certificate 384, 103–4, FHL, film 1,004,413.

21. Lucy Rutledge Cooke, "Letters," 210.
22. S. A. Cooke, "Theatrical and Social Affairs," 1.
23. Lucy Rutledge Cooke, *Crossing the Plains*, 7.
24. Ibid.
25. Lucy Rutledge Cooke, "Letters," 211; U.S. Census Bureau, 1850 Census–Iowa, 108, FHL.
26. Lucy Rutledge Cooke, "Letters," 215.
27. Ibid., 218.
28. Ibid., 223–25.
29. Ibid., 225.
30. Ibid., 229.
31. Ibid., 241.
32. Ibid., 253–55. Sarah's autobiography noted son William's illness with mountain fever as a factor in staying, but Lucy does not mention it. See S. A. Cooke, "Theatrical and Social Affairs," 2.
33. Lucy Rutledge Cooke, "Letters," 264.
34. S. A. Cooke, "Theatrical and Social Affairs," 3; "The Late Mrs. S. A. Cooke."
35. Lucy Rutledge Cooke, "Letters," 265.
36. S. A. Cooke, "Theatrical and Social Affairs," 3.
37. Lucy Rutledge Cooke, "Letters," 273.
38. Ibid., 267.
39. Ibid., 269.
40. Winifred Snell Margetts, "A Study of the Salt Lake Actor from 1850 to 1869" (master's thesis, University of Utah, 1948), 65; Deseret Dramatic Association Minute Book, book 1, 20 February 1852–14 June 1853, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Historical Department Archives (hereinafter cited as LDS Archives), Salt Lake City, Utah, MS 1382.
41. Margetts, "A Study of the Salt Lake Actor," 2; Lynne Watkins Jorgensen, "The Mechanics' Association: London and Salt Lake City," *Journal of Mormon History* 23 (fall 1997), 166.
42. Lucy Rutledge Cooke, "Letters," 273.
43. "Echoes of Music in Utah," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 6 January 1895 (copy in Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (hereinafter known as Journal History), LDS Archives.
44. Ibid.
45. S. A. Cooke, "Theatrical and Social Affairs," 7.
46. George D. Pyper, *The Romance of an Old Playhouse* (Salt Lake City: Seagull Press, 1928).
47. Margetts, "A Study of the Salt Lake Actor," 65, 301.
48. Ila Fisher Maughan, *Pioneer Theatre in the Desert* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1961), 112; Deseret Dramatic Association Minute Book, book 1, Tuesday, 18 January 1853.

49. Lucy Rutledge Cooke, "Letters," 281.
50. Ibid., 212, 385.
51. S. A. Cooke, "Theatrical and Social Affairs" indicates, "Mr. Cooke learned of his wife's convictions and on his return to Salt Lake City became a Mormon" (p. 3).
52. Mission president Augustus Farnham's diary records he baptized, confirmed, and ordained William Cooke an elder in Australia in June 1854. See Augustus Farnham, "Diary," LDS Archives. The Australia Mission's newspaper, *Zion's Watchman*, recounts William's remarks to the "Half-Yearly Conference" on his arrival fifteen months before and reports that he was baptized. See *Zion's Watchman*, 14 October 1854, 156.
53. C. M. H. Clark, *A History of Australia: The Earth Abideth For Ever, 1851–1888* (Melbourne: Melbourne University Press, 1980), 5, 58.
54. "Half-Yearly Conference—1 October 1853," *Zion's Watchman*, 14 October 1854, 156.
55. Marjorie Newton, *Southern Cross Saints: The Mormons in Australia* (Laie, Hawaii: The Institute for Polynesian Studies, 1991), 150.
56. "Half-Yearly Conference," 156.
57. "Australasian" Mission, Historical Records and Minutes, LDS Archives, LR 10870, reel 1.
58. Ibid.
59. Newton, *Southern Cross Saints*, 151.
60. Ibid., 152.
61. Parley L. Belnap, "The History of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Organ" (special studies paper in musical arts, University of Colorado, Boulder, 1974), 4.
62. S. A. Cooke, "Theatrical and Social Affairs," 3.
63. Lola Van Wagenen, "Sister-Wives and Suffragists: Polygamy and Politics of Women, 1870–1896" (Ph.D. diss., New York University, 1994), 252.
64. "Flora's Festival," *Deseret News*, 28 May 1856, 93; "Echoes of Music in Utah," 1.
65. Donald R. Moorman with Gene A. Sessions, *Camp Floyd and the Mormons: The Utah War* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1992), 233. While Moorman's account provides information not located elsewhere (and not cited), it includes two major errors. William was not shot twice in the chest (but in the thigh) nor did he bleed to death (he lingered six days before dying).
66. "Attempted Murder," *Deseret News*, 13 October 1858, 142.
67. "Lamented Death," *Deseret News*, 20 October 1858, 142; "Minutes of the Coroner's Inquest, 18 October 1858," LDS Church Historian's Journal, MS 2737, box 26, folder 1, vol. 1, 586–90.
68. Eliza R. Snow, "Journal and Notebook (1842–1844), holograph," dated 28 March 1859, LDS Archives. The author would like to acknowledge the assistance of Jill Mulvay Derr in bringing these two poems to her attention.
69. Eliza R. Snow, "Addressed to Mrs. Cooke of New York on the Death of Her Husband," undated, in "Journal," 1842-1882, holograph, 36, LDS Archives.
70. "Girls' School," *Deseret News*, 27 October 1858, 148.

71. William Earl Purdy, "Music in the Mormon Culture, 1830–1878" (Ph.D. diss., Northwestern University, 1960), 47.
72. Salt Lake City Council Minutes, 30 October 1858, book B, 143. Utah State Archives, Salt Lake City, Utah.
73. S. A. Cooke, "Theatrical and Social Affairs," 10.
74. "Music and Singing Schools," and "Music and Singing," *Deseret News*, 21 November 1860, 304.
75. Purdy, "Music in the Mormon Culture," 50.
76. Jennifer L. Fife, "Pioneer Harmonies: Mormon Women and Music, 1847–1900" (master's thesis, Utah State University, 1994), 48.
77. Aaron Alma Roylance, "The Salt Lake Theatre as an Organizational Unit" (Ph.D. diss., University of Utah, 1963), 13.
78. Ibid., 15.
79. Margetts, "A Study of the Salt Lake Actor," 140.
80. "Echoes of Music in Utah," 1.
81. Maughan, *Pioneer Theatre in the Desert*, 123.
82. "Echoes of Music in Utah," 1.
83. "Theatrical," *Deseret News*, 1 March 1865, 172.
84. S. A. Cooke, "Theatrical and Social Affairs," 11.
85. Maughan, *Pioneer Theatre in the Desert*, 128; "Echoes of Music in Utah," 1.
86. Ancestry File.
87. Judge Smith served as probate judge from 1851 to 1884 in Salt Lake City (Judith W. Hansen and Norman Lundberg, comp., *Marriage in Utah Territory 1850–1884 from the Deseret News 1850–1872 and the Elias Smith Journals 1850–1884* [Salt Lake City: Utah Genealogical Association, 1998], 64).
88. The 1869 Salt Lake City directory identifies only one Mr. East. He is Edward Wallace East (1814–1884), who served as clerk of the county court in 1869.
89. Applications of Sarah Ann Cooke, et al, and Deposition of Sarah Ann Cooke, Utah Territory, Third District Court, Civil Case no. 1795, 43, Utah State Archives, Salt Lake City, Utah.
90. "Third District Court," *Salt Lake Daily Tribune*, 25 October 1871, 3.
91. Deposition of Sarah Ann Cooke, 36.
92. Ibid., 37.
93. Sarah does not identify Mr. Musser. The 1869 Salt Lake City directory identifies one Musser, Amos Milton Musser (1830–1909). Musser was the general superintendent of the Deseret Telegraph Company and traveling bishop of the LDS Church. I have not yet identified that he had a separate relationship with Salt Lake City nor found any documentation on the city's expenditure of funds.
94. Deposition of Sarah Ann Cooke, 48.
95. Van Wagenen, "Sister-Wives and Suffragists," 252.
96. Ronald W. Walker, *Wayward Saints: The Godbeites and Brigham Young* (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1998), xiii, 279.
97. S. A. Cooke, "Theatrical and Social Affairs in Utah," p. 3

98. *Sarah Ann Cooke v. Brigham Young*, Utah Territory, Third District Court, Civil Case no. 982—, Utah State Archives, Salt Lake City, Utah.
99. "Sarah Ann Cooke vs. Brigham Young—Answer," Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.
100. Patricia Lyn Scott, "The Widow and the Lion of the Lord: Sarah Ann Cooke vs. Brigham Young" (unpublished paper presented at the Mormon History Association Annual Conference in Ogden, Utah, May 1999), 7–9. "Scott is currently preparing an extensive review of the trial for the *Journal of Mormon History*."
101. "Local Matters—Third District Court—Hon. J. B. McKean, Justice," *Salt Lake Daily Tribune*, 25 October 1871, 3.
102. Ibid.
103. Ibid.; "Third District Court," *Salt Lake Herald*, 26 October 1871, 3.
104. "The Decision," *Salt Lake Daily Tribune*, 27 October 1871, 3.
105. "Brigham Young above the Law," *Salt Lake Daily Tribune*, 5 February 1874, 1.
106. Deposition of Sarah Ann Cooke, 53–55. Sarah's home was located on the current site of the Salt Palace.
107. "Case of Sarah Ann Cooke and Lot 2, Block 78," Utah Territory, Third District Court; Civil Case No. 1795, Utah State Archives, Salt Lake City, Utah. The statement was required by the rules and regulations approved by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah on 17 February 1869. See Lawrence Linford, "Establishing and Maintaining Land Ownership prior to 1869," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 42 (spring 1974): 12–25.
108. "Ladies Library Association," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 3 December 1872, 3.
109. "Opening of the New Reading Room—Its Grand Success and Flattering Prospects—All Honor to the Ladies," *Utah Mining Journal*, 17 December 1872, 3.
110. S. H. Goodwin, *Freemasonry in Utah—The Masonic Public Library* (Salt Lake City: n.p., 1929), 18.
111. Ibid., 21; "Ladies Free Library and Reading Room," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 27 May 1873, 3.
112. Ibid.; Max J. Evans, "A History of the Public Library Movement in Utah" (master's thesis, Utah State University, 1971), 34.
113. *Proceedings of the M. W. Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Free and Accepted Masons of Utah at the 6th Annual Communication*, held at the New Masonic Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah, 13 November 1877 (Salt Lake City: Tribune Printing and Publishing Co., 1877), 21.
114. The Ladies Library Association's book collection became part of the Masonic Public Library and then its successor, the Pioneer Public Library, and finally the Salt Lake City Public Library when it opened its doors on 14 February 1898 (Patricia Lyn Scott, "The Gentile Roots of the Salt Lake City Public Library, 1866–1898" [unpublished paper presented to the Mormon History Association Conference, May 1984]).
115. Wallace does not cite the source of this description, and I have found no other such description (Irving Wallace, *The Twenty-seventh Wife* [New York: Simon and Schuster, 1961], 275).

116. Ann Eliza Young, *Wife No. 19* (New York: Arno, 1972), 570.
117. Wallace, *The Twenty-seventh Wife*, 278–97. This account indicates that Sarah had been "ailing."
118. Ann Eliza Young, *Wife No. 19*, 571.
119. Jennie Froiseth (1849–1930) had been raised in English literary circles and frequently lamented the lonely life in Utah. While visiting a New York friend, Julia Ward Howe, it was suggested she organize a woman's club and call it Blue Tea, reminiscent of "bluestocking fame" and "dainty pink teas" (Ora Leigh Traughber, "Reawakened Memoirs in the Annals of Salt Lake Clubdom," *Deseret News*, 24 April 1926, copy in clipping file, Salt Lake City Public Library, Utah).
120. Blue Tea Minutes, 19–20. See Patricia Lyn Scott, "Eliza Kirtley Royle: Beloved Club Mother," in *Worth Their Salt: Notable but Often Unnoted Women of Utah,* ed. Colleen Whitley (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1996), 50–51.
121. Ibid., 57–64.
122. Katherine Barrette Parsons, *History of Fifty Years: Ladies Literary Club, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1877–1927* (Salt Lake City: Arrow Press, Inc., 1927), 24.
123. Patricia Lyn Scott, "Firm in Our Endeavor: The Ladies Literary Club, 1877 to 1927" (paper presented at the Utah Women's History Association Annual Meeting, 12 March 1983), 2; Parsons, *History of Fifty Years*, 23.
124. Parsons, *History of Fifty Years*, 23. The Ladies Literary Club did not maintain a separate membership listing until the 1880s; in 1891 it began publishing an annual club book which listed all current members and their addresses. This book is still being published.
125. "Leaves from Old Albums," *Deseret Evening News*, 1 May 1915, section 2, 7.
126. Blue Tea Minutes, 30. The minutes illustrate this action with a membership list showing a line drawn through these names.
127. Karen J. Blair, *Clubwomen as Feminist: True Womanhood Redefined, 1868–1914* (New York: Holmes and Meier, 1980), 24.
128. Thomas G. Alexander, in "Cooperation, Conflict, and Compromise: Women, Men, and the Environment in Salt Lake City, 1890–1930" (*BYU Studies* 35 [winter 1995]: 9), describes the founders of the Ladies Literary Club as "Mormons, Protestants and Catholics." I have undertaken a study of the early membership of the Ladies Literary Club (1879–1893) and have found no active Mormon women as members but have identified a few apostate Mormons, including Sarah.
129. Scott, "Firm in Our Endeavor," 2. This understanding existed only for a few years, and by 1893 Mormon women were welcomed as members.
130. Eliza K. Royle, "The Ladies' Literary Club of Salt Lake City," in *Manual of Ladies Literary Club of Salt Lake City for the Columbian Exposition* (Salt Lake City: Ladies Literary Club, 1893), 1.
131. *Salt Lake Tribune*, unidentified clipping (ca. Feb 1927); "Snap Shots (scrapbook, 1924–1927)" Ladies Literary Club, Salt Lake City, Utah.
132. *Salt Lake Tribune*, unidentified clipping (ca. Feb 1927).
133. Blair, *Clubwoman as Feminist*, 40. Sarah was also a strong temperance advocate and became one of the "most zealous workers in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union" ("The Late Mrs. S. A. Cooke," 4).

134. Robert Joseph Dwyer, *The Gentile Comes to Utah: A Study in Religious and Social Conflict, 1862–1890* (Salt Lake City: Western Epics, 1971), 193.
135. Orson F. Whitney, *History of Utah* (Salt Lake City: George Q. Cannon, 1892–1904), 3:60.
136. "Anti-Polygamy," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 8 November 1878, 4.
137. Ibid.
138. Ibid.; Barbara Hayward, "Utah's Anti-Polygamy Society, 1878–1884" (master's thesis, Brigham Young University, 1980), 20.
139. Joan Smyth Iversen, *The Antipolygamy Controversy in the U.S. Woman's Movements, 1880–1925: A Debate on the American Home* (New York: Garland Publishing, Inc., 1997), 108.
140. Van Wagenen, "Sister-Wives and Suffragists," 255.
141. "Our Policy," *Anti-Polygamy Standard*, April 1880, 2.
142. Ibid.
143. Cornelia Paddock, "The Anti-Polygamists of Utah," *Anti-Polygamy Standard*, June 1882, 2.
144. Iversen, *The Antipolygamy Controversy*, 161.
145. Ibid. The NWSA appointed state officers within the organization with a simple voice vote of the executive committee.
146. "Open Letter to the Suffragists of the United States," *Anti-Polygamy Standard*, March 1882, 1.
147. See Robert N. Baskin, *Reminiscences of Early Utah* (Salt Lake City: Utah Lighthouse Ministry, 1914), 122.
148. "In Salt Lake City," *Woman's Journal* 14 July 1883: 212. The appeal did not seem to help: the *Anti-Polygamy Standard* ceased publication after its September 1883 issue.
149. "Mrs. S. A. Cooke's 'Rhodomontade,'" *Deseret Evening News*, 27 July 1883, copy in Journal History.
150. Dale L. Morgan and George P. Hammond, eds., *A Guide to the Manuscript Collections of the Bancroft Library* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1963), 99.
151. The census does not list Lilly's marital status. It is known that she was not a widow, but it is uncertain whether they were separated or divorced or whether she was just living with her mother temporarily. Her husband, William Lehi Dykes, died in Arizona in 1894. In the 1904 Salt Lake City directory, Lilly was identified as a widow (U.S. Census, 1880 Census-Utah, 89, FHL, film 1,255,337; Death Registers, FHL, film 26,554).
152. "The Late Mrs. S. A. Cooke," 4.
153. Ibid.

Chapter 2

1. Kate B. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, (Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1963) 6:364.
2. Phyllis Pratt Hoppie, interview by Edna Sutherland, Salt Lake City, Utah, photocopy of transcript, quoted in Christine Croft Waters, "Romania P. Penrose," in

Sister Saints, ed. Vicky Burgess-Olsen (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1978), 347.

3. *Memoir of Romania B. Pratt, M.D.*, uncatalogued manuscript, LDS Archives, 1.
4. Waters, "Romania P. Penrose," 344.
5. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, 6:366.
6. *Memoir of Romania B. Pratt*, 2.
7. Ibid.
8. Waters, "Romania P. Penrose," 345.
9. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, 6:366.
10. *Deseret News*, 27 March 1937, 11.
11. Waters, "Romania P. Penrose," 346.
12. *Memoir of Romania B. Pratt*, 2.
13. Keith Calvin Terry, "The Contribution of Medical Women during the First Fifty Years in Utah" (master's thesis, Brigham Young University, 1964), 366.
14. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, 6:366.
15. Records of Romania Bunnell Pratt, photocopy of manuscript in LDS Archives, original in possession of Edna P. Sutherland, Salt Lake City, Utah.
16. Elizabeth Blackwell, *Pioneer Work for Women* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1895), 61.
17. Esther Pohl Lovejoy, *Women Doctors of the World* (New York: Macmillan, 1957), 12–14.
18. *Young Woman's Journal* 2 (September 1891): 533.
19. *Memoir of Romania B. Pratt*, 6.
20. *Young Woman's Journal* 2 (September 1891): 534.
21. *Memoir of Romania B. Pratt*.
22. *Memoir of Romania B. Pratt*
23. *Waters,* "Romania P. Penrose," 344.
24. Romania B. Pratt Papers, uncatalogued manuscript, LDS Archives, 3.
25. Waters, "Romania P. Penrose," 344.
26. Romania B. Pratt Papers.
27. Ibid.
28. Carter, "Romania P. Penrose," 364.
29. *Woman's Exponent* 6 (15 November 1877).
30. *Woman's Exponent* 9 (1 June 1879): 5.
31. Waters, "Romania P. Penrose," 344.
32. *Woman's Exponent* 18 (15 August 1890): 331.
33. Ibid.
34. Waters, "Romania P. Penrose," 351.
35. Ibid.
36. Carter, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, 6:367.
37. Ibid., 6:368.
38. Edward W. Tullidge, *The History of Salt Lake City and Its Founders* (Salt Lake City: n.p., 1886), 140–43.
39. Waters, "Romania P. Penrose," 344.
40. *Young Woman's Journal* 2 (September 1891): 53.

41. *Woman's Exponent* 36 (October 1908): 53.
42. Ibid.
43. Waters, "Romania P. Penrose," 356.
44. Terry, "The Contribution of Medical Women," 48.
45. Ibid.
46. Waters, "Romania P. Penrose," 357.
47. Charles W. Penrose papers, uncatalogued manuscript, LDS Church Archives.

Chapter 3

1. Beatrice Mitchell, "My Grandma Maeser: Anna Henrietta Therese Mieth Maeser" (unpublished manuscript in possession of Margaret Cannon, 1979), 2.
2. Marion Belnap Kerr, Papers, LDS Archives.
3. Douglas F. Tobler, "Karl G. Maeser's German Background, 1828–1856: The Making of Zion's Teacher," *BYU Studies* 17 (winter 1977): 155–75.
4. Alma P. Burton, *Karl G. Maeser: Mormon Educator* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1953), 9.
5. Kerr, Papers.
6. Harold H. Jenson, "True Pioneer Stories," *Juvenile Instructor* 65 (September 1930): 528.
7. Reinhard Maeser Collection, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, box 2, folder 10.
8. Maeser Collection, box 2, folder 8.
9. Burton, *Karl G. Maeser*, 12–13.
10. Kerr, Papers.
11. Winter Quarters was a small, temporary town located near present-day Omaha, Nebraska. Latter-day Saints stayed there during the harsh winters while traveling from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Salt Lake City, Utah.
12. Burton, *Karl G. Maeser*, 14.
13. Maeser Collection, box 2, folder 8.
14. Journal History, 27 July 1860, 1.
15. "Camilla Clara Cobb," in Noble Warrum, *Utah since Statehood* (Chicago and Salt Lake City: S. J. Clarke Publishing Company, 1919), 3:1121–22.
16. Kerr, Papers; Anne Marie Fox Felt, Papers, Special Collections, Marriott Library, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah; Daughters of Utah Pioneers, *Schoolteachers*, pamphlet (Salt Lake City: DUP, 1982).
17. Burton, *Karl G. Maeser*, 16.
18. Felt, Papers.
19. Prior to his marriage to Camilla Meith, James T. Cobb was married to Mary Van Cott. They had a daughter, Luella Cobb. After their marriage was dissolved Mary became one of Brigham Young's wives. Mary was the mother of Brigham Young's last child, Fannie (Leonard J. Arrington, *Brigham Young: American Moses* [New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1985], 333–34).
20. Harold H. Jenson, "True Pioneer Stories," 528.

21. Ralph V. Chamberlain, *The University of Utah: A History of Its First Hundred Years, 1850–1950* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1960), 585.
22. Evelyn Fannon, interview by author, tape recording, American Fork, Utah, 1 November 1995.
23. Felt, Papers.
24. "The Pioneer Kindergarten," *Woman's Exponent* 25 (1 April 1897): 124.
25. Ibid.
26. Ibid.
27. Mary Woodland Fox, "An Enduring Legacy," in Kate B. Carter, *Treasures of Utah Pioneer History* (Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1952), 1:59–62.
28. The gifts were an intrinsic part of Froebel's kindergarten methods. He arranged them in a logical geometric sequence. The first gift is the ball, which represents finding, clasping, rolling, sliding, and falling. The second gift is a wooden sphere, which represents variety, contrast, and synthesis. The third through tenth gifts were cubes, squares, triangles, and rings signifying building and infinite possibilities. Like gifts, occupations were an intrinsic part of Froebel's system. They were presented and used after the child was familiar with all of the gifts. They include activities using solid forms and textures such as drawing, paper twisting, embroidering, clay modeling, et cetera (Elizabeth Dale Ross, *The Kindergarten Crusade: The Establishment of Preschool Education in the United States* [Athens: Ohio University Press, 1976], 6.
29. Kerr, Papers; "The Pioneer Kindergarten," 124.
30. "The Pioneer Kindergarten," 124; Fox, "An Enduring Legacy."
31. "The Pioneer Kindergarten," 124.
32. Felt, Papers.
33. Ibid.
34. Harold H. Jenson, "True Pioneer Stories," 528.
35. Felt, Papers.
36. Ibid.
37. Camilla Clara Cobb, "The Kindergarten," *Woman's Exponent* 4 (September 1875): 47.
38. Ibid.
39. The only available account that gives a specific number of years that Cobb taught kindergarten is the interview by Mrs. C. D. Fox contained in the Felt Papers. However, the September 1875 issue of the *Woman's Exponent* reported that on 30 August 1875 Cobb began the school year as an assistant teacher for Miss M. E. Cook at the Social Hall. It also stated that Cobb was the teacher responsible for second grade readers (*Woman's Exponent* 4 [September 1875]: 61). Whether Cobb carried out her kindergarten while teaching at Miss Cook's school is unclear, but probably not likely.
40. Fox, interview.
41. Felt, Papers.
42. Heber J. Grant, "My School Days," *Improvement Era* 44 (November 1941): 665.
43. Felt, Papers.

44. Felt, Fox, and Kerr verify this fact.
45. J. Peterson and L. Gaunt, *The Children's Friends: Primary Presidents and Their Lives of Service* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1996), 11–12.
46. Salt Lake Stake, Historical Records and Minutes, 1897, LDS Archives.
47. Ibid.
48. Lynn M. Hilton, ed., *The Story of Salt Lake Stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints: 125 Year History* (Salt Lake City: Salt Lake Stake, 1972), 318.
49. Peterson and Gaunt, 16.
50. Conference Report, October 1899, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah, 66.
51. Conrad A. Harward, "A History of the Growth and Development of the Primary Association of the LDS Church, 1878–1928" (master's thesis, Brigham Young University, 1976), 193–94.
52. Reinhard Maeser, "Camilla Clara Cobb: First Kindergarten Teacher in Utah," *Relief Society Magazine* 10 (October 1923): 501.
53. "Utah Pioneer Teacher Honored at Luncheon," Camilla C. Cobb file, 1920, Historical Department, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah. The exact date of the luncheon is not printed in the newspaper article.
54. "Pioneer Kindergarten Teacher of Utah," *Deseret Evening News*, 25 November 1922.
55. Utah State Kindergarten Association, in Felt, Papers, 7a.
56. Fox, "An Enduring Legacy," 61.
57. Ibid.
58. Ibid.
59. Mary A. Parsons, "Reminiscences of the Beginning of Kindergartens in Salt Lake City, Utah," in Felt Papers, 1929, 3.
60. Charlotte Anderson to Anne Marie Fox Felt, 1930, Felt Papers; Charlotte Anderson to Jane Skolfield, 1930, Felt Papers.
61. Kerr, Papers.
62. "Kindergarten Association to Honor Charter Members on Fortieth Anniversary," *Sunday Morning Tribune*, 17 May 1936.
63. Ibid.
64. "Pioneer Teacher of Utah is Dead," 1933, Camilla C. Cobb file, Historical Department, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah.
65. Fox, "An Enduring Legacy," 61–62.

Chapter 4

1. Board of Directors Meeting Minutes, First Church of Christ, Scientist, Salt Lake City, Utah, 21.
2. Sydney E. Ahlstrom, "Mary Baker Eddy," in *Notable American Women, 1607–1950* (Cambridge: Belnap Press of Harvard University Press, 1971), 1:551–61.

3. Andrew Jenson, "Joseph Leland Heywood," *Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia* (Salt Lake City: Andrew Jenson History Company, 1901), 1:646–47.
4. Orson F. Whitney, "Obsequies of B. B. Heywood," *Deseret Evening News*, 27 August 1909, 5.
5. Ronald W. Walker, "Growing Up in Early Utah: The Wasatch Literary Association, 1874–1878," *Sunstone* 6 (November/December 1981): 44–51; Wasatch Literary Association minute book, LDS Archives.
6. Jill Mulvay Derr, "The Liberal Shall Be Blessed: Sarah M. Kimball," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 44 summer 1976): 205–21.
7. "Pioneer Utah Business Man Dies, Age 86," *Deseret News,* 3 February 1941, 9.
8. Lee Z. Johnson (archivist of the Mother Church, Boston, Massachusetts) to Jeffery O. Johnson, 17 November 1982, original in possession of the author.
9. Board of Directors Meeting Minutes, 13 January 1892, 37.
10. Seymour B. Young, Journal, 21 June 1896, LDS Archives.
11. Andrew Jenson, "Joseph Young," *Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia*, 1:187-88.
12. Andrew Jenson, "Seymour Bicknell Young," *Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia*, 200–202.
13. "LeGrande Young," obituary, *Deseret News*, 25 July 1921, section 2, p. 1.
14. Board of Directors Meeting Minutes, 100.
15. Kenneth L. Cannon II, "Brigham Bicknell Young, Musical Christian Scientist," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 50 (spring 1982): 124–38.
16. Board of Directors Meeting Minutes, 1891 to 1893.
17. Ibid., 13 January 1892, 37.
18. Kittie Kimball to William Beatie, 2 July 1893, copy in the Seventeenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake, General Minutes, 11:78, LDS Archives.
19. Mary Baker G. Eddy, "Educational System of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College," *Christian Science Journal* 16 (1898–1899): 671–72.
20. Mrs. Kimball is listed as a practitioner in the *Christian Science Journal* 14 (1896–1897).
21. S. M. Kimball to Mary B. Heywood, 1 December 1897, LDS Archives.
22. *Historical Sketch, First Church of Christ, Scientist, Salt Lake City, Utah* (Salt Lake City: First Church of Christ, Scientist, 1981).
23. "In Their New Home, Christian Scientists Dedicate a Beautiful Edifice," *Salt Lake Daily Tribune*, 28 November 1898.
24. "Church Dedication at Salt Lake City," *Christian Science Journal* 16 (1898–1899): 682.
25. Yvonne C. Von Fettweis (church historian) to Jeffery O. Johnson, email, Boston, Massachusetts, 15 December 1997.
26. "Mrs. Lucretia H. Kimball Passes Away in Boston," *Deseret News,* 24 February 1920, 2.
27. Mary Baker G. Eddy, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* (Boston: First Church of Christ, Scientist, 1971), 63.

Chapter 5

1. Nellie Cluff Bailey, "History of the Life of Nellie Cluff Bailey" (unpublished, 1949). Unless otherwise indicated, all vital statistics and subsequent references to Nellie Bailey's history are from this same personal account. "Mutual" was the nickname of the LDS young men's and women's social and cultural organization, the Mutual Improvement Association.
2. The advertisement was for *Ancestry*, a ten-part television series for PBS, in *Utah Symphony Presents Kathleen Battle, Utah Symphony Brochure*, ed. Gilbert W. and Calvin K. Scharffs, January 1997, 27.
3. "Church, Civic Leader Dies in Price," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 22 July 1939, 16.
4. "Price Woman Leader Dies," *Deseret News*, 22 July 1939, 8.
5. Virginia Harding Carnavali, telephone interview by author, 24 November 1997.
6. Nellie Cluff Bailey, "History."
7. William M. Wilson, *Pictorial Provo, An Illustrated Industrial Review of Provo the Garden City of Utah* (n.p., 1910).
8. Several family members have confirmed that an affair between Oliver Bailey and another woman occurred. The name of the other woman is known, but the author thinks it unnecessary to name her here. What is important is that Oliver's and Nellie's marriage survived.
9. Tillie Merlene Wells Bailey, telephone interview by author, 7 December 1997.
10. Choir records are sketchy around the turn of the century. I was not able to find information as to when and what Ora sang.
11. Official Brigham Young University transcript, file 106123, issued to the author 29 October 1997. Subsequent references to classes and grades are cited from this transcript.
12. Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, has yearbooks dating back to 1911.
13. "The Music School," *The Banyan*, Junior Class (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University, 1911).
14. "The Music School," *BYUTAH* (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Student Body, 1913).
15. Ibid.
16. Ibid.
17. "The Music School," *The Banyan*, 1911, 196.
18. "Big Audiences Turn Out to Hear Comic Opera," *Price (Utah) Sun*, 11 February 1927, 2.
19. "Church Normal and Training School," *The Banyan*, 1916.
20. A. C. Lund, "Highlights of the Year," *The Banyan*, 1914, 15.
21. "Church Normal and Training School," *The Banyan*, 1917, 144.
22. "B.Y.U. Symphony Orchestra Proves Great Success," *The Banyan*, 1917, 144.
23. Ibid.
24. Ibid.
25. Nellie Cluff Bailey, "History."

26. Captions by class pictures, *The Banyan*, 1916.
27. Thatcher C. Jones, interview by author, Salt Lake City, 1980s.
28. Carnavali, interview.
29. Historical Records and Minutes, Price, Utah Stake, microfilm LR 1403 17, access number: 15097-Lunt91 (72). Subsequent references to these records will be given by date only in the text.
30. Ora's obituary reports she served seventeen years as stake MIA choir director for the Carbon Stake. According to the LDS Church manuscript records, she served eleven years, from August 1928 to July 1939.
31. Nona Stevens Smith, *Nona Is Another Name for Love,* self-published personal history, 19 August 1989, 105.
32. Nona Stevens Smith, interview by author, 10 December 1997.
33. Barbara Bailey Hess, telephone interview by author, 14 December 1998.
34. Mae Lemon Barton, telephone interview by author, 15 November 1997. Subsequent comments from Mae are taken from this interview.
35. "Cast Selected for High School Opera," *Price (Utah) Sun-Advocate*, 8 February 1937. References to other school operas are taken from the *Sun-Advocate* and are given in the text by date only.
36. Anne Ewers, interview by author, 20 November 1997. Subsequent statements by Anne Ewers are taken from this interview.
37. "Community Opera Plans Under Way," *Price (Utah) Sun-Advocate*, 11 March 1937.
38. "Opera Scheduled Two Nights This Week," *Price (Utah) Sun-Advocate*, 15 April 1937, 1.
39. "Community Opera Presentation by Carbon Stake M.I.A. Scores Success Here Thursday, Friday," *Price (Utah) Sun-Advocate*, 22 April 1937. Names are spelled as they appear in the article.
40. This picture was given to the author by Bruce Bryner of Price, Utah. Cherrinda Beck Gardner produced a second copy.
41. Dorothy Olsen Whitney, telephone interview by author, 16 December 1997.
42. "Selection of Leads for M.I.A. Opera Is Made," *Price (Utah) Sun-Advocate*, 10 February 1938, 1. I have corrected the spelling of those names I know; otherwise names are spelled as they appear in the article. Names of characters are spelled according to *G. Schirmer's Collection of Opera Librettos*.
43. "Carbon M.I.A. Opera Committees Named," *Price (Utah) Sun-Advocate*, 3 March 1938.
44. "'Carmen' to Be Presented Here Wednesday, Thursday," *Price (Utah) Sun-Advocate*, 31 March 1938, 1.
45. "Country Singers Display Talents in Famed Opera," *Price (Utah) Sun-Advocate*, 7 April 1938.
46. "The Musical Languages of *Carmen*," essay in author's private research (n.p., n.d.), 44.
47. "'Carmen' Comments," *Price (Utah) Sun-Advocate*, 7 April 1938, 7.
48. Elaine Jensen, telephone interview by author, 16 December 1937.

49. "Church, Civic Leader Dies in Price."
50. Lurean Stevens Harding, interview by author, 18 December 1997.
51. "The Musical Languages of *Carmen*," 46.

Chapter 6

1. Georganne Ballif Arrington, "Algie Eggertsen Ballif: Dance Pioneer at Brigham Young University, 1919–1923" (master's thesis, Brigham Young University, 1983), 36.
2. Algie Eggertsen Ballif, interview by Georganne Arrington, Provo, Utah, 1977.
3. "Lars Echart Eggertsen," Manuscript Collection, 1902, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah (hereinafter cited as Eggertsen Collection).
4. Ibid.
5. "Lars Eggertsen Holds Library Evening," *Springville (Utah) Independent*, February 1902.
6. Eggertsen Collection, 1907.
7. "Springville Has Own Art Museum," *Springville (Utah) Independent*, 10 April 1907.
8. Eggertsen Collection, 1907.
9. Esther Eggertsen Peterson, interview by Georganne Arrington, Provo, Utah, 1982.
10. Esther Eggertsen Peterson, interview.
11. Algie Eggertsen Ballif kept extensive diaries, which have been transcribed for the family by her daughter, Algene Ballif Marcus. Hereafter quotations from this diary will be cited in notes only if the date is not given in the text. The family is currently investigating donation of copies to the University of Utah and Brigham Young University libraries.
12. Algene B. Marcus, "Algie Eggertsen, 1914: Diary of a Mormon Girl" (unpublished paper given at Alice Louise Reynolds Forum), 23–24.
13. Ibid., 2.
14. Ibid., 7.
15. Ibid., 7–8.
16. Ibid., 18.
17. Algie's 1914 diary, as quoted in Marcus, "Algie Eggertsen."
18. Marcus, "Algie Eggertsen," 7–8.
19. Ibid., 21.
20. Ibid., 26–27.
21. Ibid.
22. Ballif, Arrington interview.
23. Ibid.
24. Ibid.
25. Brigham Young University Course Catalogue, 1915–1916.

26. Ballif, Arrington interview.
27. Marcus, "Algie Eggertsen," 10.
28. Algie Eggertsen Ballif, Diaries (unpublished), 1914.
29. Marcus, "Algie Eggertsen," 13–14.
30. Ballif, Diaries, 1916.
31. Ibid.
32. Ibid.
33. Ibid.
34. Algene B. Marcus, foreword, in Ballif, Diaries, 1916.
35. Ballif, Diaries, Sunday, 1 October 1916.
36. Marcus, foreword, 1916.
37. Ballif, Diaries, 1916.
38. Ibid.
39. Ibid.
40. Algene B. Marcus, foreword, in Ballif, Diaries, 1917 (with four letters to her from George S. Ballif), i–ii.
41. Ibid.
42. Ibid.
43. Ibid., iii.
44. Ballif, Arrington interview.
45. Brigham Young University Course Catalogue, 1919.
46. Ballif, Arrington interview.
47. Ibid.
48. G. Cash, "E. L. Roberts: A Study in Leadership" (unpublished paper).
49. Ballif, Diaries, 1916.
50. Ballif, Arrington interview.
51. Ibid.
52. C. Hugh Holman, *A Handbook to Literature* (New York: Odyssey Press, 1972).
53. Ballif, Arrington interview.
54. Ibid.
55. Ibid.
56. Ibid.
57. Ibid.
58. Ibid.
59. Ibid.
60. Ibid.
61. Ibid.
62. Algie Eggertsen Ballif, interview by Kay Alta Haynes, 24 March and 1 April 1974, for Provo City Oral History Project, transcript, Charles Redd Center for Western Studies, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, 12.
63. Ballif, Arrington interview.
64. Brigham Young University Course Catalog, 1922.
65. Ballif, Arrington interview.
66. Ibid.

67. Ballif, Haynes interviews, 12–13.
68. Ibid.
69. Ibid., 17.
70. "Algie Ballif Wore Same Gown Worn at Pres. Grant Inaugural" *Provo (Utah) Herald*, 24 May 1985, 17.
71. Ballif, Haynes interviews, 18.
72. "Algie Ballif Wore Same Gown"
73. Ballif, Haynes interviews, 18.
74. Ibid., 18, 28–29.
75. Ibid., 13.
76. Ibid., 14.
77. Ibid.
78. Alice Louise Reynolds Forum, "Women and Equal Rights," transcript, 30 September 1980, Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, 2.
79. Ballif, Haynes interviews, 29.
80. Ibid., 28.
81. Ibid., 27–28.
82. Ibid., 19–20.
83. "Algie E. Ballif, Alpha Theta State Honorary Member, Dies at 88," *Alpha Theta State News*, the Delta Kappa Gamma Society International, vol. XXXI, no. 1 (September 1984): 6.
84. Ballif, Haynes interviews, 19.
85. Ibid., 20.
86. Ibid.
87. "Respect for Others," *Woman's Chronicler*, October 1976.
88. Ballif, Haynes interviews, 21–22.
89. Ibid., 21.
90. Algene B. Marcus and Grethe Peterson, interview by authors, Salt Lake City, Utah, October 1999.
91. Ballif, Haynes interviews, 21.
92. Marcus and Petersen, interview.
93. Ballif, Haynes interviews, 21.
94. Ibid., 22.
95. Ibid., 22–23.
96. Ibid., 23.
97. Ibid., 24.
98. Ibid.
99. Ibid.
100. Ibid.
101. Ibid., 31.
102. Elouise Bell, "In Memoriam: Algie Ballif," *Network Magazine*, August 1984.
103. Ibid.
104. Ibid.

105. Algie Ballif, interview on KUTV, February 1984, quoted in Renee C. Nelson, "The World Was Algie's Friend," *Provo (Utah) Herald*, 19 January 1985, 14.
106. Alice Louise Reynolds Forum, 24.
107. Members of Alice Louise Reynolds Forum, "Conversations about Women," interview by Algene B. Marcus, transcript, summer 1980, 27.
108. Rose Mary Pedersen Budge, "The Roots That Shaped Our Lives," *Deseret News*, February 1981, Living section. In January 1985, after Algie's death, the Forum was renamed the Algie Ballif Forum in her honor (Renee C. Nelson, "Algie Ballif's Name Has Miles to Go," *Provo {Utah} Herald*, 15 January 1985, 13).
109. Members of Alice Louise Reynolds Forum, "Conversations about Women," 27.
110. Ibid., 20.
111. Theron H. Luke, "Algie Ballif Was Profile in Courage for Women," *Deseret News,* 6 August 1984.
112. Bell, "In Memoriam."

Chapter 7

1. Marion Garland Davis Clegg, *My Life on Trial*, (Salt Lake City: privately published, 1983), 90. A copy is at Utah State Historical Society (USHS) and FHL, and Wasatch County Library. Rhodes also wrote the words to "Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cookie," made famous by George Burns and Gracie Allen.
2. Ibid., 95.
3. Board Option Agreement, Glencoe Mine, Camp Floyd Mining rict, and unidentified newspaper clipping, originals of both in possession of John Davis, San Rafael, California.
4. Clegg, *My Life On Trial*, 4.
5. Ibid., 6.
6. Neil Murbarger, "Orderville, Kane County, Utah: Utopia's Ghost," in *Locality Histories*, ed. Helen R. Grant (Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1993), 403–7.
7. Eldred G. Smith (patriarch emeritus of the LDS Church), interview by author, Salt Lake City, September 1988; Patricia Christiansen-Burke, interview by author, Salt Lake City, June 1995. Years later, when Marion was a widow, an Orderville romance was rekindled. Her former beau, a widower, took her to the San Diego Zoo and a Chinese restaurant (escorted by the beau's son). Marion's sister Grace asked her how she enjoyed the date. Marion replied, "I liked the son better."
8. Marjorie Jarrett and Patricia Christiansen-Burke (Marion's daughters), interview by author, Heber City, Utah, August 1989.
9. Marion, who had dreamed of being a writer, was ecstatic when her daughter Marjorie was given a $10,000 advance for her novel, *Wives of the Wind*, (New York: Seaview books, 1980), and the *New York Times* gave it a rave review.
10. Ray's brother, Herbert, later became governor of Utah.

11. Clegg, *My Life on Trial*, 49.
12. John C. Clegg, "History of Reservoirs on Upper Provo River" (unpublished manuscript, 29 March 1994), 1. John is Marion and Cardie's son and was also Cardie's assistant at the lakes for several seasons.
13. Clegg, *My Life on Trial*, 52.
14. Ibid., 58.
15. Ibid., 80. Luke's is now called Mountain Spa.
16. Dorothy Eggleston, *Heber Third Ward History,* 1903–1986 (Provo, Utah: Heber Third Ward, 1986), 119; William James Mortimer, *How Beautiful Upon the Mountains: A Centennial History of Wasatch County* (Salt Lake City: Wasatch County Chapter, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1963), 62.
17. Pearl Robbins, "CowBelles of the Past," *Western Livestock Journal*, vol. 45, no. 31 (May 1967); Rosemerry Eastlake, "Cowbells Are Active with Six Utah Clubs," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 20 March 1949. The article includes a photo of Marion, Edna Montgomery, Deon Hicken, and Mrs. Frank Knight.
18. Clegg, *My Life on Trial*, 79.
19. Ibid., 144–54. It contains all of her Hicks Holler articles.
20. Wasatch County Daughters of Utah Pioneers, *Under Wasatch Skies, 1858–1900*, ed. Leslie S. Raty (Deseret News Press, 1954), 98.
21. Patricia Christiansen-Burke and Terri J. Barton (Marion's granddaughter), interview by author, Salt Lake City, June 1995. Marion's concern for her children's education and civic-mindedness appeared in their later accomplishments. Marjorie taught college English and was a faculty member of the St. George Homes Treatment Center for Schizophrenic Adolescents in Berkeley, where she also directed their biofeedback laboratory. Pat earned a master's degree from Columbia School of Journalism and won a Pulitzer prize of a year's travel abroad, then worked as an editor for Planning Research in Los Angeles and as a psychologist with the Los Angeles Unified School District. John earned a Ph.D. in electrical engineering, worked at General Electric in New York, Space Technology Laboratories in California, and Brigham Young University, from which he retired. Jerry spent his career as a professor of philosophy at Mills College, Oakland, California, where he wrote prolifically, including *The Structure of Plato's Philosophy* and a wonderfully humorous, deep, philosophical treatise entitled "Dam Mending"—a tribute to his tenure as Cardie's "work force."
22. Clegg, *My Life on Trial*, 87–89.
23. Rental fees reached their maximum in the 1950s when boats were 50¢ an hour or $2 a day; horses were $3 per day to fishermen who rode them to lakes, fished, and rode them straight home. Cardie rarely rented horses by the hour since it was too hard on them. Rooms were $2.50 per double bed with guests bringing their own bedding.
24. Clegg, *My Life on Trial*, 100. It contains Marion's version of Ollie's prize-winning tale. Ollie worked for Shupe Williams Candy Company in Ogden, from which he delivered candy to Marion for decades.

25. Ibid., 162–63. It shows three photographs from the *Deseret News* of Cardie and the snow cat at Trial Lake on 26 March 1949.
26. Ibid., 114.
27. Ibid., 100. For ten years while Marjorie was married to Vern Adix, they occasionally hosted University of Utah Theatre Department personnel, and the shadow operations were considerably more sophisticated with their expertise. Patients even gave birth to Vern's handmade marionettes. In 1994 Vern was inducted into the University of Utah Pioneer State Theatre Hall of Fame.
28. Clegg, *My Life on Trial*, 100–101.
29. Jerry Clegg, interviews by author, Heber City, Utah, July 1995 and August 1998. For decades Jerry led Sierra Club members to mountain tops all over the world, literally bumping into Russia's Boris Yeltsin twice on different trips and surviving a 1997 black bear attack in Kings Canyon, California.
30. Clegg, *My Life On Trial*, 106.
31. John C. Clegg, "The Trial Lake Lodge" (unpublished manuscript, 29 March 1994), 2.
32. Clegg, *My Life on Trial*, 129.
33. Mary Lou Christensen (granddaughter of John Grix and current owner of the cabin), interview by author, August 1999. She said actor and director Robert Redford recently had the cabin photographed inside and out because of its superior construction. He was considering using it in his film *The Horse Whisperer*. Cardie designed it and helped build it as well. The U.S. Forest Service wanted it and the Maycock cabin next to it removed, but because they are historical sites with considerable public support, their fate has been put on hold until 2015.
34. Clegg, *My Life on Trial*, 97.
35. Ibid., 96.
36. John C. Clegg and Patricia Christiansen-Burke, interview by author, Heber City, Utah, June 1995.
37. John C. Clegg, "History of Reservoirs," 3.
38. Marjorie Jarrett, "Three Shorts and a Long," (unpublished manuscript, n.d.), 4.
39. Clegg, *My Life on Trial*, 116.
40. Ibid., 112. Lakes Cardie named for family are Marjorie, Lillian (Pat's first given name), Jack (John's nickname), Jerry (actually named by a forest ranger for him), Carol, Ramona, Mona Rae, Karen, and Adix; others he named include Neil, Rhodes, Faith, Hope, and Peter, James, and John also known as the three "divide lakes." Clegg Lake had been named for Cardie's father, John Henry Lewis Clegg, who was president of the Wasatch Irrigation Company when he supervised construction of the Washington Lake dam in 1910.
41. In 1995 the *Salt Lake Tribune* sponsored a contest to name the highest mountain peaks in three Utah counties. Because Wasatch County's peak shows up on photos behind Cardie's cabin, and because he planted fish in all the lakes at its base for many years, his children thought it a grand opportunity to honor him. Whereas he could simply give lakes names while planting fish in them, it now takes many people many months to approve a name. Those who gave their

approval are the Wasatch County Commission, the Utah Committee for Geographic Names, the U.S. Forest Service, the U.S. Geological Survey, and the U.S. Board on Geographic Names.

42. Clegg, *My Life on Trial*, 116. The Utah Division of Wildlife Resource's Lee Kay Center for Hunter Education and Public Shooting in western Salt Lake Valley is named for him.
43. Marion Garland Davis Clegg, "Singing Up the Sun," in *Best Loved Contemporary Poems*, ed. Eddie-Lou Cole (n.p., 1979); Marion Garland Davis Clegg, "The Rain Is Over," *Relief Society Magazine*, vol. 28, no. 4, 230; Marion Garland Davis Clegg, "Thoughts on a Summer's Day," in *My Life on Trial*, 155.
44. Minutes of the Union Reservoir Company Meeting of Interested Parties, Provo, Utah, 9 January 1975, 1–2.
45. John C. Clegg, "The Trial Lake Lodge," 3.
46. The Trial Lake dike washed out 7 June 1986. Both it and the 1910 dam were rebuilt by 1990. Dams on Washington and Lost Lakes were replaced in 1994–1995. Those three reservoirs now provide water storage for the Kamas area. Wall Lake's new dam will store water to be used for irrigation in times of drought. The Union Reservoir Company has been dissolved and the Central Utah Water Conservancy District now operates the dams. The other eleven reservoirs (Star, Teapot, Crystal, Long, Weir, Marjorie, Pot, #6 [Duck], #5 [Fire], Island, and Big Elk) are in various stages of being turned back into lakes by the Forest Service and Bureau of Reclamation. Some dams have been rebuilt, not for irrigation purposes, but to stabilize the lakes at higher water levels than they naturally are. Their runoff is stored in the Jordanelle Reservoir north of Heber City, first filled in 1995.

Chapter 8

1. Roma Iasella Ganz to Alta Miller, 19 March 1993. Ms. Miller kindly granted the editor an interview and access to many of her papers; unless otherwise indicated, information in the notes for this chapter comes from those interviews.
2. Josephina Wilhelmina Jorgensen Cook.
3. Agnes Cook.
4. William Kuch changed his name to Cook when he arrived in America.
5. Leasers were men who staked out property and filed claims with the government for the right to mine for minerals in that area.
6. Alexander and Roseanna Mary Dickerson Miller.
7. Etherick was also known as Doc.
8. William Wing Louie says this traditional Chinese funeral could have been conducted by a family association or, if Ching Ling, like many early settlers, had no family in the area, by Bing Gong Tong, a political association which had a building in Plum Alley in Salt Lake City where most Chinese businesses were located.

9. Alta also recalls that once a month Dr. Stropp would conduct examinations of the local prostitutes to be sure they were free from disease. The children would come out to watch the beautiful women, dressed far more elegantly than any other women in town, walk along the main street from Lower Bingham to Upper Bingham because they assumed this was some sort of parade.
10. Doll Day or Girls' Day was 3 March, and Kite Day or Boys' Day was 5 May; both are traditional Japanese celebrations.
11. One wit noted that the streets were so narrow that dogs could only wag their tails up and down.
12. The Works Project Administration (WPA) was one of the Depression recovery programs of Franklin Roosevelt's administration.
13. The Primary is the organization for children, ages eighteen months through twelve years, of the LDS Church. The general board creates the programs, lessons, and activities used throughout the church. The *Children's Friend* was the magazine published for those children and their teachers; it is currently called *The Friend.*
14. People who know Alta say this is an understatement.

Chapter 9

1. Ada Duhigg, Autobiography, The Commission on History and Archives, and the Heseoreal Society, The Rocky Mountain Conference, United Methodist Church, 1983. As all of Ada's family preceded her in death, she came to regard a former pupil and good friend, Janie Montoya, as her descendant. Ada entrusted Montoya with all of her family pictures and many of her papers (hereinafter cited as Duhigg Papers). Montoya plans to donate them to the Hilltop United Methodist Church at 106 South Tenth East, where many of the Bingham Canyon Methodists regrouped after their own center was gone. Copies of many of those papers and photographs are available at the Utah State Historical Society. Ada's father's given name has not been located.
2. Duhigg, Autobiography.
3. Janie Montoya, interviews by author, 1997–1998.
4. Sophia Piedmont, interviews by author, 1997–1998.
5. "I Am the Highland Boy Community House" transcript, in Duhigg Papers.
6. Piedmont, interviews.
7. Montoya, interviews.
8. Vern Baer, teacher, quoted in Helen Zeese Papanikolas, "Life and Labor among the Immigrants of Bingham Canyon," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, vol. 33, no. 4 (fall 1965): 289.
9. "I Am the Highland Boy Community House."
10. Vern Abreu, *Bingham to Highland Boy* (Bingham Canyon, Utah: n.p., 1986), 207.
11. Piedmont, interviews.

12. Peg Beeler, Ada Duhigg's Life, recorded at Frasier Meadows Health Care Center, Boulder, Colorado, 1978 (copy included in Duhigg Papers).
13. Ibid.
14. "Folks in Bingham Canyon Recall Energetic Angel of the Canyon," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 11 October 1980.
15. Lynn Bailey, *Old Reliable: A History of Bingham Canyon, Utah* (Tucson, Arizona: Westernlore Press, 1988), 159.
16. Claire Noall, "Serbian Austrian Christmas at Highland Boy" *Utah Historical Quarterly*, vol. 33, no. 4 (fall 1965).
17. Untitled article, *Salt Lake Tribune*, 11 October 1980, Religion section (included in Duhigg Papers).
18. Montoya, interviews; Marie Angello Nichol, "Highland Boy Community House to Celebrate 25th Anniversary—A Small Tribute to a Great Lady," *Bingham (Utah) Bulletin*, 2 October 1952.
19. Plaque in the Ada Duhigg Room, Hilltop Methodist Church, Salt Lake City, Utah.
20. Montoya, interviews.
21. Ada Duhigg to (her friend) Peg Beeler, Frasier Meadows Manor, Boulder, Colorado, 1980, with instructions to mail copies upon her death.
22. Peter Scarlet, "Copperton Memorial Service to Honor Beloved Minister," *Salt Lake Tribune,* 17 July 1992.
23. Ibid.
24. "Joy in Mission," comp. Peg Beeler, typescript (included in Duhigg Papers).

Chapter 10

1. Susan Mumford's pen and ink drawing of the McCune mansion appeared in the first volume of *Worth Their Salt*, 88.
2. "Ella Gilmer Peacock: Autobiographical Information," typescript copy of a videotaped interview of Peacock by Sharon R. Gray, Peacock file, Springville Museum of Art, Springville, Utah. Because the reminiscence rambles (as reminiscences do), it is presented here chronologically. Ellipses frequently (in fact, usually) indicate something has been moved to another point in the text rather than removed altogether. Phraseology is maintained as in the original; spelling of names spoken but not available in print are represented as phonetically as possible.
3. Michael O. Bryson, "Spring City" (unpublished poem), copy in the author's possession.
4. Kathryn Smoot Egan, "Ella Peacock: Painting What She Sees," *Network*, November 1995.
5. Bryson, "Spring City."
6. The Willburns were noted chocolate makers.
7. George was forty at the time. Peacock recalled years later: "He had the pincushion I'd made of cardboard and scraps of material in his pocket" (Egan, "Ella Peacock").

8. A "fonie" was apparently some sort of cheating device, a "crib sheet."
9. The school was the Art School at the Maryland Institute, now the Moore College of Art. Some of the influential teachers who taught there were R. Sloan Bredin, Henry B. Snell, and Sam Murray.
10. She also painted murals in the homes of the wealthy of Germantown. In a recreation room she once painted a wall to resemble the control panel of a spaceship (Egan, "Ella Peacock").
11. She was paid 4¢ apiece for lampshades and 50¢ per hour to simulate stained glass on ordinary glass.
12. During World War II there was a shortage of draftsmen and the government offered free schooling to those who would enroll to learn that trade. So Peacock enrolled in drafting, and after only a few weeks' instruction got her first job. Though it was difficult for a woman to work in that predominately male profession, she spent most of her working years as a professional draftsperson.
13. Egan, "Ella Peacock."
14. Helen Forsberg, "Ella Peacock, Painter of 'Direct Honesty,' Dies at 93," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 4 July 1999, D3; "Ella Smyth Peacock," obituary, *Deseret News*, 27 June 1999.
15. Dawn Pheysey, quoted in "BYU Exhibit Honors Artist," *Utah County Journal*, 7 April 1991.
16. Egan, "Ella Peacock."
17. Ibid.
18. Osril Allred, interview by author, 1998.
19. "BYU Exhibit Honors Artist."
20. Ron Staker, interview by author, 1998.
21. Egan, "Ella Peacock."
22. Forsberg, "Ella Peacock"; "Ella Smyth Peacock."

Chapter 11

1. Elliott Negin, "Esther Peterson: The Grande Dame of Consumerism," *Public Citizen* (winter 1985), 21.
2. "Do What Is Right," in *Hymns of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* (Salt Lake City: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1985), no. 237; Will L. Thompson, "Have I Done Any Good?" in *Hymns*, no. 223.
3. Esther Peterson, "The World beyond the Valley," *Sunstone*, November 1991, 23.
4. Esther Peterson, *Restless* (n.p.: Caring Publishing, 1995), iii.
5. Ibid., 19.
6. Ibid., 40.
7. Ibid., 87.
8. Esther Peterson, speech given at meetings of the American Council on Consumer Interests, Fort Worth, Texas, April 1985.
9. Negin, "Esther Peterson," 19.
10. UPI report, 2 February 1964.

11. Esther Peterson, "The World beyond the Valley," 24.
12. Esther Peterson, speech for American Council on Consumer Interests.
13. Keith B. Richburg, "Esther Peterson, Foreign Agent?" *Washington Post*, 1 November 1984.
14. Esther Peterson, speech to American Council on Consumer Interests.
15. Marianne Funk, "Take Jobs That Make Difference Graduating Lawyers Admonished," *Deseret News*, 24 May 1992.
16. Esther Peterson, *Restless*, i.
17. Esther Peterson, *Restless*, 189.
18. John Kenneth Galbraith, address given at the annual meetings of the American Council on Consumer Interests, Washington, D.C., March 1995.
19. Esther Peterson, *Restless*, 192.

Chapter 12

1. Mary Lythgoe Bradford, *Lowell Bennion: Teacher, Counselor, Humanitarian* (Salt Lake City: Dialogue Foundation, 1995).
2. Mary Lythgoe Bradford, *Leaving Home, Personal Essays* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1987).
3. William Mulder, "Citation Honoring Virginia Sorensen on the Occasion of Her Election to Phi Beta Kappa Utah Chapter, 8 June 1988."
4. Virginia Sorensen, *A Little Lower Than the Angels* (New York: A. A. Knopf), 1942.
5. Edward L. Geary, "Peculiar People, Positive Thinkers," *Dialogue*, vol. 2, no. 2 (summer 1967): 29–30.
6. Edward L. Geary, "Mormonism's Lost Generation," *BYU Studies* 18 (fall 1977): 96.
7. Mary Lythgoe Bradford, "If You're a Writer, You Write!" interview with Virginia Sorensen, *Dialogue* 13 (fall 1980): 18.
8. Susan Elizabeth Howe, "Virginia Sorensen," *Dictionary of Literary Biography: 20th Century American West Writers*, Series A (Columbia, South Carolina: Gale Research, 1999).
9. Virginia Sorensen, *Where Nothing Is Long Ago: Memories of a Mormon Childhood* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1963).
10. Virginia Sorensen, *On This Star* (New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1946).
11. Virginia Sorensen, *The Evening and the Morning* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1949).
12. Geary, "Mormonism's Lost Generation," 96.
13. Virginia Sorensen, *The Neighbors* (New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1947).
14. Virginia Sorensen, *The Proper Gods* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1951).
15. Jacqueline Barnes, "Sacrifice to the Proper Gods," *The Association for Mormon Letters Annual, 1994*, (Salt Lake City: n.p.) 1:78.
16. Barnes, "Sacrifice," 78.
17. Virginia Sorensen, *The House Next Door: Utah, 1896* (New York: Scribners, 1954).
18. Virginia Sorensen, *Many Heavens* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1954).
19. Howe, "Virginia Sorensen."
20. Gray, quoted in Howe, "Virginia Sorensen."

21. Dale L. Morgan, "Mormon Storytellers," in *Tending the Garden: Essays on Mormon Literature,* ed. Lavina Fielding Anderson and Eugene England (Salt Lake City, Signature Books, 1996).
22. Anna Marie Smith, interviewed by author, 20 September 1998.
23. Virginia Sorensen, "World in a Closet," ULA Newsletter, 18:4.
24. Virginia Sorensen, *Curious Missie* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1953).
25. Virginia Sorensen, *Plain Girl* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1955).
26. Virginia Sorensen, *Miracle on Maple Hill* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1956).
27. Alec Waugh, *Island in the Sun* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1955).
28. Virginia Sorensen, *Kingdom Come* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1960).
29. Virginia Sorensen, *Lotte's Locket* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1964).
30. William Mulder, *Homeward to Zion* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1957).
31. Virginia Sorensen to Bill Mulder, quoted in Mary Lythgoe Bradford, "Virginia Sorensen: Literary Recollections from a Thirty-five Year Friendship," *The Association for Mormon Letters Annual, 1994*, 1:99.
32. Virginia Sorensen, quoted in Bradford, "When You Are a Writer."
33. Wallace Stegner and Richard W. Etulain, *Stegner: Conversations on History and Literature* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1996).
34. Sorensen, *Where Nothing Is Long Ago*.
35. Ibid., dedication.
36. Virginia Sorensen, *The Man with the Key* (New York City: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1974).
37. Virginia Sorensen, *Around the Corner* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1971).
38. Virginia Sorensen, *Friends of the Road* (New York: Antheneum, 1978).
39. Shirley Brockbank Paxman, "Where Nothing Is Long Ago: Memories of Virginia Sorensen Waugh," *The Association of Mormon Letters Annual, 1995*, 94.
40. Virginia Sorensen, "Hill Diary," 31 December 1986, original in Special Collections, Boston University library.
41. Virginia Sorensen, "Last Journal," 5 January 1990, original in Special Collections, Boston University library.
42. Paxman, "Where Nothing Is Long Ago," 94.
43. Signature Books in Salt Lake City reprinted *Where Nothing Is Long Ago* in 1998 and is in the process of reprinting more of her works.
44. Virginia Sorensen, "But Is It True?—The Novelist and His Materials," *Western Humanities Review* 7 (autumn 1953): 292.

Chapter 13

1. Lola Atiya, interviews by Kristen Rogers, 1997. Unless otherwise indicated, all quotations from and personal information on Atiya comes from these interviews.
2. Nayra Atiya, interview with Kristen Rogers, 1997.

3. Lola Atiya, interview; Everett L. Cooley Oral History Collection, 15 May 1989, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah.
4. Donna Smart, interviews with Kristen Rogers, 1997.

Chapter 14

1. Mary Cable, *Top Drawer: American High Society from the Gilded Age to the Roaring Twenties* (New York: Anteneum, 1984), 124.
2. Ross Peterson, *History of Cache County* (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Cache County Council, 1997), 200–206.
3. Frank I. Taylor, "The Millers of Utah Are the Largest Honey Producers in the World," *Nature Magazine*, March 1942, later condensed in *Reader's Digest.* It may have been used as part of a promotion for Miller Honey in Utah's State Fair in l944. See also A. E. Fife, "N. E. Miller, Pioneer Beekeeper of the West," *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, vol. 68, no. 9 (September 1940): 545–49.
4. Rita Skousen Miller, *Sweet Journey* (Colton, California: Miller Family Trust, 1994); Gean Miller FarmanFarmaian, interviews by author, 1997–1998; unless otherwise cited, information in this biography comes from these interviews.
5. Arthaud J. Afrique, *Iran Today* (Tehran: Iran National Tourist Organization, 1970), 166, 188.
6. *Encyclopedia Americana* (1994), s.v. "Iran."
7. Ibid.
8. Manucher FarmanFarmaian and Roxane FarmanFarmaian, *Blood and Oil: Memoirs of a Persian Prince* (New York: Random House, 1997), 24–44, 253, 255–66; Roxane FarmanFarmaian Stevenson, interview by author, 19 July l998.
9. FarmanFarmaian and FarmanFarmaian, *Blood and Oil*; Stevenson, interview.
10. Noh Ruz is celebrated on the vernal equinox; the new year begins on the first day of spring.
11. *Encyclopedia Americana*, l994, s.v. "Mohammed Reza Pahlavi."
12. FarmanFarmaian and FarmanFarmaian, *Blood & Oil*, 43.
13. Sattareh FarmanFarmaian with Dona Munker, *Daughter of Persia* (New York City: Doubleday, 1992).
14. "Once Upon a Time, Teacher Was a Princess," *Deseret News*, April 1990; "Teacher, 70, Brings World of Experience to Win Fifth Graders' Hearts and Minds," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 18 February 1991, B1.
15. Marian McCardell, interview by author, 1998.

Chapter 15

1. Alberta Hill Henry, interviews by author, 1998–1999. Unless otherwise indicated, all information in this biography comes from those interviews. Henry was also generous in allowing the author to copy her voluminous files, clippings, and correspondences; copies of those papers have also been placed on file with the

Utah State Historical Society. Those records are referred to in this article simply as Henry Papers.

2. The family has always known that he was born in Oklahoma, but only recently has Alberta's nephew, Michael Hill, begun to trace the family genealogy and learned that it was a reservation.
3. Henry observes that if the school district could have afforded more secondary schools, they would doubtless have segregated all of them. In 1954 Topeka became the focal point for the landmark court case that outlawed segregation, *Brown v. Board of Education*.
4. David Hill, interview by author, 1998.
5. The YWPA was one of several organizations designed by the Roosevelt administration to train people and relieve poverty during the Depression of the 1930s.
6. Hill, interview.
7. Because the man is still living and could be embarrassed by having some of his actions made public, Henry declines to identify him more fully.
8. The Santa Fe Hospital was operated by the Santa Fe Railroad Company in large part for their employees, many of whom were Black; consequently it accepted Black patients.
9. Alberta did indeed speak to him again, many times. Much later, after Henry had moved to Utah, she returned to visit and took her mother to the doctor; the doctor was Fred Ford. He had become the doctor for many of the Blacks in the area.
10. For years after she could not look at chicken soup, but she still likes strawberry milk shakes.
11. That faith remains strong; today visitors to her home will frequently find a Bible lying open on the table where she was reading it.
12. She didn't see Gooch for another forty years; then, when she visited Topeka, he came by to see her. She describes it as finding someone from another world.
13. "77th Annual Life Membership and Freedom Fund Banquet" Salt Lake branch of NAACP, 25 October 1996, 7.
14. Helen F. and A. Wally Sandack, "Tribute to Alberta Henry," Henry Papers.
15. Sandack and Sandack, "Tribute."
16. Dr. Ershler remained her doctor until he retired thirty-seven years later. In that time Henry had two more major operations.
17. John 21:16–17.
18. "Railroader Recalls Old Days," *Salt Lake Tribune*, n.d., in Henry Papers.
19. Alberta Henry, "The Gift Made Possible," in *Remembering*, ed. Elizabeth Haglund (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1981).
20. Ben M. Roe, *A Blend of the Two*, compiled and edited by James M. Rock (Salt Lake City: Friends of the University of Utah Library, 1978), 117–18.
21. "Foundation Convenes on Sunday," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 22 June 1973, F3; "Bank Donates $10,000 to Scholarship Fund," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 26 April 1991, B14.
22. Shauna M. Robertson to Alberta Henry, 11 January 1993; Alberta Henry Education Foundation brochure and newsletter, no. 2 (April 1998), both in Henry Papers.

23. LeRoy Nelsen, telephone interview by author, December 1998.
24. "Utah's People of Color," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 27 December 1998, A9.
25. The Nettie Gregory Center, initially funded by the Gregory family, was a social and cultural center for Salt Lake City Blacks.
26. Henry, interviews.
27. "NAACP Drill Team," *Sunset News*, 4 October 1973.
28. Robert A. Goldberg, "Esther Rosenblatt Landa: Her Price Is Far above Rubies" in *Worth Their Salt: Notable but Often Unnoted Women of Utah*, ed. Colleen Whitley (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1996), 234.
29. "Coordinating Council—People Working Together," *Salt Lake Model Neighborhood News*, vol. 1, no. 19 (30 December 1971); *Northwest News*, June 1976, both in Henry Papers.
30. Lavor K. Chaffin, "Three to Get Honorary Degrees At U.," *Deseret News,* n.d.; "June Rites to Honor Savant, Two Utahns," n.d., both in Henry Papers.
31. Afton Forsgren to Alberta Henry, 7 July 1971, in Henry Papers.
32. M. Donald Thomas, interview by author, 1999.
33. Judee Williams to Alberta Henry, 30 May 1980, in Henry Papers.
34. Jim Rock, "Alberta Hill Henry," Henry Papers. Rock calls himself "an honorary son," and now serves as secretary-treasurer of the Henry Education Foundation.
35. Jordan Junior, no longer standing, was a school in Salt Lake District, named for its location near the Jordan River.
36. Roger Tucker, telephone interview by author, December 1998.
37. Gary Kinder, *Victim: The Other Side of Murder* (New York: Delacorte Press, 1982), 110–41.
38. Alberta Henry, press release, Salt Lake branch of NAACP, n.d., Henry Papers.
39. Raymond Paternoster, *Capital Punishment in America* (New York: Lexington Books, 1991), 15.
40. Reverend Ema White to Alberta Henry and James Gillespie, n.d., in Henry Papers.
41. Thomas, interview. For a more complete discussion of Blacks in Utah, see Ronald G. Coleman, "Blacks in Utah History: An Unknown Legacy" in *The Peoples of Utah*, ed. by Helen Z. Papanikolas (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society, 1981).
42. Debbie Hummel, "Alberta Henry: 50 Years as a Strong Voice for Utah's Minorities," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 12 October 1997, J3.

Chapter 16

1. Dr. Homer R. Warner, tribute to Thayne for the Woman of Vision Award, 8 October 1996.
2. Emma Lou Thayne, interviews by Cindy Lampropoulos, 1997–1999. Unless otherwise indicated, all information and quotations in this article come from those interviews and from materials provided by Thayne.
3. Intermountain Catholic Madeleine Award for Distinguished Service to the Arts and Humanities, 1997.

4. James F. Bailey, "Profiles," *Utah Business Magazine*, December 1969.
5. Jane Edwards, on the presentation of Emma Lou Thayne as recipient of the YWCA of Salt Lake City Outstanding Achievement Award, 22 October 1991.
6. Emma Lou Thayne, *With Love, Mother* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1975), 8–9.
7. Homer is a research physician at the University of Utah, a pioneer in developing techniques for heart surgery.
8. Rick Warner eventually established Rick Warner Ford, one of the most successful automobile dealerships in the state.
9. Gill became president of Associated Food Stores.
10. Thomas S. Monson, quoted in Helen Forsberg, "With Love, Mother: Emma Lou Thayne Speaking Out with Compassion," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 14 May 1995, J1.
11. Emma Lou Thayne, quoted in Jerry Johnston, "Emma Lou Thayne: The Poetry of Compassion," *Deseret News*, 4 May 1997.
12. Louis Zucker, "A Jew in Zion," *Sunstone*, vol. 6, no. 5 (September–October, 1987): 35–44.
13. Thayne became a friend to Short as well as a student and eventually persuaded her former teacher to publish some of her poetry in *The Old One and the Wind* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1973). When Short died, she named Thayne her literary executor. Thayne arranged for the publication of the rest of Short's work in *The Owl on the Aerial: Poems and Diaries of Clarice Short* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990), then catalogued and donated Short's papers to the University of Utah library.
14. Emma Lou Thayne, *As for Me and My House* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1989), 56–57.
15. Emma Lou Thayne, *Until Another Day for Butterflies* (Salt Lake City: Parliament Press, 1973).
16. Richard Cracroft, "A Usually Dazzling World: The Poetic Mormon Humanism of Emma Lou Thayne," paper presented at the Association of Mormon Letters Conjoint meeting, Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona, 20 October 1991.
17. Emma Lou Thayne, *Turning Points* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1981).
18. Emma Lou Thayne, *Spaces in the Sage* (Salt Lake City: Parliament Press, 1971).
19. Henry Taylor on the jacket of *Spaces in the Sage*.
20. Emma Lou Thayne, *Until Another Day for Butterflies*.
21. Ray Bradbury on the jacket of *Until Another Day for Butterflies.*
22. Emma Lou Thayne, *On Slim Unaccountable Bones* (Salt Lake City: Parliament Press, 1974).
23. Emma Lou Thayne, *The Family Bond* and *A Woman's Place* (Salt Lake City: Nishan Grey, 1977).
24. Emma Lou Thayne, *Never Past the Gate* (Salt Lake City: Peregrine Smith, 1975).
25. William Mulder's introduction of Emma Lou Thayne at the Annual Banquet of the Friends of the University of Utah Libraries, 9 May 1995.
26. Emma Lou Thayne and Becky Thayne Markosian, *Hope and Recovery: A Mother-Daughter Story about Nervosa, Bulemia, and Manic Depression* (New York: Franklin Watts, 1992), 12.

27. Emma Lou Thayne, "Where Can I Turn for Peace," *Hymns*, no. 129.
28. *Kirkus Reviews*, spring 1992.
29. As institute director, Bennion focused on the practical aspects of religion and became legendary for his humanitarian efforts.
30. Emma Lou Thayne, *Once in Israel* (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1980).
31. Esther R. Landa, foreword to *Once in Israel*, xi.
32. Emma Lou Thayne, *How Much for the Earth?* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1983).
33. Ibid., 3.
34. Ibid., 20.
35. Laurel Thatcher Ulrich won the Pulitzer for her life of midwife Martha Ballard based on the latter's diary, *A Midwife's Tale* (New York: Random House, 1990).
36. Emma Lou Thayne and Laurel Thatcher Ulrich, *All God's Critters Got a Place in the Choir* (Salt Lake City: Aspen Books, 1985).
37. Judy Magid, "All God's Critters RSVP: Good People, Good Causes," *Salt Lake Tribune*, 28 May 1995, J8.
38. Jacket comments, *All God's Critters Got a Place in the Choir.*
39. Emma Lou Thayne and Darla Hanks, *To Be a Mother, the Agonies and the Ecstasies* (Salt Lake City: Aspen Books, 1995).
40. Joe Costanzo, "SLCC Opens Thayne Center for Learning through Service," *Deseret News*, 21 July 1998.
41. Thayne, quoted in Johnston, "Emma Lou Thayne."
42. Edwards, presentation of the Salt Lake City YWCA Achievement Award.
43. Emma Lou Thayne, *Things Happen: Poems of Survival* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1991).
44. William Stafford, jacket of *Things Happen: Poems of Survival.*
45. Thayne, *Things Happen*, 60.
46. Thayne, quoted in Johnston, "Emma Lou Thayne."
47. DeAnn Evans, introduction to presentation at Sunstone Symposium, 13 August 1993.
48. Thayne, *Spaces in the Sage*, 10. The poem was also placed on a poster sent nationwide by *Utah Holiday* to advertise Utah's snow.

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