

DIXIE FOLKLORE

and

Pioneer Memoirs

A. K. HAFEN

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Foreword

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marriage Customs

From the Memoirs of John R. Young

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Medicine Man

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

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

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

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

Experiences With The White Man

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Rain Dance

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

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

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

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

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LAWLESSNESS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No trial was ever held.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Segó Lily

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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