In Another Time
Schindler, Harold

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As forceful and dominant a figure as was Brigham Young, when it came to marriage he was as vulnerable as the next man. The story goes that some husbands are forever henpecked; others are assuredly lords of the manor; Brigham, it seems, was some of both.

As an exponent of polygamy, the Mormon prophet had more to answer to than most men. The quantity and quality of the Mmes. Young had made a handsome and lucrative career for professional wits of the period like Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. Ward once remarked in a lecture, “I undertook to count the longstockings, on the clothesline in [Brigham’s] backyard one day, and I used up the multiplication table in less than a half an hour.” After his 1864 visit to Utah, Ward said, “I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can’t exactly tell you how many there is of her—but it’s a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family—unless you’re very fond of excitement.”

The precise number of Brigham’s wives remains a matter of debate for some scholars, but insofar as the church record is recoverable, he is credited with twenty-seven spouses and fifty-six children. (One popular anecdote of the day held that a geography teacher asked her class to name the principal means of transportation in Utah. A boy answered, “Baby carriages.”)

Amelia Folsom was wife no. 25 and had the reputation of being his true love, much to the chagrin and mortification of the youthful Ann Eliza Webb Dee Young, no. 27 on the list. When Amelia became part of the Young family in January 1863, she did not immediately move in with her sister-wives. In the only interview she ever granted a journalist, she told Salt Lake Tribune reporter Eugene Traughber that she remained at home for three weeks, after which she “took up residence at the Lion House. His wives and children all lived there, and each wife, including myself, had her separate room. At that time, there were 75 of us in the family, including the hired help.” Amelia also dropped Harriet as her first name, since there were two other Harriets wed to the church leader.

In his 1894 copyrighted story, Traughber told how he found “the former queen of Mormon society” in the “Junior Gardo,” a handsome and comfortable two-story house at 6 South First West street in Salt Lake City. Armed with a letter of introduction from Apostle George Q. Cannon, the

Amelia Folsom Young, plural wife of Brigham Young, Utah State Historical Society.
newspaperman called on a cold winter day and was granted an audience. "An interview is almost as difficult to obtain from Mrs. Amelia Young as from the President of the United States, as she is daily besieged by curious tourists, both in person and by letter, and when admitted these morbid curiosity-seekers always subject their hostess to humiliating and often insulting questions and comments." Traughber was careful not to make that mistake in framing his questions.

He described Amelia as "tall and symmetrical of form, dignified and graceful of manner, and a brilliant conversationalist. The silvery locks which tell of the fifty and five years of her eventful life, are mingled with the threads of gold, reminiscent of the beauty of former years, and the large blue eyes have lost nothing of their fire and expressiveness." It was easy for him to believe she had been the most popular of Brigham Young's wives, he said.

Brigham was in the habit of meeting incoming parties of pilgrims, Traughber said, and in October 1860 when the Folsoms reached the outskirts of the city in a company of Mormon immigrants, the church president and his first counselor, Heber C. Kimball, came out in a carriage to welcome them. "Amelia Folsom was then 22 years of age, and in full bloom of her beauty, while Brigham was 59," Traughber wrote. "Beautiful women were not plentiful in this then desert valley, the number of men greatly predominating in the small settlements." It seems, the newspaperman continued, to have been a well-established case of love at first sight.

If other writers are to be believed, Traughber was guilty of understatement. M. R. Werner, a Brigham Young biographer, insists the church leader was lovesick: "Amelia could play the piano, and she could sing *Fair Bingen on the Rhine*. He was captivated by both her appearance and by her accomplishments; none of his other wives was so tall, so handsome, and so refined, and none of his other wives could sing *Fair Bingen on the Rhine*." Then there was Fanny Stenhouse, an English convert who came to Utah in 1857 with her Mormon husband, newspaperman T. B. H. Stenhouse. In her unfriendly book, *Tell It All*, she writes that she was personally acquainted with nineteen of Brigham's wives and well remembered Amelia's arrival in Zion. Her opinion of their romance? "One thing is very certain—he was as crazy over her as a silly boy over his first love, much to the disgust of his more sober brethren, who felt rather ashamed of the folly of their leader."

Amelia's version is less colorful. The courtship, she said, began immediately after her arrival in Great Salt Lake Valley, and it lasted for two years, until August 1862, "when we were engaged." The marriage took place the following January.

Traughber's questions, phrased in nineteenth century idiom, lend an odd tone at this distance in time. "Did President Young employ peculiar methods of courtship?" he asked.

"I think not," she responded, "I was aware that he was the husband of a number of wives—I did not care to know how many—but that did not effect our courtship in the least. President Young was naturally dignified, but was always at ease with company."

*Brigham Young's Favorite Wife / 159*
After the marriage, was she immediately accepted into the “family?”

“No,” Amelia replied, “I remained at home three weeks, when I took up residence in the Lion House. . . . We all dine at the same table, over which President Young presided. Every morning and evening all gathered in the large room for prayers, and here also my husband presided. I afterward took up quarters in the Beehive House, but returned to the Lion House later, and remained there until the death of President Young, August 29, 1877.”

But in her notorious expose of polygamy Brigham Young-style, Wife No. 19 (the title implied she was the nineteenth living spouse), Ann Eliza complained that Amelia had established certain ground rules before becoming another Mrs. Young. Among them was the condition that she did not have to live as did the other wives. From the day of their marriage, it became clear that Amelia ruled the roost. For instance, Ann Eliza said, in the dining room Amelia and Brigham sat by themselves while the rest of the family occupied a large table, and the couple shared delicacies which were not served to the rest of the general multitude.

“Polygamist, as he professed to be, he is, under the influence of Amelia, rapidly becoming a monogamist in all except the name,” she said. Clearly, Amelia was his favorite, Ann Eliza sniffed. Amelia had jewelry, fine clothes, and a carriage of her own, and she played the piano. She also was allowed to travel. Whenever they went to the theater, she occupied the seat of honor next to her distinguished husband in the box, while the other wives sat in the special row of chairs reserved for them in the parquet.

Ann Eliza pointed out that when Amelia was ensconced in her “beautiful new elegantly furnished house,” Brigham very nearly deserted the Beehive, except during business hours, spending most of his time at Amelia’s. That home, the Gardo House, was Amelia’s pride and joy, her palace. She planned it herself, as she did the Junior Gardo which became her residence after Brigham’s death.

As for being his favorite, Amelia skirted the question with Traughber. “I can’t say he had any favorites. He was equally kind and attentive to all in his lifetime, and left each surviving wife an equal legacy. I was absent from home at long intervals during the 15 years of my married life, having
visited several times in the East, and having taken an extensive tour of Europe.”

Then Traughber asked the question: “Do you still believe in polygamy?”

“Certainly I do. If polygamy was once right it is still right. There is no reason why a polygamous marriage may not be as happy as the ordinary marriage, if it is entered understandingly.”

That was not quite the way Ann Eliza felt about it when she fled Utah and slapped Brigham with a major divorce action. In *Wife No. 19* she reveals that Brigham wanted their marriage to be kept as secret as possible out of concern that federal officers would find out. But it was Amelia’s reaction he feared. “She had raised a furious storm a few months before when he married Mary Van Cott . . . and he did not dare so soon encounter another such domestic tornado.”

“Amelia and I rarely spoke to each other,” Ann Eliza said. “Since Amelia’s marriage she ruled Brigham with a hand of iron. She has a terrible temper and he has the benefit of it,” she further remarked. “On one occasion he sent her a sewing machine, thinking to please her; it did not happen to be the kind of a one which she wanted; so she kicked it down stairs, saying, ‘What did you get this old thing for? You knew I wanted a Singer.’ She got a Singer at once.”

Once Ann Eliza bolted and dragged Brigham Young’s name through the courts in the late 1870s, newspapers around the world played hob with the story. After seven years of polygamous marriage, she charged Brigham with neglect, cruelty, and desertion and asked for huge alimony. “He is worth $8 million,” she announced, “and has an income of $40,000 a month!” Balderdash, retorted the church leader, his fortune did not exceed $600,000 and his income was but $6,000 a month. He offered to pay her $100 a month to settle.

When she refused, he retaliated by pointing out his marriage to the former Miss Webb was not legal because in the eyes of the law he was the husband of Mary Ann Angell (first wife)—unless, of course, the courts recognized Mormon plural marriage, something they had stubbornly refused to do for, lo, these past thirty years! Ann Eliza, Brigham railed, was nothing but an extortionist and that was that.

The case dragged on through the courts, but in the end it was found that Ann Eliza was not legally married to Brigham Young, so there could be no divorce—and no alimony. A judge attempted to force Brigham to pay $9,500 alimony in arrears while the suit was being adjudicated, but he refused. Ann Eliza settled for $100 a month and court costs, Brigham’s original offer.
Early settlers in Utah didn’t tell lawyer jokes—at least there don’t seem to be any recorded in diaries and journals of the day. Nevertheless, frontier lawyers shared a commonality with their 1990s counterparts: they weren’t the most popular professionals in the community. In fact, one might even conclude that a cardsharp stood higher on the ladder of respect.

Much of that was a result of Brigham Young’s inherent dislike of attorneys-at-law. Pettifoggers, he called them. (Webster’s definition: A lawyer who handles petty cases, especially one who uses unethical methods in conducting trumped-up cases. A trickster, cheater, quibbler.) In February 1856 when the first scent of a Mormon reformation was in the air, Young took to the podium in the Salt Lake Tabernacle and began blistering lawyers. It wasn’t the first time, but it was the most vehement since leaving Nauvoo, Illinois, a decade earlier.

His peevishness with the profession dated back that far. After Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, was assassinated, Young had become a target as well, not only for bullets and blades, but for “vexatious” lawsuits as well. In mid-March 1845 he was especially aggravated, and in a Sunday sermon he shouted, “I swear by the God of heaven that we will not spend money in feeing lawyers. All the lawsuits that have been got up against the [Latter-day] Saints have been hatched up to fee lawyers . . . . I would rather have a six-shooter than all the lawyers in Illinois.”

But what raised his ire that February eleven years later was a growing tendency of church members to hang around the county courthouse and encourage one another to file suit. It was Young’s opinion that Mormons did not need lawyers, they needed to use common sense. So, he enlightened his Tabernacle audience on the subject: “Keep away from court houses; no decent man will go there unless he goes as a witness, or is in some manner compelled to . . . . We have the names of those who attended that court room, and we will send those characters on long missions, for we want to get rid of them, and we do not care if they apostatize or not.”

Young’s solution, according to his counselor Heber C. Kimball, was to send thirty or so to sell their possessions and go with their families as soon as weather permitted to raise cotton on the Rio Virgin in southern Utah; another company of forty-eight to the Grand River to strengthen that settlement, make farms, and build mills; some thirty-five or forty to Salmon River country; thirty to Carson Valley; another thirty to the lead mines at Las Vegas; and eight to the East Indies. “These are all good men, but they need to learn a lesson,” Kimball remarked.

Again in 1866, Young, speaking at the Bowery on Temple Square in Great Salt Lake City, said, “It would appear that [lawyers] think a civilized community cannot live long together without contention and consequent lawsuits. . . . The law is made for the lawless and disobedient, not for the good, wise, just and virtuous. Law is made for the maintenance of peace, not for the introduction of litigation and disorder.” Young had some curious notions about legal professionals, not the least of which was that they should work for free:

I am now taking the liberty of discharging a duty I owe to the lawyers in telling them what their duty is. They read the law; they do so or should understand the law of the United States, of the states and of the territories and cities in which they live, and whenever they have an opportunity of telling people how to live in a way to avoid litigation, it is their duty to do so.

Then, if they wish to get a living, instead of picking people’s pockets as is too commonly the case, let them have their stores, and bring on goods and trade, buy farms and follow the healthy and honorable profession of farming, and raise their own provisions, and stock . . . and
when their services are wanted in the law, give as freely as we do the Gospel.

The years did little to mellow the church leader on the subject. As he grew older, his opinions in the matter solidified as if etched in granite. In 1871, again in the Tabernacle, he reflected on “the mining business”:

I want to say to you miners: Do not go to law at all; it does you no good, and only wastes your substance. It causes idleness, wickedness, vice and immorality.

Do not go to law. You cannot find a courtroom without a great number of spectators in it; what are they doing? Idling away their time to no profit whatever. As for lawyers, if they will put their brains to work and learn how to raise potatoes, wheat, cattle, build factories, be merchants or tradesmen, it will be a great deal better for them than trying to take the property of others from them through litigation.

Young did not lambaste the legal profession on a whim; the 1870s were a time when the law was doing its utmost to clap him in irons at the very least or, as his biographer Edward W. Tullidge phrased it, “consign him to the gallows.” He made good use of defense counsel himself, in those days.

The U.S. was trying desperately to tie him into the Mountain Meadow massacre through John D. Lee; Young was charged with lewd and lascivious cohabitation with his plural wives, and he had been indicted for murder, based on the confessions of the notorious killer William A. Hickman, described variously by his contemporaries as “one of the most remarkable scoundrels that any age ever produced . . . a human butcher . . . an assassin.” It is bitter irony that Hickman, when not actively leading a gang of cutthroats known as “Hickman’s Hounds,” was a practicing attorney. In truth, it can be said, he was a criminal lawyer. And of course, there was the matter of the divorce case filed against Young by Ann Eliza Webb, his celebrated Wife No. 19 (the title of her sensational “tell all” book). That affair alone cost Brigham Young some $24,000 in legal and other fees, according to Tullidge. All of the indictments were eventually set aside by the U.S. Supreme Court.

At one LDS conference session, Young told this anecdote: “I feel about lawyers as Peter of Russia is said to have felt . . . when asked his opinion concerning them, he replied that he had two lawyers in his empire and when he got home he intended to hang one of them.”

Trolley Song: Clang, Clang, Clang, Whinny

Browsing through century-old newspapers, diaries, documents, and journals for clues to life in Utah “back then” can be addictive. It can also be frustrating for what it does not reveal and satisfying for what it does turn up. For those who remember the Salt Lake City street cars of the 1940s, there is particular joy in discovering that the trolley song of 1872 would probably have included this line: Clang, clang, clang, whinny!

It was the first week of June 1872 when the vanguard of the city’s new street cars was actually fitted on the track down Main Street “for the purpose of having the curves spiked in their proper places.” The track was nearly complete to the Eagle Emporium on First South, and workmen were busy along East Temple (Main) preparing the road for ties. The clang, clang, clang, of course, would be the trolley’s bell, warning of its approach, and the whinny refers to the method of locomotion. The city’s trolleys in 1872 were horse drawn and remained that way until the late 1880s when they went electric. It was in 1891 that the Eagle Gate was rebuilt for a greater height and width to accommodate trolley cars.

Yes, to the history buff, the trivia divulged by newspapers of the period is absolutely delightful in its variety. Remember when there were drinking fountains on every street corner of the downtown area? That began in the summer of 1877, according to the Deseret News:
Mr. David James has put in, for the city, a temporary drinking fountain, a few yards west of the south gate of the Temple Block, near the outer edge of the sidewalk. It will, in a few weeks, be replaced by a neat iron one, which has been ordered from the east.

Similar fountains to that which is to take the place of the temporary one mentioned, will be placed at different points in the central parts of the city; one near Walker Brothers’ corner, another about a block east of the City Hall, another near the Eagle Emporium, and another in the vicinity of the Z.C.M.I building.

And so marked the debut of the city’s unique and celebrated system of public drinking fountains, which endured well into the mid-twentieth century.

In July of that same year, territorial surveyor general Jesse W. Fox, and A. K. Gilbert, Esq., the latter of Major John Wesley Powell’s exploring expeditions, were out west, on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. “They took with them a quantity of granite from the Temple Block, and established a [survey] monument to indicate the rise or fall of the waters of the Lake. It is situated on the brow of the mountain immediately south of the Utah Western track, opposite Black Rock, and is 35 and 51/100 feet above the present level of the water. . . . Since the first settlement of Utah the waters of the Lake have risen about 14 feet,” the News explained.

Because the Deseret News was the official organ of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, its pages were for the most part crammed with information aimed at its Mormon readers. So it was not unusual that apostle George Q. Cannon, the paper’s editor in 1868, might turn his pen toward matters of the soul. On February 12, he elected to discourse on young men who avoided matrimonial ties. Writing under the headline “Marry and Be Happy,” the editor expounded on these “incorrigible bachelors,” haranguing,

they have been reasoned with, joked with, and almost threatened with fine, to urge them to marry; but so far, in vain. Reason, eloquence, wit, and threats are all alike, unavailing, they do not marry.

Should they still persist in their celibacy we would be inclined to favor the revival of the Spartan custom of treating bachelors. It is said that at a certain festival at Sparta, the women were enjoined to flog old bachelors around an altar, that they might be constrained to take wives!

The publicity of such a proceeding might, possibly, have the effect to shame our bachelors into compliance with the first law given to man. If the fear of the first flogging would not do it, probably the dread of a repetition might cure their obstinacy.

After a full column of type in this vein, Cannon closed with, “ Seriously, we advise our young men to marry. ‘Marriage is the mother of the world and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and Heaven itself.’” A perusal of subsequent issues of the newspaper failed to uncover any additional reflections on whipping the singles set.

Frequently the newspapers in the city tossed civility aside and minced few words in their editorial positions. Consider this item in the Salt Lake Tribune’s “City Jottings” column for September 12, 1874: “The bull’s eye sign on Z.C.M.I. comes down today.” It was the paper’s way of adding its two cents to the fact that the “All-Seeing Eye,” symbol of Mormon unity (church members trading only with church members), would no longer adorn Mormon businesses. Later in the column, the Tribune remarked with characteristic sarcasm when dealing with Mormon topics: “As the Profit commanded the Mormon merchants, a few years since, to have signs placed before their stores with ‘Holiness to the Lord’ painted thereon, wouldn’t it be a fair stand-off for the Profit to give these merchants credit for same, on tithing, now that those signs have become worthless, and are encumbering the backyards of the aforesaid merchants?”

There really was no telling what would set off a tirade in those bygone days. If the Tribune was irked by the All-Seeing Eye, how distressed must Erastus Snow have been to tee off on sewing machine salesmen, during a church sermon in Provo in June of 1877? “I was told,” he said, “that Sanpete County owed for sewing machines alone from $40,000 to $50,000 and . . . in Cache Valley $40,000 would not clear the indebtedness for sewing machines! The irrepressible sewing machine agents have ravaged our country, imposing themselves on every simpleton in the land, forcing their goods upon him.” Warming to the subject, the Mormon apostle plainly did not
approve of such expensive luxuries: “Tens of thousands of dollars are lying idle in the houses of the Latter-day Saints today in this article alone; almost every house you enter you can find a sewing machine noiseless and idle, but very seldom you hear it running; and all of which were purchased at enormous figures, and now the patent rights having expired, they can be bought for less than half the prices paid for them.”

In 1882, the *Millennial Star*, published in Liverpool for the benefit of British Mormons, took note that “Another effort is being made to raise oysters in the Great Salt Lake. Mr. House of Corinne, is the projector of the enterprise, at the mouth of Bear River. A former attempt to cultivate the bivalves at the mouth of the Weber, proved abortive on account of the intense saline properties of the Lake and other minor causes.” Hmmph, salty oysters, indeed.

A year later, the *News* in its May 21 edition included two brief items that piqued interest. The first was a report that “No fewer than 17 boys were arrested yesterday [a Sunday] in the act of playing baseball in the southern part of the city. . . . Justice Spiers . . . obtained a promise from them that they would cease breaking the Sabbath; and admonished them that if they were brought before him again on the same ground, he would not be so lenient, but would have them appropriately punished. Marshal Burt expressed an intention of putting a stop to the practice of which these boys are accused.”

The other story was datelined Lodi, Ohio, and disclosed that “Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, of Mormon fame, 19th wife of [the late] Brigham Young, was married at 1 o’clock this p.m. in this city, to Moses R. Denning, prominent banker of Manistee, Michigan. The ceremony was performed at the residence of Dr. A. E. Elliott, and Rev. E. A. Stone, of Gallion, Ohio, officiated. Mrs. Young’s son witnessed the ceremony. There were a large number of guests present, among whom were some of the most prominent citizens of this vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. Denning will make their
home in Manistee. They left on the 3:30 train for Toledo."

After reporting the arrest of youthful Sabbath-breakers in 1883, the News in 1886 took notice with some concern that “There are now in the city some six brothels, 40 tap rooms, a number of gambling houses, pool tables, and other disreputable concerns, all run by non-Mormons.” Civilization was taking its toll on Salt Lake City.

**A Lynching at Noon**

SAM JOE HARVEY WAS A SWARTHY EX-SOLDIER, about thirty-five, tall and well-built, whose fondness for a scrap earned him the nickname of “U.S. Harvey.” He was known to have spent some time in and around Pueblo, Colorado, and in the early fall of 1883 meandered from the plains to Salt Lake City.

Harvey was thought to be Negro, Creole, Mexican, “or a mixture,” according to the Salt Lake Herald, and for a few weeks at least he established himself as a bootblack in front of Hennefer & Heinau’s barber shop in the city. For reasons never quite clear, Sam Joe Harvey was on the prod. He complained of having been robbed in Ogden, and he was suspicious of everyone. Even those who knew him couldn’t explain his behavior on the morning of August 25, 1883. A few said he was insane.

Whatever it was that set him off, Harvey wound up gunning down a captain of police and severely wounding the city watermaster; all this in broad daylight. It so infuriated the citizenry that a mob formed and within a half-hour lynched the shooter. A somber Salt Lake Tribune editorialized that the lynching “was done under the noon day sun and in the shadow of the temple of the Saints. We do not believe there has been a parallel to the case in American history. Mobs have hung men repeatedly, but never before that we remember of have the policemen who had the prisoner in charge, first beaten him into half insensibility and then turned him over to the mob. This is not a question between Mormon and Gentile; it is one in which the good name of the city government is at stake.”

Events began with a telephone call to police at city hall from F. H. Grice, owner of a restaurant on the east side of Main Street between First and Second South, next door to the old Salt Lake House hotel. City Marshal Andrew Burt was the only officer on hand at the lunch hour when Grice complained that this fellow Harvey had threatened him with a pistol at the restaurant and disturbed his patrons. He wanted him arrested. Burt was also captain of police and had been talking to Charles H. Wilcken, the watermaster, when Grice’s telephone call came; Wilcken went with Burt to collar Harvey.

As watermaster, Wilcken was also a special police officer. This large gruff German had an interesting background. He came to America in 1857 and was persuaded by a persistent New York recruiting officer to join the U.S. Army. He was assigned to the Fourth Artillery and marched west that fall with Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston’s Utah Expedition. However, being snowed in for the winter at Fort Bridger didn’t appeal to the young emigrant and he deserted, only to be captured by Mormons on October 7, turned over to Orrin Porter Rockwell, and escorted along with a herd of liberated government cattle to Great Salt Lake City.

It happened that Wilcken would find the Mormon way of life suited him just fine. He converted, was baptized that December, and became a devout Latter-day Saint, eventually serving a foreign mission. He became a confidant of church authorities George Q. Cannon and Wilford Woodruff and for a while acted as a bodyguard to Brigham Young during the bitter antipolygamy crusades of the 1870s. Now in 1883, Watermaster Wilcken was ready to help his friend Andrew Burt arrest and jail what they thought was merely a drunken transient making a public disturbance.

Burt, a fifty-three-year-old Scot, was a determined Mormon who earned the rank of captain of
police in 1859, was named chief in 1862, and in February 1876 was elected city marshal. He was a lawman almost from the day he arrived in Utah in the fall of 1851. Those who knew him swore he was absolutely fearless; “a braver man never lived . . . he had the courage of a lion,” was the way the Deseret News put it.

From city hall, the two officers strode up First South, crossed State Street, and turned down Main. Grice, meanwhile, had walked up the east side of the street until he encountered the lawmen. Sam Joe Harvey, he told them, had frightened Mrs. Grice and some luncheon customers with his revolver, then pushed his way through the kitchen and out into a back alley.

As Burt and Wilcken scanned the noon crowds along the city’s busiest street, Grice recounted the events of the morning. Harvey was looking for a job, he said, and Grice had offered him work as a laborer around his farm on the outskirts of town. Grice would pay two dollars a day and provide Harvey transportation to and from the place. When he was told the farm was twelve miles from the city, Harvey “belched out in profanity” and began insulting the restaurant owner and his patrons. “I pushed him out the door and he pulled a pistol on me,” Grice said, as Burt and Wilcken reached the corner of Main and Tribune Avenue (today’s Second South).

The three turned left to check the stores as far as the corner of Commercial Street (today’s Regent Street) before turning around. As they again approached the Main Street corner, Grice spotted Harvey just off the sidewalk—but now he was armed with a .45-caliber rifle and a .44 pistol!

It was later learned that after Harvey had fled the Grices’ cafe, he went to a general store and bought a rifle he had seen earlier in the day. He paid the proprietor, Thomas Carter, twenty dollars for the repeater along with two boxes of cartridges. “He was nervous and dropped one of the cartridge boxes, spilling some of the ammunition,” Carter remembered. Harvey had scooped up the bullets, put them in his pocket, and hurried away.

Minutes later, he would encounter Grice, Burt, and Wilcken coming up the street, directly for him. According to the Deseret News, as they neared the corner, “Grice pointed to a colored man who was standing on the edge of the sidewalk and said: ‘That is the man, arrest him!’”

Burt was carrying a heavy cane which doubled as a nightstick. As he moved closer, Harvey raised his rifle and taking aim said, “Are you an officer?” In the next heartbeat, the ex-soldier fired; the marshal lurched to one side and stumbled into A. C. Smith & Company drugstore a few feet distant. He slumped to the floor just behind the prescription counter.

Outside, Wilcken, who was immediately behind and to the side of Burt when the shot was fired, sprang forward and caught hold of Harvey, wrenching the rifle free. He grabbed Harvey by the throat and the two locked in a desperate struggle, but Wilcken couldn’t stop Harvey from using his revolver. Harvey fired again and the .44 slug tore through the fleshy part of the watermaster’s left arm between the shoulder and elbow. The cowardice of the crowd was appalling, snarled the Deseret News, “they scrambled away in terror in every direction. Finally Mr. Wilcken threw Harvey in a ditch, and after he was overpowered the crowd returned to the scene to his aid.”

Actually, Harvey had pressed the pistol against Wilcken’s body and was squeezing the trigger for a second shot, when Elijah Able jumped into the fray, twisted the pistol away, and helped throw the desperado down. With blood pouring from the ugly wound in his arm, Wilcken held his own until finally Homer J. Stone rushed in to subdue the shooter. By this time other police reached the scene and took Harvey in custody. Wilken’s arm was treated at the drugstore as the officers hustled their prisoner off to police headquarters.

Then things got nasty. A swarm of spectators followed the tight knot of constables as they made their way up the street. Back at Smith’s drugstore, meanwhile, attention turned from Wilken’s gunshot wound to the figure of the marshal slumped behind the counter. Burt had been able to make his way from the sidewalk to the inside of the store under his own power, but he was a dead man. Harvey’s bullet had pierced his left arm, penetrated his heart and lungs, exited his body and lodged in his right arm. As he fell he was bleeding from five large wounds.

Dr. J. M. Benedict pronounced the police captain dead at the scene and called a wagon to take the body to an undertaker. When the throng saw Burt’s sheet-covered form lifted into the wagon bed, a long, low moan erupted and the first
cries of a lynching were muttered. “I say hang! Who goes with me?” shouted one man, and from the crowd a chorus of “I!” It was a belated threat.

Sam Joe Harvey was pushed into the marshal’s office at city hall and searched. Officers found $165.80 in gold, silver, and greenbacks in his pockets as well as a large number of rifle and pistol cartridges. It was then an unidentified man stuck his head in and shouted Captain Burt had been shot dead. As one, the police turned on Harvey. “One of the officers . . . [struck] him violently between the eyes, felling him,” the Herald reported.

From outside the building could now be heard excited shouts of “Get a rope! Hang the son of a b—!” The officers dragged the semi-conscious man to the back door, which opened to a yard in front of the city jail. The crowd on First South in front of city hall had become an ugly enraged mob of two thousand or more. Sensing that the prisoner was being moved, they ran to a State Street alley that opened on the jail yard and demanded Harvey be turned over.

An officer named William Salmon came to the jail door and was greeted by jeers when he ordered the mob to disband. There was a brief tussle and Salmon was shoved aside; then, Harvey, his face a bloody mask, pitched out the door into the frenzied gathering. He was swarmed over, stomped, and beaten while men ran about yelling for a rope. Harness straps cut from teams in front of city hall were passed forward and, when they were found too short, used to whip the wretched prisoner. Still he struggled to break free. His efforts and the momentum of the surging crowd carried them eastward in the jail yard until Harvey finally toppled, fifty or so feet from the jail door; at the same time a long rope made its way to the spot.

A crudely made noose was pulled roughly over Harvey’s head as he squirmed to wrench free. Hands reached out to drag him another hundred feet to a stable shed west of the yard. The rope was tossed over a main beam. Men grabbed the rope and hoisted Harvey by the neck several feet from the ground. As his writhing body swung to view above their heads, the crowd gave out an excited roar of approval. Still the doomed man fought. From the moment he was pulled up he reached above his head for the rope as if to ease the noose that was strangling him. One of the crowd leaped to a carriage nearby and kicked first one hand, then the other until Harvey let go. He gasped, his body jerking in a final spasm before his arms dropped limply to his side.

Twenty-five minutes had elapsed since the fatal shot at Burt was fired. In that time the outraged crowd at Smith’s drugstore also was seized by mob fever and had marched to city hall, swelling the throng even larger. So hysterical was the atmosphere that it was dangerous for others. W. H. Sells, son of Colonel E. Sells, a prominent Utahn, was riding past the hall in a buggy and happened on the scene. Unaware that Harvey was already dead, Sells tried to reason with the mob, arguing that lynching was no answer: “let the courts handle it.” In that moment Sells came close to joining Harvey on the stable beam. Only the quick thinking of Salmon, the police officer, saved him. Salmon pulled Sells into the jail and pushed him into a cell. Several other citizens who urged calm and justice were handled roughly and “came near being mobbed,” according to the Tribune. The Herald said “Officer Salmon’s discretion and prompt action saved Mr. Sells’ life.”

The horror still was not over, for the mass of angry citizens continued to clamor vengeance. Harvey’s body was cut down and dragged out of the alley a short distance down State Street. There the crowd was confronted by a furious Mayor William Jennings, who demanded they disperse. Events moved quickly. The mob broke up, an inquest was convened that afternoon, and a coroner’s jury comprising W. W. Riter, Joseph Jennings, and John Groesbeck heard the evidence and returned a verdict that the deceased “came to his death by means of hanging with a rope by an infuriated mob whose names were to the jury unknown.”

Joe Sam Harvey was buried in Salt Lake City Cemetery that very night. Funeral services for Marshal Burt were conducted a few days later; much of the city turned out in his honor. Watermaster Wilcken recovered and continued to serve in various capacities until his death in 1915.

That ordinarily would have ended the story of that black August 25, 1883, in Salt Lake City, but there is an epilogue. Two months after the lynching, two workers loading sand from an area just west of the cemetery made a grisly discovery: a pine box. In it was a human skeleton. The ceme-

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tery sexton was notified and later explained that when the murderer Harvey's remains were buried, the grave diggers misunderstood their instructions and buried the body "near" the cemetery instead of in it. The remains were those of the lynched assassin, the Herald reported. No one, including the city's newspapers, questioned how Harvey's body was reduced to a skeleton in just two months.

Then, in the spring of 1885, Officer Thomas F. Thomas was brought to trial on charges of assaulting the prisoner. After two days of conflicting testimony concerning use of clubs and brass knuckles, Thomas was acquitted.

**WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM**

"OH, GIVE ME A HOME WHERE THE BUFFALO roam . . . ." The lyrics to that 1873 cowboy ballad invoke images of the Old West beyond mere words. The mighty American bison was lord of the prairies for centuries, when so many of the huge beasts roamed the plains that at times it seemed the ground itself was one great dark blanket of animals from horizon to horizon. But by the time Utah territory was being settled, the massive herds already were vanishing from the Great Basin; the last buffalo in Utah was seen in the 1830s.

So how did they find their way to Antelope Island in the Great Salt Lake? The Utah State Parks Department reports its herd of some seven hundred on the island is robust and healthy. There are varying stories of how that came to be, but the most colorful is a 1925 account in the Salt Lake Tribune left by a correspondent who wrote under the pen name, "Old-Timer." The Tribune kept no records concerning his identity, but an educated guess would be that the writer was J. Cecil Alter, a weather bureau meteorologist whose leisure interest was western American history and who doubled as director of the Utah State Historical Society, which he helped organize in 1928.

According to Old-Timer, the bison were brought to the island in the 1880s, though recent research has adjusted that date. Rick Mayfield, director of the Utah Department of Business and Economic Development, has learned the original bunch of animals (four bulls, four cows, and four calves) once belonged to William Glasmann, rancher and Ogden newspaper publisher. In retracing the herd, Mayfield found they were bought through Charles J. (Buffalo) Jones, Garden City, Kansas, one of several men credited by the Smithsonian Institution with saving America's bison herd from extinction.

Jones had rounded up buffalo calves on the plains of Kansas in the 1880s for his own ranch. Then with seventy or so animals acquired from Manitoba, the Kansan was able to claim the largest herd in America. A portion of that Manitoba stock was sold to Glasmann, who was developing the town of Garfield on the south shore of the Great Salt Lake. He planned to include a zoological garden and "Buffalo Park," but the project proved impractical and the bison were sold. John E. Dooley owned most of Antelope Island. He bought the Glasmann buffalo and in February 1893 ordered them shipped over to the island.

At this point, it would be wrong to tell more in anyone's words but Old-Timer's. Here is the way he wrote it that June 25, 1925:

M. C. Udy out Farmington way. He's the one as told me the story.

Yes, he was there. It was him and J. W. Walker handled the pikes and while maybe he don't know as much about hunting buffaloes as some others, when it comes to herding 'em—say, that guy's there.

Well, the way he tells it, he had been working over on Antelope Island for the Island improvement company back in the '80s. J. W. Walker succeeded him as foreman and then, when his outfit bought Bill Glasmann's buffalo herd, Walker got Udy to help him move the critters.

They was on a ranch over back of Lake Point, the way Udy tells it. Him and Walker takes a ride over there one day along about '89 intending to drive the herd of 17 bulls and cows up the lake
shore to the company landing at Farmington where the old cattle boat used to load and unload its beef cargo to and from the island.

There was one old cow who'd lost a leg so they herded her onto a wagon for transport. Walker and Udy starts out with the rest on hoof and they no sooner gets outside the corral than here comes some of Glasmann’s cowboys whooping it up to beat Billy ‘lime. The buffalo take fright at the noise, and stampede.

Walker and Udy nigh kill their horses trying to head off the herd, but then Glasmann rides up to ‘em and says, “Let ‘em run.”

The cowmen, seeing that buffalo can’t be handled like range cattle, but must be coaxed rather than herded, take Bill’s advice and, after about four miles of dead running, the buffalo forget what it was scared ‘em and they slows to a walk.

Walker and Udy makes a wide circle round the herd. Careful not to rouse ‘em into another run, they coaxes ‘em along the lake shore, letting ‘em browse along easy like, and that night they goes into camp near the Rudy ranch down by the old grist mill near the Jordan river and 14th North street.

Next morning they begins edging the critters along toward Farmington. ‘Bout 10 o’clock they gets onto the State highway and that afternoon they brings them into camp near the boat landing down by the old Lake Shore resort.

Their company has a loading chute there for cattle. The scow would tie up at the water end of this run and on the shore end there was a corral. With cattle, all was needed was to get ‘em into this corral and then drive ‘em up the chute into the scow. The old boat used to handle 40, 50 head and its deck space was enclosed with heavy timbers so as to prevent any of ‘em trying for a swim. Likewise to prevent capsizing the craft a length of telephone pole was run fore and aft down the middle of this pen so that they couldn’t all crowd to either side. . . .

It had been easy to handle cows on this runway but buffalo was something else again. . . .

The cattle boat was a scow built with a flat bottom and it had a clumsy sail rigging that required a lot of handling. When winds were fair the passage from the island to the shore might take only a couple of hours. But there were times when the wind died out and then they had to heave to or else break out long poles [pikes] and push the boat along from a rail runway.

They lands the first shipment the same evening and comes back for more.

But the buffalo that had made [the] chute jump didn’t show any inclination to get back into the corral. It took another three or four days of coaxing with hay bait to get ‘em back . . . . Meanwhile Walker and Udy adds another foot of timber up the chute side and when late in the afternoon they get the strays up to the pen they rides them hard right into the boat.

The buffalo didn’t know what was being done to ’em and lest they catch on and start something, the rangers decide to make this trip right away that night.

Well, they gets ’em over to the island and turns ’em loose. Right then they washes their hands of any more buffalo herding.

They’re the meanest critters, so Udy tells us. Why at times while Walker was foreman at the island, they used to raid the home ranch for eats. They wasn’t content to eat range grass, he says. Instead, they’d walk into a nice potato plantation about ready for harvest and kick up the tubers with their hooves. Couple o’hundred bushel a night would be wiped out when they was going good.

To stop this, Walker loaded up a shotgun with good, heavy buckshot and lets ’em have a few doses. That was about the only way to sting them enough to make them travel, Udy says.

They been out there ever since, some of them getting killed off once in a while for a Democrat barbecue or a movie, but otherwise having about their own way.

Yes, that’s Antelope Island. Udy don’t know why they calls it by that name. He never heard of no antelope out there, he says.

But the days of the old sail scow are long past. Walker is dead. Udy don’t crave any more buffalo herding and leasees [sic] of the island are said to have been complaining that the old plains critters now numbering nearly 500 head for age too much of the range that otherwise might be used for feeding sheep or cattle. . . .

“There was only 17 when we took ’em out,” Udy demures, “and they had been more or less tamed on the Glasmann ranch. It’s going to be some job to get rid of 400, unless you kill ’em off. Who wants to do that? It’s one of the finest buffalo herds in the world. We ought to preserve it as a reminder of the past. Leastwise, I feel that way after Will Walker and I had such a job getting ’em started.”
Ah, what must it have been like in Utah before the advent of the motor car? Do you realize the prospect of discovering a pearl in a bowl of oyster stew is more likely than locating someone who has never seen an automobile or can claim to having lived before its invention? Cars have been part of our lives forever, you say? It only seems so.

For instance, the first horseless carriage in Salt Lake City made its appearance under a century ago. On April 12, 1899, to be precise, George E. Airis, son of a well-known mining family, unveiled his new purchase in the downtown area. According to an account in the *Salt Lake Herald* of that memorable and historic occasion, the machine was a “Winton Motor Carriage,” manufactured by the Winton Carriage Works in Cleveland. There were no car dealerships as we know them in those bucolic bygone days, so Mr. Airis found it necessary to order the contraption through the Salt Lake Hardware Company. The *Herald* account described the machine thusly:

> The body of the carriage resembles many of the family vehicles seen upon the streets, and differs from them in appearance by being without a tongue and by having heavy bicycle wheels, with the pneumatic rubber tires.

> The machinery that drives the automobile is entirely hidden from view by the box back of the seat, and consists of a gasoline engine for motive power, which drives a shaft placed near the center of the carriage. From this shaft a sprocket chain connects with the back axle of the carriage, causing it to revolve.

> The machinery is under perfect control of the operator from the seat, by the means of levers, one of which is used to go ahead and the other to reverse the engine. The speed is regulated by levers at the bottom of the carriage, which are pressed by the foot.

> Our scribe neglected to venture a guess as to the speed of this horseless carriage, but since it was the first of its breed, the concerns of rules of the road and right-of-way apparently posed no immediate obstacle. He did, however, provide his readers with the bottom line: the price tag. A Winton was $1,500 prepaid in Salt Lake City. “This figure is remarkably low for a horseless carriage,” he opined, “the Columbia carriage costing from $2,000 up.”

How did the Winton perform? The *Herald*’s observations came in the final paragraph. “After the engine was tried at the hardware warehouse, Mr. Airis and a friend ventured out upon the street, and took a spin over Main, State and West Temple, to the great delight of the small boy, who was out in numbers to follow them. “This is the first, but doubtless will not be the last,” the *Herald*’s man concluded.

There would be more horseless carriages in Utah, to be sure, but the next important newspaper coverage from the *Herald* would not come for more than a year. And it was an occasion. Lorenzo Snow, president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, known to have a “natural love for novelty” had been buzzing the streets in an automobile that was giving Salt Lake horses “the blind staggers.” President Snow was no stranger to motor carriages, for it was reported that he had challenged Joseph F. Smith, president of the LDS Council of Twelve Apostles, to a fifteen-mile race over the prairie near Cove Creek in southern Utah some months earlier. “That race had its hair-raising features,” reported the *Herald*, but President Snow won it. In this latest episode, the newspaper failed to mention the make of the vehicle, but it must have been a brute. Its owner was one Hyrum Silver, and his knowledge that the church leader was partial to “fast locomotion” led him to extend an invitation to tour the town.

Promptly at 2:30 on the afternoon of May 15, 1900, a chuff, chuff, chuff and a puff of exhaust smoke announced the machine had sputtered up to the door of the Beehive House on South Temple. President Snow appeared a...
moment later, walked around the carriage once or twice on an inspection of the critter, stepped aboard, pulled his hat firmly down over his head, gripped the seat, and, gave the word, “All ready!”

Zip! The machine turned its bow toward the Brigham Young Monument, cutting a half-moon in the road, and was off. “It took the right-of-way from all street cars, because it went faster. The butcher boy forgot where he was to deliver the meat, while his horse stood paralyzed, and the general populace just stood and stared with wonder and admiration at the sight of the venerable old man flying down Main Street at 30 miles an hour, sublimely content, but a trifle worried, if the expression on his face indicated anything.”

It was a half-hour before the automobile drove up at the president’s office again, and a group of interested spectators gathered to be convinced that one could actually ride in the thing and come out alive, the Herald explained. A comment was sought, and President Snow, collecting his thoughts, brushed the road dust from his clothes and offered an endorsement: “It is glorious to ride in. We went all down Main Street and around Liberty Park and back up State and around here, and oh, I cannot begin to tell you what a ride we had. I didn’t know what minute we might upset a street car, but the first fear soon passed.”

He was thinking of getting a bicycle, he remarked, but he guessed the automobile is what he really wanted, after all. “It’s quite different from driving an ox cart. That’s the way I saw Salt Lake City first. But 50 years makes a great difference in most everything. In 1849 when we first came here I drove one of the ox teams over these same roads, but we made on an average of 100 miles a week. I believe that carriage,” he said, pointing to the auto, “would have no difficulty covering about 35 miles an hour on good roads.

“The next time we go through Dixie [southern Utah] we can take the automobiles and do away with carrying oats in the bottom of the buggy.”
On a brisk afternoon in early December 1902, townfolk along Salt Lake City’s Main Street watched curiously as a six-horse stagecoach clattered to a stop in front of the Templeton Hotel on South Temple. Though it was still the horse-and-buggy era, Concord stagecoaches hadn’t been a familiar sight in Utah’s capital since the transcontinental railroad linked up at Promontory. If the stagecoach was a throwback to the old frontier days, so was its principal passenger and party this December day. He strode to the hotel desk and wrote boldly on the register: W. F. Cody, Buffalo Bill. In the space designated residence: The World.

Ever the showman, “Buffalo Bill” Cody did what he did with as much style and panache as possible. He had just completed a six-week hunting and sight-seeing tour of “the wild and woolly west” from his Scouts Rest ranch in Nebraska, through Colorado and New Mexico, and by railroad to Flagstaff, Arizona, the jumping-off spot. With Cody was an impressive entourage including Colonel McKinnon of the British Grenadier Guards and his fellow officer Major Mildway of the Queen’s Own Lancers; Colonel Frank Baldwin, twice recipient of the Medal of Honor, detailed by General Nelson Miles himself for escort duty to the Cody party; Prentiss Ingraham, ghostwriter and author of Buffalo Bill dime novels; Colonel Allison Naylor, Washington, D.C.; Colonel Frank Bolan, U.S. Army; John M. “Arizona John” Burke, manager of Cody’s “Wild West” show; Robert “Pony Bob” Haslam, former Pony Express rider; Horton Boal, Cody’s son-in-law; and William C. Boal, manager of Scouts Rest. Never one to travel unprepared, Cody also brought along an official photographer, W. H. Broach of North Platte, Nebraska, and Louis Renaud, a chef d’cuisine of some renown.

Actually Bill Cody was no stranger to Utah. He had been humiliated as a twelve-year-old cattle herder during the so-called Utah War of 1857–58, when Mormon guerrilla leader Lot Smith burned a government wagon train and forced its civilian teamsters to walk back to Missouri. Cody and his teenage friend James B. Hickok were among those set afoot. Cody’s most recent visit to southern Utah had been in 1885.

Now, in his late fifties, the flamboyant plainsman, idol of America’s youngsters, hero of pulp novels, and the epitome of derring-do, was discovering that while fame may not always be fleeting, fortune certainly was. In the throes of marital problems and with his Irma Hotel in the Wyoming town that carried his name opening in mid-November of 1902 and already losing $500 a month in operating costs, Cody was riding a narrow financial trail. But he was Buffalo Bill and anything was possible.

Once in Flagstaff, the party was met by a cowboy contingent, fifty horses, three prairie schooners, as many mountain buckboards, and an ambulance wagon. Cody already had provided enough weapons and ammunition to outfit a small army—the hunting expedition was ready to move.

There was an ulterior motive to the tour, beyond that of showing off the West to visiting Brits. Cody, the one man in America whose reputation may have influenced the slaughter of its stupendous bison herds, herds that once blanketed the plains of the 1840s, now was lamenting the vanishing hunting grounds. Game no longer abounded, and bison had been hunted to the point of extinction on the continent. He earned his nickname and his reputation killing buffalo. During the months he was employed as a meat hunter for the Kansas Pacific contractors, he personally accounted for 4,280 animals, according to Cody’s biographer, the late Don Russell. In his years on the plains, Cody hunted to feed army troops throughout his scouting career and guided numerous hunting parties. Yet down to 1884, when he killed his last buffalo, it seems doubtful to Russell that Cody’s total approached ten thousand, a trifling number among the millions of bison roaming the plains.
The destruction of the vast herds came so quickly the Smithsonian Institution found itself without presentable specimens, and ironically, the eighteen animals in Cody's Wild West show became critical in saving the species from extinction. Imagine. In three years prior to 1875, 3,700,000 buffalo were killed for sport and hides; the southern plains herd ceased to exist. The herd that roamed the northern plains was gone by 1883. Lest Cody and the professional hunters suffer all the blame for this, William Hornaday, a Smithsonian expert reporting on the loss of the herds, held the Indian tribes as much responsible for the slaughter as the white hide hunters.

In his report, Hornaday noted that Indians used such methods as driving a herd over a cliff or surrounding it and butchering numbers far in excess of what they needed or could use, and he claimed they took sadistic pleasure in the killing. “True,” he wrote, “they did not hunt for sport, but I have yet to learn of an instance wherein an Indian refrained from excessive slaughter of game through motives of economy, or care for the future, or prejudice against wastefulness.”

That then was the situation in 1902 when Cody invited a few important Brits to join him on a tour of the West. And that was why General Miles detailed Frank Baldwin, an old Indian campaigner like Cody, to act as an honorary escort “to the foreign military officers” with the expedition. Cody also wanted to put on a good front, for the dignitaries were crucial to his plans to finance his gigantic scheme for a western game park. Cody confided to a Salt Lake Tribune reporter that he represented a syndicate “which can command $6 million for the purpose, and the plan is to get control of 2,000,000 to 5,000,000 acres of land in the Rocky Mountain region.”

Whether this was a pie-in-the-sky daydream or a genuine, if speculative, investment scheme was never clear. Cody had a history of poor investments: he shoveled thousands of dollars down glory holes in failed mining ventures, tried his hand at being a stage actor, and lent his name to an immense dime-novel publishing orgy which glorified him as America’s hero, and he would, in 1905, face his most “inglorious appearance,” in a Wyoming courtroom, in a divorce suit he brought against his wife.

Such was the state of Cody’s affairs as the party moved out on the Flagstaff road for their first camp at old Fort Moroni at the foot of the San Francisco Mountains. Cody meant to show his guests the grandeur of the Grand Canyon; he also liked the idea of corralling a few million acres of the famous landscape for his game preserve. In a few days they reached the south rim of the canyon and from that point spotted Buckskin Mountain across the gorge—just seventeen miles distant, but a crossing that would take them some fourteen days and a three-hundred-mile detour. Scanning the John Hance trail, then the only descent on the south rim, they could plainly see the scouts on the north rim sent to meet them.

It was two weeks to Navajo Springs, Cedar Ridge, and Lee’s Ferry, where they crossed the Colorado River, then to Jacobs Pools and Buckskin Mountain on the north and to Kanab in Utah’s Kane County. Game was plentiful “and the larder always supplied with venison and all the other luxuries that the country afforded.” During their time in the canyon they visited Bright Angel Point, Greenland Point, Point Sublime, and other “points of observation,” as Cody put it. “We left the Grand Canyon as blizzards warned us that it would be death to remain and be snowed in, and descended to the Kanab Valley through a vast and gorgeous country,” he said. In describing southern Utah country, Cody explained,

Kanab is a Mormon settlement, where we found our first post office in three weeks. We were most hospitably received, and let me here say that the Mormons are by no means a backward people, but in touch with the age in which they live. They have schools, their villages are generally devoid of saloons and gambling dens, their young men and maidens are moral and respect their elders, while they have an energy and a push about them that surprised us all.

Their homes are comfortable, well furnished and well stored with home products, so that they live well, while their religion, outside of polygamy, will stand the closest criticism. Of course, plural marriages are abolished among them now under the law, but theirs is a resigned acceptance of the situation among all with whom we talked. Our whole escort was Mormon, from the guide in chief to the horse wrangler. In fact, we had Brigham Young, a grandson of the prophet, with us.
Cody's party struck out overland to Salt Lake City:

In our wanderings by rail, wagon and in the saddle we have had an opportunity to see Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming. . . .

We saw plenty of game of all kinds, but though found, was fast disappearing. We beheld scenery which no other land can equal. My foreign guests were even louder in singing its praises than our American contingent. . . . Outside of the National Park of the Yellowstone, America is wholly devoid of any place for the preservation of game, while every country in Europe has private preserves for just such purposes. If I meet with success in the carrying out of my plans for a private park for the preservation of our National game, I shall be more than content.

The English officers McKinnon and Milway were indeed well pleased with the trip thus far and especially tickled in the knowledge that once the canyon had been reached, most of the expedition members returned to Flagstaff rather than endure the hardships facing them if they continued the itinerary through to Salt Lake City. On the day after entering the city, they were guests for a tour of Salt Lake's points of interest, and they then took the train for New York and their return to London.

William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody's grand plans for a game preserve did not materialize. He did not make enough money with his Wild West show to retire, and he made too much to quit. He died January 10, 1917, in Denver, of exhaustion and a heart condition. Twenty-five thousand mourners attended his funeral.

ROGUES GALLERY: A PAGE FROM POLICE HISTORY

A STACK OF OLD SALT LAKE CITY POLICE Department "mug" books long supposed destroyed have surfaced after nearly thirty years and now are part the department's historical archives. And while the circumstances surrounding their recovery are sketchy, the records are real and plans are underway for preservation of the documents, according to Lieutenant Steve Diamond, department historian. In a bygone era they would have been called rogues gallery books because they are made up of photographs of persons arrested or sought by law enforcement agencies.

For example, entry no. 318 is George Cassidy, alias Butch, alias W. Parker, age 27; 5 feet, 9 inches; 165 pounds; dark flaxen hair; blue eyes, small and deep set. He is erroneously identified as a native of New York, with an explanation that he was "born and raised in Circle Valley Scipio, Utah." The record shows he had two cut scars on the back of his head, a small red scar under the left eye; a red mark on the left side of his back, and a small brown mole on the calf of his left leg. A bullet scar was evident on the upper part and right side of his forehead. Cassidy was sentenced from Fremont County, Wyoming, June 15, 1894, to two years for grand larceny. In another pencilled handwriting: "Pardoned by Gov. Richards."

Evidently Cassidy's photo, a duplicate of his Wyoming prison picture, was included in the gallery as a matter of information, probably from a Wyoming police circular, on an outlaw, not as a Salt Lake City record of arrest—he was never arrested in Utah.

On page 597 are unflattering profile and front views of Joe Hillstrom, alias Joe Hill, booked January 14, 1914, for murder. Hillstrom, a labor organizer and songwriter, was arrested and charged with the armed robbery and murder of a Salt Lake grocer and his son. The arrest record lists Hillstrom's identifying marks and scars: two scars on the right side of his face, "dim vac" (vaccination) scar visible on his right arm, a large scar on the back of his right forearm, and a large scar on the left side of his neck. Finally, the terse notation "Shot IWW," presumably meaning Hillstrom was executed. IWW is the abbreviation for Industrial Workers of the World, which took up Hill's cause and demonstrated unsuccessfully to
George LeRoy Parker, alias Butch Cassidy. Salt Lake City Police Museum

have his sentence commuted. Hillstrom’s trial and execution were sensations in 1914-15.

The mug books (there are fifteen in all) represent just one facet of a continuing effort by Lieutenant Diamond to chronicle the activities of the department since its inception in 1851. According to Diamond, the books were turned over by a former police officer who was to have destroyed the records in 1966 “because there was no room for that kind of outdated stuff” as a consequence of the move from the police station at 105 South State to headquarters at 244 East Fourth South and ultimately to the Metropolitan Hall of Justice. Instead of incinerating them, the officer stored the volumes and forgot about them. Recently he told Diamond of their existence, and the records were transferred to the police museum.

The books include several thousand police identification pictures dating from 1892 through the 1940s.

The lieutenant’s collection of police-related history contains some interesting sidelights. One concerns a special officer assigned to the railroad yards: Times were really tough in 1903, and Ed Burroughs couldn’t find the kind of employment in Parma, Idaho, that would earn a living for himself and his wife, Emma. He had tried gold dredging on the Snake River in Oregon, but that didn’t work out. So when the Oregon Short Line Railroad Company offered a job in Utah, the couple pulled up stakes in April 1904 and took rooms at 111 North Fifth West, Salt Lake City. As a special railroad policeman, he would work, but not on the city payroll; Oregon Short Line would have to pony up his wages. The city would, however, provide a blue uniform, bright brass buttons, and a truncheon. Ed also acquired a used six-gun.

He would later recollect those days this way: “My beat was in the railroad yards where after nightfall I ranbled and fanned bums off the freight cars and the blind baggage of the Butte Express. Kept good hours and always came home with fifty pounds of high grade ice, which I swiped while the watchman slept. I was always a good provider. This regime was not very adventurous, nor encouraging for a man of ambition. The bums and yeggs were seldom as hard boiled as they are painted and only upon one or two occasions did I even have to flash my gun.”

Nevertheless, it was a rough way to earn a living—the Burroughses were so poor Ed half-soled his own shoes and even bottled his own beer. In a letter home to family in Illinois, he confided: “Can’t say I am stuck on the job of policeman.” After five months, Burroughs resigned. He and his wife left for Chicago. Perhaps a man of ambition and imagination could catch on there.

And he did. In fact, he went on to become a famous writer of fantasy adventure stories. Most folks are apt to recognize his full name: Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of Tarzan of the Apes, the most celebrated hero in American fiction.

The other fourteen record books seem to cover turn-of-the-century arrests. One is “specialized,” being limited to “bunco artists and con men,” and another is devoted entirely to females arrested for offenses ranging from prostitution, drunkenness, and arson to larceny. The collection

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of criminal photos is immense: there are 702 pages of arrests in one volume alone, with three entries and photographs to a page.

Number 1 is Tom Kelly, 38, arrested 1892 for receiving counterfeit money. Suspect no. 213 is Billy McCarthey, 42; 5 foot, 8; florid complexion, red hair; and the notation: “Killed at Delta, Colo., while robbing a bank Sept. 7, 1893.” Then there is the matter of James Ransom, 40, alias Jim the Pete. (Pete is underworld slang for a safe, or safe-cracker.) Jim the Pete was arrested and sentenced March 12, 1892, to “two years in county jail at Ogden for having [blasting] powder and burglary tools.” The remaining mug books document several thousand criminals.

Was it Special Officer Edgar Rice Burroughs who later said of life: It’s a jungle out there?
THE OLDEST PROFESSION'S SORDID PAST IN UTAH

IN EVERY POPULATED AREA SINCE THE BEGINNING of recorded history—and Salt Lake City, high-toned protestations to the contrary, is no different—there have always been “ladies of the night.” Like Manhattan’s Tenderloin district, Baltimore’s War Zone, and San Francisco’s Barbary Coast, Ogden struggled with its notorious Twenty-fifth Street while Salt Lake City blushed over its own red light district on Commercial Street and later at the Stockade.

If, in fact, the only difference between amateur and professional standing in matters of the flesh is money, then Utah’s problems in this regard did not exist until a decade after Brigham Young pronounced Salt Lake Valley “the place.” The first brothels appeared near Camp Floyd (forty miles southwest of Salt Lake City) in Utah County in 1858, where elements of the U.S. Army were based after the Utah Expedition had ended that year.

But W. W. Drummond, associate justice of the Supreme Court of Utah, earns the dishonor of having imported the first known prostitute to Zion. This red-headed scoundrel managed to finagle a federal appointment out of President Franklin Pierce. Drummond then abandoned his wife and children in Oquawka, Illinois, and took up with a Washington, D.C., harlot. He traveled with her to Salt Lake City and introduced her not as Ada Carroll from the fleshpots of Washington, but as “Mrs. Justice Drummond.”

She shared a seat on the court bench with Drummond, occasionally nudging him on the knee, it was said, to indicate the number of years he ought to mete out to miscreants before the bar of justice. At the same time, Drummond would unburden himself of tirades against “the deplorable Mormon practice of plural wifery.” The Mormons finally caught on and Drummond fled the territory in disgrace.

After the arrival of U.S. troops under the command of Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston in 1857, the whole tone of life along what we know as the Wasatch Front changed dramatically. Brigham Young’s grip on the community was broken and the outside influences he feared made the most of the fracture. Saloons operated in Salt Lake City (Ogden wasn’t a problem as yet), and the stretch of road below Second South on Main Street became known as Whiskey Street. Brothels and gambling dens flourished in Frogtown, east across the creek from Camp Floyd, and did a brisk business among the several thousand troops stationed there. (Frogtown later became Fairfield.)

In the ensuing years—especially after the completion of the transcontinental railroad at Promontory in 1869—ladies of the evening came in droves (perhaps gracing Ogden’s streets for the first time in numbers). During the Civil War, camp followers of General Joe Hooker did their part to help the war effort so vigorously they earned a new nickname. “Hookers” found their way to border towns, frontier towns, cattle towns, and larger settlements out West. In Utah they chose the railroad towns. Places like Corinne in Box Elder County reared back and roared in counterpoint to Salt Lake City.

The Utah capital became headquarters for women like Lou Wallace and Kate Flint. And they earned a certain social standing in the community (although that’s probably a geometric contradiction). When Brigham Young’s property was seized to settle court-ordered alimony to Ann Eliza Young, his divorced plural wife, the Salt Lake Tribune gossiped in its “City Jottings” column on November 2, 1876, “It was rumored yesterday, that Mrs. Catherine Flint had purchased Brigham’s closed carriage, and would have his coat of arms erased and her own substituted.” A description of Kate’s coat of arms was not included.

When a baseball game between the hometown Deserets and the visiting Cincinnati Red Stockings was arranged in September 1878, with
receipts to be divided by the players, the *Salt Lake Herald* sniffed, “The highest price given for a ticket was $25 . . . [paid by] Lou Wallace, a well known courtesan . . . She then bought three others paying the regular price of $1 for each.”

Then there was the important community leader and businessman who in March 1885 lamented in his diaries, held by the Utah State Historical Society, that his brother had been lost beyond redemption to one of the city’s madams. The brother was somewhere in town on a binge, and the businessman searched frantically for him, fearing for his life. “The horrible information I obtained was that he was in Kate Flint’s establishment and that his associations with that notorious prostitute are well known to several police officers. He has been drinking deeply and spending money very lavishly with fast women. Some of his suppers are said to have cost him $35.” (Bear in mind that in 1885 an excellent dinner in a fine restaurant could be had for under $3.)

At the annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1886, the crime rate in Salt Lake City came under attack at a time when the Church was being blitzed by antipolygamy laws and accused of perverting the nation’s morals. “There are now in the city some six brothels, 40 tap rooms, a number of gambling houses, pool tables, and other disreputable concerns, all run by non Mormons,” according to a report in the *Deseret News*.

As the century rounded the corner, Salt Lake City became more “citified,” as the crossroads of the West, but progress did not come without hefty baggage. Newspaper accounts help fill in the story of the city’s fight against vice and corruption, but for a firsthand look at those wicked years, one must turn to a reminiscence by one of Utah’s most famous sons, John Held Jr. In 1905, Held, at the tender age of sixteen, became a sports illustrator and cartoonist for the *Salt Lake Tribune*. He and another fuzzy-cheeked youngster, Harold Wallace Ross, were destined for greatness. Ross joined the *Tribune* as a cub reporter and went on to found the *New Yorker* magazine, while Held would document America’s Jazz Age, illustrating the wacky world of “shieks” and “flappers” during the Roaring Twenties.
The genius that was John Held Jr.—“the Mormon Kid” to his close friends—also left a chronicle of memories of his youth in Salt Lake City, describing that period better than any newspaper story. From the book, The Most of John Held Jr., his voice reaches out over the decades to paint an anecdotal image of Commercial Street and the Stockade from—ahem—personal experience.

“In those days,” he writes, “the hot spots of Salt Lake were located in a tidy manner on a street that ran between 1st and 2nd South and Main and State.” Then it was known as Commercial, today it is Regent Street. “Within the street were saloons, cafes, parlor houses, and cribs [small cubicles] that were rented nightly to the itinerant Ladies of the Calling. It was against the rules to solicit, so these soiled doves would sit at the top of the stairs and coo their invitation to, ‘C’mon up, kid.’

Held was acquainted with the bawdy houses and the parlor houses, too. The latter because his uncle earned a tidy sum installing electric bells in these “abodes of pastime.” John Jr. remembered the names of two particular madams clearly, for their calling cards were printed to order at his father’s engraving shop. “One of the madams called herself Miss Ada Wilson. Hers was a lavish house on Commercial Street. Another gave her name as Miss Helen Blazes. Her establishment catered to the big money and in it only wine was served. In the other houses, beer was the popular refreshment—at one dollar a bottle, served to the guests in small whiskey glasses. These were mere token drinks, on which the house made a good, substantial profit.”

Although Held doesn’t mention it, one of the prevailing stories of the period is that patrons of that “establishment” delighted in boasting they’d gone to “Hell ‘n Blazes.” His introduction to these places, Held said, was purely social, as a guest of his uncle, his mentor. “I was then around 15 years old, and after a few dances and light beers, I was one sick pigeon. So my baptism in the fleshpots was a dim grey puling celebration.”

About that time came a hue and cry to “clean up the city.” The year was 1908 and Mayor John S. Bransford was struck with the notion that prostitution was an evil that could not be eliminated, so it might as well be controlled. His idea was to move all the “fallen women” in town to a restricted area less convenient to the downtown trade and away from the city proper. The Tribune speculated that Commercial Street would be cleansed because of two prevailing factors: the front windows of the new Wilson Hotel on the south side of Second South looked out upon the tenderloin district, and the management realized such a view was not conducive to the prosperity of a swell hostelry. Second, property owners had agreed to transform the street, even at a financial loss to themselves. It was well known that no class of tenant paid a higher rental than prostitutes. But, the newspaper explained, the ownership has been a serious “embarrassment” to the LDS Church in its campaign against Sunday saloons and other forms of vice.

So when Mayor Bransford sprang his announcement to the city council and others that he planned to establish a red light district on the west side of town, it surprised no one. The citizenry was somewhat nonplussed, to be sure, when he also announced he was putting a professional in charge of the relocation. His choice was Mrs. Dora B. Topham, known to the denizens of Ogden’s “Two-Bit Street” as the notorious Belle London. Madam Belle London, if you please. Block 64, a piece of property bordered by First and Second South and by Fifth and Sixth West, was to be the site. And at an investment of from $200,000 to $300,000 at remarkably inflated prices, the Stockade was constructed. The girls were told they didn’t have to live in the Stockade, but if they were caught doing business anywhere else in the city, “things would be made most unpleasant for them.”

Councilman L. D. Martin succinctly stated the case:

From the outside of the stockade nothing can be seen of the movements within, and the offensive sights which have greeted passers-by in the neighborhood of Commercial Street will be absent. There will be but two entrances to the stockade and there will be a policeman on duty day and night at both gates.

The inmates will be under thorough control. At present the city is in a terrible condition. The women have been allowed to go from Commercial Street into the residence districts, and I know of one disorderly house right on Brigham Street [South Temple] and two others on East Third South.
Workmen finished the crib rows in brick and mortar and soon a hundred or more prostitutes of every color and nationality took up residence. On December 18, 1908, the word went out to extinguish the red lights on Commercial Street. The two gates to the new bordello village made visits potentially embarrassing for former patrons of Commercial Street cribs. John Held Jr. recalled that there were several secret openings in the walled enclosure, “known to the inmates and most of the incorrigible young males of the fair city.”

According to John S. McCormick, writing in the *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Belle London rented the cribs to prostitutes for from one to four dollars a day. Each crib was ten-feet square, with a door and window in the front. Soliciting was carried on from the windows. Reported the *Deseret News*: “At the windows, only two feet above the sidewalk, sits the painted denizen of the underworld calling to passers between puffs on her cigaret.” A curtain or partition divided the interior of the crib. In front might be a a chair or two and a combination bureau-washstand. At the back was a white enameled iron bed. Business more on a bedsheet than a shoestring. Prospective patrons strolled the sidewalks between rows of cribs on either side and thus made their selections from various women proclaiming their attributes. This shopping ritual was called “going down the line.” The half-dozen parlor houses, according to McCormick, were larger structures renting from Belle London for $175 a month. The six or so women in each house split their earnings with their madam.

The Stockade operated for three years before Belle London called it quits. She had been convicted of “inducing Dogney Grey, aged 16 years, to enter the stockade for immoral purposes.” At noon on September 28, 1911, she turned out the red lights. The Stockade was torn down to rubble. It was the end of an era and authorities no longer looked the other way.

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**The Covered Wagon Keeps Rolling**

In 1922 film mogul Jesse L. Lasky was looking for someone to direct a western, Emerson Hough’s *The Covered Wagon*. Lasky picked James Cruze, an Ogdenite whose Danish parents had themselves come across the plains with the Mormon pioneers to settle in Utah. And Cruze (real name Jens Cruz Bose) rode the “covered wagon” to fame and fortune as director of what is now considered the first epic motion picture western.

Motion picture historian Kevin Brownlow said Lasky thought Cruze the Dane, with his powerful build and black eyes, was part Indian. It was a lucky break for the Utahn; he was perfectly suited for the project. Covered wagons were something he knew from his childhood. And because of a promise made by Cruze, Bannock Indians on the Fort Hall Reservation in Idaho were among the first in America to see the two-hour silent film blockbuster, produced at a cost of $782,000. Box office receipts from just two theaters in New York and Hollywood ultimately paid for the picture. By 1932 the worldwide gross reached an astonishing $3.8 million, and as late as 1935 it was still listed as one of the five top grossing films of all time. Today, despite some negative loss due to nitrate-base film deterioration, *The Covered Wagon* remains a silent film classic.

In many respects, the movie, adapted from Hough’s novel, was a series of paradoxes. Cruze, at thirty-eight, had directed several small westerns before the *Wagon* but was considered incapable of creating sustained suspense on the screen. In fact, many critics felt he was a plodding, uninspired director; yet after the explosive debut of *The Covered Wagon*, he found himself the highest paid director in Hollywood, and two national polls in 1926 and 1928 rated this former Utahn among the world’s ten greatest directors. Cruze was paid $250 a week before *The Covered Wagon*, and $400 a week during the filming. After its premiere he received offers of $1,500 a week, but Lasky wouldn’t free him from his contract.
It was considered almost a documentary, describing in accurate detail the hardships of emigrant companies traveling overland in the mid-1800s. Yet on its release, The Covered Wagon was lambasted by cowboys and ex-soldiers for its flawed history. Among the complaints, army veterans said ox trains never swam rivers with neck yokes on; that wagon trains did not camp for the night in box canyons (one of the film’s most sensational action scenes is that of an Indian attack on wagons trapped in a box canyon); and that Jim Bridger, depicted as the wagon train scout, would not have permitted such a camp.

There was also a hullabaloo about four hundred wagons traveling across the plains in a single caravan. “That could not have been possible,” said old-timers, who asked, “where would the oxen and horses find pasture?” The largest number of wagons known to travel together was sixty-five, and they divided in three columns five miles apart. All of these arguments were used by the army to deny the film’s inclusion in archives of the U.S. War Department.

Lasky had purchased screen rights to The Covered Wagon on the basis of a synopsis, but in reading Hough’s novel while on a train trip to the West Coast, Lasky was mesmerized by the sweep of the story, which depicted hardships of overland travel in canvas-covered prairie schooners eighty years earlier. First serialized in the Saturday Evening Post, the story was a popular success and movie-goers waited for the film version with as much anticipation as they later would have for Gone with the Wind. Lasky was impressed with it and decided it would not be just another western potboiler on a $100,000 budget. “No sir, this is going to be the greatest movie we’ve made.”

To play the role of heroine Molly Wingate, Cruze signed Lois Wilson; for his leading man he chose J. Warren Kerrigan to play Will Banion; and Alan Hale Jr. was cast as the villain, Sam Woodhull. Ernest Torrence played Jackson, a tough old trader, and Tully Marshall was cast as Jim Bridger.

Cruze negotiated with Otto Meek, owner of the Baker Ranch, a 200,000-acre spread in the Snake River Valley of Nevada eighty-five miles from the nearest railroad at Milford, Utah. A huge lake on the property was banked and an outlet formed to shoot the wagon-crossing sequences over the “Platte River.” With a company of 127 and a large staff of carpenters and technicians, Cruze recruited almost a thousand extras from the district, some coming as far as three hundred miles for ten dollars a day. He enlisted the help of Colonel Tim McCoy as technical advisor and liaison with the tribes to sign 750 Indians from Fort Hall. McCoy was perhaps one of the most expert sign-language talkers of his time, and the Indians trusted him implicitly. Cruze also promised the Indians they would see the film when it was finished.

While others collected, rented, borrowed, or built some five hundred wagons to be used, Cruze took a second camera unit to Antelope Island in the Great Salt Lake to film buffalo sequences. Always contrary beasts, the animals took three days of tough wrangling just to get them to run past the camera.

“Winds, blizzards, floods, heat, alkali dust, we had to work through it all,” Lasky recalled. When the lake dam burst and the camp flooded, a terrific snow fell and Cruze had it written into the script. The wagon train formed a caravan three miles long. “Eight trucks a day carried supplies to the two or three thousand people in camp.” Indians were transported with bag and baggage. Hundreds of head of stock, all kinds of foodstuffs, lumber, and fifty carloads of equipment were hauled from the Lasky studio. Leading lady Lois Wilson suffered frostbite in the snowstorm and the crew ran out of supplies and lived on apples and baked beans until provisions could be shipped in. The company remained on location for eight weeks, during which time Cruze had a replica of the Fort Bridger trading post constructed. Expenses ran to $12,000 a day.

The scenario established a wagon train heading for Oregon. During its formation, the villain, Sam Woodhull (Hale) falls for Molly (Wilson), who is in love with Banion (Kerrigan). The rivalry ends in a fight when the wagon train is about to ford the Platte. When asked by Plains Indians to pay an honest debt for ferrying him safely across the river, Woodhull kills one and brings the wrath of the tribe down on the emigrant train. The caravan divides, part headed for Oregon, the rest to California. In the denouement, Woodhull tries to kill Banion, but is himself shot by Bridger (Tully Marshall).

In the original cut the story ends with emigrants continuing to Oregon and California, but
when Lasky saw the finished movie he had the ending rewritten to show both the Oregon and California groups reaching their destinations. That meant the company, three months after returning to Hollywood, would have to resume location filming in Sonora, California. The wagon train itself had become a star with a personality of its own. The wagons had to be rebuilt since the old ones had been discarded, broken up, or sold in Nevada. The new ending cost big dollars, but it gave the picture its final hurrah. It premiered at the Criterion in New York and Grauman’s in Hollywood. But there was that promise Cruze had made to the Indian extras—that they would be among the first to see it. He arranged a special print to be shipped by railroad to Pocatello, in mid-May 1923, for the sole purpose of screening the silent epic for the Bannocks at the Fort Hall Reservation. It would be shown only to members of the tribe, then returned by express to New York. George E. Carpenter, who wrote the story for the Salt Lake Tribune, described the event: “It appeared that all roads led to Fort Hall. From all points of the compass came blanketet Indians astride ponies, some in autos, ranging from a ruddy Stutz to a plebian ‘Henry’ [Ford]; others on foot.” It was standing-room-only at the school auditorium, and it was obvious a second night’s screening would be needed; and then it was doubtful everyone could be accommodated. “Joe Rainey, 72 years of age, an old time Custer scout who was present at the historic massacre, attended both shows, renewing his youth—in fact, all the Indians who were in the picture took in the big show both evenings as guests of honor.” During the screening the audience kept up a running fire of chatter, laughing heartily at the “shooting match between the scout, Jackson, and Jim Bridger, played respectively, by Torrence and Marshall, who at times run away with the picture.” The horses and livestock, too, came in for enthusiastic identification, according to reporter Carpenter, with Kerrigan’s big black horse the center of attraction. “We asked one of the Bannocks who took part in the picture and that night saw himself as others saw him, for the first time, what he thought of it. Did he say, ‘Humph! Heap big show!’? He did not, because this is his sentiment verbatim, delivered in fair English: ‘I am glad I helped, because now all over the world, people will see the Indians and what they did.’” William Donner, superintendent of the Fort Hall Reservation, said, “If this picture will have caused a better understanding of hardships and wrongs suffered by both races it will have performed a great mission.”

**Bees Star Hits the Big Time**

*The Baseball Encyclopedia: The Complete and Official Record of Major League Baseball* is the name Anthony Michael Lazzeri, nickname “Poosh ’Em Up,” and thereby hangs a tale. Lazzeri (or Lazerre, as he spelled it) has been the subject of Utah baseball folklore for as long as most fans can remember, and those stories all seemed to start in the 1920s at the Salt Lake Tribune with sports editor John C. Derks, for whom the community baseball field was named (and for whom, many fans still stubbornly believe, it should continue to be named).

Young Tony strolled into the Salt Lake Bees training camp in Modesto, California, in 1922 as a wide-eyed eighteen-year-old, “a green kid off the lots,” according to Derks, who was known to readers and denizens of the sports pages simply as JCD. He was green, Derks recalled, but even experienced players could tell right off that the kid had it in him to make a ball player. He had the size, the hands, some speed, the aggressiveness, and perhaps the best arm in baseball (Lazerre was a shortstop).

So team president H. W. Lane signed him and, with an eye to the future, brought the infielder along slowly, first with the Peoria baseball team in the Three I League, for a couple of seasons, and then with Lincoln in the Western League. By then...
Lazerre was thought to be ready to play with the Pacific Coast League. The year was 1925.

By the end of the season, Lazerre was the sensation of the minors. He had a nickname that would, as mentioned earlier, go down in the baseball annals with his performance statistics, and he had earned the devotion of baseball fans in the West. Lane said of him, “Tony looks better striking out, than lots of players look hitting home runs.” And Derks (JCD) wrote that in the eleven years Salt Lake has been in the league, there had not been a major league prospect to compare with Lazerre.

Just what did young Tony do, to deserve this adulation? Well, he Poosh ’Em Up, is what he did.

In the Utah business community there never was a more devoted fan of Lazerre than Cesare Rinetti, co-owner with Francesco Capitolo of the Rotisserie Inn, in downtown Salt Lake City. Rinetti took a liking to the young infielder from San Francisco; his Italian progenitors probably had a lot to do with it, but Tony and his San Francisco bride were a likeable couple. According to sports editor emeritus John Mooney, Rinetti “adopted” Lazerre and fed him good Italian food to build him up. Rinetti also was an avid baseball fan.

So it came to pass on a fine spring Saturday, the Bees were facing the Seattle Indians and Rinetti was in the stands at Community Baseball Park, as was JCD. (The field would not be named in his honor until 1940.) Rinetti, always the rabid rooter, shouted out in his heavy accent: “Poosh ’em up, Tony;” and the crowd picked up the chant. Lazerre then drove a terrific wallop over the center field fence. The crowd went wild. Lazerre added a double to his average that day, for three runs batted in. The final tally was Seattle 2, Salt Lake 12.

Derks, who by the way never used his full byline, and only on rare occasions signed his stories simply JCD, noted (without byline) that the boy who had been scouted and sought by the New York Yankees, the New York Giants, and the Washington Senators had been dealt to the Yankees by owner Lane for an undisclosed sum of cash and five players! Derks said the cash was estimated all the way from $1,000 to $200,000. No doubt, he added, “when the New York lads get their figures all compiled, it will be at least $250,000. Regardless, it is a fairly substantial sum.” At that August writing, Lazerre was leading the Pacific Coast League in home runs with thirty-three, only ten behind the league record of forty-three established by Paul Strand. He led also in stolen bases with twenty-six and in triples with thirteen. How Lazerre does during the remainder of the season, Derks remarked, will help him set his salary when he “goes up” to the big club.

From that day forward Lazerre was known as “Poosh ’Em Up” to the fans and “Our Tone” to John C. Derks.

The next day was a double-header for the Bees against the Indians. Lazerre collected just one hit for five trips to the bat and a stolen base in the first game (Seattle 4, Salt Lake 5), but he cracked two triples in the second game, which Salt Lake also pulled out (Seattle 8, Bees 11).

Derks must have thought to himself, it worked once, why not again? The morning headline, eight columns:

**Tone She Poosh Um Down an’ Den She Poosh Um Up**

The subhead below (in slightly smaller type) explained:

Lazerre’s Great Work Afield and With Club Factors in Twin Win

That was the last time for several months, that Derks fell back on dialect. But in July he was able to run a separate story saying, “They’re After ‘Our Tone’” and report a campaign in which the New York Americans (the Yankees) planned to spend $250,000 to develop its team from selected minor league players—among them, Lazerre, Salt Lake’s hard-hitting shortstop.

By August, Derks, who by the way never used his full byline, and only on rare occasions signed his stories simply JCD, noted (without byline) that the boy who had been scouted and sought by the New York Yankees, the New York Giants, and the Washington Senators had been dealt to the Yankees by owner Lane for an undisclosed sum of cash and five players! Derks said the cash was estimated all the way from $1,000 to $200,000. No doubt, he added, “when the New York lads get their figures all compiled, it will be at least $250,000. Regardless, it is a fairly substantial sum.” At that August writing, Lazerre was leading the Pacific Coast League in home runs with thirty-three, only ten behind the league record of forty-three established by Paul Strand. He led also in stolen bases with twenty-six and in triples with thirteen. How Lazerre does during the remainder of the season, Derks remarked, will help him set his salary when he “goes up” to the big club.

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Well, young Tony bent to the task. The Bees were in contention for the pennant, but their chances were slim. Through August and September they battled, and finally came October.

The major leagues wrapped up their season, and the Salt Lake Tribune's front pages were devoted to the pending seven-game confrontation between the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Washington Senators. On the inside pages, JCD would have none of it. The locals were just as important and hark! On October 3, 1925, a Derks headline roared:

Our Tone She Poosh Um Oop for da Feefty-seex

The details? Lazerre sets minor league mark; he needs three to tie Babe Ruth's record for all of professional baseball.

On October 12, another Derks special:

Our Tone, She Poosh Um Oop Two Time, Maka da Feefty-eight

Lazerre now is but one home run behind Ruth.

The World Serious (Derks’ words) had come and gone (Pittsburgh in seven) while the tale of Tony continued. On October 18 the clincher:

The Bambino, He's Got Nothin' on Our Tone Now

Lazerre knocks out 59th homer and ties world record.

October 19 would be the fateful day:

Gooda da Tone, She Poosh Um Up for Beat Bambino

Lazerre hits his 60th home run for the record.

The mighty Bees, however, did not win the Pacific Coast pennant that year, San Francisco did. But Lazerre went to the Yankees, and somehow, someway, his name picked up a z, dropped an r, and turned an e to an æ, to become Lazzeri. He was on the batting order with Lou Gehrig, and Babe Ruth. He stayed with the Yankees for twelve years.

Tony “Poosh 'Em Up” “Lazzeri” Lazerre died August 6, 1946. John C. Derks, dean of baseball, died April 8, 1944.

Death in the Uintas

Masashi Goto was thirty-two and bursting with pride as he eased his biplane in for a landing at the Salt Lake Municipal Airport. He was on the early legs of a flight that would carry him across the United States, then across Europe to Asia, and finally to the islands of Japan.

It was a beautiful morning—July 4, 1929—and as Goto rolled the craft to a stop and switched off the ignition, he could take satisfaction in his achievement thus far. In his flying suit pocket he carried letters to family and a small folded American flag. When this flight was over, Masashi Goto would be the most famous Japanese flier in the world. It was a dream he had savored since he and his friend in Los Angeles, Takeo Watanabe, had saved enough money to build the airplane they designed—this same little biplane which had served him so well thus far.

If Goto had any premonition otherwise, he did not show it as members of the Japanese community in Salt Lake City gathered at the airport to congratulate him and shake his hand. Before the day was done, Masashi Goto’s dream would be shattered—his biplane destroyed and the intrepid aviator dead in the high Uinta Mountains.

His adventure was long forgotten with the passage of time, and for years only a small granite monument on the Wolf Creek Summit road (Utah Highway 35) at the junction for Soapstone Basin and Hanna stood as mute testimony to the tragedy. The U.S. Forest Service has upgraded access to the area and relocated the monument.
closer to the state highway, with an automobile turnout. The monument fared well for three-score years, considering its location in a heavily wooded, but scarcely convenient spot to be noticed. It read:

This monument erected by the Japanese Association of Utah to
MASASHI GOTO
1896–1929
Japanese Aviator in his flight over America, Europe and Asia
Airplane RYOFU-Co
Crashed 3,000 feet South East of this spot July 4th, 1929

Goto had flown from Los Angeles to Oakland and on July 3 took off from that point to Reno, Nevada, presumably to refuel. His custom-made biplane was powered by a five-cylinder Pratt & Whitney air-cooled radial engine. The craft was fourteen-feet long with a twenty-two-foot wingspan. Japanese language newspapers on the Pacific Coast had for some time carried stories on Goto and Watanabe and their intended "round-the-world" journey.

Once the biplane was airborne out of the Salt Lake Municipal Airport in the early afternoon, Goto turned toward the Wasatch range, probably headed for Wyoming. Although his ultimate destination (New York) was widely known, he did not file a detailed flight plan, and it was never determined whether his next stop after Salt Lake City was to have been Denver or Laramie/Cheyenne.

He banked toward Parleys Canyon and set a course east, taking him over Park City. As his plane flew over the Uinta National Forest at Woodland, he ran into trouble; a thunderstorm was crackling in the vicinity of the high Uintas, and it was later theorized by experienced airmail pilots that Goto attempted to fly under the storm and, finding it impossible, tried a pancake landing. Other pilots speculated that the small airplane and its twenty-two-foot wingspan had reached its effective ceiling—that altitude above which its engine could not provide lift and then behaved as planes do under such circumstances; that is, it had gone into a nosedive or a tailspin and had struck the ground before the pilot could bring it under control.

Whatever the reason, the green and silver biplane crashed, the fuselage telescoping over the engine, throwing Masashi Goto with such force into the instrument panel that he suffered a fractured neck. Death came instantly, investigators said. His round-the-world journey had come to a heartbreaking end a mile into Dry Canyon, 8,500-feet above sea level near the Soapstone Basin.

In Salt Lake City, members of the Japanese community were still celebrating the departure of their countryman, who, it was hoped, would bring great honor to their native homeland and their adopted country as well. It was not unusual when no word was received of his successful arrival at the next city on his route. But when he failed to make contact Saturday and Sunday as well, fears for his safety began to circulate. There were no regulations requiring cross-country fliers to report their routes in advance. Where was Masashi?

Shortly before 4 P.M. on Monday July 8, Nymphus Simmons, a sheepherder, came across the wreckage in Dry Canyon. He hurried to a telephone line camp a few miles away and told them of his discovery. They tapped a wire into the line and telephoned word to Park City and Heber authorities. Wasatch County Deputy Sheriff Charles E. Bonner made an immediate try at reaching the scene but was forced to turn back on account of darkness. At daybreak a search party including Sheriff Virgil Fraughton, Deputy Bonner, and undertaker J. W. Winterrose reached Dry Canyon and were met by a group of sheepherders and two men from Salt Lake, one of whom, R. F. Crandall, was camping in the area when the plane was found. The other man probably was R. H. Warner, a Boeing pilot whose company had U.S. mail contracts and who was known to have been one of the first to arrive on the scene after the sheepherder called in the location.

Crandall told searchers that because the biplane was lying flat on the canyon floor with a damaged landing gear and propellor, it appeared Goto may have piloted the plane to earth instead of plunging in a straight nosedive. He thought the flier almost made a safe landing under power. Warner noted that the pilot was still wearing his parachute, which he would have used had the
plane failed him. It was his opinion based on experience that the pilot tried to fly under the storm and, when he realized it wasn’t possible, attempted a crash landing, “pancaking” it in.

The search party extricated the aviator’s body from the wreckage for removal to Heber. He carried a private pilot’s license and identification of Masashi Goto, 1615 West 36th Place, Los Angeles. He was born in Oita, Kyushu, Japan, in 1896. In his flying suit were found drafts for $500 and $300 in cash, a small American flag, and a letter to Takeo Watanabe’s father in Japan.

In Salt Lake City, Henry Y. Kasai, director of the Japanese Association of Utah, notified Watanabe in Los Angeles; and the two arranged to meet R. H. Warner in Heber. From the dead pilot’s friend and partner, Warner and Kasai learned of the dream that cost Goto his life. As superintendent of the Crawford Airplane Company in Venice, California, Watanabe, who was twenty-eight, and Goto had planned for three years to make a trip around the world, using a plane over land and crossing the ocean by boat.

When they found it would be too expensive, it was decided Goto, the eldest, should make the flight. With the combined savings of the two men during those years, they spent $4,500 building the biplane, their own design, in Watanabe’s garage. Goto worked as a gardener trimming lawns for extra money. It was a dream that kept them going, working for years on a homemade airplane being built during a time of aviation madness.

Charles A. “Lucky Lindy” Lindbergh hadn’t crossed the Atlantic when Watanabe and Goto began their project, but his successful flight in 1927 only fired their enthusiasm—the dream of becoming the most famous Japanese fliers in the world. When their plane was completed in the summer of 1929, aviation was the international byword. Two Polish pilots were preparing a transatlantic hop from Le Bourget, France, to New York. Two “hard-boiled hombres” from California named Loren Mendell and Pete Reinhart were about to begin a pioneer endurance flight which would take them past the two-hundred-hour mark for all classes of aircraft. And another pair of Americans, Roger Q. Williams and Lewis A. Yancey, bound from Old Orchard, Maine, for Rome, were forced, with gasoline tanks almost empty, to land in Spain. They were 225 miles ahead of schedule and preparing to refuel.

Instead of joyfully celebrating Goto’s safe landing—the plan was to proceed to New York, then stow the plane aboard a ship for Europe, and continue the flight east across Asia to Kyushu—Watanabe was arranging for his friend’s body to be shipped to Los Angeles for burial.

And the plane? It was disassembled and trucked back to Venice. Some framework, however, remained in Utah to be used as part of a memorial monument at the crash site to the valiant Goto. But in the ensuing years and the frenzy of World War II, someone toppled the monument into a creek bed. Later, Henry Y. Kasai arranged with then Utah Governor J. Bracken Lee to move the stone marker to a new site at the Soapstone-Hanna-Francis junction.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF RADIO LISTENING

“It’s time for Jack Armstrong . . . The All-American Boy!!!” More than two generations ago, those words were as familiar to radio listeners as the television catch phrase “The Thrill of Victory; the Agony of Defeat” is today. For it was the Golden Age of Radio in America, and folks used to spend their evenings huddled around a Philco, an Emerson, a Zenith, or, if they were really well off, a Sears Silvertone that stood three feet tall and in a position of importance in the home equal to that of the family piano. It was how America entertained itself in those tough Depression days and the years of World War II.

For youngsters who grew up in that era, whose childhood began with the stock market crash of 1929 and only began to improve with the
postwar fabulous fifties, it was a time for escapism into the world of imagination and radio adventure serials. And to make that world more real and exciting, there were the premiums, those precious prizes earned by mailing a required number of cereal box tops ("or reasonable facsimiles"), along with ten cents in coin, to the most famous mailing address in America—Battle Creek, Michigan, the breakfast cereal empire where these marvelous and mysterious treasures were produced.

Adventure serials came into being in the early 1930s with programs like *The Lone Ranger*, but even before that, a nightly fifteen-minute comedy called *Amos 'n' Andy* turned the infant medium of radio upside down. Sales of radios surged, from 650,000 sets in 1928 to 842,548 the following year, as the antics of Amos, Andy, the Kingfish, the Judge, the Bailiff, Lightnin', and the Fresh-Air Taxicab Company made America tune in—and stay tuned in for twenty-five years, until its younger brother, television, muscled radio aside.

In those early days there was NBC (formed in 1926), CBS (1927) and Mutual Broadcasting (1934). In Utah, KDYL Radio was the NBC affiliate and KSL was the CBS station. Dramatic serials occupied the morning hours, say, from 9:15 A.M., with *The Romance of Helen Trent*, which set out to prove (for nearly two decades) that romance could live on for a woman at thirty-five and even beyond. Unfortunately most of Helen Trent's lovers met violent death. (How else could a program continue for twenty years?) Daytime radio gave soap operas their name and reputation. *Ma Perkins* owned the longevity title, making its debut on December 4, 1933, and continuing without a break for twenty-seven years—7,065 broadcasts with the same actress, Virginia Payne, in the title role and the same sponsor, Oxydol soap.

But back to the evening adventure serials and the premiums. Those who remember *Jack Armstrong*, his sidekick cousins Billy and Betty Fairfield, and the show's father image, Uncle Jim Fairfield, who was an explorer and pilot of his own amphibious plane, also recall the neat stuff offered for a Wheaties box top and a dime: the mysterious Dragon's Eye ring that glowed with green luminescence in the dark, Jack's Explorer's Sun Watch, and his famous Pedometer, which, fastened to belt or pocket, would count every step its owner took. As Jim Harmon, radio premium historian, wrote, "Using it, Jack was able to follow the instructions in an old pirate map and keep Billy, Betty, Uncle Jim and himself on the correct course out of the bottomless-pit death traps laid by the Cult of the Crocodile God."

Wow!

And premiums were patriotic, too. For instance, *Junior G-Man* members were issued a *Manual of Instructions to All Operatives* (obtained with Post Toasties box tops) right from Chief Special Agent-in-Charge Melvin Purvis. Purvis described secret codes and signals, passwords, whistles, and danger code signs. He detailed instructions for solving crimes and apprehending criminals, how to "shadow" a suspect, and how to judge and compare fingerprints. Yessir, with Melvin Purvis heading up the corps, how could a red-blooded American youngster go wrong?

After being cautioned never to reveal the secrets of the Junior G-Man Corps, Purvis went on to explain how he made it a rule to eat Post Toasties for breakfast every morning and why he thought all Junior G-Men ought to follow his example—because it was good for you (and what better way to collect box tops for other Junior G-Man equipment). Purvis, for those unfamiliar with the deeds of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was the special agent-in-charge of the Chicago FBI office and all but crowded director J. Edgar Hoover off the front page with his escapades involving Baby Face Nelson and other public enemies. Purvis planned the ambush at the Biograph Theatre in Chicago and was the agent who killed John Dillinger. Hoover made life so miserable for the publicity-minded Purvis that he finally resigned from the bureau and eventually took his own life. He promoted himself into the Junior G-Man Corps radio deal in 1936, but it was short lived. Still, it recruited a lot of Junior G-Men in its time.

If being an All-American high schooler or a Junior G-Man wasn't enough, there was Tom Mix and the TM-Bar Ranch for all the "straight-shooters" in radioland. His premiums were really nifty: there was Tom Mix's Compass Magnifying Glass, his Signal Arrowhead with a magnifying lens, a reduction lens (called a "smallifying" glass), and a spinning whistle siren all in one. In 1938 he offered the clicker-key Postal Telegraph Signal Set (two Ralston cereal box tops or one box top and
ten cents). Tom encouraged listeners to "get your neighbor to send for one too, so you can hook both sets together and send messages between your house and next door." They were made of cardboard and didn't weather too well, but, golly, they were "official" Tom Mix signal sets and that was worth a lot. Over the years, Tom gave away Tiger Eye rings, Siren rings, and Tom Mix TM Bar brand rings—it was the berries. Ask anyone.

There was a definite motive behind all these so-called giveaways, from the Little Orphan Annie Ovaltine shaker mug to the Lone Ranger decoder card, aside from all the boxes of cereal that were sold. It was the sponsors' way of determining how many listeners their programs were attracting. There was no Arbitron or Nielsen service to provide demographics; all they had to go on was the million or so envelopes that poured into Battle Creek after each premium was announced.

Picture for a moment a youngster filling out a request and addressing an envelope ("be certain the return address is clearly printed"), carefully including the box top and coin, adding a stamp, and posting the letter. Rare is the boy or girl of those marvelous days who will deny waiting impatiently the next morning, and the mornings for a week after, for the mailman to deliver that wonderful gift. Six weeks later, and all but forgotten, the treasure would arrive, and its proud owner could listen to the program with renewed enthusiasm.

As for the secret code messages, they would invariably end with the same pronouncement: Don't forget to tune in tomorrow, same time, same station, for the next exciting episode of . . . . And we never forgot.

**A Token Effort**

The Treasury is worried about the penny; it seems to be going out of style. Pennies are a nuisance; there is nothing to spend them on. They won’t fit parking meters anymore. Pennies have outlived their usefulness for paying sales tax. At 6.25 percent, making sales tax change is the last stronghold of the copper coin.

Was a time in Utah, though, when shoppers had to deal not only with piles of pennies but with tax tokens too. A sales tax first went into effect in 1933 at a .75 percent rate paid in rounded amounts of one cent on a dollar sale. But the State Legislature raised the rate to 2 percent (to make it easier to pay, it said) and adopted the use of tokens to pay fractions of tax on sales under fifty cents. The Utah State Tax Commission ordered two denominations: one mill and five mill.

On June 21, 1937, Utah bought its first carload of seventy thousand aluminum tokens from Osborne Register Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, to be put in circulation July 1. The one-mill disk was a bit smaller than a dime; the five-mill token slightly larger than a nickel. As the Salt Lake Tribune explained it, “The mill was the precise tax on a nickel purchase; the 5-mill on a quarter purchase. A penny was the exact amount of tax on a 50-cent sale, and the tokens were used to pay the correct tax on factional amounts.” Shoppers, for instance, buying an item for $2.65 paid five cents plus three mills tax.

Obviously tokens would be a world-class pain in the pocket. Everyone would be carrying around a supply of aluminum as well as pennies because businesses were required by law to collect the tax, much to the aggravation of the public. Because Utah Governor Henry Blood signed the sales tax bill into law, tokens quickly became known as “Blood money.”

The extra “small change” created a fashion oddity among Utah males—the coin purse. From 1937 to the mid-1950s (and beyond by surviving senior-senior citizens today), this curious trend ordinarily consisted of the small rosette coin wallet or the larger snaplock leather pouch. Rare was the man who was without such an accessory in which to store his daily horde of pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, halves, and those worthless, blankety-blank aluminum tokens! (The coin purse for men...
generally faded from the scene when tokens finally were abolished.)

In June of 1942, the burgeoning demands of World War II brought about an acute condition on the homefront. Aluminum was a scarce war material, and Utah could not replenish its supply of tax tokens with that metal. The answer was a newfangled chemical composition called plastic. Utah ordered three denominations of plastic tokens in colors—green for one mill, gray for two mill, and orange for five mill—from Ingeversen Manufacturing Company of Denver. They were all the same size, slightly smaller than a quarter.

Throughout the existence of sales tax tokens in Utah, the metal disks came in for a variety of uses, but mostly by motorists who insisted on forcing them into parking meters. And there were those under the erroneous impression the five-mill token would work in pay telephones. Other vending machines fell victim to mill jams. But tragically, the plastic tokens proved the biggest headache. Young children were inexorably attracted by the brightly colored chips, and tried to eat them. The tokens were discontinued in May 1951 and, thereafter, became another in a long line of collectible oddities.

But as an example of the truth of the adage that “you can’t please everyone,” take the case of the silver dollar. The “cartwheel”—the good old silver dollar—was a standard in the western states from the day it was first minted. Back east, it was all currency, but in Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, Idaho, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado, the coin of the realm was the cartwheel. U.S. Mints in Carson City, Nevada; Denver; and San Francisco turned them out almost exclusively for the western states, and large coins became souvenirs for flatland tourists to take home and show the neighbors.

At least in Utah, though, dollars became much like tax tokens—a blamed nuisance. In retrospect, that attitude sounds like 100 percent idiocy in light of 1990s monetary conditions, but in the 1940s and ’50s, especially (there weren’t many folks who had much money in the 1930s), the notion of having three or four cartwheels clanking about in a pocket was aggravating. “Can’t I have paper?” was the usual lament when a shopper was handed three or four silver dollars along with the small change. Youngsters used to complain that the dollars—when they had them—would drag their jeans down, and women disliked the added weight; so the silver dollar—outside of the casinos in Nevada—became unpopular.

Today, shoppers would riot for the opportunity to receive silver anything in face value change. But silver coins went the way of the buffalo, podnuh.