

SUNSTONE



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MORMON WOMEN

POETRY DIXIE WINE

REVIEWS FICTION

MORMON MINSTREL

UNCLE GOLDEN

Sunstone is an independent quarterly journal of Mormon experience, scholarship, issues, and art addressed to an LDS student readership and to those of whatever age or conviction with similar concerns and interests.

Submission of articles for the journal is in no way restricted, but priority will be given both to articles by younger writers and to topics which deal with Mormon culture, Mormon history, or Mormon faith, albeit indirectly.

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SUNSTONE



A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF
MORMON EXPERIENCE,
SCHOLARSHIP, ISSUES, AND ART

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Letters



Dear editor:

The spring issue was very professional looking (as was the first) but I would like to see more art work. My bias, of course.

One other thing. The article on Mormon Shakespears said that Fran Smeath's play RETURNING opened at BYU. Actually it opened at our Boston Stake Education Series in May 1974. I played the part of Kathryn Kellerman Whitney and Fran directed the production.

I sure wish SUNSTONE came out more often!

One *more* thing. The review of FASCINATING WOMANHOOD voiced my reactions and objections more eloquently and succinctly than I ever could. Congratulations to Reba Keele!

Good luck with a great publication.

Linda Hoffman
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Enclosed find a check that I would appreciate your forwarding on to EL CID in Guatemala. I have been wanting to hear of such undertakings as the Andersens'!

LoAnne Jex Larson
Seattle, Washington

Yesterday I was skimming through your latest issue of SUNSTONE in the BYU Bookstore. I was very interested in your article concerning women. I contemplated buying the

issue but decided to wait and get a subscription. I find the appearance of your direct-mail in the box this afternoon rather uncanny. Good timing. . . .

I am interested in volunteering my efforts to help with the distribution, writing, etc., of your publication. It has impressed me very much.

Thanks again for the motivation to subscribe.

Kathy Gardner
Provo, Utah

I just became acquainted with SUNSTONE this morning and would like to subscribe. . . .

We enjoy LDS writings but do not care for DIALOGUE so we'll be anxious to receive SUNSTONE. Thank you,

Mrs. George E. Cobabe
Ogden, Utah

I'm very pleased with the start of a journal covering scholarship, experience, and especially art of the LDS Church and members. Rather surprisingly I found what I thought to be the standout piece in your LETTERS section. Brother Eugene England's letter was sensitive and filled with a gentle warning and challenge to all those who endeavor a journal that purports to promote the gospel, but hasn't the direct guidance of the General Authorities.

I myself have been interested in the development of a distinctive, excellent Mormon literature and hope someday to participate more fully in its growth and establishment. . . .

Richard Tice
Salt Lake City

Your first edition made me wish that SUNSTONE was a monthly instead of a quarterly. I do have one reservation:

Your format indicates a certain affluence. I would hope that you are living within your means. DIALOGUE also decided that the medium was as important as the message, and pushed their subscription price up to cover their "standard of publishing." On the other hand is EXPOSITION II with a bare-bones budget and a readable format, which I can still afford. . . .

Good luck,

Jacob van Luik
Enfield, Connecticut

Herewith my subscription order for one year, beginning with the 1976 spring issue. As indicated, I am a retired person. . . .

It may interest you to know what I wrote my young friend, Mr. Eric G. Andersen, a BYU law student:

What a wonderful publication. I cannot be too laudatory about it; the entire staff and the contributors of this mental pabulum are to be highly commended. The journal is well conceived, well prepared, and excellently produced. The artistic cover, the masterly, modern layout, the good typefaces — which are so happily varied — give more life to the publication and thus a fine optic incentive to read.

And the contents — the articles and the play

are immensely interesting. I have read the journal from cover to cover, in one sitting, could not tear myself away. Well, this was a first, eager reading; it will be followed by a more deeply reflective study.

I wish you success with the SUNSTONE, and may the Lord bless your initiative.

C. F. Thomsen
Copenhagen, Denmark

An article concerning my mother, Alice Merrill Horne, appeared in SUNSTONE, Vol. I, No. 2. I was struck with the excellent writing ability of the author, Jill C. Mulvay, who so ably put together the information she obtained from the Archives of the Historical Department of the LDS Church. Please extend my congratulations to her for a masterful article.

Zorah Horne Jeppson
Salt Lake City, Utah

Keep up your excellent work. I think SUNSTONE contains some fine work, keen attitudes, and a sensitive feel we need today.

I'm most impressed with your attention to Mormon Theatre. Hurray. . . I feel akin to most everything that's been written about the theatre in our Church. Please know you have my confidence and continued support.

Tim Holst
Ringmaster, Ringling Bros.-
Barnum & Bailey Circus
Washington, D.C.

Editorial



TO ALL FIGHTING MOTHERS

It wasn't until I entered the fifth grade that I first heard the word "retardo." In the vernacular of my classmates "retardos" were the children in the special education program, and the "old gray-haired lady" who taught them was my mother. Few of my peers ever suspected that many of the gray hairs on that old lady were my doing or that one of the "retardos" was my sister. Generally, my friends did not intend to be unkind — they merely reacted to something they did not fully understand.

I don't remember being offended that my sister was called a "retardo" nor that my mother was referred to by the normal juvenile epithets. If people said things that were unkind, it was only, as Mother said, because they were afraid or uncertain themselves. Such people, she taught us, needed understanding just as much or more than anyone who had a visible handicap. In fact, Mother often said that the biggest part of her work was not so much to teach her students as it was to help other people (particularly the students' own families) accept them.

Although I could have congratulated myself (and did) on my relatively superior insights into the problems of the handicapped, I still harbored prejudices of my own. I remember the occasion quite vividly which rather abruptly changed several of those notions. That was the time I first saw my mother fighting on the playground.

At our school it was the custom at the end of recess to line up all the grades on the blacktop in front of the large double-doored entrance, a ritual intended to restore a certain degree of decorum before the students filed back into the sanctum. One of Mother's pupils was a good-looking boy, about as tall as she was, whom I had always considered to look too normal to be in special education. Just as the entire school was poised in anticipation of reentering the halls of learning, this student fell into a rage and began kicking and hitting those around him. Mother caught him with a flying tackle and, as the school watched in paralyzed horror, she put a headlock on him, twisted one arm behind his back, and pinned him up against the school wall so that his legs were not free to kick.

I had never seen my mother fight in public before, and she reminded me somewhat of the lady wrestlers on television. I felt that I was a better fighter than my mother, but I intuited that any interference would have only confused things more. Although Mother's style was primitive, she was a fairly strong woman and seemed to be holding her own. I stood ready just in case, but she was well positioned, her broad legs planted firmly apart with her skirt hiked up around her knees, her arms locked around her struggling ward, and her salt-and-pepper hair blowing wildly in the wind. When the other teachers (all female) recovered their wits, they judiciously marched everyone inside to safety.

That night at home when I explained to Mother about my not thinking it wise to interfere, she confirmed that I had made the right decision. She said that her student, Curt, had calmed down immediately after everyone had gone. She added that, discounting Curt's outbursts, he was her best student. I objected to this apparent cover-up. How could he be her best student if he flipped out all the time? Mother explained that "flipping out" didn't affect one's ability as a student. She said that Curt was very intelligent and cooperative and, in fact, had the IQ of a genius.

If Curt was a genius, I challenged, then what was he doing in special education? Mother said that students were not placed in her class on the basis of their intelligence. She explained that every person has many abilities and characteristics, none of which is measured by IQ. For any number of reasons a student might not be able to cope in regular classes. Mother added that many students did not function well in normal classes precisely because they were particularly gifted. At that point I began to feel that I should be put in special education to show what I could really do.

However, there was still the problem of Curt's "flipping out" that could not merely be passed off as a special gift. Mother admitted that most of her students had learning disabilities. "For reasons which we may never fully understand," she said, "they are different."

Life has marked them with experiences that are difficult, sometimes impossible, to resolve. They are not better or worse than anyone else; they are only different. We are all different from each other; some dif-

ferences are just more noticeable than others."

This experience caused me to become increasingly wary of judgments or categorizations of other people, especially those categorizations that ignored the unique conditions of a person's life. In subsequent years I have attended any number of Church meetings where various people were awarded rank and standing in the pre- and post-mortual existences upon the merits of their condition in this life — "all _____ will go to _____, all _____ to _____," and so on. At these times I have always felt uneasy. My mind was flooded with exceptions to the general rule: Curt, my sister, and others whose special circumstances made them different were scored deeply into my understanding. As some confidently calibrated the fate of mankind on their exact rules of judgment and recompense, I became only more convinced of how complex and incomprehensible any human life must be. Though I may not have realized it, I too had been affected by life in ways that had made me different from others.

I suspect that there are many people in the Church who bear the marks of such privately incurred truths.

When the conversation turns to marriage problems, adolescents, minorities, or some other topic that agitates very deeply-inflicted convictions, many Church members are perhaps uncomfortable, as I am at times, not knowing how much of their feelings they are socially obligated to conceal and how much they are morally obligated to disclose.

No doubt some carry the scars of their convictions with a great deal more grace than others. Some are quite artful at making their differ-

ences acceptable by applying extra layers of orthodoxy to their religious exteriors. Others' stigmas are less visible or are located in areas not normally open to scrutiny. But sooner or later everyone is placed in a position where he or she is obligated to testify to those truths with which life has entrusted him or her.

In Church circles it is likely that such a personal witness will be attended by qualification, mitigation, or apology. We are all, perhaps, too conscious of the possible effects our comments might have upon "investigators," "new converts," "weak members," "most members," ad fin. Admittedly, it is essential to emphasize beliefs and experiences that will foster a spirit of unity. Lasting solidarity, however, is not secured by obviating individuality, but by incorporating it. It is the unique contribution of each member which establishes the strength and completeness of the whole community. Only when one's personal conviction is insufficient must he demand that others shore up his doubts by their conformity.

Too often when others disturb the security of our established patterns of behavior and belief, we precipitously label them as deviates. Whether the term is "retardo," "intellectual," "radical," or "bigot," its intent is the same — to sum up a person and dispose of him with a word. And so begins an unfortunate cycle of recrimination and alienation.

Such indiscriminate labeling ignores the complexity of factors that motivate any individual course of action or belief. It unleashes the blindly destructive forces of social reproach that deceive normally sensitive people into thinking that tolerance

and acceptance are no longer applicable. Moreover, the estranged individual's own capacity for reproachment is crippled by the hate and despair spawned by rejection.

The alienation of the one from the ninety-and-nine is a tragedy that impoverishes all and benefits no one. With no community to contribute to, the one is left no purpose in continued attainment. The ninety-and-nine have lost that which is irreplaceable, for how great is the worth of a soul? And what does it profit us as a Church to gain the whole world, if we lose the fruit of our labor?

Sunstone is founded upon the belief that members committed to a gospel of love can differ in their perceptions and still work together toward a unity of the faith. Moreover, the journal rests upon the conviction that diversity is not only tolerable, but necessary. Since every person has the sacred right and obligation to pursue truth to the best of his or her ability and belief, every person must be allowed to express that truth as life has revealed it to him or her.

"Both creative science and revealed religion find their fullest and truest expression in the climate of freedom . . .," said Hugh B. Brown. "God himself refused to trammel man's free agency even though its exercise sometimes teaches painful lessons."

An independent and non-authoritative undertaking such as *Sunstone* depends upon the tolerance and mature convictions of the entire Mormon community. It is very probable that some who express themselves through the journal will represent views that are unacceptable to others. As long as there are enough forums to express the opinions of all, then this is as it

should be. Certainly we must each be willing to withhold judgment of others' beliefs and allow, as Joseph Smith counselled, that only "time, and experience, and careful and ponderous and solemn thoughts" can find out the full complexity of

life and eternity. Hopefully, there even is enough room for each of us to be wrong at times — it is so easy to be mistaken about so many things.

KRIS CASSITY
Managing Editor

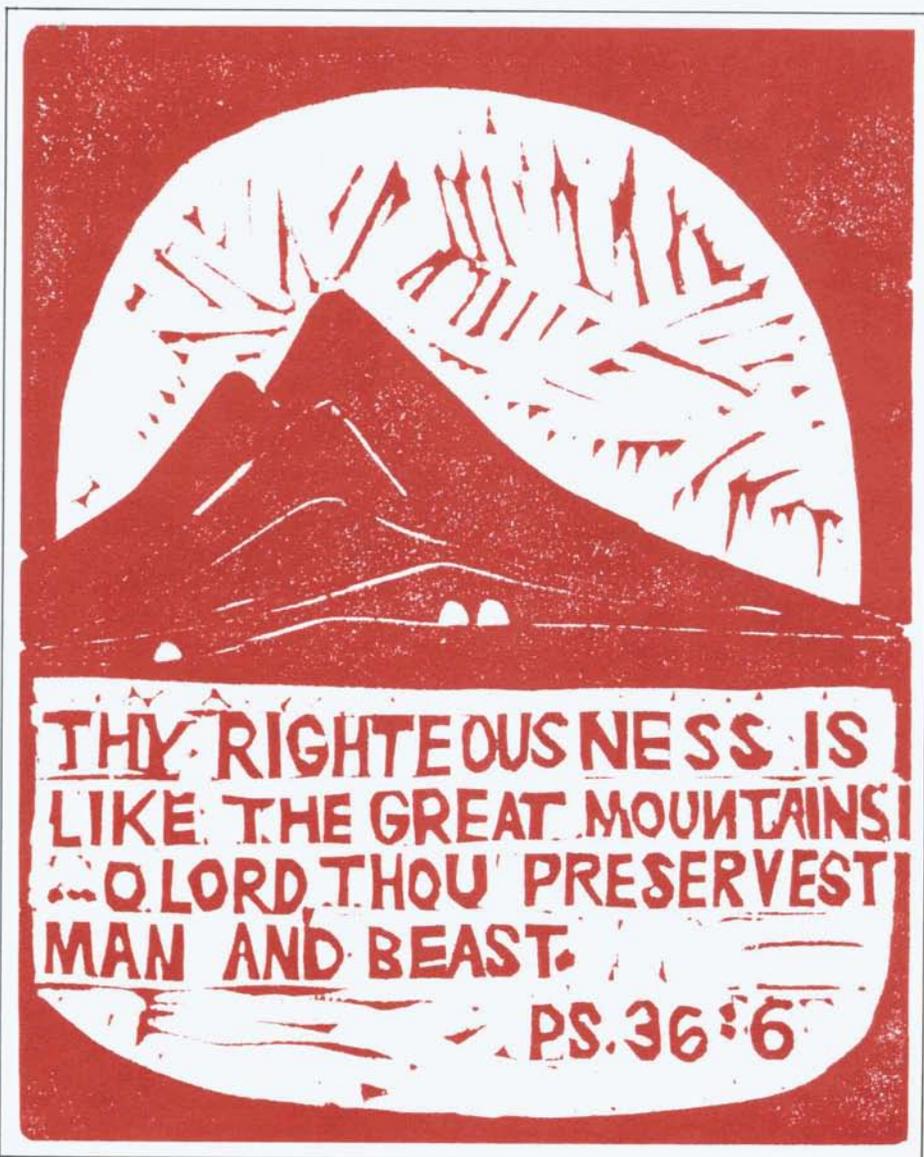


Illustration by Marilyn Miller

ABOUT THE SUNSTONE

PEGGY FLETCHER



The task of choosing a name for a newly created journal was not an easy one. From mid-August to early November 1974 it was the primary item on the agenda of our weekly and sometimes bi-weekly meetings; that task alone outlasted some of the editors. Amid much laughter we tried *The Vineyard*, *Rough Draft*, *Chrysallis*, *The Mormon Student*, *Stratavarious*, *Whetstone*, *The Nouveau Expositor*, *The Harbinger*, and sundry others. But none seemed to express the something which was an ambiguity in different stages of progression in each mind. Certainly none was one upon which we could all agree.

Then from a rather unexpected source came the name. An early-Sunday-morning phone call came, and *Sunstone* was sleepily chosen to represent the conglomeration. (I'd agree to anything at that hour.) At first few were excited about it — I have to admit that it didn't seem very inspired to me. This may have been because until that time I had no idea of what the sunstone was nor any reason why we should choose it as a symbol.

By doing a little research I discovered some facts about the sunstone.

'The Sunstones formed the capitals of thirty pilasters that ornamented and reinforced the exterior walls [of the Nauvoo Temple] — nine on each side and six at each end. Above each pilaster, around the cornice, was a 'Starstone' and at the base of each was a 'Moonstone.' The Sunstones were by far the largest of the three, being six feet wide at the top, four feet, six inches at the base and also in height, and eighteen inches thick. Each weighed 3,000 pounds and is said to have cost \$3,000.¹

But further, I was interested in the intended symbolism of the architecture. Architect for the Nauvoo Temple, William Weeks,² did not write or say anything which has been recorded about the sunstone's use as a symbol, nor was I able to find any relevant statement by Joseph Smith. In fact, there is even confusion about just what the two hands positioned above the sun are holding, be they horns of plenty or trumpets. Fortunately, a few sources do discuss the symbolism of the sunstone:

The stones representing the sun, earth, moon, and numerous stars are allegorical emblems of the conditions to which the resurrected souls of mankind will be assigned, when all are judged "according to their works" [see I Corinthians 15:40-42 and Revelations 20]. The . . . hands are emblematic of the strong union and brotherly love characteristic of Latter-day Saints, through which they have been enabled to accomplish so much both at home and abroad.³

B. H. Roberts in his *History of the Church* says: "There are thirty capitals [i. e. Sunstones] around the Temple, each one composed of five stones, viz., one base stone, one large stone representing the sun rising just above the clouds, the lower part obscured; the third stone represents two hands each holding a trumpet, and the last two stones form a cap over the trumpet stone, and all these form the capital. . . ."⁴ In *Architecture of the Old Northwest Territory*, they are described as "a sun with human features and a pair of trumpets grasped by heavenly hands."⁵

Yet Talmage says in *The House of the Lord* that "each pilaster presented in hewn relief the crescent moon, and

ended above in a capital of cut stone depicting the face of the sun allegorically featured, with a pair of hands holding horns."⁶ If Talmage and other writers who speak of "horns" refer to horns of plenty instead of musical horns or trumpets, then the imagery of the Sunstone alters drastically. However, similar architectural symbolism is found on New England gravestones dating to late 18th century and early 19th century and the figure was always a trumpet with its apocalyptic referent, the trumpeting in of the end.⁷

The three remaining pilasters — one on the ground of the Nauvoo State Park, one maintained by the Quincy Historical Society, and one owned by the Reorganized Church⁸ — are all that remains of the Nauvoo Temple. Thus the sunstone, perhaps Mormonism's only true iconographic symbol, becomes representative of that which has lasted from the early days of the Church down to the present time.

Therefore, as a symbol to represent our journal, the sunstone has many possible meanings. Let me suggest a few. In terms of Mormon theology the sunstone is obviously a symbol of the divinity of Jesus Christ, the light of the world, the Sun-Son (a parallelism also made by many pagan religions), and of His gospel of peace which is shed forth upon all men. The sun is also an explicit symbol for the dwelling place of celestial beings (see D&C 76) and may therefore represent the quest for perfection, the belief in the exalting power of "light and truth" and intelligence which is the glory of God, and a firm commitment to purity and honesty symbolized by the teaching that God does nothing in darkness.

By its very existence as a physical object that is representative of spiritual reality, the sunstone sym-

bolizes the union of matter and spirit, a representation of the fact that "all things are both temporal and spiritual." In this sense it may also represent Mormonism's commitment to both worldly and other-worldly concerns. In this sphere of existence the sun is the focus and symbol of creation, regeneration, and the joy of life. Thus the sunstone may suggest our belief in the goodness and eternal nature of the human body, all other forms of life and matter — a strong affirmation of the conviction that "man is that he might have joy" in this existence as well as in the life to come.

As an artifact of our cultural past, the sunstone not only stands as a historical link between our generation and a former one and as a symbol of the continuity of Truth, but it also represents the integral nature of artistic expression and religious sentiment. The stone is, itself, an artistic statement on the nature of life and the glory of God. Perhaps most importantly, because of the multiple levels of symbolism suggested by the sunstone, it can lend itself to individual interpretation and become an ensign of many things to many people.

These two years since the inception of the idea have been years of chronic crises and disasters, imminent financial ruin, taxing interpersonal relationships, constant turnover of editors, delayed mailing and postal problems, tax traumas, unceasing correspondence, and the daily headache of unexpected details. I wish that *Sunstone* had a dollar for every attempt to dissuade me from continued participation in the project — perhaps some of the above problems could have been aborted.

Nonetheless, *Sunstone* is now an active two-year-old, busily growing into its name. The journal's creators

have continued to discover and be amazed by the diversity and complexity of the Mormon consciousness, personal and collective. Much like a look into the face of the enigmatic sunstone, each glance into the Mormon experience reveals a new understanding and a new suspicion

no longer content with that understanding. More than anything else, the sunstone may best represent the often paradoxical relationship of those who manage, contribute to, and read the journal.

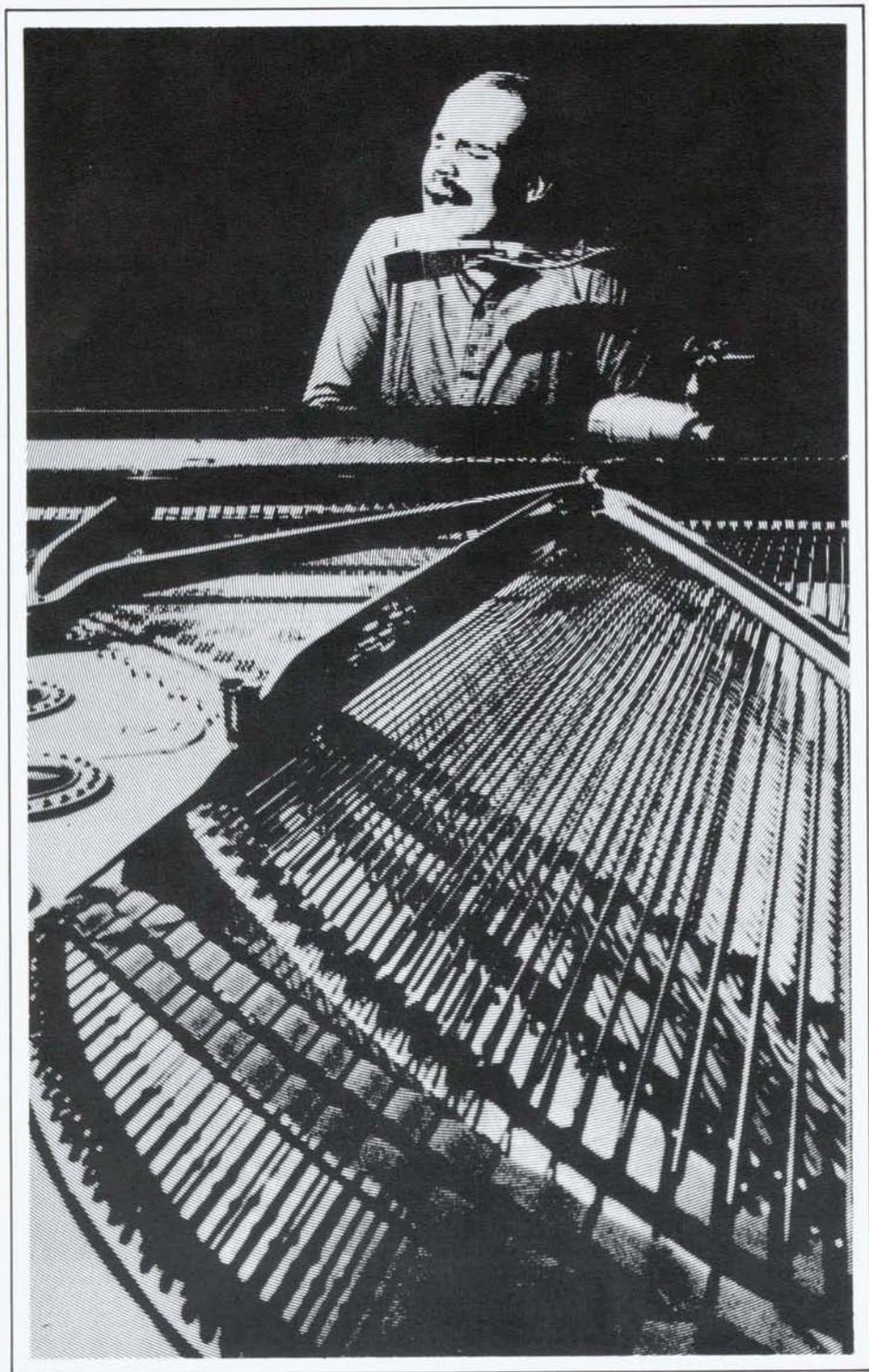
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1. Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society (Springfield, Ill. Spring, 1957), pp. 99-100.
 2. Carl McGavin *The Nauvoo Temple* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1962), p. 125.
 3. D. M. McAllister, *The Great Temple and a Statement Concerning the Purposes for Which It Has Been Built* (Salt Lake City: Bureau of Information, 1925), p. 10.
 4. Period II, Vol VII, p. 323.
 5. Rexford Newcomb (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1956), p. 153.
 6. (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1974), p. 111.
 7. Mrs. Jane Dillenberger expert on religious art in America, in conversation with editor.
 8. Calvin J. Sumision, "A Word About The Cover," *Dialogue*, Vol. VII, no. 4, (Winter 1972), p. 112.
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A Song of Celebration

RICHARD ELLIS TICE

Sunrise strikes the fronds with fire,
 Fills the pale green palms with yellow flame —
 Furious the whipping wind stirs higher
 Golden-green the burning frame
 Of leaves, till light that blazing
 Through the saffron tree explodes the gold-
 Studded sun, the fiery sparkles edging
 Amber glow with iridescent emerald.

So celebrate, come celebrate the light,
 Before the fires abate, come celebrate;
 And when the even eases into night,
 And streaming shadows on the fronds create
 A crimson taint, still celebrate the hour,
 The pastel glow the dusk cannot devour.



MARVIN PAYNE: SONGWRITER IN RISING WATERS

BRIAN CAPENER

The marquee outside Uncle Mario's discotheque announces: TONIGHT! MARVIN PAYNE DISCO PARTY. The Provo High School glitter crowd is there, easily outnumbering the faithful coterie of Marvin Payne friends and relations. There is a sense of anticipation. Will tonight see the final electrification of this one-time folksinger who for the last five years has gone among the houses and towns of Utah Valley, plying his trade in vinyl? After all, Marvin Payne has been heard on the radio of late, singing a mild rocker called "Eliza." A love song? Homage to an earlier Utah songwriter? No one much knows, or really cares; it sounds like a hit, the Osmonds sing the background vocals.

Uncle Mario's is furnished with red shag walls and mirrored stage; the effect is a hybrid of abandoned warehouse and European Health Spa. The truth is, Marvin Payne and the disco party occur in that order, but the juxtaposition is revealing. Marvin has been keeping strange company; after all, his latest album was produced under the watchful auspices of the Osmonds. Now he is

playing a gig smack in the red shag heart of Babylon (Provo annex), and what happens is that it scares the metaphoric subtlety right out of him. To these acolytes of the glitter cult he sings, not the new, electric songs, not the calculatedly commercial songs with the messages of truth and light buried deep within innocuous sounding lyrics, but the old songs, the songs with images that sometimes interlock like poetry. He does sing them "Eliza" but not before telling them that it is an anti-abortion number, written to his yet-unborn daughter. He explains the songs to them, he wants them to understand that these are songs about repentance and atonement and home teaching; he talks and talks, and finally he sings "I Am a Child of God" and wants the audience to join in, the way they always used to. Some do. The Marvin Payne part of the evening is over. There is a pause of no more than ten seconds before 40,000 watts of disco energy erupts from the four hulking speakers in the corner, and Marvin's anti-abortion song with the Osmond "oohs" in the background be-

comes the object of dance interpretation. And how those children do dance.

Later, a bearded youth helping Marvin and the band load the truck is asked how he liked the concert. "Wow," he responds in awe, "it was almost like Sunday School."

* * * * *

Marvin Payne grew up in El Monte, California, and went to high school in the mid-sixties. He was listening to Bob Dylan before it was *de rigeur* to listen to Bob Dylan, and from him learned how to write songs in which the words were noticeably more important than the music. Marvin cultivated a determinedly average ability to finger a guitar and sing at the same time. But the voice was clearly better than average, and something had to be done with it. At BYU, it underwent "classical training" and Marvin appeared in the crook of the piano, singing black tuxedo music. But after a mission to Australia, Marvin decided he wanted to be a poet, and exercised the poetic enterprise to market his verse door-to-door. A friend suggested that the poems become songs, and the book a record album. This accomplished, Marvin began to market his first album — door-to-door. The songs were from the beginning simply a vehicle for the expressions of religious faith and experience which he wanted to share, and the words were inevitably more important than the music.

Marvin Payne rescued a whole generation of BYU coeds from the spectre of silent stereos on the Sabbath. When everyone else, including the Osmonds, fell under the Sunday anathema in tacit recognition of their ultimate affiliation with Idumea, Marvin's band played on. Even when his songs became, well, loud, who could fail to find edifica-

tion in the tale of young Billy Jenkins expiring in a snowstorm while taking the tithing to Salt Lake City on Christmas Eve? The strength of the words was what people heard, those that listened at all, and somehow, in spite of the fact that musically the songs *sounded* a lot like the world's product, the power of metaphor and imagery saved Marvin Payne from the taint of writing *cantiones profanae*. The words were both the strength and weakness of his music, because songs you can play on Sunday don't, when it comes right down to it, sell.

So I went on down to Hollyweird, Tryin'
to make it in the world of song.
I met me an agent, he said, 'Son, Your
tunes are all too long.
What's more than that, they're all too fat
From the core out to the peel.
And I don't like apples and I don't like
you,
So how does that make you feel?'¹

Marvin sold his records door-to-door in the evenings with his Gibson guitar slung over his shoulder, and it was only a matter of time before someone called him a "Mormon troubadour." If the metaphor was apt, it was only because troubadours were notoriously concerned about finding the perfect union of word and music. Otherwise, troubadours were, despite the popular misconception, middle-class nobility who sat around dusty castles writing songs which the real door-to-door types, the *jongleurs*, disseminated. Someday, Marvin would like to become a troubadour.

* * * * *

We are eating dinner in the Ernest L. Wilkinson Center. Marvin has spent the afternoon practicing with his band, and he will sell records after dinner. It costs him more to drive back to Alpine to eat dinner with his family than it does to eat in the Wilkinson Center, so Marvin is a fre-

quent patron. "You know, if someone asked me if I was affiliated with BYU, I would certainly say no, I don't have anything to do with it, but I bet I spend more time on campus than a lot of students." One of whom approaches the table. "Is your name Marvin Payne?" he asks.

"It certainly is, and what's yours?"

The question seems to startle the student. He mumbles his name then quickly adds, "I heard you play back in Bowling Green."

"You're the one who had the twelve-string guitar."

This too produces a visible jolt. "I didn't think you'd remember," he says.

"But you were very memorable," Marvin replies, then proceeds to inquire in some detail into the activities and whereabouts of his acquaintance in the past year. He watches the young man go on his way, vaguely baffled at having found himself the sole topic of conversation.

I am explaining to Marvin the Council of Trent. In 1545 the Church was upset because some composers were slipping popular tunes in as the *canti firmi* of their masses, and some of them were making the music more important than the words. In 1976, Latter-day Saint musicians are being counselled that a fundamental impropriety may be involved in trying to make certain styles of music vehicles for sacred expressions, and Marvin is frankly worried about this. The fact that the problem has historical continuity is not profoundly comforting to him. The suggestion is made that the strangeness of the Uncle Mario's gig may have to do with the issue of propriety.

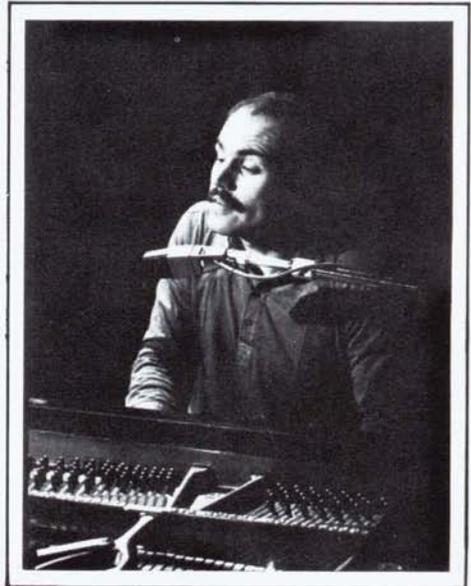
"You know," Marvin says, "I've gone around for a long time saying that when you're offering folks the water of life, why should some people get hung up on the bucket? Well, this morning I was sitting in the tub and the thought came to me that there are in fact some buckets which are so tainted by carrying around the other stuff that even when they're carrying the water of life you think you're tasting something else."

I opine that the Medium, is after all, the Message.

Marvin eyes me distrustfully. "Now you may think I haven't read Marshall McLuhan. Well now I have." He leans forward as though he is about to share a great secret.

"There's just one thing I want to tell you about Marshall McLuhan," he says, "The man is altogether crazy." He smiles at this disclosure then leans back, waiting for me to continue.

But he continues: "So I get out of the tub and start driving into town, and I'm listening to a tape this kid gave



me in Chicago. He's recorded these songs that sound just like America or Crosby, Sills and Nash, only the words are about the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, and Christ in Jerusalem, and you know what? It is just plain beautiful.

"You see, if what some Church leaders say is true, then the songs I've got to worry about are not the commercial songs, because most of them don't even make an attempt to be serious, but it's a song like "If Jesus was a River" which is altogether laid-back and acoustic, and taken from Ezekial 47:

If Jesus was a river rollin' easy fresh and free,
And if Jesus was a river rollin' easy,
Would you take your shoes off,
Would you come along with me,
Would you swim into the beauty of the stream?

Once I was a plain and dusty stranger on the shore.

Once I was a plain and dusty stranger.
Then I swam the river
And I dove into the glory,
Dove into the glory of the stream.

Look around, the water's to your ankles.
Look around, the water's to your knees.
Look around, the water's to your shoulders,
And you can see the fishes dancin'
Dancin' silver rings around you and me —
If Jesus was a river rollin' easy fresh and free,
And if Jesus was a river rollin' easy.²

Marvin laughs. "You know I played that song once for this guy who was an English major — probably the kind of person who sits around all day and reads Marshall McLuhan — and when I got done he looks at me and says, 'Now really, don't you think that song is awfully pedestrian?'"

"So what is your conclusion?" I ask.

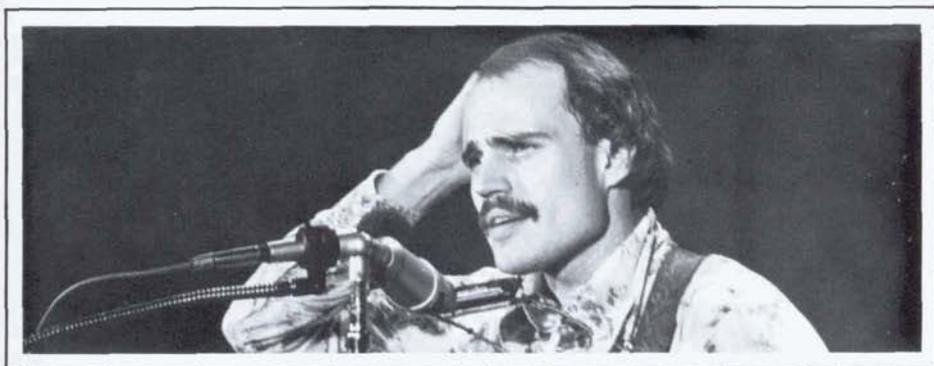
"There is no conclusion," he says, "except that I'm flat-out confused.

Right now I can't see anything wrong with songs like that, but tomorrow I'm going to be back in the tub again."

* * * * *

Some of Marvin's problems may date to the Council of Trent, but one of them at least is much older. So far, the itinerant record-peddling approach has managed to pay the bills, but it will never produce any profits. And even though a few years ago he probably didn't even think of it, selling door-to-door lacks dignity, at least for someone who is serious about a career as a songwriter. "I feel guilty if I go to a movie," he says ruefully. "Sometimes I feel like I've been on a mission for seven years now." Then more seriously: "When I go to a house and sit down to sing a song and sell a record, I've always felt I should use the moment to share my testimony, or to say something personal. But lately I've felt like I should sing them one of the new commercial songs because that's what I'm trying to sell them."

For nearly a year, Marvin has been writing "commercial" songs, according to strict formulas of style and form. At first it was an invigorating challenge, just to see if he could do it; now he has mixed feelings about it. "I think it's fair to assume that I, like nearly everyone else, will find my job boring and unchallenging at least part of the time. I think I can handle that. Ideally I would like to live in Utah, do a minimum of touring, write a whole lot of commercial songs for other people to sing, and then every once in a while just sort of slip in an album of my own which is full of beautiful songs." And the chief reason he wants to be successful as a songwriter is to avoid the inevitable next step he would have to take in building his career as a performer: playing night-



clubs. "I want to just sort of skip that step altogether. But the next six months will be real crucial in determining whether or not I will have to end up posturing as a jester in Babylon's court."

"Sometimes," he once said, "I wonder what would have happened if I had stayed with the University, gotten a bunch of degrees and ended up with a huge gig at some prestigious university. I wonder if I could have reached more people and helped more people doing that. I'm not a dumb person, you know. There are some things I know, and a lot of things I believe real hard. Maybe that would have been better, but there's no way to tell."

Marvin's songwriting companion is Guy Randle, who has played with the band for several years. The collaboration has proved fruitful (the Osmonds have recorded a number of their songs), but like any creative duo, there are points of disagreement. "Marvin has this thing about stars. He always wants to put stars in the songs. Also medieval things, castles and dragons and that kind of stuff. I try to write with images that are straight and earthy, you know, just kind of flat and direct, and then Marvin wants to put a dragon or a star in there. Sometimes I have to fight with him for hours to keep that

flowery stuff out, and he gets really stubborn."

"Guy doesn't like medieval images," Marvin replies. "What if I didn't like all the mornings he puts in his songs? I have nothing against morning," he says magnanimously.

But there are still songs being written which are not hammered out piece by piece from the pig iron of commercially acceptable themes, songs which are written because somebody Marvin met out selling records touched him, and driving home at night the words and the music come in such a way that he has to pull over to the side of the road and write it all down.

Doubtlessly, the struggles and the collaboration have helped, because the new songs are "flatter" and truer:

I've got happy songs that don't mean
nothing,
Sad songs that only mean goodbye,
And my love songs remind you of the joy
that's gone,
And my silence only seems to make you
cry.

You've been laying long under the shadow,
Your windows are black, your walls are
bare,
Well I'm with you in the darkness with a
dawn to share,
But my song is slowly dyin' on the air.

Won't you let me help you believe there's a
mornin' breaking somewhere,
Won't you let me help you believe there's

new day comin' through.
 Ah, but if it hurts you to know that the sun
 is shinin' anywhere but here,
 Will it help you to know I've had that feelin'
 too? ³

☆☆☆☆☆

We are finishing dinner in the Wilkinson Center. It has been an exhausting afternoon in the studio, recording songs for a KBYU-FM special on Marvin Payne. Something happens in the canned atmosphere of the studio that enervates enthusiasm very quickly. The emphasis shifts wholly to the music, and for a time at least, what the songs are about is completely forgotten. Guy, in fact, has played and recorded the new song several times before he suddenly realizes with a shock of recognition that it contains the word "star." Bill Cushenberry doesn't like his bass track, Jac Redford is fretting about the intonation of his guitar line, nothing ever seems to be altogether in tune. When the session is over nobody is really satisfied, but we are happy to get out and do something else. I ask Marvin what will happen to the band if the songwriting begins to generate enough money.

"In a way," he says, "I think the best thing that could happen is if they all went out and got real jobs. Not even in music. I mean nice, solid, nine-to-five jobs.

I look surprised.

"I'm serious. Now you take Jac Redford. Jac has so much talent that all the seeds are there for him to stay in this business and develop all the neuroses of a real artist. I mean a real artist. He could become a Beethoven and pay the exact same price."

The thought recalls a poem by Yeats called "The Choice." As memory serves, I recite it for Marvin:

The intellect of man is forced to choose
 Perfection of the life or of the work.
 And if it take the latter, must refuse
 A heavenly mansion, raging in the dark.
 When all that story's done, What's the
 news?

In luck or out, the toil has left its mark;
 That old perplexity, an empty purse,
 Or the day's vanity, the night's remorse.⁴

"Exactly," he says softly. "You know we all think that what Beethoven did was so wonderful, but we could all have perfectly happy lives without Beethoven."

It is past six and time for Marvin to begin selling. We take our trays to the conveyor belt and walk slowly for the door. The most important thing is that in spite of, or maybe because of, it all, Marvin is happy. He exudes a powerful equanimity. His conversation is sometimes mocking, often self-mocking, but it is seldom sardonic or bitter.

"I think the session went okay," I say. "I think for the time we had it went pretty well."

"It was a learning experience," Marvin says. "Things will never be perfect in the studio, but you have to learn to use the time you have to get it perfect enough." Then a gleam comes into his eyes announcing the birth of one of the mock-metaphors that are his trademark, a metaphor so flat and straight on that even Guy Randle would have to approve.

"Life," he says, "is a lot like studio time." He eyes me confidently until I smile, then he nods once and goes out the door.

¹ "I Never Knew a Dog Named Marvin" © Marvin Payne, 1976.

Notes 2-4. Lyrics of all songs: ©Marvin Payne.

Only One Song

Ad lib { Only one song, not even very long -
 Only one you, only one small me,
 wondrous if it's wrong to be here.
 typical hard to see where love went.

Only one light, a candle in the night -
 Then the sun - prize - it's in each other's eyes.

try with all my might to be clear.
 Now we're a - like what love has meant.

On - ly one way to get (my our minds) up.

On - ly one way to light the blind up.

On - ly one way - take (my our) piece of the day and re-
 lease it and race for the sake of the dawn comin'
 up again.

The reason I chose this song is
 that I finished it about a hour before Sunstone called asking if
 they could print a song. Hope it's clear enough to read.

© 1976 by Marvin Payne
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Marvin Payne

Hot off the pen(cil). Marvin Payne's latest (as of July, 1976), in process of composition.

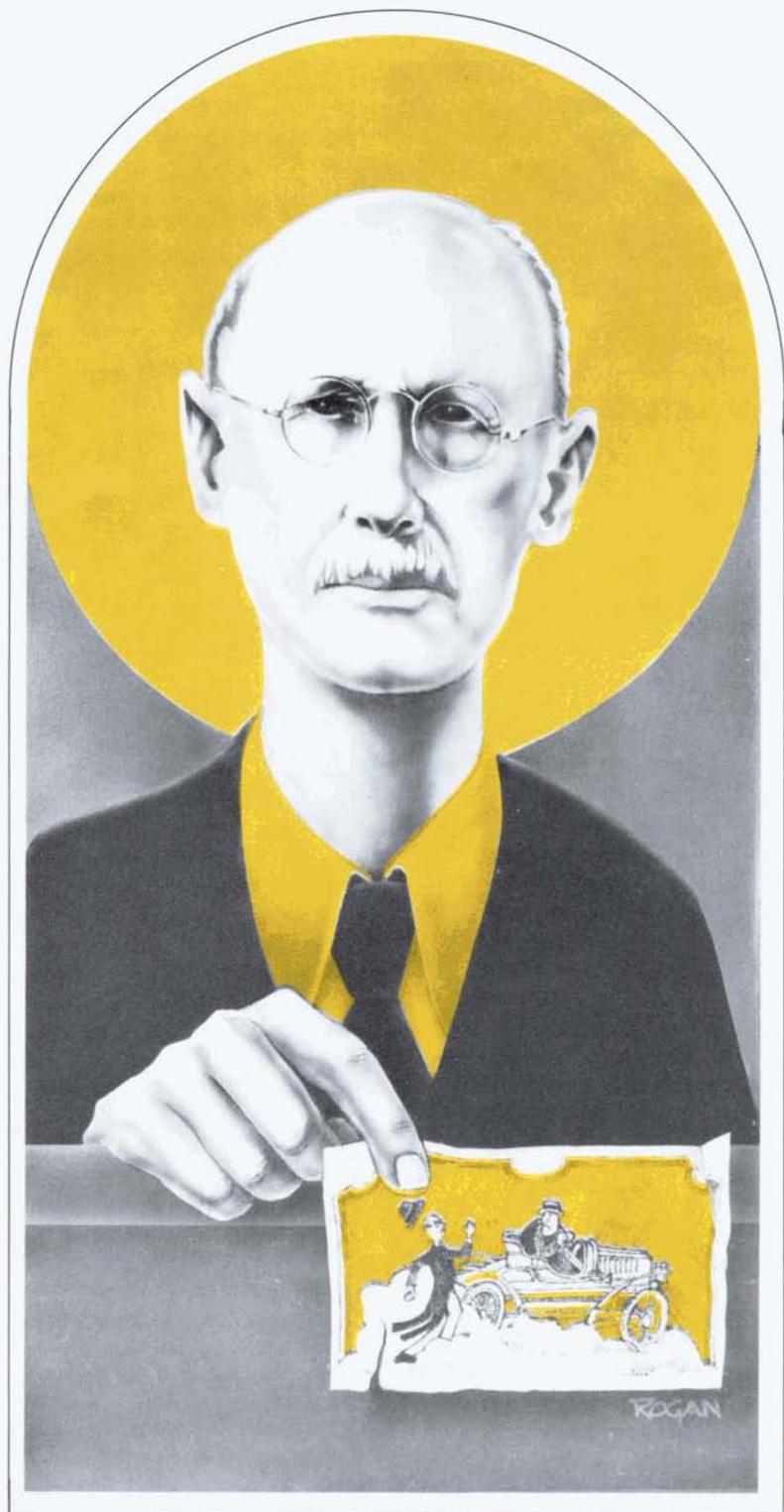


Illustration by Mike Rogan

Remembering Uncle Golden

JAMES N. KIMBALL

It is a little sad to observe a generation in the Church growing up without experiencing something of the man J. Golden Kimball. I say the man because the man is little known, although J. Golden Kimball continues to live as a legendary figure. Nearly every older member of the Church has one or two Golden Kimball stories tucked away in some pocket of his mind. The fact is, however, the Golden most people know and laugh at is not the real Golden. Even before his death in 1938, Uncle Golden began to be transformed by his friends — by those who knew him and knew of him — from the complex entity that is a man into the unidimensional entity that is a folktale. When Golden was once asked by a nephew if he wanted to hear the latest story about himself, he replied, "Hell, no! It seems that all the stories told these days are either about me or Mae West!" Implicit in this statement was the fact that the accretion of tales about J. Golden Kimball had already started to get out of hand.

After his death, of course, the stories grew and became streamlined, until now it is no small task to sift through the stories, track down their origins, interview those who were there, and come to a knowledge of the man himself. Unfortunately, in all this, the essence of J. Golden Kimball is somehow lost to us. The prevailing impression is that he was a man who

could not help swearing and who knew a few jokes which he told unabashedly at any time or place. Undoubtedly, Uncle Golden provided some sort of basis for this reputation, but the jokes and the swearing only give us tantalizing glimpses into a mind half hidden behind the light banter, a mind which is much more than that of just a funny man.

I have often wondered why Uncle Golden remained high in the councils of the Church. Was it because, as he is reputed to have said, that he "repented too damn fast"? or because he had a secure hold on "one of three paths to high office in the Church — inspiration, revelation, and relation"? Adding, "If I hadn't been related to Heber C. Kimball, I wouldn't have been a damn thing in this Church." Or is it none of the above? Have we been taken in by the image of Golden the quipster and forgotten J. Golden Kimball, the man of the spirit? I believe that he was primarily a spiritual man and that nobody knew it — or rather, few reckoned spirituality as the key to Golden. A knowledge of his spirituality makes the jests and stories much richer, more pointed, and more inclusive of the gospel by implication. Viewing all of his other characteristics in light of this spirituality will give us the greatest understanding of Golden. I suspect that some of the brethren were aware of this all along.

Uncle Golden's strongest characteristics remained hidden under the image which was seen by the general body of the Church.

My father and mother knew Uncle Golden well, and on many occasions, while traveling to various conferences, he was a guest in our home. It was always my father's belief that Uncle Golden's strongest characteristics remained hidden under the image which was seen by the general body of the Church. The Golden my father had come to know over the years was a man who lived close to the Spirit. However, he did not pretend to be any closer to an ideal than he was. He presented himself as he was, weaknesses and all. Golden was a man who paid attention to the essential things of the Spirit. He obeyed the injunction of the scriptures and did not parade his good works. In fact, he obeyed it so well that his spirituality (which was really no one else's business anyway) was known only to those who were close to him.

For an example, my mother related the following story. In order to escape the summer heat of Utah's Dixie, my mother came to Salt Lake City in the early spring of 1932. She had already experienced one miscarriage prior to that time and was then into her second pregnancy. Late one night in her fifth month, she began to hemorrhage badly. At that time, she lived with her parents on Second North, directly across the street from Uncle Golden. She asked her father to see if Uncle Golden would come over and give her a blessing.

This was about 2:00 a.m. He came — dressed for the day — and gave her a blessing to the effect that her pregnancy would go full term and that she would yet have one more child. The hemorrhaging did stop, and in due time, the child — my sister — was born, to be followed in later years by another, myself. Mother told me that when Uncle Golden had finished the blessing, she was so touched by what he had said that she lost her composure and began to cry. He looked at her and said, "Now stop your crying, Louise. You're going to be all right. The Lord has never let me down and He won't start now!"

Because he did not feel called upon to make a show of his spirituality, he was free to work within it in his own particular style and at the same time to be the wild and innocent spirit we have heard so much about. If we look behind the profanity to the prompting, the spirituality of J. Golden Kimball is there for us to see. What kind of man could at the same time be so spiritual and yet so outrageously outspoken that some were offended, and the general authorities felt at times the need to hobble him? Perhaps the answer is to be found in his response to this. For instance, he was reading a conference speech which had been prepared for him by the brethren. Halfway through the speech he turned to the presiding authority

**“By all the power invested in me, I
ordain you a Seventy in the Church
of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
— cigar and all.”**

and said, “Hell, Heber, I can’t read this damn thing!” There are two aspects of this outburst. First of all, Golden could not give a speech which was not his own. His response was spontaneous and natural. Most of us are inhibited by any number of things — our pride, a sense of dignity, social obligation, guilt. As T. S. Eliot said, “Between the emotion and the response falls the shadow.” For Golden, there was no shadow. The inhibitions were absent and he said what he felt. The thought — the feeling of the moment, the pungent inspiration — was translated directly into speech. Golden Kimball is an example of something rare and precious in any society — *a totally honest man* — a man whose honesty was sometimes painful to others and often painful to himself, but who was regarded by all as a man to be believed because he said what he meant at all times and in all places. The embroidered euphemism was not Uncle Golden’s way. Secondly, he did not resort to the little evasions and mannerisms commonly used to preserve the flimsy fabric of society’s front. How believable is a man who has woven himself into this fabric? The question is not whether what he says is true, but how much of what he says does he mean? With Golden, the audience knew that if he said it, he felt it. Duplicity he never discovered.

On one occasion, he was preaching a

funeral sermon when he happened to notice in the front row the man whom he thought was in the casket. The thought became the sentence — “Hey, who the hell is dead around here anyway?” The line was a straight one, without the considerations we attribute to social delicacy. Recently, a general authority related another incident to me which illustrates Uncle Golden’s unique capacity for candor and spontaneity. A brother in the Church had been called and interviewed to be a Seventy. He was to be set apart the following Sunday at Stake Conference where Uncle Golden was scheduled to be the conference visitor. On the Friday before the Stake Conference, this brother was given a cigar at his office by a new father who was celebrating the birth of a son. The cigar was placed by the father in the upper left-hand pocket of the brother’s suit coat. He promptly forgot about it, hung the suit up that night and did not put it on again until Sunday morning. He arrived at the conference looking forward to his being set apart as a Seventy by a general authority. In the priesthood session of the conference, the Stake President called the brother forward to be set apart. As Uncle Golden leaned over to ask his name, he noticed the cigar in his pocket. The setting apart, in part, went as follows: “By all the power invested in me, I ordain you a Seventy in the Church of Jesus

There was no contrivance on his part to appear as anything other than what he was.

Christ of Latter-day Saints — cigar and all.”

J. Golden Kimball possessed a unique ability to respond directly to the moment, rather than first defining a situation in light of social expectations and then responding. The occasion gave rise to the expression. There was no contrivance on his part to appear as anything other than what he was. This quality of spontaneity is all too rare in our society. Most of us are drawn to that which is predictable and safe, and this is what leads to the sterility of the stereotype. I look to Uncle Golden as a great example of a man who was directed internally and responded to his own personality. He did not feign to be what he was not. He had an unvarnished spontaneity one seldom observes. A certain amount of order is needed to avoid chaos, but an occasional reprieve does not hurt. Uncle Golden's perceptive talent for knowing when and where to add a little spice to the monotony of order provided a refreshing breeze. He was a man of instinctive free will.

Some years ago I hired a Mr. Jensen to bring his tractor to my home in Salt Lake City and plough an adjacent field where I intended to plant a garden in the early spring. When he finished the work, I gave him a check for his labor. After looking at the check for a moment, he asked me if I was related to the Kimballs in the

Church, and I said yes. He then said, “Golden Kimball?”, and again I said yes — that he was a great-uncle. As is often the case, Mr. Jensen smiled and proceeded to tell me a story of how Uncle Golden had touched his life. When he was a young man, he said, Golden was the visiting general authority to his ward on one Sunday. He remembers sitting near the front and watching this tall, thin man address the saints with a shrill voice. Uncle Golden had come to the ward that day to call a new bishopric and set it apart. After interviewing several of the recommended brethren, Uncle Golden made the choice, announced to the congregation who the new bishop would be, and asked for their sustaining vote. Mr. Jensen related, however, that the congregation had its own ideas about their new bishop and would not give a sustaining vote to Uncle Golden's choice. Uncle Golden looked at them long and hard without saying a word, then turned from the pulpit and invited the brethren back into the bishop's office for another conference. They returned shortly thereafter. Uncle Golden again stood at the pulpit and announced the second choice. Again, he did not receive a sustaining vote. Golden then grabbed the pulpit and in his high shrill voice said, “Well, then, who the hell do you want?” A representative from the congregation nervously came forward and told who the man was they thought

Uncle Golden knew — and most of his talks will confirm this — that sin is glamorous when it is wicked, but if it is made to appear ridiculous, the lure fades.

would be a good bishop. The man he mentioned was virtually inactive since he had to work on his farm each Sunday. Uncle Golden asked where he could find the man and directions were given. He immediately left the meeting and drove his Model A to the man's house, where he found him in the fields irrigating. He approached the man, introduced himself, and called him to be the new bishop. The surprised man said he was not a good member of the Church and that he had many problems. Uncle Golden told him he had come as the anointed of the Lord and he was calling this man as the new bishop. Golden told him that we all have weaknesses and that opportunities are given to serve so that these weaknesses might be overcome. The man accepted the call and returned with Uncle Golden in the Model A to the meetinghouse, where the congregation was still waiting. Uncle Golden took the man, who was still in his overalls and irrigation boots, to the stand and said, "Is this the man you want?" The congregation responded favorably, the sustaining vote was given, and Uncle Golden set him apart right there on the stand. Mr. Jensen told me that from that time on, the ward always remembered Uncle Golden for his willingness to respond to their needs without constraint and to bend his ecclesiastical authority to accommodate. Mr. Jensen ended the story by

saying that the man turned out to be an excellent bishop, and the members grew spiritually as a result of that call.

Golden was a shrewd student of human nature and used his knowledge to deal very effectively with others. Perhaps it was more a happy accident that he ever said the right thing at the right time, but personally, I cannot view it that way. He knew what he was doing and there are evidences of this. For example, he knew that one of the most effective ways to fight sin is to make it appear ridiculous. He was once asked by a bishop to castigate the young people of a small town for their wild ways. In the middle of a sermon he interjected, "And by the way, I've been hearing that some of you are carrying six shooters around in your hip pockets. Be careful — they might go off and blow your brains out." Now what thin-skinned young man could bear to have that line following him about? In one swipe, Golden had destroyed the machismo of the entire adventure and made it a subject for laughter. I haven't any proof, but I would wager that the gun-toting dropped off considerably. Uncle Golden knew — and most of his talks will confirm this — that sin is glamorous when it is wicked, but if it is made to appear ridiculous, the lure fades.

Another evidence of Golden's shrewdness in dealing with human

Perhaps Golden was misunderstood at times because he was just himself, and often we were not prepared for that.

nature is his grasp of the fact, unfortunately overlooked by some of the brethren, that you cannot teach people when they are asleep. Sermons often start with a small joke, but this wasn't Uncle Golden. His sermons sang throughout with wit and tang. They whistled by, couched in forthright tart terms. He woke up a sleepy Relief Society meeting with, "Not one man in a thousand knows how to treat a woman." Imagine the eyes opening, the postures unbending, the anticipation of the ladies. In an address at a solemn San Francisco funeral, Uncle Golden mentioned that the deceased was a good man because he read the *Deseret News* — "and it takes a damn good man to do that."

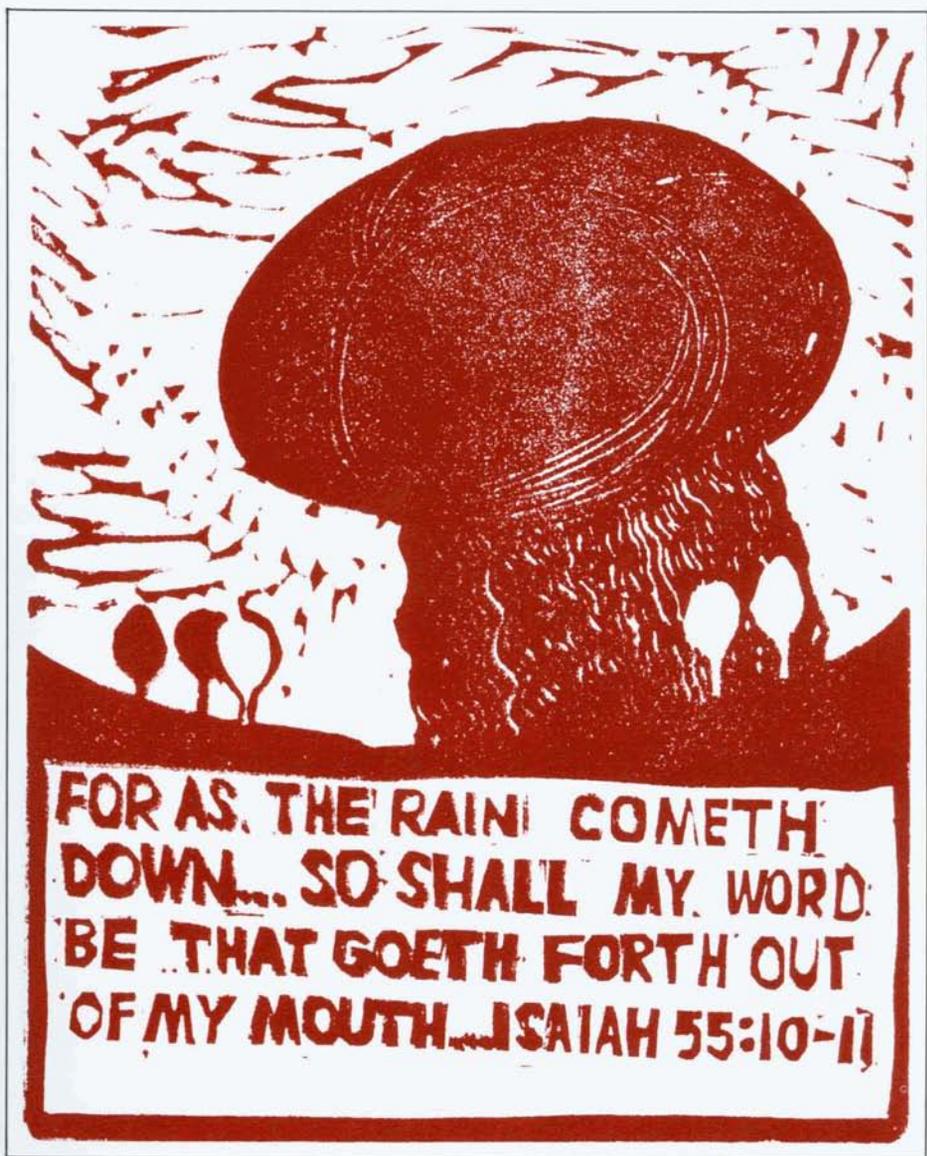
In the closing years of his life, Uncle Golden made some perceptive observations about himself that, in a real sense, apply to all of us. On one occasion he told a friend, "I may not walk the straight and narrow but I try to cross it as often as I can!" Perhaps the greatest evidence that Golden understood human nature is that he was able to see himself as a human and describe himself — warts and all. Those who heard him loved him for it — because in him they were able to see themselves.

They saw a general authority, a rough-hewed old cowboy, struggling for righteousness and ever fighting the forces of temptation, too often relying upon the arm of flesh.

It might be said that Uncle Golden succeeded as a general authority almost in spite of his legitimate authority as a member of the Seven Presidents of Seventy. The deep love the membership of the Church felt for this man sprang from a feeling of oneness with him. I have read nearly all of his conference addresses and sermons, and they could not be called captivating. His oratory was somewhat hampered by his high and squeaky voice, and there was little about his appearance to suggest charisma. Yet, in spite of this, you sense in this man his warmth and total honesty. Here was a common man struggling with himself with an unusual ability to acknowledge his struggle and describe it with wit and insight.

All of Golden's characteristics fit together as one congruous whole if we first can see J. Golden Kimball as a tremendously spiritual man; then we can appreciate more the beauty of his spontaneity and its place in the higher councils of the Church.

Perhaps Golden was misunderstood at times because he was just himself, and often we were not prepared for that. We have become too accustomed to the comfort of the stereotype. It is familiar and we can categorize it. But where did J. Golden Kimball belong? In our hearts, I believe, for it is our hearts which recognized him as a great man and loved him.



FOR AS THE RAIN COMETH
DOWN... SO SHALL MY WORD
BE THAT GOETH FORTH OUT
OF MY MOUTH... ISAIAH 55:10-11

Illustration by Marilyn Miller

HUGH

PEGGY WISEMAN

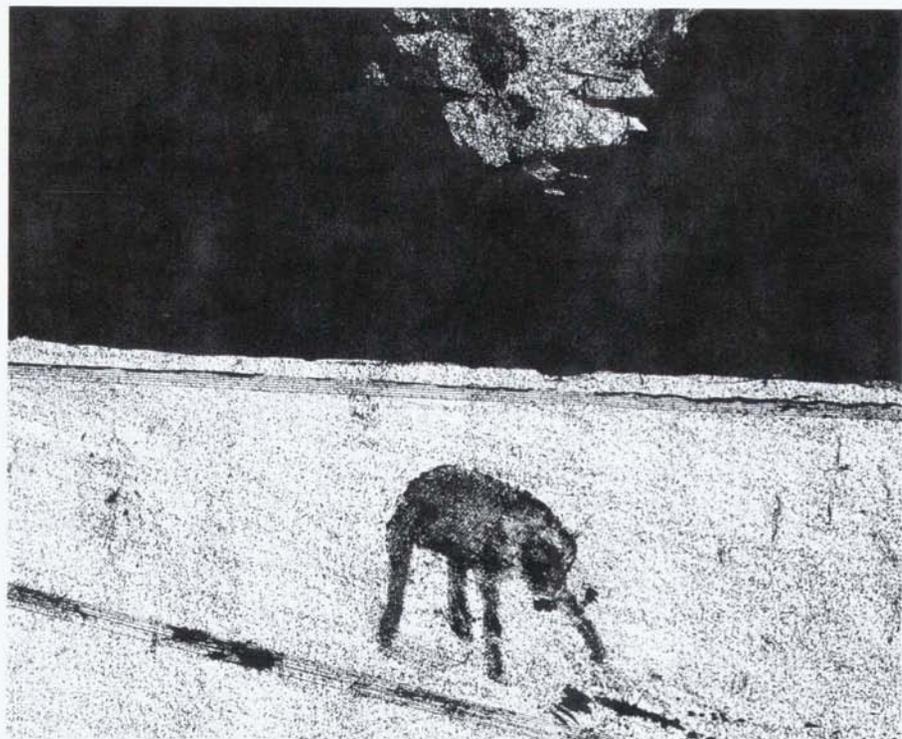


Illustration by Lynn Owen Hanks

Hugh was my father's partner in a small automotive parts store that stood on the main street of the Idaho town I grew up in. That fact is nearly the whole knowledge I had of his life when I was a child.

My father never discussed Hugh in front of us children. Sometimes my mother would speak loudly enough at night for my sister and me to hear from our bedroom: "I wish you would stand up to him just once. Shut him up just once, can't you?"

"What do you want me to do?" my father would say, and then he would remind her that we were in the next room. I did not often discover the precise reasons for my mother's outbursts, but whenever I passed by the store and caught a glimpse of Hugh through the plate glass window, I pretended I had not seen him.

Hugh was younger than my father, tall and muscular, with gray at the ends of his curly black hair. "Brown as an Indian," my mother would say on the summer evenings when he came to our house and did not wear a shirt or shoes with his white slacks.

It delighted him to discover my father in the kitchen, helping my sister and me with the supper dishes as he sometimes did.

"Who's that," Hugh would say, pinching my elbow hard and laughing, "your old man or your old lady?" My father never failed to join in the joke, laughing loudly to persuade us that he was not offended. My own smile at those times was very stiff around the edges, and once I had pulled myself from Hugh's grasp, I usually tried to escape through the back door to the dog house in the furthest corner of the yard, where, with our black mongrel pup, I listened for Hugh's

sports car to spray the gravel in our driveway.

But he was a good businessman, I had heard my father say. He was sharp and uncompromising, and was an excellent bookkeeper besides. I had heard his brisk recitations of brand names and catalog numbers, and had seen the delicate accountant's accuracy of his handwriting on the pages of the company's books, and it seemed to me my father must have been right. In his turn, my father was a salesman and diplomat, smoothing customer feathers Hugh had ruffled, and, with his bashful good humor, "non-pressuring" local farmers into large, out-of-season purchases. They made a fine team in spite of everything else, and I think each must have known that the other knew it. But my mother did not.

"Unthinking selfishness!" she exploded on the afternoon I showed her Hugh's postcard sent to me from Acapulco. He had disappeared the week before, temporarily confounding our summer vacation to the Black Hills.

"I'll be damned," my father said when my mother waved the postcard in his face. "I had no idea in the world — I was ready to report him missing." Then he looked at me in puzzlement. "Why you?" he asked.

I could think of no answer except that I had recently admitted to Hugh after a great deal of teasing that never before in my life had I gotten a postcard.

"That's some winning way he's got with a practical joke, isn't it?" my mother said.

When I was twelve years old, I played in the semifinals of the city's junior division tennis tournament. I was far better than my opponent,

and by the end of the first set I was bored. Even my best shots had become sloppy and half-hearted.

"What do you think you're doing?" I heard a voice hiss as I sauntered to the service line for the beginning of the second set. I looked up quickly. There on the other side of the chain-link fence stood Hugh, his hands on the hips of his white tennis shorts, with a neat strip of sweat down the front of his pullover shirt. Hugh was everyone's choice to win the city championship. I guessed he must have aced his opponent to be finished so quickly.

"I'm winning," I mouthed to him.

"Like hell," he said quite distinctly, and turning his back to me, he walked away to sit with my father and mother on the bleachers.

I stepped back at the words as though his fist had been thrust at me. When the set began, I entered into it with what I thought must have been a magnificent ferocity, tossing my head after each point and baring clenched teeth to emphasize the power of my drives.

I saw the girl on the other side of the net hurriedly smear a tear across her cheek near the end of the set, and I marveled at my own lack of concern. I had heard Hugh's loud applause after every good shot I made. For the moment, nothing else mattered.

"The winner in two sets," shouted the local radio announcer who was officiating at my match, "six-four and six-oh."

"Good set," Hugh said as he passed. I grinned, rubbing my forehead hard with my wristband.

"Don't flatter yourself," said my mother. "If you had been losing, he wouldn't have stopped to watch at all."

The day before the city championships, I dropped by the store to beg fifty cents from my father.

"Hey," said Hugh, looking up from the orders he was writing, "let's melt our trophies down and save them for hard times."

"I'm not winning one," I said with a modest grimace. "Cecily's really good. I mean, her father used to be a coach, and all that." I shook my head. "I won't win," I said. "But I guess second place is better than nothing."

"Bullshit," said Hugh.

The next day I lost to Cecily Andrus, four-six, six-two, and six-three. I watched for Hugh in the stands, but I didn't see him. That night, he won the city championship.

"We'll never hear the end of it," my mother said. For several weeks, we did not. Hugh and my father displayed the trophy behind the plate glass window at the store until the end of the summer, when Hugh dusted it off and took it home. Somehow, the subject of my own match never came up.

My sister and I were alone on the day two summers later that our black mongrel dog wandered into the path of a carload of tourists returning from Yellowstone Park.

"I think we've hit your dog out here," the worried little man in bermuda shorts said when I answered the door. My sister and I raced past him to the street. The dog had somehow gotten to his feet, and when he saw my sister kneel on the pavement in front of him, he staggered to her, laid his broken neck in her lap, and died.

"He just darted out in front of me," the man in the bermuda shorts said again and again. His wife and chil-

dren were crying noisily from the inside of a blue station wagon.

"Yeah," I managed to say. Our dog had never darted anywhere in the five years of his life, but I couldn't be sure enough of my voice to argue.

"Gee, I'm real sorry," the man said. His face was very red, either from emotion or sunburn, and I wanted to slap it.

"Was he purebred?" he asked.

"No," I said, "just a mongrel." My sister began to sob at this, and I wanted to slap her, too.

"Call Dad," she moaned. "Call Dad."

"Dad's not here," I said. "It's Tuesday. He's gone north on his sales trip."

"Then call Hugh."

"No," I said.

"You've got to," my sister said. She rocked back on her heels, still clutching at the fur on the dog's back with her fist. His head dangled crazily over her knee, but she did not notice.

I turned away. I was dizzy from looking at them all. Although I did not know how I would handle it myself, I vowed silently to die before I called Hugh. A fresh chorus rose from the blue station wagon.

"I wish there were something I could do," the man said, but not before I caught him looking at his watch.

"No," I said, "there isn't anything."

"We're just on our way home from Yellowstone —" he began. My look must have cut him short.

"Call Hugh," my sister said again.

"All right," I said, stamping my foot. "If you think it will solve any-

thing, if you think it will do any good in the world, all right, I will call Hugh." Then I went in the house and cried.

I heard my sister come in the back door as I was washing my face.

"Are those people gone?" I asked. She nodded. There was a little silence.

"Have you called Hugh?" she said finally, in a high, wavering voice.

"No," I said. I looked cautiously in the bathroom mirror to see if the red puffiness around my eyes had lessened.

"He's still out there, practically in the street. I don't dare touch him anymore." My sister grabbed my wrist. "Why won't you call Hugh?"

"Shut up," I said.

Hugh answered the phone after the first ring. I told him what had happened, paying careful attention to every modulation in my voice, as though the sounds were typed out on an emerging piece of ticker tape.

"Where's your mother?" Hugh interrupted me once to ask.

"She's at that civic league convention in —"

"Okay," he said. "Okay. Just give me a minute. I'll be there."

"Thank you," I remembered to say, and hung up the phone. "He's coming," I told my sister. "Are you satisfied now?"

For an answer, she burst into tears and ran upstairs to our bedroom. I heard the door slam.

"Come back here," I yelled after her. "It was your idea. Come back here and help me." Anger forced tears against the backs of my eyelids. There was no sound from upstairs.

Through the front room window, I

could see the small black carcass against the curb. Each time the breeze lifted its fur it appeared to take on new life. Except for a handful of the bolder neighborhood kids who seemed to have come on some sort of dare to examine the body, the street was deserted.

"Damn you," I said softly. "Help me."

It was several more minutes before Hugh barreled into our driveway in one of the company's pickup trucks, scattering the remaining neighborhood kids. He did not come to the house at all. Instead, he stood on the curb next to the body of our dog, looking at it. Even from behind the living room window's sheers, I could see the smart crease in his slacks. Once, he turned and looked back at the house, and I knew I couldn't put it off any longer. As I passed the mirror in the entry hall I looked quickly to assure myself that at least most of the redness was gone.

I knew Hugh could hear me coming up behind him, but he did not turn around. After several seconds he said, "I can take him away right now."

"No," I said. "We're going to bury him." Up close, I could see that the fur blowing did not make our dog look alive at all.

"Okay," said Hugh. "Okay. I'll take him out back, behind the tool shed, and you can bury him when your dad gets home. Have you got that?"

"Yes," I said.

He stooped down on the curb and made a movement as if to touch the dog's head. Then suddenly he looked back at me.

"Go in the house and get an old rug or something. Your neighbors aren't

going to be too thrilled about looking at this the rest of the afternoon."

"Okay," I said.

My sister had come downstairs again and was peering at Hugh out of the same window I had stood behind.

"What's he going to do?" she said.

"Shut up." I had gone straight for the hall linen closet and was on my knees burrowing in my mother's collection of cleaning rags.

"He's not taking him to the dump is he?"

"No." I slammed the closet door shut and headed for the back door with a ragged blue bath towel under my arm.

"Is he going to bury him?"

I paused at the door.

"Come outside and find out," I said, and, opening the back door wide, stepped down hard on the porch. Behind me, I heard my sister ascending the stairs again.

Hugh came around the corner of the tool shed and started across the lawn. It was a long expanse, and I thought that my father would be embarrassed if he knew Hugh was there, because it needed mowing. But Hugh said nothing at all about the lawn. He only walked steadily across the yard to the porch.

When he came close, I noticed several bright streaks on the arm of his crisp white shirt where my dog had drooled blood. Hugh had carried it in his arms like a child.

I swallowed several times until I felt I had gained a rigid control of my throat and then stepped off the porch to meet him.

Before I could think of something safe to say, though, he reached for

my hand and jammed the dog's red leather collar into it.

"It — I thought — Do you want to keep it?" he said. The gray tips of his hair rose and fluttered in a breeze.

I only nodded because my control of my throat was suddenly not half as rigid as I had thought. A small tuft of the dog's fur had been caught in the collar buckle, and I pulled it out carefully and held it so that the breeze would not blow it away.

Hugh looked worried. "Don't cry," he said, and I glanced down, I saw the drops on the back of my hand.

"No," I said, "I won't." I smeared the water from my cheeks and lifted my hair behind my ears.

"Thank you," I remembered to say at last. Hugh looked at me for a couple of seconds, and then his arms came up and curved as though they would go around me. It was like a piece of cold metal had been laid on the back of my neck.

"Here," I said and thrust the blue towel nearly in his face. He took it from me with both hands.

"Okay," said Hugh. "Okay."

You tolerated Hugh's teasing because you were told to, you sent him a Christmas card each year, and sometimes you shared your Coke with him when he happened upon you in the drugstore. But you did not have to touch him.

"What happened this afternoon?" my father asked me when he came home that night. My sister was upstairs again.

"He got run over," I said. "He's out behind the tool shed. We've got to bury him."

"I know that," my father said. "But what happened?"

"What do you mean?" I asked. For a moment I was worried about Hugh had told him. But that was silly. Hugh would never do that. I went on setting the table for supper.

Later that night, after my father had buried our dog under a lilac bush in the back yard, he told me what Hugh had done to make him curious.

When my father came in from his sales trip, Hugh was closing up the store for the night. He stopped work on the adding machine long enough to tell my father about our dog. Father thanked him, Hugh brushed it off, and they went back to work.

But later, as they were locking up the money, Hugh took a hundred dollar bill out of the safe and put it in my father's shirt pocket. "Here," he said. "Go buy those kids another dog."

When my father laughed and tried to refuse it, he crumpled another fifty dollars into his fist.

"Damn you," Hugh said to my father, "Buy her two or three."



Illustration by Mike Christensen

LETTER

from Elsebeth Stuart Snow,
Mountain Meadows, Utah,
to her sister, Sarah Stuart,
Salt Lake City

Dated 19 September 1857

KATHY JENKINS

I am writing this as the needles of rain
tap out a song on the splintered porch
and the thick blanket of grey
rolls across the sky like the dust
I chased out of the cabin at the end of cornstraw.
Brother Pratt promised to ride north
next time the rain cooled off this fiery basin,
and for a pair of wool stockings
will search you out and carry these few thoughts
as far as your front door. Perhaps if you have flour
you could offer him a biscuit
 or a dumpling in some broth
or one of Mother's honey cakes if there are any left.

Remember the five-inch lace Grandma gave us?
I used three yards and two bleached flour sacks
and made pillowcases
because John Hinckley's oldest girl
was wed a month ago
and everyone in our camp
whispered that she was already with child
so I wrapped the pillowcases in a square of tissue
I had pressed and saved and took them to the girl
and told her how Grandma had tatted the lace
on the ship from Sweden and had laid it flat
on the floor of the wagon to fill the spaces between the slats
 to keep Grandpa warm.
She cried. She told me it was the only wedding present
 they got
and she gave me a pint of blackberry jam in a
sculptured glass jar.
I put it on the back of the shelf, and some winter morning
I will wipe the dust from its lid and give it to Hyrum
and the children
 with a loaf of fresh-baked bread.

A train of immigrants passed through here Sunday last;
my oldest child ran alongside one of the wagons
 until it disappeared past Whitney's meadow
 at the end of the lane,
skipping and laughing through the dusty noon.
He ran back here breathlessly, with wide-eyed tales
and the two of us sat in the doorway

while I nursed Emma
 and Hyrum walked with Brother Steele
 and he told me of his greatest dream:
 to follow west that endless trail.
 I'm glad he can't remember now
 the first time that he followed west
 (blanketed within my arms) —
 and that we left a brown-haired boy
 buried at the edge of such a trail.

Mandy Parker's husband was called on a mission
 and he left her with three babies and a sick brother
 and a patch of corn to harvest on a three-acre plot.
 She was angry;
 and the bishop said we shouldn't fellowship her
 because she didn't support the missionary force.
 But I was coming back from Monsons' one day
 and saw her sitting at the edge of the plot,
 picking the stiff pieces of husk out of her bloodied hands
 and I knew that without that corn
 she couldn't purchase wheat or cloth
 so I wrapped Emma in my shawl
 (covered her face from the wicked sun),
 laid her in a grassy ditch, took off my shoes,
 and wandered in and out of rows of corn,
 emptying my apron and my heart
 pausing only twice to hold Emma to my weary breast.
 They don't speak to me at Church anymore,
 and Hyrum hasn't prayed with me
 since I came home without my shoes.

Brother Pratt has arrived, tethered firm and riding high,
 and waits outside for woolen socks
 and for these lines to be tucked inside his saddlebag
 and I will weep when he is gone
 for I will have succeeded in sending another tiny piece of me
 away from here,
 away from these meadows
 and these mountains
 and the rows of faces singing hymns.
 Perhaps Hyrum and I will be able to visit next spring —
 I will try to get the planting done
 and maybe he'll not leave me here.

(He says he killed a man last week,
 camped along the meadow's edge,
 told me as he ate my stew
 that maybe a hundred women
 and twice as many babes
 were felled. He's said nothing of it since.)

Keep faith with God.
 Love, Elsebeth.

MORMON DOCUMENTARY PHOTOGRAPHY

CRAIG and NANCY LAW

The camera is a magical invention. Anyone can use it to stop a moment of time. This is how most of us began — with Brownie snapshots of our dog, a birthday party, or a trip to Yellowstone. But a second dimension of photography is now being recognized: photography as a serious art form, not just a celluloid record of subject matter. Artistic expression is conveyed as well in this medium as through painting, sculpture, and other visual arts. Unfortunately, a prevalent view in art photography is that in order to be good a photograph must be unusual, exotic, or a result of the latest lens or darkroom technique. The subject matter is thus removed from our daily sphere of existence. Since this kind of photographer has only a casual understanding and personal involvement with his subject, he usually conveys little understanding and involvement to the viewer. But one type of photography combines the best of both worlds; the documentary photograph can represent artistic expression and per-

sonal experience.

Documentary photography not only gives us images today to enjoy but to be significant for our posterity. Showing our unique Mormon life and culture now increases our sense of identity as a group, at the same time reinforcing our individual identification with the group. In a sense we define through visual communication what may not be able to be defined verbally, creating a cultural bond of shared experience, emotion, and environment. This bond can reach to succeeding generations, helping to define their heritage. In fact, the discovery of our cultural heritage from two generations ago led us to the project from which the accompanying photographs are taken.

Several years ago the work of George Edward Anderson, a prominent Utah photographer at the turn of the century, was rediscovered and exhibited. By photographing everyday life, he went beyond the usual record of historic leaders and



Photograph by Craig Law

Salt Lake wedding reception, 1975.



Photograph by Craig Law

Halloween. Garland, Utah, 1974.

events. Schools, factories, families — things we recognize as having heard Grandpa talk about — were suddenly concrete images, all very similar to the few in our family album in the attic. Our personal re-

sponse to his work was that we wanted our great-grandchildren to be able to understand our life-style from a similar visual perspective. A second event added depth to our resolve. We heard and admired Mar-



Photograph by Craig Law

Wheat and Beet Days, softball game. Garland, Utah, 1974.

vin Payne as he gave personal expression to this cultural heritage in an art form — music. Not only has he infused a unique culture into music, but he also seems to have made an art form an intimate part of his daily life. We hope to convey as much uniqueness in "Garland and Other Utah Photographs."

The photographing began in Garland, a small Mormon town where Mormonism as a life-style is easily seen and readily photographed, but we soon discovered that Mormon culture makes a cohesive island in big cities as well. Thus, the portfolio is still growing.

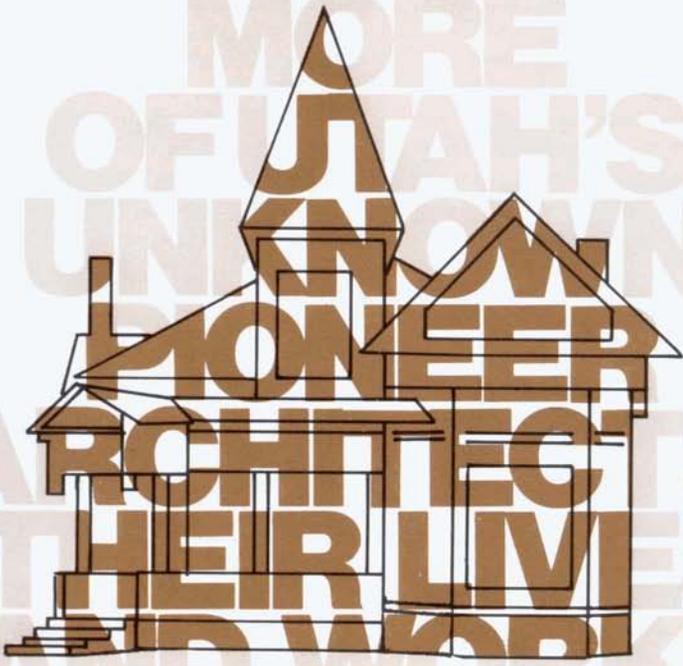
A word needs to be said about the preservation of documentary photographs. The image must survive in order to be important in the future. Therefore, black and white is chosen over color images for the serious reason that color processing uses organic dyes which deteriorate rapidly. Even with good care, color will last only twenty to thirty years.

Black and white images can be archivally processed to last one hundred to two hundred years or longer.*

*Photography is still a young art, and the limits to photographic preservation have not yet been found. For more information on archival processing see White, Zakia, and Lorenz, *The New Zone System Manual* (N.Y.: Morgan and Morgan, Inc., 1976), pp. 136-37; and Arnold Gassan, *The Handbook for Contemporary Photography* (Athens, Ohio: The Handbook Co., 1971), pp. 78-81.



MORE
OF UTAH'S
UNKNOWN
PIONEER
ARCHITECTS:
THEIR LIVES
AND WORKS



ALLEN D. ROBERTS

Editor's Note: The Spring 1976 issue of *Sunstone* featured Allen Roberts's discussion of early Utah architecture, particularly the work of Obed Taylor, William Nichol Fife, William Wilson Fife, and Elias Lacy Thomas (E.L.T.) Harrison. This selection, including sketches of the lives and works of William Allen, John Watkins, William Ward, William Weeks, Augustus A. Farnham, William Paul, and Reuben Broadbent, concludes Mr. Roberts's article.

William Weeks' alternate design for the Nauvoo Temple.

William Allen, 1870-1928, Kaysville

William Allen talked with a nasal twang as he looked at the undulating lines in the new brick wall of Kaysville Elementary School. Standing near a pile of bricks, he picked up a new brick and threw it at the unfinished wall. The startled masons

jumped from their scaffolds and ran for cover from the barrage of flying bricks hurled by an enraged architect, a former mason who detested inferior workmanship. Those who remember William Allen recall that he was irascible, feisty, jealous, and conceited, but he was also Davis County's best architect. He was a member of the "Old Kaysville Brass Band," a stalwart Republican, and an inactive member of the L.D.S. Church, but most of all he was a self-made man who worked his way upward through persistent effort and the wise utilization of his native talents and powers.

William Allen was born in London, England, on 1 January 1849 and remained a resident of that country until he reached the age of twelve years, at which time he left England for America and made the trip across the plains with ox team and wagon from Omaha, Nebraska. The Allen family settled in Kaysville, where William worked as a farm hand for four years before learning the mason's trade from his father. William became one of the most skilled brick layers in the territory, but he was determined to become an architect. Consequently, he took a correspondence course in drafting and architecture, finishing with high honors. Because of his training and due, perhaps, to the absence of other architects in his immediate area, William soon found himself busy preparing plans and specifications for buildings throughout the county and eventually, throughout the state. For many years he almost totally monopolized the architectural profession in Davis County and was usually perturbed when he found that a building had been designed in Kaysville without his assistance.

Most of Allen's first commissions were for houses, but as his ability

and reputation increased, he confidently advertised himself in major builders' directories and business gazettes of the territory as an architect of public buildings. His ads were large, expensive, and usually featured a photograph or pen and ink rendering of a building he had designed. His major works included the Davis County Courthouse in Farmington (1899), Kaysville Presbyterian Church (1887), Kaysville Tabernacle (1912), the Barnes Block, Kaysville Elementary School (1918), the Governor Henry H. Blood residence, the Barnes homes, the Hyrum Stuart and William Allen residences, all in Kaysville. He also designed the Farmington C & M Company (1910), Kaysville City Hall (1889), and Kaysville Academy (1888).

Of these, the county courthouse in Farmington is most significant. A remarkable Victorian structure, the three-story brick and stone courthouse featured a modified Greek cross plan and a wealth of flamboyant detailing, particularly in the tower.

The courthouse was one of the most picturesque public buildings of its day, but it was razed to make room for a larger structure. Conventionally symmetrical and formal, the courthouse was unlike most of Allen's residential designs, which were often rambling, assymetrical, and awkward in their massing.

The obvious disadvantage of learning architecture by correspondence was the lack of on-the-job training from a master architect. Allen's weaknesses seemed to stem from an absence of understanding fundamental art principles in his planning and design philosophy. His own residence, a confusing conglomeration of dissimilar towers, wings, roof types, and other appendages, best



Utah State Historical Society

The Henry H. Blood residence in Kaysville, Utah.



Utah State Historical Society

William Allen's most significant work was undoubtedly the Davis County Courthouse. One of the most picturesque buildings of its day, the courthouse was later razed to make room for a larger structure.

illustrates Allen's fertile but somewhat bizarre imagination. Yet Allen considered himself quite sensitive in matters of design. Angered about not being asked to design the Dr. Guy Rutledge house, Allen attacked the design: "It has a Queen Anne front and a jackass behind." Such criticism, characteristic of Allen's eccentric temperament, could aptly be applied to many of his own creations.

Despite his shortcomings, William Allen made a major contribution to the architectural environment of Davis County. Many proud homes still stand as testaments to the career of a fine local architect.

Nothing is presently known of Allen's works between 1870 and 1885.

John Watkins, 1834-1902, Provo, Midway

For over 100 years, Utahns and tourists alike have delighted in the many "Swiss" houses designed by architect John Watkins in Midway, Utah. Not Swiss at all, these charming homes were built in the late 1860s by an English-trained architect who used cottage designs found in Gervase Wheeler's house pattern books for models.

John Watkins was born 13 April 1834 in the village of Maidstone, Kent, England. Most of the Watkins men were builders, contractors, and architects, and this trade was passed from father to son over several generations. John's father was an architect, and true to family tradition, he gave his son thorough training in architecture and building. By 1852, John had married, had a daughter, and was a practicing architect in London. It was in 1852 that John's

family joined the Mormon Church. Four years later they left their homeland and came to Salt Lake City, arriving in November 1856. They settled in Provo.

John's first building experience for the Church occurred in Provo, where he designed and built Provo's first opera house (Cluff Hall) in 1857 and helped build the old Provo Tabernacle. While in Provo, he acquired two wives. In 1865 he moved his family to Midway, settling first in the lower settlement in Snake Creek, then moving to the Midway Fort. After the signing of a peace treaty with the Ute Indians in 1867, Midway settlers began to build outside the fort. Watkins secured two sites, one a block south and east of the fort, the other a block east. On the first he built a rock home with three apartments for his families. A year later he built the famous Watkins-Coleman home (National Register). At about the same time, he built four other similar, though smaller, homes in Midway — the William, George, and Thomas Bonner houses and the William Coleman house.

Watkins and another Englishman, Moroni Blood, designed and made the decorative bargeboards, porches, fancy interiors, and handmade, sun-dried brick for the Watkins house. Englishman Henry Coleman designed the formal landscaping, which featured terraced yards with big double gates in front, along with a large fountain, driveway, and transplanted pine trees. The Watkins house was built for his second and third wives. The first wife was given the original home, and the next wives were provided for equally in the new house. The house was a well-known stopover place for early Church leaders. Thirty-six children were raised there. So im-

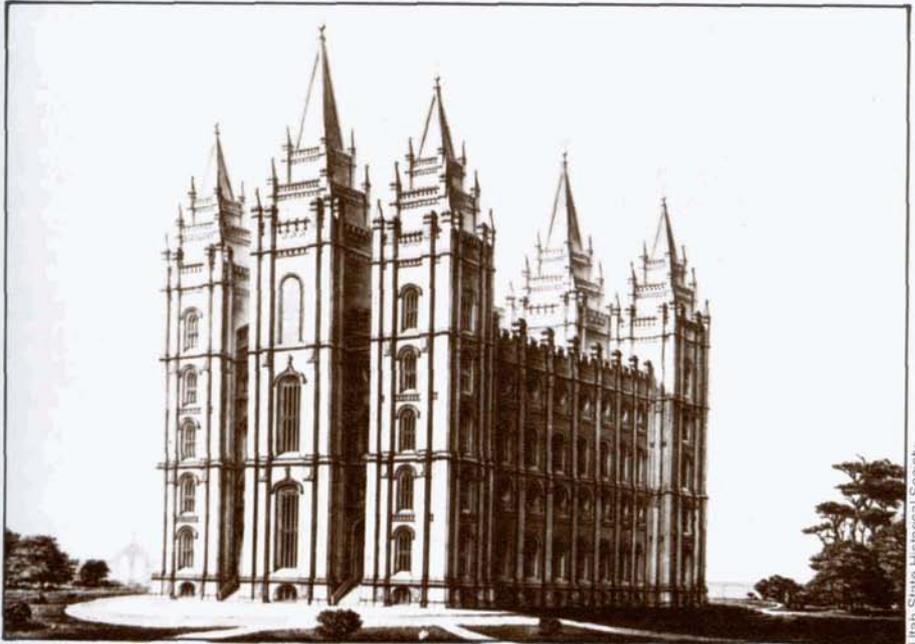
pressive was the design, and such an improvement over the simple adobe vernacular structures that were commonly built during the period, that Watkins received contracts for many other residences and churches throughout central and northern Utah, particularly in Provo and Springville.

Watkins's works were mainly early Victorian in style. That is, they were picturesque and utilized Gothic Revival motifs found in house pattern books published in New England. The works of no other pioneer architect can be more closely related to book architecture than those of John Watkins. Seventeen years of service as a Mormon bishop may have encouraged Watkins's favor of proven patterns over the time-consuming procedure of designing each building individually. There is no question, however, that Watkins buildings are refreshing and visually stimulating.

William Ward, 1827-1893, Salt Lake City

Most students of Mormonism are familiar with the famous 1856 steel engraving of Truman O. Angell's design for the Salt Lake Temple. The engraving was drawn from an earlier painting made in about 1853 by William Ward, stonemason and architectural assistant to Angell. Few realize that Ward was a versatile artist and designer and played an important role in the construction of the Salt Lake Temple.

William Ward was a Mormon convert who came from England to Utah in 1850. He was mentioned frequently by Truman Angell as an excellent stoneworker. Much of his experience was gained during the construction of the Nauvoo Temple, where he carved the stone baptismal font. Ward was well known at the time he arrived in Utah. Early newspapers record that in 1855, Ward



William Ward's rendition of the Salt Lake Temple. (Ed. Note: Notice the sunstones capping temple pilasters.)

"made gravestones of excellent workmanship . . . and sculptured our block for the Washington Monument." Sir Richard Burton, gentle traveler and writer, amplifies: "William Ward . . . cut the block of white limestone with 'Deseret' beneath a bee-hive and other symbols, forwarded for the Washington Monument in 1853." Another account records, "A stone lion, of the size of life, most beautifully and correctly sculptured by William Ward, has been elevated to its position on the battlemented porch at the south end of President B. Young's large family dwelling." The lion still sits conchanted over the entrance to the Lion House.

In February, 1856, Brigham Young visited "the House of the Lord where William Ward was painting the walls to represent the Garden of Eden," an apparent reference to the Endowment House, where Ward was demonstrating his skills as an artistic painter. "Mr. Ward's crowning achievement in stones" was considered to have been a "marker for Thomas Tanner, blacksmith and shop foreman for the Temple Block, who died in 1855." The gravestone displayed symbols of Mr. Tanner's trade — anvil, tongs, hammers, etc.

Ward, initially an enthusiastic member of the Church, was ordained a Seventy, served a brief mission, and became superintendent of the stonecutting department of the Church's Public Works. In 1856, however, Ward left Salt Lake and went to St. Louis, where he may have spent four years after the Nauvoo expulsion before coming to Salt Lake. Curiously, only Sir Richard Burton gives an indication of Ward's disenchantment. "It is lamentable to state that the sculptor is now an apostate."

Little is known of Ward's activities



Utah State Historical Society

The Francis Armstrong home was designed by William Ward subsequent to his return to Utah in 1888 after a period of disillusionment with the Church.

after leaving Utah. He apparently continued doing architectural rendering and designing, but, after thirty-three years of residing in the Midwest, he decided to return to Utah. Although he had been gone for over three decades, the great Salt Lake Temple was still unfinished when he returned in 1888.

Only after William Ward's reappearance did his significance as an architect become clear. He taught drawing at the University of Utah, submitted a design for the first Salt Lake City and County Building, and designed several residences, the most important of which was the Francis Armstrong home (Utah State Register), built in 1892. In addition, he contributed important information about the design of the Salt Lake Temple.

In 1892 when William Ward was asked to furnish an account of the planning of the temple, he responded with a written report of his work as superintendent of stonecutting, his assistantship to Truman O. Angell, and conversations between Brigham Young and the architect concerning the design of the temple,

the thickness of the walls and the foundations, and other details. At the close he records: "But I do not recollect any between Brigham and Angell in regard to the style of the building. Angell's idea was to make it different from any other known building, and I think he succeeded as to the general combination."

Ward clarified his role in the design of the temple in the "Temple Souvenir Album":

"I did not design nor assist in designing the Temple. . . . While Mr. Angell's experience had been limited to that of wood, I made out many of the details of stone work. I suggested the windows be recessed to express the thickness of walls and strength of structure. This was adopted."

President Young apparently played an active role in the design process: "Brigham Young drew a section with dimensions and indicated massing of towers and the main building."

Ward also commented on his abilities as a delineator:

"It is true that I drew the original perspective view, and that Mr. Angell did not pretend to any knowledge of this branch of art. After leaving in 1856, I drew perspective views for two leading architects in St. Louis and also for John Frazer of Philadelphia. None of these . . . learned to draw perspective, yet their ability as architects was unquestioned. The knowledge of perspective was a rare accomplishment at this time. . . . Such pictures are no part of the work of design."

William Ward, whose relationship to the Church is still largely a mystery, died of lung fever at home in Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1893, a few days after his wife died of pneumonia.

² William Ward's design was awarded second place. C. E. Apponyi's plan was accepted at first but was later found to be "difficient in many important particulars." Rather than turn to Ward's plan, a futile attempt was made to revamp Apponyi's drawings, after which the site was changed and a decision was made to let Salt Lake City architect, Henry Monheim, team with Bird and Proudfoot of Kansas plan a new building.

William Weeks, born c. 1810, Salt Lake City

Some architects struggled with their ability, others struggled with the Church.

A traditional view of architects is that they are egocentric, temperamental, hypersensitive, and, of course, creative. Such stereotyping is probably no more true of architects than of any other professionals, but it happened to characterize aptly the architect, William Weeks. Weeks was an early Mormon convert. In fact, he may have been the first trained architect to join the Church. He drew the plans for the Nauvoo Temple. His drawings show that he was well versed in Greek Revival detailing, particularly as expressed in the alternative temple elevation. Weeks also worked on plans for the Independence Temple which was never built.

Obviously a skillful man, William Weeks soon proved hard to work with, although every effort was made to satisfy the temperamental designer. He complained frequently about lack of cooperation from the temple committee in Nauvoo and finally obtained a certificate for Joseph Smith in 1843 "to carry out my designs and the architecture of the temple in Nauvoo . . . without interference." In official temple records for 1844, Weeks is listed as "Architect and draughtsman" (and

Truman O. Angell as "Foreman over regular joiners"). Nevertheless, after continued difficulties, Weeks left Nauvoo — twelve months before the completion of the temple.

Because of his premature departure, Weeks was one of the first to travel to the West. On 4 July 1846 he camped near the Pottawatomie Indian village, a stopover on the western trek. He lived there long enough to build a water mill which was later used by the pioneer trains. At age 37, he was with one of the first companies to enter the Great Salt Lake Valley. However, his company captain reported on 6 October 1847 that "William Weeks (and others) had gone north with their families and were not considered by himself and President Smith to be in good faith." This group of dissenters started for Goodyear's (near what later became Ogden) without consent and refused to return when asked. Finally, a party of nine men was sent out to find the "Weeks Company," which had been trying to avoid contact with Brigham Young. Weeks had previously claimed that the Saints could not build a temple without him; Brigham Young responded to this remark by asking a messenger to find Weeks and tell him "to come in and make restitution for the wickedness he had committed, and . . . tell him that the Saints could build a temple without his assistance."

William Weeks briefly returned to and lived in Salt Lake City, but his rebellious attitude caused him to lose the opportunity of designing the Great Temple. He did have an opportunity to exercise his architectural talent on the Isaac Chase Mill (National Register), a fine vernacular structure, and his best known extant work. But Weeks continued to chafe at regulations and finally left

the valley in 1854. He later lost his Church membership. Nothing is presently known of the later accomplishments of William Weeks.

All converts have some adjustments to make, and some adjust better than others. Adjustment in pioneer times included loyal adherence to council and a certain degree of suppression of individualism. While many early Mormon architects received their training through their Church affiliation, others, already trained, learned to work within the Church "system." For whatever reasons, Weeks was never reconciled and unfortunately lost what could have been the treasured inheritance of being Utah's premier pioneer architect, a position which was capably filled by others like T. O. Angell, who struggled mightily but succeeded greatly.



William Weeks, probably the first trained architect to join the Church, drew this design for the Nauvoo Temple as well as the alternate design which appears on the cover page of this article.



The Bountiful Tabernacle, a Greek Revival monument known worldwide, was designed by Augustus A. Farnham in 1857.

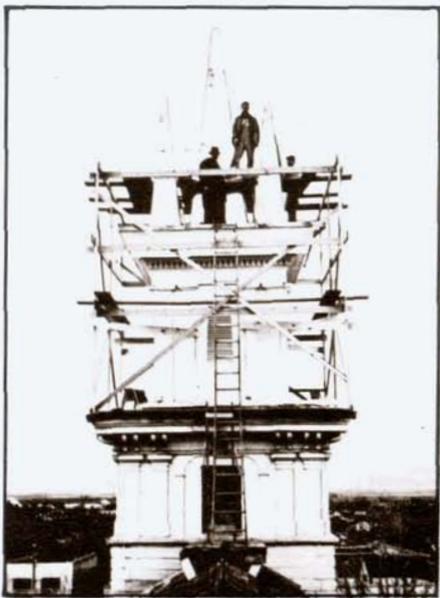
Augustus A. Farnham, 1805-1865, Bountiful

Even before the recent controversy over saving the Bountiful Tabernacle, this Greek Revival monument was known nationwide, even worldwide, within the community of architectural historians. The oldest Mormon meetinghouse in Utah, the superlative tabernacle was the crowning achievement of the building career of Augustus Alwyn Farnham. Born 20 May 1805 in Andover, Essex County, Massachusetts, Farnham became a Mormon convert in 1843 and advanced rapidly in Church service. He was ordained a Seventy on 17 August 1845 and was called to a mission in Australia, arriving in Sydney in 1851. He was called to be president of the mission in 1853 and left for home in May 1856. A carpenter by trade, Farnham's exceptional talents were quickly noticed, and he was asked to design the tabernacle in Bountiful in 1857.

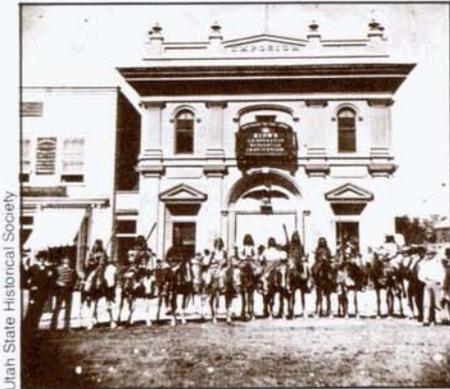
The Greek Revival had had some impact in Australia and certainly dominated, with its gleaming white miniature temples, the landscape of

the American towns Farnham passed through while returning from his mission. Many of the craftsmen called to work with Farnham were familiar with Greek Revival detailing from their building experiences in the eastern United States and England during the mid 1840s. One such man, George W. Lincoln, constructed the circular stairways leading to the tabernacle gallery and later associated with Farnham. In early directories the two are listed as "Carpenters and Cabinetmakers." Little is known of Farnham's other architectural works. We know he supervised the rebuilding of the tabernacle roof after a strong Bountiful east wind blew the original roof off. Another important contribution was his introduction of alfalfa seed from Australia to the Bountiful locality.

If he produced no other monument, the Bountiful Tabernacle would itself be adequate evidence of the skill of builder/architect Augustus A. Farnham.



Bountiful Tabernacle spire construction.



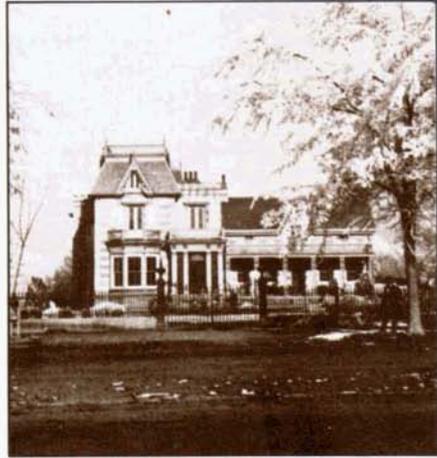
Utah State Historical Society

The Eagle Emporium, designed by William Paul as a dry goods store, was intended to be the center of Salt Lake City's commercial district.

William Paul, 1803-1889, Salt Lake City

The Devereaux House (National Register), also known as the Staines-Jennings Mansion, once Utah's most palatial pioneer residence, now sits in ruinous condition near the Union Pacific Depot in Salt Lake City. And the territory's first ZCMI store, the old Eagle Emporium, stands hidden beneath the neoclassical facade of Zion's First National Bank on the southwest corner of First South and Main. Both of these buildings were historically the most important of their type in Utah in their day. The architect of these superlative structures was William Paul, a man who, with his sons, played a vital role in giving architectural refinement and beauty to what was then a primitive western town.

William Paul, son of Walter and Mary Mitchell Paul, was born 2 May 1803 at St. Agnes, Cornwall, England. The Paul family had lived in the St. Agnes area for two hundred and fifty years, mostly following the occupation of tin mining. Although William's father had no connections with the building industry, William became a good mechanic and de-

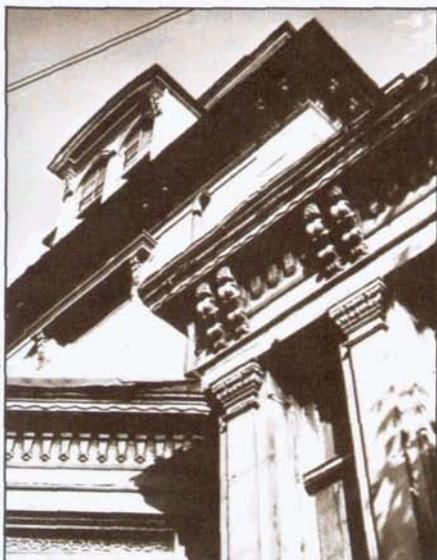


Utah State Historical Society

Originally built for William C. Staines in 1857, the Devereaux House was "the first mansion reared in Utah." This residence soon became the center of social life in the city of Zion.

ecided to study architecture. By the time the family had moved to Liverpool in about 1844, William had established an architectural and building firm. In 1849, William Paul met some Mormon elders and was converted. He soon persuaded his family to join the Church. The Paul home in Liverpool became an important center for Church activity as elders Pratt, Richards, Taylor, Snow, and others were often received there. In 1854 the Paul family emigrated to Utah. The ship's log listed William and his son, Walter, as "joiners." Soon after entering the Great Salt Lake Valley, they organized the firm of William Paul and Sons, one of the first building companies established in the new territory. Members of the firm included William, his son Walter, and, later, William, Jr., William, Sr.'s first son, a builder and architect.

On 7 April 1860, William Paul and Ann Loader Dalling were married. She and her son, William Loader, had emigrated to America in 1854. Her son was also a trained builder and architect, and for a time he



This close-up of the Devereaux House shows the flamboyant detailing of the adobe structure which was plastered and scored to give the appearance of stone.

adopted the Paul name and worked with the firm. Albert Loader Paul, a later son of William Paul and Ann Loader, also became an architect. Outside of Brigham Young and his descendants, no other Utah family has done more to advance the art of architecture than the Paul family.

William Paul's first major design project in Salt Lake City was the one for which he will be best remembered — the Devereaux House. The Devereaux House is acclaimed for two major reasons. It was "the first mansion reared in Utah," having been built for William C. Staines, Esq. in 1857. Secondly, it was the center of early social life in the center city of Zion. Staines hosted such dignitaries as General Thomas L. Kane, arbitrator of the 1858 "Utah War"; Governor Cummings, who relieved Brigham Young of his governorship; President Ulysses S. Grant; Secretary of State William E. Seward; and generals Sheridan and Sherman.



Following his purchase of the house in 1867, William Jennings, Salt Lake mayor and pioneer industrialist, commissioned William Paul to renovate the Devereaux House.

The Staines Mansion, as it was first called, was built in 1856-57 and originally consisted of a two-story adobe residence with a west wing running north-south, containing a parlor and bedrooms, and a central wing running east-west. Following his purchase of the home in 1867, Mr. William Jennings added a large east wing to the house and built numerous outbuildings. Staines, a horticulturalist by profession, had decorated the grounds with floral gardens, orchards, and a large greenhouse. Jennings, a pioneer industrial leader, Salt Lake mayor, and reportedly Utah's first millionaire, expanded the grounds to include formal ornamental gardens, iron gates, carriage ways, a grapery, additional hothouses, stables, and a carriage house and fountain. One of Jennings's wives was Pricilla Paul, William Paul's daughter. The familial relationship was undoubtedly important, as Paul was commissioned to make the additions and modifications indicated in the accompanying 1876 photograph. Jennings and Paul respected the design of the original building and, except for the changing of the dormers from Gothic Re-

vival to Second Empire style, retained the 1857 detailing in the large additions.

The 1857 building was early Victorian in its design and featured a Mansard roof, stone quoins, crenellated parapet walls, fancy Gothic Revival bargeboards, and classical bracket, dentil, and pilaster detailing. All of these features were common to English architecture of the period and reflected both the architect's and the client's recent contact with Europe. Interestingly, such flamboyant detailing graced an ordinary adobe structure, which was plastered and scored to give the appearance of stone. It was at the time of the eastern addition that Mr. Jennings gave the mansion its present name — Devereaux House — after his birthplace, the Devereaux estate at Yardley, England.

The Devereaux House established William Paul as one of the premier designers in the territory. Modest and unassuming, Paul did not keep extensive records of his works, but other sources credit him with the design of the Twentieth Ward chapel; the construction (with others) of Fort Douglas; the Tabernacle; the complex of stores north of the Kimball and Lawrence stores; and several other commercial buildings in Salt Lake City. William Paul was also a contractor and architect for the Miko Andrus Company when not working independently. Paul's best-known commercial work was the Eagle Emporium, built in 1864 for William Jennings.

The Eagle Emporium was built as a dry goods store and handled "clothing, hats and caps, boots and shoes and similar goods" obtained from markets in New York, St. Louis, and San Francisco. Jennings also was a gold dealer and soon ran

the most popular and lucrative store in the valley. In 1869, he sold his outgrown store to the new ZCMI organization. The building became the home of Zion's Savings Bank & Trust Company in 1873 and was enlarged in the 1880s and again remodeled in 1912 by architect Don Carlos Young.

Architecturally, the old store was one of the early classical monuments of the city. Its design reflected Greek Revival motifs such as engaged pilasters, pyramidal lintels, and a bracketed, molded cornice. Roman-arched windows were also utilized in the second story of the formal, symmetrical composition. Taller than surrounding buildings, built of stone, and strategically located, the Eagle Emporium was intended to be the prominent center of Salt Lake City's commercial district.

Before converting to Mormonism, William Paul had been a Methodist-Episcopal preacher. After his conversion he remained active in religious pursuits and rose to the office of high priest. Due to the scanty record, Paul's works for the Church are unknown. His participation in the public works and religious architecture of his time is at present speculative. Paul's few known works, however, reveal the depth of his training and the scope of his abilities. His achievements mark him as one of Utah's most significant pioneer architects.

Reuben Broadbent, 1817-? Farmington, American Fork, Kanab

Like many Mormon faithful, Reuben Broadbent viewed his occupation as a means of providing for his family while he consecrated life to God and



Utah State Historical Society

Reuben Broadbent, one of the Mormon pioneer architects who happily combined his Church callings and building profession, designed the Bowman-Chamberlain home in Kanab. The 77-year-old architect did much of the work himself on this typically ornate Victorian house constructed in 1894.

the Church. Frequent missions to divers places in the territory and high callings in the Church wherever he went allowed Reuben to combine his dual loves for the Church and the building profession into one happy service. Reuben was, like so many other pioneer architects, an English convert to the Mormon Church and a man well trained in the building industry before coming to Utah. Born at Kexby, Lincolnshire, England, on 23 December, 1817, Reuben was raised as an Episcopalian and learned the trade of house carpenter from his father. He

followed that trade all his life. After embracing the gospel, he was baptized on 26 October 1849 and was at once appointed to preach in his home village. Soon after, he came to America and spent three years in St. Louis, Missouri, before coming to Utah and settling in Farmington. Here he designed and superintended the building of the well-known Farmington Rock Meeting House (State Register) in 1861-63. Broadbent was instrumental in developing pioneer industries in Farmington — building a grist, saw, and shingle mill. After being called

to the Muddy Mission, which was abandoned, he settled in American Fork and put up an addition to the city's large meetinghouse. Then came a call to Kanab to help build a gristmill. The mill was built, but a flood came that cut a deep channel through the canyon and left the mill dry. A dilapidated gristmill at Glendale was obtained and refitted in Kanab, only to burn down later. Broadbent determined to stay in Kanab. He helped rebuild the mill, making a roller mill of it, and also designed and built the Social Hall and most of the other prominent public buildings and homes in the city. He was ordained a seventy, high priest, and, finally, patriarch to the Kanab Stake.

Church callings dictated the nature of Broadbent's architectural work, and it is clear that his expertise as an engineer and builder were more in demand than were his skills as a designer. But his competence as an artist was apparent throughout his life, as evidence by the Farmington Rock Church and the Bowman-Chamberlain home (1894, National Register), built more than three decades apart. A comparison of the two buildings is worthwhile. The rock meetinghouse is one of Utah's finest vernacular structures remaining from the pioneer era. A forty-by-sixty-foot rectangular building, it cost \$15,000 to construct and was one of the territory's most commodious houses of worship. In plan, the meetinghouse consisted of an assembly hall, two vestries, and a prayer room. The benches were homemade, as were the nine tall oak chairs on the elevated stand. The rostrum was padded with red velvet and tassels, and a large stove sat in the middle of the main room. Local records report that "Every man in town worked on the building." It

was a typical public works project and, under Broadbent's guidance, was executed in excellent fashion. The carpenter/builder/architect added his own personal design touches to an otherwise plain, vernacular structure. The Roman-arched doorway with double doors and a fancy fan-light transom, the decorative wood columns, molded cornice and return and Federal windows can be attributed to Broadbent's ambition to go beyond the appearance of any ordinary rock building.

The Bowman-Chamberlain home in Kanab was built in an entirely different age — the Victorian Era. The fancy home demonstrated that, although most of his work had been with small industrial buildings and homes, Broadbent had not lost touch with the architectural trends of his day. Even in remote Kanab, Broadbent was capable of constructing a very appropriate and typically ornate Victorian house. Doing much of the work himself, including the intricate gingerbread on the porch, the aging, 77-year-old architect proved his ability to make a lasting contribution to his community.



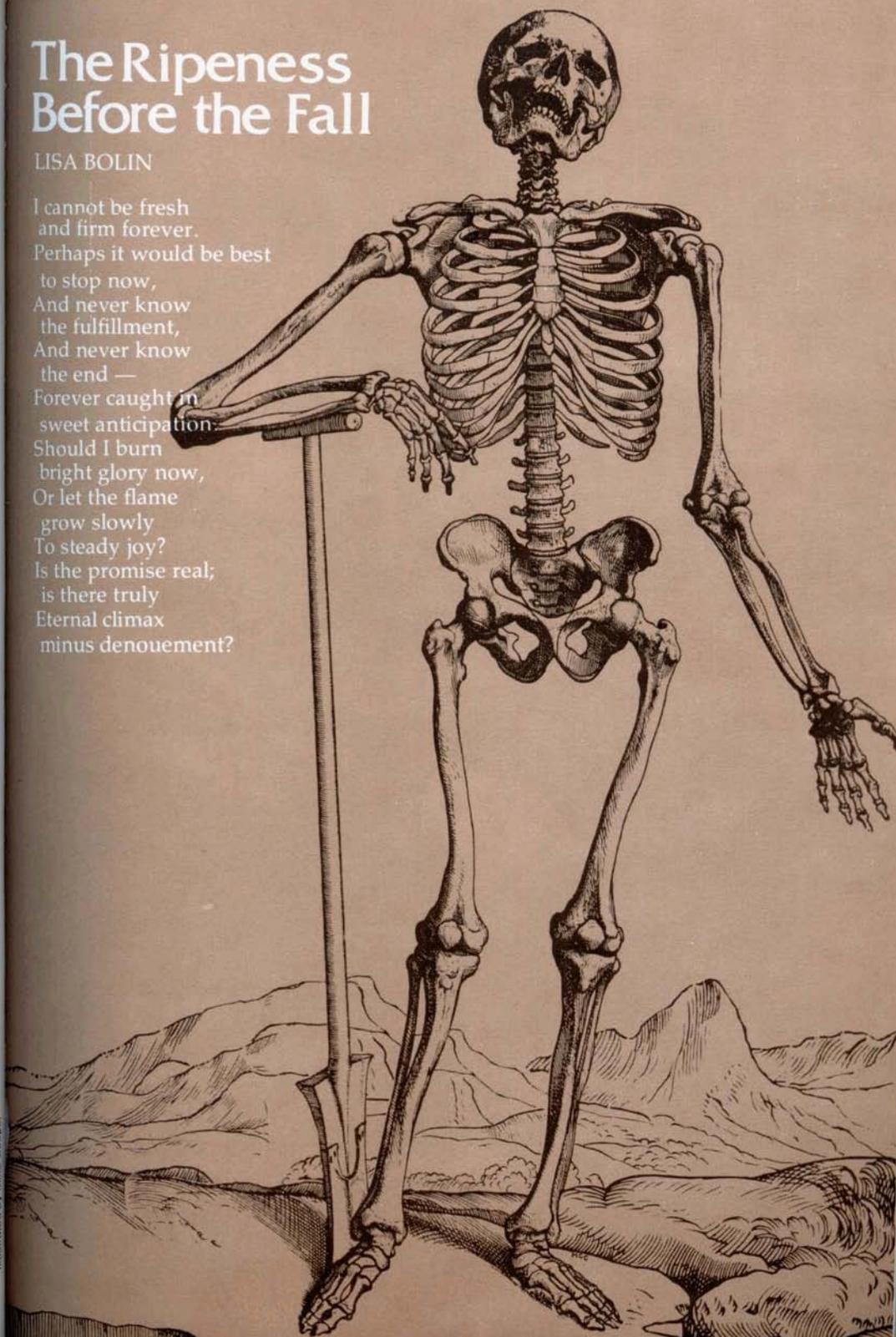
Utah State Historical Society

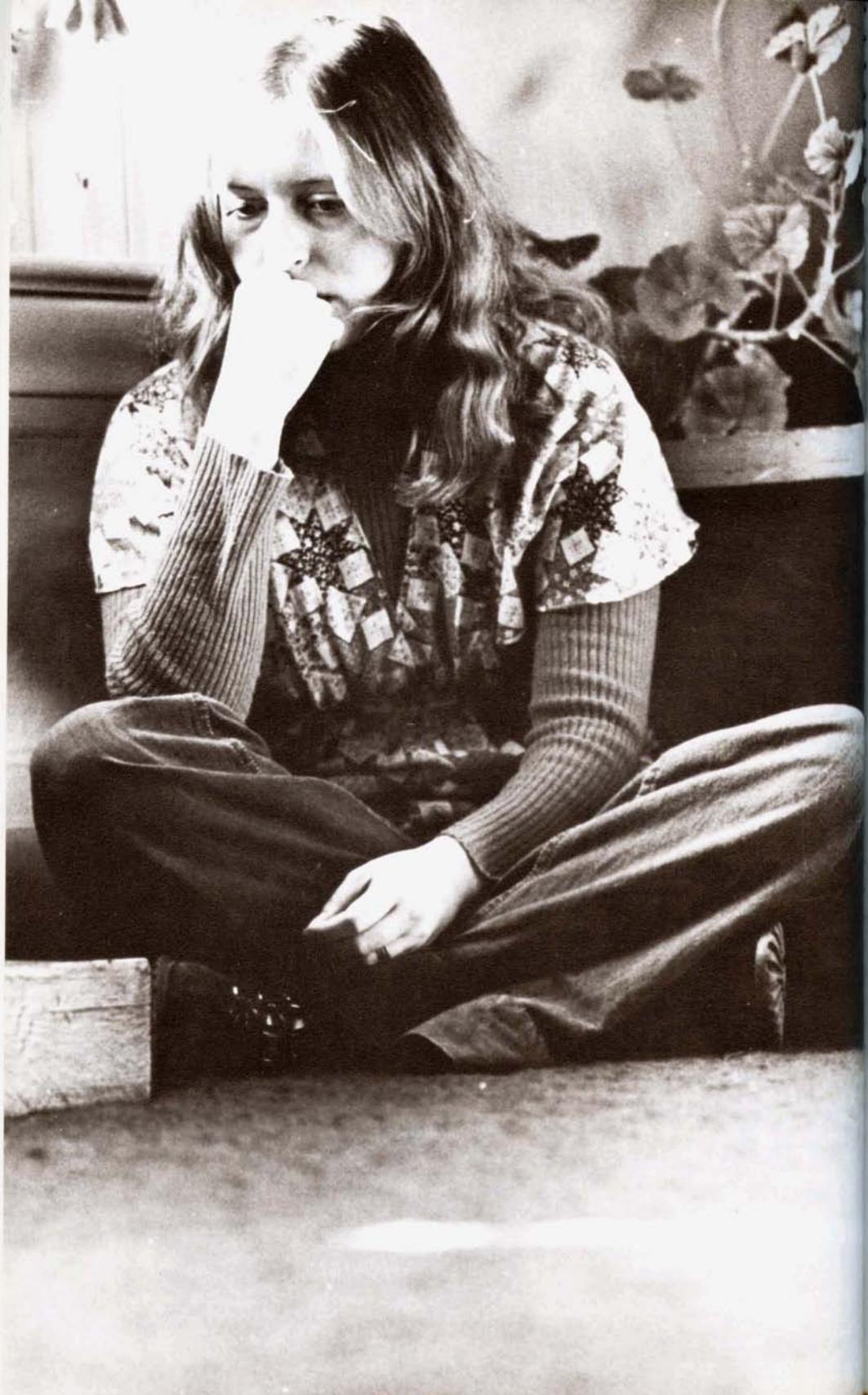
The Farmington Rock Church is one of Utah's finest vernacular structures remaining from the pioneer era. Under Reuben Broadbent's direction, "every man in town worked on the building."

The Ripeness Before the Fall

LISA BOLIN

I cannot be fresh
and firm forever.
Perhaps it would be best
to stop now,
And never know
the fulfillment,
And never know
the end —
Forever caught in
sweet anticipation
Should I burn
bright glory now,
Or let the flame
grow slowly
To steady joy?
Is the promise real;
is there truly
Eternal climax
minus denouement?





THE GATHERING PLACE

KATHY LUBECK

Very often small communities don't like to admit that they may have drug abuse problems — acknowledging that reality somehow affirms the all-too-painful fact that we are mortal, that some problems are extremely complex, and (heaven forbid) that we may be inadequate in handling some situations. Fallibility is not a personal characteristic we presume to dwell on too often.

But admitting that a problem exists, whether personal or community, often opens doors to self-direction in the lives of a lot of people, especially where drug abuse is concerned.

The Gathering Place in Provo, Utah is one such open door for drug abusers. An out-patient center licensed by Utah to treat drug abuse, it is helping combat a problem that Mormon communities are beginning to acknowledge.

The following is an interview with Eldon Luce, director of The Gathering Place in Provo.

Lubeck: What ties does the Gathering Place have with the LDS Church?

Luce: Probably the strongest ties are that 90 - 95% of our clients are LDS. Right now we have 130 people in treatment, and that doesn't include their families. Some of their families are also in treatment. Over the last two years we've had nearly 600 clients.

Lubeck: Are there other connections with the LDS Church, apart from those people in treatment?

Luce: Yes. The Gathering Place is the outgrowth of The Group, a voluntary and heavily spiritual program dealing with LDS people who had drug abuse problems. The Group had the sanction of the LDS Church, and was eventually operated as part of the Church program. A few of us who were involved with The Group developed this program.

Lubeck: How is the Gathering Place funded?

Luce: We're a federally funded program, and are consequently non-demoninational. We receive some state and local funds as well.

Lubeck: Do you ever work with bishops or LDS authorities in your program?

Luce: Yes, we often work closely with bishops. Since a good portion of our clients are LDS, often part of the problems are related to the Church, either rebellion against it, wanting to get back into activity in the Church, or feeling guilty about being active in the Church and using drugs. If the client is willing, we encourage him to sit down with his bishop and talk some of these things out. We'll come with him if he likes.

Lubeck: Do you get any funding from the Church?

Luce: The Church has given the bishop the authority to use fast offerings to help pay for a person's treatment in our program. If an individual will give us permission, we can contact his bishop and ask him if the Church would be willing to pay for part or all of a person's treatment in the program through the fast offerings.

Lubeck: From what you've seen, is the drug problem getting better or worse?

Luce: Drug use is increasing. We don't hear about it so much, partially because certain kinds of drugs, such as marijuana, are no longer seen as the problem that they once were. It isn't as sensational as it was at one time when drug abuse caught the nation by surprise, but it continues to grow. Drug abuse is a contagious problem. And many of the problems that cause drug abuse are not being dealt with effectively. Consequently, it persists as well as other kinds of

inappropriate destructive or negative behavior.

Lubeck: What kind of preventive program do you have for drug abuse?

Luce: Our program is primarily a treatment rehabilitation program. We've expanded into the area of prevention and education, believing that the ideal would be to prevent drug abuse from the very beginning so that down the road a few years we don't have to deal with a hard drug abuse problem. It is much harder to deal with once a person's been involved for some time.

We have an agreement with our local school districts for us to run an education, prevention, and early treatment program in the secondary schools. We go into the social problems and health classrooms with one week modules of actual classroom teaching. We don't talk about drug abuse. We discuss such things as values and how to clarify them. We discuss how to make appropriate decisions and how to effectively solve problems. We discuss building relationships, communicating, being responsible for yourself and your actions and feelings. And we talk about alternative types of behavior that some of these individuals find themselves involved in.

Lubeck: Do you work with the teachers in the public schools?

Luce: We train the counselors, administrators and teachers in the same areas as we train the students, hoping that they will all interact using these principles. We also train the school personnel in identifying high risk kids who are potential drug abusers or who show other kinds of negative behavior. We teach how to identify students who are already involved in drugs, and do some treatment on the school ground. We

also try to get the family to come in and get involved in the counseling.

Lubeck: Is it standard procedure to bring the family in for counseling as well as the individual with the drug problem?

Luce: Whenever we can, particularly with the younger drug abuser who is living at home, we try to bring in the family for counseling. It's heartbreaking to see an individual be able to put himself together and then go back into the family setting and the patterns of interaction that are established there which set the person right back into the types of behavior that he was in before. We have been quite successful in family counseling. Unfortunately, often a family refuses to get involved. They don't want to recognize that any part of the problem is theirs — the problem is the kid's, they don't understand why he has it, but it's not anything that they've done.

Lubeck: When an individual comes to you with a drug abuse problem, what procedure do you follow?

Luce: First a counselor will sit down with him and assess the individual's needs. Does he need a program like ours? Does he need a mental health program? Does he just need medical attention? Does he need financial assistance, a job, education?

When that assessment is done, we may refer the client to an agency that suits his needs better than ours. He may begin the intake process of our program, or he may choose to leave and feel that there's nothing to be offered to him in any of those areas.

Lubeck: What's the next step if he chooses your program?

Luce: The client meets with his counselor a number of times. Information is collected on the client's

family background, educational and vocational background, drug abuse history and frequency of use. We investigate with the person his criminal behavior, his involvement with the criminal or judicial system, and if he has a case pending or is on probation or parole.

Once this information is taken, we administer a psychological test and a test for moral maturity. Then the intake materials and test materials are evaluated. An individual treatment plan is then drawn up.

Lubeck: How often does the client meet with his counselor?

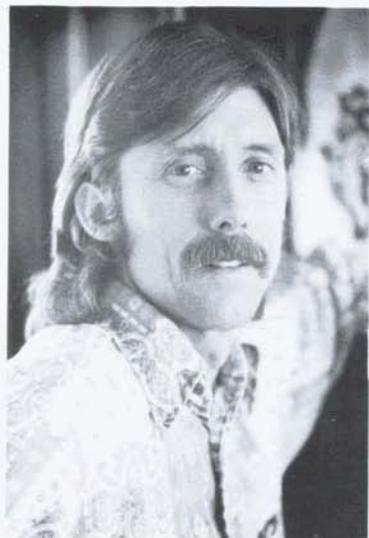
Luce: A minimum of one hour during the week in an individual counseling session, and a minimum of two hours a week in some type of group action therapy. He may also be involved in educational or vocational counseling.

At the end of each month he's evaluated, as well as the goals that have been set, and a course of action is determined. If we weren't successful we try to determine why and what could be done the next month to be more successful.

Then at the point where the person is drug free and fulfilling some socially acceptable role in the community, he's evaluated, post tests are taken, a discharge graduation summary is written up and the person is graduated.

Lubeck: Is there any follow-up of the graduates?

Luce: Yes. They're visited a minimum of four times during the next year. During these visits we find if they're working, if they're using drugs again, and how they're feeling about themselves. We also check if there's anything we can do to further facilitate their progress.



Lubeck: How many of the people remain drug free?

Luce: At the end of a two-year period when we had treated about five hundred individuals (not counting their families), 50% of those people had been successfully helped in getting off drugs and had stayed off drugs for a year following that. It's an extremely high rate of success.

Lubeck: Why is the rate so high?

Luce: I don't know exactly. We have an excellent program. Some of the drug cases we see aren't nearly as severe as in large metropolitan areas where there is a large heroin addiction. We have a population of heroin addiction that we do work with, but the majority of our drug abuse here is poly-drug abuse, use of a wide variety of drugs, and it's not addiction to any particular drug, which is often harder to treat.

Lubeck: How closely do you work with the BYU Personal Development Center?

Luce: Very closely. They've been very supportive of our program. One of their counselors is assigned to work with our program, and gives us part of his BYU time. We use him to help train our counselors and also to work with our clients who are BYU students.

Lubeck: Do you have any adults coming in for help?

Luce: Yes. The range of ages in our program right now is from 11 years old (a boy who has been using psychedelic drugs for two years) to about 50 years old. Older clients are often what we call hidden abusers, people who abuse prescription drugs. These are legal prescriptions but they are misused. Research shows that in our particular area we

have a tremendously high population of this type of abuser. We haven't even begun to scratch the surface as far as getting them in for treatment. We'd like to do a lot more in that area than we are.

Lubeck: Are most adults reticent about coming in for treatment?

Luce: No, though there are some who are reticent. I think the problem is more that many have rationalized to the point that they won't admit they have a problem. They see a drug abuser as a long-haired kid in the street who buys drugs from the other long-haired person on the corner. These adults get their drugs legally and it is easier for them to rationalize that they don't really have a problem. It's a relatively hidden problem. Many times the family doesn't know a problem exists.

Lubeck: Do you have any hopes of being able to eliminate drug abuse in Utah Valley?

Luce: I believe that is unrealistic. I don't think we'll eliminate drug abuse anywhere as long as the problems exist that bring it about. But I do believe we can have a significant impact on the drug abuse problem. Now that the community people have admitted that they do have a problem, I think they're willing to work with it. If they're willing to support it financially and in other ways, we'll be able to avoid the much more severe problems that we see in other places. We have an opportunity to curb drug abuse and keep it at a minimum, compared to other areas.



Illustration by Harvey Cusworth

PAST AND PRESENT: SOME THOUGHTS ON BEING A MORMON WOMAN

MAUREEN URSENBACH BEECHER

"In my youth and 'blissful ignorance,'" wrote Lucinda Lee Dalton, "I longed to be a boy."¹ As I read this line in her brief autobiography, I smiled to myself at the archaism of the sentiment. The only time in my childhood when I had felt it would be more desirable to be a boy was during the spring run-off when the vacant lot across the street filled with knee-high water, and my mother would not let me have a pair of high rubber boots like the boys wore. I blamed it then on their looking too boyish — Mother wanted me to be a girl; I think now that that was mother's excuse, that in reality there was simply not enough money to afford such luxuries. But every other advantage I sought I found — none was denied me because of my being female.

None was denied me from without, that is to say. But within, there are

still vestiges of an old attitude from which, even now, I am not totally free. My father articulated it just as I was emerging from a long period of anguish over being single in a married church: "Maureen," he said, as kindly as he could, "you are educating yourself right out of the marriage market." He has since altered his view — a Ph.D., marriage, and a baby coming one a year in the past three years have helped — and I have almost emancipated myself from the last remains of what is implied in the attitude that for women some doors are best left closed.

I think I am not alone in my "almost" state of freedom from old attitudes which would prove restrictive to what Relief Society President Barbara Smith lists first among a woman's challenges: responsible self-fulfillment. The other day a BYU law student came to my office for some

help with a historically based paper she was doing for a class in women and the law. I thoroughly enjoyed our talk; we compared notes on the excitement we both felt in tracing the lives of the women of our Mormon past. But at one point my visitor revealed an attitude which I have heard often, and which distresses me every time: "We were at an honors party in high school," she related, "when this guy I knew well, a really sharp guy, drew me aside in a brotherly way. 'Guys don't like smart girls,' he said." Both of those students are here on campus, and, from the comments of the girl, I concluded that the young man has long since forgotten that ill-advised advice. But the girl has not. She is still dimly haunted by the fear that her intellect might stand in the way of comfortable relations with men. Intellectually she has long surpassed the drag that such an attitude would put upon her, but emotionally the vestige remains. And until we — she and I and the rest of us — can all recognize that restrictive attitude and understand it, we will continue to be bound by it, to our eternal disadvantage.

One step towards ridding ourselves of the crippling effect of thinking of women's roles as being circumscribed, is understanding our roots in the Mormon past. We could begin with our Mormon foremothers, reading their lives in the diaries and letters they wrote. In their struggles against the limitations that their society put upon them we can discover the strength to remove the last vestige of restraint which we feel or imagine we feel.

Back to Lucinda Lee Dalton. Why should she have wished to be a boy? Her childhood had most certainly been privileged: even before she was old enough to attend the common

schools in San Bernardino, California, and in Beaver, Utah, her father, himself a teacher, instructed her in the rudiments so that she entered school grades ahead of her classmates. "I . . . came to regard the head of the class as my rightful place," she wrote later. Obviously precocious, Lucinda found herself advanced from pupil to teacher's aid by age twelve, and to teacher with her own class by age sixteen. Her advancement in the "common branches" continued, much by dint of her own diligence as she raced to keep ahead of the bright students in her classes. Lucinda would grasp whatever learning opportunities presented themselves. On one occasion she approached a "gentleman teacher" with the request that she be instructed in algebra. "He replied that it would be wasted time for me to ever study it, because I already had more learning than was necessary for a good housekeeper, wife, and mother which was a woman's only proper place on earth."

At my first reading of these lines, I fumed in anger at the repressive attitude of one who called himself an educator. Several readings later, I see from a different perspective: Is not Lucinda Dalton in the same category as my law student friend? That she remembered the statement so many years later suggests that the problem was real, but perhaps it existed more in her mind than in the gentleman's. Certainly he did not retain any prejudice, for she said of him that he later "warmly commended my efforts at self culture."² Perhaps the little stings which society sometimes administers to bright young women become infected with imagined irritations and fester into sores which distract us from the higher purpose. I misquote Shakespeare's Cassius to make my point:

"The fault, dear Sisters, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, if we are underlings."

This is not to imply that Lucinda Dalton was in any way an underling. Certainly she was not actually hindered by any real or imagined social disapproval of her attempts at education.

Let us consider another daughter of Zion, born just two years after Lucinda Dalton, but raised in the northern reaches of the Great Basin. This is Louisa Lula Greene, and we pick up her life story on her eighteenth birthday when she begins a diary which now is preserved in the Historical Department of the Church. Let me read the first entry:

Monday evening Apr. 8, 1867
Eighteen years old today. Bright and beautiful the day has been. Nothing of note has transpired that I know of. But I have been so happy! This morning I awoke from Sweet sleep with a prayer to my kind and merciful Heavenly Father, and now with heart full of thanksgivings and praise to him I retire to rest. Eighteen years old with hopeful, happy heart undisturbed.³

There is nothing here of the pessimism that permeates Lucinda Dalton's writings. Rather I sense in Louisa a bubbling optimism which seems almost unreal to me — had the girl no problems? Is she living in a fool's paradise, without sufficient wit to know that she should be anguishing over her role as a bright, capable female in a male-dominated world? But reading through that month into the next, I find a deeper sense of real issues. On May 5, Louisa and her sister, apparently on their own initiative, began teaching "our little school." "I have not enjoyed it today as I had hoped I would," Louisa writes, and the schoolteacher in me responds, remembering those hard first days and

the disparity between educational ideals and practical skills. "But courage, Louisa," reads the diary further. "There is plenty of chance for improvement." There follows a short little poem, most likely of her own impromptu composing:

There is hope for the young and healthy,
Let doubt and darkness die;
For though not wise or wealthy
There is light for me say I.⁴

Bad poetry, we must admit. But revealing. And followed by the real meat of the entry for that day: "Yet Oh how I long for the education that would fit me to be a school teacher in Zion! but this blessing I may never know." Here we can see Louisa as kin with Lucinda in the thirst for skill and knowledge, and in the frustration set up by a system which relegated education to second place, more immediately practical considerations coming first. "Still," writes Louisa, "it is not impossible that [education] may be mine. I can learn some here attending to the little ones. . . . And next winter maybe we can go to a good school." Louisa was growing up in Smithfield, and advanced schooling, for her, would have to be in Salt Lake City where she could live with relatives while attending classes.

Louisa's little school continued, and the little journal grew entry by entry. But the plaintive wail never ceased throughout:

I have enjoyed myself better today than yesterday, and still I am incapable of teaching the little ones the way I want to. Oh for an education, an education that would fit me for the station I long to hold in the Kingdom of God!

But throughout the diary come accounts of lessons that Louisa was learning without benefit of text or teacher: her married sister suffers

through a severe illness; a close friend is deceived in an affair of the heart; a lame pupil comes to the school; Louisa visits her aunt Eliza R. Snow in Salt Lake; she prays with the Cache Valley Saints for an end to the grasshopper plague; a comrade dies. The year passes. She records, "Just a year ago today I entered my Nineteenth year; and now my 20th. But little change has taken place with me. I am almost just the same." *Almost*, she writes, and realizes as she writes that she has indeed grown in her year's activities.

There is a break in Louisa's diary, and then an entry datelined Salt Lake City, U[tah] T[erritory], January 1, 1869. "Yes, this is the New Year, and here am I, so far from home and family. . . . Next Monday must be my first day at the School if nothing happens to hinder." And then the universal, if unspoken, hope of every entering freshman: "Hope I shall like it and get on well." She did both — and, while in the city, submitted some poems to the *Salt Lake Herald*. The editor of the paper, impressed with her abilities, tried to have her hired as a staff writer. Voted down by his colleagues, he then proposed to Louisa that she edit and he publish a women's paper for circulation among the Saints. Louisa was by now back in Smithfield, and had other things on her mind, as a letter to her from Eliza R. Snow, her great-aunt, reveals.

We do not have Louisa's letter to Aunt Eliza, but from the reply it is evident that Louisa had declined an offer of matrimony, and was feeling some guilt at her refusal to enter that state which social pressure would push her into. Let me stop with Louisa's story here, and return to Lucinda Dalton, for again the two face similar problems.

Lucinda, resenting as she did the rewards society showered upon boys who excelled in things intellectual, saw in the same syndrome a corollary attitude which punished girls with similar achievements. She knew that she already possessed "more learning than was necessary," by her teacher's terms, for a housewife's role. Some of us may empathize with her observations:

Even while polite attentions from gentlemen were in themselves pleasant, I always felt a sort of guilt in accepting for my personality what I knew was rendered merely to abstract youth and beauty; and much disgust at the thought that my quick intellect, my honest heart, my high aspirations, all the sterling worth that was really of myself, were never considered in this glittering realm of pleasure to which I was beckoned.⁵

There may have been some misanthropy mixed with her complaints against the prevailing mores. Lucinda was outspoken in her resentment of the position in which she found the married woman, "wearing out not only her youth but her very life, drudging from morning till night to keep his house in order, and from night till morning with his ailing baby, only (to) be looked on by him as an inferior being, designed by nature to serve him." Her observations led Lucinda early to the resolution to remain single: "I was quite willing that those who chose that manner of serving the Lord might marry; but I was determined to choose the 'better' way according to St. Paul." It took an intellectual persuasion to the gospel principle of eternal marriage, a "liberated" man who saw the roles of husband and wife as complementary rather than subservient, and a personal spiritual manifestation to bring Lucinda to marriage. What happened in that marriage is

another story, one which Lavina Fielding of the *Ensign* is piecing together for publication in the near future.

The point for us is that Lucinda saw in society's pressures some unfairness, and was willing and able to drop out of the accepted pattern until she received her own witness of its rightness. Such was also the case, apparently, with Louisa Lula Greene. In refusing some young man's bid for her hand, she had, she perhaps thought, disappointed not only her family, but Aunt Eliza Snow as well. The response from that first lady of Mormonism is heartening:

I am just as well satisfied with your present position as I would have been with the contemplated one. There is a great deal to be done, and if we are disposed we can do good in whatever position we may be placed. I never thought it necessary, neither do I consider it wisdom, to rush ahead, or to take a step until we are satisfied with the direction. I think it the sacred duty and right of each individual to wait until satisfied.⁶

But this was 1871, and Zion must be peopled with Saints and the children of Saints. Louisa must have felt as much the pressure of the Church to raise a large family as we do now in the reverse demand of Zero Population Growth groups for increasingly smaller families. Her Aunt Eliza responds to that pressure:

To be sure, while unmarried, one cannot be fulfilling the requisition of maternity, but let me ask Is it not as important that those already born, should be cultivated and prepared for use in the kingdom of God; as that others should be born?⁷

A later communication from Aunt Eliza gave Louisa the encouragement she needed to plunge into publishing, and in 1872, a year after the

letter just quoted, the *Women's Exponent* was born. Her duties on the paper demanded that Louisa move back to Salt Lake City, and there she met and married Levi Willard Richards, "the kindest, most intelligent man I ever knew." She continued editing the *Exponent*, even through the births of two daughters, and their deaths, one at two years, the other at three weeks.

By her own choice, Louisa Lula Greene Richards resigned from her post in 1877. Her "valedictory" as she left the *Exponent* is so sensible, so wise, that I find it impossible to leave her without sharing it with you, at least in part. She has explained that for the next few years she will devote special attention to raising children (a son was born to her the following year, and three more followed him), but adds the following:

Not that my interest in the public weal is diminishing, or that I think the best season of a woman's life should be completely absorbed in her domestic duties. But every reflecting mother, and every true philanthropist, can see the happy medium between being selfishly home bound, and foolishly public spirited.⁸

What am I saying in the stories of these two very different women? I suspect that somewhere in my motivation is the desire to present some role models, to demonstrate the diversity of life-style possible to women within the Mormon fold, then as now. But more specifically I want to demonstrate that there is contingent upon membership in the kingdom of God a responsibility to shape one's own life according to one's own abilities. Lucinda Lee Dalton resented the fact that while boys were encouraged in their schooling, girls were not. She wrote,

So long as I can remember I longed to be a boy, because boys were so highly

privileged and so free. Thousands of things for which I heard girls gravely reproved, met only an indulgent smile when done by boys. They could go when and where they pleased, alone or otherwise, without a thought of danger or impropriety. Education was offered to them accompanied with bribes, promises and persuasions, while [it was] doled out to girls grudgingly as something utterly wasted, and expected to be of no future use.⁹

If her perceptions were a true representation of her environment, then that is sad. But not hopeless. Her own life demonstrates the importance and the possibility of creating one's own life opportunities. Certainly it is not true of Church institutions — at least in their stated policies — that girls have less privilege than men. President Oaks has said repeatedly that it is as important for girls to be educated as for boys, and President Kimball speaks with loving pride of his wife Camilla's continuing education. The real impediments to our progression, I suggest, is ourselves. No one is holding us back; at least no one with whom we cannot deal. Perhaps the road is a little smoother for young men to achieve academically; perhaps the rewards are more immediate. The same academic goals are available for women though, and if we have along the road a few more gates to open, so much the better — so much the more to learn along the way. It is now, even more than it was in the last century, a matter of our personal determination.

This does not imply that I would prefer the harder role for all women. Some of us will fail of the strength to push open one more gate. It was that way in the Mormon past; it is so now. Some of us must open gates for our sisters along the way, gates which they cannot budge alone. And sometimes our combined

strength is not enough. But we will have tried. And for each of us the rewards will be, in the long run, equal to the effort. Of that I am convinced.

I find in the lives of which I read, some women trapped in circumstances not of their own making. I see some of them struggling weakly, and failing, and I am sad for them. But some succeed, and circumstances change. I find in the lives of which I read some women caught in traps of their own contriving. Some of them reduce themselves to tirades of blame, refusing to accept responsibility. But some respond with such comprehension, such personal strength, that I grow just in sharing the experience.

One such, who chose her own way, found rewards other than those she sought. Annie Clark was raised in Farmington, Utah, daughter of a diligent follower of the Church by his second wife. Her love of books led her to an excited response to whatever educational opportunities were hers. She attended classes at the University of Deseret under John R. Park, and later was able to attend Brigham Young University, when it was Brigham Young Academy, under Karl G. Maeser. Reading her autobiography, published under the title *A Mormon Mother*,¹⁰ I find indications that her love of knowledge expressed itself in an attraction to her teachers — she speaks of both Park and Maeser with great affection. That fondness for things of the mind led Annie to seek out companions with similar love, and in one such group, she found herself sharing her thoughts with one Marion Tanner, a handsome young professor at the Academy, and a married man. I read between the lines to find her sitting, disciple-like, at the feet of this very learned man, in love

with his mind, excited and flattered by his proposal of marriage. The year was 1883, and plural marriage was forbidden by federal law but not by Church law. Annie suggests that because of her religious background it would be "a serious thing to turn down an offer to marry in polygamy." In the light of prevailing attitudes, I suspect she was rationalizing — a later interview reveals her determination.

Anxious for approval, Annie went to President Maeser, her favorite teacher, to confess to him her quandary. "How can I know?" was her question. Maeser, to her surprise, launched a tirade against Tanner: "He knows that it is contrary to my wishes that such things should occur in this school," he declared. Embarrassed, he softened his comments with praises for his junior instructor, but left Annie with the statement that "for all that, I am not saying that you should be his wife," and with the injunction that she should "depend on [her] impressions to guide [her]." "My impression guided me most favorably toward Mr. Tanner," she wrote.¹¹

The marriage was far from what she had imagined. Because of the necessity of secrecy, Annie was delivered back to her father's house immediately after the ceremony, while Tanner and the other Mrs. Tanner went on. "The family had finished the evening meal," she wrote. "As I sat down to a glass of bread and milk the thought came to me. 'Well, this is my wedding supper.'"¹² The foreboding she felt then was accurate — the few happy times when Annie could call Mr. Tanner her husband were far outbalanced by the much longer times when he was absent from her. His vast learning, the education she had so hoped he would pass on to their children, he

denied them as much by his attitude as by his absence, and finally, in a declaration of her own responsibility and independence, Annie refused him the help of a son on his Canadian farm, since that would have cost the boy his year at school.

A tragedy, the youngest son calls his mother's life. Somehow I cannot agree. Disappointed in her expectations of married life, she grew in her own personal life, and became for her children the educator-mentor she had wanted her husband to be. There were years of poverty, of sacrifice, of occasional separation from her children. And there must have been an emptiness where sharing would have been. Most poignant in the account she wrote is Annie's description of the parting scene, the end of the marriage:

One Sunday morning as my husband and I stood on the front porch of our home together, he informed me that he would not come to Farmington to see us any more. . . . Inwardly, I felt impelled to persuade him otherwise, and I was sure he had expected me to. I nevertheless controlled myself. . . . My silence at that moment was not an easy thing.¹²

I suppose family and marriage counsellors would fault Annie for her stoic silence, and maybe they are right. But Annie governed her actions according to her own lights, and perhaps was seeing already the strength and personal fortitude she had gained, and would gain. "I am aware now," she added, "that the years of the preceding struggle to live polygamy had helped to steel me for whatever may come. I thought in those few moments before he departed: 'I'll be equal to whatever must come.'"

Annie did not know then that her husband would no longer contribute to the support of the children. When

it became apparent that the whole responsibility would be hers, she went to work as a housekeeper at fifteen cents an hour — the going rate, I suppose — but hard and humiliating for one so capable and educated as Annie. Eventually she turned to nursing and midwifery, and earned more in keeping with her abilities. Some gates remained shut to Annie, and in some respects we are pained at the course of her life. And yet there is compensation. She took into her own hands responsibilities which fell from those hands which, by society's rules, should have carried them. And in most cases she succeeded, even by the standards she herself set.

I spoke once to a group of women about our roots in our Mormon past. It was just after the defeat of the ERA in the Utah State Legislature, and some of the women were still smarting. In the question period which followed, one middle-aged lady, a particularly vocal soul, stood, and more to vent her anger than to ask a question, wondered why Mormon Church leaders had been so supportive of women's rights in the last century, and why they were so against them now. I listened while she told of her activities as a lobbyist for the ERA ratification, and then queried whether she had been chastized by her Church leaders for her involvement. She had not. Her complaint was not that she had been hindered, it turned out, but that priesthood leaders had not joined her crusade. I think she missed the high praise I gave her for her initiative in following a cause she considered righteous. I would rather it be that way, would rather in such cases we walk our own path, by our own lights, than be forced into that one path that someone else has found. And in not issuing an official state-

ment on the ERA, the Church leaders left us to do just that. The issue is not just one of sex and sex discrimination problems; priesthood leaders did not address the civil rights movements some years ago, either. But no one discouraged Jill Mulvay from teaching in a ghetto school, or Carl Keller from participating in voter registration crusades in the South.

Back to my Mormon women. They have been held up to us of this century as examples of practically every virtue on any side of the woman question. If there is one lesson to be learned from their history, it is that they were as diverse in their approach to their problems as our women are today. And those of us who look for greatness, no matter what our definition of greatness is, can find it among those women. For myself, I see as greatness a refusal to be defined on any but one's own terms, one's own highest goals. And in Lucinda Dalton's insistence on the best possible education, in Louisa Lula Greene's determination to wait for the best husband, in Annie Tanner's coping with the results of her own unhappy choice, I find greatness. I learn from these women.

And I see in the Church around me greatness to match theirs. I want to know more of Belle Smith Spafford's life, and the battles she fought, for I know something of her victories. And in Florence Smith Jacobsen I see strength and wisdom from which I could learn. And not just among the Church hierarchy do I see strength in women. I suggest we look at some of our contemporaries for greatness. There are enough models to help us all meet our challenges, open our gates, be the best of what we can be.

¹ Autobiography of Mrs. L[ucinda] L[ee] Dalton, microfilm of holograph, p. 8, Bancroft Collection, Church Archives, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah.

² Ibid, p. 7

³ Louisa Lula Green(Richards), Diary, holograph, p. 1, Church Archives.

⁴ Ibid, p. 2

⁵ Dalton Autobiography, pp. 8-9.

⁶ Eliza R. Snow to Louisa Lula Green, 23 April

1871, holograph, Eliza R. Snow Collection, Church Archives.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ *Woman's Exponent* 6 (1 August 1877): 36.

⁹ Dalton Autobiography, pp. 6-7.

¹⁰ Annie Clark Tanner, *A Mormon Mother* (Salt Lake City, Utah: Tanner Trust Fund, 1969).

¹¹ Ibid, pp. 48-50.

¹² Ibid., pp. 64-66.

¹³ Ibid., p. 236.

TO COMPOSE

A POEM

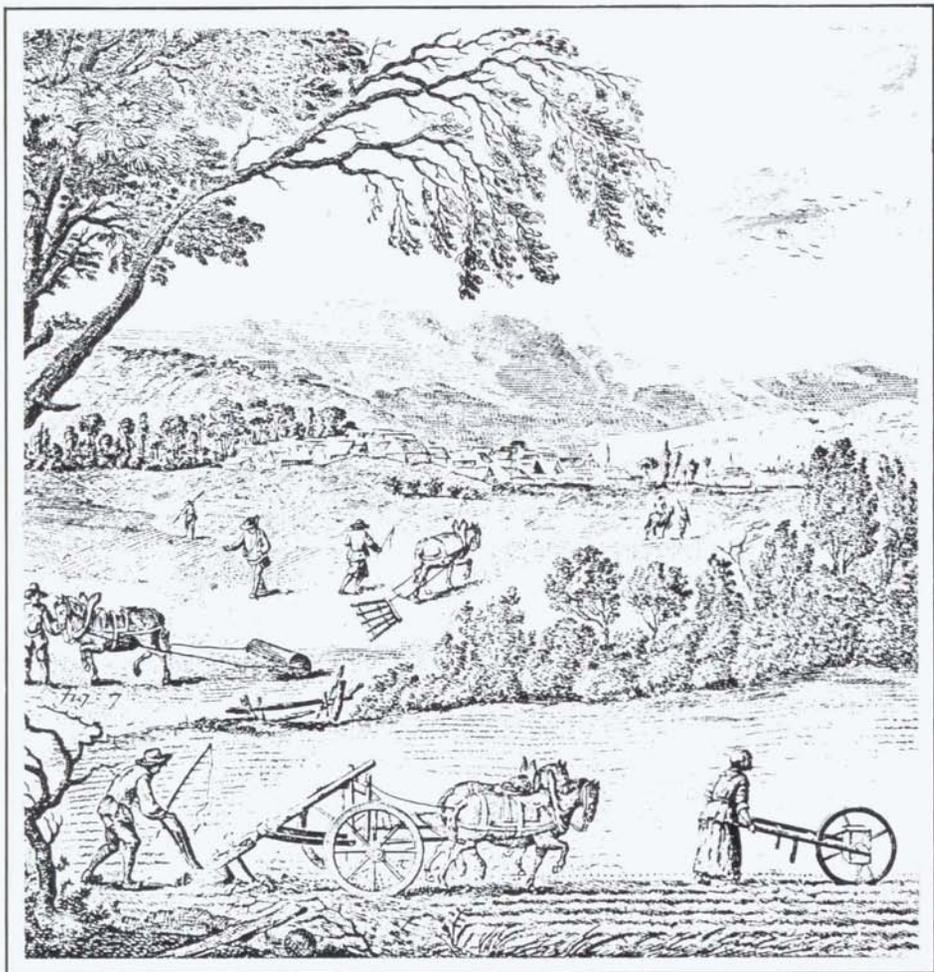
STEVEN ORSON
TAYLOR

To compose a poem
Nothing is more fitting
Than simplicity, but that
Ambiguous simplicity of

Gods who, in exactitude
Of vision, let snow cover
Everything,
So that, in the incredible umber,
blue,

And yellow glare of sunset,
Beads of ice may drink in fire,
And in wondering at that,
The eye may see the dark

Brown complexity on the
Underside of everything.



DIXIE WINE



DENNIS LANCASTER

THE DIXIE WINE MISSION

At the general conference of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City on 6 October 1861, 309 family heads were called to found St. George and to reinforce the settlements already established. In October 1862 President Young stated that the southern colonies should supply the territory with wine "for the Holy Sacrament, for medicine, and for sale to outsiders."

This phase of the colonization effort in southern Utah was greatly bolstered by the call of 30 Swiss families headed by Daniel Bonelli. Many of the Swiss company had come from wine-producing areas in Switzerland, and knew how to make good wine. The mission was strengthened by a group of expert horticulturists called by Brigham Young. Walter E. Dodge, known as "the father of the grape in southern Utah," planted his seeds and cuttings at Dodge Springs, which became a principal source for starts and information. John C. Naegle, who was to be known as the best winemaker in Dixie, and whose product was marketed under the name of "Nail's Best," was called to

Dixie to build up the fruit and grape culture in 1866. He built a large two-story stone structure at Toquerville to house his polygamous family. In the basement of this impressive building, which stands today, was a huge wine cellar. He purchased a wine press and distillery in California, which he used to manufacture as much as 3,000 gallons a year of the most choice wine in the country.

The rich, fertile soil, warm, dry climate, and long growing season in Dixie proved so beneficial to viticulture that by 1866 one-third of the total acreage under cultivation at Toquerville was given to orchards and vineyards. Brigham Young remarked, "I anticipate the day when we can have the privilege of using, at our sacraments, pure wine, produced within our borders." Another important function of winemaking was to provide a cash crop for the cotton mission. In the mid-1870s the Dixie winemakers had a ready market among the miners at Pioche, Nevada; Silver Reef, Utah; and the settlements to the north. Miners, characteristically hard workers and heavy drinkers, were happy to pay cash for rich Dixie wine.



**"The habitual drunkard
cannot retain a standing
in the Church of Jesus
Christ of Latter-day
Saints."**



Brigham Young was emphatically against the frequent use by the Saints of wine and spiritous liquors. He felt that "wine should be an article of export and not drunk among the Saints except in taking the sacrament." As early as 1873, Brigham Young advised the Dixie Saints to be temperate and wise in the use of intoxicating drinks. And in a 19 April 1884 circular from the St. George Stake president, the bishops were advised that "... the habitual drunkard cannot retain a standing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, neither can he, who for gain, or otherwise, puts the cup to his weak brother's lips." Several local Church officials were released because of sweet Dixie wine.

Ironically, when the Dixie Saints began to pay their tithes in grapes and wine, the Church tithing offices in St. George, Toquerville, and elsewhere entered into the production of wine. Soon the Church found itself to be the largest producer of wine in the area. The Tithing Office sold its surplus to the mining camps, but as the silver deposits began to give out and the mining towns began folding up the St. George tithing office stopped accepting grapes as tithing and abandoned its own wine press in 1891.

Wine was served for the sacrament in all the wards stretched along the Virgin River. This was *not* new wine or grape juice — it was good, aged

wine. When asked if wine used in the sacrament was new wine, one southern Utah native commented, "Isn't wine, unless it's fermented." One old-timer commented, "There was a good turn-out for church when wine was used in the sacrament, and it might even help to-day." But as the abuse of the Sacramental wine increased, wine was abandoned in favor of water in sacramental services. A directive to this end was issued by the St. George Stake on 9 July 1892.

It should be emphasized that the Word of Wisdom, as we know it today, was not considered binding upon the Church until the October 1880 general conference of the Church when the Pearl of Great Price and Book of Doctrine and Covenants were canonized. Until that point, the people of Dixie considered the Word of Wisdom a good piece of advice, but not a commandment.

And there were economic reasons for the end of the wine industry in southern Utah, besides pressure from the Mormon Church. Greedy winemakers began selling wine made from bad grapes, or wine not sufficiently aged, and the Mormon and gentile customers began to turn elsewhere. The railroad brought in better quality California wine. And the closing of the Silver Reef Mine in the 1880s eliminated a major market. Farmers began pulling up grapes



The Dixie Saints didn't consider wine a sin — wine was an important part of the social pattern.



and raising other crops, though a few diehards, regarding winemaking as part of their essential mission to Dixie, continued planting grapes. Private concerns have continued to make small amounts of the sweet beverage until this day.¹

THE FOLKLORE OF DIXIE WINE

Most people in Dixie drank wine socially. The Dixie Saints didn't consider wine a sin — wine was an important part of the social pattern. The early colonists didn't drink often or much, maybe a glass a day. "It was a common drink, somewhat like Pepsi or Coke is today."²

Prominent Dixie homes had three pitchers on the dinner table — one containing water, one milk, and the third Dixie wine. Members of the family and guests chose whichever they preferred. It was considered hospitable to offer wine to visitors. If the sweet beverage was not on the family table, it was more than likely available in the basement for any who desired it.

Wine was present in abundance on many occasions such as Christmas, weddings, and weekend dances. The fourth and twenty-fourth of July were special holidays for the Saints. The day's events on these holidays

included band serenades, foot and horse races, and a special patriotic assembly including songs, orations, and toasts. The day usually started when the town's musicians, riding in an appropriately decorated wagon, serenaded the townspeople. The appreciative listeners often treated the musicians with good Dixie wine. Following the parade and patriotic assembly, the afternoon was usually spent in horse and foot races as well as other forms of sporting events. Fellows from the surrounding communities used to come into town to compete in the races which took place on Main Street. Wine flowed quite freely and was often the commodity wagered. Sometimes the participants got a little too much wine and would "race up and down the streets, whip their horses, and holler like Comanche Indians."³

Dancing was a favorite activity of the early pioneers in the Cotton Mission. As with other social functions, admission tickets were paid in kind, and wine was used in this capacity. Musicians were often treated with the sweet liquid. Not only did Dixie wine contribute to rowdiness in the dances, but also offered encouragement to the bashful participant. The story is told of a bashful boy who would never dance unless he had a little Dixie wine under his belt," and then he was very sociable."⁴

Wine was almost always present at



We tarried too long — the
wine was too strong —
We got drunk on his
sweet Dixie wine.



wedding receptions in Dixie; it was expected. As one southern Utah historian candidly commented, "You were a cheapskate if you didn't serve wine."⁵ John D. Lee gave a wedding party for his daughter in which 200 people participated. The evening was interspersed with song, good talk, and "wine of our raising." Brother Lee concluded that "every person as far as I know enjoyed themselves to the hilt."⁶

Dixie wine also found a permanent spot in the pioneer medicine chest. An oft-used remedy for the common cold had as its basic ingredient good old Dixie wine. As Ivy Stratton explained, "When I had a bad cold, Mother would make me take a cup of heated wine with something hot like ginger in it and go to bed. It was really wonderful to cause you to perspire which helped to get a cold out of you."⁷ Cure or not, this remedy for colds was widespread and widely accepted by the early Dixie settlers.

Wine was often used to soothe and relax a nervous or tired pioneer. "If you drank enough wine," declared Ivy Stratton, "in a little while the feeling would come over you — you'd feel stronger, like I can live forever — just nothing bothers you. If you have a little ailment it goes right to that and soothes it. . . . It was a wonderful feeling."⁸ These attributes served as a bracer and helped the colonists over many a dif-

ficult time. Levi Savage, an early colonist, mixed wine with numerous things and said of the medicine, "Did me a lot of good; in fact I might say it even cured me."⁹ Dixie wine may not have possessed all the medicinal powers which early pioneers attributed to it, but it made them feel better and that was half the battle.

A cache of hundreds of colorful stories concerning Dixie wine exists as a heritage of the past. Although most of the stories have been handed down several times, often told for effect, they originated in actual experiences and enriched the folklore of Dixie.

One man was known as quite a drinker. In his later years his nephew stayed with him. The man asked his nephew to get him a drink of wine once when he was a little under the weather. The nephew got a glass of wine and brought it to the man. Uncle Leish poured it on the ground and said, "That's an insult to bring a man a glass of wine when he wants a drink of wine. Now go get me a drink of wine!" The nephew got a milk pan a little over half full, and Uncle Leish said, "Now, boy, that's what I call a drink of wine."¹⁰

Numerous people from St. George used to make the trip to Delamar, Nevada, to work in the mine. They would often stop in "Clary" (Santa Clara) and purchase wine for the trip. The story is told of one chap



Wine in the cellar was
often a great temptation
to Dixie youngsters.



who stopped at the Boomer home and requested five gallons of wine, but explained he didn't have the money to pay for it until he got back from the mine. Brother Boomer balked at selling wine on credit until the miner said, "Well then, give me ten gallons and I'll leave five for security."¹¹

Karl Larson, prominent southern Utah historian, tells a story about playing trombone at a dance in Leeds. Everyone had been drinking, and at intermission the five bandsmen went out for some fresh air. They met a group of dancers who offered them a drink of wine. The drummer accepted, and after a couple more stops, "had more than enough to make him feel good. When we got back in there and started playing, man was he hammering those drums." When asked where he got all those notes, the drummer replied, "There should be one line of music here I'm supposed to play, but I can see three and I'm playing them all."¹²

It was advised that the early pioneers shouldn't give wine to the Indians. Once an old chief was invited to eat at the family table of John C. Naegle. The chief asked to say grace and was given permission by Brother Naegle. This was his prayer: "Oh great spirit, bless my friend John, all his squaws and papooses, and bless that good wine that my friend has in his cellar." The prayer

worked, because he was given wine to go with his dinner.¹³

The story is told of a Dixie peddler who went to Kanaraville with a wagon full of wine. Kanaraville was known for its rough youth, so the peddler took precaution against theft of his liquid cash by sleeping atop his load. Several young fellows outsmarted the peddler by drilling up through the bottom of the wagon and into a barrel of wine. The barrel was drained and several washtubs filled with sweet Dixie wine to be enjoyed by the youngsters.¹⁴

Thales Haskell, Ira Hatch, and Guthiel McConnel spent a winter living with the Hopi Indians at Old Oraibi. One morning, after their stay with the Indians had entered somewhat into the phase of boredom, the three noted Mormon scouts were seated on a ledge in the sun pondering their lot. At length, Thales Haskell spoke up and said, "I have just decided why we three were chosen for this mission. You, Ira Hatch, are more Indian than white anyway, having chosen an Indian wife; and you, McConnel, have long been known to have more zeal than good judgment; and I was chosen by Brother Young so that the Dixie wine would get one year older."¹⁵

There are several stories concerning the fermented grape pulp or pomace that was left when the wine was pressed off. Georgiana Millet speaks



"President Young, it is utterly impossible to drink five gallons of wine and stay sober."



of a horse named "Old Billy" who "ate profusely of fermented grape pulp and was ludicrously drunk."¹⁶ Josephine Hamblin remembers throwing the "pummies" (pomace) out to the chickens and watching them "flappin' all over the place — couldn't walk, just flapped."¹⁷

During one of the winters Brigham Young spent in St. George, he was much perplexed by the indiscriminate tipping among many of the local Saints. To solve this dilemma he recommended that the municipal government pass an edict that wine could not be purchased in quantities smaller than five gallons. This, he reasoned, would put an end to the tipping. Not long after the passage of this ordinance Brigham Young chanced to meet Brigham Lamb on the street. Brother Lamb was more than moderately intoxicated. As he approached his Church leader and before President Young could reprimand him, Brother Lamb said, "President Young it is utterly impossible to drink five gallons of wine and stay sober."¹⁸

A rich Spaniard from Pioche, Nevada, was marrying one of the "girls" from Silver Reef. For the wedding celebration at Silver Reef he ordered several kegs of Toquerville wine. The party was a great success, but the spigots were too slow for the thirsty celebrants, so they poured the wine out of the kegs into a huge wooden tub from which it could be

more rapidly dispensed. The next morning the bride and groom with their attendants mounted their horses to ride to Pioche, but something was wrong. The two leading horses were not behaving with proper decorum. They side-stepped and danced and wove from side to side. Their eyes sparkled and their lips were lifted as if in ribald grins. No one could explain their actions until it came to light that the boy who tended the horses had watered these two from the very same wooden tub that had held the wine the night before. The dregs left in the bottom — and you may be sure there were not many — diluted with the water put there for the horses and sufficed to intoxicate the animals.¹⁹

The story is told of two Toquerites who were guests at a Relief Society social. The sisters had been asked to bring different kinds of fruit juices to be mixed together for the refreshment. The two brethren brought their own form of juice and during the party succeeded in spiking the punch with a gallon of sweet Dixie wine. It is said that the sisters would "come over and pour themselves a glass, comment at how good it was, and by the end of the evening were feeling pretty happy."²⁰ One of the better winemakers in Dixie was a man named Schmutz who lived in the little town of Middleton, between Washington and St. George. It is said that whenever



"Oh great spirit, bless my
friends, John, all his
squaws and papooses,
and bless that good wine
that my friend has in his cellar."



Brigham Young passed the Schmutz place he would stop and come in for a glass of wine. "Just one glass of wine, that's all he would drink, and he always wanted a sandwich to go along with it. He would sit there and sip that wine just like a cup of tea."²¹

Olive Burt relates an interesting story about two government agents named McGeary and Armstrong who came to Toquerville to catch a polygamist. McGeary told his aide to go around to the back to watch while he stayed in front. Armstrong cornered the small house and noticed a barrel with a canvas tight over the top. He thought he'd step onto this canvas to get a look in the window, but his weight dislodged the canvas, and he fell into the barrel. The fragrance of ripening wine quickly informed the agent that it wasn't a rain barrel he'd fallen into. He climbed out, licked his chops, and then, using his hands as a dipper, went to work. McGeary, curious about the stillness at the rear of the cottage, tiptoed around the house and found his companion stretched out on the ground fast asleep. He took in the situation and, following the example of his partner, partook freely. The brother and his plural spouse had an undisturbed night, and in the morning two red-faced agents hurriedly left town.²²

Wine in the cellar was often a great temptation to Dixie youngsters. Bert Covington remembers one escapade

when he was about twelve. He and two friends "visited" his uncle's wine cellar and snatched two five-gallon kegs of good Dixie wine which they hid in a haystack. "My uncle never found out who swiped his wine, and we thoroughly enjoyed our ten gallons of wine."²³

One day a fellow stole a gallon of wine from Ivy Stratton's grandfather, William Lang, and hid it in the hay in the barn. He was so proud of this accomplishment that he ran to tell Ivy who promptly restole the treasure. Ivy and two of his pals tried to drink the gallon of wine. Ivy said he went to bed Sunday night and didn't get up until Wednesday at noon.²⁴

Singing was a favorite pastime of the Dixie settlers, and wine figured in many a lyric. It is impossible to record the actual song and accompaniment, but the words to two Dixie favorites are as follows:

SWEET DIXIE WINE

Billy Lang we all knew and William Hall too
Both were makers of very sweet wine.
They said to pay up or they's take our pup
To pay for their sweet Dixie wine.
To pay for their sweet Dixie wine.

Alex Fullerton next we paid our respects,
Respect for his Isabella wine.
He gave each a cup, and told us to sup,
To sup on his Isabella wine.
To sup on his Isabella wine.

Then over to Leeds, we hasten our steeds.
The roads were so dusty, but fine.
Brother Sterling we found and he was sure
bound



Dixie wine also found a permanent spot in the pioneer medicine chest.



To serve us his malaga wine.
To serve us his malaga wine.

Then on to Bellevue, Brother Gregerson too
A maker of very sweet wine.
We tarried too long — the wine was too strong

We got drunk on his sweet Dixie wine.
We got drunk on his sweet Dixie wine.

Now on to Springdale we followed the trail,
The trail of the sweet Dixie wine.
Bill Duffin was there and he said beware,
Beware of his sweet Dixie wine.
Beware of his sweet Dixie wine.

Then on to Pioche with a broken-down coach
And a harness all mended with twine.
Jake Johnson was there and he said beware,
Beware of their whisky so strong.
Beware of their whisky so strong.

Next morning we woke a bunch of old soaks
And found that we were all broke.
We vowed never again, oh, never again
To drink of Jake's whisky so strong.
To drink of Jake's whisky so strong.

Then homeward we're bound.
A great lesson we'd found.
We vowed never again, oh, never again to
leave our home,
The home of our sweet Dixie wine.
The home of our sweet Dixie wine.

Josephine Hamblin, a Dixie native now residing in Salt Lake City, frequently favors her family and friends by singing "Sweet Dixie Wine."²⁵

Moses E. Gifford, a well-known Dixie musician, wrote the words of the following song to the tune of "In the Good Old Summertime." Carl Gifford, who sang the song to me, said that his father wrote the song based on an actual experience.

THE GOOD OLD KEG OF WINE

There's a time in each year, when the boys do
feel queer
With the good old keg of wine;
Like birds of a feather, they all flock together,
Where the sun refuses to shine;
Forgetting their sorrow, no trouble they borrow,
When giddy they think it is fine.
Their neighbors annoying, themselves are enjoying
The good old keg of wine.

Chorus:
The good old keg of wine, boys, now don't
you look fine
Strolling up and down the street, singing
keggy mine;
I'll hold your head, the keg holds mine,
And that's a very good sing, they get boozy
woozy on
The good old keg of wine.

When the weather is warm, like bees they will swarm
With the good old keg of wine.
And when it is cold, if a wife she will scold
At the good old keg of wine.
When the stomach grows sour, they'll heave
for an hour
When called to a meal, they'll decline,
They try not to show it, think the women don't
know it,
With the good old keg of wine.

Chorus:
The good old keg of wine, boys, now don't
you look fine
Sprawling out upon the ground, singing
keggy mine,
I'll hold your head, the ground bumped mine,
And that's a very good sign
That they got boozy woozy on the good old
keg of wine.

They gather in groups, go out in hen coops.
With the good ole keg of wine;



The Dixie Wine Mission was, for a while, one of the most successful of Brigham Young's "self-sufficiency" missions.



Their deeds are not mean, they're heard but not seen,
 With the good old keg of wine;
 In the pig pen they tumble, they don't seem to grumble
 When rooting around with the swine;
 They think they're advancing
 Hog music for dancing, with the good old keg of wine.

Chorus:

The good old keg of wine, boys and pigs do look fine.
 Their voices now together blend,
 singing keggy mine;
 I'll hold your head, the pig roots mine,
 And that's a very good sign
 That they got boozy woozy on the good old keg of wine.²⁶

The vast storehouse of personal experience existing in the memories of pioneers now living is the greatest resource available. The stories related by these people actually took place; they are part of an exciting oral history. These colorful anecdotes are a vital link in the history of Dixie and make the story come to life.

The Dixie Wine Mission was, for a while, one of the most successful of Brigham Young's "self-sufficiency" missions. Beet sugar, iron mining, cotton, pottery — all met with failure. But the Saints, the weather, and the marketplace combined to make the Wine Mission a far-too-smashing success. And in the long run it, too, failed, as pioneer life became easier and the rigors of Mormonism came from commandments

rather than daily life. The history of the Wine Mission remains, however, as a witness of what the Saints can accomplish when their hearts are in their work.

For a detailed history of the Dixie Wine Mission, see: Lancaster, Dennis R. "Dixie Wine" (unpublished master's thesis, Brigham Young University, 1972).

²Interview with Frank Hafen, Washington, Utah, May 13, 1972.

³Interview with Josephine Hamblin, Salt Lake City, Utah, May 11, 1972.

⁴Interview with Mary Naegle, Toquerville, Utah, May 12, 1972.

⁵Interview with Juanita Brooks, Salt Lake City, Utah, March 11, 1971.

⁶Robert Glass Cleland and Juanita Brooks, eds., *A Mormon Chronicle: The Diaries of John D. Lee 1848-1876*, II (San Marino, California: The Huntington Library, 1955), p. 107.

⁷Interview with Ivy Stratton, St. George, Utah, May 13, 1972.

⁸Interview with Ivy Stratton, May 13, 1972.

⁹As reported in an interview with Karl Larson, St. George, Utah, March 12, 13, 1971.

¹⁰Interview with Athole Milne, Washington, Utah, March 13, 1972.

¹¹Interview with Moroni McArthur, St. George, Utah, March 12, 1971.

¹²Interview with Karl Larson, St. George, Utah, March 12, 1971.

¹³Judith Moss, "Reminiscences by Manuel Naegle," (tape recorded account, August, 1976, five-page typewritten copy in possession of Mrs. Iona Moss, Salt Lake City, Utah), p. 2.

¹⁴Interview with Bert Covington, St. George, Utah, May 13, 1972.

¹⁵Reed W. Farnsworth, M.D., "Wine Making in Southern Utah," (paper presented to a



local history group in Cedar City, Utah, copy in writers possession), p. 8.

¹⁶Georgiana Angel Millet, "Historical Sketch of George Edward Angell and Rebecca Ann Wilkinson," (Pamphlet in Utah State Historical Society Library, Salt Lake City, Utah).

¹⁷Interview with Josephine Hamblin, May 11, 1972.

¹⁸Reed W. Farnsworth, M.D., "Wine Making in Southern Utah," pp. 8-9.

¹⁹Olive W. Burt, "Wine-Making in Utah's Dixie," *Lore of Faith and Folly*, ed. Thomas E. Cheney (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press), pp. 147-148.

²⁰Interview with Robert Naegle, Toquerville, Utah, May 12, 1972.

²¹Interview with Frank Hafen, May 13, 1972.

²²Olive W. Burt, "Wine-making in Southern Utah," p. 150.

²³Interview with Bert Covington, May 13, 1972.

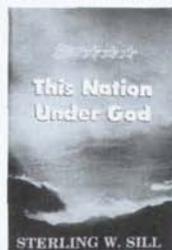
²⁴Interview with Ivy Stratton, May 13, 1972.

²⁵Interview with Josephine Hamblin, May 11, 1972.

²⁶Moses E. Gifford, "A Collection of Songs, Poems, and Tributes," (Springdale, Utah, 1930. Pamphlet in possession of Carl M. Gifford, St. George, Utah). Carl Gifford sang this song to the writer in a personal interview, St. George, Utah, May 13, 1972.



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Reviews



The Kingdom or Nothing
by Samuel W. Taylor
New York: MacMillan
Publishing Co., 1976.
406 pages, \$15.00.

Reviewed by
David H. Bailey

Photograph by Tony Wanschura



The Kingdom or Nothing is a fascinating and absorbing look at the life of John Taylor, third president of the LDS Church, written by a grandson, Samuel W. Taylor. The book is thoroughly researched and brightly written, combining an accurate account of a trying period of Church history with a moving portrait of the Church's leader during that time.

Such a book is a welcome addition to our Latter-day Saint history. Due to great sensitivity about polygamy and other problems of John Taylor's time, Church writers in the past have been discouraged from carefully chronicling the events of that period. For example, in the only other biography of John Taylor, the entire account of his ten-year administration, including the difficulties of trying to lead the Church while in hiding, was reduced to a few paragraphs. A similar biography of Brigham Young somehow managed, in its nearly 600 pages, to avoid any mention that the prophet had more than one wife. Also, many Mormon writers regrettably have felt compelled to portray leaders of the Church as perfect and infallible, deftly editing from their works any details which would show these

men subject to human weaknesses such as anger, jealousy, or making errors of judgment. Such biographies are perhaps suitable for light, "faith-promoting" reading, but they are inadequate for serious students of our Mormon heritage. In addition, such writings deprive readers of the opportunity of learning the lessons of life which could be gained by observing how such men actually overcome everyday troubles and failures.

In this book, Samuel W. Taylor accomplishes the difficult task of presenting, in an objective, lively narrative, much long-lost historical material relating to the life and administration of John Taylor. The author, along with his brother Raymond Taylor, located and copied hundreds of letters, journal entries, and other materials from the Church's archives and other sources. The result of this effort is a prodigious amount of interesting material, much of it brought to light in this book for the first time.

Some of the findings are rather startling. For instance, the Taylors located in the archives the complete report of the physicians attending Brigham Young during his sudden illness and resulting death. Combined with modern medical pathological analysis, the report indicates that Brigham Young definitely did not die of cholera, as was previously thought, but instead was very likely the victim of arsenic poisoning. The reader is left on his or her own to speculate about the apparent foul play.

Another finding recorded in the book is that had it not been for a severe snowstorm in the Sierras in 1849, the history of the Church — indeed of the whole West — would likely have been drastically different. The snowstorm delayed a territorial official carrying a proposal from the federal government for the joint admission of Utah and California to the Union. As a result of the delay, California was admitted alone and Utah's statehood was deferred. Had Utah been admitted at this time, the Church's long conflict with the federal territorial government would largely have been averted.

The author has a flair for the mystic, and he delights in recording genuine spiritual experiences in his book. One example is a vision of John Taylor, in which he saw Brigham Young, who encouraged him to stand fast in the struggle with government powers then trying to crush the Church. Another remarkable experience related in the book was the appearance of Joseph Smith to John Taylor and others at a meeting in a farmhouse, during the period that John Taylor was secretly moving from house to house hiding from territorial officials with arrest warrants.

On the other hand, the author does not hesitate to deflate some time-honored folk traditions which do not hold up under careful research. For instance, in one footnote he blandly points out that nowhere in the journals of John Taylor or Parley P. Pratt, or in other reliable sources for that time, is mentioned any instance of a spectacular crop rescue by cricket-eating seagulls. Thus it appears that this favorite anecdote of Church history may well be apocryphal.

An outstanding feature of the book is the very real portrayal of John Taylor and other principals in the narrative. Some readers may squirm at such a candid portrayal of these Church leaders, but others will find the description delightful to read and valuable for its insights.

One weakness of the biography is that the author seems prone to eulogize his grandfather when more objectivity would have been in order. Also, he occasionally vents complaints (such as the denial of access to certain materials in the Church Archives) that perhaps would have been better kept to himself.

Due to space limitations, the author could include only part of his copious research material, but some additional explanatory information would have been desirable. For instance, the ending of the book may leave the reader somewhat confused if he is not completely familiar with the history of the polygamy problem after John Taylor's death. A brief history of the Manifesto and of other Church declarations which eventually prohibited all plural marriages (even "underground" and foreign-country plural marriages) would have been valuable.

Samuel W. Taylor's latest book is certainly not dull. Scholars should appreciate the author's objective, fact-finding approach, which leaves the interpretation and analysis of the sometimes-puzzling facts to the reader. Serious students of Mormon history will find the book to be a repository of little-known, intriguing historical facts. And the general reader will find the narrative fast-moving, exciting, and (yes) even inspirational.

Brigham Young University: A School of Destiny, by Ernest L. Wilkinson and W. Cleon Skousen (Brigham Young University Press, April 1976, 894 pp.), reviewed by Oscar Davis and R. Gene Olsen.



It's hard to think of this 900-page book as an abridgment — until you see the four-volume work it was condensed from. Wilkinson, Skousen, and a team of researchers and editors have done an excellent job of condensing the huge bulk of material. This one-volume work is always readable, often interesting, and occasionally insightful. Let's face it: before reading this book we couldn't think of many things less interesting than a history of BYU. But after the first few pages, we were caught up in the story, not of an institution of learning, but of the people who struggled to help it survive. BYU is only a part of a much larger story. The writers of this history give us frequent glimpses of that big picture, particularly in the first half of the book.

Because of Ernest L. Wilkinson's prestige and incredibly wide acquaintance, this history had access to documents, letters, memos, diaries, and transcribed interviews that might not otherwise have been available. The book cites the diaries and personal correspondence of such figures as David O. McKay, James E. Talmage, John A. Widtsoe, and Stephen L Richards. There is even a footnote citing a note that J. Reuben Clark, Jr., jotted down on his desk calendar! With so much material available, it's a wonder the book is as short as it is, and if there is occasionally more detail than we re-

ally want, we rarely ask for information that we don't get.

The book also deals skillfully, if conservatively, with some of the trickiest events in BYU's history: the Zarahemla expedition and the scandal over BYU President Benjamin Cluff taking a third wife in Mexico a decade after the Manifesto; the firing of several professors early in the twentieth century for teaching ideas directly contrary to LDS doctrine (no, **not** just evolution); and Abraham Smoot's quarrel with President John Taylor over rent on the BYU-owned tithing block. We had to take a few things with a grain of salt: Wilkinson and Skousen were not too subtle about siding with Karl G. Maeser in his view of innovator Benjamin Cluff, and the unending accounts of President Harris' globe-trotting give these minor episodes far more importance than they actually had.

If the history occasionally meanders and gets sidetracked on totally unimportant things (do we care about Franklin Harris's or Ernest Wilkinson's official platforms in their senatorial campaigns?), we must blame it on the difficulty of deciding, out of masses of information, just what to include and where to put it. By and large the writers have done well. And even if you already own the first two volumes of the complete history, this volume isn't a bad investment. It's more readable and more likely to be read.

When Josiah Quincy, writing in 1836, brought his history of Harvard University to a close as it approached 1780, he wrote, "The history of Harvard University has now been brought down to our times; to a period too near to be viewed in just historical perspective." It's a shame

that the authors of *Brigham Young University: A School of Destiny* didn't exercise similar restraint, and end their history in 1951. The book would have been a much better history, besides being much shorter: almost all the serious flaws in the book are in the twenty-three chapters dealing with the last quarter-century of BYU history — the Wilkinson and Oaks administrations.

Often the authors indulge in far-too-personal writing for an official history. The book sometimes reads like a personal memoir. Talking about army trainees at BYU during the Brimhall years, the authors write, "Ernest L. Wilkinson, future president of BYU, was among them." A few pages later, the authors mention that only twelve students received diplomas in 1921, "among them Ernest L. Wilkinson, future BYU president."

We get accounts of Ernest L. Wilkinson, boy reporter, who scooped all the newspapers in Utah with his story on Franklin Harris' appointment as BYU president; Ernest L. Wilkinson, editor of the school paper, whose advice to the administration about the future role of BYU was eventually fulfilled by Dallin Oaks; Ernest L. Wilkinson, head of the Washington, D.C., chapter of the BYU Alumni Association, who wrote many letters to General Authorities and gave many speeches in Utah about what should be done with BYU — though, of course, he was not at all interested in the then-vacant position of BYU president.

But even if we indulge the authors' over-attention to Wilkinson long before he became important to BYU, there are many places in the last half of the book where they intrude their own views to the serious detriment

of the history. Why is there an entire chapter on the junior college program, which never came to fruition? Why is mention made of a social work program that never got off the ground? By coincidence, these were both programs that Wilkinson backed for a long time with great effort. We can't help but wonder if the authors aren't saying, "I told you so," or at least, "It would have been better my way."

If one thing is clear from the Wilkinson chapters, it is that he exercised iron control over all aspects of the University. The fact that nothing of great value began in the lower echelons is not surprising in light of Wilkinson's authoritarian view of proper school government. He insisted that the faculty have no direct dealings whatsoever with the Board of Trustees, and that any and all complaints about BYU go directly to Wilkinson — not exactly the best way to encourage open and honest comment from students and faculty.

The authors are very patronizing in their attitude toward President Oaks. When Oaks appoints committees on conflict of interest and copyrights and patents, without insisting on detailed guidelines, the book is doubtful that anything good can be accomplished. Oaks's clear program of delegation of authority and greater administrative leeway on the college and department level is viewed skeptically. We had to sift through some pretty loaded language to realize that changes since 1971 might actually be for the better: Under Wilkinson, college deans were virtually powerless and department chairman were essentially clerks, while under Oaks salaries and hiring are largely decided on the college and department level, and university committees, once strictly

"advisory," now make decisions that are largely binding on the university. We wonder if, as the authors seem to think, this is a sign of weakness in the Oaks administration. It seems to be more a sign of great personal strength. It takes a very strong, secure, trusting leader to voluntarily give power to his underlings.

Other statements simply don't belong in the history. Why are three pages in chapter forty-one devoted to abortion and birth control? Why are strongly conservative political views injected frequently in the last half of the book? Occasionally the history even becomes ridiculous: to prove that BYU students don't believe in abortion, the writers point out that the BYU health center director hasn't heard of a single case of abortion in his twelve years at the Y. We aren't sure, but we suspect that the director of the health center would be about the last person at BYU to hear about student abortions.

Perhaps the saddest thing about the last half of the history is its conclusion. When the authors point out BYU's contribution to the pursuit of truth, they can only list the Word of Wisdom, the Book of Mormon Lamanite doctrine, the U.S. Constitution, and the Mormon ideal of the family, none of them developed at BYU. Service to mankind includes aid to Iran in the 1950s, aid to Jordan in the sixties, the LDS missionary program, research for the Mormon Church, temple work by BYU students, the once-upon-a-time Family Movie of the Year Award, the Mormon Festival of Arts, the Folk Dancers, and the Program Bureau. We wonder where in all of this are BYU's great contributions to the world of science, literature, art, scholarship?

There have been a few. Too few. The lists of BYU's accomplishments are eloquent in what they do not say.

But, unintentionally perhaps, the authors end the book on an encouraging note: Dallin Oaks seems to be directing the University toward serious pursuit of excellence. He calls for faculty members to write good textbooks, he insists on good teaching and research, he expects initiative and leadership at all levels, and he decries students who are not seriously pursuing an education. Scholastic standards are rising. BYU is becoming a good, perhaps someday excellent, university. Someone seems to have discovered that biggest is not necessarily best, that not everything that matters can be measured in numbers and percentages, programs and grade-point averages.

In spite of the flaws in the last half of the history, *Brigham Young University: A School of Destiny* is a valuable book. Wilkinson and Skousen have been thorough. Besides being an incredible bargain at \$7.95, it is worth reading, and a careful reader can draw his own conclusions from the mass of information. The information is valuable. The conclusions are important. And even the flaws themselves reveal a great deal about the problems BYU has had and will have as it struggles to satisfy the Mormon Church, the academic world, and the students who go there for an education.



The Man and His School - BYU Musical of the Century

Brigham! by Arnold Sundgaard and Newell Dayley, directed by Max Golightly, choreographed by Dee Winterton, and produced April 1976 at Brigham Young University; and



Photograph by Craig Dimond

Here's Brother Brigham, written, directed, and performed by James Arrington March, 1976 at Brigham Young University. Reviewed by Frederick Bliss and P. Q. Gump.

Two theatre pieces marked the end of BYU's centennial celebration: James Arrington's *Here's Brother Brigham* and Arnold Sundgaard's *Brigham!* Two more different productions would be hard to imagine, and it would be tempting to use them to illustrate two directions being followed in Mormon theatre — too tempting, in fact, for us to resist. Remember, though, that the plays stand by themselves; nobody meant them to represent trends. We just see things that way.

Here's Brother Brigham was a one-man show in the tradition of *Mark Twain Tonight* and *Give 'Em Hell, Harry*. James Arrington, son of LDS Church Historian Leonard Arrington, thoroughly researched little-known quotations from Brigham Young and comments about him by his contemporaries, both friendly and not so friendly. He combined the quotations skillfully into a highly entertaining script (it would make marvelous reading).

Then, relying on descriptions and his own deductions, this talented ACT-trained actor re-created Brigham Young for a couple of hours. He used little make-up, and yet his characterization was so detailed that more and more frequently throughout the play we found ourselves recognizing Brigham Young for a few chilling seconds. The man he showed us was warm — sometimes scorching — and we could understand both how he led thousands of people to a dry mountainland to build a God-oriented civilization, and how he antagonized most of the American public and even some Mormons.

It was a small show, with a small set and a feeling of closeness. Arrington worked with a tiny budget, and his publicity was almost all from unpaid articles and word-of-mouth comment. But the house was full nearly every night.

Brigham!, of course, was never

meant to be intimate. With a six-figure budget and the huge Marriott Center playing floor for a stage, it was more pageant than play. Director Max Golightly and choreographer Dee Winterton did a superb job of maneuvering huge groups around the stage — in years of attending BYU and other productions we have never seen so polished an opening night performance. Because of the size of the auditorium the cast also had to cope with a pre-recorded script — as they gestured and walked the actors mouthed words coming over the loudspeaker. But, with some exceptions, the directors and cast overcame the difficulties caused by the size of the production.

Newell Dayley's music was appropriate — brassy and bold, lively and loud. And occasionally he exceeded the requirements of ordinary stage music and composed something extraordinarily good, notably a trio between Brigham Young (Harve Presnell), Karl G. Maeser (Clayne Robison), and Abraham Smoot (Scott Wallace). The overwhelming majority of the huge audiences enjoyed the show, and cast members report that the show was a pleasant and sometimes spiritual experience.

But — and would we be critics if we didn't have a *but?* — in spite of good production work, the show was not good theatre by any standard except size and sales. The first mistake, from which the show never recovered, was hiring Arnold Sundgaard to write the script. His chief qualification was that he wrote *Promised Valley* for the 1947 Utah centennial (not coincidentally headed by Lorin Wheelwright, director of BYU's centennial).

Brigham! was meant to recount, in dramatic form, important events

from BYU's early history. Sundgaard's script left us with the unmistakable impression that someone sent him a brief outline of the first fifty years of BYU's history and Sundgaard picked a starting place and wrote until he got tired.

There is no plot — the script, which starts with the pre-BYA Dusenberry school in Provo, meanders through various events related only because they all happened at BYA in pretty much the same order the show presents them in. No character is followed through the entire thirty years covered by the play, though the device of having Brigham Young, Karl G. Maeser, Abraham Smoot, and various Church presidents watch from heaven and comment on their successors' work was clever, and might have worked. But continuity was not achieved — the script jumped from event to event with little development or preparation, and many people were confused. The only hint that the show was over came when the actors started bowing at the end of a number about Handshake Day, rather a limp ending to a show which took itself so seriously so much of the time.

Sundgaard's lines were often clever, and the humor and in-jokes delighted the audience. His worst writing was in the song lyrics. We cringed for singers compelled to intone lines like "and that's my rich fulfillment," "we'll rise from the ashes, reverse our despair," and "fools rush in where angels fear to tread — being a fool is something that I dread." One of the lyrics — "No matter how tattered and shattered the past" — so delighted the writer that he repeated it four different times during the show.

In fact, repetition was a hallmark of

the show. The beautiful music performed at Brigham's death was repeated for Maeser, John Taylor, and Wilford Woodruff. There were four prayers in the first act, two in the second. Every few minutes, in lieu of a genuine transition, Harve Presnell came partway down the set and sang, "Come listen to the ballad of Brigham Young!" And though humor was handled well, high drama was not. Bryce Chamberlain heroically attempted to believably deliver an unbelievable line like, "We can quit, or we can go on struggling — struggling!" Such writing could be expected from an amateur, but Sundgaard was not supposed to be an amateur.

We also expected a BYU-sponsored play about BYU's history to be historically accurate. We were disappointed. Sundgaard's two years of research must have been spent in the wrong library. How else can we explain his showing Warren and Wilson Dusenberry as mild anti-Mormons struggling against a great anti-gentile bias in Provo, when the facts show that the Dusenberrys were accepted from the beginning with open arms by Provo's Church and civic leaders? The Dusenberry School was never seen as a "gentile school," and, contrary to the play's assertion, Brigham Young only opposed schools operated by other religious sects, which the Dusenberry School certainly was *not*. There is no basis in fact for the idea that Young ordered Abraham Smoot to convert the Dusenberry brothers.

History went downhill from there on. Karl G. Maeser had a thick accent, but he spoke English fluently, not haltingly and with bad grammar as *Brigham!* showed him. A character who should know better talks about Brigham Young speaking "in

the ashes of Nauvoo": an impossibility, since Brigham left long before Nauvoo was sacked. It was silly, at best, to compare the burning of the Lewis Building with the conflagrations during the persecutions in Missouri and Illinois. "Sister Reynolds" is a character in the show without any mention of the fact that she married Benjamin Cluff (polygamously, after the Manifesto, in Mexico). Benjamin Cluff is shown conceding that Heber J. Grant was probably right in trying to call off the Zarahemla expedition, something that he never did: even shortly before his death he still regarded the expedition as a valuable, important work, which it was. And, to us, the most irritating flaw was when Sundgaard had someone refer to crossing the Rio Grande — at Nogales, Arizona! Rand McNally has published in vain.

A few things gave a very amateurish feel to the show. The butterflies in the Zarahemla ballet — indeed, the whole ballet — would have been hilarious if everyone hadn't been so serious about it. Having actors leaping into the audience was fresh and new with *Hair* in a small theater a million years ago, but in the Marriott Center it was trite and vaguely sad, as if no one had been able to figure out a climax for the show. A number about *tact* tried valiantly to be funny, but never even managed relevance. Girls with orange streamers were used to represent fire, and white organ pipes were supposed to symbolize the Celestial Kingdom. These elements, dropped from nowhere into what was billed as a Broadway-quality musical, jarred unnecessarily.

But many individual elements of the show were quite entertaining, and the whole pageant wouldn't have

been half so disappointing if *Brigham!* hadn't pretended to be something it was not: excellent theatre. The show's most notable feature was the preshow hype. Billboards, full-page advertisements, posters, and mail-in coupons called *Brigham!* the "musical of a century." It may take us a dozen years to stamp out the idea that Brigham Young looked just like Harve Presnell. The promotion was so successful, however, that the show was nearly sold out before it opened, and people had been told so often that *Brigham!* was a masterpiece that most audience members still believed it even after the evidence of their own eyes.

Besides being misleading, the promotion achieved overkill. There were not one but two searchlights in the Marriott Center parking lot, and we wondered if the centennial people were trying to tell us that *Brigham!* was exactly twice as important as the opening of a gas station. Every 60 seconds on the concourse an announcer was hard-selling the *Brigham!* album (which, for all-too-fathomable reasons, did not include the beautiful trio which made it clear that BYU's Clayne Robison can sing rings around expensive Harve Presnell). And the crowning blow came when Harve Presnell entered just before the invocation, leaving thunderous applause trailing into the prerecorded prayer.

We wondered how much the advertising approach would have differed if the centennial committee had been trying to sell BYU Centennial Toothpaste of a Century. But, questions of taste aside, the advertising worked. The show got standing ovations. The seats were filled. The huge expense was largely offset. Who knows? Maybe the show even made a profit.

It would be ridiculous to say that James Arrington's *Here's Brother Brigham* was somehow "better" than *Brigham!* — they were not trying to do the same thing, and the challenges each show had to overcome were very different. There are probably quite a few people that thoroughly enjoyed *Brigham!* who would find *Here's Brother Brigham* too tame to be interesting, and others that were thrilled by the one-man show who would be turned off by *Brigham!*'s stagy pizzazz.

But the different goals of the two shows typify the two directions being taken by Mormon art and scholarship. Impeccable research, meticulous scripting, detailed and deep characterization, and sensitive interpretation made *Here's Brother Brigham* excellent. *Brigham!*, by trying so hard to be the biggest, left other goals by the wayside: history was ignored, characterization was shallow, writing was careless, plot was discarded, and what interpretation there was always followed the easiest, most obvious line. Arrington, true to himself as a master craftsman, gave us the best within him. It awoke the best within us. *Brigham!*, true to its goal of impressing a huge audience, awed us with size, touched our easiest emotions with humor and cuteness and distant pathos. Our deepest selves slept on.

Reaching the masses is a good goal, as far as it goes. The masses should be reached, not sneered at from ivory towers. If they are not ready for meat, we should not deny them milk — even superthick milkshakes. But when we have teeth, we can eat meat. We have minds, and artists should wake us up, make us think, let our emotions and intellects grow together.

Trying for quantity is easier and safer. You can measure it. You can point to 90 percent home teaching, full houses on a ten-night run, \$600,000 in receipts, 25,000 students, 3.95 GPAs, and say, "See how well we've done." And all of these can be good things. But if they are ends in themselves, they cost us something more important: quality. Excellence. "I will do my best," we all say. The Lord has spoken plainly: our best is perfection.

Young students with a dynamic, charming teacher can be excused for preferring him to a more dry, difficult teacher they cannot yet understand. People who have never been to a play need not be ashamed of enjoying easy entertainment. But as we experience better things, our standards need to rise. *Here's Brother Brigham* gave us a great deal, but it took something away. We enjoyed *Brigham!* a little less because of it.

And so, after seeing these two plays in the spring of 1976, we wondered where *we* were going, whether we were growing. Have we given up trying to quantify — trying to be the biggest and the best? Have we instead tried to qualify? To be good is much more important than to be better than someone or something else.

But there is a danger in it. Once we have done something excellent, we will never be content with less.



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Historical highlights



Church history, like all history, is filled with ironies. Less than one hundred years ago, for example, LDS authorities were as vigorously discouraging young men from cutting their hair as they are now encouraging them to cut it. Interestingly, even though the standard of approved grooming has shifted diametrically, the reason for sanctioning either long or short hair styles has remained basically the same.

CUTTING HAIR

Whether the hair should be cut I could never quite satisfy myself. As a physiological practice, I seriously doubt the propriety. Every cutting is a wounding, and there is some sort of bleeding in consequence, and waste of vital force. I think that it will be found that long-lived persons most frequently wear their hair long. The cutting of hair stimulates to a new growth, to supply the waste. Thus the energy required to maintain the vigor of the body is drawn off to make good the wanton destruction. It is said, I know, that after the hair has grown to a certain length it loses its vitality at the extremity and splits or "booms up"; whether this would be so if the hair should never be cut, I would like to know. When it is cut a fluid exudes, and forms a scar or cicatrix at each wounded extremity, indicating that there has been injury.

Women and priests have generally worn long hair. I never could imagine why this distinction was made. The ancient priest was very often unsexed or devoted to a vow of celibacy, but I can not surmise whether that had anything to do with it. Kings wore their hair long in

imitation of Samson and the golden sun-god Mithias. I suspect from this that the first men shorn were slaves and laborers; that freedmen wore their hair un mutilated, as the crown of perfect manhood and manliness. If this be correct the new era of freedom, when it ever shall dawn, will be characterized by men unshorn as well as women unperverted.

I wish that our science and civilization had better devices for preserving the integrity of the hair. Baldness is a deformity, and premature whiteness a defect. If the head was in health, and the body in proper vigor, I am confident that this would not be. I am apprehensive that our dietetic habits occasion the bleaching of the hair; the stiff, arsenic-prepared hat is responsible for much of the baldness. Our hats are unhealthy, from the tricks of the hatters.

I suppose however, there are other causes. Heredity has its influence. Certain diseases wither at its roots; others lower the vitality of the skin, and so depilate the body. I acknowledge that the shingled head disgusts me. It can not be wholesome. The most sensitive part of the head is at the back where the neck joins. That place exposed to unusual heat or cold is liable to receive an injury that will be permanent, if not fatal, in a short time. The whole head wants protection; and the hair affords this as no other protection can. Men have beards because they need them, and it is wicked to cut them off. No growth or part of the body is superfluous, and we ought, as candidates of health and long life, to

preserve ourselves from violence or mutilation. Integrity is the true manly standard.

The Contributor, Junius F. Wells, editor. July, 1883, p. 391, Volume IV, Number 10.

The Diary of Howard Coray

In 1882 Howard Coray, a former clerk of Joseph Smith, started a very interesting autobiography, the original of which is at the Brigham Young University Library. In this autobiography he recounts that he was introduced to the Prophet at April Conference in 1840, just a few weeks after he had joined the Church. Joseph Smith asked him to move to Nauvoo and work for him. The twenty-three-year-old clerk spent the next few years living with the Smith family, writing letters for Church officials and copying the History of the Church. The following is an extract from this autobiography which gives interesting insight into Joseph Smith's love for physical activity:

In the following June, I met with an accident, which I shall here mention: The Prophet and myself, after looking at his horses, and admiring them, that were just acrossed the road from his house, we started thither, the Prophet at the same time put his arm over my shoulder. When we had reached about the middle of the road, he stopped and remarked, "Brother Coray, I wish you was (sic) a little larger, I would like to have some fun with you." I replied, perhaps you can as it is, — not realizing what I was saying — Joseph, a man of over 200 lbs. weight, while

I scarcely 130 lbs., made it not a little ridiculous, for me to think of engaging with him in anything like a scuffle. However, as soon as I made this reply, he began to tip me; he took some kind of a lock on my right leg, from which I was unable to extricate it; and throwing me around, broke it some three inches above the ankle joint. He immediately carried me into the house, pulled off my boot and found, at once, that my leg was decidedly broken; then got some splinters and bandaged it. A number of times that day did he come in to see me, endeavoring to console me as much as possible.

Brother Coray compared this experience with the Old Testament experience Jacob had when he wrestles with the angel. This and many other experiences helped him develop a great love for the charismatic prophet and that love was expressed many times until Coray's death in 1908.

Jeffery O. Johnson

AXLE GREASE AND FIVE CARD STUD

In 1870, flour was selling in Montana for \$190 per hundred pounds. Adam Sharp (Uncle Adam to everyone) took fifteen wagons, loaded them with flour, and headed north against the wishes of his brother, Bishop John Sharp, who maintained the flour would be paid for with gold dust and the chances were ten to one that road agents would take his money away from him before he made it back home.

My father, John C. Sharp, a young man of twenty, was in charge of the

commissary wagon which was loaded with supplies for the round trip, including food, bedding, ox yokes, staples, chains, shoes for the oxen, and other necessities. Father said there was an over abundance of axle grease in round wooden buckets. Each bucket held four pounds, and there were twelve buckets to a box. Father had to see that the wagons were properly greased, and when a bucket was emptied he had instructions to put the lid back on and place the empty bucket in the case.

On the fourth day out they stopped for lunch at a spring just north of Brigham City. Two men on horseback and leading a pack animal rode up, watered their horses, and rode on. No one said a word to them.

Two days this side of Virginia City, father said there were three bodies hanging to a large cottonwood tree right alongside the road, and on that tree was a notice which read:

WARNING

Road Agents, Horse Thieves,
and Such Can Expect a
Similar Fate When Caught
The Vigilantes

Uncle Adam rode into Virginia City and sold his flour to a large wholesale company for \$90 per hundred. At that price, he stood to make a handsome profit. After the flour was weighed Uncle Adam brought out a whole stack of hand-made small buckskin bags and into each bag was eighed \$1,000 in dust. Then each sack was tied, the end and the string dipped into red sealing wax, and the letter S stamped in the warm wax in such a manner that no dust could be taken out without breaking this seal.

The train pulled out about two miles

from town and camped for the night. Uncle Adam placed the sacks of dust in the commissary wagon and stayed there with the dust all afternoon and night and until mid-morning the following day. His instructions were to keep an armed guard around the wagon and to let no one near.

That evening a few of the men went into town. When they returned they commented on the number of gambling houses and the amount of gold and gold dust that was changing hands.

The next day the men were busy shoeing oxen and repairing wagons. Uncle Adam came out of the commissary wagon and had a bite to eat. Then he strolled into town. When he returned he appeared to be under the influence of liquor. That evening he and three of his men went back into town. They had supper at a restaurant and then started to see the town, going from one gambling joint to another. Finally at about ten o'clock they stopped at a saloon where the stakes were high. Uncle Adam stood behind a chair and watched. The man in front of him got up — broke — and Uncle Adam slid into the chair. He placed a buckskin sack of dust on the table and called for chips. The dust was weighed out, and he received \$1,000 in chips. As the game went on, he appeared to be just drunk enough not to care what happened, for his hands were more used to handling a bullwhip than those slick cards.

He won and lost and then finally looked at his cards with his eyes wide open and shoved what chips he had in, approximately \$750. The dealer stayed. The others dropped out. Uncle Adam dug up another sack and placed it on the

table. The gambler did likewise. Then Uncle Adam asked for time to get more dust. It was granted. He arose, took a dirk from his belt, and stuck it through the cards and into the table. The dealer did likewise. Each left a man to see that no cards were changed and then they departed, Uncle Adam to go back to the wagon camp, the gambler to go to the saloon keeper for a number of buckskin sacks of dust that had been left with him for safekeeping.

How much Uncle Adam received from the sale of that train of flour father did not know, but he did say, "I never saw so much gold dust at one time before or since as there was while the sacks were being filled." Uncle Adam and the two men returned, and the betting was resumed. Finally, a man standing nearby said, "The old freighter has bet every sack we weighed out and filled for him."

Proudly, Uncle Adam drew his dirk out and turned his cards over. He had four queens and an ace. The gambler turned his over and had four kings and a jack. Uncle Adam looked at the cards, arose, and calmly said, as he staggered away, "I'll go back to that Mormon town and get me another load of flour and bet it all, and next time I'll win."

The gambler bought him a gallon of whiskey, just to show that there were no hard feelings, and while Uncle Adam and his men walked back to camp the gambler gathered up all of those sacks, put them all in a seamless sack, sealed it, took a receipt from the saloon keeper for it, and walked up the street, for well he knew that a man's life would be worthless if he started to drag that amount of gold dust around in that mining town.

Back at camp Uncle Adam seemed to be the happiest man in the entire outfit as he crawled into the commissary wagon and went to bed. The others stood around and commented on his loss, and it was a mighty forlorn group of men who headed for Salt Lake City the following morning.

The second day out the train was stopped by road agents. There were far more road agents than there were men in the entire train. Their leader asked to see the train boss and was taken to the commissary, where Uncle Adam apparently was sleeping off the effects of a protracted drunk with part of that gallon of whiskey beside him. The leader looked at him, called three of his men, and said, "This is that crazy old Scotch-Mormon I was telling you about. Lost upwards of \$50,000 on one hand. I admire him, for he never let out a whimper. Too bad for us, but we will just appropriate what whiskey he has and wish him better luck next time."

Uncle Adam seemed to get over his drunkenness mighty suddenly after that, but the men rarely ever spoke to him. The morning the train pulled into Salt Lake City, some of the drivers noticed the same two horsemen enter town who had been at the spring near Brigham City. Straight to the yard went the train, and to the office went the commissary, where the extras were checked in. Then it was that those men, father included, received the surprise of their lives, for there was Uncle Adam in the commissary wagon carefully removing the lids from some of those empty cases of axle grease. He took up one of the wooden buckets, took the cover off, scraped off about one inch of axle grease and a layer of

paper, and then those men saw three sacks of the very gold dust they had seen sealed up when the flour had been paid for. More buckets were opened and more sacks taken out. The two strangers rode up and tossed in three sacks of dust, some that they had. When the sacks were counted, not a single one was missing.

How was it done?

Well, Uncle Adam spent considerable time during the nights before he left filling up lead bars and mixing those lead filings with sand and weighing them into buckskin bags which he sealed with sealing wax just as he had done in Virginia City. He placed his sacks in the buckets and took them north just as he brought the gold back. He had hired the two gamblers and they showed him how to hold his cards, for he had never played a game of cards in his life. All he had to do was to play his hand and when he was dealt four queens, He was to bet all the money. The sacks that gambler got from the saloon keeper were some Uncle Adam had made for him and filled with lead and sand and given to him before they left so that the saloon keeper in Virginia City was holding a lot of sealed buckskin bags, thinking they were full of gold dust. The gambler and Uncle Adam each had two sacks of real dust to begin with.

Father said that Uncle Adam paid each of the men \$500 before they left, and they came back with over \$6,000 they had won while waiting for the wagon train to come in and after it had left.

Who were they? Father would never tell, but he did say they were prominent members of the Mormon Church. Possibly those were the

men Brigham Young referred to when he said, "Gamblers in the Mormon Church? Sure we have them, and they are so smooth they can trim the slickest gamblers that the West can produce."

No general ever planned a battle more carefully than Uncle Adam planned that trip. Now about the liquor. When the last of the axle grease was taken out, Bishop John put in an appearance, for he had heard the train was in. Adam called the men all together and asked each one if he had seen him take even one swallow of liquor. Not a man had, but some intimated he must have done so or "else he was the best damned actor living."

James P. Sharp



Forum



SUNSTONE encourages responsible reader comment in the Forum on any Mormon-related topic.

Unity of the faith need not require unanimity of opinion. President Hugh B. Brown best expressed the spirit which the Forum is designed to represent:

I hope you will develop the questing spirit. Be unafraid of new ideas for they are the stepping stones of progress. You will, of course, respect the opinions of others but be unafraid to dissent — if you are informed.

Now I have mentioned freedom to express your thoughts, but I caution you that your thoughts and expressions must meet competition in the market place of thought, and in that competition truth will emerge triumphant. Only error needs to fear freedom of expression. Seek truth in all fields, and in that search you will need at least three virtues: courage, zest, and modesty. The ancients put that thought in the form of a prayer. They said, "From the cowardice that shrinks from new truth, from the laziness that is content with half truth, from the arrogance that thinks it has all the truth — oh God of truth deliver us!

EVOLUTION OF AN EGGHEAD

Douglas D. Alder

In 1951, the Korean War was hungry for recruits. That summer, along with many of my friends, I registered for college a quarter early, just to make sure I would not be drafted during the vacation months following high school graduation. I gave "going to college" little other thought. It was just the normal thing to do, like high school following junior high.

When I arrived on campus and listened to professors, they seemed so inconclusive, continually hedging as

though they didn't know what they believed. They argued at length for one view only to qualify it or even undermine it the next day. This was perplexing to me, for I revered decisiveness and the active life. Unwittingly, I intended to answer the tests as the teachers wanted so I could get a high grade but I only believed those professors in whom I developed a trust. Though I was admittedly impressionable, I hesitated to admit professors to my innermost convictions.

I encountered some thinkers, however, who had an impact. The first one was Sterling McMurrin. That very first quarter I took his class with the view of meeting the dragon of secularism head on. I saw him as the most dangerous man in my immediate world. I don't know why I was so brash about facing him (because it was a class for seniors) but it was a wonderful encounter. I learned to be suspicious of rumors about professors. It was true that he was far more advanced than I could value, but it was also true that he did not destroy me. I came away with my first genuine reverence for a finely tuned mind. Never again was I to be alarmed or afraid to at least listen to someone.

The next major impact was from G. Homer Durham. Here was a man who could have made a disciple out of me but he wisely discouraged that. He intertwined the intellectual mind with the life of action, later becoming a university vice-president and State Commissioner of Higher Education. A memorable

lecture drew me up short. It came in the normal sequence of the course when he dealt with FDR and the New Deal. In my home the word "Roosevelt" was used instead of profanity. It would not have surprised me to meet an advocate of FDR but from Dr. Durham I heard a neatly woven analysis that left me unable to decide whether the speaker was a Republican or Democrat. This was a shock because I was not used to looking at things except from a previous commitment — the forensic mindset — and I found this presentation intriguing, warm, open, inviting, but unsettling. Here I was enjoying the very hedging of which I had been so critical.

Then came Emil Lucki and the power of scholarship with all the stops out. This was clearly the "bookish" man I did not want to be, but all the other stereotypes were absent. He was not narrow, or shy, or boring, or escaping from the tough tumbles of normality. Instead, this was a tolerant, compassionate, but above all, profound man. He had a Jesuit education — that took my breath away. I liked everything about him. I worked for him as I had never before, even to earn a "B." Ever so gently my world view was changing; it was not a break, just an expansion. I wasn't admitting it but I was being drawn to the world of ideas.

In this frame of mind I began to enjoy the views of yet another mentor, Lowell Bennion. He taught me that doubting was legitimate, especially when it could harness my energy into systematic searching for solutions. Doubting merely as flippancy or manipulation got nowhere with him — he turned it right back on us. If we were smart enough to challenge the values of society or of

the Church, we could be responsible enough to search. No one owed us any answers — we owed ourselves systematic effort. So in his seminar we probed. He refused to give answers but we extrapolated some from his demeanor. We discovered that feelings of superiority were merely cultural primitiveness and cynicism was a cheap cop-out. He urged us to discover wisdom in simplicity, wherever found. He cited seemingly endless sources of it in daily life — not in libraries. In him I came to see the power of Christlike morality.

Perhaps these encounters with stalwart educators helped me ease into the ambition that I really wanted to teach instead of enter Dentistry. But even after I got there it was for somewhat shallow reasons: I was attracted to the limelight of the podium and the esteem that students expressed for a few select teachers. I thought I could leap right into that effectiveness. Obviously, I would have to bite my lower lip and endure the years of graduate school — but once I had passed the Ph.D. exam it would be "smooth sailing." How naive!

I was fortunate in the choice of graduate schools. It was gentle enough not to curb my tender sprouting thoughts but rigorous enough to keep me running scared. Without ever intending to, I found myself getting excited about research — working with the original documents from past centuries. Again individual professors opened those new vistas. One admired professor, under whom I was studying about nineteenth century Socialists and revolutions, stopped me short again. He asked me point blank one day, "Do you think you could ever be a good revolutionary?" I was

stunned. Catching my breath and double timing in thought, I admitted that I could see no possibility. Evidently I was not all the man of action I thought — at least not that kind. I began to see that not all action must be dramatic.

Another professor, Quirinus Breen, was sort of an academic saint for me. While we were exploring medieval monasticism, he brought us to the sensitivity that would cut right into our souls when he asked, "What is the greater life, the active or the contemplative?" I had never consciously entertained the possibility of anything comparing to the life of action. But now I had to admit I was engaged in contemplation, finding it not bookish but high adventure.

As I returned home on occasions or engaged in political discussions with old friends, I began to realize that my academic experience had changed me. Flippant or simple solutions in political affairs, loved by so many, began to sound offensive to me and when I said so, I became suspect to them. They began to look at me as an egghead. I had become one so gradually that I noticed no change; but the hometown folks could tell. It happened just like they expected — I had been spoiled by those professors on the hill.

If having been deeply affected by the great occasions and thoughts of history as communicated by the recorded documents of all ages is to be spoiled, then I confess my over-ripe and distasteful condition. I prefer, however, to think of the intellectual dimension as being a sign of maturity rather than a mark of degeneration. I affirm that the intellectual endeavor, as any experience in life, brings us closer to Godlike understanding since it brings us closer to the fulness of experience which is

life. I do not suggest that the world should be run by intellectuals, nor that they are more virtuous than others, but my personal evolution from "distrustful student" to "egghead" has been meaningful. I believe it has so much that I will conclude with two or three of many convictions gleaned over the last twenty years.

As I have studied Western Civilization, taught about it, and observed people living it, I have come to understand that there are three styles of living in it. On the one end of the spectrum are those who choose to live by a dogma — be it political or religious. These are what Eric Hofer called the True Believers. They enjoy possessing closure on all issues. They know they have the truth and their truth answers everything. They are chosen and secure. On the opposite extreme of the spectrum are skeptics who see nothing in life as firm; everything for them is relative. Some even maintain that life itself is absurd. In the middle is the great mass, roaming, probing, maybe just suspicious of either option.

Having felt some genuine attraction to the extremes, I am increasingly convinced that to be genuinely alive, one should resist the temptation for closure on either end of the spectrum. It seems to me that the rewarding life is the one to be found in the middle under the tension of being equally devoted to faith and reason, knowing that this does not always lead to comfortable resolutions. It is a life that senses that moderate positions are not a mere compromise between reaction and radical extremes, but are those where responsible people wrestle with unsolvable problems, knowing they will win the love of no one thereby. It is a life

that is critical of blind duty as much as it is of those who reject society and retreat to nature or despair. To me living in Western Civilization is to never arrive — but always to be under way.

As a youth I thought there must surely be a correct answer to all questions. Somehow the universe was one great multiple choice examination. I felt that industry and virtue would lead me to uncover all truth. I am glad I grew up with that conviction and laid it aside only partially and very gently. One of my reasons to change has been an increasing awareness of the nature of science. I used to think of it as modern magic that would gradually find the answers to everything — like the cure for cancer or getting a man to the moon. Somehow science was invincible. Only gradually, especially as I came to appreciate the Greeks, did I realize that the questions were probably more important than the answers and that some questions do not lead to definite answers. Gradually I have found that scientists themselves are very tentative about their answers. So much that appeared firm even for centuries has been revised. Thus not only is knowledge in western society surrounded by tension, but it is tentative. At first this seemed depressing to me, but then I began to discover how exciting it can be to be part of the change process.

Gradually, I realized that faith is just what it says it is — it is the action based on belief. It is not knowledge. It is not definiteness or closure. It is both less than knowledge and a great deal more. But eggheads, those who are intellectually committed, have no special advantages in the world of faith. They have to struggle to believe because they are

professionals at doubting; if they desire faith they must fight for it. They must expect to be torn over its issues. Faith for them is not flight into security. It is fashionable among many to abandon faith — because it is not empirical. That is a legitimate option — but it is drastic and should not be done for spite or fashion. Faith has been one of the richest traditions of Western Civilization. From Ulysses to Aquinas, Western man has taken it seriously from different angles. It cannot be simply summarized — only experienced.

TRIMMED LAMPS AND TEMPLE DOORS

MOYNE OVIATT

It seems to me that one of the most beautiful and abused doctrines of Mormonism is the idea of individual, eternal self-existence. The concept of one's selfhood being eternal, always having been and forever being, is possibly the most glorious statement of affirmation of individuality that humankind has ever been given. Yet as I look around me, I am assaulted constantly by the carbon copy images that individuals seem to have forfeited themselves to become. This sin of xeroxing humanity is all the more sinister when it occurs in the Church, where, it seems to me, the almighty *image* has sometimes become almost an object of worship.

Perhaps the most obvious (and overused) example of this stress on conformity and image is the heavy emphasis on dress codes and hair lengths, etc. Occasionally one finds insistence on this regulation carried to such an extreme that the spirit of the law and the individual both be-

come secondary. And that is dangerous, for it sets a precedent: it teaches us that judgments about the quality of ourselves and others are to be made first by outward appearances, to leave investigation of the inner person until we have become satisfied with the outer person, and many do not get past the image of the well coiffured Relief Society president to find out what's inside. This sort of mentality siphons off energy that can be better and more importantly used. This straining at gnats forces us to swallow the camels of conformity that weaken our minds and spirits.

The adoption of stereotypes has sterilized the creativity and aborted the joy of individuality for many. For example, women growing up in the Church today are constantly reminded that marriage and motherhood are of ultimate importance, and that one's identity here and hereafter depends on achievement of that blessed state. Yet if it is the *image* of Mormon motherhood we worship, then those outside this prototype are made to feel of less value, and those within it are likewise hindered by being made to feel that it is their role that is of value and not themselves.

I am convinced that the greatest challenge to members of the Church, and indeed to human beings everywhere, is to discover who they are, separate, distinct, and apart from any other being. The Prophet Joseph Smith has said, "If men do not comprehend the character of God, they do not comprehend themselves." (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, p. 334.) If that is true, then could it not also be true that self-comprehension may be a key to understanding God? How foolish, then, not to make a

maximum effort to value, to care for, to trust, and to listen to ourselves. To accept without exploration the opinions of others about what we should be is to deny ourselves and our own experiences and, by extension, to deny the god within us. Emerson in his beautiful essay "Self-Reliance" says, "Everywhere I am hindered of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple doors and recites fables of his brother's or his brother's brother's God." (*Basic Selections from Emerson*, p. 68.)

Heber C. Kimball's famous statement that the day would come when no man or woman could stand on borrowed light seems to be a present reality. Yet, like the five foolish virgins, we continue to ignore our own precious light-giving fuel, and assume that others will always provide us with the illumination we need. Then the need arises — global confusion, community conflict, but most likely personal crisis — and shakes us, and we wake to find a darkened and chaotic world. Values and commitments are devoid of any meaning if they have not been internalized, and if we cannot depend on our own inner resources . . . then extrinsic models of behavior make us lifeless mannequins.

It is sad that articles like Elder Boyd K. Packer's in the August 1975 issue of the *Ensign* need to appear, urging the members of the Church to get off the spiritual and emotional dole. It is true that too many of us depend on others to do our deciding, our thinking, and our living for us. What does that say, then, about a system that produces people who can no longer think, decide, or act for themselves? It seems to me to make more sense to encourage self-reliance and emphasize a personal relationship with

Diety in the first place than to foster dependence and then berate those who have dutifully become dependent. Somehow it is forgotten that we are not to be commanded in all things, and "he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant;" that we are admonished to "do many things of our own free will and bring to pass much righteousness, for the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves." D. & C. 58: 26-28.) The very real conflict between those choices and actions which rightfully belong within the province of one's own agency and those which demand faithful obedience to authority is resolved in the minds of some by near abdication of individual agency. It seems we are constantly asked to weigh and respond to double messages both in the Church and out, leaving many in confusion: to be independent yet seek and lean on the judgments of others, to be very successful in the world but remember that nothing is more important than home, to love our brother but only associate with those who agree with us, to seek knowledge, to excel and explore in all the endeavors the world has to offer and yet avoid exploration that may challenge our faith. Since one cannot be responsive to all the messages simultaneously, the choice is to be spiritually schizophrenic or to seek congruence within the integrity of one's own soul and one's own experience with Diety, for as James states, "A double minded man is unstable in all his ways." (James 1:8.) Often response to one message does not eliminate the possibility of response to the second; one can in fact be successful in the world and have a happy home. However, the grounds for choice and the hierarchy of responses must be selected on an

individual and not a universally prescribed basis.

To become like Christ is to know and act for oneself. Christ's statement that to find one's life one must first lose it was not intended, I believe, to mean that we must deny our individuality in a constant attitude of servitude. It does mean constant giving of oneself, but how is that possible until there is something and someone to give? Servitude, which comes from a position of weakness, is service rendered out of duty or expectation, as millions of women in their forties discover, when the objects served are absent, when the nest is empty and everyone gone — even the server, for she had no self-existence. Giving, however, comes from a position of strength. Christ's constant giving is most impressive because he never forfeited who he was in the process. If we are to follow him, then we too must grasp who we are and then give, but not give up, ourselves.

As I read the Gospel, the point is to live Christ like lives, to emulate his spirit and example. But we are free, indeed must be free, to discover on an individual basis how that is to be done. And the challenge is to do it honestly, not identically. The Gospel of Christ provides us with a common basis from which to work, but the structure of our eternal lives is determined by individual endeavor. While obedience to commandment is required of all persons, still transformation of prescription into life-giving power must be made on a personal basis. Too often pressure to conform to universally authorized images binds, rather than releases, individual capacities. We cannot afford to merely recite fables of our brother's or our brother's brother's God. As a friend of mine

told me, "You can't have a one-to-one relationship with God, if you're not one." We have the knowledge that our individual existence is assured, that in the end the responsibility for who we are here and hereafter rests squarely individually and that no other person or power can take ourselves from us. If we become content to merely mimic authorized patterns, then we have shut our own temple doors, both against God and our own present and potential power.

ON GNATS AND CAMELS

JOSEPH O. DAVIDSON

It is my impression that the stress on conformity and image in certain areas relating to Church standards, though possibly responsible for a stagnation of individual capacities in some Latter-day Saints, contributes important wattage to the light Christ told us to let shine before all people so they might see our good works and glorify our Father in Heaven. I am dismayed, of course, that adherence to such cultural and doctrinal standards and images (dress, grooming, motherhood, success in both profession and home, gaining intelligence but avoiding challenges to faith, and etc.) has crushed the individuality of some members of the Church, and that they have become unthinking carbon copies of approved patterns, influenced more by outward appearance than by inward substance.

The resolution of this problem, however, is not to de-emphasize or do away with the standards. This would serve only to confuse, even mislead, a majority of the saints as

we strive for exaltation and ultimate perfection. To become like Christ is to know and act for oneself within the paradigm that has been given to us through revelation. Because these standards, in addition to the fundamental commandments, serve as important guideposts along the strait and narrow way, their removal would be dangerous. The recent BYU declaration of intent to disregard parts of six regulations among 43 published by HEW under Title IX of the sexual equality in education law is a reflection of this concern. In reference to regulation 86.31 (b) (5), the statement reads, "BYU will continue to enforce rules of appearance which differ for men and women because we believe that differences in dress and grooming of men and women are proper expressions of God-given differences in the sexes. We will resist the imposition of a unisex standard of appearance."

The solution for those who are receiving spiritual and emotional welfare from the Church would be to strongly encourage them to re-enthroned independence, industry, thrift, self-reliance and self respect as cardinal principles in their lives, and to realize that Godhood demands not a borrowed light but a brightly burning one within each individual.

It seems to me that the stressing of these standards and images is of incalculable worth in preparing "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people" (1 Peter 2:9) and in sustaining a vigorous and effective missionary program. In his October 1974 General Conference discourse, Elder Boyd K. Packer stated,

We have in our custody the greatest thing on this earth. And, should the question be asked, yes, we intend to keep the com-

mandments of the Lord, all of them. The only real inconvenience these standards have caused us is the rapid and continual growth of the Church. . . . Even members who have difficulty living the standards (and we have them) will generally defend those standards. Old members, as well as new members, need to be fellowshiped and trained so that when they come into the Church they at once come out of the world.

The Church has never been known to disguise the Iron Rod by lowering important standards. At the same time it has never been hesitant to alter certain standards and programs when economic, social, or cultural conditions might dictate. An example of the latter is the problem of circumcision in the primitive Church. To Abraham was initially given the covenant of circumcision which was to remain in force with the chosen lineage until it was fulfilled in Christ (Gen. 17:11-14; Moro. 8:8). As the gospel began to be taken to the Gentiles after the crucifixion and resurrection of the Savior, a dispute arose among certain of the sect of the Pharisees which believed as to whether these new converts should be circumcised. At a subsequent council of apostles and elders held in Jerusalem, the Lord revealed to Peter the standard that was to be followed.

The standard was set: there was no need to circumcise the new proselytes. Shortly after the time of this council, however, Paul had Timothy, his missionary companion, circumcised "because of the Jews which were in those quarters: for they knew all that his father was a Greek" (Acts 16:3).

It was crucial to the success of missionary work with the Jews that Timothy be non-controversial in outward appearance that his inward substance and testimony might be more quickly and easily be per-

ceived. Paul put this principle succinctly to the Corinthians when he wrote:

And unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law;

To them that are without law, as without law, (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ,) that I might gain them that are without law.

To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.

And this I do for the gospel's sake, that I might be partaker thereof with you.

(1 Cor. 9:20-23)

Give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God:

Even as I please all men in all things not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved.

(1 Cor. 10:32-33)

In like manner today, the requirement that Church leaders and full-time missionaries be clean shaven is not an indication that beards are inherently evil. The fact of the matter is that there are many in the world today who react negatively to this particular outward appearance, seeing it as indicative of any one of a particular outward appearance, seeing it as indicative of any one of a number of controversial subcultures. They have not yet learned to obey Heavenly Father's command: *ers do not currently go into the vineyard.*

High Church standards exist that we might be the salt of the earth and that our light might shine brightly as a city set on a hill. Those who rebel at the standards are only straining at gnats while swallowing the camels of controversy and greatly diminished wattage.



Contributors



BRIAN CAPENER was born in Ithaca, New York. He majored in English at Cornell and BYU, learning enough of poetic indirection to become music director of KBYU-FM on the way to fulfilling his true aspiration, that of being a documentary filmmaker.

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BLISS and GUMP, shocked but pleased by the warm reception of their article on Mormon theatre in the spring issue of *Sunstone*, decided to press their luck and review two theatrical productions held in conjunction with BYU's Centennial celebration. "Maybe we're on a winning streak," Gump said.

DOUGLAS ALDER teaches at Utah State University where he was named professor of the year in 1967. He is currently the director of the

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MARILYN MILLER did her master's thesis on scriptural imagery and received several awards for her artistry. Originally from Burley, Idaho, Marilyn now has a studio in Salt Lake City's Trolley Square where she sells her work along with other local artists.

PEGGY WISEMAN is a poet and writer who claimed Rexburg, Idaho, as her home before "it was washed down the drain." She has frequently published poetry and fiction and is working on a master's degree in American literature.

CRAIG and NANCY LAW are a husband and wife writing team who live in Salt Lake City. Craig received his B. A. and M. A. degrees in photography from Utah State University. He has exhibited his work in the Salt Lake area and is now a documentary photographer for the Church. Nancy is a published poet and has a degree in English.

KATHY JENKINS is a widely published poet whose achievements include the Poetry Book Publication Award from the Utah State Poetry Society and the Utah Institute of Fine Arts. Kathy has been employed as an editor for the *Ensign* and is editing for both *BYU Press* and *Mountainwest Magazine*.

ALLEN D. ROBERTS is currently working on his master's degrees in architecture and history at the University of Utah. Allen is the Architectural Historian for the State of Utah and is working on a preservation policy for historic buildings owned by the LDS Church.

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LISA BOLIN comes from Plainview, Texas, commonly known as the "Athens of the Plains." She is a senior in English and Asian Studies and plans to do something in the future, possibly attend law school.

RICHARD ELLIS TICE is an "homme de lettres" who, in the best tradition of the "poetes maudits," lives in a basement in Salt Lake City.

STEPHEN ORSON TAYLOR is a poet from Downey, California. For his master's thesis Stephen wrote a collection of poetry, an example of which is included in this issue.

R. GENE OLSEN is currently completing a thesis on either the history of corduroy roads in Millard County, Utah, or on "The Life and Times of Swen Swenson — Immigrant, Farmer, and Sunday School Secretary." He is married and the father of 1½ children.

OSCAR DAVIS lives in Orem, Utah, and works for a newspaper which has subscribers in both Alpine and Santaquin (towns in the state of Utah). "I am paid half as much as I need and twice as much as the managing editor is worth," he says, confidently hiding behind the fact that *Sunstone* is using a pseudonym for this review.



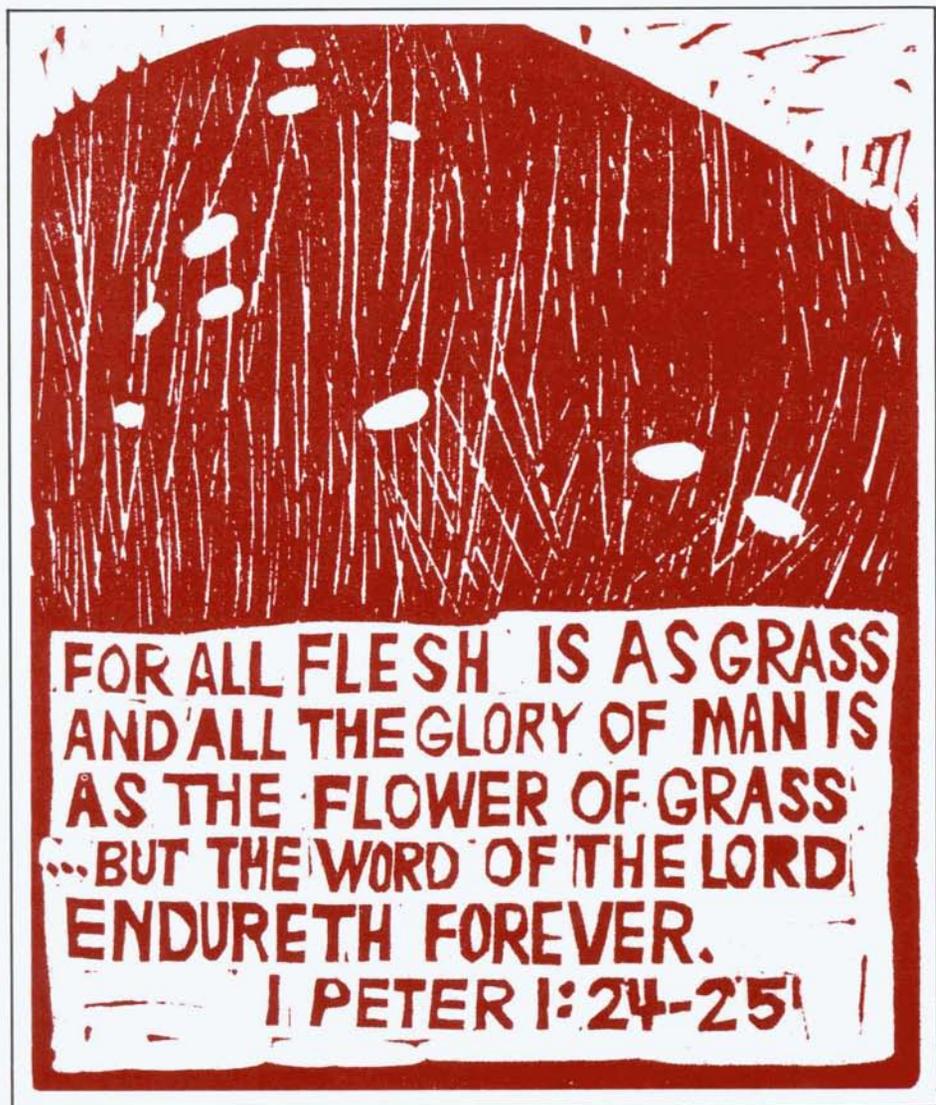
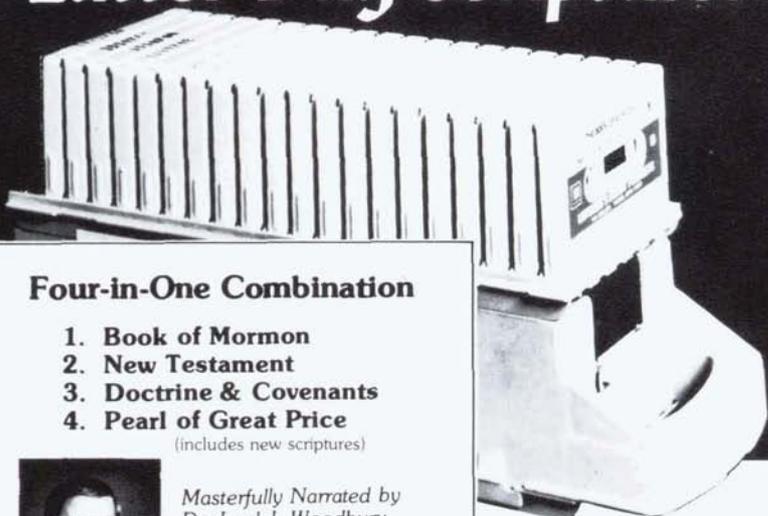


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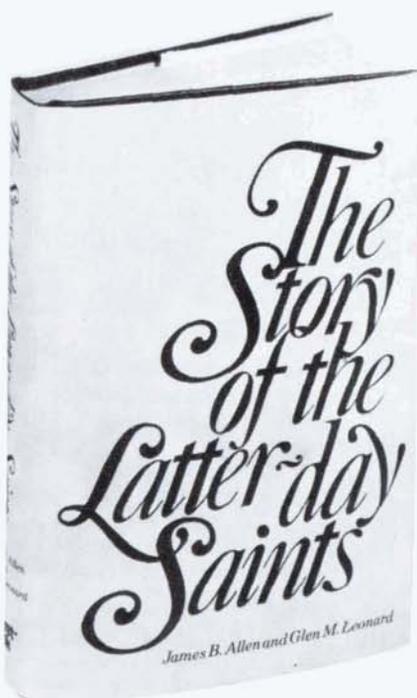
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