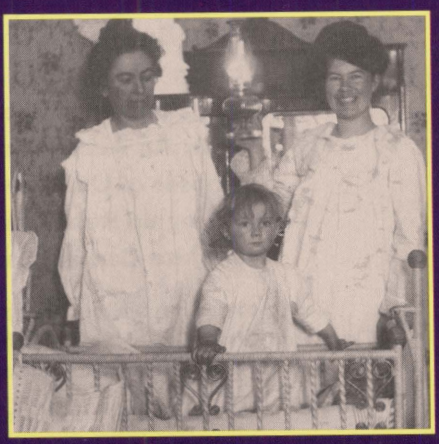
BEEHIVE HISTORY 25











FAMILIES



BEEHIVE HISTORY 25

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On the cover: Utah families. See page 39 for more information.
Above: Gregory Halles family and friends at a 1923 baptismal dinner for Georgia Markakis (in mother's arms). Note American Christmas tree in home of Greek immigrants.

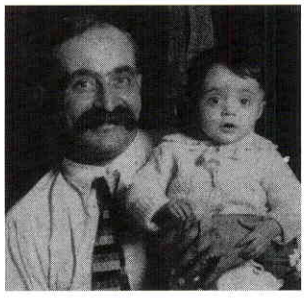
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The Family Endures

A LOOK AT UTAH HISTORY



BY PHILIP F. NOTARIANNI

THROUGHOUT HISTORY, the family has had a profound influence on individuals. It serves many functions for family members, but maybe none is as key as its role in simple survival. After all, it is through the family that most people sustain themselves economically—and in Utah's history, the tasks of adaptation and survival echo as main themes in the peopling of the state. But issues of survival go beyond just sustaining life. Families also help their members to survive and prosper socially, culturally, and spiritually.

Though it may have aspects in common with others, each family is unique. Family structures often vary among different cultural and ethnic groups, especially as they are influenced by historical and traditional forces. But, while families may have different forms, the function—that of survival—remains the same. Thus, for peoples of all cultures, races, ethnic origins, and time periods, the family unit forms an important "common ground" in Utah history.

A family—the basic unit of society—is a group of kin and non-kin who interact on a daily basis and who cooperate in providing for the needs of children. A family can be nuclear, with a father, mother, and children. It may be extended, including a grandmother, grandfather, uncles, aunts, and cousins, or it may take various other forms.

Native Americans, the original peoples of Utah, have traditionally depended on the family unit. In Navajo society,

> ...families are organized around the mother, grandmother, and, sometimes, older sisters. A married man usually lives with his wife in her mother's community.... The children inherit the mother's clan, and the cousins of the clan are referred to as brothers and sisters. Because of these strong ties, a Navajo has deep obligations in helping and in participating in functions involving his kin.... Males are obligated to their maternal clans and it is not unusual for a husband to leave his family to help his mother's kin.[1]

Among the Utes, the family has traditionally functioned as the center of life, "and loyalty to it was the fabric of existence." The Ute family was an extended one, and besides immediate members it included uncles, cousins, and maternal and paternal grandparents. "Grandparents were extremely important for their judgment and for their intimate involvement in the rearing of children." All elders were highly respected, and they had a major part in the teaching of children. As they told songs and stories, the elders provided both entertainment and learning. Oral tradition—the handing down of history and culture through storytelling—functioned as the main source of education.[2]

When non-indigenous peoples began to migrate to Utah, many arrived as families. Others came in family-like groups. Still others immigrated as single men—or, occasionally, women—who usually formed families once they decided to stay.

Mormons (Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or LDS) migrated primarily as families. These were mostly nuclear, but many crossed the plains in extended families or as temporary members of other families. Families came to hold a special place in the religion, with the doctrine that families were bound together for life and eternity. This emphasis is still evident in the religion's stress on genealogy, or the tracing of family roots.

Pioneer diaries abound with stories of family life, especially during the immigration to Utah. Jean Rio

Baker wrote of her journey in 1851 from England to Utah. At the beginning of her diary she noted the significance of the journey.

> I this day took leave of every Acquaintance I could collect together, in all human probability, never to see them again on Earth; I am now (with my children) about to leave for ever my Native land, in order to gather with the Church of Christ, in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, in North America.
>
> Passed our Medical Examination, and went on board the ship, George W. Bourne in which our passage is taken. Myself 6 sons, 1 Daughter, 1 Daughter-in-law, and my late Husband's Brother and Uncle and Aunt, also Mr. and Mrs. Derrick and their 4 children.[3]

The trials and tribulations of the trek appear regularly in her account. In one passage, Mrs. Baker places several issues in perspective.

> As I feared, my dear girls labor came on during the night, and at daybreak a little grandson was born to my very great joy. I have some fears for its life, but I do hope our Heavenly Father will spare it to us, and make it a blessing to us all, and honorable member of His Kingdom; the children are all over-joyed. I lost another Ox today by poison.[4]

Baker's entry clearly demonstrates that survival for emigrants crossing the plains meant concern over family, animals, and terrain. All of these represented factors the pioneers would need for success once they arrived at their destination.

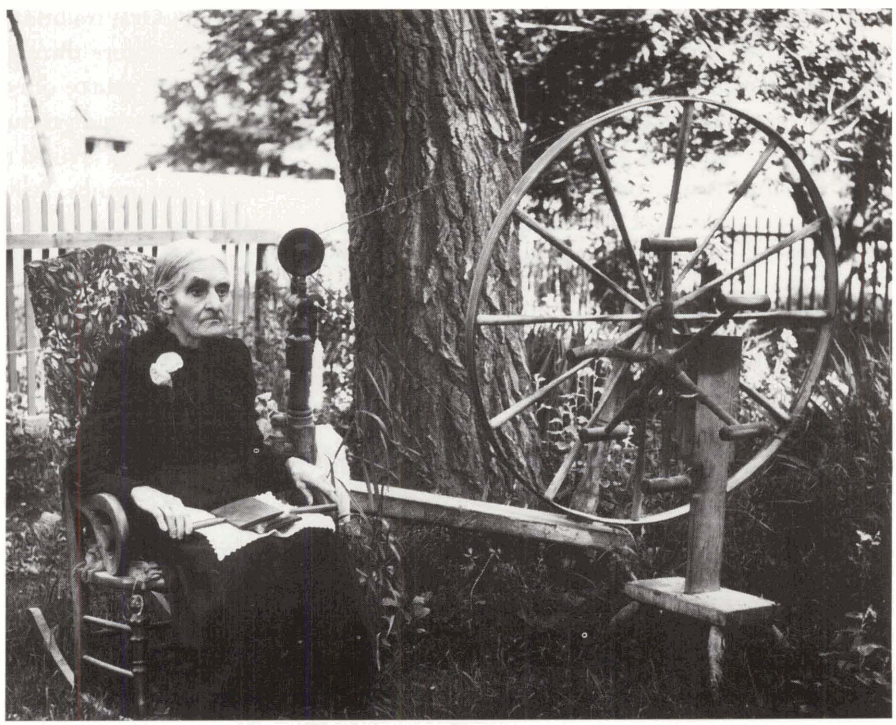
Settlement led to additional demands on family and friends, and the pioneers tried many solutions. A significant challenge arose when the early Mormon church announced plural marriage as a religious principle. The practice of polygamy meant that several families could exist as separate units, yet be connected through one father. This created the need for special arrangements, including separate housing and the need to work out relationships among the wives. Often, the first wife granted the approval for additional wives. Martha Spence Heywood expressed it as follows:

> During the ceremony of the sealing I was struck with the fact that the first wife was not called upon to give away the other wives to her husband, but was asked if she was willing that he should take so and so to be his wife.[5]

For some Utahns, polygamous family relationships continue to serve their perceived needs for religious and social survival.

Early immigrants brought with them the tools and supplies they would need to care for themselves and families. Sarah Nisonger, who settled in Santaquin, carried a large spinning wheel. Others, trained in carpentry, brought woodworking tools.

These early settlers, working to support their families, differed only in form from later immigrants. People from Asia, southern and eastern Europe, and Mexico experienced similar situations as they came in search of economic opportunity. Often, single males arrived in Utah to labor in the mines or on the railroads. At first, they intended to return to their homelands, but once they realized the opportunities available in America, they often decided to remain and establish families.



Left: **Sarah S. Nisonger and her spinning wheel, Santaquin, c. 1894; George Edward Anderson photograph.**

Next page: **Camillo Manina house. USHS collections**

Family life in Utah, then, was first of all based on the need for survival. But beyond its economic role, the family also played a critical social role in individual development. One aspect affected the other, and both provided a vital sense of security.

Economically, the family role centered on the need to provide a living and an environment where the primary ties could be maintained. Families often worked together, especially those engaged in farming and ranching. Family businesses also meant that adults and children could work as a team. Thus, relying on children to assist in the economic growth of the family, parents often treated children as "little adults." Even children's clothing reflected adult dress. As mother, father, and children all labored for the common good, the roles of family members were—and continue to be—blurred.

Mother, father, and children all labored for the common good.

Most families view the "home" as their economic and social anchor. Anthropologists view the physical structure of a home as a family's place in time and space. In fact, the house serves as a physical symbol of a family's existence. In turn, the way a house is built and the way in which its internal space is organized and used illustrate a family's values. The Camillo Manina house, built in Spring Glen, Utah, by an Italian immigrant who had migrated from the province of Turin, illustrates how house types were sometimes transplanted.

> The layout of the house...corresponds to regional Italian vernacular architecture. In the hillside architecture of northern Italy, the main living quarters were on the second floor and cows were kept on the first floor (which was kept as clean as the second floor). During the cold days the whole family went downstairs, where the men talked or played cards, and the women knitted, spun, shucked corn, or did other chores. They sat on benches that were set into walls while the children played in the manger under the watchful eyes of the parents. At night, the body heat rising from the animals helped somewhat to warm the sleeping quarters on the second floor. It was also traditional for these houses to have a second-floor balcony forming a porch on the first floor so people could sit in the shade outside in the warmer weather.[6]

The landscape that surrounded homes, including sheds, baking ovens, and other outbuildings, also reflected family values carried from other places.

Hmong immigrants from the mountains of Cambodia and Laos arrived in Utah in the late 1970s and early 1980s. However, the lack of appropriate housing caused many to leave the state; the refugees could not find housing large enough for their extended family groups, and they could not find affordable neighborhoods where they could establish traditional clan groups.[7]

Social roles reveal the essence of a family. Various ethnic groups in Utah came from traditions steeped in codes of behavior. Helen Papanikolas, the dean of Utah's historians studying ethnicity, observed that "...just as Mormons had a code, obedience to the priesthood, each group of immigrants had a code of honor that embodied the highest principles of behavior to one's family and oneself."[8]

There existed cultural expectations within families. Greeks honored *filotimo*, respect for the family. The Greek culture required that brothers assist in providing dowries for sisters. Mary Pappas Lines recalled that her father

> was the oldest son in his family, and it was his obligation to help raise a dowry for his sisters, which he did. So his first responsibility after he got here [Utah] was to send whatever money he had back to his father to help his sister marry. It was understood he would do that before he could marry.[9]



The Japanese grew up with the *bushido* code, showing reverence for authority and elders.

> Reverence for education, obedience and respect for parents and elders, loyalty to one's family, friends, and country were all part of the children's training. 'I think,' Toraji Koseki said, 'it comes from the samurai way of life, and children...obey.... [It] just comes natural.'[10]

Such codes carried responsibility and showed that "family honor" played a vital role in society. What others "thought" of a family was important.

The religious institution of symbolic kinship proved significant for many ethnic families. In Utah, this became embodied in the tradition of godfathers and godmothers. Godparents were bound in a special way to children and were culturally obligated to provide for them in case their parents could not. Among Croatian immigrants in Utah, this practice remained important. According to John Pezell,

> *Kum*, yeah, that means "godfather." I'm godfather to several.... I'm godfather both in the Roman Catholic church and the Orthodox church.... You see, a *kumis* is a very important part of the Slav people's background. What I mean [is], if [I'm your] godfather, if anything happened to you, to your mother or father, it is my responsibility to see that you have a proper bringing up both in education and health-wise and physical-wise.... They stress that quite a bit.... It was a sacred thing in the Slav people's language.... Actually, a godfather...among the Slav people is a fellow that is looked up to and is very well thought of.[11]

Mexican immigrants also carried the tradition of godparents to Utah. "Children showed deep respect for their parents. Families were close-knit with a high sense of loyalty to one another and included not only parents and children but also grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, godparents, and in-laws."[12] Godparents were family. John Florez recalled,

> On the weekends, we [Mexican families] would come together. We would have dances at each other's homes.... There was no baby-sitting. We kids were all part of the milieu, part of the package. My godfather, Julio Lemos, was always there. He had a great handlebar moustache. And after eating, we kids would go to bed. In the middle of the night, though, he would come and pick me up. He was usually drunk. And he'd dance all around with me. And if you think about significant others, the extended family, it was there. There was a hell of a lot of love there. And those times were terribly important. They gave me a sense of community, a sense of belonging.[13]

"They gave me a sense of community, a sense of belonging."

Fictive kinship—a way of bringing close friends into the family circle—extended the ability of the family to endure and increase its support network. This became a way of sanctioning intimate non-kin ties. For example, Italian children might grow to view a close friend of the family as a *comare* or *compare* (godmother or godfather) or as a *zia* or *zio* (aunt or uncle). Thus, family existed also in thought and was not necessarily limited to blood ties.

Traditions formed a framework for family activity. This was often guided by the cycles of the year. The family worked together planting in spring, working a farm or garden during summer, harvesting in fall, and maintaining tools in winter. Much of this tradition centered on food and food preparation. Native peoples joined together to gather pinenuts and to fish, hunt, and make pemmican. For southern and eastern Europeans, the storing of grain and baking of bread, making of wine, and



butchering of beef, hogs, and lambs all meant family survival. But the "quality" of the product, for many immigrants, represented family honor. Food must be of high quality because it represented the family. Presenting a positive image of the family—*bella figura* in Italian, for example—became of primary importance.

In its total context, the family has metaphysical significance for many people. This even includes the role of the dead. Mormons baptize for the dead. Other groups honor the dead "spiritually" when physical presence is impossible. For instance, in one Italian cemetery a headstone marks a family gravesite, but the family is actually buried in Utah. Relatives remaining in the village of origin needed to remember the entire family and honor it by marking a symbolic family grave in Italy.

Similar "long distance" connections existed in photographs. For example, Chin Quan Chan, a Chinese businessman living in early twentieth-century Utah, could not be with his family physically. Therefore, he had his picture superimposed on that of his family in China. The photograph clearly shows the elder Chan, in a suit, out of place and proportion with the rest of his family, who are dressed in traditional clothing. If one could not be with the family physically, a psychological or spiritual presence helped to bridge the gap. To maintain a "connection" proved of vital importance "for the sake of the family."

The concept and demands of "family" also caused conflicts. Cultural and religious expectations often led to guilt. Again, Helen Papanikolas offers some insights into the effects of cultural attitudes and codes: "With such harsh codes that could easily spill into paranoia, it is no surprise that when young immigrant men came to Utah, some of them became exhilarated at being free from their families and broke their nations' codes."[14]

Tragedies also affected families. Those living in the coal mining region of Carbon County were especially vulnerable. In the coal mines, an explosion could change a family situation in one spark of time. The 1924 explosion at Castle Gate killed 172 men, leaving many families without a father. Archie Henderson, one of only a few African American miners in the area, died in the accident. His widow, four children, and one unborn child endured and adjusted in the best way they could. Life went on.

Solid institutions bend but seldom break. So goes the family. Generational changes in family structure and function have changed, but the basic elements needed for survival remain. In an essay entitled "Dreams Do Come True," a third generation Italian American student penned, "Families stayed together and relied on each other for support and love."[15] That these qualities remain important to many indicates that the family unit has survived. More important, the potential strength of the family is still critical to survival both for family members and for the larger society of which it is such a basic element.

Philip Notarianni is the coordinator of public programs for the Utah State Historical Society.



***Left:* Chin Quan Chan and his family. *Above:* Archie Henderson's pregnant widow and two of his children. USHS collections.**

Endnotes

1. Clyde J. Benally, "The Navajos," in Helen Z. Papanikolas, ed., *The Peoples of Utah* (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society, 1976), 17. **2.** Floyd A. O'Neil, "The Utes, Southern Paiutes, and Gosiutes," in *Peoples of Utah*, 29. **3.** "The Diary of Jean Rio Baker," in Kenneth L. Holmes, *Covered Wagon Women: Diaries and Letters from the Western Trails* 1840-1890, vol. 3 (Glendale, Calif., Arthur H. Clark Co., 1984), 212. **4.** Ibid., 273. **5.** Juanita Brooks, ed., *Not by Bread Alone: The Journal of Martha Spence Heywood, 1850-56* (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society, 1978), 121. **6.** Cory Jensen and Philip F. Notarianni, "The Camillo Manina House," *in piazza*, Spring 1999, 6. **7.** John Hicks-Yang, "The Hmong: Refugees from Laos," unpublished manuscript in possession of author. **8.** Helen Papanikolas, "Ethnicity in Mormondom..." in Thomas G. Alexander, ed., *Soul-Butter and Hog Wash...* (Provo: BYU Press, 1978), 93 **9.** Leslie G. Kelen and Eileen Hallet Stone, *Missing Stories: An Oral History of Ethnic Minority Groups in Utah* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1996), 418. **10.** Helen Papanikolas and Alice Kasai, "Japanese Life in Utah," in *Peoples of Utah*, 351. **11.** From an interview with George Pezell in Joseph Stipanovich, "Falcons in Flight...," in *Peoples of Utah*, 368-69. **12.** Vicente V. Mayer, "After Escalante..." in *Peoples of Utah*, 445. **13.** Kelen and Stone, *Missing Stories*, 454. **14.** Papanikolas, "Ethnicity in Mormondom," 97. **15.** Jayceen Craven-Nicholson, "Dreams Do Come True," *in piazza*, Spring 1999, 21.

On March 8, 1924, an explosion in a coal mine near Castle Gate killed 172 men. The disaster widowed 150 women and left 266 children fatherless. With the death of their fathers, most of these families lost their means of support. And many of the widows were recent immigrants who hardly knew the language and customs of their new country.

Governor Charles R. Mabey called on the people of Utah to donate funds to help these families. Utahns responded by giving $132,445, money that would supplement the $65 per month that, on average, families received as compensation from the mine company.

Social worker Annie D. Palmer regularly visited the grieving families, took stock of their needs, and reported to the relief committee. One of the families she helped had immigrated from Italy. When the explosion killed her husband, "Mrs. T," age 40, was left with eight children ranging in age from 15 years to nine months. Annie Palmer's notes tell of the family's struggle to survive and of their gradual recovery from calamity. Here are some excerpts:

Mrs. T. is very sad...

Loss and Recovery in Castle Gate

1924

6-6-24 Visit by Mrs. Palmer. Home very poorly furnished. Bare floors, little furniture, poorly kept. Mrs. T. very sad—seemed unable to take hold of affairs. Mary [the eldest] a rather bright-looking girl but with very bad skin—face covered with blotches and pimples. Schools have reported Beatrice and Frank need tonsillectomy. Mrs. T. wants to sell the car, and suggested raffling as she said other women are doing. Buys all her groceries at Riverside Grocery, Helper, and suggested that the monthly grocery bill might be learned there. She had chickens in the back yard, fenced in.

6-10-24 Riverside Grocery reported monthly bills about $60. With $60 spent for groceries and only $64 coming in, it was not to be wondered at that the children were out of shoes and necessary clothing. $25 emergency relief was asked of the Relief Committee, and granted.

6-27-24 The committee voted an allowance for the family of $45.

7-8-24 Visit by Mrs. Palmer, who gave the check and talked with Mary about keeping the house in better condition. The girl took suggestions kindly and promised to try. She was holding school two hours each day with her little brothers and sisters, and some of the neighbors' children. Mrs. T. seemed much happier than on the former visit... A neighbor reported that the family seems better provided for and gets along better since the death of the man than before. She thinks Mrs. T. is doing better than when he was there.

7-9-24 Dr. McDurmid promised to look after the tonsils and collect from the Red Cross, $17 each.

10-6-24 Mary is washing dishes at Castle Gate Hotel. One of the other children or her mother is always there to walk home with her at night. The others are in school. Mary stated that they are all well.

10-14-24 In adjusting allowances committee changed that of Mrs. T. to $35.

10-28-24 Visit by Mrs. Palmer. Mrs. T. very angry about allowance. Mary was still at the hotel, and well liked.

1925

6-18-25 Visit by Mrs. Palmer. Mary has been out of work for a month. The hotel changed hands, and the new management preferred to have a man for dishwashing. Mrs. T. had now three boarders. The home showed a very big improvement. Rooms had been calcimoned, dishes were washed, beds made up, and a general air of tidiness never before seen there by Mrs. Palmer. Mary said she had done the calcimining herself. Mrs. T. was not very well.

Probably had Grippe.

6-22-25 Letter to Mary enclosing five-dollar check to encourage her for the big improvement in the home. Letter commended her effort and explained need of clean American homes.

6-29-25 Letter from Mary saying she bought a dress for the five dollars and was very grateful. She means to have the home much cleaner than when last visited.

10-5-25 Visit. Family all in good health. Mary married and living in Helper. Older children in school. Two boarders. Mrs. T. in fairly good spirits. Grateful for extra five dollars sent this month.

12-6-25 Visit by Mrs. Palmer. Family all well. Peter [age 15] has work permit and was working in mine No. 1. He seems to have been almost a failure in school and feels that he is much too big for his grade.

1926

10-31-26 Visit. Mrs. T. said Dr. Goetsman advised her to have all her teeth extracted. She does not want this done, so she has had no more than the few formerly reported. Children all well. One boarder.

1927

1-8-27 Visit. Mrs. T. reported Peter needs tonsils out, but does not want it done. She will write when he decides to have them out. He is working on the tipple [where the mine cars were unloaded by tipping them].

3-5-27 Visit. Mrs. T. still hesitating about removal of her teeth. Frank's school report showed need of treatment for goiter and attention to teeth. Beatrice's teeth were also reported as needing attention. Mrs. T. stated she has been assessed three dollars for taxes on furniture and the old car that stands useless in the yard. She is unable to pay the taxes.

5-2-27 Visit. Mrs. T. stated Dr. McDurmid giving medicine to Frank for goiter. She had not yet decided to have her teeth out. She had sold the old car for $50. Peter had bought a Ford for himself. Paid $50 down and has monthly payments to keep up. He spends all the time he has off from work in the car, and she is greatly worried about him.

7-2-27 Visit. Family well. House in good condition. A boarder was present. He stated that Mrs. T. has much trouble with her children. Visitor



A Castle Gate widow and her family, soon after the mine explosion. At the time the photo was taken, her 14-year-old son had gone to retrieve his dead father's hat from the mine. State Archives photo.

tried to explain through him that Mrs. T and children must both try to make adjustments as children are fairly Americanized and Mrs. T. is still foreign. The boarder seemed to understand. Mrs. T.'s garden had been totally wrecked by a flood. Several chickens had been drowned. She had taken the children out of bed and ran up the hill with them. She did not yet want anything done for her own teeth.

9-6-27 Letter from Mrs. T. stating she had been to Dr. Hardy and had 9 teeth extracted. Could not get to Price and face was so swollen she was obliged to have attention immediately. Had moved to house no. 368 on hill because of floods.

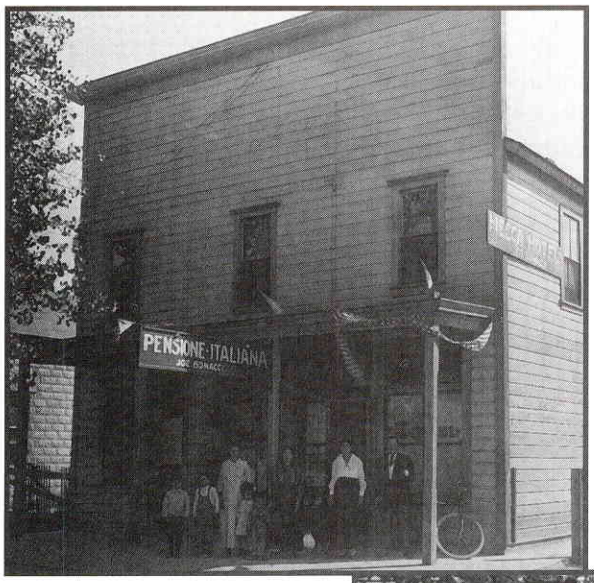
9-26-27 Visit. Family now located in eight-room house. Said they had barely got moved when the last big flood came and washed through the house where they formerly lived. They were now much more comfortable. Place was clean. New linoleum on two rooms and hall. Two boarders. Children attending the Catholic school in Price.... Peter now doing man's work and making payments on his car. Mrs. T. had had all her upper teeth extracted.... Expects to get new teeth about May. Her health was improved.

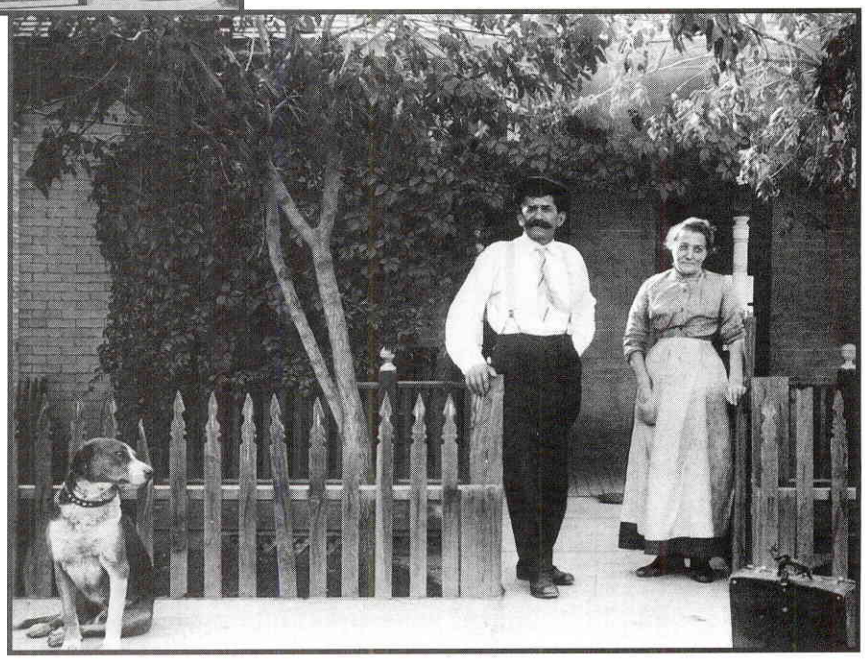
10-11-27 Committee allowed $12 to Dr. Hardy for extraction.

12-10-27 Visit. Family all well. Frank had lost a filling from one of the teeth recently filled.... Two boarders in the home. Place clean and comfortable. Children still attending school at Price—well satisfied. Peter working. Mary, at Rains, rejoicing over arrival of a baby.

Notes from Palmer's remaining visits—which lasted until June 1928—deal mainly with teeth and tonsillectomies. Palmer's notes on the Castle Gate families are at the Utah State Archives. Because the file is classified as private, the names of the children have been changed.

For more information on the mine disaster, see Allan Kent Powell, *The Next Time We Strike: Labor in the Utah Coal Fields, 1900-1933* (1985); Saline Hardee Fraser, "One Long Day That Went on Forever," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 48 (1980); Michael Katsanevas, Jr., "The Emerging Social Worker and the Distribution of the Castle Gate Relief Fund," *UHQ* 50 (1982); and Janeen Arnold Costa, "A Struggle for Survival and Identity: Families in the Aftermath of the Castle Gate Mine Disaster," *UHQ* 56 (1988). Palmer's notes edited and introduced by Kristen Rogers, *Beehive History* editor.





Italians were among those drawn to Carbon County because of the economic opportunities the mines provided. For many immigrants, America represented a kind of security that they could not get in their native countries.

Above: Joe Bonacci and his family ran the Pensione Italiana in Price; USHS.

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Bertolina at their home in Helper, 1914; USHS.

Faced with pressures from another culture, families in minority cultures have had to choose how to adapt. The family of Emery Bowman chose to raise their children traditionally. In an oral history, he describes his life as a child.

growing up Diné

Told by Emery Bowman

MY EARLY FAMILY LIFE WAS REALLY STRICT because both of my parents are very traditional Navajos. When we were small, we were taught the importance of basically being a Navajo. I think by the time we were ten years old, we found out a lot of things that ten-year-olds really aren't taught nowadays. We were taught a lot of the native prayers, the native songs, and the rules for living a Navajo life. They are to get up before the sun's up and do your chores by the time ten a.m. comes around. The rest of the day is to be filled with learning sacred Navajo texts and lectures of what our grandparents learned when they were young.

It was really strict because my grandparents also had a hand in raising us. Being a Navajo medicine man, my grandfather taught us a lot about the importance of knowing who we were and knowing our traditional legends and the origin of our creation as the Navajos tell it.

Our daily life was always filled with something to do every day. The way I grew up was quite different from the way kids grow up nowadays. I grew up without electricity. We all had to chop wood; we all had to haul water.

So every time we messed up making fry bread, she would hit our hands with a stick saying, "You guys are not going to do much. You guys are just going to create lazy men. You guys are just going to get fat when you get older." Just think about that. There's a lot of teaching in that.

That's how I grew up. Every day was always a learning day. In the evenings we were allowed to play for [only] a small length of time because my grandfather believed that to play was to waste time. He believed that by being busy we would be learning something that we would use in our later lives.

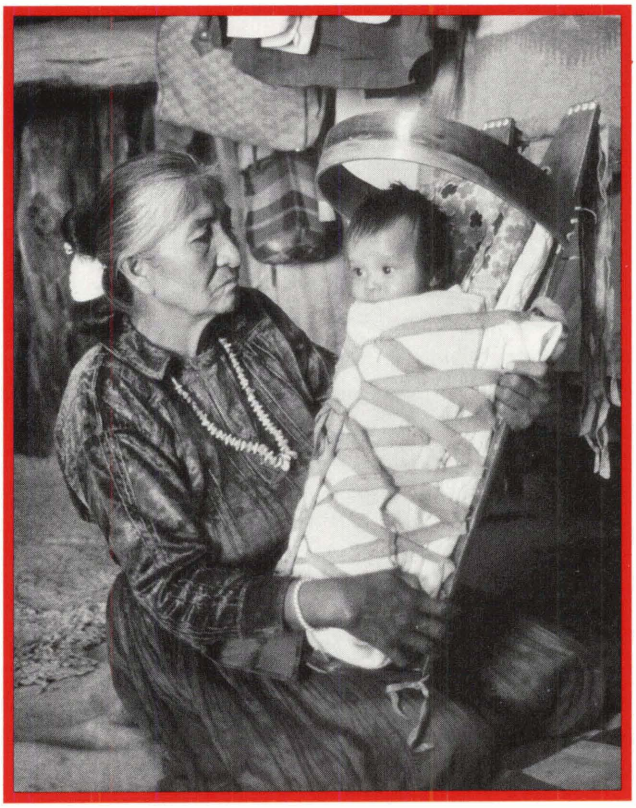
When we were small, my grandfather taught us first the origin of our tribe and what prayers and songs went into the creation process. But when you're small, you only learn a certain portion of the story, the prayers, or the songs. We really didn't get the full prayer. He just told us what the prayer was about. He explained it to us, and he taught us maybe just the first verse of a song. You learn those songs by the age that you are. Now I am to the point that I know how our tribe originated but, as my grandfather tells me, there's also more to learn as I grow older. He's always told me that by the time I was 90, even then I wouldn't know the full,

✣ Grandma taught us how to cook and how to clean up.... She taught us how to treat our brothers and sisters, which will be the way you treat you wife, your spouse. That's what she always believed. ✣

My grandmother taught us how to cook and how to clean up. She taught us how to do a lot of things that women do, like cook, sew, keep house, and everything. She taught us how to treat our brothers and sisters, which will be the way you treat your wife, your spouse. That's what she's always believed.

full story of the creation of our tribe. First, we learned how to pray in Navajo. He taught us which deities we are to name and in which order. He taught us that to pray we have to first acknowledge our Father in Heaven. Then we say who we are; we state our names. That way he knows who we are.

After that we thank him for everything he's given us. The Navajo prayer is also accompanied by what they call a corn pollen. It is like a little offering where you say, "This is my prayer, and this is what I offer to you in return for your blessing." The corn pollen is considered really sacred to the Navajos. My grandfather said that if you gave the corn pollen it is considered the food of the deities. That's your payment for offering to them this prayer and what they will grant you when your prayer is finished.



My grandmother says that there are two versions of the Navajo creation. It's just like the Anglo world, where some people believe we evolved from animals and some people believe that we were created from the dust.

My grandmother told us and my mother told us that the Navajo human being was made in four days, but it wasn't just the four days that we know now. A day was like a million years, a thousand years, or something to that effect. She said that our bones are made from the white shell. Each bone was carved individually; everything was put together individually.

Each vein that covers our body is the coral stone. Each was put there for a purpose. Each was made to do something else. My mother said that the turquoise was the head. That's why we regard the turquoise as such a precious stone because it's what we think with and that's what we see things with. We view the world that way. The black onyx or the black jack she said was our liver and our hair. Our eyes were the black jack, and our fingernails were the abalone shell.

She said that each was always put there after a prayer, a song, that they would serve this part of the human life. Our heart was a mixture of all the sacred stones to the Navajo, mainly the coral stone, the white shell, the abalone, the black jack, and the turquoise. That's what gave us life and that's what we are made of.

She said that the body was made with much care and the deities took so much time. It wasn't just thrown together. It was made into the most beautiful doll anyone has ever seen.

Those songs and that portion of the story are considered really sacred to the Navajo tribe or to any medicine man. This is just barely the tip of the story which I'm telling, which is what I'm allowed to tell.

My cousins were raised the same. We all grew up about a block from each other on the reservation because every family lives in little colonies or little bunches. My grandfather bought land. He built his house there, and he had my mother and her brothers and sisters move in. We all grew up around each other.

We weren't allowed to play with any other kids in the town because my grandfather always viewed them as troublesome little kids. He said, "You have your own family here. You have your own cousins, and you're going to grow up here. It's better for you to be with them, to learn things with them because it's you that's going to be carrying on the family tradition. You might as well learn it now and learn to like each other now."

It was funny, because my grandfather was really strict. For example, in the wintertime, I can remember it was one of my cousin's birthday. We were all sleeping in the hogan which he and my grandmother lived in. We were all sleeping around with the girls on the north side and the boys on the south side. That's how it was, and that's how it is

traditionally. The sun was barely coming out; you could just barely see the dawn lights. It was midwinter. There was snow outside, and it was still snowing in the morning.

I heard him get up to build a fire. I just figured, "It's going to be warm when I get up." But that didn't last too long because he threw every one of us out in the snow. We were all crying and grabbing for our shoes and freezing. He said, "This is going to make you hardy. I'm not doing this to be mean to you; I'm not doing this because I don't like you. It's because I want you guys to be hardy. This is nothing compared to what life's going to bring you."

I've always remembered that because of all the trials and tribulations I've had in my life thus far; I've always remembered that that was nothing to what I'm going through now. By thinking about that all the time, every time I've had a problem, I've always been able to find a solution for it through offering a prayer. Just a simple word of prayer does wonders, I believe.

That's how just our normal day was. We got up that early being thrown out into the snow. Even the girls were treated the same way; the girls weren't treated any different. I think that's why my sisters are really hardy. They don't worry about how they look. That's not important to them, but how they conduct their lives and how they're raising their kids is important to them.

They do the same things to their kids. I have an Anglo brother-in-law and an Anglo sister-in-law. My brother and my sister both do that to their kids, and their spouses think that's really mean to the kids. They say, "That's being cruel to the kids," but my older brothers and sisters say, "That's how we grew up. We might as well teach our kids how we grew up so they'll teach their kids down through the line."

[My grandfather] wanted us to know who we were. That's why he always told us, "You're Navajo. You come from this clan. Your mom's from this clan, and these clans are related to you." We always knew who was related to us. We never just thought they were just acquaintances of our parents. After we found out who they were, who we were acquainted with or who we were related to clan-wise, then we always had a family member everywhere we went. We were always considered an immediate family member.

My first language was Navajo when I was growing up. That's all we spoke. All we speak when we go home is Navajo. As long as I can remember, as far back as I've been told, we've always had a medicine man in the family. Nowadays if I talk to another Navajo who's my age who's going to college, I'm just interested if their grandparents did that to them. I always say, "Did your grandparents throw you out in the snow, or did you herd sheep in the snow with your grandfather?" Most of them haven't had that opportunity, which is sad to me because I think it's important for them to know that.

We were really close. Most Navajo Indians out in the open ... don't show their affections. Even my grandparents really don't show affection that much. Once in a great while, you'll see them sitting together. They'll be holding hands underneath maybe their coats or something. Then we always tease them, "You guys are just sneaking. You guys are still just like little teenage kids. You guys are just in love."

I can see that. They've been married for over fifty years now. That says a lot for them to have held my family together for that long. They're still working really hard to keep the family together. They're teaching their great-grandkids now. My grandfather's still at it, throwing little kids out in the snow. My grandmother is still teaching the womanly arts, how to cook, the importance of keeping your house clean, and everything like that.

Now when I look at my little nieces and nephews, I see what I went through. I see how I behaved when I was that small. They come crying to me and they say, "Oh, Grandpa threw me out in the snow." I say, "Go back to sleep. It's okay."

✣ My grandfather wanted us to know who we were. That's why he always told us, "You're Navajo. You come from this clan." ✣

✣ ✣ ✣

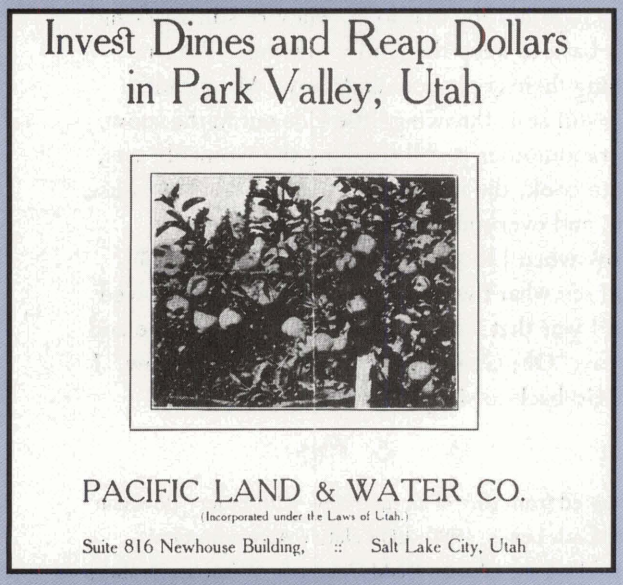
Adapted from part of an interview with Emery Bowman by Deborah Lewis, 1990, LDS Native American Oral History Project, Charles Redd Center for Western Studies, Special Collections-Manuscripts, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. Photo of Navajo grandmother and child by Frank Jensen; USHS collections.

FROM DUST TO DUST:

By Sarah Yates







A grave marker that replaced an earlier, wooden marker stands on land where Russian Molokans tried to start a farming colony. A promotional land brochure had called the valley the "Land of Certain Success," influencing the Russians to move to Utah. Historical photos courtesy of Edwin Kalpakoff.

THE WIND ALWAYS SEEMS TO BLOW around a tiny picket-fenced cemetery south of Park Valley in Box Elder County. There, two gravestones stand as a monument to the hopes of Russian immigrants who, somewhat like the Mormon pioneers before them, tried to create a remote utopian colony. Arriving in Utah in April 1914, with dreams kindled by the extravagant claims of a land company's brochure, members of the Molokan faith attempted to form a self-sustaining farming community where they could freely worship.

The story of the Molokan colony began four centuries ago, when the Russian Orthodox church revised its rituals. At that time, a group of peasants who felt led by the Holy Spirit to a simpler form of worship broke away from the church. Because Russian law forbade all religions but Orthodox, these dissidents (who were called "Molokanie"—or milk-drinkers—since they did not conform to Orthodox fasts) were persecuted through the years.

From 1904 to 1912 some 3,500 Molokans migrated to America, the majority settling in the Los Angeles area. But California was not the utopia they had imagined. The modern world began to close in, imposing civil law over church customs. As the Molokans began looking for a place farther from cities and government, some found a 1911 Pacific Land & Water Company brochure that featured photographs of sheep and cattle, waist-high grain, and fruitful orchards near Park Valley, Utah. "Hundreds of acres of land [are] lying ready to respond most generously to the touch of the husbandman," the brochure promised. Pacific Land and Water was one of many land scheme companies that had purchased large portions of land previously granted to railroads, then marketed parcels to buyers from out of state.[1]

Convinced by the company's lavish claims, some 20 families decided to make the move. The group's arrival was announced in the *Salt Lake Tribune* in April 1914:

> More than 100 Russians, who for some time past have been members of the Russian colony near Los Angeles, Calif., left the southern California metropolis yesterday for Box Elder County, Utah. Another large contingent, it is said, will follow in a few weeks...

Traveling in a special train of four cars, two baggage and two passenger, the group had equipped the cars

with stoves so they could cook on the way. Since Molokans followed kosher-style food laws, this was important to them. In addition, the group wanted to retain some of their Old World ways. Noted the *Tribune* article:

> In fact, it is to get away from American customs that the Russians are coming to this state. It is only the older ones, however, who object to the check put upon them in California. They object strenuously to their young people adopting American customs, especially as to dress, and it is their intention to go to a partly isolated locality, where they will be free to follow customs such as prevail in the land of their birth.

The train stopped in the small Box Elder County town of Kelton, and the group traveled by wagon to the dry sagebrush flats of lower Dove Creek. There they set about building plank houses, digging wells, and clearing the land for farming. They also brought in furniture and farm equipment and bought livestock. "My father had Percheron horses," recalled Lawrence Carter, who was a Park Valley teenager at the time. "They came to buy them and took out a wad of bills that would choke a cow. They paid cash for all their purchases."

Among the settlers were Fierce John and Agafia Kalpakoff and their sons and families: Mike F. and Mary Mathew Kalpakoff and their children, Andrew and Anna Kalpakoff and children, and sons Alex and Willie Kalpakoff. According to area residents, the colony leader was a Kalpakoff. It is to this family's photographs and journal entries and the continuing interest of the Mike Kalpakoff family that history owes much of what is known about this short, but unique and poignant, chapter of Utah's past.

Tragedy struck the Kalpakoffs almost immediately. Andrew's wife Anna had become nervous while he was cleaning his gun. He raised the gun to show her it was not loaded, pointed it toward her, and pulled the trigger. But a cartridge had remained in the barrel; the bullet entered Anna's heart, and in ten minutes she was dead. The *Box Elder News* reported on May 7, 1914:

> The grief-stricken husband lost his mind, and it was with considerable difficulty that three men who witnessed the accident prevented him from terminating his life. When he regained self-control his grief was almost more than he could endure.... His wife was an extremely good woman, loved dearly by all who knew her. She was generous and always willing to assist those in need. She could be found with the poor and at the bedside of the sick—a true, devoted wife and loving mother, in the prime of life, being but 36 years of age, and in perfect health and spirits.

Anna Kalpakoff was buried in the nearby Park Valley Cemetery amid great mourning. An early resident of Park Valley recalled, "They came from burying her and were chanting and crying and huddled in the wagon."

But life went on in the Russian colony. What had seemed a pleasant, green climate in early spring turned into a long, hot summer with little water available. The Russians' diligent attempts to raise crops that first summer proved largely unsuccessful, but they attracted the attention and admiration of the neighboring Mormons. In August 1914 a writer from the *Box Elder News* compared the group's "working together and having everything in common" to the United Order, a onetime communal system within the LDS church. Today, descendants do not know whether the colony's finances actually were communal or whether the group just assisted each other in a spirit of cooperation.

Tragedy struck again with the death of another young mother: "1915 year 12th of February 10 o'clock in the evening died Mary Mathew Kalpakoff," reads the translated-from-Russian entry in Mike Kalpakoff's family record. Although the family belief is that this was a childbirth-related death, there is no entry for a birth, nor is there a grave marker for a child. Neither is there an obituary or mention of this death found in any of the area newspapers. Photographs from the funeral of Mary M. Kalpakoff show her dressed and laid out in white; the men wear white stoles denoting their status as lay priests in the Molokan faith.

Religious services were an important part of the colony's life. Christian fellowship, combined with a common cultural heritage, tied the community together. Molokan worship, having cast off the icons and gilded decor of the Russian Orthodox tradition, is simple. During worship, men and women



Mary Kalpakoff's family mourns her death. Her two-year-old son Paul, held by his father at the right of the coffin, is barely visible. *Opposite page*: house and family at colony.

are seated separately; women wear the traditional clothing and men wear a simple, uncollared shirt and a sash on one side. Worshippers sing and pray, and individuals read from and speak about scripture. A communal meal follows the service.

At the time of Mary Kalpakoff's death the family decided to move Anna Kalpakoff's body from the Mormon cemetery in Park Valley and bury her alongside her sister-in-law on Fierce John Kalpakoff's property at the center of the colony. Fierce John and Mike Kalpakoff erected a wooden fence around the two graves and erected triangular wooden markers facing to the east.

Another spring and summer came, and the plowing and planting went on. "The Russian men pulled peg-tooth harrows and were very hard workers," said Lawrence Carter. He continued:

> The women wore long black dresses and veils or scarves over their heads. I don't remember there were many children. They mostly stayed out at that place. The men usually came into town to shop. It was a shame to see all their beautiful belongings from L.A. out there in the worst dry place in all of Utah.

Elizabeth Goodliffe Hirschi also recalled the people.

> They used to come and buy goods at my father's store, everything from groceries to wagon wheels to clothes. I would like to listen to them. It sounded like jibber-jabber to me.... They were very honest, and you could trust their word. The women wore big full skirts, so different; I was entranced. They were all big women. They would laugh and talk and put it down after they looked at things. They always paid for what they got.

According to Mrs. Hirschi, "The leader seemed to have had the money, but I don't know whether it was his or the colony's."

Early on, at least, there were several children in the colony. Although they stayed less than two years at Dove Creek, the family of John and Vera Chernabaeff had ten living children, according to daughter and tenth child Pauline Dobrenen, who wrote that her parents had a "hard time" living in the city. "When I was three years old they moved to Utah to farm. It did not work out for them, so they came back to L.A. more poor than before they left."

The Chernabaeffs relocated to several small farming communities in succeeding years, and their mother lived to the age of 84 as "a beautiful kind woman in her Christian ways," according to her daughter.

It was not until recently, when he began collecting family genealogy, that George N. Morzov became aware that his mother, Hazel, had briefly lived in Utah. He did not recall his mother ever speaking of the experience. "Molokans are very private people, even today," he says. During his research, he learned that Paul and Anna Kobzeff lived in the colony with their four daughters, Dorothy, Anna, Hazel, and Mary, who ranged in age from three to thirteen.

There were enough children in the colony that by April 1915 the Pacific Land & Water Company, projecting a school population of 20 boys and 20 girls, issued a deed for a school site at the Russian colony. A schoolhouse was erected and opened that fall, but by November the superintendent reported that the school had hardly enough students to justify its con-

tinuance and that the children would be bussed to Rosette.

For three to five seasons, the small colony plowed and planted, but drought conditions resulted in poor and failed crops. Gradually, the families surnamed Kobseff, Potapoff, Shegloff, Karyakin, and all the rest returned to the Los Angeles area. The Kalpakoffs were the last to go, leaving behind a town of abandoned board buildings. According to Elizabeth Hirschi, the Molokans left angry at Harold LaFount, a promoter for Pacific Land and Water. "My father was [angry at him], too," Hirschi said, "and he was a friend."

Local residents removed the houses and outbuildings; many of these are still incorporated into the homes and ranches of the area. Today, the graves are central to a landscape pocked with holes representing cellars, wells, and outhouses gradually filling in from wind and time.

The same wind was blowing in April 1990 as the grandson of Mary Kalpakoff stepped back after clearing weeds from around the graves, bowed his head, and offered his respects to his grandmother and a great-aunt buried there. This was not Edwin Kalpakoff's first visit to the graves, and memories of an earlier pilgrimage flooded his mind.

Edwin's father, Paul, had been a two-year-old child when his mother died in childbirth. As he grew, he asked questions of everyone who knew his mother. And he asked about her burial site in the barren valley. Relatives told him that he would not be able to find the graves, that the wind would have blown everything away.

But in 1948 Paul brought his young family to Utah to find the graves. Stopping at the local service station, he asked the proprietor, Lawrence Carter, if he remembered the Russian people who had settled in the area 35 years before. Carter did. "I am Paul Kalpakoff," Paul told Carter. "I have come to find my mother's grave."

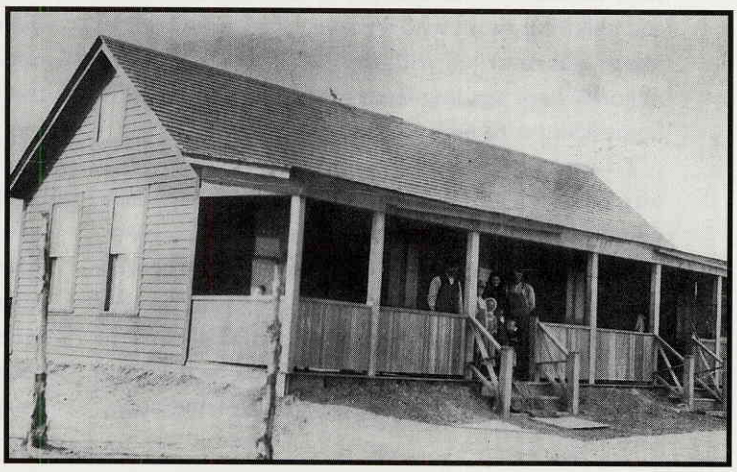
The Kalpakoff family drove to the grave site over a road so rutted that at times they had to stop to fill in the ruts with sagebrush and dirt, Edwin recalled. When they got to the grave site, there were weeds and sagebrush growing all around. There was a fence and a wooden marker, which still had some legible Russian writing cut into the wood. Before they left, the Kalpakoffs visited the Hirschi family, who showed them furniture in their home that had been removed from the colony site. The Hirschis told Paul Kalpakoff that they paid respect to the graves twice a year.

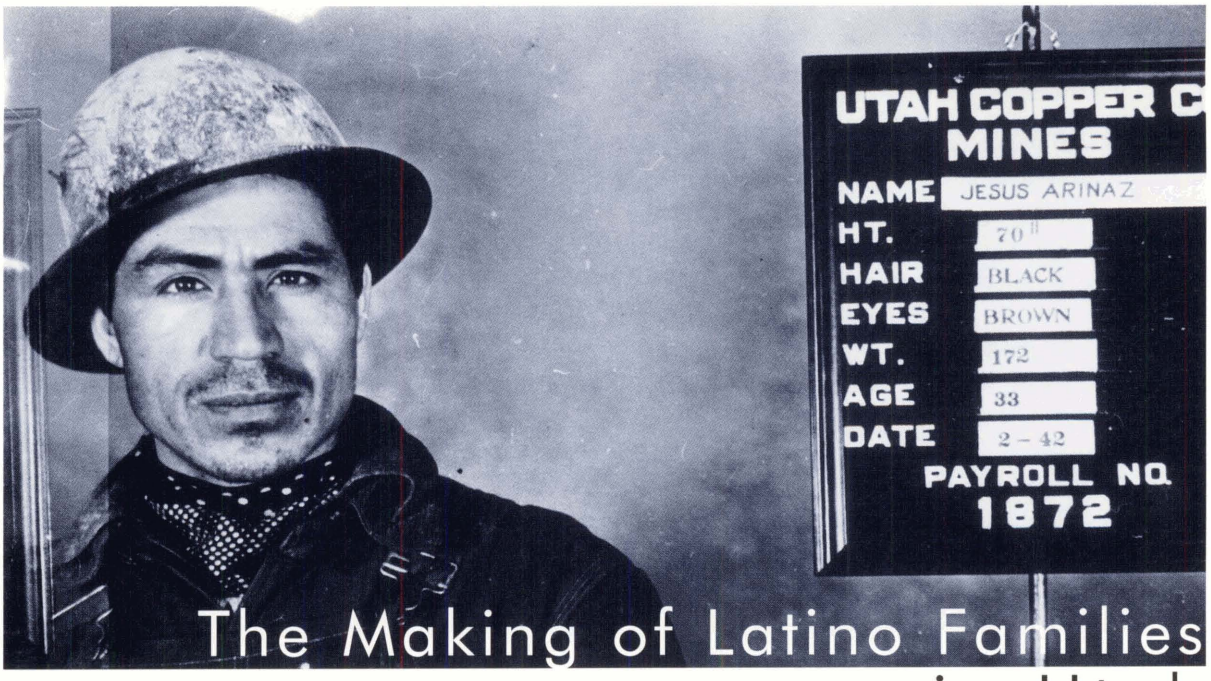
In 1966 the family placed new headstones, with wording on each that states in Russian, "Here lies the body of the true [or authentic] spiritual worshipper." After his father's death in 1989, Edwin Kalpakoff and his wife returned once more. Together they walked among the pits, rotting timbers, broken china, and rusted tea tins, and they felt closer to those who had once dreamed of establishing a peaceful, religion-based farming community.

Today, Kalpakoff retains strong connections to this place and to the graves. "Spiritually, [finding the graves] made a big difference, because I was with my dad when he found the grave for the first time," he says. "It was a very satisfying, rewarding feeling as a child—but even more now." Kalpakoff's wife, Janice, agrees: "It definitely has made a difference in our lives. It was very important, something that he had to do. It is part of our ancestry, where we came from and who we are."

1. The Pacific Land and Water Company, with offices in the Newhouse Building in Salt Lake City, was headed by James H. Paterson, president; C. N. Strevell, vice president; F. A. Druehl, secretary and treasurer; Harold A. LaFount, general manager; W. Mont Ferry, Ed. D. Woodruff, and Robert LaFount, directors. (This last name is spelled LaFount in the pamphlet but in other documents is spelled LaFaunt. Paterson is also spelled Patterson.)

Sarah Seibel Yates, recently retired as managing editor of the *Box Elder News Journal* in Brigham City, spent eight years searching out information on the Russian Colony. The story might never have been completed if a 1987 letter she sent to Russian Orthodox churches in Los Angeles had not made its way into a 1989 Molokan newsletter. Letters began to arrive from descendants of the colonists and even from two who had lived there briefly as children. In particular, Edwin Kalpakoff's personal interest and family mementos meshed with the author's research and interviews to add a human touch to the facts.





The Making of Latino Families in Utah

by Armando Solórzano

IT WAS A COLD MORNING in November of 1912. Thousands of Mexicans, most of them single men, got off the train in Bingham, Utah, and were taken to Utah Copper Company, where they began to work that same afternoon. The "Mexican strikebreakers," as they were known in town, had come to replace miners who were refusing to work until the management improved working conditions and salaries.

For the Mexicans, their happiness at finding a job in Utah contrasted with the looks on their faces. They were alone, without their families, in a foreign land. Many had left fiancées in Mexico waiting for them to save enough money that they could return and get married. Accustomed to hard labor and strong families, the men faced arduous work in the mines, but they were not willing to sacrifice their families. Some decided to send for their wives and children; those who were engaged went back to marry and returned with their new brides. But the majority kept sending letters full of nostalgia and homesickness to their families.

To start a Mexican family in Bingham or Garfield was a difficult, if not impossible, task. There were very few Mexican women available in the towns. As a miner named Santos Cabrera put it, "The only Mexican women you saw were either your mother or your sisters."[1] This scarcity of available Mexican women was still prevalent in 1930, when the Bingham census reported 1,258 single males and only 100 single females. Without wives, fiancées, or Mexican women around, Mexican miners lived in boardinghouses, prepared meals by themselves, washed and ironed their own clothes, and sent money back to Mexico to support the families they had left behind.

The entry of the U.S. into World War I increased the demand for silver, lead, and zinc. As a result, another Latino group arrived in Utah—Spanish Americans from Colorado, Texas, and New Mexico. The Spanish Americans[2] were particularly willing to work in Bingham because they felt that "Utah was a pretty good state to raise a family, and there was not so much discrimination" as in other states. Unlike the Mexican miners, the Spanish Americans brought their families of as many as nine children with them. Most were very poor.

In the early 1930s, the Great Depression caused the mining industry in Utah to collapse. Latino miners were the first ones to be fired, and most left the state. Many of those families who stayed were too proud to ask for government assistance. Such was the case with Juanita Jimenez, whose husband died of a disease contracted in the mines. She refused any assistance. "We never got help from the government. We never asked for anything," she said. Many Latino miners looked for other job opportunities and found employment with the railroads. At times, some 70 percent of the temporary labor used in "extra gangs" had Spanish surnames.

Latinos also made important contributions to agriculture, especially in the Utah farming community of Garland, where they worked in the production and processing of sugar beets. In Garland, Latinos created the most visible Latino colony in Utah. At least 60 families moved there and lived in a very organized manner, working together in the beet fields. When the beet season was over, they worked as housekeepers. Latinos had no opportunity to attend Catholic church services in this predominantly Mormon area, but they traveled to Salt Lake City every weekend to attend Mass. With money provided by the sugar company, they built a schoolhouse and were able to celebrate September 16, which is Mexican independence day, and other cultural events characteristic of Mexican tradition.

As the Latino families became more established in Utah, the need for social, political, and religious organizations became evident. Initially, neither Mormon nor Catholic officials showed a great deal of interest in forming Spanish-speaking congregations. So Mexican and Spanish Americans families brought in priests, leaders, and missionaries from Mexico. During the 1930s, however, churches and other organizations developed various ways to serve the needs of the Latino families in the state. LDS Relief Societies, women's self-help organizations, summer schools, bilingual classes, and mutual-aid societies all helped those indigent families who lacked even the most primary resources.

World War II brought an end to unemployment, and various industries invited Latinos to move to Utah to work. A new wave of Spanish-speaking workers arrived from New Mexico and Colorado, primarily to work in the coal mines. At the same time, the first generation of Latino children born in Utah started exploring new jobs. Lacking an adequate education, most had no choice but to do agricultural work, which they had done since early childhood. Emilio Vásquez, who was born in Eureka, Utah, had begun working at the age of ten, carrying water and bringing lunches to the men working in the fields.

By the early 1940s, some Latino families started buying houses in Bingham. Ironically, some bought houses and apartment complexes with the money they had received by suing the railroad companies for work-related injuries and medical expenses. Usually, a family lived on one floor and rented the rest of the house to single Latino miners and railroad workers. With the rental income, families were able to pay for their homes, receive a secure and steady income, and cover medical expenses.



Young Latino couple, date unknown. USHS.
Previous page: Miner in Bingham, Utah, during World War II.

Yet even when they had their own houses, it was difficult for Latino children to grow up in the mining towns and railroad camps. In Bingham Canyon, Mike Meléndez felt "embarrassed about my family" because his parents could not provide what other families provided for their children. Mike's father only had an old Oldsmobile and had no money to pay for Mike's driver's license. Also, his father was continuously criticized because he could not speak English well.

Just when Utah Latinos were achieving some stability in the mining towns, the onset of World War II disrupted their families. The army and navy drafted husbands and brothers; in response, some Latinas and their daughters moved to Salt Lake City looking for jobs that allowed them to support their families. At the same time, the shortage of men in the state led government officials to recruit hundreds of

Puerto Ricans from New York City. This group of Spanish-speaking people increased the diversity of the Latino population in the state. Like the Mexicans of the 1910s, Puerto Ricans in the 1940s were mainly single males who left their families behind. Not accustomed to mine labor or to intra-ethnic conflicts with Mexicans, Mexican Americans, and Spanish Americans, most Puerto Ricans left the state and returned either to New York or to their homeland. Only ten Puerto Rican families settled down and remained in Utah. These families became very successful and were able to buy houses. A few of them became leaders in the civil rights movement of the 1960s and 1970s in Utah.

By the beginning of the 1960s, sons and daughters of Latino miners, railroad workers, and migrant workers were willing to attend institutions of higher education and community colleges, but the economic barriers were almost insurmountable. In 1967 there were no more than ten Latino students at the University of Utah; the majority of them lacked financial support and worked as busboys in sorority houses, as janitors, as ditch-diggers for the county, or in similar jobs. During summer, some sprayed for mosquitos on campus. Mike Meléndez, who was born in Bingham Canyon, later said that his family was so economically deprived that his parents only contributed five or ten dollars per month to his academic expenses.

In spite of the barriers, Meléndez graduated and became a minority advisor at the University of Utah. As an advisor he was especially interested in recruiting Latinas. Education, he believed, would be an asset for women in case something happened to their husbands, and it was a good thing to pass on to children. Latinas needed to be educated because they fulfilled two functions in their communities: They became not only mothers but also the most important educators of their families and communities. Meléndez's mother had been perhaps the first Latina to graduate from the University of Utah; she obtained a nursing degree in 1942.

Following the Chicano civil rights movement in the Southwest, Utah Latinos engaged in discussions of the discrimination, segregation, and exclusion they experienced in "Zion." In these discussions, Latinos exhibited a wide range of opinions, depending on the group to which they belonged. Mexican nationals and Mexican Americans felt that they had been subjected to high rates of discrimination in the workplace, schools, and political process. However, Spanish Americans in general denied that discrimination was prevalent in the state. Valentín Arámbula, a mine worker born in Colorado, believed that discrimination was something that group members brought upon themselves: "If you conduct yourself like a white man, then they'll treat you like a white man," he said. The fact that his three children graduated from high school with honors was a testimony to him that discrimination was not an issue for his family in Utah.

During the civil rights movement, an important advocate for Utah Latinos and their families was Father Gerald Merrill. Ordained in 1958, Father Merrill decided to work with Utah Mexican Americans to end the cycle of discrimination and lack of opportunities and to incorporate Latinos into the educational and political system. The decisive factor that brought Father Merrill to work for Latinos was "the family warmth and the love that they so often felt for one another in spite of great difficulty they experienced." The hub of his activities was the Guadalupe Center at 346 West 100 South in Salt Lake, which was created with money raised from dances, tamale and menudo sales, and bingo. Through the Guadalupe Center, Father Merrill provided services to Latino migrant workers and elderly Latinos; he organized classes in Spanish and English; and he developed a class for training Latino leaders.

An important goal for Father Merrill was to eliminate the divisions between Roman Catholics and Mormons, Mexican Americans and Spanish Americans, and Latinos and Anglos. During the 1970s and 1980s the Guadalupe Center became a place where people came to celebrate their family traditions, baptisms, weddings, and *quinceañeras*.[3] Through the practice of *compadrazgo*,[4] they created extended families. Also, Latino families helped form a credit union, which was called the West Side Family Cooperative. In addition, Father Merrill, in cooperation with Latino families, created the Café la Morena, a Mexican American restaurant named in honor of La Virgen de Guadalupe.

By the middle of the 1970s, Utah Latino families had experienced a transformation, especially in the relationships between parents and children. Francis Yañez observed that her children were being Americanized and losing their roots and traditions. Her children hardly knew what a Mexican was and spoke very little Spanish. They also opposed Mex-

ican ways of living: They wanted to leave home to live with their fiancées; they preferred to buy rather than to make tortillas; and they bought canned beans instead of cooking them at home. What saddened Mrs. Yañez most was the unwillingness of her sons and daughter to fight back against the discrimination they suffered at school and in the places they worked.

The community of Latino families in Utah is still in the making. In fact, the 1990s has dramatically changed the profile of Latino families in the state. Since 1990 the Utah Latino population has grown 42 percent; in Cache county alone the growth has reached 400 percent. This new wave of Latino immigrants has been caused by economic growth in Utah; families immigrate to the state to work in agriculture, processing plants, the ski industry, hotels, restaurants, and clubs.



Rogue Garcia and family, San Juan County. USHS.

However, statistics show that since 1980 the economic condition of Latino families has not improved; on the contrary, it continues to deteriorate. In 1980, Latino married couples earned 86.1 percent of the salary earned by Anglo couples. By 1990 this percentage had diminished to 83.2. Median family income for Anglos in 1990 reached $33,846, while for Latinos it was $24,941. Single Latinas reported an income of less than $12,000 per year. At the present, 21 percent of Latino families in the state of Utah live in poverty, while only 7.6 percent of Anglo families do.

In Utah, Latino families have come to constitute an important economic and political force that should be recognized. As consumers, Latino families contribute more than two billion dollars to the state's economy, and they represent the largest voting minority group. The community is trying to solve several challenges as they work to lower high numbers of high school drop-outs and to increase enrollment in institutions of higher education, improve salaries, assist in integration into mainstream society, defend the group's bilingualism and cultural tenets, and improve the relationship between Latino Catholics and Latino LDS. Solutions to these problems will be key if Latinos are to enter the new millennium on an equal basis with other groups in the state.

Yet regardless of their ethnic or religious background, Latinos and Latinas consider the most sacred value in their history and tradition to be their families, and that value has inspired them to contribute to the creation of a more egalitarian society in the United States. Utah Latinos such as Mike Meléndez are aware that they cannot change the world, or Utah, for that matter, but certainly they can influence their families. In his own family, Mr. Meléndez has taught his daughter to love all people, to understand and practice acceptance of different cultures, to take care of the elderly, and to respect the diversity of religious beliefs. He concludes, "If I can teach her that, maybe I have succeeded in causing some change in Utah."

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Notes: 1. Santos Cabrera was born in Mexico in 1886 and was one of the first Mexicans to arrive to the state of Utah. **2.** *Spanish American* refers to those Latinos who claimed that their parents were born in Spain and did not maintain any connection or relationship with Mexicans. *Mexican nationals* are Latinos who were born in Mexico but grew up in the U.S. *Mexicans Americans* are Latinos of Mexican descent who were born in the U.S. **3.** A *quinceañera* is a celebration for young Mexican women who are fifteen years old. Part of this tradition is to bring the *quinceañera* to church to offer her life and purity to God and to announce to the whole community that this young women is on her way to greater responsibility and motherhood. **4.** This is an old Mexican tradition in which the godparents accept the spiritual and material responsibility of their godchildren.

The daughter of Chinese immigrants, Helen Gim Kurumada was born in Mackey, Idaho, in 1919. She tells about her family and her life in the book *Missing Stories: An Oral History of Ethnic and Minority Groups in Utah*, edited by Leslie G. Kelen and Eileen Hallet Stone and published by the University of Utah Press, 1996. The following is an excerpt.



When my father was twelve, his father sent him and his sixteen-year-old brother to San Francisco to work and send money back to the family [in China]. Now, the older brother, who had the promise of a job, was supposed to look after my father. But growing up, I always heard how terrible this brother was. He gambled and visited houses of prostitution. And when my father told him, "You're not supposed to do this; I'm going to write home to mother," his brother beat him up. After several beatings, my father said he ran away to a mining camp somewhere else in California and, gradually, worked his way up to Oregon....

For a while he worked in mining camps. Then, when he was fifteen, he borrowed $115 and bought the consignment for a lunch counter at the [railroad] depot [in Mackey, Idaho]. It had six or eight chairs, and I believe it took him two years to pay the money back. Apparently, he did well, because years later, when he was about 38 and married, he had made enough money to open a restaurant and buy a ranch of several hundred acres. He had the first Sizzler idea, I think. He wanted to raise beef to use in his restaurant....

But then the big [stock market] crash came, and beef prices plummeted. Then ... Idaho farmers discovered that Idaho Power and Light, which controlled the irrigation water, decided to make a land grab. So, following the crash, the company raised their irrigation rates. They charged something like $27 per acre of water, which ruined everyone—forced many to leave their homes.

[When we were] coming down from Idaho to Salt Lake, I recall that our train was like a funeral train.... Everyone was crying. My mother continued to cry after we arrived in Salt Lake. Unlike my father, she always looked on the dark side of things.... Now, we didn't have any kin in Utah. But we knew there was a clan of Yees here, so my father felt we wouldn't be alone. He felt there would always be something to do to feed the family. And that's why we came. [Chinese] clan obligations are similar to extended family obligations, except they are even less elective. It is your duty—no matter how you do it—to make sure these people don't starve.

I remember arriving in Chinatown—Plum Alley [between First and Second South and State and Main], which was less than a half a block long.... It turned out to be a tenement house. This was a tremendous comedown. In Idaho we had a house. But this place had rats and cockroaches. It was old and dirty. My mother grew even more depressed.

"Little

Plum Alley, well, it was like a collection of seedy bars you'd see in New York.... All these single, mostly old men were there, gambling. And they had terrible personal habits. Their clothes were dirty, and they were generally unkempt. I knew there was dope dealing....

None of these men living there had much of a future. They weren't going to make enough money to go back to China. They talked about it. But unless one had a stroke of good fortune while gambling, they were never going to make it. And who was going to go back to China broke? .... These men led miserable lives. They died one by one and were usually buried by some relative or clan member in the city cemetery. The only way they made it back to China was if their family organization sent money to exhume their bodies and take their remains home.

But my father had some money, and he and another fellow bought a restaurant on First South called the Bon Ton Café.

Unfortunately, though, my father's health started to fail. He probably had high blood pressure, which was not diagnosed. So he began having heart trouble and got pleurisy. And when I was thirteen, he died. I remember—he came home and asked me to put on some hot water for tea. As I did, he leaned back in his rocking chair and said, "I'm so tired...."

Then he was gone. I was scared out of my wits. He must have had a massive heart attack. But there was no autopsy. The authorities didn't care. It was just one more Chinese dead. His clan made the arrangements for the funeral. And they buried him in the city cemetery—in the Chinese section.

The next day, I remember, I had the distinct feeling I was going to have to be responsible [for all of us]. So at Christmastime I got a job at Kress's [Department Store]. We lived in Plum Alley for another year and a half. I think it was my nature to accept my father's philosophy. Yet things were hard, and I can understand how my mother felt. She had four kids, there was no welfare, no way she could get help, and she didn't know how she was going to cope. I kept telling her, "We're not going to die. We're going to be all right...."

Bubbles"

Then [two years after my father died], my mother was sitting in the apartment one day, and all of a sudden she started saying things that didn't make sense.... [She had suffered a breakdown and had to be committed to the Utah State Hospital. After they took her away] we went to live with a blue-collar Mormon family.

Now, this family did the best they could with us under the circumstances. The mother wanted us, but her three boys felt it was a disgrace to have "Chinks" living with them. I remember there was instantaneous gossip throughout the [LDS] ward about this family taking in Chinks. Then there was a daily parade of [curious] neighbors who came through to look at us....

Recently, I've been thinking of writing about what it was like to grow up Chinese in the Intermountain West.... For our children's sake somebody ought to say, Look, we went through terrible times. People called you "Chink." They pulled their eyes up at the corner. They beat you up. In fact, as [school]children, we hid in bushes until everybody went home so we wouldn't get beaten up. And we weren't just beaten up once in a while. We were beaten up every single day.

I remember I walked into the high school cafeteria on my first day with my lunch. I was going to sit down close to some Caucasian kids, and this Japanese girl suddenly appeared out of nowhere, took my hand, and said, "I wouldn't do that." "You mean sit over here and eat lunch?" I said. She said, "Don't do it. You'll make trouble for yourself. Come and sit with us." She was referring to the Japanese kids. I said, "Okay." I didn't know the rule, see, that all minority kids sat in their own groups.... But thanks to previous experience, I knew "trouble" meant you were going to get beaten up....

But discrimination was absolutely public in Salt Lake. We couldn't go to city swimming pools. Our parents paid taxes, but we couldn't swim in the Liberty Park pool. When we went to a movie at one of the better theaters, we couldn't sit downstairs. We had to go upstairs—to the balconies.

After I graduated [from] high school, we moved out of the foster home and went on our own. Through the WPA, I got a temporary job at the State Engineer's office. From there, I found full-time secretarial work.... I was definitely lucky to find work! But the thing I marvel at, in hindsight, is that judge Reuben Clark allowed me to take care of my brothers and sisters. I was sixteen—definitely under-age, you see.... I remember the four of us went into his office, and we told him we don't want to be separated. We don't want to be adopted out. The kids were crying. He said, "You don't need to worry. We'll work something out." Then he asked me, "Do you think you can take care of these children?" I said yes. He said, "All right, I'm putting you on trial.... We'll have a policewoman come down and check on you once a month. You won't know when she's coming.... And we'll see how well you take care of these children."

Well, I had just rented this little house by West High School. And, gosh, I remember I felt tremendous tension. I washed all the kids' clothes weekly. I gave them heck if they got anything out of place. 'Cause I never knew if this policewoman was coming.... We wanted to have everything just so.... I remember there'd be times I was so tired from housework, I'd just see champagne bubbles. When you're really fatigued, prior to passing out, I guess, you see little bubbles.

Epilogue: Helen met and married Jun Kurumada, who was of Japanese descent. The two helped to relocate Japanese Americans during World War II. In later years Helen acted as an advocate for Asian Americans and other ethnic groups. She also served as Utah's first director of Asian affairs.

Utah in the '40s

An African American Perspective

by France A. Davis



DURING THE 1940s, African Americans, like the rest of the nation, were recovering from the Great Depression and seeking to find a better way of life for themselves and their families. Migration from the South, specifically to the Northeast and West, was among their central options. Many settled in Seattle/Tacoma, San Francisco/Oakland, Los Angeles, Portland, Las Vegas, and Denver. Unlike many coastal areas crucial to America's involvement in World War II, Utah did not top the list of most families. But it was an attractive site for many African Americans seeking better employment opportunities, longing to reunite with family members, and wanting to experience the pioneer spirit associated with the West. The result was the greatest surge of growth in Utah's African American population that had ever before occurred.

To be sure, African Americans found their dreams enhanced by World War II and related defense contracts. Hearing the call to *Go West!*, they took the bait and rushed to Utah with great expectations. Two distinct characteristics define the impetus that repelled and attracted them. First, in terms of the former, African Americans were happy to leave behind the labor-intensive farm life of Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Texas. Second, in terms of the latter, despite their individually unique southern experiences, they shared one motivation: a desire for a better way of life. Not surprisingly, many migrants who ended up in Utah did not have this or any other specific Rocky Mountain destination in mind. They were merely anxious to leave the repellent conditions in the South. Trying to put hard times behind them, they gathered their meager possessions and family and set out in search of a fresh start. They hit the road, chasing little more than the promise of jobs, rumors, and dreams. Although Utah seemed like the other side of the country, they came and kept coming, in the end carving out their own experiences in Utah.

Listen to the voices of a few who made the journey to Utah nearly a half century ago. In their own words they sought to answer the question: "Why did you relocate to Utah?"

- "I left from down home crawling through the cotton and corn fields until I was out of sight. The Klan was looking everywhere for me 'cause of a fight when a white man threw a sack of cotton on me."
- "My brother-in-law had moved to Utah. He wrote back to say anybody wanting to work and wanting to do better should come to Utah. So I drew my pay and came. I worked for months before I could send back for my wife and two boys. We lived in a boardinghouse, all doubled up."
- "I took 37 dollars, bought a train ticket, and came to Utah to join my sister from Stamps."
- "My husband was at Camp Kearns in the Army Air Corps. The first time I came he hadn't made any arrangements for me to stay. But, believe you me, when I came the second time, I came for good."
- "I came to work at Hill Air Force Base and made good money."

These are lingering echoes that give clear insights into the desire, expectations, fear, and determination driving those who, for whatever reason, considered settling in Utah during the 1940s.

STATISTICS

According to the United States census reports covering the first four decades of this century, the number of Utah's residents of African American descent grew less than 200 between 1930 and 1940, from 1,108 out of 507,847 Utah residents to some 1,235 out of 550,310. Of those, 682 were male; 553 were female. In this group, 64 lived as rural farmers, while 1,115 were urban; 56 others lived in the "rural, not a farm" category. Of the 270 of those between the ages of five and twenty, 203



Dance at the "Art Barn" in SLC, July 1943

attended school. While 119 had completed four years of high school, only twenty individuals had earned a four-year or higher degree.

Ten years later, according to the 1950 United States census, the number of African Americans in Utah had more than doubled to 2,707 out of a total population of 687,400. Interestingly, during this time, when Utah's African American population was only 0.2 percent, eleven of its twenty-nine counties had at least some African American presence. Salt Lake, Weber, Carbon, and Utah counties had the largest African American populations.

Still, the number of African Americans living in Utah was relatively small and fragmented. A senior African American woman recently recalled a time when she came with her husband to Salt Lake City from Ogden to shop. "We spent the entire day downtown and saw no more than two other African." She added: "A black man getting off the bus yelled to us, 'Are blacks folks allowed in this town?'"

RELIGIOUS LIFE

As was true in much of the United States, African Americans migrating to Utah found their own churches to be the one place where they could gather freely and feel that they had high value and personal worth. Aside from the black fur trappers in Utah during the 1820s, the first African Americans in Utah had come with the Mormon pioneers. However, denied full access to some religious institutions and only limited access to others, they assembled in their own places to worship God as well as to find refreshing revival. The growth and expansion of various congregations paralleled those around the country and crossed three primary denominational lines. During the 1940s, just as the population swelled by over 100 percent, so did the number of congregations with primarily African American membership.

The two oldest congregations were Trinity African Methodist Episcopal church and the Calvary Missionary Baptist church with histories traceable to 1890 and 1892 respectively. A second group of churches emerged in the early twentieth century, including the Embry Chapel African Methodist church on Pingree in Ogden (1908), the Wall Avenue (now New Zion) Baptist church in Ogden (1917), the Sunnyside Baptist church of Carbon County (1919), the First Baptist church of Mohrland (1922), and the (New) Pilgrim Baptist church of Salt Lake City (1923). During the 1940s, the Churches of God in Christ began to organize in Utah, beginning with the Mount Zion Church of God in Christ, the Emmanuel Church of God in Christ, and the Griffin Memorial Church of God in Christ. Each congregation sought to find its place in meeting the growing needs of African Americans moving into the area. Unfortunately, the Pilgrim Baptist church was destroyed by fire in October 1948.

These predominately African American congregations simultaneously focused on the spiritual needs of their members and the political pursuit of equal rights and secular benefits for all people. They provided economic opportunity such as job placement and business opportunity. For example, one of the black businesses in Salt Lake City during this time was the Elect Barber and Beauty Salon located at 211 East 700 South, which was owned by the Daniels family.

Whenever political challenges confronted the African American community at large, the churches took leadership roles and moved toward resolution. Each member could trust the churches to provide opportunities for religious fellowship, personal fulfillment, social interactions, and community participation. In short, while primarily concerned about spiritual affairs, the congregations reached out to meet any human needs where people hurt.

All African American congregations in Salt Lake City were located either in Central City or on the

west side of the city. Those in Ogden were located west of Washington Boulevard or in Washington Terrace. Pastoral leadership for the churches came largely from the southern states. Word of mouth was the most dependable method of recruitment. Unfortunately, finding the area a difficult field of labor, most of the pastors stayed an average of only two years. Two major concerns were minimal fellowship and little or no opportunity for ministerial educational advancement.

HOUSING

African Americans faced segregated housing in Utah during the 1940s, as they were limited and restricted to living in certain areas. Most African Americans lived in communities near the railroad tracks, on the west side, and where job opportunities existed nearby. In Ogden, most African Americans lived near the train station on Wall Avenue; a few lived in the Washington Heights area, but almost none lived east of Washington Boulevard. In Salt Lake City, African Americans lived mostly on 600 South and 700 South and between State Street and 700 East. A few had property off Redwood Road, and other, more long-term, residents lived in the Evergreen area. Those in Carbon County occupied housing provided by the companies in the work camps. Even those who sought to live in other cities were confronted with restrictive real estate covenants that prevented African Americans from living in many of the east-side communities.



Nancy Leggroan, Mildred Ellis, and Sandra Ellis in downtown Salt Lake City.

Despite discrimination, however, approximately 259 families owned their own homes, while the remainder were tenants in rented rooms, apartments, or houses. This number of home owners is impressive, given the 1940 U.S. Census report that there were only 205 African American family units in Salt Lake County, 106 in Weber County, 22 in Carbon County, and 10 in Utah County.

EMPLOYMENT

More and more African Americans moved to Utah as jobs opened up with the military, on the railroad, in the hotels, and—in limited numbers—at the various copper, gold, and coal mines. Areas such as 25th Street in Ogden offered opportunities for black people to open, own, and operate businesses. Job opportunities on military installations were scattered around the state in places such as Tooele Depot, Camp Kearns, Hill Air Force Base, Ogden Defense Depot, Fort Douglas, and Dugway Proving Ground. Among the soldiers who came to Utah's Camp Kearns were J. J. McClain, D. B. Rucker, Nelson Styles, and M. C. Thomas. They found that working in government service provided good pay and stability. The railroad also offered work to men, from laborers maintaining the rails to college graduates who worked as sleeping-car porters and cooks.

Women worked mostly as domestic servants in private homes, as elevator operators and chambermaids in hotels, or in the entertainment industry. As the railroad developed a significant presence in the Helper/Price area and Ogden, the men worked on the trains as cooks, janitors, and porters. Others, such as the Brown, Allen, and Price families, came to the area to mine coal near Helper, silver in Park City, and copper near the Great Salt Lake. Albert Fritz was one of the early blacks to work at Kennecott Copper.

SOCIAL LIFE

African Americans also experienced limited opportunities to enjoy entertainment. With the railroad hub in the area of 25th Street, Ogden was the "hot spot" for them. There, blacks owned and operated various businesses, including hotels, eating establishments, pools halls, dance facilities, and night spots. In the area of the mostly all-black south side of 25th Street were the Porters and Waiters Club, the Harlem Hotel, the Royal Hotel, and the Royal Castle. Military and railroad personnel provided a steady and paying clientele for these businesses.

In Salt Lake City, the Coon Chicken Inn on Highland Drive employed several African Americans.

However, according to Roy Hawkins, who still lives in Salt Lake City and was a headwaiter at the facility, "Blacks didn't come there. Not even black soldiers came in there, although the place was full of soldiers." The stereotypes of the grinning Darky, obsequious Mammy, and Uncle Tom promoted by this establishment, and even its very name—Coon Chicken Inn—were for many African Americans the ultimate insult. Former waiter Edward Miller, who worked under headwaiter Sam Sneed, said, "There was a lot of prejudice here." Unfortunately, far too many of the local restaurants and stores often ignored African American customers until, frustrated, they left without receiving service.

For evening entertainment in Salt Lake City, blacks went to the Redwood Ranch, owned by Mrs. Laverne "Ninnie" Hobbs; the Dixie Land, operated by Herman and Emma Sanders and Blanche Hopkins; and the Pink Lady on North Beck Street. The Saint Louis Hotel and the Hampton Hotel were located in downtown, as was a popular place known as Jazzbo. The Porters and Waiters club in Salt Lake City was operated by a Mr. and Mrs. Davis and later owned by Joe White, Roy and Mildred Hawkins, and Goldy Strong.

Although local theaters were open to them, African American customers had to sit in a segregated seating area on one side or in the balcony. Mrs. Georgia Turner remembers,

> I decided to go to the movie theater at 23rd and Grant [Ogden] to see a cowboy picture. I sat downstairs. I didn't know that coloured had to sit somewhere other than where whites sat. People just kept looking at me. All the other blacks were upstairs. The usher tapped me on the shoulder and said, "You're supposed to be upstairs." I refused to move. As I left, the usher said, "Next time you will know where to go."

Blacks bands often came to Utah to play for white audiences. Following their contracted performances, musicians such as Lionel Hampton, Louis Armstrong, Fats Domino, Duke Ellington, and others would play for blacks to hear at a house on 27th and Wall in Ogden.

TRANSPORTATION

During the 1940s, very few African Americans in Utah owned automobiles. While most who owned cars drove "old, beat-up cars," Mr. Fletcher of Ogden owned a big car called the "Blue Goose," while Roy Hawkins had the newest car in Salt Lake City. For the most part, however, blacks traveled on the Bamberger train, by bicycle, by horse and buggy, on buses and trolley cars, or by foot. It was a common sight to see an African American mother walking with her children in tow.

EDUCATION

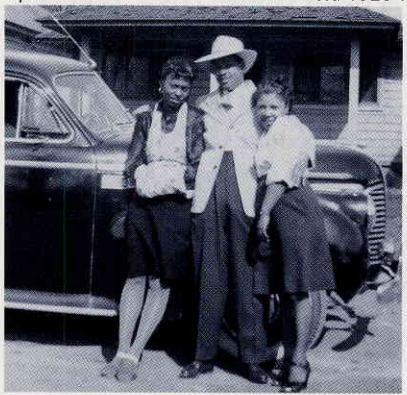
A small number of African American professionals lived in Utah during the 1940s. Individuals such as attorney David H. Oliver and beautician/nurses' aide Georgia Turner came to Utah with impeccable credentials. Others with college degrees included many who could only work as sleeping-car porters on the trains. While some African Americans completed no more than a third-grade education, some finished eighth grade, some earned technical and professional skills, and a few attended Utah colleges and universities to complete formal degrees in various disciplines. But most African Americans who earned degrees, such as Mignon Richmond, were not employed in areas for which they were educated.

SUMMARY

Life for African Americans in Utah during the 1940s was not significantly different from that in other areas of the expanding West, or of the nation, for that matter. They were forced to work together and to visualize and meet their own needs in the daily struggles they encountered. Pooling available resources, they developed their own social, political, religious, economic, and educational institutions. They sought to make a better life for themselves and their families. In sum, during the post-depression years, African Americans found Utah a land of exciting challenge and emerging opportunity.

France A. Davis is pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church.

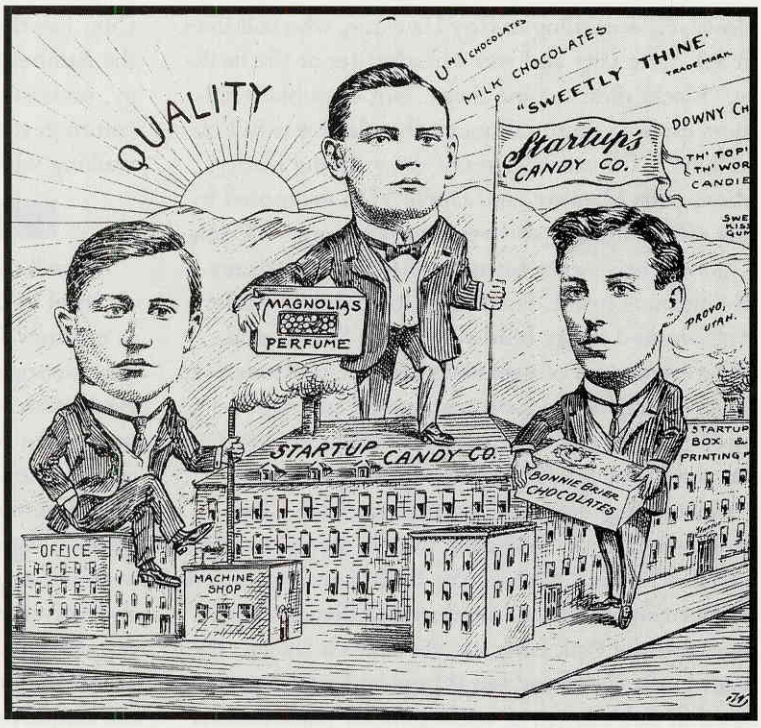
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Georgia, James, and Furn Turner in Ogden.

A Saga of Sugar

by Dora D. Flack



Startup company ad on 1910 calendar; courtesy Startup family

SOON AFTER the invention of candy, first-generation candymaker John Startup "started up" a sweet life in England. He never dreamed then that his descendants in America would continue the business into the next millenium. But candy has indeed kept the Startup family together down to the seventh candymaking generation.

In the early 1800s, physicians and apothecaries developed sweet confections to disguise the taste of medicine. John Startup created his own medicated product, American Cough Candy, so named because he longed to move to America, and advertised it in a British newspaper in 1823. Later, he and his son William produced more kinds of candy. As an adult, William moved to Manchester and opened a store where he made candy in the basement. Working alongside him was his son, William Dawe Startup, who had been born in 1846.

Both John and William Startup died before realizing their American dream. However, the dream was firmly implanted in young William Dawe, especially after he joined the LDS church in Birmingham, England. There he also met Hagar Hick, who shared his American dream. When she had joined the LDS church, her relatives dubbed her the "little Mormon devil," criticism she wished to escape. At age 24, Hagar accepted the opportunity to immigrate to America in 1868 with Mrs. John Strickley, a semi-invalid; she would care for the two Strickley children in exchange for food and passage. Hagar told William Dawe that he would have to come to America if he wanted to marry her.

Hagar's family never suspected her plan that memorable morning when she walked out wearing her Sunday clothes and a feather-plumed hat. Carrying no luggage, she boarded the ship *Minnesota*. Later, while crossing the plains, she still wore the same clothes and hat, carrying one Strickley child on her back and the other in her arms. After arriving in Salt Lake City in 1868, she traveled on to Wanship.

In October of that year, 22-year-old William Dawe Startup arrived in Wanship with his sister Harriett. On his way to Utah, he had stopped in Philadelphia and purchased candy molds to add to his deceased father's collection of scales, iron edging bars, drop machine, shears, hooks, and recipes. The following month, William Dawe and Hagar were married in the LDS Endowment House in Salt Lake City. William spent the next year teaching school in Peoa, but candymaking ran in his blood. He felt that his father's confections would find a ready market in the mountains' ideal climate.

Since the largest population was in the Salt Lake Valley, William Dawe moved his family there, first living in a dugout, then in a log cabin. He opened a store near the Salt Lake Theatre to sell his homemade confections. At LDS conference time, he sold sandwiches as well as candy from a refreshment

stand near Temple Square.

In 1874 the Startup family moved to Provo, where William Dawe established another candy store near the old Brigham Young Academy. He would stay open at night until the evening dances closed. As they left, customers would call, "So long, Bill, the Upstart." William Dawe also served as a member of the Salt Lake City Fire Squad.

Business grew. So did his family. William was born in 1869, Minnie in 1871, Walter in 1874, and George in 1877. Even though Hagar was busy with the children, she also assisted with the candy business. The growing boys also helped.

Timing was right for the new business. Hard candy animals, made from the molds purchased in Philadelphia, hooked customers. And, according to daughter Minnie, William Dawe produced the territory's first stick candy.

After three years in Provo, in 1878 tragedy struck when William Dawe tried to lift a large sandstone slab used for cooling candy. The strain ruptured a blood vessel in his stomach, causing excruciating pain. Three days later, he died at age 32.



Hagar worried about supporting her young family. William, the oldest, was only nine, and the baby was a year old. Family legend states that after the funeral Hagar walked into the store. Noticing a batch of candy in a pan on the cold stove, as her husband had left it, she built a fire. After the candy reached the boiling point, she sampled it. It was just right. She knew she could continue the business.

Having worked with her husband, she remembered some of his recipes. None had been written down. But she skillfully made her own additions, although she could not write; she could only read. Incredibly, she kept all the business accounts in her head, and her figures were usually correct. Because the children still maintained first place in Hagar's life, she ran the business on a small scale, with the children helping when possible. Periodically, she sent ten-year-old William to Salt Lake City to pay the company's supply bill. She wrapped the exact amount of money in a handkerchief, tucking it under William's sandwich in his lunch box, then cautioned him never to let anyone know he carried anything but food. He never lost a cent.

Thinking life could be easier, Hagar married Albert Singleton. It was a difficult marriage, though, and after she brought two more daughters into the world, it was dissolved. With six children to rear, Hagar's hands were full, and life was a struggle.

In 1892, Hagar traveled by train to Box Elder County. She observed a small unattended baby sleeping on a train seat. At the end of the line, the infant was left there—alone. Hagar felt compelled to take the little one. She adopted and raised that baby, Cosette, as her own. Now she had seven children.

Soon after the death of their father, Walter, age 11, and George, age six, had been employed at the *Provo Inquirer*, a semi-weekly newspaper. Six years later, at age 17, Walt became foreman of the newspaper printing office. The boys never dreamed that their printing training would provide indispensable knowledge when they later revived the candy business.

In 1892 the three Startup brothers organized the Startup Candy Company into a solid business. As manager of the sales staff and promotions, 26-year-old William spread the business across the country, placing large ads on barns and commercial buildings throughout the state. Walter, 21, possessed the natural ability to motivate people, and he managed production. George, the youngest at age 18, had good business sense, so he became president. Proving that three heads were better than one, they jelled their ideas and together built a factory at 69 South 300 West in Provo. Soon it was crowded with some 20 employees.

In 1895 the brothers developed what the family believes was the world's first candy bar, the "Opera Bar," with layers of chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry cream filling. It sold for five cents. Packaged in a small box, it became popular even in other countries and is still sold today. They also pioneered modern breath sweeteners by producing "Magnolias," 1/4" sugar balls filled with perfumed liquid.

Capitalizing on their working knowledge of the printing business, the brothers set up a printing press in a separate building. Here they created their own candy boxes, including those for dipped chocolates. The press is still in use today.

Hagar watched her children with great pride as they expanded their sweet "inventions." Coca Cola, which made its debut at this time, was an ingredi-

ent in some of their treats. And the company was one of the first major producers of chewing gum, with such exotic flavors as Violet, Floro, Oriental Bouquet, and a special rose-flavored gum called Buy-Roz. By 1900 the Startups were making and selling commercial ice cream from their retail store. In winter they cut ice from Utah Lake then stored it in a dugout covered with sawdust, preserving it for making ice cream in the summer.

Demand for the company's 1,000 varieties of confections necessitated building a larger factory at 534 South 100 West. At its peak in the 1920s, Startup Candy employed 175 people, including 15 salesmen. The company claims to be the first in Utah to pay its employees a profit-sharing bonus.

When Artimissa (Artie) Harris was hired to work in the company's ice cream parlor at 81 West Center, she and Walter became acquainted. Although Artie lived a few blocks from the Startup home, the two had barely known each other. Friendship grew into courtship. On their dates, Walter often took Artie for rides in a horse-drawn carriage down by the Provo River bottoms and up Provo Canyon. They were married September 17, 1903. Walter deeply appreciated Artie's interest in and help with the business.



In the 1920s competition in the Utah candy business was tight. Provo became known as the Candy City, but at the peak of Startup's prosperity, and not long after Hagar's death in 1927, tragedy struck again, this time in the form of the Great Depression of the 1930s. Many Americans could not buy food, let alone the luxury of candy, and business sank. Determined to keep his workers employed even at his own risk, Walter bought out his brothers' interest in the factory. He struggled for ten years before losing the building to the bank.

Finally, he saved enough money to buy back the north half of the factory and the box plant. He continued business on a very small scale. Meanwhile, George and William had found employment elsewhere.

Walter's young son Harry, born in 1918, constantly trailed his father in the plant. As he grew, Harry poured, pulled, and pummeled hard candy, taffy, and chocolates of all kinds. This continued the rare father/son sweet relationship into the fifth generation. Also, the company's few employees were almost part of the family. Clem and Lola Tucker were two of those longtime valued employees.

Walter personally made candy until he died in 1957 at the age of 83. Harry became the natural successor to the business, but he felt depressed and incapable. His wife, Karma, assured him of her firm support, and his mother, Artie, continued to be his mainstay. One day as Harry approached the factory, he noticed Clem Tucker sitting out in front. Harry shared his doubts with Clem, who offered to help even more.

Harry managed the business with ten regular employees and more during rush periods. Using the traditional recipes and molds, he continued to make the candy by hand. In 1974 Harry and Karma opened the Startup Candy Store on University Avenue in Provo, and there they displayed antiques, machinery, tools, and portraits of Harry's predecessors. After twenty-five years in that location, the family moved the store to their factory on 100 West. At the present, 80-year-old Harry is president and his son Jon manages. Jon trains family members in the art of candymaking, including his ten-year-old daughter, Kaitie, who is learning to dip chocolates. Kaitie and her cousin, college student Todd Hillam, are seventh-generation confectioners, and Jon's wife, Stacey, is Hagar Startup's counterpart. She handles much of the office work, and when she sees Jon lifting heavy equipment, especially the big cooling slabs, she warns him not to repeat his great-grandfather's tragic history.

The business has evolved over the years, and so has the family. More important, the histories of the business and of the family are intertwined, one affecting the other. Just as the first Startups in Utah succeeded by working together, so has this latest generation made candymaking a family affair. The business and family tradition, started so long ago, are indeed continuing into the next millenium.

Dora Flack is an independent writer based in Bountiful. She has authored or co-authored 18 books, including *Butch Cassidy, My Brother*, with Lula Parker Betenson.

TOPAZ

an account of Japanese Americans interned in Utah during World War II

by Yoshiko Uchida

In September 1942 we were shipped by train to a concentration camp which we knew to be somewhere in Utah and was called Topaz....

There were no trees, or growth of any kind, except clumps of dry greasewood. We were entering the Sevier Desert some fifteen miles west of Delta, and the surroundings were now as bleak as a bleached bone....As the bus drew up to one of the barracks, we heard the unlikely sound of band music. Marching toward us down the dusty road was a group of young Boy Scouts who had come with the advance contingent, playing bugles, trumpets, and drums and carrying signs that read, "Welcome to Topaz—Your Camp." It was a touching sight to see them standing in the burning sun, covered with dust and making such a determined effort to lessen the shock of our arrival at this bleak desert camp....

We found that our [barracks] room contained nothing but four army cots without mattresses.... Those who arrived still later did not even have barracks to go to and were simply assigned to cots set up in empty mess halls, laundries, or the corridors of the hospital....

As mornings and nights grew colder, we looked with increased longing at the black iron stove that stood uselessly outside our barracks waiting for work crews to bring it inside and connect it. One day, almost a month after our arrival, a work crew composed of resident men appeared and finally installed our stove....

By now my father, sensing the tremendous needs of the struggling community, had volunteered to serve on several committees.... My mother, in her own gentle and quiet way, continued to be a loving focal point for our family, converting our dreary barracks room into a makeshift home, where we invited our friends as we did back in Berkeley. Having been a close family, ours did not disintegrate, as many did, from the pressures created when entire families were confined to living in a single room.

I applied for work in the Topaz elementary school system [and] earned a salary of $19 a month for a forty-hour week.

[One day] about noon, gray-brown clouds began massing in the sky, and a hot sultry wind seemed an ominous portent of a coming storm. Before I was halfway to school the wind grew so intense I felt as though I were caught in a hurricane of dust. Barracks only a few feet away were soon completely obscured by walls of dust, and I was fearful that the wind might sweep me off my feet. I stopped every few yards to lean against a barracks and catch my breath and then plodded on to school. When I got there, I found that many of the children had braved the storm to come to school. It touched me deeply to see the eagerness of the children to learn despite the desolation of their surroundings and the meager tools for learning. At the time they seemed to adapt with equanimity and cheerfulness to this total and bewildering upheaval of their young lives....

I tried to conduct class, but dust poured into the room from all sides as well as from the hole in the roof, which still lacked a chimney. It soon became obvious that we could not continue classes, and it seemed prudent to send the children home before the storm grew worse and stranded us all at school.... That night the wind reached such terrible force I was sure our barracks would be blown apart.... For hours the wind shrieked around us like a howling animal, rattling and shaking our flimsy barracks.... The following day, the non-Japanese head of elementary schools reprimanded the teachers of Block 41 for having dismissed school without consulting him....

A succession of dust storms, rain squalls, and a full-fledged snowstorm finally brought our limping schools to a complete halt in mid-November. Snow blew in from the holes that still remained in our roof, and we all shivered in ten-degree temperatures even though we wore coats, scarves, and boots. An official notice finally appeared stating that schools would close and not reopen until they were fully winterized with sheetrock walls and stoves. It seemed close to miraculous that we had been able to hold any kind of school for as long as we had, and I knew it was possible only because the children had been so eager to come and the residents so anxious to have some semblance of order in their lives....

Excerpted from "Topaz: City of Dust," in *Utah Historical Quarterly* 38 (Summer 1980).

Glimpses of Utah Jewish Life

by Eileen Hallet Stone

In the winter of 1980, when the sun struck through a slice of December sky and a brown sparrow stalled long enough to feast upon a peanut-butter-and-rolled-wild-birdseed pinecone—compliments of my seven-year-old—this very same child rushed home at the close of school dragging behind him a tinsel-matted, star-studded Christmas tree. "It's an orphan!" he yelped. "Can we keep it?"

My son's plea to bring a tree indoors might not have been unusual in a house in need of and bereft of Christmas ornamentation, but that was not our house. Ours is a Jewish home with its own wondrous holidays and celebrations, such as the lighting of the Sabbath candles on Friday nights and holidays; Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year greeted with traditional sweet foods symbolizing the sweet year to come; Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, the holiest day of the Jewish year; the festival of Succot, a thanksgiving for the bounties of our harvest, when we build—as a symbol of the Israelites' 40-year journey through the wilderness to the promised land—a temporary *sukka* decorated with greenery, fruits, and vegetables; and more....

In a vast state where *mezuzahs* on doorposts may be few and far between, raising a family and living a Jewish life in Utah's "land of Zion" is lively, fulfilling, self-sustaining, and always challenging.

1840s

In the 1840s, newcomers to the land west of the Missouri River found a new frontier for adventure, diversity, courage, and experiences that would define more fully the western character that exists today.

Having been driven away from western Illinois by the tumultuous force of persecution, Mormons made their flight to Utah driven by a need for religious liberty. Jews came to the West driven by a need for economic opportunity and a sense of personal freedom and adventure.

1854

A half hour previously, if anyone had suggested to me the probability of my undertaking an overland journey to California, even over the emigrant route, I should have replied there was no inducement sufficiently powerful to have tempted me. Yet, in this instance I acted impulsively...passed my word to join an exploring party, under command of Colonel Fremont, over hitherto untrodden country, in an elevated region, with full expectation of being exposed to all inclemencies of an arctic winter.



—Solomon Nunes Carvalho, on telling his wife Sarah and their two children about his plans to leave civilization

Seven years after Mormon pioneers settled in the Salt Lake Valley, Solomon Nunes Carvalho, a Sephardic Jew from North Carolina, traded his studio appointments photographing southern gentry for a different assignment. He joined Colonel John C. Fremont's expedition to the Far West as the photographer who would capture the country's panoramic vistas and inhabitants on daguerreotype plates.

The West was a world he had never known before. A devout Jew, Carvalho celebrated Rosh Hashanah on the trail with "horse soup and horse steaks fried in buffalo tallow." A talented artist, he drew his first snowfall in the Rocky Mountains and believed he was standing in the "vestibule of God's holy temple."

An adventurer, Carvalho witnessed fifty pack animals tumbling headlong down a snowy mountain. He was forced to sleep out in the open snow with no coverings but a blanket. He almost drowned in icy waters. He almost lost his way in the snow-covered mountains of southern Utah. Facing death by starvation, Fremont's party pledged a "solemn contract" against cannibalism.

Carvalho thought often of his children. In his thoughts and in his journal, he talked to his wife, thanking her for all that she had done, all that she had given to him, especially for the special teas and medicinal brandy tucked into his traveling bag. When he thought he could no longer put one foot in front of the other, he thought of how to say goodbye.

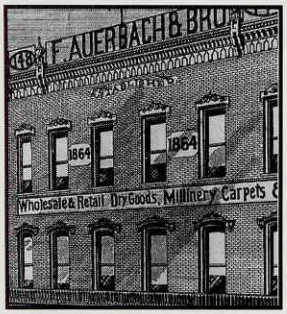
Fortunately, the Fremont party was rescued. Emaciated, frost-bitten, and suffering from dysentery, Carvalho found salvation in the little Mormon settlement of Parowan. He survived to become,

most likely, the first Jewish person to find refuge in Utah.

Carvalho eventually returned to his family in the East. But for the Jewish people who would remain and raise families in this new frontier, Utah's West was beckoning. Although they were isolated and away from their extended families and the religious traditions that shaped their days, Jewish emigrants found in Utah the opportunity to make their own decisions: in occupations, in politics, in lifestyles, and in religious preferences among the differing movements of Judaism.

But traveling the long distance to Utah also posed many challenges. How could these early pioneers observe dietary laws consistent with their faith? How could one man hold a *minyan,* a service that requires a quorum of 10 men over the age of 13? And, once they had raised enough money to settle in this new territory, what could Jewish bachelors do to persuade reluctant parents to permit their daughters to join them in territory that seemed untamed and dangerous?

Several months after Carvalho's leavetaking, young Jewish pioneers like Julius and Fanny Brooks loaded up their possessions and joined companies of wagon teams and freighters coming West. They traveled on trails that, while dangerous and sometimes fatal, were intense with new vistas, new experiences, and hope. Eventually becoming Utah's first Jewish residents, the Brooks family threaded the tapestry of early Jewish life and business in Salt Lake. Their daughter Evelyn married the son of another early prominent Utah Jewish pioneer family, the Auerbachs, and as more Jewish newcomers arrived to make a living and raise families, the Jewish community took root.

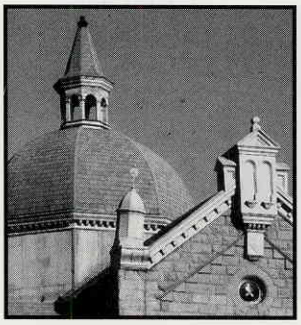


1864

The respectable portion of our Israelite citizens commenced the celebration of the Atonement at sundown on Sunday and held over till the going down of the same orb. Being without a synagogue, the faithful met in the house of one of our East Temple merchants and commemorated the High Priest entering the holy of holies to make atonement for the sins of the people.... We have respect for the religious sentiments of all men, whatever we may think of their interpretations. We should be nothing sorry to learn that some of the young Israelites were drawing nearer to Moses. We mean it.

—*Salt Lake Telegraph*, October 11, 1864

In the years before Utah became a state, there was a strong but small Jewish presence in the territory. In the more populated areas of Salt Lake City and Ogden, visiting rabbis and local savants conducted religious services in private homes. Even without a synagogue or temple, the community had enough members for a minyan, and they had a strong commitment to revive an old faith in the new frontier. In 1883 the earlier arrivals in Utah—primarily German Jews—created B'nai Israel, the city's Reform congregation. In 1904 the Orthodox congregation Montefiore was established by Russian and Polish Jews who had fled anti-Semitic persecution and the horrific pogroms of Eastern Europe.



1904

"Both my grandfathers were from Eastern Europe," said Utah-born Gail Bernstein Ciacci.

They were peddlers. Grandpa Isaac Steres, my mother's father, had traded fur pelts with the Indians. Later, he opened a grocery store on Ninth South above Third East. Grandpa Joseph Bernstein had been on his way to find gold when he, like so many others, stopped in Salt Lake City. As was the way of the times, Jewish people would seek out other Jewish people for a kosher meal and news. That's when these people told my grandfather that the Gold Rush days were long over. They gave him pencils—or shoelaces—and told him to learn English so he could sell his wares on the corner of First and Main. And that's what he did at first. Over the years, though, he bought a horse and wagon and traveled all over the country selling vegetables and fruits. If he went too far, he'd stay with people overnight—but he would always be back home in time for Shabbes [the Sabbath]. He always made it home on time.

When my father, Abe, was a young boy, he was given a wagon too. And he'd go along. They worked hard and long hours; and they had to, because in those days it took hours to go even a short distance with a horse and buggy. Everybody in the family worked hard—especially the women. Grandma Gussie Bernstein, who not only placed doilies on every piece of furniture in the house but had a reputation for being an excellent cook, kept a fruhm kosher kitchen and took in Jewish boarders. She was an educated Jew who

wrote letters in Yiddish to family and friends throughout the United States. She was president of the Talmud Torah, a women's club at Congregation Montefiore. And she was a strict, no-nonsense type of woman with her hair pulled back in a tight bun. Whenever we went to her house, we had to behave.

1911

With the belief that "agriculture will make laborers instead of paupers, bread producers instead of bread beggars"—and with funds from both the Jewish Agricultural and Colonial Association and Jewish individuals—14 Russian-born men, women, and children left the crowded urban cities of the East. They traveled to a southern desert near Gunnison, Utah, to usher a dream into reality: the creation of the farming community of Clarion.



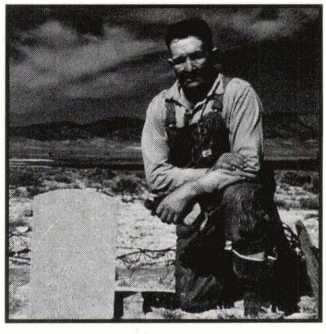
Unaware of Utah farming conditions, the immigrants sought help from Mormon neighbors, Utah State Agricultural College, and Jewish friends in the East and in Salt Lake. "Let us make a go of it," enthused colonist Joseph Furman, "and you'll see the whole people returning to the land." The families worked steadily, and by the fall of 1912 more families had moved to Clarion, bringing the population to 68.

Hopes were high. Men in Russian workers' caps and peasant blouses could be seen in the fields every day, building towards their future. But Clarion was a difficult if not impossible piece of land to cultivate. One farmer said that the terrain resembled the sides of a "large saucer." Another said that the "raw earth" was bare of trees. Some of the ground was covered with sagebrush, shadscale, and tall, thin grasses; other patches had no vegetation at all.

The farmwork was a communal enterprise, and harvests were shared. But problems never stopped plaguing the colony. The farmers plowed and planted wheat, oats, corn, and alfalfa; they dug irrigation ditches to water the crops, but little or no water was forthcoming. As if that were not enough, the winds were harsh, the mosquitos abundant, and the dust storms almost constant. No matter how diligently the farmers worked, historian Robert Goldberg wrote, "their fate was as uncontrollable as the water, and their circumstances eroding as fast as the soil."

The land took its toll on the women and children, too. They were away from extended families and friends and separated from their traditional Jewish lifestyle. They were strangers in a strange land. And always the colony was in need of money. Simon Bamberger, who later became Utah's only Jewish governor, bought lumber for their homes and outbuildings. Salt Lake City Jewish businessmen like Samuel Newhouse, Henry Cohn, and George Auerbach reached out to help with more funds. The Mormon church aided too by buying bonds.

Yet even with this help and more, the land by its very nature could not be bought. One failed season followed another, and within five years, marginal land, lack of water, harsh climate, isolation, and inexperience sealed Clarion's destiny. Life became difficult, colonist Abe Wreck said; "Many of us no longer had any flour to bake bread." By 1916 the colonization of Clarion had ended. But the legacy of their work still endures, and the West beckons ever more.



1939

In 1939, Nazi troops invaded Poland, and Michael Shaf, now a Salt Lake City pediatrician, was caught in the roundup of the Jews. He will never forget what he lived through. As he speaks, he lives through it again. Weeks after World War II began, German tanks and bombers brought Poland to its knees. When they occupied his hometown of Bedzin, the Germans locked hundreds of Jews inside the synagogue and set it afire, burning them to death. At age 12, Michael watched his grandparents herded into a railcar. A year later, he was picked up in a raid by SS troops and sent into five years of forced labor.

Michael says that he owes his life to a German civilian engineer.

Almost every day, this man—who wore a Nazi Party pin on his lapel—would smuggle food to me. He never looked

at me, but every day he would approach me, look around to make sure no one could see him, and drop a sandwich behind the barbed wire fence where I was standing. We never exchanged a word. We were never allowed to. I don't know what would have happened to him had he been caught. He took a risk. A great risk. And he did this every day. This man—whose name I didn't even know—saved my life.

1999

Reform congregation Brith Sholem opened its doors in Ogden in 1921. Currently, it is Utah's oldest continuously operating congregation. In 1972, the two Salt Lake congregations merged to form Congregation Kol Ami ("All of My People"). Adding to Utah's diversity are the Orthodox Chabad Lubavitch synagogue, Bais Menachem, and the reconstructionist movement, Chavurah B'Yachad.

Judaism flows not in the shadows of any other religion but in the hearts, minds, lifestyles, services, and attitudes of its believers. For poet and professor Jacqueline Osherow, living a Jewish life in Utah is an ideal life. "There aren't a thousand of you here, so if you want something done as a Jew, you have to do it. And you have to participate, because if you don't, things won't happen."

Raised in a traditionally Conservative home in Philadelphia, as a child Osherow did not ride anywhere on Saturdays. Nor did she write. She did play Scrabble and kept score by turning the pages of a book: "If you had 40 points and you got another 20, you'd turn to page 60," she explained. Today, her children lead a similar life. "The Jewish calendar defines our life. Judaism defines our week. It defines my year. It defines how our children are raised. It defines our plans. And it seems to fit within my writing."

And what has been the impact of Utah upon Judaism? "Living here near the mountains, the canyons, and the national parks, you can see how closely related nature and Judaism really are," Osherow remarked.

> Utah has made me understand the incredible thrill of living in such a physically beautiful world. And I think it's very likely because I live in Utah that I started going to synagogue every week and getting so involved in the Jewish community. I want my kids to know who they are, and I want them to appreciate and live that life. A Jewish life.

In the tapestry of Jewish life in Utah, the many celebrations and holidays remind us of its richness in tradition. The joyful winter celebration of Chanukah and its festival of lights that brighten up the Jewish home is an expression that faith in God and a belief in liberty can triumph against tyrannical forces. Then there are the spirited festivities of Purim, which commemorates the deliverance of the Jews of Persia from destruction. The festival of Passover, celebrated as "the reason of our freedom" from slavery. The springtime festival of Shavuot, which celebrates the giving of the Torah to the Jewish people. And more....

As for our family, in the winter of 1980—in keeping with our personal belief in nature and Judaism—the orphan tree was propped up outdoors in a snowbank left of the front-room window. It stood there, elaborately covered with peanut-butter-and-rolled-wild-birdseed pinecones, compliments of Adam.

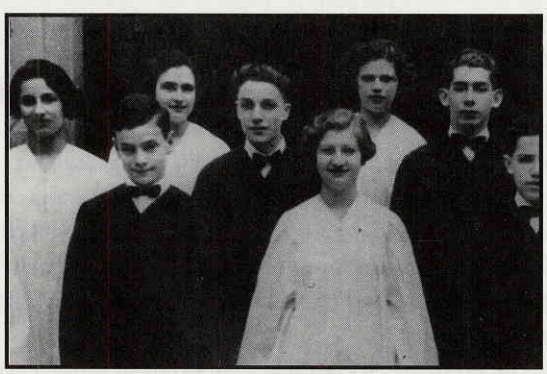
Eileen Hallet Stone is the director of Common Ground Productions. She is also co-author of *Missing Stories: An Oral History of Ethnic and Minority Groups in Utah. Utah Jews of the American West*, film and book, is her current project.

Sources

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Robert Alan Goldberg, *Back to the Soil: The Jewish Farmers of Clarion, Utah, and Their World* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1986).

Photos

p. 32 Solomon Carvalho **p. 33** Auerbach brothers' Main Street store, SLC; B'nai Israel Temple at 249 South 400 East, SLC (Robert C. McCrea photo) **p. 34** House at Clarion; Bert Jensen at Clarion cemetery, 1966 (Everett Cooley photos) **Below:** Members of Montefiore congregation; left to right: Francis Slater, Howard Marcus, Marjorie Segal, Harold Grossman, Josephine Clark, Marjorie Newman, Harold Glaser, Robert Schubach.



KEEPING UP RELATIONS
a tongan wedding

by hal cannon



THE BRIDE-TO-BE LOOKED painfully nervous as she was ushered to a platform shaded by a Polynesian barkcloth canopy. Escorted by older women who were clowning outrageously, the bride was at least somewhat distracted from her discomfort.

A half dozen pigs lay on the ground, cloven hooves pointing upward. Four hundred round brown faces watched as the groom and bride sat on cousins' laps from their mothers' sides of the family. This is called *huki ange*, a human seat.

It seemed as if I had been transplanted to Tonga, yet I knew I was in the backyard of one of the endless middle class homes in Salt Lake City's west side. I first had to remember that I was a *palingi*—white—a guest at the pre-wedding Kava ceremony as a folklorist, as director of a video-taking crew, and as a state official. I then got my bearings by looking out to the street, where curious neighbors gawked.

After the resonant bellies of the pigs were slapped, accompanied by Tongan praise for the fineness of these gifts to the bride's family, the rare kava root, flown from Tonga, was pulverized by two women who ceremoniously added water to the potent tea. After being strained, it was respectfully served to the elders of the family.

Muli Kinikini sat cross-legged on a mat. When he spoke, all hushed as the great punake—master composer, poet, and choreographer—recited an impromptu poem commemorating the marriage of his eldest granddaughter. Then the women served a feast of pit-roasted pork and chicken, corned beef and spinach, boiled bananas, taro, squash, fruit, and cakes.

The contrasts were clear. Super-sized hinged styrofoam containers held giant portions of Tongan culinary delights; a Tongan media wizard videotaped the ancient kava ceremony. But the crowning contrast came after dinner with the introduction of the hired entertainment. The Deroe Sisters, five blondes age seven to fifteen, discoed on the stage in Osmondian style. They were exuberant pros who broke the ice by pulling two stately elders from the audience and seating them facing the crowd. The pre-taped instrumental back-up began. A sister sat herself on the knee of each of the powerful, dignified Tongans, running her fingers through luxurious black Polynesian hair and singing, "He's So Cute."

I turned to the crowd, expecting mutiny, but instead the congregation erupted into high hilarity. I suddenly realized something: The contrasts were in my mind only. I had learned an important lesson. My neighbors, the Tongans, live in the twentieth century with me. They make use of and contribute to the fast-paced American way, yet they base their lives on deeply held values in the Tongan tradition.

I began to understand the fuller meaning of the Tongan words *Ko e Tauhi Vaha'a*—"keeping up relations." It was obvious that the Tongans put great value on supporting relatives. How else had they grown in Salt Lake City's population from a handful in the 1950s to more than 10,000 (according to community leaders) today? It was through families, scraping together all their resources, bringing relatives to America and housing them until they got going. The scenario has repeated itself time and time again.

An example of this heightened sense of relations was evident in the Kinikini wedding in Salt Lake City. Petiola Kinikini had had several suitors, but none was satisfactory to her grandfather. When

Filikisi Hafoka came calling, Petiola showed little interest. Her grandfather, however, decided that the match was good. If any single controversy could disrupt a family, it would be over the modern view that marriage is a personal decision of a couple versus the traditional view that the family dictates marriage. In this case, tradition prevailed, and Petiola learned to love her chosen mate.

When the wedding date was set, Muli Kinikini, the elder of the family, gathered his children together and asked each of his sons to contribute $500 for the wedding. His five daughters were instructed to provide mats, tapa, and entertainment. It was not only to be a special wedding for the eldest granddaughter, but it was also a celebration of tradition prevailing over the modern world pressures. For an uncle of the bride working two fulltime minimum-wage jobs, to contribute a $700 wedding cake was a phenomenal sacrifice. What other reason besides "keeping up relations" could there be for staking so much money on a single wedding?



As the wedding celebration proceeded the next day, the significance of the event became clear. The bride appeared in a full-length white wedding gown replete with veil. There stood the same dignified beauty that the day before had been wrapped in mats and coated with coconut oil at the Kava ceremony. After being married in the Salt Lake LDS temple, she now danced easily to popular Polynesian music. And as she danced she was showered with money by a thousand Tongans who had come to the reception feast at the LDS Cannon Stake building. Family members gathered thousands of dollars off the floor thrown to the bride and groom, starting them out in their new life together.

The couple would now enter the Tongan reciprocal economic system. In other words, much of the money earned by Tongans stays loosely within the Tongan community. It is passed around a good deal, just as crafts and food are exchanged freely in the islands, symbolizing an unselfish wealth in a country where there is no cash economy to speak of. This extraordinary emphasis on giving creates bonds within family and community, bonds that heighten the spirit of cooperation and good faith to a level unheard-of in mainstream American culture.

The idea of "keeping up relations" goes far beyond the Tongan community and family. Tongans are very concerned about their relations in a new land. They are extremely conscious of being devout to their religion, whether it be Mormon, Methodist, or Catholic. And Tongan leaders ponder ways in which American education can better be embraced by families whose full energies are drained just trying to make a living.

There is great optimism in the community. Tongans feel they are new enough to America that the destructive patterns and stereotypes that plague other minorities might be avoided. Tongans also feel that they are invincible. They like to do everything to the fullest. This very attitude breeds misunderstandings at times between Tongans and their neighbors. But through understanding of the mind and through empathy of the heart, people learn to live together.



In one wedding, the heart of the Tongan people living in a new land can be felt. It is a heart that extends from the love of two people through a community, a religion, and a nation. It is a pledge to keep up relations.

Hal Cannon is a folklorist and musician. This article was previously published in the *Deseret News*, December 4, 1983. Photos courtesy of Utah Arts Council. Kava party photos by Hal Cannon; photo of reception (above) by Carol Edison.

Of White Carpet, Reality, & Survival

by
Kristen Rogers

The institution of the family is "as deeply embedded in the historical process as any other institution," write Steven Mintz and Susan Kellogg. "In structure, role, and conception, the American family has changed dramatically over time."

Today's families, then, are built on the past. For instance, adoption has been common in many times and places. A hundred years ago, John Wesley Powell described the practice among among hunter-gatherer groups: when a clan captured an enemy, he said, a clan woman could choose to step forward and adopt the outsider. If she did, this former enemy became a child in the clan—kin—with all the rights of a biological child.

The currents of the past have converged into the present, a far different time than that of the hunter-gatherers. But Utah families are still creating new kinships by welcoming strangers into their circles. Here's how one parent—at this moment in time—is becoming a force in the "historical process" through her response to the realities and needs of today.

One day Suzanne Stott ran into a friend at the supermarket. The friend asked how she was doing. It happened that Suzanne had just spent a night with the police while gang members stalked her son, talking on cell phones about how they were going to kill him. As she feared for her son's life, she became acutely aware of evil in the world and what it is like to be terrified in the night, here in America. She replied to her friend, "Well, I'm surviving." The other woman then launched into a tirade about her own worst problem: a stain on her white carpet.

Obviously, the two women live in different worlds. Suzanne and her family *are* surviving in their reality, but it is often very hard. Suzanne, who is of European descent, has gathered children of Korean, African American, Mexican, and Somalian descent into her home. She is raising and supporting them alone. She must work at creating this family every single day.

Biological families usually have a kind of automatic bonding. The children all share genes, resemble each other, visit the same grandma together, and so on. But the Stott children, among them, have at least 37 siblings they are not living with. They have 22 different birth parents. And, since they were adopted as older children, they had very different experiences before they became Stotts. Naturally, they think a lot about their birth families. They worry about their own identities.

> "Where once I thought about Harvard scholarships, now it's 'Please don't let them get shot.'"

In addition, many of the children were born drug-impaired or with disabilities. Lily, age 14, has cerebral palsy and the mental age of a three-year-old. Some of the children—a foster daughter who lived through famine and violence in Somalia, for instance—have chosen gang life. And the family must always deal with the racism around it.

Although not all of the children are struggling, the family definitely faces challenges. Still, Suzanne is fiercely committed to her kin. "As long as we're laughing a lot and have spontaneous moments when we 'rap' together," she says, "it's okay, because there's a feeling in the home that we're growing."

"We're *family*," she reminds her children every day. "We'll always be there for each other. We're going to make it together."

The challenge of keeping this family together has required Suzanne to adapt, to step into a reality she had never imagined. "Survival to me is to just hang in there," she says. "I have lowered my expectations. Where once I thought about Harvard scholarships and study abroad, now it's 'Please don't let them get shot' and 'Please let them get off drugs.'"

The biggest survival issue in Suzanne's mind is a basic one: She worries that her children won't be able to make a living. "It's such a different world now; it takes so much more to basically survive, especially when my drug-impaired kids don't do as well in school." She herself must work constantly to

support the family; she is a social worker, and she helps other parents adopt hard-to-place older or disabled children.

The Stotts live in a compound in the heart of middle-class Salt Lake City. Here, a polygamous family—one man, his wives, and 57 children—once secluded itself in the houses surrounding a courtyard. That was the past. In the present, the compound has become a diverse yet strongly connected neighborhood. Next door to the Stotts lives a family of Cambodian immigrants who barely speak English; in another part of the compound lives a group of gay men. In the other houses live an orthodox Jewish family and a vegetarian family of Mormons.

"We're family. We're going to make it together."

This group functions as a kind of extended family—a clan. They borrow from each other, tend pets, keep keys to each other's houses, step in to help in times of crisis. "My Cambodian neighbor mows my lawn," Suzanne says. "And I help them with legal things and other details. We go to the bar mitzvahs of our Jewish neighbors; they come to our events. When my daughter wiped out my bank account once, a neighbor brought over groceries to last a month. The gays are very protective of all the children, especially my retarded daughter. It's all for one and one for all."

Suzanne has tried to immerse her children in their own cultures, and it helps to have a supportive and culturally diverse neighborhood. Still, she must constantly be aware of racism, and she must stand up for her children when they encounter prejudice, which is every day. Her black children are always thinking about their race; they know that whenever they step outside they will be judged for the color of their skin.

"We're a family of color," Suzanne says. "It's never far from my mind what kind of a world my kids are going to live in, and I'm just hoping that it will be better." She's been hoping and working for a better world for a long time. During the '60s, she worked for the civil rights movement, and she once met Martin Luther King. For her workshops she puts a banner on the compound wall with a quote by King that expresses this hope: "I believe that unarmed truth and unconditional love will have the final word in reality."

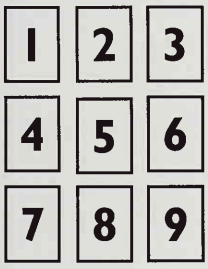
The final word in the Stott reality is not in yet. But progress is coming, in small but significant increments. A foster daughter is no longer kicking holes in the wall; now as she kisses Suzanne goodnight she says, "I love you." A son released from jail mulled over his next options—live with the friends who had got him on drugs? go to Seattle and be with his birth family?—then decided that the only place he wanted to be was *home*. A 17-year-old son whose adoption was recently finalized has gone from being on court probation to being a decent student and football player at East High. Suzanne compliments the children on every small step forward. She tells them she's proud of them. She reminds them, "We're seeing this through together."

An important measuring stick in this diverse and sometimes-clashing family is Lily, the daughter with cerebral palsy. As difficult as her care is, the rest of the children love her greatly. There has never been the slightest question that, when Suzanne is no longer able to care for Lily, all of the children will gladly take turns.

The family is, indeed, surviving.

Kristen Rogers is the editor of *Beehive History*. Sources: Steven Mintz and Susan Kellogg, *Domestic Revolutions* (NY: Free Press, 1988), xiv; John Wesley Powell, "On Primitive Institutions," an address, 1896, pamphlet in USHS collections; Suzanne Stott interview, August 30, 1999.

on the cover:



1 Sunnyside coal camp boss Nakagi and his family
2 William James and his uncle Sylvester Perkins, standing
3 Navajo couple, 1936
4 18-year-old Lebanese John Attey and his bride, 15-year-old Sarah George, SLC 1909
5 Bennet, Leah, and Gabriel Mangone in Castle Gate c. 1920
6 Migrant workers harvesting crops
7 James Thompson family, Elsinore, Utah 1904; George Edward Anderson photo
8 Unidentified Utah family
9 Two women and a child, 1902; Elfie Huntington photo



Round Dance, by Maynard Dixon, 1931. Courtesy of Museum of Art, Brigham Young University. All rights reserved.

For further exploration:

This issue of *Beehive History* has been partly funded by a grant from the Utah Humanities Council (UHC). UHC offers to all Utahns many excellent resources on the issues of family and cultural diversity. These resources include dozens of speakers, videos, and books.

Some recommended books (available through loan from UHC or from libraries and bookstores):

40 Ways to Raise a Non-Racist Child, by Barbara Mathias and Mary Ann French—a practical guide.

Nobody's Son, by Luis Alberto Urrea—winner of the National Book Award, the story of a half-Mexican, half-Anglo boy who is not white enough for his mother nor brown enough for his father.

The War against Parents: What We Can Do for America's Beleaguered Moms and Dads, by Sylvia Anne Hewlett and Cornel West—a critique of the social, economic, and political forces that undermine parenting in America.

"Our Nation's Kids: Is Something Wrong?" and "The Troubled American Family: Which Way Out of the Storm?"—booklets that describe issues of family and child-rearing in contemporary America.

Some of the videos available from UHC:

Skin Deep—real, often painful confrontations between diverse college students exploring their racial mistrust.

Not in Our Town—award-winning documentary about a community working to prevent hate crimes.

Listening to Children: A Moral Journey with Robert Coles—insights into the moral questions facing our children.

The Utah Humanities Council can also provide speakers and discussions on family issues, tolerance, diversity in Utah history, and diverse cultures. For more information on UCH's many resources, call (801) 359-9670.

For a teacher's guide to using this issue of *Beehive History* in the classroom, please call the Utah State Historical Society at (801) 533-3542.