

GRANDMA CANNON'S STORY
OF HER ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING
(ANNIE WELLS CANNON)

July 24, 1879 - There was to be held a Sunday School Jubilee in the big Tabernacle and Mother had received tickets to the press seats. She wanted me to go with her. These jubilee events were annual affairs in which thousands of children participated. Because of the extreme hot weather these affairs were held in the forenoon. I dressed with great care, not because I anticipated anything special, but because my mother had given me a new black grenadine dress and brought to me from the East, a lovely black picture hat, a combination of fine braid and black lace. This soft black costume I thought very becoming to my blond complexion. My hair, a bright gold, hung down my back in two heavy braids. My dress had a train (one of my first) and as I stood in front of the long mirror in our parlor and daintily held the skirt of my dress in my right hand showing a few inches of the white lace ruffles of a new cambric petticoat, I was very well satisfied with my appearance. On my hands were long lace mitts. Little did I dream that I had started out that morning to meet my destiny. I was thinking only of myself.

The press seats were in the front of the gallery and as mother and I approached them, the editor of the Deseret News beckoned us to the seat by him. This was Charles W. Penrose, at that time one of the Presidency in the Salt Lake Stake. As I passed him, he suddenly sat down leaving Mother the other side of him and next to me a tall, handsome, fair young man, whom I just casually knew as John Q. Cannon, a reporter on the "Deseret News". Of the program on that occasion, I have no recollection. I only remember we laughed a good deal and made some very uncomplimentary remarks about some of the audience. I suppose Mother went over to see some of the Wells family in the Main Street house, and Mr. Penrose, I lost in the crowd. All I remember is

that this young man and I walked down to our home and he carried my parasol and some way the handle became broken and when he left me at our gate he took the parasol away saying he would have it mended. I did not ask him in, but I knew, of course, he would have to come some-time to return that parasol and I was quite sure it wouldn't be very long. I felt so happy and secure during that jubilee and all the way home that though I did not analyze my feelings I knew that I belonged to him always and forever. Late in the afternoon while I was enter-taining a very brilliant young professor on our front porch, John Q. and his brother, Abram, drove by in a swell outfit driving a very fine horse, and as they passed and politely raised their hats my heart gave a very swift beat. Turning to my friend I said, "Isn't he handsome"? And he answered, "Which one?" The parasol was returned the following evening as good as new and from that time on except for a week when on a fishing trip to the Bear Lake Country, there were few days when we did not see each other. On New Year's Eve we were engaged and on March 17, 1880 we were married.

The courtship was very delightful -- many parties and short trips into the canyons and buggy rides and pleasant evenings witnessing fine plays and operas at the historic Salt Lake Theatre and visiting in the hospitable homes of our mutual friends -- the Youngs, Hoopers, Sharps, Jennings, Spencers, Felts, and Dwyers - all happy in our happiness.

In January at the wedding of one of my brothers my father took me aside in a small room and putting his arms around me said, "Annie, John Q. Cannon came to see me today and asked my consent to your marriage. This has given me more happiness than any of the boys or girls. The son of my friend and associate, Brother George Q. Cannon." Then he kissed me very tenderly and we joined the wedding guests again.

THE WEDDING

March 17, 1880 was bright and clear and all my pretty clothes were placed quite early on the bed in my mother's room. My young sister, Louise, brought in a pair of silk-covered toilet bottles filled with cologne and bay rum and a lovely pin cushion covered with blue silk to match. She was a real artist and though the articles long since went out of date on ladies tables, I still after all the years remember her beautiful smile when she presented this work of her own hands to me and how lovely I thought them, and still do. My sister, Emily, came down to dress my hair and she took the long heavy braid and turned it under and fastened it in a bunch of real orange blossoms which had arrived that morning from a Cousin, Col. Louis Granger from San Francisco. We were married at noon in the Endowment House by my father and drove after the ceremony to my sister, Mell's (Mrs. W. W. Woods) who had a wedding breakfast for us. When we later drove down home the house was transformed into a bower of flowers and tables were loaded with wonderful gifts from family and friends. The reception was in the evening and my sister, Emily, was there again to help me dress - this time in my lovely white brocade and lace dress with more orange blossoms which were very rare in that day. In fact, I don't recall any other brides among my friends wearing the real flower before that time. My sister, Mellie, had taken great pains in overseeing the selection and making of my wedding outfit and I think in looking back that everyone seemed so happy. John Q. gave me a necklace of gold beads with a beautiful pendant, but I wore only the flowers. During the evening a light snow fell and when we went out to the carriage to go to our new home the ground was white with snow, but the sky was clear and the stars were very bright.