

## PASSING THOUGHTS

Yes, we went to Calder's Park - the Daughters of the Pioneers and their friends - and it was a great day. Full of present enjoyment and rich in reminiscences.

A right loyal little band are the daughters, and they love to recall the great work of their fathers and mothers in building up this Western empire. They love to honor those, who yet are with us, who made that memorable journey across the plains and who toiled in the early days as only pioneers can toil, whether men or women, in the breaking up of new soil, the early planting and building, the making their own soap, candles, rush lights, clothing, the living in log cabins with mud roofs, the very fighting with the elements for a mere existence, and yet who never complained, but with prayer and song praised the great Giver and with cheerful hearts still toiled bravely on; to honor those, who are left, and the memory of those gone before. The Daughters of the Pioneers exist in an organized way, and sometimes have occasions rich in reminiscent expression. Such was the day at Calder's. The girls appeared in old-fashioned costumes, some of them in dresses their mothers wore, others copied from old miniatures with old-fashioned laces and jewelry for decoration, and they looked perfect pictures of the long ago. It did not seem long, though in fact it was more than two hours we stood listening to the dear old hymns of "Babylon O Babylon We Bid thee Farewell," "Hard Times Come Again No More," and "Come Come Ye Saints" sung by some of the sweetest of Zion's singers; and the stories of "How One Woman Crossed The Plains," "Early Industries," "Pioneer Education," "Early Theatricals" as told by President Smith, Governor Cutler, Bishop Whitney and Miss Adams. 'Twas all so good, so true, and brought to our minds so many memories of the past. And what a setting - a perfect day at Calder's Park. You know any amount of money doesn't change Calder's much. It still lies at the foot of the Wasatch Hills. The same cool, dangerous spring feeds the lakes where we love to boat ride, and the same old apple trees are there, which afforded us shelter twenty years ago. Modern amusements, of course, make some changes - we dance the two-step now in a pavilion, where once we danced the schottische in a bowery. The boys play baseball on a chalked diamond, where town ball across a line was the old form. The girls play basketball and tennis where Copenhagen and croquet used to reign, and our hearts go in our mouths, and we close our eyes and stop breathing, while the young folks dash into the water down a shoot the chute, while the old-fashioned swing or moonlight boat ride used to be sufficiently exciting. But it's still the same old place, where for over thirty years the schools and Sunday Schools have held excursions, and the dancing and the picnic and the boat rides and the meeting of friends brings the past into the present, and though time has streaked our hair with gray and our faces lines, our hearts seem young when friend meets friend on such a day.

There were tears in many eyes when President Smith related the brave journey of his mother with her family of little children, bereft as they were by the cruel savagery of a mob, of the father and protector, but mingled with the tears was admiration for such undaunted courage. There was smiles and laughter as Bishop Whitney so delightfully related his early school experiences, for many were in the audience, who also recalled Bro. Peck and Dr. Doremus and other pedagogues of the "Village School."

Much interest was felt in the early attempts at home manufacture, as told by Governor Cutler, and many smacked their lips at the remembrance of Bro. Goddard's cider.

With great expectation we greeted our old favorite Asenath Adams, waiting for what we knew she could give us, a rare treat of early theatricals; but great, also was our disappointment for the brief mention of our old historic theatre and the men and women who played there, who by the way, some were present: Hiram and Margaret Clawson, Phil Margetts, Nellie Colebrook, and many asked, where is John T. Caine? And David McKenzie gave us a long talk on Patriotism and a promise if "we do right, Utah may yet be a great State." Well, all this is good enough, but quite superfluous to the Daughters of the Pioneers, for it is our very loyalty that has caused us to exist, and our patriotism is beyond a question. So we asked Miss Adams, because we are loyal to her as a Utah woman, to give us personal reminiscences of the early drama in Salt Lake. What a field for a fine talk. The dear old theatre - built long before the railroad - on whose boards the greatest men and women of Thespian Art have trod. Couldn't she remember the wonderful presentations there given of Shakespeare's plays - when John McCullough and Edwin Adams and Paunceforte - (assisted by our own stock company) and she herself, the star, educated in young Utah the taste for the classic drama. How refreshing would have been a description of the presentation of Macbeth when the daughters of President Young and Squire Wells and other "society girls" togged themselves up for witches, and under the training of Professor Careless, sang the original music of that great play; when Brother George Teasdale as Hecate descended from the clouds in a mist of blue gauze, and Phil Margetts, Harry Bowring, and John C. Graham stirred the boiling cauldron as the three witches of Endor. It would doubtless be a pleasant reminder of old times to recall Edwin Adams' finished portrayal of Hamlet, with Nellie Colebrook as Ophelia, or the notable Rip Van Winkle of Joseph Jefferson, not forgetting that later, in company with Mrs. John Drew, we saw him in his great part of Bob Acres to her Mrs. Malaprop, in Sheridan's fine old play "The Rivals."

Would it be out of place to recall "East Lynne" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," where little Edith Clawson first gave promise of histrionic art in the touching part of Eva; and "The Octoroon," where John T. Caine's Indian, David McKenzie's McClosky and the Yankee of John C. Graham, were so well portrayed as never to be forgotten.

A little reminder of the old "Green Room," where actors and actresses meet in a social way between the acts. How many scenes of personal encounter its walls could tell of, if only walls had tongues as well as ears.

In every profession there are ups and downs, and the theatrical doubtless has more of these, especially the "downs" than any other. No one escapes it, and it once happened when Miss Adams herself felt especially down. In Salt Lake a fine presentation of the "Two Orphans" was given for her benefit by some amateur talent. It was then that Keetie Heywood, Orson Whitney, John Spencer, H. M. Wells, Lottie Claridge and other young people came to the front in her support, and out of this presentation probably grew that delightful company known as the "Home Dramatic Club." Well, these are just two or three out of the hundreds of reminiscences we might have

heard of early theatricals.

Memory takes me back and I well remember as a little girl, sitting entranced with Miss Adams' sweet voice and graceful acting. The old theatre is the same, and even now it is the best playhouse in the West, and we wish she had not forgotten.

--Annie Wells Cannon

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