THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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March 8, 1979

President Bruce Hafen
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Dear President:

Here is a copy of the talk that I gave. You said you'd like to have a copy of the remarks that related to Thomas E. Ricks, and you'll find that on pages 2-5.

Sincerely,

Leonard

Leonard J. Arrington
Director, History Division

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EARLY IDAHO PERSONALITIES

By Leonard J. Arrington

(Paper given at the Annual Banquet of the Idaho State Historical Society, held at Rexburg, Idaho, March 3, 1979)

As a native of Idaho, as a graduate of the University of Idaho, and as part-owner of a family farming corporation still operating in Twin Falls County, I should like to express the pleasure I feel in being invited to participate in this Idaho State Historical Society program. I am particularly grateful for the opportunity of paying my respects to the nationally respected director of the Idaho State Historical Society, Arthur Hart; to Sam Beal, dean of Idaho's historians; and to Larry and Colleen Coates of the History Department at Ricks College, who have so graciously entertained me.

Let me begin by characterizing Idaho's pioneers, in general, as being good frontiersmen and frontierswomen; resourceful organizers and enterprisers; exhibiting, both the men and the women, unbelievable physical strength and endurance in the face of danger; and possessing, to the researcher's delight, an exquisite sense of humor. Through the outlet of humor the contradictions and frustrations of frontier life surfaced and were relieved in a socially healthy manner. They have possessed a distinctive independence of spirit and resourcefulness; they have demonstrated that frontier societies are capable of leadership and creativity, on both an individual and a collective basis.

Let me illustrate this characterization with specific personalities in Idaho's history. I have tried to be representative and have chosen, as primary personalities, one from the Rexburg area, one from Bear Lake, one from Driggs, and one from the area around Rupert.

Let me begin, then, with one of Idaho's great colonizers, Thomas E. Ricks.[1] Born in southwestern Kentucky, near the Tennessee border, Ricks was one of the farming family of eight children. The Ricks family, members of which had long been Quakers, had settled Virginia, then North Carolina, then Kentucky, and finally southern Illinois. When Thomas E. was sixteen, that is, in 1844, he was thrown from a horse and broke a thigh. Considering the state of frontier medicine, this accident, after healing, caused one of his legs to be much shorter than the other, thus making him a partial cripple for the rest of his life. Nevertheless, this did not stop his pioneering activity. A year later, the family having been converted to Mormonism, the Rickses moved to the Mormon central settlement of Nauvoo, Illinois, arriving just in time to help complete the Nauvoo Temple, and then lend their wagons and teams to the exodus of the Mormons from that tragic city. Thomas, who was seventeen at the time of the exodus in 1846, assisted the family of General Charles C. Rich in crossing Iowa, and assisted his father and

mother in preparing for a western journey at Winter Quarters, Nebraska. In making the trek across the Great Plains in 1848, the party ran into a group of Indians who had stolen four of their oxen. In the resulting skirmish, Thomas was shot three times. Left for dead by the Indians, he was later carried to camp, during which process they had to float him across the Elkhorn River in a buffalo robe. The camp doctor found it impossible to remove the three slugs and said Ricks would not live another day. But to the surprise of all, as a bed patient in one of the wagons, he continued to mend, and was able to leave the bed well before his family completed the journey to the Salt Lake Valley in the fall of 1848. The Ricks' settled at Centerville and later at Farmington, both north of Salt Lake City. There Thomas's father started a sawmill and tannery and engaged in farming and ranching.

Despite his leg problem, young Thomas E. was a frontiersman that Brigham Young could depend upon. In the year after his arrival, Thomas E. was called to go with an eight-ox team to Independence Rock, Wyoming, to assist a company of emigrants coming to the Salt Lake Valley. Arriving back in Salt Lake after about two months on the trail, he was called to go on an exploring expedition to southern Utah. He went as far south as the present location of St. George, Utah, and returned in the spring of 1850. He married Tabitha Hendricks in 1852. Four years later, in April 1856, he was called to go with others to Las Vegas Springs, Nevada, where he remained six months, helping build a fort and opening up farms for Indian missionaries and a group mining and smelting lead. This enterprise was not entirely successful, principally because the lead was too rich in silver. The bullets they made were so rich in silver that Indians and overlanders passing through the region started the legend that

the Mormons used silver bullets. And as legend begat legend, we get the origin of a Lone Ranger motif in western fiction.

Upon Ricks's return to Centerville in the fall of 1856 with a load of lead for making bullets, he was asked to join a group sent from Salt Lake to rescue the snowbound Martin Handcart Company at Independence Rock, Wyoming. They provided food, clothing, and assistance to the beleaguered immigrants and returned to the Salt Lake Valley the last of November. In March 1858 he was called to the Salmon River Mission, at Lemhi, Idaho, to rescue the Mormon colonists who were under attack by Indians, probably Snakes. Upon his return to Utah, young Ricks, now thirty and with a family of three, found the Mormons all headed south as a result of the approach of the Utah Expedition of Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston. Ricks joined his family and went to Strawberry Creek, near present-day Nephi, Utah.

In the spring of 1859, a few months after their return to Centerville, Thomas E. joined his father's family and moved to Cache Valley. In Logan he served as sheriff in the 1860s and assessor and tax collector in the 1870s. He was also a colonel in the militia, member of the High Council, and captain of a company which crossed the plains in 1863 to pick up immigrants at Council Bluffs, Iowa. He filled a similar mission in 1866. In 1869, after the completion of the transcontinental railroad, he filled a six-months proselyting mission to Ohio, Illinois, and Kentucky. Within another year he was in charge of a group which constructed the grade for the Utah Northern Railroad from Ogden to Franklin, Idaho, in 1871-74. He then served as contractor with W. D. Hendricks, his father-in-law, to grade the line from Franklin to Butte, Montana. Their work was completed to Blackfoot in 1878, to Monida, near present-day Spencer, by

1879, and to Butte by Christmas Day, 1880. In 1881 he was busy as a contractor of grading for the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Having spent about five years in the Upper Snake River Valley region, Thomas E. was called by Mormon authorities in December 1882 to lead a colony in the settlement of the Upper Snake River Valley. Arriving in February 1883, Ricks supervised laying out Rexburg and some fourteen other settlements in present-day Fremont and Bingham counties. Assisted by others, he built the first gristmill and sawmill in the Upper Snake River Valley, the first ferry across the north fork of the Snake River, the first mercantile store, and several fine homes. He was appointed first Mormon bishop in that region, in what was at first called Bannock Ward, and was the first president of Bannock Stake, organized in 1884. The stake was renamed Fremont Stake in 1898. Ricks was appointed by the governor of Idaho to be Idaho delegate to the National Irrigation Congress in the 1890s. He was also chairman of the board of the Idaho Mental Hospital. And, of course, everyone here is aware that the town of Rexburg and Ricks College were both named for him.

After serving as a proselyting missionary in England for two years, Ricks died in 1901 at the age of 73. Characterized as "apparently harsh and unfeeling at times," as perhaps befitted a strong colonizer, he was also regarded as being very generous with his means. Indeed, he was so generous in giving goods out of his store to the early settlers that the store ultimately failed and was turned over to his creditors. Unquestionably, this dedicated man was one of the great colonizers in the history of Idaho.

Let me mention just two other colonizers. The first was a native of North Carolina, born the same year as Thomas E. Ricks, whose name was Green Flake. A black Mormon who was one of the first three Latter-day Saints to enter the Salt Lake Valley in 1847, Flake later migrated to the Gray's Lake area near the present Palisades Dam, where he pioneered in dry farming techniques. He was one of the first black landowners in Idaho. The second was the Shoshone, Timbimboo, who lived at Washakie on the southern border of Idaho and who guided the Shoshone settlers in the pursuance of livestock and crop economy. Many outstanding leaders, both ecclesiastical and political, have come out of Washakie.

We next come to a frontier politician and humorist from the Bear Lake country, Joseph Rich.[2] Born in Nauvoo, Illinois, and reared during the first decade of Mormon settlement in the West, Joseph Rich learned to survey at the age of fourteen in the Mormon settlement of San Bernardino, California. While still in his teens he was called back to Utah to help repel the invasion of the Utah Expedition in 1857-58. At the age of nineteen he was sent as a proselyting missionary to England, where he spent three years. Back in America, he went with his father, Apostle Charles C. Rich, to colonize the Bear Lake Country where, at age 23, he was chosen public surveyor. During that first year he was also selected to deliver the first Fourth of July oration, and, to use his own phrase

in subsequent reference to the oration: "The heroes and fathers of the revolution are indebted to me for shedding renown and glory on their questionable act."[3] In the busy years that followed, he led a posse against a band of outlaws and recovered hundreds of horses and cattle stolen from the settlers; kept a store, which furnished the settlers with goods from Salt Lake and sold products of the valley to Montana, Idaho, and Utah; studied law; taught school; was postmaster; operated a telegraph station; served as Bear Lake correspondent to Idaho and Utah newspapers; became a counselor to the priesident of Bear Lake LDS Stake; became a county recorder and treasurer, then county commissioner, later a state senator, finally a district judge. This smiling, joking man was a principal founder of Idaho's Democratic Party. Joe Rich became a legend for his wit and humor, and this quite possibly explains his success at the polls. As an assistant clerk in the Idaho legislature, he caricatured the legislators in a series of newspaper articles that rocked the territory.

Joe's reports to the Deseret News on the goings-on in Bear Lake Valley were always good-humored, making light of their difficulties, as if colonizing that cold, snow-bound region was a comedy. "In Paris," he wrote, "the only articles that are hard to obtain are clothes, provisions and money. The people generally have adopted a fish diet--strictly sucker. But with all of its advantages of health, it's wearing on clothing, as bones come out like measles."[4]

Here's Joe's description of his experience as a storekeeper:

> In our store we gave from forty to sixty cents a pound for butter, making no reductions for the Dutch cheese, flies, and bedbugs; and we shipped it off in pine barrels to the ungodly of Montana at seventy-five cents. Coffee and sugar retailed at from eighty to ninety cents a pound. We sold whiskey at $1.00 per pint; brandy, at $2.00; peach brandy, $2.50; all out of the same barrel but colored with burnt peaches and other incidentals to suit the customers.[5]

The loneliness of the Bear Lake colony made it hungry for laughter and companionship. Young men and boys would ride their horses to the store and loiter long after closing time to hear Joe's comments on the state of the world. People still talk about his revelatory egg prank. It seems that Mrs. Clifton had a Plymouth Rock hen, which laid large brown eggs. Joe somehow got hold of some invisible writing fluid and began writing passages of scripture, bits of philosophy, and predictions about the future on the eggs. Then, before the gaping crowd, he put the egg in a solution and brought out the writing before their very eyes. Some observers began to believe they were receiving messages from another world. Finally, Joe's father, Apostle Rich, found it necessary to call a special meeting, where he explained that he had just returned from visiting Brigham Young in Salt Lake City and had been assured that God was still speaking to the prophet. The Lord, said Rich, had not yet resorted to delivering his communications through the hind end of a hen.[6]

One other prank deserves mention. A group of hunters stopped at the Rich home to ask where there was some good sage hen hunting. Joe directed them over some of the roughest, steepest trails. Hours later they returned, tired and irritated, declaring they had not so much as seen a sage hen. "Well," said Joe, "You didn't ask me where the sage hens were. You merely said you wanted to hunt; now if you'll go over on the flat to the south in the tall sagebrush, you'll likely find some hens."[7]

Within four years of the initial settlement, Paris had a thousand persons. Though frosts and grasshoppers were taking their toll, farming, ranching, and dairying were beginning to show permanent growth. In one of his freighting trips to Salt Lake City during the summer, hauling out butter, eggs, and beef and bringing back drygoods, Joe conceived the idea

of making Bear Lake the most talked-of section of the region.

> The Indians have a tradition [he wrote to the Deseret News] concerning a strange, serpent-like creature inhabiting the waters of Bear Lake, which they say carried off some of their braves many moons ago. Since then, they will not sleep close to the lake. Neither will they swim in it, nor let their squaws and papooses bathe in it.
>
> Now, it seems, this water devil, as the Indians called it, has again made an appearance. A number of our white settlers declare they have seen it with their own eyes. This Bear Lake Monster, they now call it, is causing a great deal of excitement up here. S. M. Johnson at South Eden was riding along near the lake the other day when he saw something a number of yards out in the lake which he thought was the body of a man. He waited for the waves to wash it in, but to his surprise, found the water washed over it without causing it to move. Then he saw it had a head and neck like some strange animal. On each side of the head were ears or bunches the size of a pint cup. He concluded the body must be touching the bottom of the lake. By this time, however, Johnson seems to have been leaving the place so rapidly he failed to observe other details.
>
> The next day, three women and a man saw a monstrous animal in the lake near the same place; but this time it was swimming at an incredible speed. According to their statement, it was moving faster than a horse could run.
>
> On Sunday last [he continued] N. C. Davis and Allen Davis of St. Charles; Thomas Sleight and James Collings of Paris, with six women were returning from Fish Haven when about midway from the latter place to St. Charles, their attention was suddenly attracted to a peculiar motion of waves on the water about three miles distant. The lake was not rough, only a little disturbed by the wind. Mr. Sleight says he distinctly saw the sides of a very large animal that he would suppose to be not less than 90 feet in length. Mr. Davis doesn't think he saw any part of the body, but is positive it must not have been less than forty feet in length, judging by the waves it rolled up on both sides of it as it swam, and the wave it left in the rear. It was going south, and all agreed it swam with a speed almost incredible to their senses. Mr. Davis says he never saw a locomotive travel faster, and thinks it made a mile a minute. In a few minutes after the discovery of the first, a second followed in its wake, but seemed much smaller, appearing to Mr. Sleight about the size of a horse. A larger one followed this, and so on until four large ones in all and six smaller ones had run southward out of sight. One of the large ones, before disappearing, made a sudden turn to the west a short distance, then back to its former track. At this

After mentioning that Davis and Sleight were prominent men and reliable, Joe then concluded as follows: "Was it fish, flesh, or serpent? Amphibious, amfabulous, or just a big fib?"[8]

The Deseret News reported that the publication of the account created "great excitement," and the News sent out a special correspondent to quiz Bear Lake people about it. Joe then sent a second letter to the News relative to the monster, regretting that a few people didn't believe the story.

> I am sorry they don't believe [the story] because they might come up here some day and through their unbelief be thrown off their guard and be gobbled up by the water devil. There are a few people even here who disbelieve the monster story, but as a general rule these unbelievers have not prospered in what they undertake and their intellects are tottering; they are not considered competent to act even as county commissioners; and no doubt the government will in time withhold from them the blessing of paying federal taxes.

He then went on to say that he had received letters asking the length, breadth, and thickness of the animal. One "feller" in the 19th ward, he wrote, writes that he

> will believe the whole yarn if I will knock off the length and the velocity. I immediately waited on Mr. Sleight, who avers its length is not less than ninety feet. After laboring with him some time, I succeeded in persuading him to knock one third of a foot off its length provided the difference be added to the velocity. The animal now remains exactly eight-nine feet, eight inches, and still growing.

As you surely all know, the story is told to this day, and every year there are reports of observers who think they have seen the monster.

Joe Rich built one of the first brick homes in Bear Lake Valley, and to this home citizens came to pay taxes, lobby for better roads, file mining and homestead claims, seek legal advice, and check the county survey plats. "I have done more business with the residents of this county," he said later, "and have swindled fewer people, than any other man I know of." He was for a period an Indian agent. In that capacity, he said, "I distributed the goods [to the Indians] honestly, except what I gave the widows and ragged children, and a few articles I needed for myself." As a legislator, he said he was the only member who had never introduced a bill to change the county seat or the name of the county. "I am the only lawyer in the county," he said, "who gave reliable information without taking the last cow that made you a candidate for the poorhouse."[9]

In 1882 Joe entered into a law partnership with Willard Crawford, a non-Mormon in Oxford who was district attorney for Ada, Cassia, Oneida, Bear Lake, Owyhee, and Washington counties. Because of his frequent absences from his family, which now consisted of his wife Ann Eliza and six children, there are charming letters which tell us of interesting incidents of life in early Idaho. For instance,

> You ought to have heard me abuse the anti-Mormon party in the courthouse on Friday evening. The house was crowded with all parties; there was grand flow of language, fine oratory, patriotic gestures, two story words with a basement and bay window attached, great applause, and invitations to turkey dinner ever since. You ought to feel proud of your husband. I was the best looking man in the outfit, white shirt, stand-up collar, false teeth set on a smiling slant, face powdered, pants buttoned, and a rosebud in the left hand buttonhole. Just think of it. You might have been born in Ohio and married a republican, and had idiotic children, or been married to a federal judge and been a tramp all your life. You ought to be very grateful to me for all the calamities you have escaped, and of your certainty of hearing people say "There goes the wife of the District Attorney. She owes me six dollars for that dress she is wearing."[10]

"Joe was a boy and always will be," Ann Eliza used to say. "Rich by name and rich by nature." Then she would add, "But rich in purse, never."

In the 1890s he moved to Hot Springs mountain on the northeast edge of Bear Lake, where a spring of hot mineral water gushed up from an underground source. There, in 1894, he built a sailboat, naming it the "Ann Eliza," in which he carried passengers around the lake. "Cast thy bread on the water," he used to say, "and it will come back well buttered."

Or, to take another of Joe's expressions, "If we had some raisins, we could have rice pudding--if we had some rice."[11]

He presided over the Democratic State Convention in 1894, was chosen delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1896, and was among those carried away by the oratory and sentiments of William Jennings Bryan. He ran for the Idaho State Senate in 1896 and was elected. One feature of the campaign was a series of lively debates by two of the best orators in the state--Ben E. Rich, representing the Republicans, and his brother Joe, representing the Democrats. They hurled wit and epithets and poured it on so thick that they were unable to speak to each other for two years after the debate. Later they resumed their warm brotherly relationship by agreeing that "blood is thicker than politics."

Upon winning the election, Joe was chosen president of the Senate. In 1898 he was chosen district judge of Idaho's Fifth District, comprising all of southeastern Idaho, about a third of the state. Beginning at Paris, the most southerly county seat, he went to Malad, thence to Pocatello, then to Blackfoot, Idaho Falls, and as far as Salmon City.

Joseph C. Rich died in 1908 at age 67, leaving a personalized legacy, liberally spiced with instructive and entertaining folklore.

We have talked at some length about some early residents of Idaho. Let me now mention, more briefly, two residents who are more recent but who likewise represent the spirit and enterprise of Idaho's wonderful settlers. One was a midwife, the other a developer. First, then, let me suggest that Mary Ann Mack Swenson exemplified the spunkiness of the women

who, during the Teton flood disaster of our day, helped fill sand bags, provided warm meals, helped to provide housing, and otherwise demonstrated their intrepidity and resourcefulness.[12]

As with many of the early residents of the Upper Snake River Valley, Mary Ann grew up in Cache Valley. As with many others also, her parents were both Scandinavians—both from Denmark. At the age of 17 Mary Ann married Peter Swenson, a Mormon convert from Sweden who was a skilled carpenter. He built Swedish-style homes in Cache Valley and other towns in northern Utah and southern Idaho. In the 1890s Mary Ann and Peter moved to a town in Fremont County originally called Leigh, then Cache, since nearly all the settlers were from Cache Valley. I think it's called Clawson today. At any rate, it's about halfway between Tetonia and Driggs, and is situated under the peaks of the Grand Tetons, just inside the Idaho border from Yellowstone Park. There Mary Ann helped build the house in which they lived, helped with the farm work, looked after the livestock and chickens, provided much of the clothing for the family, and helped teach their children how to read and write. Mary Ann's industry reminds me of one of our neighbor's jokes with his wife. "Stick to your washing, ironing, scrubbing, cleaning, and cooking, honey. No wife of mine is going to work!"

There were no doctors in the Teton Basin so the women's Relief Society arranged for a woman doctor from Salt Lake City, Ellis R. Shipp, to go to the Basin to organize a woman's class in obstetrics. Mary Ann, who had already given birth to ten children by this time, took the class, ultimately receiving a diploma which entitled her to practice midwifery. One night, one of her older children awoke to hear Mary Ann praying. She had delivered a first child to a mother whose condition was serious--much more serious than her young husband realized. Mary Ann was imploring God to help her save this woman--a plea which those present believe was heard.

When Milner Dam was completed in 1905, Peter and Mary Ann moved to Twin Falls where, in addition to his carpentry, Peter became the branch president of the small Twin Falls congregation of Mormons, and Mary Ann became the first president of the women's Relief Society.

Mary Ann's reputation as a nurse, healer, and midwife had preceded her, and she delivered hundreds of babies in southcentral Idaho before her career was through. Two of the babies of my own mother, including me, were delivered by Mary Ann, and my parents paid her the usual charge, which was $5 for the delivery and prenatal and postnatal care. The only time Mary Ann seemed discouraged, she told my mother, was an occasion when she was paid only $6 for delivering the child plus an additional ten days' work in the home. This was when she was supporting her family while her husband was away from home on a proselyting mission for her church. She was sending money to him, as well as caring for her young adolescent children at home. In many ways, even in the way she looked, Mary Ann resembled Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams, our revolutionary patriot and second president. Certainly she had the same independent and intelligent spirit--a marvelous example of the hardihood of Idaho women.

In pondering a final "modern" pioneer to mention, one must choose among many. One thinks of Vardis Fisher, who became one of world's great novelists; Philo Farnsworth, who, while still a sophomore at Rigby High, developed the basic theory incorporated in the development of television; the King Sisters, who attained fame as entertainers; and my own father, who pioneered the buying and baling of hay in the Magic Valley area during the drouth of the late 1930s. Instead, I prefer to mention a person who, though not widely known, probably had more to do with the agricultural development of certain portions of southern Idaho than any other single person. His name is Julion Clawson, and he operated out of Rupert in the years immediately following World War II.[13]

A great-grandson of Brigham Young, "Duke" Clawson, as he was known by family and friends, was expelled by three Salt Lake high schools, worked in

Ely, Nevada, served in the Navy during World War I, and became a salesman for Western Loan and Building Company. From a contact in Wyoming, Clawson learned that the Casper Mutual Building and Loan Company was in trouble and that the directors of the company, anxious to get out of the mess in which they found themselves, were willing to make an arrangement which was profitable to Duke. Forming the Consolidated Building and Loan Company, Clawson made skillful use of Casper Mutual's real estate, instituted a vigorous campaign of sales and collection, and utilized the proffered assistance of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Home Owners' Loan program. Within a few years Casper Mutual was back on a firm footing and Clawson was well paid for his efforts.

Clawson then invested his profits in a sheep ranch at Nounan, in Bear Lake Valley. When this proved less than successful he sold it, in 1946, and invested the money in a large tract of sagebrush land in Minidoka and Lincoln counties, north of Rupert. His initial intention was to begin a dry-farming operation there, but his discovery of nine culinary wells on the property set him to thinking. These shallow wells had been abandoned thirty years earlier by German immigrants from eastern Washington and the Dakotas who had attempted to homestead the land. Intrigued by the possibilities of using underground water for irrigation, Clawson studied geological reports which indicated that there were enormous lakes of water under the vast lava plain of the Snake River--a plain which in itself is about as large as the states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island combined. "They thought I was after oil when I brought drilling equipment here from Oklahoma," Clawson told friends. "They thought I was crazy. They were even more convinced of it when they learned I was drilling for water."

Clawson found abundant water in the three deep twenty-inch wells he had drilled by the summer of 1947. While he continued dry-farming operations, he concentrated on preparations for deep-well irrigation and on the acquisition of more land. He arranged with Idaho Power Company for electricity from Minidoka Dam to supply the needs of large, specially ordered pumps to water more than 3,800 acres of wheat, potatoes, and beans in 1948. His irrigation layout was engineered so as to prevent erosion and undue loss of water through evaporation. By 1948 he had obtained a total of about 20,000 acres of land. Julion Clawson Farms, Inc., operating out of an office in Rupert, leased most of its land to individual farmers on a share-crop basis. These were competent persons, and Clawson provided incentives by giving substantial prizes to those who produced the highest yields.

The first year of Clawson's deep-well irrigation was successful, despite problems which delayed planting and irrigation by a month. The Portneuf silt loam of that area, with the addition of proper fertilizer and water, seemed ideal for the production of potatoes and sugarbeets, which increasingly supplanted grains. And seventy days of uninterrupted pumping brought no drop in the water table. Local farmers were quick to catch on, and it was not long before some 30,000 acres of private land in the vicinity were under pump-based irrigation. The Bureau of Reclamation also drilled test wells on land adjacent to Clawson's property which had long ago been set aside for irrigation but had never been provided the water which had been promised. They confirmed Clawson's contention that the entire area had a fine supply of underground water. Thus, during the 1950s more than 60,000 acres of land administered by the Bureau of Reclamation were opened for homesteading.

This was the effective beginning of pump-based irrigation in the Snake River Valley as far down the river as Nyssa, Oregon, and it consti-

tutes one of the most significant postward changes in Idaho agriculture. Hundreds of thousands of acres of good farm land have been opened up in the years that have followed. While there has been pump-based irrigation elsewhere, particularly in the Imperial Valley in California, it was Clawson's success which generated the action which has done so much to bolster Idaho's agriculture. While he had concentrated on deep wells, the Snake River itself also became an important source of water as enterprisers pumped its water to plateaus high above the river. Clawson's willingness to think big and act fast and his fearlessness in going heavily into debt to take advantage of the best available technology in pumps and springling systems caused him to lead out in setting a pattern of change which was soon followed by many smaller farmers in Snake River Country.

Julion Clawson was killed in an automobile accident in Salt Lake City at the end of 1952. A memorial to his pioneering effort was dedicated in August 1961 at a small park along the road leading to the farming developments for which he had been responsible. At his funeral, Richard L. Evans, who had been a next-door neighbor to the Clawson family as they were growing up, commented: "I can't remember when I didn't know Julion, but this I do know: as far back as I remember him I was always very much aware of him. One could not be unaware of Julion, with his ideas, his energy, his power and his drive, his great personality and all that made him different, as he was." Clawson's physician, who had administered to him for thirty years, added, "I have never met a person who was more dynamic, who was filled with greater energies, who had a greater potentiality." Julion Clawson possessed, in short, the spirit of enterprise that has been so characteristic of Idaho residents.

Let me conclude with a poem by Vardis Fisher, who celebrated these people of heroic fortitude who have brought honor to the state and land we love. This poem, we are told, was written about his father, Joe Fisher, who helped to redeem the formidable southeastern Idaho frontier.[14]

Time built a pioneer and set him down
Upon the grayest waste of Idaho.
He clubbed the desert and he made it grow
In broad and undulating fields of brown.

He laid his might upon it, stripped its frown
Of drought and thistles; till by sweat and glow
He left the aged and barren hills aglow
With color--and its flame was his renown.

He poured his great dream into golden wheat;
Until his gnarled and calloused hands had wrought
A deep and quiet holiness of work.

May all of us, in deep and quiet holiness, work toward a society that is compassionate, righteous, productive, and free, as did those noble pioneers of the state we love.

NOTES

[1]For information on Thomas E. Ricks, see Andrew Jenson, Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia, 4 vols. (Salt Lake City, 1901-36), 1:455-57; 2:70-72; 4:349; Orson F. Whitney, History of Utah, 4 vols. (Salt Lake City, 1892-1904), 4:156-57; also special edition of the Fremont Journal, 30 May 1900; "History of Ricks College," by the Thomas E. Ricks Family Association, 1968, typescript in LDS Church Archives, Salt Lake City.

[2]See especially Ezra Poulsen, Joseph C. Rich--Versatile Pioneer (Salt Lake City, 1958); also Leonard J. Arrington, Charles C. Rich: Mormon General and Western Frontiersman (Provo, Utah, 1974), passim.

[3]This phrase is in a letter which Joseph Rich wrote in 1894 and which is published in a number of contemporary Idaho and Utah newspapers. See Poulsen, Joseph C. Rich, pp. 297-303.

[4]Poulsen, p. 200.

[5]Ibid.

[6]Arrington, Charles C. Rich, p. 314: Poulsen, Joseph C. Rich, p. 201.

[7]Poulsen, p. 332-33.

[8]Deseret News, 27 July 1868. See also Austin E. Fife, "The Bear Lake Monsters," Utah Humanities Review, 2 (Apr. 1948): 99-106. Also Poulsen, pp. 206-18; Salt Lake Herald, 9 July 1871.

[9]Poulsen, pp. 300-302.

[10]Poulsen, p. 270.

[11]Ibid., p. 281.

[12]On Mary Mack Swenson, see Claire Noall, "Mormon Midwives," Utah Historical Quarterly, 10 (1942): 142-44.

[13]Primary sources on the life and agricultural efforts of Julion Clawson include clippings from Minidoka County News and Salt Lake Tribune, and other newspapers collected by Clawson's former secretary, Anona Kunz Clawson, copies in LDS Church Archives; and oral history interviews with Irwin Clawson, Yale Holland, and Rodney Hansen by Richard L. Jensen, James Moyle Oral History Program, Church Archives.

[14]Reprinted in Dorys C. Grover, A Solitary Voice: Vardis Fisher (New York: Revisionist Press, 1973), pp. 52-53.