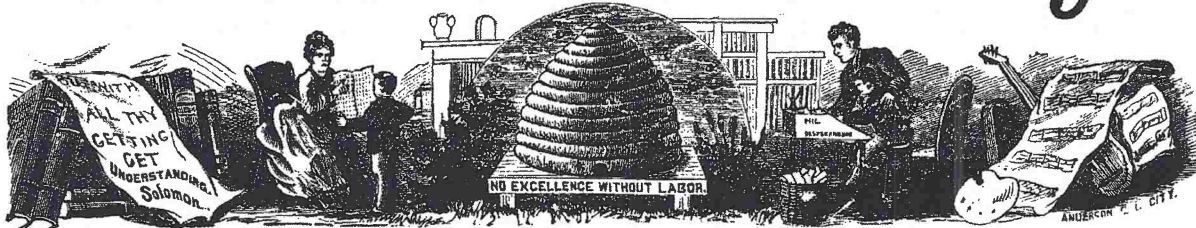


Riverton Yesterdays



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A Monthly Newsletter of Oldtime Stuff about Riverton, Utah

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Stirring Up Old Memories —
with Evelyn, Vivian, and Mike (cont.)

[Note: John McCormick, a historian with Utah State Historical Society, interviewed Evelyn B. Dreyer, Vivian Brown, and Mike Crane on 12 August 1980. This is an edited transcript of that interview. Original interview is in Utah State Historical Society and a copy is in Riverton Historical Society.]

Mike: Burt's drug store was by the show house. Fred Lloyd had the shoe shop in the little wooden building on the side of it. The Crane family had the show house. Erma was a daughter of the Cranes and Burt and Erma run their little drug store on the corner.

Evelyn: They run that and then they put the post office in there for awhile.

Mike: They moved the post office from there across the street to where Butterfield Motor is. Then they tore that old building down.

Evelyn: The depression was hard times. We had a stand and I was working for Uncle Rolly. I was making ten dollars a week. My mother couldn't get on welfare because I was making enough to keep us. We didn't have anything.

Mike: I went to the CCC camp in 1936. They paid you thirty dollars a month. Twenty-five dollars went to your family and the person in CC's got five dollars. I worked in

"You're not a very good driver. We need to send you out of here."

Bountiful. When I first started up in Salt Lake, there was me and Bill Bone and Harry Tarlson and Clark Cushing from Murray. We were all going to be truck drivers. One day we were lining all our trucks up. I backed mine into one and they called me in the office and said, "You're not a very good driver. We need to send you out of here." So I went from Salt Lake up to Bountiful. I first stayed in an old cannery up by where the refinery is now. It was nothing but a house for bed bugs and four CCC kids. They finally moved us out of there. They took all of our clothes from the old cannery and put them in one barracks and fumigated. We went in and found our trunks and we lived up there in a barracks by the old Hawthorne School. My family was still trying to farm a little bit.

My dad went to the mine at Lark in 1934. My dad was doing a little bit of mining at \$2.50 a day. There was a family of seven of us. This whole area went dry. There was no water in this area. They had to dredge back into the lake to try to get enough water down. There wasn't any.

Evelyn: They got a little water in the Big Canal but the others went dry.

Mike: They didn't have water for ten or twelve years.

Evelyn: That's why Aunt Marcel lost her place and Grandpa [Zach Butterfield] lost his up there.

Mike: In the Depression, Uncle George lost all of his water. They couldn't farm because there was no water.

Evelyn: They only owed a couple hundred dollars of taxes, but they didn't have it to pay.

Vivian: Leonard Beckstead got that house down there for two thousand dollars with all the furniture and everything. The people who owned it had a big family. They couldn't pay the taxes. They sold it for two thousand dollars — that was the taxes.

Evelyn: My mother had that café. I don't think she kept running it during the '30s, but we lived in the basement of the place. The old house in back was rented by my mother. Slim Silcox lived in it and then Stella and Royce. A lot of people lived in there and we lived in the basement of the café. I remember when beer first came out.

Mike: Was Bobby Giles your first bar tender?

Evelyn: I don't know. Me and Lofa used to bar tend. We used to sit in the bar and practice slinging the glasses along the bar. We used to sling them to where we could make them stop — everywhere we wanted to — clear down the whole bar.

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Mike: I remember Wally tending bar for your mom.

Evelyn: At first, you had to have it outside. I remember Erik Olsen and those guys sitting out by the old light pole in the middle of winter drinking beer. They'd be there all night — freeze to death completely — and still be drinking beer.

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Mike: You'd work for old Rufus Nell all week and you would probably make four or five dollars. You'd go up and try and get your money and he'd say, "What do you want it for? Where are you going to go?" If you'd go to the show, he said, "Well, the show is fifteen cents and the candy bar is a nickel. I'll give you a quarter and you can go to the show." He gave you a quarter. You had five or six dollars coming for the week.

Evelyn: I grew up when they had Prohibition. They had all those places to go get booze and stuff — home brewed. Once, me and my brother went up to one of the places. I was the third girl in my family, so my sister would say, "Get home you little snot." So I'd go around with my brother. I was a tom boy. He said I could go with them if I wouldn't ball and do that and do what they'd done. He and his buddies went to the bootleg joint. We proceeded to drink beer. We came home drunker than heck! My mother chased my brother and got him and locked him in the house. She couldn't catch me.

Mike: Mrs. Holman made home brew. I was only a kid. I'd go over there and steal an old sitting hen. When I took it back, she'd give us four quarts of home brew. This old sitting hen would go back to the nest. So we'd go back to the nest and get the old sitting hen again and take it back down for four more quarts of brew the next day. Mrs. Holman said, "I think you're bringing that same old hen down there." We'd say, "Oh, we wouldn't do that, Mrs. Holman." She cut off our source. She killed the old hen.

[to be continued]

Making House Calls With Doc Sorenson by Eva May Sorenson Crump

[Note: In 1988, Eva May Crump wrote a biographical sketch of her father, Dr. S. C. B. Sorenson. These are edited excerpts from that biographical sketch.]

He was born Sept. 23, 1881, in Denmark. He came to the United States alone when he was sixteen and by 1902 the rest of his family were in the U.S. They all settled in Manti, but in 1910 his mother and father moved to Salt Lake City.

In 1907, he married Agnes Carlson in the Manti Temple. They stayed in Utah for a number of years where he had employment of various kinds. He worked in a cement factory in Devil's Slide and herded sheep. He had hopes of going to medical school so they moved to Los Angeles. He enrolled in the Pacific Medical

College. He had various jobs to earn money to live on like delivering early morning newspapers and working at night in the train depot hauling freight to and from trains. His wife had several jobs in private homes as a cook. They had two children while he was attending school [Eva May born in 1911 and Toccoy born in 1913]. Vernon was born in Midvale in 1916 and Juanita was born in Cedar Point, Utah, in 1920, on the ranch we had for a few years.

They returned to Utah in 1916 and he set up a practice in Midvale. After a few years they moved to Riverton. That is where he remained until his death in 1975. His wife, Agnes, had died in 1931 at the age of 47. In 1933, he married Ethel MacDonald.

I am sure his many patients over the years he was in Riverton know more about his abilities as a doctor than I did at the time. To me he was just my father. He was always so busy we seldom saw him. It was not until I grew older that I realized what a wonderful, satisfying life he had and what a true gentleman he was. I think he could be described as a dedicated doctor. He was dignified and formal which would scare some people, even his kids at times, but he never raised his voice in anger at anyone. Our mother was friendly and outgoing and a wonderful cook. Everyone liked her and felt comfortable around her. Since we saw her more often than we did our father, we naturally felt more at home with her. However, we knew our father was interested in us and always stressed education — not only to us but everyone else as well. I know of many instances when he helped and encouraged young people to continue their education.

After my mother died, I became better acquainted with my father. Since

I am sure his many patients . . . know more about his abilities as a doctor than I did To me he was just my father.

I was his oldest child, he confided in me and, I think, relied on me somewhat. I used to go with him when he made house calls and I also helped him in his office at times. We used to walk in the evenings. Sometimes we walked around the "big block." It took a while before people driving in cars knew we didn't need a ride.

At times he would tell us stories about happenings in his work — some funny, some sad, and even tragic. He had performed impromptu operations on kitchen tables in remote areas when there wasn't time to get to the hospital. Once when we were still living in Midvale, he was lost in a blizzard in Butler and the police, firemen, and numerous townspeople went out looking for him.

He had quite a good sense of humor and could tell a good story or funny happening. He was a kind man and was truly interested in people's welfare. I remember him pacing the floor at night when he had a serious case. I also remember him bringing home a half-frozen kitten one stormy night and heating milk for it. This surprised us because he always told us we had too many cats and dogs.

He loved good music and we grew up listening to "long-hair" records which to this day is the music I like best. In his later years he used to enjoy listening to recordings of the Tabernacle Choir. He wanted all of his children to realize the value of reading. When I was quite young, he'd pay me ten or fifteen cents to read books he chose. At first, I did it for the money and then I read them for the pleasure I got from it. I will always be grateful to him for introducing me to the reading habit.

Although the practice of medicine was his primary concern, my father was interested in and studied numerous things. He was a great student and made a thorough study of the Bible. When his busy practice permitted, he enjoyed teaching classes in the Riverton Ward. He was often called upon to give lecture classes, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

The only sport I recall that my father was interested in was boxing — the championship ones. He thought that football had no place in a scholastic institution. He tried to become interested in golf, but thought it was a waste of time when he could be reading a book. He enjoyed the times he went fishing with the Hamilton men — not to fish, but to eat the fish they caught. He liked going in the mountains to see the beautiful scenery and also the canyons in Southern Utah and Arizona.

He tried to become interested in golf, but thought it was a waste of time when he could be reading a book.

"In My Growing Up Years" — Don Petersen

[Note: Mel Bashore interviewed Donald B. Petersen on 9 April 1986. This is an edited excerpt from that transcript.]

Don: My grandfather was James Petersen. He homesteaded from 12200 South on the south, down to where the canal is and it went north to 11800 South. It was about a half-mile block. He gave each one of his sons and daughters seven acres from this piece of ground. He had about eleven children. He came over here from Denmark just prior to the completion of the railroad. He worked on that railroad for awhile. He was there when they drove the golden spike. My grandfather went on a mission after he was married. He left all of his family. I couldn't understand my grandfather very well.

Mel: Did he speak with a heavy Danish accent?

Don: Yes. Both he and my grandmother spoke with quite heavy accents. When I was about two years of age, I had the measles and they found I was hard of hearing after that. I was quite at a disadvantage in being able to understand what was said. It was a little

bit difficult experience. I was only six years of age when he was killed. My grandfather was eighty-two years of age and was coming up to the old home. He harnessed up a team of horses and got on this wagon that didn't have any rack on it. It was one of those type that you took the boards out one by one to lift the dirt out. The sides would come off and he didn't have the boards on the sides, but just axles and whatever part of the wagon that the horses drew along. He got up on Redwood Road. It probably hadn't been too long since they'd paved that road. One of the army trucks from Fort Douglas ran into the back of the wagon and knocked him off the wagon and he hit his head on the pavement. It killed him.

My grandfather had an older brother named Ole. He lived

I couldn't understand my grandfather very well. . . . Both he and my grandmother spoke with quite heavy [Danish] accents.

down on the lower road [1300 West]. He had a home down there. I remember that he got blind. I went down there with my father to visit with him once. He had to have a line from the back door of his house to go out into the yard. He'd take ahold of that line and follow it to wherever he wanted to go.

One person, in particular, that I remember best was old Zachariah Butterfield. He lived to be about almost a hundred years old. I'd known him all my life. He was a very favorite person of mine.

A lot of people, even though they weren't related to him, called him Uncle Zach. I always called him Mr. Butterfield.

He lived directly across the street. He was quite popular with the young people of the town. He was always giving pet lambs to some of the boys around. I probably got my share or more of those pet lambs. I had quite a little herd at one time. A lot of people, even though they weren't related to him, called him Uncle Zach. I always called him Mr. Butterfield for some reason. It didn't seem like to me very respectful to call him Zach — for a little boy and a young man. I had so much respect for him. I really loved that man. He was always doing things for people and was always active. He was a lot of fun to be around. He had his sayings and slogans. He always likened everything to his sheep. He always used to say how he knew every sheep personally even though he had thousands of them there. He knew them all because they all have their different looks and their different personalities. I could never tell sheep apart that well. Each one looked like just another sheep to me. There wasn't that much difference.

Mel: Did he keep his sheep over here at his farm all the time?

Don: No. He had a big shed. He had long sheds out there where they brought them for shearing and lambing. During the summer, they would take them out and herd them down Redwood Road. Usually they went north when they were going to their summer pasture. It was up in the hills somewhere. I remember going over there a few times.

[to be continued]

Death Notices

Wanda Crane Henderson (81); wife of LeRoy J. Henderson; parents were Heber L. and Ann Eugenia Skinner Crane; died in Yakima, Washington

Leah Withers Corak (63); wife of John R. Corak; parents were Leland Winter and Violet May Hardcastle Withers; mother of Tracy and Shannon

Letters

Just received the June 2002 newsletter. Very interesting. I remember the church and hall very well. My mother [Mae Bills Glazier] wrote and directed several plays for that town hall. My father [Roy Glazier] was a school bus driver for several years. He used a sleigh in the winter. My husband drove a school bus for Jordan. In fact his brother Gilmer was driving one at the time of the school bus accident.

Rosetta Glazier Hilton, excerpts from 30 July 2002 letter

Notice

In the past few months, many of Riverton's old businesses have been demolished. Although the buildings are gone, memories still live on. On Saturday, 31 August, at 7 PM, we will have "A Look Back at the Old Business District of Riverton" at the Crane House. Those who will be recalling their memories of these old businesses will include: Dorothy Swofford and Noel Page (Jordan Valley Bank/Rol-Save and Hattie's), Anne Denk (drug store), Ted Seal (Seal market and auto dealership), Peterson's Market (Monte Peterson), Delbert Page (Riverton Motor), and Butterfield Motor (Craig Butterfield). Those of you who attended the dome church organ recital last winter know what a wonderful, memory-filled evening that was. Don't miss this!

Next Issue

More "Stirring Up Old Memories" & "In My Growing Up Years"

"More Fun Than Un-fun": Childhood Memories of Ted Seal

**RIVERTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
CRANE HOUSE
1640 W. 13200 S.
RIVERTON, UT 84065**

**“A LOOK BACK AT THE
OLD BUSINESS DISTRICT
OF RIVERTON”**

**Panel discussion at the Crane House.
Saturday, 31 August, 7 PM.**

DON'T MISS IT!