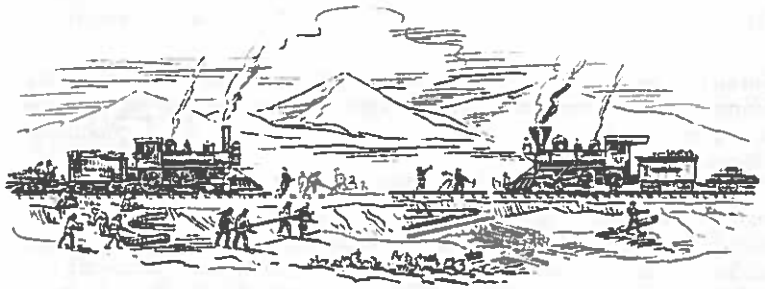
Wong Sing - Ft. Duchesne, Utah



DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS

LESSON FOR APRIL, 1967 *Compiled by* KATE B. CARTER

The Early Chinese of Western United States

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men. —Gal. 610

AMONG the immigrants who played an important role in the growth of the west, perhaps few were harder working but more thoroughly mistreated than were the Chinese. While at first — with their fans, umbrellas, strange hats and long queues — they were looked upon with interest and amity, as they were absorbed into the labor market at unheard-of low wages, they became the objects of hatred that finally resulted in a law prohibiting Chinese immigration.

Actually, the Chinese were latecomers to the American scene. By 1820 only one was reported as residing in the United States, and in the next twenty-eight years only about 90 came. Quoting Egbert S. Oliver: "One became a naturalized citizen of Massachusetts. But the picture in California changed rapidly with the influx of population following the gold discovery. One Chinaman was known to be in California in 1847 and at the end of 1848 seven were known, one of them a woman. . . . But 1849 saw the tide of Chinese immigrants begin to run. *Chum Ming*, a merchant in San Francisco, wrote to a friend, Cheong Yum, a letter which brought results. Once the lines were let up, Chinese came by ship loads. Fifty came in January 1849, and by year's end about 800 Chinese men and two Chinese women were known to be in California. A year later the number was 4,000 men and seven women."

By 1851 it was estimated that 25,000 Chinese were working in California either in the gold fields or in domestic and manual labor, and in one 48-hour period in 1852, "the *Akbar*, *Viceroy*, *Gulnare*,

Cornwall and *Duke of Northumberland* unloaded two thousand Chinese in San Francisco." The greatest number — 39,579 — came to America in 1882, the year of the Exclusion Act, which prohibited Chinese immigration.

It is unfortunate that the Chinese should have suffered such an inauspicious beginning in the west, for their background was worthy of more respectable treatment. Countless quotes certify as to the achievements of this ancient race, but possibly the following by Voltaire states it as succinctly as it could be done: "The body of this empire has existed four thousand years, without having undergone any sensible alteration in its laws, customs, language, or even in its fashions of apparel. . . . The organization of this empire is in truth the best that the world has ever seen." S. Wells Williams provides more specific details: "Theirs is one of the oldest and richest of living civilizations; a tradition of poetry reaching as far back as 1700 B.C.; a long record of philosophy, idealistic and yet practical, profound and yet intelligible; a mastery of ceramics and painting unequaled in their kind; an easy perfection, rivaled only by the Japanese, in all the minor arts; the most effective morality to be found among the peoples of any time; a social organization that has held together more human beings, and has endured through more centuries, than any other known to history; a form of government which, until the Revolution destroyed it, was almost the ideal of philosophers; a society that saw the rise and fall of Babylonia and Assyria, Persia and Judea, Athens and Rome, Venice and Spain. . . ."

These people were the first to establish a system of medicine which was said to have been inaugurated by the Emperor Hwang-te some 2600 years B.C. The Chinese physicians noted the action of the pulse, although they did not comprehend its meaning or significance. Remedies used were a mixture of animal and vegetable substances — pulverized spiders, certain stones soaked in milk, etc., with poultices, plasters and lotions placed over painful areas. No changes were made in these methods for centuries; even after they gained a knowledge of modern medicine they gave up their old-treatments reluctantly.

THEIR NATURE AND CHARACTER

Although there developed in America a belief that the Chinese immigrants were unintelligent and depraved, investigation usually indicated that they were no more and no less so than other groups. Again quoting Egbert S. Oliver:

But regardless of the unusual or objectionable appearance of the pigtailed Chinamen, everyone who knew them agreed that they were patient and hard working. Though they might quarrel with one another over their respective rights, they were docile, peace-loving and respectful toward all other people. They held it prudent not to try to claim rich mines. Accustomed to small returns for their labor, they did not object to working the mines abandoned by Americans as worthless. They were not restless dabblers. If they started work as a servant they probably had a job for life — or until they were ready to return to China — if their employer was reasonably fair to work for. If they started working an old mining area, they would work it as long as any pay dirt appeared. When the Chinese left a diggings, it was indeed worthless.

They were frugal and steady — beyond the dreams of Poor Richard. Their clean habits and temperate lives were combined with a native dexterity. Whether as laundryman, shoemaker, cook, merchant, vegetable man or blacksmith, they learned their work and went at it with a persistent doggedness that amazed observers. Unaccustomed to considerations of hours of labor or holidays — except their New Year — they were as a group singularly concerned with the work before them. (End of quote.)

Probably no one had greater opportunity to observe the Chinese at first hand than did Mark Twain, who called them quiet, peaceable, patient, tractable, quick to learn, obedient, free from drunkeness, tirelessly industrious. In his entertaining book *Roughing It*, he says: "In California they rent little patches of ground and do a deal of gardening. They will raise surprising crops of vegetables on a sand pile. They waste nothing. What is rubbish to a Christian, a Chinaman carefully preserves and makes useful in one way or another. He gathers up all the old oyster and sardine cans that white people throw away, and procures marketable tin and solder from them by melting. He gathers up old bones and turns them into manure. They are a kindly disposed, well-meaning race. . . ."

Dr. Lester A. Hubbard, in *John Chinaman in the West*, notes that "from the evidence available it seems that violence and abuse was not extensively perpetrated in Utah." In fact, a writer to the *Juvenile Instructor* in 1875 told the youth of Zion: "The Chinese are a wonderful people." And on July 15th, 1882, the same publication included an article citing the Chinese people as an example to the Mormons. A portion of the article follows:

The moral we would like to convey to our young readers by this example from the history of the oldest empire in existence is this: *The opinions of human beings cannot be controlled by force of arms.* The Chinese were subjugated by the Tartars, and had laws imposed upon them which they did not relish, but the Chinese still believed their own customs, language and laws to be the best — as they had a right to. They made no public demonstration, however, of their opinion, but quietly moved along, doing as they considered best, and teaching their children to follow their example, and we know the result.

The Latter-day Saints have their peculiarities, which, by the way, differ from those of the Chinese; and they are hated and ridiculed for those peculiarities as much as the Chinese ever were, even in California. But this is no reason why they should abandon them.

They should be as invincible on those points which they know to be correct as the Chinese ever were. They need not contest them, though, by force of arms any more than the Chinese did. *There is a force in quiet persistence that is far more potent than violent opposition.* The Saints should be as impervious to the opinions and influences of their opponents as the Chinese were to those of the Tartars. The public sentiment to which they should give heed is that which is born of an honest conviction of right, and not that which is dictated by avarice, lust or a desire for popularity.

When the Saints learn this lesson and practice it in their lives with the same fidelity that the Chinese have their policy, there will be no danger of the young of our community being turned from the faith of their fathers by those who come among us for that purpose. What have the opinions and traditions of the sectarian world to do with us? We should be proof against them. We have a higher law to govern us. What have the fashions of the licentious, extravagant or thoughtless to do with us? We should care no more for them than the Chinaman does. The Chinese can live in the stylish and fashionable cities of America year after year and never once abandon the comfortable and original cut of their clothes, or be influenced in the least by the constant changes in fashion occurring about them. In this they command our admiration, odd as their fashions appear to us. The Saints have it in their power to establish a public sentiment of their own that will influence those who come among them and are opposed to them to the same extent that the Tartars were influenced by the customs of the Chinese, in time, and we trust that the time will soon come when they will do so.

THE CHINESE COSTUME

An early *Young Woman's Journal* provides us with an excellent description of the apparel of the Orientals:

The national costumes of China are among the most picturesque and beautifully adorned of all the nations. The man's straight double-breasted coat, which is the upper garment, has long wide sleeves and is exactly the length of his arm as it hangs by his side. The woman's apparel is patterned after the costume of the men.

The wealthy classes have the silks and satins of which their clothing is made, exquisitely embroidered in gold and silver threads, or in silks in natural colors. No people on earth are more dainty or fastidious in every particular pertaining to their person and dress than are these nations, taken as a whole. Of course, where the population is crowded in the large cities, and among the very poor, this rule does not hold good, as ignorance and filth usually go hand in hand.

I once knew a young "China boy," who was cook in the household of a friend, who was so scrupulously clean that he changed his clothing each time after his daily bath; his sandals being the only

article that did not go to the laundry. He wore the customary wide white trousers and full double-breasted sack-coat with wide flaring sleeves; they were of fine linen and laundered as only "Chinamen" know how to launder. He also wore white silk half-hose, and the heelless slipper with its high cork sole that is such a feature of the Chinese costume.

A lady of rank in China wears two coats over the wide shapeless silken trousers that are an exact reproduction of the men's nether garment. One of these coats reaches to the ankle, the upper one is shorter, is about twelve or fourteen inches below the waist, supposing she had one — which she hasn't, and doesn't wish for — and there is no attempt made to fit the figure. All seams are perfectly straight unless it be in the sleeve, which often flares widely at the wrist.

The embroidery is put on in large patterns, sometimes representing birds, animals and flowers; and the workmanship is of the richest and most beautiful kind imaginable. There are also borders in conventional designs, heavy with much fine stitching and yet so perfect in detail that one could almost believe it had been painted in.

These nations are celebrated for producing the finest silks and satins in the world; it was in China that the silk industry originated. The native records give an account of one empress, Se-ling-she, wife of a famous emperor, Hwang-te, who devoted herself to the cultivation of the silk worms and personally attended to the rearing of them; to the cultivation of the mulberry tree, whose leaves are their food; and to the reeling of the silk from the cocoons. The Chinese historians even claim that this good empress invented the loom.

The ordinary dress of the Chinese woman consists first of an undergarment of white cloth, and white pants, which latter are loose at the foot and are tied down with a wide band that is wrapped several times around the ankle. Over these are worn trousers of colored cloth, that are so wide they "flip, flop" at every step. Then comes the coat; and when the weather is cool, two coats exactly alike except that the inner one is padded and quilted, are worn. They are often made of dark blue cloth, very much like our "lady's broadcloth" and the trousers and coat are of the same material. Pipings and bands of dark colored satins are frequently used as trimming on the coat.

There is no covering for the head, except that of nature's own, and very beautiful it is. So black and glossy, so brushed and dressed that every hair fits into place and makes a surface as shining and smooth as the polished surface of a grand piano. The back hair is arranged into bands and coils and twists, and strange spindle-like ornaments are standing out at right angles all through this veritable work of art.

The dainty little feet are encased in dainty hose and slippers, the latter made with much embroidery on the toes; and soles that are lifted from the ground a good two inches by the addition of cork, which is covered with white material around the sides and is so shaped that it rolls from the heel and toe to the center of the foot, giving

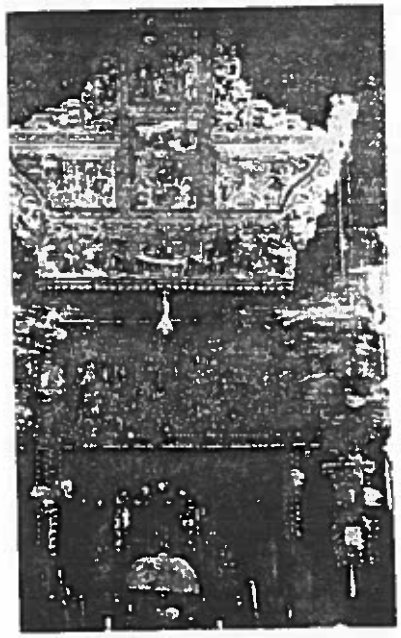
to the wearer a sort of rocking gait in walking, and by its elasticity, preventing all sound.

It is only the rich who cramp the feet of their baby girls, for the child can never do any work when she is grown and so must be supported in idleness throughout her useless life. All Chinese however, have small hands and feet and make a special study of the care of them. (End of quote.)

Bret Harte observed, after visiting San Francisco in the early '50s:

"'John' was to be met everywhere. It was a common thing to see a long file of sampan coolies carrying their baskets slung between them on poles, jostling a modern, well-dressed crowd in Montgomery Street, or to get a whiff of their burned punk in the side streets. . . . They were always neatly dressed, even the commonest of coolies, and their festive dresses were marvels. . . ." And according to Robert Louis Stevenson: "You will behold costumes and faces and hear a tongue that is unfamiliar to the memory. The joss stick burns, the opium pipe is smoked. . . . and a man guiding his upright pencil from right to left across the sheet, writes home the news of Monterey to the Celestial Empire."

THEIR RELIGIOUS BELIEFS



Joss House Altar

Wherever the Chinese settled there soon appeared a bronze Buddha to which all believers made offerings of various delicacies. A Chinese temple was eventually built on the banks of the Sacramento River, and according to Oliver, "The Chinese workmen could be seen in their native dignity, without any tinge of hauteur. Silently and unobtrusively they brought with them their past and their gentle, yielding, unassertive character. In friendly fashion they shared their festival day sweets and delicacies with friendly Occidentals, especially the shy children who came to stare and wonder." In their day-to-day living they truly sought to personify the teachings of Guatama Buddha who held that suffering is inherent in life and that one can escape it into nirvana by mental and moral self-purification.

A frequently described religious meeting place in America was known as a Joss House. Inasmuch as such a word is not mentioned in Will Durant's *Our Oriental Heritage*, it is possible the term came into existence in America. This is further borne out by the information found in *The Encyclopedia Americana*, which states that "Joss is a Pidgin-English term derived from the Portuguese 'deos,' meaning God. The word denotes a Chinese god or idol. A Joss house is the place or temple where the idol is worshipped. Joss paper refers to the gold and silver paper ornaments which are burned as sacrifice to the gods. Joss stick is a small black stick made of a paste formed by compounding the dust of various scented woods mixed with clay. These are burned in the temples as incense for the gods." The article does not state which god or gods were worshipped.

Throughout their long history, many religions, or philosophies besides Buddhism emerged — several having lasting effect on the Chinese mind and character. One of the most profound was Confucianism, an ethical system based on moral relation and ancestor-worship. An early *Deseret News* relates an interesting account of a Chinese proponent of this philosophy who sought to establish himself in Chicago:

Professor *Wong Ching Fo* came to the United States as a Chinese revivalist and registered at the Tremont House in Chicago. Here he was interviewed by reporters:

"Well," queried the reporter, "What are you going to do in Chicago?" "Listen, and I will tell you," said Professor Wong. "I arrived from Cincinnati today. I have been attending the convention of liberal thinkers there. Someone told me Chicago was the wickedest city in America, and I am come here to begin revivals. I am going to present the science and philosophy of the teachings of Confucius to your people and try and convert them to my belief."

"Are you really going to attempt to make converts to Confucianism in America?"

"I certainly am. I want the American people to have a better idea of our civilization, religion, laws and customs. I tell you your people do not know anything about China. You have been imposed upon by travelers who tell Munchausen tales, and such men as the traveling mountebank, Bailey, who lectures on China and the Chinese, and wears a red button and peacock's feathers, which he claims were bestowed upon him by the Chinese Emperor. This is an insignia of rank next to the Emperor himself, and it is never given to a foreigner. You know less about our religion than anything else. The Chinese do not worship gods. They bend the knee and do reverence to figures representing Lao-tze, Buddha, and Confucius, our philosophers, just as you would stand off and gaze with respect upon a bust of Washington or Lincoln. Our religion is one of philosophy and reason, not of superstition and ignorance. We take the precepts of our philosophers to guide us in our lives."

"Then you think the philosophy of Confucius of more benefit to the world than Christianity?"

"Yes, sir; it is better than your religion. It is without dogmas or formalities of worship, and contains none of the destructive elements of superstition. Confucius taught the same precepts as Christ 550 years before the Nazarene appeared on earth. Seven to nine hundred years before Confucius, Buddha preached moral doctrines similar to those of the later philosophers. Millions of years before Buddha, was Brahma, the creator whose laws are as grand as those of the Old Testament. Buddha taught the Thepata-ke, or doctrine of the "Three Baskets," containing moral, religious and social learning, such as the world has never since seen. Confucius dealt with his own time, and inaugurated by his teaching reforms that have been the moral salvation of millions more people than have ever embraced Christianity. There is nothing supernatural about Confucianism. It is a simple philosophy, more pure, more beautiful, and more reasonable than Christianity. Because it is so I have great hopes that the intellectual people in this country will the more readily appreciate and accept of it. It has done more for the Chinese than Christianity has done for the western nations. Let Christianity prevail in China and the people of that country, with their predilection to ease and sensuality, will fall lower than the lowest civilization the world has ever seen. It is the enterprise and activity of Europeans and Americans that make the Christian religion what it is. It is not the religion that has given you your advancement. For the same reason I think Confucianism will bring the civilized nations to the higher state of perfection. We have the same right to come here as missionaries as you have to go to China. I am here to preach the philosophy of Confucius, and will be followed by others."

"Will you begin your revival in Chicago?" asked the reporter. "I shall make my headquarters here while in this country, and shall certainly preach and lecture as soon as I can get a church or a hall in which to appear."

Little is to be learned about the religious life of the Chinese who came to Utah, except that each carried a small Buddha. It is also known that a Chinese Masonic group was organized, which at first met in the different homes, and later in a hall secured for the purpose. We have no knowledge of a Joss House ever being built in Utah.

As they chose to band together in life, they also sought to be together after death. Those who were not fortunate enough to have their bones sent back to China were at first buried wherever their families could purchase burial lots, but later a section of the Salt Lake City Cemetery was set aside for their final resting place.

THE L.D.S. CHINA MISSION

As early as 1849 the authorities of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had China in mind as a possible missionary field.

But it was not until a special conference held in Great Salt Lake City August 2, 1852, when missionaries were called to many different parts of the world, that elders were specially designated to preach the gospel in China. At this conference *Hosea Stout*, *James Lewis* and *Chapman Duncan* were called to China and with other elders bound for foreign lands they left Great Salt Lake City October 20, 1852. After reaching the Pacific Coast, Elders Stout, Lewis and Duncan sailed from San Francisco March 8, 1853, and landed at Hong Kong, China, April 27, 1853. As they met with very little success they remained only a short time and then returned to America. Two more missionaries were called to China in April 1853, viz., *Edward B. Wade* and *Cyrus Canfield*, but hearing later that Elder Stout and his companions had already returned from their unfruitful field of labor, Elders Wade and Canfield did not go to China. When Hosea Stout and his fellow missionaries returned they reported that they found China entirely the reverse of what had been expected from information obtained in California. They found about 250 Europeans in Hong Kong, all engaged in commercial pursuits and having no time to devote to religion. There were also about a thousand British soldiers. The balance of the population was made up of Malays, Parsees, Tartars, and others, none of them seemingly interested in the message of the humble elders who were looked upon with suspicion and whose lives were more or less in danger. It is not known that the Latter-day Saint elders made a single convert in China at that time.

The following is taken from a letter written by Elder James Lewis to Elder George A. Smith in Parowan, Nov. 25, 1854:

I will give you a few extracts from our journal of the Chinese Mission. We landed at Hong Kong the 28th of April, having arrived in the harbor the day before. After considerable search we found a room to occupy which had formerly been used for stowing treasure, double barred and bolted, with privilege of eating with the owner, at the rate of one dollar per day, each. This being our only chance, our luggage was moved ashore.

The harbor seems little more than an open roadstead, where vessels remain a short time and proceed up the river to Canton, which is 90 miles from this point. From the harbor the city presents quite a handsome appearance, as it is situated at the base of a high mountain that protects it from a strong southwest wind which prevails most of the year. This is the new city, as a few years ago old Hong Kong was abandoned, being situated on the other side of the mountain island, subject to the prevailing winds. The present location is preferable to the former on account of improvements in the harbor, etc. . . .

The British Government affords every facility to their own transmission of intelligence within themselves, on matters pertaining to governmental affairs, having war steamers plying from this point along the coast to any point which affords trade or traffic, which, in one article, within a few years has greatly, and I should say fearfully,

increased the opium trade. This drug has spread its deleterious influence over the whole country, and tens of thousands of the inhabitants find a grave through its use yearly. . . .

The vessels in the harbor show that every nation is engaged in China trade. From this point many ships are clearing, their loading principally consists of the smuggled goods brought from other places to here to be shipped. Within a few years quite a trade has sprung up in granite, found here in abundance and shipped to San Francisco to beautify that city. Orders of exact breadth, length and thickness are sent to build a building of any dimension, which are finished by the Chinese, so exact as to fit in every part without sound of hammer. . . . (End of quote.)

Early in 1921 the Church Authorities felt that the time was ripe to again send elders to China. Hugh J. Cannon wrote the following:

Years passed, then Elder David O. McKay, of the Council of the Twelve, and Hugh J. Cannon arrived in Peking, the chief city of China, Saturday evening, Jan. 8, 1921. The horde of ragged and revolting mendicants, grimy porters and insistent jinriksha men who fought noisily for possession of us as we emerged from the station, was not such as to inspire a feeling of affectionate brotherhood. However, we had gone to Peking to do the Lord's will as nearly as we could ascertain what it was. His inspiration rested upon His servant in charge and Elder McKay decided that the land should be dedicated and set apart for the preaching of the Gospel of the Master.

It seemed most desirable that this should be done on the following day, as that was the only Sabbath we should be in Peking. But where, in the midst of that clamor and confusion, could a suitable spot be found? The city lies on a level, barren plain. There are no forests and, as far as we know, no groves nor even clumps of trees. We were wholly unfamiliar with the city and had met no one who could enlighten us. If we went outside the surrounding walls, there was reason to believe no secluded spot could be found or the ever present crowd of supplicants avoided.

January 9th dawned clear and cold. With no definite goal in mind, we left the hotel and walked through the legation quarter, under the shadow of dear Old Glory, out into what is known as "The Forbidden City," past the crumbling temples reared to an "Unknown God." Directed, as we believe, by a higher power, we came to a grove of cypress trees partially surrounded by an old moat, and walked to its extreme northwest corner then retraced our steps, until reaching a tree with a divided trunk which had attracted our attention when we first saw it.

"This is the spot," said Elder McKay.

A reposeful peace hovered over the place which seemed already hallowed; one felt that it was almost a profanation to tread thereon with covered head and feet.

Two men were in sight but they seemed oblivious to our presence and soon left the grove. There in the heart of a city with a million inhabitants, we were extremely alone except for the presence of a divinely sweet and comforting spirit.

An act destined to affect the lives of four hundred and fifty million people now living, as well as of millions and perhaps billions yet unborn, calls forth feelings of profound solemnity, and that, too, despite the fact that the vast majority of those affected may die in ignorance of the event.

After prayer had been offered and the spot dedicated as a place of supplication and for the fulfillment of the object of our visit, Elder David O. McKay, in the authority of the Holy Apostleship, dedicated and set apart the Chinese Realm for the preaching of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, *whenever the Church authorities shall deem it advisable to send missionaries for that purpose.* Never was the power of his calling more apparent in his utterances. He supplicated the Lord to send to this land broad-minded and intelligent men and women, that upon them might rest the spirit of discernment and the power to comprehend the Chinese nature, so that in the souls of this people appreciation of the glorious Gospel might be awakened.

Elsie Kim Yeung Young presents the following:

Some of the most active and faithful members of the Church in Hawaii are Chinese. In ward and stake they occupy positions of trust and responsibility and among their own people they have been constant missionaries. The most hopeful among them look forward to the day when a Chinese mission can be established in the Islands whence the saving principles of the Gospel can be extended to far-off China, their still loved homeland. . . .

The Chinese members of the Church in Hawaii have not been idle. Individual efforts have borne fruit and today there are many members of Chinese extraction in Oahu Stake alone. On June 5th, 1938, a first step was taken in the direction of concerted labor among the Chinese. A Chinese Class was organized in the First Ward of Oahu Stake with a membership of thirty-six; this Sunday School endeavor is divided into three age groups, adult, junior and primary. Although conducted entirely in English a class in the mother tongue for those not able to understand English is contemplated. Cottage meetings form an important part of the class projects. On record is the testimony of a friend of the Church borne at one of these meetings, and is the faith promoting experience of a woman who, although herself not a member, is the mother of fifteen children who have all joined the Church.

It is among the aims of the Class to reach non-members, especially the young potential "saviors on Mt. Zion." As members of a race which for generations has kept a careful genealogy, some of them possess records several thousand years old.

President of the Chinese Class is *Henry Wong Aki*. Hawaiian born and baptized in 1915, he has been successively a counselor in the Mutual Improvement Association, superintendent of Sunday School and is today a stake high councilman. With his wife, he has entertained many of the Church leaders on their visits to the Islands. Blessed in the memory of this man is the day he made a second trip to China and purchased a home for his mother. On the evening of occupation of the new home, Brother Aki called his family together to offer a prayer of gratitude for blessings received. It was the first time he had ever prayed in Chinese and in the presence of his mother, a devout Buddhist. The mother was touched. She pondered over it and realized that the Christian religion had done much good to her dutiful son. The result was that a few months after his return to Hawaii, Brother Aki received word that his mother had embraced Christianity. Most recent tidings are to the effect that his mother's home is now a haven for war refugees.

Mary Aping Tyau, teacher in the Pohukaina Elementary School at Honolulu leads the junior department of the Chinese Class. She was formerly president of the Primary Association in the mission and also of the Y.W.M.I.A. in Oahu Stake. Another active member is *William C. Ing* who joined the Church through the M.I.A. He is one of the seven presidents of his Seventies Quorum as well as a member of the Stake Genealogical Board in Oahu Stake.

Perhaps the oldest living member of the Church among the Chinese-born is *Kim Fah Chong*, seventy-six, who came from the province of Kwangtung, China, to Honolulu, with his parents. He learned to speak Hawaiian fluently. A member since 1889, he has served on two missions, held several positions in the Kalihi Branch and was president of the Oahu Stake High Priests' Quorum.

Hundreds of missionaries to Hawaii may call *Lau You*, friend. He came to Hawaii as a plantation laborer and eventually, coming to the Laie settlement at the invitation of a friend, became cook on the Church plantation. He has been associated with the Latter-day Saints ever since, a period of forty-two years. Baptized in 1932 he holds the office of priest. He still has the hope in his heart that his wife and children residing in China will someday follow him into the Church.

By way of Hawaii it appears that the Gospel will yet reach the peoples of the Orient. With the help of the Lord, devoted sons and daughters of a far-off realm are working faithfully in the vineyards of their adopted country.

THE CHINESE AND THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD

In 1865 Charles Crocker, in charge of building the Central Pacific Railroad from Sacramento to Promontory, faced the problem of hiring enough men to build the 1,659-foot summit tunnel through the tops of the Sierra Nevada. Manpower was the greatest problem

as over half the white laborers had quit to go to the gold mines. At this time Governor Stanford and a brother of Crocker suggested they use Chinese, as thousands were arriving in San Francisco. When Superintendent Strobridge heard the suggestion he wondered if the little Chinamen, who weighed scarcely more than 100 pounds, could do the job. He was ready to tell Crocker he would not hire them, when Crocker reminded him "they built the Great Wall in China and it was almost as tough a job as this railroad." Crocker hired about fifty Chinese at $26.00 each per month at Sacramento and took them on flatcars to the job, where their work proved very satisfactory. By the summer of 1865, two thousand Chinamen had been hired.

Altogether, fifteen tunnels were bored through the Sierra. The severe winters called for almost superhuman courage, for during that time the only work that possibly could be done was in the tunnels. The following paragraphs are taken from *Men to Match My Mountains* by Irving Stone:

While engineer Montague ran his survey lines for the fifty miles to the summit, trying to but not succeeding in bettering Judah's blueprint, six thousand of Crocker's "Pets" opened 1866 by mounting the canyons, picks in hand, clinging to the sides of granite cliffs with their fingernails while cutting gaps wide enough to pass a train, crawling away from the cuts pushing dirt-filled wheelbarrows to dump down a canyon, making their way up the side of the mountain with a seventy-pound bag of black powder balanced at either end of a bamboo pole, hand-drilling in the granite, placing the black powder for blasts, and frequently being blown up themselves. . . .

He needed it more and more, not because he now faced the impregnable heart of the mountain, but because the competing Union Pacific had also begun to roll and was making rapid progress west. Unless Crocker cleared the summit of the Sierra Nevada and got down the east slope fast, the Union Pacific would usurp all those hundreds of desert miles where tracklaying was so cheap, and the return so high.

But first they had to pass "Cape Horn," described as "a sheer granite buttress," over a thousand feet of vertical cliff which Crocker could neither go through nor over. It was solved by lowering the fearless, unquestioning and unquenchable Chinese over the side of the cliff sufficiently to notch a rim and lay a track. . . .

By November he had completed another twenty-eight miles of track at an outlay of $8,000,000, employing, feeding, housing and keeping content, fifteen thousand Chinese laborers freshly out of the warm green rice paddies of Canton. Altogether he had laid ninety-four miles, and was running two trains a day. (End of quote.)

The first locomotive passed over the California-Nevada state line on December 13, 1867, and by the end of the year there remained only a seven-mile gap of difficult construction over the Sierra summit

at an elevation of 7,017 feet, and on the ridges above Donner Lake to link the Truckee work into a through line. The Chinese, during this time, wove baskets similar to the ones their forefathers had made and used for high work, which were mostly round and waist high. Ropes ran from the islets made in the baskets so that the hauling crew could let them down and up.

Soon the Central Pacific faced a shortage of blasting powder. They had been using nearly 200 kegs a day when they were notified of the shortage. Prices rose and finally none could be bought. More than 10,000 Chinamen were now grading and building tunnels through the mountains. It is said that early in the spring of 1867 the first nitroglycerin factory built by the Central Pacific was installed in a building on the west end of Donnor Lake. Here, with James Howden of England as chemist and a crew of the Chinese laborers as helpers, the explosives were manufactured. The Chinese were sometimes lowered in their baskets one thousand feet above the American River where they ignited the powder. From this dangerous operation came the phrase "not a Chinaman's chance," for many of the Orientals lost their lives, or were permanently maimed.

It is said that where there was a group of Chinese, there was a bronze Buddha, for wherever man travels he takes with him something of "home." So it was with the Chinamen who worked on the Central Pacific. Sometimes they also insisted on Joss Houses, and priests to serve them. And while the railroad officials fought the white men for drinking alcoholic beverages, the Chinese were allowed to smoke their opium.

The Chinese companies later accepted an agreement whereby each workman would labor for $35.00 per month if the Central Pacific supplied the kind of foods they were accustomed to — rice, bamboo shoots, poultry, pork and tea. By working steadily each day, in the spring of 1869 they were nearing Promontory where the Golden Spike would be driven.

The last tie, which was eight feet long, eight inches wide and six inches thick, was of highly polished California laurel. It was bound with silver and bore a silver plate seven inches long and six inches wide, inscribed with the date of completion of the railroad and the names of the Central Pacific directors. It was presented to Leland Stanford by West Evans, tie contractor for the Central Pacific.

When Stanford's special train had pulled up to the scene, Chinese laborers from the Central's construction outfits had begun leveling the ground in the gap, preparing it for the last tie and the joining of the steel rails. On orders from W. B. Hibbard, Western Union superintendent, wires from the nearest telegraph pole (on top of which a nine-year-old boy had perched for a bird's-eye view of the proceedings) had been run down to a special operator's kit on a little four-legged "deal" table beside the gap. W. N. Shilling, of the telegraph

Chinese workers carving a way through the Sierra for Central Pacific rails

company's Ogden office, sat there ready to dispatch a blow-by-blow description of the ceremony to the waiting nation. A silver-headed spike maul, which was to be used in driving the final spike, had been wired so its blows would activate a telegraph key.

As the Chinese, working on this special occasion in clean frock coats, carried the last rail into the gap and prepared to lay it, an event took place which epitomized the life the construcion crews had led. When the Chinese moved into place with their last rail someone in the crowd shouted: "Now's the time, take a shot!" The Orientals knew very little English, but were thoroughly acquainted with "Shoot" in all its tenses. They heard the word and saw the camera pointing toward them, dropped the rail like it was red hot, and scrambled for cover, to the delight of the crowd and the consternation of the officials; but after a few minutes of animated conversation in combination Chinese-pidgin English, they were coaxed back, and the ceremony proceeded. The last tie was carried into place by Superintendents J. H. Strobridge of the Central, and S. B. Reed of the Union Pacific, to the accompaniment of more cheers.

ALONG THE WAY

After Crocker hired the Chinese, it became necessary to pitch camp along the way, these "camptowns" usually lasting only a few weeks. But as the road neared Promontory, several small communities — namely, Rozell, Kelton, Watercress, and Terrace — sprang up with slightly greater permanency. Frank Tinker, in the *Salt Lake Tribune*, January 26, 1964, tells the story of Terrace:

The largest of these towns, Terrace, deserves a kinder fate than oblivion, if for only one reason; here stood one of the few towns along the storied route of the old Central Pacific where its Chinese builders actually settled down to becoming citizens.

During the last summer or two, antique-seekers and earnest historians have re-discovered Terrace, making their way down the few miles of desert lane from Highway 70 south of Park Valley. There is little left to show that during the 1890's Terrace had an eight-track switchyard where trains were cleaned and repaired, several fine saloons, and even a library. But evidence still lies in its dust that half its nearly one thousand inhabitants were Chinese who had been stranded here at railhead when the Central Pacific joined the Union Pacific at Promontory.

Actually the number of citizens of Terrace is now impossible to ascertain, at least with published records. Fire apparently swept the dying town in the early 1900's and the library was reduced to a jumble of red weathered bricks. A row of fine shade trees planted by the railroad was chopped down as the last families left.

Then, during World War II the rusting rails themselves finally were scrapped, the ties hauled away and the roadbed left for flash floods to finish. Such a story and such ruins are common to many Utah by-roads, but in Terrace are such oddments as opium bottles, rough Chinese pottery, coins with square holes in their centers, gambling stones — mementoes of a rare episode in the state's life.

The pig-tailed, straw-hatted, slipper-shod, dutiful Chinese began to appear along the Central Pacific shortly after the Civil War. Each of their group had a work master who translated, scolded and collected all pay from the railway for the workers. Each Chinese had sold himself completely to the large "Six Companies" which contracted for his labor. Once having proven themselves to J. H. Strobridge, construction superintendent of the great project, the sons of Han largely replaced the Irish immigrants who had provided traditional labor for the railroads.

At the peak of this project, some 12,000 Asiatics were blasting rock, carting fill and sometimes being blown to eternity in the process. Nitroglycerine, not yet reduced to relatively placid dynamite, was being bootlegged and used in blasting. Many Chinese camp and work gangs had simply disappeared in deafening glory.

After the shouting at Promontory was over, however, the Chinese faced an equal problem in survival. Many returned to San Francisco, others made their way to Asia. The hardiest of this outstanding group remained in the desert and became bona fide residents of Utah, then a territory.

Fortunately there are still left a few persons who lived at Terrace then. Amazed that anyone remembers their town or its inhabitants, yellow or white, they nevertheless draw priceless pictures of life during its heyday. Mr. George Grose and his sister of Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Hershey of Rosette — these are some of the old-timers who can tell of these days and in some cases have relatives still buried in the lonely graveyard at Terrace.

The Chinese lived mainly in dugouts and shanties along the eastern edge of town where a shallow gulch ran sporadically. Boys of the town peeked through the windows to watch work-weary Celestials enjoy the ritual which had so amazed their Irish counterparts on the railway — a hot bucket and an elaborate soaping every night.

On Saturdays the opium pipes were smoked and a sticky sweet smell rose from the gulch. Once a year, on their New Year's Day, the Chinese cooks made long strips of white cocoanut candy which the youngsters of the village came to beg.

There were no wives here and no children. As the men died they were taken with appropriate ceremony to a cemetery west of town which defies location today. Later some of the remains were shipped back to China. Without families, probably the Chinese community at Terrace was doomed anyway, which was a pity. The old persecutions which had marked the early days had largely ceased, and the dugout inhabitants of Terrace were well on their way to becoming an established part of the Utah community. When the main railway shops were moved to Montello and Carlin, Nevada, the Chinese broke camp and followed. Certainly Terrace's bleaching bones are not much to see. But just as certainly the sentient person who stands here will feel the dry ghost of history's wave pass him quietly.

"Chinese?" he may exclaim as his boot turns up some odd artifact, "What on earth were they doing out here?"

CHINESE BUSINESSMEN IN SALT LAKE CITY

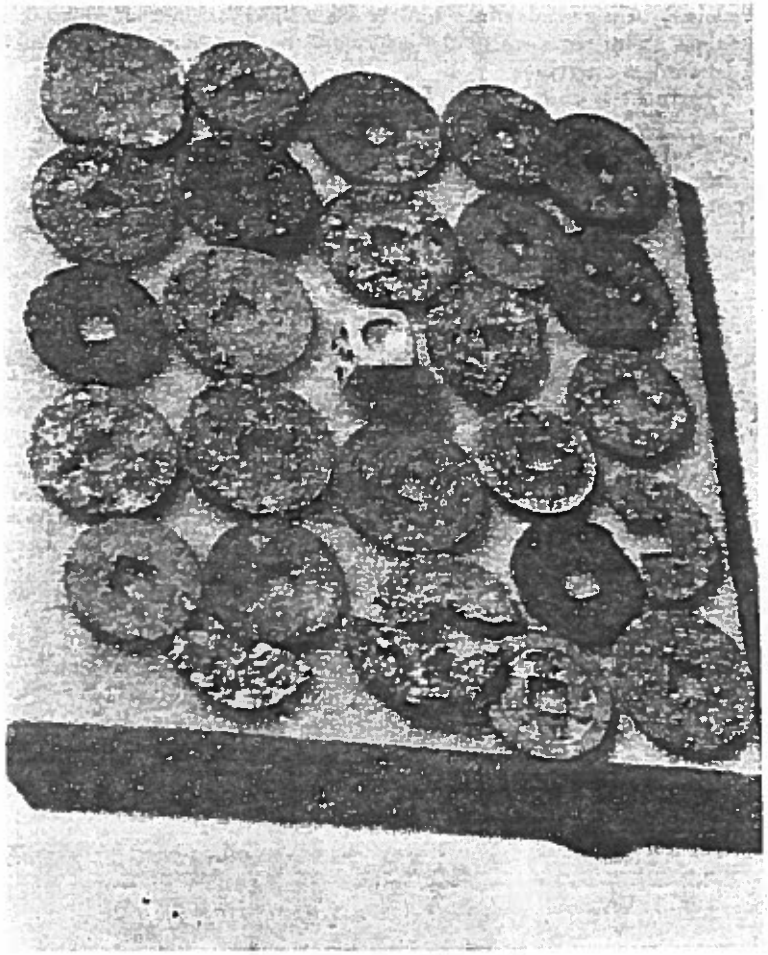
The *Directory of Salt Lake City* of 1874-86 names the following Chinese merchants:

Quong Wah Sing, Olive Alley, located between First and Second South on First East Street.

Quong Yum Lung & Company, near the above address.

Hop Hong, located at 267 South Main Street.

These merchants sold Chinese goods including silks, brocades, hats, fans, chinaware, etc., as well as groceries and teas. They did not sell goods on credit; they preferred to sell cheaper to save the trouble of keeping books. Often the sign "Sold for Cash" would be seen hanging in several places inside and outside the store.



Chinese Money — DUP Collection

In the same directories we find the following names of Chinese laundries in Salt Lake City:

Lee Quong — 118 West First South
Lee Sang — 74 East Second South
Soe Lee — 175 West First South
Yee Hop — 214 South First East
Hing Sam — 165 South West Temple
Hong Hop — 71 East Third South
Hop Sam — 33 Commercial
Lee Quong — 26 Commercial

Lung Wau — 63 East Third South
Sing Sam — 72 East Second South
Sun Chong — 11 East Third South
Sun Lee — 217 South First East
Waugh Sam — 267 South Main
Hing Sing — 26 Commercial
Hop Hong — 267 South Main

Advertisements in the *Deseret News* follow:

1866: *Dick & Nam Company*, successors to Quong Wong Sing, dealers in Japanese and Chinese groceries and provisions, 50 East First South Street. The best quality of silk shawls, chinaware, silk handkerchiefs, baskets, boxes, fans, stuffed birds, etc., and all kinds of Japanese-Chinese ornaments at low prices. P.O. Box 367, Salt Lake City.

January 28, 1891: *Quong Chong Wing*, Chinese & Japanese ornamental and fancy goods — received every week, silk handkerchiefs, ornaments — and all kinds of teas always on hand. 20 West 1st South Street, P.O. Box 637.

November 2, 1893: *Shang Hai & Co's. Bazar*. Full assortment of fine holiday goods just received from Japan and China. Before buying presents call and examine our stock. Most reasonable prices in the city. Choice teas, imported silks; tourists and travelers invited to call. 277 South Main near Third South.

December 29, 1898: *Sam Kee & Co. Bazar*. Chinese and Japanese goods. Full line of newest styles, fancy goods; imported embroidered crepe shawls, silk handkerchiefs, chinaware, bamboo work, etc. 8 East Third South.

MR. JU

Wo Song, a well-known and prosperous Chinese importing company in the early 1900s, was owned and operated by *Joy Ju*, an immigrant from Canton, China. Mr. Ju, born in 1865, came to the United States with his parents from Canton when he was very young, settling in Portland, Oregon. As a youth in that city he worked as a cook for ten years, then moved to Salt Lake City, probably in the late 1880s. Here he served as cook for army officers at Fort Douglas for a number of years, later hiring out to several wealthy families residing on East South Temple Street. Saving his money with a goal in mind of owning and operating a Chinese novelty store, Mr. Ju opened a shop at 12 East Broadway which he stocked with beautiful Oriental merchandise, such as chinaware, silk from China, bamboo products, vases, etc. When the Judge Building was erected on Main and Third South streets, Mr. Ju moved to 73 West Broadway. Being a man of natural ability, exhibiting friendliness, courtesy and fine character, he prospered and was recognized with respect by other businessmen of the city.

In 1922 Mr. Ju returned to his native land to visit his relatives and to meet his future wife, *Ah Sin*. His kinfolk had arranged with Ah Sin and her parents for the marriage, which did not take place until they entered the United States.

Joy Ju and Ah Sin together operated Wo Song until 1932 when the doors were closed forever, another casualty of the depression. Undaunted, Mr. Ju obtained five acres of truck farm land at 2507 South Second West and he and Ah Sin planted it all to vegetables which Mrs. Ju sold daily, in season, at the Growers Market. By this time a number of sons had been born to them who were cherished and pampered, as sons to the Chinese are the most precious of all possessions. As Joy grew older, Ah Sin and the sons took over the complete working of the farm and he stayed at home to mind the younger children. Nine sons and one daughter blessed their home, and their father in his old age counseled them wisely. Joy Ju, still mentally alert, peacefully passed away in 1954 at the age of eighty-nine years.

Ah Sin continued for a few years to farm the land and sell the produce. As industrial Salt Lake expanded, the Ju property on South Second West became valuable and Mrs. Ju erected a number of buildings for businesses wishing to lease the property. Her two oldest sons, Henry and Tongley, established an auto repair shop near the site of the old home, which had been torn down, while Ah Sin and the younger children moved to Magna where she had purchased property. Here this energetic woman joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was a generous contributor of time and money in her ward. Several of the children also joined and two have been married in the Salt Lake Temple. Ah Sin passed away in 1965 at the age of sixty-five and all of her children survived her.

—Pearl S. Brown, Thelma M. Holbrook

THE KING DOLL HOSPITAL

Established in the early 1890s by *Ruth May* and *Charles King* (Chung Ging) of San Francisco, the *R. M. King Company* opened its doors at 66 South Main Street, where it became a favorite store for women and children of Salt Lake City. After several moves they settled on State Street between Second and Third South and carried on their prosperous business until 1936 under the name of *King's Doll Hospital.*

Mrs. King was born in San Francisco, and as a young girl met and married Charles King who was born in Canton Province, China. In 1880, when fourteen years of age, he emigrated to San Francisco with his father, who established a business in San Francisco's Chinatown. Charles and Ruth May used their natural abilities to provide a living for themselves and baby, whom they named *Lily*. They moved to Salt Lake City and opened a business of their own. Here four more children were born to them: *Walter, Ruth, Ernest* and *Ray*. As the children grew, they attended public school and developed

natural aptitudes and quick intelligence. Ruth May determined they should attain college degrees, and all worked unitedly in their business to fulfill their mother's dream. Ruth became a medical doctor; Walter finished college and entered the field of newspaper writing in which he has become remarkably successful. Ernest and Ray, through diligent efforts have both gained prominence. Lily was content to help the others in any way possible.

Mrs. King was very adept at repairing dolls, and as an added service the Kings featured a "doll hospital" where, through the years, thousands of little girls were made happy when Mrs. King restored their favorite toy. After her death in 1936 the King family discontinued the business, but a niece carried on the work of repairing dolls for several years in her home on East Third South.

Ruth completed her work at Rush Medical College and traveled to Shanghai, China, where for years she practiced. Here she met Dr. Samuel H. Chang, a native of Swatow, Canton Province, China. Dr. Chang had been educated at Haverford College in Pennsylvania but had returned to China. He became a renowned newspaper reporter in Shanghai. Ruth and Dr. Chang were married April 12, 1925. A daughter Vivian, was born to this couple.

During the invasion of Shanghai by the Japanese in 1940, Dr. Chang was assassinated. His wife and daughter returned to the United States and Utah where Dr. Ruth Chang has since made her home.

CHINESE IN CARBON COUNTY

In the year 1880 the Pleasant Valley Coal Company opened Mud Creek Mine, later known as Utah Mine. Operations were suspended before development work had greatly expanded, but in 1883 work was again resumed under protest from Bishop Williams, lessor of Winter Quarters Mine. His assertion, that it was an infringement on his lease, and the market could not take care of the production of both mines. By that time the available production of Winter Quarters Mine had increased from 250 to 300 tons and Bishop Williams argued that his lease was quite capable of supplying the demand.

At the reopening of Utah Coal Mine, the company sent in Chinese labor. Mr. ... reported, "On their behalf I will say that there is still standing a portion of the mine entry that was driven by them, and it is as beautiful a piece of work as one could wish to see in a coal mine. Evidently no powder was used for blasting. The entry was driven exclusively with pick work. The sides are perfectly straight to a certain height and the roof is semi-arched. Due to the method of working, this entry will stand indefinitely."

A short time after the Chinese were imported into Pleasant Valley, white laborers arrived and they resented the presence of the Chinamen. As white laborers sufficiently increased in numbers, the situation came to a climax and they took the law into their own hands. One day they herded the Chinese into a boxcar, fastened the

doors, and started the car down grade. Fortunately the car kept the track until it reached a place near Hales where there is an adverse grade. It stopped there and evidently the Chinamen traveled the rest of the way on foot. —*Our Pioneer Heritage*, Vol. 7, page 77

FROM THE PRESS

The following items of interest concerning Chinese life were taken from the *Deseret News*:

June 8, 1870. San Francisco. — The ship *Niagara* from Hong Kong was released from quarantine today when several hundred Chinese landed, and were shamefully maltreated while passing through the streets.

June 15, 1870. San Francisco. — B. J. Dorsey shipped a hundred and fifty Chinamen yesterday for New Orleans, to work on the plantations.

October 1873. — A man named Collins was sentenced to life in prison for hanging a Chinese near Rocker, Wyoming. No motive was given other than he "just wanted to kill him."

November 3, 1873. — *Mrs. Yans* joined her husband in Washington and is one of the first wives to leave her native land. Mr. Yans is in charge of Chinese affairs.

April 8, 1874. — Kite flying was indulged in by some Chinamen today and as they are recognized as adepts in this pastime, quite a crowd was attracted to witness the sport. It is an art with the Orientals in which they delight to excell. When the kite appeared in the distance as a mere speck in the clouds, its humming noise could be distinctly heard.

October 2, 1875. — There are a number of Chinamen living in Salt Lake City at the present time and if you saw them you would be sure to ask who they were, they are so different in their dress and appearance from either Americans or Indians.

November 26, 1879. — At about 11 o'clock last night the police effected an entrance into a Chinese opium den in the alley leading east from Commercial Street, and arrested three Chinamen whom they found therein. One of these was the proprietor, *Ah Coon*, the other two were his customers.

January 19, 1881. — John T. Lynch, Postmaster of Salt Lake City, published a list of names of people for whom the post office was holding unclaimed mail. Numbered in this list were three Chinese: *Gung Geep, Chew Kee* and *Sam Sang*.

January 26, 1881. American Fork. — *The Enquirer* has this to say of the recent snowslide in American Fork Canyon: The storm that raged over the Cottonwood Canyons on Thursday night last, appears to have been as violent at the head of American Fork Canyon. About the same time that the snowslide occurred which carried away the Grizzly Boardinghouse in Little Cottonwood, one also occurred

at the Pittsburgh Mine in American Fork Canyon which swept away the boardinghouse in which there were three men, Doc Sperry, John Poole and a Chinaman. Sperry and the Chinaman escaped without injury, but John Poole, who was in bed at the time, was buried in the snow and notwithstanding that efforts were made by the miners in the vicinity to dig out the body, they had failed up to Sunday last, to find it.

March 7, 1882. — Last evening one of three boys sent a rock crashing through *Sam Lee's* wash house window, opposite the Continental Hotel on First South Street. Sam came out and not knowing who the perpetrator was, and having an eye to vengeance, jumped upon the first specimen of genus boy he could catch, knocked him down upon the sidewalk and gave him a hearty pummelling.

Unfortunately he was exhausting his strength on the wrong youngster. David Parry, apprehending this truth, rescued the youthful victim of Chinese wrath. Sam Lee next rushed back into his wash house from which he again emerged with blood in his eye and a pistol in his hand. Seeing still another boy crossing the street at a lively gait, he blazed away at the retreating figure. It did not appear to matter to Sam whom he hit so long as it was something in the shape of a boy.

As a windup to the affair, Sam found himself soon behind the bars of the city jail. The police desire the presence at the City Hall of the innocent boy who got the pummeling and the unoffending lad after whom the leaden messengers were sent, that they may testify in the case.

April 4, 1882. San Francisco. — The Chinese merchants of this city have finally opened a merchant's exchange which they have been secretly organizing for some time and have elected officers. The object is mutual benefit and protection.

February 2, 1883. New York. — The first number of the first Chinese newspaper ever published in this city made its appearance today. *Wong Chin Foo* is editor-in-chief. The matter it will contain is to be written or selected by Wong Chin Foo who will dictate it to a Chinese scribe; he in turn will print or paint it with India ink with a pointed stick on sheets of paper from which it will be photo-lithographed, then printed from stone in the shape in which it is to appear. The publishers say that but for this process, the publication would be impossible by reason of the cost. In the past it has been customary to engrave the whole of each Chinese work to be published, because the 60,000 word-characters of the language are not represented in type.

November 4, 1886: On Tuesday afternoon at Bingham Canyon, a Celestial known as *Chan Sing* was shot through the heart and instantly killed. Parties outside of the building where the unfortunate man was, rushed inside, where they discovered *Charley Lee Wy*, wringing his hands apparently in great agony, *Hing Chung* and his wife,

and another Chinaman. In answer to the question as to who did the deed, nothing could be elicited except that the dead man had killed himself. An examination showed, however, that the fatal wound had been inflicted from behind, the ball having entered below the left shoulder, passed through the heart, and come out at the left breast. The three Chinamen and the Chinese woman were lodged in jail and Sheriff Burt was notified, and went to Bingham yesterday. An inquest was held over the body of the dead Mongolian, at which Charley Lee Wy testified that he was handling a 32-calibre revolver. The weapon was rusty, so that he could not raise the hammer, and he applied coal oil. When he again attempted to lift the hammer it came up a short distance, but being greasy, slipped and the weapon was discharged. Chan Sing was standing about six feet distant, and the ball struck him in the back, with the result stated. The other two Chinamen and the woman were in the next room and came in, and it was at this juncture that the outside parties arrived on the scene. The story of Charley Lee Wy was corroborated by the condition of the revolver and other evidence.

January 21, 1891. — A Chinaman presented himself at police headquarters yesterday afternoon and recited a tale of woe. He said he had been badly beaten and bruised by a crowd of boys in the Eighteenth Ward. His bleeding face bore evidence of the truthfulness of his statement. Three of the boys were subsequently arrested and will answer to the charge.

October 2, 1893. — The trial of the boy, Charles Arnup, on a charge of murder in the second degree began before Chief Justice Zane and a jury in the Third District Court this morning. It is alleged that the defendant caused the death of a Chinaman named *Wong Kong Kim* by throwing a stone at him in this city on July 3rd of the present year. The prosecution, Assistant District Attorney Howat and attorney Varian, and the defense is represented by Judge Powers and attorneys W. C. Riley and J. H. Harris.

The deceased was about sixty years of age and earned a living by going around with a wagon peddling vegetables. On the 3rd of July last, he was making his usual daily rounds and when on Third South Street near the corner of Ninth East, the defendant and some companions began to tease him. Such is the allegation of the prosecution. It is also claimed that they then followed the Chinaman and began to flip stones at him as he drove east. He got out of the wagon and Arnup picked up a large rock and hurled it at the deceased. It struck him a heavy blow on the left side of the head near the ear knocking him down and causing the blood to flow. He got up, washed the blood from the wound and was able to drive downtown, where he saw a doctor and the injury was attended to. The Chinaman died, however, on the 6th of July, the third day after the occurrence, and the defendant was arrested.

October 9, 1893. — This was the day set for the passing of sentence upon Charles Arnup, the eighteen-year-old youth who was convicted by a jury in Judge Zane's court last week on a charge of voluntary manslaughter, the killing of a Chinaman. . . . Judge Zane pointed out that he had been convicted of a crime, the punishment for which the law fixed at not less than one and more than ten years. On account of his age and what the court knew of his previous good character, he was not disposed to visit him with a severe punishment; it was necessary, however, to protect society from crime by making a proper example of the offender. . . . the defendant would be confined in the penitentiary for a term of two years.

January 18, 1895. — Shortly before 10 o'clock last night a Chinaman stalked into the undertaking parlors of O'Donnell & Company saying that he wanted to buy a coffin, announcing at the same time that one of his countryman had killed himself by cutting his throat with a razor. The police heard of the matter and Patrolman Gillespie was detailed to make an investigation. The suicide was known under the names of *Wau Chee* and *Ah Kee*.

On January 23, 1895, word arrived in Salt Lake City that *Ah Hong*, a Salt Lake City Chinese merchant, had been freed from the crime of arson. The *Deseret News* reported:

Justice Lyon, in a Chicago court, according to the *Daily News* of that city, one day last week announced his decision in the Cowie-Tin conspiracy case holding Cowie to the grand jury under bonds of $1,500 and *Chin Tin* under $500 bonds. The small court room was crowded when the judge began to recite his finding in the case. Cowie was sitting a few feet away from the bench and occasionally turned his head as the justice scored him. It is not often that a defendant is handled so entirely without gloves, so to speak, as was Cowie by Justice Lyon. From the time the judge began it was evident that the "fire inspector" was going to be held to await the action of the grand jury.

"Throughout this whole trial," said the justice, "there has not been a fragment of evidence to show that *Ah Hong*, alias *Hong Sop*, the Salt Lake Chinese merchant who married a white girl, and *Hong Sing*, his Chicago partner, were guilty of any offense, real or imaginary. Both of them were indicted, and Cowie was a chief factor in carrying on the proceedings against them."

Cowie and Chin Tin were charged with consipiring to indict two Chinamen for arson. The two Chinamen, Ah Hong and Hong Sing, were indicted for the crime and brought to trial in Judge Tulley's court. From disclosures that were made to the court the defendants were dismissed and two witnesses were committed to jail. The warrants for the arrest of Cowie and Tin were sworn out as a result of the strange termination of the trial in Judge Tulley's court.

February 1, 1895. — The news comes from the precincts of Salt Lake's Chinatown that bogus city detectives are creating a

consternation among its inhabitants by levying blackmail upon them. One man, however, is given credit for most of the work that has been done in this direction for several months past. It has been his custom, it appears, to visit the gambling and opium establishments of Chinese proprietors with remarkable regularity and frequency and represent to them that it had been decided at police headquarters to "pull them in," but if they would only put up $5.00 each he would see to it that they were not arrested. The Chinamen, believing he was what he represented himself to be and that he spoke by the card as an attache of the police department and was really a friend to them, were glad to get off so easily and readily acceded to his demands. Finally something transpired which opened the eyes of the Mongolians and now they refuse to allow themselves to be held up in that fashion and say they will only submit to fines and assessments when imposed by regular police department functionaries through the medium of Justice Smith's court.

August 23, 1898. — *Sam Lee,* a Chinaman charged with burglary, had a hearing in police court last evening which resulted in his being bound over to the district court under $1,000 bond. He now languishes in the county jail. Lee is supposed to have burglarized the home of Mrs. Christian Due, 250 South West Temple Street Friday morning at which time he stole *50 cents.*

September 16, 1898. — A Chinaman and a half colored woman appeared before Deputy Clark Blair yesterday afternoon and asked that they be given a marriage license. The Mongolian's name is *Quong Wah* and the woman gave the name of Dora Harris. Mr. Blair informed the couple that the law forbade the issuance of a marriage license to a Mongolian and a Caucasian and he would therefore be compelled to decline the application. Quong Wah is the proprietor of a Chinese laundry. In answer to questions he said that he loved the girl and had for some time past been paying for her medicine.

The Harris woman appeared to be in a bad state of health. She said she was part Negro and part white. Her mother, she said, was a French creole and her father half Irish and half Negro. When asked if she really wanted to marry the Chinaman, she replied, "I do.'

"Why do you wish to marry him?" Mr. Blair asked.

"Well, it's this way," the woman replied. "I have been sick for a long time and am unable to earn a living, and if I married him he would look after me. I think that would be better than being thrown upon the world. I only want to be provided with a home."

The refusal to issue a license may result in an action being brought in court to determine the matter.

October 8, 1907. — *Quong Hing,* a Chinese laundryman collided with an automobile last night and was rendered unconscious. When taken to the L.D.S. Hospital, after first being taken to the emergency hospital at police headquarters, it was found the Chinaman had suffered concussion of the brain. The Chinaman was coasting down Canyon Road on a bicycle after dark. He had a basket of laundry on the wheel and was coming down the road at a good speed. Henry M. Dinwoodey accompanied by R. G. Calder of Great Falls was riding towards Leroy G. Dinwoodey's home on 161 North State Street in an automobile. Suddenly the Chinaman dashed out of the darkness and striking the big machine squarely, was knocked backward to the pavement.

December 1898. — Proprietor of Noodle House pays $75.00 for violating Sunday ordinance. *Yee Tom,* the proprietor of a noodle house at 123 South State Street was arrested last night and charged with selling liquor; was found guilty in a special session of police court this morning and fined $75.00. The money was paid and the thoroughly repentant Chinaman released. Chief McKenzie has issued orders which are being enforced and the result is absolutely no liquor sales in this city on Sunday. The Chinaman mentioned has been the first offender caught disobeying the Sunday ordinance. While there is little likelihood that others will imagine the police will overlook them, the new chief says the police are looking out for those engaging in Sunday liquor selling. The police will overlook nobody and the police court will do the rest, as one Yee Tom is willing to testify.

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR ENTERTAINMENT

The Chinese New Year falls between January twenty-first and February nineteenth instead of on January first, for the Chinese reckon time by the lunar year. They place the beginning of their year on the first new moon after the sun has entered the sign of Aquarius, the waterbearer. As with all peoples, the finishing of a year and the commencing of a new one is a time of great gladness. To celebrate the event, festivals are prepared. The Chinese, however, attach an unusual importance to the advent of the New Year, and from its observance arise many of their customs.

The *Deseret News* of February 3, 1883, published the following: New York. The Chinese here are making elaborate preparation to celebrate the coming New Year at the club house in Mott Street and Water Street. The officers will receive their calls Wednesday next. On Thursday, the second day of the festivities, each of the great merchants in Mott Street will give a dinner to his customers. A large number of Chinese will go from this city on Thursday to Bellesville, N. J., to participate in the religious ceremonies in the Joss House there. Mongolians from all neighboring cities will assemble there. (End of quote.)

As early as the '80s and '90s, Chinese living in Salt Lake and surrounding towns celebrated their New Year, and many of the citizens of Salt Lake participated in the festivities. Those who reminisce tell of a large balloon that the Chinese sent into the air, and the exploding of many firecrackers. The ascension of a huge Chinese kite was also a part of the celebration.

Ivy C. Towler describes early day parades which she remembers:

During the 1890s, parades in Salt Lake City were a spectacular entertainment attended by most of the population who lined the sidewalks and filled the windows of the business houses between Brigham Street and Third South, on Main Street. Due to the rather dim lighting of the streets at night, most marches were held during the morning or late afternoon hours such as parades on the 4th and 24th of July, but the political parades were by torchlight, and one evening parade during the semi-centennial celebration was electric.

Chinese Dragon

A prominent feature of nearly all New Year parades was a huge Chinese dragon two hundred feet long which progressed along the street like a gigantic centipede. The dragon itself, which swayed from side to side, had a head six feet tall spitting fire from its vicious red mouth. The back of the creature of red, yellow and green painted canvas was suspended on arched staves, supported by poles from within, placed at regular intervals, giving its body a muscular appearance. The curtained sides hung down within two feet of the ground showing the legs and sandled feet of many Chinese marching in regular rhythm. No one applauded during the old parades but everyone watched the Oriental monster proceed down the street until it was lost from view, a wonderful contribution from the Chinese people. (End of quote.)

The Congregational Church of Salt Lake City converted to Christianity a few of the Chinese people living in the city. On December 20, 1897, the *Deseret News* printed the following:

A Chinese Christmas entertainment was given by the Mongolian Sunday School scholars of the First Congregational Church in the chapel of that society last evening. The affair was as interesting as it was unique and drew forth the plaudits of the large audience that was present. The hall was ornamented with divers kinds of Oriental creations until it presented a very pretty and picturesque scene. The entire program was carried out by the Chinese themselves. A goodly portion of it fell to the execution of the children, and right interesting did the little folk do the work allotted to them. The exercises consisted mainly of vocal and instrumental music and at times were weirdly funny. Chinese costumes were worn and added much to the novelty of the occasion. (End of quote.)

From the *Wonderlands of the Wild West* by Carlton the following was taken:

A festival was given by the good ladies of the Congregationalist Church of Salt Lake City in honor of their Celestial converts. Among the guests were the Governor of Utah, the Utah Commissioners and a promiscuous assemblage of Jews, Gentiles, Mormons and Congregationalists with six or eight of their Chinese wards.

The decorations were striking and unique. There were big fans and little fans and all manner of Chinese bric-a-brac. There were pictures and effigies of impossible fishes and preposterous birds, with grotesque quadrupeds and reptiles such as never were seen on land or sea. There were green pots of plants like onions to bloom on the Chinese New Year. These curios had been furnished by the Chinese to add to the attractiveness of the festival.

Prominent among the Chinese was one *Wong Lee*. Wong had a good voice for singing, and played exquisitely on a little instrument with three strings. I asked Wong to tell me the name of this sweet little instrument, and he answered "music." On repeating my question, he said, "Tinkee-tinkee velly good music." I was not satisfied with this meagre information, but I continued my quest for information in the ornithological line and calling Wong's attention to a gorgeous bird with brilliant plumage, green, red and golden, with a tail like that of a bird of paradise, I wanted to know its name. He answered "chicken." It must be admitted that his performance was well received by the audience, and they were filled with delight when he added the music of his voice in those sweet guttural sounds such as clang, clung, clong, oolong, etc.

CHINESE LABOR 1868-1872

As early as March 1868 the Chinese residents of California, according to Western newspapers, were enduring ill treatment. The *Deseret News* reported:

The civil status of the Chinaman in the Golden State is so low that no matter what injuries he may sustain at the hands of a Caucasian he has no chance whatever of redress on China testimony, for by the laws of California, the evidence of a Chinaman is not allowable in a court of justice in that state.

If American or European citizens in China were subjected to such injustice and brutality, all Christendom would ring with the account, and untold blood and treasure would be expended, rather than suffer such outrages to continue. The same rule ought to hold good with regard to Chinese in this country, for whether in a national or an individual capacity, the golden rule — "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you" — is equally applicable and beneficial. (End of quote.)

On July 6, 1870, it was said that the labor bill before Congress would not interfere with the voluntary emigration or with the Chinese making contracts themselves to work anywhere in the United States; but the bill aimed to break the custom of importing Chinese and hiring them out to the best bidder by the importers. During the 1870's, thousands of Chinese came into America by way of San Francisco, and by 1880 the *Deseret News* announced that Chinese were passing through Utah on their way to New York and other eastern cities where they would seek employment in laundries, shoe and cigar factories. They claimed they could not endure the persecution they were receiving. On March 25, 1880, a bulletin from New York declared that capitalists representing several Chinese importers had offered to take factory stock and material of the manufacturers and set the Chinese to work building pianos. The men who made the offer agreed to furnish Chinese labor at 50¢ a day for the first year and 75¢ for the second. Then came the announcements that the boardinghouse owners expected to make a rich harvest, especially those living near Mott Street where the Chinese were gathering. The influx of the Chinese in the East created fear among the white laborers that the aliens would take their jobs.

Tullidge charged that George Q. Cannon, then editor of the *Deseret News*, threatened that Chinese labor could be brought into Utah if the "working men did not come to terms." Mr. Cannon, in several editorials, discussed the question of Chinese labor in California, and rather in a tone that sympathized with the Orientals; but at no point did the editorials amount to a threat to Utah workmen. One, dated July 12, 1869, follows:

The question of Chinese immigration is beginning to excite considerable attention among thinking men all over the United States. In California this matter has received much attention and the people have had ample opportunity for ascertaining whether the influx of this race is fraught with beneficial or injurious consequences to the country. . . . The Chinese question enters largely into politics and men's views respecting it are influenced to a great extent by their

position. If a man be an employer, he looks upon the Chinaman with more favor than if he be an employee. The former views the Asiatic as a cheap laborer, an instrument which he can use to serve his purposes and to increase his facilities for accumulating wealth, and of course, he discovers virtues in him which the Anglo-Saxon laboring man with whom he is brought into competition, cannot perceive. He learns to hate him, for he becomes his formidable rival in the labor market, cheapening labor and virtually taking, as he thinks, the bread out of the mouths of his family. In his eyes the Chinese is a foreigner, a heathen, and but little above the brute. It is not many days since we read in a San Francisco paper of the debarkation of 1200 Chinese at that port, and of their being attacked by a mob of men and boys with stones, clubs and mud, many of them being knocked down and then daubed with mud and dragged around by the hair, the crowd on the sidewalks laughing at and cheering the spectacle.

There are probably no people on the continent who are likely to be less disturbed or affected by the introduction or non-introduction of this element than the people of Utah. If the people act with the union and wisdom which have heretofore characterized their movements, they are and will be safe from all disturbance. There is no class, American, European or Asiatic, the influx of which can harm them. If they act wisely and in accordance with the counsel which is given, they can sustain themselves and be as independent as any community in the world. It is the union of the people which has produced the remarkable results that are everywhere apparent in this Territory, and that concert of action, carried out and maintained in all the details of labor, will give us continued supremacy. (End of quote.)

Three years later, *J. Birch*, manager of the cotton factory, wrote the following letter to President Brigham Young:

St. George, Utah, June 20, 1872

President Brigham Young, Salt Lake City

Dear Brother: We just have taken an inventory of stock in the factory, and find that the business has made at about the rate of fifteen percent per annum during the last six months, while it has only worked during that period to about one-third of its capacity. The causes of this have been lack of raw material and efficient help. The latter deficiency arises from not having a sufficient number of inhabitants in Washington to supply the demand. The next difficulty is that we do not have a sufficient number of employees to run the factory to its fullest extent. . . . What shall we do for help? It is stated that Chinese labor is used in California and the East to good advantage, both in factories and in shoe shops. It is thought by some that it would be well for us in this warm climate, as the Chinese are accustomed to a warm country, and we could use them in our factories, gardens, vineyards and fields.

I fancy I can hear you say: "What do we want with Chinese labor until they are converted to the gospel?" . . . I speak of Chinese labor because I do not know what is expedient for the Lord to do to build up His kingdom, in the absence of our own labor, but we feel a good deal like a man away from home with a wagon loaded with the good things of life for his family and no team to draw it, and would be glad of mustang ponies, rather than none. We don't want mustang ponies if we can do better.

I take this liberty of writing you because I feel myself as a part of the factory and am anxious to see its prosperity, and I know your desire for its welfare and also our obligations to you for its indebtedness. Please excuse anything in this scribbling which may appear like dictation, I have no desire to say what the Lord shall do, but merely wished to give you my ideas as relates to the interests of the factory. I remain as ever your brother in the gospel.

On June 20, 1870, the *New York Herald* in a leading article called "The Labor Problem — The Chinese" said that "capital finds itself in possession of a laborer as docile, tractable and steady as a machine, yet with the intelligence and adaptable versatility of humanity. And it proceeds to ask that as capital has acquired this laborer in one place, why shall it not have it in another, wherever necessity may arise? It sees nothing in the law to prevent, and it thinks that employers will hardly fail to use this laborer, and they will remove out of their way the only obstacle which has interfered with their complete freedom; namely, the trade unions, by turning all their devices and arrangements against them."

Then the *Deseret News* wrote:

It is the boast of every true American that within the domain of the United States, people of all nationalities may find an asylum if they wish to do so. There is no more restriction with regard to Asiatics than Europeans. The last amendment to the Constitution, ratified by the vote of the people, abolished all distinctions on account of race, or color; yet with strange inconsistency, the Chinaman is everywhere looked upon with scorn and dislike, and efforts are being made to prevent him enjoying the rights of citizenship, and even to put a stop to Chinese immigration. This latter, it is impossible to do under existing treaty regulations with China; but were this not so, an invidious exception excluding Chinese only from landing upon and dwelling on American soil would be an act so un-American that were it attempted its success would be questionable.

CHINESE EXCLUSION ACTS

Webster's New International Dictionary defines the Chinese Exclusion Acts as "any of several acts forbidding the immigration of Chinese laborers into the United States, originally from 1882 to 1892 by act of May 6, 1882, then from 1892 to 1902 by act of May 5, 1892. (Geary Act) By act of April 29, 1902, all existing legislation on the subject was re-enacted and continued and made applicable to the insular possessions of the United States. The Immigration Act of 1924 provided for continued exclusion of Chinese."

From the *Deseret News*:

February 25, 1880: Late this afternoon a warrant was issued for the arrest of Tiburcio Paratt, of Paratt & Co., San Francisco, on a charge of employing Chinese in the service of the Sulphur Bank Quicksilver Mining Company of which Paratt was president. The case is made up to test the constitutionality of the act recently passed by the California legislature prohibiting corporations from employing Chinese. (End of quote.)

During this time the Chinese question was discussed throughout the nation and the majority of laboring men said that Chinamen should go, and a white laborer "had no show alongside Chinese labor." The working class claimed that they had built the country, had made it what it was and petitions came to Congress from all over America asking that a bill be passed prohibiting Chinese labor.

March 17, 1880: The bill agreed upon by the House Education and Labor Committee to restrict Chinese immigration, was reported to the House today by Willis of Kentucky, and under the newly adopted rules was placed upon the calendar for action as soon as it shall be reached in its regular order. There were about twenty-five bills ahead of it, but few that are to occupy any considerable time, and although the annual appropriation bills will of course be given precedence over the ordinary calendar business, there is no reason to doubt that the measure will be reached in ample time to secure its passage during the present session.

March 24, 1880: The special report on the Chinese immigration question of the House committee appointed to inquire into the causes of the depression of labor, was presented to the House today . . . The majority report, it is asserted, is based on a careful examination of witnesses and at once concludes that Chinese immigration is destroying trade and materially affecting the business of San Francisco and the whole Pacific Coast. Thousands of industrious white men and women are absolutely thrown out of employment, Chinese labor being used throughout the whole coast as a substitute for white labor. It asserts that the subject is assuming alarming importance and that the entire population of the Pacific Coast . . . is hostile to Chinese immigration, and especially in San Francisco, where 35,000 or 40,000 Chinese are located in the heart of the city. This Asiatic element is governed by their own laws, living in dirt and filth and evading all responsibility of municipal taxation. This state of things . . . has induced the authorities of the state to propose a law and submit it to the people to ascertain the sentiments of the citizens of the state upon the propriety of allowing the immigration to continue. The result of

the vote testing public opinion on this question was of almost entire unanimity. . . .

January 10, 1882: A meeting of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has been called for next Tuesday for the consideration of bills for the restriction of the Chinese immigration.

March 9, 1882: The Senate, at 5:30 p.m. today passed the Chinese Bill, 20 to 15.

April 17, 1882. Washington. . . . After much confusion and debate on the House floor the Chinese Bill passed, 20 to 37.

1882: The bill was signed by Chester A. Arthur, twenty-first president of the United States, which suspended Chinese Immigration for 10 years.

February 20, 1883: The following extract is from a letter to Mr. Orson H. Pettit of this city, written by John D. Cornelius, Esq., a gentleman of official position and social standing in Queen's County, New York, and considered one of the finest mathematicians in this State. We publish the latter part of his communication because it expresses the views of many intelligent persons upon the subjects touched upon. He writes on the corruption which pervades local politics. . . .

"If we leave our town and state and look to the national government at Washington, the prospect is no more encouraging. We have two parties and neither as a party had any principle. . . .The Congress of last session passed three bills that are clearly unconstitutional. The anti-Chinese Bill — if they can pass a law that a man, having no fault of his own if born in China must not come here, they can prohibit a man from any other country — but they say Chinese are not Christians, they are heathens. So, too, our Constitution is not Christian. Among the members of the convention that formed the Constitution were infidels and atheists and they labored to have the instrument broad enough to include themselves — and if it does, I want to ask if it will not include a heathen if born in China?"

June 10, 1884: Thus far Utah has not been appreciably affected by the labor troubles by which other parts of the country are kept in almost constant commotion. That phase of the question in which the Pacific slope is more especially involved — the Chinese branch of it has had scarcely any bearing here at all. The few Orientals residing in Utah have mostly confined their business relations to the cleaning of clothes and the creation of nuisances. In these departments the white population could well afford to concede them a monopoly.

A good many Chinamen have been employed in the construction of railroads in this region, but as that is transitory work, it has cut no permanent figure in the question of labor. But if reports be correct, the entering wedge of Chinese labor has already been or will soon be driven into this market. It is stated that the Pleasant Valley coal mines are to be operated almost exclusively with Chinese workmen.

This may appear a trifling circumstance on its face, but does not take so slight a shape upon closer inspection. It means a material reduction in the rate of miners' wages, for the white laborer in that line will have a competitor in the field with whom he cannot cope successfully. The larger amount of work that can be done in a given time by the white man is more than offset by the greatly reduced rate at which the Chinaman can afford to work, for he can live on what the other would starve.

The object of employing coolie labor in the mines is of course the production of coal by the company at the cheapest possible rate, enabling them to so reduce the price to consumers as to, if possible, command the market. This will, as a natural sequence, cause rival coal companies to cut down their operating expenses, either by reducing the wages of white employees or the employment of coolie laborers, the blow in any event falling upon the workingmen, whose condition does not as a rule receive the consideration to which it is entitled.

While the effects of competition are in some respects beneficial, in others, they are disastrous. It compels reductions in the prices of products, and the aim of corporations and businssmen generally is to bring down prices so far as practicable without a corresponding depreciation of profits.

Every man who is willing to labor to the extent of his ability, be it much or little, has a common right — whether it be recognized or not — to a decent living. What we mean by that is that he is entitled to sufficient food, clothing and shelter for himself and those who may be helplessly dependent upon him. While this right — which we hold to be inherent — is generally recognized in theory, it is, under existing conditions, frequently ignored practically. Having this view, we hope the example set by the company operating the Pleasant Valley coal mines will not be extensively followed, and that it will not largely enter into the labor avenues of Utah.

May 8, 1893: It is understood that comparatively few Chinamen in this territory or elsewhere have complied with the Geary Exclusion Law, which by its terms was to go into effect on the 5th inst.; all who were not registered were to be subject to peremptory arrest by any United States officer, and their deportation to China was to follow immediately after. This hot-headed, haphazard way of doing things did not however, as it seems, commend itself strongly to Secretary Carlisle and wholesale arrests will not be made for the present, perhaps not at all till a decision in the test case now pending is reached.

May 10, 1893: The law compelling Chinamen to register is now becoming enforced and thus far above 300 Chinamen of Rock Springs, Wyoming, have been registered. The work of registering is under the internal revenue collector of this district.

May 15, 1893: The Supreme Court of the United States holds the Geary exclusion act to be constitutional, the opinion being unani-

mous with one exception. So we are advised by a telegraphic bulletin received shortly after noon. This is a matter of a great deal of importance, involving as it does the deportation of many thousands — perhaps more than a hundred thousand of Chinese back to their native home. All that have not complied with the terms of the law by registering must go unless some saving point that we know not of intervenes, and this is not likely. It will create a flurry if nothing more.

Further acts, designed to strengthen and enforce the exclusion policy, were passed in 1904, 1911, 1912, and 1913 despite the fact that the Chinese population in the country was steadily declining. In 1890 it was 107,488, in 1900 it was 89,863, and 61,639 in 1920. There was some agitation after 1924 to place Orientals on a quota basis and thereby remove the racially discriminatory basis of the exclusion acts, which had been the source of much bitterness in the Orient. All efforts failed, however, except in the case of the Chinese after China became one of the leading members of the United Nations in the Second World War. On December 17, 1943, an act was approved which provided for the repeal of the Chinese exclusion laws, placed the Chinese on a small quota basis of 105 per annum, and made persons of the Chinese race eligible to become naturalized United States citizens.

WONG SING, DUCHESNE MERCHANT

No history of the Chinese in Utah would be complete without the story of *Wong Sing*, Duchesne merchant who came to the fort in 1889, built a big business and became famous throughout the locality for his honesty and sportsmanship. Harry Bagley in the *Salt Lake Tribune* of March 25, 1934, presented a brief history of his life:

The rise from rags to riches is a predominant American theme, and there probably is not better example of man's will to succeed than that of Wong Sing of Fort Duchesne, who was killed last Monday when the truck in which he was riding overturned six miles north of Park City. Wong was more than a successful man; he was an institution, and his neighbors and friends in Duchesne and Uintah counties, Indians and whites alike, are mourning his death. Sixty Ute braves assembled at the office of the agency superintendent at Fort Duchesne Tuesday in a tribal council, and the virtues of Wong Sing were extolled and his passing mourned.

Wong Sing established himself in Fort Duchesne in 1889. A Canton man, he made his way to San Francisco and started for the interior. He finally arrived at Price and set out for Fort Duchesne. His journey extended over a week. At that time there were two troops of cavalry and a company of infantry stationed at the fort.

Upon his arrival, he built a primitive laundry on the bank of the Uintah River where it runs past the fort, and started business. The soldiers welcomed the innovation and Wong Sing had plenty

to do, but as his laundry prospered, he began to lay the foundation for his career as a merchant. Soon he obtained a supply of chinaware, which he sold to wives of officers and to settlers in the region. His knowledge of English was limited when he arrived at Fort Duchesne, and there were some words of this language he never mastered. When he came in contact with the Utes, however, he mastered their language, together with that of other tribes of Indians, until it was said he could converse in the redman's idiom with greater proficiency than most of the braves.

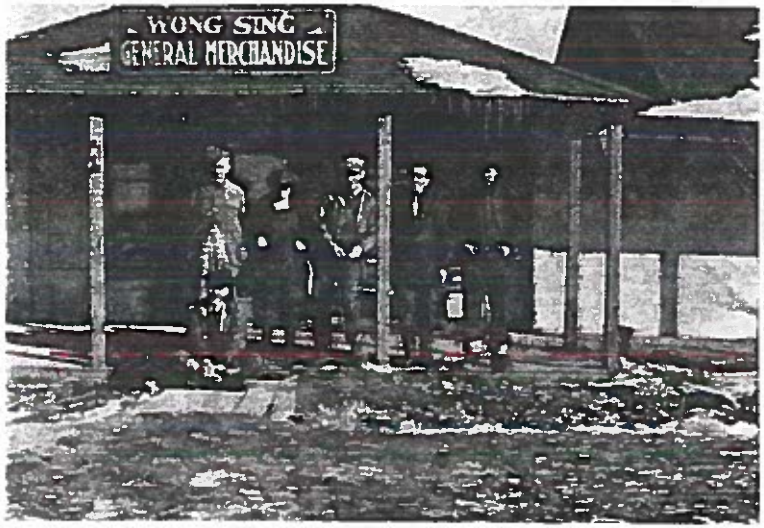
While Wong Sing was toiling in his laundry, a pair of enterprising troopers rented a room at the Fort Duchesne Hotel and opened a poker game. "Wong was a dead game sport," declared W. B. Tembroeck, 85, a veteran of the Black Hills campaign, who was closely associated with Utah's early military activities. "When that game started, Wong had his first real chance to get ahead. The soldiers used to try to read his face, but he could hold four aces and never bat an eye. A lot of the boys became obsessed with the idea of beating Wong, and some of them did on occasion, but no one ever saw him bat an eye, win or lose."

Mr. Tembroeck, whose connection with the quartermaster corps took him in wagon trains over practically all of eastern Utah, was a close friend of Wong Sing, and although he lived several miles from the latter's store, paid him a visit at least once a week.

While the poker game flourished, Wong Sing started a restaurant, and a little store on the grounds of the fort, and set out to annex the Indian trade. His dealings with the Utes so pleased the natives that within a short time he enjoyed their entire patronage. Wong Sing's success as a trader aroused the cupidity of several white men, who arranged to have him excluded from the government property, so they could set up a larger, finer store. "They kicked Wong off the government land," said Mr. Tembroeck, "and freighted in a fine supply of goods, but it didn't do them any good. As soon as they built and stocked their store it caught fire and burned to the ground."

Determined to continue his commercial activities, Wong purchased a few acres of land a mile and a half northeast of Fort Duchesne, across the Uintah River, and built a small store and a reputation for integrity. As his reputation grew and his range of acquaintances widened, Wong started shipping his goods far beyond the limits of eastern Utah. His growing business demanded additional space, and as the need arose, Wong would build another addition to his store.

The zenith of Wong's business career was reached from 1927 until 1929. At that time he employed eight clerks. He operated a furniture store, a general merchandising store and a meat market, and served as agent for machinery companies and other firms. During this period his store contained from $60,000 to $70,000 worth of stock.



Wong's Thriving Business Center

When the depression set in, Wong reduced his force, and eased up on his credit policy. When a hard-pressed rancher would ask for time in which to pay for a bill of goods, Wong Sing would say, "It is not my policy to extend credit, but you need the goods, so take them." Wong's friend, Tembroeck, cast an interesting light on Wong's credit policy."When Wong first started up," he said, "he thought everyone was as honest as himself. A number of residents, however, thought it was cute to trick him. I remember one family that used to live down Randlett way. They would drive up to my place and tell me they were on their way to Wong's and ask if they could buy something for me. I would give them a list of goods I wanted and the money to pay for them. Then they would charge it to their account and pocket the money. They were just that much ahead, because they didn't ever intend to pay Wong." After a few experiences of this nature, Wong altered his point of view toward his fellowmen, and purchasers paid cash — or in cases where Wong was convinced of their responsibility — paid every 30 days.

For many years Wong distributed calendars to his customers and friends. The Indian motif was always carried out in the calendar, and the distribution served to portray the extensiveness of his operations. Dr. E. A. Pritchard, in charge of emergency conservation work for the western states, commented on Wong's calendars. "Wherever there are Indians in the west, you can find Wong Sing's calendars. I have seen them on the reservation on Raft River, at Fort Hall, at Camp Jacks on the Flathead Reservation, at the Sacaton Agency in Arizona, at Shiprock, New Mexico, and at a hotel in Glacier National Park. Wong Sing enjoyed a wider acquaintance among western Indians than any other individual."

Superintendent L. W. Page of the Fort Duchesne Indian Agency, also was loud in his praise of Wong Sing. "He was the only individual I ever met whose personal check was accepted as cash by the post office department. If I wanted a double record of a transaction, and would attempt to purchase a postal money order with my personal check, the postmaster would tell me to exchange my personal check for one of Wong Sing's and the transaction could be made. Wong Sing was one of the greatest characters I have ever met. Every government official who was connected with Fort Duchesne or with the Indian service, who met Wong Sing, listed him among their valued acquaintances. Just a few days before Wong Sing's death, he received a letter from General Hugh L. Scott. Wong mentioned receiving the letter in a casual manner, and said it was written 'by my friend, General Scott.' "

Upon learning of Wong Sing's sudden death, Superintendent Page wrote 12 or 15 government officials, telling them of the death of their friend.

When Postmaster George A. Wilson at Fort Duchesne was asked regarding Wong Sing's high rating with postal authorities, he said, "It is unusual for the post office department to honor personal checks, but Wong Sing's checks have always been regarded the same as cash, not only here, but in the Salt Lake accounting office. I can recall many occasions when it was necessary to transfer three or four hundred dollars to Salt Lake. Instead of sending the money, we would turn it over to Wong Sing, accept his personal check, and forward the check to Salt Lake. There was hardly a month went by that his office did not handle at least $900 in Wong Sing's personal checks."

Residents of Vernal and Roosevelt tell with delight of a salesman who called on Wong Sing and attempted to sell him an adding machine. Wong could see no advantage in the machine over his well-worn abacus, a counting frame common among Chinese merchants. To prove his point, the salesman proposed a contest between the abacus and his adding machine. Wong operated the counting frame and the salesman operated the adding machine. The contest started and the man totaled up a huge column of figures. Not only did Wong finish first, but his answer differed from that of the machine. A check-back proved Wong correct; the salesman had pressed a wrong key. The salesman, however, didn't stop calling on Wong Sing. He didn't attempt further sales, but always dropped in to shake the hand of his friend.

Some years ago Wong Sing brought *Wong Wing*, a young Chinese from China to help in the store. Whether Wong Wing was a nephew or a son is a moot question, and even employees of Wong Sing could cast no light on the matter. At any rate, a close relationship existed between the two men, and it was Wong Wing who rushed to Park

City, upon learning of his benefactor's death, and who accompanied the body to Denver, where it was cremated.

Wong Sing's efforts were not entirely devoted to business. He conducted welfare work in a practical manner among the Indians of Uintah Basin, and assisted them in their business transactions. He took motion picures of many interesting tribal customs and many of his films were loaned to government officials in the Indian service. He also took motion pictures of many natural resources of the basin, and attracted many scientific men to the area. When the Uintah Basin Industrial Conference was organized for the purpose of informing the outside world of advantages offered in the basin, Wong Sing stood sturdily behind the enterprise and assisted in every manner. "He was a fine fellow and he lived a fine life," said Mr. Tembroeck, his friend for 45 years, "but I think he would rather have gone the way he did than to linger and wither in old age. Besides, he'll never die in the memory of Uintah Basin residents."

The following information about *Wong Sing* was told by Lester Schwobe, who at the age of fifteen began to work for the Chinese merchant:

Wong Sing was born in Canton, China, and with his father emigrated to San Francisco where the father opened a small variety shop. Wong Sing was hired as a handy man by an army officer who brought the Chinese to Fort Duchesne in the Uintah Basin. Here Wong started a laundry on the banks of the river. It was a common sight to see Wong Sing carrying large baskets of laundry on his head or shoulders to the army men. He also sold small odds and ends which he peddled from a small red wagon. After the soldiers left, he went to Vernal and started a restaurant, which he only operated a short time, returning to Fort Duchesne.

About this time Wong returned to China where he married and became the father of one son and one daughter; but when he came back to the Basin he was alone. Years later his son (or nephew) came to live with Wong in Fort Duchesne. Wong opened a store near the Fort in an old saloon which he had moved to the location. As his business grew he would move another old building in to make more room for his merchandise.

A generous kindly man, Wong was a friend to all of the Indians and a contributor to the Uintah County Hospital. People came from miles and miles around to shop with Wong Sing. No matter how much money people owed him, and they came again with a sad story, Wong would never let them leave empty-handed. When he died, thousands of dollars on his books were unpaid. He was kind to the children and they all loved him.

Maud Anderson remembers Wong Sing:

As a child I lived eight miles north of Fort Duchesne, Utah, on a homestead on which my father had filed in 1907. Some of my

first memories of the area include knowledge of Indians on the warpath, and soldiers dressed in blue uniforms. One day my parents started for Fort Duchesne. Mama, Daddy and the baby rode in the spring seat of the wagon and the four older children were placed in the back end of the vehicle, traveling by way of the river crossing on the north side of the fort, driving around the high board stockade to the west, passing the guard house and down the south side to the post office and commissary. After obtaining our mail, Daddy said we would go to Moffat, which was always a thrill to me, as there were cookie barrels and glass counters with candy and pretty ribbons.

Leaving the fort we bounced over the cobblestones of the river bottom to cross the big red bridge on the Uintah River. As we were driving over the bridge, Daddy said, "Look at the Chinaman," stopping the team so we could obtain a better view of him. There he was; the first Chinese I ever saw, Wong Sing. This was a long time ago, but I can see him now as he was then — a small slender fellow with a funny shirt we thought was fascinating. He had a small black close-fitting cap and a long queue of black hair hanging to his waist. He was bending over a washtub doing laundry for the soldiers of the fort. He lived in a very small house — my father called it a shanty — with a stovepipe extending through the roof. There were tubs and buckets by the side of the shanty that was sitting on a small island where he could easily dip up the water for his washings. His clothesline was draped among the rose bushes and trees.

Time passed. When next I remember seeing him, he had built a store about two miles east of Fort Duchesne, where Wong Sing had stocked all kinds of merchandise. It was built on a part of what was known as the "Strip," a small piece of land that didn't belong to the state or county, ~~a surveying mistake~~, and the law was not recognized there. A log cabin saloon was close by where the soldiers and any others could quench their thirst. Wong Sing had cut his hair and was dressed as a western businessman. He gradually built up a very good trade with ranchers, farmers, Indians and soldiers. I was still a child at this time and never did we leave his store without his putting a big "bag-sack," as we called it then, of candy, in the wooden box with the groceries. Many times there were apples, oranges and nuts in the bag, too.

Wong Sing gradually added to his store and hired help in stocking it, and when I was in my teens he had a very nice place in which to shop. He added ready-made clothes, yard goods, a very good shoe selection, butcher shop, etc. He also bought from the farmers and ranchers. An old Chinaman who took care of the butchershop was called *Wee*.

CHINESE IN PARK CITY

Remembering the Chinese in Park City, Fraser Buck presented the following paper which indicates the Chinese in the town owned

their own well kept homes. They were not discriminated against but enjoyed the friendship of the people as a whole:

Speaking of the Chinese, Merle and some of her friends wonder if we remember old Chinatown. How well! The Chinese colony was a most colorful and picturesque one in early Park City. Probably it is not on record when the first Chinese arrived in Park City. We cannot remember when there was not a Chinatown on the banks of Silver Creek, before it was poisoned, and a China Bridge, long before the fire. As we recall it, the old bridge was longer and broader than the present one, maybe it is just because everything seems bigger to youthful eyes. Anyway, many times we stood on the bridge and peered over the railing at the Chinese — butchering hogs below, sticking them — they squealed and kicked, and then hoisting them on a pulley and lowering them into tubs of boiling water and scraping off the bristles. Not a very edifying sight for youngsters, perhaps one that would not be tolerated now, but it seemed all right in those days, when life was rather less complicated.

We can still see the thin blue smoke spiraling from punks, and joss sticks in front of the laundry doors, close together along one side of Chinatown's one street, and whiff the pungent aroma of the incense mingling with the odors of strange-looking food laid out in the sun in front of the shops. The Chinese wore queues in those days too, and carried dimes and nickels and even quarters tucked in their ears, and shuffled along in sandals and loose-fitting garments — men and women alike, the latter often haltingly on cruelly bound, misshapen feet that once was a mark of distinction in their race, just as some of the men, nobles of the colony, let their fingernails grow to outrageous lengths to show that they were of the upper class and so were not required to do menial labor. The peddlers chop-chopping along with heavily laden baskets of vegetables hung at each end of a bamboo pole balanced on a shoulder, made a picture that one sees now mostly in books. Much of their produce was raised in their own "Chinese Gardens" below town. It was fun to look in at the placid laundrymen at their work, to watch them take their hot irons from the small stoves, and sprinkle the clothes with a spray blown from a mouthful of water. Some of the houses had circular fireplaces built of stone and covered with sheet iron in the yards at back on which clothes were boiled. On occasion the fires might be used for cooking food and roasting pigs.

In the young mind, too, there was likely to be a conviction that somewhere in the dark back rooms of Chinese places were dens of iniquity where opium was smoked, and where hatchetmen of rival tongs concocted schemes of dire vengeance upon each other. Maybe there were such hideouts, but we never saw them. The "Tong Wars" that sometimes really raged in Chinese quarters of the larger cities always seemed to by-pass Park City.

Then there was always Chinese New Year. What an occasion that was. It meant gifts of Chinese candy and litchi nuts, the biggest navel oranges we've ever seen; candied fruit peel, and firecrackers, when the lanndryman brought the family's weekly "wash." There would be celebrations in Chinatown with open house and hospitality for those who wished to visit, and "music" from native instruments that wailed and screeched to the weird accompaniment of crashing cymbals. Incense burned day and night before little altars set up in Chinese homes, and the walls, inside and out, were gay with bright-colored oblongs of paper in red and yellow and green with greetings in Chinese characters. There was feasting and general goings-on of which we had no understanding, but they were interesting and intriguing.

A Chinese funeral also was an event, and called for a procession to the cemetery, with music, and mourners scattering multi-hued prayer papers from their conveyances on their way to the grave, which was left heaped with roast pork, choice fruits and other food intended to appease the hunger of the departed on his long journey . . . But more likely consumed at last by small boys and not infrequently by some of their elders as well.

Doubtless the Chinese, who invented gunpowder, have other uses now for their explosives on the battle fronts, but before the war they made superior firecrackers, and in 1904, when Dad and the folks were away at the World's Fair in Saint Louis, Ed Walker, my pal, and I conceived the idea of importing an ample supply for a gala Fourth of July party at home. We placed the order through *Joe Julian*, and in due time the firecrackers and various other explosives arrived — a big box of them — from Chinatown in San Francisco.

We decorated our house with yards and yards of bunting and big flags and smaller ones, stuck in potatoes, as was the custom in those days, ordered refreshments, invited our guests and were all set to go, with a grand display of pyrotechnics to be the culminating event. But the night before the Fourth it snowed like the dickens. The storm bedraggled the flags and the bunting and the colors ran. The decorations of which we had been so proud became rather a sorry looking mess. The party was held anyway and we had fun, but we rather suspect that the snowstorm interfered somewhat with the planned effect of our fireworks display.

The Senate Chinese Restaurant was a favorite rendezvous for dancers who ate there during midnight intermission, and then went back to Maple Hall to dance until three or four o'clock in the morning.

The Chinese were great gamblers, as they still are. They seemed to favor the faro-bank and fan-tan. Some of them were usually found seated at the games in the saloons. Withal, however, the Chinese were thrifty, peaceful, and law-abiding. (End of quote.)

Merle Madson, president of Wasatch County Daughters of Utah Pioneers, reminisces on Chinatown in Park City:

After the railroad reached Promontory and the building of the Utah Central line from Ogden to Salt Lake was completed, many of the Chinese laborers had to look for work elsewhere.

The miners, generally, did not care to work at cooking and waiting on tables, but the Chinese seemed to fill these positions very well. The Ontario Mining Company was the first in this area to give it a trial and found the Chinese excellent cooks and capable workmen. To encourage the Chinese to stay, the Ontario Mining Company chose a site on the east side of Silver Creek which was located at the rear of the buildings on the east side of Main Street, where they constructed a dozen or more small shacks. In this area resided the Chinese who worked part time at the mines, cleaned places of business or performed other odd jobs. Those steadily employed usually were furnished rooms near the mines. Others farmed small patches of ground north of town and raised vegetables which they sold, carrying the produce from door to door in large baskets.

On the hillside to the east, known as Rossie Hill, was the residential district. It was necessary for the people who lived there to cross a small bridge over the creek, then climb a long stairway to arrive at their homes. Some were disturbed at the necessity of going through Chinatown. After much persuasion the city constructed the first China bridge, which spanned from the west side of the creek to the street above, known as Marsac Avenue. The bridge was wide enough for a team and wagon to be driven over, but the city restricted its use to pedestrians. The bridge was destroyed by fire in 1898, but was rebuilt late in 1899.

Near the bridge the Chinese seemed to live entirely apart from the rest of the community. It is said there were very few women in this district. There was open gambling, opium smoking, and here they held their New Year celebrations. Elaborate funerals were held, at which the mourners and friends of the deceased were dressed in fine Chinese clothing, and walked to the cemetery with great ceremony, throwing scraps of paper to drive away evil spirits.

The everyday apparel worn by the Chinese comprised a long, quilted, padded jacket, baggy trousers and slippers made of cloth with inch-thick soles. A queue of braided hair was curled tightly around the head and a skull cap worn over it. Sometimes the queue was worn down the back. Many of the Chinamen wore straw hats of a circular shape with a slope to the center. They donned high-crowned black felt hats on different occasions, and often carried coins in their ears.

A Chinese named Joe Julian, operated a fine cafe in what is now the New Park Emporium Antique Shop. *Charley Chong* was one of the best known cafe owners, and operated the Senate Cafe for many years. He married and raised a family of two boys, *George* and

Henry. The sons attended Park City schools and later Henry was sent to China to be educated in Chinese customs. The cafe was well-known and Charley had many friends throughout the area.

Bob Mon worked for Charlie Chong but later went into business for himself, operating Bob's Cafe. He became the father of four boys and a girl. They attended school in Park City until 1939 when they all moved to California.

Gin Ping and his wife raised a large family. They operated a laundry in Park City, later moving to Salt Lake City where he owned a cafe. His children were all well educated and the girls married well-to-do men. These people were good citizens, well respected, with many friends. Many of the Chinese working in the mines and elsewhere were known by their first names only.

China Mary, an elderly woman, lived alone in a log cabin at the corner of what is now Twelfth Street and Park Avenue, and was well thought of and respected by everyone.

Grover, reputed to have taken his name from Grover Cleveland, was one of the leaders of the Chinese group. He worked at the mines, mainly the Daly West. He was thrifty, having acquired many of the older houses in the area which he repaired and rented. In later years his son, *Joe*, came to Park City where he attended school and helped his father. Both were well-known among the people of the town and had many good friends.

As conditions became worse with strikes and the mines closing down, the Chinese left to find employment elsewhere. (End of quote.)

The following letter from Mrs. *Ooy G. Ghinn* to Merle Madson tells of the Ghinn family in Park City:

I am sure none of us will ever forget the town and least of all our very dear friends made during our sojourn in good old Park City. Although we loved the hospitality of the people of Park City, our family had to leave because opportunities for a large growing family were very scarce, and especially for those of us who had graduated from high school. Despite our many trials and tribulations we, nevertheless, have many happy memories to keep Park City in our minds.

The family is pretty well intact in spite of the fact that my eldest brother, *Thon*, is in the army and I am married. *Gam* is working at Fort Douglas with a permanent military unit, and *Joan* is also at Fort Douglas. I suppose my brother *Wanne* will enlist in the Air Corps when he graduates from high school this spring.

Thon is still in San Antonio with the classification center. He completed a five months college course at Columbia University last week and a letter from him yesterday stated that he passed the rigid physical and mental requirements for Air Corps Navigator with the first three percent; the tests for bombardiers with the first five percent and the prerequisites for pilot with the first thirty percent. Not to brag, but we are proud of him. . . . Let me say the children

surely wish they were going to school in Park City, they loved the good schools and the teachers and all the activities there.

Best wishes to all and remember us to Maie and our friends.

In 1898 Park City suffered the worst fire in Utah's history. The *Salt Lake Tribune* of July 4, 1948, had the following to say concerning the Chinese colony:

The whole town caught fire. Dynamite and heroic action saved the fringes but never was so much damage wrought, never such a hot and exciting day in this mountain-hemmed mining town.

In the general confusion of the fire everyone forgot the Chinese, whose small colony was one of the first sections of the town to be destroyed. Everyone, that is, except Rev. Thomas Galligan, rector of St. Mary's. Father Galligan found some 20 of the Chinese huddled in a cabin below town. They were without food, and the clothing they wore was about all their possessions they were able to save. Father Galligan immediately sent them quantities of rice and what other Chinese food he could gather to supply their immediate wants. "They were forever grateful," he later recalled, "for they believed the Americans would exclude the Orientals in the relief and rehabilitation of the town."

Father Galligan was one of the leading spirits in the days that followed, heading relief committees and coordinating efforts in the reconstruction program. Chinatown was wiped out. Hardly more than a single breath of the inferno was needed to sweep clean the cluster of shacks by Silver Creek. The Chinese bridge was destroyed too.

TOOELE COUNTY

The Chinese wended their way to the mines located in Tooele County, where on March 17, 1876, in that same year *Western Union* sent to the *Deseret News* a dispatch saying that three men had been killed by a snowslide:

> Between four and five o'clock this morning the boarding-house of the Poorman Mine, situated on Ophir Hill, was swept away by an avalanche, carrying with it three men, William Higgins, the foreman of the mine, James Higginson and Thomas Lynch. One of the men, John Toole, and the *Chinese cook* escaped in some way. The other three men are supposed to have been carried with the wreck over the cliff, near the brink of which the house was built, and but little hope remains of recovering the bodies immediately.

On April 20, 1870, L. Greenly located his first mining claims, and soon after 1872, Lewiston was built on the present site of Mercur where several discoveries of paying ore were made. As in all mining towns, Mercur citizens included some Chinese.

Dr. Sam and his wife *Mollie* came to Mercur before 1900 and lived in a building on Main Street that also housed their laundry. They hired three or four Chinese who slept in wall beds which were hidden by curtains and located in the laundry reception room.

Sam was a very large, well built man, weighing about 200 pounds. He wore his queue because he said, "If I cut it off I can never go back to China." Mollie was small and round-faced and wore her straight, dark hair in a knot at the back of her head. Dr. Sam was very capable at setting broken bones, curing fevers, treating rheumatism, etc. He gave his patients a mixture of Chinese herbs that had been cooked until thick and dark and to me it tasted like mud mixed with celery. When other doctors were absent from town, people went to Dr. Sam. His many cures made him a respected citizen and well thought of by everyone in Mercur.

We young folk often visited them in their living quarters where we enjoyed Chinese music played on a phonograph, and listened to wind bells. During Chinese New Year's celebration, we sampled Chinese candy, nuts and fruit. When the mine closed in 1913, these people left Mercur. I do not know where Dr. Sam and Mollie went.

—Jessie H. Lee

West Dip, a mining town settled in 1895, also had a small boarding-house with a Chinese Cook who was well-known to the children. Around holidays he always presented each child with a gift. He was known as *Lee*.

TINTIC DISTRICT

Some of the earliest Chinese who went to the Tintic Mining District in Utah found work in the company-owned boardinghouses, while others obtained employment in the mines, or opened laundries. An Oriental store, well-stocked with dishes, notions and candy, was operated in Eureka. Here many of the Chinese were called "Charlie."

In Mammoth the laundry was run by a Chinese named *Sam Lung*. His place was burned to the ground, but later he opened another in Eureka. After over thirty years of living in the old mining town, Sam left for his homeland. Another man who was called the "scholar of the Chinese" was *Ay He*. He was believed to be the wealthiest of the Chinese in Tintic.

WEBER COUNTY CHINESE

When the Central Pacific Railroad was being built, 10,000 to 15,000 men from China were hired to work on the road. After it was completed a number established laundries in Ogden. Among them were *Ching Wah*, 2438 Grant Avenue; *Hang Yei*, 2222 Grant Avenue; *Sam Wah*, 271-25th Street; *Sue Wah*, 123-25th Street; and *Wong Lee*, 229-25th Street. Following is a description given by Isabella E. K. Wilson:

I was born on the northeast corner of Wall Avenue and 24th Street. My Aunt Annie and Uncle Jack lived on the northeast corner of 25th Street and Lincoln Avenue. On their property Uncle Jack erected several small buildings which he rented to the Chinese where they established laundries. As children we were sent on errands from one home to the other and as often stopped to look in their windows. Pressing our noses flat against the windowpane, we saw the many-colored Chinese lanterns made of paper, variegated colored Chinese bowls, and saw the Orientals eat with chopsticks, rice and chicken cooked together. Usually they knew us and were friendly. Many times they gave us Chinese candy or a Chinese handkerchief. They wore blue Chinese shoes or a type of sandal, blue trousers trimmed in black, and a white sack coat.

These men collected the laundry from homes that could afford to pay for washing and ironing, and carried it on their heads to their places of business in Chinese baskets. When the clothes were washed they were white as snow. They had only washtubs and boards, a crude ironing table, and a very heavy iron which was heated on a small coal or wood stove. When the clothes were dampened and ready for ironing, a pretty bowl decorated with flowers and filled with water was placed nearby for additional dampening if it was needed.

The *Deseret News* of August 17, 1886, published the following:

Ogden City, Utah. August 16, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

The chief attraction today in this city was a little board shanty on Fifth Street, near the Catholic Church. The event was the funeral of *Charley Foo*, alias "Little Charley," a Chinaman of considerable prominence, and who has resided in Ogden for a number of years. He acquired a fair knowledge of the English language and acted as interpreter and in other official capacities for the benefit of his confreres of the Celestial Empire. He had been ailing for some time past, and on Friday morning last, he gathered up his feet, shuffled off his mortal coil and departed to the land where many almond-eyed Mongolians had preceded him. The funeral services which were of a varied and elaborate character, commenced at 2 p.m. today at the mortuary residence. The ceremonies were witnessed by hundreds of white people who had assembled for the purpose. At the hour appointed the Celestials had assembled in force to do honor to the memory of their departed friend. The casket containing the remains was placed on pedestals on the sidewalk of the street, with the head to the east and feet to the west. Immediately to the rear was a table of considerable dimensions loaded with a variety of rich viands, among which were a *good sized pig*, and another grunter, a suckling which had been dressed, cooked and served up whole for the occasion. The largest of these porcines was decorated with cooked chickens, etc. Still further in the rear was another table covered with fruits, liquors

and other paraphernalia for the feast of the spirit of the deceased Mongolian. On either side of this last mentioned table, a Celestial was stationed to conduct the ceremonies. A mat was placed on the ground upon which the Mongolians, in couples knelt, bowed low three times, then took from the small table a cup filled with whiskey, scattered a portion on the ground, then took a rush straw, ignited it, bowed three times again, passed the straw to a Chinaman on the left, arose to their feet, retired and gave their place to other couples who went through the same ceremony in deference to the memory of their deceased brother. During the operations, wax candles were burning on the table and the Chinese metallic band, consisting of a gong and two cymbals discoursed "celestial" music which was composed of one tune of about six notes and no variations. Flags of the Empire and numerous banners bearing as many mottoes in the Chinese tongue waved in the breeze. The Ogden Brass Band had been engaged for the occasion, and executed a number of popular dirges and marches among which were "Greenwood's Dirge," "Fallen Comrade," "Garfield's March," "Longfellow's March," etc. At 2:45 p.m. the casket was placed in the elegant new hearse of Mr. James Gale and the long cortege under the supervision of Mr. S. M. Preshaw, took up its march to the Ogden Cemetery. The procession was preceded by two prominent Chinese on white horses, then came the hearse followed by mourners and friends in carriages, and several hundreds of "white trash" on foot. The latter lined each side of the road to the graveyard. On reaching the burial place the flags, banners, bedding, clothes and other effects of the deceased were gathered in piles and after the body had been lowered into the grave, the above named effects were ignited and formed a *grand funeral pyre*. The pigs, etc. were also consumed by the fiery element; candies and other sweets, as offerings to appease the fire and conciliate the bad spirit were dispensed to the crowd, also numerous small packages containing a dime coin of the United States, and every John returned to his abode. (End of quote.)

Leo and *Joe* — Ambrose and Minerva P. Rose Shaw were pioneers of 1848, who settled in the area of Mound Fort, Weber County, Utah, where they built a large home. Years later, their land was farmed by Chinese gardeners who lived in a small frame shack west of the home. Ernest Shaw remembers the Chinese gardeners and their odd way of farming the land. He helped them with the weeding, and recalled that two of the Chinese laborers were known only by one name, Leo and Joe, probably so-called by the foreman when they were employed on the Pacific Railroad.

Leo and Joe raised truck garden crops such as onions, peas, beets, carrots, squash, radishes, potatoes and celery, and worked from twelve to fourteen hours each day. An hour before dinner time, one of the Chinese would leave the field to prepare the meal which usually consisted of rice eaten from small bowls with chopsticks. They built

wooden walkways about eighteen inches high which were used while the ground was being irrigated. Large wooden boxes were kept clean and placed in the main irrigation ditch where the vegetables were kept cool and fresh until sold. Only one horse and wagon was used in the field at a time, and it was a common sight to see a big umbrella over the wagon to provide shade. Bamboo poles and baskets were used to carry their produce from the garden.

After the evening meal, Leo and Joe relaxed by smoking their long pipes made of bamboo. For entertainment they would walk to Washington Boulevard, one behind the other, board the streetcar and go into town for the evening. They liked to gamble but never became intoxicated. By ten o'clock they had returned to their home.

Chinese Restaurants — The Chinese are very adept in operating restaurants. Several successful establishments were built along Twenty-fifth Street in Ogden which served exotic and delicious Oriental food, as well as Chinese-American food. Three of the larger restaurants were the *Senate, Vienna* and *Bon Ton*. A full course dinner would be served for twenty-five cents. The proprietors lived at their places of business which were open twenty-four hours a day. The decor of the restaurants was a Chinese motif, colored lanterns made of paper and variegated Chinese bowls.

Many rows of low wooden structures were built along Twenty-fifth Street from the Broom Hotel to the railroad station, four city blocks west of Washington Boulevard, and many of these establishments were operated by Chinese. The best known of the Chinese businessmen was *Lee Ben*, called "King of the Chinamen." He was a very intelligent, well educated man, and owned a gambling casino located on Twenty-fifth Street. It was furnished with imported Chinese mahogany furniture. He was very influential in bringing to his customers the very best Chinese culture. —Vera Murdock

Leo Sun operated a vegetable garden and sold produce to the townspeople of Ogden directly from his garden. Leo Sun gave my mother a hand-carved Chinese fan.

Leo Lung lived by the Ogden River Bridge. He raised vegetables for many years and sold them to Ogden citizens. Saving his money to return to China, Leo Lung as an old man, was beaten and robbed and died from the effects of the beating.

Lee Wong delivered vegetables to his regular customers. He lived on Thirty-second Street near Wall Avenue. —Fern Price

THE CHINESE IN SILVER REEF

The mining town of Silver Reef had on its rolls the names of practically all nationalities, including quite a number of Chinese. Some say that at one time there were 250 residing in the town, where they lived in what was known as the Chinese sector.

They had their own cemetery where many were interred. After the decline of Silver Reef, *Sam Gee*, a noted Chinaman, came from San Francisco, exhumed most of the bodies and shipped their remains back to their native land.

The following story was written by Hazel Bradshaw, who has compiled many histories of southern Utah:

Although Silver Reef was a little mining town hidden away from the railroad or towns of any size, it soon became the home of many foreign nationals as well as many classes of Americans. During its days of greatest prosperity there were possibly 75 (other sources say about 250) Chinese men who drifted into camp. Few of them sought jobs in the mines, but they seemed to have no trouble finding employment as cooks or laundrymen. They built no large structures to house their activities, but were glad to find some small place already constructed that would serve their purpose; most of them were made of rough native lumber and few received a coat of paint. George E. Miles, who spent several years as a young man in Silver Reef, gave the following information:

These Chinese had no wives with them, and possibly had moved from job to job never becoming family men with homes of their own. Though a few Chinese women did come into camp at intervals, they were of a rough class and soon left. The men were mostly quiet and unassuming by nature and had no social life except among themselves. Their only apparent recreation was to assemble in a basement lounge owned by some of their own people and there relax with a pipe of opium. It seemed to drive away their weariness, and waft them into a realm of pleasant, fanciful dreams. The white men respected their hour of privacy and no Chinaman ever divulged his personal feelings to others. They went about their daily work industriously and minded their own business. They were slow to pick a quarrel and respected the rights of others. They expected no special consideration from anyone, and gave honest work for their day's pay. Most of them worked for such low wages that it was very difficult for them to save much money, but through frugal living they seemed always to have enough for their needs. Their clothes were of the simple comfortable kind, made of washable cotton materials in the lighter colors. Soft moccasins protected their feet, and a tiny close-fitting cap was their only head covering. Many still wore their hair in a long queue though most of the head was shaved close to the skin.

Even in time of sorrow and death they kept pretty much to themselves. A small plot of open ground located in the southeast corner of Bonanza Flat was reserved as their burial ground. They conducted their services according to their ancient customs. One of their rites was to scatter tiny bits of torn paper on the ground as they marched in a funeral procession. When asked why they did this, they replied it was to keep the Devil busy picking them up so

he couldn't get to the open grave before the corpse arrived. No doubt he was at times long delayed unless a brisk wind helped to clear the ground for him. Always a funeral was ended by the mourners placing bottles of their choicest wines and vessels of their savory roast pork and other delicacies on the freshly covered grave for the use of the dead while going to his new home. The food was always gone the next morning but no one ever heard anyone blame the half starved Indians who roamed the nearby hills.

These Chinamen always wore clean clothing, probably a result of their natural ability as laundrymen. The seeming leader, or Mandarin, at Silver Reef was named *Sam Wing*. He had a strong but pleasing personality and seemed well equipped to hold his position among his fellow Chinese. He was well educated and operated a small store. Just west of his shop was the post office, so his usual daily custom was to call for his mail, then carry whatever letters or magazines he might receive into his store, and settle into his easy chair to read. No curious onlooker ever learned to read the long columns of curious characters, so they held little interest for others. When a visitor in his shop glanced at his paper and asked Sam how long it would usually take a Chinese boy to become a good reader, he answered, thoughtfully, "Oh maybe ten, maybe twelve years." He sold a variety of Chinese remedies as cure-alls for most of the simple ailments that afflict the ordinary man. He also sold fancy silk handkerchiefs and scarfs besides the common run of articles in daily use. No doubt much of this material came from China, especially the silk articles, as China had been the home of the silk industry for hundreds of years.

Another Chinaman named *Huey* worked as a cook for Mrs. Grimes' Restaurant. He was a wonderful cook. She also had a local fellow by the name of Rhoner working for her. Rhoner seemed to take special delight in teasing Huey just to see him vent his rage in good Chinese swearing, even if he couldn't understand a word of it. These occasional outbursts didn't bother Lady Grimes too much for she knew she would have a hard time finding another cook to take his place. One Chinese put up a small lumber restaurant where he served regular meals to the miners every day and received his pay at the end of the month when the men were paid. He would serve good Chinese food, or popular American meals as ordered. The Chinese cooks had a knack for adding special spices and herbs to make good food taste better, and were grateful for a little praise for a well prepared meal. If a Chinaman didn't want to cook, he could easily learn how to set himself up in the laundry business. A tub, washboard and a few bars of soap were all that were necessary as a starter. Even ironing the shirts and trousers was not unpleasant once they were accustomed to it. The Chinese had learned long ago that any honest work which provided a living was honorable work. So with their intelligent and practical outlook, these people filled a need in the community and willingly took any job. They never interfered with the white man's work nor felt themselves too good to perform any service for him. An American-born Chinese gentleman came to Silver Reef from New York City. He was well educated and expressed himself in perfect English. He could read and write as fluently as he spoke and earned quite a reputation for himself while living among these more rugged citizens.

One incident happened in this town of lumber shanties that was long remembered. Some Chinese were using a little frame lean-to near a livery stable as their living quarters. The corrals were kept clean but the manure was piled up just outside the fence waiting to be hauled away at some future time. One morning, before it was light, one of the Chinamen hurried out of his door and dumped a pan of ashes containing some hot coals onto one of the manure piles. During the morning the fire from the coals began to ignite the manure and run under cover to the fence. When puffs of smoke began rising above the houses, the cry of "fire!" called all the menfolk in town — rich or poor, young or old, for a fire could quickly destroy their homes. Buckets of water and wet blankets soon put out the fire, but when it was learned that this poor old thoughtless Chinese had nearly burned up the town, the city fathers had a difficult time saving him from a lynching. Though the Chinese sometimes made mistakes, they were generally respected for their industry and patience, and their ability to mind their own affairs and stay out of other peoples' quarrels.

IN COLORADO

Following the driving of the Golden Spike at Promontory, Utah, in May of 1869, several Chinese employed by the Central Pacific went to Colorado. Near that date one of the local newspapers noted that "the first John Chinaman has arrived in Denver." Later, the territorial legislature passed a resolution on February 11, 1870, encouraging Chinese emigration, stating "they would supply cheap labor," and during the 1870s a few Chinamen were imported to work in the Cameron Mines. It wasn't long before some of the people became anti-Chinese, and in 1871 a Chinese house was destroyed by fire; set by vandals, followed by threats of harm to any and all Chinese living in Colorado. The census of 1880 listed nearly 700 Chinese in the state.

Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*, owned by a prominent Democrat, showed sympathy for the laboring class and launched a campaign against the Republicans whom they claimed were bringing in Chinese to work in various industries; thus taking the jobs of the white citizens. As the election of November 1880 approached, the fight became bitter between the two political parties. Following is the story taken from the *Deseret News* of November 3, 1880:

Denver has been in the hands of a mob for eight hours, and there are now fully 1,500 rioters in the streets. The trouble has

been growing for days. It was discovered a week ago that there were fully 8,000 illegal names registered in this city, and immediately afterwards the streets were filled with strangers of the worst character. Ever since the publication of the forged Garfield letter, violent partisans have striven to make an issue of the Chinese question, and the democratic press has been filled with articles asserting that as soon as Garfield was elected the State would be flooded with Chinese and all white labor driven out. Saturday night the Democrats had a procession carrying transparencies with inscriptions and cartoons tending to excite animosity against the Chinese. A considerable portion became intoxicated and remained out all night. This noon they made an assault on the Chinese houses, tearing down one house and beating and driving out the Chinese. One was dragged from *Hop Lee's* place with a rope about his neck and his skull crushed in with boots and bricks. The police were called out, but were unable to control the mob. The fire department was ordered to throw water on the rioters, but the mob attacked them and badly wounded two firemen. Many Chinamen were fearfully beaten. One was rescued by the police and taken to the jail which was immediately surrounded by a mob of about one thousand who hurrahed for Hancock and yelled "lynch the leper." Special police managed to keep back the crowds. The other mob remained intact in the lower part of the city. About dark they were entirely beyond control and marched from street to street, gutting China houses wherever they saw them and assaulting citizens. On Lawrence Street, from an isolated tenement, a Chinaman was dragged. His ears were cut off, and he was otherwise terribly mutilated. He was finally rescued in a dying condition and placed in a carriage and driven towards the city jail. At Sixteenth Street an unsuccessful effort was made to drag him from the wagon. Several are reported killed, but the condition of the streets is such that it is impossible at this hour to get a definite report. Many colored men were knocked down and beaten. At this hour the rioters are still on the streets in full force. Special police have been sworn in to the number of 300. There is a great deal of incendiarism tonight, and the fire department has been called to be ready at the slightest warning. Reports of pistols are heard all over town, and the militia will be called out. Threats have been freely made that the Tribune office would be sacked, but though the mob has been howling across the street from it, no attack has been made as yet. Citizens, irrespective of party, are intensely indignant. The transparencies carried in the democratic procession on Saturday night were devoted to the Chinese, and this, with the constant repetitions of the Garfield forgeries, is causing the mob. There is a dangerous night ahead. The Chinese population here cannot exceed 150 all told, and from the beginning of this riot, not a single incident is reported of any one of them having resisted the onslaught.

At this time (11:30 p.m.) everything is quiet, the mob having dispersed, but a large police force is patroling the streets and the militia is ready for action at a moment's notice. The report of a Chinaman having his ears cut off is untrue, but several had their queues cut off. All saloons are closed with orders to remain so until after the election. The rioters gutted every China house in town with two or three exceptions. One Chinaman was hung over his front door, and several were badly beaten and wounded with stones and other missiles. In nearly every instance the police rescued the Chinaman through the back door while the mob was forcing the front doors. Four or five rioters are slightly wounded, one seriously, being shot in the right side.

November 1, 1880. The active response of the citizens to the call of the authorities effectually checked the mob and by midnight a very perceptible improvement was developed which was steadily continued. Early this morning a squad of miscreants raised a disturbance near the post office but within ten minutes it is estimated that 1,000 citizens, nearly all armed, were on the ground, and all the rioters at that point were arrested and sent to jail. Several hundred warrants have been sworn out by the officers, and between two and three hundred arrests have been made. The city is now considered absolutely secure against any revival of mob rule, and the indignation among all classes is intense and earnest. Should lawlessness show itself in any form or at any point, it will undoubtedly be put down by sternest and most convincing means employed in such emergencies.

Dec. 8. The *Herald's* Denver special says: *Col. Bee*, Chinese Consul at San Francisco, is now in Denver investigating the recent Chinese riot in that place. In reply to questions, he stated that he had been ordered by the Chinese Embassy at Washington to make close inquiry into the affairs of October 31st, and that he had in accordance with his instructions carefully looked into the matter, and will return to San Francisco to prepare his report for transmission to the Chinese ministry in the United States. Bee is very reticent as to the result of his labors, but I understand he has taken steps to procure an estimate from Chinese residents here of the amount of damages sustained by them individually and collectively; that he has procured the fullest evidence obtained concerning the riot and that he has been permitted to use evidence brought out in the coroner's investigation of the death of *Sing Lee*, who was killed by the mob. He tells me he has no doubt that his government will require our government to indemnify the Chinese for their losses. There is no state or city statute providing for such indemnification, therefore the Chinese will look to the General Government, which has, he says, invited the Chinese here, to make good all losses, and he is of the opinion that our Government should be prompt in its action. The Chinese Government has set an example which, he thinks,

should be followed, having paid over to the United States without grumbling or loss of time, as much as $700,000, $500,000 of which is now in the Treasury at Washington to indemnify American citizens for losses sustained during the riots in China. When asked whether the Government which he represents would take any steps looking to the punishment of those who are responsible for Sing Lee's death, he said it would not, but intimated that he thought some of the Chinese, as individuals, would probably employ lawyers to assist the state in prosecuting. Bee thinks the census returns will show there are about 80,000 Chinese in America, whereof the Pacific Coast has 52,000.

CHINESE IN IDAHO

A native of Scotland, *Adam Fife* came to Utah in September of 1851 with his family. In 1856 they moved to Weber County where the father passed away leaving Adam to care for his mother and five sisters. He became a well known freighter, and on one of his trips through Idaho en route to Montana took a load of Chinamen who could not speak the English language. One night Adam became ill. In the morning his oxen were lost. He started after them but fell to the ground. One of the Chinese came to his aid and helped him into the wagon where he waited while the Chinaman found the team and helped him to complete the journey.

During his life Adam Fife always felt kindly toward all the Chinese people, realizing that one had saved his life. Many of the Chinese made their homes in mining towns of Idaho.

December 26, 1957, a Boise, Idaho, newspaper presented the story of the Chinese in Idaho, written by H. J. Swinney:

Polly Bemis, the famous Chinese "poker bride" of the Salmon River country, has been dead nearly 25 years, and nearly all of the other old-time Idaho Chinese are gone too. People are forgetting that once the Chinese were a large segment of Idaho's population. Today, Americans of Chinese ancestry are pretty well integrated into the general population.

Even before Polly Bemis came to the gold town of Warren, the Chinese language was familiar music in Idaho. Chinese had flocked to the gold fields along with everyone else soon after 1860. Not all of them came to mine, though. White men who were busy with their shovels, their rockers, and their sluice boxes didn't have much time for incidentals, and Chinese laundries and gardens quickly became an easy answer to the problems of everyday living. In Silver City in the 1860's, they say, one enterprising Oriental hitched himself into a yoke every morning, and with a bucket hanging from each end made trip after trip to a good spring. He guaranteed to fill each customer's water barrel with good clear water every day for 50 cents a week and since good water was at something of a premium in Silver City, he had no trouble finding customers.

Engaged in Mining. Of course, some Chinese were miners too. As a group, they seemed to know how to tend to business, and they were consistently able to take up claims worked out or disdained by white men and make a living of sorts out of them. Yet, in spite of their ability to make a go of what the white man no longer wanted, they got nothing but dislike for their pains. The dislike was pretty general. Just why the tide of racial prejudice began to rise all over the west after the Civil War is something we can't explain today, any more than we can explain racial difficulties in our own time, but rise it did. As early as Jan. 12, 1866, the Idaho Legislature ordained a tax of $5.00 per month upon all foreign miners, and further decided that an Oriental, whether engaged in mining or not, should be considered a foreign miner for the purposes of the act. True it is that this provision of the act was held unconstitutional not long afterwards, but it reflects the spirit of the times. Reading the old newspapers and considering the old laws, one gets a curious sense of inconsistency in the white man's attitude towards the Chinese. At a time when Chinese cooks, laundrymen, servants, and gardeners were not only accepted but even praised, Chinese miners were generally disliked or hated, and sometimes even massacred. A forthcoming history of Idaho speaks of an article in the *Idaho World*, the old Idaho City newspaper, which commented on the opinion of the chief justice who declared the tax on Oriental miners unconstitutional in 1869. The editor of the paper said that the judge's opinion was "A mass of baseless, utterly absurd, almost senile, and wretchedly ridiculous slop."

Trouble Simmers. Trouble for the Chinese simmered for a long time, and finally came to a head in Idaho with the Chinese massacre at Pierce in September of 1885. There were worse troubles in other states and territories, but the Pierce affair was bad enough. The town woke up one morning to discover that D. M. Fraser, one of the prominent merchants among the few white people left there, had been very thoroughly murdered during the night. Rightly or wrongly, they accused the merchants of the Chinese colony, who were Fraser's rivals, and they proposed to do something drastic about it. Their method of gathering courtroom evidence was ingenious, to say the least: they found a white man who claimed to understand Chinese, and they disguised him as a drunken Indian and threw him into jail with the Chinese suspects. Whether or not the Chinese swallowed the deception, the "Indian" reported that he had overheard and understood their conversations, and that there was no doubt the Chinese were guilty. Five Chinese were turned over to a deputy sheriff who, with ten guards, put his charges in a hay wagon and lit out for the county seat, then in Murray, far away in north Idaho.

This was a long trip, and it was going to cost money. The trial would be expensive too, a serious burden on the funds of the almost depopulated county. So a few public spirited citizens decided that the county ought not to be put to such an expense, especially since

there would be no question about the conviction of the defendants. A few miles out of Pierce these citizens met the hay wagon, and strung the Chinese up to a convenient tree.

The news of this and similar outrages in other places eventually reached China, and the Imperial Government was displeased, to say the least, at the treatment its subjects were getting in America. Formal protests were lodged with the United States government and Idaho's Governor, E. A. Stevenson himself was asked to conduct an investigation of the Pierce affair. He journeyed north, and in Lewiston felt it necessary to acquire an introduction to I. B. Cowan, who was justice of the peace and leading citizen in Pierce. Jasper Rand, the county attorney at Lewiston, provided Governor Stevenson with a letter (the original is in the Idaho Historical Society files) which said among other things, "The Governor does not want names as to parties who took part in the hanging, but the cause which led to it — therefore have a full investigation and let it clearly appear that the Chinamen who were hung were the real murderers of Mr. Fraser and that they were hung for committing the act, and for that only. . . ."

Governor Stevenson didn't care very much for the Chinese either, but at least he manfully faced up to the duties of his office. He let it be known that, although he hoped to see a reduction in their numbers shortly, he was still prepared to use the power of the law to protect innocent Chinese.

The peak of dislike came and went in 1886, with threatened violences in Hailey, which never came off, and with a serious effort to organize the so-called "Independent Anti-Chinese" political party. The party didn't manage to make much headway, and sentiment against the Chinese began to decline from about that point.

The now-yellowed pages of newspapers on file at the Idaho Historical Society in Boise give the names of many famous Chinese of the old days, often listing them as good friends of the whites. *"Hinky" Jack*, for instance, began in Silver City in the early times, and by 1901 was running a good restaurant in Nampa. There he befriended a young fellow named Spud Murphy, who was working on the construction job at the old Dewey Palace Hotel. Sometimes Murphy had money, and sometimes he didn't, but Hinky Jack liked him, and Spud's credit was always good with the Chinaman. Thirty years later Spud Murphy was the superintendent of the Capitol Boulevard bridge construction, and a Statesman story of the day tells how Hinky Jack was a sort of honorary supervisor — a guest on the job, who came and went as he pleased in spite of Spud Murphy's constant joking admonition to "be on time tomorrow."

There are articles with a flavor of nostalgia which tell of the hard-working Chinese gardeners who could get more out of an acre than a white man could get out of two. The tinkle of their little bells heralded their coming through the Boise alleys, as they peddled

their vegetables, from back door to back door. They loved the soil and the plants, these gardeners did, and they tended each individual growing thing with personal care, cultivating and weeding by hand for long hours. But little by little, the spreading city swallowed the gardens, and the Chinese owners either returned to China or began in other businesses.

Landmark Passes. A landmark passed in the late 1930s when the old Joss House at the corner of Seventh and Front Street was demolished. A photograph shows a little wooden building, grown shabby with age, but surmounted by a decorated ridgepole with a curious Chinese ornament at the top. Over the door a sign in formal Chinese characters told the world that Chin Law Guan, the Chinese God, was to be found within, but the interior furnishings seem to have been gone by the time the house was demolished. Idaho's Chinese were becoming more and more Americanized.

Of all the names of Chinese in Idaho, probably none is better known than Polly Bemis. The story goes that she was brought to the mining camp of Warren as a slave, where she caught the eye of Charles Bemis. Some say he won her in a poker game, and the romance of the story has made it popular. The less glamorous story is probably nearer the truth — that he was himself shot as a result of a game, and that, after his life had been given up, Polly, the Chinese girl nursed him back to health. No matter how they met they were married in 1894 and began to farm down in the Salmon River Canyon. There they lived their lives together until Charles Bemis died in 1922. Polly, whose humor and helpfulness had won the friendship of people for miles around, lived until 1933.

Collection Noted. There is a big collection of mementoes of Polly Bemis at the Museum at St. Gertrude's Academy in Cottonwood, and Sister Alfreda, the unofficial but authoritative historian of central Idaho can tell her story and can show her original marriage license, signed by A. D. Smead, Justice of the Peace in Warren, on August 13, 1894.

Tucked into a corner of a case at the Idaho Historical Society in Boise is a little pair of rubber-soled canvas shoes which Polly is said to have worn. There are a few other relics of the early Chinese in Idaho; a wicked looking noodle cutter, something like a butcher's clever; gold scales; an opium tin and pipe; an abacus, and other articles. But the Chinese are gone, that is, gone as a separate racial minority. Today the American melting pot has absorbed the Chinese just as other nationalities which have come to find new lives in a new world. Today, people of Chinese ancestry are as American as people of English, Irish or French parentage and the days are gone when the Chinese worked the placer mines for little profit while the newspapers railed against them. Their contribution to Idaho's growth will be assessed by history after their foreign ways have been forgotten. But perhaps they are not entirely gone from our minds.

If you listen carefully when the wind blows through the trees of Boise basin, maybe you will hear their strange singing syllables; if you stroll some evening past Seventh and Front Street, you may catch just a whiff of the incense burning before the god of the Joss House. Who knows? (End of quote.)

Kent Ruth, in his book, *Great Days in the West*, wrote the following:

Silver City, high in the Owyhee Mountains seventy-two miles southwest of Boise, Idaho, sprang to life in 1863 with the discovery of gold in the headwaters of Jordan Creek, but it was quartz mining, rather than quickly depleted placering, that provided a substantial base for its growth. Today it remains an impressive monument to Idaho's mining industry, a handsomely picturesque ghost of past importance and elegance.

Strikes here were more than ordinarily spectacular; ore assaying $4,000 a ton, massed ruby-silver crystals weighing a quarter of a ton. Silver City soon had its quota of ornate barrooms, a barber shop that advertised baths as a specialty, and a sizeable Chinatown.

The Celestials, as in most western mining towns, worked long and hard at jobs few others wanted and received little more for their pains than suspicion and abuse. The legislature not only prohibited marriages between whites and Chinese but taxed the Orientals five dollars a month to live in the territory. Patient and industrious, they reworked quartz reduction-mill tailings and repanned abandoned placers. (End of quote.)

Frances C. Yost sent to us an interesting item on Caribou County Chinese:

William Clemens came west in June 1847. As a young man he saw Oregon, Washington, California and New British Columbia, and probably did as much as any single man to settle the west and make something of it. Gold was discovered in 1870 by Jess Fairchild, Frank McCoy and Tom Babcock on what they called McCoy Creek and naming the whole area Caribou Mining District.

As a child Edith Clemens took a fancy to the headsman of the Chinese syndicate at the Caribou mines. He often told her he would like to take her to China so she could learn to speak Chinese. The Chinese built Edith a rocker so she could pan her own gold. She and her sister Eunice, then four years of age, worked at gold panning a large portion of the summer. From the gold Edith panned, a ring was made which she still has. Her ring is twenty-fine, and pure gold is twenty-three plus.

Many a meal Edith had at the home of this Chinese, who gave her a pair of chopsticks. The Chinese worshipped in the Joss House, and on Chinese "Good Day" put chicken, vegetables and wine before the China Joss before eating. After the food was removed the wine was left for the Joss. More often than not some Chinese would sneak in and drink the wine. On special days they took large bowls of rice and meat to put on the graves of dead Chinese. Edith would visit the graves later and get the bowls.

The Chinamen called Edith "Little Jim" as they called her mother "Big Jim." They cooked pigs whole in large open ovens and Edith, watching them, would build her own small oven, catch squirrels and roast them whole. There weren't any children around so she made her own fun, copying the oldsters.

Edith recalls one of the shootings in the early days. *Louie*, a Chinese, was an opium smoker and worked as a blacksmith. When *Hongo*, another Chinese, went to get some blacksmith work done and they disagreed. Hongo shot Louie.

CHINESE IN NEVADA

Chinese were making their homes in Nevada mining towns. The *Deseret News* carried these items:

February 17, 1869. A Bill for the protection of labor has been recently introduced into the Nevada Legislature. The bill is designed to protect the Chinese from mob violence when engaged in any peaceful labor or occupation throughout the State of Nevada, whether working for themselves or in the employ of others. The *Territorial Enterprise* says that the measure is just and humane in character. It aims at nothing beyond the protection of the weak against the strong, and a rational argument cannot be urged against its passage. Yet the prospects are that it will be defeated. There is a Miners' Union Society at Virginia City, and another at Gold Hill. These societies are said to be very powerful organizations as regards numbers and voters and they are working very vigorously to defeat this bill. They have submitted a protest to the Legislature against the passage of the bill.

March 17, 1869. The *Territorial Enterprise* gives an account of a shooting affray that occurred at Virginia City last week. A Chinaman had six or eight shots fired at him by several of his countrymen, however he was unhurt. *John* attributed his escape to his agility in dodging. Whilst those who attacked him popped away at him he would throw himself upon the ground then jump up and run a short distance and then go down again until he got away. One of the Celestials concerned in the shooting was arrested.

August 22, 1873. Pioche, Nevada, suffered a severe flood. The water ran through the houses in Chinatown, causing suffering and loss of property to the Chinese.

The following is taken from *Pioneer Nevada*:

Columbus was as wild and woolly as most pioneer Nevada boom towns. A man was lynched at the old slaughter-house a mile west of town and there were numerous shootings. But Columbus got most of its color from the Chinese laborers who were brought in to work the borax.

At one time there were more than a thousand coolies working on the marsh. The heat had proved too great for white laborers, and the work was almost entirely done by Chinese. They spread out over the vast marshes in little groups, wearing wide straw coolie hats, long "pig tails," shirts outside their pants, trousers rolled up out of the mud, and light sandals. They worked seven main boilers, scattered out in the brush. The boilers were fired by sagebrush, and Chinese gangs stripped the desert for this fuel as far south as the old Dyer Ranch in Fish Lake Valley. The marsh water containing soda was boiled in these crude vats, the Chinese stirring it with long-handled shovels until it was syphoned off into galvanized tanks and crystalized.

Transportation on the soft marsh was limited to very light wagons, drawn by two horses, and handled by Chinese drivers and swampers. The finished product was freighted to Wadsworth and loaded on the Central Pacific during the '70's and later in the '80's it was hauled to Candelaria instead, usually in 100-pound sacks.

Old timers told how the Chinese and their wagons crawled up the steep grade into Candelaria, emptied their load, and returned to Columbus by an even more precipitious shortcut. There were no brakes on the little wagons, and as they bounced down the grade, the wagons crowded the teams, the teams would begin to bolt, and the Chinese drivers would get panicky. They always entered Columbus' main street at a terrific speed, hanging on for dear life and shouting and screaming at the horses at the top of their lungs, in Chinese. The coolies never learned to return to town in any different manner, and it became a daily feature of life in Columbus.

The thousand Chinese lived in adobe huts for the most part. Many had cellars for opium dens, underneath, but these were ignored by the white employers whose main policy was to "keep John Chinaman at work."

Columbus produced borax until about 1890, but the main interest withdrew in 1875, marking the start of the downgrade which sooner or later comes to every mining camp.

WYOMING CHINESE

The lure of working for the railroad, earning real money, enticed many of the Chinese into Wyoming where some of them became repairmen and later, miners in the coal fields. It is estimated that at one time Wyoming had one thousand Chinese. They built their homes out of any material they could find; old lumber, building paper or even flattened cans. Clifford C. Stuart, Jr. wrote an article, "Wyoming's Chinatown," which was published in the *Frontier Times*. Permission was granted to the Daughters of Utah Pioneers to republish the article:

Construction of a coast to coast railroad had begun. For mile after mile the dual steel ribbons of the Union Pacific Railroad stretched

Recreation Center — Evanston

across the broad expanse of the Wyoming plains and finally into Bear River Valley. In 1869 a camp was set up on the river, just a few miles from Promontory, Utah, where the driving of the Golden Spike was to take place. This valley, resting in the shadow of the high, snowcapped Uintas, was chosen as a suitable site for a town.

A survey was made the following spring, lots were offered for sale, and Evanston became an established township. In April 1870, a post office was constructed, and on July 8, the first public school was opened with eight pupils. Before the winter was over, Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian Churches were organized. The most significant event, however, took place two miles north of Evanston. The first coal mine was developed, paving the way for one of the largest coal towns in the Rockies — Almy, Wyoming.

As mining began to flourish and more mines were opened, people were drawn to Bear River Valley. Chinese, having been driven out of other camps, poured into Evanston and Almy looking for work. Most of these men were miners. Because the Chinese were willing to work for so little pay, there was always trouble wherever they went. It was often said that a white man could not feed his family on the wages the man from China was willing to accept. Most probably because of this persecution, the Chinese usually lived together. In Evanston, they began to construct shacks on the north side of the railroad tracks on the banks of Bear River. By the 1880's, Evanston's Chinatown was well established.

It isn't known just how many people lived in Chinatown, but it continued to grow as the mining at Almy expanded. A two-story structure, known as the Opium House, was more or less their community meeting place. Here they could while away their leisure hours in the company of one another. Because they were paid more at Almy than at any other place, and also because there was less discrimination against them, the traditions of Old China were slowly introduced.

A one-story structure was erected, unique in that it is said that only two others like it have ever existed in the United States. Commonly known as the Joss House, it was a Chinese temple of worship. No pictures are available of the inside, but those who remember it say that it was very beautiful. One had to remove his shoes before entering and incense was burned inside at all times. In the back of

the House, against the wall, was an imposing Chinese Joss, or Idol, the object of worship. The interior was draped, carpeted and lavishly decorated. The Chinese took great pride in the Joss House, constantly beautifying it and adding to it all the sacred items of their religion. Chinatown had reached its peak.

Joss House — Evanston

The earliest date of the first known celebration of the Chinese New Year in Evanston was in 1880, when in the spring of that year the Evanston public schools were dismissed to allow the pupils and teachers to attend. Gathered in front of the Opium House, and dressed in their traditional Oriental clothing, the people of Chinatown began the big parade by hoisting the American flag, which they held high with dignity and respect. Following were several Chinese notables, and behind them came the colorful kites, lanterns and streamers.

Then, amid the loud popping of firecrackers, began the display of the ceremonial Chinese Dragon. Many men scrambled underneath the long narrow back and lifted it from the ground. The air was filled with the odor of acrid black smoke as the dragon made its way through the muddy streets of Evanston like a centipede with literally hundreds of legs. Children chased the dragon and bystanders cheered as it weaved from one side of the street to the other. The parade ended back in Chinatown where traditional games were played and there was much feasting and religious celebration. Everyone was invited. Then, as darkness closed in and the night air chilled with the cold bite of early spring, the gala event ended for another season.

These parades continued each year until Chinatown was hit economically. Life in the Almy coal camps began to deteriorate. Explosion after explosion rocked the hillsides and in spite of the most modern mining techniques, accidents and tragedies occurred. Finally, in the face of the staggering cost of more modernization, the mines at Almy suspended operations, although only one had been worked out and two others had closed because of fire, but from 1910 on, the expense of operation simply exceeded the demand and the price of coal. People, including the Chinese miners, began to leave Almy and Evanston in order to find work. Chinatown was doomed to slowly disintegrate, and its vacant buildings were either moved or torn down. The once proud Joss House caught fire and burned to the ground in 1922, thus bringing the Chinatown era to an inglorious

end. Only two buildings of that section remain in the same places as they were originally; the old Pacific Power Plant and an old mill, now known as the Jolly Roger Inn. All other traces of the settlement have disappeared.

Still, the section was not without its immortals and three of these live yet in the memories of those who knew them. Probably remembered more for his humor than any other quality, was *China Maggie. Maggie* owned an old Ford which he drove for years. His car would creep slowly up and down the streets, for Maggie was a safe and sane driver and never drove his car in any gear except low. When asked why he never shifted into high, Maggie would get a very serious look on his face and reply, "Oh, go like hellie, go too fast." China Maggie's driving days came to a sudden end when the low gear finally wore out. He never drove his car again.

Mormon Charlie

Lock Lang Choong is remembered as *Mormon Charlie*, the vegetable man. Charlie maintained a garden by his shack. After pulling the vegetables and scrubbing them immaculately, he would load them into two baskets suspended on each end of a long pole which he placed across his shoulders in native fashion. He was a familiar sight to the residents of Evanston. Mormon Charlie died on October 12, 1939.

Finally, and perhaps most significantly, there was *Ah Yuen*, later known as *China Mary*. In her youth, she was once the toast of her countrymen throughout the West. Dressed in silks and jewels, she had been married on three different occasions to wealthy Chinese mining men. Ah Yuen had known life in the boom towns of San Francisco, Denver, and Park City, Utah, before coming to Evanston during the peak of the mining era. She resided in Evanston for sixty years and gambled relentlessly until a sizable fortune was gone. Afterward she existed through county aid. China Mary became one of Evanston's favorites. Because of her cheerful nature and her ability to speak English fluently, she would chat on the street with many of the residents, and tourists asked to take her picture, a privilege for which she always charged ten cents.

Her turbulent life had even led her to Bear Town, Wyoming, and she was there among the Chinese when vigilantes put several outlaws to death. Many years later, she escorted interested writers to the spot where the town had once stood, to point out the place where

the outlaws were buried in one long trench. She had been a cook during the booming Pony Express days. Then slowly bending with the years, she made an effort to be on the streets during Evanston's Cowboy Days' celebration because she so loved the customs of the Old West.

Finally, many years after the demise of Chinatown, Ah Yuen was forced by age to give up her once active life. She was never out of her one-room shack after September 1938. Welfare workers called daily, providing her with rice, brown sugar, and sardines, of which she was very fond. Although her three marriages had produced three children, none had ever lived in Evanston. Poverty-stricken and alone, her one-room shack sadly in need of repairs, Ah Yuen was no match for the freezing bitterness of a January night when life fled for want of warmth. Her years numbered between 104 and 110.

"CHINA MARY IS AT REST"

"China Mary" is asleep with her ancestors. Monday afternoon, attended by the Chinese colony here and a number of citizens who have known her long, graveside services were held in the cemetery. A prayer was uttered and her tired body was lowered to its last resting place. No one here remembers when she came to Evanston. It is believed that her advent was when the railroad was built through in 1869; others, that she came when the large force of Chinese was brought here to work in the mines at Almy. Only estimates of her great age are heard; no one knows. That age is placed at from 99 to 110. For the past decade she, with "Mormon" Charlie have kept the home fires burning at a shack near the river. Only last Saturday afternoon, Charlie was found lying beside the railroad track in the warm sun. It was thought he had had another stroke, but he was just resting. He had lost his companion and perhaps was trying to get as close to the lost one as he could; perhaps he wished that he, too, could go the road from whence no traveler returns. For his burden is heavy with illness and age.

Mary was buried in clothes she had made and saved for the purpose. All in black she was. Her face, upon which was written a century of struggle, was almost beautiful framed in the bonnet she had made. And her dress was a marvel of neatness. A long time had that dress and bonnet awaited the day, and it came at last; but only after the spirit fled from a body no longer capable of sustaining it. Mary lived long, whether successfully we know not. Her compensations were few and comforts missing. Not for her the material conveniences or intellectual pleasures, for it was a hard life from the beginning. We hope that in the place to which she has gone she will find rewards for having borne up courageously in the struggle of this mortality.

—*Frontier Times*

ROCK SPRINGS—1875

The story behind the scenes resulted from dissension in the coal mines, beginning with a strike in the fall of 1875. Because the Chinese refused to join labor organizations or to strike, they were hired to replace white strikers. Open hostilities between the Chinese and white workers in Rock Springs broke out on September 2, 1885. On this day, without warning, twenty-eight Chinese were killed, fifteen wounded, hundreds were driven from town, and thousands of dollars worth of property was destroyed.

The strike was the spark that touched off the flareup, but other elements had long contributed to the smoldering. The sheriff of Rock Springs wouldn't find enough neutral men to enforce the law, thus it was necessary to call out United States troops to protect the Chinese. Trains were ordered to take the survivors to Evanston and Almy. Barracks were constructed near the freight house and for a time the town was tense under military air.

The property loss to the Chinese totaled $147,000, and China asked this be paid by the United States, inasmuch as Wyoming was a territory and the federal government was responsible for actions in the territories. And Congress did appropriate the full amount for this claim.

From the Records of William Cook:

At one time there was a riot in Rock Springs caused when the white miners set fire to the Chinamens' houses and as they ran, some were caught and thrown back into the flames. The survivors were loaded into boxcars by the railroad and brought to Evanston where they were crowded into shacks already occupied by the Evanston Chinamen. James Burdett, who was foreman of the engine house at Piedmont, Wyoming, stated that several employees of the railroad forced a Chinese laborer into the fire box of a helper engine and burned him alive.

The coal miners at Almy objected to Beckwith-Quinn and Company supplying the Chinamen with Chinese goods. They marched from Almy to Evanston, two abreast on the railroad track, and said they were going to hang Beckwith. When they learned that he had bought all the ammunition in Evanston and had barricaded himself with guards in his house, the miners scattered along Front Street and soon forgot to accomplish what they had intended doing. A company of U.S. soldiers was sent to Evanston to keep peace, and a barracks was built for them on ground leased or owned by two lumber yards. These were torn down when peace was restored.

CONCLUSION

Fortunately, time and mature thinking have changed the picture for the Orientals now residing in Western United States. Few descendants of the early Chinese are left, but those coming in are

marrying and raising families, becoming more and more Americanized in the process. Although the Chinese population in Utah is small, some have affiliated themselves with various churches in the state, including The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and they still operate several good restaurants and other places of business.

While this change of mood is as it should be, we cannot help but regret the disappearance of the color, exquisite costume, gentleness of manner and seriousness of purpose that marked the early Chinese. And we feel that much in their ancient teachings, a few of which are quoted below, could richly profit us all. *From Buddha*—

"Nor grain, nor wealth, nor store of gold and silver,
Nor one amongst his women-folk and children,
Nor slave, domestic, hired man,
Nor any one that eats his bread,
Can follow him who leaves this life.
But all things must be left behind.

"But every deed a man performs,
With body, or with voice, or mind,
'T is this that he can call his own,
This with him take as he goes hence.
This is what follows after him,
And like a shadow ne'er departs.

"Let all, then, noble deeds perform,
A treasuer-store for future weal;
For merit gained this life within,
Will yield a blessing in the next."

From Confucius — "The young should be dutiful at home, modest abroad, heedful and true, full of goodwill for the many, close friends with love; and should they have strength to spare, let them spend it upon the arts."

"Of a gentleman who is frivolous none stand in awe, nor can his learning be sound. Make faithfulness and truth thy masters: have no friends unlike thyself: be not ashamed to mend thy faults."

"Guide the people by law, subdue them by punishment; they may shun crime, but will be void of shame. Guide them by example, subdue them by courtesy; they will learn shame, and come to be good."

"Love makes a spot beautiful: who chooses not to dwell in love, has he got wisdom?"

Asked what were his wishes, Confucius answered: "To make the old folk happy, to be true to friends, to have a heart for the young."

"There are three friends that do good, and three friends that do harm. The friends that do good are a straight friend, a sincere friend, and a friend who has heard much. The friends that do harm are a smooth friend, a fawning friend, and a friend with a glib tongue."