

## 2. Deseret

THEY PACKED off on a sailing vessel in 1863 and made the journey to America in six weeks. Family legends make them six weeks of horror. Like others in the crowded, airless hold of the ship, they had no water for bathing, no toilet facilities, and no food other than what they brought along and cooked for themselves on coal-oil stoves. Such food as they did have they slept on at night to protect it from aggressive rats that roamed the ship. Fruits and vegetables lasted no more than a day or two. Scurvy afflicted many immigrants about them. A communicable disease, once launched, it made a grand tour of the hold, and children and adults succumbed in numbers beyond caring for by the ship's doctor. Thus a normal incident of the journey was death and burial at sea.

I place their arrival in America at about the time the Battle of Gettysburg was being fought, though my father, when asked, was vague as to the exact day he landed. Yet soon after they set foot on American soil the family was reminded of the prophecy Joseph Smith had made in 1832 that Civil War would break out in South Carolina and "that war shall be poured out upon all nations." They were also reminded of what Brigham Young had told the Great Salt Lake Congregation three weeks before Fort Sumter was fired on. Said Brigham Young:

I heard Joseph Smith say nearly thirty years ago, they shall have mobbings to their heart's content, if they do not redress the words to the Latter-day Saints. Mobs will not decrease, but will increase until the whole Government becomes a mob, and eventually, it will be state against state, city against city, neighborhood against neighborhood, Methodist against Methodist, and so on. It will be Christian

against Christian and man against man; and those who will not take up the sword against their neighbors, must needs flee to Zion.

If the Eccles family were daunted by the gray war scene that confronted them, perhaps they found some comfort in the thought that the men they were to join in the West had had the foresight to sketch the scene long before.

As for the Mormons then in the West, the belief that all that was good in the government of the United States would live on through them had led them to "make preparations for future events." For they had learned by this time—to their astonishment—that while they meant to get out of the United States, their "place" in Utah put them astride the highroad of empire. The overland rush for California gold, begun two years after the Mormons settled in their new home, rushed past their doors. The pony express operating through Great Salt Lake City in April 1860 and rail connections farther east brought the Atlantic seaboard within a week's trip. And so, with their talent for realistic decisions, by 1862 the Mormons drew up a third constitution for a "State of Deseret," elected a legislature and a governor, and petitioned Congress for admission to the Union. Congress gave a peculiar reply to a peculiar people. It passed a new law aimed at the practice of polygamy. Then the federal government, being suspicious of Mormon loyalty, detailed a Colonel Patrick Edward Connor with three hundred California-Nevada volunteers to military duty in this suspect area.

When the Eccles family arrived in Great Salt Lake City, they found the place in a modest state of siege. Colonel Connor, fresh from a successful wintertime massacre of Indians at Bear River, had established his camp on the bench above the city, where he could rightly boast that his cannon were within range of Brigham Young's residence. But, of equal importance in the history of the region, at this same time a skeptical church fined one of its members for what it thought was a false boast. The member had alleged in court that he had produced a wheat

crop without irrigation. For this he was charged and convicted as a perjurer. But he had his revenge. When the church leaders took a second look at his flourishing wheat field, the sign that greeted them said: "Perjury Farm."

The Eccleses had made the trip to Salt Lake City in three stages. The first was by rail from the port of debarkation to St. Louis. Here the family parted company with its oldest son, John, then aged, seventeen or eighteen. Though he had been expected to do a lion's share of work on any new land, when he reached the St. Louis waterfront he lost all taste for the soil. The Mississippi River suited him better. So he hired himself out as a hand on a river steamer engaged among other things in supplying Union garrisons posted along the river banks won by Grant's earlier victories. Somewhat the worse for wear, but with a grab-bag of stories and a wife, he rejoined the family circle in Utah some years later.

The second stage of the trip was again by rail, from St. Louis to Omaha, Nebraska. From Omaha it was overland by oxcart to Salt Lake City.

In the face of John's wanderlust and his father's blindness, David, aged fourteen, became the effective male head of the family. This was not unusual in a land where boys of eleven who knew how to handle rifles and pistols—and most of them did—served as marksmen on the pony express. But neither David nor his father had any say-so regarding the place where they were to live. The central planning agency of the church decided that for them, as it decided what "missions" should be launched; how many Welsh coal miners, for instance, needed conversion so as to develop Utah coal deposits; or how many men should be sent to "Dixie," the southern Utah counties, to experiment in cotton planting.

In a drive for self-sufficiency, the planners kept the population in a constant state of ferment by "calling" men from one place to break new lands in a second and then in a third place, and so on, much as is now being done in the new State of Israel,

with the same sort of internal discipline and under the same sort of external pressure. On being "called," men spat and swore and scratched their heads in wonderment, but in the end they generally went where they were told to go.

Yet it should be said that not all the people fared as badly in these "calls" as did the woman who, being sent to Dixie with her husband to develop cotton, begged for sight of a single flower to prove there was some hope in the region. In fact, one hardy soul who was left behind with but twenty pounds of flour while her husband was sent on a mission fared very well indeed. She was Mrs. M. L. Ensign, whose story, as it happened in 1858, is retained in church records and has been quite properly made public by the discriminating authors of the book on Utah published in the *American Guide Series*. As the story was told by Mrs. Ensign:

After my husband left, an Indian came to me with a nice buffalo robe, which he wanted to trade . . . for old clothes and a brass kettle. Soon thereafter, another Indian traded me a pony for the robe. I sold the pony for a yoke of small oxen and 300 pounds of flour. Immigrants came along and traded me a yoke of large oxen, which were very poor, for my oxen, which were fat. The poor oxen became fat on our meadows, and I sold them for \$110 in cash, thus . . . from a few old clothes and a brass kettle I soon realized \$110 in cash and 300 pounds of flour.

On arriving in Salt Lake City the Eccles family were sent to Huntsville, east of Ogden. This town, founded by Captain Jefferson Hunt, who had been a member of the Mormon Battalion in the Mexican War, is pushing hard at the time of this writing to pass a population of five hundred. I doubt whether this goal will be reached. Huntsville is surrounded by a mountain range with elevations up to ten thousand feet and is so cut off that the Trappist monks established themselves there in recent years. In 1863, when the Eccles family reached the spot, Huntsville was but three years old, and like most of the older Mormon

villages it had been laid out with an eye for defense against attack. People had their homes in the town, where they could lend support to each other in time of danger; the farms where they worked lay beyond the town limits.

Captain Hunt, from all accounts, had the cunning of a Moses at Pharaoh's court. To gain a temporary source of water, he ordered a ditch dug to the South Fork of Ogden River. This displeased the Indians in the neighborhood, and they ordered the settlers to leave the valley or there would be trouble. Captain Hunt replied to the Indians that if they carried out their threats against his new community he'd burn all the water in the canyons. To prove that he could do this, he plunged a dipper into a pail of colorless liquid—it must have been alcohol—and ignited it. The record reads: "The Indians resumed friendly relations."

Another meeting between the new settlers and the Indians occurred when the Eccles family had been in Huntsville three years. Though my father witnessed the event and sometimes embellished it, I am inclined to place greater reliance on a contemporary newspaper account of what happened. It tells of the arrival in the valley of about a thousand Indians who encamped a mile west of the town in August 1866. At the direction of the president of Huntsville, a donation of meat, grains, and vegetables was collected among the Mormons for the visitors, and the Indians and the chieftains were invited into Huntsville proper to receive it. Here, to express their gratitude, the Indians entertained their hosts by dances, songs, and a sham fight. The contemporary account concludes with this tongue-in-cheek comment:

"They have gone away feeling well, and we feel well, for though their company is very agreeable, our philanthropy is so large that we are willing their presence should benefit other settlements as well as ours."

Mary Dilworth Hammond, the first schoolteacher in all of Utah, had been settled in Huntsville. And here at last it should

have been possible for David to learn how to read and write. Yet despite the great stress the Mormons placed on education, my father was one of those who could not spare even the three hours a day that early Mormons believed was the limit a boyish head could concentrate on studies. As I've said earlier, my father was schooled in nothing until he was about twenty-one years of age. (At that time he became a wintertime and night-school pupil at Moench's School at Ogden.) And even when he ran great enterprises, his chief intellectual aid was his memory. He never kept personal books on his various transactions. All he used was a pocket notebook in which he made entries on the basis of a system of arithmetic he devised. The latter accomplishment, however, was not so remarkable as it may seem. It was his way never to sell anything he once bought. So all he really had to learn was addition.

The land of milk and honey promised to the Eccles household proved a thorny one for several years after they settled in their new homes. If they had known poverty in Glasgow and Paisley, they were declassed right down to the stone age in Huntsville. They had been provided a log hut and a little acreage to farm. They'd also been furnished with "law and order," whose presence at the start of all new Mormon settlements set them off from most other non-Mormon villages in the Wild West. But beyond this they possessed little more than their hands, legs, and backs. Even the few other families who had come from higher stations in life were also declassed on this frontier. All alike lived with their animals, if they were fortunate enough to have any.

In Huntsville Grandfather gained a wood-turning lathe by some means or other. The old business of producing wooden kitchen utensils was begun all over again, and David took them to Ogden to sell from door to door. And once again he sought more work to add to the family's cash income. His biggest pay came when he dug potatoes for neighboring farmers at the rate of fifty cents for ten hours' work. More often he was paid in

produce. For instance, he would hire himself out at harvest time to the owner of a threshing machine. Since these machines represented a huge investment for that day, a single one was made to serve the farms of the area. The owner of the machine was paid in grain for the work he did, and he in turn would pay his helpers in grain. In the second year after the Eccleses came to Huntsville, the wheat David earned in this way was all that stood between the family and starvation.

Part of the supply had been milled in late fall; but the winter proved a cruelly hard and long one, with the result that the store of flour was used up. There remained, however, several bushels of wheat that had not been ground. The nearest miller was some fifteen miles away through a river canyon to Ogden. Loading this wheat on a hand-sled, David set out for that destination. The snow was waist-high and the trails impassable. It took him two days to reach Ogden. Here he was told it would be a week before the miller could get around to the wheat David had brought with him. He pleaded with the miller and offered to work with him that night to avoid the delay in prospect. This arrangement was finally agreed to, and after the grist was ground out of the wheat, the hard ascent up to Huntsville began early the next morning.

But in the meantime new snows had fallen. Once again there was the back-breaking task of clearing a trail for the cargo. At the end of the first day of the return trip, as at the end of the first day down to Ogden, David wrapped himself in a blanket and dug deep into the snow for warmth. Lying there, he vowed that if he lived long enough and found the means to do so, he would some day build a railroad through this canyon from Huntsville to Ogden and by that act end the trials of those who in wintertime had to wade through deep snow to get to sources of food.

(This boyhood vow he finally kept in later years, when he was in his fifties. His sentiment was a good one, but the railroad he built turned out to be an unprofitable venture and,

sometime after his death, was abandoned. Yet I feel certain that his hardheaded business sense gave way in this one case under the weight of memory; what he retained of that wintertime journey through the canyon was strong enough to make him keep his boyhood promise regardless of cost.)

The flour David brought back to the family met the immediate food crisis in the household. But soon thereafter, of the two oxen they owned, one suddenly died. The severity of the winter and the state of the remaining ox led the family to take him indoors, where he enjoyed extra rights and immunities. He was the family's sole source of energy and he came before all else, even the things on which the family slept. When the supply of hay for his feed was exhausted, and when all the neighbors gave what they could of their supplies, the members of the family emptied their mattresses. The dried wild grass with which they had been filled was fed to the lodger.

David hoped that the care given the ox might extend to himself. Specifically, his father had a suit of clothes that was much too large in all its parts, and especially the pants. In David's wintertime view, the extra cloth was a waste of warmth. He silently wished it could be made into a pocket into which he could crawl, like a baby kangaroo, as a bit more protection against the bitter cold. So far as I know, this hope was never realized.

When spring came, the family rejoiced that they had nursed their source of energy through a time of peril. Out of doors, green grass had sprouted on all sides. The ox was released to enjoy it, did so, became bloated, lay down on a hillside, and died. And there was the family again with scarcely a leaf to cover its bareness. The painful struggle for survival had to start all over.

To meet the prevalent shortage of money throughout the community, the church issued a tithing script exchangeable for goods and services. But when he was about nineteen, David wearied of seeking economic salvation within the formula



church leaders set down. The Adam Smith in his soul wanted hard cash. This, he learned, he could get up in Oregon, at the woolen mill on the Willamette River. Sheep were grazed in that area, and the cloth made from their wool was sent to the growing California market. By means of a loan or on credit David secured a pair of horses and a wagon and hit the Oregon Trail.

Two things stirred his mind on the trip into eastern Oregon. The first was the sight of fresh graves holding the victims of an Indian attack a few days before. The second was the majestic stands of timber through which he passed. Once again, there was a vow: "Someday I'm going to put in a lumber outfit here." This vow, like the one about the railroad, he also kept, sooner than he thought possible. In this case the rewards exceeded his wildest dreams.

When he reached The Dalles, Oregon, he learned it was as far as he could go by wagon. Since no highway ran parallel to the Columbia River, the trip downstream had to be made by boat. So he rented out his team and wagon to a rancher in The Dalles and got a job on a Columbia River steamer. He worked his way to Portland, then down the Willamette to Oregon City, where he was hired to chop cord wood for the mills.

He kept at it for twelve- and fifteen-hour spells each day for some months, his pay being by the cord. He worked so furiously that he soon built up a huge stockpile for the mill and literally chopped himself out of a job.

Other than food, his total consumption from his earnings represented the cost of one pair of gloves and one pair of overalls. The rest he saved. When he returned home he had a fortune of four hundred dollars. This he turned over to his mother to keep while he undertook his first logging job for a Billy Thomas at White Pines in the mountains above Huntsville. It was the largest lump sum of money the family ever held in their hands. But they could not guard it prudently any more than the ox

nursed through the wintertime could digest the green grass he ate in the springtime. The tragicomic fate of this hoard requires telling.

But I should first explain that while David was off in Oregon chopping wood, his family had moved from Huntsville into Ogden. This was the place where the Union Pacific met the Central Pacific in 1869. I assume the Eccleses moved there believing that in a "coming city" whose population of 1,463 had doubled in a single decade, all men could some day own gold spikes like the one that had been driven at Promontory Point. As it turned out, they never saw the gold spike, though the family could gawk at Ogden's most spectacular citizen.

He was Tom Cahoon, a railroad conductor, whose train on the run between Ogden and Green River, Wyoming, had been attacked by Indians. Cahoon was wounded in the foray and had his scalp lifted while he was still alive. He recovered, but always wore his hat well down on his head to conceal what he lost. Some years later Cahoon was replaced in interest by two rising Ogden citizens. One of them was a man whose economic theories, as repeated by others, I was to oppose for the length of my public career. He was William Hope (Coin) Harvey, the great exponent of a free coinage of silver. As late as 1932, Harvey, then eighty, still preached free silver as a way to get us out of the depression. In fact, he ran for president of the United States in 1932 on an independent ticket organized on the basis of that one proposal.

The other Ogden citizen of note was one with whose family both my father and I were to have close relations. He was John Moses Browning, son of Jonathan Browning, the mechanic and gunsmith whose shop in Nauvoo, Illinois, built many of the wagons and manufactured many of the firearms the Mormons used when they crossed the plains. The son, John Moses Browning, had won local fame at the age of nineteen for his skill in producing firearms from pieces of scrap metal. He went on

from there to invent the innumerable automatic weapons known throughout the world both to sportsmen in peacetime and to soldiers in war.

In all this work his younger half-brother, Edward, and his full brother, Matthew (Matt) S., were of enormous aid. It was Matt who handled the business end of the Browning operations and in that capacity became an intimate business associate of my father. Upon my father's death it was Matt again who was foremost among older men in taking me under their wing. We were to join forces ultimately in what was known as the Eccles-Browning banking interests. Matt Browning died in 1924, John in 1926. Upon the latter event, Marriner Browning, son of Matt, became the active head of the Browning family interest and continued, as had his father and uncles, in close business and personal relationship with the Eccleses.

Other than the Brownings, Ogden was to be the point of contact with three other men whose families (or they themselves) were to play important parts in my father's career as well as my own. They were Thomas D. Dee, Joseph Scowcroft, W. H. Wattis, and his brother, E. O. Wattis. Thus though the gold spike may have eluded the Eccleses when they moved to Ogden, my grandfather set in motion a chain of events which was to bring individuals together in a combination that exerted a strong economic force throughout the intermountain region.

But, once again, back to David Eccles.

I left him at work on a logging job for a Billy Thomas in the White Pines above Huntsville—his four hundred dollars in the hands of his mother. While in the White Pines, David learned that his oldest sister, Sarah, then aged seventeen, had been courted by a glib-tongued Scotsman named Robert Baird. Though Ogden was not Eden, and though Baird was not a serpent, in my father's view the suitor acted like the Biblical original. Baird whispered into Sarah's ear and won her heart.

The result was a wedding at which my father arrived in time to nibble at the cakes. They must have had a galling taste. Every

cent he had saved through back-breaking labor and self-denial in Oregon had been spent on the nuptials of his sister.

Later in life, when he had daughters of his own, he arrived at the wedding of one of them bearing a suitcase that held ten thousand dollars in gold as a gift for the bride and groom. But at the time the four hundred dollars was frittered away, it seemed to him that the world was made of madmen who mocked the labors of honest men. Yet he kept his thoughts to himself and worked off his spleen in redoubled physical labor at a new undertaking.

It was for the firm of Gibson & Valloy, which had a sawmill at Beaver Canyon, which is near Spencer, Idaho. The logging contract that was awarded David by this firm was to prove a turning-point in his affairs.

To meet the terms of the contract, he hired several teams of oxen and engaged a group of lumberjacks. At the same time he saw that good hours were wasted by the men as they watered and fed the oxen before the day's work began. All this he had to pay for, and it irked him; so he himself rose long before dawn to do this chore and have the oxen in harness. In this way the wages he paid were for the actual work the men did in getting out the logs. They may have grumbled when he pulled a feather bed from under them, but they stuck by him.

In all his ventures he worked side by side with his labor force. He knew all his workers by name and lived on a scale only a bit above them, "just for disciplinary purposes," he used to say. Those who held more responsible posts he would often cut into his firms by taking their notes and then letting the dividends they earned pay off their indebtedness. I was to benefit from the friendship of these men later on.

The first logging contract for Gibson & Valloy proved so profitable that he bought out one of the partners. The next season the same contract enabled him to buy out the second partner. From that day forward until his death, my father neither worked for anyone nor borrowed one cent. He took special

pride in the fact that, unlike most other men, he never had to look to the East for capital. He produced his own capital for all his ventures, saying that a business, like an individual, could remain free only if it kept out of debt, and that the West itself could remain free only if it kept out of debt to the East.

I, of course, nodded my head approvingly when I heard him say this. But later on I was to learn that if everyone kept out of debt, there could be no capitalist system; that the very essence of capitalism implies a debtor-creditor relationship; that to save successfully, someone has to borrow what is saved; that bankers, the arch symbols of capitalism, are the greatest borrowers in our society. Indeed, anyone else who had as many debts as do bankers in relation to their assets would go broke. Later on, too, I was to challenge in a direct way a further belief held by my father and his friends that there would always be a shortage of capital in the land and that therefore saving was a good in itself.

Beginning with the sawmill in Beaver Canyon, David soon thereafter started the Eccles Lumber Company in Ogden as a distributing yard for the lumber he milled or bought from other sources. Again he prospered in the undertaking. This was most fortunate, since at that time, as in all the years that followed, he had to support his father and mother and help or support entirely all the other members of the family. When he was twenty-eight, the state of his business affairs assured him that he could afford a family of his own making besides caring for the one into which he had been born. Accordingly, he at this time made the first of his two marriages. His first wife was Bertha Jensen, of Huntsville. She was to bear him twelve children.

Some years after this marriage he began lumbering operations in the coal-mining area of Scofield, and in that same place he also established a general store. One of the men with whom he was thereby brought into business dealings was John Stoddard.

Stoddard was a Scotsman from Edinburgh who had been born into circumstances similar to those which penned in my

father in Glasgow. John Stoddard's wife, Emma, was of Manchester, England, where she had gone to work in the textile mills when she was but eight years of age. Like the Eccleses, the Stoddards had been driven to the Utah frontier by economic desperation. Like the Eccleses, children for them were important tools in the fight for life. Of their large brood, Ellen, their second oldest, was born in Wellsville, Utah. When her father established a lumber business at Aspen, Wyoming, Ellen and her sister worked from early dawn to late at night cooking food for the men in the logging camp. Their link with the outer world was nothing more than a trail hewed out of the forest by men wielding axes. As things were judged, Ellen had the distinction of being among the more literate people in the forest. She had advanced in her schooling as far as the Fourth Reader.

An immediate bond was formed between John Stoddard and David Eccles following their first meeting in a business deal. Both lived frugally, abhorred laziness and dishonesty. Their economic philosophy was identical. Both believed in laissez-faire. Both overlaid their economics with religious convictions. Both believed that the misuse of money was a cardinal sin. If the Lord smiled on them and they prospered, then they were in duty bound to use their money in productive ways. They did not feel they were their brother's keeper in a direct and personal sense. They felt they should so manage their affairs that jobs would be available for those among their brethren who wished to work and keep themselves.

An affinity of a somewhat different sort soon developed between David Eccles and Ellen Stoddard. For this I am thankful, since I was to be their child. They were married in 1885, five years prior to the prohibition of plural marriages by the Mormon Church. The ceremony was performed at the Mormon temple in Logan by an apostle of the Mormon Church, Mariner W. Merrill, after whom I was named.

It was a singularly happy union for both parties. Of the nine

children my mother bore, four were boys and five girls, and she reared us all to share her own view of David as a man who was to be respected and loved, and not to be annoyed by noise and tumults on the occasions when he was home with us.

Three years after their marriage the memory of the timber he saw in eastern Oregon en route to the job chopping wood set David in motion once again. He retraced his steps and on reaching North Powder set up his first Oregon sawmill at that site. A second mill followed at Hood River on the Columbia River. In both ventures my mother's father had a business interest, and he was in charge of mill operations at the North Powder site.

In 1890 a much larger sawmill venture was undertaken at Baker, Oregon, in conjunction with the building of the Sumpter Valley Railroad, which tapped the timber supply in the Blue Mountains. With this railroad under way, there was incorporated the Oregon Lumber Company, whose timber was to be transformed into pure gold. Capital for the company was provided by my father and outside financial interests, Bishop George Romney and W. W. Riter of Salt Lake City being among them. At this same time my father advanced money to a fellow Scot from Edinburgh, C. W. Nibley, so that he could buy into the business and become its vice-president and sales manager. The two men were close associates for many years afterward in lumbering, sugar, and other business undertakings.

The wealth these lumbering operations created put David in a position where in 1890 he joined with others in sponsoring the first successful beet-sugar factory in the land.

Since the beginning of the Utah settlement the search for a local means to make sugar had been carried on with great zeal for reasons best stated in a study in logistics and dietetics as the First Presidency of the church proclaimed it in September 1850. It reads in part:

Sugar is not only a beverage, a luxury, but it is, in its nature and substance, one of the component parts of our animal structure; and a

free use thereof is calculated to promote health; and could the Saints have a more abundant supply, they would need less meat. Should every person in Deseret [the name the territory gave itself] consume one-third of an ounce of sugar per day through the coming year, it would require about one-hundred and twenty tons, more than has been or will be brought in by our merchants this season; and according to the best estimate we can make, three hundred tons would be consumed in this State the next year, if it could be obtained.

When the earliest ventures by capital provided mostly by a French convert to Mormonism led to bankruptcy, the Mormon Church by arrangement took over the sugar-factory machinery the convert had bought in France. If the sugar venture could be made to succeed, then the currency drained off to the East in payment for sugar bought there would remain at home. Still, the church did no better in managing the machinery than did the first owner, the reason being that the French companies who had with great charm sold the machinery, less charmingly kept the facts of sugar chemistry and controls to themselves.

But the hope for a factory continued. In 1889, with church sponsorship, twenty-eight citizens at the meeting of incorporation subscribed \$15,000 in capital for a new attempt. Then they went out into the community as a whole to raise \$400,000. My father was among those who were approached by Heber J. Grant, later to be the president of the Mormon Church. As their meeting is told in *The Saga of Sugar*, by Fred G. Taylor:

Eccles smiled when the letter signed by President Woodruff [of the Mormon Church] and his counsellors, asking him to invest \$5,000 or \$7,000 was presented to him. He said: "Well, I would like to get off with the lowest figure. You can put me down for \$5,000." Then he added, "I hope they will buy lumber from me, so I can make a profit on a part of \$5,000; and after I get the stock, if you can find someone who would like to buy it for \$2,500, I will be much obliged to you if you will come and get it."

All of which meant that as a Mormon he would naturally subscribe to any church enterprise; but as a Scot he wanted to



lay the groundwork from which he could retrieve any loss he might sustain.

The panic that began in 1890 broke in full force in the early part of 1891. Church leaders found they could neither reach their goal of \$400,000 nor, for that matter, honor the pledges they themselves had already made. A proposal to abandon the whole scheme was argued back and forth. But President Woodruff insisted that the scheme should be pressed despite the panic. To this end he appointed a committee headed by Heber J. Grant to complete the financing of the factory enterprise. A minimum sum of \$100,000 was needed to get the project off the ground. Grant went to San Francisco to try his luck at the Wells Fargo Bank, then being managed by a friend who had once been stationed with the branch in Salt Lake City. He was told that if he could get thirty men in Salt Lake City to give their personal notes in various amounts so that the total would be \$100,000, the loan would be forthcoming.

As Grant's version has since been repeated in *The Saga of Sugar*:

I secured twenty-four signatures, three of the men were out of town. Only two of the thirty declined and David Eccles overheard the discussion preceding their decline when I solicited their endorsements. He said, "Heber, I overheard your story. Is my name one of the thirty?" "No," I said, "I never thought of going to Ogden for signatures."

He remarked, "I would like to look at the notes."

I handed them to him. He did not read them but turned them over and endorsed them, and as he handed them back, remarked—"Heber, my name won't hurt them."—and, by the way, he could have bought all the property belonging to the other twenty-four—"and when a note of the Mormon Church is not good for \$100,000, Salt Lake will be like Nauvoo, Illinois—excuse my profanity—too damned hot for a Mormon to live in. Anytime the president would like to have my name on another \$100,000, come up to Ogden, it will be a pleasure to endorse the Church's notes, I will

take them up and he can pay me in one year, five years, ten years, or whenever is convenient."

I am free to confess, I would have thoroughly enjoyed hugging David Eccles about this time.

It was in this way that the Lehigh Sugar Factory, one of the first in the United States, got under way, and the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company was launched on its career.

Its success induced my father to enter the sugar-making field on his own. This he did in 1898 when he organized the Ogden Sugar Company, and in the following year, the Logan Sugar Company. A third plant, built at Le Grande in Oregon, could not support itself and was moved to a new site at Burley, Idaho. Following this event, the three factories were merged into the Amalgamated Sugar Company. A fourth plant at Lewiston, Utah, later became part of the Amalgamated.

The sugar war was on at the turn of the century, with Henry O. Havemeyer, Claus Spreckels, and John Arbuckle heading the contending factions. My father was drawn to Havemeyer's side in this foray. He often told how, as a guest in Havemeyer's home in New York, he was entertained by his host's playing the violin. This accomplishment seemed admirable to my father, since the only other music he knew came from the bagpipe-players he engaged to hear. But the sound of Havemeyer's violin did not lull him to sleep. When it came to business dealings, it was the sugar king who danced to my father's tune.

Havemeyer bought fifty-one per cent of the stock of the Amalgamated, but paid a price for it that exceeded the cost of the whole investment. My father was retained as president and general manager of the company until the time of his death. Later, when the government forced a dissolution of the sugar trust, the controlling interest in the Amalgamated was brought back to Utah at a price less than that at which it had been bought by Havemeyer. In my day the Amalgamated was to become one of the largest sugar companies in the land.