

represented by the Silver Gray veterans before us, honored by all. We feel proud to do you honor; we look to you as pioneers of human progress; it was that spirit of liberty that brought us to our shores; you have been upon the borders of civilization most of your lives; to your efforts we owe our grand mountain home; to you is due the credit for the homes we enjoy. You who are crowned with the star of a hundred years are almost as old as that glorious flag which waves over our heads. Today many of you can remember when but thirteen stars graced its tricolored folds, but now it bears proudly forty-four stars, each representing a sovereign State; her colors stream proudly in every clime, it is respected by all nations; from Alaska's icebound shores to the southern land of flowers it waves majestically over a people free, independent and progressive. Upon every sea it waves a token of free men, free women and free institutions. From the Arctic sea to the land of the southern cross, America's shipping displays the Stars and Stripes. It is flung free to every breeze and is emblazoned upon the crest of every surging billow. All of you are older than the railway train which moves like a rolling palace on its steel causeway, bringing you in luxuriant comfort and ease to us today. All of you have seen the old crooked snath, with its two ribs and five fingers, give place to that chariot of progress, the mowing machine. In your time the old hand loom has yielded to the power fabricators of modern science, the flail and threshing floor of scriptural times to the grand steps of modern improvement. You have seen the birch canoe and flat boat fade before the headlight of the steamboat. In your day the Indian trail and old emigrant road have been obliterated by the railway track; the grassy plains for 2000 miles are transformed into fields and orchards, cities and towns; and to you we give thanks for these changes. May the residue of your lives be one continual jubilee, and such a jubilee as only your descendants know how to give. And when you make your exit behind the curtain which separates us from our veteran fathers and mothers who have gone before, tell them of us and our work, and determination to walk in the paths of honor, truth and patriotism which they marked out for us,—that when we have arrived at the silver period of our existence we may be counted worthy to be numbered with the Old Folks.

The Old Folks, our Old Folks dear,
We greet you all with kindly cheer,
Our vales and mountains honor thee;
To your grey hairs we bow the knee
The only sovereigns to whom we bow.
We render willingly homage now.
To Old Folks all we vote three cheers,
And the honored crown of a hundred years.
—P. O. J.

This was followed by stirring music from the Springville Brass Band.

Brother George Goddard then made a brief speech and presented the oldest man present, Father J. B. Lewis, of Salt Lake City, aged 95, who was given three rousing cheers.

"The Old Folks at Home" was charmingly rendered by Mrs. Agnes Olsen Thomas and the Old Folks' choir, and the company were dismissed for dinner.

Seated under the shadow of the trees, after Bishop Packard had returned thanks, they were waited upon by the handsome young men and pretty girls, who served up an abundance and variety of food, nicely

cooked, with plenty of strawberries, sugar and cream. When all had partaken to full satisfaction, visitors of every age from all parts were invited to the tables, on which was enough and to spare for everybody. During the dinner dense clouds from the southwest rolled up rapidly and thunder rumbled overhead. But as the drift of the breeze was to the north, it was hoped no rain would fall on Springville. However, when the repast was over, a shower commenced to fall and most of the Old Folks went back to the train for shelter, waiting till the clouds rolled by and sunshine gladdened again the face of nature. Then they returned to the grove.

After music from the band, Moses Johnson humorously recited "The Old Timer."

W. C. Dunbar sang the following:

For many a year now passed away,
We've had this glorious treat.
To spend with friends a summer's day
And glad each other meet!
From quiet homes, not often left
Because of weary years,
By car, or team and rail, so kept,
That smiles oft turn to tears!

CHORUS.

Here's three-score ten and four-score years,
Beyond this, quite a few,
Who all enjoy their annual out,
And thank their friends so true!

We've Governors had, and Judges too,
As year by year hath fled;
The Utah Central, U P now,
In this good work long led;
Today, upon the Rio Grande
We take this looked-for spin;
God bless this fresh and liberal hand,
Which thus our hearts could win!—Chorus.

Our Committee have toiled and tried,
In every needed way,
To make our long or shorter ride,
A grand high holiday!
Their faces and their voices speak
In sympathetic tone.
They're brethren, sisters, for they seek
The aged and the lone!—Chorus.

Then presents we have had, galore,
From many a thoughtful hand,
Who vied in giving, more and more
Than Old Folks e'en could stand.
Without a heartfelt prayer to God
That such may e'er be best
With plenty on the earth's green sod,
And then with Heaven's own rest.—Chorus.

Since first the Old Folks found good friends,
To give their time and means,
'Tis deemed that neighbor love extends,
Which everywhere redeems!
And many a tired and patient soul
Who at the first came out,
Has reached the other shore, the goal
With glad triumphant shout!—Chorus.

We're passing on with stumbling feet,
Our ranks are breaking down.
New faces—badges hence we greet
And wear the Old Folks' crown:
They'll have their friends, as we have had,
While soul in Utah stirs;
Her towns in rivalry make glad,
These special guests of hers!

Song hath its charm, and oft our choir
Have sung the old songs o'er;
Now we can catch the same true fire,
And join as ne'er before;
God bless each one who lends a hand,
To make this well known day,
And when they're old, may thousands stand
With welcome and hurrah!—Chorus.

HENRY W. NAISBITT.

Salt Lake City, June 18th, 1891.

George Goddard and the Old Folks' choir sang "Hard Times," and Bishop W. B. Preston made a brief speech.

Gifts were then distributed to aged Springville people by C. R. Savage in his usual witty and happy

style. He called in vain for an old lady over 90 who had not had a new bonnet for ten years, five years or one year, then for one who had to go out washing for her living. So the present, a fine new bonnet, was awarded to Mrs. Lucretia H. Mower, the authoress of the poem read at the morning exercises. Phil Dibble, 85 years old, who was shot through the body in the early persecutions; Sarah Parrish, 80, Matilda Streep, 77, and Hannah Shepherd, 73, invalids, and Anna E. Hafen, 75, were each given a nice arm chair. Dress patterns, fancy baskets and contents, chinaware, gloves, corsets, collars, ties, etc., etc., were given to the following old ladies, and canes, slippers, etc., to the old gentlemen:

Hannah M. Dibble, 82; James M. Peirce, 77; Newman Bulkley, 74; Andrew Larsen, 73; Eliza A. Mendenhall, 81; Halley P. Averett, 76; Noah Packard, 70; Polly P. Childs, 76; Orson Hulett, 76; Tobias Dallen, 85; Abram Taylor, 73; Hannah Harrison, 73; James Wiscombe, 76; Ann Bramall, 70; Charles Avery, 72; Mary Ann Rayland, 82; Eliza Devenish, 72; Augustus Cox, 74; Ann D. Bringhurst, 70; Lausen Roundy, 73; Mary Snelson, 73; Mary A. Douglass, 78; Rachel Spafford, 85; Martha Stephenson, 77; William Craumer, 77; Jeduthan Averett, 75; Jacob McCurdy, 73; Eliza Deal, 75; Lucretia H. Mower, 72; Benjamin W. Brindle, 73; Sarah Brindle, 70; Mary A. Herbert, 73; Jacob Houtz, 76; Wm. Mendenhall, 76; Sarah L. Mendenhall, 73; Harriett Kindred, 74; Wm. Giles, 70; Ann Giles, 70; Margaret Parrish, 82; Cyrus Sanford, 77; Sylvia Sanford, 76; Richard Bird, 70; Catherine Boyer, 74; Edward Pentington, 71; Elizabeth Whiting, 77; James Chadwick, 81; Cerina Johnson, 70; Hila Nelson, 74; Joseph Allen, 73; Mary Ann Fullmer, 75; Solomon Johnson, 74; Caroline Johnson, 71; Shephard Hutchings, 73; John Hatfield, 72; Jane James, 76; Hyrum W. Clark, 72.

It was announced that presents would be given to the Salt Lake old folks on the train as they returned.

President Wilford Woodruff made a few remarks. He said that in all his extensive travels he had never seen anything that impressed and pleased him better than this assembly of aged people. He thanked God that we were alive and had been strengthened to endure the vicissitudes through which we had passed and had been able to redeem this desert land and make it blossom as the rose. He expressed his approbation of these marks of respect for the aged, and invoked the blessings of God upon them.