

Pagant
The Spirit Of Dixie

PAGEMENT.

"THE SPIRIT OF DIXIE "

"Presented as a tribute to the Outgoing Stake Presidency of the St. George Stake
Edward H. Snow, Thomas P. Cottam and George F. Whitehead
On the Grounds of the St. George Temple, evening of September Nineteenth, 1925.

Written in collaboration by Grace A. Woodbury and Mabel Jarvis, St. George, Utah.

Committees In Charge

General Supervisor, W. W. McArthur,
Assistants

George Brooks Jr., Gordon Mathis
Joseph Empey and Samuel Thompson
(lighting)

GROUPS

CHARACTERS

Spirit Of Dixie -- B Bessie McArthur
Mother Nature -- Roxey S. Romney
Faith -- Helen Gardner
Colonization -- Althea Snow
Indian Hunter -- Luther Hemenway
Chief Toquer -- Chester A. Kemp
Chief Tutsagubet-- Luther Hemenway
Indian child----- Vernon Hemenway
Erastus Snow --- Harold Snow

Sego Lilly Group

Karl E. Fordham- Director and Soloist
Evalyn Harris Lyle Taylor
Clestia Worthen Juanita Seegmiller
Hortense Snow LaRu Cox

Pioneers- Mrs. and Mrs. Harold Cannon

Sego Lillies made by Mrs. H. C. Cottam
and Mrs. Grace Riding.

OPERA GROUP

J. W. McAllister Sr. Jos. Wm. McAllister
Dilworth Snow Mrs. Mamie Paxman
Mrs. Wanda M. Snow F. A. Reber
Miss Mary Atkin Lucile Worthen
Olive Snow Lillian Atkin
Elvis Bird Terry Dean A. Clark

WAGON BOX SCHOOL

Mrs. Orpha Hunt - Teacher
Nelson Snow as E. H. Snow
Carl Cottam as Thomas P. Cottam
Grant Whitehead- as Geo. F. Whitehead
Donna, Glenna, Georgia and Beth
Macfarland, Mabel Whitney and
Helen Bradshaw- School girls
Rex Nelson Howard Whitehead
Bleak Empey Lynn Empey
Clark Empey Ronald Cottam

Stage Director, Ruby Bryner
Assistants

Tillie Winsor Elma Homenway
Eva C. Webb Alethra Cox
Evalyn Thurston - Accompanist
Hazel Bradshaw.
PIONEERS

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hardy
Wilford Lee, Ralph Carter
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cox
Mr. and Mrs. Moroni McArthur
Mr. and Mrs. James Pectol
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cannon
Mr. and Mrs. Ross McGee
Ned Everett, Isiah Cox,
Morris Brooks.

Indian Group

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hemenway
Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Pearce
Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Kemp
Mrs. Lizzie Riding
Mrs. Annie Schmutz and 3 children
Mrs. Edna Cunningham
Murry Fullerton Joseph Riding
Edwin Riding Alma Riding
Wenzel Hemenway Vernon Hemenway

Martial Band

George W. Worthen Boyd Dennett
John Riding Reno Osgood
Gile Hardy Rogers Hardy

College Band

Earl J. BleakDirector
Dr. Samuel Bleak Wesley Pearce
Wendle Robinson Theone Jones
Clark Higgins Lafayette Stephens
Arthur K. Hafen Karl E. Fordham
Mrs. Stella Bleak Ray Whipple
Nathanial Ashby. Dr. Frank B. Nelson.

ARTS AND SCIENCES

Edith Gates Agnes Bleak
Hattie Bunting Linda Hemenway
Lois Reber Melba Webb
Marie Cannon Grace Star
Grace Sullivan Lois Taylor
Erma Snow Dorothy Snow

The outgoing presidency -Edward H. Snow, Thomas P. Cottam and George F. Whitehead kindly consented to appear representing themselves. The incoming Presidency, Joseph K. Nicholes, W. C. Bentley and Walter Cannon also kindly represented themselves by special request.

Each Ward in the Stake was requested to send one representative with basket of fruits, vegetables or flowers, with the exception of the two St. George Wards, where only one representative was called for. The towns were ably represented as follows:

Springdale....Miss Francell Hopworth	Rockville, Miss Winnie Hirsch
Virgin,.....Miss Margaret Barney	Toquerville,
LaVerkin, Miss Ruth Gubler	Hurricane, Miss Annie Wilkenson
Leeds	St. George, Miss Roma Church
Washington, Miss Winnie Cooper	Santa Clara,
Gunlock,..... Miss Estella Bowler	Bloomington, Miss Beth Larsen
Veyo..... Miss Maude Heywood	Central
Enterprise Miss Alta Holt	

The concluding number "Build Thee More Stately Mansions, Oh, My Soul" was excellently rendered by a choir of nearly 100 voices under the direction of Chorister Jos. W. McAllister with Miss Evelyn Thurston, accompanist.

Much credit is due Samuel Thompson and Joseph Empey for the splendid lighting effects obtained, and for their interest in this part of the work.

Special appreciation is extended to the committee heads and to the descendants of the Pioneers who so gladly gave much of their time for the practices and rehearsals; and to each one who rendered any assistance whatever.

Appreciation is extended to President Cottam in behalf of the Church for permitting the use of the Temple grounds, thus affording a most desirable setting for the pageant, and to the committee on transportation and policing, and to the people who attended, thus preventing any damage whatsoever to the grounds or flowers, the immense crowd being brought to and from the Temple grounds without loss of time or any accidents whatsoever.

The Readers during the evening were Mrs. Alma McGregor, Mrs. Grace Woodbury and Mrs. Juanita Pulsipher, Mrs. Woodbury reading all of her own compositions, Mrs. McGregor the prologue, and Mrs. Pulsipher reading the alternating compositions by Mabel Jarvis.

To each and every one who did anything to assist in making the presentation of the pageant a success, the Stake Committee extends appreciation.

THE PAGEANT,

PROLOGUE

Reader- Alma McGrogan

Mabel Jarvis

In the Beginning--that most distant date,
As pages of the Holy Book relate--
God made the Earth, Sun, Moon, Stars, Seas and Skies,
And all that on them rests, or in them lies.
Then He created Man, who from his birth
Was given dominion over all the earth.
And into Man He breathed the eternal breath
Of Life, which lives on after mortal death,
And unto every living thing He gave
That infinite something, yielded at the grave,
Which, though we see it not, nor understand,
Is here in all things, even in the land.
Have you not seen Earth's smile, or heard her cry?
And know you not this world can never die;
Nor aught thereon, until her gods descend,
Though you may change, come ever to an end?

(Enter Mother Nature)

This voice from out the soil the children know
As Mother Nature, Let them have it so.
At least, 'tis something infinite that keeps
Contact with this great sphere, nor ever sleeps,
But century after century holds forth,
In regions east and west, and south and north;
And with a mothering tenderness and skill,
Subjects the varying seasons to her will.
Keeps Time's eternal secrets, and unlocks
For him who seeks, Earth's priceless treasure box.

Oft, where the land has humbled lain, 'tis she,
Unfolds the purposes of prophecy;
And nurtures the rich spirits of the soil,
Till men redeem them by unselfish toil.
'Twas even so, for ages long she kept
Sweet watches where the Soul of DIXIE slept
Within the cervice of a lava floe --
How many ages, none of us shall know.
The Spirit of DIXIE, rich beyond compare,
Whom Mother Nature found imprisoned there.
And when the Spirit dreamed of glad release,
'Twas Mother Nature's hands restored sweet peace,
Bidding her wait a little longer, till
Men came the Scriptures' promise to fulfill.(PAUSE)

(Mother Nature is concealed behind rock as Indian Hunter enters)

Oft when the Red Man, seeking the wild game,
With noiseless tread beside her prison came,
The Spirit roused, and spoke. He seemed to hear
Her voice, but found her not, e'en though so near.
He had no purpose, save at will to roam
In search of food, and ever-changing home.
He heard her call, and paused, but found her not,
Passed silently on his way and soon forgot,
Save for once backward looking, lest the thing
Which spoke, should prove some evil, following (Exit Indian)
Pause-

Mabel Jarvis

Time after time she called to Indians near,
And though they always gave a listening ear,
They could not understand her pleading calls,
"Unselfish toil will free me from these walls."

(Natives exit)

EXTENDED PAUSE

Then came the Exodus, when to the West
Moved Pioneers to seek a place of rest
From constant persecution, where the sod
Would join with them to praise the living God,
In Utah, Brigham Young with beaming face
Of Holy Seer declared, "This Is the Place".
Time shall Isiah's Mighty promise bring,
'The lonely desert wasteland blossoming."

(Introduce song- "This Is The Place" Sung by Dilworth Snow)
(Show lights on group of Natives gathered about camp) of Tutsagubet)

In 1854 came twenty-three
Great Stalwarts of the Time, sent to agree
With the fierce savage Red Men of the land,
To make Peace with them; bid them understand
That friends were coming, not to hurt or harm,
But to redeem the ~~land~~ for home and farm.

PAUSE

(White men accompanied by Chief Toquer approach Natives)

(Chief Toquer presents Pioneers to Tutsagubet) (Action slow)

Such men as Jacob Hamblin, Thales Haskell,
A. P. Hardy, Joseph Lee, and Ben F. Knell,
Rufus C. Allen, Dudley Leavitt, all
Men worthy of the trust that brought their call.
Chief Toquer went as guide with them to see
Chief Tutsagubet. 'Neath his cottonwood tree,
South of the Town of Washington they met--
The overshadowing tree is standing yet.
There by the setting sun they held Pow-Wow,
Passed 'round the Pipe of Peace and made their vow.

(Action during above- Passing around the Pipe of Peace)

(Enter Pioneers slowly. They greet those who have come before).

Then, unto the far corners, train by train,
Were sent the colonizers, to remain
Until such time as by God's grace they earned
Release from these great missions, and returned.

Forth with these Pioneers two guides were sent,
Bot FAITH and COLONIZAYION- Sisters bent
On purposes sublime, with strength to prove
The value of unselfish work and love.

So came the call to DIXIE.. Brigham said,
"I want such volunteers as have the red,
Rich blood of victors in their veins, and skill
To meet each conflict with unswerving will.
Men with clean hands, and bodies strong to stand
The tearing thorns, the desert's burning sand.
Men without fear or falseness, or deceit;
Who have not learned the meaning of defeat.

(Pioneer group pose with bowed heads)

Full of the spirit of their call they stood
 In silent prayer, assured that it was good
 Thus to have journeyed to this land of peace,
 Though never dreamed through them had come release
 Of her who in the rocks beside them slept
 Waiting for freedom. Serious converse kept
 Their heads averted; thus they did not hear
 The shackles falling from the Prisoner's near.
 They know some infinite presence with them stayed
 Which thrilled, inspired, but held them unafraid;
 And, slowly turning, as the power impelled,
 Upon the rocks, this vision they beheld.

The SPIRIT OF DIXIE, roused, unloosed, set free,
 Stood clothed in robes of Grace, respondently.
 Quick to her side, and whispering her name,
 The Sisters, Faith and Colonization came.
 (Pause)

With arms outstretched, she bade them all behold
 The vast expanse, whose unlocked fields of gold,
 Waited their plow, ax, anvil, hammer, drill;-
 The implements of wisdom, thrift and skill.
 She promised to be with them through the years,
 To recompense each hour of toil and tears;
 And pledged the Sisters Twain, should by her side
 Forever in this DIXIELAND abide.

PIONEER HISTORY

Grace A. Woodbury

Reader - Mrs. Woodbury.

When Brigham Young chose Pioneers
 For this country of Cactus and thorn,
 He chose from the ranks the strongest,
 Men of character, men well born.
 Men were needed of all vocations,
 To redeem and build up this land;
 And the people who came here to DIXIE
 Had the grit of her enduring sand.

And Brigham Young chose as the Leader
 The well-beloved Erastus Snow;
 They believed in his judgment and vision,
 And went where he told them to go.
 So they came to this barren country,
 How barren, each Pioneer knows;
 But all believed the prediction,
 "It shall blossom as the rose."
 And they lived to see its fulfillment,
 For 'neath DIXIE'S skies so blue,
 Grow flowers so fair and bonnie,
 Blooming where the cactus grew.

Yet sometimes the drought and near-famine,
 And weary wastes of sand,
 Made even their steadfast spirits,
 Long for a fairer land.
 To leave the Mission, they would not,
 So they lifted their eyes to the hills;
 And strength received from their vastness,
 New hope, their grandeur instilled.

GIFT OF THE SEGO LILLY

Reader - Juanita Pulipina

Mabel Jarvis.

So sun-baked, barren, bleak, and full of tears
 The country seemed; So hopeless stretched the years,
 One Pioneer woman, weeping, vowed that not
 One evidence of art, ~~was~~ verdant spot,
 One vestage small of beauty could she see,
 And when her husband sought to disagree,
 She bade him bring one gift of daintiness,
 One lovely flower to pin upon her dress;
 And she would meet him with a smile and song,
 Cease weeping, and be glad the whole day long.

(Pause) (Woman weeping- Man returns with Segos)

At last his weary searching found reward;
 No daintier floral gift can earth afford,
 Than those sweet Segó Lillies which he brought,
 Whose brown eyes in their lavender chalice sought
 The eyes of her who said no art was found
 In all the many, many miles around.
 She clasped it to her heart and blessed the hand
 Of him with whom she came to DIXIELAND.

(Pause) (Picture- Segó Lillies and Song)

PROGRESSION

Reader - Mrs. Woodbury

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury.

So the Pioneers lived and built DIXIE,
 Through her hardships they kept true and right,
 Though their bodies grew wasted and weary,
 Undaunted, their spirits kept bright.
 They received reward for their labors,
 For a beautiful Temple of God (Spotlight on Temple)
 Now rests like a grand benediction,
 Once a wasteland is now sacred sod.

(Lights and Music)

The church that's a great inspiration,
 Symbolizing the strength of those men,
 And was built in a time of privation,
 Still stands, a memorial to them.

On the Virgin many towns grew and flourished,
 Choice fruits were produced on its plains;
 From Pine Valley mountains came lumber,
 From its valleys, potatoes and grain.
 Santa Clara Creek furnished the water
 For farms of a sturdy race,
 Whose thrift, perseverance and labor,
 Make DIXIE a garden place.
 Hurricane built miles of ditches
 To water the barren plain;
 Now its vineyards and orchards are famous,
 Tho West, its peaches acclaim.
 Enterprise reservoired water,
 That from the high mountains drain,
 Now its fertile fields are producing,
 Potatoes, hay and grain.

Mrs. Grace Woodbury

"But first, and foremost, and ever",
 President Snow says again and again,
 "The finest product of DIXIE,
 Is her splendid women and men."
 There's the strength of the hills in their beings,
 DIXIE sunshine in their souls;
 Their purpose is like the Old Virgin,
 Though diverted, it reaches its goal.
 That goal is to build an empire
 In a country so rocky and rough;
 The West all knows they were gritty,
 And made of true Pioneer stuff.

PIPED WATER

Reader - Mrs. Puleipheat.

Mabel Jarvis

Long years, in their pails from the alkaline streams,
 The water was borne, till one Pioneer's dreams,
 Brought the Cottonwood water down over the hill,
 The mains through the streetways of St. George to fall.
 'Twas the Spirit of DIXIE which gave him the strength
 To meet each day's problems and conquer at length;
 And writ by that stream on the undying sand
 Of DIXIE, the name of Brig Jarvis will stand.
 And all who donated so much time and toil
 Have felt benedictions from DIXIE'S parched soil.
 Leeds, Toquer, LaVerkin, and Hurricane grew
 To the knowledge and need of good piped water too;
 Springdale, Enterprise, Veyo, and just recently,
 Santa Clara, each held a town 'pipe-laying bee'.
 And in time, by the hand of this great Spirit guided,
 Each town in the county will thus be provided.

AMUSEMENTS

Reader - Mrs. Woodbury

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

Pioneers had no place for amusements,
 But still they had laughter and fun;
 They builded a bowery of willows,
 To keep out the rain and the sun.
 Folks danced on the ground to the music
 The McIntyre Brothers played,
 A ticket cost squash or molasses,
 Corn, shorts, barley, brand, all were paid.

(Pause for Pioneer Step-dance by Isiah Cox and little Morris Brooks)
 (Pioneer group dance changes of plain quadrille)

Next the Pioneers built a theater,
 Where folks could forget their work,
 For they had a keen sense of humor,
 And could laugh, though the toil often irked.
 The leaders sent singers and actors,
 The people to help entertain;
 Orton's with and Walker's good humor,
 Were driest in coats soaked with rain.

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

The acting of those early players
 Is still remembered today;
 The plays they presented were splendid,
 East Lynne was a favorite, the say.
 Josie Snow as Isabelle was near perfect,
 Anthony Ivins as Carlyle was superb,
 Other roles were ably presented,
 And applause for a mile could be heard.
 When Isabelle begs "Oh, forgive me!"
 And Carlyle doesn't see how he can,
 From the audience a man rose and shouted,
 "For gosh sake, forgive her, Man!"
 On the stage the Lady of Lyons
 Displayed her stately graces;
 The Two Orphans were so pathetic
 With their sobs and tear-stained faces.
 They played the Relief of Lucknow,
 Enoch Arden still makes folks sigh;
 It is said Charlie Johnson as Arden
 Made all in the audience cry.
 Annie Lee was so sweet and winsome,
 As played by Hannah Snow;
 None ever blamed Arden for weeping,
 As he said to her "I must go."
 But the greatest of those Dixie players,--
 I have left his name till the last--
 Miles P. Romney, though gone is remembered
 And still lives in a glorious past.
 And the Muse of the Drama moves onward,
 And is active in Dixie today,
 For we still have men and women,
 Who can act in and direct a play.
 The past seems ever the fairest
 To those whose locks are now gray,
 That is why the plays of years ago,
 Were better than those of today.

GROWTH OF THE OPERA

Reader - Mrs. Pulsipher

Mabel Jarvis

Music has had her fling in Dixieland,
 For every acre of her sun-kist sand,
 Each mountain craig, each rush-grown stream heard,
 Sweet, vibrant notes from throat of man and bird.
 "Songs of the righteous, ever unto me,"
 The Master said, "As humble prayers shall be.
 On them will ~~be~~ I bestow rich gifts and graces,
 Who in sweet song, lift unto me their faces."
 This was the faith of Pioneers, and they
 Sang 'round the campfire at the close of day;
 Sang in the cottages at eventide
 Till Song's sweet Muse came with them to abide.
 The Stake and Wards had choirs. In church and school
 A little time for music was the rule.

Mrs. Woodbury

We are proud to know that its leader,
 Had in his mouth when born,
 Not the proverbial 'silver spoon'
 But a clarion-toned, silver horn.

The members of our band today
 Descended from Pioneers,
 Who in early days of Dixie,
 Furnished music many years

EDUCATION

Selection- College Band.

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

(PICTURE- Wagon Box School. Spirits- Faith and Colonization roll
 wagon cover back, disclosing school in session- with Spirit of DIXIE
 in grouping. At conclusion two youngsters tumble out over endgate)-
 representing Presidents Cottam and Whitehead-Studious Boy as E.H. Snow)

Education comes where bidden,
 In log school house or college hall,
 And she gladly came to DIXIE
 In response to our call.
 Came to make a covered wagon
 An abode of learning where
 Little Pioneer lads and lassies,
 Came to garner wisdom rare.
 Education in those old days,
 Wore not cap nor flowing gown,
 But a dress of linsey-woolsey,
 And a switch, sometimes a frown;
 She believed that ancient saying,
 "Children should be seen, not heard."
 Woe unto the hapless youngster,
 If he spoke an idle word.
 They believed and read the Bible,
 Spoiled not child, and used the rod,
 Thought that Solomon knew his wisdom
 Trained up men who worshiped God.
 They were taught Reading and Writing,
 Geography, Spelling, and Arithmetic,
 And the lesson was sometimes made clearer
 With the aid of a tamarisk stick.
 They say, our former Stake President,
 The studious Edward H. Snow,
 Never felt the tingling switches,
 For on learning he just seemed to grow.
 Presidents Cottam and Whitehead, folks tell it,
 Spent their studying time in play,
 And they had to go over the end-gate,
 Could make the grade no other way.

When the Wagon box school grew crowded,
 Private school rooms overflowed,
 Then the people came together,
 And built schools of gray adobe. (Exit Wagon Box group)
 Built them up and down the river,
 In the mountains, on the plain,
 Those who wanted education,
 Never sought for it in vain.

Mrs. Woodbury

In those schools were rough wood benches,
 Pupils wrote on quaint old slates,
 There sat boys like Anthony Ivins,
 Who are known throughout the State.
 Years rolled on, and Pioneer students
 Had school children of their own,
 Who they found had soon, in numbers,
 Those old schoolhouses outgrown.
 Once again they met together,
 Led by men like President Snow,
 Backed by generous George Woodward,
 Who had money to bestow.
 "Education makes for safety of the nation"
 Was the rule,

On which one and all united,
 And they built the Woodward School.

Still lead by the Spirit of DIXIE,
 One of progress and of truth,
 With her onward, upward guiding,
 Built a College for the youth.
 For the youth of all the country
 DIXIE College sends her calls;
 And they answer to her summons,
 Come to Study in her halls.
 Now at last, the Spirit of DIXIE
 Has found a fitting home;
 For in our Dixie College
 She has chosen a place for her throne.
 On her head there's the crown of achievement,
 'Twas wrought by Pioneer hands-
 In her eyes still the hope and the vision
 For the future of Dixieland.
 In her hand there's the scepter of guidance,
 We must follow, she'll lead us aright;
 To her we must ever be loyal,
 She's our heritage of strength and light.
 When we look with pride on our College,
 Let us make it our unfailing rule,
 To remember its founders were children
 Who attended that wagon box school.

(Amen)

(Picture-College scene with Dixie and group of Arts and Sciences at entrance)

LIBRARY HISTORY

Reader - Mrs. Puleipher

Mabel Jarvis The his-to-ry of books and reading places,
 In Dixieland brings smiles into our faces;
 There's humor in comparisons you know,
 And joy in watching small beginnings grow.
 In early days the very few books owned,
 Were passed from home to home and freely loaned.
 Then step by step, with faces toward the Sun,
 The plans for a library were begun.
 And thinking of those old days brings the smiles
 Especially to the face of Ida Miles;
 Who, as the first librarian recalls,
 How for long weeks she stared at empty walls.

A dozen volumes on her table lay,
 But she was full of hope, and day by day,
 And year by year, the Spirit of DIXIE brought
 Rare gifts of books; and many books were bought,
 Till now, each child and adult knows he'll find,
 Books to enlighten, rest, and rich his mind.
 And one who loves the work, in kindness lends,
 "Friends to good books, and good books to their friends."

LIVES OF THE LEADERS

Reader Mrs. P. K. P. K.

Mabel Jarvis

With Leaders like the great Erastus Snow
 The Spirit of DIXIE could do naught but grow.
 A. F. McDonald, with presiding grace
 Later was called to occupy this place.
 And John T. D. McAllister was strong
 In helping push this mighty work along.
 Daniel McArthur served for many a year.
 He was a tower of strength and knew no fear.
 His counsellors David Cannon and E. B. Snow,
 Were valient soldiers helping DIXIE grow.
 These leaders cleared the land and blazed the trail,
 That we who followed after could not fail.

THE OUTGOING PRESIDENCY.

Mabel Jarvis

So much of the progress of DIXIE has been
 Within the regime of these three splendid men,
 President Edward H. Snow, and his counsellors kind,
 Brothers Cotton and Whitehead. 'Tis seldom we find
 Men suited so aptly in wisdom and skill
 Positions of trust and distinction to fill.
 Their unmeasured success we can well understand
 Is the birthright of sons of our good Dixieland.
 They were born in her conflict and reared in her toil,
 They have caught her great Spirit, as sons of the soil;
 They have guided with eyes forward-looking, and stood
 For the right, that her future could hold not but good.
 The toil and the love they have daily been giving,
 To keep DIXIE right through the years, and make living
 Worth while to her sons and her daughters, essays
 Full reason for volumes and pageants of praise.

EDWARD H. SNOW

Mabel Jarvis

President Snow was a true child of promise,
 And like Abraham's Isaac of old,
 By training and birth amply fitted,
 The strong reins of guidance to hold.
 He stood as a youth for the precepts
 His Father, Erastus, had taught;
 At his Mother's knee learned that true manhood
 Will never be silenced or bought.
 He learned to love Right for its virtue,
 He learned to love Truth for its power;
 And found the strength needed to conquer
 Through prayer, in a sweet, silent hour.

Though a youth, in the State Legislature,
 His wisdom and courage impressed;
 Resolutions he offered were carried,
 And by them our land has been blessed.
 With him is a rare gift of language,
 And in the dark hours of distress,
 He gives to the needy about him,
 Words that comfort, encourage and bless.
 He has journeyed far into the desert
 To seek the lost sheep of his Lord;
 Wise care of His flocks and His vineyards,
 Will merit the Master's reward.
 We invoke every blessing upon him,
 That he through the years can enjoy;
 And pledge him the love of our DIXIE,
 With the promise that each will employ/
 Every talent and hour God gives us,
 In making our country worth while,
 That we may keep ever among us
 The light of his life and his smile.

THOMAS P. COTTAM.

Reader - Mrs. Woodbury

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

President Cottam has made many grades
 Since that early day,
 For up and down our city streets
 Miles of pavement lay.
 And his footprints will last longer
 Than if left on shifting sand,
 Time will show his steps cemented,
 When he's walking golden strand.
 He has held positions of honor,
 And has never betrayed a trust;
 Kept his body and mind keen and active,
 Thinks it better to wear out than rust.
 As Bishop, he was faithful and tactful,
 As Legislator, wise and alert;
 When counsellor to the Stake President,
 He gave his best thought and best work.
 He has helped to build our College,
 Laid its foundations firm and true,
 Now, as president of the Temple,
 Still he's serving me and you.
 Always kindly, ever helpful,
 Friend he is to every man,
 May the future bring fulfillment
 Of his every hope and plan.

GEORGE F. WHITEHEAD

Mabel Jarvis

George F. Whitehead was one of our early day songsters,
 Of splendid stock born, with strong willing heart;
 And never a time, since he was a youngster,
 Was he known to decline or refuse taking part.

George F. Whitehead (continued) *Reader - Mrs. Pulsep*

In youth, he sensed keenly the value of play,
 For young folks and old folks, and each holiday
 He gave his time freely, nor counted the cost,
 Knowing well that the worth of a country is lost
 If crafty old Hardtimes forever destroys
 The desire for fun in the girls and the boys.

He filled a good mission, made converts and friends,
 And learned that the mission of life never ends.
 He used his tools gladly, - a carpenter skilled --
 In helping the home for our College to build.
 He's been a keen sponsor of all things worth while,
 Met each task and duty in life with a smile.

As President Snow's counsellor, he fully sustained
 The faith of the people, while there he remained,
 And now, that he's called to the House of the Lord,
 We'll gladly uphold him with loyal accord.

May the years that shall follow bring songs to his heart
 As sweet as the notes his own voice can impart,
 And the light of the Spirit of DIXIE abide
 Within his heart's temple, whatever betide.

CONCLUSION.

Reader - Mrs. Woodbury
Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

Such men as these have made DIXIE
 The land that she is today;
 By a loyal people supported,
 Who have learned to direct and obey.
 "The race is not to the swiftest,
 Nor the battle to the strong "
 And they've won by sheer endurance,
 Working well, and working long.
 A fourth of a century they've guided,
 And the Spirit of DIXIE maintained;
 O'er a road that was rough in some places
 They have kept a firm grip on the reins.
 And today, with the laurels of service (Enter Presidency)
 Still fresh upon their heads,
 They hand o'er the reins to new guidance (Enter new Presidency)
 To men who can lead and be lead.
 Their successors are men whose ambitions,
 Are broad, and steadfast, and fine,
 In whose hearts is the warmth and the ardor,
 Of our own gracious DIXIE clime.
 To them is given the splendid task
 Of carrying on each hope and plan,
 That their predecessor's so wisely
 Worked out as though one man.
 To keep the Spirit of DIXIE,
 One of progress and wisdom supreme,
 Who thrives just so long as a people
 Keep their lives and ideals clean.
 To keep that loyal devotion,
 That DIXIE people all own,
 That no matter where they may travel,
 They are proud to say "DIXIE'S my home."

Song- My Dixieland- By Anthony W. Ivins- Choir and audience.

COUNTY ROLL CALL.

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

(As call is made , girls representing their respective towns
come forward bearing baskets of fruits, grains and flowers)

Come Springdale, Rockville, and Vrgin,
Toquerville, LaVerkin, Hurricano,
Bring the choicest fruits of your labors,
From orchard and vineyard and plain.
Enterprise, Central, Pine Valley,
Bloomington, and Washington, too,
Bring your gifts of appreciation,
Give honor where honor is due.
Santa Clara, Voyo, and St. George,
You too, are bidden to come,
Bringing tributes of fruits and of flowers,
To honor our DIXIE Sons.

And thou, oh Spirit of DIXIE
Lead the way to a higher plane,
By thy light of progression, still guide us
To heights that we all may attain.
Let the Past live so long as it helps us
Our present problems to face,
Let Time as he moves swiftly onward,
See us keeping step with his pace,

Closing Picture- DIXIE at entrance of College with Spirits
Faith and Colonization- Arts and Sciences, Ward Representatives
and the Two Stake Presidency Groups-

Closing song- "BUILD THEE MORE STATELY MANSIONS" Choir

PAGEANT

"THE SPIRIT OF DIXIE"

"Presented as a tribute to the Outgoing Stake Presidency of the St. George Stake
Edward H. Snow, Thomas P. Cottam and George F. Whitehead

On the Grounds of the St. George Temple, evening of September Nineteenth, 1925.

Written in collaboration by Grace A. Woodbury and Mabel Jarvis, St. George, Utah.
Committees In Charge

General Supervisor, W. W. McArthur,
Assistants

George Brooks Jr., Gordon Mathis
Joseph Empey and Samuel Thompson
(lighting)

GROUPS

Stage Director, Ruby Bryner
Assistants

Tillie Winsor Emma Hemenway
Eva C. Webb Alethra Cox
Evalyn Thurston - Accompanist
Hazel Bradshaw.

CHARACTERS

Spirit of Dixie - Bessie McArthur
Mother Nature - Roxey S. Romney
Faith - Helen Gardner
Colonization - Althea Snow
Indian Hunter - Luther Hemenway
Chief Toquer - Chester A. Kemp
Chief Tutsagubet - Luther Hemenway
Indian child - Vernon Hemenway
Erastus Snow - Harold Snow

PIONEERS

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hardy
Wilford Lee, Ralph Carter
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cox
Mr. and Mrs. Moroni McArthur
Mr. and Mrs. James Pectol
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cannon
Mr. and Mrs. Ross McGee
Ned Everett, Isaiah Cox,
Morris Brooks

Sego Lilly Group

Karl E. Fordham-Director and Soloist
Evalyn Harris Lyle Taylor
Clestia Worthen Juanita Seegmiller
Hortense Snow LaRu Cox

Pioneers - Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cannon

Sego Lillies made by Mrs. H.C. Cottam
And Mrs. Grace Riding.

Indian Group

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hemenway
Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Pearce
Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Kemp
Mrs. Lizzie Riding
Mrs. Annie Schmutz and 3 children
Mrs. Edna Cunningham
Murry Fullerton Joseph Riding
Edwin Riding Alma Riding
Wenzel Hemenway Vernon Hemenway

OPERA GROUP

J.W. McAllister Sr. Jos.Wm. McAllister
Dilworth Snow Mrs. Mamie Paxman
Mrs. Wanda M. Snow F. A. Reber
Miss Mary Atkin Lucile Worthen
Olive Snow Lillian Atkin
Elvis Bird Terry Dean A. Clark

Martial Band

George W. Worthen Boyd Dennett
John Riding Reno Cragun
Gile Hardy Rogers Hardy

College Band

Earl J. BleakDirector
Dr. Samuel Bleak Wesley Pearce
Wendle Robinson Theone Jones
Clark Higgins Lafayette Staheli
Arthur K. Hafen Karl E. Fordham
Mrs. Stella Bleak Ray Whipple
Nathanial Ashby Dr. Frank B. Nelson

WAGON BOX SCHOOL

Mrs. Orpha Hunt - Teacher
Nelson Snow as E. H. Snow
Carl Cottam as Thomas P. Cottam
Grant Whitehead as Geo. F. Whitehead
Donna, Glenna, Georgia and Beth
Macfarlane, Mabel Whitney and
Helen Bradshaw - School girls
Rex Nelson Howard Whitehead
Bleak Empey Lynn Empey
Clark Empey Ronald Cottam

ARTS AND SCIENCES

Edith Gates Agnes Bleak
Hattie Bunting Linda Hemenway
Lois Reber Melba Webb
Marie Cannon Grace Star
Grace Sullivan Lois Taylor
Erma Snow Dorothy Snow

The outgoing presidency - Edward H. Snow, Thomas P. Cottam and George F. Whitehead kindly consented to appear representing themselves. Tho incoming Presidnecy [Presidency], Joseph K. Nicholes, W. O. Bentley and Walter Cannon also kindly represented themselves by special request.

Each Ward in the Stake was requested to send one representative with basket of fruits, vegetables or flowers, with the exception of the two St. George Wards, where only one representative was called for. The towns were ably represented as follows:

Springdale,	Miss Francell Hepworth	Rockville, Miss Winnie Hirschi
Virgin,	Miss Margaret Barney	Toquerville,
LaVerkin,	Miss Ruth Gubler	Hurricane, Miss Annie Wilkenson
Leeds,		St. George, Miss Roma Church
Washington,	Miss Winnie Cooper	Santa Clara,
Gunlock,	Miss Estella Bowler	Bloomington, Miss Beth Larson
Veyo,	Miss Maude Heywood	Central,
Enterprise,	Miss Alta Holt	

The concluding number "Build Thee more Stately Mansions, Oh, My Soul" was excellently rendered by a choir of nearly 100 voices under the direction of Chorister Jos. W. McAllister with Miss Evelyn Thurston, accompanist.

Much credit is due Samuel Thompson and Joseph Empey for the splendid lighting effects obtained, and for their interest in this part of the work.

Special appreciation is extended to the committee heads and to the descendants of the Pioneers who so gladly gave much of their time for the practices and rehearsals; and to each one who rendered any assistance whatever.

Appreciation is extended to President Cottam in behalf of the Church for permitting the use of the Temple grounds, thus affording a most desirable setting for the pageant, and to the committee on transportation and policing, and to the people who attended, thus prevent any damage whatsoever to the grounds or flowers, tho immense crowds being brought to and from the Temple grounds without loss of time or any accidents whatsoever.

The Readers during the evening were Mrs. Alma McGregor, Mrs. Grace Woodbury and Mrs. Juanita Pulsipher, Mrs. Woodbury reading all of her own compositions, Mrs. McGregor the prologue, and Mrs. Pulsipher reading the alternating compositions by Mabel Jarvis.

To each and every one who did anything to assist in making the presentation of the pageant a success, the Stake Committee extends appreciation.

THE PAGEANT
PROLOGUE

Mabel Jarvis

Reader - Alma McGregor

In the Beginning—that most distant date,
As pages of the Holy Book relate—
God made the Earth, Sun, Moon, Stars, Seas and Skies,
And all that on them rests, or in them lies.
Then He created Man, who from his birth
Was given dominion over all the earth.
And into Man He breathed the eternal breath
Of Life, which lives on after mortal death.
And unto every living thing He gave
That infinite something, yielded at the grave,
Which, though we see it not, nor understand,
Is here in all things, even in the land.
Have you not seen Earth's smile, or heard her cry?
And know you not this world can never die;
Nor aught thereon, until her gods descend,
Though you may change, come ever to an end!

(Enter Mother Nature)

This voice from out the soil the children know
As Mother Nature. Let them have it so.
At least, 'tis something infinite that keeps
Contact with this great sphere, nor ever sleeps,
But century after century holds forth,
In regions east and west, and south and north;
And with a mothering tenderness and skill,
Subjects the varying seasons to her will.
Keeps Time's eternal secrets, and unlocks
For him who seeks, Earth's priceless treasure box.

Oft, where the land has humbled lain, 'tis she,
Unfolds the purposes of prophecy;
And nurtures the rich spirits of the soil,
Till men redeem them by unselfish toil.
'Twas even so, for ages long she kept
Sweet watches where the Soul of DIXIE slept
Within the cervice [crevice] of a lava flow--
How many ages, none of us shall know.
The Spirit of DIXIE, rich beyond compare,
Whom Mother Nature found imprisoned there.
And when the Spirit dreamed of glad release,
'Twas Mother Nature's hands restored sweet peace,
Bidding her wait a little longer, till
Men came the Scriptures' promise to fulfill. (PAUSE)

(Mother Nature is concealed behind rock as Indian Hunter enters)

Oft when the Red Man, seeking the wild game,
With noiseless tread beside her prison came,
The Spirit roused, and spoke. He seemed to hear
Her voice, but found her not, e'en though so near.
He had no purpose, save at will to roam
In search of food, and ever-changing home.
He heard her call, and paused, but found her not,
Passed silently on his way and soon forgot,
Save for once backward looking, lest the thing
Which spoke, should prove some evil, following (Exit Indian)
Pause-

Mabel Jarvis

Time after time she called to Indians near,
And though they always gave a listening ear,
They could not understand her pleading calls,
"Unselfish toil will free me from these walls."

(Natives exit)
EXTENDED PAUSE

Then came the Exodus, when to the West
Moved Pioneers to seek a place of rest
From constant persecution, where the sod
Would join with them to praise the living God.
In Utah, Brigham Young with beaming face
Of Holy Seer declared, "This Is the Place".
Time shall Isaiah's Mighty promise bring,
"The lonely desert wasteland blossoming."

(Introduce song - "This Is The Place" Sung by Dilworth Snow)
(Show lights on group of Natives gathered about camp of Tutsagubet)

In 1854 came twenty-three
Great Stalwarts of the Time, sent to agree
With the fierce savage Red Men of the land,
To make Peace with them; bid them understand
That friends were coming, not to hurt or harm,
But to redeem the land for home and farm.

PAUSE

(White men accompanied by Chief Toquer approach Natives)
(Chief Toquer presents Pioneers to Tutsagubet) (Action slow)

Such men as Jacob Hamblin, Thales Haskell,
A. P. Hardy, Joseph Lee, and Ben F. Knell,
Rufus C. Allen, Dudley Leavitt, all
Men worthy of the trust that brought their call.
Chief Toquer went as guide with them to see
Chief Tutsagubet. 'Neath his cottonwood tree,
South of the Town of Washington they met—
The overshadowing tree is standing yet.
There by the setting sun they held Pow-Wow,
Passed 'round the Pipe of Peace and made their vow.

(Action during above - Passing around the pipe of Peace)
(Enter Pioneers slowly. They greet those who have come before).

Then, unto the far corners, train by train,
Were sent the colonizers, to remain
Until such time as by God's grace they earned
Release from these great missions, and returned.

Forth with these Pioneers two guides were sent,
Bot [Both] FAITH and COLONIZATION - Sisters bent
On purposes sublime, with strength to prove
The value of unselfish work and love.

So came the call to DIXIE. Brigham said,
"I want such volunteers as have the red,
Rich blood of victors in their veins, and skill
To meet each conflict with unswerving will.
Men with clean hands, and bodies strong to stand
The tearing thorns, the desert's burning sand.
Men without fear or falseness, or deceit;
Who have not learned the meaning of defeat.

(Pioneer group pose with bowed heads)

Page 3

Full of spirit of their call they stood
In silent prayer, assured that it was good
Thus to have journeyed to this land of peace,
Though never dreamed through them had come release
Of her who in the rocks beside them slept
Waiting for freedom. Serious converse kept
Their heads averted; thus they did not hear
The shackles falling from the prisoner near.
They knew some infinite presence with them stayed
Which thrilled, inspired, but held them unafraid;
And, slowly turning, as the power impelled,
Upon the rocks, this vision they beheld.

The SPIRIT OF DIXIE, roused, unloosed, set free,
Stood clothed in robes of Grace, resplendently.
Quick to her side, and whispering her name,
The Sisters, Faith and Colonization came.

(PAUSE)

With arms outstretched, she bade them all behold
The vast expanse, whose unlocked fields of gold,
Waited their plow, ax, anvil, hammer, drill—
The implements of wisdom, thrift and skill.
She promised to be with them through the years,
To recompense each hour of toil and tears;
And pledged the Sisters Twain, should by her side
Forever in this DIXIELAND abide.

PIONEER HISTORY

Grace A. Woodbury

Reader - Mrs. Woodbury

When Brigham Young chose Pioneers
For this country of Cactus and thorn.
He chose from the ranks the strongest,
Men of character, men well born.
Men were needed of all vocations,
To redeem and build up this land;
And the people who came here to DIXIE
Had the grit of her enduring sand.

And Brigham Young chose as the Leader
The well-beloved Erastus Snow;
They believed in his judgment and vision,
And went where he told them to go.
So they came to this barren country,
How barren, each Pioneer knows;
But all believed the prediction,
"It shall blossom as the rose."
And they lived to see its fulfillment,
For 'neath DIXIE'S skies so blue,
Grow flowers so fair and bonnie,
Blooming where the cactus grew.

Yet sometimes the drought and near-famine,
And weary wastes of sand,
Made even their steadfast spirits,
Long for a fairer land.
To leave the Mission, they would not,
So they lifted their eyes to the hills;
And strength received from their vastness,
New hope, their grandeur instilled.

GIFT OF THE SEGO LILLY

Mabel Jarvis.

Reader - Juanita Pulsipher

So sun-baked, barren, bleak, and full of tears
 The country seemed; So hopeless stretched the years,
 One Pioneer woman, weeping, vowed that not
 One evidence of art, one verdant spot,
 One vestage [vestige] small of beauty could she see,
 And when her husband sought to disagree,
 She bade him bring one gift of daintiness,
 One lovely flower to pin upon her dress;
 And she would meet him with a smile and song,
 Cease weeping, and be glad the whole day long.

(Pause) (Woman weeping - Man returns with Segos)

At last his weary searching found reward;
 No daintier floral gift can earth afford,
 Than those sweet Segos Lillies which he brought,
 Whose brown eyes in their lavender chalice sought
 The eyes of her who said no art was found
 In all the many, many miles around.
 She clasped it to her heart and blessed the hand
 Of him with whom she came to DIXIELAND.

(Pause) (Picture - Segos Lillies and Song)
 PROGRESSION

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury.

Reader - Mrs. Woodbury

So the Pioneers lived and built DIXIE,
 Through her hardships they kept true and right,
 Though their bodies grew wasted and weary,
 Undaunted, their spirits kept bright.
 They received reward for their labors,
 For a beautiful Temple of God. (Spotlight on Temple)
 Now rests like a grand benediction,
 Once a wasteland is now sacred sod.

(Lights and Music)

The church [church] that's a great inspiration,
 Symbolizing the strength of those men,
 And was built in a time of privation,
 Still stands, a memorial to them.

On the Virgin many towns grew and flourished,
 Choice fruits were produced on its plains;
 From Pine Valley mountains came lumber,
 From its valleys, potatoes and grain.
 Santa Clara Creek furnished the water
 For farms of a sturdy race,
 Whose thrift, perseverance and labor,
 Make DIXIE a garden place.
 Hurricane built miles of ditches
 To water the barren plain;
 Now its vineyards and orchards are famous,
 The West, its peaches acclaim,
 Enterprise reservoired water,
 That from the high mountains drain,
 Now its fertile fields are producing,
 Potatoes, hay and grain.

Mrs. Grace Woodbury

"But first, and foremost, and ever",
 President Snow says again and again,
 "The finest product of DIXIE,
 Is her splendid women and men."
 There's the strength of the hills in their beings,
 DIXIE sunshine in their souls;
 Their purpose is like the Old Virgin,
 Though diverted, it reaches its goal.
 That goal is to build an empire
 In a country so rocky and rough;
 The West all knows they were gritty,
 And made of true Pioneer Stuff.

PIPED WATER

Mabel Jarvis

Reader - Mrs. Pulsipher

Long years, in their pails from the alkaline streams,
 The water was borne, till one Pioneer's dreams,
 Brought the Cottonwood water down over the hill,
 The mains through the streetways of St. George to fill.
 'Twas the Spirit of DIXIE which gave him the strength
 To meet each day's problems and conquer at length;
 And writ by that stream on the undying sand
 Of DIXIE, the name of Brig Jarvis will stand.
 And all who donated so much time and toil
 Have felt benedictions from DIXIE'S parched soil.
 Leeds, Toquer, LaVerkin, and Hurricane grew
 To the knowledge and need of good piped water too;
 Springdale, Enterprise, Veyo, and just recently,
 Santa Clara, each held a town 'pipe-laying bee'.
 And in time, by the hand of this great Spirit guided,
 Each town in the county will thus be provided.

AMUSEMENTS

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

Reader - Mrs. Woodbury

Pioneers had no place for amusements,
 But still they had laughter and fun;
 They builded a bowery of willows,
 To keep out the rain and the sun.
 Folks danced on the ground to the music
 The McIntyre Brothers played,
 A ticket cost squash or molasses,
 Corn, shorts, barley, brand, all were paid.

(Pause for Pioneer Step-dance by Isiah Cox and little Morris Brooks)

(Pioneer group dance changes of plain quadrille)

Next the Pioneers built a theater,
 Where folks could forget their work,
 For they had a keen sense of humor,
 And could laugh, though the toil often irked.
 The leaders sent singers and actors,
 The people to help entertain;
 Orton's with [wit] and Walker's good humor,
 Were driest in coats soaked with rain.

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

Reader - Mrs. Woodbury

The acting of those early players
 Is still remembered today;
 The plays they presented were splendid
 East Lynne was a favorite, the [they] say.
 Josie Snow as Isabelle was near perfect,
 Anthony Ivins as Carlyle was superb,
 Other roles were ably presented,
 And applause for a mile could be heard.
 When Isabelle begs "Oh, forgive me!"
 And Carlyle doesn't see how he can
 From the audience a man rose and shouted,
 "For gosh sake, forgive her, Man!"
 On the stage the Lady of Lyons
 Displayed her stately graces;
 The two Orphans were so pathetic
 With their sobs and tear-stained faces.
 They played the Relief of Lucknow,
 Enoch Arden still makes folks sigh;
 It is said Charlie Johnson as Arden
 Made all in the audience cry.
 Annie Lee was so sweet and winsome,
 As played by Hannah Snow;
 None ever blamed Arden for weeping,
 As he said to her "I must go."
 But the greatest of those Dixie players,--
 I have left his name till the last--
 Miles P. Romney, though gone is remembered
 And still lives in a glorious past.

And the Muse of the Drama moves onward,
 And is active in Dixie today,
 For we still have men and women,
 Who can act in and direct a play.
 The past seems ever the fairest
 To those whose locks are now gray,
 That is why the plays of years ago,
 Were better than those of today.

GROWTH OF THE OPERA

Mabel Jarvis

Reader - Mrs. Pulsipher

Music has had her fling in Dixieland,
 For every acre of her Sunkist sand,
 Each mountain craig, each rush-grown stream heard,
 Sweet, vibrant notes from throat of man and bird.
 "Songs of the righteous, ever unto me,"
 The Master said, "As humble prayers shall be.
 On them will I bestow rich gifts and graces,
 Who in sweet song, lift unto me their faces."
 This was the faith of Pioneers, and they
 Sang 'round the campfire at the close of day;
 Sang in the cottages at eventide
 Till Song's sweet muse came with them to abide.
 The Stake and Wards had choirs. In church and school
 A little time for music was the rule.

Mabel Jarvis (Opera Characters pass during following)

And with the years came operas of renown,
Using the stronger talent from each town.
Our his-to-ry includes in opera lore,
Merry Milkmaids, Billie Taylor, Pinnafore,
Priscilla, Robin Hood, and Olivet,--
With scenes and songs that thrill us, even yet;
Rob Roy, Mikado, Chimes of Normandy,
Boccaccio, Beggar Student, Erminie.

J.W. McAllister, a true Scot,
Most of our operas through the College brought,
Taking the baton from his father's hand,
For he too served full well in Dixieland.
In every opera since the first, you know,
We've thrilled to the rich voice of Dilworth Snow;
And E. J. Pickett, with fine dignity,
Has well portrayed the roles of Comedy.
For character and chorus, well selected--
From thos [those] first Pioneer Families, as expected--
Are many I could mention, but the time
Permits, alas, only the briefest rhyme.

(Exit Opera Group)

BANDS AND BANDS.

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

Reader - Mrs. Woodbury

Never was a time in DIXIE
When we had no Martial Band,
When the old hills didn't echo
With their stirring music, grand;
Never was a celebration,
When that old Band didn't play,
When it didn't wake us early
Every Independence Day.
Other bands we've had in DIXIE,
Bands have come and bands have gone,
But the Martial Band is thriving,
For its members carry on. (Selection Martial Band.)

In early days there was Staheli's Band
And Gifford's Band from up the River,
Eardley's, McIntyre's, Thompson's Band,
All bands that music could deliver.
In those old bands, you'll recollect,
There was no slide trombone,
No triangle, nor clarinet,
No oboe, or saxophone.
Those old bands rode around the town
In wagons with double bed,
And when the music was extra loud,
'Twas caused by a jolt, they said.
But now, the band the College has,
The one lead by Earl Bleak,
They glide around in motor cars,
The music ne'er falters or breaks.
We're proud of our Dixie College Band,
Of the splendid way it plays;
We like its selections from operas,
And the masters of other days.

Mrs. Woodbury

We are proud to know that its leader,
Had in his mouth when born,
Not the proverbial 'silver spoon'
But a clarion-toned, silver horn.

The members of out [our] band today
Descended from Pioneers,
Who in early days of Dixie,
Furnished music many years
Selection - College Band.

EDUCATION

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

(PICYURE [PICTURE] - Wagon Box School. Spirits - Faith and Colonization
roll wagon cover back, disclosing school in session - with Spirit of
DIXIE in grouping. At conclusion two youngsters tumble out over endgate--
Representing Presidents Cottam and Whitehead - Studies Boy as E. H. Snow)

Education comes where bidden
In log school house or college hall,
And she gladly came to DIXIE
In response to egar [eager] call.
Came to make a covered wagon
An abode of learning where
Little Pioneer lads and lassies,
Came to garner wisdom rare.
Education in those old days,
Wore not cap nor flowing gown,
But a dress of linsey-woolsey,
And a switch, sometimes a frown;
She believed that ancient saying,
"Children should be seen, not heard."
Woe unto the hapless youngster,
If he spoke an idle word.
They believed and read the Bible,
Spoiled not child, and used the rod,
Thought that Solomon knew his wisdom
Trained up men who worshiped God.
They were taught Reading and Writing,
Geography, Spelling, and Arithmetic,
And the lesson was sometimes made clearer
With the aid of a tamarisk stick.
They say, our former Stake President,
The studious Edward H. Snow,
Never felt the tingling switches,
For on learning he just seemed to grow.
President Cottam and Whitehead, folks tell it,
Spent they studying time in play,
And they had to go over the end-gate,
Could make the grade no other way.

When the Wagon box school grew crowded,
Private school rooms overflowed,
Then the people came together,
And built schools of gray adobe. (Exit Wagon Box group)
Built them up and down the river,
In the mountains, on the plain,
Those who wanted education,
Never sought for it in vain.

Mrs. Woodbury

In those schools were rough wood benches,
 Pupils wrote on quaint old slates,
 There sat boys like Anthony Ivins,
 Who are known throughout the State.
 Years rolled on, and Pioneer students
 Had school children of their own,
 Who they found had soon, in numbers,
 Those old schoolhouses outgrown.
 Once again they met together,
 Led by men like President Snow,
 Backed by generous George Woodward,
 Who had money to bestow.
 "Education makes for safety of the nation"
 Was the rule,
 On which one and all united,
 And they built the Woodward School.
 Still lead by the Spirit of DIXIE,
 One of progress and of truth,
 With her onward, upward guiding,
 Built a College for the youth.
 For the youth of all the country
 DIXIE College sends her calls;
 And they answer to her summons,
 Come to Study in her halls.
 Now at last, the Spirit of DIXIE
 Has found a fitting home;
 For in our Dixie College
 She has chosen a place for her throne.
 On her head there's the crown of achievement,
 'Twas wrought by Pioneer hands-
 In her eyes still the hope and the vision
 For the future of Dixieland.
 In her hands there's the septer [scepter] of guidance,
 We must follow, she'll lead us aright;
 To her we must ever be loyal,
 She's our heritage of strength and light.
 When we look with pride on our College,
 Let us make it our unfailing rule,
 To remember its founders were children
 Who attended that wagon box school.

(Picture-College scene with Dixie and group of Arts and Sciences at entrance)

LIBRARY HISTORY

Reader - Mrs. Pulsipher

Mabel Jarvis

The his-to-ry of books and reading places,
 In Dixieland brings smiles into our faces;
 There's humor in comparisons you know,
 And joy in watching small beginnings grow.
 In early days the very few books owned,
 Were passed from home to home and freely loaned.
 Then step by step, with faces toward the Sun,
 The plans for a library were begun.
 And thinking of those old days brings the smiles
 Especially to the face of Ida Miles;
 Who, as the first librarian recalls,
 How for long weeks she stared at empty walls.

A dozen volumes on her table lay,
 But she was full of hope, and day by day,
 And year by year, the Spirit of DIXIE brought
 Rare gifts of books; and many books were bought,
 Till now, each child and adult knows he'll find,
 Books to enlighten, rest, enrich his mind.
 And one who loves the work, in kindness lends,
 "Friends to good books, and good books to their friends."

LIVES OF THE LEADERS

Mabel Jarvis

Reader - Mrs. Pulsipher

With Leaders like the great Erastus Snow
 The Spirit of DIXIE could do naught but grow.
 A. F. McDonald, with presiding grace
 Later was called to occupy this place.
 And John T. D. McAllister was strong
 In helping push this mighty work along.
 Daniel McArthur served for many a year.
 He was a tower of strength and knew no fear.
 His counselors David Cannon and E. B. Snow,
 Were valiant soldiers helping DIXIE grow.
 These leaders cleared the land and blazed the trail,
 That we who followed after could not fail.

THE OUTGOING PRESIDENCY

Mabel Jarvis

So much of the progress of DIXIE has been
 Within the regime of these three splendid men,
 President Edward H. Snow, and his counselors kind,
 Brothers Cottam and Whitehead. 'Tis seldom we find
 Men suited so aptly in wisdom and skill
 Positions of trust and distinction to fill.
 Their unmeasured success we can well understand
 Is the birthright of sons of our good Dixieland.
 They were born in her conflict and reared in her toil,
 They have caught her great Spirit, as sons of the soil;
 They have guided with eyes forward-looking, and stood
 For the right, that her future could hold not but good.
 The toil and the love they have daily been giving,
 To keep DIXIE right through the years, and make living
 Worth while to her sons and her daughters, essays
 Full reason for volumes and pageants of praise.

EDWARD SNOW

Mabel Jarvis

President Snow was a true child of promise,
 And like Abraham's Isaac of old,
 By training and birth amply fitted,
 The strong reins of guidance to hold.
 He stood as a youth for the precepts
 His Father, Erastus, had taught;
 At his Mother's knee learned that true manhood
 Will never be silenced or bought.
 He learned to love Right for its virtue,
 He learned to love Truth for its power;
 And found the strength needed to conquer
 Through prayer, in a sweet, silent hour.

Though a youth, in the State Legislature,
His wisdom and courage impressed;
Resolutions he offered were carried,
And by them our land has been blessed.

With him is a rare gift of language,
And in the dark hours of distress,
He gives to the needy about him,
Words that comfort, encourage and bless.
He has journeyed far into the desert
To seek the lost sheep of his Lord;
Wise care of His flock and His vineyards,
Will merit the Master's reward.

We invoke every blessing upon him,
That he through the years can enjoy;
And pledge him the love of our DIXIE,
With the promise that each will employ.
Every talent and hour God gives us,
In making our country worth while,
That we may keep ever among us
The light of his life and his smile.

THOMAS P. COTTAM.

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

Reader - Mrs. Woodbury

President Cottam has made many grades
Since that early day,
For up and down our city streets
Miles of pavement lay.
And his footprints will last longer
Than if left on shifting sand,
Time will show his steps cemented,
When he's walking golden strand.
He has held positions of honor,
And has never betrayed a trust;
Kept his body and mind keen and active,
Thinks it better to wear out than rust.
As Bishop, he was faithful and tactful,
As Legislator, wise and alert;
When counselor to the Stake President,
He gave his best thought and best work.
He has helped to build our College,
Laid its foundations firm and true,
Now, as president of the Temple,
Still he's serving me and you.
Always kindly, ever helpful,
Friend he is to every man,
May the future bring fulfillment
Of his every hope and plan.

GEORGE F. WHITEHEAD

Mabel Jarvis

Reader Mr. Pulsipher

George F. Whitehead was one of our early day songsters,
Of splendid stock born, with strong willing heart;
And never a time, since he was a youngster,
Was he known to decline or refuse taking part.

In youth, he sensed keenly the value of play,
 For young folks and old folks, and each holiday
 He gave his time freely, nor counted the cost,
 Knowing well that the worth of a country is lost
 If crafty old Hardtimes forever destroys
 The desire for fun in the girls and the boys.

He filled a good mission, made converts and friends
 And learned that the mission of life never ends.
 He used his tools gladly, - a carpenter skilled--
 In helping the home for our College to build.
 He's been a keen sponsor of all things worth while,
 Met each task and duty in life with a smile.
 As President Snow's counselor, he fully sustained
 The faith of the people, while there he remained.
 And now, that he's called to the House of the Lord,
 We'll gladly uphold him with loyal accord.
 May the years that shall follow bring songs to his heart
 As sweet as the notes his own voice can impart,
 And the light of the Spirit of DIXIE abide
 Within his heart's temple, whatever betide.

CONCLUSION.

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

Reader - Mrs. Woodbury

Such men as these have made DIXIE
 The land that she is today;
 By a loyal people supported,
 Who have learned to direct and obey.
 "The race is not to the swiftest,
 Nor the battle to the strong"
 And they've won by sheer endurance,
 Working well, and working long.
 A fourth of a century they've guided,
 And the Spirit of DIXIE maintained;
 O'er a road that was rough in some places
 They have kept a firm grip on the reins.
 And today, with the laurels of service (Enter Presidency)
 Still fresh upon their heads,
 They hand o'er the reins to new guidance (Enter new Presidency)
 To men who can lead and be lead.
 Their successors are men whose ambitions,
 Are broad, and steadfast, and fine,
 In whose hearts is the warmth and the ardor,
 Of our own gracious DIXIE clime.
 To them is given the splendid task
 Of carrying on each hope and plan,
 That their predecessor's so wisely
 Worked out as though one man.
 To keep the Spirit of DIXIE,
 One of progress and wisdom supreme,
 Who thrives just so long as a people
 Keep their lives and ideals clean.
 To keep that loyal devotion,
 That DIXIE people all own,
 That no matter where they may travel,
 They are proud to say "DIXIE'S my home."

Song - My Dixieland - By Anthony W. Ivins - Choir and audience.

Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury

(As call is made, girls representing their respective towns
come forward bearing baskets of fruits, grains and flowers)

Come Springdale, Rockville, and Virgin,
Toquerville, LaVerkin, Hurricane,
Bring the choicest fruits of your labors,
From orchard and vineyard and plain.
Enterprise, Central, Pine Valley,
Bloomington, and Washington, too,
Bring your gifts of appreciation,
Give honor where honor is due.
Santa Clara, Veyo, and St. George,
You too are bidden to come,
Bringing tributes of fruits and of flowers,
To honor our DIXIE Sons.

And thou, oh Spirit of DIXIE
Lead the way to a higher plain,
By thy light of progression, still guide us
To heights that we all may attain.
Let the Past live so long as it helps us
Our present problems to face,
Let Time as he moves swiftly onward,
See us keeping step with his pace.

Closing Picture - DIXIE at entrance of College with Spirits
Faith and Colonization - Arts and Sciences, Ward Representatives
And the Two Stake Presidency Groups-

Closing song - "BUILD THEE MORE STATELY MANSIONS" Choir