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## LIFE IN JORDAN VALLEY TODAY IS NOT IN IT WITH OLDEN DAYS

Wm. F. Schuabel in Jordan Valley Express Draws Vivid Picture Comparing Past With Present. Recalls Old Time Dances.

One night, a year ago, after an absence of twenty years, I was in Jordan Valley once more. As night came on I sauntered all alone thru the town. I wanted to be alone. I wanted to see the changes that had taken place. I wanted to look up old landmarks. My thoughts were of the past and with the past. Things looked so different. Many of the old landmarks were gone. New things had taken their places. I listened for familiar voices but they were hushed, some forever. A loneliness crept over me; I felt like a stranger in a strange land. If I had only heard the crack of a six-shooter, or the yell of a cowboy, I would have cried for joy; but all was still, not a sound was heard. In my wanderings I landed behind the big hotel barn. I was inspecting all that remained of J. R. Baxter's old pioneer home, the old stone chicken house. While I was standing there in reverie there pealed forth the sound of a piano. The sound came from the direction of the Jordan Valley hotel. The sound aroused me. "A dance!" I said. "Wonder who is playing? Wonder who is there? I believe Dan Connors, Jonny Connors, George Speed, Tom McCain, the Mills family and all the rest of the families and all the old cow-punchers must be there. I'll go over and see and surprise them."

I went slowly over toward the hotel. The piano still clanked away. It was a funny tune. I never heard it before in Jordan valley. The music came by jerks, a few bars and then a rest, another wild start, another jerk, another rest. "What's the matter with the player?" I thought. "What is he trying to play? Where did I ever hear such music before?" It came to me like a flash, "I know where I heard it. In Chicago, on State street."

New Dances Don't Make Hit. I remembered shipping horses to Chicago for the Jordan valley stockmen. I remember sauntering down State street one night and there I heard that kind of music. It was ragtime. I entered and there saw "Little Egypt" dancing the Hootchie Cootchie. But I am here in good, old Jordan valley, why have ragtime? I quietly approached the window and looked into the ball-room. There was a lot of young boys and girls crowding around the piano player. They all seemed to have lots to say to the musician. Every now and then he would throw a fit and there would peal forth a few bars of ragtime. His music came by starts, jerks and fits. All of a sudden there was a scattering from that piano. It looked like a mustang had jumped in the center of that assemblage and was dealing solar plexis blows in all directions. I was wrong again. The pianist had humped his back and was clawing the keys for all he was worth. The dance had started in earnest. Every young man grabbed a partner. "Grabbed" is the right word. Every young man threw a kink in his back; gave his shoulders another hitch and humped his back like a broncho about to buck. Then the couples began to sway their bodies. The young men put more humps in their backs; now it seemed they were trying to unscrew themselves at the waist. I looked, I watched, I listened. "That must be a prelude to the hootchie-cootchie?" I said to myself. "How did this dance come here? Who are those dancers? I must be dreaming. No, I am not. I left Jordan valley twenty-two years ago, then the wild and woolly west, now I come back and it is civilized. New people, new thoughts, new ways."

Country Gone to "Hell." All I saw there, recalled to me an

incident of earlier days on Carter creek. Jeff Carter had gone over to Succor creek to visit the Gates ranch. In the evening I was sitting alone in front of his cabin awaiting his return. I happened to look in the direction of the Gates ranch and here came old Jeff on the dead jump, only hitting the high spots. His sombrero pushed back in the front, his long, white mustache fluttering in the breeze. I wondered what was up. Could it be the Indians were after him again? At last he brought up his horse in front of me on a great slide, and before he dismounted, he said: "Bill, this country is going to hell, there is a preacher over at the Gates ranch!"

Well, dear reader, I did not think that way when I saw the new styles in dancing; but, as I peeped thru that window, a change came over my vision, just as you see the change, the fading away of one picture and the appearance of another at a picture show. The picture before me faded away and once more I saw the Jordan Valley ball room of yore. I could see the brilliantly lighted hall. I could see all the faces of the first married ladies of the valley; I could see once more the happy, smiling faces of the young girls of that time; I could again see Nick Maher, John Connors, Jim McMahon, Charley Grete, Tom McCain and dozens of others I can not remember. I could again see the faces of the old orchestra: Mrs. Whalen, Ben Boyer, Louis Schnabel and myself. Again I could see the four crowded and all squared off for the quadrille and again I could see Dan Connors raise his hand as signal to me and call out: "Bill! Let'er buck!" And again I could hear Dan call "Honor to yer partners!" I looked for the Virginia reel, the minuet, the lancers, but in vain.

I awoke, my dream had ended, the past is the past and the present is here now. There is not much of the past left but memories. But, dear reader, those memories I will always cherish. They will never fade nor die while I live. It brings back memories of good, true women and men, people I loved better than anything else on earth. Rather would I sit down near some corral in Jordan valley or on the range and whittle and talk to some old pioneer than to be the greatest king that ever lived, for in the old days every man was a king of all he surveyed.

Below I give you a few of the old time dance calls. They may be of interest of some of the younger set.

**Dance-Calls of the Early Days.**  
Honor yer partners.  
Rights the same. Balance you all.  
First couple balance and swing.  
Promenade the inside ring.  
Promenade the outside ring.  
Balance and swing and cast off six.  
Ladies to the right and gents to the left.  
Swing the one you swung before.  
Down the center and cast off four.  
Swing the one that comes to meet you.  
Down the center and cast off two.  
All dances pretty as you can.  
Turn your "taws" and left alleman.  
First gent out to the right.  
Swing the girl that curls her hair.  
Then the one that looks so fair.  
Then the one that puts on airs.  
And now the belle of the ball, sir.  
Gents chase and put on style.  
Resash and a little more style.  
Little more style, gents, little more style.  
Honors yer partners, rights the same.  
Balance all; swing.  
First lady out to the right;  
Swing the man that stole the sheep.  
Now the one that hauled it home,

Now the one that eat the meat,  
And now the one that gnawed the bones.  
First gent swing yer opposite partner.  
Then yer turtle dove,  
Again yer opposite partner,  
And now yer own true love.  
Balance all; swing  
First couple out to the right.  
Cage the bird; three hands round  
Birdie hop and crow hop in  
Three hands round and go it again.  
Alleman left; back to partner  
And grand right-and-left.  
Come to yer partner once and a half,  
Yellow hammer right and jay bird left,  
Meet your partner and all chase,  
You know where and I don't care,  
Seat your partner in the old arm-chair.

Salute partners; lady on the left,  
Eight hands up and circle to the left.  
Circle right back and don't you stop.  
First lady out to right  
Swing daddy Lannigan.  
Then mother Flannigan  
Now the old man agin—  
Swing partner round,  
Left hand lady round,  
Right hand to partner, round and round.

Come to the pretty girl,  
Watch her close;  
Treat 'em all alike,  
Second lady out to right,  
Swing Mrs. Jinks,  
Then Captain Jinks,  
And now the dude of the army.  
Three hands around and the gent cut a caper;  
Chase the 'possum—now the coon.  
Then the pretty girl round the moon.  
When you get straight,  
Run away eight.

Some of the cowboys are very bright and original in their dance calls, extemporizing the rhymes and jingles as the dance progressed. It is, perhaps, the infectious spirit of genuine, hearty enjoyment which gives these dances their indisputable charm.—Wm. F. Schnabel, in Jordan Valley Express.

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