

ALL ARE SHOCKED OVER DEATH OF GOLDEN SLAUGH

Nov 9, 1923

**MOONSHINE WHISKEY SECURED
FRIDAY AT DANCE IN DAVIS
WARD KILLS YOUNG MAN IN
FEW HOURS.**

(From our Davis Correspondent)

One of the worst shocks that has ever come to the Davis ward was the sad death of Golden Slauch on Saturday morning, Nov. 3. The cause of death was of such a nature that it aroused the emotion of the community almost to a pitch of mob violence.

The district has been a rendezvous for "bootleggers" for years and much trouble has come to our law abiding citizens from the effects of the poisonous drugs sold under the name of intoxicating liquor.

The climax of indignation was reached Friday night when Golden Slauch, one of our most exemplary young men, was induced to purchase a bottle of the deadly drug. Golden had never before been known to take a drink of liquor and was openly opposed to its use, but in some way was influenced to drink.

It had not been twenty minutes from the time he drank the poison until he felt its deadly influence. He said to his chums, "I am going to the ranch on Green river. I would not have my father see me in this condition for fifty dollars." Whereupon he mounted his horse, which was extremely high spirited, and started out at rapid rate. His friends fearing that it was unsafe to allow him to go so far alone, followed him in a car.

They picked him up not forty rods from where he started. He did not seem to be injured by the fall as he got onto his feet and said to his brother, "Stanley, where is my hat, get it, I want to go home."

He walked back home with some assistance and was put to bed at 8:15, about three hours after he had drank the drug. His father, George A. Slauch, was informed of his condition, as he had sank into unconsciousness and could not be aroused. His father went at once to his bedside and tried in every way to arouse him but to no avail. The young man was breathing hard, frothing at the mouth and showed marked signs of poisoning.

A thorough examination was made to see if any signs of injury through the fall was discernable, but none could be found. The doctor was called and advice was received from him and followed. His condition gradually grew more alarming and the doctor was summoned and but a few minutes later Golden passed away without a struggle, never having regained consciousness.

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Community Shocked to Learn of Sudden Death of Golden Slaugh

(Continued from page 1.)

body and conducted an investigation to determine the cause of death. The decision was, that it was impossible to decide without an autopsy to which Mr. Slaugh objected.

The seriousness of the case was such that it was easy to get witnesses against the party who had furnished the liquor.

Golden Slaugh is the son of George A. and Rachel M. Slaugh, and was born and raised in the Ashley valley. He was twenty years of age last May and was, as stated at the funeral, as obedient as a six year old child. His mother preceeded him to the grave a few days over two years ago, leaving a family of ten living children, three of whom are married.

Funeral services were held Sunday at two o'clock at the Naples ward meeting house with Bishop Alfred Simper of Davis ward, presiding. The house was more than filled with the many friends and relatives whom the young man leaves to mourn his loss.

The singing, furnished by a double quartet from the Naples and Davis ward choirs, was beautifully rendered. The songs were, "I Need Thee Every Hour," "Some Time We'll Understand" and "Shall We Meet Beyond the River." Miss May Nellson sang "Abide With Me."

The speakers were, John Slaugh, an uncle of the deceased, who told of his sterling worth and ever willingness to help with the work of his father, and of the confidence which his father placed in him; President Ernest Eaton, President

Wallace Calder and Bishop C. M. Iverson all told of the noble character of the boy and of the unity and love that was always present among the members of the family.

The invocation was offered by A. Haws and the benediction by Abner Richens. An exceedingly large number followed the body to its resting place which was at the Vernal cemetery. President A. C. Goodrich dedicated the grave.

The heartfelt sympathy of the entire community is extended to Mr. Blaukh and family in their bereavement.

The fellow who is always hunting trouble never sees much of it. He doesn't tarry when it is about.

Some people claim that hell never
or freer't over. But we don't
know---we've never been there.

Past Relived

Mike Brown

Uncle Jake and his hall

"Uncle Jake's Hall," like many other buildings from the early times, is now just a tradition, and a dim one at that. It was built during the early 80's and was owned by Jacob Workman (Uncle Jake), who, with his wife and family, lived at 250 West Main Street.

Jake's Hall, as it was called, was built immediately east of the Workman home and had the distinction of being the first opera house-dance hall in Vernal and Ashley Valley. This structure was of heavy logs with the corners squared in and was finished in a somewhat improvised manner typical of most buildings of the times.

The stage, which was elevated two or three feet above the common floor, while small, seemed to be adequate and commensurate with the opera houses of that era. The stage, together with the dressing rooms and wings, occupied a section in the rear of the building on the south.

The screen system on the front of the stage consisted of a curtain that rolled up toward the ceiling and was operated by pulleys cranked by hand. This curtain was a sight that few forgot. It was luxuriously painted from top to bottom and portrayed two ships in mortal combat. One of these ships was badly damaged and was burning desperately, while the other ship was still floating with her guns belching forth shot and shell to finish off the wounded enemy. Beneath the ships in large letters was the caption, "Defeat of the British at San Juan." Uncle Jake was definitely a patriot.

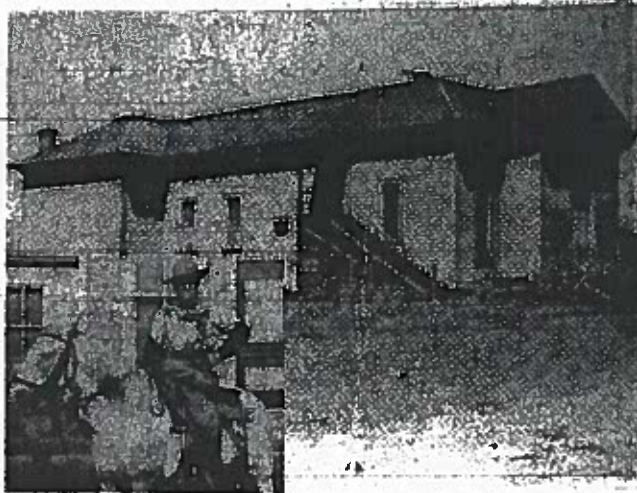
While this building was erected as a dance hall as well as an opera house, it is best remembered as an opera house. For a long time Vernal boasted having the best plays between Denver and Salt Lake.

The best known feature of Uncle Jake's Hall was, of course, Uncle Jake himself. The stories about him that have been handed down are many and humorous.

This old building, operating as a social center, had its romances, fights and feuds, typical of such establishments of the time. These can best be left to one's imagination, but it must be realized that strict rules had to be applied at times to cope with these conditions as they arose.

This is where Uncle Jake came in. While Uncle Jake was quite a small man, he seemed to have a great potential when angry. What he lacked in size he made up for in filibuster, vocabulary and accoutrement. Legend has it that on special occasions there was nothing unusual when the situation demanded it for Uncle Jake to come onto the stage with a six-shooter strapped to his side or held menacingly in his hand.

This reserve power properly displayed, together with a little straight talk by Jake, seemed to be all that was necessary to restore order or keep in hand any untoward circumstance that



UNCLE JAKE WORKMAN (inset) and his Vernal Opera House. All forms of entertainment were seen at the Opera House, from dances to plays put on by local drama enthusiasts. If things got out of hand, it wasn't uncommon for "Uncle Jake" to walk out on the stage with gun in hand to quiet the crowd.

Mar 22, 1979

Echoes from the dust

Moonshine whiskey kills young man

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They picked him up not forty rods from where he started. He did not seem to be injured by the fall as he got to his feet and said to his brother, "Stanley, where is my hat? Get it, I want to go home."

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about three hours after he had drunk the drug. His father, George A. Slauch, was informed of his condition, as he had sunk into unconsciousness and could not be aroused. His father went at once to his bedside and tried in every way to arouse him but to no avail. The young man was breathing hard, frothing at the mouth and showed marked signs of poisoning.

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Thursday, March 22, 1979

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through thought

WEEK Having Series II 1977 Stars Susan Sullivan Cliff Gorman Emotional crises involving birth, adoption and first love affect the lives of several couples.
POPEX FROZEN IN FIRE When Mt. Vesuvius erupted in 79 A.D. and buried Pompeii in 12 feet of ash and pumice, a haunting cultural and artistic heritage was preserved in its entirety. For 1980 Alexander Scourby narrates this visit back in time from the Museum of Fine Arts where over 300 rare examples of Roman art and culture were on exhibition in the United States for the first time.

MODERN SNOW Stanley is sharing life with the while in life in. AN DEALING century Annapolis of which oriented in 1874. nethadone n Dayton.