



Face of Fillmore

*By Sherry Shepard
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At 160 West 100 North stands an unoccupied home that brings back some fond memories for me. The home was most likely built in the late 1800's of the brick used in many of Fillmore's homes at the time. Later on, in its history, the home was painted red with white gingerbread trim, as improvements from its original design were made.

A few years ago, I came across this photograph along with a short explanation of who had lived in the house. I will pass on exactly what the explanation said, although I am sure there are descendants in the community who know much more than I about relationships and other details.

"The family in the photo with William (Swallow) are unknown. This home was built by Williams' father, Thomas Swallow, for his mother, Caroline Crow Swallow. After her death Charles and Isabelle Dearden Swallow occupied the house for a short time. Then William lived in it until he passed away. It was then occupied by Pauline Swallow Robison."



It is Polly that I knew well.

Pauline (Polly) was born to Joseph and Emma Beeston Swallow on June 30, 1895. (I was surprised that it was not her father who built the home.) She married Alfred Milton Robison on October 6, 1915 in Salt Lake City. The couple had two children, Alfred Carold Robison who died last year and Carma Robison Larsen who died in 2015. Polly's husband passed away in 1967, just a few years before we moved to the neighborhood. Polly lived to be 91 years old.

Upon moving to Fillmore in the early 1970's, Polly and another neighbor to the west, Greta Stevens, became my social life. I remember sitting on Polly's porch or in her kitchen for hours as we visited about lots of things. Polly was a great conversationalist and had a wealth of knowledge on lots of subjects. Among other things, we would share family stories and do a lot of laughing about them.

When Polly's daughter Carma and her family visited from Idaho, my daughters and her granddaughters became friends. There was a houseful of girls at one house or the other when they visited.



It was an early summer day well over forty years ago and the irrigation ditch was running high. Polly had unwittingly taken more of the stream of water than her allotted amount. A fellow down the street who was missing a few drops of his water because of the mistake, came charging up the street like an enraged bull. He ranted on about it to Polly for several minutes and then declared he was going to get the water master. My blood pressure rose as he screamed at her about her actions. As his truck disappeared at the intersection on Main Street, we went into action. My mom and Polly took on the assignment of lookout, while I readjusted the head gate in the ditch. Turning the entire stream onto Polly's lawn, it flooded very quickly. When the truck was spotted not many minutes later, I pulled the plug and sent all of the water on down the ditch. Polly, Mom and I hurried into the house, locking the door and sitting on the floor behind the couch so no one could see us through the windows.

Now as I pass the home, I realize even more that it is not the house itself but the memories of those who lived there that endear it to our hearts.

As I said in my last column, I am so appreciative of readers and the comments they send me. Here is a little added information on the home that once stood at the Deer Pasture from Rollo Brunson of St. George and a former Fillmore resident. "The dwelling had been built over a basement and during my high-school years, the Forest Service and city constructed a roof over the basement and used it as a lodge for the rope tow ski lift that was installed up the slopes on the east. I remember seeing Ranger Vick Stokes, who was an accomplished skier, come zipping down the slopes with graceful turns causing the powered snow to fly."

Polly had many talents and one was that she was an expert Scrabble player. She and Laura Anderson, Utahna Monsen, and Lucille Ashby played regularly. On occasion, I joined them, but they were such masters at the game, even though being senior citizens, that I was outclassed by a mile.

Without a doubt, one of the most memorable experiences we shared was the day we stole the water. I hesitated to share this with my readers, but Polly was so pleased about it and told it to everyone who would listen. I feel safe in knowing most people in town already know the story.