

# Cal Jewkes — troubadour

By Elizabeth M. Hansen

"Cal, will you sing at the funeral?" is an old refrain in his ears, but none the less impelling. He won't say no. Calvin A. Jewkes, Carbon-Emery troubadour of song, has poured forth the comfort of his rich baritone voice at two thousand funerals. He donned a black robe for Abide With Me in an Episcopal church, he sang Ave Maria in Latin for catholic services, rendered such favorites as Beyond the Sunset, Somewhere My Love, When you Come to the End of a Perfect Day, Lay My Head Beneath a Rose and Sing Me To Sella at LDS and other services. The Masonic Lodge presented a plaque in recognition of his many funeral solos.

Cal is songbird or instrumentalist at weddings, receptions, programs and special occasions like Mothers Day. Often he takes his chord organ to church to play preludes and postludes. Being punctual is a fetish with him as well as memorizing all lyrics. Cal uses the power of eye-to-eye-soul-to-soul contact in a vibrant effectiveness.

Music is a natural gift. Except for a year at the Emery Stake Academy where Appollo Hansen

taught him to read music and play cornet, he received no other training. At home in Orangeville he used to harmonize with his sisters. He is the next to the oldest in a family of 12 children born to William Andres and Estella Scovil Jewkes.

As a youth he moved to Kenilworth for a job digging coal. In a few weeks he transferred to Kenilworth Mercantile as a clerk. Curtis Edwards asked him to play trombone in an orchestra. Cal arranged to buy a trombone from an untalented owner. "A person without an ear for music can never learn to play a trombone because he can't get the positions right."

He positioned so well that he was asked to join The Nighthawks led by Leo Leonard. The Nighthawks played at the Amusu dance hall on the northwest end of Helper on the road to Spring Canyon. At the Saturday dances (roughened by fights at intermission) popular hits were Oh Boy, My Lovey Come Back and I Wish I Knew You Really Loved Me. Like Rudy Vallee the vocalizing was megaphoned.

In those days Cal often carried his trombone case down the railroad tracks from Kenilworth to Helper. The Liberty Hall



Cal sings at a funeral in Kenilworth. He has sung for more than 2,000 events.

owned by Victor Litizette, Helper was another dance spot. The Fireman's Ballis packed the hall. "We used to play until 2 a.m. so we would go to Pinky's Cafe for noodles at intermission. "Wages were around \$6 for 4 or 5 hours of playing. The boys thought they had it made when they reached ten dollars a night. The Nighthawks cruised to Wilberg's open air dance pavilion and opened up summer dances at Fish Lake.

After the Rainbow Gardens was built in Helper, Cal and Darrel Downey organized Cal and Downey's. Their theme song, Goodnight Sweetheart, always announced the closing dance. One Christmas Eve the orchestra arrived in time to watch the hall burn down.

For some years Cal and Downey drew the crowds at the Silver Moon dance hall, Price. After its demise they jobbed around. Cal and his trombone combined with Lincoln Luke and guitar; Malone Jewkes on sax and bass fiddle; and Brad Jensen on the drums. How they gloried in their blend of voice and instruments. And how the dancers responded. Many a time the Kenilworth amusement hall shook to the rhythmic stamp of couples circling the floor. (Some cheek to cheek.) In those days dancers circulated. Favorite tunes were Dark Town Strutter's Ball, My Gal Sal, Yellow Bird, That's My Desire, In a Little

Spanish Town, Ramona, Girl Of My Dreams, I'll See You In My Dreams, The Sheik of Araby and scads of other feet ticklers.

"That was back when music was music. Not just a beat," says the man who knows melody. "I just don't like modern rock. I hope it dies out before long."

In 1957 Cal and Lincoln Luke entertained at district and national Kiwanis conventions. Cal has always been involved in club and civic work in Helper and Kenilworth. The Kenilworth Welfare and Athletic association was a prime example.

As manager of the only store in a swinging town, he recalls 1948 when 500 employees were on Independent Coal and Coke pay roll. One million tons of coal were mined that year. The store realized \$350,000 in sales. The ballad about "owing my soul to the company store" was painfully true in two many cases. "A lot of souls have gone to their graves still owing," ruefully notes Cal, all too familiar with the situation.

Cal and his wife Viloa, whom he married in 1923, were associated with the Merc until 1960 when Independent Coal and Coke relinquished holdings. Since then Viola with family help has operated a small store to accommodate the families residing in the sun-kissed town on a dead end road.

Their sons are Calvin Jr. and Ronald. Six grandchildren and one great-grandchild round the family roster.

Four years ago Cal was working fulltime as assistant cashier at Carbon Emery Bank and had served three years as bishop of Kenilworth LDS ward. A heart attack followed by another a month later hospitalized him for several weeks and altered his lifestyle for a time. As soon as he recovered sufficiently, through, he was singing again, working part time for the bank, swinging the golf clubs and back in the bishopric. The talented woman who have served as accompanist through the years are Arline Brown, Elva Roper, Ora Larsen, Joan Cox and Jeanine Campbell.

Cal pays homage to them and also to an understanding wife who has never murmured when he goes off to sing again. But just let him pick up those golf clubs during working hours.

Looking back on 70 years, the man attached to the heart strings of Carbon and Emery counties feels that his music may have interfered with his job, that perhaps he should have forsaken merchandising for music. To him music is the basic of life, his biggest pleasure and emotional satisfaction. But little material wealth has been realized from his gift. He gives his songs away.

Which brings us to the inevitable. Dearly Beloved, The Bells Are Ringing For One of Our Gals. How About a Little Song at the reception, Our Buddy? May The Good Lord Bless and Keep You Singing 'Til the End of Time. Remember, You Belong To Our Hearts Now and Forever ... L'amour Toujours L'Amour.