

"ZION TRAILS"

No. 4

THE FOUNDING OF CEDAR CITY

* * *

CAST

GEORGE A. SMITH

PETER SHURTZ

HENRY LUNT

RICHARD HARRISON

MATTHEW CARPENTERS

MRS. RICHARD HARRISON

P. K. SMITH

CHARLES HEYBORNE

MARY CORY

ANN CHATTERLY

THOMAS CARTWRIGHT

MRS. THOMAS CARTWRIGHT

ORCHESTRA: DON CARLOS -- FADES INTO

SOUND: WAGON CREEKS - HORSES TRAMP - A WHIP CRACKS

VOICE: (TYPICAL SHOUT OF WAGON DRIVER)

SOUND: CONTINUES AS ABOVE AFTER VOICE -- FADES INTO

ANNOUNCER: Presenting "Zion Trails".

ORCHESTRA: DON CARLOS

ANNOUNCER: Today the Southern Utah Power Company brings you another in the series of radio plays, Zion Trails--stories of courage and heroism, of privation and sacrifice taken from the unwritten history of man's struggle to conquer the west. Our play for this evening brings back to life for a few minutes the people and the events connected with the settlement of Cedar City, but before we pull back the curtain, a word from our sponsors:

SPONSOR: (ONE HUNDRED WORDS)

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ANNOUNCER: Although the little colony which had settled at the present site of Parowan on January 13, 1851 had been sent primarily to develop an iron industry, nothing toward that end was accomplished until late the following fall, for the members were too concerned in securing those fundamental requisites of existence, food and shelter. However, in August following the founding of the colony, Peter Shurtz and George A. Smith were exploring the banks of the Little Muddy, the stream which today we call Coal Creek.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION MUSIC

SOUND: (WATER FALLING OVER ROCKS)

SHURTZ: Look at that water, Brother Smith, have you ever seen any before this so thick and so salmon colored?

SMITH: The rain does it. Yesterday's storm is just coming down now. You notice how much higher the water is than usual.

SHURTZ:(It's almost a decent sized stream when it gets its dander up. Look how it cuts through that soft dirt and how it piles all the limbs and trash on the sand bars.

SMITH: I wish it were bigger and had a good steady flow. A lot of land could be irrigated out of this stream. Hey, where are you going?

SHURTZ: (AWAY FROM MIKE) Just taking a look in this pile of trash. I thought I saw something.

SMITH: Well, be careful of that mud and sand. We don't know anything about these streams. They may be treacherous. And I don't like the idea of having to pull you out of that salmon colored soup. Look out! Now, what was the use of my warning you? There you are knee deep in it.

SHURTZ: (AWAY FROM MIKE) God darn it! Come here. If I ain't found something, my name's not Pete Shurtz!

SMITH: WHAT is it?

SHURTZ: (AWAY FROM MIKE) Come here and look. I ain't got it dug out of this rubbish yet.

SMITH: Move over so I can get on that rock. I don't relish getting down in the stream with you. Well now, what is it? Let's see it.

SHURTZ: (GRUNTS) There. There's the biggest chunk. You take it while I get some more of these small ones.

SMITH: By Heavens! This looks like coal!

SHURTZ: Yeh, feels like it, breaks like it. Maybe it is coal.

SMITH: Let me get a rock--I'm going to break this piece up. Here's one.

SOUND: BREAKING COAL

SMITH: (EXCITED) It is coal! Look at the sulphur veins. Coal! That's the one thing we've needed to make iron, and now we've found it. Brother Shurtz, the Lord has had a hand in this.

SHURTZ: I reckon maybe he did, but two or three lumps ain't enough.

SMITH: No, you're right there. We've got to find the vein this came from, and that'll be somewhere up this canyon.

SHURTZ: It ain't gonna be so hard to find, 'cause if that coal's near enough to the surface for the river to wash it down, then men hadn't oughta have no trouble.

SMITH: We've got to get men out here looking for it. I know--we'll offer a reward for the man who finds the ledge this came from. That'll be incentive enough to make them look close.

SHURTZ: That's a good idee. What's the reward gonna be?

SMITH: I haven't decided yet, but we'll make it worth while, and we'll get at this right away. You know, Brother Shurtz, I feel a little bit guilty for the way we've neglected our duty. Seven months and we've scarcely turned our hand to our real mission.

SHURTZ: (DEJECTEDLY) Yeh, I suppose we gotta do it.

SMITH: What's the matter? Why the sad expression?

SHURTZ: I hate the idea of movin' again.

SMITH: What do you mean, moving?

SHURTZ: Well, if the coal's up this canyon and the iron is straight west of here,

there wouldn't be any point of tryin' to make the iron up on Center Creek. I reckon that means we all move down.

SMITH: Cheer up, man. You're worring too early. We won't all move down. We'll leave most of the colony where it is. We can't all make iron. Someone has to raise crops. We'll pick out a few families and establish a fort down at the mouth of this canyon. We can build our foundry there. That's going to be an ideal place. Close, and we can use this stream for power. Come on. Let's get back to the creek and get started on this.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION MUSIC

ANNOUNCER: November 3, 1851, George A. Smith, together with Wm. H. Dame, Elisha H. Groves, James Little, Henry Lunt, William C. Mitchell Sr., and several others came down from Parowan to select the townsite and survey it. A site just north of the present cemetery was chosen, and on November 4, a fort and a five-hundred acre field nearby were surveyed by William H. Dame. That evening the party assembled on the newly surveyed Fort Site.

ORCHESTRA: SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC

SMITH: Well, Brother Lunt, there it is--for better or for worse, the place where you are to start a town and a new industry.

LUNT: I hope it's for the better.

SMITH: It will be, Brother Lunt. It's the mission of the Lord, and the Lord's work must go on.

LUNT: I wish, Brother Smith, you'd offer a word of dedication, before we go back.

SMITH: I'll do it gladly. Let's be united, Brethren, in calling upon the Lord.
(PAUSE) Our Father which art in heaven, we come before you in humility to dedicate this ground and the surrounding lands, the minerals, the water, the timber and the grass to the service of Thee and Thy people in the manufacturing of iron, that the necessities of Thy Saints may be supplied and the territory of Thy People built up - - - (FADES INTO MUSIC)

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION MUSIC

ANNOUNCER: November 11, 1851 at 4:00 p.m. thirty-five settlers under the leadership of Henry Lunt arrived at the site dedicated for their new home. Since there were Indians in the vicinity, the first thought of the settlers was for some sort of protection. As a result, an ingenious fort was built. It was a strange looking thing, not at all the sort of structure associated with the name. The wagon boxes were set on the ground in a straight line running east and west. At the front end of each facing the south was a wall in the shape of a capital J. The wall, built of brush packed down with earth, was arrow proof and as high as a man's head. In this shelter the camp fires were made. The arrangement made each wagon box a separate fort. Backing these up in case of severe attack was a court with a high wall around it, and just north of the court was a stockade, ordinarily for animals, but in case of necessity, a last retreat.

FEBRUARY 10, 1852, the colony formed a city government with Isaac C. Haight as Mayor, and the name was changed from Cedar Fort to Cedar City. Spring came and with it the real task for which all other hardships had been endured. Late one afternoon, Richard Harrison, Superintendent of the Iron Works, talks over early plans with his wife and with Henry Lunt.

ORCHESTRA: SHORT TRANSITION

HARRISON: I thought here on the banks of Carol Creek would make a good place for the furnace.

LUNT: It's conveniently located. Not far from the fort and almost between the coal and the iron.

MRS. HARRISON: What's the idea of having it so close to the stream?

HARRISON: Well, Jane, it's mainly because we must have some sort of apparatus and power to pump air for the blast furnace. I have plans to put the water-wheel in that stream and have it run the pump.

MRS. HARRISON: (LAUGHS)

HARRISON: What's so funny?

MRS. HARRISON: Oh, nothing. I suppose it really wasn't funny. It just struck me that way. Look how shallow that water is. I couldn't quite imagine it turning one of those big wheels.

HARRISON: It is rather funny when you look at it that way, but that isn't the idea. You see, we'll go up the canyon quite a distance and build a canal down the side. When we reach the mouth, at about that point over there, we'll build a flume from there to where we're standing. That will bring the water down and drop it over the wheel. Then we'll have plenty of power.

MRS. HARRISON: Oh, I see.

LUNT: What's this building here next to the foundry? I suppose that's meant to be a building?

HARRISON: Yes, that's to be a pattern and moulding shop. It'll be right here. And right over here we'll have a blacksmith shop, and over there further we want a small office building. But we're not sure just where we want it yet.

MRS. HARRISON: Won't it be grand to see construction actually going? We've had to contend with so much for the sake of this.

LUNT: It certainly will, and once we get it far enough along so that people can see we're accomplishing something, we won't have any worries about them losing their spirit and not wanting to work.

MRS. HARRISON: When do you expect to get it done?

HARRISON: It's got to be finished this summer. We can't let it drag on through another winter. If we do, the enthusiasm will fizzle out and we may never finish.

MRS. HARRISON: Build the entire thing this summer with just this handful of men?

HARRISON: Yes, Jane, that's our job, and in addition we must build roads to the coal and to the mines to say nothing of coke ovens and this canal and flume.

MRS. HARRISON: It doesn't seem possible.

LUNT: There's only one way we'll ever do it, and that's for everyone to push himself at full speed for just as long each day as he can stand it.

HARRISON: The men are used to hard work. That's one good thing.

MRS. HARRISON: Always driving ourselves to harder tasks, and always risking our lives. I wonder if some day we'll settle down in peace and have a few minutes for ourselves and our families.

LUNT: That's why we work so hard now.

MRS. HARRISON: You know, the thought of this scares me!

HARRISON: Why, Jane, just a minute ago you were looking forward eagerly.

MRS. HARRISON: I know, but what if it should fail? Doesn't that possibility scare you? Think of the cold and hunger we've gone through. If you weren't able to make iron after all this, I think--well, I can't think of anything bad enough to tell you how I would feel.

LUNT: We all would, but we can't think thoughts like those. That way lies discouragement and defeat. We have a good chance. We must keep our courage strong and think what a great future lies ahead if we succeed.

MRS. HARRISON: But if we fail. What a terrible price to pay for nothing.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION MUSIC

ANNOUNCER: During the summer the men drove themselves under tremendous pressure. Roads were built, iron mines opened up, coal mines made ready, coke ovens constructed and, on the exact spot where First East now runs into Coal Creek, a small blast furnace rose. At last, on the 29th day of September, 1852, all was in readiness for a trial. Excitement ran high. Men left their harvesting. Women took their children and left their homes. Everyone gathered around the little furnace, waiting, with mingled hope and fear for the outcome of the test run.

Late in the afternoon men began to charge the furnace. Pitch pine, charcoal, coke, and the calcined ore were crowded in while, in the strange light of a flaming orange sunset, the people watched anxiously. When all was ready for the final torch, the people assembled in a meeting of prayer and speech making.

SOUND: (IN BACKGROUND ISAAC C. HAIGHT IS MAKING A SPEECH. THE MIKE IS ON THE RIM OF THE CROWD AND HIS WORDS CANNOT BE MADE OUT)

MRS. HARRISON: (WHISPERING) I can't wait, and still I wish I hadn't come.

HARRISON: (CONVERSATION IS CARRIED ON IN WHISPERS UNTIL END OF HAIGHT'S SPEECH)
Sh--Not so loud. People will think you're trying to compete with Brother Haight.

MRS. HARRISON: Why do they have long meetings when we ought to be making iron?

HARRISON: Don't be impatient. Anyway when my turn comes, I'll make it short.

MRS. HARRISON: You always make such good speeches, dear.

HARRISON: You're a loyal wife. I was a lucky man to get you.

MRS. HARRISON: How long will it take before we'll know?

HARRISON: All night. We ought to be able to tap it early--say about day break.

MRS. HARRISON: I wonder what all these people will do, stay here?

HARRISON: Looks that way. They're so excited we won't have to appoint anyone to stay awake and watch the furnace all night.

MRS. HARRISON: That's nothing. So am I.

HARRISON: Well, a lot depends on what happens tonight even if we can't watch the process go on.

MRS. HARRISON: Oh, Richard, what if--What would we do?

HARRISON: Sh. Don't think about it, Jane.

SOUND: AUDIENCE SAYS AMEN IN CHORUS AS HAIGHT'S SPEECH ENDS

LUNT: You'd better hurry. It's your turn next.

HARRISON: Me?

LUNT: Didn't you hear him call?

HARRISON: No.

MRS. HARRISON: Go on, dear, they're waiting for you.

HARRISON: I can say my bit in no time.

LUNT: Are you excited?

MRS. HARRISON: That doesn't tell half of it.

LUNT: If we're successful, this will be the only iron foundry west of the Mississippi.

MRS. HARRISON: Let's move up closer. I want to hear what Richard says.

LUNT: I thought you'd hear him enough at home.

MRS. HARRISON: He talks better when he has his Sunday clothes on. We can crowd up here.

LUNT: Your husband will be an important man. He will have helped to build a big empire here in the west.

MRS. HARRISON: Sh-h. He's- - -

HARRISON: (AWAY FROM MIKE) My brethren and Sisters, so many fine things have been said and the situation speaks for itself so eloquently that any words of mine could only be in the nature of an anti-climax. I promise you that we have done our best. The men have worked like trojans. But we have put something more than our labor into this enterprise. Our blood and sinew and our hearts are there. Beyond this we can do nothing more. Now it is in the hands of a higher power. If the Lord is willing, if He looks with favor on our handiwork, then, my brethren and Sisters, we cannot fail.

SOUND: CROWD MURMURS AS IF DEEPLY STIRRED

HARRISON: And now if we are ready, I shall take this torch and light the fire.
Are you ready, Brother Bladen?

VOICE: Ready.

HARRISON: Elder Carruthers, are you ready to say a word of dedication?

CARRUTHERS: Yes.

HARRISON: Start the waterwheel, Brother Bladen. Not too much air at first.

SOUND: WATER SPLASHES OVER CREAKING WHEEL. AIR HISSES.

CARRUTHERS: Apply the torch. (PAUSE)

SOUND: CROWD MURMURS

CARRUTHERS: (PRAYING) Our Father in Heaven, to Thee and to the upbuilding of Thy Kingdom we dedicate this enterprise. Grant, Oh Lord, Thy spirit to be with us on this occasion. Look down with kindly eye upon our works and crown our efforts with success. - - - (FADES INTO MUSIC.)

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION MUSIC

ANNOUNCER: The burning sunset faded into darkness, but the people did not go home.

All night long they huddled in groups listening to the splash of the water, the squeak of the wheel, and the roar of the furnace, waiting still uncertain for the outcome. Finally over the red hills of Cedar Canyon the dark sky began to fade into a pale blue. Daybreak, September 30, 1852.

SOUND: REPEAT AS ABOVE - WHEEL, WATER, AIR. ADD ROAR OF FURNACE.

MRS. HARRISON: Do we wait much longer, Richard?

HARRISON: No, Jane, it's ready now. As soon as we get the molds in place we'll tap it.

MRS. HARRISON: One way or the other, It's going to be a relief to have the anxiety over.

HARRISON: A lot of people here will remember last night and this morning, including me.

MRS. HARRISON: And me.

LUNT: The men are ready whenever you say.

HARRISON: Well, there's no point in delaying any longer. How about Robert?
(CALLING) Are you ready there, Brother Adams?

VOICE: Ready.

HARRISON: All right. Punch out the plug.

SOUND: THUD OF IRON AGAINST CLAY. FOLLOWED BY HISS AND CRACKLE OF FLOWING IRON.

CROWD: LOUD AND PROLONGED MURMUR.

MRS. HARRISON: My, how bright it is. It looks like a flowing sunset.

LUNT: Look at it, Richard. Is it iron? Is it any good.

HARRISON: You can't exactly tell by the looks.

LUNT: I know, but an eye as experienced as yours can tell whether we've been successful or not.

HARRISON: It's iron all right. And, it looks like good iron.

LUNT: (SHOUTING) Did you hear that? It's iron. We've succeeded.

VOICE: (TAKES UP THE CRY) It's iron!

CROWD: IT'S IRON! IT'S IRON! HALLELUJAH! HOSANNA TO THE LORD! - ETC.

HARRISON: Why, Jane, what's the matter?

MRS. HARRISON: (WEeping ABOVE THE SOUND OF THE CROWD) I--I don't--I don't know. I'm just too-too happy. That's it. I'm --- too happy. (WEeping FADES INTO ORCHESTRA)

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER: There was great rejoicing in the little colony. Immediately a committee was selected to take word of their success and samples of the iron to Brigham Young. This honor fell to Philip K. Smith, George Wood. Thomas Bladen, Richard Harrison and Thomas Cartwright.

As a result of their success, the Church called one hundred more families to settle in Cedar City. The influx over-crowded the little fort and a new one had to be started further west. Yet, because there were many demands on the time and strength of the inhabitants, work on the big twelve foot walls of the new fort progressed rather slowly until the news of the Walker Indian War in Central Utah reached the colony. Then Bishop Philip K. Smith called all the inhabitants to a meeting.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION.

P.K. SMITH: My Brethren and Sisters, you perhaps know why we have called this special mass meeting. Word reaches us every week of renewed Indian degradation up north. It would seem that all the Indian tribes are being roused against us, and we do not know what evening we shall find ourselves the victim of an attack. Our lives, the lives of our wives and children, the existence of the iron industry, everything depends on our being able to protect ourselves when the time comes.

The condition of our defenses is alarming. We have an excellent fort-- only it isn't built yet. And without that fort we could be wiped out in no time. We must finish the walls before we do another thing! I called you to make a covenant with Heaven that there shall be no more dancing or merrymaking until the walls of this fort are completed. Are you willing?

VOICES: (ONE AFTER ANOTHER. THEN IN CHORUS) I am. I am. I am. We all are.

P.K. SMITH: Is there anyone in the community who is not willing to make such a covenant? (PAUSE) All right then, each of you hold up your right hand and repeat after me. That's right. Now, after me. "Oh, Lord, this day we make a covenant with thee."

CROWD: (REPEATS) Oh, Lord, this day we make a covenant with thee. (FADES INTO MUSIC.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER: The task confronting them was the building of four hundred rods of doble wall, three feet thick and twelve feet high. At first everyone went to work with enthusiasm, but as December hurried past and the walls were still not finished, some of the young people began to long for a dance. One day Charles Heyborne with Mary Corry and Ann Chatterly talk to Bishop Smith about the matter.

SMITH: Why is it you want to stop? Is the work too hard?

HEYBORNE: Oh, I don't mind the work, if only sometime there'd be a break in it. Why I haven't danced in years, it seems. From daylight to dark I just make dobles, and then from dark to daylight I go to bed and dream of making more. Life's just one doble after another.

ANN: What we came to see you about wasn't stopping the work, but about the covenant. Here it is Christmas, and the walls won't be done for another week. Couldn't we just have one Christmas dance? It wouldn't need to interfere with the work.

MARY: They'd work better like Charley says if there was just some little time to relax.

HEYBORNE: I'm sure they would.

P.K. SMITH: I'm sorry. You have a covenant with the Lord. Such things are not to be taken lightly. There'll be no celebrating in this fort until we have fulfilled our promise. Then we'll have real cause for rejoicing.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER: Discouraged, the young people went to discuss their problems with Thomas

Cartwright and his wife, on whom they were accustomed to rely for advice and consolation.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS

CARTWRIGHT: Come in. Come in the whole bunch of you. How are you, Mary--and you, Ann? My, we haven't seen you for a long time.

MRS. CARTWRIGHT: (AWAY FROM MIKE) Who is it, Thomas. Oh, it's you. Do sit down. I'll be there in a minute.

MARY: I'll stand up. You can't find chairs for this mob.

HEYBORNE: I'd be glad to hold any of you.

CARTWRIGHT: Yes, I suspect you would, but it won't be necessary. We have chairs.

ANN: We've been over to see the Bishop

CARTWRIGHT: Oh.

MRS. CARTWRIGHT: And just what business could you all have with the Bishop? Especially business which seems to make you all look as glum as Indians.

MARY: We wanted him to let us have a Christmas dance.

CARTWRIGHT: And he said - -

HEYBORNE: No.

MRS. CARTWRIGHT: That's the cause of the desperate looks. Well, cheer up. We'll see what we can do about it.

CARTWRIGHT: Don't feel too harsh toward Bishop Smith. He's a man who does his duty as he sees it.

HEYBORNE: Why can't he ever see a pleasant duty.

MRS. CARTWRIGHT: Now, don't take things so much to heart. Thomas, get out your violin and play these young folks a cheery song. That's what they need to rouse them out of this gloomy spell--some of your music.

ANN: Yes, please, Brother Cartwright. That would be just the thing. I haven't heard any music since the Walker War broke out.

CARTWRIGHT: Well, if you insist.

HEYBORNE: We insist all right.

MRS. CARTWRIGHT: Come now, Mary, and the rest of you. Give us a smile. What does a

little thing like a dance matter. Why the wall will be done in a week and you can dance all you want.

MARY: Yes, but then Christmas will be all over.

CARTWRIGHT: All right, folks, what'll it be?

SOUND: TUNES UP FIDDLE

HEYBORNE: "I Dream of Jeanie"

ANN: Oh, give us something lively. "Turkey in the Straw"

CROWD: Sure, "Turkey in the Straw."

CARTWRIGHT: That's what it'll be then.

SOUND: VIOLIN PLAYS FOR ONE MINUTE.

HEYBORNE: (TALKING OVER MUSIC) Say, I have an idea! Let's push back the table and dance a quadrille right here.

MARY: Oh, that would be fun. Do you mind, Sister Cartwright?

MRS. CARTWRIGHT: Land sakes, no! Go ahead.

HEYBORNE: Help me, Jim, to push this table back.

SOUND: TABLE SCRAPES

Heyborne: Come on, Mary. Let's dance.

VOICES: (MIXED) Come on. Won't this be fun. I wonder what the Bishop will say.
(Etc.)

SOUND: PEOPLE DANCING. FADES INTO ORCHESTRA.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER: One dance passed, but the young people begged for more. A second and then a third - - -

SOUND: PEOPLE DANCING.

SOUND: HEAVY KNOCK ON DOOR. DANCING GROWS QUIETER. MUSIC FADES INTO SILENCE.

KNOCK REPEATS.

MRS. CARTWRIGHT: See who it is, will you, Charley?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

SOUND: SLIGHT GASP IN CHORUS

CARTWRIGHT: Oh, it's you, Bishop. Come in.

P.K. SMITH: Brother Cartwright, it is my solemn duty to remind you of our covenant with the Lord. There's to be no dancing.

CARTWRIGHT: But Bishop, this isn't a dance, this is just a little private sociable.

P.K. SMITH: That makes no difference. Now you young people get your wraps and go home immediately. There'll be a bishop's court tomorrow at which punishment for this offense will be decided upon. All of you be there, and in the meantime let me hear no more of this frivolity.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION MUSIC.

ANNOUNCER: The next day the gathering at the Bishop's Court sat tense and silent.

P.K. SMITH: Brother Cartwright, you are older than these young people and therefore you carry a greater responsibility both for the Church and the welfare of the community. What do you have to say in explanation of your actions last night?

CARTWRIGHT: Bishop, I have no feeling of guilt. I have always felt that a man's private life was his own business as long as it is respectable in the sight of God. We were having a private party, not a public dance, and I think we were offending no one. I would go this much farther, Bishop, to ask you where you got the authority to come into my home, break up a party and send my guests home?

HEYBORNE: I think so, too.

P.K. SMITH: Hold your tongue, young man.

CARRUTHERS: It is my opinion, Bishop, as a member of the high council, that you have overstepped your authority. The covenant was only intended to ban public dances and theatricals. By no stretch of the imagination could it be said to include private parties in a home. Nor did you have any right to interrupt Brother Cartwright's party. I think, Bishop, you owe these people an apology.

SMITH: Perhaps I'm mixed up! I thought these "covenant breakers" were on trial and that I was the judge! It seems that I am on trial and all of you are my judges!

CARTWRIGHT: You're in the wrong, Bishop.

P.K. SMITH: Silence! While I am Bishop of the Ward, I intend to remain at the head of it, and I do not plan to allow a bunch of culprits to unite their forces to disguise the truth.

CARETHERS: Be careful, Bishop. Don't do something you may regret.

P.K. SMITH: Don't caution me to be careful! I'm the Bishop here. And I order you one and all cut off the church. I hereby pronounce you excommunicated and banned from further participation in the true Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

CROWD: Murmurs OF ANGRY PROTEST. FADES INTO ORCHESTRA

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION MUSIC

ANNOUNCE : During the week the Bishop sulked in silence at home and resolved to resign his office the next Sunday. But two or three peacemakers went about among the troubled ones. When Sunday came, without a word of warning a high-councilman arose and asked forgiveness, explaining that the devil entered that court room and used him for a willing tool. Several more of the adults followed in the same vein, and then the young folks, one after another, in tears arose and asked forgiveness. Last of all the Cartwrights, and then the Bishop arose and with tears flooding his eyes asked forgiveness also. In a choking voice he said "Let us meet tomorrow again on the fort wall."

The next day, everyone was reunited and hard at work. Four days later the wall was finished. Cedar City had insured its future against the hazard of Indian attack.

ORCHESTRA: DON CARLOS

ANNOUNCER: AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR

SPONSOR (ONE HUNDRED WORDS)

SOUND: WAGON CREAKS -- HORSES TRAMP--A WHIP CRACKS--SHOUT OF WAGON DRIVER.

ORCHESTRA: DON CARLOS

ANNOUNCER: And so we come to the end of another Zion Trail. This play was written