

"ZION TRAILS"

No. 5

"THE SETTLEMENT OF HARMONY AND KANARRA"

CAST

John D. Lee
Sarah Caroline Lee
Orson Pratt
Uncle Billy Thompson
Elisha Groves
Interpreter
Chief Kanarra

ORCHESTRA: DON CARLOS

ANNOUNCER: Presenting "Zion Trails."

ORCHESTRA: DON CARLOS. TWENTY SECONDS.

ANNOUNCER: Today the Southern Utah Power Company brings you the fifth in a series of radio plays, Zion Trails--true stories of the conquest of the west. Our play for this afternoon tells three stories in one, and yet to an extent, they are all the same--the record of the founding of Harmony, Kanarra and New Harmony. But before we pull back the curtain, a word from Mr. _____.

SPONSOR: (ONE HUNDRED WORDS)

ORCHESTRA: DON CARLOS

ANNOUNCER: While Parowan and Cedar City were still in swaddling clothes, Brigham Young's policy of rapid expansion started new towns and villages in the vicinity. The Mormon leader had visions of a great empire, and he struggled toward his goal with a courage that is amazing. Chief among his desires was a protected outlet to the Pacific Coast. And, pursuing this dream, the Church bought, in 1850, Spanish land amounting to 77,000 acres, known then as Rancho San Bernadino. From that time on, determined efforts were made to plant a string of settlements along the trunk route leading from Salt Lake City to the newly founded settlement. In the consumation of this great plan, the Iron County settlements, Parowan and Cedar City, were strategically situated to become the most important link. On these settlements the Church relied to explore the southern

parts and to plant colonies wherever it was possible. Iron County became the mother colony of the south.

It is early spring, 1852, in Cedar City at the home of John D. Lee and his wife, Sarah Caroline Lee.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR. REPEATED THREE TIMES AT INTERVALS.

MRS. LEE: Quit knocking on that door, Son. You've played that game enough today.

SOUND: KNOCK REPEATED AGAIN.

MRS. LEE: I tell, you, Son, I'm tired of answering that door. Come on in and find yourself another game.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PRATT: Did I hear you say for me to come in, Sister Lee?

MRS. LEE: Heaven help me, Brother Pratt, I didn't know it was you. I thought it was that boy of mine, playing a game. Come in by all means.

PRATT: Is Brother Lee here?

MRS. LEE: He's out in back, I believe. Sit down, won't you? I'll call him. (CALLS)
John. Oh, John. Brother Orson Pratt is here to see you.

LEE: (IN DISTANCE) I'll be right in.

MRS. LEE: He's coming. Tell me. What brings you to our new and flourishing little community?

PRATT: All this distance, Sister Lee, just to see you and your husband.

MRS. LEE: You flatter us. But really, we're glad to see you.

PRATT: Do you like it here?

MRS. LEE: Yes, and no. We don't have very many conveniences, and we seem terribly cut off from the rest of you, but it's a friendly bunch of people, and we have so much to do, we scarcely notice what we're missing.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

LEE: Well, well, Brother Orson.

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS.

LEE: Welcome to Cedar City.

PRATT: How are you, Brother Lee?

LEE: Fine, only--

PRATT: Only what?

LEE: Only now that you're here, I suspect something is stirring.

PRATT: You're right enough there. Something is. And it concerns you.

LEE: Let's have it. I've never found a job gets easier by putting it off.

PRATT: You're taking the wrong attitude. This isn't something to bear up under... it's an opportunity. At least a man like you would call it that.

LEE: You certainly know how to handle human nature. Here I am all ready to agree before I know what it is.

PRATT: This is the idea. As you probably have guessed, Brother Brigham has ambitions to build a safe refuge out here for all the Saints...a sanctuary for now and in the future. But he has fears that the persecutions of Satan may follow us out here just as they have followed us in the past, and the problem now is how to hold this land for ourselves and our children.

LEE: Yes, I know. He plans on a sort of empire here in the mountains under the American Flag.

PRATT: Exactly, and in order to hold it, we need forts placed at the strategic outlying points, as a guard against surprise invasions. We need one here in the south.

MRS. LEE: I think I can guess the rest, John.

LEE: I have a pretty good hunch, myself.

PRATT: Just a minute, please. I haven't told you anything.

MRS. LEE: We don't have to be told. You want John to found and build this fort in the south.

PRATT: Well, yes, that is just about what I was coming to.

MRS. LEE: (SIGHING) Do I go with him?

PRATT: Yes, that is if you are willing. We'd like to have a few families go together. In your charge, of course, Brother Lee.

MRS. LEE: We just barely settled here. Why this house is so new you can still smell the logs. And now we have to move again. Will we ever settle down?

LEE: You don't mind, do you Caroline?

Mrs. Lee: I suppose not, if it's your duty; though if we go on like this, we might as well be circus performers as far as ever getting a home is concerned.

PRATT: This isn't an age for settling down and building homes--at least not for men like your husband. We have a big country here. It's wild and it's unknown. Some of us must spend our lives taming it, making it the kind of a country in which our children can settle. That, whether we like it or not, seems to be our part in the great work. It's a man's job, but a man will find honor and recompense in it.

LEE: Where's the new fort to be.

PRATT: That's for you to decide. You know the country around here as well as anyone else. Go someplace over the rim of the basin. Stay fairly close to the main trail to California, and find a place where a small community can be self-supporting. The rest is up to you.

LEE: What do you think, Caroline? Shall we go?

MRS. LEE: (RESIGNEDLY) Whatever you say, John.

LEE: You can tell Brother Brigham when you get back to Salt Lake City that we'll do it.

PRATT: Good. I knew we could depend on you. The Lord will bless you in this undertaking.

MRS. LEE: He will need to.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER: In February, John D. Lee took two of his families and settled on Ash Creek at the place that later was called "Kelsey"--a half mile east of the present highway bridge. He named the place Harmony. During that summer, Orson Pratt and others came to pay Lee a visit. It is late evening of the day following their arrival. The family and the visitors have just finished eating.

PRATT: You're surely a fine cook, Sister Lee.

MRS. LEE: Thank you, Brother Pratt, but it really wasn't very good. We haven't been here long enough to get things fixed convenient, and you can't cook without some facilities.

PRATT: It tasted good to me, and as for facilities, I think you've done very well considering the time you've been here.

LEE: What do you really think of this place for a fort? Is it the right one?

PRATT: I was wondering. I didn't notice much tillable land. Could very many people settle here?

LEE: That's one thing, but I was thinking of the creek. All the land that can be tilled is right along its banks. If that creek floods, it will wash away every bit of our crops. Then where would we be?

PRATT: Not a pleasant prospect, is it?

LEE: That's what I've been thinking.

PRATT: Why don't you move? You don't have much at stake here. While there are a lot of us, we could go out and search until we find something good.

LEE: Could you spare the time?

PRATT: I should say. Surely some place there's a better site. How about farther toward the south?

MRS. LEE: Heaven keep us from going any further that way.!

PRATT: Why?

MRS. LEE: ~~Just~~ We're far enough away from the rest of the Church now.

PRATT: Is that the only reason?

MRS. LEE: No, not entirely.

LEE: (LAUGHING MILDLY) She rode with us down to the ridge once, and really you can't blame her. Beyond there the land seems to be all cut up into bluffs and washes. We'd have a hard time getting water for irrigating.

PRATT: There's still lots of good country north of that ridge. What do you say that we try tomorrow?

LEE: Can you stand to move again, Caroline?

MRS. LEE: We've done it so often, I'm getting used to it. What could one more move mean to a gypsy?

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION.

ANNOUNCER: The next morning nine men mounted their horses and rode all over the country.

They examined the land bordering the waters of Harmony Creek and Kanarra Creek.
At last Lee called a halt.

LEE: I like the looks of this place, Brother Pratt. What do you think?

PRATT: I haven't seen a better so far. The grass is knee high on your horse. That's a good sign the soil is fertile.

LEE: Notice how much land there is here. Why, this flat alone would support several hundred.

PRATT: It would if you had water.

LEE: We have water. There are both of those creeks we've been examining, and each one has a pretty good stream.

PRATT: Where are they in relation to this flat?

LEE: That line of willows over there marks the one, and you remember the other back here toward the place I live now.

PRATT: Yes, I have them spotted. Get out our level, Brother Lee. Let's see if you can use them for irrigation.

LEE: All right. I'll set it up over here where it's clear.

PRATT: I'd better get some stakes to put it on.

LEE: Never mind. When I go on trips like this, I always carry one tied to my rifle scabbard. See. How do you like that?

PRATT: That's clever. What do you do, just tap the stake in the ground?

LEE: Right.

SOUND: POUNDING STAKE.

LEE like that.

PRATT: I see. Is it level?

LEE: One more twist. There. Now take a look at the line of willows.

PRATT: By Heavens! It's several feet higher. This is what we want! It won't take much of a canal to bring the water from that creek down here.

LEE: The other one's higher still. You can see that with your naked eye.

PRATT: Two streams....plenty of rich land....not far from the trail south. What more could you ask? Brother Lee, I think you've found the place for a new fort Harmony.

LEE: I wish I had seen this before.

PRATT: It has everything--magnificent scenery. Look at those huge red peaks toward the east.

LEE: Not to mention the climate. Gardens here will be a month or two ahead of those in Parowan and Cedar City. And that ridge south of us forms a perfect protection from enemies.

PRATT: Maybe we'd better curb our enthusiasm and start looking for a place to camp tonight.

LEE: Why not right here on the sight of the new fort?

PRATT: Well, why not? (CALLING) You can unpack, men. We'll camp here and hold Sunday service in the morning.

LEE: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Do you know what I think about this place, Brother Pratt? I have a strong feeling that this will be the wouthernmost settlement of the Saints. That black ridge forms a natural barrier to further expansion just as it forms a natural protection. I believe we're looking on the southern boundary of Zion.

PRATT: Looking at it as a colonizer, you're probably right--but as a Church man, I'm ^{so} not/sure. I think the Kingdom of the Lord will expand farther. I'd even go so far as to prophesy in the name of Israel's God that we will go over that ridge and we will build many settlements of the Saints in the valleys of the Virgin. There will yet be a great highway through this valley, over that ridge and on to the coast. And over it will come thousands of tons of provisions for the Saints.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER: Orson Pratt knew more of the plans of the Church than did John D. Lee, but even so, his was a bold prophecy when one remembers what was known of the Virgin River region, and that all reports had been adverse. Fort Harmony was built for a stronghold, and it was said by Brigham Young to be the best built fort in Deseret. It was one-hundred yards square and built of adobe on a stone foundation. The walls, 12-18 feet high, three feet thick at the base and tapering to two feet on top, served as protection and as the outside wall of the houses.

At the April conference in Salt Lake City in 1854, a company of twenty-five men were called to go south to act as Indian missionaries and to strengthen the settlement at Fort Harmony. The company, led by the apostle Parley P. Pratt, consisted of the following: T. D. Brown, Ira Hatch, Rufus C. Allen, Isaac Riddle, Wm. Hennifer, August P. Hardy, Samuel Atwood, Robert Dickson, Hyrum Burgess, Davis Lewis, Lorenzo Roundy, Jacob Hamblin, Elnathan Eldridge, Robert Richie, Samuel Knight, Thales Haskel, Amos Thornton, Richard Robinson, Sylvaneus Collet, Prime Coleman, John Lott, Stephen Mott, John P. Murdock, Jr., and Benjamin Knell. Later Richard Palmer was sent to settle with the community and serve in the capacity of a blacksmith.

There were many Indians in the vicinity, mainly Tave-at-socks under Chief Kanarra, who did not look with favor on the white man's invasion of his country and who seized every opportunity to harrass or destroy the colony. Learning that an expedition was being fitted out to explore the Colorado River, Kanarra mustered his warriors and went ahead to wait in ambush. Several days later the explorers draw near the Grand Canyon.

SOUND: HORSE COMES AT A FAST GALLOP.

THOMPSON: Who's that?

LEE: Put your gun down, Uncle Billy. That's Lisha. I sent him ahead to scout.

THOMPSON: He's in a terrible hurry about something.

SOUND: HOOFES COME UP TO MIKE. BREAK INTO TROT.

LEE: (TENSE) What's the matter, Brother Groves?

GROVES: Indians!

THOMPSON: Where?

GROVES: Just ahead, and back of those willows.

LEE: You mean they're hiding?

GROVES: Sure, and waiting for us.

THOMPSON: How do ya know?

GROVES: A jack rabbit gave them away. Rabbits don't run straight toward a man unless there's some reason. I hid my horse and sneaked up behind a juniper. They're all strung out with their weapons right at hand.

LEE : How many?

GROVES: I couldn't count. But there weren't so many--I'd say about our size.

LEE: Any guns?

GROVES: Not visible. Nothing but bows and tomahawks.

THOMPSON: (AFTER PAUSE) Are we goin' on?

LEE: Yes. (CALLS) Get your guns ready, men! There's an ambush ahead.

THOMPSON: Is it Kanarra again?

GROVES: I think so.

LEE: (CALLING) Are you ready?

MEN: (CHORUS CALLING) Ready. Let's go. (ad. Lib)

LEE: (CALLING) Careful with the noise! They'll hear us. Now this is the way we'll do it. We'll go quietly till we get to the point of the bluff there. Beyond that, they'd be able to see us anyway, we'll charge. Hoop and holler all you want from then on, but ride right straight into those willows. Keep spread out so they'll think there's a lot of us. Maybe we can scare them away without too much bloodshed. Ready? Follow me.

SOUND: MANY HORSES TRAMP - TEN SECONDS. THEN SOUND CONTINUES IN BACK OF VOICES

THOMPSON: (ALL SPEECHES WHISPERED FROM HERE TO CHARGE) D'ya think they'll put up much of a scrap?

LEE: Hard to say. I'm glad they're not Navajos.

GROVES: Brother, so am I.

THOMPSON: What'll we do if they don't stampede.

LEE: Try to scare their horses away. If we can do that, we'll reverse the usual procedure for such a scrap. We'll ride around the outside, and put them in the middle. We can't afford to let them get behind some trees and make a stand.

THOMPSON: I don't have much hair, but I hate the idea of having it dangle in some wick-up.

LEE: Quit worrying. Beating Indians is more a matter of noise than anything else. If they aren't all steamed up, we've got a chance.

GROVES: They can just about see us from here on. We'd better rush 'em.

LEE: (COMMAND GIVEN IN WHISPER) Get set, men. Guns ready? All right. Charge!

SOUND: MANY HOOF GALLOP - TEN SECONDS.

MEN: (SHOUT TO FRIGHTEN) Get 'em! Ride 'em down! Attaboy! (AD LIB. TEN SECONDS)

GROVES: There they are!

LEE: (SHOUTING) Let 'em have it.

SOUND: GUNS SHOOT AND CONTINUE SPORADICALLY

MEN: (CONTINUE SHOUTING THROUGHOUT) Get that one! Watch out! Shoot! (AD LIB)

VOICE: (NEARER MIKE) SCREAMS.

GROVES: Look at him. I got that one!

LEE: Spread out there! Don't stay bunched up!

THOMPSON (CLOSE TO MIKE) Ouch! That was a close one.

GROVES: That arrow just missed your ear by a hair's breadth.

SOUND: (ALL ABOVE VOICES VIGOROUS FOR THIRTY SECONDS)

LEE: (JUBILANT) Look! They're breaking! You've got them on the run, men. Now keep after them.

SOUND: (AS ABOVE PLUS INDIAN YELLS OF TERROR - SLOWLY GETS FARTHER AWAY.)

THOMPSON: Look at Brother Lee. What in Heaven's name is he doing, running with that lasso rope?

GROVES: Well of all the..... Has he lost his mind? That's Chief Kanarra he's chasing!

SOUND: FIGHT AND ACCOMPANYING SOUNDS GROW FAINT.

THOMPSON: He's goin' to lasso him! Can you beat it?

GROVES: Sure enough. There goes the loop.

THOMPSON: He got him! By the beard of my grandfather, that's a new way to fight Indians.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION.

ANNOUNCER: When the party gathered together, they found they had won a complete victory. The worst injuries were a few minor ones. The Indians were put to route, and their chief was a prisoner. That night the party camped on the rim of the Grand Canyon where the cliffs drop straight down some thousands of feet. Chief Kanarra was fed, clothed and chained to a tree. After breakfast the next morning a mock trial was held.

GROVES: And so, Brother Lee,--I mean Your Honor,--and you gentlemen of the jury, the

people of Iron County of the State of Deseret, asks that you return for Chief Kanarra, a verdict of Guilty of Murder in the First Degree. You have heard the pleas of the defendant's council, stating that he has not at any time committed murder, and I must admit that on this last occasion, no one was killed, but I tell you, my Brethren--Gentlemen of the Jury, that he is a murderer in intent. He has murder in his heart, as witness his last actions. If he is not a murderer now, it is only a matter of time until he will be one. I ask you, "is it not better to convict and punish him now than to wait until sometime when at the price of a human life he becomes technically guilty of a crime already committed in his mind?" Your Honor, the people of Iron County rest.

LEE: The Gentlemen of the Jury will retire to reach a verdict.

THOMPSON: We don't need to retire, Yer Honor, we've already decided.

LEE: What is the verdict?

JURY: (CHORUS) Guilty.

LEE: Chief Kanarra, there remains but to sentence you.

THOMPSON: Beg pardon, Yer Honor, if it ain't out of order at this point, we as the jury would like to recommend the method of punishment.

LEE: I believe this is a bit irregular, but go ahead.

THOMPSON: We sorta figgered that an ordinary death might not scare him very much, but if we told him that he was to be throwed over them cliffs, we might get his nanny.

LEE: The court considers the recommendation of the jury very appropriate, and consequently sentences you, Chief Kanarra, to be thrown bodily from the highest cliff in the vicinity. Interpreter, will you translate the sentence to the prisoner.

INTERPRETER: Ninnie tu-rav-ie noonie tu-va pe-ap timp-we-ab.

KANARRA: Koch. Ninnie koch ash-an-te.

INTERPRETER: Ninnie tu-rav-ie noonie tu-va pe-ap timp-we-ab.

KANARRA: (Ninnie koch ash-an-te e-uk-i she-re-ab. Pe-amp up-i-ooney. Ninnie pe-un-i tis-soo-ab. Koch tu-wish-er-i, koch to-buck. (BEGGING)

GROVES: What does he say? He sounds plenty stirred up.

INTERPRETER: (LAUGHING) You certainly got his nanny all right. He can't stand the idea of being chucked over.

KANARRA: (BREAKS IN) Minnie pe-un-i tis-soo-ab. Koch tu-wish-er-i, koch to-buck.

INTERPRETER: He says he'll always come and ward the Mormons when any plots or adverse movements are stirring among the Indians.

LEE: Do you think he'll keep a promise like that?

INTERPRETER: He's plenty serious right now.

LEE: That's the best thing that could happen. We'll have a scout right in their camp.

THOMPSON: I call that a pretty lucky outcome for what started out to be a joke.

LEE: Tie some food up in a sack for him and send him home.

THOMPSON: Look at him shiver.

LEE: You'd shiver, too, of you were about to die in a breech clout in weather as cold as this.

THOMPSON: I'll give him this overcoat. (PAUSE) Here, put this on.

LEE: Give him food, too. (PAUSE) Now tell him to go back and pacify his people.

INTERPRETER: Yen-ock set-cup pikeway kahn koch to-ni.

KANARRA: Koch minnie ka-vi at-an-poon-a-woon-ah. Tis-soo-ab, tu-cu-ba minnie.

INTERPRETER: Say, can you imagine that. He doesn't want to go home. He wants to stay here and guard our horses and guide us through this country.

GROVES: Is it another trap?

INTERPRETER: Not by the sound of his voice. He's too darn much in earnest.

LEE: Excellent! He's just the man we need.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER: Chief Kanarra to the day of his death kept faith with the Mormon people. Several times his warnings averted trouble and he was regarded as a truthful man and a valued ally. He was befittingly honored by the Mormons when they named their settlement on the rim of the basin after him.

January 1862 is the stormiest period on record in Utah. It rained at Fort

Harmony almost incessantly for twenty-eight days, and for a month the inhabitants did not see the sun. The huge adobe walls around the fort were soaked through and crumbled of their own weight. Every day or two a section of the wall would collapse.

SOUND: RAIN ON ROOF -- CONTINUES THROUGH SCENE.

MRS. LEE: Will that rain never stop? We've been cooped in this house for nearly a month now. Oh! For some snow--or anything but rain.

LEE: It's really bad, Caroline. This morning I tried to move a wagon. It was sunk in mud to the axles. We took the box off and got the running gear out, and even after that it took three yoke of cattle to pull the running gear. I've never seen land so soaked up and soggy.

MRS. LEE: The children are restless too.

LEE: I know, dear, but things will be better soon.

MRS. LEE: What do you mean?

LEE: (HESITATINGLY) I don't know how you'll take this, but I have to tell you. We're going to move again.

MRS. LEE: (EXASPERATED) Not again.

LEE: Yes, the men had a meeting this morning and decided to divide this community into two. But then you knew it was coming.

MRS. LEE: I've heard talk of it, of course, but I never thought it would happen. When will we ever settle down, John?

LEE: This time, Caroline, for certain.

SOUND: PART OF ADOBE WALL CRASHES IN.

MRS. LEE: What was that?

LEE: The wall again. This place isn't safe! Listen, Caroline, we'll go with the group which is moving west over by the west hills. The land is higher over there and there's some drainage. We'll build a new Fort Harmony, and -- by Heavens, that's what we'll call it, New Harmony. There we can settle down.

MRS. LEE: (GABLY) I'm sorry John. You've told me that too often. First it was in Salt Lake City, then in Parowan, then in Cedar City. Last time it was in our

first location over the rim--now I hear it again. If I'm ever to stop this Gypsy life, I must start some time, and this is where I make my stand.

LEE: Don't look at it that way, Caroline. If you don't want to go farther away, we'll move with the other group, back on the rim of the basin nearer to Cedar City.

MRS. LEE: No, John, one place is as good as another. But I'm not moving. This is my home, and here I intend to stay!

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER: One by one the families left old Fort Harmony until there was no one left but Caroline Lee and her five children. Late at night on February 6, 1862, John D. Lee returned in one last attempt to coax his wife away from the dangerous location.

LEE: You can't live here alone like this, completely unprotected.

MRS. LEE: I suppose you're right. Maybe I'm foolish to want to settle down.

LEE: Now that's being sensible. Let's get the children together and get out of here tonight.

MRS. LEE: We can't tonight, John. George and Margaret are in bed in there. And there's my spinning. I can't move till I finish it.

LEE: Never mind your spinning. You can do What was that?

SOUND: WALL CRUMBLING

MRS. LEE: Oh, that? That's just the wall crumbling again. It does that frequently.

LEE: But it sounds right here!

SOUND: WALL CRASHES

MRS. LEE: John! It is! The house is falling in!

LEE: Quick, get out of here!

MRS. LEE: No! The children! They're in the bedroom.

LEE: Stay away from there! Here comes some more.

SOUND: BIG WALL CRASHES. SILENCE - PAUSE.

LEE: Are you hurt, Caroline?

MRS. LEE: No, I don't think so.

LEE: Here, let me help you up.

MRS. LEE: (SCREAMS) John! Look! The children were in there. We've got to get them out. George! Margaret!

SOUND: FRANTIC MOVING OF BOARDS AND DOBIE, OCCASIONED SMALL CRASHES. MRS. LEE'S WEEPING CAN BE HEARD ABOVE IT.

LEE: (SADLY) You'll have to pull yourself together, dear...we can't get them out. There are twenty tons of dobie where that room was.

MRS. LEE: (BROKEN HEARTED SOBBING) Oh, my poor, poor babies!

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER: Thus in a scene of death and sorrow was historic Old Fort Harmony reduced and dissolved back into its native soil. The two towns which had shared the inhabitants, Kanarra and New Harmony, were already located and thriving, but as we follow the fortunes of these people, we find that the settlers in Kanarra are once again in trouble.

SOUND: WIND HEAVY. CHARACTERS CALL TO OVERCOME THE SOUND OF THE WIND.

GROVES: Hello there, Brother Lee.

LEE: Hello, Brother Groves.

GROVES: You sure picked a fine time to be paying us a visit.

LEE: Does it blow this way all the time?

GROVES: No, sometimes it blows the other. (LAUGHS AT OWN JOKE HE'D HAVE TO. NO ONE ELSE WOULD.) It's better then, cause we don't have no sand to swallow.

LEE: What mad 'em build the town on the north side of those sand dunes. One of these days this south wind is going to put all that sand right over here in your laps.

GROVES: I guess that was a mistake, but we had to save the sand for a cemetery. It's so darn easy to dig graves in we couldn't resist the temptation.

LEE: If that wind gets much harder, you won't have any cemetery. It'll be blown away.

GROVES: Well, it's too late now to do anything about it. We should a thought earlier. You're comin' over to see the family fore you go back, aren't you?

LEE: Not this time, I'm afraid. But I'll be back in a couple of days.

GROVES: So long. I got to be getting in out of this sand.

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION.

ANNOUNCER: For three days the wind blew with unprecedented fury. People huddled inside their houses while the sand dunes rolled over the town. At last when the gale went down, John D. Lee returned to a strangely different Kanarra.

LEE: Are you coming out of that house, Lisha Groves, or can you get out?

GROVES: (CALLING) Don't get in a hurry. I'm coming as soon as I can. The doors won't open with all that sand packed against them.

LEE: Try the windows.

GROVES: That's what I'm doing. Can't you see?

LEE: Oh, there you are. Well, you have your head out. That's a good start.

GROVES: How do things look out there?

LEE: You'd better come see for yourself.

GROVES: (GRUNTS AND STRAINS.) There. That's better. Merciful heavens! Look! That sand is up to the second sash on the window. No wonder the doors wouldn't open.

LEE: That's nothing. Over there some of the families are living in dugouts. The whole dwelling is covered over, some of them are four to six feet under.

GROVES: We'll have to dig them out before they suffocate!

LEE: Right. But there are some we won't have to dig out.

GROVES: What do you mean?

LEE: Look down there where the cemetery used to be.

GROVES: Why - why - what is it? Those look like coffins.

LEE: They are coffins.

GROVES: Lying right on top of the ground? We buried them six feet.

LEE: Where do you suppose this sand came from? The wind blew it from around those coffins. You'll have to bury your whole cemetery again!

ORCHESTRA: DON CARLOS

ANNOUNCER: Later at a town meeting, the people decided to move the cemetery to the west hills where it is today, and to build the town south of the sand dunes in the place where the cemetery had been. Kanarra in fact has had a rambling propensity in more ways than one. It was first located in Iron County, then in Kane County, then in Washington County, and now it is back in Iron County. Believe

it or not!

ORCHESTRA: DON CARLOS

ANNOUNCER: And now a few words from Mr. _____.

SPONSOR: ONE HUNDRED WORDS

ORCHESTRA: DON CARLOS.

ANNOUNCER: And so we come to the end of another Zion Trall. This play was written for radio by Allen Cannon from historical material furnished by William R. Palmer. Your cast for this afternoon was as follows:

John D. Lee.....

Sarah Caroline Lee

Orson Pratt

Uncke Billy Thompson

Elisha Groves

Interpreter

Chief Kanarra

Sound Technician

Director

Tune in again next Sunday, December 19th, when Zion Trains will dramatize the Settlement Of Santa Clara. This is Allen Cannon saying Good Afternoon for the Southern Utah Power Company.

ORCHESTRA: DON CARLOS