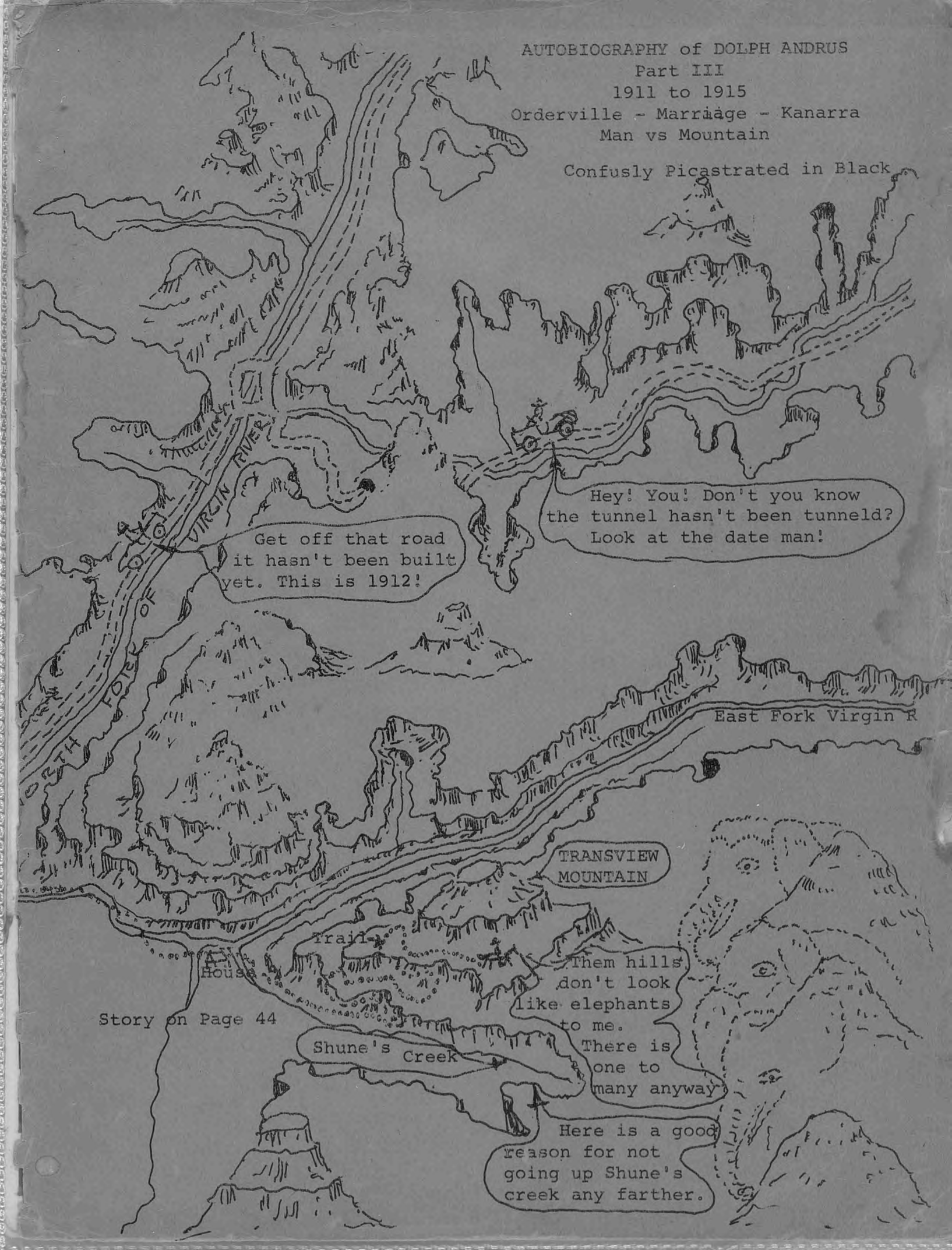

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of DOLPH ANDRUS
Part III
1911 to 1915
Orderville - Marriage - Kanarra
Man vs Mountain
Confusly Picastrated in Black
Hey! You! Don't you know the tunnel hasn't been tunneld? Look at the date man!
Get off that road it hasn't been built yet. This is 1912!
VIRGIN RIVER
NORTH FORK OF
East Fork Virgin R
TRANSVIEW MOUNTAIN
Trail
House
Them hills don't look like elephants to me. There is one to many anyway
Shune's Creek
Here is a good reason for not going up Shune's creek any farther.
Story on Page 44

On page 68 you will find the music to Mary Had a William Goat,but who needs music? I sang? every kid we ever had and many of the grand- to sleep
children with this song,only I had different words. It was first used on Torma. One day while Irene was in Cedar her Uncle Jed called at the Kanarra Schoolhouse on Friday afternoon and asked if I would like a ride to Cedar City. School was near close and he said he would wait for me. He was driving from St George in a two-seated white top buggy. In the back seat was his daughter Mame and another girl whose name I do not recall. They sang these words over and over again on the way to Cedar. I memorized the words,never was quite sure of the tune,here are words:

Mary had a William goat,William goat,William goat
Mary had a William goat,his stomach was lined with zinc
He followed her to school one day,school one day school one day
And drank a bottle of ink.
He dined on nails and circus bills,circus bills,circus bills
He dined on nails and circus bills and a clothesline full of shirts.
He came upon an oyster can,oyster can oyster can
He came upon an oyster can and it went down with the shirts.
The can was filled with dynamite,dynamite,dynamite
The can was filled with dynamite,Billy thought twas cheese
He rubbed against poor Mary's side.Mary's side Mary's side
He rubbed against poor Mary's side for the pain to ease.
A sudden flash of girl and goat,girl and goat,girl and goat
A sudden flash of girl and goat,and M a r y u p t o heaven went
(Slow almost to a drag and soft)

Then suddenly unless the babe was asleep-While Billy went to pieces.
If this was thought too sad do it this way- And Billy went there too.

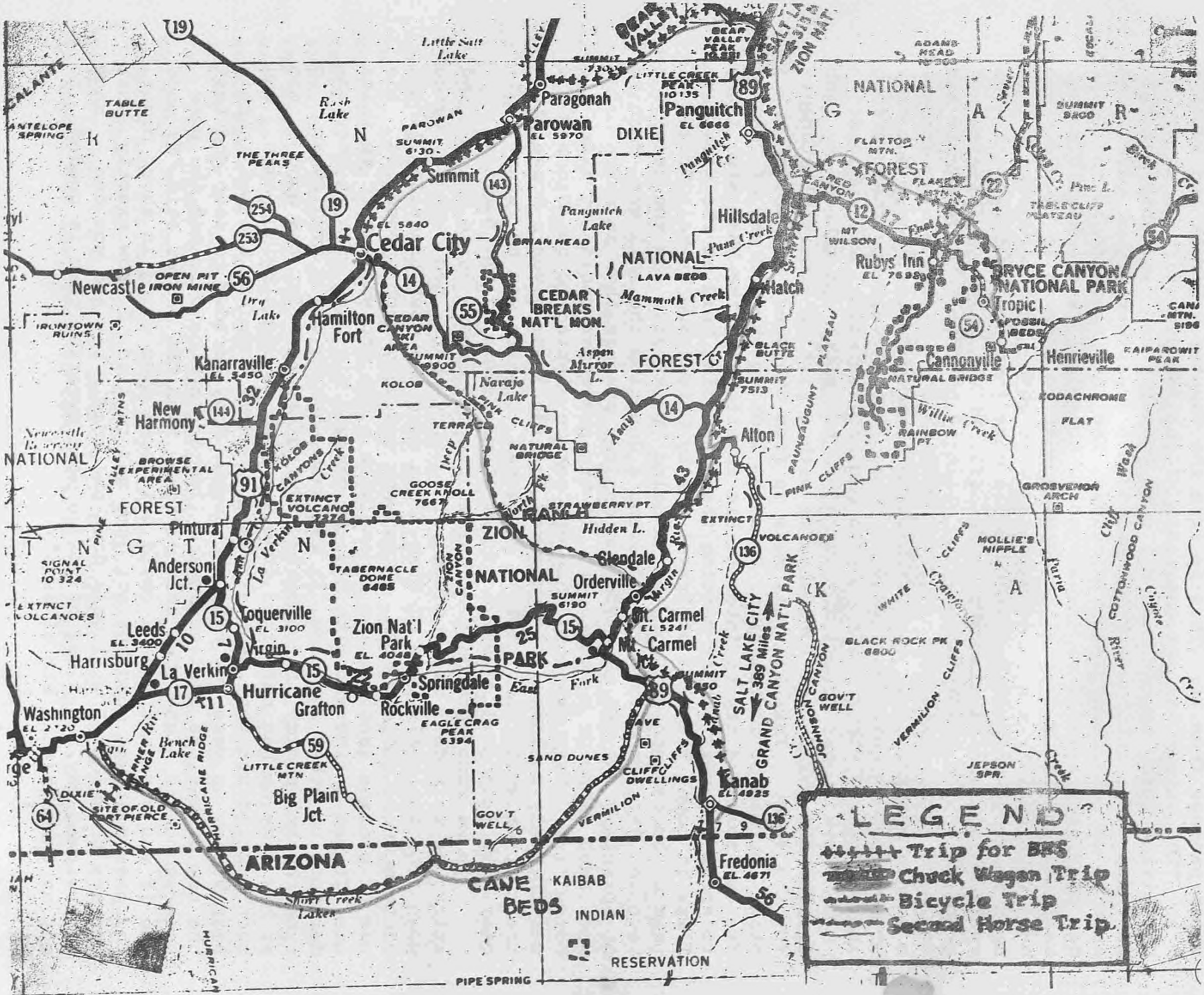
As soon as my name was placed as one of those who would graduate the spring of 1911, I started receiving letters from towns that had openings for school teachers. This was before teachers were hired by the County Superintendent. Each community had its own School Board or Trustees as they were called. I applied for the position of Principal of the Orderville Public Schools and was accepted. Now I had to take the steps needed to secure a teacher's certificate. This required me to attend the Summer Session of the University of Utah.

The estimated cost of this session would be $100.00. This wpuld include fare to and from and board and room. I had no money. I had received considerable help from my parents after my summer wages were exhausted. I felt that I could ask them for no more. I decided that I would try and borrow the money from the Bank of Soutern Utah. They said that they would loan me the money if Hyrum Perry, Uncle Hi, we always called him. (The reader will please excuse typographical errors as this material I am writing on gives a black smudge for each and every erasure. I am aware of them but think it better to leave them as is) would sign the note with me.

I asked Uncle Hi if he would sign with them for me. What I am trying to say is would he be a co-signer on a note. His sharp reply, "Hell No!" just about bowled me over. Then he quickly added, "I will let you have the money though." Then he gave me some facts about the co-signer that had not occurred to me. If I failed to pay the Bank he would have to pay, but the Bank would collect the interest. So he figured if he was going to take the risk, he should have the interest. I was now free to make arrangements to attend Summer School.

Before I left for Salt Lake City, Mr. Decker called me into his office and asked me if I would like to take a trip for the BNS after Summer School. The school would pay all expenses and a small wage. I have forgotten the amount, but it was small, not more than $1.00 per day. I took the job because it would take me through Orderville and I could make arrangements for board and room and get acquainted with the school Trustees and perhaps some of the problems I would have to deal with. (See map on page 3 for the route that I folled and the towns I visited.

At the University of Utah I had a course in Psycology and Pedagogy under Professor William Stewart. There were more than 400 in his classes. Quite a change from the small classes at the BNS. I enrolled for two classes under Dr Tyler, a visiting teacher from Amherst College in the East. One class was Growth and Education and the other was Man in the Light of Evolution. Not more than 30 students in either of these classes. The first one was a close study of the growth of the child and the consideration that should be given in planning courses for each age group. Very interesting but we did not do the planning. However, we did have considerable latitude in carrying out the courses, provided we stayed within reason, so it was very helpful. The course in Evolution did not teach that man sprang from monkey as you might have thought at the very mention of the word "Evolution." His lectures followed very closely a book he had written by the same title.

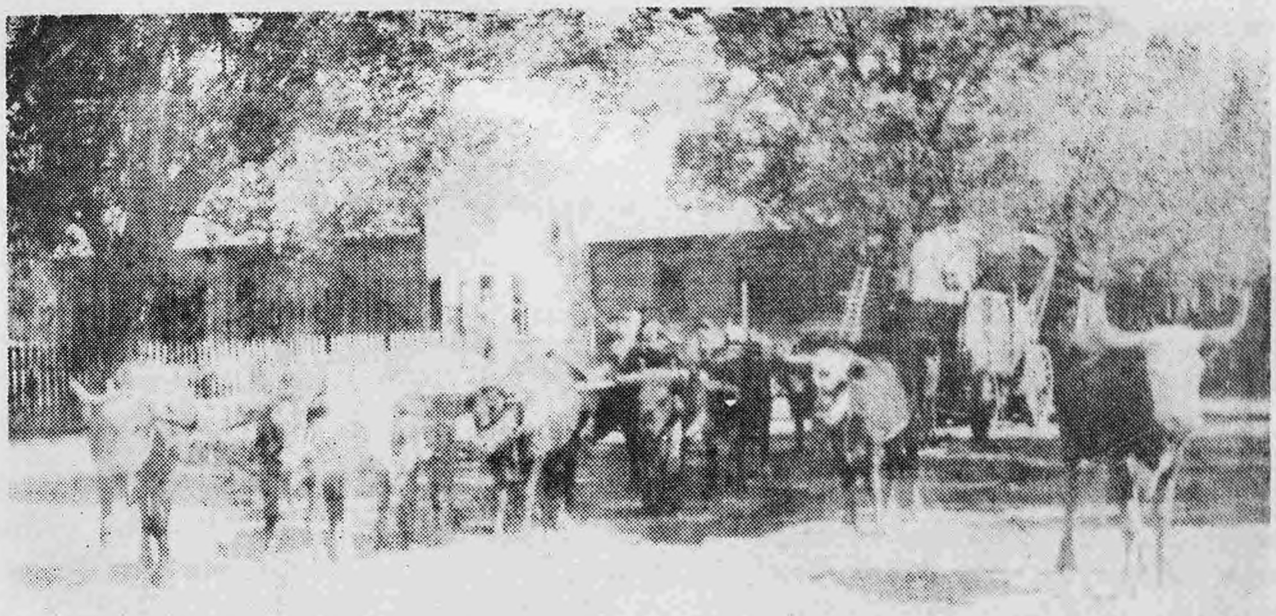

Cedar City
Paragonah
Parowan
Panguitch
Hillsdale
Hatch
Alton
Kanarraville
Hamilton Fort
Newcastle
New Harmony
Pintura
Anderson Jct.
Leeds
Harrisburg
La Verkin
Toquerville
Hurricane
Grafton
Washington
Springdale
Rockville
Zion Nat'l Park
Orderville
Glendale
Mt. Carmel
Mt. Carmel Jct.
Kanab
Fredonia
Big Plain Jct.
Summit
Rubys Inn
Bryce Canyon National Park
Tropic
Cannonville
Henrieville
Cedar Breaks Nat'l Mon.
Zion National Park
Grand Canyon Nat'l Park
Salt Lake City 389 Miles
ARIZONA
KAIBAB INDIAN RESERVATION
PIPE SPRING
LEGEND
Trip for Bus
Chuck Wagon Trip
Bicycle Trip
Second Horse Trip

I purchased a copy of his book and I still have it. I quote a short passage from it: (This is from the Chapter - FAMILY and SOCIETY)

"The savage has not one tenth of the freedom which we enjoy. He has little which he can call his own. Property and ownership are modern ideas. His actions are trammeled in a great variety of ways, which seem to us unnecessary and ridiculous. The laws to which he must render obedience seem often unreasonable. Above all is the terrible pressure of usage and custom. Everything must be done as it always has been. And this tyranny and despotism were absolutely necessary to hold men together until society could gane form and cohesion. (The spelling mistake is mine not Dr Tyler's) It was an essential stage of preparation for the freedom which we enjoy." . . . . ."Individuals had to learn to live and get on with one another" . . ."You can never build a strong and permanent instution or movement on privileges, but only on duties. Not what men receive, but what they give, makes them strong and truly rich. Thus modern government and society slowly evolved."

After Summer School, I returned to Cedar City to take on my job for the BNS. Mr Decker furnished me with a list of potential students for the school. This list was made up from 8th grade graduates and other sources of information. I was to look up the address of each in his own town and try to interest him in attending the BNS. Also I was to speak in every public meeting that was being held at the time that I was in town. The mode of travel was by United States Mail Stage. A team of horses and a light four-wheeled "buckboard" was the usual conveyence. Between Paragonah and Orton's Junction the mail was carried on horseback exc ept when someone desired passage, then an extra horse was taken along, or a "buckboard" if the passanger could not ride a horse or if there was more than one person wishing to go. Since I was the only customer and preferred to ride I was given a horse, which the carrier would lead back to Paragonah if there was no return customer. We left just after the first thunderstorm of the Summer.

As we rode through Bear Valley the mud became quite deep and sticky. As we rode I was reminded of a story that I had heard handed down from the early days of Utah. This road was much travelled then. Ox teams were quite common. A man who was very much opposed to the use of profane language was riding with a man who was expert in its use. It was a fine art with him. He mamaged his oxen with it. They understood no other language. It was said that he could even swear in ryme(rhythm) poetry, if you prefer. Out of respect for the good man at his side he had refrained from swearing all morning. The oxen had been puzzled, but they went alng(along) until they hit the mud in this Bear Valley we were now riding through. They decided to stop and test the new driver. The profane lokked (looked) at the pure and the pure understood and sighed but said nothing. Then the driver said, "My good man if you were not here I could get these oxen going in short order." The passenger was good but not dumb and replied, "I know exactly what you are thinking. I will walk down the road a bit and you can have your wicked way, but I beg of you no more swearing than is needed to get us through this bit of mud."



"The street in Tropic was like apage from Pioneer Histry.". . . Had I stirred up some magic by telling old yarns . . . I began to wonder "The street was filled with oxen,some under yoke and some running loose"

+ +

I told this story to the mail carrier and he seemed to enjoy it, but later on I was to wonder if I had stirred up the ghosts of departed oxen. I caught the regular stage from Marysvale to Panguitch. Here I took another stage to Tropic. Owing to mining operations then going on near Tropic the stage was heavily loaded. At one point there was a long steep hill. The stage moved so slow that I got off and walked on ahead. When I reached the top of the hill I could look down into the valley below. I saw a sight that could make me believe that I had disturbed the ghosts of oxen past. There hitched to a huge wagon on which rested a large steam boiler were ten yokes of oxen. I could hear no sound,they were too far away,but I could see the flash of the whip and the wiggle of tails and shoulders as they swung into action and the wagon as it began to smoothly roll along. I was not sure that I was awake when the stage caught up with me on the down grade. I told the driver what I thought I had seen and he put my mind at ease. They were real live oxen. Why oxen? Because they were more steady than horses and could live on forage that a horse would refuse to touch. A mining company was useing them to bring in mining machinery.

The street in Tropic was like a page from Pioneer Biography or History. Had I stirred up some magic by telling old yarns? I began to wonder,but they were so close and so real and then too the driver

had told me why they were there. The street was filled with oxen, some under yoke and some running loose. I had no camera, but I bought a postcard of the picture just about as I saw it. This I have kept and have reproduced it on page 5.

The next day being Sunday I arranged to make a pitch for the BNS in Sunday School. In the afternoon I walked over to some ranches or they might have been towns. I see by the map which I have reproduced on page 3 that they are listed as the towns of Cannonville and Henrieville, but this is a recent map. If they were known as towns then I trust the good people will forgive me for calling them ranches. My memory my be rusty after all these years.

I collected some statistics on this trip. They may not be vital but I think that they are interesting and certainly not complicated. I never found one live toilet on the entire trip. All this went to the little house in the back of the lot. It was called The Backhouse, The Privy, and another name that is not printable. Since Chick Sale wrote his book they have been referred to as "Chick Sales", but this was long before his book. Some were very crude affairs with a bit of rag carpet for a door. It was wise to allow your feet to show that the place was occupied. Otherrs were well-built with fancy cornices and doors with latches. Some had been painted when new, otheres had never been painted. None had been painted recently. The vital statistic that I collected was that not a single one had a nail on which to hang your coat. I deduced the fact that you were not supposed to remove your coat, but I never learned to mamage without doing it.

I had many interesting interviews with prospective students. IN Panguitch and (Knab) Kanab I met many who intended to come to the BNS the following winter. The school was well known in these towns and many former students lived at both places. The work here was mostly the renewing of old acquaintances and was very pleasant. In Orderville where I intended to teach, I stayed at the Esplin Hotel and made the arrangements to board and room there. They only had one spare room to use for guests, but thought they wanted to give up the hotel business and I could have that room. I wish I could remember the amount that I was to pay per month. I think it was abcut $25.00, but I am not so sure. I of course, never could hold on to facts and figures about money or money itself for that matter. In Orderville I met a girl who had graduated from the eighth grade and when I asked her about attending the BNS, she startled me by telling me that she intended taking the 8th over again and would be in my school. She impressed me as being a trouble-maker and I began to worry about having her in school. Mrs (everything was Brother and Sister in Orderville, but I shall use Mr & Mrs) Mrs Esplin had informed me that the boys were quite large and had given the teacher a bad time the year before. She hoped that I would be able to handle them.

I spent one night at the Hotel in Mt Carmel kept by "Gusty" Anderson. She had a lot to say about the people in Orderville. "Oh they allright but the hoddest dam people on the face of the earth," was her main complaint about them. Well some folks thought "Gusty" was a bit

BELOW. This is from adrawing by Frederick Remington and Uncle Jim's



Chuck Wagon was just like this. Late September or early October 1911

+ +

"hod herself. It was said that during the time when Silver Reef was at the peak of it's glory,"Gusty" was a young waitress.A smart fellow from the East remarked to his companions,"Watch me have some fun with this green girl." He ordered fried eggs,and when she brought the order,he said,"No I did not order fried eggs,I ordered boiled eggs." He kept this up until he had ordered a dozen eggs or more. Then "Gusty" appeared with all of the eggs on a large plate in one hand and a big butcher knife in the other. She placed the eggs in front of him and said,"You ordered these eggs. Now eat everyone of them or I'll cut your damn throat." He ate all of the eggs.

After this trip for the BNS I returned to my parents home in the Washington Field. Uncle Jim Andrus,who owned the farm they were taking care of asked me if I would take a bunch of cattle out to his ranch at Canaan,or near there. He would furnish a boy to help me and we would not need to take bedding as we could come back to the ranch that same evening. It might be a little late but we could make it if we started early. We started before daylight and drove those cattle as fast as they would go,but night came on and we were not more than halfway to Canaan. We slept in our saddle blankets and took turns at

nightherding. It was midnight before we returned to the ranch. When I told Uncle Jim about it he said,"You should have had better sense than to try it!" I started to say,"But you said - " ,when he cut me off with,"Never mind what anybody says! Use your own judgement."

I have already told you about Grandma Sproul's tragic death. I have also mentioned the fun Laron and I had together during my short visit home. There are two hunting incidents that I have not related. The house was near the canal. Early one morning Laron came in all out of breath to say there was a duck on the water in the canal.I got out the shotgun and made for the canal,Laron at my heels. I appraoched an opening in the willows that line the banks of the canal and looked at the spot where Laron said the duck was sitting and there it was,but before I could get the gun to my shoulder it took off,flying,as I thought in a straight line from me. It was an easy shot. Just the same as if it had been hung in the air. I fired and the duck fell at my feet. It had been flying toward me instead of from me.

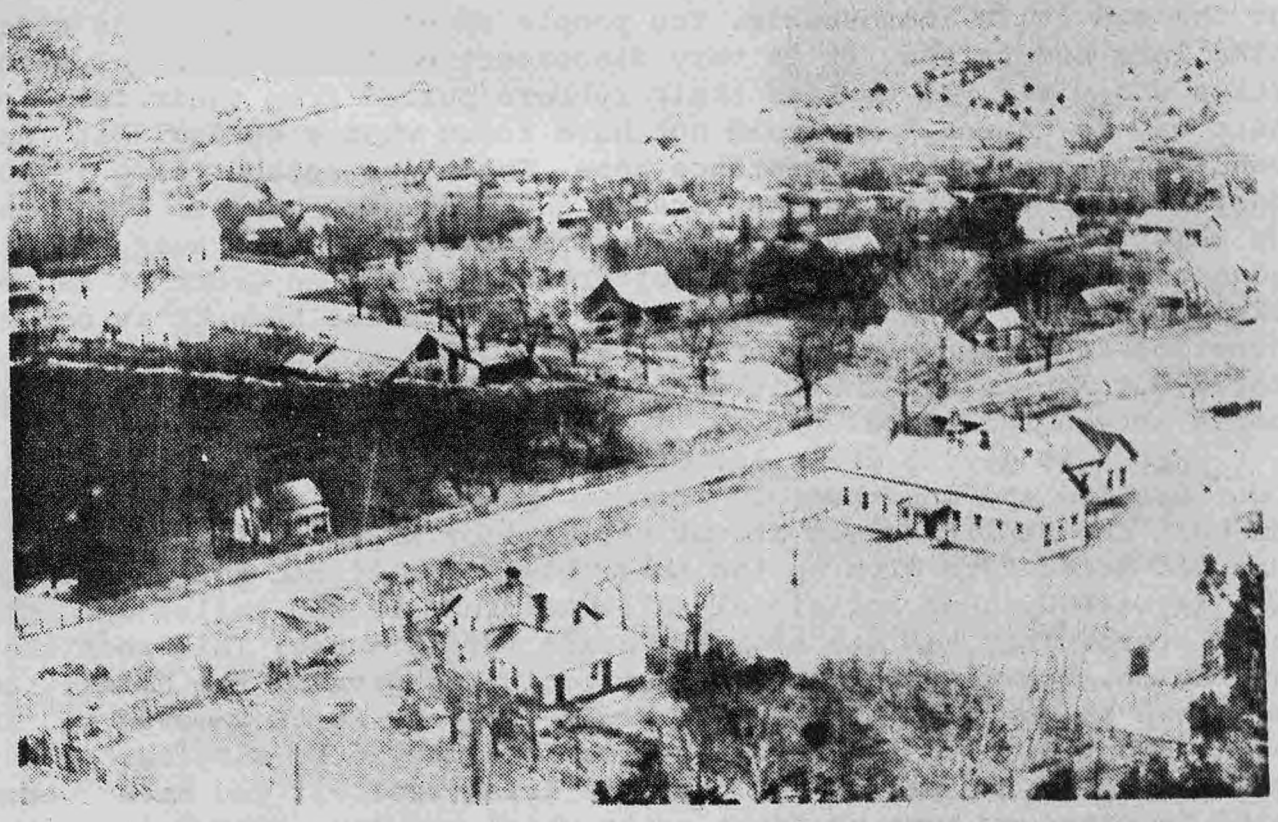
This was the first year that they were starting some form of control over hunting. They were very easy on farmers who hunted on their own land. Papa came in one morning from the field and reported a flock of ducks in the wheat stubble of what had been Uncle Jim's 10 acres of wheat. It was flooded with water and the ducks were feeding there. Laron and I went after them. There was a heavy row of willows between the ducks and a neighbor's field. We got real close before I started shooting. There was dead ducks all over the place. We were gathering them up, when a voice on the other side of the willows called out,"There are three over here." "You can have them", I shouted. He said,"Thank you." and we went home with our hands full of ducks. Papa said the land on the other side of the willows belonged to the Game Warden. I was worried but nothing happened. I never learned who the owner of the voice was. Might have been the Game Warden or another poacher. I never did find out.

It was getting close to the time when I must start for Orderville to begin my first year of teaching school. Papa asked Uncle Jim if he could leave the farm long enough to take me out,but he said it would not be necessary as the boys(his sons) were going out to Kanab to join a Roundup of cattle and that I could go with them. But Orderville was a long way from Kanab. They would put me off where the road from Cane Beds joins with what is now 89(See map on page 3) So my trunk was loaded into the front of the Chuck Wagon(page 7) and I went in "style" to my first job of dishing out knowledge.

I told them about my experience with their father when I took the cattle to Canaan. They laughed and said that was"just like Pa to say that,after he had told me to try it." They had a lot to say about the Orderville people too. Good people,but too religious was the main burden of their comment. "You had better be careful how you look at their girls. They are very strict in those matters."

Well early one morning I found myself sitting by the roadside waiting for a stage that I was not sure would be along until the next day,but it came in about an hour and I was on my way to Orderville.

Below-Orderville,Utah about 1911. School House in right foreground & LDS Church at rear left. The large Esplin barn is between the two.



It was from the top of the hill above the School House that I got my first view of all of Orderville. This did not happen until after I had been there several weeks. The reason for being on the hill I had been deer hunting with two of the large boys in my seventh grade. The place where we stopped to rest and look could have been the very spot from which the photo above was taken. It is an old postcard that I had and is not very clear hence the poor reproduction.Orderville is a long town in a long narrow valley. It used to be called Long Valley by the people in Washington. I have often heard words of praise for the Long Valley potatoes that came to town.

The second public meeting that I attended,was a political rally. You have guessed right,the first one was Sacrament Meeting in the LDS Church. One of the speakers at the political meeting stirred up considerable resentment when he said,"You people have lived here in this narrow valley for so long that your minds have become as narrow as the valley."

It remained for a newly appointed Apostle of the LDS Church to stir up resentment that amounted to real anger. He was young and it was his first visit to Orderville. There was not a square inch of concrete walk in the entire town. It had rained for several days and the mud was deep and sticky. You had to walk with care or you would leave

your rubbers stuck in the mud. This young Apostle spoke in Sacrament meeting and handed out advice and counsel like a vetran.Most of which was well received except what to do about the mud. He said in part,"As for the mud it is inexcusable. You people should have paved the sidewalks long before now. It is very disconcerting for the General Authorties who visit you to have their rubbers pulled from their feet on their way to Church." He could not have known what a struggle it had been to maintain a bare existance here. There was neither time nor money to build concrete walks. Gravel and sand were hard to find and the cement had to come from a railroad station 150 miles away. If it had not been for the cooperative effort of the United Order it is not likely that they could have maintained a settlement here.It is not my intention to give a history of the United Order so we will leave it as stated,but let me say that it did produce a wonderful bunch of fine people as you shall see.

But I am giving you a lot of talk that could have waited until I got settled and unpacked. I had made arrangements to stay at what had been the Esplin Hotel. It was the home of Mr and Mrs John J Esplin. They had decided to give up the hotel business. It did not amount to much anyway. Just an occasional salesman(drummer) who called on the local store. They had one room set aside for this use. This room they gave to me. But they found that they could not give up the hotel as there was no one else in town who would take it. So they moved me in to the Front Parlor. I annoyed the good Mrs Esplin by singing," They put the pig in the parlor and that was Irish too!" If you have ever heard me sing you have no doubt as to which was more annoying - the song or the singer.

But the fun was short. I was soon to take on a load of trouble. I was the Principle and taught the Sixth,Seventh,and Eighth Grades. The rest of the grades were taught by two teachers,Alma Esplin and Clara Esplin. Alma was working with the sheep,so his wife took his place for a time. Clara was a daughter of John J so we lived in the same house. She taught the smaller grades. The first trouble came in the Religion Class. This was a new thing. The first year it had come to town. This was held after school. The course of study called for Four Teachers,so a local girl was called into assist,but she started at once to run the whole show. We held a meeting which was combined with Sacrament Meeting to make a "pitch" for Religion Class and give the parents an idea of what it was all about. I was to speak first & the other teachers thought she should be the other speaker and she thought sotoo. So she was.

In my remarks I made the statement that the purpose of the Class was to teach practical religion and not Theology. We were giving the children enough of that in Primary(not like it is today)Sunday School and other organizations. What they needed was training in how to use their theology in day to day living. She followed me and contridicted everything that I had said. She said that I was mistaken and that there was no difference between religion and theology. We were going to teach Theology and nothing but. We would teach it in a new way and it would be more appealing.

Below.-Front view of Orderville School House.Beginners,First,and Second Grades met in the room on the left,under Clara Esplin. Third, Fourth and Fifth Grades had the room at the right with Alma Esplin as Teacher. In front of the porch all grades lined up and marched in....



Bishop Henry Esplin,who was sitting next to me,wispered in my ear,"Would you like to say something more?" I told him no and handed a copy of the instructions from the General Authorities in Salt Lake. In my remarks I had quoted all most ver batim from the opening paragraph. He took a quick look and wispered back," I will make her apologize if you wish." I wispered back,"No. Let it pass."

She did not teach very long. Perhaps she could see her mistake and since her pride would not let her apologize to me,she preferred to move out of contact. Perhaps she did not like the total absense of all Theology from the lessons. Several months later I was invited to Sunsay Dinner at her house. She was a very bright and talented person. I enjoyed that contact with her very much.There was not hint of the incident mentioned above in our conversation. The Sunday Dinner at her house was not a special event. It was part of a very nice program in the community. I do not know who was responsible for it,but I think I had Sunday Dinner with almost every family in town before the winter was over.This was a very nice way to get acquainted with the parents and talk over my work with their children,but it did not come soon enough to prevent a near failure of my first attempt at teaching.

The reader will perhaps remember that when I made the trip for the BNS calling on prospective students for the school,I made mention of an Eighth Grade Graduate in Orderville who informed me that it was

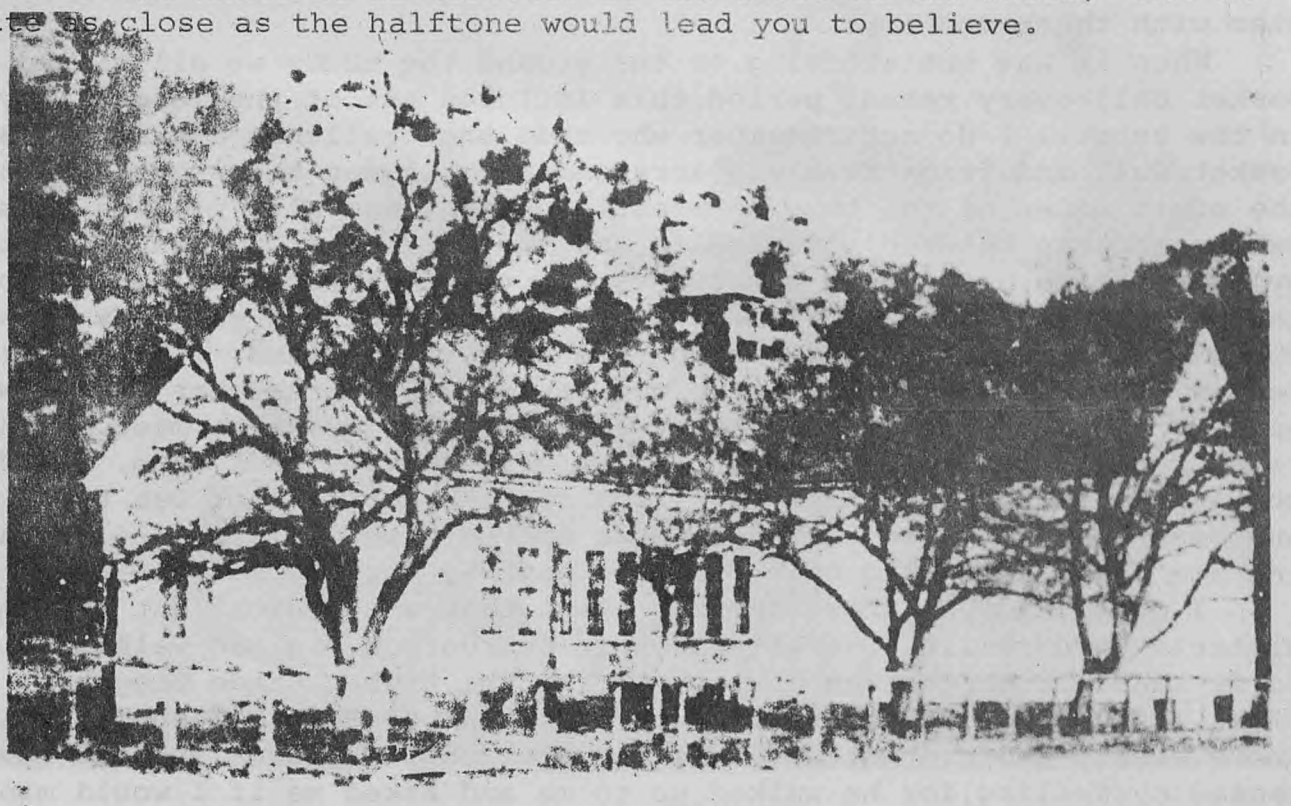
her intention to take the Eighth Grade over again. She did just that. She showed up at the very first day of school and quickly took place in my side - as a thorn. She knew every answer in the arithmatic text that was wrong. In fact she knew all the answers and everything was stale and dull for her. If she had waited until I was a little more sure of myself I think that I could have handled the situation,but as was I was in deep water and sinking fast. My ignorance was pitiful. I could use very little of my Normal School Education. Doneedeoooquick Now do not misunderstand me,I put it to very good use later on, but right now I needed a quick answer to the fundamental combinations in addition,like 8+5=?,7+6=? etc.;long division;square root;decimals;. . fractions common and uncommon;sentence diagraming;spelling and above all the ability to write on the blackboard in front of the class. I did not have any of these at my ready command. This good girl made all these shortcomings show. I lost complete confidence in myself.

I could not sleep. I would get up and sit by the dying embers of the fire in the Dining Room Fireplace after the family had all gone to bed. John J Esplin found me there one night and came and sat down by me. I was almost in tears. I asked him if he knew anyone that needwd a sheepherder as I wanted to give up the school and herd sheep. He said,"You are not serious are you?" I said "Indeed I am. I will never make ag a go at teaching."Then he said something that hurt,"Are you going to let your parents down? Think what a terrible blow it will be to them.My son tells me that the big girl who graduated last year is a trouble maker in your school. Is this true? Is she bothering you?" "Well,"I replied,"She does not make it any better and that's for sure"

The he put his hand on my knee and said,"If I speak to her pa and have him take her out of school will you try to go on?" I promised him that I would do my best. He did that the very next day and she did not come any more after that. They sent her to the BYU at Provo. But I still had the problem of not being able to sleep. Mrs Esplin thought cold baths would help. Every night I would fill the tub with cold water and plunge in. This helped,but the thing that helped most was my intensive study of every subject in advance of the lesson. I saw that many of the students were weak in the fundamental addition combinations so I started drill on them. As they learned I learned also. The thing that gave me the biggest lift and also caused the class to respect me was the problems in arithmetic. In the back of the book are printed all of the answers. Many of these had been marked wrong by the teacher of the winter before. I went after them and found that they were not wrong. I found that understanding the statement of the problem was half the battle.

I would practice writing on the blackboard. I found that if I used all capital letters and printed that I got along better. The class liked this. It was something new and easier to read.Mrs Esplin, Alma's wife,was now replaced by Alma as he was through at the sheep camp. He was a big help to me. Calm and steady. Sure of himself. He had been a very successful wrestler school and he now started teaching the boys. I joined and took lessons mainly for the exercise. I was no good at it. Any of the boys in the Eight Grade and two of them

Below.- Rear View of Orderville School House. This was my room where I taught the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Grades. There was a small store room back of my room. If the picture looks like the School House was close to the hills it is correct. It was close to the hills, but not quite as close as the halftone would lead you to believe.



in the Seventh Grade could pin my shoulders to the mat with ease. Our Gym was the Esplin Barn(see page 9- the large barn halfway between the School House and the LDS Church.) We put old mattresses on the hay. I had no wrestling tights, neither did any of the boys. Alma was the only one dressed for the sport. There were two rather large boys in the Seventh Grade(Old enough to be in the Eighth) who had given the previous teacher considerable trouble. I learned that one of these could outrun any boy in school. I challenged him for a race. He took me up so quick that I wondered if I had made a mistake. If he outran me, he might hold me in contempt and I would lose all chance of holding his interest. I got out my spikes and my sawed-off overalls that had been the "laughing stock" of the BNS track. No one laughed. All were quite impressed with spikes. We ran and I beat him. He thought I was and expert runner and wanted me to train him. Now I remembered Mr Decker's advice: "When you go out in these small communities to teach, do more than teach the school. Consider the town and its needs. If there is a job that needs doing and there is no one around any better qualified than you dive into the job and get it done." Well this was not strictly a community need, but this boy needed something, and there was no one around any better qualified than me to supply that need. So I did not tell anyone how little I knew about the art of running or is it a science? Every morning, weather permitting, we took our morning run together. I taught him what little I had been taught, or had pick-

ed up when I was helping "rub down" the track team at the BNS. He got hold of a pair of spikes through an older brother in Arizona. soon he could outrun me. This made him happy. It made me happy too. I went deer hunting with him and the other Seventh Grade boy. I had no problem with those two boys.

When it was not storming, or the ground too muddy we all played Basket Ball every recess period, this included all of the larger boys in the school. I do not remember who made the challenge, but anyway a Basket Ball and Track Meet was arranged for between the school and the adult males of the town. A wrestling event was also planned. This was a handicap between Alma Esplin and two huskies from town, or a near by ranch. Alma, dressed in his tights, was to put their shoulders on the mat, one at a time in five minutes. He did it in three. They just couldn't get a hold of him. We won the Basket Ball Game. I do not remember just what other events we won or lost. I do remember that we made a number of points more than was required to win the meet. The relay race I shall never forget. There were four on each team. The boy I had trained was third and I was fourth on our team. Our two & one men were beaten so we had to make up the time. This we did. Training and the spikes paid off. It was a gay day for the school.

I must tell you about another event that was a highlight of my winter in Orderville. One afternoon in February, a big man walked into my school room just as I was starting the Eighth Grade Geography Class. He was A C Nelson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction. I froze ~~ooooo~~ and did not know how to carry on the lesson. He must have sensed my feeling, for he walked up to me and asked me if I would mind if he taught the class. He said he had not taught for a long time but that when he was teaching, Geography was his favorite subject. He gave a wonderful lesson. This was the last class of the day and it was not the day for Religion Class.

He walked home with me as he was staying at the hotel that night. When we got to the hotel he said, "Let's go over to the store and see if we can find someone to swap yarns with." We went over and found a few gathered around the big stove in the center of the store. I don't remember who fired first or how it got started, but I have never forgotten two of the stories that Mr Nelson told. I ~~oo~~ shall use the first person because it makes the telling easier. Of course they will not be his exact words":

" I live on the avenues in Salt Lake City. Those streets that A to somewhere in the alphabet but not clear to Z. They are all quite steep. The sidewalks are mean to walk on when covered with ice. One morning I ~~happeded~~ was tanding near my front fence when a young lady came along stepping with caution on the ice. ~~Behingo~~ Behind her came large Danishman, shuffling without much caution down the slippery slope. His feet went from under him and with legs spread wide he slid on his bottom toeard the girl knocking her down and then the two of them slid into a tree. The girl's head struck the tree and she was out like a light. I rushed to their assistance just in time to hear him say to the young lady in his lap, 'Young lady vill you please get of dis is as far as I am going?'".

Below: Teachers and Boys of the Eighth Grade Orderville Schools 1911-12. One boy is not on there. I had my picture taken with him but have not been able to find it. Will print it later on if I do locate it.....



Here is the other one: (Story by State Sept A C Nelson)

"I have a neighbor who is a member of the Re-Organized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Perhaps they are known to you as "Josephites". Many people call them that because they claim that the boy Joseph, son of the slain Prophet is the rightful leader of the Church and that Brigham Young stole the position. Well he is always asking me if I am interested in following the legal leader. I have always told him no that I did not care about it. One day he became very insistent and said, 'I just can't understand why you are not interested in the succession.' I replied, "I am interested in those who succeeded. The people who came west and built an empire, while those you are following stayed back in comfortable silence until as late as 1865 and then started yelling about the legal heir. Your folks did not dare speak until the persecution had slowed down. You let us bear the burden and now you say we are not legal. Remember we succeeded long before you started hollering about succession." He has not bothered me since."

A few years later I was to hear considerable criticism of this man, but he remained a wonderful man in my memory. When people want your job, especially a political job, they will say anything about you to get it. I have always thought that was the source of complaints about A C Nelson.

As you turn the page get yourself braced to meet face to face a school teacher from Orderville and Kanarraville. The picture was taken at Kanarraville. But face and character was the same in both places:

If the reader will turn to page 15 and look in the middle of the bottom row he will find the two teachers in the center, one is me and the other is Alma Esplin. Now compare the one of me with the one facing this page and you will see a reasonable resemblance (facimile) I should like to drop the "I" and discuss this character in the third person, if I have not forgotten my English Grammer, this is the person spoken of, highly or otherwise.

First of all let us consider the lines. One white line runs just below the eyes and perpindicular to it is one that divides the brain in half. This is proper for one half of this brain is brilliant and the other half is absolutely stupid. The part below the horizontal line is always talking. It is prone to remark on every subject even though neither half of the part above has any information on it or not. How the lines came on the picture illustrates my point. In order to make a halftone that will run on an offset press the picture must be shot through a screen. An 8x10 screen costs $20.00. Now without any hesitation the dumb side of the brain directs the cutting of the screen in order to get a screen for a 5x7 frame. He had a 11x14 frame and he could have used that without cutting. Now it will be up to the good side of the brain to match the pieces so the lines will not show. The next rather large picture you see in this book will tell how well it succeeded in doing it. The lines just happened to be right for the picture opposite so he let them remain. He could have fixed them.

The stupid side of the brain could spend money so fast that the brilliant side, smart as it was, could nebooo never figure out where it went to. He came away from Orderville flat broke. Only a few items of any big cost could be remembeedo remembered. Where did the reat go?

The pinch-nose (pince-nez) eyeglasses are the pride and joy of the stupid side. At Summer School in Salt Lake the summer of 1911 he thought he needed glasses. An eye man down town thought so too. After he had worn them several years he tried to use them as a burning glass with the sun's rays. They would not burn. He concluded they were plain window glass and quit wearing them. He sure thought he looked like a professor when he had worn them though.

If you think that I am somewhat severe in my characterization of this boy who is old enough to be a mature man, just wait until you have read the following pages. Now the book of Job in the Bible has a tale about a deal between God and Satan that explains what happened to Job, but Job knows nothing of the deal, neither does his friends. Furthermore they are never told about the deal.

Now in order to explain what happeedo happened to our hero(?) in the following pages we need a deal between his guardian angel and the chief of the guardian squad. Here it is. A worried guardian went to the Chief and said, "What am I going to do about this Dolph Andrus that you have assigned to me? I will need a lot of help if I bring him thru the stunts he is planning." The Chief replied," We will give you as much help as you need to pull him through and furthermore we will give him an adventure so fantastic that he will not dare tell about it and there is no punishment like that. He will be easy to guard after we get through with him." (Return to First Person. Let Dolph tell it.)



I suppose it all began the summer that I herded sheep for Bullochs. That was the summer I got "loaded for bear". Anyway I sure got a load of bear stories. The very first day I was on the Cedar Mountain, John Taylor Bulloch pointed to a mountain near my camp that was covered with a thick stand of aspen, and said, "Can you see that streak from the top to the bottom where the trees are broken or bent over? Looks like a big log had been dragged from top to bottom. My brother Tom did that. One day he was at the top and he met a great big grizzley bear and he took off down the mountain side and that is the path that he made." I said, "You mean the bear took off was he that scared of Tom?" "No", he laughed at my joke, "It was Tom and it was a long time before we could get him to go up on that mountain again."

But there were serious stories about bears. Especially about an old killer called Crackfoot. He got his name from the fact that one of his tracks always showed a crack in it. The foot that made the tell-tale prints had been injured in some manner perhaps in a trap. Perhaps it pained him and he was taking it out on all things that belonged to mankind. That is things like sheep and cattle. These he would kill but seldom ate. He killed just to be killing. His most favored spot was Cedar Mountain. He was probably dead by now, but it was also thought that some of his children still lived.

Something disturbed my sheep one dark night. I got up and went around them and worked them back on to the bed ground. The next morning I found bear tracks in the mud near the spring. There was no indication of a cracked foot, but they were large. This brought on more talk about bears. Where do they spend the winter? The Bulloch boys thought they "holed" up in the ranch houses that were plentiful on Cedar Mountain. Many of them had not been lived in for years. They told how their father had once found one in a house when he came over the mountain on snow-shoes. The old timers called them snow-shoes, but they were a home-made ski, made out of a 1x6 pine board, steamed and bent upward on the front end like a ski, but had no arch in the middle. He just backed away and let the bear alone as he had no gun.

His was an odd incident. Few people went on the mountain in the winter time. They sometimes took the sheep over the frozen snow in April or May in order to get to the early lambing grounds in the lower herd country. They told how the snow was hard enough to hold up the sheep and they walked right over it as though it was pavement.

Now the dumb side of my brain was fertile soil for all this information about bears and their ways. From the time I learned to read I had devoured all stories about bears. Daniel Boone was an old friend of mine. I can still see him carving on a tree "D BOONE KILLED A BAR HERE. Wouldn't be something if I could leave a note on some old house" D ANDRUS KILLED A BEAR HERE" At least I could correct the spelling. I ought to do it in the interest of education, if for no other reason.

As the Christmas Vacation of 1911-12 came near I was filled with a wild plan. The first part of the plan called for a horseback trip over the Cedar Mountain. If you will turn to the map on page three you will see under LEGEND a trail marked BICYCLE TRIP. Follow the yellow

Below:This would not be "Old Crackfoot" because no one ever got this close to him. It appeared in an old newspaper with a story about him. It is probably very like him or one of his children.Bears do not look like anyone but their forebears.There is not much variety in their looks.



line. The FIRST HORSEBACK TRIP and the BICYCLE TRIP followed the same route except for a minor detour which I will tell about later.The map is a recent one and shows Highway 14 which had not been built in 1911. You will note that just above the word ZION of Zion National Park I have printed the word RANCH. This is the Bulloch Lower Herd Ranch and will appear several times in the story I am about to relate. Now that you have had your geography lesson we can go on with the story. But first we must back up and tell things in their proper order.

I am not sure just how far back I should go and neither am I sure which event comes first,so we will begin with the Dance Orchestra. Carlinks Spencer(real name was Carlyle) played violin and was the leader. He was short a clarinet and asked me if I had two clarinets A and B flat which is required. I only had a B flat but I told him I would buy an A. I sent to J W Pepper for a combination A and B flat. It was never any good. Neither one nor the other and both out of tune in parts of the register. It cost almost a month's salary. We only played for a few dances. My pay was $1 per dance. Spencer went mountain lion hunting,the trumpet player was called on a mission for the LDS Church,and that left me and the trombone player. No more orchestra.

Near the approach of Christmas I was a very busy boy. I had been

cast in a play put on by the Mutual. This led to an incident I will relate at the risk of offending some of the descendants of the good people of Orderville. It shows how close everybody was to everybody. Like watching out for each other. This may have been a small town trait. I have never seen it so pronounced as in this trifling incident. The young lady who was the other young lover with me in the play, lived across the river from town, and it was a rather lonely walk over there. One night after rehearsal I thought it not improper that I should walk home with her. She was engaged to young man who was on a mission and I would like to be engaged to Irene Jones over in Cedar City. I made like an engagement anyway and kept up a steady stream of letters.

We quite enjoyed each other's company. She talked about Joseph and I talked about Irene. No one in town could have known about our conversation and its sweet innocent delight. In fact I doubted if anyone knew that I had walked home with her. I remember one man who lived on the same side of the river, but farther down, passing us as we stood at her gate. We did not leave the Theatre togather and I joined her after she had left and she was then alone. I do not know the method used by that lone passer-by to broadcast the information, but the next day and for several days after, almost everyone went out of the way to remind me that she was Joseph's girl and for me to mind my own business and leaver her alone. The man who passed us at the gate was always on hand to walk her home after that. The love scenes in the play were so tame that the audience would never have suspected we were lovers if it had not been for the spoken words.

I directed a play in which the school acted in all the parts. It was my first attempt at directing. I also wrote a little skit based on the Man Without A Country. I took the part of Philip Nolan. This was the only part I ever played where I felt the part so keenly. It was hard to make myself say, "Damn the United States. I wish that I may never hear her name again." It hurt to pick up papers where all reference to the United States had been cut out. We acted it all out including the reading of "Breathes there a man so dead that never to himself hath said 'This is my own, my native Land,'" and the tossing of the book overboard. The audience were kind enough to say that we did very well. The death scene was so real that I was afraid I might die.

The big event of the Fall of 1911 was the Kane County School Teacher's Convention held in Orderville. All teachers and Trustees were present as well as Josephine Seaman the County Superintendent. One of the subjects under discussion was the Need for Parents to visit the Schools. W W Seegmiller, trustee from Kanab, said," I do not think it does any good for Parents to visit the Schools. I find that the Teacher and the Students are always on their best behavior and I never really learn what is going on." A young male teacher by the name of Cox made a very sage comment, "Mr Seegmiller, would it not then be a good thing in that case to have a Parent always present?" "In that case, Mr Cox, I would say fire the Teacher and give the Parent the job."

The convention was the source of another "affair". Among the lady teachers, who came over from Kanab, was Bess Spencer. She was a sister

BELOW: I had no camera, so no pictures were taken, but this is very like the big snow bank that blocked my path at the point where the road starts down the side of Cedar Mountain. It was known as the Mountain Road to distinguish it from the Canyon Road. Xmas 1911 Horseback Trip



of the orchestra leader. Her brother was courting Clara Esplin, my fellow teacher. XXXXXXXXXXXX I danced with her and she said nice things about my clarinet playing and how much it added to the orchestra. I knew I was a lousy player, but I have always been a little weak if flattery is used. Clara fixed a lunch after the dance and the four of us enjoyed the "shank" of the evening together.

A week later, Clara dared me to go over to Kanab and spend the weekend with Bess. She said Bess liked me and if I would forget the girls in Cedar City I could make a hit with her. I took the dare and XXXXXXXX borrowed a horse from Dave Esplin and took off for Kanab. Honestly I did intend to go, but Clara would never belief that I was anything but a deciever and a innocent one I thus stood accused.

On the way to Kanab you had to pass through Mt Carmel. Now Uncle Hi Thomas lived here. His real name was Hyrum Thomas Reese. He was my father's uncle but was always uncle to me too. I decided to go and see him. On page 19 I have spoken about The Lower Herd Ranch. Now Uncle Hi had this rented and I wanted to know if I could stop there overnight on my horseback tip to Cedar City for the Christmas Vacation. Yes, I now had my mind made up that I would do just that. He was home and I told him my plans and asked him if he thought I could make it. He thought that I could. As for staying at the Lower Herd that would

be okay. His son John and Joe Walker were spending the winter there feeding cattle. He said that Dave C Bulloch had a saddle horse there he would like brought to Cedar and if I went would I mind leading him. I told his I would be glad to do that.

The road to the Lower Herd Ranch started at Mt Carmel. It went up a small stream that I think they called Mud Canyon. Well if they didn't they should have, for it was sure muddy when wet, but quite smooth when dry. I mention this because it was now my entention to go this same route on a bicycle in the spring when school was out. They had already informed me that they were short of funds and would have to close my school early in April. This was the time of the year when the snow would be hard like pavement. But first I must make the trip on horseback to make myself familiar with the route. I had been all over it, except from Mt Carmel to the Ranch, but you don't follow a road with sheep.

After I left Uncle Hi's place I decided to ride out the road as far as time would permit. I mean the road up Mud Canyon leading to the ranch. I observed that under favorable conditions a "byke" could be ridden for a considerable distance toward the Ranch.

I almost rode beyond the point of return that night and it was long after dark when I returned to the place of my lodging. Clara was still up and very much put out by my unexpected return.

I now began to make definate plans for the trip. I spoke to Dave Esplin about lending me his horse. I also asked him about the feasibility of making the trip. He said that he thought that I could do it, but suggested that I take two horses as a horse gets very tired breaking trail through snow and I might have some deep snow to go through. I told him about the horse at the Lower Herd. He thought that would be fine. He loaned me his leather pants that cattle men wear to protect their legs from the brush they sometimes ride through. I think they call them chaperajo's or just plane chaps pronounced shaps. He said they would keep out some of the cold wind and would be useful if I encountered a deep drift that the horses would not tackle. I would need to get off and break a trail for them. In this case I was to remove the chaps and lay them down and tramp on them. A trail could be made much faster in this manner.

Now a lot of people have thought that this was a foolhardy trip and that it was made without thinking or preparation. Not so. I even considered the return trip and discussed that with Dave Esplin. I told him I intended to go from Cedar City to Washington and come in by way of Cane Beds. I asked him about being able to stay at a Ranch belonging to the Bar Z Cattle Company. (See Map on page 4 Follow the brown line) He said that the caretaker was a bit hostile to Orderville people because many of them had sheep. In part he said, "I have always gotten along with him. I would suggest that you take a roll of the late newspapers with you. He likes to read about what is going on in the world. He is there alone for long periods in the winter. Few people call at the ranch."

So I took off for Cedar City (The Yellow Line on the Map 3). I spent the night at the Lower Herd and took the extra horse. I looked

BELOW: "I tried first to lead the horse I was leading. He would not. I then tried the horse I was riding. He would not with the bridle. So I removed the bridle and tied a rope around his neck. He would not move in the direction of the snow bank at all. He stuck out his tongue & said "No,"



like a real cowboy with my "Chaperajos" and spurs. That word before the and is the Spanish word or leather pants. The local cowboys call them "Shaps" we shall so call them in the rest of the story. Yes I looked a little like the real thing from my belt to my heels. The spurs were suggested by Dave Esplin. He thought that riding in the cold with the heavy gloves I would need to keep my hands warm that a quirt or whip of any kind would be hard to manage. The horse would need urgeing at times and the spur he understood qu ite well. But from the belt up I looked like a miner from Alaska. I had a very heavy jacket and wore a sweater under it. On my head I had a heavy cap with furlined ear flaps that I could tie under my chin or on top of the cap when not needed for my ears.

Coming from Mt Carmel to the Ranch I observed the road with an eye for bicycle travel. It looked good. There was some mud just before we got to the ranch, but as it was late in the afternoon it was frozen and since there was no travel the way appeared smooth enough for a bicycle.

I left the ranch long before daylight so as to take advantage of the frozen mud. There is always a belt of mud from the melting snow on the higher hround. I had no gun. I was not locking for bear this trip. I had been informed that horses can smell bear and are very much in fear of them. The bear hunt would come with the bicycle trip. Steel and

rubber have no fear of anything.

I found no snow deeper than 18 inches and most of the way it was about 12 inches. Even this small amount seemed to tire the horse I was riding so I frequently shifted the saddle to the horse I had been leading. I was sure glad that I had two horses. The weather was not too cold. I rode with my jacket unbuttoned and the ear laps on my cap tied on top.

It was quite late in the afternoon when I reached the top of the mountain. I had no watch but I guessed it to be about 4 o'clock. Now I wished I had left the ranch earlier. The biggest snow bank I had ever seen blocked the road.(page 21) I was riding the Esplin horse and he refused to even come close to it,even though I dug him a bit with the spurs on my feet. I stopped that in a hurry for he threatened to pitch me off his back. I am sure but for the snow he would have done just that.

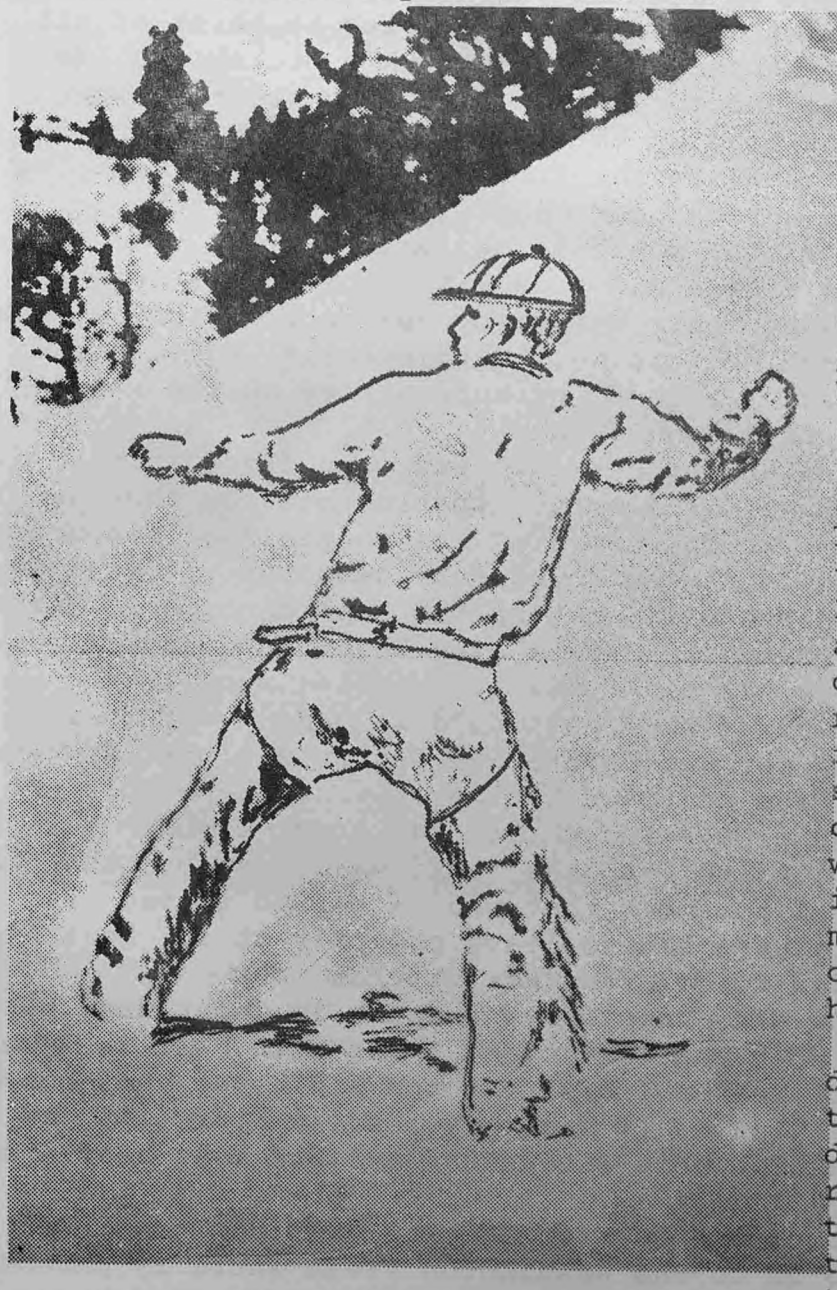
I tried first to lead the horse I was leading. He would not(p 23) I then tried the horse with the bridle on that I was riding.Horses do not lead very well anyway wearing a bridle,so I tied a rope around his neck. He would not move in the direction of the snow bank at all. He stuck out his tongue and said,"No." I took the horses back on the trail to where I could tie them to a tree and returned to the bank. I then went beyond it to a point where I could see the entire valley. Cedar City was in full view. If I may be permitted to change a word here and there I shall use the first verse of "O Little Town of Bethlehem" to tell you how I felt that cold windy afternoon as I stood in sight of my goal and not knowing whether I would reach it or return to the ranch at the Lower Herd. Here it is"

"Oh little town of Cedar now,
How still I see thee lie.
Beyond the snow so deeply piled,
The silent clouds go by,
And in thy fair streets shineth,
Now and then electric light
The hopes and joys of future years,
Are met in thee tonight."

Well this is no time to be mutilating sacred songs. It should be a time for earnest prayer. But had I the right to pray? I did not believe that I did. I had brought this on myself and I would see it out by myself. I returned to the spot where the horses had refused me and began tramping a trail through the big snow bank. It looked like it would take a long time to make a horse path, Then I remembered what Dave Esplin had told me. I took off my "Shaps" (Leather Britches with the finge on the sides)and tramped on them. Progress was much faster that way. It was lucky that the snow was not crusted. I never could understand why,unless it was so cold that it never melted even in the sunshine. Snow inorder to crust must thaw a little. Then too with the wind always blowing the snow was on the move like a sand dune.

I completed the trail and led the horses through just as it was beginning to get dark. The lights of Cedar City now begin to twinkle and did they look good to me.Now I did a very foolish thing. The road

BELOW:"began tramping a trail through the big snowbank, It looked like it would take a long time to make a horse path. Then I remembered what Dave Esplin had told me."



(Cont'd from page 24)
plunged quickly down the mountain as though in a hurry to get to Cedar. It was in no bigger hurry than I was. I had made a loop in the rope that I led the extra horse with. This I slipped over the saddle horn a convenient stunt when riding as I did not have to hold onto the rope. It also permitted me to lead both horses through the snowdrift in one trip. I should have removed it when ready to mount, but I did not. This is the foolish thing~~XXXXXX~~ I mentioned a moment ago. As I swung my leg over the saddle,and the roll of dress-up clothing tied on the back, something happened that caused the horse to buck while I had only one foot in the stirrup. Perhaps my spur touched his flank or the rope got under his tail.

Instead of bucking on down the road,he chose to leave the road and go down the mountainside at right angels (angles) to the road. If I were to take you to the spot with the snow removed,you would never believe that two horses and a rider could go over at that point and leave both horses and rider without a scratch or sprain. We did it. I have told but few about it. Those who listened politely looked at me as though I were Baron Munchausen or some other big liar. In the first place the grade is steep and covered with lava rock. Despite the rock a thisk stand of aspen had grown up to be beaten down every winter by the heavy snow. All remained bent over except a few near the rode. These stood upright in defiance of the snow. It was these upstanding trees ~~xxx~~ that brought me to near disaster or something like that. The bucking horse went one side of a tree,the horse on the rope went the oth-

er side and I landed free of the stirrup in between them. (Page 27) The rope was stretched tight just above my head. I got my knife out and cut the rope. It took a long time to work those two horses back onto the road.

It makes me grow cold, after more than 50 years, to think of all the things that could have happened. A horse with a broken leg. Me with a broken leg or even a bad sprain. The horse on the rope went right over me before he got hung by the tree. He might have landed right on me. But I felt no fear at the time. I was too busy tramping more trail and getting the horses back on the road.

By the time we were off the mountain and on the level road leading to town the ground was frozen and I as I put the horses into a merry trot, can you guess what their xxxxxx hooves sang as they struck the hard snowcovered ground? Well it was "Jingle Bells." Never do I hear that song again without the sound of horses feet on the hard xxxxx snow. A pleasant sound though, even yet.

I do not clearly remember what time it was when I got into town. I delivered the horse to Dave C Bulloch. I thanked him for the use of him and he thanked me for bringing him over the mountain. I did not tell him about the near accident and I was sure glad that I could deliver him all in one peace(piece). I put up the Esplin horse at Uncle Hi Perry's place. Auntie Perry fixed me a bite to eat and gave me a room where I could fix up a bit and I was off to see Irene.

Her mother said she was up town and would be home soon. So I started off to meet her. I met her before I had gone a block. We have never been able to agree like as to what time it was. Irene does not remember at all and I have always thought it was about 11:00 P.M. She says that she does not think that she would have been out that late alone. She must be right. I remember that when I called to see her during the school days I always had to leave promptly at 11. So I would not have been allowed to go after her at that hour.

I do not remember how many happy days I spent in Cedar City, but they were too few. I remember the last night I was with her. We were sitting on the window seat in the library of the big house, the new one down the lane, and the hour of 11 was very near. As I rose to go she said, "We are greatfull for this little visit." She says that she does not remember it. Well I do.

I had spent two days of the vacation coming over the mountain, it would take two days to go to the Washington Field where my parents were and two more days to get back to Orderville. Six days of horseback riding and long days at that.

There was the usual Christmas events in Washington and some of these I took in. Laron, my brother, was now 8 years old, no he would not be 8 until August of 1912 and this was 1911 or the very beginning of 1912. We hunted as usual when I was home, but this time we enjoyed a new sport. We practiced ropeing the calves. Perhaps some will not understand what I mean by roping. Like the cowboys do when they catch them to brand them. Throw a rope with a loop on it over their heads or if real expert try for the feet. It was a lot of fun, but Papa said we had better stop it. Uncle Jim would not like it and one could never tell when he might ride up.

BELOW: "The bucking horse went one side of the tree, the horse on the rope went the other side and I landed free of the stirrup in between them. The rope was stretched tight above my head." (page 26)



The time came for me to saddle my horse and be on my way back to Orderville. I did not like the idea of leaving. It had been such fun at the farm. Laron was fast growing up and I was standing still. Soon we would be the same age and brothers indeed. He was like a real brother now and I would like to have stayed longer and enjoyed him. I took the same road on horseback that we took with the Chuck Wagon (see map on page 3 - follow the brown line) It was a lonesome road. I rode all day and met only one human being. Roland Rider was on his way to school in Cedar City. He had ridden from Kanab.

It was my intention to stay at the Bar Z Cattle Company Ranch. It was a busy place during the summer and fall. It was located at Cane Beds, which I have indicated on the map. In the winter only one man lived there and he had the reputation of being hostile to all visitors, especially anyone from Orderville. It was my only chance after passing the road leading to Short Creek (#59 on the map) and I decided to take the chance. Acting on Dave Esplin's advice I had a role of late newspapers tied on the front of the saddle.

It was quite cold and near dark as I rode up to a locked Gate. I shouted, "Anybody live here?" The door of the house opened and a large man with a great black beard came out and walked to the gate. He made no move that indicated he had any intention of unlocking the gate. He

glared at me through the bars of the gate. "Why do you ask if anybody lives here? Couldn't you see the smoke coming from the chimney?" No time allowed for me to answer before a sharp, "What do you want?" came from the bearded lips. "I was told that I might be able to stop here overnight and obtain feed for my horse". I said. "Who in the hell told you that? I'm not runnin no hotel for nobody." He gave me no time to answer and for a time the questions and answers popped back and forth like firecrackers on the Fourth of July. Here are a few samples: "Where do you live?" Washington. "How come you are riding an Orderville horse?" "I am on my way back to Orderville." - "What are you doing in Orderville if you live in Washington?" I teach school there." - "You borrowed the horse to ride home huh?" "Yes." - "Why didn't you call here on the way home?" "I did not come this way." -"Went by way of Panguitch, Orton's, Bear Valley, Paragonah and Cedar City huh"? Why did you go that way. It's longer and colder. What's the idea?" " I wanted to go to Cedar City, but I did not go that way." - "Now look kid, I know a few things about this chunk of the earth, there is no other way except over the Cedar Mountain by way of the Lower Herd Ranch on the North Fork and no one rides that in the winter time. Why didn't you stop here on your way home?" " I told you that I went over the Cedar Mountain." - Well young man I always did like a cheerful liar and you are starting in so young you ought to make a good one. No good for a school teacher though. You will need to give that up if you intend to be a real good liar. But come on in and let me see what's in the papers that you have tied to your saddle."

Now he was unlocking the gate and talking all the time he was showing me where to put my horse, "I have no fresh hay and not oats for your horse. He can pick over a few stems that are in the manger. It will be cold for him in the open shed and I have no horse blanket. I have no bed for you. You will have to sit by the fire. I have had my supper and do not intend to get the things out to fix for you. But come in and let me see those papers."

We went into the house. He unrolled the newspapers as he showed me a chair by the stove. He seated himself by the table on which was a small kerosine lamp and by its light began to scan the papers. He looked up once just as I was opening the package that contained the remains of my lunch that mother had fixed for me. He shouted at me, "Now just hold on young feller. I am going to fix you a snack just as soon as I have a quich squint at these papers."

In a few minutes he got up and put the frying pan on the back of the stove and went somewhere and came back with the biggest slice of beef I had every seen. Well the rest of the story is that I had a real good meal. He had plenty of cooked potatoes, which he warmed up, and baking powder bread cold but he warmed it in the pan with the potatoes. With a can of strawberry jam for dessert I made out real well. He started to make coffee but I stopped him. He could not understand why I did not want it but he did not insist. While I was eating he went outside and was gone quite a little while. When he returned he said, "I have put your horse in the stable. It's pretty cold in that shed. I gave him some fresh hay and a handful of oats. He ought to take you to Orderville on that. Unless you decide to go over the Cedar Moun-

BELOW: "I found the front end of a broken ski and made provision for fastening it to the front wheel of the bicycle. Years after I saw a byke frame fitted with one ski on the front and two on the rear. No wheels."



(Continued from page 28)

~~xxxx~~ tain!" I paid no attention to his poke at me and he never mentioned it again.

The papers I had with me and what additional information I could give were the main topics of our conversation. One of them contained a sum up of the main events of the year 1911. I do not remember all of them, but I do recall some of them, especially those he was interested in and asked questions about. I have often thought since then that perhaps he knew considerable more than he led me to believe and that he just wanted to find out how much I knew. He grasped my simple explanitions so quickly and nodded his head in approval so as to indicate that the answer checked with that which he already knew rather than a bit of new information. But I was in a state of ignorant bliss at the time and handed out what bits I knew as though I had an unlimited store. He was delighted and grew warmer and warmer. He was a wonderful listener if he asked the question, but otherwise he wanted to do most of the talking. Allow me to try and recall some of the subjects that were listed in the newspaper and some of the questions asked and the answers that I gave. The reader has the right to go to his history book and check on me. He might just better so just that. 1911 RECIPROCITY BILL WITH CANADA PASSED BY CONGRESS. Question: "What means this word?" He did not try to mouth it, he just pointed to it with his finger. Answer: "Well it means give and take. We say to Canada you take the tarrif off of this and we will take it Off of that." He nodded his head in approval but made no comment. Question: "What does BALANCE OF POWER MEAN? Answer;

"Strange as it may seem it has to do with strong desire for peace,but nations think that the best way to keep the peace is to be strong. I must be so strong and look so fierce that you will be afraid of me.If I feel that I am not strong enough to frighten you I will get someone big,strong,and ferocious to stand by me and then you will get someone to stand by you until we are equally afraid of each other. There will then be no fight. There is a Balance of Fear or Power. If one of my stand-bys should leave me,or worse if he should go over to your side that would upset the Balance. Nations with their desire to terrify neighbor nations by the size of its army or navy have done just that. In 1909,two years ago,this balance was so perfect that war was thought to be impossible . The big nations made agreements with each other to join in the fight if either was attacked. Right or Wrong side of the Balance stood France,Russia and England-This was called the Triple Entente. On the other side stood Germany,Austria and Italy. But this year as the paper indicates moves are being made that will tend to break-up the Balance of Power." Nod of approval but no comment.

This went on for a time and then changed to a request number on the part of my host. He read an article about the Emperor of Germany and asked me what I knew about Germany. I told him that I had studied the language for two winters at school. The teacher had been on a mission to Germany and had told us considerable about it. Like how the Emperor had one short arm,but no one dared mention it for fear of being put in jail. He asked me if I could say something in German. I recited several poems,among them "the Lorelie and the Earl King" and translated them into English. He was delighted. Bedtime arrived and I began to settle like into the chair that I had understood would be my bed,when my audience applauded with,"How would you like to sleep in the Boss' bed? He will not be here until late spring and by that time all smell of you will have left ~~kkx~~ the bed. Never know anything about it." I told him I did not want to make any trouble between him and his Boss and could do very well in the chair. But I did not wait for him to insist,I just followed him into a neat little room with a very good bed.

Breakfast was the same fare as I had for supper,only he had his coffee. He offered me some but did not urge me to have it when I declined. Then he surprised me with an invitation to stay another day with him and when I told him that I could not he smiled and said,"Well call here on your way home,or perhaps you intend going over the Cedar Mountain!" I wonder what he would have said if I had told him that I intended to do just that on a bicycle over the frozen snow early in the month of April. I did not risk telling him. The last time I ever saw him was as he waved goodbye to me from behind the locked gate.

Back in Orderville I taught school as usual and groomed the 8th Grade for the County Examination in the spring,but in all my spare time I prepared for the Mountain Byke Trip. I purchased a nearly new byke from a young fellow in town. Good grief there goes a big chunk out of a month's wages!I found the front end of a broken ski and made provision for fastening it to the front wheel of the bicycle.(illustration page 290) Years afterward I saw a byke frame fitted with one ski on the front and

BELOW: I took off my pack and rode all over Bulloch's Plains. The snow was hard and smooth. You would never believe it unless you tried it. This bit of fun was paid for.



(Cont'd from page 30)
two on the rear. No wheels.

I rode that bicycle at every chance I could get and to every place open to me. I went up to Glendale and over to the mill where I had worked for Uncle Olaf, seven years ago. He was not there so the mill was not kept as neat as he had kept it. I rode out the road to the Lower Herd Ranch on every Saturday if the weather permitted.

Now a thing happened at the Store that looked to me like I was meant to make this trip. A new gun arrived and was offered for sale. It was an automatic rifle. I think the caliber was 40-50. Any way it was ~~heavier~~ larger than most deer rifles. The tag said it had great "shocking power" Very good for bear and other large game. This was for me. I bought it. "There goes the wages." The cartridges were in clips of 6 or more. I took it out and practiced loading and fireing. I soon got so I could hit the center of a can with two quick shots. I always missed on the third and never did figure out why. It did not worry me though for I figured two of those heavy bullets would knock out any bear. Anyway the third just barely missed the can and would not likely miss a bear's head, certainly not his body.

Now another thing happened that ate of my dwindling salary and also caused me considerable trouble. I ordered by mail a set of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA -Eleventh Edition. They were bound in suede leather and printed on India Paper. This made them flexible and about an inch thick. There were 28 volumes and index. They came in a special case that permitted them to lay flat. This was needed because of their limp form. The cost was $225.00. I made a small down payment and signed a fist full

of notes at $5.00 each. These became due each month for I don't know how long,but it seemed like for ever and ever.They were payable at the Bank of Southern Utah in Cedar City where I had a checking account. Whenever I thought I had a little money in the account these blasted notes would eat it up.

But worse than that,they arrived in far-a-way Marysville,by express,and no way to get them to Orderville,until some one went there for freight belonging to the Orderville Co-op Store. Aunt Bertha was working in a store in Marysville,so I wrote her,and she took them out of the Express Office and stored them for me until the team would be there. They arrived after I had left Orderville and were brought to me in Cedar City along with my trunk by Alma Esplin's father when he came over to bring his children home who had been attending the BNS.

+ +

There came a day when all the Guardian Angels met wherever they meet to compare experiences and to confer with the Chief on bad cases.The chief was saying to the one assigned to Dolph Andrus,"How do you like way we fixed your boy on the top of the Cedar Mountain? Didn't we hit him with an experience that he dare not boast about?How's he behaving now? Good boy isn't he?"The DA Angel replied,in the proper manner by answering each question in the order in which it was fired at him,"I think that was a neat trick you did of putting the burr under the horse's tail,but I did not like the terrible place you picked to push the horses off the road. It took all the help I could summon to bring horses and rider out without busting them up. No he is not talking as no one will listen to such an absurd story.He is a good boy alright,he is so busy planning another stunt that he has no time to get into any more trouble. Just wait until you hear about it and can hardly wait until I hear what you are going to do about it."

+ +

Early in April my school was closed and it was arranged that ooO I would come back later and make the Principal's Report after the other xxxxkx schools were closed. Early one morning I was on my way up Mud Canyon and headed for the Lower Herd Ranch. I was "loaded for bear" or something,anyway I was loaded for a bicycle.I had a pack on the handle bars and a pack on the rear of the seat.The rifle in its leather scabbard was strapped to the frame on one side and on the other side was strapped the broken ski. On the front just below the handlebars was fastened a gas head-light. The gas was formed by allowing water to drip on a small tin of carbide. I wore leggings instead of the shaps that I wore on the horse back trip. I had on a pair of new warm overshoes and warm gloves.

The going was good until about 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon,when I began to encounter mud. I had to walk and push the bicycle. The mud would ball-up on the wheels and made heavy pushing. I unstrapped the ski and fastened it to the front wheel. It worked and the going was a bit easier. As soon as the sun sank behind the mountain in the west the mud started to freeze. Soon I was able to remove the ski and ride the byke over the frozen ground. Then the bare ground became covered with frozen snow,hard and smooth as pavement. I rode up to the ranch

BELOW:"I looked through the window of an old log cabin that had not been lived in for years,and there behind a post that had been put in to support the roof in case of heavy snow,was the biggest bear that I had ever seen. The sun shining through another window lighted up the silver hair on hi[illegible] and head. He was [illegible] of that".



house a happy boy. Now I knew that I was right. I could ride over the Cedar Mountain with ease. John Reese and Joe Walker were there. They gave me neither encouragement nor discouragement,but they gave me a bed and supper of vension(deer) meat. They called it "proud buck" and assured me it would furnish me the power I would need to cross over the mountain.

I was up at 2:00 A.M. and on my way. They called a cheerful"Good Luck" from their bed room as I opened the front door. It was as black a night one ever sees with the stars all shining. No moon. I lighted the carbide headlight and started up Hay Canyon. Out of the canyon,it was time to try the ski. I fastened it to the front wheel. It was no good on the frozen snow. I had not tried it on the thin snow leading to the ranch but thought I would need it on the deeper snow. Not so, I could ride with ease on the deep snow when it was frozen.

By 9:00 A.M. I was at the Peter Bulloch Ranch House.No bear here or any signs of them or other animals. I took off my pack and rode all over ~~Mx~~ Bulloch's Plains(Page 32 no its on 31)The snow was hard and smooth. You would never believe it unless you tried it. This bit of fun was paid for. The time that I spent visiting all the old places I had known when herding sheep,should have been spent in making for the head of Cedar Canyon,or you may prefer to call it Coal Creek Canyon.

But I wanted to know how deep the snow was. I found the tree on which I had carved the flags and the covered wagons with oxen. The flags were just above the snow line. This would make the snow between 4½ and 5 feet deep. The silence was something to remember. I soon learned to avoid any small twig that peeped through the snow. This indicated that here was a weak spot. I took several spills before I learned caution. I do not know what caused it but there was always a hollow place under a twig of any size. Perhaps the snow did not pack as hard over a bush .

I did not bother to look at my watch,so I cannot tell you what time it was when I left the Plains,but it was not soon enough. The only way I could tell where the road was that led to the head of the canyon was by the initials that had been carved on the trees. As the snow got deeper these were hard to find. Long before I got to the head of the canyon it started to snow. It did not stop until about a foot of fresh snow had fallen. I lost the road completely. When the sun came out I found myself at the head of a little valley that sloped toward the Right Hand Canyon. It was impossible to push the byke in the fresh snow and if the sun kept on shining the snow under it would become soft so I decided to leave everything and travelas light as I could. This meant leaving the rifle.

I started down the valley,intending to skirt the head of Right Hand Canyon and go over to the Perry Ranches and down the Mountain Road. The same road I had taken with the horses at Christmas time. On the way down I looked through the window of an old log cabin that had not been lived in for years,(page 33) and there behind a post that had been put in to support the roof in case of heavy snow,was the biggest bear that I had ever seen. The sun shining through another window lighted up the silver hair on his nose and head. He was a grizzly no doubt of that. He looked like he was awake. I could almost make out his eyes. His head looked too erect for him to be asleep. I could even make out the claws on his front paws. Here was my chance and I had no gun. I had left it with the byke and other stuff.

I made tracks in the direction of Right Hand Canyon as fast as I could. The sun was realy warm. The fresh snow got thinner as I neared the canyon,but the old snow got softer. Soon I was sinking in up to my knees at every step. I decided to go down Right Hand instead of over the mountain. I could lose elevation faster that way and thus get out of this heavy walking. It would also be warmer after the sun went down. I was not at all familiar with Right Hand at that time or I never would have attempted to go down it. The cap with the ear flaps was no protection from the glare of the sun on the snow.

When I reached the canyon it looked so steep that I decided to follow the rim for a ways in the hopes that it would get less steep. The sun was getting low and the snow was starting to freeze.This was bad . One step it would hold me and the next it would let me down the entire length of my leg. I felt that I could stand this no longer so I started down the side of the canyon. It was still plenty steep. I slid and made my way with as much caution as I could. It became dark and I was not to the bottom. I stepped on what looked like solid snow fell through the snow. I do not know how far I fell,

BELOW: "Aunt Bertha was working in a store in Marysville, so I wrote to her and she took them out of the Express Office and stored them for me until a team would be there." (Page 32)



(Cont'd from page 34)
but I could not have fallen very far, [redacted] the impact was not severe as I stopped straddle of a large log, but the distance from the log to the next stop was considerable. I could tell by the sound of water that I had been stopped on the brink of a high ledge. I made my way with considerable & trembling caution as I expected the log to go to the bottom at every creep of my shaking knees.

I made it to the other side and firm snow. I reached the bottom of the canyon without any more trouble. The snow was now thinner and the air was warmer. I saw an inviting spot under a big pine tree. I felt that I could drag my weary legs no farther, so in spite of all warnings about the danger of freezing if you went to sleep, I curled up and slept.

This was a mistake. I moved my limbs with great difficulty. My arms came out of it first as I spun them round and round at the shoulder hinge. (ball & socket). I could not do that with my legs. It took me a long time to get them going. It was a good thing that the snow was not deep for I had to drag my feet for quite some distance, but they became normal by the time I reached bare ground, that is ground free from the snow. I reached the coal road that led up the main canyon and was soon at the power plant in the mouth of the canyon.

It was about 1:00 A.M. when I stepped through the door. Uncle Sam Leigh was running the plant. He starred at my sun-burned face with amazement, and asked, "Where in the world did you come from?" When I told him, he just looked the other way and shook his head. I was soon to learn that I would be

greeted in a similar manner by all to whom I told my story. I should be getting used to it by now for the story of my horse-back trip at Christmas just passed had received the same treatment. This is the reason that I have talked but little about my experiences, I just got tired of that look of tolerant disbelief on the face of my listener.

About two years ago,I told about the bicycle trip on the Night Owl Radio Program. The same thing. I could not see the look,but I had to hear the voices. I did not have to hear all of them. I turned the radio off. One lady might just as well called me a liar. She did not give her name,but she said that she was familiar with the Cedar Mountain Area and that it just could not be done. Well dear reader I am going to write it all down. Parts of it I have never told to anyone before now. If you want to close the book and walk away in disgusted unbelief,go ahead and do it. I will not be there to see you do it.

From the Power Plant I made my way to the Uncle Hi Perry home.I knew that Id Nielson had the same room that he and I had lived in the winter before. I hoped that he would be alone. He was and asleep. The door was unlocked and I walked in undressed and crawled in bed with him. The fact that I had done this many times when we had lived there together was in my favor. I think he was too sleepy to notice the difference between this night and most any night of a year ago. The only difference it was near 2.00 A.M. We both slept until the morning came. I don't think he believed my story either. If he did like all the rest he gave me that look that is reserved for the insane.

I got up and tried to dress. I could not lift either leg as I tried to put my trousers on. I lay down on the floor and wiggled myself into them. My face was a mess. The worst sunburn I have ever seen. I went to the barber shop to see if he could shave me under those conditions and he said he thought that I h ad better wait for a few days. I asked him if he knew what to put on it. He said that I had better see Dr Leonard. He thought it was that serious. Of course I was foolish enough to tell him how I came by it. This was a mistake for Barber Shpp News travells far and wide with great speed.

I had learned that Maria Bulloch,Pete Bulloch's mother,was taking boarders,so I arranged to stay there for the summer as I intended to seek employment in Cedar City. I had brought a few clothes in a pack on my back,these I put on,fixed my face as best I could with zinc ointment. I must have been a sight,but I just had to see Irene. She had an icy reception already prepared. I will let her tell,in her own story how she felt and if she had already heard about my trip by way of gossip. I remember how I felt. I got the distinct impression that she was through with me,but she still felt sorry for me,like I was a sick kitten.

The worst shot came from Irene's father. I started to tell him of my adventure and he said,"I would not tell that to anyone if I were you. People just might not understand." That was not the only one I had to take. I just had to have a shave so I went back to the barber shop. Dr Leonard was in the chair with a towel over his eyes so he did not see me come in. I was just in time to hear the barber say","I told

to come and see you about his face. Did he come?" Under the towel the Doctor could not reply,but as soon as the towel was removed and before he had a chance to see me he said,"No he did not. If he does come I will take a look at his head. It sure needs fixing." He just glared at me as he went out. If he recognized me he did not show it.

In two weeks time my face was in fair shape.During the healing period I was at the Jones' home more often than I felt that I had a right,but Irene's mother was so kind to me,and I so felt the need of a mother that I could not resist and of course Irene was there too, but still cool toward me.

I got rough treatment at Maria Bulloch's from her son Jim. We all were eating dinner one day,there was Pete and Jim,Mrxx Maria and one or two school boarders. Pete was trying to fix the location of the house where I thought I saw the bear. I said,"Of course I am not sure that it was a bear,but it had the same effect." Then Jim spoke up,"Who cleaned your pants?"

I now began to make plans to go back on the mountain and bring in the byke and the rifle. I told only two people. One was Irene's brother Treharne. If that bear was still there I did not want to see him again,so I borrowed Treharne's 303 Savage Rifle. The other I had told because he asked me if I expected to go after the bicycle and gun. He was Charles Esplin,and he and some of his sisters were going to school and they were living at the John M B Higbee residence almost across the street from Bulloch's. As soon as I told him he said,"I would like to go with you." I looked at him. I could not believe it. He acted like he thought I was just an ordinary human being. He did not stare at me like I was fresh out of the nut house. I told him I would be glad to have him and that he could have half the bearskin if we got him. He said he did not want it,all he wanted was to see a byke on frozen snow.

Early one morning we took off up the road that goes over the mountain between Lone Tree and the Square Mountain. As we neared the top I showed him the spot where the horses had left the road. He just could not see how all three of us could have escaped injury. The big snow bank still blocked the road. Now it was stone hard. We had considerable difficulty making our way over it. There was no way to go around KX it. This delayed us,so that we were late in reaching the Perry Ranch. He was not used to walking,having been in school all winter,so he said for me to go on and he would stop at the ranch. There was no one there but the house was unlocked and there was a stove and plenty of wood.

I went on and reached the byke just as it was growing dark. I made a fire and prepared to spend the night. This is what I should have done in the first place. Well I didn't so that is that. At the first sign of daylight I was on my way. The snow was hard and I rode with ease. I made another foolish move. I decided to go by way of the log cabin that had the bear in it. It was out of my way and there was a boy waiting for me. I am of course ashamed of myself. I have never told this to anyone. I had two guns. I was ready for him. I peered in the window with the 40-50 automatic ready and the 303 Savage leaning against the cabin wall. He was not there. I know that I had the right cabin,because the

post that braced the roof was still there. Does anyone know what time bears come out of their winter sleep? Why didn't I go in and see if I could collect some bit of evidence that he had spent the winter there? A lock of hair or a bit of something would have proved my story. I did not do it.

I found Charles very much worried about me and very glad to see me. We rode and tied to the top of the mountain.That is one of us rode the byke on ahead and then left it and walked on. The one walking came to the byke and rode past the one walking ahead and so on and so on. Charles was delighted and thought it great fun. But it was not funny when we got back to town. His father had come from Orderville and was very much put out that Charles was not there. He turned to me and said, "Small thanks you give me for bringing your trunk. You repay me by asking my boy to risk his life. I don'nt care what you do with your own bones. Leave them for the crows to pick on the mountain if you want to,but I don't want you to take any of my people with you." I told him I was sorry about it and that the boy had asked to go. I had not asked him. He told me that school was out and the Trustees would like me to come over and close the books and sign the reports. I told him I would go right over and thanked him for bringing my trunk.

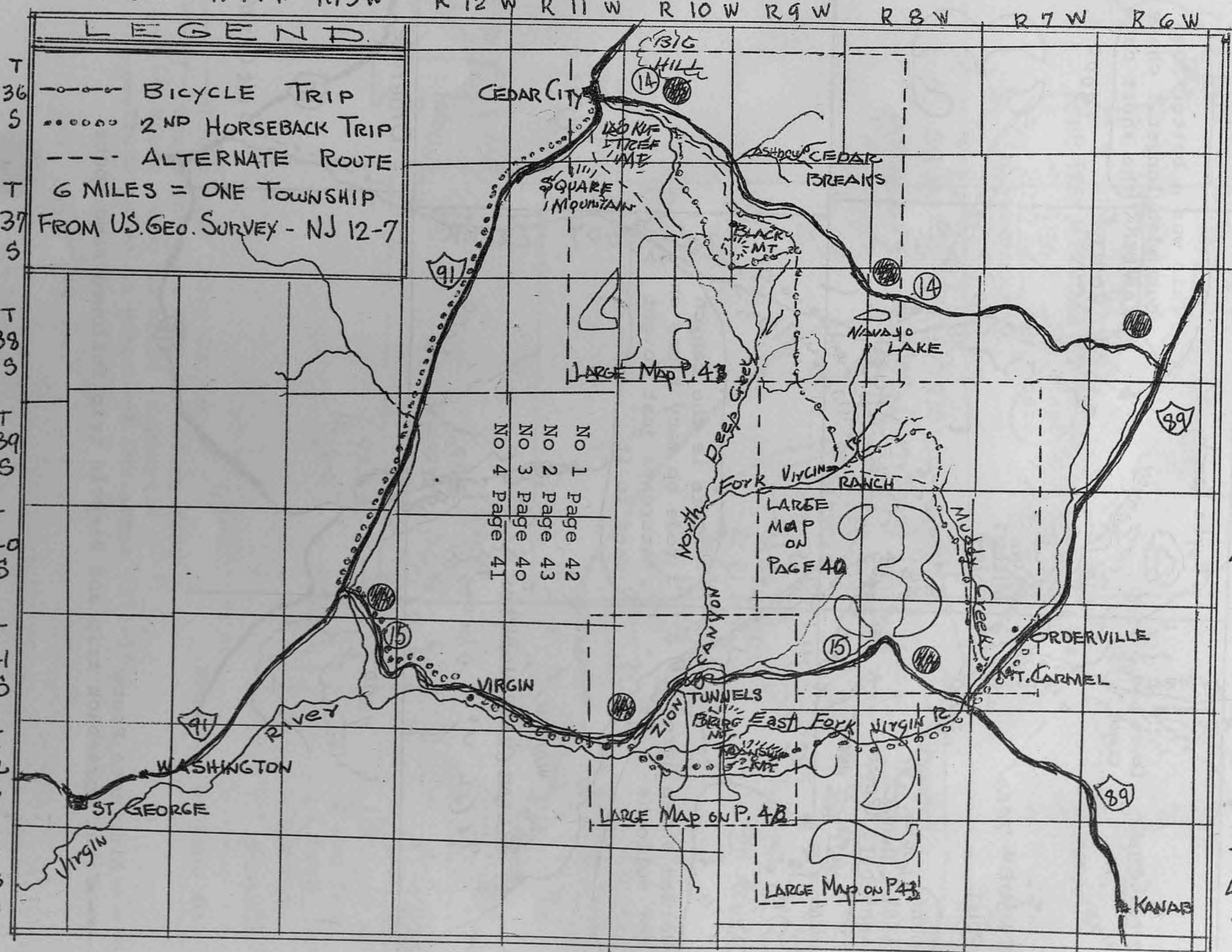
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There came anpther day when all the Guardian Angels met. The Chief said to the angel assigned to Dolph. "It took a bit of doing to get that bear down there in time,if the snowstorm had not delayed him we would not have made it. Hoed his row that time for him did we not?'" The worried angel replied,"The bear was a neat trick,but why did you remove it before he got a second chance at it. I would have knocked his gun aside,you need not have worried about the bear.?" "It was our intention to make his story as absurd as possible If we had allowed him any proof you would not be able to hold him." Dolph's angel now spoke,"But you have made him so discouraged that he is about to take his own life. His girl is puzzled about him and is not sure if she wants to deeper go with him. Now he is planning a horseback trip that has more danger in it than anything he has tried yet." The Chief replied."We will give you all the help you need and we will fix him but good this time. He will even be ashamed to think of his adventures. Certainly he will dare tell noone of this experience."

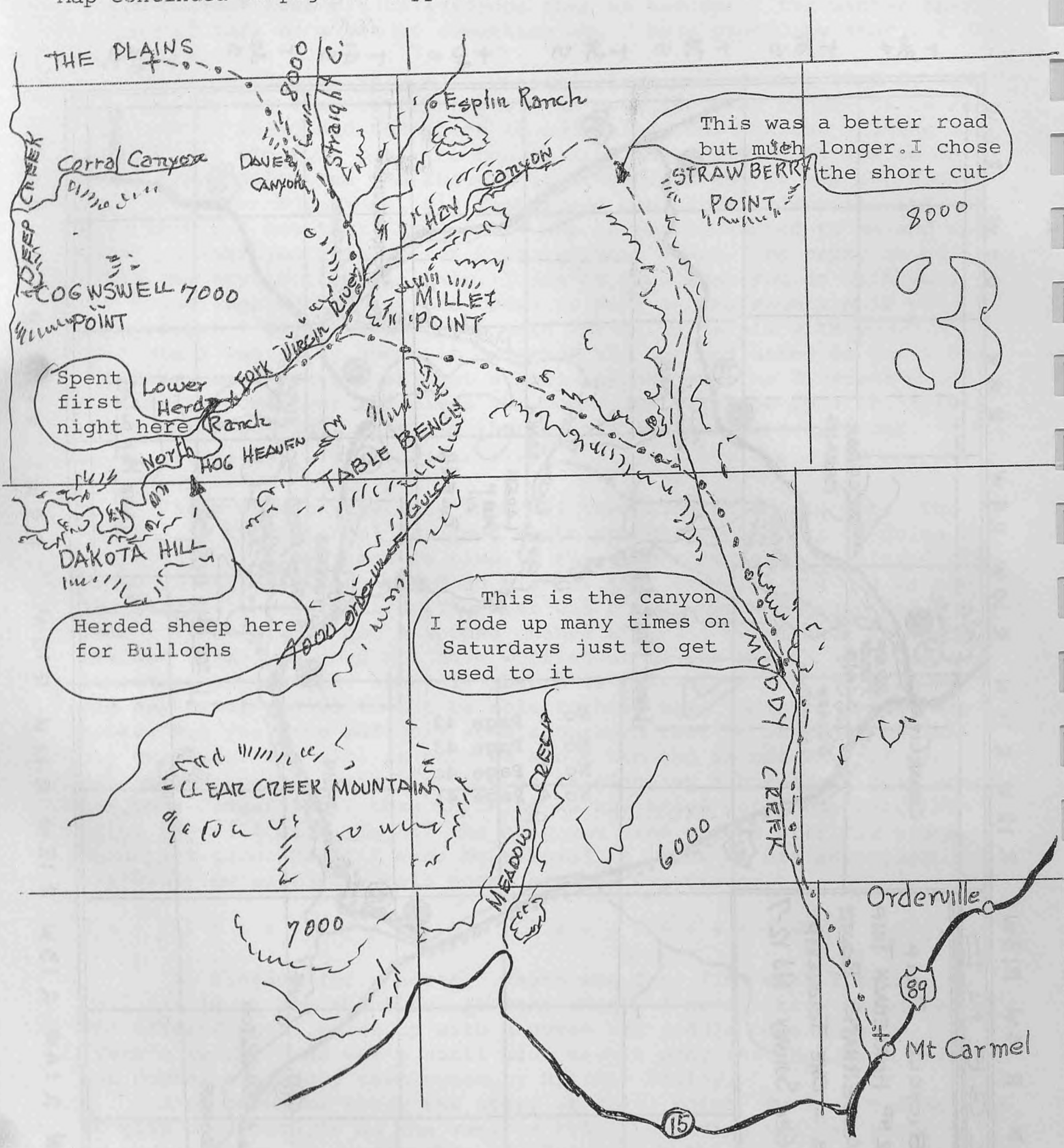
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"My kingdom for a horse." Where was I to find one? I cannot recall little or any about how it came about. I do not know who asked or who offered,but I ended up with a horse and saddle belonging to Irene's father. He was a small blue desert pony that had once been one memberof a buggy team owned by Hillman Dalley.

I am going to break the story at this point to insert some maps to give some details on the various trips including the one about to be undertaking. or (undertaken if you prefer) The first map on page 39 is a small scale map looking at the entire area envolved from Wshington to Cedar City,to Ordeville. The township lines are shown on all maps and are six miles square. Map No 3 is shown on page 40 and covers from Orderville to the Plains(Referred to as Bullochs' Plains)

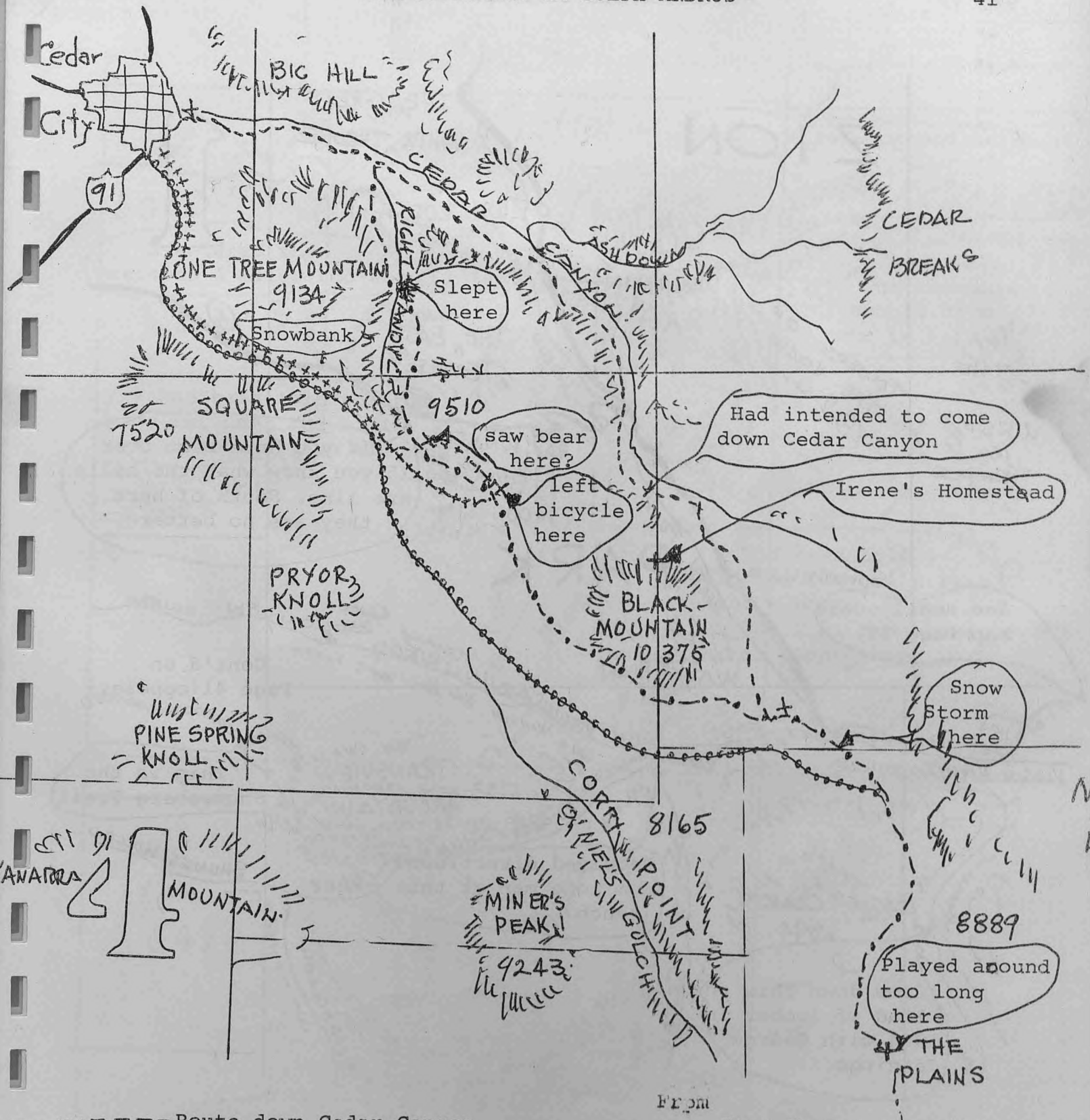

R 15 W R 14 W R 13 W R 12 W R 11 W R 10 W R 9 W R 8 W R 7 W R 6 W
LEGEND
BICYCLE TRIP
2ND HORSEBACK TRIP
ALTERNATE ROUTE
6 MILES = ONE TOWNSHIP
FROM U.S. GEO. SURVEY - NJ 12-7
T 36 S
T 37 S
T 38 S
T 39 S
T 40 S
T 41 S
T 42 S
T 43 S
CEDAR CITY
BIG HILL
SQUARE MOUNTAIN
CEDAR BREAKS
BLACK MT
NAVAJO LAKE
LARGE MAP P. 43
No 1 Page 42
No 2 Page 43
No 3 Page 40
No 4 Page 41
DEEP CREEK
NORTH FORK VIRGIN
RANCH
LARGE MAP ON PAGE 40
ZION
TUNNELS
BURG MT
EAST FORK VIRGIN R.
ORDERVILLE
MT. CARMEL
VIRGIN
RIVER
WASHINGTON
ST. GEORGE
LARGE MAP ON P. 42
LARGE MAP ON P. 43
KANAB
91
14
15
89

Map continued on page 41 (Opposite)



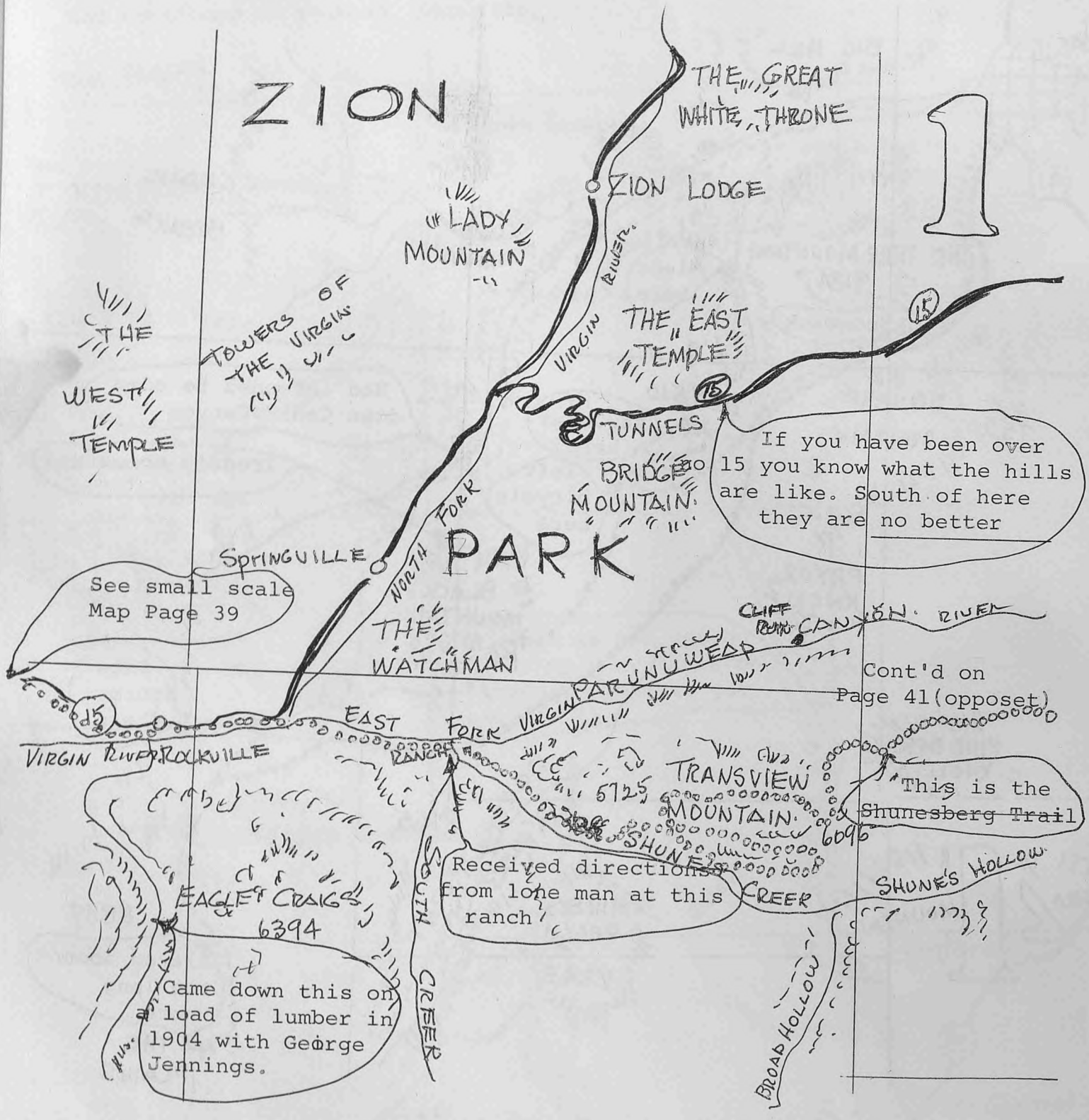
— — — Alternate Route

-.-.- First Horseback trip and Bicycle trip followed same route.

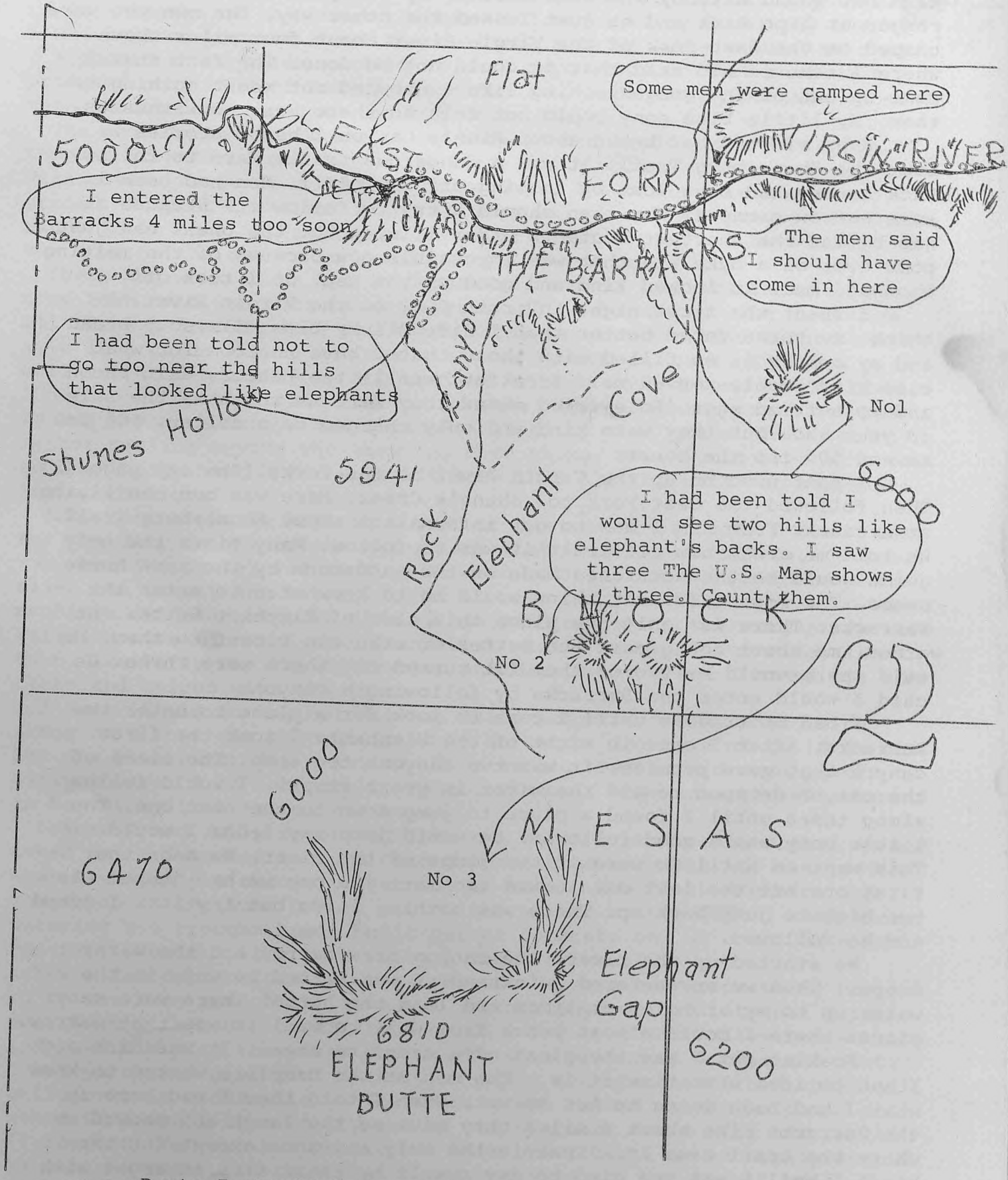


From Map on page 40

——————Route down Cedar Canyon
—•—•—•—Route taken on Bicycle and on foot
++++++Route taken to bring in bicycle
oooooooRoute taken on Horseback Christmas 1911-1912



oooooo Route of the Second Horseback trip to Orderville.



-----Route I should have taken

ooooo Route I did take but no one will believe me.

I am going to be as short as I can with this episode,because I have not found anybody who will believe my story. I told it once to a ranger at Zion Park and he just looked the other way. The men who were camped on the East Fork of the Virgin River about four miles above where I came in ~~and~~ said that it could not be done. The fact that I came up out of the gorge looking like a drowned rat meant nothing to them. My little blue pony could not talk so there were no witnesses.

Ever since I had known about Zion's Canyon I heard stories about the Shunesburg Trail. It was a dangerous trail. Hard to follow. Pack horses had been lost by falling off the cliff. Men had been in some narrow escapes. Why then should I try to follow it? Because it was by far the shortest route to Orderville,except the one I had just come over on a byke and that was impossible now because of the melting snow and mud. It looked kind and good on the map. So I took off.

I spent the first night inVirgin City on the Virgin River. I think my horse fared better than I did. Blinky blue milk,sour bread and my memory is so filled with those that I have no room for what else kind people served me. Breakfst was little better. Salt bacon and sole-fried eggs.(Sole-fried means they were as tough as the sole on your shoe)But they were kind and only charged me a dollar. 50¢ for me and 50¢ fro the horse.

I continued on up the Virgin River to the Forks.(See map page 42) Then followed the East Fork to Shune's Creek. Here was one man living at a ranch. From him I was to get information about Shunesberg Trail. He told me about how difficult it was to follow. Many times the only guide would be the scratches made on the sandstone by the iron horse shoes. The most difficult thing would be to know when to enter the Barracks. There was only one place this side of Elephant Buttes. He warned me about going past the Buttes or even too close to them. He said there would be two of them.(It turned out there were three. He said I would enter the Barracks by following a canyon.

I had no trouble until I came to look for a place to enter the Barracks. After I came in sight of the Elephants I took the first canyon that gave promise. It was two canyons too soon. The sides of the canyon dropped toward the river in great steps. I would follow along thses until I found a place to jump down to the next one. The little pony was a good follower. He would jump any ledge I would. This went on until we were in two jumps of the river. We made the first one,but the last one looked too far. The one we had jumped was two high to jump back up. There was nothing to do but try it. I jumped and he followed.

We started up the river. The canyon grew narrow and the water deeper. Then we encountered quicksand. I was forced to wade in the water up to my armholes at times and lead the horse. There were many places where I could almost reach from wall to wall it was that narrow.

Soaking wet I saw the gleam of a campfire ahead. It was dark and I had no idea what time it is. The men at the campfire wanted to know what I had been doing to get so wet. When I told them I had come up the Barracks like about 4 miles they gave me the laugh and showed me where the trail came in. "That is the only entrance,except for the birds." Well I was too glad to dry myself by their fire to argue with them. This I did and then pushed on to Orderville.

I finished up the books of the Orderville Public Schools,signed all of the reports of the other teachers and received my final pay check. I was so much worried about the cool attitude of Irene toward me that I supposed since after reading so much psychology,that it must have produced some kind of mental block,for I have no memory of the route that I took home,not home yet,but Cedar City.

The next I remember I was on my bicycle and headed for Washington. I thought it best to get away from Irene for a while. Riding a bicycle to Washington was quite a deal in those days. The roads were not even graded. I spent the first night in what is now called Pintura. The next night I was home in Washington Field,or perhaps they had moved back to the home on the corner in Washington. Again I am not sure .

There was work to be had in Cedar City and no jobs available in my home town,so I was soon on my bicycle and headed north. The wind blew all the way from Kanarra to Cedar. After leaving Hamilton's Fort there is a long grade upward and the wind was against my back. I rigged up a sail out of the canvas my luggage was wrapped in and some sticks that I picked up on the road. Darius Green's Flying Machine could not have looked any more funny than I did "sailing" up that grade. I do not remember passing anyone who knew me. Good thing. They would have sent me to the "booby hatch" for sure. It sure took all the work out of pedaling up that grade.

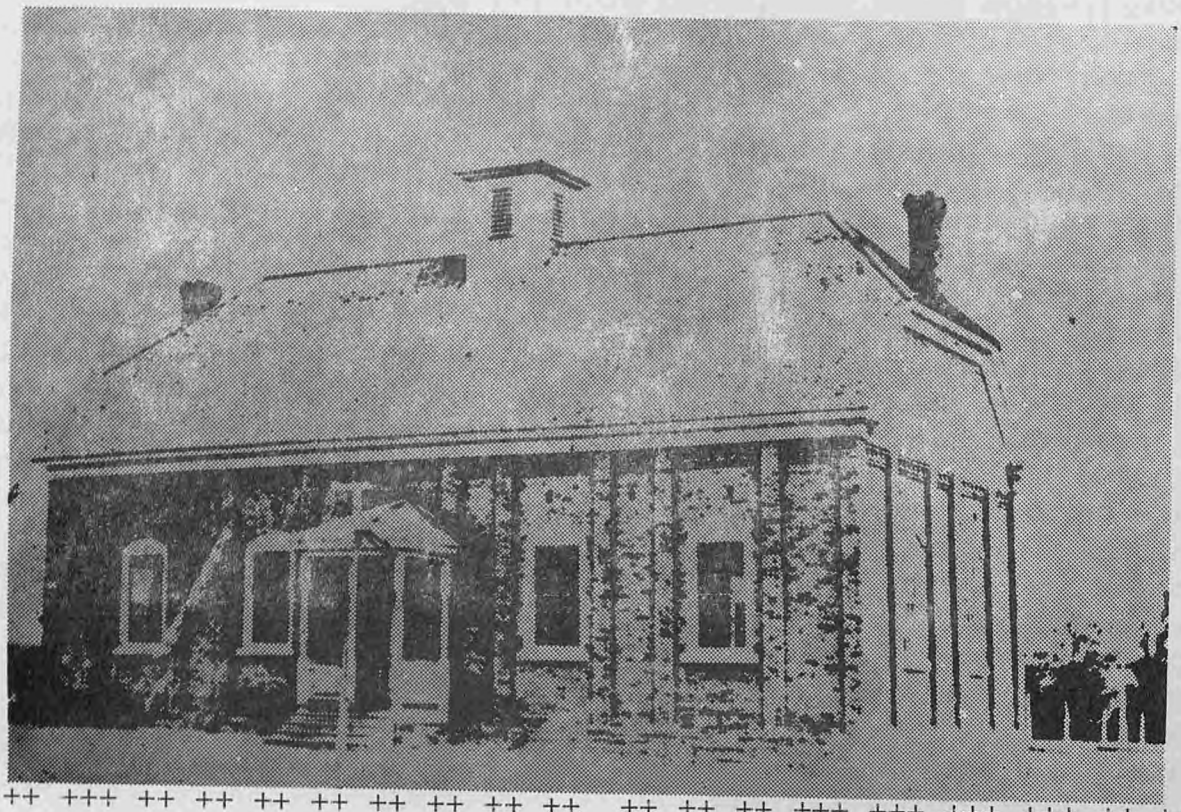
I boarded at Maria Bulloch's most of the summer of 1912. I found work for the City on a concrete water tank that they were building. My job was wheeling gravel and sand up a board walk to the mixing crews who mixed the cement and water with it to make concrete. There were no mixer-machines in Cedar at that time. I was laid off while the carpenters were building more forms. I then found work mixing concrete for sidewalks in town. Ike Parry was the contractor and Dick Tweedie and I mixed the concrete and helped with the forms.

I knew it was coming,but was not fully prepared for it when it came. Irene said that she thought it would be better for both of us if we did not see each other for a while. I am afraid that I said some pretty silly things. I do not care to recall them. If she wants to tell them in her story that is for her to say.

Before I had fully recovered from the shock Dick Tweedie called me and asked me if I wanted to turn Cement Contractor with him. It was just what I wanted - a chance to get out of town. The Clark Brothers who ran sheep on the Lund Desert during the winter months wanted some sheep watering troughs built out of concrete and we could have the contract. Would I like to go. Yoy ! You bet I would.

Now a few days before we were ready to leave,a very nice thing happened to me. I am sure that Irene had no knowledge of our intended departure. We had talked several times about going up to Mr Tollestrup's house and have him play the piano for us while we practiced a clarinet duet. I had purchased a book of duets with piano accompanemant (bad spelling) while over in Orderville. One evening she called me on the phone and asked if I would like to try one of the clarinet duets with her. Would I? You bet! We went and practiced. Some practice. I am naturally stupid in matters music,but this time I was horrible and yet I felt good. I did not feel like the title meant a thing even though the name

BELOW_: School House at Kanarra. This was a two-room building. It as set at a 45° angle with the compass. Always bothered me.The kids too.



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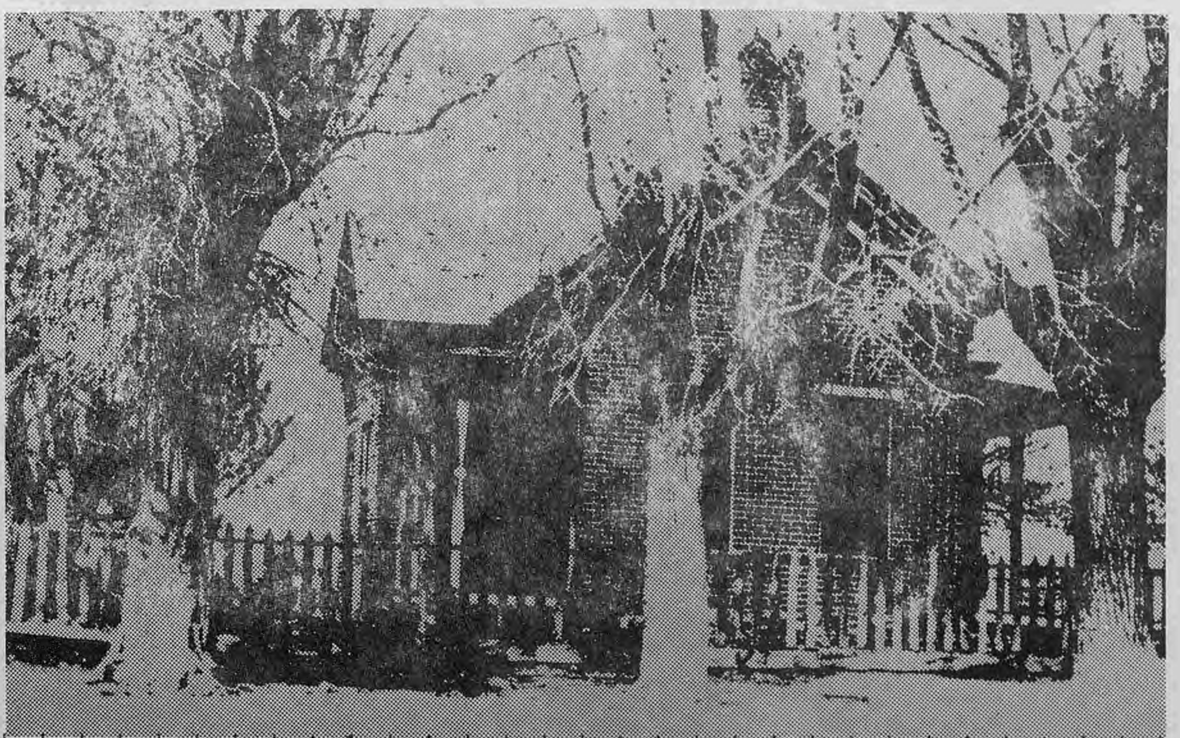
(Cont'd from page 45)

of the piece was "Au Revoir" which I my stupid brain at that time meant "Good-bye." I have since learned that it means:"Until we meet again." If I had only known. But she had called me and that was enough. We walked to her house and then I told her that Dick and I were going out on the desert,but that I would be back when school started as I had signed a contract to teach in Kanarra.

The trip out was uneventful except for one incident and that one was the cause of another one whith more effect on our well-being. We were riding along the road that ran parallell to a fence. The fence did duty by carrying the single telephone wire. Slim juniper poles had been wired at intervals to the fence posts to increase the height. I was sitting with my automatic rifle(the one I had bought in Orderville) in my lap watching for rabbits. Dick was driving and said,"Don't get trigger happy and shoot at the insulators." I replied,"I would not stoop so low,but I will cut the wire in one shot." Suiting my words with action I fired from the hip at the wire. I doubt if I could do it again in any number of trys,but I cut that wire! The tight wire snapped poles in both directions for yard and yards. It took us a long time to repair the damage. No one came along. New Castle never knew why the Modena line was dead for two hours.

The delay made us late getting to camp. We pitched our tent in the dark and selected the lowest spot for miles in all directions. In the middle of the night I felt a wet spot in between us. I poked Dick and asked,"Have you wet the bed?" He said no that he had just put his hand

BELOW: The Andrew Berry Home in Kanarra. Here I boarded. Here we lived after we were married. It was just across the street from the School.



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(Cont'd from page 46)
out on his side of the bed and found the floor covered with water. We lit a candle. There was six inches of water over most of the tent floor. We had heard thunder,but no rain had fallen on the tent. Where did the water come from? A small shower on the hard clay flat some distance a-way had found its way to our low spot.

I returned in time to start my school in Kanarra. Before leaving Cedar I regermaned,or regenerated,or whatever you do to a love spark with Irene. There was no more talk of breaking up. We were never formally engaged. I worked on her with the idea of marraige from September until December, but I must get back to teaching. I am getting ahead of my story.

Also,before going down to Kanarra,I made arrangements to board and romm with Aunt Lucy Jones(no relation to Irene) on Saturday and Sun-day as I had registered for a Saturday course at the BNS. My books came and Walter Jones helped me carry them up to my room.

John Platt,one of the School Trustees,had offered to board me and furnish me with a room. This proved to be unsatisfactory. The room I had to share with a bunch of boys who would be in my school. I found that Ethel Berry,wife of Andrew Berry,would be willing to board me and I could have a room to myself. It was the Front Parlor. Again I sang,"They put the pig in the parlor and that was Irish too!"

This did not bother Ethel as much as a silly remark that I made at the table one day. They passed me some very fine pickles one day and I refused them. "Didn't I eat pickles?" I gave them a learned lecture on the history of pickles and spices. They came into use when people had to eat meat that was a little off in flavor and the pickles and spice

were a cover up. "No" I said,"When the meat tastes as good as this meat does there is no need for pickles.""

Well this was a fine compliment of today's meet,but there came a day several weeks later when I asked for the pickles. "What's wrong with the meet?" Ethel asked in dismay.

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Come now with me and visit my school in Kanarra. If you will compare the Orderville School House on pages 11 and 13 with the Kanarra building you will note quite a difference. There was not a tree or plant of any kind on the school square. If there had ever been any weeds they had been removed. The few trees you see in the picture are across the street.

Now compare the Kanarra School Group with the Eighth Grade Boys of the Orderville School. The children are younger and smaller and the number of larger girls greater than I had at Orderville. The Sixth Grade in Orderville had many more girls than boys. I regret that I do not have a picture of them. I have tried a number of possible sources,but so far have failed. Will publish later if I get. Now I would like to show you around town,but first here is a message you should read:

IRENE SPEAKING written

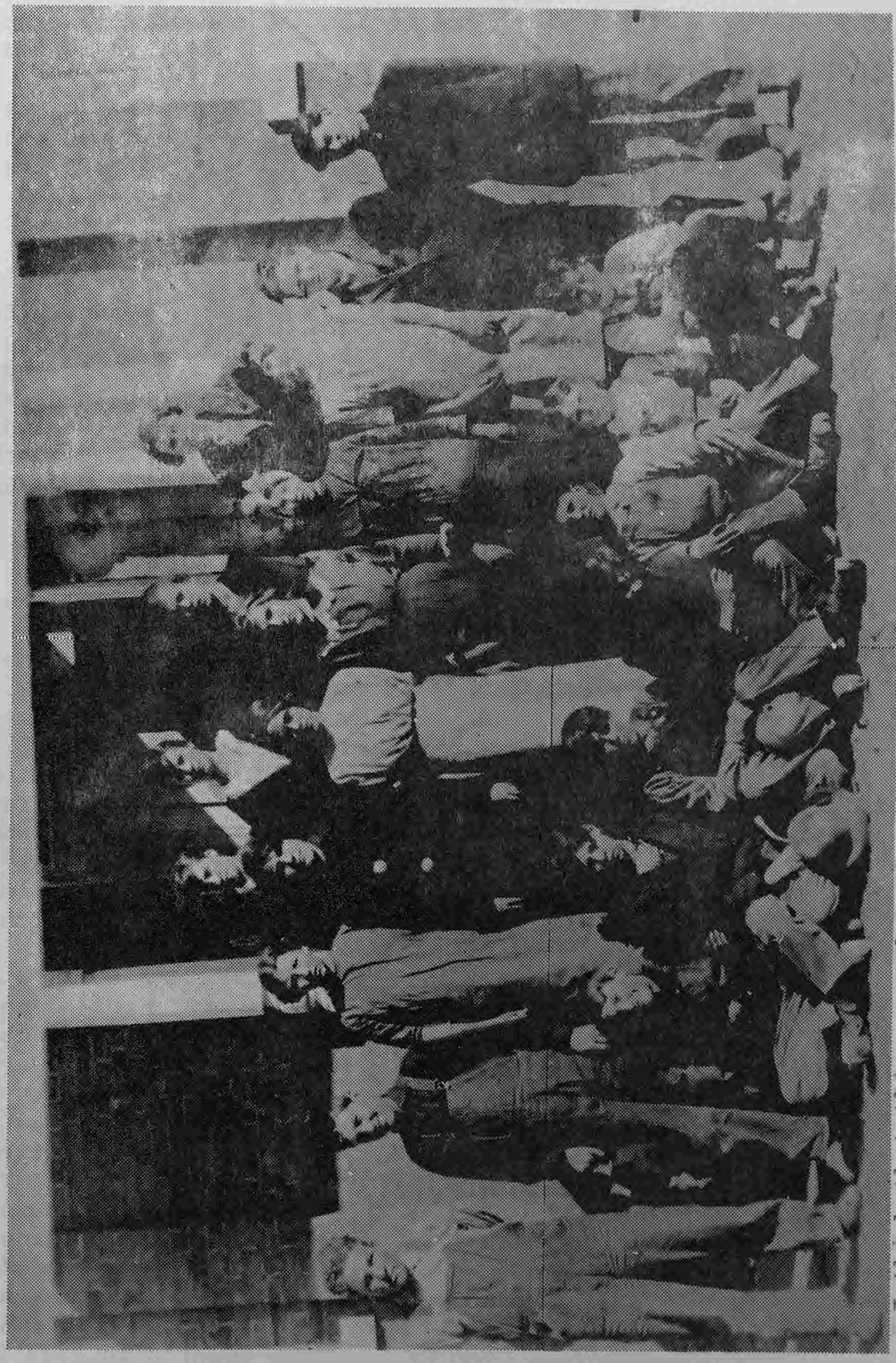
This autobiography should have been and presented to me 52 years ago. What a lot of misunderstanding it would have saved! I did not know about the planning and research that was done by Dolph before making these trips,so when he came to see me after his trip over the mountain on a bicycle(I had a healthy respect for the mountain in winter) with his sunburned face and bloodshot eyes,I just thought he should have known better than to try such a fool-hardy stunt. I never really heard the whole story before. His Guardian Angel surely came to his rescue or helped him out of those troubles with the two horses on the mountain side and getting through this narrow canyon with the little blue horse that a bird would have trouble navagating.

I don not remember telling him we should stop seeing each other for a while,but if I did it was because he talked about getting married and I wasn't ready to get married. I wanted to go take nursing training or teach school or work in a store or something. But I was run against a stone wall here so——— read on in Dolph's story and see what happens.

+ +

As you look over the town with me you will see that here is a town starved for leadership. They have the ambition,the talent,the willingness to work - all they need is for someone to say,"Let's do it." and they will follow. The words of Mr Decker rang in my ears as I saw the situation. I quote his words from Volume Two of this Autobiography: "When you go out to teach in these small towns,do more than teach school. Consider the town and its needs. If there is a job that needs doing,and there is not anybody around better qualified than you,dive into the job and get it done." Perhaps I did overestimate my ability, I was to undertake jobs in this town that were far beyond my skill and knowledge and or training. My experience will prove that leadership, bold attack,will get things done,even if the leader is a punk.

I am sorry dear reader,but you will need to turn the book around in order to get a square look at the Kanarra School Children. Turn.



I think that this was taken the first year. The Fall of 1912 or the Spring of 1913. I shall not attempt to name them as I am not sure that I could do it. I am not sure that all of the school is on this picture. One boy,Lamar Graff,I know is not there I give you two photographs of him on page 52. Compare this group with the Eighth Grade boys of the Orderville School on page 15.There are four grades in the Kanarra School 5th+6th#7th+8th. My problems as a teacher were changed greatly.++++++++++++++++++

I do not remember how the idea of starting a band entered into my head. Perhaps the fact that I had a clarinet had something to do with it. But you have to have more than a clarinet for a band. What ever gave me the idea that I could teach a band? I had played in the BNS Band and Orchestra but very little. I was very dumb in matters musical. The first year at the BNS I had petitioned out of Tollstrup's class in music. They had a small band in Orderville and I had played in it.

I was going to Cedar City every week end. On one of these trips I had a talk with Mr Tollestrup. He have me a list of the instruments needed for a small band and the price of each instrument. I told the school children that I would like to organize a band and asked them to tell their parents,or anyone that might be interested. I talked to the lady I was boarding with,Ethel Berry,and she spread the word around. I spoke to the Bishop of the ward,William Berry,and he gave me encouragement. John Platt the School Trustee,was very favorable to the idea.

In a very short time 15 people had signed up to purchase instruments. Now it was necessary to collect the money before I could order them from Mr Tollestrup. These good people advanced the money,including enough to purchase the Base Horn and the Drums,these were owned by the town as no one wished to purchase them individually. All went well until the instruments arrived.

I refused to unpack them all at once. I told them I would only unpack them in groups. The first group to unpack would be the clarinets. I would take them as a class and get them started. I knew the clarinet,but I had yet to learn the fingering for the brass instruments. Some of the parents became a bit miffed because they were not allowed to see the horns they had paid good money for the first day.

By the time a week had gone by I had them all started and I continued to keep them in groups and it was nearly Christmas before I dared to risk putting them all together. Now I found that I was no band master. I did not even know how to beat time, but lucky for me there were many bright members who caught on fast. We were soon playing some simple tunes. Very simple indeed.

Very definately I needed some help. Irene was a very good musican. If I could only talk her into getting married,she could help me with the band and brother I needed help.

Not satisfied with taking on the band I was determined to have a dance orchestra.But they had no piano and no violinist. I decided to put on a series of plays in order to raise money to purchase a piano. There was a stage in the basement of the LDS Church,but no scenery. I told the Bishop that I would build the frames,cover them with cloth and paint them if the ward would buy the material. He said the ward had no money,but the Relief Society had a little money and he would ask them.

These good women entrusted me with their hard-earned cash,and I built and painted stage scenery. I wanted to put on a play at once so I selected one that did not require too much scenery. The front drop curtain was shabby,but with a little work was pressed into service for the first play which came off before the Christmas Hollidays. The name of the play was "Mr Bob". This play had been done by the BNS and I had

(Cont'd on Page 54)

Irene's brother Treharne and deer at her Homestead on the side of the Black Mountain up Cedar Canyon.

Irene's father built 'down the lane' It was really out in the field. Corn etc.

Below:Taken after he was in High School or during that period at the Branch A.C .



Below:Taken a year or two before I came to Kanarra. He was a marble playing kid.Best in the business.



Dr.LaMar Graff was graduated from the Eighth Grade the second winter that I taught in Kanarra. He was always there with the "mostest".At marbles,hunting,trapping,skating,growing the best ear of corn,—— in arithmetic or listening "all ears" as I read from the Leatherstocking Tales of James Fenimore Cooper.



This is a front view of the Big House down the lane. The ladies in front are students and Irene's sister Zelma. Note the length of the dresses. It was the very latest style in those "good old days."



Band. Since [illegible] I shall not na[illegible]y. [illegible] of the players were members of my school. The rest were townspeople.The little girl in the lower right hand corner played the bass. It was too rather large to get in.

(Cont'd from page 50)
put it on at Orderville so I was very familiar with it and had no trouble in coaching it. I had worked on it somuch that knew most of the lines. This play and the many that followed it was well received by the people of the town and well attended. However it was near the end of my stay in Kanarra before we had the piano payed for. I surprised myself on the scenery. I really did not know I was that good. Otheres probably didn't have any idea I was that bad. Well anyway it filled a need.

I selected the plays, that had good dialogue and little scenery and stage props. I only had one complaint. Near the end of my stay in Kanarra and old timer came up to me with the following comment:

"There is only one thing that I don't like about your plays. And that is that you never kill anyone. When I used to take part in drama we filled the stage with gunsmoke and dead men were scattered all over the place."

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I continued to work on Irene about getting married. She finally gave in and we decided to get married before Christmas if arrangements could be made. The first arrangement that had to be made was the consent of her parents. Her mother was easy to approach but her father was —— I do not hope to be able to put it into words—— I was not afraid of him. I had been given to long talks with him on many subjects. In fact, too much given to it. At one time Irene almost walked out of the house to leave me sitting talking to him. Her complaint was that she thought that I had come to see her father instead of her.

But now it was different. He was not sitting. He was walking all around the house and I was following him. It was getting close to my dead-line - eleven o'clock. I followed him into the pantry and he poured himself a glass of buttermilk. Now was my chance, but I could not get one word out of my mouth. As he finished the buttermilk Irene came up behind me with the magic words:"Father we want to get married!" "Well", he said."When two people have gone together as long as you two have, I think they should get married." It was just that simple.

We learned that the temple at St.George would close December 24th and that did not give us much time. I hired a team from Sam Bell's Livery Stable. A light one-seated buggy came with it. There were no other preparations other than this. Just a means of getting down there where the job could be done right. No ring.No cake.No reception. No wedding pictures.The bridegroom I have shown opposite page 16. The bride is shown on the opposite page. Both pictures were taken not too long before the wedding so they are pretty much as we looked at the time of our wedding.

It was clear and cold. We had to leave Cedar early and drive late inorder to make it to Washington. Irene's mother dropped all of her Christmas doings and went with us. With hot bricks at our feet and plenty of robes and warm clothing we were quite comfortable. By the time the bricks were cold the sun had come out and we had a very pleasant drive to Washington. Mother had been told we were coming so she had a nice fire in the fireplace. Papa was not home. He was out to the Grand Gulch Mine working.

It took the next day the 23d to go over to St George and get the



(Cont'd from page 54)
paper what said we could be married. The next day December 24th 1912 we were married in the St George Temple by David H Cannon.

I knew the custom of my home town. If we did not give a dance we could expect a chivaree. This can be rather rough and usually is. The night of the 24th under cover of darkness we took off for Cedar City. I was familiar with a round-about way that permitted us to reach the main road without going through town. When we arrived in Leeds we were not sure but what we might need to take precaution in case we were followed. I left Irene and her mother at Olsen's and drove to the far end of town and stayed. I hid the buggy behind the haystack.

We were not bothered,but a Leeds couple who had been married the same day got a rather tame chivaree. I heard most of it and it did not seem too bad. But over in Toquerville,another couple got the works. We heard about it later. They put a live pig through the bed room window,pinched it tail to make it squeel or whatever pigs do when their tail is pinched. They rode the groom on a rail and a lot of other rough stuff.

Long before daylight I was up and drove down town for Irene and her mother. We arrived in Cedar without incident other than being chilled to the bone. There was a bitter cold wind all the way from the Black Ridge to Cedar. There was a family dinner and that was the amount of our wedding.

We decided not to set up housekeeping in Kanarra for the balance of the winter but would wait until the following winter as I had signed to teach another winter there. Irene went to Salt Lake to take the Keaster Course in Dressmaking. I am going to try and get her to tell you about that. If she does not that is the last you will hear about it as I know nothing of what she did.

I now learned that Irene had filed on a homestead on the side of the Black Mountain (See map on page 41) The application was allowed July 25 1912. The notice said it was apporved for "NW¼SW¼,W½NW¼, Section 13 and SE¼NE¼ Section 14 Township 37S Range10W S.L Meridian. This put it near the Township Line which had been cut through the trees right up the side of the Black Mountain.

Elias M Corry,who had married Irene's older sister Abbie had also been granted a homestead joining Irene's. It was planned to build a house straddle of the line. The kitchen would be in the center and one bed room on each side of the kitchen. The house would be built in time for us to spend the summer of 1913 on the mountain homestead.

Irene's brother,Treharne,had filed a homestead claim at Fielanks about half way between Kanarra and Hamilton's Fort,near the mouth of Shirtz's Canyon. I gave up my room at Aunt Lucy's and my course at the BNS on Saturdays. Instead I would leave Kanarra after school on Friday Night and walk to Treharne's Homestead. I would help him all day Saturday and then we would drive into Cedar and spend Sunday. He would help make the road to the homestead on the mountain and haul the lumber for the house.

From here our life follows a pattern until the Fall of 1915. I will tell you about that later. The pattern until then was summer on the homestead and winter in Kanarra.

Near the close of my school the spring of 1913,I had been out to Band Practice quite late and came home to find Irene in my bed! She

had come down on the stage and decided to surprise me. What a lovely thing to find in your bed! I must pause and let her speak to you.

IRENE TALKING.

This stone wall(I spoke of it on page 48) of father's resistance to my requests and pleas to be allowed and helped financially to do any of these things I wanted to do did not weaken and I could not find a crack or hole in it.

October 12 1912 Gordon Matheson and my cousin Gwen Higbee were married just before he went on his mission to Germany and I h ad a chance to try school teaching as her substitute for a week or more. Mother was away somewhere(Salt Lake perhaps) and I had extra work at home besides the school teaching. I remember Father asking me,"Well how is school teaching?" as if he thought I wouldn't like it as much as I thought I would,but I answered,"I love it."But still no signs of the wall weakening.

So this was the log that broke my resistance to Dolph's talk of getting married - not anything he said or did. I felt in my bones that this was what Father wanted and was holding out for. He knew enough about the Andrus family of St George and Dixie and he had plenty of chance to study and evaluate Dolph when he came to see me,but remained to talk to Father. Dolph said I was about to go off and leave them to it - which I did one night and went down to Cora's and Caroline's my cousins and stayed until I thought they would be through talking,but when I came back very leisurely, I found that I hadn't been missed. That was before we moved to the big house in the lane.

After the move we would do our studying in the Library Room,which of course was the logical place to study,with the door shut which Father did not like at all.(Before we moved,sometimes we did our studying in the Parlor where Emron was allowed,and I sometimes wondered if he wasn't encouraged to come and sit cross-legged behind the fancy parlor stove or heater and go to sleep)

Dolph seemed to have a way of getting the right people on his side at the right time, like the time there was an alumni banquet and dance (before he was an alumnus I graduated from the Three Year High School Course the year before we both graduated from the Four Year Course) I had put off asking him to go with me as there was an alumni fee and I did not know how to handle it. Anyway he came to the house and talked to Abbie,my sister,and she found out that I hadn't asked him and she did the rest. I don't remember what she said,but I invited him to go, which he did.(This too was before we moved to the new house).

Well,I had no use for big or little social wedding receptions, where the parents of the girl go all out to get a wedding dress and trousseau and throw a big party where she gets things she wouldn't buy and for which she has no use or place to put. (I remember Mother and Abbie sewing for weeks and her things seemed very pretty and lovely to me,and the lovely dishes and things she got both in Cedar and Salt Lake where the Ashtons lived - Abbie had gone to the University of Utah and stayed at Aunt Cora's the year before - and Lyle had a lot of relatives in Salt Lake- they gave a shower for her when they went to Salt Lake to be married.

These lovely dishes were kept in the top part of a big family cupboard which was not fastened too securely to the bottom part, and one

BELOW: First photograph of our first baby Torma. Three months old. Taken in Cedar City Utah.



(Cont'd from page 57)
day someone trying to get something down, upset the balance and most of the lovely and useless things fell in a heap on the floor. It seemed like a big catastrophy at the time. Well with all this in mind we decided to make the arrangements for the temple and other preparations very quietly and Dolph has told you about that.

I just want to add that when we got to Washington Laron was anything but friendly to Mother and I especially - he seemed to feel that we had captured Dolph and was taking him away from them. He said, "Now I guess we won't see Dolph anymore!"

Ihad heard of shivarees but didn't think of anything like that coming close to us, but thank goodness Dolph knew and acted to avert it.

My very close friends in Cedar gave me a very nice party with some very usable gifts. We still have the very fine linen table cloth and napkins which some of them went in together to get and which Grandma Higbee so beautifully hemmed for us by hand. One sterling silver spoon from a set that Grandma Higbee and Aunt May Woodbury gave us. And two forks and a thin sharp knife of a set of bone handled knives and forks that Gwen and Gordon gave us.

DOLPH SPEAKING AGAIN

I did not walk to Treharne's homestead that Friday night. We got to horses from Andy Berry and rode like real sports to Cedar City. At Hamilton's Fort we took the short cut through the hills west of town. On this romantic and lonely road we organized a Mutual Admiration Club with two charter members. As we galloped I said, "You sure make a fine picture on a horse." She replied, "You do not look so bad yourself."

As soon as my school was out the Spring of 1913, Treharne and I were up on the side of the Black Mountain working on the road leading to house site on Irene's Homestead. He and his brother Ashton had been there once before and had cut a trail through the aspen. It was not much of a road and it took four good horses to haul up a small load of lumber. On our return trip Treharne treated me to the wildest ride I have ever taken. He drove those four horses hitched to an empty wagon at full gallop down that rough mountain trail. I hung on to the sides of the wagon-box expecting a spill any moment. The trees had been cut leaving the road full of stumps. Any one of these could have caused a horse to fall. The uncut trees were so close to the wheels that any one of the wheels might have passed on the wrong side.

BELOW:
Torma and clarinet taken in the Library window in the Big House in which she was born. The pictures are running ahead of the story. We will spend a summer on the Homestead and a winter in Kanarra before she comes to town.

The narrative will still run behind the pictures from here to the end of this number and there is nothing we can do about it.



(Cont'd ffom page 58)
Any such mishap would have piled us up but good at the speed we were going.

Much of the ground included in the two homesteads consisted of great piles of lava rock. The rocks were all of very large size. Most of the work on the road consisted of filling in between the rocks,digging them out, or blasting with dynamite if they were too large to handle.

Oscar Lunt,a carpenter, same was slow with a big bass voice,that was a rumble when he talked. I helped him until the rafters were up and then he went to town and I took it from there except Lyle came up on week-ends.

The balance of the road-work was left to me as Treharne was needed on the farm in town. I had an experience with dynamite that taught not to fool with it. We had been breaking the large boulders by placing a stick of the dynamite on top and covering it with a mud cap. This was supposed to drive the force downward and the effect was the same as hitting the rock with a huge hammer. It occured to me that if I put a large rock on top of the mud the hammer blow would be increased in breaking power. I got behind a tree which was lucky becasue the rocks flew in all directions. The tree I was behind was badly scared with flying stones. But that was not all. It literally rained rocks for too long a period for comfort. I never tried that one again.

As soon as the roof was on Irene came up and stayed with me. Now began our honeymoon. We had not had much of anything like one until we settled down in this lovely spot high on the side of Black Mountain. There was a small patch of good soil where the house was built.A lovely spring of clear cold water near the rear of the house. The large spots of lava rock had made the spot one that was seldom visited by anyone. Wild raspberries and strawberries were plentiful. Many times we would

look out of the widow to see an old "pine-hen" and her chickens passing by. Deer were seen once in a while,but they were very shy. I have often wished that we had preserved it as we found it. Like most of mankind has always done we hunted for meat. The wicked little 22 rifle took its toll late in the fall of the pine - chickens and we killed the deer and hung it by our front door. Oh we were real pioneers. We brought up cattle and sheep to tramp down the strawberries. But come with us on our honeymoon and enjoy this hide-a-way while we can.

It was fun tramping over new trails together. One of our early trips was a tramp up the Township Line. This had been cut through the trees clear to the top of Black Mountain. The surveyors had made a trail as they tramped to and from their work. This had been many years before,but the trail was plain enough for us to follow. On top the trees were so close together as to shut out most of the sun. What a spookey place! It was fun to follow the trails to the older home-steads farther down the mountain. They had been taken up many years be-fore,but were still occupied during the summer months. People came up to milk cows and make butter and cheese.

We could not spend all of our time on the trails. There was a lot of work to be done. Wood to be cut. Corrals and fences to be built. The corners of the property had to be located. This was done with a tape and a hand compass. A chick sale to be built etc. Kitchen cabinets to be built. We had a table and two chairs that was the amount of our furniture except a wood-burning kitchen stove.

I do not know who started it or how it came about,but somehow the idea of building our own furniture came to us. Perhaps it was the wood itself that got us started. Most of the trees around us were Aspen or Quaking-asp because the leaves are always trembling. This wood has an odd quality. If cut or uprooted early in the summer when the sap is between the bark and the wood the bark will come off in a year or two and leave the wood smooth and stained a rich dark brown. If death occurrs late in the fall or winter it is almost impossible to remove the bark from the wood. In gathering wood for the stove I came across many fine brown poles too beautiful to cut up.

I showed them to Irene and said,"These are too beautiful to cut up for stove-wood. They ought to be good for something." She said,"It would be fine if we had a bed-stead made of them." The only tools I had was a hamer,saw,square and an 1½ inch wood auger,but I said,"I will try it."

The four legs were made of 6'inch poles. The top and bottom rails were made of smaller poles. Holes were made with the auger,and I had a good sharp pocket-knife,so the ends were reduced to fit the holes. A nail held them in place as we had no glue. We had a matress,but no springs. Lyle came up every week-end,so we sent for some bed-cord and corded up the frame put the mattress on and we had a bed that was "a talking piece when company came later on in the summer.

Then Irene suggested a window seat. When it was done she wanted a big easy chair like a Morris Chair. These were made in the same way as the bedstead. Irene made cushions for the window seat and the chair. A real busy pioneer household. Swollen with my success and Irene's complements I shot the works,"How would you like a Fireplace?" I said to her. "I would love it. But do you think that you could build one? Have you ever built one before?" A double barrelled question fired point blank. I never blinked."Sure I can do it",I said and went at it.

Believe it or not,my greatest handicap was a shortage of material. Yes on a mountain of rock I had a scramble to find enough rock to build that fireplace. Plenty of rock all over the place,but none of them small enough to carry. There was a bank of good sticky clay where the spring came out of the ground. This was my "morter". When I had built the fireplace to a height above all danger from flame,I gave up the struggle of hunting for rock and finished with green aspen chunks and the heavy clay from the spring. I split a rather large aspen log and smoothed the flat side with my knife,then with suitable brackets made of small aspen sticks I set it above the fireplace for a mantel shelf. I took some of the clay and modeled a head that looked a bit like Mr William Shakespeare. The head I stuck full of nail holes. When it was dry I placed it in the center of the mantel shelf and stuck matches in the nail holes. The matches looked a little like the hair that Mr William never had. Now here was a real talking piece.

About the middle of the simmer Lyle moved Abbie and the two children Virginia and Elwood up and installed them in their side of the house. They installed a small woodburning heater as the mornings were chilly as were the rainy days. A firplace for them was out of the question as I had used up all the rock. Lyle continued to come up and soend the weekends,also his summer vacation. We got some corrals built as we intended to bring up a herd of cows the next summer. Lyle hired Pete Indian and his boys to build some fence on the west side of his land so as to make a place to hold horses.

We had many visitors that summer. Dr and Mrs Macfarlane,Rass and Lillian Macfarlane,Uncle John and Aunt May Woodbury,Irene's Father and Mother and my Father and Mother with brother Laron from Washington. Emron Jones and Eugene Woodbury came on their bikes,the bikes were in the buggy most of the way. I think they did ride them over the mountain and down the mountain road. I am not sure about that.

We gathered a lot of wild raspberries and quite a few strawberries. Both were well earned. The strawberries were small and hard to find. The raspberries grew in among the rocks on steep slopes. The summer came to an end all to soon and we were back in Kanarra for the winter of 1913-1914.

Ethel Berry said that we might set up housekeeping in the room that I had slept in. Irene's father gave us some old cabinets. She painted them and they looked real neat. She had a very fine Everett piano. We purchased a kitchen range called Monarch. When all of this ~~painted~~ was in the room there was very small space for a bed. We were both fresh air bugs at that time so we moved the bed out on the porch. For privacy and to break the perpetual Kanarra wind we tacked cloth on the porch posts and made a room out of it.

Shortly after we were all settled in Kanarra I wrote to Dr Mac in Cedar and told him that we thought Irene was expecting and asked if she could come up and see him and when. He wrote back and said he would come down on Saturday when I would be free from school. He drove the 13 miles in a light one-seated buggy drawn by a team of horses. He made the examination and reported that all was well and that the baby should arrive the latter part of April 1914. Irene asked that he keep the news quiet. Such was the custom in those days. You did not broadcast it. The next issue of the Iron County Record carried a news item:"Dr M J Macfarlane made a professional call on Mrs Dolph Andrus in Kanarra last Saturday." The Doctor wrote and said he was sorry for

BELOW:
We purchased a small tin tub. In this "fixture" shaped somewhat like a real sure-enough tub Torma was given her day by day bath.



(Cont'd from page 61)
for the news item. The day he was getting into his buggy the editor had hailed him with,"Where to Doc?" Without realizing that it might become news he had replied,"Down to Kanarra to see Mrs Dolph Andrus."

Early in April Irene moved to Cedar to be near the Doctor and her mother. This left me to "batch" it. I remember one outstanding thing about my cake. It was the only one I made. I used too much flour and it was quite dry. I gave a hunk of it to Ethel's little girl Merl. The next day her mother said,"Would you like a slice of bread and butter?" "Yes",she replied,"If I could have a piece of Dolph's bread!"

On the 21st day of April 1914 our first child was born in the Big House down the lane. I walked through the snow in the middle of the night to bring the nurse,Josephine Isabell,to assist the Doctor. She walked back with me. It was all I could do to keep up with her and I thought that I was a fast walker. The baby came at 11:00 A.M.

Dick Tweedie went down with me to bring our household goods to Cedar when school was out. There was very little packing done. We just put the piano and stove in the wagon-box and poured the rest of the stuff around them.

The whooping cough was in town. Now a strange thing happened. I had a choking spell just like I had when a boy. The whooping cough was around then too. We were sleeping upstairs. It came in the middle of the night. I made such a noise that everybody in the house was

point blank. I never blinked. Sure I can do it, I said and went

BELOW:
Irene and Torma. This was taken on the lawn in front of the Berry Home in Kanarra.



(Cont'd from page 62)
awakened and followed me out onto the porch where I hung limp on the rail. A regular "shirt-tail parade".

We were worried about Torma getting the whooping cough, so we moved up to the homestead as soon as we could get up there. I forgot to tell you how she got the name of Torma. We had talked about the name but had tossed it aside in favor of Dorothy. When Irene's father took the babe in his arms to give it a name and a blessing he turned to Irene and asked, "Have you any objection to the name of Torma?" She said,"No,I guess not,but we had decided on Dorothy." So he named her Torma.

We had not been on the homestead very long before Torma came down with the whooping cough. Word was sent to town and Irene's father came up in a light buggy and took mother and babe to town. There she stayed until Torma was out of danger.

We had 13 cows that summer and made butter and cheese. I rigged up a cheese press out of aspen poles and built a milk-house over the spring at the rear of the house. This joined the house and was built of peeled aspen logs. A door was cut through the rear wall so that we could enter without going out in the rain. We did have frequent rain and the cows always stayed out if it rained. I would have to go after them and the bushes were wet. I suppose the cows did not like going through the wet bushes either.

The Fall of 1914 saw us back in Kanarra for my third and last winter in Kanarra. It was the second for Irene and the first for Torma. At the close of my first winter I had received an offer to come back to Orderville. The letter read in part:"Come and graduate your Sixth Grade they will be your Eighth Grade this winter." It was a temptation. I liked that Sixth Grade and the salary was more,but since I had started so many things in Kanarra I could not very well leave.

Near the close of my third year I received a letter from H H Redd school trustee in Bluff,Utah offering me the Principalship in their school. I felt that I had been in Kanarra long enough. The piano was paid for,the band was going well. I really think that they played a little better without me. There was no need for me to stay longer. There were wispers about drafting me for the next bishop. It was indeed time to go.

We both thought we would like to go. When we talked it over with Irene's parents her father said,"I wish you would go out there. I have been wanting to see that country for a long time. Perhaps if you were out there I might get Mama to take me out to see you." He had a brother Kumen who lived in Bluff with his wife Mary.

The winter of 1914-1915,Ethel Berry rented us a room that we could use for a bed room. In fact it was her own bed room that she gave up for our comfort. We slept no more on the porch. The extra room made it much better for the baby. We had some kind of practice going on almost every day in the week and many of them were held in our Kitchen-Living Room. The bed room was far enough away for the baby to sleep with being disturbed.

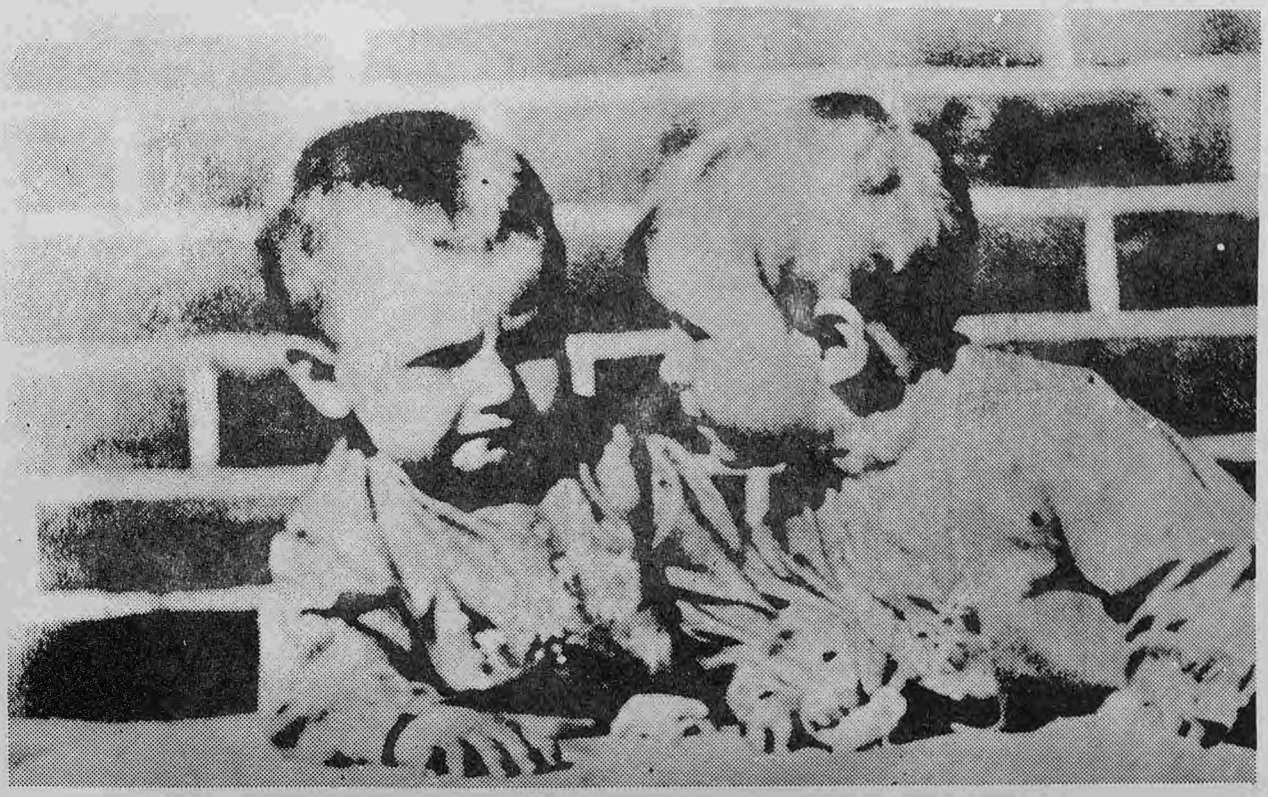
When Spring came and farewell was to be said the band presented us with a table and an easy chair. After more than 50 years we are still using them. It was hard to leave. We had made many fine friends in the town. They surely appreciated every thing we had tried to do. Perhaps the skill of our leadership(especially by band leading) was not the highest but they seemed satisfied and very greatful. A finer bunch of people I have never met.They gave us many favors in a practical way that were of great help to us. I would like to mention some of them and the names of the donors,but I am afraid to lest I omit someone and give offense.

The summer of 1915 was uneventful. More cows and four pigs to drink the skim milk and whey from the cheese. Came the Fall of 1915 and we were on our way to a wonderful new adventure in Bluff,Utah near the Four Corners where the states of Utah,Arizona,New Mexico, and Colorado join. This will be told in Part IV.

P.S. The remaining pages of Part LII will be devoted to drawings and photographs. They will be described with a few easy sentences for each. If you have read this Part III,thank you so much for giving us that much of your time. If you have not read it,don't apologize,we did not expect you would.

P.S. Some more. There are ten more pages to do before we can even start to get ready to leave for Bluff. They will consist of photographs and comments about this and that between the Homestead and Kanarraville.

P.S. On the remarks below. Irene says it must have been the South-East porch. The other porch was too high and unsafe for the kids.



This is Torma and Virginia Berry. She was about the same age as our little girl. The favorite spot for these kids was the southwest porch on sunny afternoons. A zinc tub turned bottom up was a joy to them both. They had great fun pushing each other around the tub. The view is cut too short for you to see the tub,but Torma's hand is resting on its bottom and Virginia is speaking to her,"I tell you Torma, it is this way and there is no doubt about it! You had better believe me and it isn't funny."Torma replies in her illogical logic for which she is still noted,"Frankly,Virginia,I am worried about it. I would like to believe what you are saying,but putting your two cents worth and another two cents just dosen't make for sense." Well no one either you or I will ever know exactly what was said but they write volumes of history on less evidence than we have here.Your guess is okay too.

I have mentioned the Encyclopaeda Britannica that I bought at $5.00 per month when in Orderville and the trouble I had getting them and how Aunt Bertha helped me by storing them for me until I could get someone to bring them to me. The checks were still coming into the bank for them,but now at the homestead we began to get some good out them. There was an article on cheese-making in them. The volume that carries the article still has the marks of hard use. It was our constant guide as we learned to make cheese. We could not follow all the instructions like the following sample:(I give numbers so you can see how many I have not given you)

THE COWS.

14.Do not move cows faster than a comfortable walk while on the way to the place of milking or feeding.

21.Clean the entire skin of the cows daily.

MILKING.

23.The milker should be clean in all respects;he should not use tobacco while milking;he should wash and dry his hands just before milking.

27.Throw away but not on the floor the first two or three streams from each teat.

30.Do not allow dogs,cats or loafers around at milking time.

CARE OF MILK.

40.Never mix fresh warm milk with that which has been cooled.

THE UTENSILS.

50.After cleaning,keep utensils inverted in pure air,and sun if possible,until wanted for use.

The cheese making instructions are not numbered. I shall not give them in detail but just enough to indicate the various steps:

The morning milk is mixed with the evening milk and heated to 75° The rennet is added and the milk is stirred. When the curd is firm it is cut or broken into small chunks. As soon as the whey forms it is drawn off. The various processes occupy about six hours.(whenever the word vat is used substitute "tub" because that is what we used). . . . . the cheese is taken from the vat in a solid mass. . . . . in pressing care should be taken not to press the curd to much at first. . . . .we advise about three days pressing before cheese is taken to the curing room. . . . .the temperature of the curing room should be kept as near as 60° as possible . . . . we advise ventilation while curing.(Ventilation we had plenty. The cracks in the milk house were everywhere. The 60° we had to leave to nature. Most of the time it was just about that)

The above is only a smattering of the detailed instructions. It is quite obvious that in our primitive state that we could not follow all of them,but we did turn out some very good cheese. This was a big item in our diet the following winter.

When the instructions spoke of milling the curd we called it grinding and we did it with a small hand operated meat grinder. This was one of the big jobs that helped to make up the six hours spoken of above.
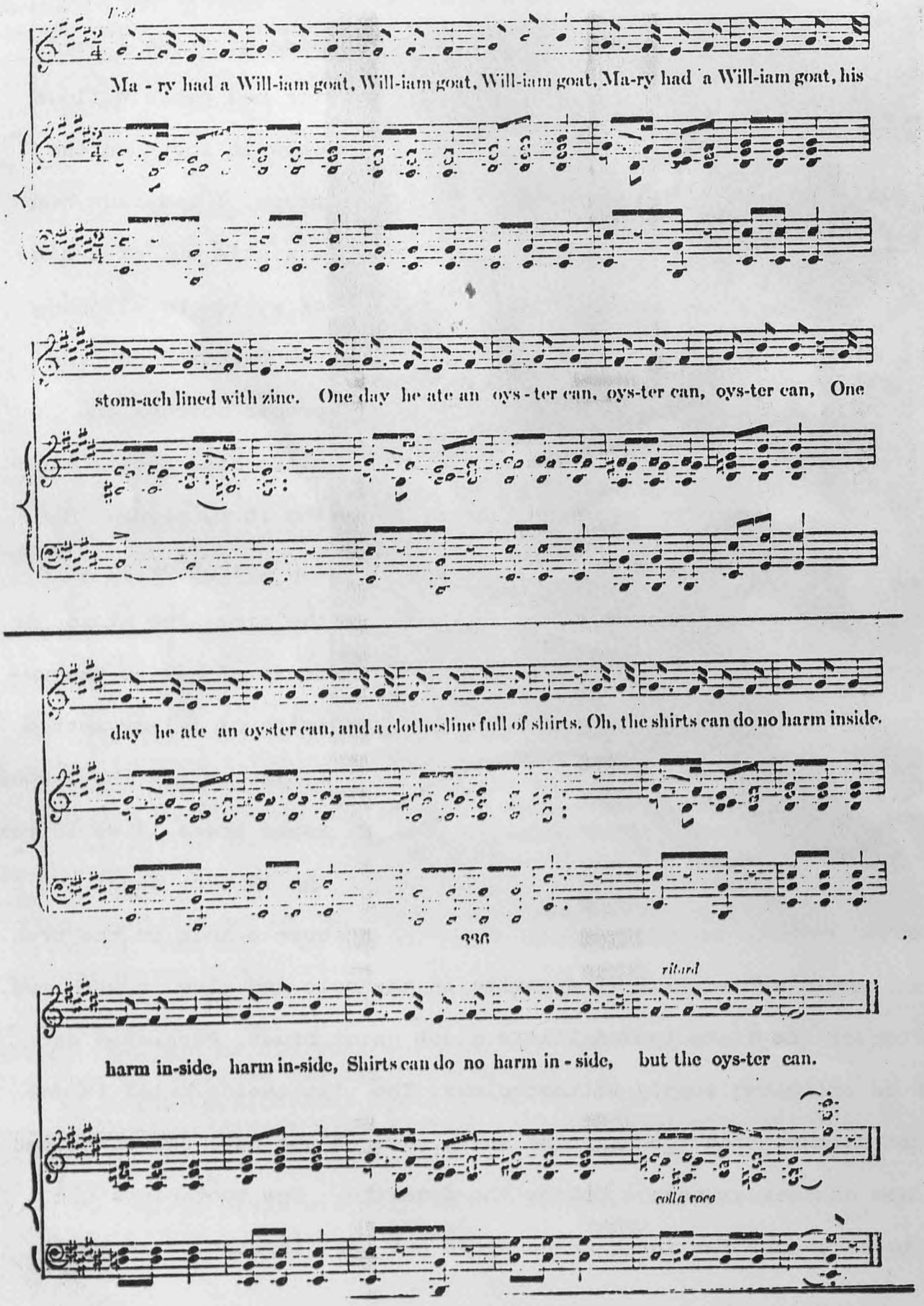
The cheese press was quite a problem and it will take a little drawing to show how it was solved.

This page carries a picture of Torma sitting on a small aspen log. The log is about the size of those I used for bed posts. Willows grew in spots on the place. I had made her a wistle out of a bit of willow by slipping the bark and cutting proper notches and slits etc. She is picking it to pieces. More fun than blowing it all the time. The stump in front of her is the results of a lazy method I used to cut the larger aspen trees. I would take the 1½ inch auger and bore a hole in the tree.



Then I would put a stick of dynamite in the hole and plug it with mud. The top of the stump looked like a giant paint brush. Furnished us with an unlimited supply of toothpicks. The lightening tried it one day on a large tree too near the house. Scared the wits out of us but did not do near as neat a job as the dynamite. Few toothpicks but plenty of chunks for the kitchen stove and the fireplace. You bet.

Below: Mary Had A William Goat. The story about this song and the words used in our family will be found on Page 1. Who needs the music anyway?

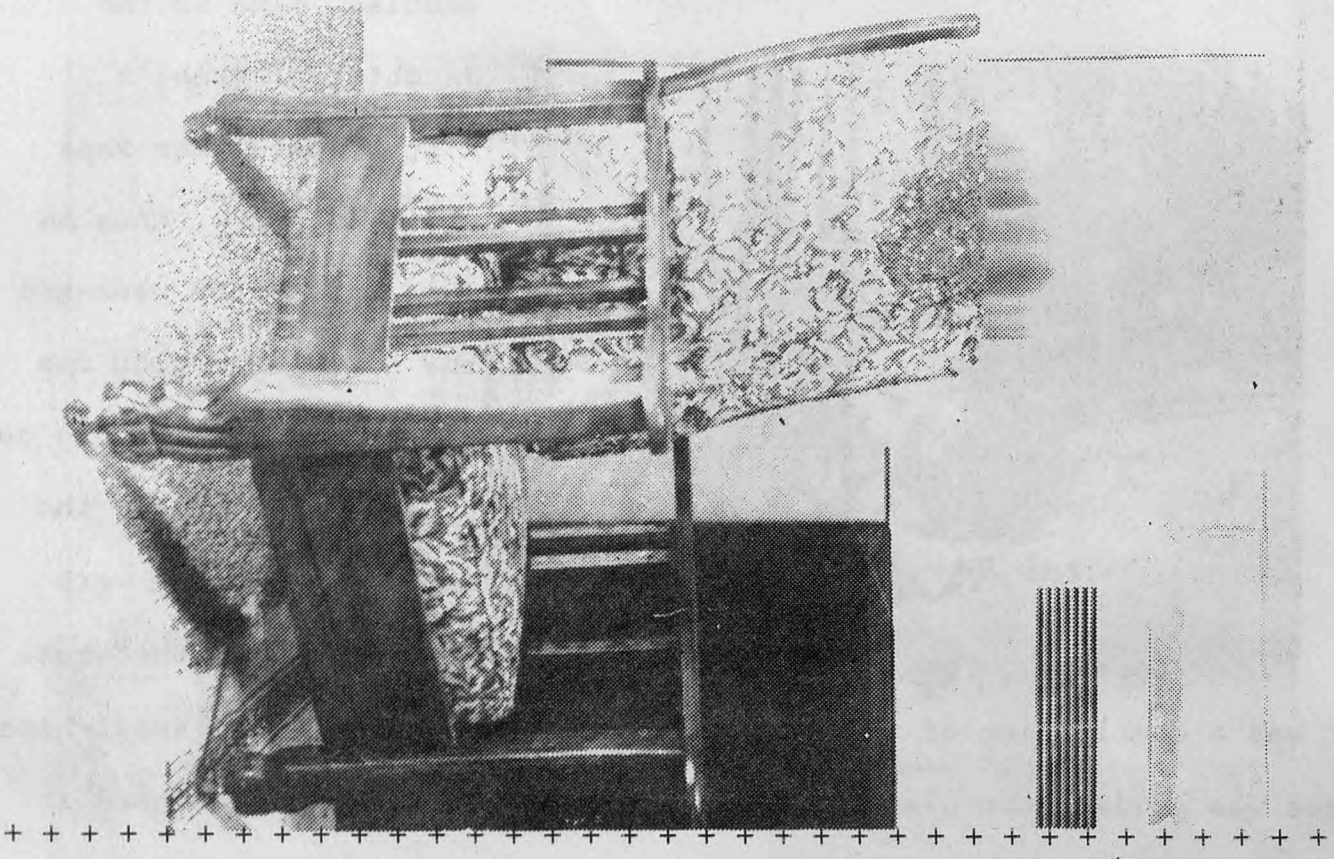


This picture was taken at the homestead. Torma and Elma are in the saddles. Elma is the daughter of Irene's sister abbie. Her Papa was Lyle Corry. When he came up for the week-end the girls made good use of the saddles. We rig ged up a substitute for the saddles when they were in town during the week.



It was a combination of "slippery slide" and a wild horse. A small aspen tree was pulled down almost to the ground and peeled.When released it would spring upright almost to its original position. A "saddle" was made out of a chunk of bark. The tree was pulled down and the "saddle" put on. If a big thrill was desired the "saddle " was placed near the top of the tree. Lesser thrills took a position nearer the bottom. Th e tree was then released. When Grandpa Randolph Andrus visited us he wanted to try it. He almost got throwed off and he was a bronco buster from way back. Rainy days were a problem. We had to resort to indoor games. One of these was learning memory gems. I recall only one right now: "Hearts like doors open with ease to very little keys and don'ny forget that two of these are 'I thank you' and 'If you please'" Elwood,Abbie's boy older than Elma,confused them with muffins that his mother made so well. He was always coaxing her to make some "Memory Gems." I guess this was because they were sometimes called gems instead of muffins.

BELOW: The chair mentioned on page 64 as it looks today in use in our Living Room. Sorry but I do not have a picture of the table. We have it.



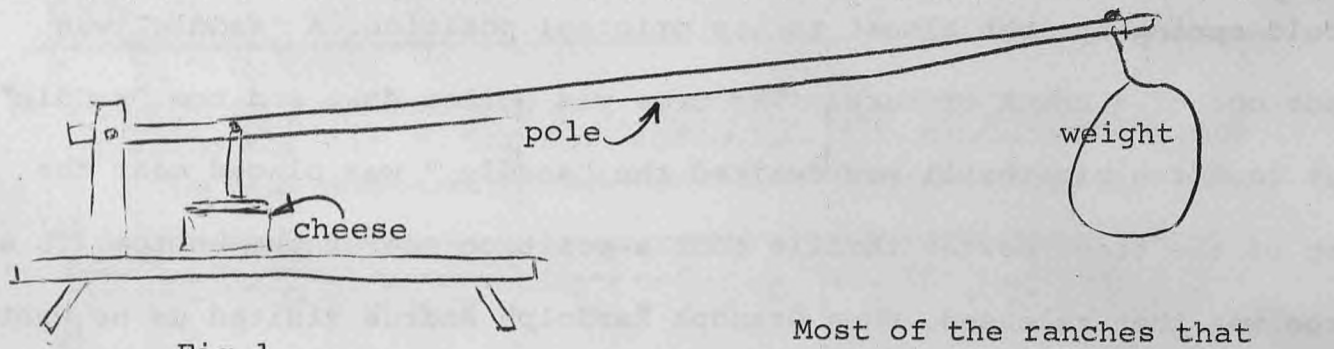


Fig 1

Most of the ranches that we visited had a cheese press like Fig 1. We did not have room in our milkhouse for a long pole so I rigged up a compound lever like as shown in Fig. 2

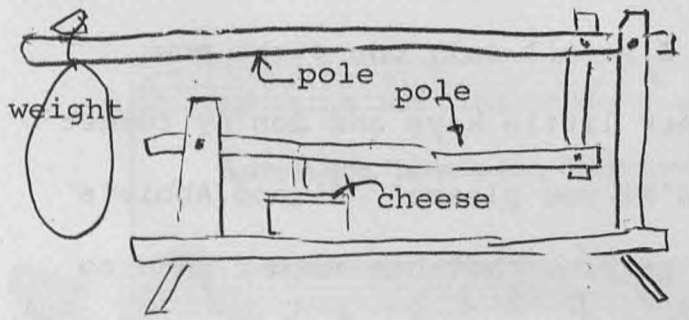


Fig 2

Abbie had an older daughter,Virginia. She,her brother Elwood,sister Elma and Torma are on all the pictures on this page except bottom one!



TO RMA + ELMA + ELWOOD + VIRGINIA

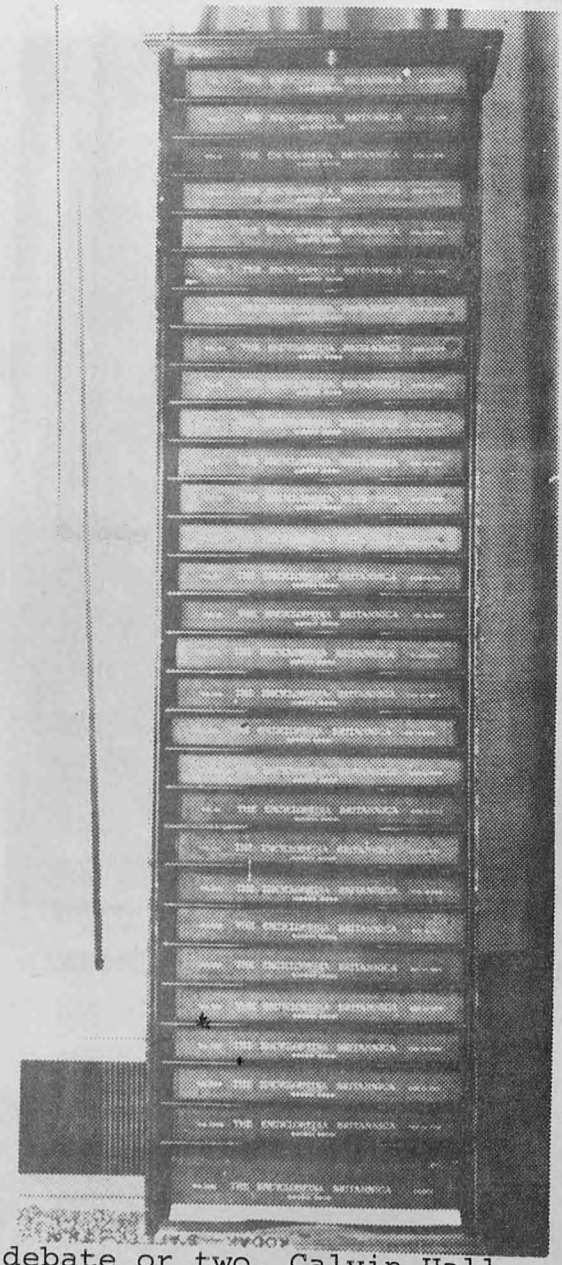


REPEAT IT SAME THING



FOUR LITTLE PIGS BROUGHT UP TO DRINK THE SKIM MILK AND SURPLUS WHEY

RIGHT:This is the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA and Book Case that I told you about on page 31,35 and 66. As of 1965 in our Living Room .



I think it was because of my experience in buying these books at $5.00 per month forever it seemed that soured me on the idea of installment buying. I think I signed 52 of them that is enough to last over four years.Everytime I thot Of having any money in the bank one of these would drop in and pick it up. It was a good thing for me that the Bank of Southern Utah in Cedar City had a very liberal attitude toward overdrafts.

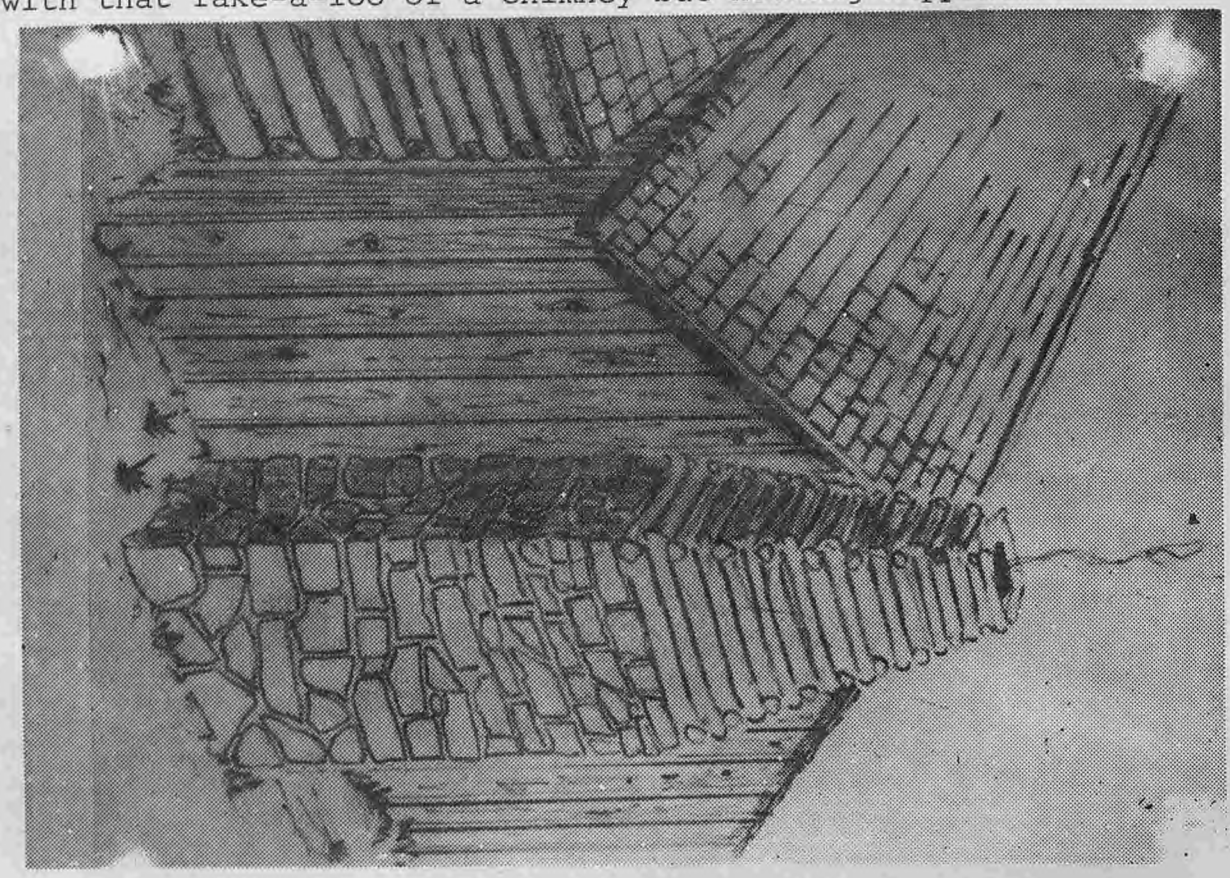
Perhaps I should go back a little and tell you how I became so _____bent to own a set of books like these. During my last year in the Washington District School we had a debate or two. Calvin Hall owned a set of the older edition. He was very kind and gave us the free use of them. It was my first taste of this great store of knowledge. I have never regreted buying them. They have been like a college education to me and my wife. I think the children will remember using them also. They sure helped us make some good cheese as I have been telling you. Buying what I could not afford was all that was wrong with them.

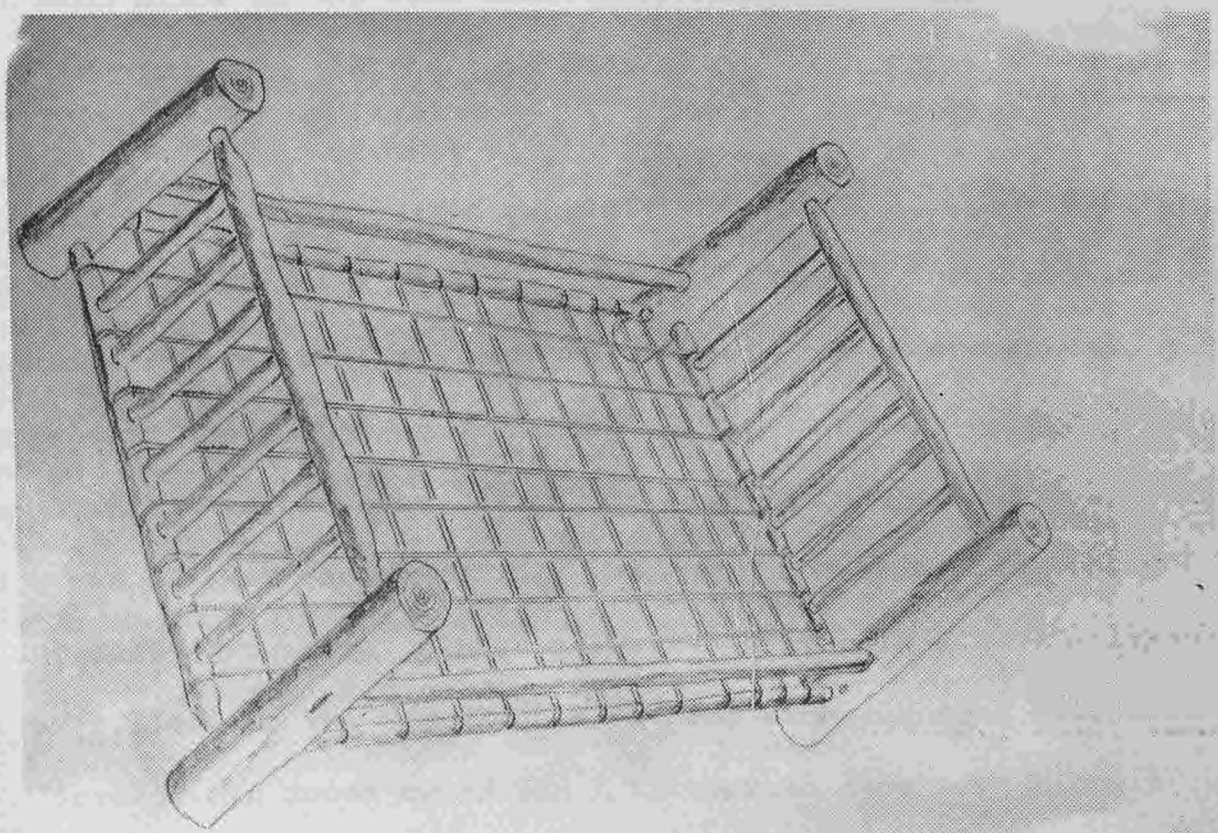
BELOW: This is the east end(Irene's) of the house on the homestead. Fireplace is under construction and the completed work is hidden by the scaffolding. On the reverse side page 74 is shown completed work.



The man on the horse is Lyle Corry. Each week-end he would come up from town and bring a packhorse load of supplies. As a rule he did the packing on regular saddle, this would give us two horses to ride to other homesteads in the canyon. This accounts for the two saddles on page 69. One trip he used a regular pack saddle on a strange horse. I had occasion to go to a ranch with him. I climbed onto the unknown horse that wore the pack saddle. Nothing happened on our trip except that a pack saddle was not made for human occupant. As I dismounted Lyle said,"That horse you have been riding is Jose Mex. He has a bad reputation for bucking with a regular saddle. Perhaps he does not know to buck with a pack saddle on!" I said,"Thanks for not tellig me until now. I would have been nervous if I had known about him before!"

TOP: Pencil sketch Rear of house showing log milk-house & fireplace.
BOTTOM: Bedstead described on page 60. The easy chair and window-seat were of like construction and material. I could have burned the house down with that fake-a-loo of a chimney but nothong happened at all.







4—141 a

010202

(To be executed in duplicate, and forwarded to the district land office with the papers—See General Land Office Circular No. 96.)

STATEMENT OF FEES CHARGED.

Parowan, Iron County, Utah,
(Place.)

June 29th. 1912.
(Date.)

Register and Receiver,
United States Land Office,

Salt Lake City, Utah.
(Place.)

I hereby certify that the following fees, and none other, were charged by me for the preparation or completion of the papers comprising the record transmitted herewith, to wit:

Homestead Application of Irene Jones
(Kind of application or proof.) (Name of applicant or entryman.)

involving N.W. ¼ of S.W. ¼ and W. ½ of N.W. ¼ of Sec. 13; and S.E. ¼ of N.E. ¼ of Sec. 14, in Township 37 S. of Range 10 W. of the S.L. Mer.
(Description of land.)

containing 160 acres.

Homestead final proof:		
3 depositions { prepared in full, $1 each / jurat only, at 25c each } *		$
1 affidavit, at 25c		
Desert-land final proof:		
3 depositions { prepared in full, $1 each / jurat only, at 25c each } *		
Timber and stone final proof:		
If land is not appraised—		
3 depositions { prepared in full, $1 each / jurat only, at 25c each } *		
If land is appraised—		
1 affidavit at 25c		
Desert-land yearly proof: 3 affidavits, at 25c each		
Homestead application: 1 affidavit, at 25c		$0.25
Desert-land declaration: 3 affidavits, at 25c each		
Timber and stone sworn statement: 2 affidavits, at 25c each		
Special affidavits (as required): ____ affidavits, at 25c each		
TOTAL		$ 0.25

* Erase line not applicable.

The foregoing contains no charge for attaching my certificate or seal.

Chas. D. Adams
(Signature of officer.)

(Attach seal here.)

Clerk Dist. Court
(Official designation.)

c 6—3297

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE

Salt Lake City, Utah,

(Place.)

July 2, 1912.

(Date.)

Miss Irene Jones,

Cedar City, Utah.

Madame:-

With reference to your application to make homestead entry, Serial 010202, for the NW¼SW¼; W½NW¼ Sec. 13, and SE¼NE¼ Sec. 14, T. 37 S., R. 10 W., S.L.M., you are advised that same has been this day suspended because of the preference right of the State of Utah. The State has until July 24th, inclusive, within which to exercise said right if desired. Should no application be filed by the State within the time allowed, this application may be allowed on July 25th.

Very respectfully,

Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE

Salt Lake City, Utah,
(Place.)

July 25, 1913.
(Date.)

NOTICE OF ALLOWANCE.

Irene Jones,

Cedar City, Utah.

Sir:

Your Homestead Application, SERIAL No. 010203,
(Kind of Application or Entry.)

Receipt No. 803087, for $NW\frac{1}{4}SW\frac{1}{4}$, $W\frac{1}{2}NW\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 13, and $SE\frac{1}{4}NE\frac{1}{4}$,

, Section 14

Township 37 S., , Range 10 W. , S. L. Meridian,

has been this day allowed, subject to your further compliance with law and regulations applicable thereto.

Allowed under Act June 22, 1910.

Very respectfully,

, Register.

, Receiver.

NOTE.—Residence on a homestead must be established by the entryman in person within six months after allowance of entry—otherwise forfeiture may result. An application for extension of the above period can not be entertained unless it be shown that, upon attempting to establish residence, the entryman was actually prevented, by climatic hindrances, from so doing within the required time. Such application can be made when final proof is submitted or in case contest is instituted against the entry, but can not be considered at any other time; nor can the entryman be excused by reason of climatic hindrances where by his own delay he allows such hindrances to intervene before undertaking to go on the land. Leave of absence can not be granted, for sickness or other cause, where the entryman has not established bona fide residence. 6—1480

Cedar City, Utah, Apr 3 1914.

Mr Dolph Andrus,

Kanarra, Utah.

Dear friend;

The sample that you sent me proved to be fairly normal in all respect which was a relief to me and no doubt will be to you in the presence of the swelling of Irene's feet. When have you decided to come up?

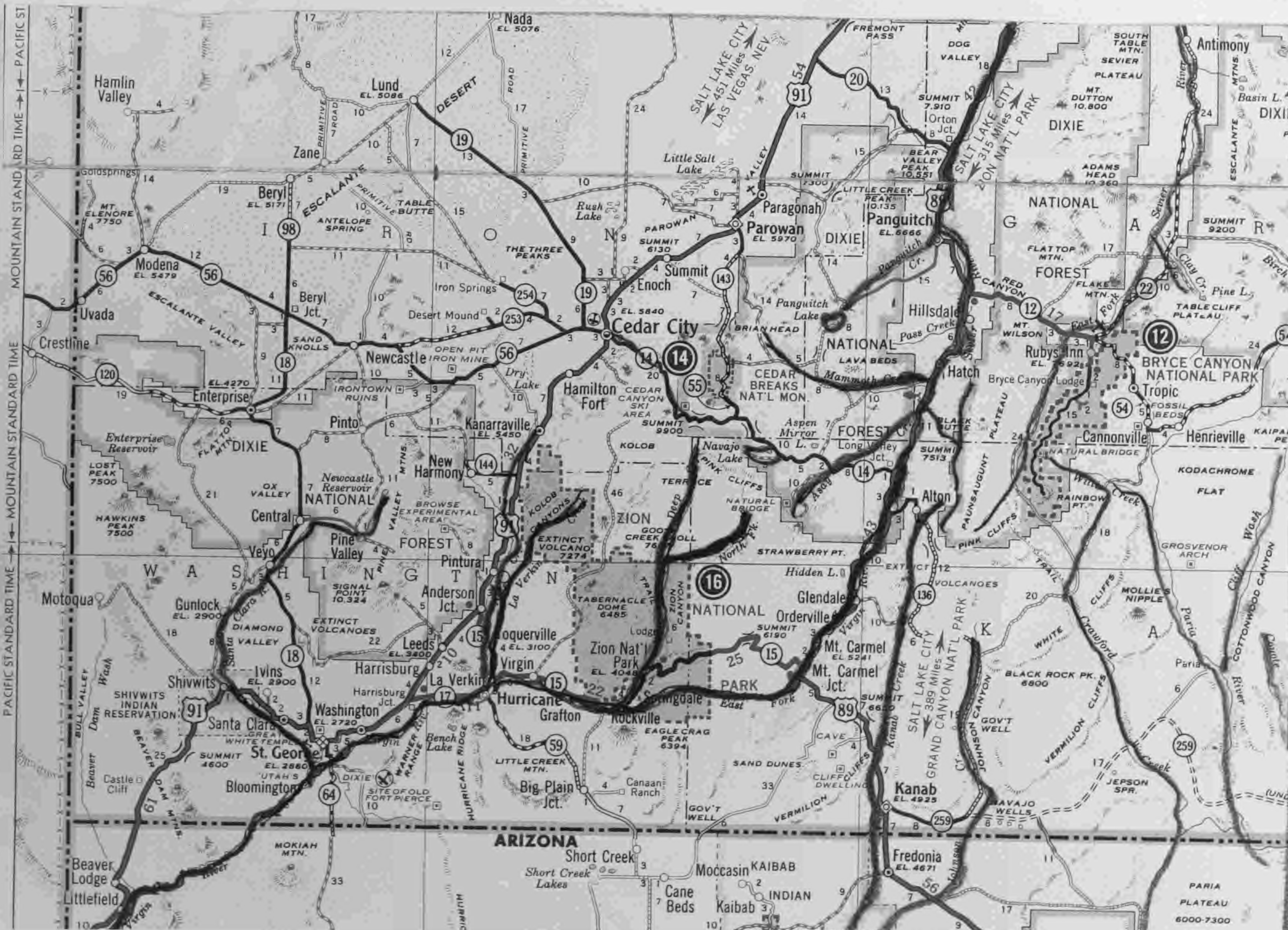
I was sorry to see the mention of my trip to Kanarra and its purpose in the local paper this week. I had told Rollo some time ago to put the "soft petal" on the reports of my workas I do not believe in the extensive advertising that the local doctors have gotten into the habit of doing. It is unprofessional and does the town no good to be publishing the ills of the comunity as has been done. The local editors think they are making a gross error if every little case of indisposition in town is not mention and particularly the name of the doctor "in attendance" given, a condition which prevails only in Cedar I think. It was my fault however that the mention was made this time. As I was getting into my rig to come to Kanarra Rollo came along and asked if I was going out of town. I replied yes that I was going to Kanarra. He asked if there was anyone sick there and I repli no that I was going down to see Mrs. Andrus, and rode off. Of course he did the thing that a thoughtful person would have expected him to do had he he not been previously asked to cut out my advertising. I am sorry as I am not in the habit of discussing my obstetric cases, particularly when my patients are unusually semsitive about it.

Let me know when you get in town and located and I shall call.

With very best regards I am

Very truly yours

W. J. Macfarlane


PACIFIC STANDARD TIME ←|→ MOUNTAIN STANDARD TIME
MOUNTAIN STANDARD TIME →|← PACIFIC ST
Hamlin Valley
Lund
EL. 5086
Nada
EL. 5076
DESERT
Zane
Goldsprings
Beryl
EL. 5171
ESCALANTE
MT. ELENORE 7750
ANTELOPE SPRING
TABLE BUTTE
Modena
EL. 5479
Uvada
Crestline
ESCALANTE VALLEY
Beryl Jct.
SAND KNOLLS
Newcastle
Iron Springs
Desert Mound
THE THREE PEAKS
OPEN PIT IRON MINE
Dry Lake
Enterprise
EL.4270
IRONTOWN RUINS
Pinto
Enterprise Reservoir
FLATTOP MTN.
DIXIE
LOST PEAK 7500
HAWKINS PEAK 7500
OX VALLEY
Newcastle Reservoir
NATIONAL
Central
Veyo
Pine Valley
FOREST
BROWSE EXPERIMENTAL AREA
W A S H I N G T O N
Motoqua
Gunlock
EL. 2900
DIAMOND VALLEY
SIGNAL POINT 10,324
EXTINCT VOLCANOES
Anderson Jct.
Leeds
EL. 3400
Harrisburg
Harrisburg Jct.
Ivins
EL. 2900
Shivwits
SHIVWITS INDIAN RESERVATION
Santa Clara
GREAT WHITE TEMPLE
Washington
EL. 2720
St. George
EL. 2880
SUMMIT 4600
BEAVER DAM MTNS.
Castle Cliff
Bloomington
UTAH'S DIXIE
SITE OF OLD FORT PIERCE
WARNER RANGE
Bench Lake
HURRICANE RIDGE
Beaver Dam Wash
BULL VALLEY
Beaver Lodge
Littlefield
MOKIAH MTN.
Virgin River
Little Salt Lake
Rush Lake
PAROWAN
SUMMIT 6130
Summit
Enoch
Cedar City
EL. 5840
Paragonah
Parowan
EL. 5970
SALT LAKE CITY 451 Miles
LAS VEGAS, NEV.
VALLEY
Hamilton Fort
CEDAR CANYON SKI AREA
SUMMIT 9900
Kanarraville
EL. 5450
New Harmony
KOLOB
KOLOB CANYONS
EXTINCT VOLCANO 7274
Pintura
ZION
GOOSE CREEK KNOLL
Toquerville
EL. 3100
Virgin
La Verkin
Hurricane
Grafton
Rockville
Springdale
TABERNACLE DOME 6485
Zion Nat'l Park
EL. 4048
Lodge
ZION CANYON
EAGLE CRAG PEAK 6394
LITTLE CREEK MTN.
Big Plain Jct.
Canaan Ranch
GOV'T WELL
ARIZONA
Short Creek
Short Creek Lakes
Moccasin
KAIBAB
INDIAN
Cane Beds
Kaibab
Navajo Lake
PINK CLIFFS
TERRACE
NATURAL BRIDGE
Deep
North Fk.
STRAWBERRY PT.
BRIAN HEAD
Panguitch Lake
CEDAR BREAKS NAT'L MON.
LAVA BEDS
Mammoth Cr.
Aspen Mirror L.
Long Valley Jct.
Asay
Hidden L.
NATIONAL
Glendale
Orderville
SUMMIT 6190
Mt. Carmel
EL. 5241
Mt. Carmel Jct.
PARK
East Fork
Virgin Riv.
SAND DUNES
CAVE
CLIFF DWELLING
VERMILION CLIFFS
Kanab Creek
Kanab
EL. 4925
Fredonia
EL. 4671
FREMONT PASS
DOG VALLEY
SUMMIT 7,910
Orton Jct.
SALT LAKE CITY 315 Miles
ZION NAT'L PARK
BEAR VALLEY PEAK 10,551
SUMMIT 7300
LITTLE CREEK PEAK 10,135
Panguitch
EL. 6666
DIXIE
Panguitch Cr.
Hillsdale
Pass Creek
Hatch
Sevier River
BLACK BUTTE
SUMMIT 7513
Alton
PAUNSAUGUNT PLATEAU
EXTINCT VOLCANOES
SALT LAKE CITY 389 Miles
GRAND CANYON NAT'L PARK
JOHNSON CANYON
GOV'T WELL
Johnson Cr.
NAVAJO WELLS
SOUTH TABLE MTN.
SEVIER PLATEAU
MT. DUTTON 10,800
DIXIE
ADAMS HEAD 10,360
NATIONAL
FOREST
FLATTOP MTN.
FLAKE MTN.
RED CANYON
MT. WILSON
East Fork
Rubys Inn
Bryce Canyon Lodge
BRYCE CANYON NATIONAL PARK
Tropic
FOSSIL BEDS
Cannonville
Henrieville
NATURAL BRIDGE
RAINBOW PT.
Willis Creek
Antimony
Basin L.
ESCALANTE MTNS.
SUMMIT 9200
Clay Cr.
Pine L.
TABLE CLIFF PLATEAU
Birch
KAIPAROWITS PEAK
KODACHROME FLAT
GROSVENOR ARCH
MOLLIE'S NIPPLE
WHITE CLIFFS
BLACK ROCK PK. 6800
VERMILION CLIFFS
Crawford Creek
JEPSON SPR.
Paria
Paria River
Cottonwood Canyon
Cliff Wash
Coyote
PARIA PLATEAU 6000-7300
TRAIL

Berwyn & Virginia

From: "Jeff & Julia Corry" <jjcorry@infowest.com>
To: "Berwyn & Virginia" <berwyn@xmission.com>
Sent: Wednesday, June 23, 2004 6:25 AM
Subject: Re: Irene and Abish Homestead

Yes! Jeff and I and others have been up to it. There is a carving on a tree there made by their hired helper, He wrote his name, Heber and the year which I believe was 1917, on a tree. Some remains of a log building remain. It is up somewhere near the SUU Mountain cabin; about half a mile or so. should you go, Insect repellant is a good idea since it is quite dense with foliage and insect life. Jeff could give you more info on it. 586-0752. He is usually home from work around 6 :30 p.m. Perhaps he could act as a guide sometime. There are several cabins in the area that you go past and then hike in.

----- Original Message -----
From: Berwyn & Virginia
To: Julia Corry
Sent: Wednesday, June 16, 2004 1:55 PM
Subject: Irene and Abish Homestead

Julia,
Do know if any of the Corry clan know the exact location of the old homestead claims filed by Irene Jones and Abish Corry on Cedar Mountain? If so, is it where one can hike to it, or any other information on it.
Thanks,
Berwyn