

The Life of George Brooks Artist in Stone

by Juanita Brooks 1965

Chapter 1 BACKGROUND AND EARLY LIFE

For ages the rocky promitory on the north extremity of Wales has jugged out into the sea, to be known by the early inhabitants of the area as "The Point of Ayr." Surrounded on three sides by water, with a low, gravelly beach at low tide, it became inundated up to several feet at high tide, and a boiling, foaming torrent in storms. It was such a hazard to seafaring men that by 1700 it was marked with a small lighthouse, erected for and supported by the merchants of Chester, far down at the end of the bay, As the city of Liverpool grew in importance, this danger spot became their concern also, for their commerce was constantly threatened by the submerged rocks.

During the summer of 1963, the author, her husband, William Brooks, and her daughter, Mrs. Thales A. Derrick, visited the lighthouse here at the point of Ayr and became acquainted with a man who gave them the address of the present owner of the property, Mr. H. F. Lewis. In a letter dated August 27, 1963, he said:

" . . . The Elder Brethren of Trinity House, who did not like privately owned lighthouses, heard of the defaulting of the Port of Chester Authority & petitioned the King in 1815 to have the jurisdiction of the L. H. Placed under their auspices. This was granted by King George III. I have this document as the first of the L. H. Deeds . . .

"Originally the keeper lived ashore at the house still known as the Lighthouse cottage. They had to row aboard the lighthouse at times, as the sea came inshore of the building.

"The original building was a tower only. The square part containing hall, toilet, cupboards, etc. was built during Mr. Smalley's occupation."

Since Samuel Brooks was listed as the lighthouse keeper in 1825, he must have been one of the first men to have charge of it. He continued at this post for thirty-one years, until in 1856, when he emigrated to America.

Of the early life of Samuel Brooks we know little. The parish records of Llanasa, Flintshire, Wales, say that he was the son of John and Elizabeth Brookes, baptized 10 April 1791 by John Williams, Vicar. The parish records are our only source of information regarding his later activities.

A later entry shows that on 22 January 1817 when he was 26 years old, he was married to Mary Hughes, with Edward Hughes and Mary Hughes, presumably her parents, standing as witnesses. The sad termination of this marriage is found in the burial records where just eighteen months later is recorded the interment of Mary, age 20, wife of Samuel Brookes on 9 Jul 1818. No account of any living child has been found.

Within two years after Mary's death Samuel married again, this time to a woman named Anne Hughes, presumably the sister of his first wife. The baptismal records of the parish list three children baptized: John, 10 February 1822; Elizabeth, 2 January 1825; and Margaret, 7 January 1827. The home was Gwespyr, and Samuel's occupation was listed as stone mason in the first entry and lighthouse keeper in the later ones. Again in the burial records is this item: Ann, wife of Samuel Brookes, interred 23 January 1828, aged 30 years.

Left alone now with three motherless children ages six, three, and one year old respectively, Samuel would be faced with a real problem. Whether he secured the services of a housekeeper and kept the children together in the cottage, whether he let the grandmother take the baby or the two little girls, or whether other relatives took them all, we do not know. Samuel lived alone for seven years and was listed as a "widower" on the record of this marriage to Emma Blinston, "spinster" on 27 Jul 1835. The record on the ship's log in 1856 says that she was 48 years old at that time, which would make her birth-year 1808, and her age at marriage, twenty-seven.

Samuel was still the keeper of the lighthouse, and family legend says that they lived at a cottage about a quarter of a mile back, behind the ridge of sand dunes held together by clumps of coarse, hardy grass, with Samuel walking to his task of cleaning, filling and lighting the lamps in the evening, and putting them out at early morning. This would be in good weather. During storms, he must go early and remain overnight, rowing out and back in a boat.

Their first daughter, Mary Eliza, was born here at the cottage on 14 October, 1839. George followed six years later, 6 March 1845, and Francis five years after that in 1850, the exact date not yet known.

In the spring of 1845, about the time of George's birth, there arrived back in Wales, Dan Jones, with word of a new Gospel restored to a youthful prophet in America. And Dan knew whereof he spoke, for he had met Joseph Smith, been converted by him, and baptized into his church in 1843. More than that, he had sold the Prophet a part interest in *The Maid of Iowa*, the boat which he had been operating on the Mississippi before he heard of this new church.

Dan Jones (born 4 August 1811 in Flintshire, Wales) was only six years younger than the man who became his idol. Again and again Dan came to the defense of Joseph Smith; just before the tragedy of his assassination at Carthage jail, Dan lay beside him on the floor and they conversed in low tones about the future. Convinced that his own end had come, Joseph predicted that Dan would live to return to his native land and be instrumental in bringing many people to the church, a prediction which was literally fulfilled.

In the fall of 1844, Dan Jones was called to accompany Wilford Woodruff to the British Isles to preach the news of the restored gospel. During the four years that he worked in Wales he converted some 2000 people, organized branches of the church in several places so that the work would continue, and returned to the Salt Lake Valley in 1849 with 249 converts from Wales.

Among the converts of this period was Edward Lloyd Parry, who later became very important in George's life. Of his own conversion and the conditions of that time Brother Parry wrote in his brief biography:

Being naturally inclined to religion I frequently attended the

Church of England, and also went to hear Ministers of other denominations preach, but could not be converted to join any one of them as their teachings did not appear to me to be consistent, or in harmony with the Gospel as taught by the Savior and his Apostles. But instantly on hearing an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints preach, I was converted to the truth and wondered why I had not understood the Gospel in that light before.

I was baptized on the 9th Mar. 1848 by Elder Abel Evans and confirmed at the Riverside and about five weeks afterwards was ordained a Priest.

During the summer of 1848 my wife Elizabeth, my father and a number of our relatives joined the church. . .

We have no details of the conversion or baptism into the Mormon Church of Samuel Brookes and his family. In a brief biography dictated in his later years, George said, "Elias Morris and Edward L. Parry and John Parry were among the first to preach the gospel to our people. They with a great many others accepted the Gospel.

Elias Morris (born 30 Jun 1825 at Llanfair, Talhairne, Denbigshire, Wales) was a stone mason from a family of stone masons. On 17 March 1849 he was baptized into the Mormon Church by John Parry. He was the first convert in the town of Abergele, and in less than a year he had helped to form a branch of sixty members in that town. In the year 1850 he was called to travel through Flintshire as a traveling Elder and was appointed first counselor to William Parry, president of that conference.

That the family of Samuel Brookes was well acquainted with the Parry family is shown by the following incident written at the close of the biography of Ann Parry:

Edward L. Parry was living in the village of St. George, North Wales, and was employed to build some cottages in the neighborhood of the lighthouse at Point of Air, where he became acquainted with Samuel Brooks and family, after which their small son, George Brooks, visited with them at their home in St. George, North Wales, and they having no children of their own and being great lovers of children, became attached to him.

At one time when George was visiting them, a cousin of Edward, John Parry, came to visit them. Elizabeth took George upstairs to put him to bed, and the man downstairs heard this conversation between George and Elizabeth. She wanted him to sleep with John Parry, and he said that he did not want to. He wanted to sleep with her and Edward. She asked why he did not want to sleep with John and he said there wasn't room in John Parry's bed, his legs were too long. By the way, John Parry was a very tall man. Then she said, "What is the sense of having three in one bed and only one in the other?" Whereupon he said, "You sleep with John Parry and I will sleep with Edward, and then there will be two in each bed."

Family legend in the Parry family says that George attended school at the village of St. George, Wales, and lived in the Parry home during the week, returning to the Lighthouse on week-ends. This close association in his younger life explains later developments.

The exact date of the baptism of Samuel Brookes has not been found, but we assume that it was sometime in early 1850, because during that year Edward L. Parry was building cottages near the lighthouse at Point of Ayr and Elias Morris was serving as a traveling elder in the area at the same time. It is likely that his wife Emma and his daughter Mary would also have been baptized then, but George was too young and Frank an infant.

So happy were converts to this new faith and so eager to take its message to their friends, that Samuel would certainly have wanted his other children to share in its blessings. By this time all three were grown and probably married: John, 28; Elizabeth, 25; Margaret, 23. In his later life George never talked of these older members of the family; evidently he had no memory of any of them. In 1916 when his son, George Jr., was on a mission in Wales, he wrote to Mary Brookes Herrick at Ogden to enquire of his father's kin there. She answered

. . . I am like your Father I know little of our people . . . I expect that your Father has told you that our father was married twice before he married our mother and had a family by one of his wives three girls and two boys I think John and I think the other was Edward I am not sure about the other I just remember seeing John once they had no use for us after we became Mormons. . .

From this it is evident that the children of Anne had been raised by relatives, or this eldest daughter, Mary, although twelve years younger than Margaret, the youngest of the other family, would have had some memory of her.

New converts to the church had rosy dreams of the new Zion to which they were to gather – of plenty of free land for all and of opportunities both material and spiritual. Through the five or six years between the baptism and the actual leaving, they must work and save and plan to get money for the passage of the family. Edward L. Parry had migrated in 1853, following Elias Morris in 1852, and both had written that there was plenty of work for stone-masons in Zion.

Although he was too young to know how much of the concern for funds and the business of preparations to leave, George carried vivid memories of his home in Wales, of his parents and the family life. He described his father as being about five foot seven-and-a-half inches tall, weighing about 180 pounds, sturdy with strong arms for cutting stone and managing the boat. He was a cheerful, good-natured man, loving and kind in his home, and a good provider. His mother, Emma Blinston Brookes, was small and very dark complexioned, of a quick, nervous temperament, a great reader and a student of the Scriptures. She was of a fervent religious nature. Most of all, George remembered the sea as it surrounded the lighthouse, sometimes calm and placid, sometimes playful, and then upon occasion wild with the fury of a storm. He remembered going with his father to the Lighthouse, walking the well marked stone path through the sand dunes with the coarse grass hanging to them, climbing the long stairs to look out over the ocean from the top windows. He remembered the sight of boats struggling far out in the

waves and of wreckage washed up onto the beach. He told often of one great block of bran that had been washed a-shore – ballast from the bottom of one – soaked and solid. The men from the village came out, cut through the hard outer coat with axes, shoveled it into their wagons, and hauled it home. He remembered the smell of the sea and the sound of the sea-birds and the feel of the wind and the spray on his face.

In his later years he arranged the ditch in front of his lot in a series of little water falls because he loved the music of the running water. He called it a “part of the great symphony of the earth.”

Chapter 2 THE JOURNEY TO ZION

After years of planning and saving, after gathering with friends to read the letters of others gone ahead, after all the instructions and exhortations of the Elders, Samuel Brookes and his family were prepared to set out for Zion. Their journey from the Lighthouse to Liverpool was not long or difficult; others of the locality were leaving also. There was little worry, because by this time the emigration had become well established and standardized. Prices, tickets, fare, amount and kind of luggage were set and arranged for, while the representatives for the Church were at their posts to direct and encourage.

Charles Dickens, the English novelist, left perhaps the best description of a Mormon Emigration Ship bound out of Liverpool. Posing as a roving reporter, he went about the island writing a series of articles intended to entertain his readers. In this instance, what he had expected to be humorous became to him impressive. Under the title "Bound for Great Salt Lake" he wrote:

My Emigrant Ship lies broadside-on to the wharf; and up and down the gang-ways, perpetually crowding to and fro and in and out, like ants, are the Emigrants

I go aboard my Emigrant Ship...find pens and inkstands in action, and more papers, the interminable complication respecting accounts with individuals...But nobody is in an ill-temper, nobody is the worse for drink, nobody swears an oath or uses a coarse word, nobody is depressed, nobody is weeping, and down in the deck in every corner where it is possible to find a few square feet to kneel, crouch, lie in, people in every unsuitable attitude for writing are writing letters.

Now I have seen an emigrant ship before this day in June, and these people are so strikingly different from all other people in like circumstances whom I have ever seen, that I wonder aloud, "What *would* a stranger suppose these people to be!"

The vigilant captain of the *Amazon* is at my shoulder, and he says, "What indeed! The most of these came aboard yesterday evening. They came from various parts of England in small parties that had never seen one another before. Yet they had not been a couple of hours on board when they established their own police, made their own regulations and set up their own watches at all the hatchways. Before nine o'clock, the ship was as orderly and quiet as a man of war."

Dickens had some conversation with the Elder in charge and with some of the emigrants. He remained on board all afternoon, attended the meeting in the evening, examined one of the song books, and wrote that

The choir in the boat was very popular and pleasant; there was also to be a band but the only Cornet was late coming on board. In the course of the afternoon a mother appeared from the shoe in

search of a daughter “who had run away with the Mormons.” She received every assistance from the Inspector, but her daughter was not to be found on board. The Saints did not seem particularly interested in finding her. . .

Conditions on the ship *Samuel Curling* were similar to those on the *Amazon* reported by Dickens. A sailing vessel bearing just over seven hundred passengers, she cleared the port on April 18, 1856, and set sail the next day. The ship’s log listed the passengers as:

Nationality	Adults	Children	Infants	Total
England	121	26	2	149
Scotland	1	0	0	1
Ireland	22	4	2	28
Wales	426	79	23	528
Americans	1	0	0	1
	571	109	27	707
Of these, those under the P.E.F.	357	59	12	428

Before leaving the port, they had organized with Dan Jones as president and John Oakley and David Grant counselors. Other Elders on board were William Woodward, Job Welling, Thomas D. Giles, John Parry, John Price, Thomas Morgan, William Lewis, Thomas Jenkins, and Thomas D. Evans. Also John McDonald, a Utah Elder sailed with the company. (The full story as written by Dan Jones is in “Journal History” Oct. 15, 1856, printed later in *The Millennial Star* XVIII (1856) pp. 353-356.

The ship was divided into eleven wards and suitable presidents appointed to each. For seven days they had gentle breezes, and then storm and adverse winds. The report continued: “During this time the *Samuel Curling* with her seven hundred passengers and luggage, crew, and with 2,000 tons of iron in her bowels, rocked like a crow’s nest in the gale. Amidst the wreck of berths, wholesale, passengers grappled to be uppermost. Of course pots, pans, kettles and everything that could make a noise joined in the music. . . .Notwithstanding the roughness of the passage, at 5 am. the bugle called the men out to clean their wards – retiring on deck while the ladies dressed for morning prayers at quarter to six. At dusk the bugle called all hands to prayer again, by wards. There was universal willingness to go below and kneel.

“Our evenings after prayers until bed time were spent in singing the songs of Zion, after while the men retired on deck, while the females retired to a better place.”

Captain Dan Jones reported that on Sundays at 10 a.m. council meeting of all the presidents of wards was held, and great unity prevailed among the brethren. At 2:30 p.m. the public meeting was held on deck, with the Captain and crew in the audience. At 8 p.m. sacrament meetings were held in the individual wards, at which the members were privileged to bear their testimonies. Prayer meetings

were held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

At meals "Two wards at a time have one-half hour for cooking breakfast, three-fourths hour for dinner, and one-half hour for supper, reversing alternately, and the intervals between meals for baking. Each knew their turn by the number of the ward above the door."

During the time on the sea six children died and two were born. Although chicken-pox broke out, there were no deaths from that disease.

"On the 23 of May the *Samuel Curling* was towed to the quarantine ground at Boston. In a few hours the inspectors came on board, welcomed by the spontaneous three cheers of seven hundred people, and called the names of all and passed them in less than an hour and a half without any further complaint than that I was taking all the handsome ladies to Utah," wrote Captain Jones. "The passengers were all remarkably clean, as well as the ship, which commanded the admiration of all. In proof of the latter I would say that I made a wager with Captain Curling upon leaving Liverpool, that the lower decks would be whiter than his cabin floor, and the quarantine doctor decided in my favor."

Listed among the passengers were Samuel Brookes aged 65, Lighthouse keeper, his wife Emma, 48, and their children Mary, 17, George 11, and Francis F., 6. Since this is the last time the name is spelled *Brookes*, we shall use the American spelling hereafter.

On the 24th of May, President Jones contracted with the rail road officials to take about four hundred of the passengers to Iowa City for \$11.00 per adult over fourteen years of age, children, half price, those under six years, free, with one hundred pounds of luggage free and over that amount \$3.50 per hundred of freight, to leave on Monday, 26 of May. The kind-hearted captain allowed the passengers to remain in their quarters on board the ship until that time.

During their stay, members of the Bible Society wanted to pass out tracts among the Mormons, to try to dissuade them from going on to Utah. President Jones gave them permission, saying that if the saints could be enticed away from Mormonism, he wanted them to go.

In spite of the storm, George enjoyed the long voyage. With his family he felt secure and happy, and he had friends of his own age among the passengers. The two Parry boys, especially, were close pals – Edward 12 and John 14. And everyone was optimistic; all sang the song of Zion and talked of reaching the Promised Land. Among the members of his "ward" was Ann Parry, listed on the ship's log as a spinster aged 21, who was also a family friend.

The arrival of the ship was a thrilling experience. The boys would have liked to go exploring the new land, but all emigrants were kept together and on the ship until time to board the train.

Of this part of their journey Captain Edward Bunker wrote: "We landed in New York, at Castle Garden, thence by rail to St. Louis, then by steam boat up the Mississippi River to Iowa City, which place we reached in the month of June, 1856. Here the company were fitted out with handcarts. I was given charge of a Welsh company and left Iowa City June 28, 1856." (L.R. Hafen, *Handcarts to Zion*, Glendale, California, 1960, p. 83.)

Edward Bunker, a man of 33 years, was of a kindly disposition and so solicitous for the welfare of those in his care that they all spoke of him with genuine affection. There were 320 people in his group and 64 handcarts, besides some

supply wagons, organized to have twenty persons and four handcarts to each tent as they camped at night. Each adult was allowed seventeen pounds of luggage – bedding and wearing apparel – and each child ten pounds. Each family had its own cooking utensils. The provisions were hauled in wagons and rationed out every other day, to half the company on alternating days. They had eighteen milk cows among the company, and drove along also some beef cattle.

The personnel consisted of people of all ages, some very old and some infants. Though no official record of the journey has been found, some members kept journals and others wrote later of their experiences. In her story published in Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West*, V.7, p.355 -356, Priscilla M. Evans wrote that, "There were in our tent a man with one leg (my husband); two blind, Thomas Giles being one of them; a man with an arm gone; and a widow with five children. . . .There were five mule teams to haul the tents and flour. . ."

The Brooks family shared the tent of some of their neighbors and friends. Each morning they set out with Samuel and Emma pulling at the shafts, Mary and George pushing from behind, and Frank, who had a crippled foot, riding on the load. The first few days passed uneventfully except for weary muscles, sore feet, and sunburnt faces. The routine was established which would carry on to the end: gathering wood, cooking over the camp fire, making beds on the ground in the tent, wading streams, laboring through sand and over rocky, steep places.

Captain Bunker's report, quoted earlier, says that: "After leaving Iowa City (June 28, 1856), we encountered some heavy rain and wind storms which blew down our tents and washed away our handcarts. I got a heavy drenching which brought on a spell of rheumatism that confined me to my bed a portion of the journey. I had my councilors Bros. Grant, a Scotchman and a tailor by trade, and MacDonald, a cabinet maker, neither of whom had much experience in handling teams. . . .The Welsh had no experience at all and very few of them could speak English. . . .I had the mule team to drive and had to instruct the teamsters about yoking the oxen." From this it would seem that Mrs. Evans was mistaken about all the teams being mule teams, or perhaps having drawn her supplies from this wagon, and her husband later having been permitted to ride on it, she neglected to write more specifically about the ox teams.

The company arrived at Florence, Nebraska, on Jul 19, with only a little more than three hundred miles covered in three weeks and about a thousand still to go. Already their carts were showing signs of wear; already some needed major repairs. Although some of the company had adjusted to the schedule and had hardened their muscles to it, Emma had almost worn herself out. The long hours of heavy labor, the mud and storm followed by dry weather and clouds of dust, the unaccustomed food and living conditions were all hard on one of her sensitive, nervous disposition. During her stay here she sickened and died, and was buried on a hill where many other graves are marked just out of Florence, now Omaha, Nebraska. Her exact grave or the date of her death have not yet been found.

When they pulled out of Florence on July 30, the seventeen-year-old Mary was at the shaft and George alone pushing behind. Day after day they ground out the weary miles – sixty-five days more before they reached the valley. For a time rations were scarce, and young George had a constant gnawing in his stomach. A half pound of meal per person per day was a scant diet indeed for a growing boy. His father would try to encourage him.

"Have patience, George," he would say. "They are going to build a Temple in Salt Lake City. When we get there we will have work, and can get plenty to eat."

His companions, John and Edward Parry, thought that they were not getting their share of the food.

"Give us the meal that should be ours and let us cook it ourselves," they said.

So the meal was weighed out to them, and they made their own cake. John divided it, taking a large knife and cutting it carefully with his left hand, and Ed had his first choice of the pieces. They ate it in silence, and never again asked to make their own cake.

If they became too discouraged, they had only to look about to see others whose suffering was worse than their own.

Mrs. Evans, quoted earlier, wrote in more detail of this time of hunger. The account appears in Hafen, *Hand Carts to Zion*, p. 85.

The flour was self-rising and we took water and baked a little cake. After a few weeks of traveling this little cake was all we had to eat and after months of traveling we were put on half rations and at one time, before help came, we were out of flour for two days. During this hard journey I was expecting my first baby and it was very hard to be contented with so little food. My husband had lost a leg in his early childhood and walked on a wooden stump, which caused him a great deal of pain and discomfort. When his knee, which rested on a pad, became very sore, my husband was not able to walk any farther and I could not pull him in the little cart, being sick myself, so one late afternoon he felt he could not go on so he stopped to rest beside some tall sage brush. I pleaded with him to try to walk farther, that if he stayed there he would die, and I could not go on without him. The company did not miss us until rested for the night and when the names were checked we were not among the company and a rider on a horse came back looking for us. When they saw the pitiful condition of my husband's knee he was assigned to the commissary wagon and helped dispense the food for the rest of the journey. I hated to see him suffer so but it was with relish that I ate his little cake when he was too miserable to care for food.

Another less fortunate one of the group was Thomas D. Giles, the blind man. He had begun the journey with his wife, a baby girl, and two young sons aged seven and nine. Soon after they left Iowa City the baby sickened and died and was buried beside the trail. A few weeks later his wife died and was also buried beside the trail. Because of their father's condition the two boys were put into another part of the company with some Welch friends who could care for them. His story is published in Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West*, V. 10, p. 325.

Near Fort Bridger, Elder Giles himself became seriously ill. After holding the company for two days, Captain Bunker ordered the camp to move on, leaving two men to buy the sick man when he died. It was expected that death would come in a matter of hours.

Remarkable faith and the frequent administrations of the Elders who attended him kept the patient alive until evening when Parley P. Pratt the Apostle, who had known Brother Giles in Wales, reach the camp. Elder Pratt gave Brother Giles a remarkable blessing. In it he made these promises: that he should be instantly healed and made well, that he should rejoin his company and arrive safely in the Salt Lake Valley; that he should there rear a family; and that because of his faithfulness he would be permitted to live as long as he wanted. These blessings were all fulfilled in their entirety.

Elder Giles rejoined his company, reached the Valley October 2, 1856, remarried, and lived to bless and name seven of his grandchildren. His death occurred November 2, 1895, after he had expressed a desire to go.

Finally they reached the mountains, the last most difficult struggle. The straining father and daughter at the shafts and the little boy pushing at the cart behind were all driven to extra effort in the thought that they were almost there. Up the last, steep pull, where those ahead had paused for breath, and they stopped to view the scene before them. As with almost every traveler, they were thrilled with the sight of squares neatly laid out, wide streets lined with trees, now turning yellow with approaching winter, homes with gardens and out buildings.

Zion at last! From here, the cart seemed to run itself down the long slope, especially as they turned a bend to see a group of people out to meet them. Even the band! There in the late afternoon of October 2, with conference dismissed early so that folks could be free to come, were friends waiting to greet friends, to take over the shafts and visit as they walked along, for the line must not be broken until they reached the camp ground and could be formally dismissed.

No one was there to greet the Brooks family, yet they were buoyed up with hope and with the assurance that, having arrived, their troubles would be over. They made their way on past the small adobe homes with brilliant fall flowers in the yard, past the street where was an adobe tabernacle, the stone Council House, and the Tithing Office all on the same street.

Writing as early as 1850, Captain Howard Stansbury had penned a description which showed the general plan of the city, which the author Tullidge quoted in his *Great Salt Lake City*, p. 55:

"A city has been laid out upon a magnificent scale, being nearly four miles in length and three in breadth; the streets at right angles with each other, eight rods or one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, with sidewalks of twenty feet; the blocks forty rods square, divided into eight lots, each of which contains an acre and a quarter of ground. By an ordinance of the city, each house is to be placed twenty feet back from the front line of the lot, the intervening space being designed for shrubbery and trees. . . .

"Through the city itself flows an unfailing stream of pure, sweet water, which by an ingenious mode of irrigation, is made to traverse each side of every street, whence it is led into every garden spot, spreading life, verdure and beauty over what was heretofore a barren waste. . . .

"The city was estimated to contain about eight thousand inhabitants, and was divided into numerous wards, each, at the time of our visit, enclosed by a substantial fence for the protection of the young crops. . .The houses are built principally of adobe or sundried brick, which when well covered with a tight, projecting roof, make warm, comfortable dwellings. Buildings of a better description are being introduced, although slowly, owing to the difficulty of procuring the necessary lumber, which must always be dear in a country so destitute of timber.

"Upon a square appropriated to the public buildings, an immense shed had been erected upon posts, which was capable of containing three thousand persons. It was called 'The Bowery' and served as a temporary place of worship until the construction of the great Temple. . . .A mint was already in operation, from which were issued gold coins of the Federal denominations, stamped without assay, from the dust brought from California."

The Bowery mentioned above was erected by the returning Mormon Battalion men in 1847. Mrs. Ferris, wife of Judge B. G. Ferris, upon her arrival in 1852, described the city thus:

"We beheld what seemed a thickly-settled neighborhood, apparently about a mile distant from us, composed of low, lead-colored dwellings, with a single building occupying a prominent position. . . .this latter being the home of President Brigham Young." She later found herself in a comfortable cottage, before a tastefully spread table. Upon walking in the town she remarked that "at every corner is a little stream of water, clear, pebbly. . . with usually a plant for the foot-passenger." She noted one block surrounded with a wall of stone, upon which she was told they would later build a temple.

Writing in his later life, George summed up the next few days briefly:

"My father was sick when we arrived in Salt Lake City, he was taken from our tent that day or very early the next morning. He was taken into a house near the camp. I called once to see him, I believe, that next day after he was taken to the house. I remember he was sitting up in a chair and very sick, possibly on account of poor food and fatigue, but this was the last time I ever saw him. On the 8th of October, 1856, Edward L. Parry came to our tent. He had been a friend to our folks in Wales; he informed that he had just been to father's funeral and told me he was buried in the City Cemetery. (Plot is listed as F-10-7). He proved to be a true friend and father to me all his life."

This brief dictation does give the date of the burial of Samuel Brooks, but it tells little of the experience of George for the six-day interim between his arrival in the valley and his adoption by Brother Parry. In his later life he talked much of this time to his children, telling them how people from the surrounding towns came in to meet the company expecting to meet friends or relatives from the Old World, and how they were advised to take orphaned children or children whose parents were ill and care for them temporarily until other arrangements could be made. Thus, it was that little Frank with the crippled foot was taken by Jacob Butterfield, an early settler in the 18th Ward over Jordan west of the city. Mary, now a grown woman, was taken to Ogden by a family named Free to work as a hired girl. At last

all were placed except George and one other boy, a lad of about eighteen.

For several days these two boys, both unable to speak English, were left to shift for themselves. One kind man passing gave them an armful of corn. Another gave them a watermelon. At another time a man drove past with a load of what they thought were melons, and when they made signs of asking for some, he tossed one to them. It proved to be a squash. They did not know it should be cooked, did not have any way to cook it, so they ate it raw. It provided their fare for two days.

George remembered a man who had been on a mission to Wales, Thomas Jeremy, who had spent some time in his father's home, eaten many meals there and stayed over night. He had seemed sincerely appreciative and had said many times that when they came to Utah they must give him a chance to return some of these favors. George wrote the man's name on a piece of paper, and began to enquire where he lived. He was directed several miles west, down across where the railroad tracks later ran.

He arrived at a humble home, neat and snug, with a well-kept lot and small farm stocked with horses, cows, pigs and chickens, and in his boyish heart George thought maybe he could stay here for a while helping on the place and doing chores for his keep, until his father should be well again, for he had not yet heard of the heath. The man was not at home, and since George had started from the tent early, he arrived before dinner. The lady of the house did not understand Welsh and he could not speak English, but she gave him a good lunch and told him to wait. The husband came home about dusk. He recognized George, greeted him heartily, and asked about his parents, Mary and Frank, and found that he himself was staying at the tent.

George joined the family at supper and was beginning to feel that perhaps he would have a place to stay when the man said, "You'll be rather late getting back to camp, won't you?"

That was all George needed. Suddenly he knew, as though some one had said aloud, "You must depend on yourself now," that he must leave here at once. The darkness was settling into a sleet of rain and snow; he was hardly sure of the direction, but he opened the door and dove out into it. Alternately running and walking he made his way back to the tent, where the other boy waited alone, and the two huddled together in their scant bedding to keep warm.

The next day Edward L. Parry came to the square in search of George. At the sight of the familiar face, George ran to him, and caught in his friendly embrace, began to cry.

"What can I do now," he sobbed, upon hearing of the death of his father.

"You will come home with us and be our son," Brother Parry assured him. "We came down expecting to take the whole family back with us. Now we will have you, at least, and you will be our very own son. Long ago we wished we could have a little boy like you."

Chapter 3 NEW HOMES

The next morning early the Parry family set out for their home in the neighborhood of Ogden. It would be almost a two-day trip, but George did not mind because now he could ride. As he sat on the high spring seat between his new parents, he felt a sense of peace and security, and a feeling of love and understanding that wrapped him like a warm blanket. He thought of his little crippled brother Frank and hoped that the family who had him would be kind to him; he knew that his pretty sister Mary could well enough earn her board and keep, for she was quick and strong and willing. Surely the Dear Lord had blessed them all with good homes.

From the records of Weber County compiled under the WPA project, we learn that Mormon settlers moved into the Ogden area early so that by 1852 the county had been divided into six precincts; Weber, Ogden, East Weber, Ogden Hole, Willow Creek, and Box Elder. Since in his later life George said that the Parry cabin was on Birch Creek, we assume that he was in the Willow Creek settlement which was presided over by Charles Hubbard.

George at once entered into the family program by helping to cut and carry in firewood, to tend the oxen and milk the cows. Since they arrived in October, there would also be the crops to harvest and preparation to be made for winter. We have not definitely learned whether or not he attended school this winter, but there is evidence that schools were held in every district for those children who lived near enough to attend them. "On July 7, 1852 the county was divided into ten school districts, and Lorin Farr, David Moore and B. F. Cummings were named a Board of inspection. . .to inspect all the school Teachers which might offer themselves for the general schools or anyone of them." Taxes were paid in wheat, lumber, and wolf pelts; teachers were paid for their labor in produce, hay, and wood. But the year 1855 had been one when the crickets destroyed much of the crops here and this winter of 1856 was called "the hard winter." So whether little George fought his way through the snow to attend school or whether he was tutored at home by Aunt Lizzie we have not learned.

At the time that George was taken in to the Parry family, his foster father, Edward L. Parry was forty-eight years old (born August 25, 1818). We do not have the date of his wife's birth, but family legend says that she was older than he and remained childless. Since polygamy was now openly preached and practised, [sic] Brother Parry was counseled to take another wife that he might leave a posterity. On February 19, 1857, he married Ann Parry (born 27 April 1835) who had come to Zion in the same company with the Brooks family and who had been acquainted with them all in Wales. Elizabeth had consented to her husband's marriage to this 19-year-old girl on the condition that she might have some of the responsibility of the children. So it was that throughout the years she was called "Mother" in the home, while Ann was called "Ma" or "mamma," and there was a sort of mother-daughter relationship between the two wives.

Not long after this marriage, Heber C. Kimball visited Ogden. Edward L. Parry wrote of it that "he placed his hand on my shoulder in his good old fashioned way and said, 'Bro. Edward, I want you to pull up your stakes and come to the city

to live, and go to work on the temple. Will you do it?' I said, 'I will if you say so.' 'Well,' said he, 'Don't I say so?'" He adds that within three weeks after this call the family arrived in Salt Lake City leaving Ogden on May 12, 1857, and taking all their belongings with the idea of remaining here permanently. The next day Brother Parry went to work on the temple.

We have not yet learned the definite location of the Parry home in Salt Lake City, but we know that they purchased one in the Fifteenth Ward. At that time, the wards were divided by pole fences and each unit was responsible for its own school. George later talked of attending the 15th Ward school. The ward was bounded on the north by South Temple Street, on the east by Second West, on the south by Third South, and on the west by the Jordan River. It contained twenty-seven ten-acre blocks, with the ward house, a fine brick building 70 X 35 feet located on First South between third and fourth West. (Andrew Jenson, *Historical Record* p. 322).

No exact record of the baptism of George Brooks has yet been found. Even though he might have been baptized in Wales, the ceremony would have been repeated in Salt Lake City to make the record definite. Since they arrived in Ogden in mid-October and left in May, with the winter between of extreme cold, it is not likely that the baptism was performed there. In his later life, George often told his children how he was baptized in the river, looked into the little room with a big stove in the center where the other children were gathered with their parents to help them change out of their wet clothes, but was too shy to go in himself. So he ran all the way home dripping wet and very cold.

We assume that this was done soon after the family was accepted as members of the Fifteenth Ward. In his later life George wrote in his own family record that he was baptized by Richard Roberts, but gave no place nor date. We assume that the place was the Jordan River, where a small platform had been prepared on the bank and a shelter built where those receiving the ordinance could change their clothes. A Richard Roberts who was born 4 January 1814 in Shropshire, England, a son of Richard and Sarah Roberts, received a patriarchal blessing in Salt Lake City 23 October 1853 by Patriarch John Smith. (Vol. 12 p 552 No. 1346) So there was such a person in the area, and we assume that he baptized George Brooks.

When Edward L. Parry reported for work, he examined the foundation of the temple as it was up to this point, and told President Young that some of it was inferior, faulty work and should be torn out and replaced. This was ordered done at once. George went with his foster father to work each day, acting as "tool-nipper" for the workmen. This meant that he carried the chisels to the blacksmith for sharpening and re-tempering, returned them and exchanged them for others. Although the stone laying in the foundation could proceed only at intervals as there were enough slabs prepared and ready, the work of the stone cutter went on constantly. It was here that George had his initiation into what was to be his life's occupation.

Through May and June they worked steadily, and on through July until the 22nd, when they prepared to join their neighbors and friends in the great celebration of the tenth anniversary of the arrival of the first Mormon pioneers into Salt Lake Valley. This was to be held high in the mountains in Big Cottonwood Canyon, and was so exciting and wonderful that many diarists wrote of it in great detail. Families prepared food for days in advance; they took bedding and camping

equipment, drove ox or horse teams, and sometimes lead the family cow along behind in order to have milk. This would be an experience for a twelve-year-old boy to remember all his life.

The following invitation was issued to those expected to attend:

Pic Nic Party
at the
Head Waters
of
Big Cottonwood

President Brigham Young respectfully invites *Edward L. Parry* and family to attend a Picnic Party at the lake in Big Cottonwood Canyon on Friday 24th of July.

REGULATIONS

You will be required to start so as to pass the first mill, about four miles up the canyon, before 12 o'clock on Thursday the 23rd, as no person will be allowed to pass that point after 2 o'clock P.M. of that day. All persons are forbidden to smoke cigars or pipes or kindle fires at any place in the canyon, except on the camp ground. The Bishops are requested to accompany those invited from their respective wards and see that each person is well fitted for the trip, with good substantial steady teams, wagons, harness, hold-backs, and locks, capable of completing the journey without repair, and a good driver, so as not to endanger the life of any individual.

Bishops will, before passing the first mill, furnish a full and complete list of all persons accompanying them from their respective wards.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JULY, 18th 1857

(Moses F. Farnsworth Journal, 6)

Many diarists wrote in detail of this event, and since all the Parry family shared it and none recorded it, we shall quote from some of their contemporaries.

Hosea Stout gave the following summary of the number of people who attended:

Thursday 23 July 1857 we started about daylight without breakfast and proceeded on but soon found our way hedged up by the road being full of waggons and teams, so proceed in on foot a mile I came to the gate of the first mill. Here preparations were making to number the persons teams & animals which resulted as follows 2587 persons 464 carriage & wagons 1028 horses & mules 332 oxen & cows.

A very good account comes from Lorenzo Brown, a 33-year-old farmer and carpenter who also took his family to the celebration:

22 (July 1857) Started at 9 for Big Cottonwood Canyon on an invitation from Pres. B. Young to a Pic Nic Drove 3 miles up the kanyon and stopped warm night.

23 Started early & drove 13 miles to the top of kanyon by 3 P.M. Weather very hot & a great crowd of teams not less than 300

wagons.

It is wonderful to see the quantity of timber. The kanyon wide & filled with (sic) white & red pine, Fir, Quaking asp a proportion of it very large size & immense quantities. Enough to last for years There are 4 saw mills in operation & another nearly ready to operate.

Evening dancing on 3 large floors made of plant for the purpose & went off in good order.

July 24th 1857 Was awakened this morning by music from five different bands playing alternately This is the 10th Anniversary since the Pioneers entered the valley & Pres. Young has given about 2,000 invitations to all parts of the Territory to meet him here for recreation.

Here is a small prairie surrounded by lofty pines without underbrush & back of this again are seen lofty summits of mountain ridges on whose Tops at different points floats conspicuously the flags of our nation, the self same banner that has been at different times unfurled by our enemies of Illinois & Missouri when they came in Martial array to drive the saints from their hard earned homes & peaceful firesides. In or near the center of this small Prairie is a lake of 12 or 15 acres abounding with fish on whose glossy surface floats a boar of primitive construction laden at all hours with some party of both sexes whose joyful countenances are radiant with pleasure.

Within the recess of the wood, suspended by two lofty pines may be seen a swing of no ordinary dimension but suitable to carry 3 or 4 persons that have sufficient nerve to be carried thereby several yards upwards & with astonishing velocity back & forward.

This added to the different amusements of walking in the shade of forest trees, dancing, feasting on the finest productions of the vallies served to while away the pleasant hours. While meeting continually the smiling face of some old & valued friend caused me to exclaim what can come nearer than this to perfect felicity.

But in the midst of this joyful scene there comes a mounted messenger with news. Those happy faces benign with radiant joy now gather around but alas! A cloud comes o'er the spirit of their dreams. News, News of vital importance to citizens of Utah is quickly but quietly communicated. The mail that was expected was refused to be delivered by the Post Master at Independence & an army is actually advancing on Utah. For what purpose is enquired by one & all as no one knows each countenance seems to resume its former cheerfulness the doubts & cares are thrown aside as a vain thing & the amusements & sports are continued with redoubled interest.

At a late hour all retired to rest after asking the blessings of the Supreme Ruler & thanking him for past favors & we sank into a tranquil & quiet repose.

25 Started early through cold & a hard frost & drove home about 30 miles before sunset Teams of all kinds Cattle Mules & horses were put in use for the trip. All went off well & all appeared satisfied. No serious accident occurred to mar the pleasure & seemed under the direction of a Superior Power.

(Journal of Lorenzo Brown, typescript pp. 285)

After their return from the celebration, the Parry family went on with life as usual, Edward L. At the Temple or on other assignments and George as tool-nipper and as general helper, until at the approach of the United States army, all men were called out. Edward L. Left his home on November 10, 1857, to go into the canyons as a captain of ten. Although he dismissed this experience with a sentence in the summary of his life, it was a critical period for them all. Among those who wrote in detail of the life of the Mormon men who were out to defend their city was John Pulsipher. His account of this general muster is as follows:

November 8, Sunday evening an express from the East brot word that the army had left Ham's Ford of Green River & made a start for the Valley. Bro Wm. Pulsipher took the word thro the South settlements of the county – about 15 miles an hour on his own pony.

On Tuesday the 10th upwards of 2,000 men were on the move to stop the invading army. A regular Mountain Snow-storm set in, which made it rather hard for men that had been used to good beds in warm houses. A baggage wagon was taken for each ten men, but snow was so deep not much load could be taken, & climbing the mountains – men had to carry the baggage up & go back & help the teams with the empty wagon – truly this was work.

To see the long train climbing the snowy mountains made me think of Bonaparts army crossing the Alps in the winter.

When we got the wagons up it was dark & an awful cold night & we on the summit of the big Mountain in deep snow. We had to go two miles further to place where dry wood could be got for camp. A few of us went ahead with axes & cut & carried wood for fires as it was some distance up the mountain & snow to our arms. . . This was the third night – three days hard work to get 20 miles. Wm. & myself were on guard part of the night; clear and fearful cold. We went to bed spread our blankets on snow & could scarcely keep from freezing. Some were up walking up and down the snow path & some, more brave were fetching wood & trying to make fires. Well, it was a long night.

Wm. [Pulsipher,] Riley Judd & others camped with us, as they were coming in with a herd of stock taken from the mob.

November 13, started at daylight went down the mountain & down East Kanyon to lower ford, 3 miles today & camped before sunset – found land & slept well – next day went 14 miles & crossed Weber Riber, foot men on the ice. Our Regiment stopped at Col. Harmons station on Weber. Sunday 15 was spent chopping & hauling firewood a number of men were sent home – were so badly frozen –. Some were sent back with frozen feet before we got over the big Mountain. I could not get a pair of new boots in the city so I came with the old shoes I made of some old boot legs.

Monday 16, our Battalion worked on Fortifications, Digging trenches, Rifle pits. Tuesday 17 orders came for our regiment to move

to Echo Canyon so we gathered up teams & moved three miles & joined the largest camp under the command of Col. N.V. Jones 1600 men now at this place.

Here we worked on the fortifications & getting fire wood & etc. to be comfortable while we stay & ready to meet the enemy when they come.

The temptation is great to quote the next days in full also, but this will suffice to describe the hardships of that winter campaign and the general morale of the men. We would remind those who think a 15-mile-an-hour speed is pretty slow, that there was no communication at that time faster than a horse, and a fifteen mile an hour speed would mean a dead run which no horse could maintain for more than an hour or two. William Pulsipher would have to change mounts twice between Salt Lake City and Nephi, the southern point of the muster.

The diary also describes the shelters the boys made in the mountains, by digging into a bank to form three sides and building the other of willows covered with wagon cover, and a thatched roof with soil on top. Inside was a fireplace, and beside this a stone oven where they put hot coals to heat the rocks on which to make their bread.

On November 23 his brother William came to camp, having driven in to the city a band of horses he had taken from the enemy, and bringing back some beef. When they ran out of wood, they took ten men to get a wagon load, since the horses had been taken to the warm side of the mountain to pick their feed. "Ten men not balky would get a better load than any team in our town," he concluded. But the men would not accept the word nor the orders to disband and go home until it came from their own superior officers. (He always spoke of the army as *the Mob*). To quote again:

Monday 30. General Wells moved down today so head Quarters will be here now. About 2500 men are camped along this Canyon within a few miles. Weather cold – has commenced snowing again. We have our fortifications well made so a few men can defend, or guard this road without much danger of being hurt.

Snow is deep East of us & the invading Army have settled for the winter.

Tuesday December 1, General Wells gae orders to pack up & go home – except a small number that were to stay as guards – & a few that are on picket duty farther out. . .

At half past 12 we bid farewell to our much loved camp & were on the move all in order – baggage wagons in place. Traveled 11 miles crossed water & camped at Col Little's station . . .

December 2, 1857. The army of men were on the move two hours before daylight. Very slippery walking went 20 miles over Big Mountain camped in deep snow with very little fire – not much to eat went to bed cold, wet & tired.

Thursday 3, We arose from our wet blankets & beds of snow so cold we could not sleep so packed up & started eating a bit of frozen bread as we walked along the icy path – make ten miles before

daylight over little Mountain & so on into town passing the Governors office about 11 o'clock. The Governor Bro Brigham came out & viewed us as we past looking very clever & good. We halted on the Temple block – after a short speech & the Lords blessing on us we were dismissed to the hands of majors who marched the battalions to the wards where they lived – Then we were dismissed, took baggage from wagons & were soon at home & found folks well –

This account is that of every man in the mountains. Upon the return with the knowledge that the army had taken winter quarters, the whole city rejoiced. The historian Tullidge reported that there had never been so gay a holiday season. Theaters, musicals, dances, private and public parties with fancy invitations and elaborate decorations were held by different groups everywhere. It is not likely that the Parry family participated in many, for Ann was getting heavy with her first child, and Edward and Elizabeth would not care to leave her at home alone.

The first baby in this home arrived on March 4, 1858, a little girl named for both mothers, Elizabeth Ann. True to her promise, Ann gave much of the care of the child into Elizabeth's hands, counting it a great blessing that she could nurse and cuddle it for a while each day.

Just a month later as spring opened, the word came that the arm was moving again, determined to come into the city. Behind the scenes President Young and the other leaders had conferred with the new Governor, Alfred A. Cumming, with Thomas L. Kane, and with peace commissioners from the government in attempt to avoid an open conflict and bloodshed, with all the horrors that would bring. The talk now was of moving south and leaving a deserted city which could be reduced to ashes in a few hours. But again the militia must go into the mountains. On April 6 the Nauvoo Legion had a drill and inspection of arms at 8 a.m. and then marched into the tabernacle where the women and children and the few men who were not Legion members were attending conference. President Young gave them a stirring speech. At noon they paraded on South Temple and those to go again into the mountains were selected. Edward L. Parry was one.

They had to go on foot, as the snow was too deep for wagons, so each carried their own packs of arms ammunition, provision, and bedding, a total of some fifty pounds. They were two days and nights going 48 miles through snow and storm to get to the fortifications in Echo Canyon where, with those who had spent the winter there, they numbered a total of 175 men. Others followed a few days later to bring the company to 300 men. By mid-April John Pulsipher wrote:

There are now about 600 men out, guarding the different passes, 200 in Echo, 200 on the Indian trail leading through lost Creek Kanyon Captain Lot Smith with 100 mounted guards & our 200 so we keep Uncle Sams army in their same old camp where they wintered.

By April 20 decisions had been made which would permit them all to come home. Captain Leonard Conger and fifty young men who had no families came out to guard the canyon and all others were released to help with the move south.

Edward L. Parry wrote of this that "in the beginning of May 1858 we moved south to Springville. We lived in our wagon and a little willow shed by the side of my sister Mary and her husband Job Rowland. We went back to Salt Lake City

about the 4th of July 1858, when I returned to the public works and worked there until April 1862 when I was called to go to St. George in Southern Utah to settle."

After the army marched through the deserted city and took up their quarters at Camp Floyd some forty miles west, the people all moved back, and the work went on as usual.

With work on the temple suspended during the next few years, George worked with his father on public buildings and homes of the city. In his later life he told that the first jobs for which he was paid in cash were the homes of Dr. Sprague and Dr. Bernhisel, where he received on dollar a day.

During 1858 he made adobies with James Hall, taking 100 adobes per day as his wage. During this year and the next two or three, he visited often the camp ground which was just one block south of the Fifteenth Ward school house. He became acquainted with some of the teamsters who traveled between Camp Floyd and the city and did odd jobs and errands for them. They seemed to enjoy having him about, and he mentioned several articles which they gave him, among them a large, sick ox which he nursed back to health and a yoke of oxen that had either wandered off or been driven away which the owner told him he could have if he could find them. He did find them, and they became a valuable asset to the family. Such items as a log chain, an ox yoke, a set of wagon bows, an old gun, a slab of bacon, a claw-hammer meant a great deal to a family with little cash. He mentioned also a buckskin vest which one teamster gave him, and a little box from another, and a brass bucket which had been left behind.

By 1859 he was old enough to be trusted with the team and outfit, so he hauled wood, posts, and lumber during the summer, some for sale and some to be used in improving their own place. During the winter he no doubt attended school, for each ward kept its school during the winter months from October to April. Somewhere George learned to read well and to write a clear, legible hand.

The only school he ever talked about attending was the one taught by Professor Karl G. Maeser, who had something of a time with this group of "wild, rough boys. The teacher learned as much that winter as the students did," he said. "He handled us with velvet gloves, but there were iron ones underneath." George named as among the students in this class some who were friends later in Dixie: Nephi and George Fawcett, Robert, George, and Neil Forsythe and their sister Minnie (later Seegmiller). Anthony W. Ivins was also a member.

Karl G. Maeser was already a Professor and teacher in Germany before he met the Mormon Elders. He was thirty-two years old when he arrived in Salt Lake City on September 1, 1860, and the trip across the plains had been an entirely new experience for him. Accustomed to life in a city and in a home of education and culture, he knew nothing of handling oxen or camping out of doors.

When he arrived in the Valley, he was met by friends who had come earlier, and who had living quarters waiting, though the Professors's first bedroom was the wagon box set off the running gears. Immediately Dr. Maeser prepared to open a school in the adobe meeting house of the Fifteenth Ward. The one room 35 X 70 feet was divided by a stage, and could be arranged in areas for different classes and places to study. On the same lot was a lumber building which was also used for school purposes.

The following advertisement appeared in *The Deseret News* v. 10, 288.

DESERET LYCEUM

The undersigned begs to inform the Public that he intends opening Evening Classes, both for ladies and gentlemen, for English, German, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, Drawing, Bookkeeping, Mathematics, and all the branches of a sound and practical education, on the 15th of November, in the 15th Ward Schoolhouse. Languages, including bookkeeping will be taught by Mr. Alexander Ott.

Terms \$6., in advance, per quarter.

The regular course of Gymnastics will commence on Thursday 15 November at Ballo's Hall.

For girls and ladies, at 3 o'clock p.m. For boys at 5 o'clock p.m. For gentlemen, at 7 o'clock p.m.

Terms: Gentlemen and Ladies classes, \$6. Per quarter, in advance.

For children, \$3. Per quarter, in advance.

The Gymnastics will be taught every Tuesday and Thursday.

The regular Day School, in which an English teacher will assist, will commence, for Boys and Girls on the 15th of November, in the 15th Ward Schoolhouse and Assembly Hall. The tuition will include Practical Drawing for boys, and Needlework for girls. The latter branch will be under the direction of an experienced Lady Teacher.

KARL G. MAESER, Principal

(Rheinart Maeser, *Karl G. Maeser*, Provo, 1928,

37-38)

This is the school which George attended; here he got his first training in practical drawing along with other good instruction. By the first of February President Brigham Young had secured larger and more adequate quarters and had asked Dr. Maeser to open the "Union Academy" in the Doremus House, located just across the street east from the present West High School. Although this was farther away, it was still within easy walking distance. Since the school was held here the next season also, the winter of 1861-62, it is possible that George went two full terms. Or he might have taken evening classes, or special instruction in drawing or other subjects.

During the years 1858-1861 while the army contingent lived at Camp Floyd some forty miles west of Salt Lake City, the people prospered. They now had a cash market for their produce, and at good prices. Tradesmen and laborers had employment at the camp building some permanent buildings such as officers headquarters, the arsenal, the jail, as well as stores and business houses for civilians. Money was in circulation and new supplies and goods were constantly arriving.

True, there were some acts of violence, some gang fights between the local officers and the soldiers, and at least two murders. But by 1860 the number of soldiers had been reduced to only seven hundred, and before the year was out, these were withdrawn.

Lorenzo Brown wrote on Sunday, July 21, 1861:

. . . very hot for two weeks past in fact the hottest I have ever seen in Salt Lake U S Troops are preparing to leave They are selling to the highest bidder everything that they do not carry Things are

selling at very low rates They are now paying tithing Pres Young has bought a large quantity of flour for 52 cts per hund. Which cost then \$27.

What part the Parrys had in all the community life, how young George Brooks reacted to it and to the excitement of the various gangs that were present, we do not know. They were in the midst of a fast-growing city, where there were theaters, concerts, meetings of various kinds, and where each semi-annual conference brought them in contact with friends from other communities, and the stream of immigration each season often included neighbors from over seas.

Their home was comfortable and happy. Little Elizabeth Ann now had a new brother, Edward Thomas, besides her older brother George. They all had plans for a good future here in the heart of Zion.

Chapter 4

THE MOVE TO DIXIE

For a number of years President Young had been interested in the southern part of the state. In the winter of 1850-1851, the first colonies had been sent to Parowan and others were to follow in large or smaller groups each year. In 1854 the first group of missionaries to the Indians on the Santa Clara had been sent – twenty-three men, most of them young and several of them teen-aged boys. During the winter of 1854 Jacob Hamblin became very ill and A. P. Hardy was sent on horseback to Parowan for food and medicine for him. With it he brought back about a quart of cotton-seed tied in a cloth, a gift from Sister Nancy Anderson of Tennessee, who thought cotton might grow in the southern valleys.

They planted the seed the next spring and on October 5, 1855, *The Deseret News* reported that cotton pods full of snowy cotton of a superior quality were on display in the President's office. The next year the first families came to the Santa Clara and raised a good field of cotton, which they cleaned by using a crude gin invented by Zadoc K. Judd. From this clean cotton they spun and wove thirty yards of cotton cloth, the younger women being supervised by Mother Sarah Sturdevant Leavitt. Samples of this were sent to Salt Lake City and also on to England.

So interested were the Church leaders in the production of cotton that they called a group from the Southern States under Robert D. Covington to settle on the Washington flat and experiment with it. Though the first crop was almost a failure, they had a fair production the second year, and several of the women reported that they had made articles from locally grown cotton. Some of them only ginned the cotton and spun the thread, which they sent to Parowan to a weaver with a better machine than any they had.

So much of the land on the Washington Flat was impregnated with alkali that the leaders next called fifteen young men to establish a farm on the Tonaquint Flat, at the confluence of the Santa Clara Creek and the Virgin River. Joseph Horne was in charge of the project and the sponsors supplied equipment, food, seeds, and necessary articles. On April 10, 1858, Brother Horne wrote a long report of their progress, saying that they had about twenty-five acres cleared and ten acres planted, and had built a log house 15 by 27 feet, which, with sheds for summer shade, would be their headquarters.

The historian, James G. Bleak, in reporting the activities of this group said: "The missionaries returned in the fall to Salt Lake City taking with them the fruits of their summer's labor – 575 pounds of cotton lint with the seed and 160 gallons of molasses. They estimated that the cotton had cost three dollars and forty cents (\$3.40) a pound to produce, figuring their labor at two dollars a day from sun to sun." This report did not discourage the leaders, however, for they figured that the permanent work of clearing the land, making the fences, and building the house would not have to be repeated the next season. They called the place Heberville.

The experiment farm here at Heberville – later called Tonaquint – continued until 1861. By May of this year there were only 79 families in the southern settlements: Washington, 20; Fort Clara, 20; Virgin City, 11; Toquerville, 10; Grafton, 6; Adventure, 6; Gunlock, 4; and Harrisburg, 4. This was the report made by his historian, Thomas Bullock, and copied by James G. Bleak into the permanent

record. President Young had come all the way south to look over the situation and consider a program of cotton raising. With the Civil War in progress in the states and the supply of cotton cloth cut off, it seemed very important for the people of Utah to produce their own.

On this visit, an incident occurred which has been widely re-told and which influenced the settlement of St. George. James G. Bleak the historian, evidently quoting Samuel Knight, wrote that after the company had left Tonaquint (Heberville) and come up onto the flat:

He caused his carriage to be stopped and a number of the brethren gathered around, he looked North up the little valley between the two volcanic ridges where St. George now has been built. . .and said with a sweep of his arm, "There will yet be built, between these volcanic ridges, a city with spires, towers, and steeples, with homes containing many inhabitants. . ."

(Bleak, *Annals of the Southern Utah Mission Book A*, p.

75)

John D. Lee, writing hundreds of miles away and eleven years later wrote his account from memory, as he was one of the horsemen of that party:

". . . So in the Setling of St. George. . .Prest. B. Y. prophecied that the Blessings of gold would follow the hand of industry, that the water Should increase an hundred fold & springs of living water should bust forth & Rich feed would yet cover those sterile Plains & yet a large city would yet be built on that ground & Domes, steeples & spires would reach 250 feet in the air &c."

(Brooks & Cleland, *A Mormon Chronicle* II p. 242)

As soon as the President and his party reached Salt Lake City again, the *Deseret News* began a series of articles advising people to move south to the warmer climates where they could raise cotton. So few responded to this urging that in the conference of October 6 a list of three hundred names was read from the stand, heads of families called to the Cotton Mission. In this group were skilled craftsmen in many trades and professions, suitable to give the kinds of service which would be needed in any thriving community. Roughly grouped they included 37 farmers of different kinds, 14 blacksmiths, 10 coopers, 5 masons, 1 plasterer and 1 painter, 6 carpenters and workers with wood, 3 cabinet makers and 1 chair maker. The clothing industry had seven experts, which there were 5 shoemakers and one tanner. Professionals included musicians, schoolteachers, clerks, a lawyer, a printer, and two surveyors.

These people all got on the road as soon after conference as they could, and began to arrive on the St. George Flat in the last day of November, with the largest party pulling over the Black Ridge on December 4.

The first camp was made in the east part of the valley, where a ditch had been plowed down to carry the waters of the East Spring, the wagons pulled up in two long rows facing each other across this ditch. Later, because of the clay formation in this vicinity, this area was called the "Adobe Yard." It is now part of the new Dixie College campus. During the winter the settlers met in religious

services and lectures in a large sibley tent which belonged to Brother Asa Calkins. At such a meeting on January 9 they decided to erect a Social Hall as their first public building on the new townsite, and that night more than two thousand dollars of money and work was pledged toward it.

During the winter also the whole town was surveyed and marked off into blocks, with the regular wide, straight streets of Mormon settlements everywhere. But the season is still spoken of as the winter of the big rains. Beginning on Christmas Eve, it rained some every day for forty days, and then on February 12 came a flood that completely washed out the town of Adventure and seriously crippled Grafton and Virgin, while the farm at Tonaquint with all its cleared land and four hundred young peach trees was covered with silt and debris. At Santa Clara the fort, the threshing machine, the burr flour mill, and the molasses mill were all carried away, as well as the thriving orchards.

Brother Walter E. Dodge had started for California for seeds and cuttings before the rains began and on February 28 he returned with five stands of bees in good condition; one hundred pounds of sweet potatoes for seed, and several varieties of fruit seeds and fruit trees; among which were the olive, lemon, orange, and black pepper. Though none of these last survived the heat or the cold, many others did, including some choice grapes.

On March 10, 1862, Erastus Snow wrote from St. George to Pres. Brigham Young:

We need more help in this mission. It is a big country yet to subdue. We would be glad to have a silversmith (watch cleaner and repairer) a Hatter, a Potter, a Gunsmith, a Stonecutter, a plasterer, and more stonemasons; and Robert Hill, the wool carder and five hundred common laborers. . .as soon as we can get them something to eat.

(James G. Bleak, *Annals* Book A, p. 86)

Brother Hill, since he was named, evidently left immediately, Brother Edward L. Parry was one of the stone masons asked for. Without doubt this call was a difficult one to accept. Since it was to be a permanent move, there were many things to consider and many adjustments to make in a very short time. With only one outfit they could not take everything and everyone, so it was finally decided that the first wife, Aunt Lizzie, should keep little Elizabeth Ann with her for company and remain at the home in Salt Lake City until such time as Edward could come back for her. Here she could be comfortable and take care of the house and lot and heavier furniture until there should be a place in Dixie to accommodate it.

It was a heartbreaking thing for Ann to have to leave her little four-year-old daughter for this long, indefinite time, though she knew the child would be loved and cared for. Her little son, Edward Thomas, was now two years old, and she was heavy with her third child. George must go south with them, too, for he was fast growing into manhood and would be needed in the new location.

They did not get away until the first of may, and traveled alone the whole distance. They drove a large covered wagon drawn by a yoke of good oxen on wheel and a pair of well-broken cows on lead. One of these was a faithful animal that had helped to draw their outfits all the way across the plains. Thought they had a few rains en route, in general they had fine weather and good grass for their

cattle, which meant also milk and butter.

As they were camped near Cheney's ranch on Salt Creek, two Indian warriors rode up mounted on good horses, each carrying his bows and arrows and a hatchet in his belt. By sign language and broken words they explained that they were very hungry and wanted "shotcup," or bread. Ann was as calm and pleasant as though they were white neighbors; she gave them of what she had – bread and bacon – and tried to explain that she was churning and if they wanted to wait, they might have some buttermilk. They did wait, and drank the buttermilk with evident satisfaction, mounted their horses and rode away.

The next day two white officers, mounted and armed, stopped the wagon to ask if they had seen any Indians. Chief Black Hawk's braves had driven off and killed a beef and committed some other depredations at the settlement. From Brother Parry's description the men decided that one of their visitors of the day before was Chief Black Hawk himself.

They camped one night at Round Valley, where Scipio now stands, stopping early to let the cattle graze on the abundant grass. By dark they were satisfied, so Brother Parry tied them to the wagon wheels, each by a separate chain to a separate wheel.

They tied the wagon cover down securely all around and all got inside. The cattle seemed restless; the little dog barked and ran back and forth. While the others slept as they could, the father sat all night with his gun, cleaned and loaded, across his knees. Several times he thought he should get out and look around, but each time he had a premonition that he should not move lest he become a target for skulking Indians. The story of this grueling night has become legend in the Parry family. One version is that each time as Edward went to lift the cover, his wife warned him, "Don't do it, Edward," and he desisted. Another is that each time, without speaking, she pulled his arm back. Later when he asked her why she did this, she replied that she did neither, so he felt that it must have been his Guardian Angle who warned him of the danger.

They were on their way the next morning when they passed a group of about sixty Indians moving camp, the Squaws walking, the Indians riding, and some ponies loaded and dragging their tent poles.

At Beaver they decided to rest for two days to give their cattle a chance to recuperate. They felt safe in a settlement, and there was plenty of grass along the fences and in the brush. The weather was no clear, so they could dry their bedding out and wash their clothing.

At Cedar City they stopped again, for here lived some of their friends from Wales – the John Parry family. Elias Morris had been here for several years working on the iron mine installations, but had returned to Salt Lake City in 1860. At the John Parry home Ann did some baking and general washing and repairing of clothing while the men checked over the wagon. The next stretch would be the most difficult of the whole trip, with the sudden drop in elevation taking them through narrow gorges and steep dugways. They spent three days on the fifty-mile stretch from Cedar City to St. George.

They entered their new home town on June 5, 1862, one of the hottest days of the year. They drove first to the camp of Brother Robert Hill, the wool carder from England, and set their wagon near his willow shed, glad to have the association of a friendly family. Here just twelve days later their little daughter

Mary Ellen was born. (June 18, 1862) Family legend says that she was the first girl baby to be born on the townsite. John Pymm was born on the black ridge before the family pulled into the valley and John David Pulsipher was born December 28, 1861, in the midst of the rain on the old camp ground.

The prospects here must have been discouraging indeed. The people had moved onto their lots on March 22, a little more than two months before, so that there were as yet no houses, but only willow sheds and tents and wagon-boxes set off the running gears onto rock or log foundations.

The Cragun family, arriving in October, 1862, found conditions a little better. Martha Cragun Cox, about George's age, later wrote her first impressions:

My father put his wheat into the T.O. in Salt Lake and drew it out of the office of towns he passed through. We stayed to get it milled. My brother placed the accordean for dances, for which he received butter, eggs, cheese etc.. We stayed a week at Parowan. When we reached the Santa Clara River camp was made under some tall trees. Here the lightest wagon was emptied and prepared for the journey down to St. George. The ride was a wonder, the deep sand stretch extending three or four unbroken miles, then down the steep hills into a low flat valley where were many tents, brush sheds and 3 or 4 houses, Orson Pratts, J. W. Crosbys & Lysander Daytons, which was the very first house built in St. George & a row of log houses where E. Snow lived.

Charles L. Walker, who arrived in St. George three months after the Craguns and six months after the Parry family was another who came to the mission reluctantly. He traveled in company with Brother J. Duffin, and wrote of the trip: "this was the hardest trial I ever had and had it not been for the gospel & those that were placed over me I should never moved a foot to go on such a trip. . .all the way down traveld over mountains & vallies thro rivers dust sand rain & snow for 26 days. Arrived in St. George on the afternoon of the 9th of Dec. 1862. . .got me a city lot and 2½ acres of land the same day put my wagon in Br Faucett's lot and he kindly shared his room with me until I got me a place built to live in." His description which follow is vivid of the general area:

St. George is a barren looking place the soil is red & sandy on the north ranges a long high red rocky bluff. on the East is a long black ridge of volcanic production. on the west the same. on the south runs the Virgin river a shallow rapid stream from which a great portion of the land is irrigated. to look on the county it is dry parched barren waste with here and there a green spot on the margin of the streams. very windy dust blowing nearly all the time the water is not good and far from palatable. and this is the country we have to live in and make it blossom as the Rose. Well its all right we shall know how to appreciate a good country when we get to it, when the Lord has prepared the way for his People to return and build up the waste places of Zion.

This man was destined to spend the remainder of his life in St. George, and to contribute generously to its culture and morale. His diary, carefully kept, is like a mirror through which the reader may view life in Dixie in all its varying aspects.

Like all the other settlers, Brother Parry sensed that this was to be a difficult assignment. Like the others, he set about to secure a lot that his family might be permanently located. In his work he would have little use for oxen, and he had no feed for them, so he traded the ox team for the lot across the street from Rufus C. Allen. At the present time (1865), it is owned by Mrs. Maxine Brooks and is listed as 190 south 100 west. Here Brother Parry built one adobe room with a fireplace, and had it ready to move into before the cold weather. The wagon box, with the cover securely fastened down, was set upon a rough rock foundation and served as George's bedroom, a place where he could keep his few things and could have some privacy.

This first summer in Dixie was very hard for George. There were no streets cleared, no trees growing enough to see, people were everywhere clearing at their lots and working for shelters while they lived under willow sheds and in their wagon boxes. The burning heat was everywhere, the acrid, alkaline water warm and unpalatable, the flies and mosquitoes and the every-blowing dust in everything, all combined to make life miserable. One day as he went to bring in the cows from where they were picking their food in the river bottom, he climbed the side of the black hill and looked over the valley. It was all so different from what he had known – the sea, the beach, the wooded green mountains and the valleys of Wales, the good home in Salt Lake City with the shade around it and the garden of flowers and vegetables, the friends and the fun and the opportunity to work and get paid for it – the sum total of everything washed over him like a great flood and he threw himself onto a rock and cried as though his heart would break. For his mother buried somewhere on the prairie, his father in a cemetery in Salt Lake City, his sister in Ogden, and his little brother out over Jordan. After he had literally cried himself out, he got up and composed himself the best he could. From this time on, he told himself, he would not cry any more. He would try to live here and like it.

This resolution was strengthened when he got home. Brother Parry had sensed that George was discouraged and lonely, and saw the traces of his afternoon's trial, so finding a good opportunity, he said to him kindly, "Remember, George, you were called here, too, the same as I was. It is not easy for us, or for any of the others who have come, but it is our mission and we must do the best we can with it."

As George began to get acquainted with the other boys of the town, he built up a defense against their questioning. His past was his own business, its hurts still raw, and he did not want to drag it out and talk about it. So when he was asked his name, he said, "Proctor Parry," and it was by that name that he was known among his friends. Though some of them guessed that he was not really Brother Parry's son, they honored his wish to be silent about his past.

Ground had been broken for the new Social Hall on March 22, before the Parry family arrived. Writing in detail of his work in later life, George said that Edward L. Parry directed the work of the building and was assisted in the cutting by Wilson Lund and George Brooks, adding "This was practically the first stone cutting I ever did, except some practice in cutting letters."

As he associated with the other workers and took his place now for the first

time at a man's job among men, he came to appreciate the sacrifices others were making to help with the establishment of a city here in the desert. The men who worked at the quarry north of town, taking out the slabs of stone with picks and bars, slips and wedges, with "likely not one pound of powder used," the men who hauled the rock from the quarry to the building site, giving not only of their own strength, but that of the teams, those who mixed the mud and transported the cut stones to where they were laid into the wall – each was giving full measure of time and energy.

The lumber came from Pine Valley from the mill of Eli Whipple; William Gardner brought a load down to sell, but donated it to the Social Hall instead, so that the work could continue. They cut the sills and lintels for the doors and windows of stone, but they needed lumber for the frames, and of course for the beams and rafters. This together with the flooring and roof planks and shingles, all came from the Pine Valley mills.

The tablet stone placed in the face of the building and bearing the date 1863 was the first lettering cut by George. He was only eighteen years old at the time, but throughout his long life he was to cut many tablets bearing dates including many markers and monuments in the cemetery.

During this building, Brother Parry was an exacting master, satisfied with nothing short of perfection. Sometimes he would criticize George severely before the other workmen; often a rebuke to him would have been more appropriately applied to one older than he. Privately he said, "George, you are a very good workman. You earn your money every day and your work is of the very best, but I must sometimes use you as an example to show others what I want done." Many, many years later George was more than amply rewarded when his father said to him, "I am an expert artisan, but you are an artist in stone."

There were perhaps times at first when the youngest cutter of them all felt discouraged, but it was not for long. His ability was soon to be recognized.

The building of the St. George Social Hall occupied more than a year. The work was necessarily slow because of the business of getting out the stone, cutting, and laying it. There were delays in getting nails, even after lumber was secured; the glass and paint must be freighted in, and items which must be purchased with cash must wait until the amount could be raised. The stone-masons worked most steadily, first on the thick foundation and the large fireplace on the back of the basement floor. They cut all the sills and lintels in this building of stone and the door and window jambs were laid so true and straight that the wooden casings could be made to fit. Thus as soon as the lumber was provided for the floor joists, they could proceed with the second floor and fill in with the gable stones. Edward L. Parry had charge of all this stone work, with Miles Romney as architect and general superintendent of all the construction. Jacob Gates and James G. Bleak were responsible for raising cash, even going in to Salt Lake City and asking for contributions there. On one trip they raised \$525.00 in cash, merchandise, shoes, tea, and nails to help further the work. Finally on November 29th, 1863, the house was completed and ready for use.

In the meantime, President Brigham Young had visited the southern settlements in the fall of 1862, and seeing the hard conditions of the people and the impossibility of their securing their own food, he set about to provide a new work project for them. Soon after his return to Salt Lake City he wrote Erastus Snow

under date of October 1 in which he said, in part:

I wish you and the brethren to build as speedily as possible a good, substantial, commodious meeting house, one large enough to seat at least 2000 persons, and that will not only be useful, but also an ornament to your city, and a credit to your energy and enterprise.

I hereby place at your disposal, expressly to aid in the building of aforesaid meeting house, the labor, molasses, vegetable, and grain tithing of Cedar City and all other places south of that city.

This was good news indeed. These settlements had been established for seven to ten years, and had produced good crops this year. Workers could build in the mild winter of Dixie, with the assurance of food, at least.

Here again Edward L. Parry was chief mason in charge of all the rock work, with Miles Romney as architect and general superintendent. These men took the injunction to make this building "an ornament to your city, and a credit to your energy and enterprise" very literally indeed. In this project they would put all their skill and artistic taste that it might be a monument to all who worked on it. The pride which they took in it is reflected by George Brooks, when in his later life he wrote a summary that posterity might know the names of the chief workmen. He speaks of the St. George tabernacle as "the most interesting and best built Bldg in the state of Utah" which indeed it has been pronounced by more than one architect. "Built upon Honor by men who shod reverence for the call of the Authorities and a thankfulness to the God of Heaven who brought them here." (See Appendix I)

Between his employment on the Social Hall and the Tabernacle, George had steady work. Still there was time to make friends and to share in the social life of the community. Other boys in their teens included some he had known in Salt Lake City: Nephi and George Fawcett, Robert, George, and Neil Forsythe. Brig and George Jarvis, Frank, Orson, and Solon Foster, Thomas and Charles Cottam, Sam and Joe Judd, David H. Cannon, Gus Miles, and Bill Bracken were also among his close friends.

Within the family, George had a great fondness for little Eddie (Edward Thomas) and also for the new sister, Mary Ellen, as indeed for the others each in turn. He was to them an older brother to carry them and play with them and tease them a little. Brother Parry was not a demonstrative man, and yet George came to feel that his foster father really loved him.

At one time a man named Thorne came through with a band of horses, headed for California. He was trading horses and buying as he went, and wanted some young fellow to travel with him and help manage the camp and the animals. He became acquainted with George and held out promises of an exciting and interesting trip to the coast with a chance to make a lot of money. It must have come at a time when the boy was discouraged or restless. At any rate, George promised to go, and for a few days worked with him in St. George and Santa Clara, helping Thorne to make contracts and trades. Brother Parry evidently knew what was going on, but wisely refrained from saying anything.

At last the band was ready to move, and they were taken to Dodge's Spring just out of town. Here they would spend the night before beginning the long drive over the summit and down the slope to the Beaver Dams. That evening, since he

had no team of his own, Brother Parry hired Joseph Oxborrow to take him out to the camp. They rode out in a wagon. When they arrived, George was not there; he was out with the band of horses. Mr. Thorne was very angry when he learned their mission.

"He is not your boy," the trader said.

Brother Parry did not argue, but when George arrived he said kindly, "Get your things together, son. I have come to take you home." Without a word of protest, George went for his things. "Get the saddle, too," Brother Parry told him. There was some discussion about the saddle, but the father insisted that it be put into the wagon.

"Now, how much do you owe this boy?" Brother Parry asked the trader.

The man insisted that he did not owe anything. He had only promised to pay when they reached California and disposed of the horses.

Turning to George, Brother Parry said, "Figure up what he owes you."

"You pay this boy what you owe him, and do it quick," Brother Parry commanded in a voice that would not admit argument. So George got his money and rode back home on the spring seat between his father and the driver, glad to go. The little house, the mother and the children had never looked so good to him before. He had already begun to mistrust this man but didn't know how to leave him honorably. Never again did he consider running away from home.

The love of his father was further confirmed when George became ill with a sort of "summer complaint" that was common. Brother Parry was working temporarily at the Crosby house, just a block north and across the street to the east. So concerned was he that several times he left his work to come down and check. When his employer remonstrated, he said, "I do well to come to work at all with that boy as sick as he is. If you can't put up with the way I do, you'll have to get someone else."

George now came to realize how deeply he was loved, not only by his father, but by the whole family.

Chapter 5 YOUNG MANHOOD

The people who came to the Cotton Mission determined that they would build a good life here: fine homes and beautiful public buildings. They would also provide cultural activities for themselves and their children, both by education and by community lectures, debating societies, music, and drama.

While they were still camped on the adobe yard, apostle Erastus Snow called the people together and one of the first items of business was the establishment of a school. They agreed that Brother Jabez Woodward should teach in the large sibley tent which was used for their central meeting house. This lasted only two weeks, for then the rain began, and the tent was needed for a general shelter.

As soon as they moved onto the townsite in March, Sister Orpha Everett opened a school on her lot. For a time they met in a tent, and then a willow house was built on the lot adjoining (Lot 1 Block 12 Plat A) on Second South just off Main Street. This was of woven willows around cottonwood uprights. A large flat rock in the center of the dirt floor served as a table and the basic support of the pole which held up the tent roof. By 1866 each of the four wards of the town had built a school house for the children of the ward.

A center of social activity for the young city was a large bowery erected on Lot 8 Block 25 Plat A of the St. George City survey, on the same block upon which the Social Hall was being erected, but near the center of the block on Main Street between Tabernacle and First North. This was constructed of cottonwood posts set ten feet apart, interwoven with black willow saplings for the walls. The roof was first of branches, but later made more solid with bundles of cattails and long grass from the sloughs and covered with sod. The earth floor was well rolled and packed, and planks upon uprights formed backless benches. A slightly elevated stage of lumber was constructed across the south end.

Here on the 24th of July 1862 the first theater, *The Eaton Boy*, was presented, and in spite of the limited stage facilities – the blanket curtain, and the dim lighting – it was well received. An orchestra of five pieces; two violins, one clarinet, a triangle, and clappers provided music between acts.

Since the Parry family had arrived just a little more than a month earlier, this is probably the first social uncton that George attended in his new home, and it probably compared not too favorably with plays he had seen in the city. This was, in fact, the only play to be given in the Bowery, for by the next year the basement of the Social Hall was finished to a point where it could be used, and later the upper part of the building was completed. True, this would accommodate a smaller crowd, so that the play must often be repeated four times, but the facilities were such that both actors and audience could get satisfaction from the production.

The Bowery did continue the meeting place for conference in the spring and fall and for the two July celebrations, and is mentioned often by diarists.

During the year 1863, while George and Brother Parry worked on the Social Hall and upon occasion helped with the foundations of some of the homes, the farmers labored with the ditch and dam, and a crew were digging in the public square at a spot selected by the "water witch" with his forked stick, in the hopes of tapping an underground stream for better drinking water. The diary of Charles L.

Walker summarized the public activities as well as his own:

Sunday, June 21, 1863. . . .our crops this Season have been light very light in fact I might say a failure owing to the want of water. There has a good many houses been erected this year in this place considering the adverse circumstances the People have had to cope with, and St. George begins to look like a city of some importance. . .

We have dug the foundation for a large meeting house on the Public Square the artesian well has been bored to the depths of some 200 feet but no water issues forth as yet there has been a good deal of Fencing and water ditch making in the field.

Sept. 4th, 1863. . . .My garden has proved a failure this Season not even paying for plowing I planted out 75 peach trees all dead except 9 or 10.

When the Social Hall was finished late in 1863, it was George Brooks who cut the lettering and date on the tablet stone in front, his first work to receive public recognition, and he was proud of it. Now the debating club would not have to meet in a tent; the lyceum programs were given dignity by having an appropriate room; the band could practice and even store its accouterments here. The actors now had dressing rooms, as well as curtains for the front, permanent stands for the lamps with reflectors to throw the light upon the actors and protect the eyes of the audience. Chorus and choir and literary groups used this meeting place, and even the men assigned to guard against Indian attacks gathered around the big fireplace in the basement to wait their turn. Truly this was a community center of great importance in constant use. Charles L. Walker's account represents the activities of many others.

St. George Jan 1st 1864. . .this winter I have been attending the Seventies Meetings Sunday meetings ward meetings besides a Lyceum and Dramatic association of which I am a member so I havent much time to waste. there has not been enough rain to lay the dust since last September.

In 1863, obedient to counsel, the people had concentrated upon the raising of cotton, and had a fair crop, but once it was harvested, they could do nothing with it. The result was that they hauled 74,000 pounds of raw cotton back to the Mississippi River in a long wagon train which would bring back machinery and supplies. Feramorz E. Little, who was church agent at Kaneshville, Iowa, noted in a letter to President Young that "the cotton train from Dixie arrived today. I shall make arrangements for sacks." A week later he reported that he had the Dixie cotton baled.

In 1864 the people planted more varied crops – grains, sugar cane for molasses, forage crops, and vegetables of different kinds, for they must have food. Their harvest was again scant, however, and they suffered a severe food shortage, as the following excerpts from Charles L. Walker's diary show:

August 21, 1864 Warm and cloudy with a little sprinkle of rain. I went up to the Bowery to teach my class in the Sunday School. . .

There is a great scarcity of breadstuff here in this place and many are with out bread our crops are light and we have had a great deal of trouble with our virgin ditch breaking nearly every day. thousands of dollars have been expended on it already. My garden is doing a little better than it did last year I have got 20 or 30 fruit trees alive out of a hundred or more . . .

St. George Nov 9th 1864 Pleasant weather, but rather cold nights and mornings. Bro. Brigham and a number of the twelve Apostles and others paid us a visit about the last of Sept and spent three days with us and gave some very good instructions. . .

November 9, 1864 . . .Next Monday a company of Men under Jacob Hamblin start for the Colorado River to locate a Road from to this place also to make a landing in the vicinity of Hardys landing so that the saints can come this way as the troubles in the Eastern States render it unsafe to travel by the old route Br Brigham has ordered the Emigration to come by the way of Panama across the isthmus thence up the coast of California to the mouth of the Colorado River. The Saints will travel this route in the winter Season as it will be hot and sickley in Summer. If this plan succeeds well St. George will become a large and flourishing city, in fulfilment of the words of Brother Brigham. . .

George Laub, a carpenter who was devoting his time to the public works also wrote of the privations of this year; but like Walker, he looked forward to better times:

Now during the year of 1864 there was a scarce time for bread in these southern settlements. We had to haul our bread stuff from the Northern settlements in which the northern brethren took the advantage of our necessity. . .and we were oblided to sell our wagons and cattle at a sacrifice to obtain bread to sustain and uphold and upbuild these places in Dixie south in order that we might raise our own cotton to sustain ourselves in cotton clothing and open up the pass for forin emigration and our merchandise to come through this portion of the country from the California Gulf and thence up the Colerado which is now in operation by companys going down to open trade and building ware houses to receive shipping which will come within 100 miles of St. George.

On December 31, 1864, Walker added to the Colorado river account this entry:

...Bro A Call and his company have returned from the Colarado. he states that he has secured a claimi suitable for a landing on the River. workmen are going down to build a large warehouse, and make a permanent settlement. a company under Br. Smith from farmington have gone down on the Muddy to make a settlement on the Beaver Dams. the people feel pretty well considering the straightened

circumstances they are passing thro at the present time. . .

Alas for all their hopes. Like the artesian well upon which they expended so much labor and energy, this project was also futile. The large warehouse was built – that is, the rock structure was put up – and the wharf was made to receive boats, but no ship ever unloaded its cargo there and no emigrants came to Zion over this route. Yet the people of St. George worked on, certain that in time they would be rewarded with success.

During these years, an extended building program was going on all through the new town, not only in public buildings, but in private homes, large and small. But for young George Brooks, the pattern was set. He worked on the meeting house [Tabernacle] every day. This building was to be extra special, their most expert workmanship upon their finest concept of art. Every stone was cut the same width and each to fit its place. Every stone was “faced” by its cutter, and since the size of the tools varied, the stippling became the trade mark of the worker, so that Edward L. Parry could identify every stone that went into the building. Each stone which finished a door or window was especially “edged” or designed with a band, so that the opening was encased in a pattern.

The architect, Miles Romney, considered this the masterpiece of his life, since he was responsible for the architectural design. The overall pattern, the jutting water ledge of unstippled stone, the triangled lintels over the long windows, the two arched center windows – every detail was his responsibility, though he conferred with and trusted to the judgment of Edward L. Parry in matters concerning the stone work. For both men, now in their middle years, this building was to stand before future generations as a monument to their best efforts.

During these first years many cultural enterprises took root in Dixie. Besides the lyceum and the debating club, in 1864 a literary group of four young men determined to put out a newspaper. Without a printing press, they could only compose each one his own piece, read it aloud to the group, accept criticism and suggestions, and then copy it by hand on the long pages of paper, ruled into three columns beneath an elaborate title, THE VEPRECULA, arched above the rough drawing of a “Little Bramble.” The authors – Joseph Orton, Orson Pratt, Jr., George A. Burgon, and Charles L. Walker – each made at least one contribution to each issue, some serious, some comic, some informative, some ridiculous. A Dramatic Association was also organized in 1864, and a martial band, as well as a choir and a special chorus.

During the spring of this same year the celebrated artist, Phillip Luba, was conducting a class in art. His three students – Seth Pymm, George Brooks, and Charles L. Walker – met in the Brooks bedroom. This was the wagon box, tightly covered and set up on a rock foundation, now an art studio. For this time of the year it was pleasant enough, and the art class lasted through the summer. George was proud of this room, for it gave him privacy – a place to keep his things and a retreat when he wanted to read or study or practice on his precious fiddle.

A man had come to town with a violin which he offered for sale or trade. George had no money, but he did have a horse. In those days a boy without a horse was much more handicapped than the modern boy without access to a car – a horse was his means of transportation and the mark of his social rating among his fellows. But a horse also must be fed, and this became a problem to a young man

whose time all spent at stone cutting only two blocks from his home. And as long as he could remember, George had wanted a fiddle.

Getting a friend to go with him, riding double on the horse, they went to find the man. The deal was made, and George walked back carrying his own violin. It had no bridge and no strings, and one key was missing, but in spite of these defects it was said to be an excellent instrument. John Eardley, the town potter and a natural musician, was a man always willing to help anyone in difficulty, so willing, in fact that he became much loved but not rich. He helped to make the bridge and the key, and sent George to Brother McIntyre to get some string. These, however, had to be ordered out of Salt Lake City.

It all took time, the assembling and the tuning, but when at last it was finished George had the thrill of his life to hold it under his chin and draw the bow gently across the strings. Night after night, every night, he sawed away at it in the privacy of his little bed room, filling in the empty evenings and gradually gaining skill enough to play some tunes. When he was not using the instrument, he kept it carefully wrapped and out of reach of the children.

Though he did not become skilled enough to join the city orchestra, he did play at home in later years, and the instrument was always one of the family treasures.

During 1965, President Young, convinced now that cotton could be produced here, and that it must be made up into cloth if it were to be profitable, had set Appleton M. Harmon and others to work on a factory in Washington. The work was pushed with vigor all this year, and again the people felt that brighter days were ahead.

The year 1865 was a little better. The Fourth of July was celebrated by a salute from the cannon – the first time the artillery salute was mentioned in the history of Dixie. There was martial music, and the citizens met at the Bowery where the Declaration of Independence was read and orations, toasts, and songs made up the program.

That fall the first Agricultural Fair was held in St. George, with a display of fruits, vegetables, molasses, cotton, home-made cloth and other hand work. It was not large or elaborate, but it was a beginning.

During this fall, word came of Indian depredations in Sanpete County, and the military in Washington was alerted and more fully organized.

On September 16, President Young spoke in the bowery, giving the people encouragement and advice. As the walls of the tabernacle were rising above the ground, he visited the site. Studying the details of the plans, he noticed the design of the lintels to be placed over the windows and doors, and asked if there were workmen there competent to do this work.

“Oh, yes,” Brother Parry told him. “We have a number of young fellows here who can do that.”

When President Young asked who, he pointed to George at work on a stone. “He can handle that without any trouble at all,” he said. At this suggestion, Miles Romney assigned George to do all the lintels over the doors and windows. With specifications before him, he cut the first and had it approved, and thereafter proceeded to work only on the lintels until he had them all done – ten for the two sides, three for the front, two for the back windows. The two front doors must have extra long ones of the same general design. These and the one front window

must be done first, and then as the other workmen proceeded with the walls, he had the lintels ready as they were needed. The square tower, firmly rising from the basement all the way up, would have an especially designed window in center front, with an arched top and fan-shaped panes crowned by a decorative arch of stone, all of which he cut.

By 1866 reports of Indian depredations in Sanpete County led to the putting out guards. The military, under the direction of Erastus Snow, with D. D. McArthur and David Cannon in charge, was handled by Captain James Andrus. The men who stood guard were mostly young, unmarried ones, George Brooks being one of them. Of this experience he wrote:

This St. George Hall was used for Church, Sacred, water ditch meetings, Theatre, Dancing, school being held in the basement even before the roof was placed over the upper story, being sheltered by planks over the upper floor. Heated by a large fireplace in the outer room south end, this room also being used for guard quarters during the time of the Indian raids.

The writer has spent the fore part of many nights here going on guard at midnight.

Thom Baker and I were secluded behind a rock wall during the cold night, down near the Temple. Jos Judd and Benct Johnson at the outside to town near Geo Webb home. An Indian was coming to town before daylight. Joe and Benct accosted him demanding that he dismount. The Indian refusing Joe discharged his small five-inch pistol missing the Indian. He then jumped off mighty quick.

Joe Judd and I thought we not fit for anything but to guard against Indians and volunteered our services almost continuously.

The feeling of inferiority which George here expresses for himself and Joe Judd could have had its roots in the fact that he was an orphan, and that he matured late, and so was always being considered younger than he actually was.

On the night of January 10, 1866, there was a grand ball to be held at the Social Hall. There had been elaborate preparations made: the room was swept and dusted, the benches arranged around the outside, the lamps cleaned, trimmed, and filled. The musicians, William McIntyre and Josh Oliphant, were tuning up their violins and John M. Moody, the dancing manager, had called out to "fill up the floor." The girls in their best dresses were ranged on the benches along the east wall while the boys stood in groups of the opposite side. George Brooks and his friends were in the crowd, his clothes carefully brushed, his shoes blackened with soot from the back of the fireplace. Though they were not new, they looked better than those of a companion who had blackened his big toe where it protruded from the broken end of his – a fast-growing boy whose feet had pushed through both sock and shoe. They were just making up their minds to go across and select a partner, when the fiddlers became still and the crowd was called to order.

Mayor Robert Gardner had come in, with him two men with whom he had been talking. He announced that the word had just come in from Pipe Springs that Dr. James M. Whitmore and Robert McIntyre, who had been there in charge of their cattle, were missing, and indications were that they had been killed by Indians. A

company was being mustered to leave early in the morning in search of them.

The dance broke up in confusion. All night women cooked and prepared clothing and bedding, and before daylight sixty men were on their way. Most of them were mounted, but the baggage wagons carried two or three each, in addition to supplies. Col. Daniel D. McArthur was in command with Lieut. Angus M. Cannon and Major John D. L. Pierce and David H. Cannon assisting. Captain James Andrus had charge of the horsemen.

George Brooks was not one of the company, one reason being that he had no horse. He had been attached to the Artillery section of the organization. Charles L. Walker gave his account of the affair:

St. George Feb 11th 1866 . . .Las month while Doc Whitmore and a young man named Robt Mcintire were hunting some missing stock in the vicinity of pipe spring; they were surrounded by a party of Pi-edes and Massacred and stripped almost naked. They were brought home in wagon load of snow froze stiff in a good state of preservation. I with others washed them and pulled out the arrow points from their bodys and dresed them in their burial robes ready for interment. also went to the funreal, which was attended by a large concourse of People. . .

In spite of tragedy, work went on as usual in the community, with farmers and tradesmen all busy. The Call's Landing was already a failure, but the cotton factory had been pushed with such vigor that the first floor above the basement was ready for the roof. With machinery to work up their cotton, this mission succeed at last.

The spring conference was held, as usual, in early May. From Charles L. Walker's account we learn:

St. George May 4 1866 Cold, cloudy, and windy. Went up to the bowery to attend the Semi annual Conference of the Southern Mission. . .I heard but little of what they said; for the wind roared thro the willows that covered the bowery, with such violence that it was almost an impossibility to hear the speaker.

Sunday 6th Dark cold and windy. we were obliged to nail wagon covers round the bowery to protect us from the gale. . . .

Monday 7th Mild and pleasant. it seems as tho the devil tried to hinder us from meeting together. . .by causing the wind to blow and the dust to fly in clouds. . .

The Fourth of July celebration this year was much the same as the one the year previous, with the artillery salute, the band and the program at the Bowery, the children's dance there in the afternoon, and a farce "Poor Pillicody" presented at the Social Hall at night.

But it was the 24th of July program upon which they expended their finest talents, making this the most elaborate by far of any yet held, and much more elaborate than any to be held again for many years. Again we use the account of Charles L. Walker:

. . .Before Sunrise I was up ready to play, when the signal gun was fired. after playing awhile went down home. up again between 8 and 9 playing before the procession which consisted of the Brass and martial Band 24 Young ladies in white & 24 young gents in black suits 12 girls under 14 and 12 boys the same age, the gardeners Club Artists and Mechanics Br Snow, Judge, Citizens, Strangers, and Stragglers. after parading the principle streets they congregated at the Bowery and were entertained with Music songs recitations &c Br Snow gave an interesting narrative of the journeyings of the saints from Nauvoo to winter quarters from there to G.S.L. valley I never enjoyed myself better than I know of on this anniversary. P M went over to Washington the citizens met us before we got there and welcomed us to the town we all went to the Presidents Factory which Br Snow dedicated. after which the remainder of the time until after Midnight was spent in dancing, singing &c. . .got home a little before daylight.

We assume that George Brooks, now twenty-one years of age, took an active part in this celebration, marching in the parade, listening to the program, dancing with the rest till after midnight, and getting home about dawn. As to the Parry family in general, the elder mother, Elizabeth, with little Elizabeth Ann had been brought to Dixie; the second mother had, in addition to Edward Thomas and Mary Ellen, another son, John Lloyd, now almost two years old. During the early part of this year the family had made an extensive enlargement of the home, and in late August were just finishing covering it all with a new roof, their friend Charles L. Walker helping them.

This year (1866) the second annual fair was held again in mid-September. John D. Lee gave the following account:

we attended the Fair at Saint George. I took first Prize on onions, 3rd prize on Peaches & apples and 2nd on Beets 7 the best Stallion. The Fair was quite interesting. . .Had some stove vessels made & repaired. I also bought some 5 Tomb Stones at 20\$ Each. Brought one & Placed at the head of Aggathean Grave, together with the Epitaff Engraved in full. . . .

(Brooks & Cleland, A Mormon Chronicle II p. 28)

Since Lee mentioned only the prizes which his own family took, we may assume that there were many given in other departments as well. Which workman repaired his stove vessels and made new ones we do not know, but John Price sold him the tombstones and cut the Epitaph, a long poem of eight lines.

The year 1866 also saw the Washington County Court House begun and well under way, President Snow's Big House going up, and other private homes in various stages of building. This was an important year for George Brooks because he was now twenty-one years of age and was made a registered citizen with the right to vote. His official naturalization paper, given as No. 162 in the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Utah, County of Beaver, 19 May

1882, bears on the back fold under the printed title SECOND DISTRICT COURT a hand-written notation in short entries, the following

Presented Sept 28 1866

James A Larson

Registry Agent

Precinct No 9

Washington Co Utah

(original among his papers)

Thus for sixteen years he held the rights of citizenship in his community before he was legally naturalized, and was considered responsible before the law.

January 15, 1867, was another day of jubilation in Southern Utah. The telegraph line was to be completed. The band went out to the point of the red hill to play during the fastening of the telegraph wire to the pole there, and the operator and workmen were escorted into town amid music, singing, cheering, and cannon-firing. A little before noon the wire was put through the window, attached to the battery, and the crowd stood in almost reverent silence while the operator took the first message and then read it to them. Then they broke into wild cheering.

The summer of 1867 was one of much sickness, especially among the younger children, with seven children dying within three weeks. This general sickness was prevalent also in Pine Valley, Washington, and the other settlements.

The year 1868 was another of scarcity of food, as in April, when the people were literally "between hay and grass." On April 4, 1868, Walker wrote:

Provisions are rather scarce at the present time. Yet the people don't seem to murmur or complain but go on with their work as tho they had an abundance of good things. . .

July 4 that year he pronounced the dullest he had ever witnessed for "it seemed as tho no one cared one whit whether the day was celebrated or not." The next year was even worse:

Sunday July 4 1869. . .no demonstrations in commemorating the independence of America. I think without exception this is the dullest fourth I ever saw. Bread is scarce and meat and butter are out of the question, and it seems as tho in working and contriving to get a morsel to eat it taxes our energies to the uttermost. times are very dull and nothing much a doing except slaving on ditches and dams. . .

One memorable event of this year came on March 20, 1869, when the first meeting was held in the basement of the Tabernacle. From this day on, the Bowery need never be used again for public meetings.

By late summer the Indians had again become restless and threatening. On September 7, 1869, word reached St. George of the murder of three of the men of the Powell Colorado River expedition. They had left the river directly south at Tuweep and planned to walk in to the settlements, but were killed by Indians. In the late fall Navajos had raided the area of Iron County, driving off a band of fifty-

six horses and colts. (Bleak, Bk B., 25-26)

A contingent of cavalry was sent in pursuit. Thought they rode far out past the Pahreah headwaters and did catch a glimpse of the Indians at a distance, the nature of the country was such that they could not get near them. None of the animals was recovered.

By this time the Church herd of cattle had brown, and President Brigham Young had decided to purchase of the Pipe Springs property from the wife of Dr. Whitmore. The plan was to form a cooperative herd which could be effectively managed by a small group, so soon after his return to Salt Lake City, President Young sent the following telegram to Erastus Snow:

Salt Lake City, April 18, 1870

President E. Snow:

Proceed with the Kanab business; Cooperative herding &c. Have Brother Winsor go out as soon as convenient, and commence putting in grain and other planting suitable to the soil and climate.

Hope you have arranged matters satisfactorily with Sister Whitmore

Expect Pres't D. H. Wells and Sstringham will visit Kanab and Canaan after Conference. Am well. Brigham Young

James G. Bleak, book B, of his *Annals of the Southern Mission* pp. 43 and 44 gives the details of the program. The Pipe Springs property, consisting of 140 acres of land and the water was purchased from the Whitmore Estate for the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000). A cooperative organization had been started at Toquerville on April 9, and was enlarged to include men from St. George. As to the general management:

As church livestock had been gathered to Pipe Springs Elder Anson P. Winsor, according to appointment of President Young, took charge of the herd as Superintendent in the middle of May. His compensation, afterwards adjusted, was \$1200 a year.

This location was so far away from any settlement and so exposed to Indian attacks that it was necessary to build a fort for the protection of those who must remain there. This was done by calling workmen from the settlements, among them the Averett brothers from Washington, Charles L. Walker, and others from St. George. A letter by James G. Bleak pin-points the time:

St. George, Sept. 17th, 1870

. . . As President Joseph W. Young. . . was called by Pres. B. Young to take charge of building a fort at Pipe Springs 60 miles east of this place. . . .

Soon there was another threat by the Indians. Jacob Hamblin, who was in the Kanab area, came to Pipe springs to warn the people there to be on their guard. It would be better to prevent a stampede of their animals than to try to recover them after the Indians had driven them off. The house itself, now nearing

completion and known as "Winsor Castle" was safe enough for those inside, but the cattle were all scattered over a wide area, and the Indian trails and approaches should be guarded. It was at this time that George Brooks had his only military experience other than acting as home guard. Since no definite record was ever found, the following is inserted to show the time and conditions under which he served.

Pres. E. Snow

Winsor
Castle, Dec 7th,
1870

Dear Brother

Jacob Hamblin has just come in from Kanab to see me and consult about the safety of these outposts.

We have thought it best to send an Express to Rockville asking for 5 or 6 men to come out tomorrow and help us, until we can hear from you.

I shall write jointly with Brother Jacob,

Yours &c.

Jose. W. Young

Pres. E. Snow

Dear Bro

We write you, to say that the thirteen Indians who came from the east side of the Colorado a few days ago, are not Navajos, as has been reported, but are a band of renegade Yam-pah-utes, headed by Pat-nish, the one who led the Navajos in there the time that Dr. Whitmore and McIntyre were killed. His spirit is anything but good. . .

We think it is likely that these fellows will try to steal stock when they start back. . .

We have written to Rockville, making [asking] the Brethren to send us five or six men tomorrow, and if they come, we shall increase the number to ten, and send them to the Pahreah immediately. . . .

From this it is clear that the ones called out from St. George were George Brooks and his three companions, Joseph Judd, George F. Jarvis, W. G. Miles. They would have left St. George in the night of December eighth or ninth, and ridden horseback to Canaan, where there was a headquarters, and from where they were detailed to their duties. Their forty-two days service would have brought them back to St. George about the third week of January 1871. This ties and supports a letter written in his later life by George in explaining his eligibility for a pension:

My memory is distinct and clear on that point. We were called out by Brigadier General Snow by telegraph, who was at that time in Kanab. The message came to St. George and we were mustered out in the night by Col. A. P. Hardy and Captain D. H. Milne of the artillery. I was at the time in the artillery. We were then delivered by John M. McFarlane to Captain James Andrus, Captain of the Calvary, who took us in charge at the Canaan Ranch and detailed us to Pipe springs to

guard the Winsor Castle Fort for about 42 days, as guards and scouts. We were then honorably discharged and called home by him (General Snow) at the instance of your writing and telling him that the Navajos had all gone back, and us signing the letter. To which letter he replied and ordered A. P. Winsor to bring us home, which he did, as you say, in a somewhat starved condition.

For his permanent record, George made the following entry in his large Family Ledger:

George Brooks Sr Soldier Career
Serial No. At Pension Beuro 1.580.433
Survived with James Andrus Expedition 1871
at Pipe Springs 42 days
Survived under Cap Geo. Woodward Infantry Co also
(P. 288)

During the years 1870-1871 work on the Tabernacle was slowed up for the need of masons on other projects. The cotton factory at Washington must be raised another story. Fort Kanab and Fort Pierce used workmen for a short time each and Winsor Castle was another major undertaking. On October 31, 1871, Charles L. Walker noted that he was "laboring on the Meeting House which is now up to the square and the carpenters are working on the roof timbers." The tower remained to be done, with its windows to the north and south and the arched plaque in the front.

The decision to build a temple in St. George had been made earlier in the fall of 1871 and on November 9 the ground was broken in an impressive ceremony. About forty carriages and wagons gathered on the site, the choir sang an anthem, and Brother George A. Smith knelt and offered the dedicatory prayer, which was "full and powerful." The choir, which had been well trained under Brother John M. McFarlane sang another anthem, and the brass band from Santa Clara played a lively tune. Brother Brigham then explained that this was the spot where the temple was to be built, that this was to mark the south-east corner, and that in the foundation and also near the top of the building in this place records would be placed. Then uncovering his head he took the shovel. "We will now proceed to break the ground," he said, and dug out a few shovelful near the stake, then handed the shovel to George A. Smith, who did likewise, then to Erastus Snow, Joseph W. Young, Jacob Gates, Bro. Harriman, Levi Hancock, James G. Bleak, William Fawcett, D. D. McArthur, and quite a number of the other brethren. The congregation sang "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning." Brother Brigham then stood on a chair and instructed the Saints how to make the salutation and give the Hosanna shout, after which the group was dismissed.

Men began working on the excavation that very day, but it was two years before the first rock was laid for the foundation, as it had taken so long to make the excavation and fill in the swampy portion with the black shale. Seventeen thousand tons of rock were hammered into the ground by means of the old cannon loaded with shot. They had instructions to keep pounding until the cannon bounced back three times, showing that it was secure.

In the meantime, George Brooks continued his work at the tabernacle until the last stone was in place. Here again, there was a ceremony to mark the date:

29th Rather cold and windy. This afternoon the last stone on the meeting house was laid by Pres Erastus Snow and D. D. McArthur assisted by E. L. Parry and Miles Romney, also the Presidency of the stake The choir were present undr Jno McFarlane and discoursed sweet anthems, the cannon was fired as the stone was laid. Myself and others were on the tower with Br Snow and when the stone was in its place (Pres Snow taking lead) we raised our hands to heaven and shouted Hosannah to God and the Lamb for ever and ever amen. at night there was a supper and Party given by the Church for the stone cutter and Masons also others [who] had assisted the Party went of as well as could be expected considering the inconveniences we had to put up with. I composed and sang the following song for the occasion which was well received. .

The last stone on the top did not mean that the building was completed, however. Nearly five months more of work remained before those most responsible could leave the task. This entry could have as well been written by Edward L. Parry or George Brooks, for it was just as true of them as it was of the writer, Charles L. Walker:

Thursday May 23 1872 Hot weather Today the mason work on the Meeting house was completed the steps finished and things straightened up around the building. I have worked on this building for over 5 year, from putting in the Foundation to the capstone on the tower. many weary toilsome days have I labored on the St. George tabernacle lifting the heavy rocks in the wind, dust, cold, and scorching heat of this climate, yet I have felt happy and contented. I was called to labor ther by the Priesthood, letting my own affairs go, to work on these walls, yet through the hard times of scarcity and want of the necessaries of life I have been blessed. . . 439

With this assignment completed, both Charles L. Walker and George Brooks felt the need of a vacation, so they planned a trip to Salt Lake City. Walker wanted to visit his sister and other relatives and to do some endowment work for his dead kin. George must see his sister Mary and his brother Frank, he must look about the city for possible work and perhaps remain there.

Ann Parry was going along, too, for she needed a change and a rest. She too had been here ten years. Five children had been born to her, two of whom had died the summer before within two weeks of each other. These were lovely little girls – Artimisha aged five and Minnie aged two. Harriet, the baby, was just a year and a half old, but with Elizabeth in the home and the 14-year-old Elizabeth Ann to help, all could be cared for. After careful preparation, they were ready to leave. Walker’s account of the trip is very brief:

St. George June 5, 1872 Hot weather. This morning in company with George Brooks and Ann Parry, I started for S L City

after journeying 12 days we arrived all well in Salt Lake City, June 17th. I noticed considerable improvement in the Settlements since I last travelled thro them many Handsome dwellings, barns and Factories have been put up in the last ten years and the people seem to be growing rich. I also noticed much labor-saving machinery for farming purposes, and quite an improvement in the breed of stock. . .

As for George, this was his final break for independence. He was now twenty-seven years old and felt that he should work for himself. For ten years he had put in full time on the public works in St. George, earning little above his actual board and clothes, and turning most of that into the general family fund.

What is evidently the first account book kept by George Brooks in his earlier efforts to transact business on his own has recently been found among his papers. It is a small, leather-bound book, 4 x 7 inches with only sixteen un-numbered pages, but with many half-pages, as though parts had been torn out for other memos, and six torn out in the back. The words "Account Book" are written across the top of the first page and a large capital A, carefully drawn and shaded fills the upper one third of the page, with the word *Book*, four lines high, crowded in as an after-thought above it. These have evidently been put there later, for the account begins in June 1869, but the penciled items are an illegible blur, though the dates in the one margin are clear, and most of the prices in the other can be discerned.

Over the page the items are clear for the month of July 1869 thirteen entries on different days of such things as corn, flour, butter, molasses, shorts & bran, salt, 35 feet of lumber, with one gallon of wine on July 16 and another on July 24. That there is nothing entered for the winter of 1870-71 would indicate that his Indian expedition was at that time. Accounts with John Pymm to the amounts of two to three dollars a month are entered through September 1871 to April 1872 inclusive. Pymm kept a notions store in connection with the post office, so the items include liquor, paper, pencil, buckle, candy, tea, handkerchief, book, – these last, purchased in December, might well have been gifts. Each months' one-dollar or \$1.50 box of candy also appears to have been gifts. Could they have gone to Dolly Branch, even before George made his trip north?

On April 25, 1872, "I, G. Brooks agree to take at the Co-op herd horse from Woolly" which would give him either a riding pony or half a team. His last entry here is on May 25, but the bottom half of the page and all of the one following are torn out, so we cannot know what purchases he made just prior to his leaving for the north.

We might well conjecture that George took the horse north with him, riding it part of the time, leading it part of the time, or perhaps even working it in the harness to change off one or the other of the regular team. His clothing, bedroll, and grubbox would be in the wagon, but the horse would be so useful to him after they arrived. It would provide transportation in the city and to the places he wanted to go outside of it. All of this is pure guess-work and speculation, but since George evidently did not wait for Walker's return in September, it seems not improbable. With his own horse, he could visit as he pleased and could return with a minimum load – a little roll behind his saddle and cash to pay for meals and horse feed.

Chapter 6

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

Since we have no written account of George's trip north, we assume that he spent some time in Salt Lake City visiting friends, seeing the sights, and shopping in the stores. Great changes had taken place here in the past ten years. While the Council House, the Lion House, the Eagle Gate, and the Tithing Office remained unchanged, there were now stores all along Main Street, the railroad station was a bustling place at train time, and the whole city had a metropolitan air.

He was most impressed with the massive Tabernacle and its great organ, to which he never tired of listening. The Salt Lake Theater was much more splendid than he ever thought it would be, even the people on the streets were dressed in such finery as he had not seen since he could remember. With it all, he was a stranger here. Most of his friends had been called away on missions or had moved to rural settlements. The girls he remembered were long since married.

In Ogden he found his sister Mary, by this time the mother of seven children. Her husband, Lester James Herrick, was prominent in both church and state, having served as Bishop of the Second Ward and as Traveling Bishop of the whole area. He would later become mayor of Ogden. Mary was the second wife in his plural family. His first wife, Sarah Ann Garner, bore him only two children, his third wife, Agnes McQuarrie, had only two children at this time.

Mary's older children plied their Uncle George with questions about Dixie, and what it was like to live there. He entertained them with stories, sometimes illustrating them by line drawings, an art at which he became more adept as the years went on. They took him on tours of the city, pointing out the fine homes of the well-to-do, the churches and public buildings. Ogden was even more cosmopolitan than Salt Lake City, with more Mexicans, Italians, and negroes among its peoples.

Although there might be opportunities in Ogden for George in his trade of stone-cutting, he found that a short visit with his sister was enough. He rode back to Salt Lake City and from there west into the Cedar Fort area where he found his brother Frank. After ten years of separation, the boys had many experiences to exchange; it was as if they had to get acquainted all over again. Frank had been forced to work hard, to spend long seasons herding sheep, caring for cattle and horses and doing farm work. With little opportunity to go to school and practically no social life, he felt as though he had been treated as a servant or slave, until now at the age of twenty-one he hoped to set out for himself.

George encouraged him to go to Ogden and live with Mary or near her, while he himself would return to Dixie. As soon as he could get set up in a home of his own, he wanted Frank to come and share it. But for now, each must work out his own problems.

So it was that while Ann Parry waited until September to return to Dixie with the Charles Walker group, George came earlier. Walker commented in his journal that from the Black Ridge "we have a fine view of the rocks and sands and barren Desolation of Sterile Dixie of southern Utah, and a more forbidding aspect man never saw, I think." Later as he walked about the streets of St. George, he wrote: "This place when contrasted with the Bustle and business of Salt Lake seems very

dull. A person can walk up and down this town for hours and scarce see a Man – no business on railroad nor Locomotive Whistle nor express wagon, no auctions no Saloon Music no Theatres or circus, or dances all still and peace in fact it seems more like the city of the dead than the living. . . .”

But for George Brooks there was something precious here – a little blonde girl, Dolly Branch, the oldest daughter of William Henry Branch and Emily Cornelia Atwood. Of her background we learn that her parents, converts to the Church from Connecticut had come to Utah in 1850. A plasterer and builder by trade, Brother Branch settled in Salt Lake City and built a home in the 13th Ward. Here his five children - William Henry Jr., Eugene, Cornelia, Rozilla, and Candace were born.

After eleven years here, the Branch family was well established with a comfortable home on State Street between First and Second south, now (1965) 155 South State, the site occupied by the Utah-Idaho School Supply Company offices. When they received the call to Dixie in 1861, they decided not to sell this home, but to rent it and perhaps return to live there. On their arrival in the south they went with a group under Orson Pratt to settle on the stream toward Zion Canyon, stopping at Duncan’s Retreat below the present town of Virgin, Utah.

The long rain of 1861 and the floods of the next February convinced them that they should move to St. George, which they did while the town site was first being occupied. Their location was to the north and west toward the red hills, on what was known as the “Spring Lots,” because of the seeps of water which they were able to develop into an active spring. Here they built a small rock house with a lean-to and porch, and Brother Branch found plenty of work at his trade and many activities in the life of the new city.

But life was not easy. During the summer of 1864, their baby Candace, was one of the many who died. The heat and rigors of the next years were very hard on the mother, a skilled seamstress who tired to help the family economy by doing sewing for some of the better-to-do. Her health failed until she became semi-invalid, directing her home work from the bed, her daughter Cornelia, or “Dolly” as they called her, managing the home. In the spring of 1869 her husband took her to Salt Lake City for medical treatment, but nothing could be done for her, and she died there on August 26, 1869.

William Henry Branch now decided to sell his property In Salt Lake City and make his home permanently in St. George. Since the place on the spring lots was so far out of town, he purchased a lot just one block west of Main Street and one half block north of Tabernacle Street and set about to build a large, thirteen-roomed house, designed evidently to accommodate travelers, for at that time there were high hopes of great growth for the city as a mid-way stopping place for travel between the coast and Salt Lake City. It was while working on this house the George Brooks became conscious of little Dolly Branch.

Cornelia was just fourteen years old when she was left motherless, but she had been well trained in the household arts. She had learned to make good yeast bread as well as cakes and pies, to dry and preserve fruit, to keep a clean kitchen. From the age of five years she had used a needle and thread, not only to make doll clothes for her rag dolls, but to sew on buttons, put on a neat patch, and mend stockings. At least one quilt block a day was a regular assignment, so that she was early to know the satisfaction of creating something beautiful and useful out of the left-over-scrap of cloth. For her mother the idiom, “An idle hand is the Devil’s

tool," was literally true, so that when Cornelia visited with her friends, her hands were busy at knitting or crocheting.

As the new house progressed, she assumed full management. The upstairs bedrooms were not finished until later, but the living room was attractive with sofa and chairs and a fine Mason & Hammond organ which she had learned to play well enough to give lessons to beginning students. She also later became organist for John M. McFarlane's choir.

The Branch home was a natural gathering place for the young people, for it was centrally located, near the Tabernacle, the Lyceum, and the stores. Brother Branch was a cordial, out-going man who welcomed the crowd and encouraged the impromptu parties of parched corn and molasses candy, of singing and games. The Parrys lived down the street less than three blocks away; George was friendly with her older brothers, Henry and Eugene, so felt at home there. Later, as the courtship progressed, he brought his fiddle up and he and Dolly played duets, or accompanied the singing of the crowd.

But when George left for his trip north to Salt Lake City, he had made no advances toward Dolly Branch. In his later years he indicated that he was given some encouragement, quite unconsciously perhaps, by the Apostle in charge of the St. George Stake.

About this time Erastus Snow was called on a mission, and George gave him a five-dollar gold piece as a contribution. President Snow seemed touched at this too-generous contribution from a young man. He grasped George's hand in a firm, tight grip and held it a moment. "George," he said, "May you never lack for friends. Now I want you to get married to some good Mormon girl, and settle down."

George had already had his eye on Cornelia, but since she was more than ten years his junior and had so many friends among her own crowd, he had made no advance. Many, many years later, he opened his heart to his daughter Josephine as he remembered the beginnings of this courtship. One spring morning he led her to the west window and pointed toward the black hill.

"Dodie," he said, "on just such a morning as this, many years ago, your mother and I took a walk up on that black hill. I was going away to work and I wanted to tell her goodbye. It was the first time she as much as let me hold her hand. She was such a pure, sweet girl. And when I got back home my step-mother said to me, 'Proctor, why didn't you bring Dolly Branch in to see us?'"

This bit tells us several things: it verifies the stories that he told his friends his name was Procto Parry, and that he was commonly called by that name. Could it be that during his first months in the valley he was given the care of little George Thomas, and later, perhaps, stayed with the babies during meetings or at night until he assumed that title? In England and Wales, a Proctor at school was one who acted as supervisor and tutor in the absence of the teacher. Or perhaps this was just a pet-name given him by his foster parents because of his interest in the children.

But what he was saying to his daughter was that this lovely little girl with her shining blonde braid like a coronet on her head and her apple-blossom complexion represented for him all that was most beautiful and desirable in young womanhood.

If he was to court her or any other girl seriously, he must have money, so he determined to try his luck for a short time at the mines in Pioche, even though the authorities counseled against it. At that time Pioche had the name of being the

most lawless place in all the world. According to tradition, there were seventy-two graves in the camp before there was one natural death. Myron Angel's *History of Nevada* compiled a list of 402 homicides between 1846 and 1881 – an admittedly incomplete list – and showed that nothing was done about most of them. Three of the killers committed suicide, thirteen were hanged by vigilantes, and only sixty were so much as taken to court. That left 326 to go their way unnoticed and unquestioned. Of the sixty who were taken to court, twenty-one were acquitted, twenty-three were sent to state prison, and eight were hanged by county sheriffs. (Richard G. Lillard, *Deseret Challenge*. . . .(New York, Knopf 1949)

In general the authorities of the Church had advised their people to stay away from the mines, and especially not to run off to California in the hope of getting rich quick. But in Dixie the need was so great that early in 1872 Apostle Erastus Snow visited Pioche as part of his annual trip through the settlements. With him was James G. Bleak, historian, who kept careful report of every place. On Monday, March 11 he wrote:

Pres. Snow and the brethren with him went to Pioche and were very kindly received and treated by Mr. Raymond and Mr. Ely the two chief owners, promoters and operators of the mining camp. We found the camp to be larger than we expected, the population numbering about two thousand. The hill sides, plentifully dotted with excavations for mines. Many large shafts sunk and being continually worked.

George felt that he was mature enough to take care of himself and he must have money. He would work for only a few months and then come in home for a while. He secured another horse to make up a team, and with a wood-rack on running gears went to Pioche, where he contracted to cut and haul wood for the mills. This was hard, strenuous work, indeed, but it paid well and he had reason to save what he earned.

When he came into town just before the holidays he met Cornelia visiting on the corner with Lida Snow. Not expecting him in, she had promised to go to the dance with Charley Westover.

"You can't go to the dance with Charley Westover or anyone else," he told her firmly. "You are going to the dance with me. You are *my* girl."

She smiled at his earnestness and told him to go settle with Charley himself then, which he promptly did. He said later that he come so far to be here, that he would have fought anyone who tried to take Dolly Branch that night.

In his later life he told of an incident when he went all dressed up to a party at the Branch home. Just before he arrived, a bat had got inside and was circling the room near the ceiling trying to find a way out. The girls were all afraid that it would light on one of them and some of the boys had been trying to catch it. George came in the door, watched a minute and then said: "Be quiet, and I'll get it." He let it circle a time or two and then struck at it with his cane, getting it at the very first stroke.

A number of items show us that he was in St. George most of the year 1873. His own little account book lists his foster father as owing him \$76.50 for stones cut through February to July: hearthstones for Seegmiller, Snow, Adams, Young and Wooley, steps for Adams, and two unnamed tombstones. On February 17, 1873,

both he and Brother Parry purchased lots on the hill from Erastus Snow. Brother Parry paid \$250 for lot 4 and George \$200 for lot 3, both in Block 6 Plat D of the St. George city survey. These are included in the present Brooks property, and here George would later build his home. Sons of Erastus Snow owned the land to the west across Main Street, and were already engaged in building on them.

Another entry made by George in his record was that on November 20, 1873, he had due him from the Tithing Office \$108.25, evidently for work on the Temple or on the home of one of the authorities. In his later life he told of being present on April 1, 1874, when a company of the prominent men came to deposit the box in the southeast corner of the Temple at the top of the water table. It was a redwood box with brass hinges and a lock and key, placed in a stone box cut to fit it perfectly. This George himself had made to the specifications of Father Parry. Into the redwood box were placed printed books such as the Bible, the Book of Mormon, and other church publications, the current newspapers, and a hymn book, also a handwritten history of the building to this point and a list of the names of all the men who were working on it as well as those in authority in the church at that time.

Brother Brigham offered a prayer for the preservation of these records, locked the box, and as the clock in the tabernacle spire struck the hour of noon, fitted it into its rock container, and Edward L. Parry placed on it the stone lid and cemented it into place.

The year 1873 was an important one in St. George, not only because the Temple was under construction, but because the Tabernacle was being completed. The stone work finished, the roof shingled, there was still the business of the tower and steeple and the cornice decoration around the eaves. The square tower with its four clock faces in place, the eight pieces of lumber for the steeple were cut to fit and hoisted up. Horatio Pickett banded them together at the top, and Christopher Lister Riding made the large tin ball which crowned the whole. The cornice pieces under the eaves, designed by Miles Romney, were cut in the shops of Thomas Cottam, Benjamin Blake and Warren Hardy, and placed by the carpenters.

A large bell which had been cast in Troy, New York, and hauled across the continent by ox team, was installed in the tower, along with the town clock, sent from Sheffield, England. This was started and struck for the first time at 10 a.m. on May 12, 1873. Such a change as these two wrought in the village! No longer was there any excuse for people to take the water early or to argue about whose watch was slow or fast. Nor was there any reason to be late for church. Not only did the strokes of the clock echo throughout the valley, but a half-hour before the service was to begin the bell rang out to remind the people and call them in.

This was true of every assembly or whenever for any reason the leaders wished to call the people together. At word of the death of a leader or at a funeral service it was tolled with a hammer, each stroke dying away before the next was made. A fire or any other alarm was signaled by wild ringing, as also was a jubilation of any kind. But the call to worship came in clear, measured tones. Now evening meetings were set by the hour instead of "at dusk" or "at early candle light" and forenoon ones at ten o'clock instead of "mid-morning." People could record the exact hour of birth and death; they could plan and announce their weddings by the clock. George and Cornelia could make their dates by the clock, for by this time they were keeping steady company.

One little item come to us of their courtship, a doggerel verse sung to the

tune of "A Starry Night for a Ramble" in which were listed the matings of the crowd:

Alma took Miss Susie Young
George Brooks, he took Miss Branch
Alex took Tid Andrus
From out to Canaan Ranch

Alma was Alma Dunford, who courted and married Susie Young, Alex McDonald married Matilda or "Tid" Andrus, whose father operated the Canaan cattle ranch where he had a substantial home and a large dairy.

Soon after he and Cornelia were engaged, George set out for the mines of Pioche to earn his "wedding stake," or enough money to secure the essentials of setting up a home. With such an incentive, he worked hard and lived frugally, and managed to earn and to save money. He sent Cornelia a hundred dollars with which to purchase her wedding outfit. For the ceremony she made a simple white dress of fine cotton, one that later with some minor changes and colored accessories she could wear to dances or for summer best. Her street dress represented her highest skill, its top of navy taffeta over a skirt of light blue, so much in style at that time. By careful planning she got also a pair of shoes and some lingerie, with a bit left over for nic-nacs.

When George returned near the end of August, he brought with him eight hundred dollars in gold coin. In later years Hy Boggs often told the Brooks boys that: "I worked with your father in Pioche, and when he left to come home, I had as much money as he had. But he knew when to quite and leave, and I thought I could make more if I stayed. I lost all of mine and came home as poor as I was when I went out, while he set himself up for life with his."

Pioche was the typical mining town where saloons and gambling tables inticed the workers, especially immediately after pay day. Besides the murders committed in fights over claims or at the gambling tables, in addition to all the sharpers who were ready in one way or another to relieve young men of their money, there were organized gangs of robbers who waited for the mail stage or for men returning to their bunks on pay day. Peddlers leaving town with cash for their loads were also held up and robbed.

William Atkin wrote a sketch of his life which was published in the *Washington County News* years later. In this, he told of his experience peddling in Pioche. He had made several very successful trips out, his wagon bed loaded with live chickens on the bottom floor and with dried fruit, wine, molasses, eggs, butter, and other produce on the top. As he prepared to return home on one trip, he had a premonition that he just might be held up and robbed on his way. He had accepted cash in his trading, and as soon as he could, had converted it into twenty-dollar gold pieces. These, he decided, must be hidden.

So he took an augur and bored a hole in the end of the upright two-by-four of his wagon bed bottom layer – a hole into which the coins fitted perfectly. This he plugged up with a stick, whittled down, smoothed off, and filled around with sand and dirt as though from his shoe as he sat driving. The top of the wagon-bed covered it neatly, he stood beside it to handle his horses.

Sure enough, at a lonely place in the road, he was accosted by two men coming at him from opposite sides of the road with drawn pistols. They demanded

his money, ordered him to empty his pockets and toss his purse out onto the ground. This he did, but the loose change amounted to only a dollar or two. They next unhooked the tugs, let down the tongue, and ordered him out while they should search the wagon. One held the gun on him while the other started pulling out boxes and sacks, both threatening to shoot him if he had lied to them.

They had ordered Bill to shut up, but as he saw his load being scattered, he could not hold his tongue.

"Do you think I would be crazy enough to start on this road alone with my money along? Half a dozen people warned me that this is just what would happen. I changed my money at the express station into a Bank Note and sent it in by registered mail, what I didn't spend for the flour and beans and clothes for my family." Finally convinced, the hold-up men let him go.

But George did bring his pay home in gold coin, if one is to accept the family tradition, eight hundred dollars in twenty-dollar gold pieces. When one figures it out, it does not seem impractical, it would be only forty gold coins, easily carried in a buckskin sack with double drawstrings, such as George owned at that time and for years later.

In order to be properly married, these young folks must go all the way to Salt Lake City and have the ceremony performed by one of the church leaders. Only here could they be sealed to each other for time and eternity. While Cornelia made her wedding dress and prepared the food for the journey, George bought a new bain wagon complete with bows and cover, and a new harness. He already had a good team. He made arrangements with Father Parry to move into the little home across the street to the east, a small house of two rooms, repairing and cleaning it so that it would be ready upon their return.

Traveling together on this wedding journey were two other couples: George T. Cottam and Rachel Holt, and Gus Miles and Paralee Church, each with its own outfit. They camped together noon and night and made a common table from the grub boxes. The three girls slept together in one wagon, while the boys managed for themselves. Each wagon carried some produce to trade or sell in the city.

All were married in the Endowment House on the same day, Sept. 21, 1874. Then they separated to shop, to visit, to celebrate, agreeing to travel together on the way back. George and Cornelia purchased first a stove, then a bedstead, springs and mattress, a chest of drawers, a clock and some dishes. Tables and chairs could be bought in St. George where both Thomas Cottam and Henry Riding were in the furniture business.

We know of no celebration for these people when they returned, though there well might have been one. To move their new furniture into the two little rooms and each day try to make them more attractive and homelike, to do each for the other tasks that made for unity and love was heaven enough for both of them.

George returned at once to his work on the Temple, partly because he felt that it was his duty and part of his "call," and also because he preferred to remain at home with steady work. The great satisfaction of having his own little place and a lovely wife in it was greater than all the extra money he might earn in the mining camp at Pioche.

Chapter 7 **EARLY MARRIED LIFE**

With George and Cornelia married and ready to enter into life together, it seems appropriate to look again at the little city where they would spend the remainder of their days.

On Saturday May 10, 1870, George Laub gave an account of the visit of President Brigham Young and his party. In the conference Lorenzo Young "applauded the brethren for the work they had done in this southern mission in the short time of eight years, a marvelous work, and the beauty of our habitations and how the people sustained themselves under the circumstances and how they got their building materials he could not see.

This led the author to a general survey to see how many and which homes were erected in the first ten or twelve years in this valley. With the help of Mr. Albert E. Miller, Dixie historian, and his early day map supplemented by the diaries available, we were able to date and locate thirty-seven homes, at least twenty-two of which are still standing, still occupied, and some of them among the very fine homes of the city today.

Though the town barely held its own population-wise through these years, there were always projects of one kind or another going ahead for cultural development or civic improvement. Young people organized a debating society and a historical society. The Gardner's Club was one of the most active of all organizations, vigorous in its campaign to bring in new and better varieties of fruit and grapes, and in the encouragement of flower gardens and shrubs about the homes.

As eloquent evidence as any of the shortage of cash comes from the records of the St. George Dramatic Association. The total receipts from one play were listed as \$51.45, of which \$1.70 was cash, another \$41.75 of which 75 cents was cash, a third \$41.00 with 50 cents cash. In each case the remainder was in molasses, vegetables, fruit, labor, flour, grain, or script of one kind or another.

The St. George Library Association provides another example of their efforts for self improvement. On January 27, 1864, the Territorial Legislature passed an act to incorporate the St. George Library Association, the first in the state. A movement was set on foot to secure books and to set up a reading room. A series of socials and programs were held, the admission per couple being one quart of molasses. This was accepted by the door-keeper and emptied into a barrel at the door. After several such barrels were filled, they were freighted to Salt Lake City and exchanged for books. How many books, of what titles, whether new or used – none of these details are available, but on January 26, 1874, James G. Bleak reported that "The St. George Library Association opened its reading room for the first time. Twelve persons attended there in the evening. Bros. George Jarvis and Lorenzo Brown were the only permanent residents of St. George to attend." (Bleak, Bk. B p 206) Perhaps the other ten were Temple hands called to serve their 90-day mission and hard put for some way to spend the evenings.

The whole project of erecting this massive building was a great cooperative effort, which required sacrifice on the part of every member. Local people not regularly employed there donated one day in ten as tithing labor. Women did the

laundry for the temple hands free, people who had nothing else to give contributed their bagasse – the cane stalk after all the juice was extracted – to feed the oxen that hauled in the rock.

All the southern section of the state shared the expense as they could. John L. Smith and Charles Pulsipher were appointed to travel through the northern settlements, holding meetings, giving patriarchal blessings and accepting donations. Smith's record on file, is detailed in listing names and amounts of flour, butter, cheese, potatoes, wheat, meat, or other foodstuffs. One man even gave two Navajo blankets. Orson Huntsman, who went along as a teamster, also wrote of the trip:

Thursday 11 (April, 1872). . . .I commenced fixing up to start in company with James W. Hunt, T. N. Terry, and Charley, son of Charles Pulsipher, to San Pete for flour and other provisions for the hands that are at work on the Temple in St. George, as the work is about to stop for want of means. So the Apostle E. Snow called on Father Terry and Uncle Charles Pulsipher to go through the settlements as far north as San Pete and preach donations to the people and try and raise something to assist on that building. . .

"Thursday 18th April

We started with four-horse outfits. The Brethren going on ahead preaching and we followed up holding the sacks and taking in everything the good people would give us. We went by way of Antelope Springs, Parowan, Beaver, and Fillmore, through Round Valley to Severe River. Here we left the Salt Lake Road and followed up the river for some miles. . .

"April 30. . .we go on to Mount Pleasant where we commence to get our loads, flour, eggs, pork and store goods.

"May 2. . .We start home. Father Terry and Pulsipher join us at Fort Ephraim, they each having teams and also loads. This makes quite a train of wagons, three 4-horse teams and three 2-horse teams.

"Wednesday 15 May 1872 Arrived home this afternoon finding all well but wanting bread, as the whole town was out of flour, and we had plenty of the good things to eat such as flour, pork and eggs. We donated part of our time and paid out of our loads for the rest of the time, therefore we had something to keep body and soul together and was able to do a little on the great work of building the temple at St. George."

Regular workers such as George Brooks were paid in script or credit. Once a week beef was brought in from the Canaan herd, and the temple workers were given a red ticket labeled MEAT TICKET. The animal was butchered after the flies had gone to roost, and in the morning before daylight there would be a long line of people waiting to get their share. It was apportioned somewhat according to the size of the family, but first arrivals usually got the choice cuts. Then there was the T. O. (Tithing Office) Script, which was good for whatever food or other items had been handed in for tithing. In addition there was FACTORY SCRIPT, which would be redeemed in cloth or cotton batts. George's account book shows that he often

accepted items from neighbors in exchange for his credit slips, or traded them for lumber or for a cow.

George reported for work back at the temple as soon as they were settled. By this time the walls were well above the ground level, the official report of Father Edward L. Parry made on February 3, 1875 showing the status of the work:

There are 595 cords of black rock in the foundation, up to four feet above the grade of the ground.

The walls are fifty-six feet above the grade and sixty feet from bottom rocks.

About one hundred and forty-eight men are working on the walls and preparing the rocks. An average of eighteen teams are hauling rock, – delivering about ten cords per day. Two teams are hauling lime, also two teams are hauling sand.

The building is growing at the rate of about two and a half feet per week.

Average number of hand in the Quarry: – One hundred men.

Eighty arches and twenty-one round windows are already in, thirteen arches and twenty-four round windows yet to be built. (Bleak Bk. B, pp. 389-390)

With such large crews at work, the building could progress rapidly, and because so many had been especially called to this as a work mission, all were eager to see the project completed. Once they could get the walls up ready for the roof timbers, they could return to their homes in the north and leave the local men to finish the decorative parapet and the tower. This event came on March 5, 1875, when according to Walker:

Pleasant day. All hands at work crowding the work along very lively. This afternoon about half past 4 the last rock was laid for leveling the wall ready for the roof timbers amid a tremendous should of joy from the workmen, many congratulations were given to each other and joy seemed to prevade every heart and face. The Brass Band came down and enlivened the ceremony with tunes, the Workmen then formed into line and headed by the Band marched up town. Bro E Snow & Mac donald accompanied them to the square when they were dismissed with loud cheers for the Boys and the Brass Band. (Walker Diaries)

The next day a public meeting was held in the Tabernacle honoring the event and paying tribute to the volunteer workers who would not return to their homes. There were musical numbers by the band and selections by the choir and speeches of appreciation and congratulation. Charles L. Walker composed and sang an original song set to the tune "Marching through Georgia." The second verse told the story:

They left their homes and firesides
Responsive to the Call
And labored hard and faithfully

To rear the temple wall.
Their union and their oneness,
Was seen and felt by all
Who labored to build up the temple.

Although the chief interest of the town was centered in the building of the temple, the people noted with interest the progress in finishing the Tabernacle. With the clock and the bell in use, with the exterior cornice decorations on and painted, the building stood to the outside public beautiful and finished, but those who came weekly to services watched the progress of the interior embellishments, especially the plaster-of-pari frieze and ceiling wreaths.

These were so unusual and so rare here, demanding a combination of so many skills and so much artistic ability, that their progress was watched with much interest from week to week. The raw material came from a deposit of gypsum west of Middleton. This was burned in the Samuel Judd kiln, and then further refined and cooked before it was cast in bees-wax molds. Whose artistic skill designed these molds we are not sure, or whose exact figuring brought out the perfection of the frieze around the walls. Working on the project were William Burt as chief, with George F. Jarvis, Thomas Cottam, Abram Church, and others cooperating. The frieze consists of 184 bunches of grapes with moldings and dentals between each. The three pieces on the ceiling are wreaths of acanthus leaves, the center one being encircled by a garland of flowers. From the center of each a chandelier was hung, carrying twenty-four coal-oil lamps, the whole arranged for lowering and raising as needed to clean and fill the lamps.

All the interior woodwork was grained, stained, and varnished – the balcony, the pulpits, the window and door frames – by the skill of David Milne and William Smith. Finished permanent seats must wait for many years, the moveable, slat benches, painted white, the home-woven rag rugs up the aisles, the linen covers with crochet lace for the sacrament table all seemed fine indeed.

George and Cornelia shared in all this. They were very happy in their own little house, making preparations for the arrival of their first child. With her skill at the sewing machine, Cornelia had all the little bands and pinning-blankets, the night gowns and everyday clothes made, along with a fancy christening outfit embroidered bottom and many tucks.

The little daughter, born July 7, 1875, was named Emily for her mother and called Emma for his. The story is that the young father was so excited that while the mid-wife was attending Cornelia, he wrapped the baby in a blanket and dashed across the street to show it to the Parry family. That could well have been: July weather in Dixie would be warm enough for a new-born to be out in, the trip was short and the audience appreciative. While Elizabeth no doubt took the infant in her lap to exhibit it, the younger mother, Ann, would help display its little hands and feet to the five children who now ranged in age from two to nineteen years.

A father now, George felt a new and wonderful responsibility, a sense of fulfillment, a new purpose in life. This, he knew, was the beginning of many fruitful years ahead.

The young people found many interesting things to do. The friends who had made the marriage trip north with them kept in close touch, since all had babies about the same time. They went to church and to sociables of one kind or another.

Always the arrival of President Young when he came to spend the winter was an event to anticipate. People everywhere cleared their yards and put fences into repair, cleaned their homes, whitewashing the walls and putting fresh straw under the carpets and in the bed ticks.

Groups of young men were even sent out to pick the rocks out of the road. Cornelia always planned to fix up something special for this. She knitted herself some lack gloves, put new slats in her sunbonnet and added different trimming to her best dress.

On the day of his arrival, everybody was out. They lined the street and waited. James Andrus, decked out in his military uniform and mounted on his finest horse, rode back and forth to keep the people in place. Every half hour a messenger rode up to tell them where the President was then. "He's at Middleton," they would report. And then "He's at the ridge," and so on. Though the people knew it would be some time before he arrived, no one would leave his place. When at last the approaching dust heralded his party, all stood in line; sometimes the band played a tune, or children stepped out to throw wild flowers in his way, or the crowd stood with uncovered heads as he passed.

When he came in 1876, George Brooks was working on the temple and marched up with the other workmen, while Cornelia held the baby and waited with the women. Charles L. Walker describes the occasion:

Nov. 9, 1876 – At work at the Temple. At 2 o'clock p.m. the workmen on the temple marched up to the Court House in their working clothes, two abreast, to welcome President Young and party. We had two banners. One was "Holiness to the Lord, the all seeing eyes, and Zion's Workmen" on the other which I carried at the head of the column was "Welcome to Brigham Young, our Chief Builder". We all formed in single line on the north side of the road and as the President and party passed, we took off our hats and bowed to them. They returned the salute. Then we marched in the same order down to the Temple and resumed our work.

Although the completion of the basic walls of the Temple marked an end to most of the donated labor from the north, George and the local men continued to work for nearly two years longer. His father, Brother Parry, must stay and supervise to the last stone and the dedication, but he had already been told by Brother Brigham that he must go to Manti immediately after and begin another temple there.

For George and Cornelia this would mean a move from the little home because Father Parry must convert his real estate as soon as possible into cash or outfits for transporting their goods and furniture to Manti. Where should the young couple go? Where, indeed, except to her father's large home on First West? They could furnish a small apartment in the south wing and have some privacy at the same time that Cornelia could help as she could with the father's household work. Zillie, her younger sister, was at the age when social activities seemed of first importance, so for nearly two years Cornelia was a good influence here. Thus it was that her second daughter, Mary (May), was born in the home of Father Branch on Feb 7, 1877.

The call to Manti was another great test of faith of the Parry family. For fifteen years they had been here, had enlarged and improved their home so that it was comfortable. They had buried two little girls here; their other children were well oriented into community life. As it was with the first move, all could not go at once. This time it was the first wife, Elizabeth, and the daughter Elizabeth Ann who went ahead to the new location. They left soon after the dedicatory services of the Temple and arrived in Manti on April 24, 1877. The second wife, Ann, and the younger children followed in the fall of the same year.

George, now without the guidance and friendly interest of his family, and with the responsibility of two children, decided that he must set his full effort toward the building of a permanent home of his own. He and Cornelia had walked over the brush-covered hillside before their marriage and had decided the approximate location, and since some houses were already up across the street, it seemed the time to start theirs. In the clean-up of the Temple yards, George had already hauled away many loads of stone chips and irregular rocks, so the material for the walls was already on the ground.

George kept his little account in pencil with entries here and there without any date at all. At best, month and year were given. But even so, the book tells much of the problems which attended building the home. A scribbled "digging hole & foundation and moving dirt" evidently refers to the excavation of the basement. Another item, "running lime \$1.75" refers to the practice of preparing the lime for use in mortar or plaster. Raw lime would come from the burning kiln as "quick lime," which put into a mortar box and covered with water would boil and steam. This would be stirred to a smooth consistency and run through a screen into a hole in the ground, or lime pit, which must be kept carefully covered so that no animal or child should fall into it. Here the slacked lime jelled into a mass which could be taken out in shovelfuls and mixed into mortar. No building could be erected without its lime pit ready.

Much of the work was paid for in needed items, with no money exchange. For example, Joseph Judd was the carpenter who managed floors, roof, ceilings, doors and windows. The book shows that in January 1877 eleven loads of manure were hauled to him, in February five more and one ton of hay delivered, additional hay in April, credit for a gravestone, for five dollars cash, and then more hay. He was paid also beef, flour, and credit from other workmen. B. F. Blake sold George 214 feet of lumber for \$12.84. W. Lund gave him orders on the Whipple Lumber Mill for \$34.00 for lettering gravestones. In October 1877 he let his team out to D. Lougee for 23 days at \$1.50 per day, netting a credit of \$34.50.

A major problem was to get lath for the ceiling. An entry labeled only 1877 lists from Eli Whipple 400 three-foot lath \$7.45, another later 200 lath for \$3.00. Milo Andrus loaned 62 lath, and Ashby, as a loan credit, 400 lath. Hardy for 350 lath at his shop was paid by hauling hay and cutting a hearth stone.

On the same page George notes "Settled in full with McNeil up to Feb. 16, 1878, \$18.50." McNeil was a stone man, quarryman and mason, who evidently brought in the black rock for the basement and foundation.

So it was that by scheming, laboring, trading – he even exchanged his lantern for \$3.50 credit – the house was up and finished. The shingles in July of 1877 by loan from W. Quire 3,000 and later 2,000 more completed the roof. By early 1878 the plastering and painting were done and they moved in. Here on May

1, 1878, their third daughter Josephine, was born.

They were very proud of this home with its thick, solid foundation, its full, unfinished dirt cellar beneath and its two rooms above, a spacious living room-kitchen 20 X 28 feet with a fireplace and the smaller bedroom and buttry at the back.

With the Temple finished, there was little chance for George to work at his stone-cutting trade. Most of the homes were being built of adobe on black rock foundations. So for this spring George devoted himself to his lot, clearing, planting trees and vines, building corrals, cutting stone troughs for the pigs and stone water containers for the chickens, digging out a pond to conserve the water from the spring and do away with night irrigating.

The record book from 1878-1880 shows George at home, working with his team and at his trade, trading, exchanging, building and planting and improving his place. With cows, pigs, and chickens they were assured milk, butter, meat, and eggs, with a vegetable garden from early spring to late fall his family could be well fed.

On December 21, 1879, his first son, George Jr., was born. In honor of the event the proud father carried from the Foremaster place where he was working on a large stone house two locust tree saplings each from four to five feet long and as big around as his middle finger. He planted one on the ditch bank in front of the house and the other to the south edge of the dooryard where it would give shade for the children. The one at the sidewalk edge still stands (1965) beautiful and healthy, the other was removed to make place for the addition to the old home.

On April 23, 1881, his second son was born, and named William for his grandfather, William Henry Branch. This fall George went to work at Silver Reef, where the boom was reaching its peak. The first mining claim had been staked here in 1871, while the Pioche mines were still running full blast. In 1874 Elijah Thomas sent a sample of the silver in to Walker Brothers in Salt Lake City, and they at once dispatched William T. Barbee, Thomas McNally and Ed Maynard, assayer, to the spot. By 1876 the stampede was on, with miners and prospectors converging upon the spot from every direction. The real production began in 1877, and within three years Silver Reef was the largest town in the county.

The impact of circulating money was felt at once in all the surrounding towns. Here, close at hand, was a market for all they had, and ready cash to be paid for it: dried fruit or wine, eggs or loads of hay; whatever they had, they could sell.

Writing under date of February 24, 1877, James G. Bleak noted that "The first number of the *Silver Reef Echo* was issued this date by Jos E. Johnson, who thought it advisable to move part of his St. George printing office material to Silver Reef. The paper was a three-column folio, was published six times a week, at 50 cents per week." By 1880 this daily paper listed a total of 40 establishments or carried their advertisements:

- 9 grocery stores
- 2 drug stores
- 5 restaurants besides the OK lunch counter and the Harris House
Which provided board & room for fifty men
- 6 saloons

- 1 billiard hall – 2 dance halls
- Citizen’s Hall for public meetings
- a Catholic Church with hospital in the basement
- 1 undertaker
- 1 blacksmith, 1 shoemaker
- Sam Wing laundry
- 1 doctor, 1 photo shop
- A daily stage to Cedar City, with fare \$6.00,
- \$12 to Beaver, \$45 to Eureka

Several things contributed to make George decide to leave home and work at the Reef: First, it was not so far away that he could not come home on week-ends, or every other week, at least. Second, there was a demand for his skills in stone cutting. In his later life he often told how he did the stone work at the Wells-Fargo Bank Building, which still stands (1965), as well as the arches in the Catholic Church and in the Drug store. Third, Cornelia’s sister Zillie had married to Brigham Lund on September 12, 1881. He had been working at the Reef for some time and was then preparing to open up a butcher shop and go into business, and the two men might board together.

By September 1882 the question arose: Should not Silver Reef be made the county seat of Washington County rather than the sleepy little Mormon village of St. George? True, the county courthouse was there, and had been in use for fifteen years, but most of the business – all of the big business – was carried on in Silver Reef. Clearly the citizens of the Reef outnumbered those in the other villages of the county, and if the question were brought to a vote in the election, the County seat would go to Silver Reef. But on Sept. 30 Erastus Snow changed the county line, just moved it over to include the towns of Toquerville, Grafton, Virgin, and Rockville. This made Kanab instead of Toquerville the county seat of Kane County and it insured a majority of Mormon vote in Washington County, so the county seat remained in St. George.

The Manti Temple was now under way and the people of Dixie were called upon to support it, but the great difficulty was in transporting what they had, even this short distance. George did not go to Manti until later, when the building had reached the point where his skill in making arches was needed.

For these first years the chief contribution from Southern Utah to the Manti Temple had to be wine, since it was their only surplus crop. The following letter was written from the Southern Utah Tithing Office to William H. Folsom, Supt. Manti Temple Works, August 12, 1880.

Dear Brother:

We have charged Manti Temple with the following items which please credit to this office and forward receipt.

68 gallons wine (\$85.) and two barrels (\$10.) sent some time ago from
 Toquerville.....
\$95

90 gallons wine (\$112.50) 2 Barrels (\$10 each) (\$122.40) sent by E. F. Greene in July. Amt paid Greene for freighting \$16.

Total.....\$233.50

We have also charged the amts paid for Lars Larsen's and E. W. Foremaster's passage to Manti, \$8 each \$16

Yours respectfully
James G. Bleak

As had been done in the building of the St. George temple, men were called to work on the Manti temple for short "missions" of ninety days or longer. As nearly as we can learn, George put in his time during the year 1884, living again in the home of his foster father and associating with his brothers and sisters. At this time they had their picture taken together – Father Parry and his four sons – with George sitting beside him and the three younger sons standing behind. This has been kept as a cherished reminder of the family relationship.

George cut some of the arches and did some technical cutting as he was assigned, but with a wife and six little children at home, he was glad to be released.

As their life moved along, each day George realized how fortunate he had been in the selection of his wife. Skilled in the household arts, she made the little house beautiful, she conserved and used what they had to advantage. Her hands were never idle. When the cooking and cleaning were done, she turned to sewing, mending, or knitting, or she worked in the garden, made soap, or dried fruit. Best of all, she had a sunny disposition and an even temper, welcoming each new baby with the same enthusiasm she had for the first. By the time the 6th child, Rozilla, was born, Feb. 6, 1883, the little house was full indeed.

One of the contributing factors in their happy home was George's sense of humor. He often laughed at himself, telling the jokes with more relish than if they had been on someone else. There was the time, for example, when the baby had the croup and Cornelia, frightened, asked him to hurry and make a light. The night was dark, and as he came from the little bedroom he stumbled into the tin tub of water he had bathed in the evening before and left before the fireplace. Swearing a little softly, he reached for a match on the mantil and forgetting that he did not have his levis on, scratched it vigorously along his underwear to strike it. He had picked up, instead of a match, a sharp finishing nail. The deep scratch on his leg took days to heal and left a permanent scar, which was the object of many a hearty laugh as the incident was repeated.

At another time he felt sure that someone was stealing food from his cellar. A small piece of cured bacon was gone from its nail in the rafters, a bottle or two of fruit missing from the shelves. So he set up an elaborate trap of wires and strings which would pull down a bucket of water and some assorted tinware. The trick worked! There was a clatter that would wake the dead, and George leaped from bed and dashed out in his underwear to intercept the thief. All he saw was a badly frightened cat scurrying away. He did, however, catch the thief at a later time, just as he was making off with a cured ham.

He never tired of entertaining the little ones with his pencil and picture stories. Gathering the crowd close around and holding the youngest on his lap, he would begin a story, making a few random, meaningless marks here and there, and then with a single long stroke or two, rounding out a picture. The children did not annoy him, he loved their company as much as they loved his.

Chapter 8 THE FAMILY GROWS

We have many hints of the community activities of St. George during the late 1870's and early 1880's, a few of which touched the lives of George and Cornelia Brooks. For example, during 1874 as work on the Temple got well under way and workers were being called in from the other settlements, there was talk of public bath houses. James G. Bleak recorded as part of a long letter of general instructions sent out to the saints of the Southern Mission, dated April 11, 1874,

The better to obtain and to preserve the priceless boon of health, we should closely study our own constitutions and observe the general laws of life and health. To aid in carrying out our views of cleanliness, – public bathing houses should be erected and freely used.
(Bleak, Bk B 273 typescript)

Book D of Incorporation Records shows that the St. George Bath House Company was incorporated on March 1, 1875, for the purpose of "erecting of public bath houses and other improvements needed by the company." The capital was to be \$10,000 with shares at \$10.00 each, "the bathhouses" may be erected on or near the Spring known as the Branch and Co. Spring. . . ." Officers named as directors were Isaiah Cox, Walter Granger, John Moody, Joseph Orton and Wm. H. Branch.

How this company fared, we have not learned. The item is included to show that there was a constant effort on the part of the people to improve conditions and to open new industry. But since the temple hands were all donating their time, the baths would have to be free to them, hence the project could have little financial success.

In 1879 Cornelia's father and older brother were called to settle Mesquite Flat on the Virgin River, across the river from where a small colony was already working at Bunkerville. Since Brother Branch's call included "and sons," George evidently felt some responsibility, though he did not go himself or move his family. A page in his account book headed FARM MESQUITE FLAT shows that he did send his team and supplies through the next three months totaling \$43.77.

The following two items taken from his account book show that George Brooks owned land on the Mesquite Flat:

Nov. 11, 1881

H. C. Riding please pay or deliver to George Brooks or his order on half of all produce raised by me on my farm as per agreement at Mesquite flat, and all sacks in your possession and plough. And oblige
James M. Idle

I, the undersigned agree to pay George Brooks or bearer fifteen bushels of Grain for the use of four acres of land and one acre of lucerne for the present season and other land at the rate of two bushels & half per acre. land situated on Mesquite flat. and I agree to vacate said Land at any time required. I agree to pay 2 hay

Ithamer Sprague

Alas for all their hopes of the Mesquite Flat! The group struggled with general malaria, when most of the settlers were ill. Against all odds they cleared land, built ditches and dams, planted crops. But a devastating storm and flood destroyed most of their efforts in a few hours, and the project was abandoned, with a total loss to all who had invested.

Another business venture was initiated when on April 22, 1879, a group organized an incorporation called "The St. George Marble Works Company." Miles P. Ronmey signed it and put in \$1,500, William H. Branch & sons \$2,000, George Brooks \$2,000, Warren Hardy \$2,000. A. R. Whitehead \$1,500 and Orin N. Woodbury Jr. \$1,000. The Record Book entries show that some business was carried on, but it was never very successful.

The chief business of George and Cornelia Brooks seemed to be having a family and caring for it. The children came in regular order, two years or less apart: Cornelis, April 8, 1884, Samuel, June 10, 1886, Edith, June 26, 1888, Edward Parry, April 5, 1890, Albert Llewellyn, August 5, 1893, and Laura, January 19, 1895.

Much of folklore and story has grown up about the big family in the little house. The pattern was much the same for them all, young and old. Daily chores consisted of caring for the animals, filling the barrel each morning from the waterfall near the big tree, making up or putting away beds, cooking and washing dishes.

Saturday was the special cleaning day when lamps were washed and filled, the brass buckets scoured with vinegar and salt, floors mopped, yards swept, and the stove and cupboards given an extra touch. But mainly it was the day when all the children were run through the big wooden tub in the kitchen, scrubbed vigorously in preparation for next morning's Sunday School. Sunday morning found each child's clothes in an individual pile, clean, ironed, mended, so that there should be no last minute delay with missing buttons or broken shoelaces.

By nine-thirty when the bell rang out its call, all who were old enough to walk were started down the hill, the older ones holding fast to the hands of the younger. "Act as nice as you look," their mother always reminded them as they left, and this axiom so often repeated became a sort of anchor to them all. For though they might go bare foot and in patched clothing all week, the girls appeared at church ruffled and starched and be-ribboned, the boys trim and neat.

Besides the daily chores and the weekly events there were the seasonal activities, the spring clearing of last year's weeds and stalks, the plowing, planting, watering and weeding, the summer's work with hay and grain and fruit, the autumn harvest. The late fall was the time of gathering the squash and pumpkins, husking the corn, of caching the casaba and rooshie melons in the haystack – or more literally between the large, solid stack of the summer and the little pile of the last cutting of hay. It was also the time of killing pigs and curing meat. The semi-annual general cleaning took place now also, with new straw under the carpet and in the bed-ticks, and all the house fresh with the clean smell of the lime whitewash. In all of these activities every child had his task.

Best of all were the holidays. First came Easter with its eggs colored from pink to deep crimson with madder root, green with alfalfa, yellow with onion skins,

or made into faces with the heavy pencil and the father's skill. On Mayday everyone went in wagons to the resort at Dodge's Spring to spend the whole day boating, wading, swimming, competing at horseshoe pitching or other games, and a program with a May Queen and braiding of the May pole.

Two holidays came in July – the Fourth and the Twenty-fourth. Some years one was given more emphasis than the other, with a more elaborate parade and floats and program, but always they were observed and planned far in advance. Each Brooks girl must have her new dress, must scheme a way to have ribbons, a fan, a hat with flowers or cherries for a trim.

After George was elected City Marshal in 1886, this day took on special meaning for all the family, because now it was his duty to fire the cannon which signaled the beginning of the day's events. Each year, about a week in advance, he brought home a piece of red flannel out of which Cornelia would make thirteen long, narrow bags, twelve of them exactly alike and the thirteenth a little larger. Into these George carefully measured about a pint of black blasting powder, coarse as wheat-grains, and then Cornelia sewed them securely across so that none would waste. These represented one shot of the cannon in honor of each of the thirteen original colonies of the United States of America. The heavy shot was saved until the last just for effect.

A few days early the cannon – the same one which had been used as a pile-driver on the temple – would be brought on its wheel base from the Court House yard and set firmly on the brow of the hill a little east and south of the Brooks home. On the evening before wood would be collected and the fire laid several yards away, material in the form of rags and lucerne would be at hand for wadding. Before daylight George would be out making the last minute preparations, and would usually be joined by Charlie Worthen and Alex Morris.

Preparations for each shot were quite complicated. First the bag of powder was jammed into the muzzle and pushed solidly to the back, so that it could be seen from the small hole on top. Next would follow a damp gunny-sack, followed by lucerne wads, old rags, anything that could be crowded and tamped in solidly.

The end of a long, slender iron rod, usually a discarded brake rod or an end-gate rode from a wagon bound to a wooden broomstick for length and easy handling, would have been heating in the fire while these other preparations were being made. When it was red hot, George would pour a tablespoon of gunpowder over the hole in the cannon, so that it would filter down onto the red bag, which had been punctured by jabbings from above. He watched for Brigham Jarvis to raise the flag on the public square just at sunrise, then at the signal, everyone ran back a few yards, George carried the red hot iron over and touched the powder. The watching children all covered their ears with their hands.

Such a boom as it made! It seemed to almost shake the Sugar Loaf as the echoes bounced from there to the black ridge across the valley to be picked up again and re-echo all around. Such a cloud of smoke as went up! Now the children would run down to gather up the items that had been coughed out in the blast, to bring them back and prepare for another shot.

Always the barrel of the cannon was swabbed out carefully with a damp cloth before another red sack of the powder was forced into it. Many jokes were told about the shooting – how pairs of girl's panties filled with air and came down lightly like balloons, how a base ball was thrown all the way down past the social hall. But

in thirteen shots they could try some variation in the wadding.

The first of the shots was the signal for the serenading to begin down town. The brass band on one wagon, the martial band of flute and drum on another, facing in opposite directions, began to play. Each wagon draped with red-white-and-blue bunting, with flags in the horses' bridles, they made a fine display. They knew where to stop, too, the places where the host would be most likely to come out with a pitcher of good Dixie wine to accompany the cake his wife had ready.

Later there would be a meeting in the Tabernacle, races and other contests for the youngsters, and an evening dance.

Another of George's tasks of the day was to make the barrel of lemonade, which stood, complete with tin dipper tied by a long string, on the shady side of the Tabernacle. It was Cornelia who knew the amounts of sugar, tartaric acid and lemon extract to mix for the best results. In the meantime, all the Brooks youngsters entered every race or other contest for which they were eligible.

The Twenty-fourth was often more elaborately celebrated, for it was their own private, special day. Almost every family had come from pioneers who knew first hand the trip across the plains, either by wagon or handcart, and the arrival in the Valley was an emotion-packed event. On this day there were more floats and parades, more toasts and original songs in the program, While the cannon boomed out as before, it was usually only three or four shots to start off the day.

The Halloween night was little more than tricks and pranks and spooky parties. Thanksgiving was a family feast day rather than a public celebration. But at Christmas time the festivities lasted a week, from Christmas Eve until New Year's night.

In the Brooks home there was happy anticipation among the children, though their gifts were usually limited to one item each, besides the candy and popcorn and home-made goodies of cookies, pies, and cakes. They always had a long row of stockings hanging on the mantel in front of the fireplace, and each child found something in his – a ball or pocket knife, a top or harmonica, a new slate or a whistle for the boys, while dolls – or new outfits for old dolls – beads, ribbons, a little fancy cup full of candy, a set of combs, a pretty purse, or some other special little thing for each of the girls. Always there were mittens or stockings or caps or aprons or shirts – items of clothing made secretly by their mother.

The older members remember one of the first Christmas trees. It was in the corner, and the three little girls had their bed on the floor under it. During the night the wind blew the south door open and some of the molasses-candy popcorn balls fell off. One became so entangled in Dode's thick black hair, that much of the Christmas morning had to be spent untangling her hair and washing out the sticky mess.

All the neighbors on the hill had big families, too, and all were in about the same financial condition, so that there was no jealousy among them, and early each Christmas morning they went in groups to each other's homes to see what Santa had brought. The Indians who camped near each holiday went about from house to house saying "Christmas Gift" and holding out a sack for a contribution, so this term was used by everyone on Christmas morning. To say "Christmas Gift" to your friend first before he had a chance to say it to you meant that he should give you a little treat. Christmas Day was always a day for visiting and being visited.

The whole week was one of celebration, with theaters nearly every night, at

least two plays being prepared and each presented two or three times, with public dances and private parties also every night. Sports were in order each afternoon, with the crowd sometimes going to Washington for special events – horses races or foot-races where money was put up on the champions. These most important activities came on New Year's Day, after the week of elimination in the various sports, the broad jump, the high jump, the shot put, foot races of individuals and relay teams.

As the family increased and grew, so the pressure for room and the need of more income increased. George was appointed sexton in 1879 and was given charge of the aged indigent of the city, but the pay was small. Cornelia now took in some sewing, making elaborate dresses for some of the more wealthy women in town.

Dode, as they called Josephine, was the natural entertainer of the group, the gregarious, visiting one. Sent on an errand down town, she found so many interesting people to talk to that she almost forgot to get what she went for, or having made the purchase, forgot to bring it home. Often, given permission to play with the neighbor girls down the hill and cautioned to come home before sundown, she would forget until after dark, and then would run up the hill to come in all panting and out of breath.

One time the family had supper over and the youngest in bed when she arrived, almost falling into the room in her haste. It was early fall, there was a fire in the fireplace, Cornelia had her knitting in her hands while George entertained some of the others.

"All right, Dodie," he said. "You told us you would come home just at sundown, and here you are again, way late. You do this all the time – make promises that you don't keep. Mother and I have decided that we don't want to raise a girl who can't keep her word and come home when she says she will. We have decided that we'll have to drown you. Come on, let's get it over."

Dodie's whimpers rose to wails, and all the other children began to cry and plead, but the father would not be persuaded. He took Dode under his arm, kicking and crying, and started through the back lot up the trail to the pond. Such a terror as they all were in! They trooped along behind, begging Pa not to drown her, promising that they would help her get home early. But he went all the way up and stood her down to get a better hold before pitching her in. He well might have done it, too, for she could have swum out, or they could have easily brought her to safety. But he listened to her promises and those of the other children and told her to go on back and get to bed. In the meantime, Cornelia had remained serenely at her place knitting.

The parents finally decided to use Dode's gift for visiting to advantage, so they purchased a kit of nothings and sent her out selling. She carried an assortment of buttons, thread, needles and pins, shoelaces, hooks-and-eyes, button hooks, and similar items, and starting at one end of the town, made a canvas of every home. As she gained experience, she added to her stock and did succeed in earning as much as she could have done at baby-sitting or house work.

On the matter of getting errands done promptly, George used another method with Will. He printed a big card with the words SEND THIS BOY HOME and fastened it securely in the middle of his back. It had the desired effect. The child hurried to carry out his assignment and get home to have that hateful card

removed, for it seemed to almost burn his back.

At another time a crowd of little boys were playing around the yard when one chopped at a young tree until one side was all barked. George was much irritated and asked in a stern voice who did it. No one knew. Each said he had not done it and none would say who had. So George lined them up against the house. "Now all of you who did *not* do it, don't be afraid. Just stand quietly where I put you, and you'll not be hurt. But the one who did do it better look out." He walked away a few steps and picked up a round rock a little larger than a hen's egg. "See this rock? This is a magic rock and it will only hit the boy who cut the tree. I will turn my back and count to three, then I will shut my eyes and throw, and it will go straight to the right one. Now stand very still and don't move and don't be afraid, because you'll not be hurt." He turned his back, shut his eyes and began to wind up his arm as if to throw. "One - two -" he counted, but one little fellow broke ranks and ran crying toward his home across the street.

In his home life, George was kind and considerate. He did not believe in whipping children, but he did insist that they obey him. Sam tells how, one morning about 7:30, his father called him and told him to get up and feed the pigs. He called him several times, but it was a cold morning and the bed felt good. Anyway he was the youngest, and sleeping between Will and George, he thought he was safe. About that time his father appeared in the door with a stick in his hand. Reaching over Will he dragged Sam out into the cold air and hit him about three whacks across his legs. "That morning I fed the pigs before I was dressed," Sam remembered.

They all tell about another time when their father came home to find the boys all in bed. "Will, did you feed the pigs" he asked, shaking him awake. "I'm just going to" Will said, hastily crawling out of bed and starting for the door, pulling on his pants as he went.

George always remembered each child's birthday. He would take him by the hand and look intently into his face. "Let's see. How old are you today?" he would ask. Then he would take out his leather money sack, loosen the draw-strings and fumble in it a long time. Finally he would bring out a coin, a nickel for the younger ones, a dime for the next age, and a quarter for the twelve-year-olds and up.

Quite early George had bought seven acres of land in the old field, across the river from Washington. Then when the farmers organized to build a ditch which would bring under cultivation about 2,000 acres of new land, he subscribed for twenty acres and worked up the assessment. Here he raised hay, grain, corn and cane. Thought the land was fertile and the crops good, it was so far away that tending it was difficult. It took a long day to haul in only two loads of hay - about five hours for a load of only a ton. George used to say that it took almost as long to haul a load up as it took his cattle to eat it. But then the Silver Reef began to go full blast and prices raised rapidly. A load of hay at the Reef would bring four times its former value. So now George hauled hay to the Reef; he took also tombstones, unlettered ones at first, which he sold, finished, and set before he left. This led to orders for others that he could finish at home. He also hauled dried fruit from the ranch, some fresh fruit, melons, eggs, molasses, preserves - especially fig preserves.

Now he was able to build onto his house a large kitchen 12 X 24 inside on the north side of the rock house. The kitchen, was of adobe with a sloping shingle roof,

the floor a step lower than that of the regular home. With a part of the bedroom cut off for a buttry, or store room to open onto the kitchen, Cornelia now had space for work that would leave her front room free for a living room or parlor. A sleeping deck put up outside the north door under the locust tree provided room for two double beds and made an ideal arrangement for the girls for about nine months out of the year.

During these boom years at the reef George also contracted some stone cutting, doing the arches over the doors of the Wells-Fargo Bank and also the one in the Catholic Church and one in a drug store. He was always glad to use this special skill, and when people could afford to pay well for it he was even more pleased. So as the family grew, he secured additional furniture and conveniences, and was more able to supply clothing and shoes all around.

But very early they were all put to work. By the time the three older girls were nine, ten-and-a-half, and thirteen, their Mother, sometimes quoting the old adage, "One girl is a girl; two girls are a half a girl; three girls is no girl at all," would say to them on Saturday morning, "One of you go down and help Aunt Pal do her cleaning, another go over to Aunt Zillies, and I'll keep the other one here.

Aunt Pal had a family of five boys before she got a daughter; Aunt Zillie was Ma's younger sister, who had no girl old enough to help, either. So the Brooks girls took turns each week helping with Saturday's work, with not a thought of reward more than a cookie or piece of bread and jam or a bit of a trinket. The idea was that they should learn to work, and that they should help where help was needed.

By this time the older boys, George and Will, were able to do much of the work on the farm, or they took turns going with Uncle Frank to help at the ranch, though this was needed only at planting time and harvest. Uncle Frank managed the irrigating and general care of his place quite well by himself much of the time.

Mary was the first of the girls to work out for pay, and the one who worked out much of the time. She started with Sister Christian, helping at the time of the birth of her second child, Eddie; then she worked for Sister Ella McQuarrie, whose husband was on a mission; and then for a long time she stayed with Sister Lottie Carter, who had very poor health. From each of these women she learned some good lessons and had some good training. Emma cared for the Brooks home and younger children so that her mother could take in sewing. Dode continued her selling

Om 1886 George was elected City Marshal of St. George. Before this time he had served as sexton by appointment, and also as water master. Although these paid a regular salary, it was small and there was always the problem of supplementing it. Their one family project was of silk worms was never undertaken with much hope of doing this.

For some years the Authorities had encouraged the production of silk in Dixie, especially since the mulberry trees all over town were getting large. One year Cornelia accepted some of the eggs, the few clusters of tiny white things, smaller than alfalfa seed, did not seem like the promise of a very great task ahead. These were on a small twelve-inch tray. When they began to hatch, they seemed only a head with a mouth which at once started to eat. They grew so fast that the tray had to be twice the size, then a full-size grape-drying tray which before long was two and three trays. Finally the cloth ceiling of the girl's bedroom must be loosened on the front end, a ladder put in, and the place built into an attic with a

lumber floor to hold the worms, big worms three inches long and as big around as a finer.

How hungry they were! Such armsfull of leaves and branches as they devoured daily, making a sound of chewing and crackling louder than a herd of cattle feeding. Each worm would start on the outer edge of a leaf and work around it, leaving the spiny rib pattern untouched, so that before the next feeding the branches with their skeleton leaves must be taken out to make room for the fresh branches.

From the first there was a problem of keeping their trays clean. When they were very small, this amounted only to changing a paper under them, but as they grew and filled the room, it was even more important. Children were taught to be quiet around them, as they were supposed to react against loud noises. Some said that a loud thunder-clap actually killed a whole colony just from fear. As they grew, the chore of providing enough leaves meant bringing in branches as well as twigs and loose leaves. The worms might be scattered, but they would hurry to the feed much the same as pigs or cattle come to be fed.

As they neared maturity their bodies took on a very shining sheen, their pale gray color becoming almost luminous. As they slowed down to begin to spin their cocoons, their keepers would leave branches for them to climb on. Fastening themselves securely by their hind claws, they would hang on a stick or in a corner and begin to spin themselves into their silk casings. During this time they needed no food. When they were all through, there would be cocoons as big as long peanuts all around, so that Cornelia could harvest from four to five bushels from the tiny eggs.

She knew exactly how long to let them stay to ripen, how to scald them and reel the silken thread. It all took time and patience and skill, and the reward for it all was small. There was no money earned, but a few small pieces of silk used as "picture throws."

This was typical of many other activities. The Authorities asked the sisters to experiment with this industry, so it was carried on year after year. The Brooks family cooperated for two or three seasons, but at last had to decide that with the large family and the small house, the silk industry would have to be carried on by others.

Cornelia tried another money-making scheme which lasted only one season. She and Lottie R. Carter decided to pen an ice cream parlor in town, as there were none in town. Brother Carter had stored a rock granary in Pine Valley full of ice blocks packed in saw dust. Beginning on May Day, he brought some ice down, and the ladies made a large freezer of ice cream which they sold for a nickle a dish. Again on the Fourth and the Twenty-fourth they were in business for most of a day, and on an occasional Saturday afternoon or at a special dance, they sold it. It was a way to use their own milk and eggs and skill to earn a little cash. It also gave their own children a chance to enjoy a treat for helping to turn the freezer. But it was continued only the one season because of the difficulty of getting the ice.

Thus it was that through the teen-age years of the elder children the Brooks family all cooperated to earn the things they needed. May continued to work out, first in private homes and later in the boarding house at the Apex mine. Emma learned typesetting and helped two or three days a week at the County News office. Dode continued her selling, taking in Washington and Santa Clara in her itinerary.

She later told of a trip to Santa Clara when Sam, only about seven years old, drove the team and she sat beside him on the spring seat. Old Mr. Chandler stood up behind them and called out his wares in a loud voice, rattling a heavy chain as he did so. With his bush beard and his big mouth calling first to one side and then to the other they drove all the way through town, where they put Dode out to visit each house as she worked back, carrying her notion kit. The wagon turned around and stopped wherever people showed any interest or came out.

Chandler's call was, "CHAIN-LENGTHS, OPEN-LINKS, BOLTS AND SCREWS, BARS AND CLEVISES, come and get 'em. I'll trade for anything but chain-lengths, open-links, bolts and screw, bars and clevises." Then pausing for a breath, he would start all over again.

On the way back, the wagon stopped first on one side of the street and then on the other as the people came out to see what he had. He collected butter, eggs, fruit, vegetables, bacon, taking, as he said, anything except iron wares. Dode, on the other hand, accepted only cash for the things she carried. So successful were they on that trip that as they pulled out and started home, Dode composed a refrain which they chanted as they went along: "Hurrah, Hurrah, Hourray! We've made twenty dollars today!" Though she had taken in that much, she knew that her actual profit was much less, and that it all must go into the general family fund. But Dode had the gift of enjoying whatever she had to do.

The father's work as city marshal took most of his time, but he lettered head stones on occasion and directed the work of young George and Will at the field.

Though the family did not have much cash, they had all the necessities – good food in a variety, and always well prepared, clothing of a quality which enabled them to hold their heads among their friends, acceptance and opportunity to participate in the group activities of the town.

Chapter 9

Uncle Frank

No definite date has been found of Uncle Frank's arrival in St. George, but the family agree that it was about the spring of 1887. He had converted most of his ownings into cash and came by train to Milford and by stage the rest of the way. He brought along a big trunk, which held many items besides his clothes and which the curious Brooks children were always eager to get a peep into.

At this time Frank was in his late thirties, a slender man of about 5'5" and complexion was light, his eyes hazel, hair brown, mustache bronze red. He walked with a limp because of his misshapen left foot, but he rode a horse like he had been born to the saddle. He had come to make his permanent home here, so wanted to secure some property. A riding horse was a necessity; every man must have a horse for his transportation. For a time he rode one of the family ponies, "Old Bonnet," a general favorite of all the boys. Later he purchased a fine horse from Si Leavitt, a mount in which he had much pride.

After considerable shopping about for land and much bargaining, of offers and counter-offers, he settled on the John Alger ranch at Dameron Valley. Later known as Diamond Valley, this area was first taken up by one William Dameron. At this time there was ample water to support three other ranches in the vicinity. Francis Higgins and Joe Price both had families within a couple of miles. John Z. Alger later bought the Price place and built a fine home there. Old Brother Esias Edwards still maintained his ranch below the Brooks Canyon, as Uncle Frank's place was called. Here there was a fine. Large spring, some decrepit corrals and out buildings, but no home fit for the name. George and Frank cooperated in the purchase, but Frank made it his headquarters from early spring to late fall each year, making occasional trips back during the winter. He built himself a large comfortable room, partly in the hillside, but extending out with solid walls and roof, a good front door with a glass pane in it, a large fireplace. For more than twenty-five years this ranch was an important part of the Brooks family economy.

Uncle Frank also got himself a team and wagon, so that the regular farm set-up in St. George would not be disturbed. Usually one of the boys went to the ranch with him, often also a neighbor and sometimes two would stay there for a few weeks during harvest. While the fruit was on, most of the family would be there, cutting and drying the peaches, and canning or preserving as they could.

Frank was much loved by all the children. Quiet and dependable, he was a character of strength who loved honesty and fair dealings and courage. He entertained them with songs and stories, some of which were re-told so many times that they became family folklore. A favorite was of when he himself was only twelve years old and left to care for the ranch in northern Utah, out at Cedar Valley. In the night he heard a great commotion at the corrals, so taking his gun he ventured out to see what the trouble was. He could see a big black hulk of something at the pig pen, but could not tell just what it was. At this point he always brought in the sentence: "I didn't know what in hell to DO!" This would be repeated through the story with the emphasis on a different word each time: "I didn't know what in hell TO do," "I didn't know what in HELL to do," "I didn't know WHAT in hell to do," and so on. But he shot at the object, ran back, and locked himself in the house. The next morning he found the body of a big bear beside the

pig pen.

Frank was essentially a gun man. For years he had worked in Ogden at the Browning gun factory, so he knew all of the parts and makes of guns. All his life he had carried or owned a gun, often several of them, so that he usually kept himself supplied with game. He also made some of his own bullets, reloading shells always for most of the guns he used, tasks which all the boys watched with much interest. He also loved to work with leather, which meant that he always had his harness in good repair and often did decorative work on the bridle of his riding horse, the halter the colt first wore, or scabbards for his knives or guns.

Among the crops of the ranch was always a large patch of beans, which netted from ten to fifteen seamless sacks full at harvest. With one sac enough to supply the family generously, he used the remainder for sale or trade. A favorite story is of the time the three older boys were at the ranch helping to plant the crop. Uncle Frank took George and Will to operate the plow and plant, while Sam was left at the house to keep a fire going under the beans for dinner. The stove was set up outside with plenty of wood available for the gathering and breaking up. Sam took his task seriously. He kept a fire going, but they had not told him to add water to the kettle occasionally or to stir the contents. The result was that they came in at noon to a pot of charcoal.

The ranch provided hay and pasture enough for Frank's team and for a few head of cows and calves, so that at each spring round-up he would have two or three head of yearlings or two-year-olds to sell. He also had hay for the cowboys to feed their ponies for a few days at a time or to provide for occasional travelers.

All of the Brooks boys tell of their experiences with Uncle Frank on the ranch, of his stories and songs, of his quiet but firm way of directing their work. Will likes to tell of the time when he and a neighbor boy were left alone for a few days to do the irrigating. He was getting a bit homesick anyway, but one morning he saw a cloud of heavy black smoke rising from the crater of the big volcano down the valley. It was preparing to erupt! The folks at home might be covered with a stream of hot lava! He would ride down and give the warning. Both boys mounted the most trust mare and set out on a gallop for town, their excitement mounting as they went. Suddenly the mare stepped into a hole, stumbled, and threw them off over her head. As the young Paul Revere picked himself up, he took another look at the volcano and saw a couple of boys come up over the rim of the crater to slide down the cinder slope. They had burned some tires to make the smoke.

During the winter Uncle Frank was a member of the family, with his regular place and his own chair at the fire, and whenever he came in, any child who was in it promptly moved. The children all loved him, ran to greet him whenever he came down from the ranch and crowded around him in the house, eager to hear his stories.

Frank kept himself busy during the winter at mending shoes, harness, fences, and stockyards. He made bullets and re-loaded shells. For recreation he cut down the back way on the hill trail to the Hardy carpenter shop, where he watched or helped with making minor items. Or he hob-nobbed with the Leavitt boys who rode the mail ponies from St. George to Virgin River settlements of Littlefield, Bunkerville, and Mesquite. If Frank were at all interested in the girls of either family, no one seemed to know of it, though he always dressed up before going anywhere and prided himself in being clean and neat. He experimented with

different hair-does, sometimes wore side-burns, sometimes a mustache, sometimes both and sometimes neither. Cornelia knitted his socks, did his washing, ironing, and mending along with that of the rest of the family, for his contribution to the home economy certainly merited all that they did for him.

Their combined efforts – the fruits of the ranch, the cash George earned, the thrift and skill of Cornelia in managing it all, resulted in a well-stocked cellar. An often-told story is of a Brother Brown who had only a wife to support. When he complained at the price of flour George said, "Bring your wife and come on up to our place. Two more at our table won't make any difference."

When he came into the home, Frank found a family of eight children, with Sam the baby. Four more were added, and all grew to maturity. He watched them all grow up, and was present at the wedding celebrations of eight of them. For the children of the first three girls, he was almost like a second Grandpa; he was a much loved Uncle Frank who brought them candy and knickknacks, who made adobe marbles and taught them to spin their tops.

During the winter of 1913 he suffered a slight injury to his knee, a wound which neither he or anyone else took seriously. True, the knee swelled and became inflamed and painful so that they used hot packs and poultices on it. Yet the Christmas festivities went on as usual. Then two days later he passed into a coma and died of blood poison, December 27, 1913. There was genuine grief at his passing, for he had endeared himself to every one. They had made up a black card in his memory inscribed with his name and dates, and under the inscription GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN the verse:

A precious one from us has gone
A voice we loved is stilled
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled
God in his wisdom has recalled
The boon His love had given
And though the body slumbers here
The soul is safe in Heaven.

Chapter 10 THE COUNTY SHERIFF

In 1888 George Brooks was elected Sheriff of Washington County which position he would hold for twenty years. His first appointment was signed by Governor Caleb West; his bondsmen on a \$5,000 bond were James Andrus, B. J. Lund, and Thomas P. Cottam. Being now the sheriff of the whole county, his duties were more varied and more demanding. His area covered the towns of Toquerville, LaVerkin, Silver Reef, and Leeds – Hurricane was not yet settled – as well as Washington, Santa Clara and Gunlock. With nothing faster than a horse and with the poor roads, most of his work was of necessity confined to St. George. He did, however, go to the other settlements on call to settle difficulties of one kind and another, to investigate thefts, to arrest persons in disputes, and to take over the insane and indigent.

It was in this last category that he had many experiences, some of which have been told until they have become folklore.

One concerns two blind men, William Rodd and F. J. Jones. Both had worked at Silver Reef, but had lost their vision as they became old. With them was a third man, Mr. Long, who was older than either of them, but still had his vision. All had seen days of prosperity and plenty and had been known as good workmen. But Silver Reef was not a Ghost Town, and all were helpless and dependent, except Mr. Rodd, who had a little savings. All were declared indigent and became charges of the county, which meant that they were turned over to George Brooks for care.

The county accommodations at the time consisted of one building with two rooms, each room 20 X 24 feet. In the back room there was an iron cage divided into three cells, two of these with bunk equipment for sleeping and a third for cooking and eating. The front room was equipped with four beds, two tables, and four chairs, and a good fire place for warmth.

These three men all occupied this front room. Their beds were clean and comfortable, but there was no inside toilet or running water. Cornelis cooked them two meals a day, which she sent down in a large woven Indian basket with two handles. She always included plenty of milk and coffee in buckets, and bread and wholesome food in the basket. They all enjoyed their food and the clean beds in the warm room. Mr. Rodd was always most appreciative, always thanking the boys who carried the meal down and saying, "Tell your mother she does make the best soup," or "Tell your mother that I have never tasted such good bread and butter." Of the three, Mr. Rodd was the only one who had any savings. He had a little round tin can with a tight lid. This would just hold perfectly a silver dollar. When the can was empty, Mr. Rodd would dig up from somewhere a twenty dollar gold piece and sent it with one of the boys for change. The can would hold exactly twenty silver dollars. He kept it with the lid on tight in the bed under his pillow.

Let George Brooks tell the story as it was recorded by Will Brooks in 1834: "One morning Mr. Rodd told me that his money can was missing. It left both of the other men under suspicion, so I questioned each man alone. Mr. Jones said he had heard nothing during the night. He had slept well, in fact he had not even got up during the night. I then searched his bed and the room carefully.

I then talked to Mr. Long alone. He said, 'Yes, I did hear some one come in the door and spoke, but no one answered except Mr. Rodd, and we walked for a

while then went to sleep again.'

"I checked for tracks out of the building and soon found Jones track from the step direct to the out door toilet. There I found eight steps north from the toilet along a high board fence, then four steps east from the fence, where there had been some digging done. Soon, carefully covered with dirt, trash, and bushes, the can was found, containing thirteen dollars. I told none of the men about finding it.

"Soon trouble began to brew among the three men. Mr. Rodd only knew his money was gone and suspected both the others. Mr. Jones knew the money was gone from his cache the second night, when he left his tracks along the fence and east to the empty cache, though he seemed not too certain of the exact place and left little feeler holes in the area. I let this go on for three successive nights, after having told Mr. Rodd not to worry, he would get his money. At last Mr. Jones admitted the theft and the men became reconciled. Being blind, he did not think of how plain the story of his tracks had been.

"There were good boys for several months. One morning when Will took down the breakfast, Mr. Jones asked permission to go visit John J. Sullivan, an old friend of his that he had not seen for a long time, who lived down in the south part of town about a mile distant from the jail. Will told me of the old man's request, so I told him to lead Mr. Jones down. There were no automobiles, and the old man had to walk, but was glad for the exercise. So Will took him down and left him for the day.

"As arranged for in the morning, Will went down in the late afternoon to bring Jones back to his lodging. He refused to go, even when Sullivan tried to persuade him. Mr. Sullivan followed the boy out and told him he had better get me to come, as he did not want him there for the night. It was getting dark, so I hooked up the buckboard and drove down to get him. As I walked into the room, now quite dark, I said, 'Come on, Dad, I have the buckboard out here for you to ride home in.' As he recognized my voice he stood up with a large jack-knife blade four inches long in his hand and drove it through the waist of my trousers into my groin. Much surprised, I stepped into the lighted kitchen and found the blood running down my leg into my boot. I was infuriated at the thought and sight. I rushed back into the room where he stood defiantly swinging the knife back and forth. I grabbed his hand, took the knife from him, shut it and put it into my pocket, picked him up and threw him over my shoulder and carried him out with him fighting and cursing every minute. John J. Sullivan got into the buckboard to hold him and help me get him into his room. But we did not allow him to stay in his regular place that night, we locked him in a cage.

"I sent for Dr. Clift, who came at once. I knew that one more inch to the side and that knife would have pierced my abdomen and given me a mortal wound. As it was, my boot was nearly full of blood, and I was in a critical condition from loss of blood."

Word went through the town of the attack, of the boot full of blood, of the precarious condition of the sheriff. Friends gathered in the dooryard and about the house. The more they talked, the more excited and angry they became, until the least suggestion would have led to a lynching that night. But George ordered them to disperse quietly, and the doctor made his orders a command. It was six full weeks before George was able to carry on his regular duties.

Another story the family likes to tell was of the time George was to take an

insane woman to the State Mental Hospital. They kept her in a cage at the jail and carried her food to her. But she had an idea that the proper dress was after the manner of Eve in the Garden of Eden before the fig leaf. So the night before they were to leave, Cornelia, who was to go along as matron, went with George, bathed and dressed her and sewed on her clothing securely. She took special care to fasten her shoes so that she could not get them off.

George arrived at the jail long before daylight. As he neared the place, he thought he heard sounds within, but could not determine what they were. Holding his lantern he unlocked the door to what seemed an empty and quiet room. He stepped inside the cage and peered around, when the air was split by an unearthly scream and something landed on his back from above, its hands in his hair. Esther had removed every stitch of her clothing except her shoes, which she could not unfasten, and had been marching around the cell tramping as hard as she could until she heard his approach. Then she climbed up in the bars of the cage and jumped down on him.

"Did I scare you?" she asked, laughing fiendishly.

"Well, I'll admit that I was startled," George said later. "I thought the Devil had me sure."

A man called Tut was in jail so often that the children got well acquainted with him. It almost seemed that he preferred prison life, especially in the winter. Each morning the boys would go down and unlock the door and Tut would come back up the hill with them for his breakfast. He would work about the lot all day, chopping wood, cleaning ditches, digging, making fence, doing anything they set him to do, have his dinner and supper, and go willingly back to his room at the jail at night, content to be locked in. Once after a period of freedom, he was arrested again. When the Brooks children saw him coming up the hill, they ran calling, "Tut's come home!" "Tut's come home!" as if they were greeting a member of the family.

Another of George's stories has to do with taking a horse thief:

"I was called to go in the north part of Washington County arrest Bob T----- for horse and cattle theft. I hired John L. Whipple to take his fine team on my light buckboard and deputized him to go with me and act as my deputy. It was almost fifty miles, a big day's drive for a team, but we started in the night and arrived at the place about 2 P.M. We were informed that our man would be in about 3:00 P.M., so we fed our team and waited.

"Upon his arrival we served the papers and placed handcuffs and leg irons on him. Soon eight mounted men, his friends, came riding up to his ranch joining three that were already there and his wife. These men began to inquire what the charges were against them. I told the deputy to hitch up the team and we should be going.

"One man spoke up and said, 'We will tell you when you can go. Bob, are you going with these men?'

"'Looks like it.'

"'You say what you want to do. We'll see that you do it,' the fellow went on.

"'Boys,' I said 'I am the sheriff of this county. I just served a warrant of arrest on this man. He is my prisoner. We came here after him, and we are taking him back. You will save yourselves and Bob a lot of trouble by keeping out of this business.'

"My deputy drove up with the buckboard. I ordered Bob into the rig. He sat still.

"'Get in, or I'll throw you in,' I said and turning to Jim Prince and Hank Riddle, men that I knew in the crowd of his employees, I told them 'I deputize you to assist me in the taking of this man. John Whipple, pick up that rifle and see that no resistance is offered.'

"John picked up that gun. 'You fellows stand back!' he said as I with Prince and Riddle picked Bob up and set him in the seat. With a jump the team was off and down the road. Three of Bob's men followed us about five miles when we met Jim Rencher and Nat Gardner. We stopped beside their outfit as the horsemen drew near. I explained my mission, and Nat Gardner turned to the three riders and pointed at Bob. 'You tell them to go back or we'll call a posse large enough to take all of you to jail.' Bob waved them back. They turned around and rode back to their camp, and we placed Bob safely in jail at 3 A.M. the next day.

"He was soon brought into court, pled guilty in the District Court, and was sentenced to from one to five years in the state prison."

In many ways Bob T----- was an interesting prisoner. He seemed to hold no grudge or to be ill tempered, but liked to visit about common acquaintances and to keep up on the news. He also liked to exchange jokes and stories.

One day he said he'd like to have a bath and a change of underwear. George didn't have time to attend to it at once, so Bob said, "you get the fixin's here and I'll take care of it myself." A small tub of water, soap, wash-rag, and towel, and a suit of clean underwear were brought.

When George came back in the evening, it was all done. He was washed and dressed fully, with clean underwear on, and all the while with ankle cuffs on and his feet chained together.

George couldn't believe it. "However could you do that without having those things off your ankles?" he asked.

"Well, it took me all day, but I didn't have anything else very pressing to do," Bob answered. Then he explained what he had done. His shirt came off first and without any trouble. Next his boots had to be worked out from under the cuffs, which, though they were too tight to get off over his feet, were still not so tight that he couldn't get the leather shoe tops out. The pants and underwear had to go down under one side, across and up under the other to get past the linking chains, and then all back out again. Even after the explanation, George considered this a feat almost magic, and proof that here was not an ordinary prisoner.

At one time George was taking a group of four prisoners to Beaver for trial. He drove the outfit and had two of the prisoners hand-cuffed together in the seat with him. Directly behind them on another spring seat was his deputy Charley Worthen, with Old Toab Indian beside him, and flat on the floor in the back sat his squaw. Since they must camp out three nights en route, George had to devise ways to handle the prisoners that would be as comfortable for them as possible and yet not give any a chance to escape. At the camps he was on guard while deputy took care of the team, then his deputy took over while George prepared the dutch-oven meal of meat, potatoes and onions to go with the food Cornelia had prepared in the grub box.

His sleeping arrangements were unique. He cleared and prepared places for two beds on the ground, one on each side of the hind wheel of the buggy. Toab

and his wife slept in one and the two prisoners in the other. Both couples were fastened together with ankle irons. A long light chain was attached to Toab's ankle cuff, run through the wheel and around one spoke, across to the other wheel, again encircling a spoke and fastened to the prisoner's ankle nearest it. George and his deputy removed the back seat and slept in the bed of the buggy. In this way, any attempt to escape would be registered by movement and sound in their bed. But they made the trip pleasantly and without incident.

At this time Toab was being tried for the murder of his father-in-law, Queetuse. The men had been in a dispute over the water, and in the fight that followed, Toab had struck Queetuse in the head with a heavy grubbing hoe, killing him instantly. In the course of the trial Toab's attorney tried to prove that the action was taken in self defense. Indians and white men also in this are fight over the water. All get very angry and threaten violence or actually do commit violent deeds. In this case Toab, a small wiry Indian, was pitted against Queetuse, a more mature man and the largest Indian on all the reservation. Toab, according to the attorney, saw this giant of an Indian coming in a threatening manner, and in a panic of fear to protect his life, he struck. But the attorney over-played the part. In an instant Toab was on his feet.

"No! No!" he cried out. "Toab NO scairt! Me brave! Me kill `em." So the Indian sealed his own sentence, was convicted of murder, and later sent to the state prison. He did not serve his full term, however, friends helped to get him pardoned and sent back to the reservation before he died.

Many of George's problems had to do with the Indians. They called him "Timpe-poots" or a breaker of stone, and seemed to have a genuine regard for him. He spoke their dialects well enough to be understood by them, and he could also understand what they were trying to say to him. All were friendly and cordial when they were sober, but often difficult when they were drinking. It was quite common for them to drink in groups on Saturday night, and to continue in to Sunday. At one such time George ordered several to disperse and go to their wick-e-ups. Tom Rice was surly and angry and walked toward his camp muttering. He was located down the hill and west of the Brooks home, his teepee against the hill and facing south.

George was starting up the hill toward his own home, when he saw Tom hurl a heavy frying pan at his wife, just missing her head. George yelled a protest, and Tom, recognizing him as the sheriff, grabbed his gun and started out toward him. The wife, trying to control him, grabbed him from the back and pulled. Though she could not stop him, she did slow him up and distract him. As Tom turned to beat his wife off with his free hand, George grabbed his gun and wrested it from him. After that brief scuffle, George got the handcuffs on.

Feeling more secure, he turned to speak to the squaw, but an instinct made him turn. Tom had taken his pocket knife from his pocket, opened it with his teeth, and had raised both hands to plunge the blade into George's back. In a flash George drew his short "Billy" and struck Tom a blow over the head which rendered him unconscious.

In a few minutes he roused, shook his head as though he were still dazed. "I'm heap crazy," he said. "I go now." After about twenty-four hours in the cage, Tom was sobered and docile, and ready to cooperate.

Buffalo Bill was another Indian who caused some trouble, a big coarse fellow

with long hair, who looked as tough as he was. One day he was "heap drunk" up in Sand Town. George went after him, but he did not want to come, and in his intoxicated condition was determined to resist. George tried every measure he knew. He talked, coaxed, argued. He took him by the arm and moved him along a few steps at a time. Finally Buffalo Bill decided that he would go no further. He fastened himself to a couple of the pickets in the fence and refused to move. George talked and argued a while longer. Then he tried another plan. He clutched both hands in the Indian's mat of long black hair and bracing himself with his foot against the fence, pulled with all his might. The Indian came loose, but brought a couple of pickets with him. About that time a man came along with a wagon, and George deputized him to help and to let his conveyance be used as a patrol wagon. In this way they got Buffalo Bill to jail. For a long time the two loose pickets remained as mute evidence of the struggle that had taken place.

Sometimes the Indians came to George for help. One evening late young Janey Indian came to tell him that he was going to have a fight for his squaw that night. Would Tompe-poots come over and watch and see that there was foul play? This was serious business for Janey, for the Indian girl was in love with him, too, and wished to marry him, but the other suitor, Brig George, demanded that they use the ancient law of "to the victor belongs the spoils." They must fight this out.

George sent his son Will in the buckboard to the other end of town to get his deputy, Charley Worthen. With no telephones, there was no quicker way of communication than that. Janey would try to hold off the activities until he knew the sheriff was near.

The team and buckboard were left at the home and the two men, with Will, then about eighteen years old, going by foot to the scene. The Indians had gathered in the steep, narrow wash to the east, and the white men followed the trail around the hill and watched from the west elevation.

Two bonfires were burning about a hundred yards apart, Janey and his friends around one, and Brig and his around the other. There were some slight demonstrations, a bit of impromptu dancing, jumping up and down, calling derisive names back and forth, and a general atmosphere of tension.

Finally the chief in charge, Old Simon, and the representative of each side called the signal to begin. Janey and his opponent stepped into the clearing and began to strike each other with the doubled fists – no gloves, no stones or sticks, nothing but the bare fists. Hair-pulling was out-lawed, as were clutching or wrestling of any kin. Each must just stand up and fight. Janey attacked his opponent with spirit, beating, doging pommeling, and taking the punishment that was meted out to him. This first fight was the most fierce, but finally Janey won – Brig turned and walked away. But his place was at once filled with one of his friends. Again Janey was so vigorous that his opponent withdrew. A third he dispatched before he himself had to leave the arena.

But his friends were inspired by his spirit and fervor, and fought so valiantly in his cause that they were declared winners, and the girl was led to Janey. They stood hand in hand, before the cheering friends.

Janey came again to Tompe-poots. He was afraid that, even though he had won his bride fairly, Brig or his supporters might follow and disturb them. George directed them to the haystack in his yard, which they seemed to appreciate. But before daylight they were gone.

The next day Will noted young Indians with black eyes and bruised faces, evidence of their participation in the wedding activities.

At one time Harry K - - -, a young man who was one of the town dandies, became angry at George. Harry was drinking and nursed his anger until he finally was drunk enough and angry enough to start up the hill determined to give George Brooks a good threshing. As he passed Alex Morris's home at the foot of the hill, Alex heard his threats and followed him. George was out in the yard when Harry arrived, with the neighbor close on his heels. George listened to his tirade for a few minutes, and then like a flash jumped at his feet, jerking them out from under him and setting him down with a bang. Then motioning to Alex to take one leg, he took the other and they dragged Harry down the steep part of the hill as fast as they could go.

By the time they reached the bottom, the seat of Harry's pants was pretty well worn and he was sober enough to go home without much urging. Making him look ridiculous had been more effective than a threshing or locking up in jail would have been.

Another time a crowd of young men were drinking. Finally one reached such a state that George was forced to lock him up; this was early in the evening. The rest of the boys kept on drinking, and talking it over until they decided to go in a group to the sheriff's home and demand the release of their friend. Young George Lund had just returned from a course in the law school and he assured them that a man could not be locked up for drinking. He was going to use his technical knowledge of the law to have his friend freed.

About eleven o'clock they came up the hill, the whole crowd. It was summer and all the family were sleeping out under the trees. Approaching George's bed, "Mr. Brooks, I demand the release of that man," young Lund said in an authoritative tone. Whether George was asleep or whether he had heard it all and was just waiting for them to speak, we do not know, but he raised up quickly, picked up his old 44 rifle and said, "You get out of here or I'll shoot you." The fellows did not wait to see if he was in earnest, they lost no time getting out, via the shortest route.

Another man was Ben G - - -, a good citizen when he was sober, but he had periodic drunken sprees when he was noisy and profane, yelling until he could be heard over half the town. At one of these times he was making such a racket that George went after him, but Ben saw him coming, ran into the cellar and locked the door. "Too late, Brooks! Too late, Brooks!" he called. George did not break in to get him, but let him go that time. The next time he was drunk and making a disturbance George went after him. This time he took Alex Morris and a wheelbarrow with him. They put Ben in it, one of the men held him and the other pushed the wheelbarrow, and so they took him through town to the jail. After that when Ben got drunk he would yell, "No man, no woman can take me to jail, it takes two men and a wheelbarrow."

The problems connected with drinking were really serious ones, for the people had been sent here to raise wine, and they produced a quality too potent for their own good. It was their one best cash crop, for they could market it without spoiling. As was noted earlier, even their contribution to the Manti Temple was made in wine. Up to the time that George Brooks took office in 1888, little had been done to control the sale or use of wine. It was still served as sacrament in the

wards. It was still made at the tithing office, as many letters will show.

A letter from Frank R. Snow dated November 21, 1885 and addressed to Wm. B. Preston, Presiding Bishop, which says in part:

"There seems to have been no effort made to dispose of the tithing wine, and it has accumulated until we have near 6,000 gallon, good, bad, and indifferent. . .and the people have considerable in their possession as they have paid none during the past season. . . ."

Nearly a year later, August 25, 1886, Brother Snow wrote to Bishop J. C. Cannon saying that the Tithing Office in St. George will need 40 or 50 barrels for its wine this season and wishes to know if the barrels can be procured through the Central Tithing Office.

But the local authorities were seriously trying to control drinking and to discourage it in every way, and it was part of George Brooks' business to do this. He had many opportunities to close his eyes to the law, but would not do so.

At one time old Sister S - - - came up the hill to visit him. "I come to talk to you, Brother Brooks," she said. "I know you are a good man and I like you very much, and I want a little talk with you. You know I make a liddle vine, and it is good vine. I don't sell any of it - no. But I vould like to. I brought a little money up that I would like to give to you, and maybe after while I get a little more and I give you some more."

"How much money have you got, Sister?" George asked.

"Vell, I have thirty dollars here, and after while I get some more. Then maybe I sell a little vine, and you don't see."

"Thirty dollars isn't much money," George said. "I'm afraid that not enough."

"Well, forty dollars, maybe, but that's all I got now. Maybe after a while I get more," she said.

George gave her money back. "No, Sister S - - -I can't take your money," he told her. "I must enforce the law, and if you sell wine I must arrest you. Now you go home, but don't you sell any wine, because I'll get you sure if you do."

It was a very disappointed little Swiss woman who went back down the hill.

While George was occupied with his work as sheriff, Uncle Frank and the younger boys operated the ranch at Dameron Valley, the older girls worked out, George Jr. And Will worked the farm in the valley.

Most of all, Cornelia made her contribution, not only by conserving and preserving and managing, but by caring for indigent women.

Mention has been made of the one insane woman who was kept for a time in the Washington County jail, but that was obviously no place to keep any woman for long. As the mines at Silver Reef ran out and people moved away, there was left there an aging woman called Lucy. No one seemed sure of her last name - Wilkins or Atkins or Wilkinson or Atkinson. She was supposed to have been a courtesan there, one beautiful enough and accomplished enough to receive court of the more wealthy. Now arthritic and deserted, she lived in her own little lumber house, which was very comfortable. But she was alone and could not care for herself. The Washington County officials agreed to move her house to St. George and set it up in return for her care. Thus it was that behind the George Brooks home was set this lumber room with a shingled roof, a good board floor, two windows and a door,

with wall-paper on the walls and a cloth ceiling securely tacked with strips of lath. There were curtains at the windows and some pieces of furniture.

The older children remember "Auntie Atkins," as they called her, as being educated and cultured. She taught them some poetry and quoted much to them, even from Shakespeare. She read her Bible, and quoted also from it.

Soon another came who had to share her room: Aunty Peco. She was very old, wrinkled and white-haired and forgetful, with a constant desire to take off her clothes, so that Cornelia had to keep her clothed in a long, rather tight, one-piece dress securely fastened on. An apron with big pockets was tied around her waist. She made tiny trinkets from bits of cloth, small bottles, and boxes. She could transform an egg shell into a tiny cradle with a canopy over the top and a week doll inside on a bed of cotton. She broke the shell by using a yard string dipped in kerosene and held firmly in place. Setting fire to the string insured a clean break along the line.

Cornelia had the older girls carry the meals out to these women, and whoever came in last at night was supposed to look in at them to see if they were all right. One night May checked and Aunty Atkins said she was cold. May covered her and put a hot water bottle at her feet. When she came in the next morning, Auntie Atkins lay dead, evidently never having moved again.

After Aunty Peco and another had died, there was a time when there were no indigent, and the Brooks girls took over the little house as their bedroom, cleaning and renovating it to suit their needs. Uncle Frank built a room on the north which also had two double beds, one for him and one for the boys.

Cornelia found taking in boarders much more rewarding than caring for the indigent. She had become a very skillful cook and people came who could afford to pay for good home cooking. Two couples, the Reverend Holman and wife and his brother Dudley Homan and wife, with a Mr. Jackson hired as teamster and general camp ma, took up quarters across the street from the Brooks home, and ate all their meals in the Brooks living room. These wealthy people from New York were pleased with the service, the clean linen, the cheerful fireplace, the excellent food. For two winter seasons they boarded here, leaving for higher elevations and cooler climate during the three summer months.

After they left boarders included William Angell, who was a hunger and collector of specimens, and his wife, who boarded for three seasons, Lyman Donnan and wife, who were also boarding two years at the same time, and Old Mr. Gremmett, a Civil War veteran who had been a typesetter, and his grandson Chester. It was Mr. Gremmett who seemed most appreciative of his treatment and most high in praise of Cornelia's cooking.

One bright spot of these years was at the Washington County Fair of 1898, when a prize was offered for the largest family present. The George Brooks family with their twelve children tied for the honors with the Joseph Worthen family of twelve children. How to decide between the two? They cast lots, and the Brookses won a washing machine, the Worthen ten pounds of tea, done up in quarter-pound packages. The difference was great, but not so great when we know that this was a hand operated washing machine, and the Brooks girls thought it was about as easy to scrub the clothes item by item as to work the heavy machine.

Chapter 11 **THE FAMILY GROWS UP**

During these years it took the cooperative effort of all the Brooks family to maintain the standard of living they wanted. Along with his work as marshal and sheriff, George worked after hours at his stone-cutting, designing and setting grave stones. His Account Book for 1888 notes that on July 20 of that year he billed "Perkins Estate F. R. Snow agent To quarrying and furnishing three sets of black rock bases, Carving and erecting three set Marble slabs in cemetery \$95.00 ninety-five dollars.

George Brooks, St. George"

George was to finish four additional stones for this family later, the seven constituting a handsome row in the cemetery. But technical work of cutting the design and lettering took much time. The children all tell of father's having two of them clasp hands so that he could draw a design for a stone. He also purchased some stencil pictures of scrolls and flower motifs. Sam describes the precision with which he used his fine tools to make a flower come out of a rock. At thirty dollars per stone, including the setting, the rate per hour was low. Yes this was the work George really loved and in which he took much pride.

By 1890 the people of St. George knew they must have better schools, for they had class-room space for only five hundred and there were eight hundred students of school age in town. This year the people voted for a free public school, supported by a general tax instead of individual tuition. This was a great step forward, for large families simply could not raise enough money for tuition for all, and teachers were forced to take their pay in wood, hay, grain, butter, eggs, or other produce. This mean that competent teachers could not be found, men, especially, shunning the profession.

The first problem was buildings. The ward houses were all small, the Court House was a poor place to hold school, though it had been used. The basement of the Tabernacle was also not designed for a school house.

After much discussion and many meetings at which alternate plans were purposed, it was decided to build one central school of at least twelve large rooms, six on each floor, with a 16-foot central hall on each floor, the building to be of cut stone. Strangely, the members of the school board were all men without any children: George Woodward, Francis L. Daggett and Joseph Orton. The archways over both the east and west entrances were cut by George Brooks, and the building was complete enough for use in 1901. This insured room for all the eight grades of public school. Some Normal School classes were held in the basement of the Tabernacle.

One of the most compelling needs of the town was water. As early as 1890 the people had begun surveys to make better use of the available water, or to secure more. By 1900 they had brought the cottonwood stream to a point where it could be used in the eastern part of the city, which had been dry before. The present city park and all parts east came under irrigation so that soon Arthur Cottam and other enterprising young men began building homes in this area and Plat B became the center of a thriving district.

Culturally there had been a lag in Dixie, since the Old Social Hall had fallen into private hands and there was no other place suitable for presenting plays or

operas. On September 16, 1880, the St. George Dramatic Association was re-organized and plans were made to provide a building. On the suggestion of Miles P. Romney, perhaps the out-standing actor of Dixie, they converted the building above the Tithing Wine Cellar. This long adobe room opened on to the south, covering the cellar beneath where the tithing wine was made and stored. By attaching an auditorium to the center of the west side, so that the whole building formed a T, they could seat a large audience and have the original building for stage, dressing rooms, and storage. Erected by the newly organized Builders' Union under the direction of Romney, the Opera House or New Social Hall would be a credit to any town. The floor was slanted so that every person had a clear view of the stage, with a gallery on each side which would accommodate forty chairs, and an orchestra pit in front. The auditorium would seat four hundred people, and the whole setting, especially the elaborate scenery, encouraged fine entertainment. For thirty years operas and plays were produced here, both by local talent and traveling companies. A movable floor was also provided, so that on occasion the Opera House became a dance hall as well.

Perhaps as important a center for recreation during these twenty years on the turn of the century was the resort at Dodge's Spring about two miles northwest of town. Here a lake provided boating and a pool swimming, with shade and grass, swings and refreshment facilities which made the place a center for groups of all kinds to gather, or for couples to visit. Every holiday saw it crowded – Easter, May Day, and all the summer week-ends brought people in buggies, wagons, on hay-racks or horseback to join in the fun.

Although electric lights and other wonders that have grown out of the use of electricity were not known, people had read in the papers that one Thomas A. Edison was experimenting. On December 5, 1892, Charles L. Walker noted that he had heard a phonograph for the first time, and that it was "a wonderful little instrument, with music of brass and martial bands." By 1900 the morning-glory horn and cylinder records brought entertainment for groups, especially on summer evenings.

The Brooks family were a part of these changes as they came, but by 1901 they had not arrived. The barrel still had to be filled at the ditch each morning, the lamp chimneys cleaned, the wicks trimmed, and the lamp filled, the knives and forks scoured in the sand by the ditch bank, the routine of house and barn and garden the same.

Each of the twelve children must tell his own story, for each has a story to tell, though all shared many experiences. The girls remember rouge from the red roses of the wall paper in their bedroom or from a bit of red bunting or an artificial flower. Soot for shoe polish, burnt matches for eye pencil, a curler in a lamp, buttermilk washes for the complexion and egg shampoos for the hair – all these were beauty aids, with sachets of rose leaves or sweet basil for perfume.

The first break in the family circle came on June 3, 1901, when both Emma and May were married. According to May, she had been engaged for some time to Abner Britnal Harris, a handsome and capable mechanic she had met at the Apex Mine while she served as a cook there. She had told all her friends and been assured of their cooperation in carrying out her plans, for she was determined to have a nice wedding. With her mother's help she had made her wedding dress of lace over silk, a tier of five ruffles on the skirt and a ruffled yoke on the waist. The

dinner was planned and the New Social Hall engaged for the reception.

On the afternoon before, she and Ab were visiting with Emma and her boyfriend, Bob Ashby, in the yard under the trees.

"Why don't you join us tomorrow and get married too?" Ab asked. "The closer this comes the more scared I get, and I'd like to have company. It's time you got married, anyway, you've been going together for nearly six years."

Bob and Emma looked at each other and hesitated. "Would you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "if Pa would let me."

It took considerable urging on the part of them all to get Bob to go up in the lot where her father was at work. He was gone only a few minutes and came back crestfallen.

"He said, 'What's the sudden hurry? You've been going with her for years. You don't need to rush into this thing over night, do you?'" Bob confessed.

Emma, on the verge of tears, went into the house. Soon she came out smiling. "Ma says she will talk to Pa," she announced.

In a short time George and Cornelia came out. George had taken time to wash up, comb his hair, and put on a clean shirt, and Cornelia had put on a white apron.

George went to Emma and putting his hand on her arm, said, "Well, Emma, your Mother thinks it will be all right for you to get married tomorrow if you want to, and what your Mother thinks goes for me too." Then he held out his hand to Bob. "Be good to her, boy. She's a wonderful girl."

It took some management to get ready to be married over night. A friend, Caddie Macfarlane, had just finished a lovely white organic dress for her sister, who was to be graduated at Cedar City within a week or so. The dress fit Emma as if it had been made for her, so Caddie sold it to be accommodating and would make another dress for her sister. In the picture it looks as if the girls had companion dresses, especially designed for the occasion.

Brother David H. Cannon performed the ceremony in the living room, and he and his two wives joined the family at the wedding dinner following. The family picture was taken in the afternoon and a reception was held at the Social Hall, a dance hall for that night, with a large crowd present. Most of the guests did not know they were coming to a double wedding, but things otherwise went off according to plan, with a grand march, a program, a dance and refreshments.

A little more than a year later, on August 28, 1902, Josephine (Dode) was married to John W. Pace. The ceremony was performed at the home and the reception held in the yard on the lawn. The grass and shrubbery gave a background setting, and the bride and groom stood under an elaborate bower.

Not only were the three girls gone from the home, but George had been working on the Grand Gulch mine for some time, and Will had just gone on his first job on rail road construction through the Lemington Cut-off. This was work with teams and scrapers, there being some twenty teams in the camp. From this time on, both the older boys were away from home most of the time, at school or at work.

To have five of her twelve out of the house relieved the pressure for room and simplified things generally, though Cornelia did manage to have some outside interests even when the crowd was largest. Her friend, Mary A. Whitehead, kept a diary in which she mentioned Cornelia as joining the Bible Class, rendering a

musical number at one time, and presiding at a "Sister's Monthly Meeting" on October 1, 1896. On September 8, 1900, "Cornelia Brooks had a lawn party, quite a large company. All seemed to enjoy themselves." Charles L. Walker recorded spending the evening at the Brooks home several times.

In 1896 Cornelia had been made first counselor to Mary Jane Judd in the Relief Society, in 1903 she was made president in the East Ward.

This year was also notable for another improvement in the town. The *Dixie Advocate* of January 21, 1903, noted that "The old Deseret telegraph line has been purchased by local people and converted into a telephone system, with central offices at Cedar City, Toquerville, and St. George. It is the intention of the local company to make connections as soon as possible to all the settlements along the line via Pinto and Enterprise as far as Modena." This did not mean that the boy-on-a-horse messenger service would be done away at once, but it was the dawning of the day of telephone service.

Rozilla was the next to marry and leave the home. Her husband, Alex B. Andrus, had been married earlier to Catherine Macfarlane, but she died when their first child, Caddie, was only ten days old. His mother cared for her. She was three years old when the father married again September 1, 1906. The marriage was in the temple, followed by a family dinner and a small group of friends at home in the evening. They moved into a small home near where Emma was living.

George and Cornelia were glad to have these two daughters in town, for May and Ab were living in one mining town or another and moving rather often, and Dode and Dub (as they called Josephine and John @.), had moved to Delamar, a mining town, where they were operating a barber shop, a pool hall, a saloon, and a hotel. If they didn't exactly own the town, they owned a good part of it.

This fall (1906) George, Will, Cornelia, and their cousin Zillie Lund, went to the B.Y.U. at Provo. The boys had both worked away from home for some time, but had contributed their earnings to the family. They rented first in the upstairs in the building west of the Old Main across the street, but by spring they had to get cheaper quarters so moved down to the Old Stewart Castle south and west, and walked sixteen blocks to school. The boys worked as they could, unloading freight cars at the railroad at night, hauling hay or doing other farm work in week-ends. Somehow they managed to get through the winter.

Always Cornelia's first concern had been for her family. When May's first child, Louie, was born, her mother went all the way to Mammoth, Utah, to care for her. This was in 1902. Then when Dode was to be confined at the birth of George, her mother went to Delamar and stayed the necessary time. Sometimes she insisted that the girls come home to have their babies, so that she could care for them. But in 1906 she was given a new Church responsibility – she was appointed Stake president of Relief Society. At that time the St. George Stake included not only all of Washington County, but the Virgin and Muddy Valley settlements in Southern Nevada, Panaca, Alamo, and White River. Stake officers were expected to visit every ward once a year.

Usually Cornelia took one of her counselors along. One family would furnish the buggy, the other the team and driver. Aunt Lida Snow usually had her son Harold drive for her, and Cornelia took Sam when it was her turn to furnish the driver. At best it was a three week's trip into Nevada, returning via Pinto and Pine Valley. Each day's travel was long, over dusty, rough roads. Yet there were

compensations. Cornelia felt that she could bring encouragement and inspiration to the sisters in these isolated settlements, and indeed her welcome was always warm and hearty. From her own experience she knew the problems of the frontier home, and she always had practical, helpful items to give along with the spiritual message.

These years from 1906 to 1926 were fruitful and happy ones for Cornelia. Her work in the Relief Society added a glow to her life, for while the children grew, and each found a mate and married, she had this interest of her own. To help her carry out the type of program which she dreamed of, she selected ten other women 00 two of them her counselors, a secretary and seven to be responsible for the various types of activity to be carried on. "Sister Brooks had the happy faculty of drawing the best from her counselors and board members, and was always willing to try out new ideas," her secretary wrote of her.

Wherever she went, the women loved her – were just naturally attracted to her," another said. "It was as if she held up a light."

The year 1907 brought the first loss by death in the family. Emma's little daughter, Grace, the eldest of all their grandchildren, died at the age of five years. She had always been a delicate child, her blonde curly hair and her clear, white skin making her look like a doll. She was naturally a quiet young-one, staying close to her mother, but she loved her Grandpa Brooks especially and spent many hours on his lap listening to his songs and rhymes and riddles. Emma lived right in town and not too far away, so that he was able to see the children practically every day, and for that reason he missed Grace and grieved her loss.

This year, too, Rozilla's husband, A. B. Andrus, was called on a mission to the Eastern States. Their first son, Roman, was only four months old, so this was a great test for both parents. A. B. Went on his mission, and Zillie spent much time with her parents on the hill, where for two years the grandfather took the father's place in the baby's heart.

On July 9, 1908, George married Flora Morris, daughter of David A. Morris and Annabella MacFarlane, a pert little brunette six years his junior. Their wedding was long to be remembered. Sixty guests were served at a full dinner following the temple ceremony and about three hundred attended the reception that night. The decorations consisted of white oleanders in garlands to form a bower under which the bride and groom stood. The forenoon following was spent cleaning up, washing dishes, and putting things to rights; in the afternoon a group of their friends went with them to Doges Spring for a picnic and fun. This was the extent of the honeymoon. George would teach school the next season.

The year 1909 marked other improvements in St. George. The water system was being installed, so that the barrel became obsolete and the early morning chore of dipping up water only a memory. It would be three years before every house in town had its tap, but all knew it was on its way.

This year also brought the first electric lights, not in homes, but in public buildings and on street corners. The first small plant set up by Mr. B. E. Slusser at Yellow Knolls was so inadequate that the city purchased it and made extensive improvements. The history of power in St. George is a long and interesting one. The important thing here is that it brought with it all the conveniences which completely revolutionized the home.

On September 24, 1909, Edith was married to Heber Cottam, a son of their

family friend, Thomas P. Cottam. A note in the Washington County News gives an interesting sidelight:

“Sept. 23, 1909

A bundle shower was given Miss Edith Brooks at the home of Miss Tillie Winsor last Saturday night by the large circle of friends of that young lady, who is shortly to become the bride of our popular band leader, Heber Cottam. The affair was a very enjoyable one, despite the mean trick played on them by the boys, who marched in as if about to take part in the enjoyment and marched out again without a word.

They came, they saw, they left. Having first got Dixie’s bandmaster, with his horn, they loaded him with tinware and started toward the house where the fair damsels were gathered. At the south side Heber sounded the bugle call which was answered by the expectant females. A march was then made by the boys through the yard and out of the west gate, followed by that well selected air, “Good Night Ladies.”

Their temple marriage the next day was followed by a family dinner and the regular evening reception with its traditional bower. Edith and Heber settled for the first years in St. George.

In 1909 the building of a home for the new Dixie Junior College was begun. President Edward H. Snow and other leaders of the Stake had decided that the chief product of Dixie would be its children, and that they must have an education if they were to take their places in the world. Again it was a matter of taxing to the limit and then of contributing beyond the limit. People gave of money who could, others gave of time and energy and skill. George Brooks did his last major work here, and the piece of which he was most proud. This was the arch over the entrance and the tablet stone above it. So determined was he to have it right in every particular that he fenced off a spot in his garden, cleared and smoothed it, and worked out the design in its actual size on the ground with every stone in its place.

Through the erection of the building Sam, then in his twenty-third year, worked every day with the team, Nick and King, hoisting the stones and mortar up to the workmen. The horses worked on alternate days; Sam put in every day. Let him tell the story:

“Father and I worked on the building at the same time. I was assisting in hoisting rock and mortar, while he was cutting the stone for the main archway and the tablet stone over the arch. He sure worked intently at this. Although he never worked fast, he was very, very painstaking. Many and many a time I have seen him there working long after all the stone masons, carpenters, and common laborers had gone, even staying until darkness had settled over all. Then he would put on his coat, carefully put his tools away, all the while gazing on his unfinished slab and no doubt visualizing in his mind’s eye what the completed job would look like.

“In the evening while Mother and I chatted of the events of the day, Father would sit at the table with a knife, fork or spoon in his hand drawing imaginary pictures on the table cloth or actively (shall I say) dreaming of what he would do

next day.

"It took about three months to carve the whole archway. I think there are eighteen pieces in all. When we laid it up he had us men get about a dozen sacks of hay or straw, and every time we turned one of the stones over we laid it carefully down on one of these "hay pillows." They were sure dear to him. He would not allow any one to touch one of them unless he was right there to tell him how to take hold of it. He certainly ate, slept, and dreamed of them constantly.

"It must have been a source of great satisfaction to father to see his work finished, to have men like David H. Cannon, Thomas P. Cottam, Edward H. Snow, George F. Whitehead, John T. Woodbury and others express appreciation for his artistic work."

Sam tells also of helping to move the tablet stone from the quarry on the hill – perhaps "helping" is not the right words, for he was only eight years old. But he put stones under the slab as his father pried one end up until it was about a foot from the ground. It was too large to load onto the wagon, so they drove over it, put chains under it and over the wood-rack sides, got it perfectly balanced, and carried it suspended under the wagon. It was used as the pounding table for the hides at the old tannery, where Brother Cottam worked. Both men agreed that it would be appropriate for the tablet stone at the College. George Brooks designed the decoration, which he wanted to be simple, but appropriate as it is.

The family never tires of telling how Sam determined to be the first student to register at Dixie College, and how he sat on the front steps half the night to be certain the privilege would be his. He felt that he put so much into the building that he had a special claim. This was in September 1911.

On September 28, 1911, Will married Nellie Marie Stephens in the St. George temple. He had been away working or at school, having attended both the B.Y.U. at Provo and the A.C. at Logan. With two friends, Dan Perkins and Dave Jennings, he had gone to San Juan County, where they had taken up a homestead each, fenced and cleared land, set up a small store, and were well on their way to becoming prosperous.

After the temple marriage, the wedding dinner and reception, the young people set out for Monticello. This was an especially cold winter. They met heavy snow before they arrived and walked on snow over the fences until April. Nellie, pregnant and miserable, did not like it. She came home for the birth of Walter in June, 1912. While Will stayed for a while to settle his affairs there, he moved back to make his permanent home in St. George.

Cornelia was married on January 12, 1912. She had been teaching school at Mapleton, where she met her husband, Joseph Allen. After the traditional wedding ceremonies, they returned to make their home in Springville.

The years 1912-1916 were exciting ones in St. George. The college brought in young people and offered many and varied activities. Water and power in the homes freed every person from menial tasks, a moving picture house offered a new kind of entertainment. Though the pictures were silent, the words were printed and improvised piano music added background.

In the fall of 1916 George Jr. Was called on a mission to Wales. He had been teaching school; his family numbered three children with a fourth on the way. Yet a "Call" was to be accepted and filled and considered a blessing.

George Senior was so happy that his son could visit the homeland and go to

the neighborhood where his own childhood was spent. He drew a picture of the Lighthouse and sent it, along with directions and reminiscences. When his son showed the picture to a man in the area he remarked, "Well, it hasn't changed much."

Word from Wales always set George day-dreaming and remembering and talking of the sea, the smell of it, the birds around the lighthouse, the storms, the wrecks, the feel of walking against the wind when it was blowing landward. He even seemed to appreciate the gurgle of the little water fall he had made in the ditch, so that the children could more easily fill the water bucket. It was always music to him.

We have one letter which he wrote to his son, which we include here because it gives so much of the local doings in Dixie:

St. George Sept 5th/16

George Brooks

To - Dear George

It has been some time since I wrote you and it is an oportune moment just now, so I thot that as I was not feeling very well, and not able to do much in the garden it would be the right thing to do, To drop you a line. I have been home about two weeks, After taking about a two thousand mile hike. Ed Franklin was making an homestead entry of land in the vicinity of Wolf hole lake, and in so doing entered the lake, with the object of claiming the water and excluding every body else out, The lake having been for forty years a public watering place for cattle & sheep, His right was contested by the cattle and sheep men of the country around. Of course every one knew that his entry was not being made in good faith, But in behalf of Mr Nutter, who is trying to monopise everything in the country to the detriment of all the community. About twenty-five of us citizens and sheep men were subpeonied to go to Prescott, Arizona, Which is the county seat of Zavapia Co. Where the District Court was held to contest his right to the use of the water And since returning home we read in the news that judgment was rendered against Franklin and Nutter, and much to our satisfaction. I was solicited to go by Mr Archie Swapp the sheep man and Mr Emely of hericane, and atty Ryan of Cedar. We had a deliteful time, and a joly bunch of Sheep herders and cow boys and Bronco busters. Young Sam Judd and Joshe Crosby and myself went from St. George. We were paid milage and \$3.00 per day for about 11 days Prescott is 750 miles from Lund, which makes the milage about 1500 miles, We also took in Los Angeles and the Pacific sea beach. I contracted a heavy cold while away, and was somewhat threatened with Pneumonia, so came home sooner than I should have come. Prescot is a most beautiful city situated in the south west slope of the Mokione mountains, and a most delitful climate a summer resort for northern Arizona gentle shours of rain every day, with paved streats makes it clean and delitful, California is also very beautiful. If things turn out as about right I should like to take Ma to the coast some time during the hot weather here. A ticket the round trip, from Lund Utah around by Prescot Arizona and Los Angeles and the sea coast costs

\$55.00. By getting the benefit of the fair at Santiago Cal. Well I very much enjoyed the journey, and am back, and down to earth again and am eager to take Ma some time.

It is now the 5 of September and the weather is getting a little more moderate. On the 7-8th begins the fruit festival and people are beginning to come in pretty lively by Auto from every direction. Ma's sister Olive Melborne and her daughter Ruth are with us from Price, Emery Co. And will stay about a week.

Bros Ivins and McCay are going to be here and we anticipate a good time.

The ropers and bronco busters are also beginning to arrive here. We have the new sprinkling wagon on the streets. You know what that means to St. George.

The New Colege building is going along quite steady it is being built where the old hearse house stood. It is somewhat of a temporary structure of adobies and poor brick. But I guess it may stand until a good building can be built. [The Mechanic Arts Building]

Harris and a man by the name of Dalley from Garfield (a mining man) have taken a bont [bond] and lease on a copper claim that Sam Judd Andrew Sorenson and others had between Washington and Harrisburg and Dalley advancing the money. Harris and Ed are over there taking out ore and shipping to Lund. They both think there is a little money in it.

Will Lund's family will be down from Modena to the celebration.

Will Brooks is doing a good business at the Andrus store and giving good satisfaction. George R. Lund is the Republican nominee for District judge of the November election. How does that strike you? Aunt Zill is fighting made. Everything about as usual at home, Jack Lund and Laura are doing lots of auto riding in Jack's car. Will and family are well, also all the girls and families are in usual good health. Sam still at Mapleton and Llewellyn at Gold Field, knocked out of a job when he last wrote, with more experience than money. Ma, Laura, and myself are the only ones at home most of the time. The sunflowers are tall, and the nice patch of sweet corn, beans & tomatoes are just right now – and melons. I wish I could give you some.

Hoping that this little account of us in domestic life may find you and your companions and brethren in the Gospel may find you all well and in the line of your duty,

Am as every your loving Father

Geo Brooks

Evidently Jack Lund had not yet formally asked for Laura's hand, but less than a month later, October 5, 1916, they were married. Laura had been the baby, a happy, outgoing girl adored by all the family, and her marriage left a great emptiness in the home.

In the meantime World War I was on and all over the nation men were marshaled into service. They felt that this was the war to make the world safe for

Democracy, the war to end War, and the boys marched away singing, as their friends were singing behind them – “Keep the Home Fires Burning,” “Over There,” “Tipperary,” “K-K-K-Katy,” and a score of other songs.

But for the mothers it was no singing matter, and Cornelia was no exception. She did not raise her boy to be a soldier, and she worried all the while. Though her hands were busy knitting sweaters or sox, her mind was wondering where each of her sons was. Sam went first with the 148th Artillery, and was in Germany near the front when the Armistice was signed. Llewellyn enlisted from Nevada where he was working on July 10, 1917, and joined the medical corps. He did not leave the states. Ed was drafted a little later and served with the 145th Artillery. He was in Southern France from August 1918 to February 1919.

Will had been one of the committee to see that each group leaving for the army was given a proper farewell, with the band and flag and a large group of friends to make the occasion memorable. They also sponsored a letter-writing program to help the boys keep in touch.

About this time Cornelia had an accident. In going down the cellar steps she lost her footing and fell, breaking her leg just above the ankle. While it was not a serious break, it kept her in a chair, and the inactivity and worry almost caused a nervous breakdown. One bit of the therapy was the making of a gigantic scrap book. She used a large sample book for material for men’s clothing (27 X 36 inches) which she filled with pictures and clippings of the war. She said it seemed that these few months made her instantly OLD. But she did get almost back to her normal self again.

Will and George were both on the committee to welcome the boys home as they returned, carrying something of the spirit of jubilation which had been felt on every corner of the nation when the Armistice was signed, November 11, 1918.

It seemed very appropriate that soon after his return to the states, Sam should meet and court Miss Winnifred Parry, daughter of Edward Thoms Parry, who had been like a younger brother of George Brooks. This was a happy union of two families that had already been bound by strong cords of friendship. The ceremony was performed on Christmas Eve, 1919.

Seven months later, August 23, 1920, Llewellyn was married to a lovely French girl, Pauline LeMaitre, in Los Angeles, where he was to set up as a chiropractic doctor. Although Pauline was not a member of the LDS Church, the family all loved her for her genuine Christian qualities, her cheerful temperament, and her complete devotion to Lew.

Two years later, September 6, 1922, Ed married Jane Burgess, a local girl who had grown up while he was away at work and in the service. They built their home on the hill, on the lot adjoining the Old Home, where they were within speaking distance of his parents. It was a great comfort to George and Cornelia to have these two so near, for it gave them a sense of security.

Chapter 12 **SUNSET YEARS**

Retired now from public service and with all their children settled, George and Cornelia busied themselves with chores of the house and yard. George disposed of the farm land in the field, selling it finally to the Adams brothers, Jack and Claude. Soon after the death of Uncle Frank he had sold the Dameron Valley ranch to Joe Blake. But the lot on the hill was large enough to keep him more than busy, and Cornelia's hands were never idle. A long, narrow pad records her handiwork for only one year, 1923. It is so eloquent of her service that we include it here in full:

For their wedding anniversary in 1924 their children planned a family party which was reported in the Washington County News for Oct. 9.

The golden wedding celebration of George and Cornelia Branch Brooks, pioneers of Dixie, was held Sept. 21, at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Rozilla Andrus. . .

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks are the parents of 12 living children, 43 grandchildren, and one-great-grand child. All but two of the children were present. . . .

The commodious rooms of Mrs. Andrus home were well filled by the children and grandchildren present, and the many invited guests. The number of persons present, not counting the young children, was 112. A program of songs, readings, addresses, and original poems and sentiments were given by friends.

Both honored guests have been public workers of ability. Mrs. Brooks was a worker in and president of the Relief Society; first in St. George East ward, and later of St. George Stake. She was also for many years a prominent worker in one of the social clubs of the city. . . .

Mr. Brooks has been a peace officer for more than 30 years, as city marshal of St. George and sheriff of Washington County. He is a stone cutter by trade. His work lives and endures in the many public buildings of the city; notably the stake tabernacle, the county courthouse, the St. George temple, the Woodward school building and the Dixie College building. The beautiful arches at the entrance to the Woodward school building and the Dixie College bear evidence of his unusual artistic ability. He also worked on the Salt Lake Temple and the Manti temple. . .

This was indeed a happy occasion for George and Cornelia. As he looked over the crowd and spoke in response to the toasts, he said, "When I came to this valley, I was all alone, without a single blood relative, an orphan boy whose only sister was in Ogden and whose only brother in the Salt Lake valley. Now wherever I go I find some relative of mine, either my own descendants or folks of my in-laws. And better still, I find good friends everywhere, men and women with whom I have associated through all these sixty-three years that I have been here."

Most satisfying of all was their own immediate family. Five of the girls lived in St. George – Edith was in Provo and Cornelia in Springville. Three of the boys had homes here – Sam was in Salt lake City and Llewellyn in Los Angeles. Wonderful that so many should be present on this day.

There later came several offers to buy the old home. One man pressed for a figure, and finally George named on that he thought twice its value. The man asked for time to consider, but came back the next day ready to close the deal. Now George had to back down. He walked over the yard, remembering how he had planted this tree on his first son's birthday, how he had plowed and planted and fertilized, even to the burying of the dead animals deep in the lower end of the lot. Everything on the place was his in a very special way.

"It's not for sale," he said finally. "It has been the Brooks place too long to belong to anyone else."

But things were just too good to last. Laura and Romney had two children, Llewellyn a girl, aged 8 and Arnold, aged six. One night she was awakened with a severe abdominal pain. When the regular home remedies brought no relief, they sent for the doctor, who ordered her to the hospital at once. An operation was performed which they pronounced successful, but she died the next day, February 16, 1925. It was a crushing blow to them all, but especially to her father. His baby girl! How loving she had always been! How considerate of both him and her mother! And only thirty years old! He tried to say that it comes at last to us all, that he had been fortunate to raise all twelve to this point, that she must have a more important work in the Great Beyond. He listened to all the old cliches and believed none of them.

More and more the activities of George and Cornelia became restricted. They disposed of the team and wagon, they hired Brother and sister Mifflin to live at the place, sleeping in the lumber room at the back, she taking care of the house work and he of the chores and yard. Still later, when the Mifflins found more remunerative work, Sister Belnap moved in to care for them.

Now they lived more in the lives of their children and grandchildren, proud especially of their activity at Dixie College. From the time that Sam acted as first peace officer in the democratic school government, there were always some in something: in the school plays, in operas, as class officers planning programs or working on floats. George was especially proud to note how many leading parts his grandchildren played, and every dramatic production found him well up in center front to watch it. In athletics, it was the same – his grandsons on the basketball teams or on the track were a source of pride. He hoped that somewhere among them might be an artist or two, not knowing that already one red-headed boy was embellishing all his written work with line drawings or was entertaining himself in class by scribbling apt caricatures of the teacher.

George often walked to town where he liked to stop in a store or barber shop

or greet friends on the street. He could always linger at the home of one or another of his children, secure in the knowledge that they would take him home in a car. Cornelia was almost home-bound, but since she was in good care, he did not worry too much. She liked too have him bring back the town news.

It had been their custom to have Sunday dinner with one or another of the children. They did not wait for an invitation; they just said, "We'll be at your place next Sunday," to one, rotating not exactly in any pattern, but being careful not to return until they had eaten a Sunday dinner with each of the others.

On the Sunday morning of February 10, 1929, Dode came in to visit and help them get ready to come to her home for dinner, but she thought her mother didn't look as well as usual. She called the other girls, and soon Emma, May, and Zillie were all there.

Cornelia insisted that she was mostly just tired. Sister Belnap reported that she had eaten a good breakfast of hot-cakes. She had her bath and her hair combed and was lying on the lounge in the front room.

After a few minutes' visit she asked to go back to her bed. Two of the girls supported her across the room and into the little bedroom, where she sat on the edge of the bed. Emma took off her bathrobe and stepped out to hang it up. May eased her mother to the pillow, where she lay on her back and was instantly dead. All efforts to revive her were futile; by the time the doctor arrived they had accepted the inevitable.

Now for George the light really went out. As in a daze he lived through the funeral; he listened to all the wonderful things they said about his wife and knew that they could not know the smallest part of her real worth. Not even her children could know it. Only he, who had lived with her for fifty-five years, could know of her integrity, of her quiet firmness, of her faith.

He was lost without her. He could not stay home and he could not stay anywhere else. Each of his children in turn tried to keep him; they hired a man to stay at home with him. Nothing worked. At last in desperation they moved his bed, his chair, and some of his dearest things to a vacant room at Zill's house and moved him into it.

Of his last months his daughter Dode wrote:

"I think Father could of lived longer. He died at the age of eighty-four in good health, but lonesome for Mother. He had a little cold, got into bed, and we sent for the doctor. After a week or more he wanted us all with him. He was in a nice room at Sill's. He told us many things. He said, 'I am a rich man. I have everything. I have known hardship and hunger and suffering, but I have got everything I wanted in my family.'

"He would repeat, 'I am lonesome for your mother. She was such a pretty little girl. I called her Dolly Branch. Every plan I have made has been for mother. I thought I would go before she did, she is so much younger than I am. Now everything has changed.

"I can't help wondering if she is happy and busy, what she was called for, and where she will be needed most, because she will be right there - where she is most needed.

"I want my boys to get me ready for burial when I go home - no one around but me and my boys."

He died April 26, 1930. It was fitting that his funeral be held in the building

upon which he spent ten full years of his early manhood. It was also appropriate that he lie beside her whom he had adored through all their married life, with the stones he had lettered and decorated for others all about him.

When this picture was taken, only Laura was absent from the group. Now Emma, George,, Sam, and Josephine have followed her, and those remaining are well along in years. Each child deserves a book; ten years from now one should be done on the descendants of George and Cornelia Brooks, with pictures of family groups to the fifth and sixth generation. For this little volume our summary must be brief.

The grandchildren of George Brooks number 54 – 30 sons and 24 daughters, all of whom are married. The fourth generation numbers 173, more than half being children in the grades and high school.

The daughters of George and Cornelia were all skilled homemakers, who also had something of their father's artistic touch evidenced in the home arrangement, the clothing, and handwork of each. The sons were all public-spirited citizens respected by their peers.

As to the grand-children and great-grandchildren who are adult, we can make only summaries, conscious of the fact that many not mentioned specifically may in the end be making the greatest contribution of all in their families.

Where the girls have been employed outside the home, they have usually been teachers, secretaries, beauticians, or clerks. Most of those not gainfully employed are working in church and civic organizations and active in community affairs.

The men represent many fields of endeavor: some in construction as plasters or electrical technicians, some with food chains or in the J. C. Penny Company, and some who operate their own businesses. Among these are the Ashby Brothers in St. George and Leland Brooks in Provo in the Automobile Business; The Pace Brothers of St. George and Las Vegas in the motel, café, and real estate business; George Andrus of Burbank, California, who operates his own photo studio; Donald Brooks of Downey, California who has his own Chiropractic Clinic, and Joseph Allen of Salt lake City in Sign Painting.

Of the whole family 21 are or have been teachers; 29 have the Bachelor's Degree, two have Master's three have Ph.D's, and two others should have within the year – Brooks Taylor and Tony Brooks. Most of the teachers are at the grade or high school level, but George T. Brooks is principal of a Junior High School in Salt Lake City; Earl Cottam is at the Vocational School at Provo; Rapheal Andrus teaches at Iowa State University; his father, James Roman at the BYU Art Department. Verena Allen Brienholdt teaches classes at the U. Of Cal. At Santa Ana, and operates her own speech clinic there.

The family is well represented in the military. C. J. (Clair) and Eugene P. Brooks are both Captains in the National Guard; Grant B. Harris retired as Capt. Robert G. Brooks also retired as Capt.; Calvert Andrus is a Lt. Col.; Charles Brooks and Arnold Lund are both full Colonels; John Miller is a Commander in the Navy Air.

Employed in State and National positions are Calvin Allen, Nevada State Commissioner of Wild Life; Grand B. Harris, Nevada State Commissioner of Alcohol Control; Joseph Kay Brooks, F.B.I.' Sam. Lorraine Allen, U.S. District Office of Civil Service; and Howard Cottam, United States' Ambassador to Kwait, a small but extremely wealthy country in the Near East.

Taken as a whole, the group of descendants is one of which their ancestors could have great pride.

? REMEMBER ?

Whenever the members of the Brooks Clan get together, they start a game which the in-laws call "Remember?" In this they remind each other of the family folklore and re-tell the old stories over and over, each giving his own particular slant. Some of these are included here, lest the fourth and fifth generations have not heard them all.

Remember how Pa used to sit out on the lawn under the mulberry tree and play his fiddle in the evening? Usually it would be before supper, while the boys were doing the chores and after he had cleaned up after work. He kept the little rawhide-bottomed chair out there, and played just for his own enjoyment. There might be a bit of a moon, or a full moon or no moon at all – he enjoyed the evening hours and the out of doors. Maybe there were just too many of us milling around inside, or the business of getting supper on was too much of a distraction, but he chose to play his fiddle out of doors. Sometime, at nesting season, we thought our wild mocking bird sang along with it, like a soloist with an orchestra.

But it seemed so wonderful to lie in the grass while Pa sawed out his tunes on the fiddle.

Remember how, when Ma had been on one of those long Relief Society trips in Nevada – we called them "preaching trips" – and Pa would clean up of an evening and go out and sit on the brow of the hill where he could overlook the whole valley. Even when he knew she wouldn't be back until Thursday night, he'd be out on Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday, just watching the sun set and the night settle over the valley.

He could spot the white topped buggy the minute it came around the Black Ridge. He knew it would deliver the other women in town first, so as not to have the team drag them all up this steep hill. Pa knew all this, but he would always be there waiting, and when the buggy started up the hill, he'd walk back to the gate to be there when she got out.

Remember when Pa arrest Will and Johnney L - - - for disturbing the peace? A crowd of the boys stayed outside the Tabernacle until the meeting was ready to begin – or after it had actually started. Then they slipped in and tried to get seats near the back under the gallery. The usher was there to take them up toward the front where there was plenty of room, and most of the boys followed him. But Will crowded onto the end of one of the back benches and Johnny dropped onto his lap, sitting out on the end of his knees.

While the choir sang the first song, Will started to teeter Johnny in time to the music. He got going harder and faster, and when the choir stopped, he spread his knees apart suddenly, and Johnnie went to the floor with a loud thud which set the back part of the house into gales of laughter.

Pa came back quickly and took both boys out and up to the jail. I don't know whether they were fined or not, but the next day in school when the teacher was trying to explain the active voice of a verb which shows an action of the subject upon the direct object, one of the students gave the very appropriate example: "Will teetered Johnny."

Remember how calm Ma always was? She never interfered or said a word when Pa got after any of us. Even when he was going to drown Dodie, and we were all crying and making such a fuss, she just kept at her knitting and said not a word. When we all came back after we thought we had saved Dodie's life, she just sat smiling in the rocking chair, like a drowning was a daily event at our house.

Remember when Cam came home from herding the cows in the hill and said, "I cried three times, and the sun didn't move." It was a long day for the little fellow. He had been told not to bring the cows home until the sun was in the Devil's Saddle on the Black Hill west of town. At home he could sometimes change things by crying, but the sun didn't respond at all, he found.

-----Remember when Dode used Sam for the trained bear in her show? There had been a Professor Manseneeta in town with a show in which he ordered his bear to "Roll over like a drunken Man" "Stand up tall like a great man" "Smile at the ladies," "Now do your dance," at which he would sing and beat out the time while the bear shuffled around in a circle.

Dode made her chore of tending Sam fun for the crowd. He was a good-natured, roly-polly little fellow, glad to be agreeable. She stuffed her hair up under a hard-boiled derby, put on a mustache, decked out in some of George or Will's clothes, with her father's shoes, and with her willow stick sharpened, acted out the famous Professor Manseneeta and his trained bear. Sam would have a rigged up costume, but he went through all the tricks of the trained bear, including passing the plate. This stunt was so popular that after Sam got too old to act, Dode worked some of the younger ones into it.

Remember the time when Doc Chandler came up for his drink of buttermilk? Ma always saved some and kept it cool in the cellar for him. This day there wasn't any buttermilk and Ma wasn't home, so Dode made some for him. She added a tablespoon of vinegar to a bowl of sweet milk, beat it vigorously with the egg-beater, and served it with a bit of cookies. Doc seemed pleased with his treat and just couldn't thank her enough for her kindness.

She said later that he looked so tired and hot after climbing the hill that she had to get something.

Remember when May pulled down the sleeping deck just outside the south door? She knew Pa would be furious, but she was determined to clean up the yards. They looked worse than an Indian camp, she said, what with Pa's piles of rock and his work bench, and Ma's washing set up with the black brass kettle hanging from a big tripod, tubs, and other things around.

She set about to put things straight. The younger ones helped pick up and straighten up and carry off things, but when it came to knocking down the sleeping deck, not one dared to touch it. This was such a pleasant place to sleep most of the year, no matter how it looked. And besides, what would Pa say?

So Mary hammered and pounded all by herself, first moving the beds around to the back of the house. Then she knocked up the floor boards and stacked them behind the out-house. Hardest of all were the cedar posts which supported it. She could not chop them off; she had to dig them out, and they were too big and heavy

for her to move, so she rolled them against the house.

All afternoon she worked like a beaver, and was barely done when Pa came home.

He was furious! "Who done this?" he called out.

"I did," said Mary. "I'm tired of living in an Indian camp."

"You just get busy, young lady, and bring every bit of it back and fix it like you found it!" he ordered.

But May didn't. Whether Ma interceded for her or not, she did not know; she only knew that she was so tired that she could not have done it if her very life had been at stake.

Remember the tragedy of Dode's ear rings? She had wanted a pair so bad, and that was all she got for Christmas. But it was enough, for they were so pretty. She put them on and took them off again and again. At breakfast she laid them beside her plate.

Then she went with some of the others outside to meet the neighbor youngsters who were coming for "Christmas Gift." She started into the house just in time to see Ma shake the tablecloth into the yard and watch the neighbor's goose gobble down her pretty ear rings. If the bird had belonged to her, she would have promptly cut its head off – after she had caught it – and retrieved her ear pendants. As it was, she didn't have a chance to wear them a single time in public.

Remember when George was a little chap and got a pair of new boots for Christmas. They had brass caps and red tops and he strutted about in them as proud as a peacock, when he wasn't dusting them off. Once as he was admiring them he said to his mother, "If I say 'Betch-a-Boots' it won't be swearing, will it?"

Remember when Dub was up courting Dode once, and Dad deputized him and made him go along to raid a chicken supper Will and his gang were having over in the Old Tannery Lot against the hill? Dub didn't want to go, but he didn't dare refuse.

They found the party all right – a half dozen boys with a bake oven full of chicken and a gallon of wine.

Dad walked in among them, asked what they were doing here, where they got the chickens, and what about the wine? He and Dub sampled each so that they could testify as to just what kind of meat was in the ovens, and something as to the strength of the wine.

"We got the chickens at our place," one of the boys said. "My Pa told me that whenever I wanted a chicken supper, I could help myself at our own coup, so I did."

"And I brought the wine from our place," another confessed. "It's not much stronger than yeast, Pa said. It would take a lot more than a gallon of this kind of wine to make any difference."

The minute Dad and Dub left the fire, those two boys ran as fast as they could on a short-cut down the hill, each to his own home to tell his parents that the sheriff would be there right away to check.

Dad didn't make any arrests after that party. The families lied their boys free.

Remember how George hated to have to take Dode along with him in the wagon? No matter which direction it was going, Dode wanted to go. One time when he was going to the mill at Washington, she set up a cry to go, and made such a fuss that George had to take her. But he wouldn't drive through town; he went way around over the hill road. Another time he made her lie down flat in the wagon box while he drove through town.

George was always an easier child to handle than Will was. Once when Ma went out to milk, she told us "Now watch the baby, and don't let him fall into the fire." He was just learning to walk. Sure enough, before she had finished milking, Em went screaming that Will had fallen into the fire, and Ma threw the bucket of milk away - or knocked it over - hurrying to get in. He wasn't burned very bad, we snatched him out in time.

Then there was the time when he cut off the end of his little finger. Ma was supposed to be watching him herself, but she was tired and stretched out on the floor to relax. He was just a little guy, but he pulled a chair over to the table and climbed from it to the table and reached the mantle-piece. What should he get but Pa's razor, took it out of the case, opened it, and was going to try to shave. Ma called out and started up, and he shut it so quick he got the joint of his little finger, and it went right through.

By the time she got to him, he was holding out his bleeding hand, and the end of the finger was on the floor. They joked about it later, saying that it bounced around much like a snake's tail will after it is cut off. Anyway, Ma got the Doctor, thinking maybe he could put it back and it would grow in place.

When the doctor got there, they couldn't find the finger. After the wound was all dressed, Ma discovered that she had it clutched so tight in her own hand that she had lost it. So they took it out and buried it deep so that the dog or cat or goose wouldn't eat it. That would have been real bad luck, they said. His finger would itch or pain or bother him all his life if that had happened.

In those days nobody told when they planned to get married because often there was so much horse-play about it - tricks of all kinds. When George came home to marry Flo, they were quietly making their plans. But Will told several people, saying, "I'm not sure when it is to be, but he has to be back on his job next Monday," knowing that no wedding in the temple could be on Sunday. He told each person confidentially, cautioning them not to tell, or if they did, to tell the next person not to tell. The net result was that people were notified more effectively than if he had tried to advertise it.

Then there was the time when Edith was home for supper one night, just a few days before the birth of a baby. Ma had boarders, and Edith sat at the table with them. Near the end of the meal, when she looked at the dessert on her plate, Edith said, "Well, that's one time when my eyes were bigger than my stomach."

One of the men, glancing down at her, had to clap his hand over his mouth and leave the table, but they could all hear his loud laughter once he was outside.

Remember the time when Lew said he couldn't go to school because of a

pain in his leg? Ma could tell that this was just an excuse, so she got a little willow and switched him down to the edge of the hill. He really cried and limped pitifully so long as he thought she was watching, but by the time he reached the bottom of the hill, he was skipping along, completely cured.

Remember how Ed used to like to stand on the sawed-off stump and preach? Usually Ed was the quiet one, but he'd mimic Brother McArthur, waving his arms and yelling and pounding the pulpit. Once at the end of an eloquent sermon, he leaned forward and asked, "Now, damn you, will you be good?"

Remember the time when Ed decided that he would leave home? He didn't go to school at all, but hid around the stores and Court House. He didn't come home for dinner, and he didn't come home for supper. As we were clearing up, someone said that Ed was out by the back fence, but Ma said to pay no attention and he'd soon come in. We were all in at the fireplace when he finally slipped in and sat down. No one said anything for a minute, and he blurted out, "Well, I see you have the same old cat."

Cornelia was the timid, frightened one. Coming up the hill at night she would clutch at my arm so hard that she'd leave holes in it, and in bed she crowded up close. One night she had stayed down with Emma when Rob was gone, and came up the hill for breakfast. She sat down to rest at the top, because she had hurried so. She had hardly begun to eat when she started to shriek and scream and clutch at her back. Seemed as if she'd go into a fit. Ma caught her and found what was bothering - got it in her hands and held on to quiet Cornelia. When they shook it out, it was a dead lizard that must have got into her clothes while she was sitting on the hill.

Remember the plays we put on in the cellar, with the wheat bin for the dressing rooms, the floor for the stage, and the steps for the audience? Such costumes! Such dramatic acting, especially in Ten Nights in a Bar Room.

APPENDIX I
GEORGE BROOKS ACCOUNT OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS
in St. George
(From handwritten document in the hands of William Brooks)

The first Public Bldg erected in St. George was the St. George Public Hall, on the corner one block north of the Tabernacle, store of C.F. Foster.

It was very substantially built on a strata of white clay. Foundation is of limestone, taken from 18 inch strata north of the city but south of the Red hill. The sandstone of which the building above the basement is built was taken from a quarry directly north of Mt Hope in Brooks Canyon.

There was likely not one pound of powder used; but the stone was quarried with Picks and Barrs, small slabs being taken out.

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Lumber

It is quite likely that Eli Whipple sawed the lumber as it come from Pine Valley according to Uncle Wm Gardner later they operated a saw mill at Pine Valley about that time. Very good lumber was brought from there for many years. William Gardner brought a load to town to sell but his father told him to donate it to the Social Hall which he did. Most of the wood work was done by David Rogers and Easton Kelsey, the latter having the work in charge. B.F. Gray likely did some work there.

I believe the nails were hauled in from California, nails were brought from S.L.C. also.

Some of the lime was burned in a small kiln up north from near the old Spring lot where Luther Hemenway now lives.

Shingles were made in Pine Valley.

It was quite a difficult thing to get Paint, Nails and Glass for building purposes, which took cash as it was shipped from the North or Calif.

David Milne was about the first Professional Painter in the Country.

The tablet now in the face of the Bldg dating 1863 was cut by writer when it was placed in the wall, age of 18 years.

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Two of the first Plasterers in the City were Wm. H. Branch Sr. and Archibald Sullivan; they no doubt did this work.

APPENDIX I
addenda

Hoisting apparatus was of primitive type, to economize and take mechanical advantage of an incline set of planks were constructed with small slats tocked crosswise, and all mud, Rock and other materials were carried on hand barrows or hods, a short man in lead and a tall one behind. Tommy Crane about 5'2" invariably took the lead up the plane Bill Allen about 6 ft taking the lower end. Common string and slot rule and plumb bob directed the courses vertically upward. The bob was often moulded of molten lead poured into an egg shell with a wire running through.

Slabs of red sandstone were quarried out with small steel slips and wedges,

picks and crowbars; loaded by means of skid poles.

This St. Geo. Hall was used for Church, Sacred, water Ditch meetings, Theatre, Dancing, school being held in the basement even before the roof was placed over the upper story, being sheltered by planks over the upper floor. Heated by a large fireplace in the outer room south end, this room also being used for guard quarters during the time of Indian Raids.

The writer has spent the fore part of many many nights here going on guard at midnight.

Thom Baker and I were secluded behind a rock wall during the cold night, down near the temple. Jos Judd and Benct Johnson, at the outside to town hear Geo Webb home. An Indian was coming to town before daylight. Joe and Benct accosted him demanding that he dismount. The Indian refusing Joe discharged his small five inch pistol missing the indian. He then jumped off mighty quick.

Joe Judd and I thought we not fit for any thing but to guard against Indians and volunteered our services almost continuously.

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Gardners Club Hall

The second public Bldg of the city was the erection of the Gardner's Club Hall, a small adobe bldg facing first North street on the lot known as the A/O. Hardy lot. He using this Gardner Club Hall later as a Tanner Yard shoe shop The Tanning and Mfg. Co.

The Prime object of the erection of this hall was to house the Pomeological Society instituted by Jos. E. Johnson and Walter E. Dodge. Promotion and introduction of special choice fruits, vines and vegetables was its mission, lecutres and discussions were conducted. Also fruit and vegetable exhibits and displays were made.

The red sandstone foundation of this Bldg has proved unsatisfactory from the ravages of the Alkaline, disintegration going on, provision being made by the use of the black volcanic Rock later. The Gardner's Club Hall Tablet Dated 1867 I cut.

The first and best adobe maker possibly was Robert Thompson, as he selected good material and mixed it thoroughly, producing an excellent quallity of adobe he very likely made the adobes for this bldg. The adobes in this and other bldgs are good to this day.

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Now comes the most interesting and best Bldg in the state of Utah, the St. Geo. Tabernacle, Built upon Honor by men who showed reverence to the call of the Authorities and a thankfulness to the God of Heaven who brought them here. Such mechanics as Miles Romney into whose charge the work was placed (wood mechanic) Edward L. Parry chief mason, and stone cutter Wilson Lund

Excavating and hauling by such men as Wm Carter, Wm Lang, Wm Burt Plasterers.

The General Mangership was through the Church officials Pres Erastus Snow at the head, with efficient support such as David H. Cannon Robert Gardner Tithing clerk and Book keeper was Franklin B. Woolley and James G. Bleak.

Dimensions 106 ft outside length 56 ft wide Height of walls, – Tower 130 feet. Thickness of walls, foundation about 4 ft Lime stone, From the basement to water table 3 ft, above watertable about 2½ ft. It is a two story bldg of low basement with a liberal height upper room surrounded with gallery.

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The first ground was broken with practically no formal ceremonies. With no steel scraper the dirt was all shoveled with the short handled, back-breaking shovels into wagons hauled by horses mules or oxen. The excavation was in perfectly dry soil and not until the walls were practically up did water begin to rise in the basement, and a drain was dug by Jacob Beacham.

First basement limestone rocks were laid on virgin soil not more than four or five feet below the surface.

The limestone ledge north and east of the city supplied the foundation stone, rough hammer dressed and laid in lime mortor by E.L. Parry Wilson Lund Geo Brooks David R. Parry commencing, later young men (Wm Atkin, Wm Fawcett, C.L. Walker, Henry Eyring) W.G. Miles, Sam'l Worthen, Jas Bleak Don C Robins David Horsley, with occasionally a trancient, especially a German, Jacobv Henckler who was a good mechanic, good points.

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being given by him to some of the younger workmen. George Brooks cut all of the window caps and the tablet stone, being asked to do so by Miles Romney. The stone box containing the records Deseret News, Stand Church Works, small coins, bottle of wine, placed in the south east corner about the height of the water table, was cut by Wilson Lund.

The large courses were hoisted into place by means of horse power with block and tackle over shear legs. Some of the largest were worked by windless turned by man power.

Lars Larson Oswald Barlow Isaac Hunt laid the stone.

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General Workmen Tabernacle

Good faithful workmen who honestly did their part were Em Turner, Rd Hawkins, Wm Wade, Thomas G. Crane, Robt Goddard, Job Cornwall, Walter Granger Nephi Fawxett

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Farmers with teams donated liberally On this list come Angus M. Cannon David H Cannon Alex Fullerton W. Allen Stillman Woodbury Orin Woodbury Wm Carter Wm Lang Bro Fawcett Robt Gardner

APPENDIX II

INDIAN STORIES AS WRITTEN BY GEORGE BROOKS

Along the first part of the early seventies, notwithstanding our troubles with the Navajoes had come to an end, practically speaking, we had some difficulties with the local Indians, and more especially when the Swiwitts Indians came from the South, that is the country around Mount Trumbull and Pashahant, and it was not an unusual thing to have trouble with them at times when they came in as aforesaid.

On one occasion, George Lang, a young boy, had left his coat on the land in the Clara Field, where he had been working the day before, and the next morning Arch Swapp went up to get it and being longer than his brother thought he should have been gone, William Swapp went after him. His only arms was a short-handled pitchfork; Soon after he passed me I saw Indians moving among the rocks on the lower end of the Black Ridge on the west of St. George. One Indian came up from the west side of the hill and posted himself behind a large rock on the point of the hill and rested his rifle over the rock, and began firing toward the road that run along the end of the mountain. I learned afterwards that alight top wagon was the object of his fire, for the wagon came under the fire of the Indian as he fired at it, the bullet passing between the two seats, without injuring either of the occupants.

Soon after this I saw Will Swapp come up behind the Indian and grabbing his gun, he pulled it above his head and then brought it down with such force that he knocked the Indian out completely. The fighting went on for at least two hours, by which time all the Indians were rounded up, and drove into St. George, where a great talk was had, and winding up with the killing of a beef.

It was custom in those days while feed for our milk cows was very scarce, that men would gather up a herd of cows and take them out in the morning and bring them home at night; he would designate a certain route that the herd would be drove through the town, and the herder would have a horn that he would blow every little while so that the people who wanted their cows herded would bring the cows to the street that the herd would be drove, and the same at night when the cows came back the owners would come and get them.

Uncle Billie Meeks had such a herd and while he was herding the cows across the Virgen River, the Indians came upon him, but he made his escape and came to town and gave the alarm and a posse was soon gathered and went after the cows and if necessary a scrap with the Indians. The men found the Indians who were on the fight, but they soon found out that they could not get anywhere against the white men, so they gave in, and they were driven into the city. One very large Swvitts Indian was walking alongside of George Whitmore, who was a young man. He had his gun across his saddle with the muzzle pointing toward the Indian. The Indian watched his chance and grabed the Gun and tried to take it away from the young man, who held onto it watching a chance to recover it, and when he saw the gun pointed towards the Indian he fired, the bullet going through the shoulder of the Indian. He was brought to St. George, and Dr. Higgens done all he could for him, but the Indians would not consent for his arm to be taken off, and he lingered for several weeks, when he died. And this was the last time we had any trouble with them.