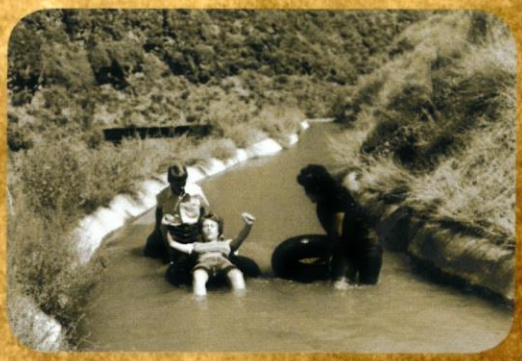
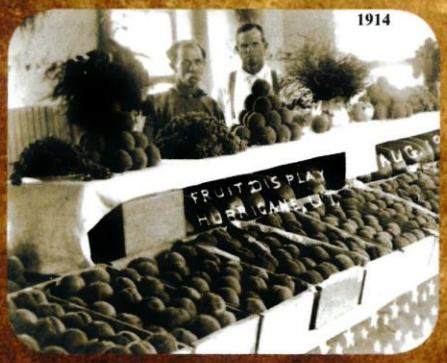
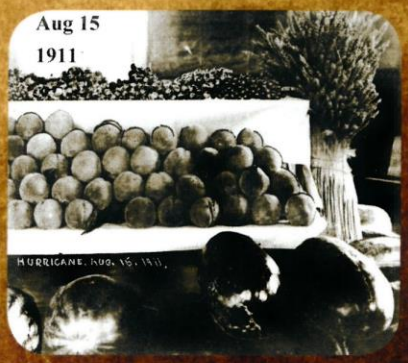
From the Trench to the Bench
. . . *Dreams Do Come True*

A History of the Hurricane Valley







Hurricane Camp of Daughters of Utah Pioneers

From the Trench to the Bench
. . . Dreams Do Come True

A History of
Hurricane and Area
Joyfully Compiled
by the
Hurricane Camp
of
Daughters of Utah Pioneers
2018 – 2019

WHY DID THE PIONEERS COME TO HURRICANE, UTAH?

It's a story of water, the why that they came
The problem of water is always the same

Without the water, there is no place to stay
Too much water, and their farms washed away

The people came to build homes by the river
The floods in the spring with fear made them quiver

The people needed high ground so the floods could not reach
To wash them away, a lesson to teach

The 2000 acres of land on the bench
Was worth all the work to dig the big trench

The year that they started was 1893
The year that they moved here, the town came to be

In 1906 eleven families came to stay
At last the water could not wash them away

The Canal was the lifeblood after it came
The Valley with water was never the same

By Phyllis Hinton Lawton - July 2012

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From the Trench to the Bench
…Dreams Do Come True
By Hurricane Camp of Daughters of Utah Pioneers

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This book

is dedicated to

Shirlee Kilpack Last

and

to those

Southern Utah Pioneers

who dreamed of bringing life and water

to this beautiful valley

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

From the Trench to the Bench . . . *Dreams Do Come True*

For our DUP year 2018-19, we used the history of Hurricane as a source for our lessons. We had so many new members who didn't know about our history, and they have embraced the study of these wonderful past events. Shirlee Last, our Lesson Leader, carried on even through challenges of failing eyesight, planning the lessons, creating an outline, and making this a very special year. Shirlee, we love you. The year was filled with wonderful stories of Faith, Determination, Gratitude, and above all, Hard Work. This book is the culmination of the efforts of so many people that need a special Thank You.

Those who prepared and presented the lessons are: Shirlee Kilpack Last, Alanea Jepson Shaw and her sister Brenda Jepson Sanders, Carl Wadsworth, Paula Hirschi Arriola, Loretta Leavitt Hinton, Sheila Wright Dutton, Lolene Gubler Gifford, Margene Hinton Holt, Thomas Beatty Hirschi, Joann Webb Ballard and her sister Gwen Webb Holdaway.

Our deep appreciation goes to Beverly Ivins Leavitt whose dream was to collect the materials shared in each lesson and put them into a permanent book that each of us could keep and treasure. She recorded the lessons as they were given, and she and Paula Arriola Hirschi transcribed, organized, and continued to gather more historical information, precious stories, and photographs. Diane Workman Olsen proofread and edited the book as it came together. Weeks turned into months as they and others worked tirelessly to make this happen.

(Extra thanks go to those who assisted with proofreading and editing: Margene Holt, Sheila Dutton, Lolene Gifford, Marian Keller, Marba Thompson, Alanea Shaw, and Pam Reeve.)

Other sources where we found help and contributions valued above measure are: David Hinton, Durward Wadsworth, Shirl Graff, Waldo Hirschi, Weldon Heaton, Richard Wright, Karen Bringhurst Stratton, David and Claud Hirschi Family Histories, Wayne Hinton, Alice Isom Gubler Stratton, Family Search, Hurricane Valley Heritage Museum, Washington County Newspapers, Marian Keller - Camp Captain, Greg Last, Carolyn Ballard, Hurricane Valley Journal, and Sons of Utah Pioneers. Although we have tried very hard to give credit where it is due, there might be others inadvertently left out.

The eleven First Family Histories came from the families or Family Search.

Thank you, Mary and Max Covington, for the pictures and history of Loren Covington.

All of our best efforts have gone into collecting and presenting the most correct and factual content but, in the likely event that we have something wrong, please accept our sincere apologies. Hopefully, you will enjoy reading the book as much as we have compiling it.

Table of Contents

A Brief History of Daughters of Utah Pioneers in Hurricane

1901 Annie Taylor Hyde invited 46 women to her home, all descendants of the 1847 Pioneers.

The object of the Daughters of Utah Pioneer organization would be:
**The cementing together in the bonds of friendship and love the descendants of those who so faithfully stood shoulder to shoulder in braving the difficulties
**The forming of branch societies throughout Utah or wherever the descendants of the pioneers reside
**The perpetuating of patriotism
**The commemorating of those whose efforts were responsible for the founding of our commonwealth
**The compiling of genealogies of the Utah Pioneers

1903 President Joseph F. Smith said: "I am grateful for the privilege of witnessing the organization of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. Its purpose is to keep the knowledge of that noble band for generations to come. We should not let the memory fade from our minds of their bravery and greatness."

1921 October 24, 1921 – Washington County Daughters of Utah Pioneers was organized.
*Later, four companies were organized:
*Washington Company
*Washington East Company
*Washington West Company
*Clark, North Virgin River Valley Company

1925 April 2, 1925 – The Society was incorporated and Articles filed with the Secretary of State.
Hurricane Zion Camp became part of the Washington East Company. There was only one Stake at that time, The Zion Utah Stake. The Hurricane Zion Camp attended meetings in the old Relief Society Building at Hurricane, Utah. Later, the Hurricane Zion Camp became the Hurricane Camp. Today, the Washington East Company has 10 Camps: Mulberry, New Harmony, Purple Sage, Red Hills, Silver Reef, Apple Valley, Cactus Rose, Desert Rose, LaVerkin, and Hurricane.

The Hurricane Camp meets on the second Monday of months from September through May. We gather at the LDS Church at 310 West 100 South at 10:30 a.m. followed by a luncheon. We invite you to gather with us as we remember our beloved pioneer ancestors.

I give thanks for the many great women of the Hurricane Valley, who led this great society forward. They, like their ancestors, "Never Gave Up."

Sincerely, Marian Kay Keller, Hurricane Camp Captain 2019

Our Story Begins

By Shirlee Last
10 September 2018

This is so exciting. My eyesight is gone, so I can't drive any more, but the Lord takes care of us. He has sent a special person to my neighborhood who lives next door, and she is my special chauffeur. All she has to do is drive me around, take care of some grandchildren, and tend four dogs, so I really appreciate Gloria. My two daughters, Danna and Ginette, are here today. They came to see if Mother can really pull this off.

I have brought some of the books I have taken information from for these lessons, and if any of you would like to go through them, they will be up here after. Maybe some can get ideas for your own lessons.

It was hard to choose what lessons to give and to shorten them and still cover all the material we have. The Dixie Mission and the Iron Mission played such an important part in the settlement of Hurricane. Next month, we are going to have a Father of Hurricane—James Jepson, and we are also going learn about another Mayor, another community worker and Stake President. Paula Arriola is going to tell about her ancestor Claudius Hirschi.

Then the canal story—it is such an incredible miracle about how it came to be. We will also have one of the original canal riders come and tell us about some of his experiences. That is such a rich story. Sheila Dutton's brother, Bill Wright, was the last canal rider. Rosemary Lee just passed away (she was 95), and her husband's father was Frank Lee. He was the only ditch rider killed while he was working on the canal, and that is a real sad story. Dixie Lee was the only female ditch rider. My son, Greg Last, used to hike the canal during Peach Days. He said even before they started the canal, they had to build a path 24 inches wide from the side of the mountain so the men and horses could have access to the canal site. There is so much to this story, so we are going to let Carl Wadsworth tell us about the canal.

Tom Hirschi is going to come back and tell us about the early businesses in Hurricane. He will tell us about E.J. Graff and the first store and how they learned to make-do. I am very excited to learn.

What About Hurricane?

Why is it here and how did it get here? Let's go back to the very beginning. Father Escalante came through here in 1776, and he didn't come alone. There were ten people who had horses, and they came from Santa Fe, New Mexico, two or three hundred miles north before they came west into Utah. They came from what is now Emery County and south to Pah Tempe Hot Springs. They left such a great diary that you can follow the trail. Toquerville was always a good spot for travelers to stop because of the little spring which comes out of the salt formations—the best water in the world. This was the first water we drank in Hurricane when we came here.

The City Fathers bought shares of water from Toquerville and piped it in a wooden pipe. When you think of a wooden pipe, you think, how did the water flow through it? Well, it was in two pieces put together. You can still see that pipe running from Toquerville along the highway. Parts of it are in the museum today. The water was very hot in the summer time because the pipe was on the ground. Trappers and explorers stopped in Toquerville and Mountain Meadow where

there is another spring. Father Escalante ended up in Milford when two feet of snow came down, and it was cold and their horses were wearing out. Instead of going on to find a route to California, they turned around and went back. They kept great diaries so we know so much about this expedition.

Another man by the name of Jedediah Smith was a fur trapper and was in this area also in 1826-27.

John C. Fremont was another explorer. He was a scientist. If any of you go to Cove Fort to get to I-70, there is a National Monument named after him. Stop there if you get a chance; it is fascinating to learn about the Indians who lived in that area.

People lived here when the Pioneers came here. The Piute Indians lived here. They were in terrible shape. They encouraged the white people to come because they were in need of resources the white man had.

Mormon Battalion

They reached Santa Barbara in 1848 during the Mexican-American War. A lot of them went up to Sutter's Mill and across to Salt Lake to meet their families. Some decided to go from Santa Barbara directly to Salt Lake City on what was just an Indian trail or trappers' trail. They were the first ones to take a wagon over the Old Mormon Trail from San Bernardino to Salt Lake.

Brigham Young wanted to build forts all along the way. In fact, did you know that there were ten forts built between here and Scipio? The only one still standing is Cove Fort, and Fort Pearce, but that was built along the Old Mormon Trail for protection against the Indians during the Indian War. There were Fort Harmony, Fort Santa Clara, and Johnson's Fort in Enoch.

The next thing I would like to tell about is the "Over the Rim" gang or expedition. Over the Rim refers to the edge of the Colorado Plateau. Because of the Colorado Plateau, a lot of people could live at a higher elevation. The earth had a bubble that grew up. We are not on this plateau, but Cedar City is, and when you are coming from Cedar City and get to Kanarraville, you are starting your journey down off the Colorado Plateau into the Great Basin Desert.

The Saints are coming—70,000 people are coming, and Brigham Young needs a place to put them, so he sends Parley P. Pratt and 50 explorers out in 1848. They are to explore places that can support communities and people. They keep a diary, take measurements, draw a map of the rivers, and note all the places from Salt Lake to St. George that might be able to accommodate and support many people.

So this group of 50 men start in Salt Lake and go down through Marysvale, and then they go over the mountain to Parowan. At this point they decided to leave the wagons in Parowan, I think ten of them, and part of the men are going to stay there and explore around Parowan and the rest are going Over the Rim and look at what is beyond.

This is the impression of this Valley and their trip Over the Rim as recorded in their diary: "The great Wasatch Range along which we have traveled our whole journey here terminates in several abrupt promontories...From the Basin Rim 13 miles of rapid descent brought us to milder climate and the first cultivation (Indian). The country southward for 80 miles showing no signs of water or fertility...A wide expanse of chaotic matter presented itself, huge hills, sandy deserts, cheerless, grassless plains, perpendicular rocks, loose barren clay,

dissolving beds of sandstone…lying in inconceivable condition; in short, a country in ruins, dissolved by peltings of the storms of ages, or turned inside out, upside down, by terrible convulsions in some former age…A mile or so farther brought us to the banks of the Virgin (River near Toquerville)."

Chief Toquer encouraged the pioneers to settle here and help his people. The Piute Indians were very primitive. They had more baskets than pottery. They wove their own sandals. (There are some in the Museum in Hurricane.) They didn't have horses. Their clothes were made from rabbit skins. They were a starving people, but they were growing corn, maize, beans, and squash along with their hunting skills. They lived in wickiups made from willows they found along the Virgin Rver. They stuck the willows, with the leaves on, into the ground, pointed up in the shape of a teepee, and left a little opening for a door.

The 25 men that came into this area went back to Parowan and made their way home to Salt Lake in winter storms. The snow was so deep that the men had to break the way for the horses. When they got to Fillmore, they decided to leave the wagons there with part of the group, and the others would go on and try to send supplies back from Provo which was just a little community. They only had a few houses there with a fort on the Provo River. Parley P. Pratt was the first one to get there. Along the way others dropped out because the horses were spent, and all they had to eat was dry brown biscuits. Parley got there, and the rescue team went back, and no one died during that trip, but there was a lot of frost bite. Those that stayed in Fillmore with the wagons actually dug into the banks of the river a little dugout, and that is what they lived in until the storms ended.

Now we have an exploration, and we know where we are going to send people. Parowan is considered the first community—the Mother City of this area. But while the Over the Rim Expedition was in Parowan, they discovered there was iron ore. The pioneers had found that plows wear out, and shovels wear out, so they were desperate to find iron. In 1852, John D. Lee was sent to start the Iron Mission in Parowan and Cedar City. He also came down into Washington, and they built the fort on Ash Creek. They called it Fort Harmony. It lasted until 1862, and this was the year of the 100-year flood. This fort was built out of adobe, and the adobe got so soaked up with water that the wall fell and actually killed two little children.

Toquerville was explored in 1854, and Brigham Young called men to the Indian Mission on January 1, 1855. John D. Lee was placed in charge of the government Indian agency to distribute seeds, tools, and other supplies to the Indians, and help them farm at $50 per month.

May 17, 1855, Brigham Young advised the Indian missionaries: "You are not expected to farm, nor to speak the white men language, and this you can do more effectively by living among them as well as by writing out a list of words. Go with them where they go. Live with them and when they rest let them live with you, feed them, clothe them, and teach them in their own language. They are our brethren, we must seek after them, commit their language, get their understanding, and when they go off in parties, you go with them." (Pg 13 Toquerville – Oasis in the Desert)

These missionaries embraced a class of lawless young men that might be a curse to any civilized community. Agent Jacob Hamblin found it difficult to find any good in these men. But they were fitted for their assignment; they knew the ways of the frontier, they were resourceful

and they were fearless, and most of all, they obeyed their leaders and carried out the tasks they were called to do.

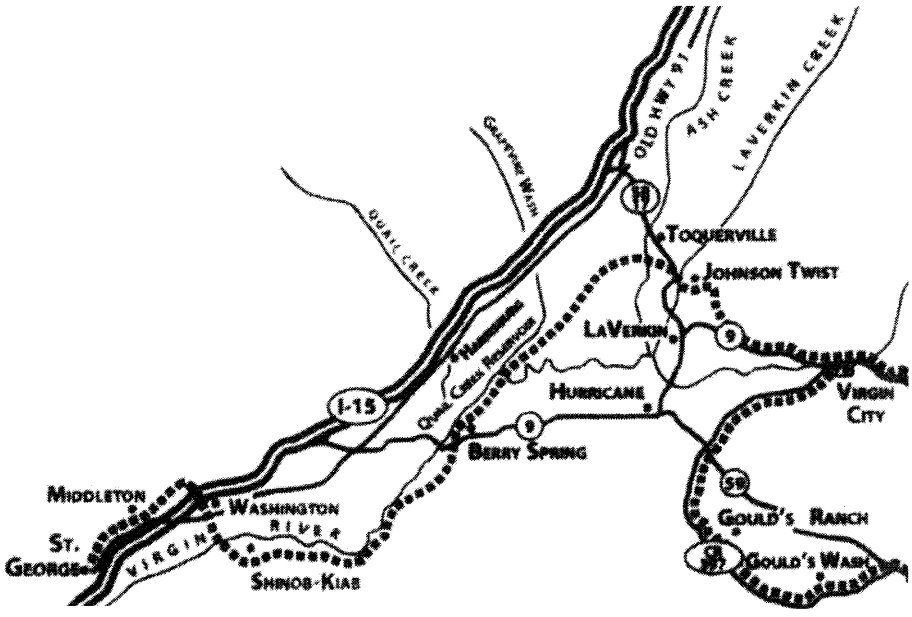
When Jacob Hamblin came with people to the Indian Mission, the first stop was Fort Harmony. Then he went to Santa Clara and stayed there for a couple of years, and then he went back to Tooele to bring his family down. You have probably seen his old home in Santa Clara.

Two years later, six families came to Toquerville. Toquerville was established, and the Cotton Mission came into play. The people were badly in need of cotton. Because Brigham Young wanted to have a society that is self-sustaining, he called men, as an experimental project, to come down and see if they could grow cotton in this climate. I always thought the Cotton Mission was in St. George, but some of the people that came were in these little pockets up the Virgin River. Let's talk about some of the pockets: On the Virgin River was Virgin City, Rockville, Harrisburg, and they started in 1859. Harrisburg had a terrible time surviving because they built on Ash Creek, where Quail Lake is now. They moved it up higher, but in 1892, they gave it up because of the flood at Harrisburg, the ground hogs, and the Indian raids.

We have these communities starting up the river, and we need a road from Toquerville up to Virgin. The pioneers thought they were going to have to carry their plows and everything they needed on horseback up the Virgin River to get to these little pockets of communities, but Nephi Johnson was determined to make a road. And that is the road that you go up now to get to these little communities, but I don't think it was paved then.

Quote on Johnson's Twist: Soon Nephi Johnson was sent "with John Higbee to make a wagon road up the Twist. It was necessary to follow this route up the upper valley because the (Virgin) riverbed was impassable much of the way.

"They, along with Nephi's brother Seth, Anthony J. Stratton, Samuel Bradshaw, and James W. Bay, commenced building the road on December 6th, 1858. Shortly afterwards Andrew J. Workman and others joined them in their task. They succeeded finally in getting their wagons up the very primitive and dangerous, but appropriately named, road they had constructed, Johnson's Twist. With Seth Johnson leading the vanguard, with his two yoke of oxen hitched to an empty wagon, the company proceeded to the mouth of North Creek where they laid out an irrigating canal and made their ditches to the land they had chosen to farm."



Apostle George A. Smith said in Salt Lake City on March 10, 1861, "In 1858 I was told at Toquerville that it was impossible to make a road to the valley up the Rio Virgin, and they were calculating that they would have to carry their seed-grain and ploughs over the mountains upon pack animals. I told them that in a few years I would ride over in a carriage. Brother Joseph A. Young and myself visited the two settlements there, and passed over the ground I am speaking of, with four animals, in our carriage, and brother Joseph remarked that this road, which is very steep and crooked, was so crooked that it was difficult to see the lead animals. The pass has the name of Johnson's Twist. I have seen twisted files, twisted saws, and twisted lumber, but never saw such a twist as this..." (Pg 19 Toquerville – Oasis in the Desert)

So we have Virgin, Rockville, Harrisburg, and the next one was Grafton. Grafton was the County Seat of Kane County from 1863-1867.

Nathan Cram and Olive Tenney came to Utah in 1848 from Lee County, Iowa. They settled at Cottonwood. In 1850, the family was called to San Bernardino where Nathan served as bishop prior to being called back to Utah Territory in 1857 at the time of the Utah War. They settled in Fort Harmony. In March 1859, he led a small group of families to settle Grafton, a new town six miles above Virgin City, along with two other families, the Henry Barney family and the Benjamin Platt family.

Nathan C. Tenney was the first priesthood leader under Bishop William R. Davies of Fort Harmony.

Grafton's first church services were held in the dugout of William and Sarah Hastings; then they were held in the large tent that Alonzo H. Russell had purchased from Johnston's Army. (Pg 23 Toquerville – Oasis in the Desert)

Prior to 1861, the following families made their homes in Virgin City and Grafton: Henry Barney, James W. Bay, John Bradshaw, Samuel Bradshaw, John Brimhall, James Davis, William R. Davis, Enoch F. Dodge, William Haslem, John M. Higbee, Alexander J. Ingram, Joel H. Johnson, Nephi Johnson, Seth Johnson, Sixtus Johnson, Philip Klingensmith, James McFate, Benjamin Platt, Don Carlos Shirts, King Darius Shirts, Anthony J. Stratton, Nathan C. Tenney, and Andrew J. Workman. (Pg 23 Toquerville – Oasis in the Desert)

In 1860, Philip Klingensmith and five other families settled Adventure, a place where water could be diverted from the Virgin River, two or three miles above Grafton. (Pg 24 Toquerville – Oasis in the Desert)

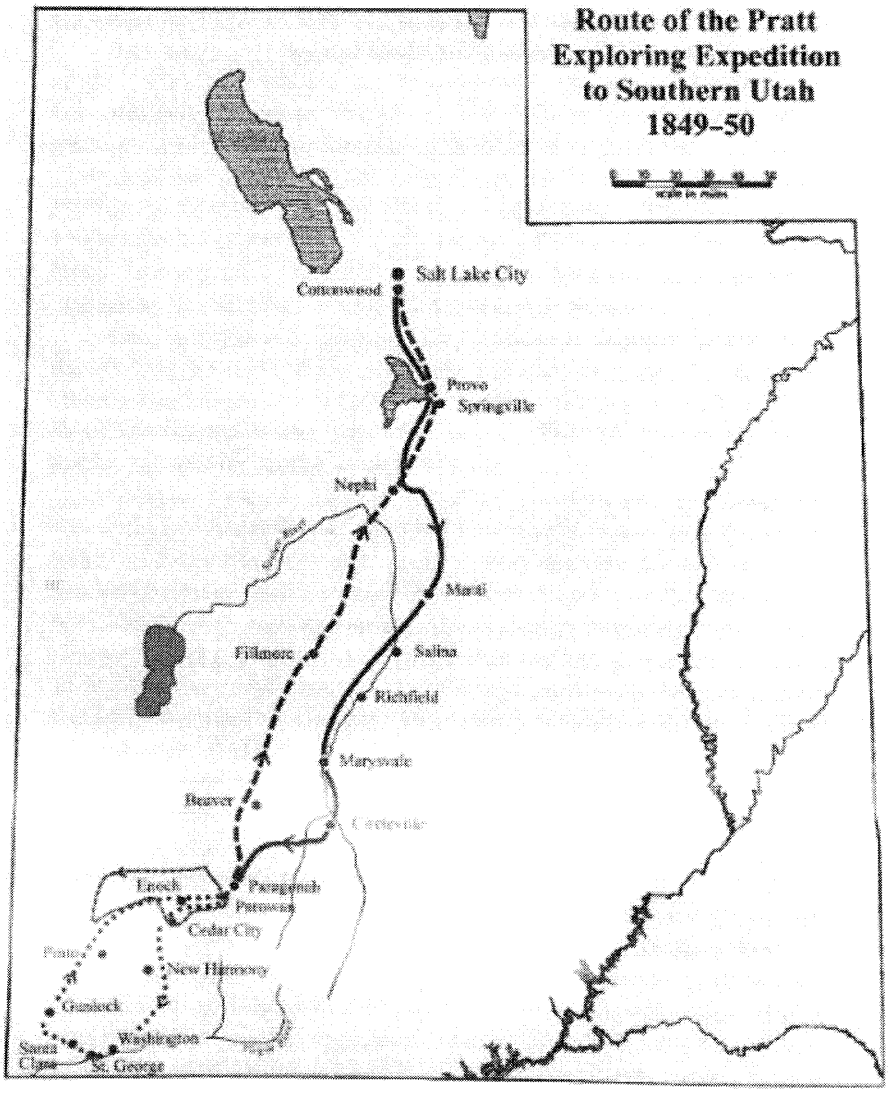
The last residents left Grafton in 1944. The site was bought by a film maker.

The next town, Northrop, was located at the confluence of the North Fork and East Fork of the Virgin River. It was one of the settlements formed as part of the cotton-growing colony in the County and was established by Isaac Behunin in 1861.

Northrop was destroyed by the Great Flood of 1862, and the settlers moved to settle on some nearby land with more space for growth and above the river floods, in what is now Springdale. The site of Northrop was just at the confluence of the North and East Forks of the Virgin River on the east side of Grafton. Nothing remains; the site was just beginning to be settled when it was washed away by the worst flood recorded in the Western United States. After the flood, the people moved to Springdale. (Wikipedia.org/wiki/Northrop, Utah)

In 1855 to 1860, there was a town called Duncan's Retreat, which was right outside of Virgin, just off Utah State Route 9 in the eastern part of Washington County. Quote on Duncan's

Retreat: "A man by the name of Chapman Duncan settled here in 1861 and shortly other families came. In 1862 the Virgin River flooded and destroyed the town. A lot of the people moved away. But by the summer of 1863 a post office was built, a school was built, and in 1864…a meeting house. In 1864 another flood took its toll on the town of Duncan's Retreat." (Wikipedia.org/wiki/ Duncan's Retreat, Utah)



Before Hurricane Was Founded

By Shirlee Last

10 September 2018

Brigham's accomplishment in bringing his 1847 Mormon Pioneers across 1100 miles of prairie, mountain, and desert to the Salt Lake Valley required leadership, planning, competence, cooperation—and sacrifice. Even after he accomplished all of this, during the next twenty years he was responsible for bringing 70,000 other Mormon converts from the eastern and southern United States and Europe which was only the beginning of his challenges. He had to find places for all these immigrants to live, get them there, and weave them into the fabric of what was at one time a vast inland Mormon empire. (Introduction, Over the Rim, The Parley P. Pratt Exploring Expedition to Southern Utah 1849-50)

The first recorded white explorers came in 1776, when Fathers Silvestre Velez de Escalante and Francisco Atanasio Dominguez led an exploration expedition of ten men with horses from Santa Fe, New Mexico, hoping to find a way to California.

Using Indian guides over an ancient Indian trail, they crossed the Colorado and Green Rivers, came across the Wasatch Range to Utah Lake and then traveled south to Black Rock Springs near Milford. (Pg 1 Toquerville – Oasis in the Desert)

At this point an early snowstorm caused them to turn back toward Santa Fe. They then traveled to what is now the town of Escalante, Utah. Continuing south, they explored over the rough and rugged Black Ridge following Ash Creek, which they named del Pilar.

On October 14th, they left San Daniel, today's Pintura. "We swung to the south, now over rock of malpais and not too troublesome, now in between sandstone cliffs or else along sandy shelves, and after going two more leagues went down a third time to the river and halted by its edge, among the stopping place where there was good pasturage, San Hugolina.

"Here it is already very temperate country for, in spite of our having experienced plenty of heat yesterday, last night and today the river poplars were so green and leafy, the flowers and blooms, which the land produces so flamboyant and without damage whatsoever, that they indicated there had been no freezing or frostings around here. We also saw growths of mesquite, which does not flourish in very cold lands." (Pg 1 Toquerville – Oasis in the Desert)

"We continued downstream and after going a half league getting away from the river; but a tall embankment without any descent made us backtrack more than a quarter of a league until we returned to the river, which here flows southwest. Here two other tiny rivers enter it, one which comes from the north-northeast (Ash Creek), and the other from the east (LaVerkin Creek). The latter (Virgin River) consists of hot and sulfurous waters, for which we named it the Rio Sulfureo."

It was not until 1826, fifty years after the journeys of the two Spanish padres, that Jedediah Smith came, and where Escalante had turned back, Smith continued on down the river, opening a trail through unknown land. He followed the river past St. George and through the precipitous Virgin River Gorge in northwestern Arizona where highway engineers of today have hacked out of solid rock two or three miles of Interstate 15. (Pg 2 Toquerville – Oasis in the Desert)

The land to which the 19th century Moses led his chosen people was harsh: little rain, and thin, often-alkali soil; 95% of the land mountainous or desert unsuitable for habitation. With the nearest supporting civilization more than 1000 miles away to the east and nearly that far to the west, it was going to take a special kind of people to survive here. (Pg 1 Over the Rim – The Parley P. Pratt Exploring Expedition to Southern Utah 1849-50)

But for the Saints to stay in this appointed place, Brigham had to learn what was out there. Where in this vast, to him largely unknown region, could be found the right combinations of water, soil, timber, grazing, building stone, and crop-producing climate that would make settlement possible?

There had been a few that had come before. Spanish traders, slavers, and miners had come to the Great Basin in the 17th and 18th centuries, including Father Escalante of the 1776 Dominguez-Escalante expedition, but not with the same goal as Brigham Young had—that of building permanent homes.

The mountain men who trapped much of the area for beaver in the two decades before the Mormon arrival in Salt Lake Valley acquired extensive knowledge of the region. But Brigham benefitted little from their knowledge. (Pg 3-4 Over the Rim – The Parley P. Pratt Exploring Expedition to Southern Utah 1849-50)

John C. Fremont, on his 1842 expedition, described the Virgin River as "the most dreary river I have ever seen," up the Santa Clara, "prettily wooded with sweet cottonwood trees" to Mountain Meadow, "rich in the bunch grass and fresh with numerous springs of clear water, all refreshing and delightful to look upon." Across the mountains to the Sevier and on north to Utah Lake, he finally acknowledged what the mountain men had long known: there was no Rio Buenaventura—waters of the vast region between the Wasatch Mountains and the Sierra Nevada had no outlet. The region was a great basin; the map he submitted with his report so named it. (Pg 6 Over the Rim – The Parley P. Pratt Exploring Expedition to Southern Utah 1849-50)

His findings were important to the Mormons. After Joseph Smith was murdered, it became clear the Latter-day Saints had to abandon their city of Nauvoo, and in fact, leave the state of Illinois. Carefully the leaders studied where to go. Fremont's report, published in 1845, was reprinted in part in the Mormon journals *Nauvoo Neighbor* and *Millenial Star*. Brigham and his senior advisors spent hours studying the report and its map; on December 20 Franklin D. Richards, in a meeting in the unfinished Nauvoo Temple, read it aloud to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. Its descriptions of the area's vastness, its mountain streams and fertile soil, and particularly its emptiness, confirmed a decision that had already been made.
(Pg 7 Over the Rim – The Parley P. Pratt Exploring Expedition to Southern Utah 1849-50)

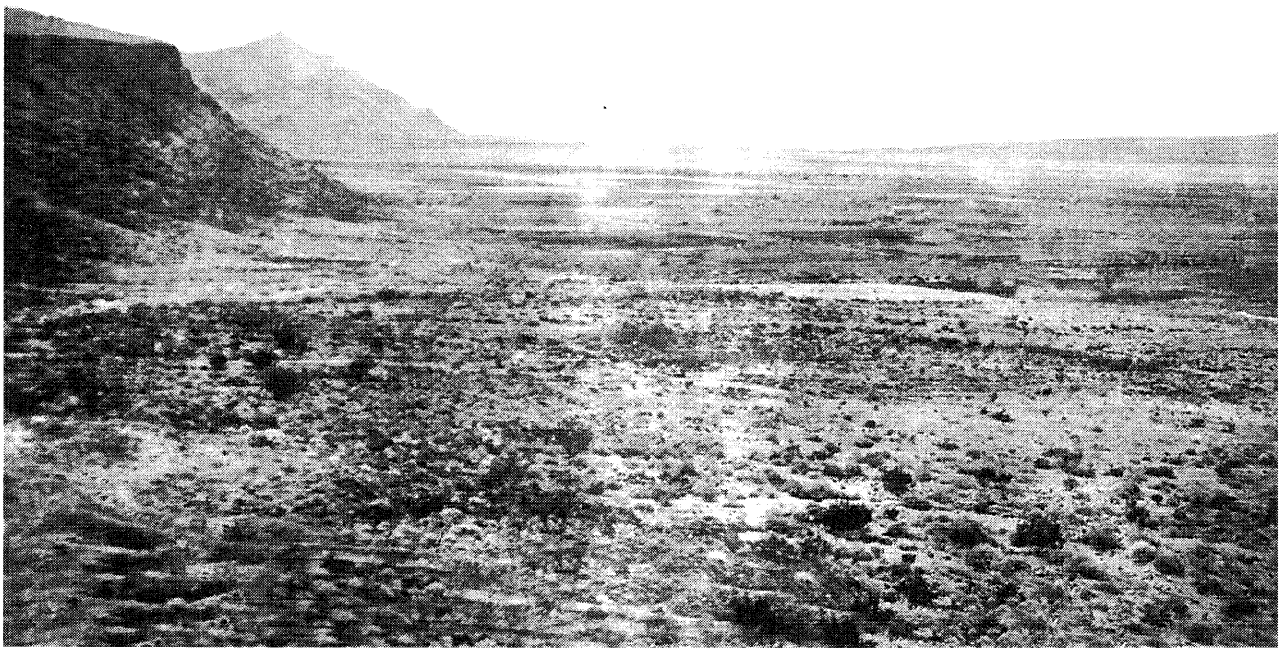
Brigham was nothing if not expansionist. For the hordes of converts he knew would gather to Zion—70,000 of them it turned out, by the coming of the railroad in 1869—he had to look to settlements far beyond the Wasatch Front. Pushing out settlements to far places would establish the borders of the Mormon empire and, he mistakenly hoped, keep outsiders away. And there was the matter of an outlet to the sea. Just when he conceived the idea of a Mormon corridor to southern California is uncertain. But almost from the time of arrival in the Salt Lake Valley, he was looking in that direction. In August 1847, a party of Mormon Battalion veterans, some of whom were present when gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill, had returned to the valley by way of the California Trail along the Humboldt. Among them was Jefferson Hunt. By

mid-November, Hunt, with a small party, was on the way to southern California, sent to bring back seeds, tree cuttings, and livestock. Relying in part on Fremont's description of the route and intercepting the Spanish Trail in central Utah, they completed the task and returned by mid-February—though with only one bull and 100 cows of the 40 bulls and 200 cows he had obtained in California. A month later, on March 21, twenty-five Mormon Battalion veterans, led by Captain H.G. Boyle, left San Diego for Salt Lake Valley, bringing not only 100 mules but also seeds and cuttings in a wagon that cut the wheel tracks on the Spanish Trail. (Pg 8-9 Over the Rim – The Parley P. Pratt Exploring Expedition to Southern Utah 1849-50)

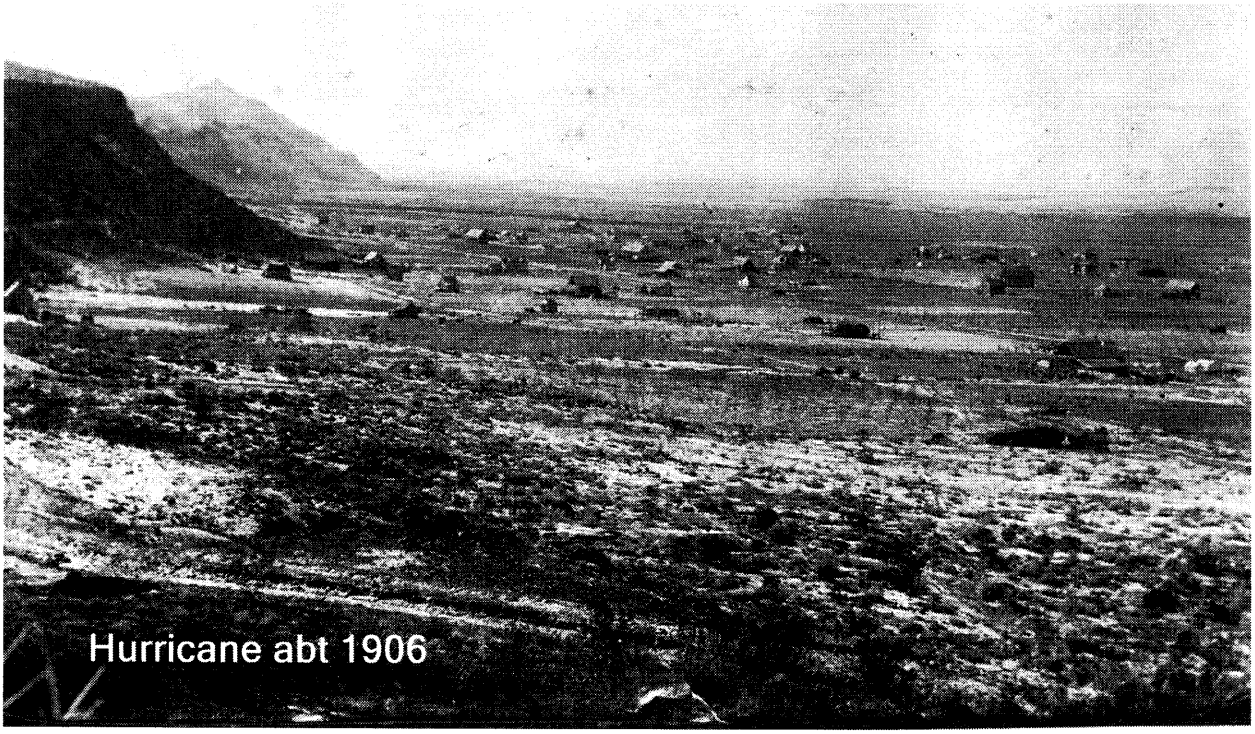
Over the Rim to Dixie
Wednesday, December 26, 1849

Toquerville, named after Chief Toquer, became the third settlement in the Virgin River basin, after Santa Clara and Washington, when families from Harmony moved there in 1858. Finding that grapes flourished in the warm, dry climate, Brigham encouraged wine making and sent John C. Naegle, a convert who had been a vintner in his native Germany, to get it started. Naegle also became a prosperous cattleman and built an impressive two-story stone home to house his large family. (Pg 91 Over the Rim – The Parley P. Pratt Exploring Expedition to Southern Utah 1849-50)

Guided by the Indians, the explorers learned that a short distance below the confluence of Ash and LaVerkin Creeks with the Virgin, the river enters a narrow, precipitous gorge, so they crossed the river near the confluence, climbed the bluff to the south, and found themselves on the present site of Hurricane. Escalante had crossed there three-quarters of a century earlier, naming the river Sulfureo because of the hot, sulfurous water pouring into the river from the hot spring just upstream, now the site of Pah Tempe Resort. Escalante climbed the bluff to the site of Hurricane as Pratt did but continued south over Sand Mountain, into Warner Valley and on into the Arizona Strip.



Hurricane was not settled until 1906, after water had been brought to the bench by the Hurricane Canal. The building of this canal was one of Mormondom's heroic epics. The canal, now listed on the National Historic Register, brought the first water to the bench in 1904. After nearly a century as a quiet Mormon town surrounded by orchards and fields, Hurricane has exploded into one of the nation's fastest-growing communities. The "large track of barren land, some greasewood and sage, cactus, and soap mesquite" Robert Campbell described as they headed west, now contains million-dollar homes surrounding Sky Mountain golf course. (Pg 93 Over the Rim – The Parley P. Pratt Exploring Expedition to Southern Utah 1849-50)



References:

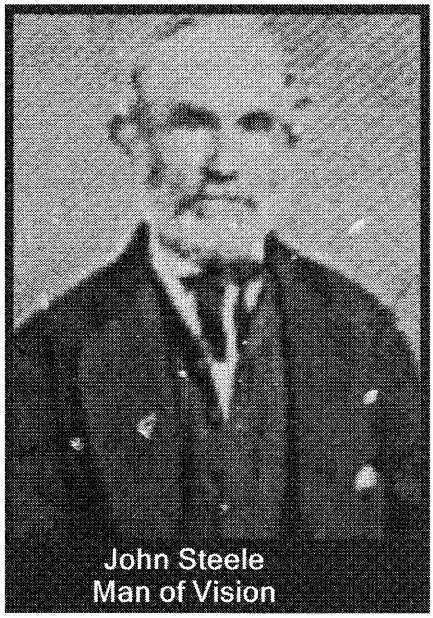
1. Over the Rim – The Parley P. Pratt Exploring Expedition to Southern Utah 1849-50, Edited by William B. Smart & Donna T. Smart
2. Toquerville – Oasis in the Desert by Cherrie Gubler Naegle

Hurricane Canal
James Jepson
By Alanea Shaw & Brenda Sanders (granddaughters)
08 October 2018

James Jepson, Jr. & Lucinda Stratton

One spring when James was returning from a trip to Beaver County, he stopped for dinner with John Steele at Toquerville. John had just returned from a trip to where his horses were grazing on the Hurricane Bench. He said, "Jim, I have been looking over the situation and have figured out just how the water could be put on the Hurricane Bench." James replied that he had been thinking about it for years, and in fact had picked out a place for a dam. He said that if John would come on horseback to his home in Virgin, they could go down to the river, and James would show him the place he had selected for the dam. They set the date for the following Thursday.

When John came, they had dinner together, then saddled their horses and, taking John's spirit leveler, went to the place James had picked out for a dam. They left the horses and climbed down into the river canyon about halfway between Virgin and Hurricane. There's a deep gorge, a sort of box canyon where the river had made its bed, extending almost all the way from Virgin to Hurricane, the river dropping into the gorge at Virgin and coming out at Hurricane.



John Steele
Man of Vision

The cliffs forming this canyon are solid white limestone. From the head of the gorge to the dam site, the cliffs are close and perpendicular on both sides, but from the dam site on to the other end, the gorge is jagged and crooked, and in places there are graveled slopes. It was there with the river torrents rushing and echoing against her rocky bed that James and John plotted her subjection. They decided the project was feasible, and if their plans matured, the Virgin, in time, would share her water with the thirsting plains of the Hurricane Bench.

According to their plan, John was to interest the people of Toquerville in the project, and James was to arouse enthusiasm in Virgin, Grafton, Rockville, and Springdale. The people of these villages were willing listeners, and they soon became enthusiastic supporters of the canal.

In June 1893, a committee consisting of Martin Slack, Sr., Joshua T. Willis, and L.M. Harmon of Toquerville; Hosea Stout of Rockville; Thomas Flanigan of Springdale; and James Jepson, Jr. was selected to go over the ground and make a report.

They again met at Virgin, and James led them down to the place he had taken John Steele. As it was impossible to go down the canyon on horseback, three of them walked through the canyon, and three went around. Those three met the others who had taken their horses to the bottom of the gorge at Sulphur Springs (where the LaVerkin Bathing Resort now stands).

At the hot springs, they held a very important meeting. It was there they decided definitely to defy the Virgin River, that she should yet learn the laws of man. For James that was a thrilling, happy decision. He had long had a dream that was fast becoming a vision of reality, and he could see in the future, fond promises of success.

They made canvas, and a sufficient number signed up for stock in their project. They organized a canal company and appointed a committee to draw up a constitution and by-laws.

They selected a Board of Directors to act until an election could be held. They chose James Jepson as president, Joshua T. Willis as vice president, L.M. Harmon as secretary, and James M. Ballard, J.F. Langston, John W. Isom, and L.J. Slack as directors of the board. This board was voted in by the stockholders to hold office for a term of two years.

Then they levied an assessment of three cents per share with which to make the preliminary survey. Isaac C. Macfarlane was chosen as engineer. He made both the preliminary and working survey and furnished estimates for the cost of construction. This estimate was $53,000, which would cover all expenses of construction except the dam and flumes. J.C. Willis was appointed as superintendent of construction, and the work was commenced in December 1893. James took supplies down into the canyon with other men, but as his wife Lucinda was expecting a baby to arrive in January, he did not stay to work that winter.

Virgin River to Virgin Land

Nine years of labor found the canal at a standstill. To dodge starvation, part of the workmen were forced to withdraw. Reckoned at wages of less than a dollar a day, more than $32,000 worth of labor had gone into the undertaking. Yet much of the hardest construction, including the nine tunnels, was still unfinished.

James Jepson, president of the group, went to Salt Lake to ask for a loan from the Church, offering as credit collateral shares in the venture. The Church subscribed $5000 worth of the stock. Most of this money went for supplies—principally, dynamite and blasting powder.

Workers were paid 25 percent in cash and 75 percent in stock until the job was finished. Finally, the canal carried water to the desert—which meant land clearing, plowing, planting, and home building. The first families to move in spent their beginning year in tents and dugouts.

In 1857, while giving counsel that it is cheaper to feed Indians than to fight them, Brigham pointed out that the terrors of the wilderness, such as Indians, man-eating grizzlies, and un-crossable rivers, were but temporary drawbacks. Indians would grow accustomed to white men. Mormon hunters would soon wear down the grizzlies. Ways and means would eventually be found for bridging the more troublesome rivers. But Brigham Young never entertained any illusion to the effect that the wilderness fighting is a game for softies or that the Intermountain West, even when won, would be easy to hold. ("Pioneer 1937" by Charles Morrow Wilson in The Saturday Evening Post 9/4/1937)

The story of the Hurricane Canal goes back to early Utah times. In the late fifties and early sixties when Brigham Young was calling colonies to settle Utah's Dixie country, some of

these strong and faithful men and women found their way to what are known as the upper settlements of the Virgin River. These well-watered strips of land in the Virgin Valley grew into small communities—Rockville, Toquerville, Springdale, Grafton, Virgin, LaVerkin, and others—as the succeeding decades of the nineteenth century came and went.

But river bottom land was limited, and the peaceful-looking, evil-acting Virgin River freakishly and relentlessly inundated on undetermined fertile fields on her indiscriminate spring and flood-time rampages. Families were growing. New settlers were arriving. Finding new land or moving out were the only alternatives. These people loved their home, their heritage, and their families. New lands must be the answer. Large fertile desert tracts were nearby. Water was in the Virgin River. Taking water to the higher lands was a problem, and the Hurricane Bench appeared to be one of the most desirable sites for irrigation.

Erastus Snow is reported to have given some thought to this problem and its solution, and as early as 1865, he sent John M. Macfarlane to survey the situation. The report returned at that time was unfavorable to the Hurricane Bench development. Subsequently, other surveys were made at irregular intervals of years, but no seemingly feasible solution was found until July 1893, when a group of citizens from the Virgin River settlements met in Toquerville and appointed a committee of six to go through the Virgin River Canyon and once more consider whether or not this diversion project was possible.

Five hundred dollars paid to the government under the Desert Land Act was returned because it was found impossible to get the water on the land within the specified four years' time, even though the land to be watered was not filed on until two years after work began. Attorney and U.S. land office fees to the extent of $200 were lost by delays. Frost destroyed crops on the river settlements, and many were forced to seek elsewhere for employment that would bring a cash return to provide for their families. Difficulty mounted upon difficulty, but the strong and faithful still persisted.

Finally, early in 1902, after nine years of labor without help, these fighting, determined, resourceful men virtually came to a standstill with their backs to the wall. Thirty-two thousand dollars had gone into the canal, almost all of which were represented by labor. The difficult stations, and much hazardous and arduous work had been completed, but powder and other specialized supplies and equipment were needed to blast tunnels and complete other difficult work. Great personal sacrifices had been made. Some admitted failure. Others clung on with the spirit that has built the arid West, but little progress was being made. The nine tunnels, sixty-two rods in aggregate length, had been left to the last and must now be done.

In this crisis James Jepson, President of Hurricane Canal Company, was sent to Salt Lake City to the First Presidency of the Church with a commission to make any kind of bargain he could. He appeared before President Joseph F. Smith, not to ask for a contribution, nor for a charity, nor the Church support in a new venture—but to ask for business-like participation in a project that a community of men and women had given nearly nine years of their lives to and had more than three-fifths completed.

To President Smith said James Jepson: "We're going to finish the job whether you help us or not; but if you don't help us, when it's done it won't belong to the people it should belong to. Our present lands cannot support more people. Our young settlers can't wait, and our interests will go to the money lenders unless we get help."

That was reason enough for the Church aid, and it was not withheld. These men and women had shown their independence and their willingness to work. Furthermore, they had done all they could do for themselves before seeking outside assistance. As a result of this conference on February 1, 1802, the Church subscribed for $5000 worth of stock.

In Larson's book, I Was Called to Dixie, James Jepson is quoted concerning his meeting with the First Presidency:

> "That night I prayed earnestly to God that I might acquit myself well in the interview that was to follow. I was there promptly at the appointed hour. President Smith smiled kindly at me as I entered. 'Well, Brother Jepson,' he said, 'Are you prepared for a refusal?' I wanted so much to make the right answer. 'No,' I replied, 'I came here because I had faith that it was right and proper for me to do so. When you send missionaries out into the field to preach the gospel, you want men with faith.' He laughed pleasantly when I said this, and I felt I had made a good impression and a good beginning.
>
> "They read my report and then proceeded to ask all sorts of questions about the project. They asked, 'How are you organized?' I answered, 'According to law, we are incorporated.' President then said, 'I see you have the signatures of five wards interested in this canal?' I said, 'Members of the five wards are interested in it; no ward is interested as a ward.'
>
> "Then President Smith asked, 'How much tithing do these wards pay?' I replied that on that question I was not informed. John R. Winder, counselor to President Smith, said he could soon get that information. This he did. The amount came to about $5000, just the amount we had asked for.
>
> "The President then said, 'You say you need $20,000 with which to finish the canal. If we give you $5000, you will lack $15,000, and when that is spent, you will be almost as badly off as you are now.' I replied, 'President Smith, my company sent me here to make any kind of arrangement with you that I could make. We will stand behind any plan that will suit you. We are not asking for a donation; we want you to take stock in our company, and I think I can promise you that you will get your money back in a few years. In the next place, we intend to finish this job whether you help us or not, but if we don't get your help, when it is done, it won't belong to the people who do the work. If we have to get the money from outside, it will belong to those from whom we have to borrow.'
>
> "President Smith called for remarks. A motion was quickly made to have the Church take $5000 in stock in our company. There was a quick second, and without further discussion the proposition was carried. It was the happiest moment of my life. I made one more request, 'I want you to put that on paper, so that my company will not just have my word for it.' They then gave me a letter to take back to Ira E. Bradshaw, President of the Hurricane Canal Company, and this I delivered to him when I made my report to the board when I returned."

With the news of Church support, James Jepson returned home and was received with rejoicing. Taking new heart, the Virgin River stalwarts pushed the work forward. Necessary

supplies were purchased for the final heavy work, and workers were paid twenty-five percent cash and seventy-five percent in stock credit until the undertaking was completed.

During the next three winters, the workers pushed forward steadily, gradually completing the canal. Minutes of ensuing Canal Board meetings provide insight to the progress that was made:

Water flowed onto the sun baked lands of Hurricane Bench in August 1904, while the residents of Washington County celebrated and offered prayers of thanksgiving.

When the water finally flowed onto the dry, parched land of the Hurricane Bench, it was truly a day of joy and celebration. At this time, the town of Hurricane received its name. Ever since Owen Sanders was a child, his mother told him the story of this celebration and picking the name. He related: "When the water first gushed from the canal onto the chaparral studded Hurricane Bench, these reverent, prayerful, purposeful men and women built a Bowery and paused to shout 'Hallelujah' and in humility and reverence thanked the Lord for His goodness and guidance. It was then that they discussed the naming of the community to be. Should it be named Pearl City—a jewel in the desert? Should it be named Lake City from the Bench Lake? Should it be named Chaparral from the green creosote bush that covered the flat? It was the unanimous decision to name the community...Hurricane." The Hurricane Hill or fault was named by Erastus Snow in 1863, and the flat was known by cattlemen as the Hurricane Bench.

But the battle was not yet won. There were greasewood, chaparral, cockle burr, and slippery elm to clear off the land. There were flood gates and ditches to build. There was a dam to construct where the canal met the Virgin River. Three times the erratic Virgin tore out the logs and rocks of the dam. There were leaks and breaks in the canal and need for constant vigilance. There were plowing and planting to do, bridges to construct, homes to make, schools and churches to build, and community life and government to establish.

It was March 1906 before families began to settle the town. The first ten families to move in were: T.M. Hinton, J.L. Workman, Erastus Lee, Frank Ashton, Amos Workman, Nephi Workman, Charles Workman, Thomas Isom, Ira E. Bradshaw, and Anthony Jepson; and they lived in tents, shacks, and dugouts, or whatever could be most readily shaped into crude shelter. Others followed. Permanent homes and community buildings (largely fashioned from native materials and built as cooperative projects), church and civic organizations, municipal and utility services all came in due time, until today (1937), this semi-tropical garden city, fifty miles from the nearest railroad connection, offers a generous and wholesome living to its thousand residents, and indirectly supports many more. Carloads of choice Hurricane peaches find their way to profitable markets. Five cuttings of hay each year prosper the tiller of the soil, and even greater plentitude is coming to those who are finding the secret of devoting valuable land to such high pay crops as grapes, figs, almonds, walnuts, and pecans, all of which flourish in this kind climate.

A Church investment in the hands of such men and women was safe and profitable. The six twenty-acre fields and the six Hurricane city lots that the Church investment purchased sold shortly after for $6600, less assessments, giving the Church a profit of nearly sixteen hundred dollars on its money—in addition to which the new Hurricane Ward paid approximately $5000, of which more than $50,000 is represented by cooperative labor. And the land which the canal waters, purchased mostly for $1.25 an acre, has sold variously from $50 to as high as $300 an

acre. (Note: This was written in 1937. Land in Hurricane in 1997 sold for up to $100,000 per acre.)

The women who worked and waited and prayed, the men who toiled and believed—many of them—live today in Hurricane to enjoy the rewards of their dreaming and working. Their children, too, are there.

And today, as one rides up the ridge east of Hurricane to look over the last red sentinels of Virgin River Canyon and Zion National Park, beautiful but bleak and unyielding desert country seems everywhere to be present, except within a garden spot of two thousand acres, sharply and defiantly taken from the grip of desert blight by the determined and willing sacrifice of noble men and women, united in a common cause for the common good.

Bright of countenance, sure of memory, steady of stature, today stands Hurricane Canal Company's first President, James Jepson, in his eighty-third year. A bystander once asked him, "And how did your people do this thing?" His answer was memorable:

"You remember how Brigham Young called a group of people to settle Utah's Dixie country, and only half of them responded?"

"Yes."

"You remember how, of the half who came, only about half of them stayed?"

"Yes."

"Well, the men and women who built this canal were the descendants of those who stayed!"

"And what do you do when the canal breaks?"

"We fix it."

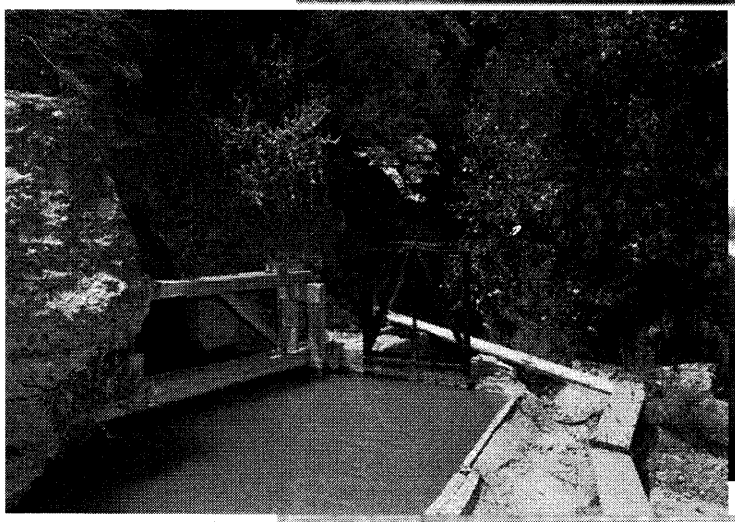
"And what if you couldn't fix it?"

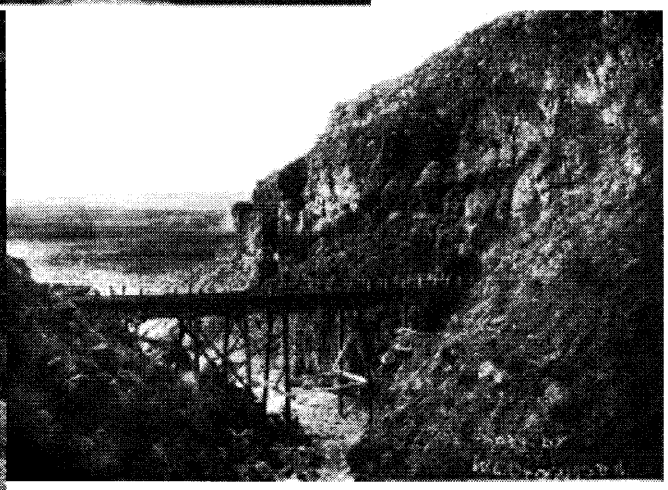
"We can fix it!"

And we were led to think with respect and gratitude in our hearts: "Thank God for a generation of unsoftened men and women who ask no favor but work out their own temporal and spiritual salvation with a rare mixture of independence and cooperation." ("When Water Came to Hurricane" by Richard L. Evans in the August 1937 Improvement Era)

Reference Books:

The Story of the Hurricane Canal by Alice Gubler Stratton,
That Ye May Remember by Don Jepson
Portraits of the Hurricane Pioneers by Janice Ford DeMille
I Was Called to Dixie by Karl A. Larson
Article "Pioneer 1937" by Charles Morrow Wilson in The Saturday Evening Post 9/4/1937
Article "When Water Came to Hurricane" by Richard L. Evans in Aug 1937 Improvement Era





L to R: Water master Will Hinton, James Jepson, Jr. - first president of Hurricane Canal Company, Amos Workman - one of the original incorporators

Canal Company Organization

The Canal Company had a Board of Directors that included a President, Vice President, and Secretary/Treasurer. In addition, they had Superintendents and Chairmen over various construction jobs. They had a Water Master, also called a Water Boss, who assigned water turns to all the farmers and strictly enforced a fair and honest schedule. They assigned a Field Manager, and they had Ditch Riders who watched and maintained the canal, washing sand, removing rocks and debris, reporting breaks or leaks, catching gophers, and whatever else was required. The Water Master and Ditch Rider were often the same person, but not always. Clearly, taking care of the canal and its life-giving water was a community effort.

Other excellent references about the Hurricane Canal can be found in:

"The Story of the Hurricane Canal" by Alice Isom Gubler Stratton
in Sons of Utah Pioneers National Convention Booklet 2016, page 12

Hurricane Utah Stake book Honoring Our Ancestors, pages 123-126

Under Dixie Sun, Chapter XXV "Hurricane"

Portraits of the Hurricane Pioneers by Janice Force DeMille (see three editions)

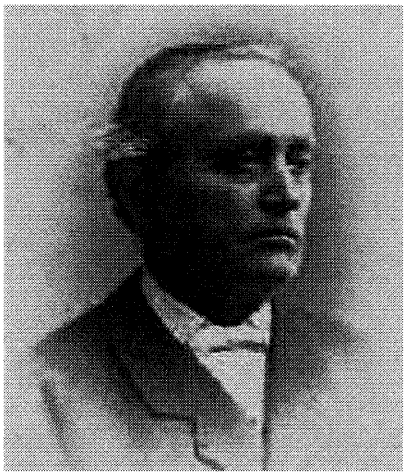
Hurricane Canal Company Official Minutes Book Records
at the Dixie State University Special Collections Department in St, George, Utah

Carl Wadsworth
Ditch Rider
12 November 2018 – Hurricane, Utah

Good morning, you lovely ladies and handsome gentlemen. I want to start by asking a question. How many of you are natives of Hurricane or have relatives who helped work and build the Canal? That is almost all of you, good. You might have a little understanding of what I am going to tell you.

I am going to start with just a little bit of history. When the people first came down here to settle, they settled Toquerville, Virgin, and Rockville in the late 1850s or early 1860s. They settled those towns first, then there were others such as Mountain Dell, Melville, Adventure, Duncan's Retreat, Grafton, and Shunesburg. All these little towns had several families living in them, but they soon found out that there were very few acres they could farm. They were trying to farm close to the Virgin River in the flat land where they could get the water, but they came and farmed their land and quickly found out they couldn't farm enough land to feed the people, especially because they were raising cotton, and you can't eat cotton. They started to raise more food, and then there were floods that washed out their crops, so they started thinking of other places they might farm. There were a few places that looked quite appealing. One was on the Virgin Bench, and that is right where we are sitting.

Erastus Snow came here with a man named John Macfarlane. (You might know of him because he wrote a little song "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains.") He was also a surveyor, and he looked the country over and decided it was not feasible to take the water out of the Virgin River and build a ditch that would carry it to the Virgin Bench. Now the next time someone looked at the feasibility of building a ditch, it was Brigham Young's son, John Young, down preaching in different towns and seeing how things were operating. He surveyed the area to see if they could get water on the Virgin Bench. John Young said it was not feasible. He also said there was nothing south of the Black Ridge that was worth having. He said he was going home, and he did. The Virgin Bench name was changed when Erastus Snow, with his experience when the top of his buggy blew off, said, "That was a Hurricane." He then called the hill the Hurricane Fault and the bench the Hurricane Bench.



Apostle Erastus Snow

The next people who looked the situation over, they looked at the possibility a little differently. They were trying to figure out how to take the water out and bring it over the top of the Hurricane Hill down onto the Hurricane Bench. To get the water out was to start clear up to Virgin.

One day James Jepson was eating dinner with John Steele in Toquerville. This is when James Jepson and John Steele discussed the feasibility of bringing water from the Virgin River to the Hurricane Bench. They had both been thinking about it, so James Jepson invited John Steele

to come to Virgin and James would take him down to the Virgin River to the place where they could build a diversion dam to get the water to the Hurricane Bench. The next day they walked up the canyon and found a place where there was a ledge across the river; they thought it was a good place to build a dam. After this, they decided they would do what they could do by talking to other people to see if they were interested in building a canal to get water from the river to the Hurricane Bench, and several people were interested. This was the beginning of forming the Canal Company. Then they hired a county surveyor by the name of Isaac Macfarlane, the son of John Macfarlane. After he surveyed it, he decided it was a project that could be done. He said the water could be dammed up where they found the ledge on the river. This enthused them enough that they decided to go ahead and form the Canal Company and make assessments and get started. During the winter of 1893, they started on the canal. The men from the little towns had already had experience in building ditches to their fields in the different little towns, so they knew what they were up against. The Virgin Canyon was quite steep, and they had to build the canal along the edge of the river. Isaac Macfarlane had surveyed, so they knew what they had to do was to cut into the canyon wall and make a flat area almost like a road using the rock that was already there.

Now this canal was made so that it was 12 feet wide at the top of the bank and clear across the top of the canal. It was 4 feet deep and 8 feet wide at the top, which left 4 feet of bank. They had to make the ditch so that it would not leak. They put a small stream of water in the canal as they were building it, and the water would compact the ditch to a point that it didn't leak. Even if you had done everything you could possibly think of to keep it from leaking, there was always a possibility that it would leak in other ways you didn't think about. You can have seepage three different ways—one way is back into the hill, another is straight down through the bottom of the ditch, and the other is out the side. The ditch had a great possibility of leaking even if they had thought of every possibility, and also a very good chance of rock slides. These rock slides had the chance of falling after storms, as extra water in the canal could roll rocks into the canal and quickly run the water over the bank and cause flooding. Now you know why they needed a ditch rider.

The ditch rider had to ride a horse every day to check everything. Let's take a look at the "Day of a Ditch Rider." You need to realize that the ditch rider was also the water master, and the job was 24 hours a day, seven days a week, with low pay. What the water master or ditch rider would do is get up at 6:00 a.m. and go check all the streams on the bench. These streams were 5 to 7 different streams going to 7 different fields irrigating. You had to check to see if these streams were getting the right amount of water and make sure everything was operating correctly. Then the water master would check them and come back to his house and get on the phone and call all these people who were to have water turns the next day. That would usually be 15 to 25 people that would be called. The men were usually home early in the morning, so that was the time to call. Sometimes it was interesting to talk to the people and the new people that came. The old-timers understood, and when you told them when their water turn was, they took it down and didn't complain, whether it was in the middle of the night or any time. New people didn't want to take the water at night or on Sunday. Most of them thought they should turn the water out of the ditch at night and Sundays, but that doesn't make for very good farming. Your

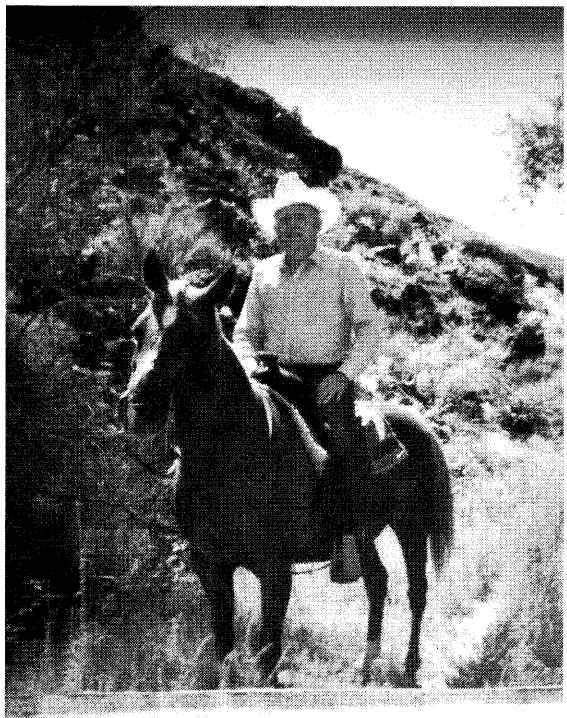
turns would be further apart, and you couldn't raise a very good crop. The people in St. George would get the water instead of us.

After you made your calls, you saddled your horse and headed up the ditch. Most of the days there was no problem. It turned out to be about a four-hour ride up, then you would ride back in the bottom of the canyon because it was a little faster and not as far. Now one of the things you would do about once a week or so is what we called sand wash. The people who built the canal made what you call a sand trap right about a hundred yards downstream. There they made the canal about 20 or 25 feet wide and 15 feet deep and about 150 feet yards long, and so when the water came into that, it had to fill up to a certain level before it ran into the regular canal again. People don't realize that even though the Virgin River looks clear and nice in the summer, it is carrying a lot of sand and silt. This sand trap would settle that material out. It took about a week for the sand to fill that up, then you had to schedule about two hours of extra water for everyone for their turn. Then you would open the head-gate to let that sand flow out of the river, and you could almost have the silt out for a week or so. It worked quite well and kept the water as clean as possible.

Some days things went quite well, but when I was the ditch rider, the canal was pretty much stable, as it had been since the beginning. But you still had leaks and rock slides and you still had storms. I remember one day of going up the canal, and there was a leak (a little whirl-pool in the ditch). So what you had to do is turn your horse around and go up the ditch as quick as you can to get to where you stored a shovel, and when you get back, you climb down into the ditch. You leave your shoes on—you don't want to lose them that far away without any help. With your shovel, you fill in that whirl-pool with gravel especially, and most of the time you could stop the leak by shoveling dirt into the hole and tamping it in. I remember one time I had to regroup on the lower end of the canal, and there coming out of the canyon area, maybe 6-8 feet below the canal, there was a little stream of water. I saw a little pool. I got down in the ditch to look, and I couldn't see anything, and when I got out, I saw a little leak about the size of a garden hose, and it hadn't changed color at all. That meant it wasn't washing any material, so I finally decided to leave it alone, and I watched it for about two weeks, and it didn't get any bigger or change color, and I never could find the leak. By the end of about two weeks, we had a small flood from the Orderville area. North of Orderville, they have that sticky brown clay mud material, and the day after the flood, it bought some of that material down, and when I went up the ditch, the leak had stopped and it never did run again, so you can see how important it was to have that muddy water.

One morning I got up, and there was no water in any of the ditches, so instead of checking, I went home to eat breakfast. I knew I wouldn't have to make any calls because there was no water in the ditch, so I got on my horse and right downstream from Chinatown there had been a big slide that night, and it had broken the ditch and filled it with rock and dirt for about 50 to 75 yards, and the water was running over the bank. When I saw the slide, I went up to the head gate at Chinatown and let the water out of the ditch and went to the head of the ditch and let the water out so we wouldn't have any water while we were trying to fix it. Then I went to town and got ahold of the President of the Board, and we got a crew and went up to fix it that day. But right after we got up there, and as we were spread out there to start digging out the rocks, I noticed above us there were rocks starting to fall, so I just yelled at the men, "Run, get out of the

way." Right at that time there was a great big rock that fell where we had been. But if I hadn't noticed that, probably someone would have been injured; that was a lucky thing and a fortunate blessing. It took us a little over a week to get that fixed. When we had breaks like that, we would cement the side of the canal, and it was quicker to get the work done, and many times it would be more stable. The way we would cement them was there were three canal board members in town who kept a team of horses, and they made three little steel carts with two wheels. They could haul about a half a yard of gravel or six or eight bags of cement, and a barrel of water, and we had about four roads in places where the horses could get up to the canal with the carts. We mixed the cement in the bottom of the canal and threw it on without forms and shaped it with a shovel, so everything was done by hand because you could not get a big piece of equipment up to the canal. The way you repaired the canal was just the same as it was built, with a wheel barrow, a shovel, and muscle. Now there were always some dangers as you are riding the ditch. Most of us didn't think of those dangers, we just did what we had to do.



Carl Wadsworth, canal rider 1975-76

First of all, you needed a horse that you could really trust—a good steady horse. Most people don't realize that a horse is a panic attack waiting to happen. If they are startled, or something unusual happens, they run and sometimes they won't stop until they have run at least two miles, so you had to have a special horse you took up on that canal bank. There were places where the trail was very narrow. Along above the LaVerkin Hot Springs for about a mile the trail was about 18 inches wide, and that is wide enough to ride a horse on if you had a good horse. In a few places, the side was only about 6-8 inches, and these places were where there had been a break that was repaired with cement, and so it would hold quite well. In these places, you had to go down on the bank of the canal and around that narrow trail area and up to the canal again. Now if you had a good horse, they would notice everything on the trail, and if there was anything different, they would notice it. I learned that the hard way. I was going down off the canal bank one day. It had rained a little bit in the night. Not enough to cause problems, but I thought I should get up there as quick as I could to see if everything was okay, so I was moving quite fast for the trail, at least a high trot. When I got down and behind a big rock around the turn, there was a rock about the size of your head, and it wasn't there the night before. My horse stopped, and I went right over the head of the horse. I kept the reins in my hand, but ended up in a pile of rocks on the side of the trail, and it was very fortunate I didn't hurt myself at all. I just got up. I didn't get on the horse but led him to the rock he didn't like and let him look at it, let him smell it. Then I threw the offending rock off the trail, led the horse a little ways more before I got back on, and up the trail I went.

Now two other real dangers: I had a big dog. He was a mongrel but looked like a German Shepherd. He was probably one of the best dogs I had ever had in my life. He would go with me and run in front of the horse, and one day coming home in the bottom of the canyon, I was in the Robbers' Roost area and all of a sudden the dog stopped, made a circle, and started barking. It was really something that he had sense enough to not go in and see what that was, but then I heard a rattlesnake rattling. Most people know that rattlesnakes and horses don't particularly like each other, and a horse will panic most of the time when a rattlesnake is near. So I credit that dog for saving me from a bad time right then. And actually he did that a couple of other times, one up on the bank. Another time that I was really in danger—probably the worst I ever was in—there was a great big flood on the river. Someone up the river called a canal board member and told them that the flood was coming, and we better get the water turned out of the ditch before we really had some problems. So I drove up to where the cracks are; there is a trail there that you could go down, and the old timers had put in a swinging bridge that went across the river, and it was about 20-25 feet above the normal flow of the water level up the river. Now my wife actually drove me up, and she stood on the edge of the hill and watched me go down. When I got there, the water was running about 6 inches above the floor of that swinging bridge. The swinging bridge is two cables holding a plank 10-12 inches wide in the bottom for the walkway. I hesitated quite a bit, because that flood was roaring and I could hear rocks rolling, and they sounded as big as a house (I'm sure they weren't). And then I decided it was very shallow on the swinging bridge, and it wasn't moving very much, so I took off running over that swinging bridge—it was about 50 yards long. When I got across, I turned around and looked, and just at that moment a great huge tree came down and hooked that swinging bridge and just about turned it over. I would not have liked to have been on that bridge when that tree came by, so that was a harrowing experience for me.

Every winter we cleaned the canal. We got a crew of any kind of people that we could find. Usually there were several farmers that would come to work off their water assessment, and that was a good way to do it because then they didn't have to pay any money. Then we would get any of the migrants that were coming through that didn't have a job, or any people in town that didn't have a job. Most of the time we would have 15 to 25 people go work on the canal, and the more people the less time it took. Some of those people were kids out of high school cause they wanted to make some money, and they wouldn't tell the principal where they were going, so I would drop in to school and visit with the principal, and we decided they would learn just as much doing hard labor on the canal as they would being in school and not be trouble-makers for a few days. He let them come and work for a few days at a time and required they get their assignments from school each day and at least try to learn something.

When I quit the canal, the next canal rider was Bill Wright, who was the father of the rodeo Wrights, and he was there just a few years, probably not more than 4-5 years. Then the Water Conservancy District made a dam, put the water in a pipe, and the pipe came down the canal on the river bottom across the road and up to the canal just upstream from the Hurricane Rest Home, and the water ran out of ditches the same as it always did, but that eliminated the ditch rider's job.

In the next two or three years, they put the pipe in a different place. They abandoned that pipe, dug a trench, basically on Airport Road, and distributed the water in pipes to every field, and that is what they are using today.

It was really fun to interact with you beautiful ladies and handsome gentlemen. Thank you very much.

Eighty Years of Ditch Riders
Hurricane Canal 1904 - 1985

Morris "Bob" Wilson, Jr. First ditch rider
Will (Antelope Bill) Ruesch, Sr. Second ditch rider, 20 years
William Louis Crawford 1910
Will Hinton served 28 years (usually didn't ride a horse, but walked)
Sheldon Wright (mostly rode a bike) 1938-1945
Elmer Gibson 1950
Frank Lee 1950-1958 Frank was killed in an accident while riding the canal.
Dixie Lee 1958 Dixie was the only woman ditch rider. She filled in until a replacement was found for her father.
LaMond Stratton 1960
Woodrow Jepson (son of James Jepson) 1965
Denzel DeMille
Darwin Slack 1968
Billy Slack
John Wadsworth 1969-1970
Larry Hutchings - surviving 1971
Willis Hall, Sr. 1972-1975
Carl Wadsworth - surviving 1975-1977
Bill Wright - last ditch rider - surviving 1977-1985
Ashby Reeve
Karl Roundy
Kim Eager
Vee "Gabby" Smith
Willis (Billy) Hall, Jr.

Editor's Note: Some of these heroes may have been "substitute" riders or just filled in occasionally, but we feel that if they guarded the canal at some point, even in a small way or for a short time, they deserve to be honored as "Ditch Riders." We regret that we were not able to find a definitive list or to attach accurate dates for all of them.

Holidays in Hurricane and Area

By Paula Hirschi Arriola
10 December 2018

SPRINGDALE December 21, 1908: Our Christmas party was a success. It consisted of songs, recitations, and some dialogue. After the short program there was a dance.

In LEEDS Christmas 1908, they had a few horse races, then went over to Hurricane for a dance.

Christmas in LAVERKIN brought a beautiful tree with ornaments and loaded with presents. A nice program was rendered and as the closing song "Santa Claus Is Coming This Way" was finished, old Santa popped in and gave young and old a present. Christmas day was spent in ball playing and dancing. In the evening, a number of people went to Hurricane to dance.

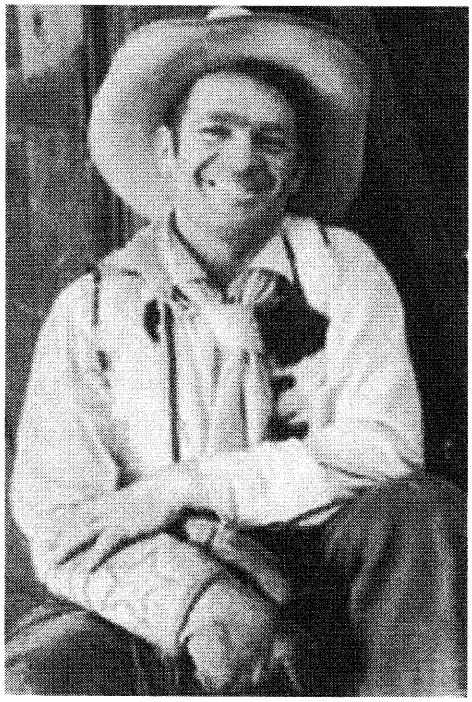
Back to LEEDS: Hurricane has the largest and best Amusement Hall (Social Hall) in this section of the country, the young people come from Springdale and Leeds there to dance. This should be a pointer to all, that every ward needs a good amusement hall to keep the young at home. A good hall alone is a strong factor to breed contentment.

HURRICANE December 1909: A great many visitors from other towns are here spending the holidays. We are glad to have them come and enjoy with us, but we expect them to conduct themselves in an orderly and decent manner which some of them have failed to do. We have officers of the law and citizens who desire good order that will see that the law is enforced if the offenses are repeated. We can all enjoy ourselves sufficiently and still have regard for the rights of others.

Dances were one of the early townspeople's main diversions, and admission to the dances was anything the pioneers had on hand, including wheat, corn, pumpkins, homemade molasses, raisins, figs, peaches, cherries, apples, or pecans. Local fiddlers and a small, portable organ provided music for the dances. The musicians' pay came from whatever attendees brought for admission.

May Day in LaVerkin was held at Morris Wilson's Ash Creek farm. They had swings fastened to tall cottonwood trees, game tables were set up in the shade for "checkers" and "fox and geese," an area was set up for soft ball, and pegs planted for horseshoe pitching, and of course, the May Pole. A long table made of planks set upon saw horses was set up for a potluck dinner. The day promised to be a perfect one.

Braiding the May Pole
Hurricane



Walter Lamb Beatty
Toquerville

From Walt Beatty's history:

May First was the biggest holiday they had in my youth. The folks from LaVerkin, Hurricane, and Toquerville met for their celebration in the flat canyon just south of Toquerville. Everyone brought a bucket lunch. Foot racing, wrestling, and horse races were just a few of the day's activities. Crowning the "May Day Queen" was a highlight of the day! We looked forward to the First of May a lot more than Christmas or the Fourth of July. These celebrations were held until the time of automobiles; with the coming of the automobile went many of the sports previously enjoyed.

I loved baseball and after 1906, when the towns of Hurricane and LaVerkin were settled, there was a tournament with the three towns. It was filled with rivalry and excitement!

One year there was a group of convicts living by Anderson's Junction. They were there to help build the new road up over the Toquerville Hill. They even had a team and played in the tournament. I, being a young feller full of curiosity, asked one of the men, "What are you in for?"

The answer I got was, "I stole a loop."

Another convict said, "Yes, but aren't you going to tell him what was on the other end of the loop?" In them days, to steal a horse was as bad as killing a man now days.

The hills around Toquerville were covered with cedar trees when I was growing up. One day every fall, before the snow storms began, the community would have a wood-hauling day. All the men and boys took their teams and gathered loads of wood. Back in town, the women spent the day cooking a big meal which they spread out on long tables at the co-op store. When the men returned, hungry and a bit chilled, the hot meal was indeed a feast. A prize was given for the biggest load of wood. Enough wood was hauled in one day to provide the church, the school house, and all the widows in town with their winter's supply of wood. One of the enduring things about small towns is that they work together. Toquerville was no exception.

Robert Parker Woodbury

Robert Parker Woodbury: News from LaVerkin:
This happened in early Hurricane. "Pioneer Day was celebrated in style in LaVerkin and Hurricane. LaVerkin furnished the pioneers; they crossed the plains and camped at Hurricane the night of the 23rd.

"A buffalo was captured just before entering town and butchered. The pioneers were camped at the town square, and just after breakfast, they were attacked by ten desperate Indians. The fight lasted about ten minutes during which R.A. Dean and R.P. Woodbury and two of the Indians were killed. The battle was brought to a close by the raising of the flag of truce and being obligated to give the Indians five horses in order to obtain peace. During the battle, the women screamed, and the children ran back and forth frantic with fear and excitement.

"After peace was made, they explained to the women and children that it was only a sham battle and that the Indians were not real. They became calm, but it was hard to make them believe that they did not hear the bullets whiz past them.

"At 10 a.m. a meeting was held, unlike any other on account of its originality, including a speech by a real Indian in his native language. Prayer and songs, oration by Robert A. Dean, a recitation by Mrs. Ellen Thurston, quartettes and other selections, sports, and refreshments were served during the day with a dance at night. So...it looks like our ancestors knew how to have some fun at the expense of others."

Christmas in HURRICANE 1922: Anna Jennings Wood was born to George & Elizabeth Jennings in 1884 in Rockville, Utah. Her sister was Jesse Jennings Gibson. Her father crossed the plains when he was one year old. The family was called to the Dixie mission in 1861 and settled in Adventure which would become Rockville.

Anna Jennings Wood

"The children in the Orin and Anna Wood family were busy on the day before Christmas in 1922. We were finishing the job of making paper chains to decorate the Christmas tree and to decorate one of the rooms of our two-room brick home in Hurricane.

"The decorations consisted of strips we had cut from sheets of red, blue, white, and green paper, pasted at the ends and looped through to form chains. We attached the chains from the electric light fixture in the center of the ceiling out to the four corners and let them hang down to the floor.

"Five days previously, our father had gone to our dry farm, Gooseberry Ranch, twelve miles southeast of Hurricane with a team and wagon and a saddle horse. He planned to look after some cattle and then return home with a load of wood about December 23. He was also going to cut a pinion pine for our Christmas tree when he loaded the wood on Gooseberry Mountain. Cutting your own tree was the only way to get one in those years."

LuWayne Wood:
"We became more anxious as the evening of December 24 came and our father had not returned. We were hopeful that something unforeseen hadn't delayed him and that no accident had occurred. As it got dark, a bright moon illuminated the Hurricane Hill. My two brothers, Cleo and Calvert, and a sister, Glenna, and I went into the street every few minutes and listened

intently, hoping to hear a wagon or see some movement on the dugway coming down the hill. Two baby sisters, Maud and Leah, had been put to bed.

"Finally, about 10 p.m., we heard a wagon jolting along on the dugway on the mountainside. The sound carried distinctly in the cold, still night air. It seemed such a long time for the team of horses to travel the few blocks to our home after reaching the bottom of the hill.

"As the sound of horses with steel shoes striking the frozen ground became more audible, we felt for a certainty that it was our father—and we were not disappointed. He stopped the team in the street in front of the house and tossed the Christmas tree down to us from the top of the load of wood before driving on into the barnyard. It was almost midnight when the tree was in place with our decorations, but Christmas Eve was now complete with all of us together again.

"This Christmas was especially memorable because it was the last Christmas our father was with us."

During the four and a half years of Orin and Anna's marriage, they had three children born to them. Maude (Maud) Wood was born on 29 March 1920, Leah Amy Wood was born on 9 July 1921, and Jack Wood on 28 October 1923.

Orin met with a very tragic accident on the day after Thanksgiving in 1923. On the afternoon of November 30th, he was gathering cattle in the Hurricane south fields where he had purchased some pasture from Thomas Isom. His accident was similar in many ways to that of his own father who, at the same age and having the same number of children, was killed in an accident involving a horse. Orin was an expert horseman, but he was seriously injured when the horse he was riding ran into a wire gate while chasing a steer at full speed. The gate had been open, and to his knowledge was still open, but it had been closed by someone. The impact was so great that Orin was thrown head first off the horse, suffering a skull fracture.

News of the accident came to Anna as she was outside their home washing the clothes in a tub of boiling water. Tam Wright rode up to the fence and called to her that there had been an accident. Tam told her to get some sheets and supplies ready, and he would come back for her, then he left to go for the doctor. Anna gathered the supplies, told George and Emily Wood where she was going, and walked and ran over a mile to the field to help her husband. She arrived there before Tam and the doctor did. They brought Orin home in a truck and carried him into the house. His condition was critical; eyes very dilated, and he lived only a few hours. Orin died at 1:30 a.m. on 1 December 1923.

Before I go on to something else, I want to tell you something about Anna Wood. Anna was a very "civic-minded" person. She observed that the eastern end of Washington County, Hurricane and vicinity, was in need of a library. They paid taxes, but all the "benefits" went to the western end of the county twenty miles away in St. George where the greater population was. In 1934, Anna decided that Hurricane needed a public library. She went with her sister-in-law, Bertha Wood Hall, and they called upon Mayor R.P. Woodbury to see what could be done to establish a library. Anna donated her time. They contacted county and state officials, a special election was held, and they had a campaign and collected books from the townspeople. The library was started in the school shop building on 21 July 1934 with Anna as librarian. As the library grew, it was moved to larger locations, and Anna still donated her time. In 1935, Anna was elected to the office of City Treasurer of Hurricane and served many years at this post. She

served as librarian and also continued her duties at the city office. After the great depression, through a WPA project (Works Progress Administration), Hurricane City Library was built with sandstone hauled from nearby Berry Springs. It opened its doors on 5 February 1940. After many years of donating her time as librarian, she finally received a wage of five dollars a month. In 1986, a new library facility was completed in Hurricane, and it was memorialized at the dedication with a wall plaque to Anna Jennings Wood, the founder of Hurricane's first library. The dedication was held 10th of January, 102 years to the day of Anna's birth in Rockville, Utah.

Excerpt from Alice Isom Gubler Stratton's History

After the children were tucked in at nights, Winferd often read to me while I mended or ironed. This is the way he prepared his Sunday School lessons or read from his good books or magazines. One night he read from the Better Homes and Gardens that each one of us goes through life with one unfulfilled desire, like the little old woman who had always wanted a gold thimble. Her family scoffed at her silly whim and bought her, instead, what they thought she should have.

"Do you have an unfulfilled desire?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I have always wanted one big doll with real eyelashes and deep blue glass eyes."

"And you never got one?"

"No."

"But you did get a doll?"

"Oh yes. I had a 'Polly' that tore at the armpits and her cotton oozed out, and a doll that said 'mama' when I tipped her forward. Then one Christmas Mildred and I got dolls alike, with painted faces and glued on hair. Mama bought the heads and made cloth bodies."

"Do you still wish you had a big doll?"

"Kind of. When I got big enough to pray quietly by myself so no one could hear, I used to ask for a golden doll. I knew I wasn't going to get it, but it was fun asking and a happy way to drift off to sleep."

Alice Isom & Winferd Gubler

I thought no more about this conversation until I awoke Christmas morning. There, in Marilyn's rocking chair, was a big doll with my name on it. She was the same size as DeMar. She had real eyelashes and deep blue glass eyes that opened and shut. Over her soft brown curls, she wore a red sunbonnet that matched her dress. Her molded arms and legs were chubby and her fingers lifelike and separate, on pudgy little hands. She was an absolute beauty.

"Oh Winferd!" I exclaimed, "How could you, when you're struggling so hard to build?"

With a hug, he said, "It's Christmas. If I could, I'd put the whole world in your stocking."

"But she must have been terribly expensive," I remonstrated.

"Fear not," he grinned, "I got her at a bargain."

"Thank you," I said, throwing my arms around his neck. "She's adorable."

She was an important doll in the years that followed. To get to rock her was the reward for being good and getting things picked up. Our children literally loved her to pieces. She stayed with us a long time, but eventually, the elastic that held her arms and legs together lost its stretch, and her bisque finish crazed and peeled. Finally, she mysteriously disappeared.

DECEMBER 1998 CHRISTMAS

Dearest Children, Grandchildren, and Great-Grandchildren,

This year I will celebrate my 88th Christmas. I still marvel over the charm of that one particular day each year. I remember my excitement as a child when my cousin, Cliff Spendlove, stopped his team and wagon at our front gate and left us a little pinion pine tree. He was returning from the hills with a load of firewood. We didn't always have a tree for Christmas because Papa was crippled, and he didn't own a wagon and horses. Cliff put a base on the little tree so it would stand alone.

On Christmas Eve we put the tree in the center of the living room table. We decorated it with apples, strings of popcorn, and twisted wax candles clipped to the tips of the branches. Christmas morning after family prayer, Mama lit the candles. In wonder, we sat around the table eating our steaming bowls of cornmeal mush in the magic glow of the little candle flames. This was before electricity had come to our town.

After breakfast Mama blew out the candles, and the precious tree was lifted out onto the front porch. Our excitement mounted as we waited breathlessly to see what Santa Claus had brought. My gift that year was a rag doll named Polly. I thought all rag dolls were named Polly! The spirit of each Christmas day still clings to my memory. Just what is it? The plates of homemade candy? The steamed puddings? The hosts of aunts, uncles, and cousins going in and out? The oranges we received only on that special day?

It can only be one thing: It is the day we celebrate the birth of the baby Jesus.

Thanksgiving morning 1921 I awoke to the usual rattle of milk pans. Grabbing my shoes and stockings, I raced barefoot to the warmth of the kitchen stove. Papa (George Isom) was straining the milk. "Where's Mama?" (Annie Crawford) I asked.

"She coughed all night" he said, "so I told her to stay in bed and you'd get breakfast ready." He set the pans of milk in the pantry and went out to tend the cows.

"Oh, no," I wailed aloud, "Mama *can't* be sick on Thanksgiving Day!"

Helplessly, I regarded the old cookstove. Such good things had come from that oven, I remembered, especially at holidays. For the first time in my memory, there had been no bustle of baking the day before Thanksgiving. Mama wasn't up to it, and Grandma had gone to Moccasin to spend a few days with our Uncle and Aunt. She had said that the family was too big now for all of us to be together on Thanksgiving. To top that off, we got a sad little note from my two oldest sisters, Annie and Kate, who were away at school, saying they couldn't find a way home from Cedar City.

Mildred, just older than I, was helping Sister Cripps. What a situation! There would be no plum pudding bobbing up and down in its little cotton sack in the boiling kettle, and there would be no row of pies cooling on the pantry shelf.

The fire crackled and steam spouted from the copper tea kettle, reminding me that I had better stop feeling sorry for myself and get busy.

Absolutely the only thing I'd ever cooked was mush. I had no reason to learn to cook, what with Grandma, Mama, and my three older sisters around. Mama had the gift of making something out of nothing, especially when company unexpectedly appeared. My sisters had all learned to cook because they often worked out for people, and then there was Grandma. She lived next door to us, but did her cooking on our stove. She used to run the Isom Hotel at Virgin during the oil boom, and she delighted in cooking for big crowds.

As I poured the boiling water into the mush pot and stirred in the cracked wheat, I thought of other Thanksgivings. Last year when Grandma was taking flaky crusted pies out of the oven with a towel, her thumb accidentally touched the hot tin pan, and she dropped a currant pie upside down on the kitchen floor. Steaming red juice trickled across the clean linoleum, and I thought it was a disaster until Grandma said, "You youngsters can have that pie." She wasn't one to waste anything. I remember my aunts saying that Grandma was so saving that if a mosquito lit in the molasses, she'd lick its legs before turning it loose. Maybe so, but no pie ever tasted so good as the one she dropped.

Thanksgiving meant lots of relatives. Three years ago everybody in Hurricane had Thanksgiving dinner together in the little wooden meetinghouse before it was torn down. The grown-ups ate first because "children must learn their proper place and respect their elders." It was one of the rare times that it snowed in Hurricane. While the grown-ups ate, we scraped enough snow together for a snowman; then it was our turn to eat. Politely we sat at the long, wonderful table. I had never seen so many kinds of scrumptious food in my whole life. And what fun it was to eat with playmates and cousins while even the men, wearing happy faces and big aprons, served us.

Stirring the mush smooth, I put on the lid. My little sisters were giggling in their room and singing "Over the River and Through the Woods." That got to me. Slipping into my coat, I ran to the barn where Papa was pitching hay into the manger.

"Papa, aren't we going to have *any* Thanksgiving?" I cried.

"I guess it's up to you," he replied, ramming the pitchfork into the hay and climbing down from the loft.

"Me!" I said aghast.

He patted my shoulder. "You're almost twelve, aren't you?"

"Eleven," I corrected.

He took my hand, and we walked to the house together. "I'll tell you what. We'll put these nice white beans Mama set to soak in this big kettle, like this. Then we'll put in a piece of fresh pork." Stepping outside, he brought in a flour sack of meat that had been hanging on the shady side of the house and cut off a hunk for the bean pot. "Now for a little salt, then the lid, and we'll slide it on the back of the stove. You keep the fire going, and the beans will be ready for dinner."

"But Papa! It's Thanksgiving! Are beans all we'll have?"

"With plenty of brown bread and butter and fruit, nothing could be better."

Grandma always said Papa was a very practical man, and I knew it was true. Mama ate breakfast with us, then went back to bed. Papa went to fix the corral gate. My little sisters, Edith and LaPriel, did the dishes while I tidied up the house. I looked at the pictures of pilgrims and turkeys that they had colored with crayons and pasted in the front window. Of course we'd never had a turkey because we didn't raise them. We ate what we grew.

Quietly I slipped into Mama's room. Feeling my presence, she opened her eyes. "Mama, I wish I knew how to make something special for dinner," I said.

She patted my hand. "The first step to becoming a good cook is to want to. Run down to Aunt Mary's house and borrow half a cup of lard, and I'll teach you how to make a cake with sugar in it."

"Sugar!" I exclaimed. Usually we had molasses cakes.

I flew to Aunt Mary's with my tin cup, and she filled it with fresh, creamy white lard. Then I ran all the way home.

"You might want to write this down for the first time," Mama said, "but in no time at all, you'll be cooking from memory."

The good cooks I knew gloried in the fact that their recipes were in their heads. We didn't even own a cookbook.

"We'll start with two cups of flour." I wrote it down. "Now remember this rule: For each cup of flour, you use one teaspoon of baking powder. Then add a good pinch of salt."

"How much is a good pinch?"

"About half a teaspoon. You'll get used to that. Sift these together. In a separate bowl put half as much sugar as flour. How much would that be?"

"One cup," I replied.

"Now add half as much lard as sugar."

"One-half cup lard," I said out loud as I wrote.

"Cream these together. I'm sure you know how to do that because you've watched me. Now, since the chickens aren't laying normally, we will use one egg," she explained. "From these simple rules you can make many kinds of cake. I'll leave it to your imagination. You can add a teaspoon of lemon or vanilla extract or a teaspoon of nutmeg—whichever you like." After explaining how to alternately mix in the flour and milk she said, "Now run along and have fun making your first cake."

I kept popping back into her room with questions, but finally the cake was in the oven.

"If you've kept just enough fire to keep the beans bubbling gently, your cake should be done in half an hour," she said.

Anxiously I watched the fire and the clock. An angel must have sat on my shoulder because the cake browned just right, springing back to my touch as Mama had said it should. Remembering Grandma's cake topping, I ran down to the cellar for a glass of plum jelly and spread it on the cake as it cooled. Cream on the pans of last night's milk for tomorrow's churning reminded me of what else Grandma would do if she were here. I ladled some into a bowl for whipping.

Down the cellar once more, I scanned the shining store of bottled fruit. Himalaya berries! Today we would open a two-quart bottle of them! Sweet pomegranates in a basket on the dirt

floor caught my eye. Some of them were already splitting, exposing ruby red seeds. I selected the biggest one.

Edith and LaPriel had caught the excitement of the day. They kept the woodbox filled, put the best white cloth on the table in the living room, and even fixed a bouquet of pink chrysanthemums they had rooted out from under the yellow leaves beneath the cherry trees. Papa came in and scrubbed up. Mama came downstairs and said she felt much better. The table with its flowers and the cut glass bowl of berries and the bread, butter, and beans looked like Thanksgiving. We bowed our heads, and Papa thanked Heavenly Father for the bounties of the earth and for a couple of hundred other things, then he blessed the food.

He had just barely said, "Amen," when the brakes to Ether Wood's freight truck squealed outside our front gate. Ether is the Good Samaritan of our town who always remembers students who are away from home.

Annie and Kate burst in through the front door at the very moment that Mildred opened the kitchen door, announcing that Sister Cripps didn't need her anymore. My heart almost popped the buttons off my dress. I wanted to laugh and to cry. Everybody hugged everybody else. We put on three extra plates and, chattering like sparrows, passed the beans.

When it came time, I brought out the cake. Like jewels, pomegranate seeds sparkled from the whipped-cream topping. It looked so pretty everyone gasped. "I made it myself. Mama told me how," I explained.

Papa said it was fit for a king, and Mama said it was perfect, and everyone else said I should try one again soon. I looked at the happy faces of my family around the table.
"My goodness!" I exclaimed, "This isn't a pitiful Thanksgiving after all!"

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Doctors of Hurricane

By Shirlee Last
11 February 2019

Priddy Meeks was a doctor in Parowan in 1851. He was also known in this area. He did not go to any medical school, but he had a sick daughter and wanted to help her. He met a man by the name of James Miller who introduced him to Thomsonian Medicine, which was really popular, so he bought the book, Thomson's New Guide to Health, and his wife said, "Don't spend all that money on a book," but he did it anyway, and that was his education. The Thomsonian medicine was all herbs. He learned that everything on the earth was made for man, so he used herbs, roots, bark, and whatever he could that would help cure. That tradition was carried on by the Pioneers. Before that, medicine was cruel. Remember when they wanted to bleed people, to get rid of the bad spirits. They cut your veins, and sometimes you bled to death. They blistered the skin, or they made you vomit to get rid of the bad spirits.

Herbs and that type of medicine was a relief, and that is what the early doctors did. They used herbs and went to Pine Valley or anywhere to find these herbs, and when my husband came to Hurricane to practice, some people still believed in that. Someone brought him some Chaparral Tea and wanted him to try it. He thought the cure was worse than the disease. Many people still have that idea—if they can't cure it with mustard plasters then they can go to the doctor, but you try the alternatives first.

(Paula asked if they got some of the herbs from the Indians and is that why they used them.) Yes. This is still going on. They send scientists to the jungle to find things that indigenous people use, but it is done a little differently. Another kind of doctoring is called "testimonial," which means that you tell your neighbor, and they tell someone else. The scientific method is that you have a control group and another group, and this group gets to try the medicine, and the other gets the placebo, and they go from there. And you know that medicines that come on the market need to go through the FDA, and it is quite strict. That is one of the reasons that our medicine is so expensive because they have to spend millions of dollars for research.

Priddy Meeks came to Parowan in 1851, then went to Orderville when he finished his practice. He had three wives. The first wife died and left him with four children, and his second wife had five. He married his third wife when she was 17 years old, and they had 10 children.

Hurricane didn't get its first doctor until 1917, so the midwives were the ones that treated the sick and delivered the babies. We had some marvelous midwives in the area, and I did a display of them with pictures. The display is the Museum across the street from the Heritage Park.

The midwives deserve a lot of credit. Another woman that is so dear to my heart was Marva Palmer. She was the nurse to my husband, Dr. Garth Last, and I can't tell you what an angel she was. She used to tell the patients, "We killed one doctor, and we are not going to do that to another one." She didn't have any children, but she loved everyone. There was another nurse by the name of Uarda Knight. What a wonderful woman she was. Uarda was the Public Health Nurse. She was raised in Raymond, Alberta, Canada, and her father was Raymond

Knight, so the town was named after him. The Jesse Knight family was a prominent family, descended from Newel Knight. And Uarda was just one of those stalwart women. Not very many people knew that she had been married, but was divorced, and came to Salt Lake City and worked as a telephone operator at the Hotel Utah. She was the one that gave most of the shots to the school kids. Uarda always helped Dr. Last with giving the shots for Polio. The girls were the ones to make such a fuss about getting shots. The boys tried to be so brave. One student told Uarda how afraid she was of the shot, and Uarda's reply was, "I will put it in, and if it hurts, I will take it out."

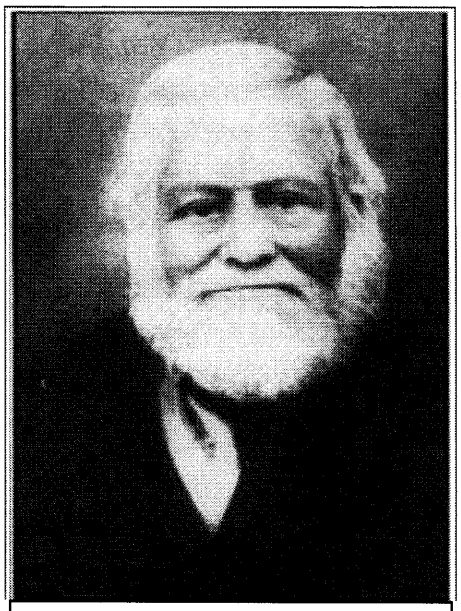
The first doctor that Hurricane had was Dr. Harold Wilkinson. He came in 1917 and was here for four years, so he was here during the influenza epidemic.

Uarda Knight
was the public health nurse in Washington County for many years. She worked hand-in-hand with the doctors in the county and provided valuable service when they were unavailable.

Marva Palmer
was Dr. Last's nurse for many years. She was born 28 September 1904 and passed away 1 April 1990.

Dr. Priddy Meeks

Priddy Meeks was born on August 29, 1795, at Greenville, South Carolina. The family moved to Kentucky and then to Indiana. His father was killed by Native Americans in 1812. Meeks moved from Indiana to Illinois in 1833 with his family. He became a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1840. After becoming a member, he moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, and stayed there until 1846. In 1845, however, when he was returning home from a business trip, Meeks was captured by a mob and put in the same jail in Carthage, Illinois, where Joseph Smith and Hyrum Smith were martyred.



Dr. Priddy Meeks
B: 17 August 1795
D: 10 October 1896
Buried in Orderville, Utah
Wives: Mary Bartlett
Sarah Mahurin Smith
Mary Jane McCleve

Meeks was an American frontier doctor who practiced Thomsonian medicine. He helped settle areas in Utah as a Mormon pioneer. Meeks was the first doctor in Southern Utah.

Meeks married Mary Bartlett in 1815. They had four children together. Mary died in Indiana, and three years later Meeks married Sarah Mahurin Smith on December 14, 1826. He and Sarah had five children. Meeks bought a young girl, three or four years old, from a group of Native Americans in Parowan. He called her Lucy and raised her as his own child. When Meeks was 62 and married to Sarah, he left Parowan determined to find a second wife. When he left his home, Sarah told him, "Don't you come back without another wife." He married Mary Jane McCleve, then 17 years old. They were sealed on November 12, 1865. The couple went on to have 10 children together.

Meeks was inspired to become a doctor after helping many of the sick in his community during one particularly "sickly season." He had not studied medicine but had helped more than doctors had. He learned medicine from James Miller and Thomson's New Guide to Health and practiced in his community. He used elements of Thomsonian medicine like steam baths and vegetable remedies. Meeks prescribed natural remedies like cayenne pepper or dandelions to cure various ailments. He also created Dr. Meeks' Female Relief Pills which were intended for common use to improve health in not only females, but males as well. Meeks also recorded that he confronted devils, evil spirits, and saw an angel.

In 1847, he traveled with the Jedediah M. Grant-Joseph B. Noble Company when he was 51. The wagon company traveled with 171 individuals from the Elkhorn River which is outside of Winter Quarters, Nebraska. They left on June 19th and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on October 2nd. During their journey, however, Meeks administered to the sick. He recorded in his journal that several members of the company had diphtheria. He recorded other hardships as well, including losing 62 cattle to a stampede.

Meeks remained in Salt Lake City where he became a well-known doctor. When he could not visit his patients, it was said that he would send a messenger to tell them to "jump all over the city creek, crawl back into your tent, and cover up warm." Under the direction of Willard Richards, Meeks served as president and founding member of the newly formed Society of Health with two other doctors in the area, William A. Morse and Phineas Richards. The council administered to the sick while also educating the people on illness.

Having been called to help settle and strengthen the area from Native American attacks, Priddy Meeks traveled with Brigham Young to Parowan, Utah, in May 1851. He became the first doctor in Southern Utah. He spent 10 years in Parowan and practiced herbal medicine. He was invited by the president of the city, John C.L. Smith, to go on an expedition to explore Long Valley in June 1852.

Meeks also helped the community by building cabins. His own cabin there is preserved by the Parowan Heritage Foundation as the last pioneer farmstead remaining in the area. It is listed on the Register of Historical Sites.

Meeks left Parowan to live in Harrisburg, Utah, in 1861. His family also helped found settlements in Glendale (then called Berryville) in 1864 and Mount Carmel in 1864. He later moved to Orderville, Utah, in 1879. He continued to practice medicine in Orderville and even gave classes to midwives and those aspiring to be doctors.

Dr. Priddy Meeks passed away October 7, 1886, at Orderville, Utah.

Biography of Harold Herbert Wilkinson
"Hurricane's First Doctor"

By Paula Arriola
11 February 2019

Dr. Harold Wilkinson was Hurricane's first doctor. He was born in Leeds, Washington County, Utah, July 15, 1883, and weighed 10 pounds at birth. His parents were Joseph Thomas Wilkinson and Jane Sarah Wells. His father had been born in Manchester, England, and his mother was born in Spanish Fork, Utah. By the 1900 census, the family was living in Kanarraville, Iron County, Utah.

Harold was raised the oldest child having had a brother born before him that only lived to be one and a half years old. His name was Brigham George. Then after Herbert, five more boys were born named Raymond, Percy, Stephen, Marion, and Gerald. He also had two sisters, Jane and Elizabeth.

Dr. Harold Herbert Wilkinson

As a grown man, Dr. Wilkinson was 6 feet ½ inches tall and 210 pounds. His chest size was 45 inches of which he was very proud. He worked at keeping his body in tip-top condition. His hair and eyes were brown. As a boy he was bashful, with big hands and feet, but he grew into a very handsome man. He married Lucile Naomi Fawcett on September 11, 1907, in the St. George Temple.

Harold went to Branch Normal School in Cedar City where he played basketball. On May 26, 1914, with his family with him, he graduated from Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery and also from the National College of Chiropractors in the top of his class. Now he had a degree in D.C. and M.D. Having the distinguished title of Doctor and his knowledge to back it up, he returned to his home in Cedar City, Utah.

It was decided that he would set up his practice in Hurricane, a small town in Washington County that did not have a doctor. Before his coming, the people of Hurricane had been forced to go to St. George for a doctor. They were so thankful that Dr. Wilkinson had chosen Hurricane for his home! He is still affectionately remembered by some of the elderly, still living in that locality, who owe their life to his skill and dedication.

Dr. Wilkinson was kept busy taking care of the people from LaVerkin, Leeds, Toquerville, Virgin, Rockville, and Springdale, as well as those from Hurricane. He was ready to go at any time of the day or night. He was the doctor for that area during the terrible influenza epidemic of 1918. Many nights he never came home but sat with the patient until the crisis

passed. Even today, there are people who remember Dr. Wilkinson and express how thankful they are that he chose to be their doctor.

He was determined to keep up with the very latest in diagnosis and treatment and periodically went back to postgraduate work and medical conventions. In 1919, he went back to Chicago for postgraduate work, returning in September of that year. In 1923, he again went to Chicago to take a course in Electronic and Ionic Diagnosis and Treatment. He returned home so enthused with the possibilities it promised, that he gave up his general practice to specialize in this field. On September 15, 1925, he again left for Chicago to attend a convention of the Electronic Association and also a convention of the Physio Research Association. Upon his return October 3, 1925, he gave this report published in The Iron County Record:

> "The American Electronic Research Association and the Medic Physio Research Bath Association are composed of some of the most progressive physicians in the world. The associations have members from almost every country in the World, thereby giving the members the latest and best discoveries in medicine from all parts of the world. Wonderful progress is being made along radio lines in diagnosis and treatment of chronic ills and especially cancer and tuberculosis. Even plants can be influenced in growth and germination by means of radio."

Many other doctors of that day could not accept so radical a concept, but he was a man of strong conviction, and he stuck by what he believed was right.

Dr. Wilkinson moved his practice and family to Cedar City in 1925, building a home at 248 South First East. In 1929, he thought he would make more progress with his research as well as provide other advantages for his family in a larger city, so he moved to Salt Lake City.

Through all his struggles and happy times, his wife Luella was by his side helping and encouraging him, comforting him through his trials, and supporting him in all his decisions. On December 9, 1966, she died of a stroke.

All six sons, Oral J., Harold Nephi, Finley, Clayton, Herbert, Homer, and his daughters, Nelma and Luella, were sent to college, and he helped all six sons fill missions for the LDS Church.

At the time of his death on January 17, 1972, Dr. Wilkinson held the office of Seventy in the priesthood of the Mormon Church. He was ordained to this office by Francis M. Lyman on June 19, 1908. He was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

Written by Nelma Luella Wilkinson Scott, his daughter. Some facts were added from familysearch.org.

Dr. Russell M. Aiken
A Country Doctor
By Shirlee Last
11 February 2019

I was helping Mr. Isom load hay into the second story of the barn. It was August and suffocating hot in back of the haymow where I was working. I heard the pickup and the man in it yelling before I saw them. He jumped out of the truck waving his arm, a man had been hurt, where's the doc? I was happy to get off the haymow and start practicing again. This would be my first case in Hurricane, that is, if you don't count Mrs. Campbell's pig.

Dr. Russell M. Aiken

We sped to where Charles Petty was having a cesspool dug. Charlie Cox from Short Creek had lost part of his finger in the rope on the winch. Part of the finger had been torn off and dropped into the cesspool. The tearing of the flesh had left a portion of skin that I quickly folded over and held to stop the bleeding. I did not yet have my equipment from Nevada, so I borrowed a darning needle from Maggie Petty, but the needle would not go through the flesh. I then used a pair of pliers to pull the needle through to sew up the wound and saved the remaining portion of Cox's finger.

After I had sutured and cleaned up the wound, Petty asked me what I would usually charge for something like that. "Ten dollars," I replied. "You don't have your Utah state license yet, have you?" Petty sneered. "No, I don't have it, but I expect to have it at any time, and I am a licensed medical doctor in two states." "Then I don't have to pay you," Petty laughed as he walked away.

My first case in Hurricane, that I thought would add ten dollars to our seventy-five cents, was never paid for by Charles Petty, Utah State Representative, owner of Petty's Mercantile, and Petty's Ford Agency.

Actually, my first case was Mrs. Campbell's pig. We were having dinner at the Isom Hotel shortly after our arrival when we heard someone whispering to Mrs. Isom, whom everyone called Aunt Annie. "I don't know. Why don't you ask him," we heard Aunt Annie tell the woman. The woman seemed upset, so I got up from the table to see what I could do for her. She asked if I could come to her home; she had an emergency.

I left my dinner and rushed to get my doctor's bag. On the way to her house, she said that she had a sow that was having difficulty delivering a litter. She asked if I knew anything about pigs. I laughed and said my uncle raised pigs and that I had helped deliver a few of them. She seemed satisfied.

When we reached her house, I scrubbed my hands and dipped them in a Lysol solution. When I examined the sow, it was obvious that someone else had already been working on her.

She was torn, and the little piglet that was trying to be born had its head crosswise. In a case like that one has to push them back, then try to have their nose come down between their forefeet, coming out the narrow way of the pig, instead of crosswise.

I asked what butcher had been working on the unfortunate sow before I arrived. She said, "The old dentist out here thought he could put a wire loop over the pig's head and deliver it by pulling it out."

The "old dentist" was an itinerant dentist who traveled around the country in a spring wagon with enclosed sides. A sign on the side proclaimed DENTIST and his name. This particular dentist covered the area from Panguitch to Toquerville, Escalante, Tropic, and Hurricane.

I told Mrs. Campbell that the sow was torn inside and that there was nothing we could do about that, but we did deliver the piglet. After I went back to the hotel, the sow died. From that day on, when anyone was discussing my ability as a doctor, she would snort and say, "Doc may know something about people, but he doesn't know a helluva lot about pigs!"

The following Sunday, Nita suggested that we ride around and get acquainted with the country. As we drove through Toquerville, crossed the bridge, and started up the hill on the other side, a car pulled up behind and motioned for us to stop.

A man jumped out of the car and ran to the driver's side and asked if I was the new doctor in Hurricane. When I said "Yes," he said there had been an accident and that he had been sent to find me. We turned around and sped to the scene of the accident, trying to keep up with the car in front of us.

Some drivers liked to coast down the winding road leading into Toquerville. George Pace, of New Harmony, had lost control of the car he was driving and had overturned. After examining him, I determined that he had fractured several ribs. There were two girls who had been in the car, and one of them had a broken jaw, and the other had contusions.

George was in a great deal of pain and was having difficulty breathing. He looked like he was going to die. It was Sunday so most of the neighbors had gone to church. We took him to the Naegle's in Toquerville and put him to bed. I found that by putting my hand in back of him, I could raise him up enough to breathe. His pulse picked up as long as I would hold him there, which I did, for the rest of the night.

The next morning, arrangements were made for Charles Petty to send over his Buick. He was the only one with a car large enough to transport someone to a hospital. George was picked up with sheets, as gently as we could, then placed in Petty's car. I drove George to Cedar City where I met Dr. MacFarlane and handed the case over to him.

That incident made things a lot easier for me because Dr. MacFarlane said that if I wanted to practice medicine in Hurricane, it would be fine. He said that if there were certificates to sign, death or birth, I could sign my name and his name, too, and everything would be all right.

When the people in town saw how sick George was and that he survived, I was given a lot of credit, whether I deserved it or not. And it did help.

When Paul Groves sent the $60 he collected on our accounts in Kentucky, we moved out of the hotel and into a small but comfortable brick home. We hired a young woman, Erma Hartley, to take care of Nita, help do the housework and cooking, and to take care of the baby.

We had a telephone installed and traded the old Ford pickup to Mr. Petty for a Model A coupe. He said that when the new models came in, I could trade that one back in, but I had to promise to buy all of my gas from him. Cars didn't have speedometers on in 1925.

A boy, Jerome Leroy Gifford, about 10 or 12, had been brought in from Springdale. His foot was almost severed by a mowing machine. His mother, Fanny Crawford Gifford, had sent him into the field where his father was mowing hay to tell his father to come in for lunch. The boy, thinking to play a trick on his father, hid in the hay. John Jones Gifford did not see his son, and as the mower approached the boy, the sickle bar hit him above the ankle, almost severing the foot.

Before I had seen the extent of the wound, I thought I might be able to suture it. I gave Mrs. Dennett a small bottle of chloroform to administer a few drops to the boy. It is difficult anesthesia to administer and before long, the boy stopped breathing. We had to use artificial respiration to revive the little fellow. I then told Mrs. Dennett she could help me, and I'd have my wife administer the anesthetic.

The boy's foot finally healed, but he was left with a limp. Years later, shortly before I stopped practicing medicine, about 1974, I received a check from Mrs. Dennett for $15.00 and a letter saying that she knew the parents had never paid for having the boy's foot taken care of. I was touched by her letter, but the most important thing was knowing that the boy's foot was saved. In the life of a country doctor, it is knowing that you have saved a life, or in this case, a foot, that means more than money.

The night before we moved out of the Isom Hotel and into the little brick house, I delivered Florence Isom's first baby. She was my first confinement case in Hurricane.

Dr. Wilkinson (Dr. Aiken's predecessor) was considered a saint by half of the town, and a devil by the other half. Our methods of delivery were different, and I soon learned that some of the women preferred his method.

I used a Kelly pad and bathed the patient with sponges dipped in a Lysol solution. I used rubber gloves for examinations. I would sit down at the side of the bed and examine my patient occasionally to see how the baby was progressing.

I learned during the next sixty years of my life that nurses, midwives, and women in general, know more than we men have given them credit for in the past.

When school opened in the fall of 1925 in Hurricane, I was upset to find that the children had not had pre-school immunizations. Early in the fall, I got a call from George Spendlove whose little girl had come down with the croup. She had been ill for two or three days, and while looking at the child's throat, I could see a vast membrane in the back of the throat. It covered the tonsils and spread down into the larynx. The poor child was croupy and obviously ill.

I was going to St. George that evening to help Dr. McGregor with an operation, so I took a smear of the exudate to examine under the microscope in his office. If it proved to be diphtheria, I could get the anti-toxin, which was a new serum for diphtheria, at the drugstore in St. George. There was not yet a drugstore in Hurricane.

Both of us examined the specimen under the microscope, and it confirmed my suspicions. I purchased the anti-toxin and drove back to Hurricane, arriving about ten or eleven that evening. I drove straight to the Spendlove's home and explained the use of the anti-toxin and the dangers involved.

Due to the toxicity of diphtheria and weakening of the muscles, the heart muscles especially, a baby can collapse and die even after being given the anti-toxin. We did a sensitivity test, and I explained that even after she showed no sensitivity and we gave the anti-toxin, we would have to be very careful that the baby did not choke when the membrane came loose. Tragically, during the night, the baby apparently got up, walked across the floor to the mother's bed, and fell over dead.

When the anger was spent, I pulled myself up from the ground, dusted myself off, and went back to practicing medicine. I was crushed by the child's death. It is the part of being a doctor that I never got used to, losing a patient. No matter how long you practice, you cannot help but feel the grief the loved ones go through when a patient is lost. I was sick at heart about the baby.

Later in the fall, Homer Englestead brought his boy in with what appeared to be smallpox. I didn't want to alarm anyone since I didn't know of any cases in the vicinity. I remembered my experience in Kentucky when the Head of the Health Department in Kentucky sneered and said that every time a new young doctor came into town, they had an epidemic. In that case, I was proven to be right. And I was right this time, but I was reluctant to say so.

The boy did not appear to be ill. He was active and running around. No one had been immunized against smallpox, but if I was wrong and sounded the alarm, I would be ridiculed. I still was the new doctor in town, and everyone was just waiting for me to make a mistake. So I didn't say anything. I realize now that I should have had the courage to speak up and take my chances on being ridiculed.

Homer took his son home, and the boy later went to a social where he let his friends play his harmonica. At the end of the incubation period, which I recall was about two weeks, we quarantined one hundred families with smallpox!

The early outbreak was among the kids and wasn't severe. The little Wood boy had just one pustule on his back. He had a two-point fever at first, which they normally have before they break out.

Not many of them had the pox on their faces, but mostly on their backs, arms, and hands. When the small pustule gets pus in it, the temperature spikes again to a high degree. Fortunately, we had no loss of life in the epidemic.

In one of the cases among the adults, Hy Nielsen, the brother-in-law of Homer, was out with the sheep herd when one of his kids came down with smallpox. He was notified and asked to come home.

Hy's wife was 8 or 9 months pregnant when she came down with smallpox after her children had it. Her temperature rose to 102 degrees when she was delivered. The baby felt so hot in my hands that I checked his temperature and found that it was between 105 and 106 degrees! We wrapped the child in wet cloths to cool his body and try to get the temperature down.

Since the mother was suffering from smallpox when the baby was delivered, I had hoped that the baby would have developed an immunity. But, after the two-week incubation period, the baby came down with smallpox.

Hy, too, came down with smallpox after the incubation period. He was especially sick. I had warned him, when he was first notified that his children had smallpox, to be vaccinated. He refused, insisting that he was not going to get sick.

Hy had reason to regret not being vaccinated. His feet were so swollen that he couldn't walk. He told me he wished he could die, but he was too sick. In his miserable state, he would count the pox on his hands and feet, which only made him feel worse. He said he counted eighty-seven pox on each hand. He begged for relief.

The pox had coalesced under the callouses on the soles of Hy's feet. There was a large bag of pus under the sole of each foot. I sterilized my pocket-knife and cut away the calloused soles of his foot, alleviating the pus collected there. I have never seen such a mess.

Despite Hy's wish that he could die, he eventually recovered. Jess Bliss and some of the other men were also extremely ill. It seemed to be the men that were hit the hardest. I don't know why, but no one died in the epidemic.

The smallpox epidemic lasted about six weeks in Hurricane. Near the end of it, people in the upper Virgin Valley, Rockville, and Springdale, were asking my wife and me to vaccinate them. We charged one dollar each for the vaccinations. Many of the men worked on the trail in Zion Park, so they had cash. We vaccinated one hundred people and came away with one hundred silver dollars. We needed it since most people paid us in trade. I splurged and bought a gramophone with part of the money.

On Christmas in 1928, we received a large box from my parents in Ohio. After distributing presents to Nita and to Duke, I found there was a large obstetrical bag for me. In the bottom of the bag was a large copper pan, sixteen inches long, in which I could sterilize my instruments. It also contained a Kelly pad to be used on a patient's bed. In the upper compartment of the bag, I could carry scales for weighing babies and all the medication for home deliveries. It provided a complete set-up. I cannot remember a Christmas when I was more delighted with a gift.

We were starting to settle down and get acquainted with people in the area. That first Christmas, horse races were held in the early afternoon. After the races, we asked Claud and Annie Hirschi to accompany us to Cedar City where the show "Ramona" was playing. We stopped in Kanarraville to eat and then went on to Cedar City for the show.

Reference:

The Doc Aiken Story by George Russell Aiken, M.D.

Dr. Clark McIntire

Comments from Friends 2019

Compiled by Paula Hirschi Arriola

Evelyn Hirschi Merrill - Dr. McIntire came to Rockville and delivered me. I was born on December 7th, so he said to my mother, "I guess you will name her Pearl." My mother said, "Heavens no!" and he said, "Well, that's better than Harbor."

Carolyn Wadsworth Henderson - I remember about Dr. McIntire. He lived on State Street sort of across from the Owen and Thora Sanders' house. His office was in the basement. I was seldom taken to the doctor as a child. Mom just did home remedies. I don't think any of us went to the doctor much back then.

Paula Hirschi Arriola to Carolyn Wadsworth Henderson - I remember him and where he lived. His office was in the basement of his home. I don't think any of us went to the doctor much back then. He took my tonsils out at the Dixie Hospital right after my father died.

Dr. E. Clark McIntire

Larry Lemmon - He sewed up my arm and head after a fight when some kid cut me up.

Sharon Campbell Yarbrough - He stitched up my knee when I fell into a fan at age 5. My mom carried me the two blocks to his office, and I was crying all the way. While we were waiting to be seen, they covered his couch with newspapers as I was bleeding all over it!

Carol Cornelius Lucas - He took my tonsils out on his examining table, put me on a cot in the next room until I came to, charged Mom and Dad $25, gave me a popsicle, and sent me home. He was an awesome doctor.

Jill Sullivan Beardall - Dad (Bernie) had his middle finger and part of his ring finger chopped off with an ax as a small boy. They rushed him to Dr. McIntire where he stitched up the missing finger and reassembled the dangling ring finger on his table. That finger worked perfectly! No extensive surgeries or rehab!

Laron W. Hall - He took my tonsils out—still remember being in the basement of the house on the corner by Mack Sanders' home.

Amelia Spendlove - I have three small scars on my shin where he removed a couple of growths. I was maybe 5 or 6.

Valene Olds Broderick Norton - I remember going to him a lot. He delivered Patty Ann—not sure if he delivered me or not. I remember he sent Mom and me to Salt Lake to a doctor for me on the Greyhound bus—the first time I had been further than Cedar City. We all loved Dr. McIntire.

Mary Halterman - I remember him very well. He was our Doctor. My grandparents lived kitty corner from him in the brick house they demolished for the new Maverick. Our family really liked him. Dr. McIntire came to Springdale and took tonsils out in the basement of the old church that is now a pizza and pasta place.

Paula Hirschi Arriola - He delivered me in Hurricane in Ora Paxman's Maternity Home on Main and 200 South. He had one son named Joseph. His wife was Annabelle Sauer.

Raymond D. Brinkerhoff - I remember him well. One time I talked to him across the fence, and as a joke, he sent my dad a bill for $20.

Jolene Sanders Lemmon - I remember getting a penicillin shot when I had a sore throat and earache! He was so kind.

Ellen Hall Dean - I practically lived in his office for a full year when I was four years old. Some of you might remember me coming to Kindergarten with no hair and bandages and Dr. McIntire's gifted doctor surgical caps. They were about to send me to New York to a special teaching hospital because they recommended that my head should be scalped.  He told my mother he wanted to try one last thing! So he got hold of a doctor friend of his who was a specialist in my condition at a research lab somewhere in the east. He sent out an experimental medication that Dr. McIntire applied liberally on my whole head with thick bandages and the said cap. We were instructed to leave it on one full week and come back. Upon returning, after he took it off it had nearly cleared up. I forgot to mention that for almost a year I was in his office every other day to have the bandages taken off, sedated with ether gas because it was so very painful. We eventually found out that it was a fungus infection that was all but eating into my skull.

I thought of him as my savior after that. It was a very traumatic experience for one so young, let alone having to go to school like that. I'm happy that something is being written up for him. He also took care of my mom and brother with their severe cases of asthma. Dad must have sold a cow or something to pay the doctor bills we had in those early years. I hope someone is writing about Marva Palmer, his nurse. I thought of her as my own personal angel.

Sally Gibson Elliott - I was five when he removed my tonsils. He was also supposed to do my sister Chuck's, but she threw such a fit that he told Mom to take her home.

Nina Isom Kirkland - Paula, I sure remember him. He was the doctor who told my mom and dad I had polio. I was 2 1/2 years old. I was then rushed to Salt Lake Hospital, and a couple weeks later my oldest brother Garth came up. I had polio in my upper part of my body, and Garth got it in his legs. I was sent up in April 1948 and Garth in May 1948. We were able to go home on the Fourth of July, but we sure had to continue hot baths and exercises every day and believe me, Mom saw to that. Larry got a touch of polio, but Dr. McIntire was able to catch Larry's real soon with shots every day at Grandma Campbell's house. He also saw to Jane with shots for her blood infection when she was only about six. Busy at our house.

Darlene Wilder - I remember him. He was so concerned about his patients. I broke my arm, and while he was setting it, my heart stopped. He was able to revive me or I wouldn't be here. I owe him a lot.

Nedra Langston Mansor - He took my sister Elaine's and my tonsils out in his office in the late 1937 or 1938 years. He also delivered my son in 1954 and my sister Jean in Cedar City at the hospital. He was a very caring and special kind of a doctor. Hurricane was a very special place to him.

Myree Johnston - I remember him quite well. He corrected my deformed right foot in first grade. I had a big lump on my right heel to where I could not wear shoes. Mama told me once that I was in a lot of pain and cried a lot. The foot was good until the year 2000 when the lump came back. Dr. Sumko gave me a shot that dissolved it completely. Whatever it was did not show up in x-rays.

Peggy Campbell Clyde - He took my tonsils out when I was 4 years old.

Maryann Bringhurst - One of the funnest things I remember was his huge willow tree that we used to swing on the branches when Mom was in the office. 

Geraldine Sanders - I lived across the street from him in the 10th grade. I walked across the street, had my tonsils out, stayed awhile, then walked back home. I used to go over and visit him and his wife in the evenings when they were out on their porch. He had an operating room and a room that you recovered in plus the waiting room and the examination room—may have had more. There was a room with a big strange machine in it that tested me to find out if my thyroid was working. It wasn't! I started on thyroid pills when I was in elementary and still take them.

Floyd Wilkinson - I remember him very well. He was a very caring man who was concerned about his patients. I hated to go see him because after his diagnosis, he would always instruct my mom to give me a large dose of milk of magnesia to cure my illness.

LaVon Bradshaw Hinton - My mom had some heart problems, and he was helping her with that. I got sick, and he said I had heart problems, too. We thought maybe he was obsessed with the

heart because he also had heart problems. Anyway, I missed two months of school, and he came to our home and gave me a shot every other day. We always thought it weird that I would have a shot for heart problems. Later, during one of my pregnancies, Dr. Garth Last found a heart murmur and said I'd had Rheumatic fever at some time. Mystery solved—although Dr. McIntire never told any of us that he was treating me for Rheumatic fever.

My Memory of Dr. Clark McIntire
By Diane Workman Olsen

It was June, I had just turned six, and I was looking forward to starting first grade in the fall. But, as a result of my very bad and strictly forbidden habit of biting my fingernails, I pulled a hangnail and it got infected. I didn't tell my mother, Itha, because I knew I would be in trouble for biting my fingernails. Well, it refused to heal on its own and got worse and worse. The pain was so bad that I couldn't even sleep at night, so finally I fessed up. Mom only scolded me a little bit because she could see that I had a serious thing going on with my finger. As was customary when you didn't really have the money for a doctor, she proceeded to take me and my finger around to all the midwives and anyone else who might have a slight knowledge of medicine—I especially remember showing my finger to Aunt Mina Hinton, who recommended trying yet another poultice. I think they tried every poultice and soaking solution known to man; then, in desperation and panic, Mom took me to Dr. McIntire.

Dr. McIntire took one look at my finger and said it was infected clear into the bone. He called it a felon. (The third definition of felon in the Merriam-Webster Dictionary says it is "a painful abscess of the deep tissues of the palmar surface of the fingertip that is typically caused by bacterial infection [as with a staphylococcus] and is marked by swelling and pain.") Doctor said it would require surgery—that he might have to amputate the finger to the first or maybe the second joint, but that he would try very hard to save it.

I had to have a series of penicillin shots over the course of a few days before the surgery. Mom and I would walk down to the Doctor's office, I would get the very painful injection and cry, then on the way home we would stop at Clifton's Market, and Mom would buy me a green popsicle—every single day.

When it was time for the surgery in the basement of Dr. McIntire's home, Mom and Dad stood right by me to watch. My hand was numbed and as Doctor made the first incision on my finger, he looked up at my mother and said, "Itha, lie down on the floor right now." Then in a louder voice, "I mean it, Itha, lie down now before you pass out and fall." With my mother safely out of harm's way, he continued on to actually scrape the infection off the bone and stitched my finger back up.

Because of Dr. McIntire's skill and caring, I had a good outcome and the finger healed. He was sorry that the surgery messed up the base of my nail, and he knew the fingernail would never grow normally, but at least I still have my entire finger! I appreciate that more than I can say, and I regret all the times growing up that my vain self resented Dr. McIntire every time someone asked, "Ooh, what happened to your fingernail?"

Dr. Garth Last

Compiled by Paula Hirschi Arriola

Hometown doctors. All of us that remember them yearn for them again. I am sure we didn't appreciate them when we had their services available. Oh, we loved them as doctors and as friends, but their services—we all took them for granted. We here in Hurricane had a few good doctors, but the one we remember most...Dr. Garth Last. Let me tell you how we got Dr Last.

There was another drowning in the big irrigation ditch on 400 South. Our Dr. McIntire had passed away in 1959, and we had been without a doctor since then. With this new drowning, a couple of our volunteer firemen, Jack Scholzen and Mack Sanders, were determined to find Hurricane another doctor. Soon after, Mack was at a convention and met a man who had a son who had finished medical school and was ready to start his career in family practice somewhere. Well, as it turned out, Dr. Garth Blaine Last became that hometown doctor we had all wished for. Clark Campbell built him an office and Dr. Last went to work. He was our doctor for twenty years and we loved him!

I asked on Facebook for people to comment on experiences they had with Dr. Last being their doctor. This is what was generously shared in their own words:

Cassie Hall-Beck - When I was in 5th grade I went to the dump with my father, Al Hall. I was helping to take the trash out of the back of his truck. I fell down backwards into the trash, and when I got up, I realized I had sliced my wrist on the edge of a ham can (the type you opened with a key). It just missed my main artery, and my tendon was hanging by a thread. My father (who was our city sheriff) calmed me down and had me apply pressure. It was a Sunday so everyone was in church. My dad was driving around trying to find Dr. Last's car and could not find it. He ran into the church in his welding clothes and got Dr. Last. Dr. Last wanted to send me to Salt Lake, but we were running out of time. He ended up stitching me up in his office while on the phone with a surgeon in Salt Lake. He was amazing. I will never forget this wonderful man. He also delivered me in the old Dixie Hospital in 1961, in one of the worst snow storms in Southern Utah!

Arlene Hall Perry - Dr. Last delivered my daughter Candice. He sang to me in the delivery room. He had a great baritone voice. When she was a baby and so very sick with encephalitis, he had me bring her to his office on a Saturday evening and gave Candice a shot of antibiotic, then Sunday morning he came over to the house to check on her. He really cared.

Candice Blanco - I wish doctors were still that caring.

Judy Bills Sorenson - When my Dad passed, my parents lived in Springdale, and Mother rode in the ambulance while the paramedics transported Dad to Hurricane for Dr. Last to examine him. It was in the middle of the night. Dr. Last met them at his clinic. Dad didn't make it, so the paramedics took Dad to the Metcalf Mortuary, and Dr. Last drove Mom back to Springdale,

talking to her about the next steps in life Mother would go through. He stayed with Mother and helped her call her neighbor, my sister, and me. He made sure she was okay before he left her and went back home. He was a wonderful man.

Janalyn Sanders Wood - Garth was my second Dad. I don't know how many times he came across the street to our house if I was sick. If I was really sick, he would load up my mom and me in his car and would take us to his office.

One time we went fishing down at Lake Mead. On the first or second day my Dad (Lynn Sanders) cut off the tip of his finger. My Dad just bandaged up his finger and kept on fishing. (Anyone who knows my Dad and fishing should not be surprised.) When we got home and my Dad had finished unloading the boat and camper, he went over to Garth's. Garth did a skin graph and attached it to my Dad's finger. A week or so later my Dad was sick of the stitches and took them out. He went to open the truck door, and the incision broke open. Off to work he went, and when got home he called Garth. Garth came over to our house and stitched up my Dad's finger on our kitchen table.

He was a great man. I saw and talked to him right after I got home from my mission. It was at that time I found out about his cancer. I asked him "Wow, what happened to your hair?" He just laughed. There are so many other stories.

LaVon Bradshaw Hinton - When Lisa was 6 months old, she had tonsillitis every two weeks with her temperature rising to 105. We had tried everything to get her temp to break with no result, so I called Dr. Last at 2:00 a.m. and apologized for calling so late. He said, "Don't worry, I'm just sitting here reading medical info."

Paula Hirschi Arriola - It was the winter of 1971, and I was living in Las Vegas, and we had a little baby boy. His name is Dax, and when he was 6 weeks old, he got sick. First just a runny nose but it got worse, and soon he was miserable with a fever of 101 degrees. I had him at the pediatrician two times already with him not getting any better. I did not know what to do but to pack him up and take him home to Hurricane. My mother knew what to do. She called Dr. Last to see what he suggested. It was evening, and now Dax was running a fever of 104 degrees. Dr. Last came right over, and he gave him a bath in lukewarm water until the fever broke. Then he got some antibiotics for him. He had never seen my baby; he was not his patient, but Dr. Last cared enough to come help. I have never forgotten that. Never will.

He also would come to our home when my mother would have panic attacks. (No wonder with some of her kids!) Anyway, my mother thought she was having a heart attack. He would sit by her and have her breathe into a paper sack, and I remember him saying, "Lola, you are not going to die from a heart attack." What a guy!

Ellen Hall Dean - In May of 1970, my mother Thora Hall was in the end stages of her life. We all knew that she only had a very short time left. Dr. Last was her doctor, and he was the most loving and caring person. He cared for her and kept her comfortable. He was also taking care of me in my pregnancy. It was a unique situation—the end of life and the miracle of birth and a

new generation. The closer I got to my due date, she was fading fast. When I went into the office for a check up, he took extra time with me and consoled me and talked in length about Mom. He said he was sure that it was time for her to pass on and that she was suffering so and was only holding on so she could see her new grandchild and know that everything was ok with us. Dr. Last made the determination that I was full term and said we should start my labor and get our baby in the world safely so that Mom could leave this world knowing all was well. How many places could you be to have this kind of relationship with your Doctor! He was priceless and knew just what our family needed. I gave birth to our beautiful daughter, Tory, with no complications on May 9th, and went home to my parents' house on the 12th. Dr. Last made me promise I wouldn't stay the night there but would go home and rest. It was hard, but I did. Mom was able to hold our baby one time, then shortly thereafter slipped into a coma, leaving this world on May 13th with almost a smile on her face. I'm so thankful that we were able to have this amazing experience that made such a sad time one of beauty! This was one of the most memorable times we had with our mother thanks to a caring, exceptional man who was a doctor to all three of us—Mother, daughter, and new baby! He graciously sang at her funeral. Such a beautiful strong voice. He was more than a doctor! Such a strong, loving, and giving man. We were blessed in our little community to have had him and his wonderful family who came to live in Hurricane when they did. He and Shirlee meant so much to me. I also had the opportunity to work for them and be in their home through the years. Such a lovely family!

Debbie Montgomery Humphries - My family went deer hunting, and I was home sick. Dr. Last came to the house to give me a shot. He made house calls.

Nedra Langston Mansor - He took care of my son Kevin when he broke the growth joint in his hip in his junior year in high school. He made all of the arrangements with the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City. We went up in the car with Ted Spilsbury as our driver. When we returned home to Zion National Park, Dr. Last made quite a few trips to check on Kevin. My Aunt Mary Wright was his first housekeeper when their family started to grow.

Jerri Stubbs - I truly love that man. When I was young, I got an infection in my back and could not walk. I was way too big to be carried. My mom called him, and he came to our house to take care of me, thank the Lord.

Then when I had my last baby, he had gone into a different field in medicine. I was being wheeled into emergency surgery for a c-section, and scared to death I might say, and who do you think was there? Dr. Last. I knew then that I would be ok. What a very great man.

Vickie Evans Anderson - Where do I start? I wouldn't let my mom pull any of my baby teeth, so Dr. Last pulled them.

He was always so kind, and gentle, and good. I remember him coming to our home to see my grandma, Norma Evans, when she was ill, and my first baby was one of the last he delivered. Wonderful man!

David Sanders - Many years have passed since we lived across the street from him.

I got appendicitis in 1st Grade. Mom and Dad took me to the Clinic—after hours, of course. He checked me and told them to take me to Dixie Pioneer Memorial Hospital. He came over and took my appendix out. A few days later, when it was time to go home, he was going to Hurricane anyway, so he took me home instead of Mom and Dad driving over to get me. He told me the story of Greg falling off the cliff by Kings Castle.

At my last check up, Dr. Greg Last looked at my scar and said, "This must be my Dad's handiwork." I proudly told him it was.

Jean Langston Peterson - Dr. Last was always so kind. I was probably in my elementary school years, and I remember riding my bike down to his office a couple of times to have him look at my big toe. My mother didn't drive but called ahead so they knew I would be coming on my own. Both times he had to cut half of my toenail off because of infection and it being ingrown. He told me I was brave as he gave me shots to numb the area so I wouldn't feel the cutting. He even trimmed my old tennis shoe where my toe was so it would have room to heal.

Tanya Ballard Labrum - We lived right next door to Dr. Last's clinic all through my growing up years. When an ambulance would come to the back door of the clinic, we would run to the fence and have a front row seat to anything going on. He delivered me and all of my siblings and treated all of our medical needs through the years.

One day mom sent me over to get a shot. Dr. Last told me it would only hurt a little bit. After I got home, I said to my mother, "Why does Dr. Last always tell you it's only going to hurt a little, when it always hurts a lot?"

Mom said, "Well, do you want him to tell you that it's going to hurt like heck!?" 

Peggy Campbell Clyde - When Cory was about 2 years old, he got the croup and was turning black. I called Dr. Last, and I was crying so hard he could not understand me. When I could finally talk, he told me to meet him at the office. We hurried there, and he met us at the door with an injection that helped save Cory's life. He told us to take him home and turn the shower on and let the steam help him breathe. I said that we did not have a shower and that my parents didn't either. He told us to come to his house. He turned his shower on and let me sit there for 45 minutes until Cory could breathe again. Without his help, we would have lost Cory.

Shortly after Dr. Last moved here, my sister Sharon was outside hanging clothes when she heard someone crying, "Help!" She looked up the hillside and saw a small boy who was covered in blood. She ran up and got him, and my dad rushed him down to Dr. Last's office which was 1/2 block down the street. Dr. Last thought it was one of my brothers until he got him cleaned up and realized it was his own son, Greg. Sharon may have saved Greg's life that day.

I had a hard time getting pregnant when I was first married, so Dr. Last kept giving me test after test to see why. He tried every test he could think of. Finally he said he had one more test he could do. If that did not work, we would have to adopt. Three weeks later I was pregnant! He and Bishop Dennis Beatty had continued giving me blessing after blessing to help me. With

the blessings and that final test, after 4 years I was finally able to have my first child. They both took the credit.

Brent DeMille - I have so much love and fond memories of Dr. Last. The whole town loved him. Remember his retirement open house? It seems like it was three days long. He did so much for so many and raised children who are the same quality. What a family!

Becky Wheeler - Oh me oh my, where do I begin to tell of my admiration and love for this good man who was, and will always be, a pillar in this little valley that he loved so dear.

Before talking about Doctor Last though, I want to mention that he was who he was, and he did what he did for this valley, because of his dear and faithful wife, Shirlee. Not many women could do what she did, or do without her husband who was so tenderly serving this community, and raise her awesome family like only Shirlee could have done. She was then, and is now, equally as important to this community as Doctor Last was, for without her, he couldn't have accomplished the many things he did. She is an elect and special lady who is very dear to my heart.

I personally first met Doctor Last on H-Day the first year he came here. I had fallen and hurt my knee, and Irene Allen insisted I go over to the clinic and have the "new doctor" look at it. He cleaned it up and bandaged it, and I don't think my Grandma and Grandpa were ever charged for his service.

A few years later, my sister Mary had her first baby, and Doctor Last was the one who brought her home from the hospital to Grandma's house so that Max could stay at his work. He did this for many patients and must have influenced his son Greg, for when I worked for him for almost 20 years, he often would take patients to the hospital, too, if he thought they needed him, and I know he saved many lives as did his great father. We as a community are very blessed to have had two awesome Doctor Lasts who have loved and served us so selflessly.

When Phil and I moved into the Hurricane 3rd Ward in 1972, Doctor Last was in the Bishopric with Clark Campbell and Winferd Spendlove. These three men worked together in love and friendship whose bond has reached down several generations.

When I had my first child, Amy, Doctor Last could tell I was not enjoying the hard challenges of giving birth and told me it was just too late to send it back. He was always so humorous and yet kind at the same time. I remember getting a dozen red roses from my husband and Doc said, "I hope you get a dozen roses with every child."

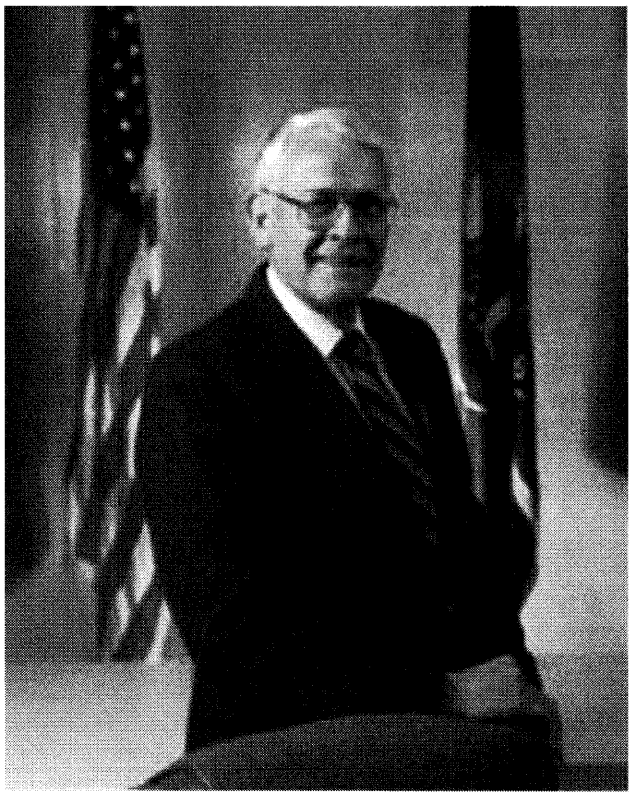
Ashlee would get tonsillitis very frequently, and her fever was always worse during the night. I would call Doctor Last and he would tell us to bring her over. He would examine her and give her a shot or whatever was necessary, and we never did get charged for those house visits.

While in the delivery room with number three, Doc announced it was a boy and said, "What are you going to name him?" We told him, Chance, and that if he ever joined the military he would be "Wright Chance," and Doctor Last said, "Well, that's better than Last Chance." He was just always full of love and laughter, and I am so grateful he and Shirlee brought their little family to this valley.

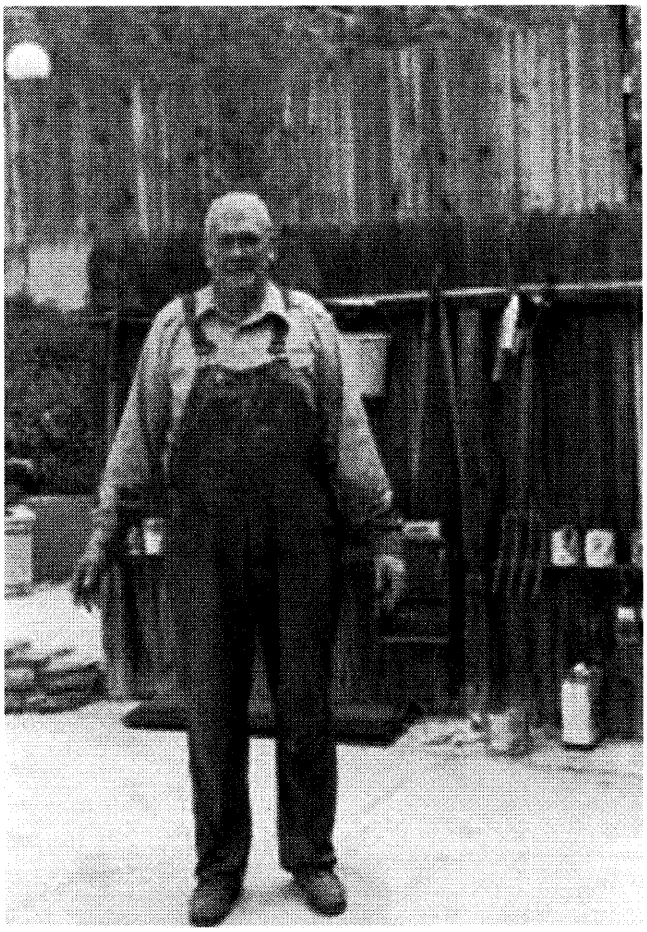
As our little family began to grow, Doctor Last was our beloved Doctor for the first four before he and Shirlee moved up North to further his education. The community threw a big celebration to honor their family, and it was very well attended.

After he was diagnosed with lung cancer, I hurt my back at young Doctor Last's office and was laid up for a couple of weeks. Doc Garth wasn't feeling well himself, but he made a house call once again here at our home to check on me. That was just the kind of man he was. I told him he had made this community what it is, and he replied that the community made him the man he is.

Garth Last wasn't only a doctor, he was a surgeon, friend, spiritual leader, father figure, and genuine swell guy. I will forever and eternally be grateful that "The Lasts" moved to Hurricane. Love always and forever, Becky Stratton Wright Wheeler Hugs :)



Dr. Garth Last was very patriotic, personable, and took time for everyone - he was loved by so many people!



Dr. Garth Last
was ready to help anyone in need
even if he had to get muddy to do it!
A One of a Kind Person!

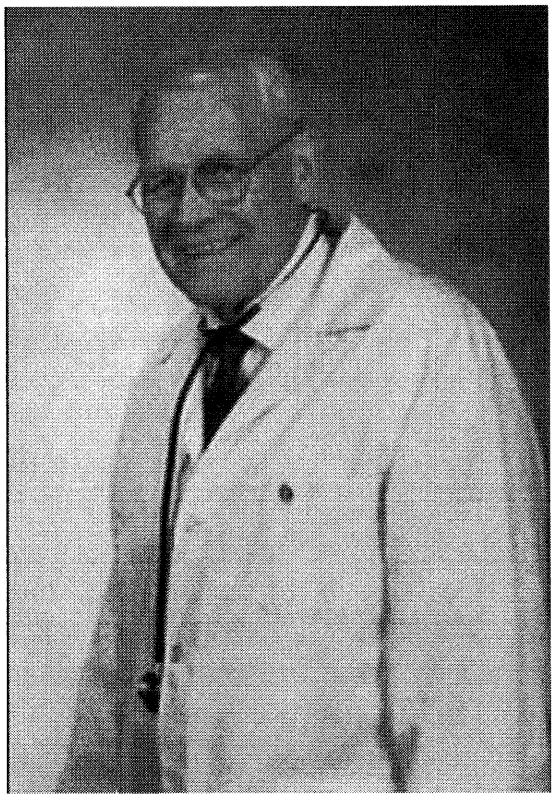
Dr. Garth Last's Decision to Come to Hurricane

By Greg Last, M.D.

My father's decision to move our family to Hurricane and set up his practice was a result of prayer. Not his or my mother's, but that of a humble, dedicated, maybe desperate resident of Hurricane. First, the background:

When my family first arrived in Hurricane in the summer of 1960, we stayed in the Swan Motel. We were to move into Wayne Hinton's house while he was going to be away on sabbatical, but it was not yet ready.

One thing that I remember during that first week or two was the frequent visits of Barbara Sanders. She was very attentive to our family and anxious to see that we were as comfortable as we could be. I later learned of the role that she and her husband had played in our journey to Hurricane.



Dr. Garth Last

In the spring of 1960, my father was approaching the end of his internship in a Spokane hospital. He and the other interns who were not intending to go on for some type of specialty training started considering potential locations to set up their general practices. A fellow intern and my father had settled on St. Anthony, Idaho. That spring the two new doctors traveled to the small Idaho town to investigate the possibilities. As a result of that visit, the two determined that there was not enough business in St. Anthony for two new physicians. For some reason, the decision was made that the other intern would go alone to Idaho, and my father would look elsewhere. I believe at that time he had several good offers in the Spokane area. He was fairly confident that he could find another place to go.

In the meantime, Hurricane was becoming increasingly desperate to find a physician to replace Dr. McIntire who had died several years earlier. The city's Lions Club took it upon themselves to recruit a new physician. The man assigned to be the point person in that effort was Mack Sanders.

Years later Mack was in my office one day, and in the course of his visit, he related the following to me.

He said, "Did you know that your father came to Hurricane as a result of prayer?" He then explained the role he had accepted to find a doctor. He went on to say that he and his wife, Barbara, planned on attending a state-wide Lions Convention in Salt Lake City.

While there he thought he could visit the medical school and assess the possibility of finding a doctor for his town.

At this point he paused to say, "You know my parents. I grew up in a home where never a prayer was said—no blessings on the food, no family or personal prayers. Furthermore, I had rarely gone to church at that point in my life. But for some reason, I felt like I should say a prayer before leaving for the medical school. So, before heading to the medical school, I prayed for the first time in my life. I somehow knew that I needed the Lord's help in finding a physician for Hurricane. As I was leaving, I told Barbara that if I was not back in time to go with her to that night's Lion Club banquet, that she should go alone and I would meet her there."

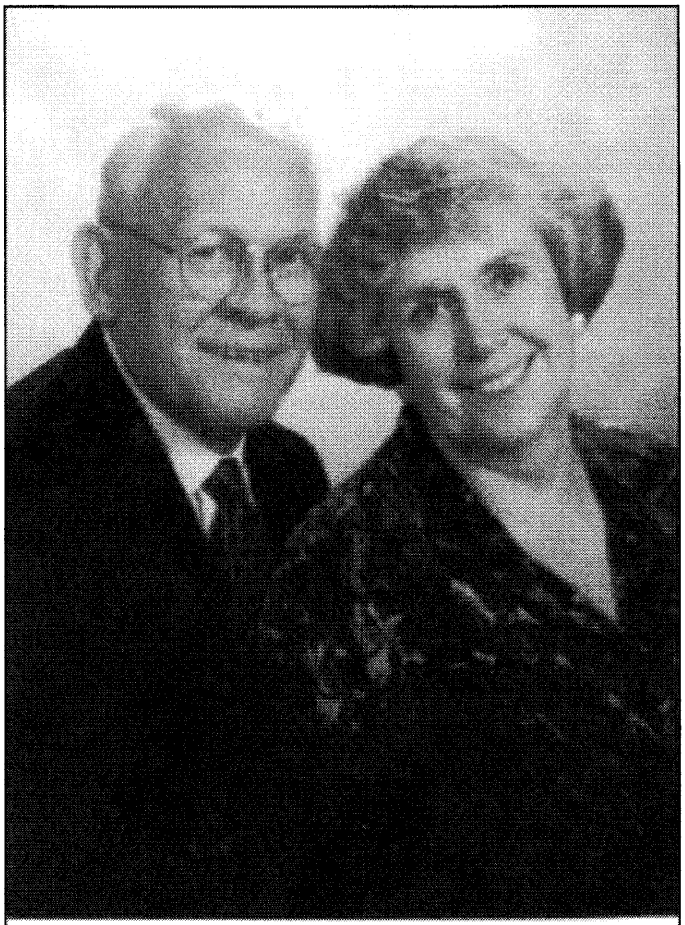
Barbara did end up going to the banquet alone. When she arrived at the banquet hall, as luck (or providence) would have it, there just happened to be two empty seats next to my grandparents (my father's parents) who were also very active in their community's Lions Club. My grandmother reportedly saw Barbara come in and motioned for her to come and sit by them. Of course, after Barbara was seated, she was asked the whereabouts of her husband. Barbara explained the situation, and later when Mack did arrive, he was asked about his experience at the medical school. Mack replied that it was a discouraging experience as no possibilities for a Hurricane physician were found. To that my grandmother, proud of her physician son and anxious to get the grandchildren settled (there were four of us at the time), was quick to reply that she had a brilliant son looking for a place to set up practice. My parents' phone number was given to Mack. The rest, as they say, is history.

After Mack's fateful phone call to my father, a decision was made that my father would go to Hurricane and evaluate the community. My mother had just had a baby, and with three other children, she did not feel like she could make the trip. For some reason Dad took me with him. We flew to Salt Lake City (my first airplane ride) where my Grandfather Last picked us up. We drove to Gunnison where my grandparents lived. I stayed in Gunnison while Dad drove on to Hurricane. When my father returned several days later, I remember asking him if we were going to move to Hurricane. He replied that he had decided that we would be going there. I asked him what it was like. His reply boggled my six-year-old mind when he responded, "Well, there is lots of red sand." This was something I could not imagine. All I knew was the white sand of our playground at married student housing at the U of U and at the Great Salt Lake where my mother had taken us children many times.

I believe that my father was in Hurricane for less than two days during that original visit. In that time, he made the decision to come here (Mother was not consulted), arranged housing for his family, secured a lot for a clinic, and arranged for a builder. All of this was facilitated by a loan that was arranged with three prominent Hurricane citizens as cosigners.

I never knew Mack and Barbara Sanders as anything but dedicated, devout, engaged members of the church. I knew Mack as a bishop, high councilman, and eventually a returned senior missionary. As he related the above story to me, he made it clear that his church activity all started with that first offered prayer.

While Mack's first prayer not only blessed his life and the lives of his posterity, I must also say that my parents' and siblings' lives have been blessed immeasurably by the wonderful town and the people around whom we children were raised. Furthermore, my personal life and the lives of my wife and children have also been incredibly blessed by the opportunity I have had to return and practice medicine in my beloved home town.



Dr. Garth & Shirlee Last

WHAT IS A COUNTRY DOCTOR? By Nick C. Nackos

What is a country doctor? He's very rare in today's world. In fact, he should be placed on the endangered species list. He's many things. He's a psychiatrist, a counselor, a healer, a father, and whatever it takes to cure the many ills of mankind.

He's wise and educated and knows the cure of almost all ailments and yet intelligent enough to know that medicine alone isn't always the answer.

He's a man who doesn't know what it is to sit down to a complete meal, and just when he gets ready for a much-needed rest after an exhausting day, answers a distraught call with, "I'll be there in a few minutes." And laboriously puts on his shoes and goes into the night to help that one in need.

Women love him, men respect him, and children think he is about as close to God as anyone they know. He's a man of many moods: kind to the suffering, stern with the neglectful, compassionate with the dying, and ever so tender with those whose pain is a constant companion.

He dispenses medicine, pills, and a lot of good advice. He mends broken bones and broken hearts. And sometimes when you feel that your spirits are about as low as they can be, he will come up with an anecdote guaranteed to give you that little lift you needed.

He is delighted with his vast knowledge and so proud when he can use that knowledge to return a loved one back to his family. And yet, there are moments when even his knowledge is not enough. Then, he is humble enough to turn to the physician of all physicians, our Heavenly Father, for help. Yes, he is the first to admit that prayer is his most important medical instrument.

He is the town's leading citizen, proud of his community, his country, and his profession, and most of all, his family; knowing that to be a country doctor and to accomplish the things he must do, he requires a special kind of wife, one who is kind and unselfish, and devoted, who can keep the home fires burning while her husband is devoting his time to those who need him.

What is a country doctor? He is Doctor Garth B. Last, our doctor, our friend, a man who has left a mark on our community that will stand as a monument and as a challenge for any doctor who might take his place to try, yes to try, to follow. And it will take a mighty big man to come even close!

Shirlee Last – My Most Unforgettable Teacher By Sheila Wright Dutton – 1979

- Never failed to find an unusual approach to develop a lesson
- Had an example or story to put thoughts on a level we could associate with the main idea
- Was not afraid to admit to her own shortcomings
- Always looked for the best in others
- A knowledge of many subjects was vital to her
- An artist of a mother – taught her children creativity in many phases
- Never gave a lesson to entertain but always left a challenge
- Taught as the Savior would, by her beautiful example

An Inspirational Wife — A Creative Homemaker
A Motivating Mother — An Artistic Civic Worker
Genuine Friend to Everyone

Cane Beds, Arizona

By Alberta Perkins Hinton
Presented by Loretta Hinton
11 March 2019

After having received my passport from my Father in Heaven at the request of my parents, Andrew Houston Perkins and Almaretta Spencer Perkins, I was airborne and arrived in the town of Magrath, Alberta, Canada. The New Year of 1910 was first beginning, and on that cold 11th day of January, I first greeted my parents, then the rest of my new-found family, and wrapped in their love and adoration, the winter was no longer cold.

With that good start, I don't know how I managed to get pneumonia within the year and spinal meningitis in my second year. But my Father in Heaven was still watching over me, and He listened to the prayers of my parents and brothers and sisters and granted them their petition that they wanted to keep me as I would be the last one coming to their family.

Alberta Perkins & Francis Hinton
Loretta Hinton — daughter-in-law

I must have been the tomboy type from the very first, as the things I remember about the three and a half years I spent in Canada was the out-of-door life, such as taking my little cup to the corral and begging my brother, Lyman, to milk in it. One day I got in the way of the calf, and it knocked me over and stepped on my eyebrow, cutting a gash that denied me my feminine beauty.

After moving from Canada to the United States, it was Utah for the next few years, first Cannonville then Orderville, where I got my first taste of education.

Then my parents moved onto land of the place called Yellow Jacket, deriving its name from the many wasps, also called Yellow Jackets, which swarmed around the springs and water seeps. Father started a ranch there, being a lover of horses and the good earth, farming was a natural vocation, and he was good at it.

While Father plowed, we children dropped seeds of corn, cane, beans, squash, and melons. I often look back on those growing up years and think of the many blessings I received, having the day-to-day close association with both parents and the newly turned soil, knowing God created both. His other creations more than compensated for the worldly goods we so lacked. These were marvelous years for my brother Karl and me, being in the tender years before responsibilities fall like a binding cord. We were as free as the birds and the bees around us, to explore the low hills and vales, discovering all the treasures only youth can appreciate.

It was at this young age we discovered and learned to pick out and name all the constellations in the heavens. This was done by studying our Grandmother's book on the stars.

In 1917, our last and final move was made to Cane Beds, Arizona, where other families had started a small settlement. Here we could attend school without having to move into Orderville each winter. Once more a ranch had to be built up, which was a slow process in those team and wagon days. With a pulling together and working hard we completed our task.

Cane Beds was a Mormon Community, and we were made a branch of the Rockville Ward. As I grew older, I was called to positions of Sunday School and Primary teacher. I also served as Sunday School Secretary for several years.

I remember an unusual happening at our house during those early days. One afternoon a knock came at our door, and when Mother opened it, a stranger stood there. He asked for food, and mother said we didn't have any bread, and he would have to wait until she made some. Without a word he turned to leave. We looked to see which way he had gone, but he had vanished so suddenly without us being aware of him taking a step. Although we looked in all directions, he had completely disappeared. He was a man of medium height and dark complexion. The thing I shall never forget was his eyes, dark brown with what seemed to be power to look through us.

At the same time the Joseph Wilkinson family reported a stranger coming to their home asking for food. Brother and Sister Wilkinson were away from home at that time, and although the two older girls about 13 and 14 felt afraid, they invited him in and fixed a light lunch. After he had eaten, he thanked them and left. As soon as he stepped out of the door, they looked to see which way he had gone. They experienced the same thing as we did. He was simply nowhere to be seen. Both the Bible and Book of Mormon tell of translated beings walking the Earth. It is still an unanswered question. Did we, or did we not, see one of those men?

Romance with the Country

It was natural as I grew older and saw my three brothers and two sisters filing on land under the homesteading act, I set my goal on a homestead. I had acquired a few head of cattle by helping take care of the family herd, also getting a chance to buy a couple of cows. I felt I should have my own land to run them on.

While waiting until I was old enough to take up land, I finished high school and managed to spend one summer in Snowflake, Arizona, where a cousin lived, and another summer at Mormon Lake, a summer resort, where I worked as a waitress. When I did take up a homestead, I was lucky enough to get eighty acres only a mile from my parents' house. This made it convenient for me to help my mother during many of the days, then walk to my cabin at night to sleep. The rest of my homestead is two miles west of this eighty acres.

The evening walks were a delight to me, as it gave me time to again study the heavens, the beautiful sunsets, or the mystic shadows the moon cast over the mountains and valley. Mother was always worried about rattlesnakes, so I always placed my lighted lamp in the window so she would know I had made it safely to my cabin.

The law required the homesteader must live on the land part of each year. The rest of the time I was free to do other things. Happy memories of those years trickle in and out of my mind making life more interesting, as some of that time was spent working in San Francisco,

California. Some of those memory pictures make me smile. Like the time I was working for Mrs. McGill, a doctor's wife, and she was checking the laundry I had taken upstairs to put away. She said, "Oh Berta, you haven't pressed Doctor's socks or underwear and folded them properly. Haven't you noticed how they are folded when they come out of the store?" I wanted to say, but I didn't, "Mrs. McGill, if you were one of a family of eleven, just to have the clothes washed nice and clean, folded neatly, proper or not, and put in their place, you would be pleased and thankful."

Then there was the morning I went into the reception room to straighten up and dust and found the sofa cushions all scrunched up. I thought, "That's funny, we haven't had any company since I cleaned yesterday." They only used that room when they received company. Then it dawned on me, that the evening before while she was down for dinner, she had gone in and punched those pillows viciously, then intended to check the next evening to see if I had been in to clean and straighten the room.

Then my mind flipped back to about the second week after I went there. I was doing my routine morning's work when Mrs. McGill came downstairs and told me the stairs needed to be vacuumed and the banister polished, also the front hallway floor needed polishing, and the walls of the dining room wiped down. This was extra to all of the regular work to be done besides the lunch and dinner to prepare and serve. I always served her breakfast in bed and her lunch in her sunroom upstairs. She did come downstairs for dinner with the Doctor after he had taken her out for a short ride or shopping.

The next morning after this big work-a-day, I was upstairs and heard her phoning to a friend, saying, "Oh, I'm so exhausted, yesterday my maid did so much work, it just wore me out." I thought, "Why, you old biddie! If you had stayed in your sunroom and not pattered downstairs two or three times to see if I was doing my work, you wouldn't be tired." No wonder she lost her girl before me, who was a Negress. She told the Missus, "You don't know the days of slavery are over," and she walked out on her. I have often wondered how long she was able to keep her help after I left. As I look back, I can see the fruits of her training ripened me, as much of her training is still with me.

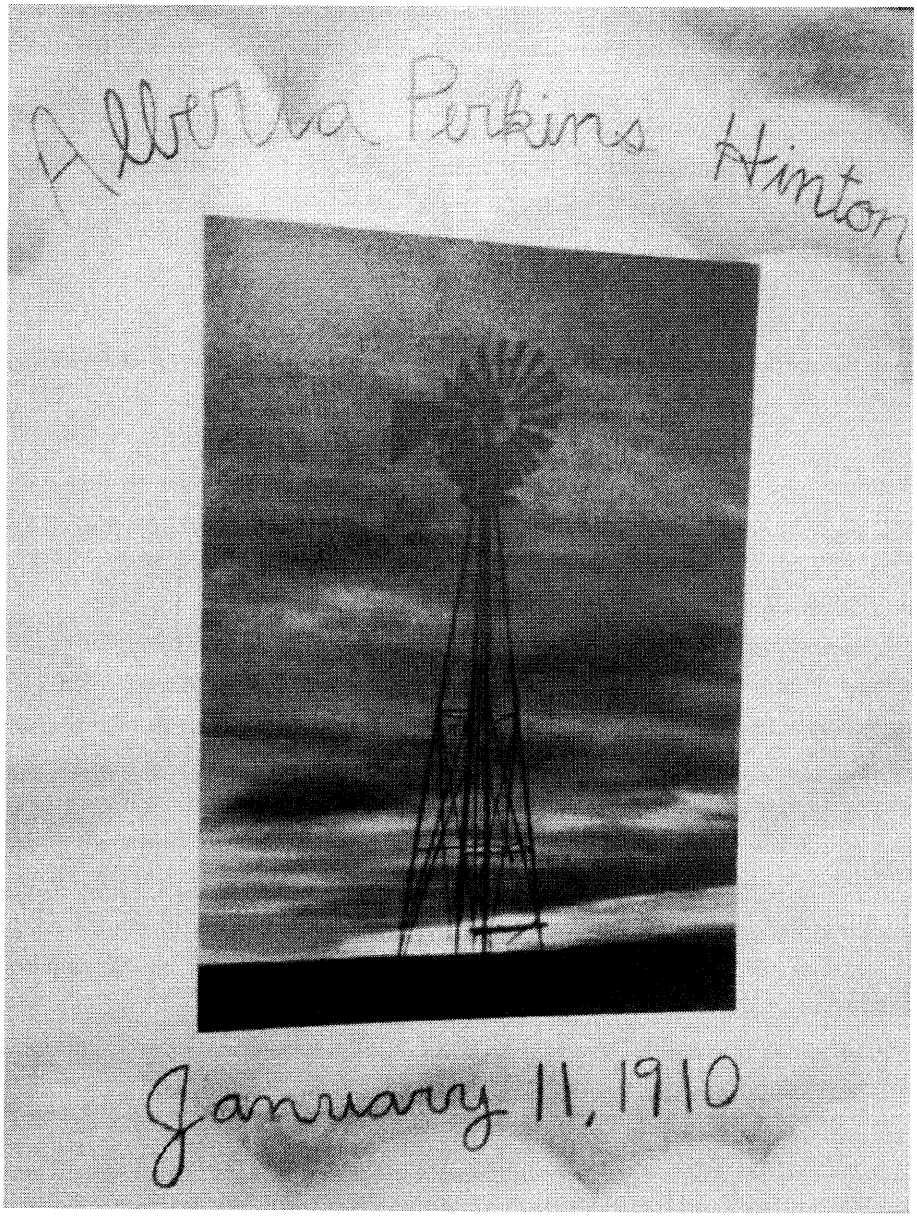
Then there was sweet little Joey Walsen, two and a half years old, whose mother was a divorcee from Montana. She was a designer and decorator working at Grandpa's Store in San Francisco. I was Joey's nursemaid, later taking over cooking and house work. Joey and I had many precious hours together.

The highlight of working in San Francisco came when I landed a job in the Florist Shop in the Mark Hopkins Hotel. It added to my already love for flowers; also gave me the opportunity to meet and enjoy many important people. I had already admired General Pershing of World War I, but to meet him and his wife and serve them was a joy. As was Eddie Arnold, the actor and singer, and his wife, and also many more movie stars. It was there I saw my first ballet dance performed by the famous Russian dancers. It was breath-taking to watch them.

As good things must come to an end, so ended my work at the Mark Hopkins. For once more I must put in my time on my homestead. This would be my last year to live at my cabin before moving on.

After I had reached my goal at homesteading, I was challenged to accept another goal. This I did when I married Francis Hinton in 1937. I had read of the feuds between sheepmen,

cattlemen, and homesteaders, and had experienced some of this, so I should have shied away from this marriage. But by this time Francis had sold his sheep, and like all Fairy Tales, I could say, "We married and lived happy ever after." But this is not the end of my story.



Francis wanted to study mechanics and learn the body and fender repair technique. We moved to Los Angeles, California where he took training in this trade. It was here our first child, a daughter, Alma LaRee, was born in 1938. As soon as Francis finished his training, we went back to Cane Beds, and he got an employment in St. George. It wasn't until another child, a son, Harold, was born in 1943, and both were of school age, that a moving pattern started. We were moving into St. George in the winter, back to Cane Beds in the summer. By this time, Francis had quit his job as a mechanic, and the ranch work and some farming had become a full-time job.

It was in 1950 while in St. George, after having minor surgery, I suffered a stroke, which has stamped a handicap on me. I have tried to use my handicap as a stepping stone and not let it become a stumbling block. To begin with, as soon as I suffered my stroke, Francis (who was our newly-called Bishop), Brother Malen Ashby, and our very dear neighbor Brother Hyrum Leany administered to me. Brother Ashby asked me if there was anything I desired him to ask for. I told him that Francis and I had never been sealed in the temple—that was the only thing I was concerned about. So he did ask the Lord to grant me that privilege and sealed upon me the blessing that I would recover enough to perform this work. As soon as I recovered sufficiently to go to the temple, Francis took me and the children and had us sealed to him. If we hadn't used my stroke for a stepping stone, it might have been much longer before we did our temple work.

The use of the Priesthood in our home has been a great comfort to me and our family. Our children have always been a great joy and blessing to us. Prayer has been a sustaining comfort to me, especially as our children were growing up and going away from home.

One time when our daughter, Alma LaRee, had gone on a school outing in Zion Park, she didn't get home until late afternoon. When she did come, she seemed just a little concerned about me, as she asked if I had been worried about her not getting home earlier. I told her there were only a few minutes when I felt uneasy, but after I went into her bedroom and knelt by her bed and prayed, the uneasy feeling left me. She asked me exactly what time of day that happened? When I told her, she said at that time the car she was riding in had swerved off the road, hit a sign post, breaking it off and throwing it over the cab. The road cop said, "If it hadn't been hit at that exact angle and force, it would have gone through the windshield, causing a serious accident." So it has always been with prayer, a soothing and comforting agent.

Our children grew up, finished their schooling, went on missions, then married, giving us our first daughter-in-law and son-in-law to love and cherish. When they gave us grandchildren to expand the family circle, life became richer and fuller.

As I look back on my life in Cane Beds, I see it as the good life and profitable. Although all of the original homesteaders have moved or passed away, except my sister Dica and me, others have moved in to fill some of the vacancies left by the well remembered friends.

Also, only memories remain of the social life that used to be, as we now go into nearby towns for those socials. However, through the love and efforts of Sister Nola Ruesch, when she was Relief Society President with Helen Hartman and Beverly Leavitt as counselors, we are enjoying a little twig of the Relief Society here at Cane Beds, with eight sisters to attend and the Lord's Spirit to enfold us.

Upper Smith Mesa – Arizona Strip – Hurricane Mesa Test Site

By Sheila Wright Dutton
11 March 2019

Some of the finest and most splendid women who ever left their homes and loved ones to follow in the foot-steps of the Master came to the Dixie Country in the years 1861-62-63. This was not their first experience in pioneer life, for most of them had crossed the great plains and mountains of America to pioneer the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, so in a measure they were prepared for the dangers and difficulties that awaited them in one of the most unconquered countries of the earth. But their prophet and leader had called, and they, not less brave than their stalwart husbands, followed where they led.

Some of the earlier owners on Smith Mesa were: Lewis Fish, Owen Cottam, Clarence and Ray Bradshaw, June Duncan, Leo Bringhurst, E.J. Graff, Reed and Dallen Spendlove, Emerald Stout, Johnny Wallace, Harvey Ballard, and John Segler.

Families made livings, built cabins and fond family memories! Kids had picnics, chased rabbits, hunted arrowheads, and harvested pine gum. Richard and Annie Mary Wright homesteaded on the upper Mesa. From the time it went from Federal ownership to private ownership, there was a long time there. Federal ownership to private didn't happen until 1939.

Memories of Richard Wright

Grandpa Wright was up there homesteadin' cause my dad (Flint Wright was born 13 May 1913) used to go up after school. Grandma would put a little sack of groceries together and have old Teddy saddled and that sack of groceries. And up there by LeBaron's, there was a big pasture and an asparagus bush. Daddy (Flint) didn't like to ride a saddle, so he'd ride the horse that far with the saddle, throw it into the asparagus bush, and put the groceries on the withers of old Teddy and go to the mountain so he could spend the weekend with his dad. He was only six or seven years old. How many opportunities would a kid that old have to have gotten on a horse and ride twenty miles after school? Why, the cops would throw the mother in jail!

I don't know when old Harvey Ballard got that place up there. It's between the Segler ground and the Duncan ground. A story about old Harvey: He was ridin' up there on the east of his place and comes across a deer that a cougar had killed, and it was a fresh kill. He went back to his cabin where he had them traps. He set the traps and he caught the cat and shot the cat.

Harvey Ballard had a real docile horse that was just as calm, and it would haul anything. Old Harvey tied that cougar on back of the saddle. The horse never done nothin'—an excellent horse to haul deer with. He got on, and he said he got about half-way down through the plowed field, and that horse looked back and saw that cougar on his back and it came unglued. Gone nuts. He bucked old Harvey off and went on down through, a buckin' on down through the field, and kept at it 'til he got clear down to the house, and he finally throwed the saddle and the cougar. (As told by Richard Wright, son of Flint and Milda Isom Wright - grandson of Richard and Annie Mary Spendlove Wright)

Ira Bradshaw had a homestead on Kolob also. He had a large family and when he distributed the ground, he gave 80 acres each to several of his sons including Clarence, Ray, and Sam. Ray was one of the early Bishops in Hurricane.

Richard Wright helped work on the Bradshaw ground. He said, "I would plow at night, and Clarence Bradshaw would plow in the day. The way that kind of worked was we'd figure on burnin' three tanks of fuel in a 24 hour period. I'd run the tractor, and about 1:00 in the mornin' when we were out of fuel, the combine had a little side tank on it. When I'd run out the big tank, I'd switch, and I'd run on the small tank. I'd come back to the sheep wagon and fill it up, then Clarence would get up and start his turn. We did this until the job was done."

Richard's Uncle Calvin Wright and his son Rondo remembered one time Uncle Cal had Rondo drive the tractor from the mountain home. Rondo was one who liked a little speed about everything. Coming down the LaVerkin twist, there before you get into LaVerkin, it was going slow, too slow for him, so he kicked it into neutral. He came sailing down over that road, and he passed a car. That old tractor was a-bouncing and bouncing.

A rule Flint taught the boys was: "If you got a load on your truck that takes first gear to go up the hill, you should use the same gear to come down the hill, and you'd very seldom get into trouble." Richard said it was good counsel. They worked hard and were pretty tired at the end of the day. Richard had a 25-35 and Rondo had Cal's 30-30 rifle. Rondo wanted to get a deer, so he would set his alarm for 4:00 a.m. so he could hunt before they needed to start work. But when the alarm went off, he was too tired to get up, and he would get to swingin' his arms in the dark to turn it off. Richard said Rondo broke three lamp chimneys and never did go hunting before work.

The Ruesch Ground

It was homesteaded by Will Ruesch, Sr. who deeded it to his son Will Ruesch, Jr. one year later.

Richard Wright: One thing that I can remember about the Ruesch ground was that my dad and your dad, Flint and Cal, had a six-foot-wide header on a Case combine. They cut their grain on the mountain with the six-foot header and a sacker in it. The grain would go in sacks, and they'd have a man on the combine to tie the sacks up, and we'd slide 'em down the slide, and then late afternoon they'd stop cutting and go back with the truck, and they'd throw them sacks of grain up on the bed of the truck.

When me and your brother Rondo were about 12 years old, our dads left us on the mountain with a barrel of fuel and the grain, and your dad, Uncle Cal, would haul it down and put it in the granary. I think a lot about that. How many times now would a man leave a 12 year-old kid on a combine to cut grain and his brother haul it down. It just wouldn't take place any more.

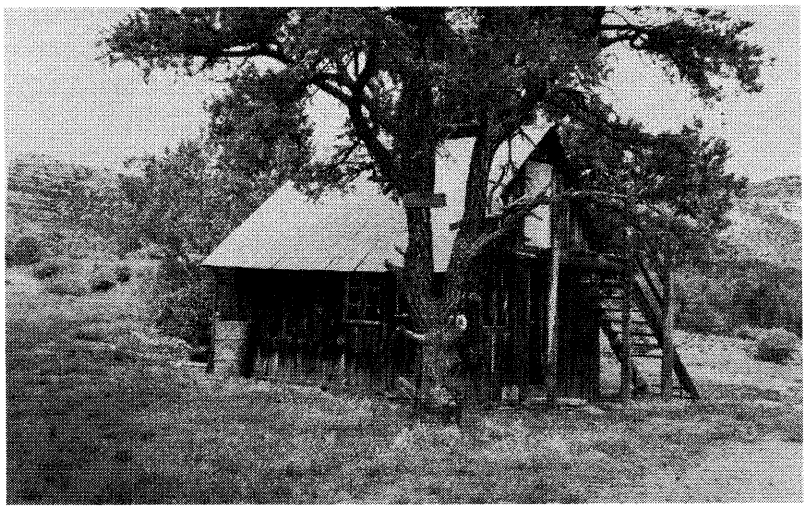
I remember when I was about nine or ten, I suppose 1949 or 50, our dads bought a brand new, if you can imagine, combine that was self-propelled with a 10 foot header and a 40 bushel bin. We thought we'd died and gone to Heaven. One man could run the combine and didn't have to tie a sack or throw the sacks up on the truck. It was an old Massey Harris combine.

Now days, the combines have a 36 foot header and 405 bushel bin. Now days, a new John Deere combine costs $345,000. Can you imagine how many acres of grain you'd have to cut to pay for that sucker? I think they get probably $20-$30 an acre to cut the grain.

They could bank on a rainstorm the Fourth of July weekend. Flint cut on the flat 'til the Fourth of July and then moved the equipment to the Mesa. Some people raised grain, and we'd

cut grain for them. One time, the same year, still about age 12, they got up to cut grain, and it got to raining. We knew old Harvey was on the mountain, so we was goin' to walk over and visit him that afternoon while we was waitin' for it to dry. We walked to the Duncan ground and Harvey's place and only saw a porcupine.

I think a lot about that. You know we was up there with Harvey and Clarence Bradshaw, our dads (Calvin and Flint), Emerald Stout, John Wallace, E.J. Graff, Bill Mathews, and Arnold Brinkerhoff. That was about the extent of the farmers. Owen Cottam's was more a ranch, they didn't farm—mostly grazing—north of Harvey's, over by the LaVerkin Creek. I don't know of any dry farm that Owen ever done. Leo Bringhurst had a little place between Harvey's and the Duncan place.



Cal & Zona Wright Family Cabin
Smith's Mesa

Once Dad had cleaned some more ground on the Duncan place. I think that was Uncle Sheldon's in-laws. Dad pushed the trees into a pile. He burnt them bone dry. Some stumps didn't burn. He picked one up ready to load. It had a rattlesnake coiled up on it. He let go of the stump.

One time my dad had it in his mind what he thought would be improvements he could make, and it would be easier for the County to take care of the road and be a better road. Over there at Cottonwood, why the road used to come down and around and a sharp turn. My dad had looked it over and thought, "Well, if we had a big tractor crawlin' in here, we could be sure in pretty short order they could move that dirt around and cut the road and make a nice smooth turn." When he studied that out and then over there by Duncan's the same thing again; the road went up and around a wash and a sharp turn, and he figured to cut across there and put in a culvert and that fixed that. He went and looked it over, and they had a County Commissioner out there with him, and they talked it over. E.J. Graff was the County Commissioner, and you know he never talked a lot, but when he talked, you better listen. But he says, "Well, Flint, you had that pretty well organized, didn't ya?" Flint said, "Well, I think it'll work." And E.J. said, "Well, I think it will, too." I think a guy came out of St. George that was an equipment operator, and he says over there at Cottonwood, that's where he had some equipment, and he was working his way over the mountain, and he said, "Well, go ahead and make that change over there, that'll help." And they told the guy that run the equipment to go ahead, and he just took 'em at their word and got after it. They got thinkin' about it, and the guy that was in charge said, "Maybe we better do a little more studying." So they went back to tell him to wait, and he said, "You're too late, we've already got her cut." So he'd fixed the road.

Things Are Changing

In recent years "The School Section" which Flint Wright managed for years was sold along with the grazing rights on the east side and on the west, and the School Section was broken into six pieces and sold into private ownership.

The Segler Place

John Segler settled a section and sold it to Cal and Flint Wright. Throughout the years Cal and Flint partnered on Smith Mesa. They got along and worked together to get things done. When Cal went in the Army during World War II, Flint took on the farm alone, and when Flint took a job in California, Cal managed it. Both had a son, Richard and Rondo, and they were good help.

When the brothers separated the farms, Flint kept the piece on the west of the mountain including Grandpa's place, and Cal kept the one on the east. They sometimes grazed a few cattle but mostly raised dry land red turkey wheat.

Years later when two of Cal's kids bought Segler's, they even tried raising a batch of kidney beans. They planted 100 pounds of beans and had a beautiful crop until the cows broke through the fence and left nice mounds of beans that had passed through them. All that was left to harvest amounted to 50 pounds of beans.

The Farm Service Agency started a program to encourage farmers to plant grasses and develop ponds to encourage the rebuilding of the soil and to encourage forage for wild life. Many of the Smith Mesa farmers went into the program. Farm machinery was sold off, outdated, or obsolete 'til not many can afford to farm any more, and in recent years with not as much water, most of the Mesa has been used for the Farm Program or for grazing of livestock.

For a few years, Seglers, as it is still referred to, was leased out for grazing to cattle and/or horses. The year it housed long-horn cattle, they had fences broken 'til neighbors were unhappy. Fences were mended but lease not renewed.

There used to be a LOT of deer, usually several hundred head, every year. You could count one to three hundred head sometimes in each meadow. It was not unusual seeing 2000 to 3000 head across the meadows. Where you used to see 3500 to 4000, in 2018, the day after the hunt saw 25 head. I think they can read the regulations. There were none before the hunt. Then they moved down. The destruction is awful.

Sheila Wright Dutton

Excerpt from Sheila Wright Dutton's History

Our family life was happy. Dad was a dry-land wheat farmer most of his life. Mom was a homemaker, an excellent cook and seamstress, a true "helpmate" to my dad and sang or recited poetry while doing most of her work around the home and taught me to love poetry and to write.

We spent most of our summers on the mountain on our Smith Mesa farm where Dad plowed and planted and earned our livelihood. I was able to roam the area, playing, chasing rabbits, gathering pine gum, watching lizards and snakes and other wild life, eating picnic lunches, enjoying brother Rondo and my cousin Richard while Dad worked, and then riding on the tractor or combine and and riding on the load of grain, in the back of the truck, down the mountain to take it to town. When we got to the main road in Virgin, we had to get out of the grain and into the cab of the truck.

Richard's Arizona Strip Memory

Arizona Strip had ponds to irrigate with. We were in raccoon country. Richard said his friend had made his bed on a nice Army cot, and Richard threw his out on the ground and then noticed a rattler heading right for his bedroll. He said he slept in the truck that night.

Richard: "I'll tell about working on Grandpa's (Flint Wright's father Richard) farm 10 acres out in the fields in Hurricane. Grandpa died a year before I was born. But I helped Dad on his farm. We had flood irrigation. Each spring we'd go out and shovel grass out of the ditches. Pretty tough. Dad was kind. He said, 'Glad you stayed.'

"We tromped hay in the back of the truck so we could put more in. We had a cabover truck in 1941 for a year or two. Dad put me in to drive it down the row. I was about 6 or 7. Reed or Jay Langston worked with us, and a man came by and stopped and said he saw the truck going down the row with nobody driving it."

Once Richard was tromping and throwing hay on the wagon. He went to the back and fell and straddled the tongue of the wagon. "When I lit, I thought it would tear me in two. I got back up and tromped the hay." At about age 14 or 15 years, Richard and Rondo went different ways, but in the summers they still worked together on the mountain with their dads.

Flint had a lizard crawl up his leg. He grabbed the lizard and cut it off, along with a piece of his pant leg.

"Cecil Dutton lived across the street from the church, and one night coming home from Mutual, I saw their TV through their window. It was the first one I'd seen. I stood watching it for about 5 minutes, then decided I'd better go home."

Coleman Engineering

When the company was trying to find a place for the test site, Flint and Cal took the guys that wanted to look it over on horse-back, and they were impressed with what they saw down there, from Upper Smith's Mesa down to the Mesa, where the Hurricane Mesa Test Site is today in 2019.

They moved their equipment on over on the old road and on through Coral Canyon on Lower Smith's, and they worked from the top down. This worked best because instead of pushing dirt in front of the tractor uphill, they could, with much less trouble, move it down and out of the way as they made the road. That way, them old tractors, they didn't have to be fightin' the hillside and pushin' a load going uphill. They had the weight of the tractor to help move the dirt, pushing a load going downhill. They told the man on the equipment to get started, and by the time it was approved, they had it partially built. So they finished the road from SR 9 to the top of the Mesa, and Coleman hired Cal Wright as their Maintenance Foreman.

Sheila: Coleman Engineering came to our area for the Air Force. They selected the Lower Smith Mesa, what we refer to as the Hurricane Mesa, for a test site for developing and perfecting, at super-sonic speed, the safe ejection of our pilots. They had a mile and a quarter length track that ended with a water brake. At first they used live monkeys and then had very sophisticated "dummies," all known by the name of Hurricane Sam. Each year they would have to spend quite a bit of time and manpower to realign the track because of freezing. Steve Lowell, Cal's boss who came with the company from California, told his superiors at one point: "Well, I don't know how to fix it, and you don't know how to fix it, but I've got a man that can fix it." He turned it over to Cal Wright, and it was remedied, and then he called Cal's wife, Zona, and told her what he had said about her husband.

The dummies were ejected from the sleds with beautiful silk parachutes, but sometimes Cal would come home from work and say, "Well, Sam died today."—meaning the dummy didn't make a very safe landing. Note: Zona made their youngest daughter Roxie's wedding dress out of the discarded white parachutes.

One bad accident they had on the Mesa was when DuRell Covington was killed by a rocket that misfired. What a tragedy. His son Garth was Richard and Rondo's classmate. He left a wife and several children.

Coleman Engineering did a lot of good for this country while they were operating. They paid more, and even though it's not the same company, they still shoot a test about once a month. It gave many locals their first good job with benefits and a regular pay check—much better dividends than farming.

Richard: Well, and they had some guys that were raised in this country that knew how to gear with the weather. Darwin Slack was testing the proper power on a generator; why, he didn't need a meter. He'd just feel the vibration with his hands, and he'd check it and say, "That's about right."

Some of the locals who worked on the Mesa were: Darwin Ballard, Cecil Dutton, Darwin Slack (worked getting power from the river to the mountain), and Bill Slack (worked with the generator), and a Hardy from LaVerkin, and others. When Coleman was closing down, Dorothy Ballard made a nice book with some grand memories in it. It is called The Mesa That Roars, and they made some CDs.

Zona Wright pictured with some of her treasures

ARIZONA STRIP: Excerpts from Zona Ruesch Wright's History

The thing that rings my memory most about our Antelope Springs, Arizona, life were the good, caring people with whom we associated. We were on one of the main roads which gave access to some of the further out places such as Bundyville and Langs Run, the sheep camps, and best of all the open range which we all had access to in those days.

We were all friends. Although we lived very primitively, we were never cold and not hungry, because we knew the value of a "good days work" and helping one another.

The weary cowhand was never turned away from a meal or a bed. It was wonderful. We cared. We really cared. We lived my favorite scripture: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Sheila: Grandpa Ruesch taught us, "The door is always open. The latch string is on the outside."

Some of Cal Wright's Favorite Things

Place Names of the Arizona Strip

(Mostly from interview with David W. Ruesch, 29 Feb 2004)
(Also talked to Paul McCormick and Knell Parker, 9 March 2004)

Rock Canyon — Before the road through Pipe Spring and Fredonia was graded and improved, most of the tourists trying to get to the Grand Canyon North Rim drove out the dirt road that goes from Gould's Wash to Antelope. Water was more frequently running in that wash than it has in the past 50 years, and hence, it moved more rocks and sand into the crossing. The rancher, Will Ruesch, who lived just 3 or 4 miles south, and within view of the hills by the canyon, was frequently called upon to unstick the tourists. He possibly named the place or at least re-enforced the name of Rock Canyon.

Bull Rush — So-named because of the vegetation growing therein. One story told to their children by the ranchers: Wild cows would come in from the Strip to eat and drink, get un-constipated from the alkali water, and rush out. Another story was that the cows would come in to drink, and the bull would chase them back out.

Yellowstone — The sandstone in the area was yellow in color. Various people mined it for their patios and pathways. The area became known as Yellowstone.

Hack's Canyon — It's southeast of Clayhole Wash, a draw that goes into Kanab Creek.

Langs Run — A family named Lang lived there while they were chasing Mustangs. Earl Presley and Bill Shanley lived nearby. Gold was supposedly found there in the1930s or before.

Antelope — A small herd of antelope was seen in that vicinity back near the turn of the century. They were all killed off for well over 70 years; now they have been re-introduced. In the 1920s when a post office was being run at Antelope by Mattie W. Ruesch for the 230 residents of the Strip, it was called Lopeante. The letters were postmarked Lopeante, a word-play on Antelope.

Flat Top Mountain — So named because it has a flat top, it is surrounded by rocky drop-offs except at one end. In the early part of the 20th century, the cattlemen built a slight fence across the end where it is accessible so they could round up the cattle, put them on top, and not have to stay up all night herding or guarding them.

Nail Canyon — The canyon where Big Springs is located was named after a family named Naegle; when translated from the native tongue, it came out Nail.

Kitchen's Pocket — Named after the Kitchen family of Kanab.

Clayhole Wash and Indian Cave — Both were at Ruesch's Antelope Springs ranch.

(Connie Reed at the Forest Service has a collection of facts about local place names.)

Visit with Clyde Bradshaw about Smith Mesa (Sunday, March 10, 2019)

I spent most of the time, if not with Dad, with Richard and Rondo, doing work on the place, then we'd go to the dry wash and roll rocks.

Pine gum was good for healing stuff. My mom would gather it.

I helped Dad plant melons and squash. We planted regular red watermelons and banana and winter crookneck squash. Clint Isom raised good melons down on Cole Pits. It rained better back when dad was runnin' it than when I did.

We had a one-room cabin with a stove, table, and bed. It's been torn down. When I go up now, I sleep in my pick-up.

We had the School Section, but Dad lost it during the depression. It went to Leo Bringhurst, then to Flint Wright.

Sheila said her mom, Zona, looked forward to Leila's visits. It was a mile away, but as neighbors they would walk to be sure the other was okay and share a meal or something they had baked.

We seldom went up in the winter. Dad didn't drive, so we rode up with someone else, Cal or Flint, or once in a while with one of E.J. Graff's employees. Dad took me up a time or two on horseback. I remember more coming down. I rode in the back of the truck.

Dad raised chickens and pigs downtown and had a milk cow. We'd bring them down in the winter. Dad would milk the cow, but when he was gone, I'd milk.

Richard recalled when Clarence was coming down the mountain once, he went too fast and too sharp around a turn and tipped the trailer of wood over. Flint came along and helped him set the trailer upright and pick up the wood and get it back on the trailer.

Story: Dad and I were going somewhere on a horse and came upon a porcupine in a tree. Dad went back to get his gun; he felt it important to kill them. He worried about them eating a hole in the grain sack. Richard added that if that happened, then the cows would get their noses full of quills.

Alice Isom Gubler Stratton

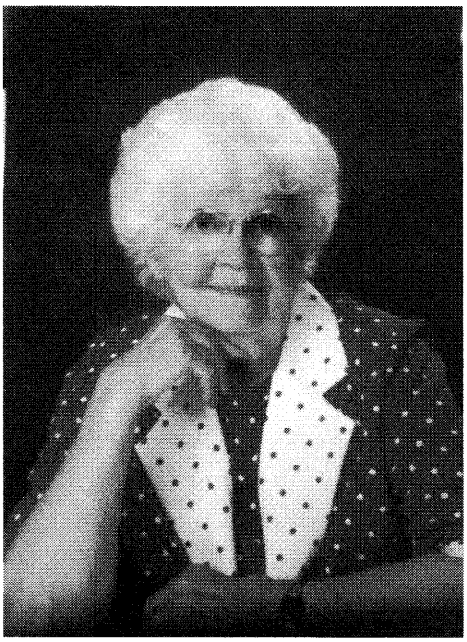
By Lolene Gubler Gifford
08 April 2019

Our home was a happy one. On winter mornings when we were small, we were awakened by the sound of Mama shaking the ashes down in the kitchen stove. After the kitchen fire was made, she started a fire in the living room stove. Soon there was a warm spot for us to race to after we had dressed in the arctic zone upstairs. It is hard to visualize, unless you've been there, how cold a house can get during the night when the last whisper of heat dies with the dying embers after the family has gone to bed.

Papa couldn't chop wood, so that chore fell mostly to Mama and my older sisters. Try as I would, I could never swing an ax good enough to make the chips fly. And speaking of chips, they were mighty important. Without them, kindling a fire was difficult. Mama claimed to be the world's champion chip sifter.

Flickering firelight lent to the coziness of winter evenings. That, and our one kerosene lamp, furnished our lights. Some of our neighbors were "two-lamp families."

At supper time, Mama often went to the pantry for more bread or milk, taking the lamp with her. The living room moved with weird shadows as she left, and then was dark. It was a dark dark. There were no street lights or car lights to filter in from the outside. The only outside lights were stars or moon or lightning. On drizzling nights, nothing. The only way to comprehend real darkness is to crowd into a tunnel and feel your way around the bend. When Mama carried the lamp into the back part of the house, the living room was too dark to even talk. We sat around the table smothered in black velvet silence until the long, funny shadows backed away at her approach.



Alice Isom Gubler Stratton

Shadows were an animated part of winter evenings. With our fingers and hands, we made shadow pictures on the walls of dogs, horses, rabbits, and cats. With the lamp positioned just right, our animals would wiggle their ears, twitch their noses, or bark. Actually they were quite classical.

Shadow games were popular at parties. The boys sat in a dark room, and the girls were in a room with the lamp. A sheet hung over the doorway in between. Pantomiming in front of the lamplight, the girls cast silent shadows on the sheet. Each boy picked out his partner for the next game by identifying her shadow.

One night Mama and Papa were invited out. It was the only night I can recall being home without them. We actually had a whole, unsupervised evening to ourselves. When Mama and Papa came home, there, boldly traced in charcoal on the white front room walls, were the silhouettes of all of us. Our task the next day was to wash the walls.

The early years in the house that Papa built were probably much the same as that of the first settlers in America. We were on the very tail end of an era. I marvel that I should have been privileged to live the old life style before the world exploded into the new. Hurricane had no electricity, no pipeline, no automobiles, and only one telephone. Airplanes, radios, etc., were undreamed of so far as we were concerned.

But Hurricane did have one modern marvel. In March of 1914 Charlie Petty opened a moving picture show hall. It was run by a gasoline motor. When they cranked it up, the "putt, putt, putt" could be heard all over town. Mama let me go one night with my sisters Annie, Kate, and Mildred. They had to pay a nickel, but I was only four, so I got in free. The picture trembled and flickered a lot. Men in white overalls were painting a house. Charlie Chaplin, with his funny duck walk, blundered beneath the ladder, and a bucket of paint fell upside down over his head. I cried and ran home, but my sisters stayed. They laughed at me when they got home and said I shouldn't have left because no one really got hurt, it was only a picture.

In contrast to Grandma Isom's house of old English finery, the house that Papa built had bare, pine board floors. Mama braided scatter rugs to make it homey. Uncle Jake Crawford made our dining table. It's the same drop-leaf table that stands in the front room of the old home today. After Uncle Jake sanded, stained, and varnished it, it gleamed like a mirror. The lounge, desk, and the wash stand where the water bucket and wash basin stood, were made by John Hinton, a furniture maker from England. Our few rawhide-bottomed chairs were made by my great grandfather, Samuel Kendall Gifford. Our iron bedsteads and other chairs were freighted by team from the railroad depot at Lund, Utah, and probably came from Sears & Roebuck. The desk was a two-pieced affair, the bottom part standing high enough for me and my sisters to play paper dolls under. The sloped lid covered a bin where catalogs, or anything else we wanted to get out of sight, could be stashed. The top part had doors that concealed pigeonhole compartments and stood so tall that the whole of it towered above the living room.

One blustery day I climbed up on the lounge to look out the window. A man sauntered down the sidewalk past our white picket fence. "Mama, who is the man?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied.

Craning my neck to get another look at him, I thought, "Oh my, he must have come from the other side of the earth. He must be from China." Never before had I seen anyone that Mama didn't know. In Hurricane, everyone knew everyone.

A chill autumn wind was scattering the poplar leaves. Barefoot days were over. Will and Maude Savage of LaVerkin drove up to our gate in a buckboard and delivered a woven rag carpet to us. We'd never had such a luxury before because it took many rags and many rag bees to tear, sew, and wind enough balls for a carpet. This was our one and only. Will's Aunt Adelaide was the weaver, and his mother, Mary Ann, the rag inspector. Adelaide wouldn't weave anything that might make the carpet lumpy. (Adelaide and Mary Ann had walked all the way from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Salt Lake when they were little girls, and their mother Ann pushed a handcart.)

Mama piled wheat straw on the living room floor, and the new carpet was stretched tightly over it and tacked down. Edith and I tumbled and bounced upon it. The floor was so springy that I felt like I was walking with bent knees. So let the wind scatter the poplar leaves. The house was snug and cozy.

In the springtime, when the apricot tree was in bloom, our new carpet was taken up. This was part of the spring-cleaning ritual for these were the days before vacuum cleaners. We swept with a straw broom. On Saturdays, to make the carpet nice for Sunday, the broom was dipped in a bucket of water then shaken. The damp straw picked up extra dirt and kept the dust down. And now, with sunshine spilling everywhere, the carpet was pulled out and hung over the clothes line to be beaten clean and stored for winter. The straw that had been shiny gold last fall was pulverized to powder to be swept out and burned. The hush of winter's insulation was gone, and the bright scrubbed room echoed as merrily as the sparrows in the currant bushes.

Mama and Papa had a feather tick on top of their shuck tick. When we piled into their bed, we almost sunk out of sight. Our beds were crackly corn shucks.

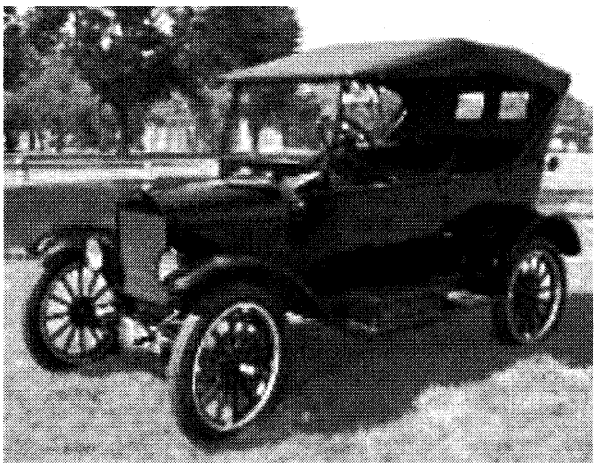
Man-Made Marvels
1916

It didn't seem right to not be going to the ranch, but summers in Hurricane brought new discoveries. I learned that July fruit is not always bruised. When Uncle Ren's boys brought apricots and peaches to Kolob, the fruit arrived bruised, oozy brown and delicious. I thought it grew that way and I loved the bruises.

Hurricane had been celebrating Peach Days since 1913, but this year was our first time. The fruit was spread under the shade of the trees on tables made of planks. Melons, peaches, apples, plums, and grapes were heaped high. People even came from Cedar and St. George in their wagons. Indians pitched their camp north of town. This was a two-day celebration. On the afternoon of the second day, the melons were cut, and everyone ate the fruit display. How jolly it was! Dozens of wagons, with teams tied to the side of them, were parked on the north end of main street where Marzel Covington lives today. Horseshoe pitching and other sports were in progress when, from somewhere in the direction of LaVerkin, a strange roaring and popping was heard. The horses moved uneasily, snorting and tossing their manes. Then a chugging vehicle appeared, laying a trail of dust, puffing clouds of smoke from its rear. Wild eyed, the horses reared on their hind legs and squealed. Men hung onto the horses' halters to calm them. The vehicle came to a stop where the crowd was the thickest.

"It's an automobile, an automobile," some kid shrilled.

Wow! If we'd been on Kolob, I might never, never have seen one! It made a terrible noise and smelled awful, but it ran without horses. Wagon covers and buggy tops were white, but this vehicle was black-topped. The wheels had wooden spokes, were smaller than wagon wheels, and had rubber tires.



Mr. Fox owned the car, and he offered to take passengers for 10 cents a mile. Five people could ride at a time. Grandma gave each of us a dime, and I sat in the front seat by Mr. Fox. All the way to the flour mill and back, I sized up the car's interior. It had isinglass windows rolled up like

blinds and a bristling coco mat on the floor. Mr. Fox had a mole on his right cheek with three hairs sticking out. Maybe that is why they called him Mr. Fox. My, how I wished I had another dime!

In September I went to the Beginners in the same room with the First Grade. My sisters went to school in the Church House and in the Relief Society building, but we were in Robb Stratton's building that was supposed to be a store, on the corner of what is now 112 West and State. You had to be seven to go to the First Grade. My cousin Josephine Spendlove was our teacher.

Coming home from school each day, we walked past the loafers, or what some folks called the Spittin' an' Whittlin' Club. The front of, or the side of Charlie Petty's store, depending on the season, the wind or the sun, was the gathering place for the farmers. After school, we'd pass them, leaning against the store, or squatting on their heels, enjoying the afternoon break before chore time. Some of my playmates used to stop and beg their dads for nickels. Impressed, I decided to try it.

"Papa, can I have a nickel?" I asked, expecting him to say no. Instead, he dug into his pocket and handed me one. I felt sheepish. I didn't really want the nickel.

Walking into the store, I surveyed the jars of hard tack candy and the packages of gum. I couldn't spend the money on something that would be eaten up and forgotten, so I bought a yard of inch wide, red, white and blue striped ribbon that I took to my room. Occasionally I'd spread it across my lap or thoughtfully run it between my fingers.

A fun pastime was making up little plays and charging ten pins for the ticket. One afternoon we noticed the door to the wooden church house ajar, an open invitation to go on stage. We'd just cast the parts to Red Riding Hood when Clark West's frame filled the doorway. He was the janitor. With the terrible voice of authority, he demanded to know why we were there. I was scared. He stood with his feet wide, and I observed how long his legs were and how much room there was between, so in a sudden burst of longing for freedom, I darted between his legs and ran home.

Meat markets and refrigeration didn't exist. Grandma and Papa had cattle "on the range," and when a beef was butchered, the word was spread through town. Papa always had his beef animal done in the early morning before the flies awoke, and people came from all over town with their little pans to buy a cut of fresh meat. We usually ended up with the heart and the liver. Mama stuffed the heart. We called it "Yorkshire Pudding," but it was more like sage dressing than a pudding. Trying to eat the liver is what made a vegetarian out of me.

Thanksgiving Day, plank and saw-horse tables were set up in the church house and covered with snowy white tablecloths. People came in buggies and wagons, bringing their good food and pretty dishes. We walked through the ankle deep snow. My feet were soaked and my toes ached, but nothing could dim the joy of the comfy community Thanksgiving I can remember.

Grownups had a good thing going in those days. They expected total respect from young folks, and they seemed to get it. An oft-repeated axiom was, "Children should be seen and not heard." This was simply a matter of discipline. Also, it was an accepted custom that at any large dinner, grownups ate first.

A few days after Thanksgiving, my sisters brought their baking powder cans tinkling with pennies and nickels and dumped them out onto the table to be counted. Wide-eyed, I watched and listened to their chatter about paying tithing. I didn't have any nickels or pennies. I didn't even have an empty baking powder can, but I knew a little about tithing. I had seen the loads of tithing hay being hauled to the tithing barn, and I had watched Mama push the firm, yellow butter from the wooden mold onto the wrapper for "tithing butter." And our chickens laid "tithing eggs."

"Mama, when can I pay tithing?" I asked.

Mama's dough-covered hands stopped still in the big pan where she was mixing bread. She looked at me for a long minute, then smiled. "My goodness, you are getting to be a big girl, aren't you? Why of course you want to pay tithing."

After the dough was washed from her hands, she said, "Come with me."

I followed her to the chicken runs where she scattered a little wheat. Greedily, the chickens flocked around her, and she slipped her hands over the wings of a young, black rooster.

"Here," she said, handing him to me, "Hold him while I tie his legs."

From a bunch of used binding twine that hung on the corral fence, she selected a short piece. Securing the rooster's legs, she said, "You've been a good girl to help feed the chickens, so you can take this rooster to Bishop Isom for tithing."

My sisters giggled at the rooster squirming in my arms as I announced I was going to the bishop's with them. I hugged my rooster as we walked the six blocks to his house, and the rooster chuckled back at me.

When Bishop Samuel Isom saw us coming through his gate, his front door opened wide. His ample front was made for hugging children, and his big mustache made his laugh seem extra jolly.

Seeing the rooster he asked, "Ho, ho, what's this?"

"He's a tithing rooster," I announced.

"Ah, he's a fine one," the bishop said, taking the chicken from me and setting him on the porch.

The bishop sat at his roll-top desk, and my sisters paid him their nickels and pennies, and he made out our receipts. As he handed them to us, he gave us each a loving pat.

"Will you please read my receipt for me?" I asked, looking up at him.

"Gladly," he replied. Taking it from me, he read, "Alice Isom has voluntarily contributed to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, one rooster."

I tingled all over. The Church was so big and I was so small; still, I had contributed to it!

When we got home, Mama gave me an empty Mentholatum jar. "You can keep your tithing money in this from now on," she said.

The jar was shiny and warm from the scrubbing she had given it, scrubbing off the label. The translucent milk white glass was beautiful to me. I loved that Mentholatum jar and used it all through my childhood.

Eggs were considered a woman's petty cash. Women tended the hens and turned surplus eggs in to the store for "scrip." There were tithing eggs and Sunday eggs. The two-roomed Relief Society building was built with Sunday eggs.

No squirrel ever stored more diligently for winter than Grandma did. In our granary she kept a forty-gallon wooden barrel with grapes pickled in molasses and water, and one for pickling corned beef, and one filled with brine for cucumbers. All winter she dipped into these barrels, doling out goodies into her little brass bucket for us to take to her friends. On Saturdays or after school, she would send me pattering across town with the shiny little bucket, taking her offerings to Grandma Spendlove or Grandma and Grandpa Hinton or to Albert Stratton or Lizzie Lee.

Discipline

Even though Grandma and Papa did most of the discipling, there were times when Mama took a hand, and when she did, she made it good. She wouldn't tolerate our quarreling or fighting. If two of us got into a scrap, she cut three willows, one for each of us and one for herself.

Raising her stick, she'd say, "All right, if you two want to fight, you're going to do it right. Now you hit each other or I'll hit you."

My arm would go weak in the elbow. I couldn't begin to lift my stick. Looking at my sisters, then back at Mama, I'd whimper, "I don't want to fight."

"Do as you're told and hit each other," she would demand.

We'd be sniveling by now. "We don't want to fight," we'd howl.

"Then kiss each other and behave yourselves."

Kissing each other was the worst punishment of all, but it was either that or the tingling of the willow. Usually it was the latter. But Mama didn't have to use this method on us often. It was drastic enough to make for lasting peace.

World War I and Armistice
1918

During all of the excitement of Hurricane growing, and our family growing, Grandma still kept us posted about the war with Germany. We heard about, saw, and felt the effects daily. Every man between the ages of twenty-one and thirty had to register for military service. Looking back, I don't see how our country could have had a jaunty air about going overseas. Our soldiers joked and laughed and sang, making the war appear to be a romantic adventure.

In every little church house in every little town, farewell parties were held. The entire town gathered for the farewell party when the first boys left Hurricane. Sweethearts and mothers were in tears. I remember Josephine Spendlove, Mattie Segler, and Annie Workman, sweethearts of Elmer Wood, Ren Spendlove, and Claud Hirschi. The girls were dressed in sheer blouses, and their lacy camisoles with tiny pink or blue ribbon bows showed through. They looked so romantic to me. Through their smiles, they shed just enough tears to make the occasion sweet and sad, and I got a lump in my heart.

In 1917, the Hurricane and LaVerkin towns bought water rights from Toquerville, and both towns began to look something like Northern France. With picks and shovels, men dug trenches down every street. But these were not grim trenches like the ones in France. These were happy ones where kids could race, whooping and laughing and hollering, after the workers had gone home for the day. What fun we had until it was discovered what a lot of dirt we were

knocking down for the men to shovel out again, and then we were forbidden to play in the trenches anymore.

In the trenches, wooden pipes with wire coiled around them were buried, and by January 1918 water flowed through them. We had a tap under the cherry tree close to the kitchen door. Up to this time we drank "cistern" water. Papa owned a cistern in with Uncle Lew and Uncle Marion. It was built just below the canal. It had boards over the top to keep kids and critters from falling in, but every little while it had to be cleaned to get rid of polliwogs, snakes, snails, and moss. Cistern water was piped to the corral, and the cow's trough was slick and green. With the new water system, our drinking water was no longer murky, but crystal clear, and the taste took some getting used to. People called it "Toquer-Bloat."

The day Grandma gave me 10 cents so I could ride in a car to the flour mill, I never dreamed that someday there would actually be car owners in Hurricane, but Dr. Wilkinson bought one. And then Walter Stout bought a car, and finally Ira Bradshaw, making three cars in Hurricane. Brother Bradshaw said a car couldn't have come to Hurricane until the convicts made a road, taking out the rocks and patching over the sand at the Black Ridge.

Forty convicts with teams had been assigned by the Governor of Utah four years ago to build roads in Washington County. They had finally reached Hurricane, setting up camp below the canal, two blocks north of us. The convicts sold pretty little hand-crafted things. Annie had a pincushion made from a Mentholatum jar covered with tiny sea shells. The cushion part was blue velvet.

The day I turned eight years old, Aunt Ellen Spendlove sent me a cup of molasses so I could make some candy. I was born on her birthday. Mama and Uncle Ren climbed the canal bank with me and my sisters, and a cluster of playmates followed us through the willows. Uncle Ren baptized me in the canal, then he and Mama went back down the hill, and we stayed to swim in our old dresses. The only time Mama let us swim in the canal was on the Fourth and Twenty-fourth of July and on my birthday.

In August, when the peaches were cut and spread on planks to dry, the pits were saved to make carbon for gas masks. All of our nation's industries were thrown into the war effort. Even our dinner tables were supposed to feel the effects, but the only awareness I had of this was verbal. We were urged to eat less so we could send more to our soldiers. Recipes for eggless, sugarless cakes and for all kinds of substitutions were published. Mama already knew all about substitutions. She could make something out of nothing. Women knitted socks, mittens, and sweaters, and all of our wool scraps were made up into quilts to send overseas. We chanted a jingle about that from the Deseret News. I've forgotten some of the words, but it went something like this:

My beds they are sheetless, my stockings are feetless,
My pants they are seatless today.
My meals they are meatless, my food it is sweetless,
I'm getting more eatless each day.

There were a number of verses, each one ending with "Oh, how I hate the Kaiser!"

The scream of mortar shells became real, and telegrams bringing sad news began reaching home. The heart of the nation was reflected in their music.

The first of September my sisters and I went to the dry farm with Papa and Whit Spendlove to gather corn. Papa drove the wagon down the rows, and we pulled the ears and threw them in. At night we slept on the floor of the little camp house. I was on the outer edge of the bed, and the covers didn't reach. The floor was hard, the night cold, and coyotes howled. My aching, freezing bones, the eeriness of the mournful howling, and the weird shadows cast by the moonlight was combined misery, terror, and tingling joy of adventure. In a happy sort of way I suffered.

At home the corn was piled in front of the barn and we shucked it. How good it was to dump last year's dilapidated corn husks from our shuck ticks and fill them with fresh ones. The first night sleeping on a newly filled shuck tick is exotic. The crisp shucks crunch and crackle, and the sweet of aroma of the corn field fills the room, making sleep serene.

Iantha and I were playing upstairs in our northwest bedroom on a Sunday afternoon (September 22, 1918). A shot was heard. Startled, we ran to the window. Then came another, and another. "The Germans are shooting at us," I cried. As the din became a deafening roar, we saw hail stones as big as peach pits peppering the ground. Because we were so war-conscious, even this terrible storm seemed German sent. With the first lull, Iantha ran home. Soon she was back, her face drained of all color.

"Eldon Workman just got killed," she breathlessly exclaimed. Eldon was Eloise's brother. The sky hung low and gloomy. A melancholy pall settled over me.

"Come and see where he died," Iantha said.

Trembling, I took her hand, and we pattered down the muddy street to the tall power pole with the transformer on it, by Petty's Store. In the soft, wet dirt at the foot of the pole was the outline where Eldon had fallen. The hail storm had disrupted the power, and Eldon had climbed the pole to restore it. In my mind, he, too, was a World War casualty.

The news reported thousands who were killed in France and thousands more who died of disease or were wounded. Our country was brought to her knees. President Wilson asked the nation to fast and pray for peace.

That fast day was the longest day of my life. We had always fasted on fast day, but not so long as this. Mama said we could eat after the sun went down. I was starved, and the setting sun hung for hours just above the peach trees before it finally sunk out of sight. Not too long after this, the Armistice was signed.

At 11:00 a.m. on November 11, 1918, the news that the war was over was flashed around the world. The United States and all of the Allied countries celebrated. In Hurricane, the church bell rang continuously for hours, and the few car owners honked and honked their horns. People cheered and whistled shrill glad whistles. Soon after that, our soldier boys returned home.

But war leaves its scar. Not all of the boys came home, but all of the ones that I'd seen leave came back. The big scar we felt was the Spanish Influenza. It broke out first in Europe but had reached America by the fall of 1918. By the last of October, the Church had closed its temples. The schools, churches, and show halls were closed. The only public gathering in Hurricane was the crowd outside the post office at Aunt Molly Hall's. After the mail was sorted, she handed it out the window as each person stepped forward. Everyone wore gauze masks.

Anyone caught on the streets without one was subject to arrest. This year, because of the influenza, there would be no town Christmas party.

Christmas Eve, a neighbor left a little pine tree on our front porch. We didn't always have a tree because we couldn't go after our own. When we did have one, it couldn't be decorated until after supper because it had to be set up in the middle of the table. The decorations were polished apples, strings of popcorn, and small twisty candles clipped to the tips of the branches with metal candle holders.

Papa was the water tax collector and the stray pen keeper, and our meals were constantly interrupted with people paying taxes or being mad because someone had put their animals in the stray pen. We ate in the front room, and I felt self-conscious about people looking on.

Brother Roundy and his family lived through the block from us. In the springtime when he was plowing, we used to crawl through the fence, racing over the fresh-turned soil.

"Tell us a story, Brother Roundy," we would beg. He'd tie the horse's reins to the plow handle and sit in the furrow with us and tell us "injun" stories from the Book of Mormon. He had other talents, too. He could charm a toothache away or buy our warts for a nickel and make them disappear.

After school was out, Mama let Edith and me go to Cedar with Brother Roundy and his boy Karl in their stripped down, topless Model T. We had never been to Cedar before. The road over the Black Ridge was narrow, steep and rocky. We were impressed with "dead-man's hollow" and a dream gold mine. Every turn in the road came alive with Brother Roundy by our side. Once over the ridge, the car coughed, sputtered, then died. It was out of gas. Relieved, Brother Roundy sighed, "Ive been praying for the past five miles that we could stop. The gas feed was stuck and couldn't slow down." We were probably doing at least twenty miles per hour.

Karl went on foot to a ranch house on a scrub oak flat. A light mist of rain began to fall, so Brother Roundy drew us into his arms and told us "injun" stories. After awhile Karl returned with a quart bottle of gas he had found in the ranch house. Lifting the hood he poured it into the carburetor. The car sputtered and shook, but that was all.

Brother Roundy sniffed at the empty bottle. "Coal oil," he said.

Again Karl hiked through the brush. It was dusk when he returned with a white horse. With a rope they hitched it to the car, and the horse pulled us on to Ren Roundy's ranch house. "Ren's playhouse," they called it because it was so small.

Ren and his sisters, Reva, Reba, and Anise were there. They fed us sour dough biscuits and fried mutton and bedded us down. Five of us slept cross-wise on one bed. The night was long, cold, and crowded. The next morning the horse pulled the car on to Kanarra.

Brother Roundy's oldest daughter, Sarah Sylvester, fixed breakfast for us and combed Edith's and my long tangled hair. She kept sending me to the ditch to dip the comb until she got us braided slick for the rest of the journey. The round trip to Cedar took us three days, mostly just chugging along.

In the fall we helped Mama dig the carrots, turnips, and parsnips and put them in a straw-lined pit covered with boards. She gave us some to sell so we could earn a little money. By peddling to the neighbors, selling my vegetables for 5 cents a bunch, I earned 30 cents. Feeling rich, I skipped to the drug store and bought six packages of gum. After I got outside, a feeling of

guilt overpowered me. I had squandered my money, not even saving 3 cents for tithing, so I returned the gum.

Jean McAllister was my third grade teacher. She was my romantic ideal until one fateful morning after the opening exercises, she said, "Everyone turn to the left and put your feet in the aisle." Pointing at me she boomed, "Alice Isom, there are plenty of shoe buttons, darning needles, and carpet warp in this world. You'd better see that your shoes have all their buttons on by tomorrow morning."

The kids tittered and my eyes smarted with self-conscious tears. I tucked my sloppy feet back under my desk. Each saggy shoe top was held up by only two buttons where there should have been eight. That night I not only sewed on the buttons but turned a stove lid upside down, and with spit and a rag I sooted my shoes. And Miss McAllister became a human being in my sight from that day on.

Fall was butchering time. The big fat pig that had been slurping our dishwater all summer, and that had greedily climbed up the side of the pen for the ears of corn, had become a personal acquaintance by now. I had no particular love for him, but I didn't want him killed, either. When the black tub was steaming over the fire and the boards for scraping the pig were arranged over the saw horses and George Spendlove arrived, Mildred and I figured it was shooting time, so we ran down into the dark cellar and crouched on the floor with our fingers in our ears. We didn't want to hear the fatal shot, but we kept one finger a little loose in one ear so we would know when it was safe to stop not listening.

As Christmas approached, I rooted through the sacks of scraps and rags Mama had stored upstairs. Rag bags and their doll-making possibilities fascinated me. As I rooted, I ran on to two orange-colored glass bowls that glinted with a transparent golden sheen. Transfixed, I held them up to the light. How beautiful they were. One was rounded in at the top like a crystal ball, and the other had a fluted top like a petunia. My eyes were dazzled with their exquisite beauty. Where did they come from, and who did they belong to, I wondered. Excitedly I started from the room to show everyone what I had found, when Kate met me in the hall.

"Quick, take them back where you got them from," she whispered.

"But guess where I found them?" I cried.

"I know. Annie and I hid them there," she answered. "We bought them for Mama for Christmas."

As Aladdin gathered rubies, diamonds, sapphires, and amethysts in the underground garden, or as Dorothy and her friends were dazzled by the brilliancy of the Emerald City in the land of Oz, the enchantment has remained. Always before, Christmas gifts to Mama had been useful, like stockings or an apron. But ornamental glass! What a surprise!

Reference: Look to the Stars by Alice Isom Gubler Stratton

Education and Schools in the Early Days of Hurricane

By Margene Holt – Wayne Hinton's Daughter

8 April 2019

The first family to settle in Hurricane was the Thomas Maurice Hinton family in March of 1906. In the fall of 1906, my grandparents, Bernard and Isabel Hinton were the eleventh family to come when my father was 10 months old. During 1907, approximately 15 to 20 families settled in Hurricane. By 1910, the census showed a population of 336.

Brief History of Schools in Hurricane

As in most Mormon communities, the establishment of a school was a high priority. This happened very quickly in this new town with the first school starting in the fall of 1906 in the home of Ira E. Bradshaw. There were approximately 15 students in the eight grades and one teacher, Jake Workman. Just a year later the number of students had doubled, and they now had two teachers. A year after that in 1908-09, they had three teachers.

The first public building, a church building, was completed in 1908. This building was built like a big warehouse – 40 feet wide, 90 feet long, with a steep slanting barn-type roof 25 feet high. By dividing it off with wires and fabric partitions, eight class spaces could be provided. By 1914, all the class spaces in this building, the Relief Society Building (built in 1912), and a vacant store were all being used for school.

In 1916, bids were advertised for the creation of a $32,000 school building. The county issued bonds for half, and the remaining $16,000 was donated by the citizens of Hurricane in cash, materials, and labor. In January 1918, the building was ready for use. It had steam heat, 10 classrooms, a gymnasium, and toilet facilities for boys and girls. There was a stage for plays and a balcony with a capacity of 200. Before this, there were three separate buildings, pot bellied stoves for heat, and outdoor toilets.

The ninth grade curriculum was added in 1918, and the tenth grade was added for the school year of 1920-21. The eleventh grade was added in 1925-26, and the 12th grade in 1927-28. Eleanor Isom was the first graduate, graduating all alone.

The student population was such that by 1924, a new school building was needed. Again, three separate buildings were being used to house the students. This was during the middle of the depression. A public works program was operating at the time to help with a 40% unemployment situation nationwide. The school district supplied the site and all the materials, the Federal Government supplied all the money, and the school was built under the WPA Program. It was started in 1935 and completed at Thanksgiving time in 1936, and the students attended after the holiday. It was heavenly to be separated from the elementary school and good for them, too.

In 1954-55, a new elementary school was built, the Fine Arts Building was added in 1962-63, and the new high school to the west a couple of blocks was built about 1974-75. This had a new gymnasium and about three classrooms, with an outdoor swimming pool. The students moved from one school to the other for their classes for several years until an office and more classrooms were added. The old high school was used as a middle school until 1991-92 when Hurricane Middle School was completed, and students in 7th, 8th, and 9th grades started attending on 200 West about 395 North.

Since that time Hurricane has turned the elementary school into a Community Center, demolished the old high school in February and March 2004, built a middle school for 8th and 9th graders, an intermediate school for 6th and 7th graders, three elementary schools, and totally rebuilt the new Hurricane High School in about 2012 or 2013. The school system in Hurricane has grown from 15 students in a home to six schools. In 2018-19 there were over 27,000 students in Washington County Schools.

Personal Experiences from Wayne Hinton

Because Wayne's birthday came in December, he couldn't start school until he was almost seven. They had a beginner's class in those days that was comparable to kindergarten today, but you couldn't start school until you were six.

"When September of 1912 came, I was afraid to go to school on the opening day—so my mother took me. I guess I wasn't so different, as most mothers take their children to school the first day. It seemed to me that I was especially dumb as I didn't know how to count and didn't know the alphabet. However, I had something else going for me as I could play ball and other athletic games better than most of the other boys." His first grade teacher was Hilda Stucki from Santa Clara. She was an excellent teacher and all the children loved her.

"In first grade we learned to add, which I could do better than most of the other students, and to read on a first grade level. I hated to read at home as it kept me from playing. However, Mama always sat me on the top step between the front room and kitchen and had me read every morning and night until I mastered my lessons. Throughout my life I have been mighty thankful that she did."

Wayne Hinton on far left and second row up

In second grade his teacher was Josephine Spendlove who he said had a way of rewarding students for their works that motivated them to do their very best. Because of her and his mother, he was able to become a top reader in his class. He would have loved to stay in her class forever, but when school was out, she got married, and he didn't like her husband for taking her away from school.

Importance of Good Teachers

Wayne's worst experience in school came in the third grade. He says the following about his teacher, "She was a slave driver with no imagination. She and I didn't get along well at all. She wanted absolute quiet and work all the time. There was no reward for being fast and no encouragement and direction for doing extra work. I spent half of the school year standing in a corner. After the first two or three bouts, I know I did things to aggravate her. Once I knocked the boys' hats out of a window. She had me go outside, retrieve the hats, and put them neatly back on the window sill. One of the boys in the class dared me to knock them out again. I accepted and out went the hats. I had to retrieve them again, but this time I was sent to the principal. He had me sit in front of the 8th grade class all afternoon. After school he talked to me for a long time. One of the things I remember he said was, 'What if I should get a stick and make you go through all your funny little tricks?' His threats didn't scare me too bad as it was only a month later that my teacher expelled me from school. I think the offense was tying the belt or apron strings of the principal's daughter to her desk. She sat immediately in front of me. This time I had to go to a school board member (Wilse Imlay) before I could go back to school. My mother saw to it that I went that very day. Mr. Imlay talked very kindly to me and gave me permission to return to school. Needless to say I was glad when that school year was out."

During that year he had dropped from the top of the class to near the bottom. Luckily, in the fourth grade he had an excellent teacher by the name of Miss Fannie Kleinman from Toquerville. She was kind, friendly, and fair and motivated her students to want to do their best. After a month or so under her supervision, he was back near the top.

"When I was a college student, I was riding the train from Delta to Cedar City. Lo and behold, who should I see but my old third grade teacher with an approximately year-old baby. It was crosser than a bear and meaner than sin. It was giving her all kinds of grief. She didn't recognize me, and I didn't make myself known to her. In fact, I was kind of pleased." Other wonderful teachers he talked about were William E. Woodbury, Minnie Pace, H. Val Hafen, Rulon Snow, Willard Nisson, and Mattie Ruesch.

My dad loved sports. When he was in the eighth grade, they had a basketball team that he played on. "We made one trip to St. George by way of Grapevine and Leeds. It took 2 hours to go to St. George. We played Friday evening. That night we stayed in homes of St. George players, and the next morning we played again. We had another 3 hour trip back to Hurricane. We lost both games."

In May of 1923, my dad graduated from the 10th grade at Hurricane High School—the highest grade it went to at that time. It was a proud and happy moment for 13 students.

In order to continue school, the students had to move away from home. St. George and Cedar were options, but they had to have a place to live since the trip at that time was 2 to 3 hours one way. My father was fortunate to have an aunt and uncle in Delta who opened their

home to him, and he was able to work for them on their farm to earn his board. While attending Delta High School, he was on the debate team, basketball team, and was Student Body President.

After college my dad was able to return to Hurricane and teach school there for many years. He says, "I enjoyed all my years of teaching. You don't get rich teaching, but your compensation is the association you have with the students and your colleagues, and that cannot be measured in money. I am not sorry that I have been a teacher. In fact, I am proud of it." (Most information was taken from Wayne Hinton's written History)

Early Hurricane Elementary School Principals:

Joseph Wittwer (1909-10)
Joseph Wilkinson (1911-12)
Joseph Wittwer (1912-13)
Morgan Edwards (1913-14)
Joseph Wittwer (1914-15)
Joseph Wilkinson (1915-16)
Irvin Harmon (1916-17)
Vivian Decker (1917-18)
A.L. Winsor (1918-19)
H. Val Hafen (1919-21)
Willard O. Nisson (1921-24)
Lorenzo Parker (1924-27)
Milton E. Moody (1928-29)
Glenn E. Snow (1928-32)
Leeman Bennett 1932-1938
Paul Gates (1938-42)
LaFell Iverson (1942-62)
Dennis Beatty (1963-90)

Early Hurricane High School Principals:

(During the first years, there was just one school with one principal.)

Leeman Bennett 1932-38
Maurice Nuttall 1938-58
J. Ordean Washburn 1958-61
David R. Pearce 1961-69

Recollections of Early Hurricane Celebrations (late 40s early 50s)

By Sheila Wright Dutton 13 May 2019

Most of the holiday celebrations like Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter were enjoyed by families celebrating together with nice dinners and visiting and with church programs. Later years brought city-sponsored Easter Egg Hunts for the children.

Horse races and rodeos were a big part of Hurricane's 4th and 24th of July and other occasions. Since we were a farming and ranching community, so many of our citizens were horsemen and women.

Hurricane and Parowan had the best race tracks in the area, and we looked forward to "The Races" several times a year. Many of our local "cowboys" owned horses, and quite a few of them kept at least one they could enjoy racing. Martin Sanders had great race horses.

Richard Lee said Cal Wright knew how to train horses, and if you could get one of Cal's horses, you would have a good rein. He also commented on all the work involved in putting on the races. He called it a "Headache."

The Hurricane Roping Club was organized and usually met at least once weekly to practice and sharpen their skills. They participated in rodeos, calf roping events, horse races, and trail rides—riding as a club, sometimes with families included, and sometimes in conjunction with neighboring community clubs.

Following is a partial list of members of the Hurricane Roping Club: Weldon Heaton, Mike Naegle, Stewart Lamb, Ward and Don Gibson, France Spendlove, Durrell and Darwin Ballard, Cleo Wood who helped organize and was one of the Charter Members, Del Naegle, Cal and Flint Wright, Darwin and Bill Slack, Leo, Robert, and Ashby (Hap) Reeve, Martin Sanders, Woodrow and Layne Jepson, Frank, Afton and Richard Lee, John Wadsworth, and Ferel Sullivan, an honorary member.

Flint Wright had matching pintos, and he and his brother Cal would carry the colors and lead the club in the parades. Woodrow Jepson and Ashby Reeve both had teams and wagons that they supplied for parades and other community activities such as Christmas caroling.

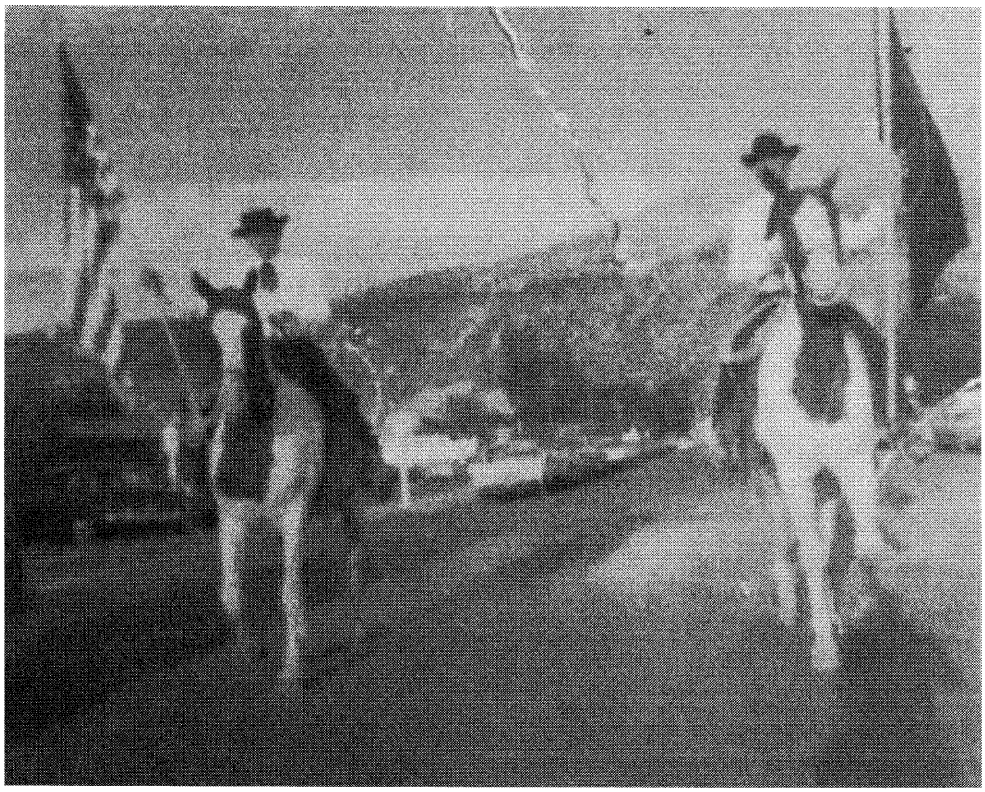
Members of the Roping Club helped build the rodeo facilities that are still standing on North 200 West next to the city swimming pool.

The old race track used to surround the rodeo arena. The property on the west of the arena, which included part of the track, was lost when the family that donated it reclaimed part of it for a subdivision. The track and part of the public seating was done away with.

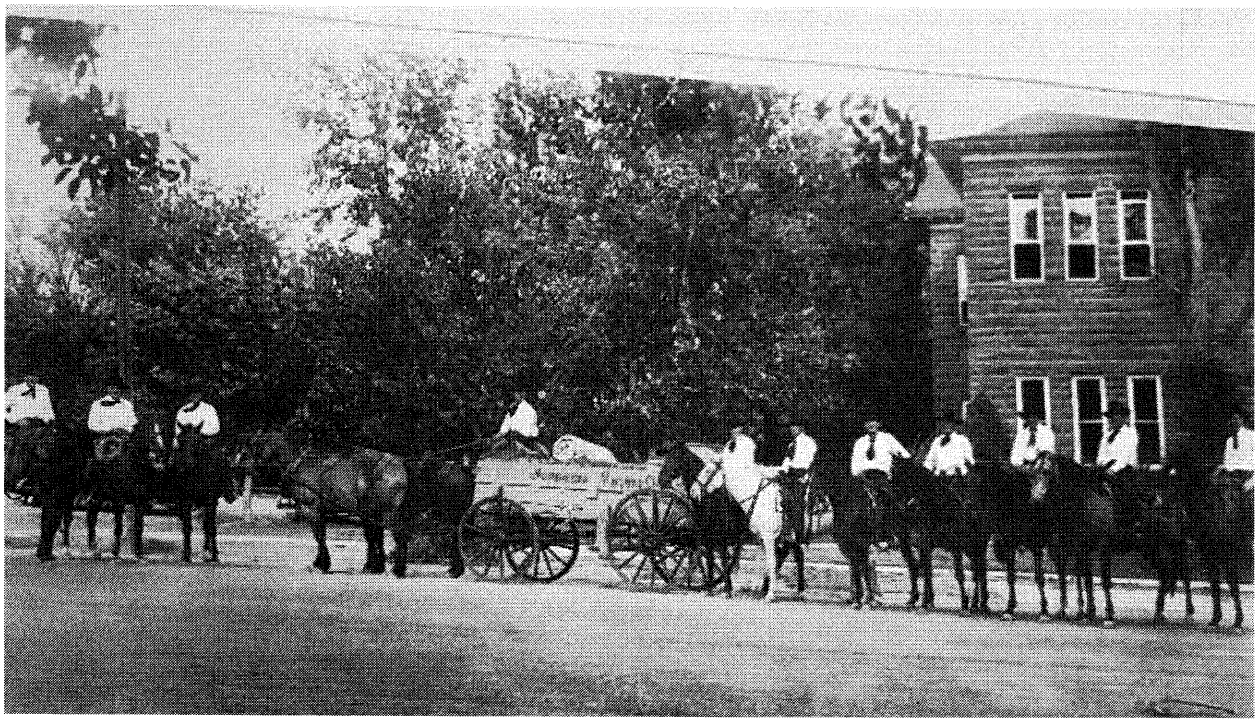
Everyone loved the rodeos. Family members, old and young, took part in the various events which included bucking, roping, and variety, like chicken and greased pig chases, and calf hide races.

Another local celebration was the Dixie Roundup each fall in St. George. Some Hurricane men participated. Darwin Slack would participate every year in the bull dogging.

Another yearly celebration enjoyed in Hurricane was the annual deer hunt at the end of October. For most, it was a family celebration and a time to fill the freezer with good healthy game. Many fun hours were spent hiking, hunting, and sitting around campfires eating and singing. As the Fish and Game made changes in buying tags to draws, the family hunts diminished.



Flint and Cal Wright on matching pintos



Hurricane Roping Club
In a Parade in St. George

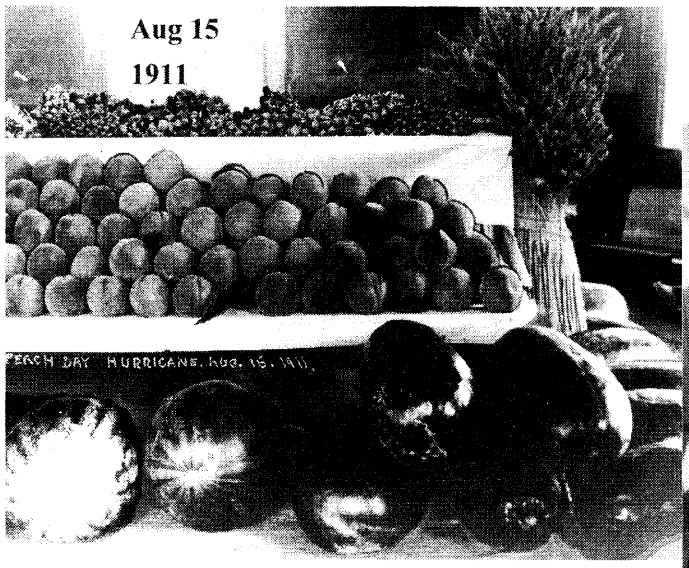
Hurricane Business from 1906 to . . .
"Watch Us Grow"
By Tom Hirschi

The Business of Fruit

Before we talk about all the early business in Hurricane, it is important to know that the first business was the produce those first residents grew—mostly fruit and nuts. By 1909, they held the first Elberta Days celebration to show off what they had accomplished. Water was available to the farmers by 1906. The first families started moving in, and the water reached the south fields by the following year. Soon they had raised enough produce to feed themselves, preserve for winter months, peddle to the north, and have a festival.

The farmers would leave home in their horse-drawn wagons and take their fresh and dried produce as far as Salt Lake City which was 400 miles north on very rough roads. Some of them would be gone for a month. They would trade for commodities like sugar, material to make clothes, shoes, and whatever they could not produce in Dixie.

Several Elberta peach trees were purchased and planted by the valley's newly formed Commercial Club in 1908. They battled many hungry rabbits as they nurtured these baby trees along. Frank Barber, who was an experienced nursery man from Centerville, Utah, came to Hurricane in 1907 and began cracking peach pits which he planted in the spring. He organized the Hurricane Nursery Company (later the Dixie Fruit and Produce Company). Frank became involved with the commercial club and as vice president organized the first fruit festival. It was held in 1909 in the Social Hall. The townspeople got involved and displayed their best fruits they had raised: Elberta peaches, grapes, and melons. (WCN)



The Businesses

1 The Bowery was on the northeast corner of the public block. It was probably one of the first things built in Hurricane. It had large tree limbs on at least all four corners with leafy branches placed on top to provide protection from the hot sun and somewhat protection from rain. Ira Bradshaw's house was the first house built, and school was held there. Amos Workman's home was used for church.

2 The Social Hall replaced the Bowery and was built in the winter through spring of 1908 on the northeast corner of the public block where the Bowery had been. It was a fine hall, being 32 feet wide and 70 feet long and would be used for all public gatherings. It had wire and curtains that divided it into eight rooms for classes. Once a school and church were built, this would be used exclusively for amusement. It had a stage for theater. Hurricane, at this time, was known as a branch of the Virgin Ward; later Samuel Isom became their first bishop when they became a ward of their own. Now they had a bonafide building. (WCN)

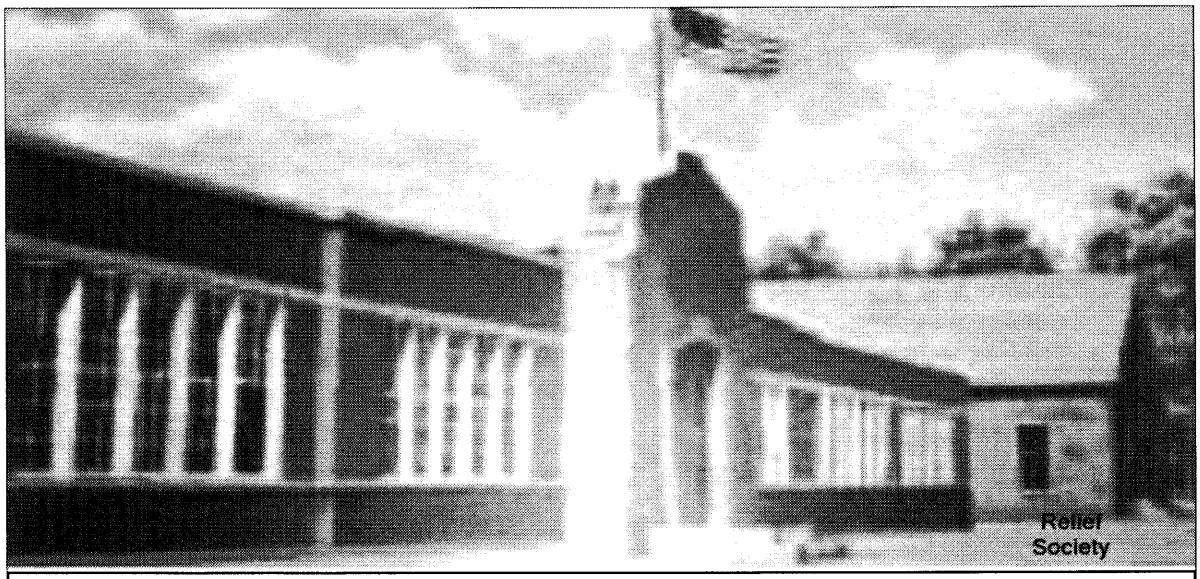
3 The Old White Church was Hurricane's first chapel. It was and still is referred to as the "White Chapel" and was located on the grounds at The Heritage Park. It was completed enough to begin holding meetings about 1937 or 1938. The local wards had not raised their 60% of funding so its full use was delayed somewhat. For example, a funeral was held late in December of 1940 in the cultural hall because the chapel was unavailable until the building was paid for. According to Willard Hirschi's history on his grandfather Kenneth Hirschi, Kenneth of Rockville and his brother David Hirschi each paid $500 to pay off the debt so the building could be dedicated on October 10, 1943. (Hurricane, Utah Stake History 1929-1995)

In addition to being a Stake Center, it also housed the North Ward and the Seminary program. It replaced the Social Hall. Seminary was held in the basement for a time. There were now two wards, the South Ward and the North Ward. The South Ward continued to attend their meetings in the old elementary. (Memories of Paula Hirschi Arriola)

4 The Library: Anna Jennings Wood, wife of Orin Wood, went to work to get a library in Hurricane. It was first housed in front of the Hurricane High School Shop building, then for a time in an office by Sandberg's Store. Then finally, the Hurricane City Library was built with sandstone hauled from nearby Berry Springs. It opened its doors February 5, 1940. It was located just west of the White Chapel and also served as the Hurricane City office, DMV, and at one time, kindergarten was held downstairs. (Memories of Paula Hirschi Arriola and Tom Hirschi, WCN)

5 The Relief Society Building had many activities to raise money to build it. (WCN, 4 July 1912) On 12 August 1912, the news reported that the foundation was being poured. It was built in 1912 and was just south of the Social Hall. It was 30 x 50 feet and was used for school as well. They put up a curtain to make two rooms. It was also used during Elberta Days and Peach Days for fruit displays. (WCN)

6 The Old Elementary School: This building cost $32,000 to build. It was south of the Relief Society Building. The citizens of Hurricane donated cash, materials, and labor to build it. In 1918, the building was ready for use. There was a carnival to celebrate its opening September 9th and 10th, 1918. Some were worried that the walls were only two bricks thick and would not be stable enough for such a large building. All school classes moved into this new school building. This new building had 10 classrooms, a gymnasium, a balcony for spectators, a stage, indoor restrooms with showers for the boys and girls, and a basement with a boiler room which provided steam heat for the whole building. It was a great school for many years, but it was condemned and torn down to make room for a playground in 1954 when the new elementary school was built. Church for the Hurricane Ward was held there. When the town was split into two wards, the South Ward continued to hold their church meetings there.
(Wayne Hinton Speech and WCN)



By the winter of 1907-08, the church was built, and it was used for school. In the fall of 1912, the new Relief Society building was used to supplement the church building. And in 1914, Rob Stratton's store was rented for additional space.

A new dedicated school building was started in the fall of 1916 and finished in December of 1917. It had 10 classrooms and two service rooms. The cost was $32,000, half paid by the school board and half by the citizens of Hurricane. In January of 1918, the students (including some high school grades) were brought together in this new Hurricane Elementary School.

A new elementary school was built in 1954-55 to replace the first Elementary School.

7 Petty/Graff's Mercantile: Melbourne DeMille and his wife, Jenny, moved to Hurricane in 1907. In 1908, he, along with his father-in-law, Frank Petty, moved the family store from Rockville to Hurricane. In 1913, DeMille and his partners, Frank and Charles Petty, built a new brick store on the corner of Main and State Street. Charles' father, Frank Petty, was the financial partner. This store has stood at that location for over a century (111 years) along with a later addition on the back. In 1918, DeMille sold his interest in the store and moved to Monroe, Utah, becoming a successful farmer and businessman there. DeMille was married to Petty's sister Jenny. (WCN)

Charles Petty had moved from Rockville with his parents and their family and became a big investor in the new town of Hurricane. The south half of the large brick building housed Petty Mercantile. On the corner facing Main Street was the George Wood "Dorty" Gibson Barber Shop. In the store, shelves covered the north and south walls, floor to ceiling. Tall ladders ran at an angle on a ceiling track. A clerk could push the ladders to reach any item on the shelves. There were no shopping carts or baskets for customers to gather their purchases. They came with a list, and a clerk accompanied him or her all over the store and out to the barn or shed to gather up their goods. If things were really busy, the clerk might pull down a box of stockings or several pairs of shoes so that the customer could be deciding while another person was waited on. But usually, the clerk stayed with one customer at a time.

Dean Clark Drug Store -- North Main & State Street
Hurricane

In 1928, Petty sold the store to Emil J. Graff. He owned it until he died in 1999.(Memories of Waldo Hirschi, Petty family history, and Shirl Graff email)

Boyd and Dell Stout bought the furniture business from Graff Mercantile in 1963. They opened Stout Home Furnishings in a building across the parking lot from the Graff store.


Dean & Alma Clark
at Drugstore - Hurricane
North Main & State Street
Hurricane

8 Drugstore: Across the hall (which was the entrance to a show house) was a drugstore. We don't hear anything about who was running the drug store until March 19, 1919, when Marion Wilkinson went to work to help Mr. Stanworth. It was sold to Dean Clark in 1931, and he owned it until his death April 1967. Those who were lucky enough to go to the drugstore remember the beautiful soda fountain Dr. Clark had in there. It was dark green marble which was a rare thing in this small community at that time. After Clark died, the building was converted to a home. (familysearch.org, WCN)

9 The Star Theater: Morgan B. Edwards and Charles Petty erected a building in which they intended to run a motion picture show. It was to open by holiday time. (WCN 12/4-/1913) It was named Star Theater. It actually did not open until May 28, 1914. The show house took up most of the northeast part of the building.

The old silent movies were accompanied by the music of a player piano up in the balcony. Most of the work was done by

individuals to pay for their movie tickets. The theater (show house) was bought by Eugene Wadsworth after the great depression in the late 1930s. It was then called Eugene's Theater.

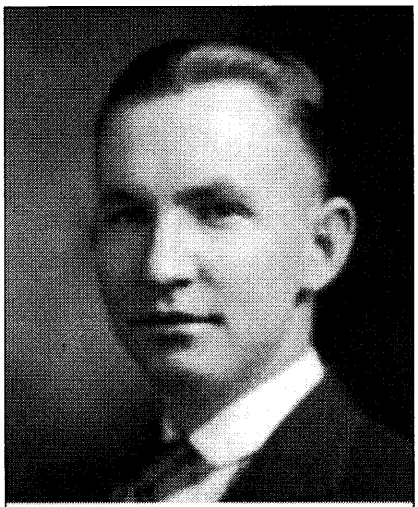
Carl Eugene and Leah Ballard Wadsworth

Gene, as we called him, would sit in the booth chewing on his large cigar and collecting tickets, if he made it there on time. Until you turned twelve, it would cost 15 cents to get in. After that it went up to 25 cents. I hear that in the beginning you could take whatever you had to pay your ticket, bottled fruit, dried fruit, whatever you had. Gene was the nicest fellow—if you did not have money to get in, you could see the movie anyway. While sitting there watching the movie, a note might be shoved in front of the screen which said something like, "Vera Hirschi call home."

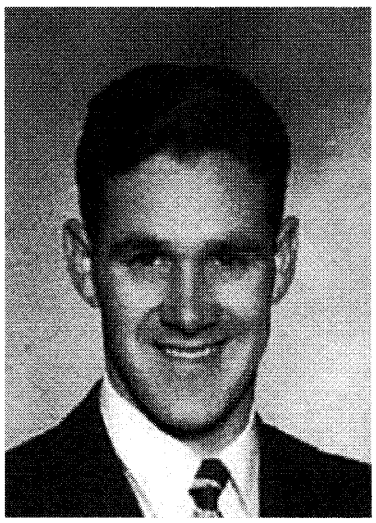
Gene Wadsworth sometimes would not get to the show house on time, so you would just go in. When he got there, he would walk down the aisle with his cash box, collecting for tickets.

Mrs. Annie Covington made the most delicious candy that was sold at the show house. You could get three pieces of divinity in a plastic sleeve for 20 cents. She also made the best pecan rolls you ever had using her divinity for the center and dipped in her caramel, then rolled in chopped Hurricane pecans. Those who were lucky enough to have 15 cents could buy one. The All Day Suckers came in cinnamon and wintergreen, and they would last you ALL DAY. They played two or three movies a week. Sadly, Eugene's Theater closed in the early 1970s, and Hurricane was without a movie theater for 30 years.

10 Pool Hall or beer joint as it was called, was owned by Ivan Stanworth and was in the basement of the theater. Ace Palmer worked in the pool hall for Stanworth and ran it for him. (WCN, 1917-03-08) "The Pool Hall opened, and the town seemed lonely because all the loafers are there instead of on the streets."



Ivan Stanworth Owned Pool Hall



Lloyd Richins, Jr.
Came with his dad to Hurricane
Married Utahna Stanworth

Lloyd Richins, Sr., with his son, Lloyd, Jr., moved to Hurricane in 1947 and worked in the pool hall from 1953 to 1955. Lloyd tells of a couple of guys who came in one night wearing overalls with the pockets filled to the brim and wearing the ugliest masks! It was Halloween. They put on quite a show while there, never speaking a word, and left with no one knowing who

they were. Later that night when Lloyd got home, he was telling his wife Rachel about it. She started giggling, and he knew it was she and her friend Bernice Langston.

It was a local tradition for families to make homemade root beer for the July holidays. It was made from root beer extract, sugar, yeast, and water. You needed dark bottles to put it in. If you gave Ace a call, he would save you some dark bottles. (It was whispered that they sold beer in the pool hall.) The root beer had to set after it was made for a month before it was done, and because it was made with yeast, you might hear some explosions during the month from the bottles blowing the cap off. A month is a long time for youngsters to wait! (Lloyd Richins' history on familysearch.org)

THE AUTHOR
While in State Legislature

Charles Brown Petty
Born Rockville & moved to Hurricane 1920

11 Pool Hall: Later, Ace (Asel) Palmer opened his own pool hall just a couple of doors north sometime in the mid 1950s. It was a small building that stood by itself. Today it is a mattress store. (Memories of Tom Hirschi)

12 Petty Motors and garage: The first car made its showing in Hurricane in about 1916. It was owned by Mr. Fox. He took people for rides for the cost of ten cents a mile and started at the Mill on the east end of 400 South. (Alice Isom Gubler Stratton History)

Soon after, people in Hurricane started buying cars to replace their horse-drawn wagons, and Charles Petty had a couple of gas pumps installed in front of the Petty Mercantile. (WCN)

Walter Stout, Charles Petty, and Stanley Bradshaw opened a garage with a couple of gas pumps across the street south of the mercantile in August 1920. They serviced Nash cars and trucks. It was made larger in 1923.

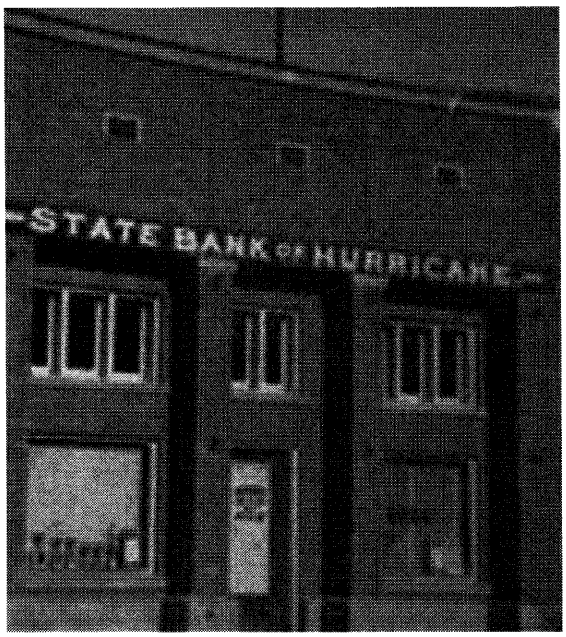
When Petty and Bradshaw left to go to Cedar City, Ned and George Stevens owned it and lived in the apartment above the garage.

E.J. Graff bought the store and the garage from the Stevens brothers about 1944. Grant Wright ran it for Graff, and they sold new and used cars. Grant had a few mechanics that worked there. Grant Wright was the last one to run the garage, and he did it for 59 years before it was torn down. (Shirl Graf email)

13 The Bakery was just south of the garage (Petty Motors). There is no information on that about who owned it. (Waldo Hirschi and Weldon Heaton)

14 Utah State Road Department was above the garage when Grant Wright ran it. Ben Lee was the boss, and Venice Whitney Spendlove worked as the secretary. Some of the men that worked for the road department were Merlin Hirschi, Afton Fawcett, Weldon Heaton, Lynn Sanders, Roland Webb, and Reed Wilson. (Memories of Tom Hirschi & Venice Spendlove interview)

15 State Bank of Hurricane: Arnold Dixon, a banker from Provo, Utah, came to Hurricane to try to get a bank opened. He was told to approach David Hirschi, as he was a banker and the president of the State Bank of St. George. David was resistant to opening a bank in Hurricane, but Mr. Dixon convinced him that it was feasible. The State Bank of Hurricane was finally opened in 1917 just north off State Street on 100 West with David Hirschi as president, Charles Petty as Vice, and Claud Hirschi was the cashier. The board of directors were David Hirschi, Charles Petty, Arnold Dixon, Henry Gubler, Chauncey Sandberg, and a couple of others. The establishment opened in 1917 on 1st West just north of SR 9. The bank moved to a new building on South Main, July 1924. Mr. Dixon was a cousin to Alfred Hall. (David Hirschi history and Washington County Historical Society)



State Bank of Hurricane Claudius Hirschi -1st Bank Manager

16 Worthen's Meat Market opened south of the bank. There has been no information on who the Worthen's were or the date it opened, but Howard Kleinman of Toquerville bought the market around 1930 and he and his wife, Mary Miles, from St. George, ran it. (Book, <u>You Gotta Accommodate The Public</u> by Mary Miles Kleinman)

Clifton Wilson bought the store in 1948, and it was Clifton's Market for many years until the Lin Orton family bought it and named it Lin's Marketplace. The store moved out on State Street in 1993. The old building is still there, but nothing is in it at this time. (Gregg Gibson)

17 Hurricane High School's First Shop was held in the front part of a long narrow building which also housed the cannery. (Memory of Waldo Hirschi) It was on south Main Street.

18 The Cannery was owned by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was in the back of the high school shop. In the WCN 3/10/1915, it was being discussed that a cannery was being planned. (Memories of Waldo Hirschi and WCN)

19 The Dixie Hotel was first owned by someone by the name of Roundy. Lloyd and Rachel Richins bought this hotel in 1948. They actually traded their home in Salt Lake City for the hotel. Rachel said in her history, "I was not cut out to be a hotel manager. One time a man came to the hotel in a bad way, but claimed if he just had a pair of boots, he could go to work. He asked if I would sign for him. Garth Sandberg owned a store just down the street from the hotel, so I took him to Sandberg Mercantile to get a pair of boots. I signed for the boots, and he left the country never to be seen again! I took another man in and my children said, 'Mom, he'll never pay you.' I told them I couldn't help it. I just couldn't turn him out. Another man staying at the

hotel was named Stubbs. I'll bet he took me for thousands. At one time I boarded 17 men who were working on the Mesa. Lloyd was helping me out one day and accidentally put salt in the sugar bowl. They all ended up with salt in their coffee. Layne, our son-in-law, thought that Lloyd had intentionally played a trick on him until he realized they had all been salted." (familysearch.org)

20 The Bradshaw Hotel was the home of Ira Elsey Bradshaw. It was the first actual home built in Hurricane. It still stands and is a museum today. It was also where the first school was held, and Jacob L. Workman was the teacher. It was held in the front room of the Bradshaw's home. Besides being Hurricane's first school teacher, Mr. Workman was its first postmaster and first correspondent for the Washington County News. (familysearch.org)

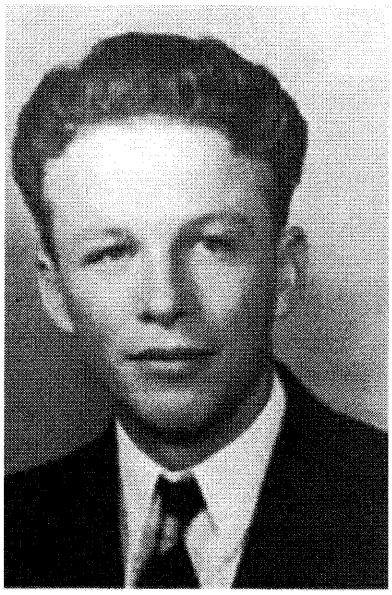
Ira Elsey & Marian Hinton Bradshaw Home -- 100 South Main
Bradshaw Home & First School & Hotel in Hurricane

21 Workman Store: This was owned by Charles Adelbert and Josephine Pickett Workman and opened 1906-07. Charles had a store in Virgin and brought it down when they moved here. Josephine helped him in the store. He built a new store in 1911. This was the first mercantile establishment in Hurricane. In 1918, he sold it to James Judd from LaVerkin, previously from St. George, and James sold it to his son Finley. It was where Chums is now. (familysearch.org)

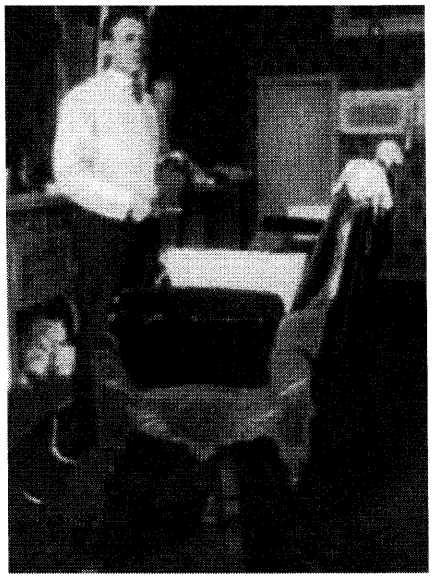
James Judd

22 The Power Company was next door to Sandberg's Store. Donna Sandberg worked in the office. (Memories of Barbara Hirschi Spendlove)

23 Sandberg's Store: November 16, 1922, the WCN said that Chauncey Sandberg had opened his store. Chauncey Sandberg ran the store for more than thirty years, then his son Garth took it



Garth Sandberg



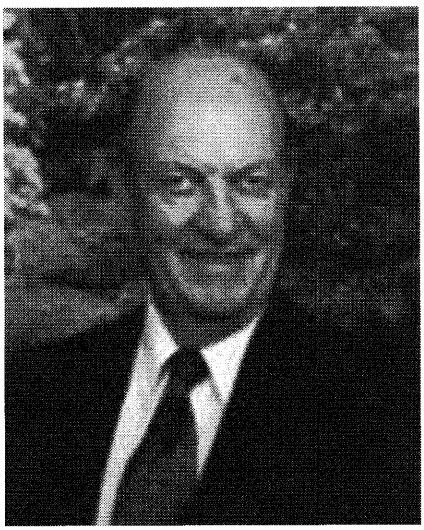
Chauncey Sandberg
Barber Chair Upstairs in
Sandberg Store
100 South Main Street

over. Chauncey was a barber and had a shop upstairs in the store. After he quit cutting hair, it was turned into two apartments, but in 1930 the upstairs was used for home economics classes. (familysearch.org)

24 Dentist Office: Dr. Arnold, Dr. Stanford, and Dr. Kenneth Heaton worked here at different times.
(Memories of Barbara Hirschi Spendlove)

25 Post Office: In late 1918, John T. Hall, who married Jacob Workman's wife Molly after Jacob died, leased the new Terrel building and moved the post office there. There was much more room. John Harvey Hall was the postmaster in 1927 until 1936. About 1958 Amos Lavar Hinton became the postmaster.

June Wright Bardwell Stanworth went to work there in 1937 when her first husband died in an accident. June was still working there in 1967 and retired about 1975. Lavar Hinton retired in 1979. Milda Isom Wright also worked there in 1957 and worked until 1984. Now it is called The Main Street Cafe. (WCN, LaVar Hinton history, June Stanworth history, and Memories of Richard Wright)



Amos Lavar Hinton
Post Master

26a Maternity Home: Ora Williams owned this maternity home and took care of new mothers and their babies with help from Aunt Mina (Wilhelmina Walker Hinton), a midwife, and Dr. Harold Wilkinson. Then Dr. Clark McIntire came to Hurricane. The mothers' and babies' care would be for ten days. This house is still standing.

Aunt Mina, as everyone called her, helped the doctors bring into the world 442 babies and delivered eight without the doctor's help in emergency cases. Before maternity homes, babies were born at home. (familysearch.org)

26b Another maternity home was at the Emma Bradshaw home on 300 South and 300 West. This home is still standing. (Memories of Paula Hirschi Arriola)

27 Post Office: This was the first post office, and it was by the home of Jacob Workman. He got the job as postmaster in 1909. It

June Wright Stanworth
Post Office Worker

was modernly equipped with a call window and combination boxes. There was a money order office, too. (WCN) Jacob died in 1911, and his wife Molly became the postmaster. (John T. Hall/ familysearch.org)

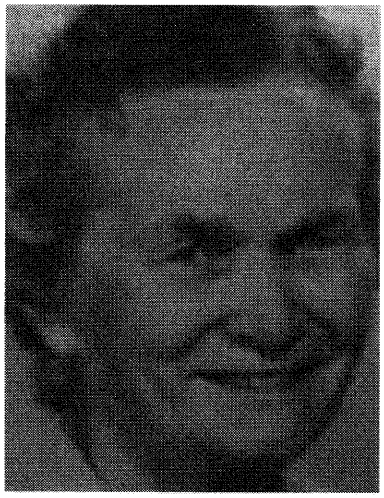
28 Dr. Clark McIntire: Dr. McIntire came to Hurricane in 1930 with his wife, Annabelle Sauer McIntire, and their two year old son, Joseph, to practice medicine. He was a really good doctor, and the town was lucky to have him. They had gone five years without a doctor since Dr. Wilkinson left. Dr. McIntire died in Hurricane of heart problems in September 1959. His home and office was on State Street and 100 East. It is now a veterinarian's office. (familysearch.org) Cynthia Clove Sullivan remembers Annabelle being very sweet with the neighborhood children.

29 Hurricane Hotel opened on April 12, 1915, making that three hotels in Hurricane. It cost $5000 to build it. The Reeve family, Thomas and Mary Jane Burke Reeve, moved to Hurricane in 1909. They ran the hotel in their home for many years. Thomas passed away first, and after Mary passed, Harold and Artie Reeve took it over. Artie said she ran it for 37 years. They had people from every state in the United States stay there, plus some from other countries. This home is still standing and is a vacation home. (Reeve histories)

Thomas Robert Reeve & Mary Jane Burke Opened Hurricane Hotel Father of Harold Reeve

Thomas & Annie Hinton Isom Home also known as the Isom Hotel as it often was a refuge for travelers

30 Isom Hotel was on the northwest corner of Main and State Street. Thomas and Annie Isom owned it, and Annie is the one that did most of the work. The Isoms moved to Hurricane from LaVerkin in 1906 and lived in a very small home. In June of 1911 they moved into a larger, better home on the same property. After six months they turned it into a hotel. They had no beds, mattresses, dishes, linens, nor bedding. They husked their corn and made tickings. Annie used her feather bed to make pillows. They bought some steel cots and bedding, making their own sheets and pillow cases. As they were able, they added necessities. They also operated a



Artimesia Jepson Reeve

dining room, serving three meals a day family style, at the cost of one dollar per day. A bed was 50 cents per day.

One of their daughters said: "People came in at all hours of the day and night, cold, hungry, and sometimes even ill. Our parents would get up, make fires, get them something to eat, nurse them best they could, and find them a place to sleep. There were many mornings the family would end up all in the same room and on the floor.

"We had to make all our bread, cakes, pastries, butter, and raise our own meat, vegetables, fruit, milk, and eggs. We did the laundry in a homemade washer, and ironing was done with heated irons on the coal and wood stoves."

Tom and Annie were parents of ten children. (Portraits of the Hurricane Pioneers)

Later, when the home was torn down, a Conoco Station opened there and was run by Wes Hinton. Now it is Wells Fargo Bank. (2019)

31 The Leather Shop was a little further west and was first owned by Dan Winder and then Darwin Slack. Dan opened the shop in 1944-45. He was from Springdale and drove the school bus to Hurricane. He would go to work in his shop while the kids were in school, then drive the school bus back to Springdale. He made and sold saddles, anything to do with saddles, wallets, knife scabbards, leather and lacings, and would make chaps on request. He had a man named Boyd Packer who worked for him and did the tooling and lacing. Delores Spendlove, his daughter, worked in the shop as well as her husband and her sister. The shop closed around 1949-50. (Memories of Delores Winder Spendlove and Brad Winder) We don't know when Darwin Slack opened it or closed it.

Clement Broderick

32 Shoe Shop: This was owned by Clement Broderick.

33 CO-OP: This co-op was part of a state-wide chain of nonprofit grocery stores. Local people were encouraged to own shares, and a local board of directors made the major decisions. It involved the fruit farmers. Lindon Heaton was the manager, then Carroll Heaton, his brother, took it over in the early 1930s. (Carroll Heaton history/familysearch.org)

The farmers' goods would be brought to be shipped out to other areas. There is a large vacant building on State Street just before you go across the Hurricane/LaVerkin Bridge, on the east side of the road, where the produce was stored prior to being shipped. (Memories of Karen Stratton)

After the co-op closed, Keith Tobler had a Barber Shop for 48 years in that same building. The Toblers moved to Hurricane in June of 1937, and he closed his shop in June of 1985. He helped train a few good barbers in Hurricane, namely Golden Taylor, Marlin Gifford, and Tom Hirschi. (Keith Tobler history, familysearch.org)

34 Ella's Cafe was owned by Ella Gifford for six years, at which time Eloise Bringhurst took it over about 1960 and named it Jerry's Cafe. She had it until 1975. The Greyhound Bus stopped

here to pick up travelers. The building was owned by a Mr. Cox from Cedar City. (Memories of Anna Gifford, Memories of Beverly Bringhurst Nelson)

35 Utah Oil Station & Garage: Lloyd Richins, Sr. leased the garage in 1947 for six years. The whole building was owned by Clint Hall. Lloyd and his son lived in a trailer next to the garage. The Stratton Brothers took the garage over after Lloyd left. Tom Hirschi took over the space and created Tom's Barber Shop. (familysearch.org and Memories of Tom Hirschi)

36 Jess Higley's Garage was owned by Jess Higley.

37 Cafe: A few people ran this place, but one was Eloise Bringhurst. She had it named the Bringhurst Cafe from 1955 to 1959. (Memories of Beverly Bringhurst Nelson)

38 Hurricane High School Shop Building: The shop was moved into this building when they built the new high school, and it opened in 1936-37. The library also moved to this location as well.

39 Garage & Gas Station was owned and run by Ken Gubler.

40 Hurricane High School was built with a grant from a public works project. The government provided money for all the labor, and the school district provided the land and building supplies. It was on 100 West in the middle of the block on the west side, just north of the Fine Arts building. It had 12 classrooms, a physics/chemistry and lab room, a type and bookkeeping room, a biology room and lab, a home economics room with cooking and sewing equipment, a great gym with boys' and girls' restrooms and showers, a music room, and a stage for drama. It was opened after Thanksgiving in 1936 and cost $100,000. (WCN)

41 New Hurricane Elementary opened in the fall of 1955. The old elementary school had been condemned. This new one was on the southwest corner of the public square. It is now the Hurricane Community Center. (Memories of Tom Hirschi)

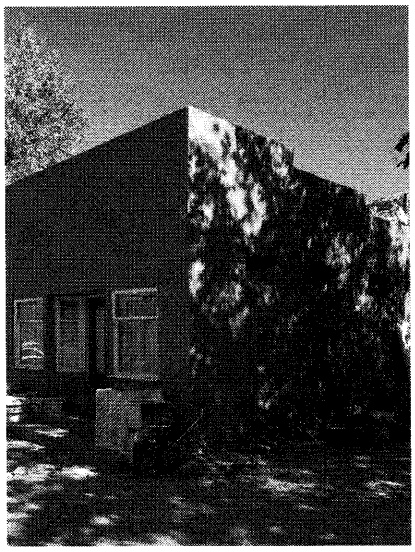
Clinic of Dr. Wilkinson
Later owned by Homer Englestead

42 Dr. Harold Wilkinson: In May of 1914, Dr. Wilkinson graduated from medical school in Chicago and decided to start his career in Hurricane. Before he came to Hurricane, the residents were forced to go to St. George to get medical help. Dr. Wilkinson kept busy taking care of all the eastern part of Washington County: Hurricane, LaVerkin, Toquerville, Pintura,

Virgin, Rockville, Grafton, Springdale, Cane Beds, and Short Creek. Since he was from Leeds, the people from there came as well.

He had a home and office at 20 E 400 S that was finished in November 1917 and later became the Homer Englestead home. Dr. Wilkinson left Hurricane in 1925 and moved his practice to Cedar City, Utah. (WCN, familysearch.org)

43 The Jess Bliss Store was on South Main almost to 400 South. There was a soda fountain in the store. Jess loved to dance, and you could walk by his store after closing hours and hear him tap dancing on the wood floor of his store. He was a real good dancer! The building is still there now. (WCN, 11/11/1909, Memories of Paula Hirschi Arriola)



Jess Bliss Store building as it is in 2019

44 The Grist Mill (Flour Mill) was at the very east end of 400 South. By 10/14/1915, the Canal Company had the mill up and running. They had as good a flour as any in the state. (WCN) It was owned by the canal company first, then J.W. Imlay in February 1923, and finally it was owned by Arvel Webb. (Joann Webb Ballard)

45 Electric Light Plant: There was a special election on January 19, 1914, to decide whether to pass a $5000 bond to install an electric power plant in Hurricane. That amount of money would bring them a first class power plant. It would cost the city $35 per year for 20 years. They needed to power washing machines, freeze ice, etc. The bond was voted down. Finally, the canal stockholders brought power to Hurricane in late 1916. The town signed a 50 year contract with Dixie Power. Now they had power for lights, washing machines, electric irons, and refrigerators. The houses were all wired and ready to go by 1917. One little girl in town said there was so much light when they flipped the switch that they had to open a door to let dark in. (WCN)

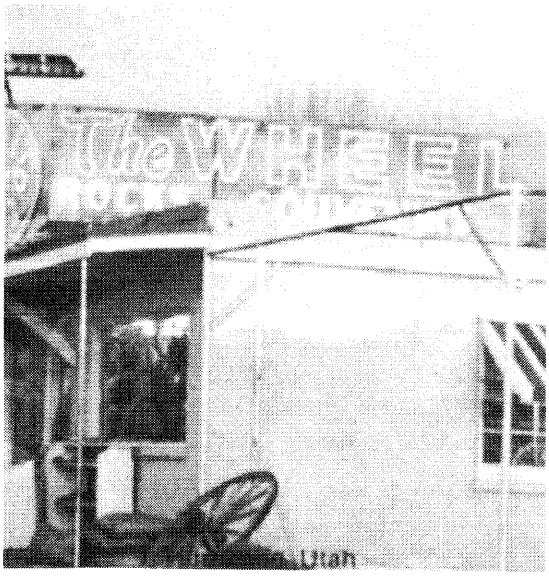
46 Evaporating Plant was completed in June 1917 to keep the fruit from going to waste. (WCN)

47 Brick Kiln: Edward (Ted) Cripps built a kiln to make adobe bricks in 1908 by Gould's Wash, and by 1915 he had a brickyard on the corner of 300 North and 200 West by his home. (familysearch.org)

48 Scholzen's Products: Henry Scholzen, founder of this company, was a son of German immigrants from Wisconsin. He worked for Union Pacific Railways and ran the food services at Zion National Park in the beginning. He met a hometown girl from Hurricane, Mary Sanders, and hired her. They were married in 1924. They wanted to stay here in Hurricane, so Henry started Scholzen's Products. It is still here and in the hands of the 3rd generation of Scholzens. (scholzens.com)

49 Stratton Brothers: The brothers bought Victor King Welding Co. out in 1952. This business was up on the hill above and east of the Bowery where the water came into Hurricane in 1904. Their first contract was a pipeline from Oak Grove down to the city of Leeds. Their work yard was where the rocks and slab business is now on State Street. It was owned by Winston, Neil, and Glenn Stratton, brothers. They were Stratton Brothers Construction Company and put many Hurricane people to work when they were operating. The kids grew up in their fathers' business, and it was turned over to the three brothers' sons. It is called Interstate Rock now. (Memories of Karen Stratton)

50 The Wheel was owned by Newell and Rose Frazier, but it was first a fruit stand named Hillcrest Fruit & Novelty. They opened it in 1950 and sold Indian jewelry, Minnetonka moccasins, pottery, and all kinds of fun stuff. There was a larger than life Indian chief statue out front. It was where the Family Dollar Store is now, with the stone store on one side and Jiffy Lube on the other side on State Street. Newell and Rose sold the store about 1983. (Memories of Jay Frazier and Rosann Frazier King)



The Wheel

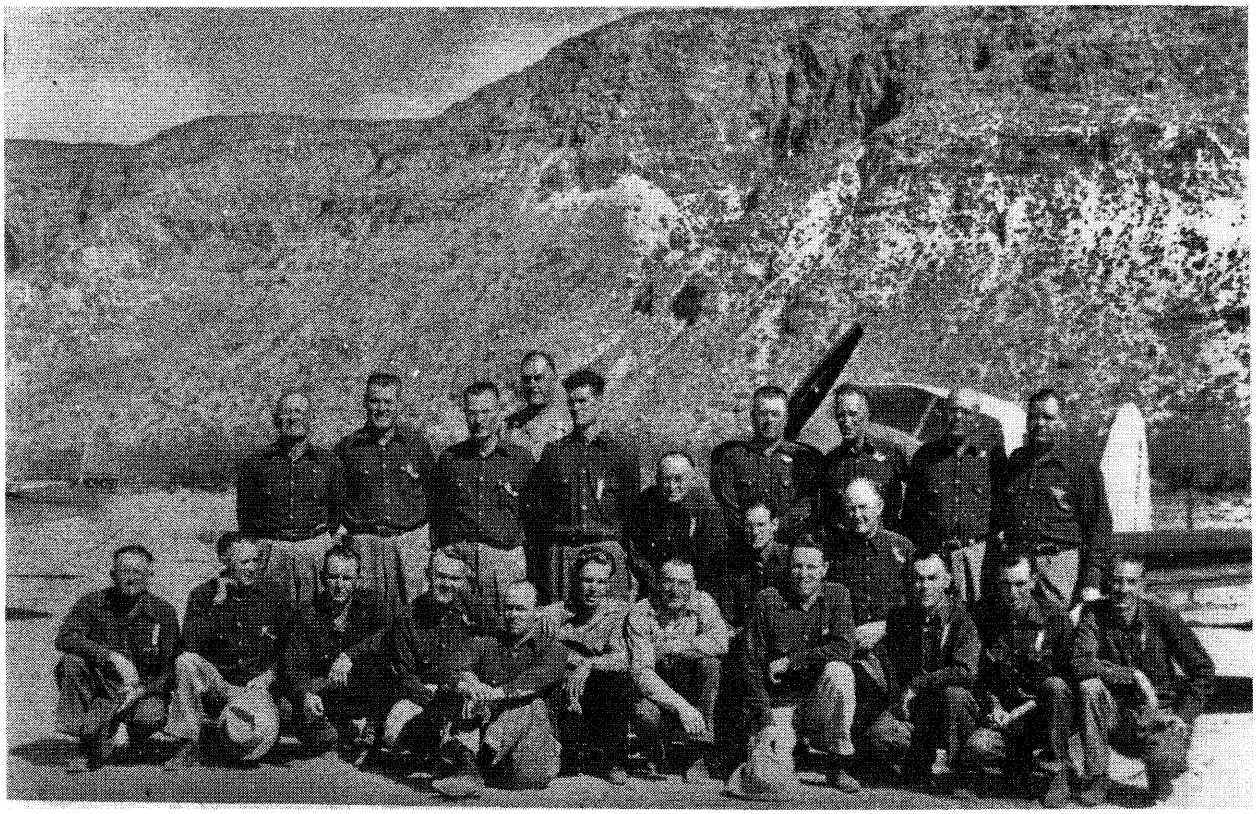
51 Garage: Wilford Ashton (Wilf) moved to Hurricane as a young child. His parents were some of the first in 1906. He owned and ran a garage on the outskirts of town. His father was a carpenter and built many of the first homes in Hurricane. (familysearch.org)

52 Before Hurricane's municipal airport, General Dick Stout Field, came to be in 1964, a graveled airstrip served the needs of the few small airplanes that came to our town. This first "airport" was in the same location as the present one, but back then, it was a bit of a drive from town. Diane Workman Olsen remembers that when a pilot wanted to land there at night, he would buzz the town in his plane until a few residents would get up and drive their cars out to the airport to park and shine their headlights onto the landing strip so the pilot could see where to land. As a little girl, Diane was excited to go out there at night a couple of times in the pickup with her dad, Ivin Workman, to help light the runway. Diane's mother, Itha Scow Workman, used to tell her about a large plane that once made an unplanned emergency landing on the old runway. When the pilot got out and saw how small the landing strip was, he said, "Well, I sure landed this plane here, but I am NOT going to fly her out!" His company had to bring in a "dare devil" pilot to do the job. (See photo showing the dedication of the old airport on page 105)

September 1937 Washington County News reports: Garden City

Today Hurricane is the ideal garden-city, with a population of more than 1300. There are five stores carrying general merchandise, a drugstore, two cafes, a bank, a barber shop, and a garage. School facilities are adequate to complete a high school education. And now on the eve

of the completion of the Hurricane-LaVerkin bridge that will connect Hurricane with the tourist world, the words of J.L. Workman, first "News" correspondent, are again fitting: "Watch Us Grow."

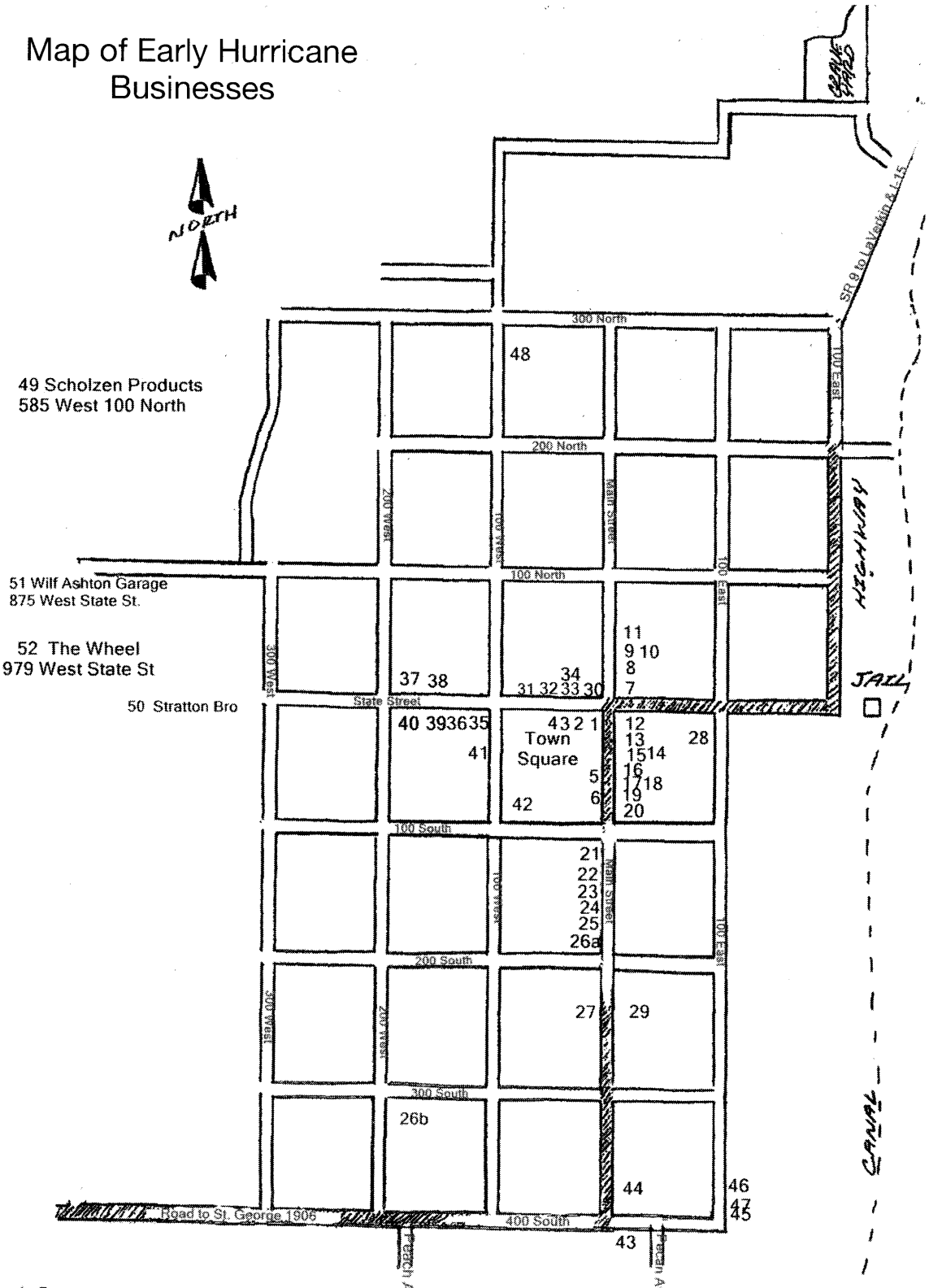


Hurricane, Utah Airport 1948 Dedication — Lions Club

Front Row, Left to Right: George Stevens, Sam Wilson, Merlin Hirschi, Jimmy Peace, Reed Wilson, Lewis Dalton, Jack Scholzen, Max Jepson, Cecil Sullivan, Emil Graff, Wayne Wilson, Leon Glazier, and Don Hutchings

Back Row, Left to Right: Alvin Larson, Bill Sanders, Owen Sanders, Pilot - Dalton, Wayne Hinton, Henry Scholzen, Moroni Sanders, Ben Lee, Chauncey Sandberg, Gene Wadsworth

Map of Early Hurricane Businesses



1. Bowery
2. Social Hall
3. White Church
4. Library
5. Relief Society Hall
6. Old Elem School
7. Petty/Graff Merc
8. Drugstore
9. Star Theater
10. Pool Hall
11. Pool Hall
12. Petty Motor Garage
13. Bakery
14. State Road
15. State Bank Hurr
16. Worthen's Market
17. HHS 1st Shop
18. Cannery
19. Dixie Hotel
20. Bradshaw Hotel
21. Workman Store
22. Power Co. S of Sandberg
23. Sandberg's Store
24. Dentist Office
25. Post Office (Cafe now)
26a Williams Maternity Home
26b Bradshaw Maternity Home
27. Post Office
28. Dr. Clark McIntire
29. Hurricane Hotel
30. Isom Hotel
31. Leather Shop
32. CO-OP
33. Barber Shop
34. Shoe Shop
35. Ella's Cafe
36. Utah Oil Station & Garage
37. Jess Higley Garage
38. Jerry's Cafe
39. HHS Shop Bld.
40. Ken Gubler Garage & Gas
41. Hurricane Hig.. ..
42. New Hurricane Elem - 1954
43. Dr. Harold Wilkinson 1914
44. Jess Bliss Store - 380 S Main
45. Grist Mill 100 E 400 S Main
46. Electric Light Plant
47. Evaporating Plant
48. Brick Kiln - Ted Cripps
49. Scholzen Products
50. Stratton Brothers
51. Wilf Ashton Garage
52. The Wheel

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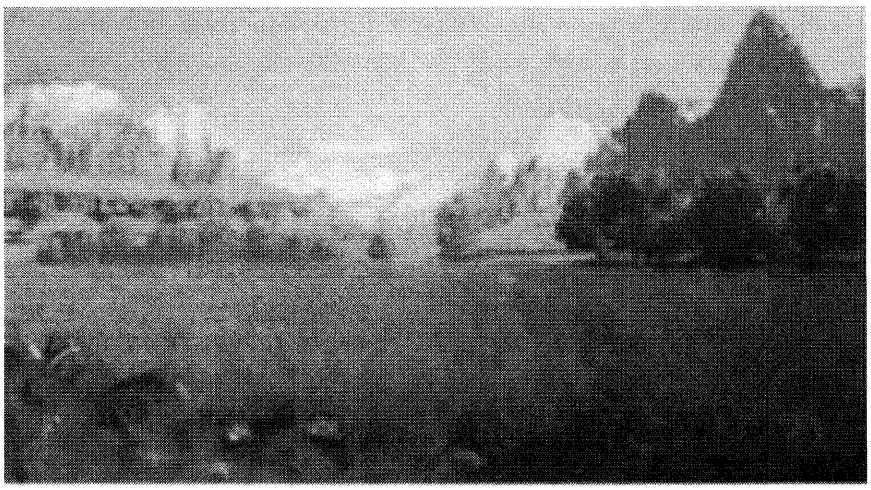
History of Education in Hurricane by Wayne Hinton
Durward and Carl Wadsworth interview
Wayne Hinton History
Alice Isom Gubler Stratton History
Shirl Graf email
Waldo Hirschi interview
Weldon Heaton interview
Portraits of the Hurricane Pioneers by Janice Force DeMille
Richard Wright interview
Karen Bringhurst Stratton interview
Barbara Hirschi Spendlove interview

David Hirschi and Claudius Hirschi
1870-1938 1893-1957

David Hirschi was born to Gottlieb and Marianna Rupp Hirschi in Rockville, Utah, in 1870. Both parents, who were Swiss immigrants, had joined the church in their homeland and came to Utah. Brigham Young called Gottlieb to the Dixie Mission, but he needed to get him a wife. He asked Marianna for the second time. This time she consented. David was born an extremely intelligent person.

He married Mary Matilda Petty in the St. George Temple in 1890. They had six children by 1902 when David was called to serve a mission in Switzerland. After two years of service, he was traveling home and stopped at the World's Fair in St. Louis, Missouri. He looked for the tent for Utah, and as he walked in, there were many people who were gathered around a painting of the mountains of Zion which was done by Frederick Dellenbaugh. It was the opinion of the group that it was made up—there could not be mountains like that in the United States. David climbed upon a rock and testified to them that the mountains were real. He showed them his shoe laces. They were from the hide of a deer that he had killed in those mountains.



Zion National Park
Painted by Frederick Samuel Dellenbaugh in 1903
Displayed at St. Louis, Missouri World's Fair 1904

Frederick Samuel Dellenbaugh

As the Virgin River continued to rob the settlers of their farmland and the sheep and cattle were taking forage, David turned his attention to dry farming. He was one to always keep up on things that were happening and had read of the experiments of dry farming in some of the counties up north. He saw some hope in a project going on and thought that it might work on what was known as the Big Plains which is south of Rockville (Apple Valley). He became THE pioneer of dry farming in that area. He raised the first 13 bushels of grain on a one acre test plot. It turned out to be excellent grain, but he could not get the thresher out there on the plains, so he tramped it down with the help of his horses. David and his brother Dan homesteaded some property out on the Plains. They ran their cattle on the Big Plains property.

In March 1906, he was called to act as Bishop of Rockville and was ordained a High Priest and Bishop September 12, 1906, by Hyrum M. Smith. He served as bishop until he moved his family to Hurricane in 1921. David was one of the first investors in the Bank of St. George and also one of the original 1893 shareholders in the Hurricane Canal Company.

From the Washington County News:

"Hurricane January 22, 1917: Arnold Dixon (cousin to Alfred Hall), a banker from Provo who has many years of experience in the banking business was here a short time ago and did the preliminary work of organizing a bank for Hurricane. He came down to look over the field to ascertain whether a bank here would be profitable. (Mind you, there were 100 families and 800 people living here in 1917.) He went to a number of towns in this vicinity, including St. George, and discussed the proposition with many of those who would have the most business to give the bank. He evidently was favorably impressed with the outlook before leaving for Provo, and he gave the assurance that a bank would be established. Quite a number of people had subscribed to stock. Mr Dixon is a brother to the Hon. John D. Dixon who at one time was connected with the State Land Board."

Arnold Dixon

Mr. Dixon talked to David Hirschi three times about helping to get a bank opened in Hurricane before convincing him that it would be a good thing. David had directed the Bank of St. George from 1906 until 1917 when the State Bank of Hurricane was organized with him as president. David could see that after ten years of existence, Hurricane City needed a bank to give financial backing and other services to its cattlemen, farmers, home-builders, and businessmen. He was supported by fellow organizers, Claud Hirschi (his son), Henry Gubler, Charles Petty, Chauncey Sandberg, and others.

Claud Hirschi, David's oldest child, had just graduated from Brigham Young Academy and managed the bank throughout its first 20 years (interrupted only by WW1). News reporter Mabel Jarvis of St. George stated in a 1937 feature article in the Washington County News that Claud exemplified the true spirit and purpose of the bank. She said, "Many times when a person could not qualify for a bank loan and his need was great, Claud loaned money out of his own pocket. The Native Americans did not trust banks and would come to Claud's home to do their banking."

Hurricane and all the towns around including Zion, which became a National Park in 1919, were really isolated because of the lack of roads in and out. It was known as a town at the end of the road. David was elected a Utah State Senator in 1923, representing Washington and Iron Counties. James Judd (son of Thomas Judd) was a State Representative. These two men went to work to get good roads into our area so people would come here and to make life easier for those who lived here.

James would have parties and invite those who could help them with their need. James would bring Utah figs, almonds, walnuts, pine nuts, grapes, raisins, and pomegranates and give

them to the legislators. Some of them were invited down to Hurricane, and they were taken around, including to Zion National Park, to show them the need of better roads.

There was a bill introduced but it did not pass. In fact, it took three times for that same bill to finally get passed. Now there would be a road that would go from St. George to Hurricane. Two bridges would be built to cross the Virgin River, the one at Berry Springs and the Hurricane/ LaVerkin Bridge. The road would go up the LaVerkin Hill and on to Zion National Park. It took thirteen years to get the bill approved and the work completed, but it changed Hurricane from a dead-end town to a city at the crossroads between St. George, Cedar City, Zion National Park, Kanab, and Grand Canyon. The work was going on in Zion to build a tunnel through the mountain so that the road would connect to Mt. Carmel and Highway 89.

After a steady growth for 15 years, the State Bank of Hurricane faced its first crisis. In 1932, when half the rural banks in the country failed, it looked as if the same fate awaited the Hurricane Bank. In February of that year, cash in the Hurricane Bank was nearly below the legal reserve. One month earlier, banks of Iron and Washington counties closed their doors. To secure money, David Hirschi and bank Vice President Charles Petty traveled to Salt Lake City where arrangements were made for a $13,000 loan. Within days after their return to Hurricane, however, they received word that the Salt Lake lending bank would not honor their agreement. One week later, the same Salt Lake bank folded. News also came that another Salt Lake City bank, where the Hurricane Bank's monies were, was on the brink of ruin.

In a memoir, Charles Petty wrote this of the events that followed: "Within a few minutes, Hirschi and I were in the car, facing a terrible storm, headed toward Salt Lake to save what money the bank had and to secure additional help.

"What a storm that night! A foot of snow at Cedar and two feet at Fillmore. It was 1:00 a.m. with not even a tire track to follow. I wanted to stop, but Hirschi was a fighter and said, 'No! We'll either save the bank or die trying.' On we went with much difficulty in following the road. Twice during the night we slid into the barrow pit. But when the Salt Lake bank opened the next morning, Hirschi was there and withdrew the Hurricane Bank's precious $12,000."

Mr. Petty goes on to explain how David Hirschi finally secured the $13,000 loan. He writes: "One day, while meeting with some Salt Lake City bankers, one remarked, 'Mr. Hirschi, you cannot hope to save that little bank way down there! There will not be a dozen banks left in the state within 30 days. You are just wasting your time!'

"Hirschi replied, 'Our little bank is just as dear to us as your big banks are to you. I am going to save it if it takes every dollar of my personal property. You let us have what money we must have, and I'll endorse the paper personally.'"

And so the fight was won; the bank was saved.

A far less important but no less dramatic event in the bank's history is told by Charles Petty in his history of "The Albert Petty Family."

> One chilly night in 1923, while sleeping, I was awakened about 1:00 a.m. by a loud knock, knock on the door! "C.B., someone's robbing the bank! Get up quick! Grab your gun," came the familiar voice of David Hirschi, the bank president.
>
> Quickly I dressed and dashed out of the house where I saw Hirschi, who was very nervous and excited, and his son Claud, the cashier, with a gun in his hand. They stated

the bank was being robbed! We hurried across the street, got Tom Isom, the Marshal, out of bed, and we four musketeers, with guns in hand, sneaked down through Isom's orchard a block to see what was going on in the bank across the street to the south.

Sure enough, two bandits, by the aid of a dim light in the back room, were breaking into the side of the vault! As we peered through the bushes and trees, straining our eyes, Hirschi whispered, "Why just look at those nervy bandits! Let's divide up and surround the bank, and if they try to run, let'm have it!"

Crouching in the darkness we started to steal our way across the street. Someone in a subdued tone remarked, "I'll be darned, one looks like Mat Hartley, didn't think he'd do that."

"Don't shoot, don't shoot!" shouted Hirschi. "That's Ab Stratton and Mat Hartley. I hired them to move the vault to the new bank up on Main Street!"

The idea was to have work done at night so it would not disturb business during the day. President Hirschi had forgotten about this, and a passerby, seeing men in the bank at night with a pick and crowbar, rushed to inform him of the robbery. Aside from it being pretty funny, the incident is noteworthy, because it is perhaps the only time during his life that David Hirschi was "caught napping."

He was always alert to the challenges facing his community, and his desire to meet them is demonstrated by his long record of service to church and state. David served as a Utah State Senator 1923-1927 and Representative to the State Legislature from 1928-1932. While there, it is said that his interest was with the laboring class. He had the opportunity to review measures extensively and worked for those laws that would extend greater privileges to the laboring class.

Mabel Jarvis asked him if he had a hobby. "One good hobby to have is thrift. I have seen so much woe and so much suffering resulting from careless methods of planning and living from the lack of application of this simple principle. I would rather be known and remembered for my effort to promote thrift than for any other reason."

David served two times as Mayor of Hurricane and was on the High Council of the Zion Park Stake. Mabel Jarvis interviewed him once, and David told her that "he did not think he had really done anything someone else wouldn't have done. He felt he just did his best from day to day." That statement exemplifies to me that pioneer spirit you will probably find in most of those who helped settle this wonderful place.

David Hirschi and his associates, like James Jepson and his fellow canal builders, are among the great pioneers of Southern Utah. As in 1902, when Jepson fought for the canal's completion against those who were then calling the project a failure, so in 1932, David Hirschi braved the odds and the experts and came out saving his bank and contributing to the stabilizing of his community. He died on Christmas Day 1938 at his home in Hurricane from cancer.

Claud was married to Anna Workman, daughter of Nephi Jackson and Mary Elizabeth Spendlove Workman. Claud was on the building committee of the White Church (North Ward Chapel and Stake Building) and the Red Church (South Ward Chapel). He also served in the bishopric of his ward.

Claudius Hirschi was called and set apart as the first Zion Park Stake President on December 8, 1929, with counselors James Judd from LaVerkin and Russell B. Swenson, a Seminary Teacher in Hurricane. Claud served for 14 years. While he and Annie were in Salt Lake, he suffered a severe stroke and spent several weeks in the hospital there. He had to be released as Stake President because he had lost his ability to speak.

Claud also served as a State Senator and served two terms (8 years) and distinguished himself as Minority Floor Leader. Claud was well known as a public speaker, and hardly a funeral went by in town and the surrounding towns, when he was not called upon to speak. He was always in demand to speak at civic organizations, clubs, and church activities.

He never lost his love for the cattle and the ranch at the Big Plain. Vacations from the bank were spent in the fall at the cattle roundup. Every Saturday was spent on the ranch with Merlin, while he was alive, and Waldo and the grandsons, caring for the cattle. The last day of his life was spent doing just that. When the day's work had finished, he came home, sat down in his chair, and was talking with Annie sitting at his side. They were talking about their day. She got up and left for just a minute, and when she came back, he had passed away. His death came March 16, 1957, at the age of 65.

David Hirschi
Mayor -- Hurricane

Claudius Hirschi
1st Zion Park Stake Pres
Utah State Senator

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Charles B. Petty's book The Albert Petty Family
Washington County News Article "History of Banking in Hurricane" November 1977
Mabel Jarvis interview with David Hirschi and Claud Hirschi 1937
Waldo C. Perkins, M.D. "Oh, These Red Hills, This Roily Water"
Interviews with Waldo and Sybil Isom Hirschi
Book written by Dorothy Judd Bradford

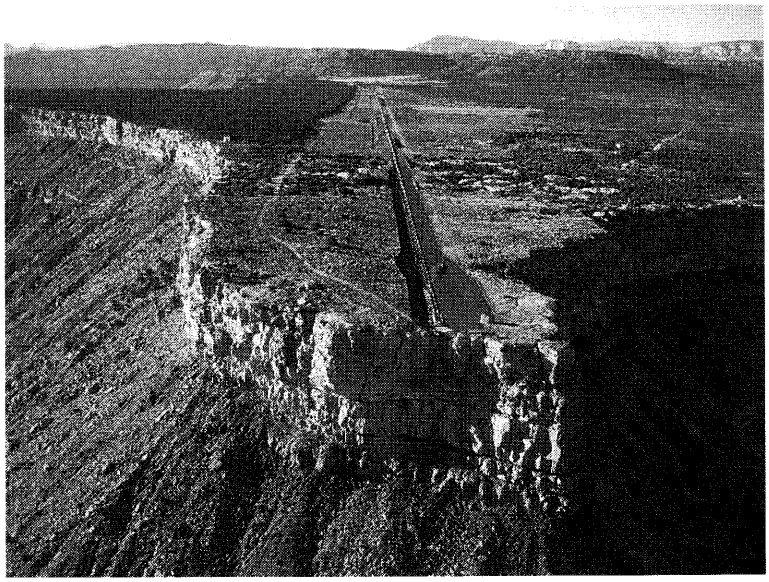
The Mesa That Roars

Test Facility Near Hurricane Is Home to Supersonic Sled

There's only one thing on the horizon when you're driving toward Zion National Park from St. George, in southwestern Utah, a formidable mass rising from the flat landscape known as Hurricane Mesa. It is capped by the only private supersonic-capable aircraft ejection test track in the United States, owned and operated by UTC Aerospace Systems.

On the top of the ancient mesa that looms above Toquerville, LaVerkin, and Hurricane, adrenalin-producing events are the order of the day.

In a place where storms leap off and plunge into the canyons below, mysterious happenings are routine. Taller than the skylines of many major cities, the Hurricane Mesa towers nearly 1800 feet above the valley floor. Flatter than a tortilla, the top is the near-perfect location for one of the most unusual test facilities on earth. It is the only privately owned supersonic test tract in the United States. Only one other similar facility exists in the world. It's in England, and it's not like Hurricane.



When testing occurs, the mesa roars. A rocket sled, belching flames and smoke, blasts along a level standard-gauge railroad track over 1.5 miles long at speeds that often exceed the speed of sound.

For decades this has been the vehicle of choice for various tests. Originally designed by John Paul Stapp, a medical doctor and Air Force Colonel, the first 1500 pound vehicle accelerated to about 760 miles per hour in five seconds. It slowed to a stop in 1.4 seconds. The G-forces on acceleration exceeded five times the pull of gravity. That's like gaining 4650 pounds in 5 seconds. Stopping is something else. A person of average weight would momentarily weigh 5600 pounds.

Colonel Stapp would know. He rode the rocket sled many times to see what a human being could endure. It is like being kicked in the back by a mule—then punched in the face by Mike Tyson. He always required help getting out of his seat and harness on the sled. From the research conducted by Dr. Stapp, it was established that if ejected from a jet aircraft traveling 1800 mph at 35,000 feet, a pilot could survive. "Hurricane Sam," a test dummy, is now used for experiments requiring human-type input. Nowadays, speeds up to 1800 mph can be achieved with a heavier rocket sled.

About 20 such rocket sled firings are conducted per year. Originally built by the U.S. Air Force, the test site is now owned by Universal Productions Company, a subsidiary of Goodrich Aerospace, the former owners of BP Goodrich tires.

If you drive into the town of Virgin at night and look up to the Mesa, you sometimes can see two lights shining back. That is what some employees call "the most dangerous lunchroom in the world." It is a trailer precariously perched over the edge so employees can get a better view of Virgin and the surrounding area. It hangs over the cliff about five feet. After all, when you are dealing with rocket sleds all day, what's lunch without some adventure?

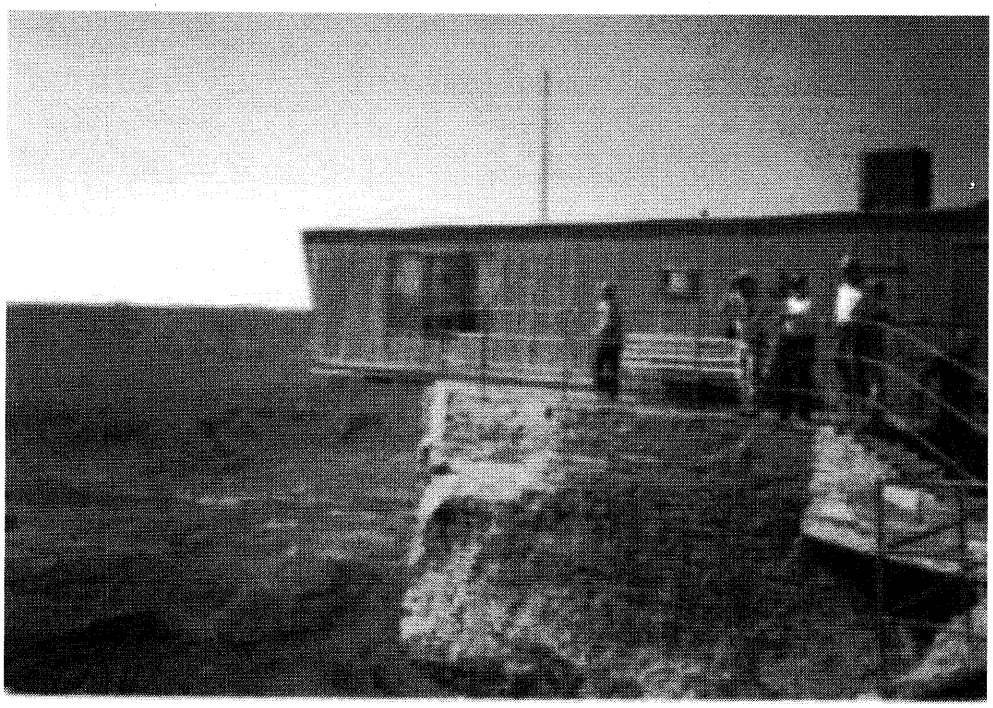
Few people who have ventured up the narrow asphalt road to the top of what is also called Smith's Mesa have ever been past the chain link fence that surrounds the test area.

However, on 23 February 2005, permission and clearance were obtained by members of the Hurricane Valley Journal to observe the testing of a B1-B bomber ejection seat system.

A brilliant orange flame bloomed behind the rocket sled. The sled shot forward. Successive banks of rockets fired in sequence. In five seconds the sled had reached the test velocity of 788 miles per hour and had traveled 1.5 miles in about 18 seconds. A halo of shock waves flared out from the B1-B canopy as the sled roared and crackled while streaking down the track.

It left one wondering if they had actually seen it. Questions began forming. How could a human possibly live through the shock of bailing out at that speed? Looking at the test dummy as the crew dragged it out of the water from between the tracks, it became apparent that indeed, a pilot could survive. The dummy's boots were still on and the flight suit was still intact.

Hurricane Valley Journal - March 2005



Cafeteria on Hurricane Mesa

This trailer was very visible from the highway below for over 50 years.

It was removed about 2017.

Hurricane Grist Mill & Flour Mill

By Gwen Holdaway & Joann Webb Ballard

12 March 2018

Good morning, ladies! It is good to see our old friends and meet new ones.

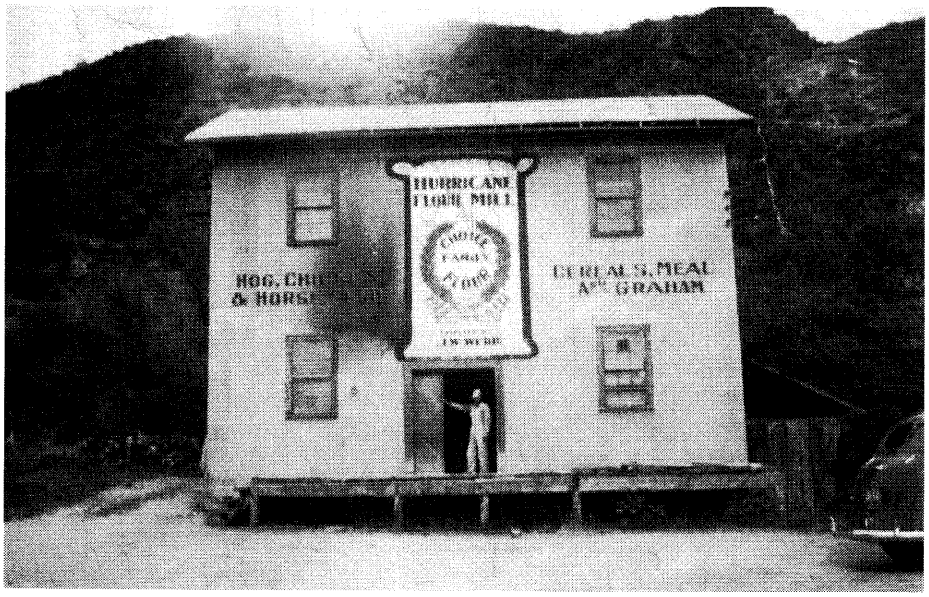
The Hurricane Flour Mill was built between 1913-1915 by the Canal Company. It was built on 100 East 400 South, about 60 feet below the canal.

The water was piped from the canal into the mill's basement where it went through a penstock and shot water onto the water wheel at a great force.

When the kids would have "fun" putting rocks in the pipe to hear them rattle down, it really caused a lot of work to get the penstock open again. They often had to have a welder come and cut the pipe and weld it back together.

The water wheel was 3.5 to 4 feet across and was made of cast iron. It had little cups on it to better catch the water.

A big belt went from the pulley on the wheel to the pulley on the long shaft that went the full length of the basement. On it were many more pulleys and belts and an elevator belt that went clear up to the attic peak.



Old Hurricane Flour and Grist Mill in 1930s
400 South 100 East
(Joe Webb in doorway)

These belts ran the machinery and lifted the grain where it needed to go. To make the machine run, they would have to go to the basement and flip a belt onto the correct pulley by hand. They had to know how to do it and be very careful, or they could get caught in the pulley.

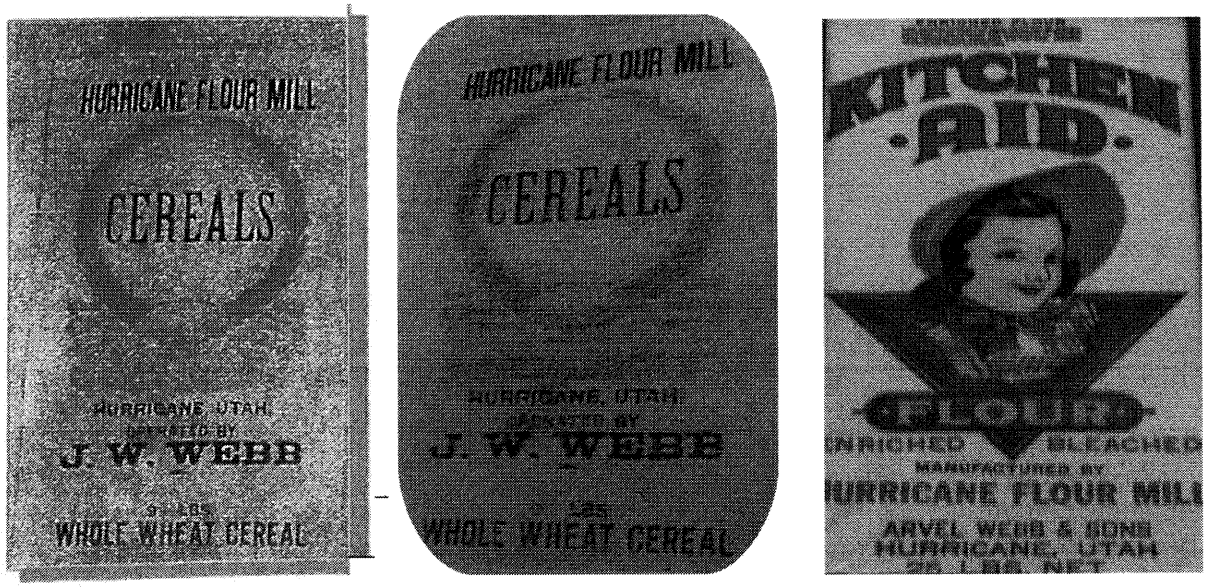
When it was completed in 1915, it was sold to Albert Lundell. In 1919, he returned it to the Canal Company. In 1923, the mill was sold to J.W. Imlay (LeGrande's Grandfather).

In 1927, my grandfather Joseph W. Webb bought it and ran it until 1945 when he accidentally cut his right thumb off. He didn't feel he could run it anymore. At this time my father, Arvel T. Webb, bought the mill from Grandpa Webb, and he ran it until November1948 when it burned to the ground.

To quote my mother, she said, "Everything seemed okay that night at eleven o'clock, but by morning it was all gone. Arvel and the boys had ground-up and were ready to take 1.5 tons of flour out to the Indian Reservation in Arizona the next morning. But even though the flour didn't burn, it was ruined with smoke and water. During the previous summer, we had mortgaged our home to fill all the bins with grains. Now all there was left was the mortgage."

Now with no income, to re-build the mill was a real task for them. The building there now is a monument to their dedication and hard work. They decided it would NOT be easy to burn again; the frame building would be replaced with concrete walls and floors.

The concrete was mixed by first going up by Virgin down by the river by a gravel bank. The gravel was shoveled into the back of the pick-up and driven back to the mill site. They unloaded it by hand, again shoveling it into a small home-sized mixer with cement and water. When it was mixed, it was dumped into the garden wheelbarrow—not a big contractor rubber-tired machine, but a small garden wheelbarrow with a steel wheel.



It was then hauled to the wall or floor they had ready at the time. When they did the floors, they had to keep pouring until the floor was done so as to not have a cold seam in them. As the walls went up, they'd move the forms up again. They only had enough boards to form about 1.5 feet per setting.

As the walls grew higher, they built a ramp that went around and around the building so they could wheel the loads of concrete up. It was pretty heavy for Karl to push, so they made an "S" hook and hooked it onto the front so Allen could help pull it up the ramp. Willard did most of the shoveling for the gravel and concrete.

I forgot to tell you of the re-bar they put in. The power plants were changing over from water power to diesel power and were getting rid of their wooden pipes. Daddy and the boys went out to the plants, some even in Nevada, and tore the pipes down and took the pipe bands

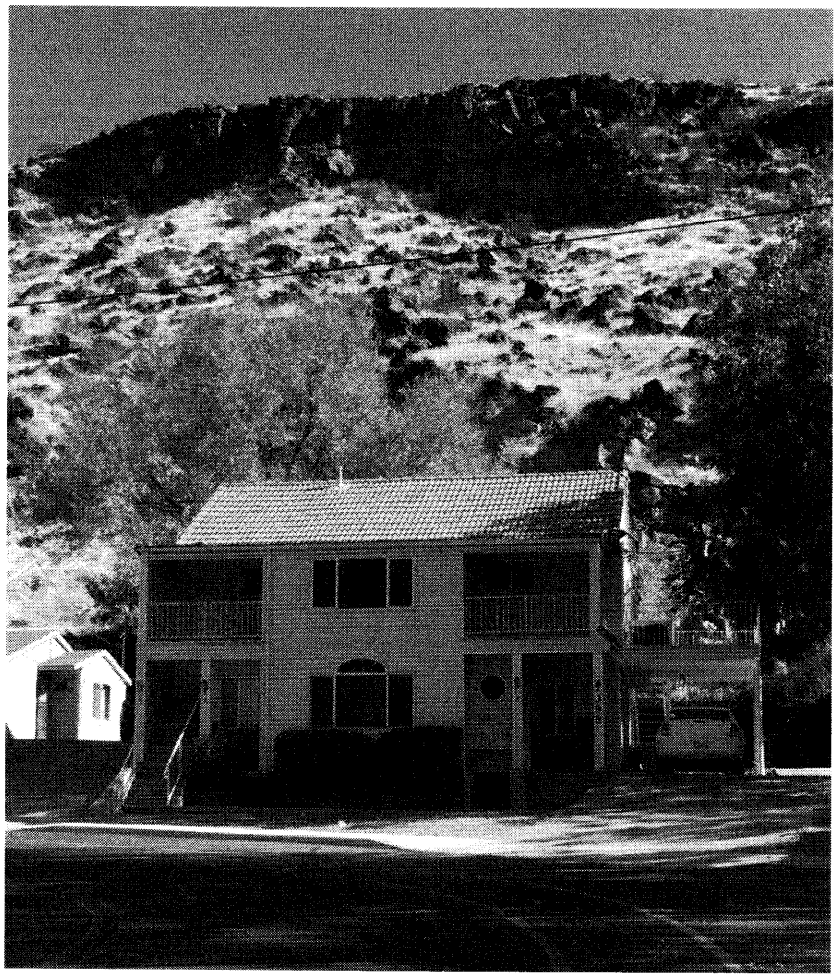
and straightened them out for re-bar. This they tied together on 6 inch squares for the floors and every 8 inches for the walls. It made it mighty hard to put in a door or a window.

Some of the pipe bands are made into a fence on the east side of Suzy and Jim Stanworth's home. When they got to the square, they capped it off with those "new" cement tiles.

That building is a monument to their hard work and determination to re-build their lives. Daddy ran the mill from 1952 when they finally got it in operation again, until 1960 when his health failed.

For a short time, Allen ran the feed business—the flour mill and canal part had been shut down due to rules of the federal government they could not comply with.

In 1962, they sold it to Clarence Cluff. He only ran it for a short time—I'm not sure how long. Then it went back to Daddy. Since he couldn't run it anymore, he started to convert it into apartments—as it still is.



The "Mill" as it is in 2019

Gould's Shearing Corral
Hurricane 1910

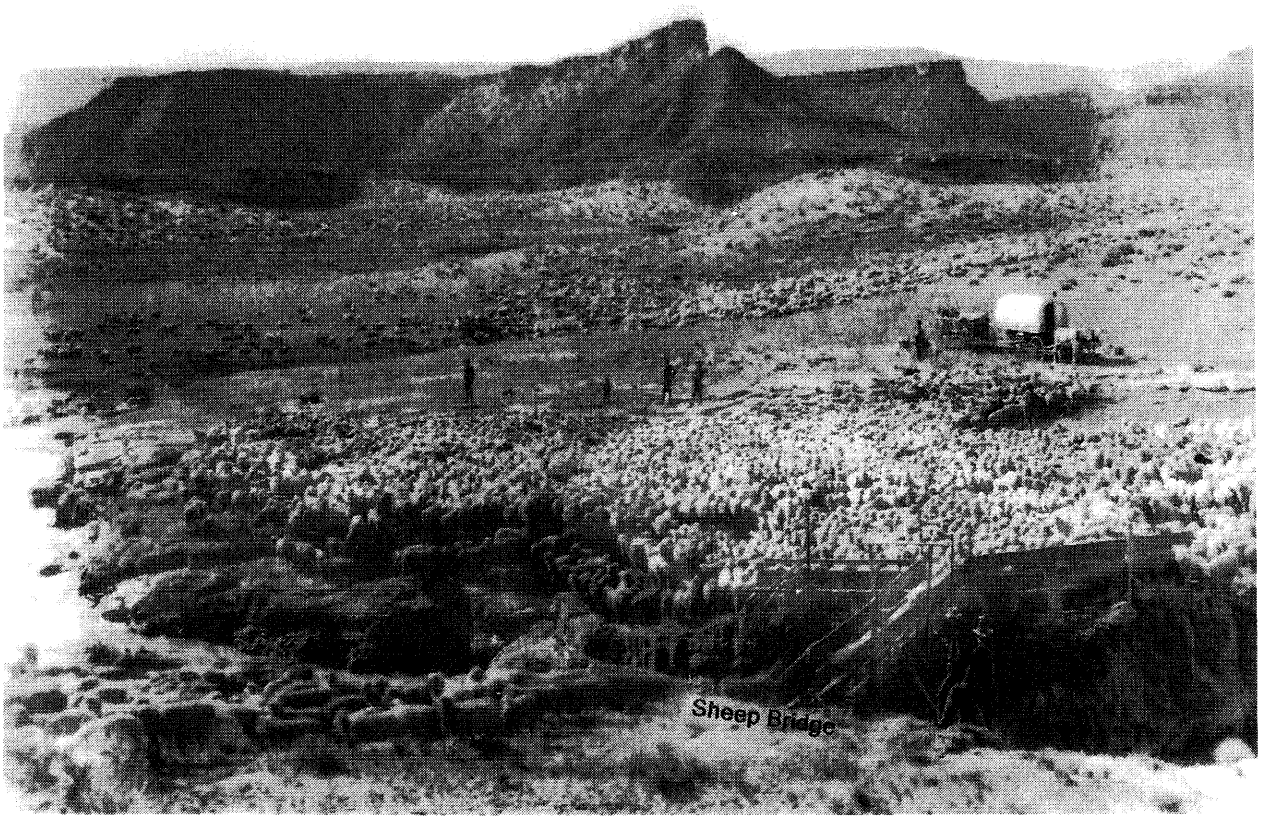
The Gould's Shearing Corral operated from about 1900 until the early 1930s; all the shearing taking place between March 20th and May 10th. Each year during much of its lifespan, at least a million pounds of wool were sheared from over one hundred thousand sheep. It was, at times, the largest such operation in the world. During the shearing season, it was a place of furious dawn-to-dusk activity—machinery roaring, sheep bleating, sheepdogs barking, men yelling; all covered with lanolin—otherwise it was nearly deserted. Sheep hiked in for their yearly barbering from Kane and Garfield counties past the Coral Pink Dunes through Cane Beds, from the Hurricane Valley, Parowan area, and points west up over the Hurricane Hill just north of Frog Hollow Wash, and from the north across the Virgin River just below Virgin.

Initially, the shearing was done with hand shears, but very soon a gasoline engine, rods, shafts, pulleys, and belts were in place that powered approximately eighteen shearing stations. Shearers worked with the sheep partially suspended by wide leather belts passing under their stomachs. Fleeces went by conveyor belt to where expert trampers filled the wool sacks, buyers inspected fleeces, wagons were loaded with twelve to fifteen bags, and the trip to the railhead at Lund, Utah, began. From Gould's, the road went over the Sheep Bridge just west of Virgin, then down over the Johnson's Twist road and through Toquerville. When the dugway up the Hurricane Hill was completed in 1915, Hurricane began playing host to the wagons.

Reasons for maintaining a centralized shearing corral were: (1) Lack of portable shearing equipment and (2) Lack of transportation facilities for hauling the wool from where the wool was being grown.

Gould's had water, space, no neighbors to get annoyed, was reasonably accessible for the sheep, and a mild spring climate so that sheep rarely suffered from the cold once their winter apparel was gone. It was a good staging area for sheepmen heading for the high plateaus and was on a feasible route to the Lund railroad.

By the 1930s, when portable shearing stations could go to the herds, and roads and truck development made hauling wool to market an easier task, the price of wool fell, forcing many growers into bankruptcy, and grazing regulations were mandated. Sheep became a rarity. Almost nothing now remains at Gould's to indicate what once happened there.



Gould's Sheep Shearing Corral
Largest in the World in 1910
with Sheep Bridge in foreground

Sheep Bridge 1906

John L Sevy had Grandpa Allen Joseph Fisk Stout build this bridge below Virgin in the spring of 1906 while LaMar was on his mission in California. Mr. Sevy was taking his sheep to be sheared at Gould's (the location in the photo), and then he planned to take the wool to Modena.

When LaMar was on his mission, Grandpa just didn't know what he was going to do for the money to keep him there, but something always came up in time so that he was able to keep him out in the mission field. The building of this bridge was one of those times. Grandpa, with the help of Allie (Joseph Allen Stout), built this bridge. The water was high, and it was dangerous work. Getting the stringer across was the most difficult task, but Dad knew how to do it. After that it was easier. A sheep drowned there.

Mr. Sevy stayed at our home when he came in to stock up on supplies. He was real happy to have the bridge go up. Grandpa Stout was grateful for the job. It furnished the means to keep LaMar for two or three months on his mission.

Dad continued to use this bridge as a means for making money. Other sheepmen were glad to pay the toll for the crossing of their sheep. He later built the bridge large enough for the sheep *and* the horses and wagons to cross.

I remember your dad and Bill Spendlove came down to look at the bridge. Bill took some of the good nails and was hammering—and your dad had to get after him.

Taken from a story written as Allen (Allie) Joseph Stout told it to Kate Stout

The Bridge

Story from Hurricane Pioneer Museum

By A. Eugene Christensen's daughter, Katherine Christensen Kercher

This bridge, now a Historical Monument, was built in 1937 by A. Eugene Christensen. He, a son of handcart pioneers, was born on 22 April 1889. He left the family farm to attend the University of Utah where he filled a full-time job as he attended the Engineering School. According to Dean Ketchum, Dean of Engineering School, Christensen's grades had never been equaled. Upon graduation, he went to the University of Wisconsin where he gained another degree.

In 1913, he married Elizabeth Catherine Burton. He built a four-room home for her. Their 25 years together were happy family times we will always treasure. Catherine was a singer, who became President of the Utah Federation of Music for several terms. She brought beauty and music into this happy home. She was also a member of the "Tree Commission," remarking that she would help this desert city become a "City of the Trees." We are all proud of these results. There were four children: Katherine, Elaine, Eugene Burton (who lived only two years), and William Lowell.

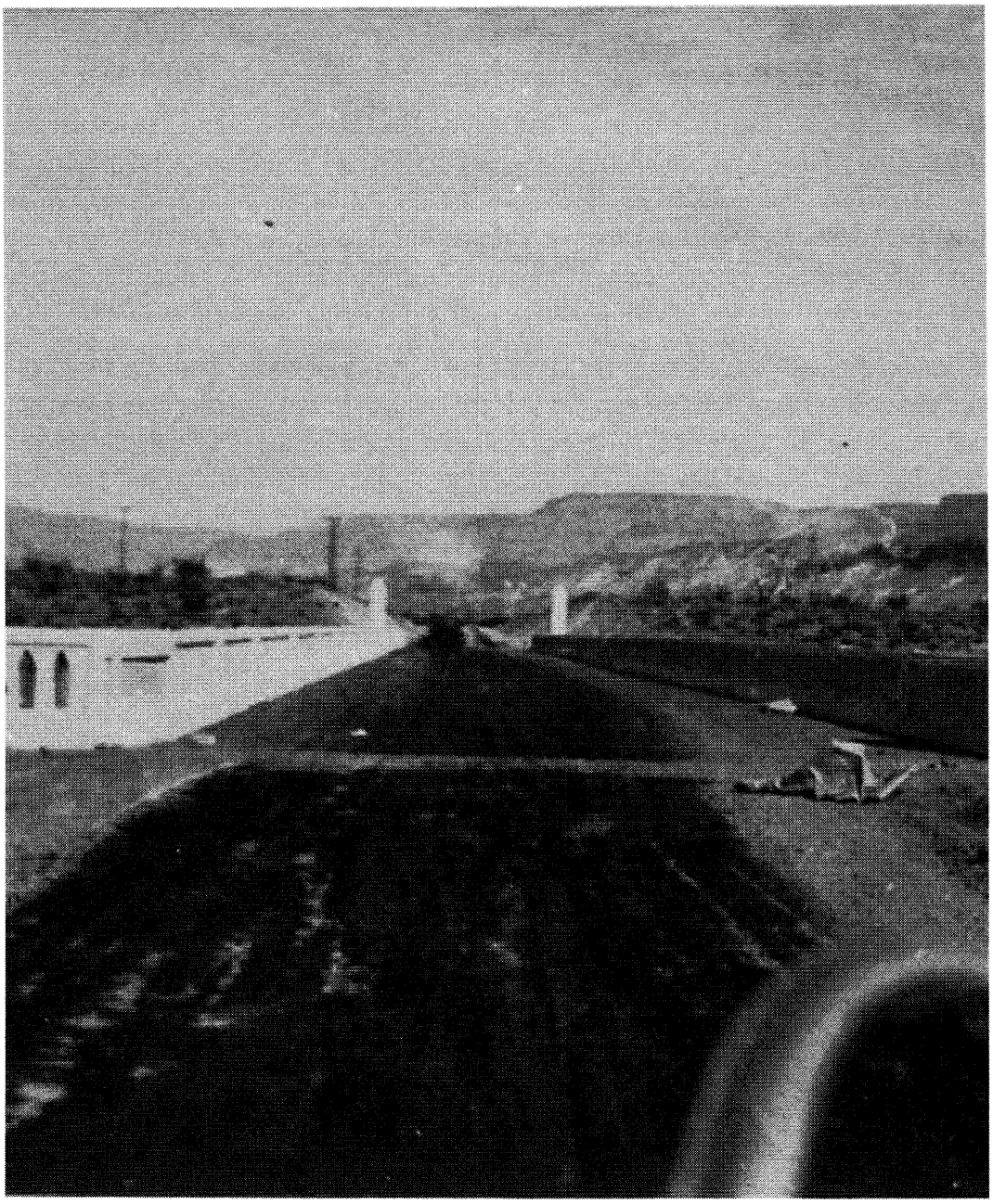
Many of Utah's present highways were built by this remarkable man and are still in use today. Some have been widened, or straightened, but are still in constant use. Also, he built many reservoirs, hospitals, homes, and the Ute Stadium, which has since been enlarged. He was responsible for miles of sidewalks, curb and gutter, airstrips, and roads without mention.

In 1937, at the age of 48, he designed and built the present bridge over the Virgin River, connecting Hurricane and LaVerkin—over the daunting chasm between these two cities, an incredible feat for a man so young. At that time, it was said to be the highest single-span bridge west of the Mississippi. I well remember how Daddy moved his family to a little cottage at Zion National Park where he could be near his work. I also remember how he would go outside many times each night to look at the sky. A flash flood of the Virgin River could well have washed out the infrastructure he had so laboriously installed. How grateful we were for good weather. Then finally, the giant arch was lifted into place, and soon the amazing bridge was completed. Daddy put us all into his car, and as a family we had the great joy of being the first to drive over the bridge.

Daddy built this bridge for less that one half million dollars. The one beside it, built to Daddy's specifications when increased traffic made it necessary, cost thirteen million dollars.

Our beloved Father died at the age of 56, in 1945, when his horse slipped and fell on him. Editorials in all three newspapers praised his honesty, his courage, and his outstanding achievement in his short life. They all echoed: His word was as good as his bond.
(A. Eugene Christensen was buried in Wasatch Memorial Cemetery in Salt Lake City.)

How grateful we, their children, feel to honor our beloved parents as they worked together to make Utah accessible and beautiful. We have looked forward to this day since 1937. Thank you all for helping us to make this *DREAM COME TRUE.*

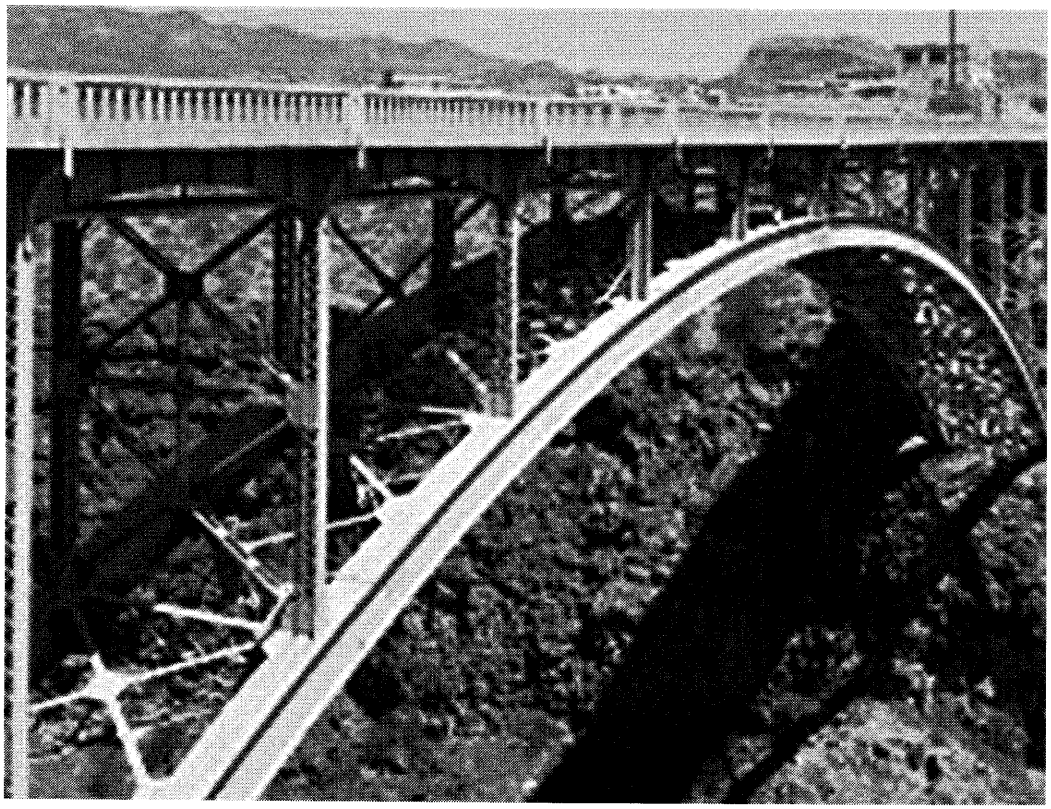


Finished Bridge

Hurricane Bridge Between
Hurricane and LaVerkin
Bridge Completed
15 October 1937

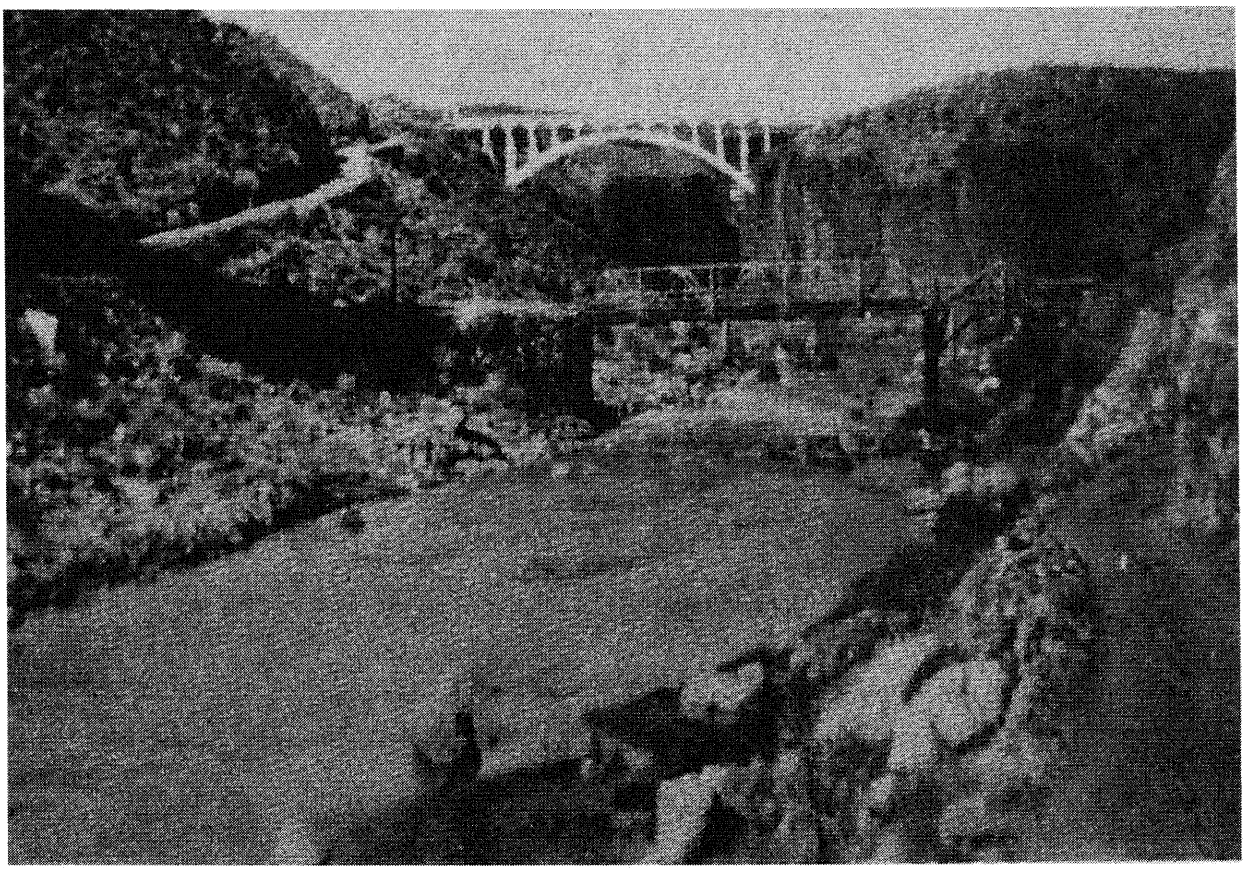
The Bridge Builder
By Will Allen Dromgoole

An old man going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream held no fear for him,
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.



"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way.
You've crossed the chasm, deep and wide,
Why build this bridge at even-tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head.
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followed after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim.
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him!"



Two Bridges - old and new - over Virgin River Hurricane 1937

Loren's Legacy

By Mary Stratton Covington, a granddaughter-in-law

Not much has been written about Loren Covington, one of the most prolific and loved artists Southern Utah has produced. In fact, the personal history he wrote was only four pages long. His story is a humble one, from its beginnings in the little town of Orderville, Utah, in 1885, until its end in Hurricane in 1970. Yet the hundreds of paintings that resulted from his seemingly simple life leave a complex and glorious legacy.

His subjects ranged from biblical scenes to landscapes of Zion National Park, and everywhere between, but he lived his life in his native Southern Utah, ever constant in his will to create. He was a grandson of Robert Dockery Covington, a Mississippi plantation owner who joined the LDS Church, came west, and was sent to help settle the "Cotton Mission" in the town of Washington. Loren's father, John Thomas Covington, lived at Beaver before settling in Orderville where Loren was born in 1885. At age 16, Loren became a key provider for the family. He found a job herding sheep which gave him first-hand knowledge of the animals which would later be found in many of his religious paintings.

From the time he was very young, Loren had enjoyed drawing and painting. At the age of 19, in 1905, he was fortunate enough to attend BYU during winter quarter. The following year, he went back full-time. He began to learn the finer points of art and also began selling some of his paintings to help support himself and his family. He was given a great deal of encouragement at BYU.

By 1914, he had left Provo for Short Creek, Arizona, to get in on an irrigation project that was going to start there. The project failed, but he stayed for two years, then homesteaded at Cane Beds, Utah, where he tried dry farming until it didn't prove successful.

In 1916, his reputation as an artist having preceded him, he went to Hurricane to paint scenery for the social hall. During that time, he became acquainted with Anna Eagar. They began going together while rehearsing a play to raise money for the scenery he was painting.

They were married later that year in the St. George LDS Temple. They lived the next three years at Cane Beds and Hurricane before moving to Harbor City, California, where Loren worked as a ship builder and also painted movie sets at the Metro Studios in Hollywood.

The Covington family later returned to their native Southern Utah where Loren continued to paint. His grandchildren would swarm around him as he painted, yet they remember him as never getting cross. Rather, he would reach for a piece of paper, wood, or cardboard, whatever was handy, and paint the child's portrait. The child would then run home with his treasure—content, for a while.

In the summer of 1936, at the invitation of BYU, Loren made a trip to Nauvoo, Illinois, and back over the Old Mormon Trail where he painted numerous scenes along the way. He made trips to the Indian Pueblos of Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, painting various scenes and people. He painted countless murals in the St. George Temple which existed there until the building was remodeled in 1976. One of the mural masterpieces can be seen in the Old Rock Church in Cedar City. He painted the entire baptismal room, ceiling and walls, in 1934.

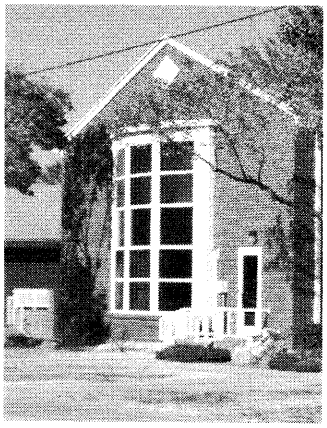
Side note by Beverly Ivins Leavitt:

One of Loren's paintings is in the First Stake Center in Blanding, Utah. When it was remodeled, they were going to take it out, but the Stake President, Fred Halliday, insisted it remain and it is still there today. (The Stake President was my sister-in-law's father.)

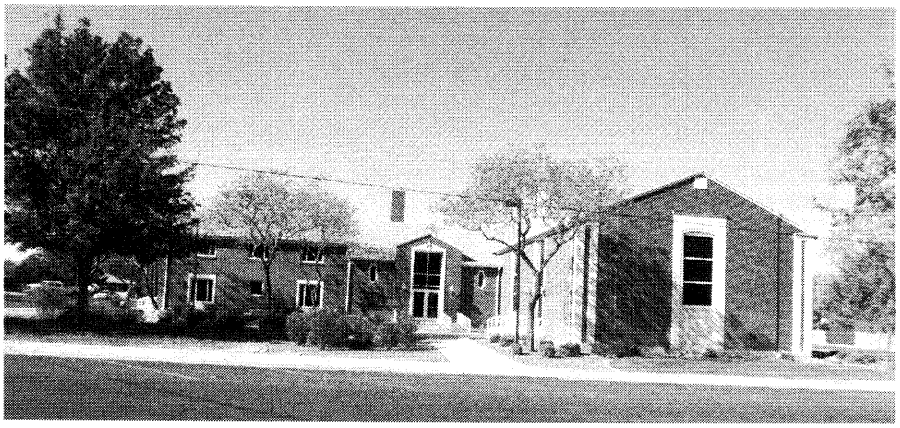
My daughter (Rebecca Christensen) said the Manti Temple Chapel also has one of his paintings of Jesus Blessing the Children.

JESUS BLESSING THE CHILDREN

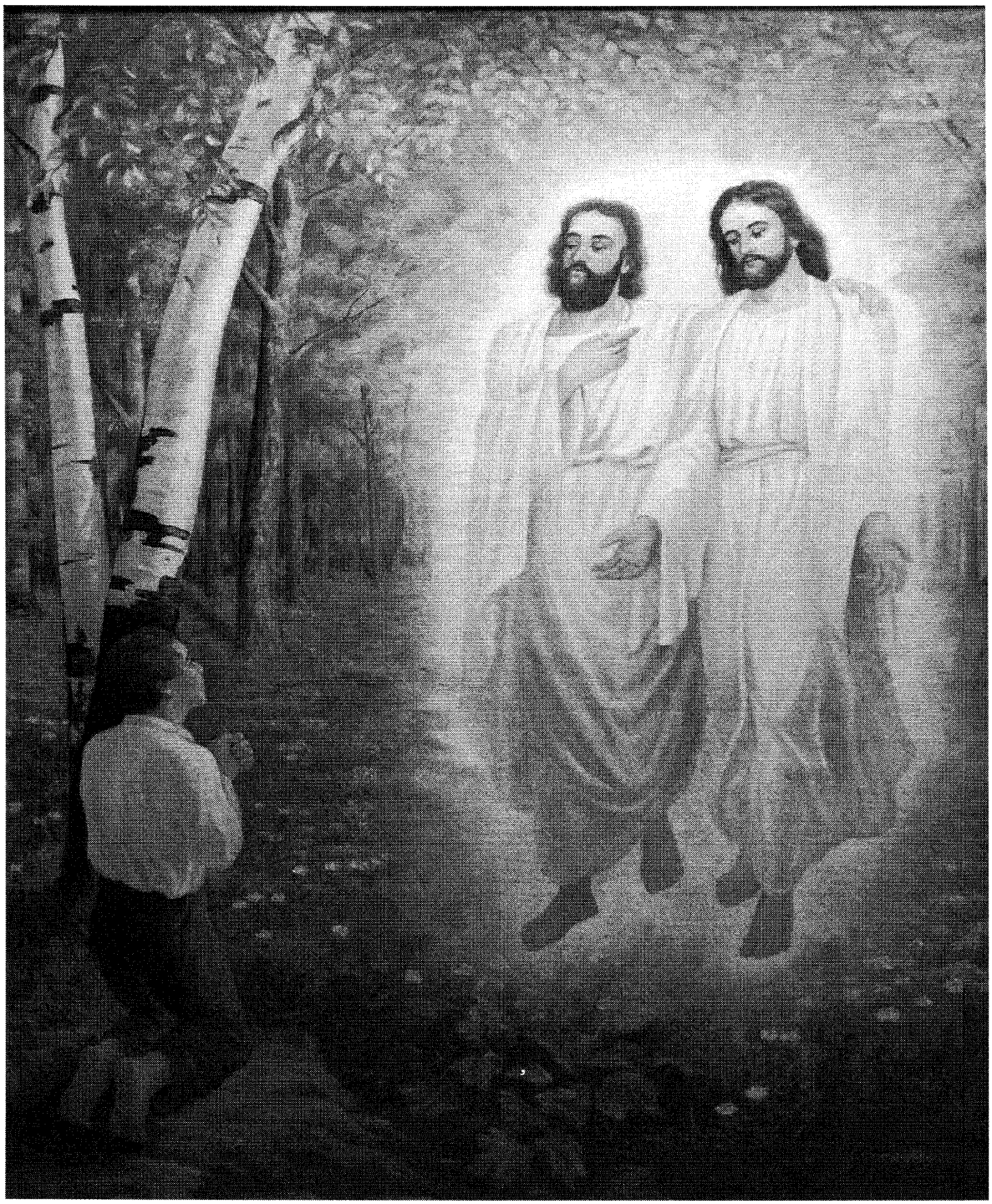
This painting was done by Loren Covington in 1952 before the dedication of the Red Brick Church, South Ward building on 18 January 1953. It hung there until the church was remodeled in about 1983, when it was put in storage for the next 20 years. It suffered some damage while in storage and was sent to Heather Denslie for restoration work in 2003. The painting was then given to the Heritage Park Museum by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.



Beautiful Bay Window

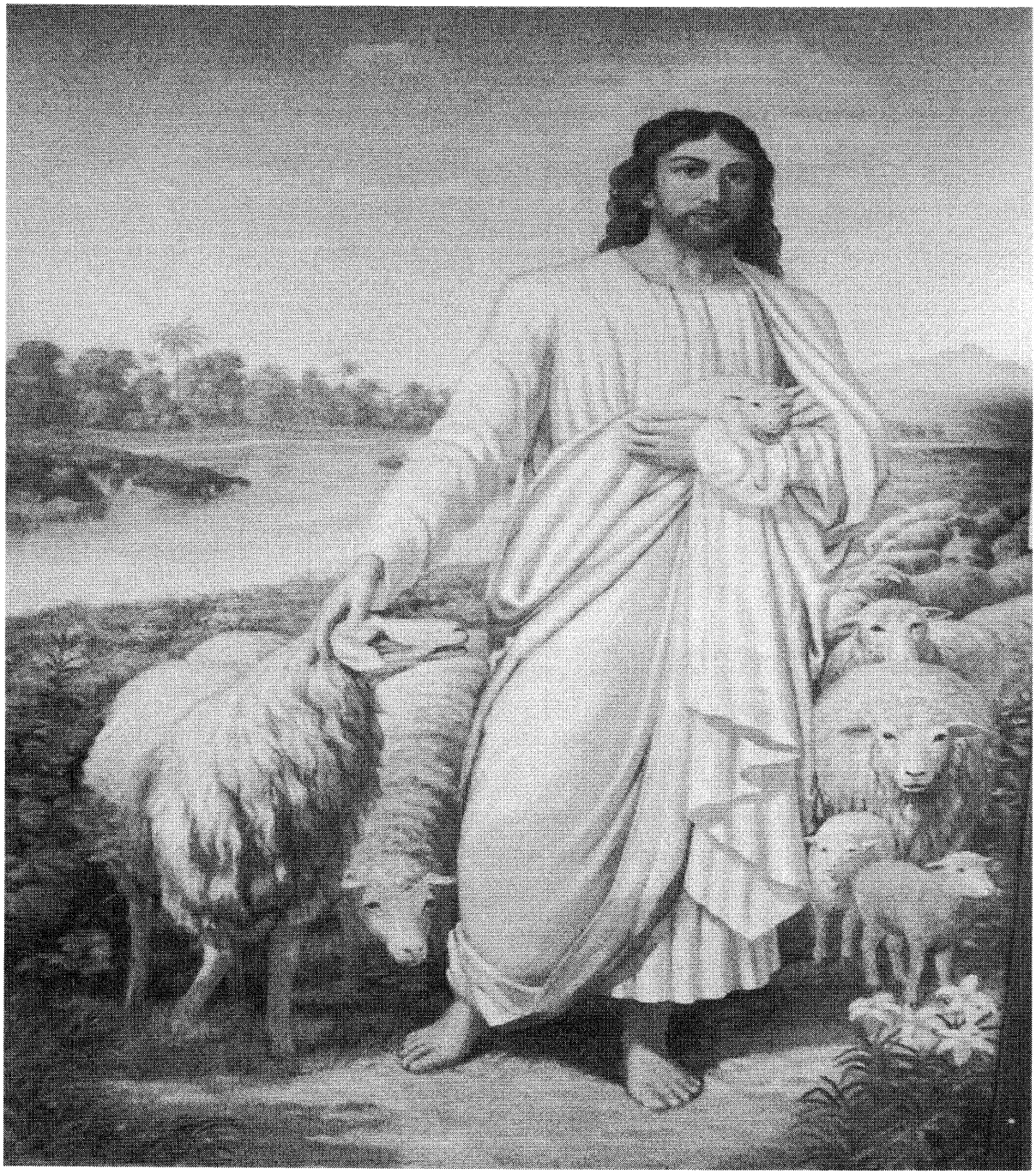


Red Brick Church (Original South Ward Chapel)



THE FIRST VISION
Showing God the Father and Jesus Christ appearing to Joseph Smith, Jr.
This painting was done by Loren Covington in 1952 before the dedication of the Red Brick Church, South Ward building on January 18, 1953. It hung there until the church was remodeled in about 1983, when it was put in storage for the next 20 years. It was damaged while in storage. In about 2003 it was taken out of storage and sent to Heather Denslie for restoration work. It was then given to the Heritage Park Museum by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

James Chapter 1 Verse 5: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."



THE GOOD SHEPHERD

This oil painting is 89 by 59 inches. It was painted by Loren Covington for the "White Church" or North Ward Chapel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints that stood on the corner where Heritage Park gardens are now. It is reported to have been in the chapel at the time of the dedication on October 10, 1943.

This painting and the one of Christ and the Children hung in the church until it was torn down in August 1985.

It was placed in the Heritage Park Museum for display by Loren's son Delbert.

Look closely as you walk by this picture. You will see that the Savior is watching you. His eyes, as well as his body and feet, are pointing toward you.

JESUS BLESSING THE CHILDREN

This oil painting is 89 by 59 inches and was painted by Loren Covington for the White Church. It is reported to have been there from the time of the dedication of the building on October 10, 1943.

At the time that the building was taken down in August 1985, the paintings were removed and put in storage until they were placed in the Heritage Park Museum in Hurricane by Loren's son Delbert Covington.

It is interesting to note that Loren used his own family for models of the people in the painting. The child on the Savior's lap is Iris Covington, a niece, who was killed in a car accident as a small child.

Owen Sanders has written the following meaningful lines . . .

A hundred years of hardship
Has earned its just reward.
The sun that blazed on Dixie
Has made it mighty hard.

But now the sun is beaming;
The storm clouds passed away.
We raise our shoulders proudly
To greet a glorious day.

The dusty trails to Dixie
Were paved with sweat and tears;
The conquest of this desert
Has taken many years.

The Saints who met this challenge
Are numbered by the score,
While weaker souls who faltered
Are thought of never more.

The rambling rip gut fences
Have rotted through the years;
The patchwork black rock borders
Will stand a thousand years.

Daredevil diggers of dugways,
Those Dixie engineers;
To ride the trails they chiseled
Filled feeble hearts with fears.

Long miles of Dixie ditches
Were dug with pain and toil
To bring the Virgin water
Onto the thirsty soil.

The cactus, oose, and greasewood
Where rabbits ran to hide
Were grubbed with heavy mattock
Then burned when piled aside.

A gentle drizzle drazzle
Came once or twice a year,
But thunders claps and cloudbursts
Crammed Dixie hearts with fear.

The hungry Rio Virgin
Gnawed crags and fields away
And farms that were in Grafton
At flood-time moved away.

Figs and grapes and walnuts
Were grown on Dixie soil;
Dixie cane and sorghum
Caused many months of toil.

The smiling sun of Dixie
Dried peaches, grapes, and figs,
And peelings from the peaches
Were tossed to hungry pigs.

The shining sun of Dixie
Smiles down on new frontiers,
And we must meet the challenge
As did the pioneers.

Thomas Maurice and Wilhelmina Walker Hinton
"The First Family to Move to Hurricane"

Aunt Mina, as she was known to all in Hurricane, was born in Spring Valley, Nevada, on 18 October 1873. Her parents were Clemons Bernhard Focke and Elizabeth Staheli Walker. Her father was from Germany, and her mother was from Switzerland. Her father was a cattleman and rancher in Nevada.

Mina attended BYU in Provo, Utah. Thomas also attended BYU, but they met at a dance in Hinckley, Utah. She was teaching school there, and he was living with his sister and working as a carpenter.

Thomas was born in Virgin, Utah to John Nock and Emma Spendlove Hinton on 8 October 1872.

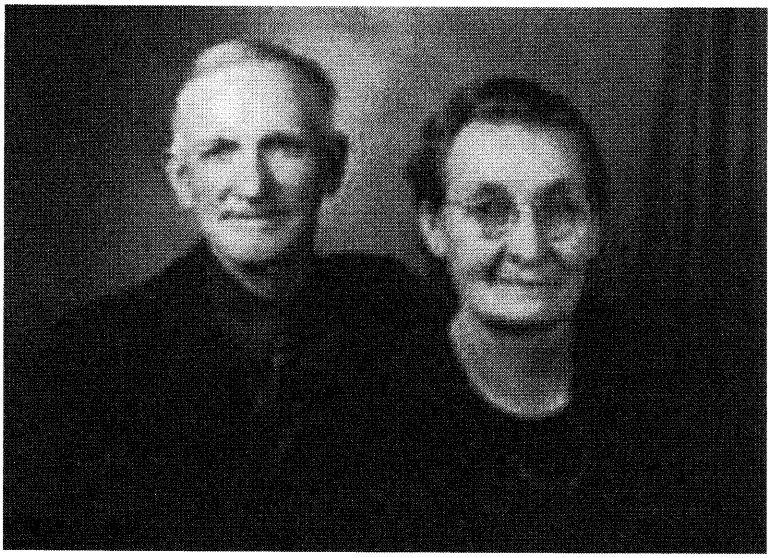
Thomas and Wilhelmina were married 5 October 1898 in the Salt Lake Temple.

In 1905, word was out that the Canal Company had been successful. They were breaking up land in the Hurricane Valley. Thomas and Mina, with their three children, moved down from Virgin in March of 1906. They moved into Tom Isom's granary in Hurricane. They were the first family to move there! From March to June, Mina was the only woman there. (Some of the property owners would camp there during the week, but they would go home on weekends.) By June, the other families started moving down.

In 1920, Aunt Mina began assisting Dr. Wilkinson as a nurse. During the next twenty-four years, she delivered, or helped deliver, over 502 babies, eight of them on her own.

Thomas was a builder and built many of the early homes in Hurricane. He was also a farmer and had a wonderful grape vineyard and peach and almond orchards.

They raised seven children. Thomas died in March 1948. Mina lived twenty more years and died 10 October 1968. Aunt Mina was a highly respected woman in Hurricane. Thomas was loved by his family and friends. They both contributed much to building up Hurricane.



Thomas Maurice and Wilhelmina Walker Hinton

Jacob Louis and Mary Catherine Redd Workman

Jacob was born to Andrew Jackson and Sariah Anna Johnson Eagar Workman in Virgin, Utah, 18 November 1874.

Molly, as Mary Catherine was called, was born to Benjamin and Clarissa Taylor Redd in New Harmony, Utah, on 22 July 1871.

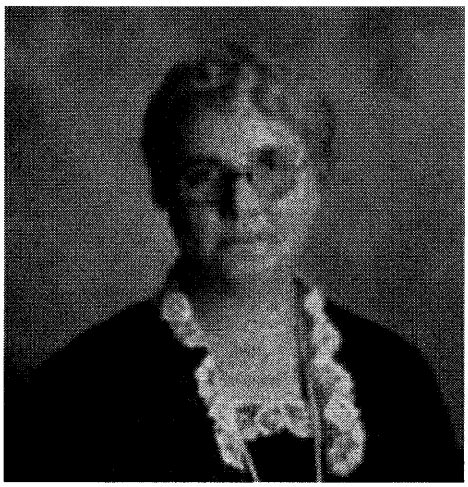
Jacob Louis Workman
1st Postmaster and
1st Teacher in Hurricane

Molly lost her mother when she was two and a half years old and her father when she was 15. She had to go to work for others, house cleaning, washing, hoeing, irrigating fields, or whatever she could find. She went to school at Logan, Utah for one year and got her teaching degree. Her entire wardrobe consisted of two dresses; one of them was for Sunday. Most of the time, she did not have as much as she wanted to eat.

She got a job teaching in Virgin where Jacob lived. She taught the first four grades. Jacob was also a teacher in Virgin. After teaching for a couple of years, she had enough money to go to Branch Normal School in Cedar City, Utah.

Jacob went to serve a mission. When he returned, they were married 16 May 1900 in the St.George Temple.

Molly taught school in Rockville and Jacob taught in Springdale. They had a baby girl named Thelma in 1901. Then in 1903, they had another baby girl and named her Ora.



Mary Catherine Redd Workman

Molly and Jacob, and his three brothers, Amos, Nephi, Charles, and their families, were the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 7th families to move to Hurricane. Jacob was the first teacher in the new town and the first postmaster.

Jacob served another mission, leaving his family. He returned in 1908 and died 12 March 1911. Molly was left with the two girls. She served as postmaster for many years.

Molly married a widower, John T. Hall, 17 December 1912. They were married for twenty-seven years before she died 19 November 1941. John died 20 November 1947.

Nephi Johnson and Mary Elizabeth Spendlove Workman

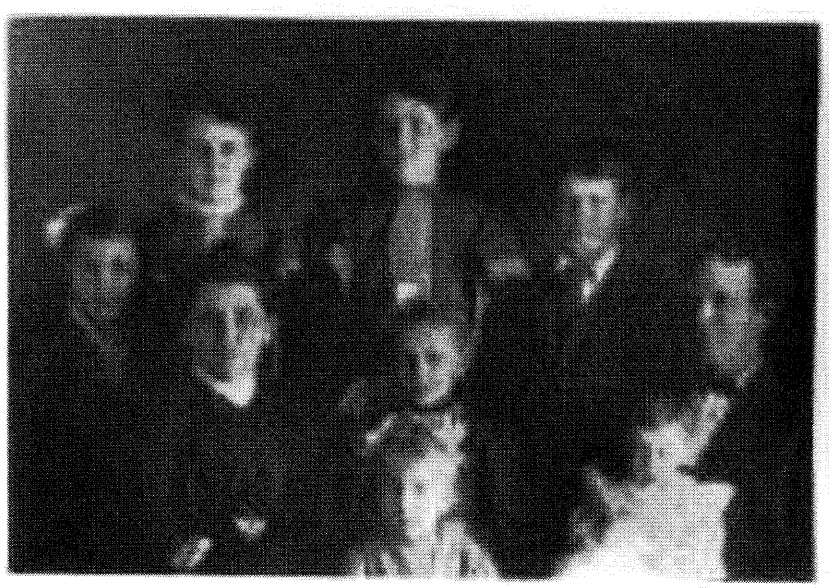
Nephi, the second son of Andrew Jackson and Sariah Anna Johnson Eager Workman, was born September 7, 1868.

Mary Elizabeth, known as Lizzie, was born in Rockville, Utah, on December 16, 1871, to English immigrants, John and Mary Davies Spendlove.

Lizzie attended school in Virgin, receiving a good education for those days. At an early age, she had to learn to work. She learned to do all kinds of house work, including mixing bread, when she was so small she had to stand on a chair. When she got a little older, her parents peddled fruit up north, leaving her to take care of things while they were gone. She learned to be a good seamstress, making pants, shirts, and dresses for the entire family.

Nephi Johnson & Mary Elizabeth Spendlove Workman
Main & 200 South - Hurricane

Lizzie remembered hunting sego lilies to eat during her childhood because food was scarce. She said that her third child was born before she really had what she wanted to eat. Nine children were born to Lizzie and Nephi.



Nephi Workman's Family
B: Anna, Wealthy, Mary, Nephi Spendlove
C: Mary Elizabeth, Ada, Nephi Johnson
F: Iva, Walter Spendlove

Nephi was always a good provider. They bought a ranch from Billy Dawson and homesteaded one hundred and sixty acres of land on Kolob Mountain. They lived there every summer, moving up as soon as school was out. A two-room log house provided shelter for the family.

A milk house stood nearby with a cool spring running behind it. They milked twenty cows. Lizzie made cheese and butter. The butter, stored in five gallon cans, lasted all winter. She also sold butter to the sheepmen on the mountain. When school started in the fall, the family moved back to Virgin.

After their marriage on October 17, 1889, in the St. George Temple, Nephi and Lizzie continued to live in Virgin. They had 9 children, one dying at birth and another at one year.

Nephi worked on the Hurricane Canal from the time it was started in 1893. Leaving for work every Monday morning, he was always gone until Saturday night. In 1906, when six families moved onto the Hurricane flat and began the new town, Nephi and Lizzie were one of those families. They built a large room and a lean-to. There was a lot of hard work to be done. The entire family worked together to clear the land, set out fruit trees, and dig ditches.

Nephi was a member of the first Town Board. He was a successful farmer and, like his father, enjoyed experimenting with budding fruit and nuts. He worked for the good of the town of Hurricane until he passed away on May 20, 1931.

On November 14, 1964, Lizzie left this life and went to join him. Their children missed her greatly, but they felt a certain peace in knowing that Nephi and Lizzie were together once again. Both are buried in the Hurricane Cemetery.

Thomas and Annie Hinton Isom

Thomas was born in Mountain Dell, Utah, 30 November 1870 to William and Katharine Wolfe Isom. He never attended school, but he was taught reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic at home, at night after the work was done, by his mother and uncle. They lived too far away from Virgin to go to school.

The family farmed, milked cows, fed pigs and chickens, raised cattle, and made wine. They peddled their own produce and hunted and trapped wild animals.

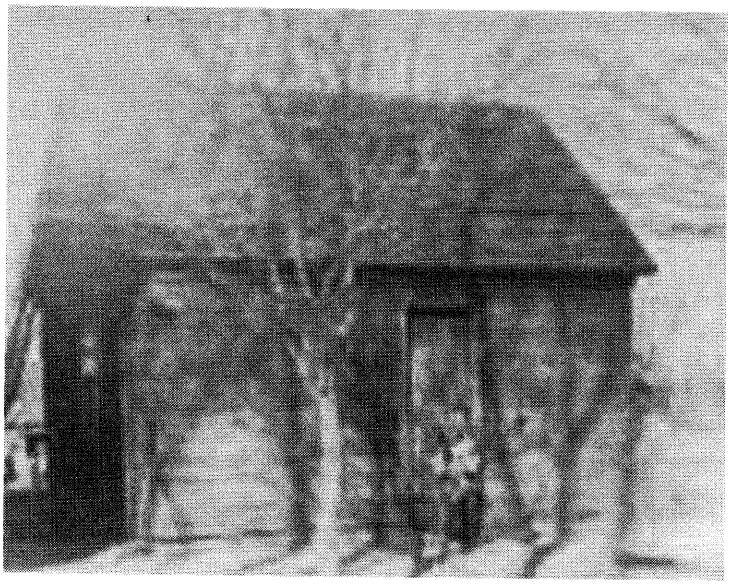
Annie was born 24 September 1874 in Virgin, Utah, to John Nock and Emma Spendlove Hinton. She loved entertaining, helping in plays, and singing in the ward choir.

Tom and Annie were married in the St.George Temple on 17 December 1895. Tom built a two-room home in Mountain Dell. He farmed, peddled, and hauled wood for themselves and to sell. When work started on the Hurricane Canal in 1893, Tom went to work. He spent the week working on the canal, only going home on Saturday and Sunday.

Annie was tired of having no church, schools, stores, and no activities, so Tom moved them to LaVerkin. After this move, Tom could be home at night.

The property he earned in Hurricane was filled with sage brush, cactus, chaparral, and wildflowers. His children helped him clear it all. There was a water hole between them and where the Petty Store would eventually be. There was a large buffalo that drank there. The buffalo went wherever it wanted because there were no fences.

On 6 December 1906 the family moved into a granary that was on their property in town. Annie's brother Maurice and his family had lived there until their home was built. In June of 1911 Tom and Annie's new home was done and they moved in. Six months after they moved into their home, they started taking in travelers. Now they called it the Isom Hotel. They made mattresses from corn husks, and Annie took apart her feather bed and made feather pillows. Tom eventually added another section to the house with seven bedrooms to accommodate all the guests, and he added electrical wiring and plumbing. This was the first house in Hurricane to have them. A bed for the night cost fifty cents, and a full day of meals was one dollar. Often there would be more travelers than beds, and the children would have to sleep together in one room so the extra guests could use their beds. Annie and her children worked hard to run the hotel. They cooked and cleaned, washed and ironed, baked and gardened! They made their own butter, raised their own animals for



Thomas Isom Home
1st home built in Hurricane
State and Main Street

meat, grew vegetables and fruits, milked the cows, gathered eggs, and chopped wood.

Tom was elected the first Marshall. He was a hard worker and eventually owned 65 acres of farmland with eight shares of canal stock. They had 10 children.

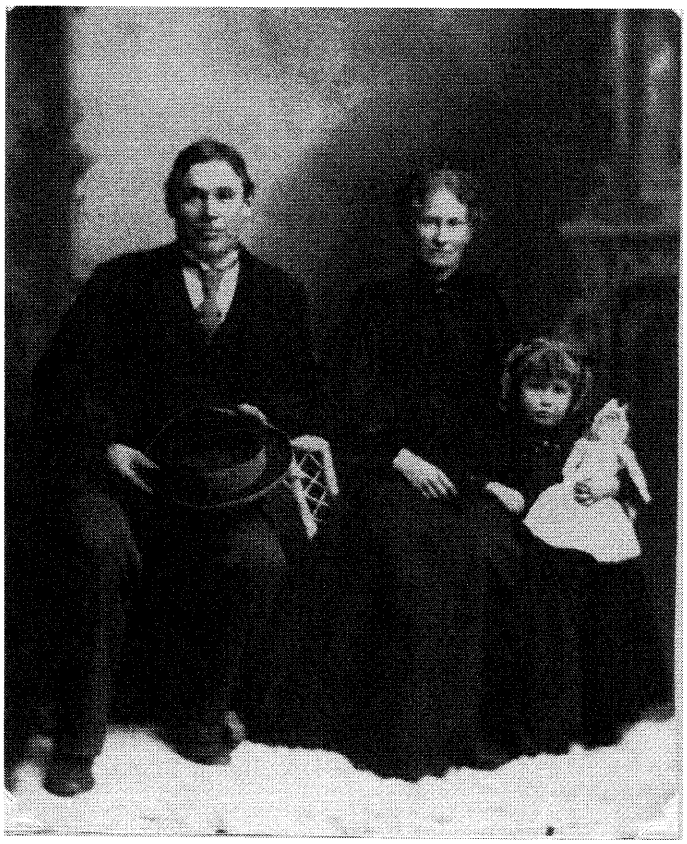
Annie died on July 16, 1938, from a stroke, probably resulting from high blood pressure and years of untreated diabetes. She is buried in the Hurricane Cemetery.

A year later, Tom married Martha Hastings. In 1947, they were in a car accident and Martha was killed. Tom later married Martha's sister, Lucy Barnum.

On October 20, 1952, Tom Isom died. He is buried in Hurricane, Utah.

Thomas Isom Family
Approximately 1908
Left to right: Irving, Annie, Ethel, Spencer,
Kathleen, Regina, Bernard, Thomas and Leslie

Amos Jackson and Amanda Jane Burke Workman



Amos Jackson and Amanda Jane Burke Workman and Mary (Mamie) - Ivin was born shortly after this photo was taken

Amos Jackson Workman was born on December 18, 1866, the eldest son of Andrew Jackson and Sariah Anna Johnson Eager Workman, in Virgin, Utah. On February 24, 1886, Amos married Amanda Jane Burke, who had been born on August 8, 1866, in Virgin, Utah, to Carl Peter and Betsey Christina Jensen Bjorke.

Amos and Amanda had four children: Mary (always known as Mamie) and Ivin; two sons, Charles Andrew and Jacob, died in infancy.

Amos Jackson Workman and his wife Amanda were some of the first people to settle in and develop the town of Hurricane. He helped to survey the town site, helped with the building of the canal, and was a successful farmer in the area. For many years, Amos served as a member of the town and field water boards.

He and his son Ivin were out cultivating one day when a buffalo came down to the ditch to get a drink. It scared their horse, and it ran clear to the other end of the field. The same buffalo roamed up into the area around Lund, Utah.

His son Ivin remembers, "I helped my dad plant the biggest fig orchard in the state of Utah." They also grew a lot of peaches. Then Amos got interested in growing pecan trees. He started them from pecans that his cousin brought back from his mission to the southern states. He soon realized that the seedling pecan trees would need to have bud wood grafted into them to get the good, big varieties of pecans he wanted. Amos was able to obtain the bud wood from Texas and went on to plant and bud pecan trees all over Southern Utah, including those that still grow on and around the grounds of the St. George Temple.

Ivin remembers coming down the old road into the Hurricane Valley. The excitement when water came onto the land for the first time was great. "They had a big celebration. They should!" he asserted. "The first time water came into the ditch, oh did we celebrate!"

The family lived in a dugout at first. Then they moved into the Frank Barber house while building their house. There was not room for everyone in the Barber house, so Ivin slept in a wagon box that winter.

Ivin remembers that when the ditch would break during those first few years, it was a real problem for the new town. They had to go to Toquerville to get the water.

Itha Scow and Ivin Workman 1958-59

Amos took fruit out to the Navajos by team and wagon. Ivin continued to do that after his father died. Finally, he had a truck to use. "You should have seen their eyes when I come in that Dodge truck! I've always been good to the Navajos. It pays to be good to anybody. It'll come back to you ten-fold." Yes, many are the memories of this man who remembers the first days of Hurricane and numerous events which have transpired since.

As he remarked so aptly, "I've seen quite a change here in Hurricane!"

Amanda died July 26, 1935, in Hurricane. Over the years, Amos had been very lonely, so in January 1950, he married Almeda Smithson, an old friend from Woodruff, Arizona, and brought her to Hurricane to live. He died at his home in Hurricane on April 9, 1952, at the age of 85. He was one of the great pioneers of Southern Utah. Amos and Amanda are both buried in the Hurricane Cemetery. Almeda returned to Arizona and later died on December 9, 1957, and was buried in Woodruff.

Franklin Thomas and Charlotte Matthews Ashton

Franklin and Charlotte Ashton were one of the first families to move to Hurricane in 1906. He was a tall man with dark hair, and she also had dark hair.

Franklin was born 10 August 1870 in Lehi, Utah, to Joseph Howard and Elizabeth Matthews Ashton. Lottie, as she was always called, was born in Virgin, Utah, to Daniel Willis and Mary Leah Groves Matthews, Sr.

They were married on 22 November 1900 in St. George, Washington County, Utah. They were sealed in the St. George Temple on 27 December 1923.

Times were hard in Hurricane! The biggest problem was starvation—not enough to eat. If it was not for a few cottontails in the summers, meat would have been very scarce. Wilford said, "Me and my brother would take our flippers and get some cottontails. We had no guns nor bullets. We would take them home to eat. They were pretty good."

Charlotte Matthews and Franklin Thomas Ashton

Franklin was a carpenter and built many of the first homes and barns in Hurricane. Two homes he worked on were the Ira Bradshaw home and the J.W. Imlay home.

Franklin went up to Mountain Dell and took apart an old blacksmith shop and brought the pieces down to Hurricane where he reassembled it. He used straw and mud to plaster between the logs to keep the weather out. This was their first home in Hurricane.

They reared seven children of their own, her sister's three, and two grandsons.

When he wasn't busy with carpenter work, he hauled hay for the local farmers. He ran Will Ruesch's farm for him. He also hauled wood for others. During sheep-shearing time, he worked at the sheds at Gould's Wash. He took care of the shearers' tools, grinding the blades to keep them sharp. He built fruit crates that the farmers used to ship fruit to market, and he hauled fruit by horse and wagon to Cedar.

Lottie worked hard taking care of the home and children. She also made bread and pastries and sold them to tourists.

The Ashtons were quiet, unassuming people and very independent. They did not bother others and did not want to be bothered.

Franklin died 6 December 1950, and Charlotte died 8 February 1957. Both are buried in Hurricane.

Charles Adelbert and Josephine Pickett Workman

Charles was born 3 September 1870 in Virgin, Utah, to Andrew Jackson and Sariah Anna Johnson Eagar Workman.

Josephine was born 18 August 1871 in St. George, Utah, to Horatio and Harriet J. Johnson Pickett.

Charles married Josephine Pickett on April 26, 1892. They were the parents of eleven children, five of whom died in infancy. They moved to Hurricane in the fall of 1906, the seventh family to move there. Their son, Carl, born on February 20, 1907, was the first child born in Hurricane.

Charles operated a small mercantile store in Virgin in one room of his home. When they moved to Hurricane, he moved this store and soon thereafter built a substantial store building. He and Josephine operated this store until 1917 or 1918, at which time they sold it to James Judd. He also had property where he farmed and raised fruit. Charles taught school in Virgin for many years. He was also a County Superintendent of Schools.

Charles was the Justice of the Peace both in Virgin and Hurricane. He prepared all of the legal papers for people living in the area. He was considered very well-educated for his day, having attended school at BYU.

As Secretary-Treasurer of the Hurricane Canal Company, Charles kept all of the records and books. He was also the Treasurer of the first Town Board in Hurricane and served as Town President, beginning in 1915. As a member of the committee to build the bridge across the Virgin River, he made the remark that one day a big bridge would be built near the spot where the current bridge now stands. He was instrumental in getting water and electricity in Hurricane. He also belonged to the Commercial Club.

Charles A. and Josephine Pickett Workman Family
B: Viola Delsy
F: Charles, Eldon J., Flora Beryl, Josephine

Josephine did beautiful handwork and made quilts. Charles cleaned and repaired clocks, watches, guns, sewing machines, organs, and other machines.

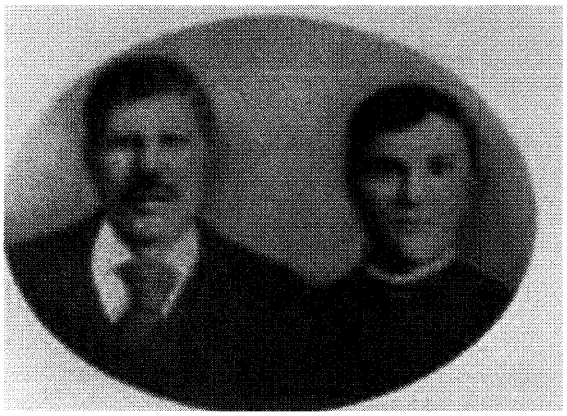
Josephine reared their children and helped Charles in the store.

Charles passed away on 22 July 1923. Josephine died at the age of 98 on 13 January 1970 in St. George, Utah. They are both buried in the Hurricane Cemetery.

Erastus Franklin and Harriet Elizabeth Stratton Lee

By Stella Lee Nelson

My father, Franklin Lee, was born June 16, 1892, at Virgin, Washington County, Utah, to Erastus Franklin Lee and Harriet Elizabeth Stratton. He was the second child and first son of the family.



Erastus Franklin and Harriet Elizabeth Stratton Lee

Because of the floods in the Virgin River washing all the farming ground away, my father's family was compelled to leave Virgin and find new homes and farms to raise their crops, so they went to Hurricane, a distance of about seven miles from Virgin. They were the fifth or sixth family to move there. They had to find some means to get water to their farmland from the Virgin River, so before they moved, they spent several years helping to build the Hurricane Canal. They spent the winters working on the canal and summers harvesting crops.

Father had to leave the third grade to help on the canal. They were paid in land, water shares, and property at Hurricane according to the amount of time they had worked on the canal. The lots were blocked off and numbered. The numbers were put in a hat, and the people drew a number. In this way, they knew what property was theirs. They had a twenty-acre farm. Because of the sickness and death of my grandfather, they had to sell part of the farm to pay for the expenses of his illness. The responsibility of a large family and a widow mother fell on father's shoulders.

They had to haul their water three miles from the Virgin River to their place for the family use.

It was in this same river where my father was baptized on June 16, 1900.

My father did the first plowing in Hurricane. He was about 15 years of age. Amos Workman held the plow for the first round he made, then he plowed the rest himself.

He did a lot of freighting when a young man. He also hauled supplies for sheepmen in the valley near Hurricane. Many times he encountered nasty wintery storms on these trips which made the going rough.

He used to work on the brick mill that made the brick to build the homes in Hurricane, and also the school house. They always had to have their own wood, so they would go up into the mountains and cut wood and haul it home for firewood.

They had very little time for recreation in those days, but they always had time to go wild mustang hunting, and they always had a good time. One time my father and friends were breaking a horse instead of attending his Grandmother's funeral. As the funeral procession came in one side of the cemetery, they went out the other side on the bucking horse.

On June 8, 1920, my father and Mable Morgan were married. His sister Minnie and her husband, George Dodge, were married at the same time. They went to St. George in a white-topped buggy. My grandmothers went with them to act as witnesses.

My father continued to farm and take care of his family, mother, brothers, and sisters. He went to the sawmill and worked for lumber, then made cement blocks and built his family a four-room home on property near his mother's home. Eight children were born to this union. My father was active in church activities, especially the Elder's Quorum. He was the 1st and 2nd Counselor of this quorum. He spent many hours in the church welfare cannery and gave freely of his fruit and time to the cannery.

He was in charge of hauling wood to burn the brick for the Stake chapel. Paul Thurston and Frank chopped the first tree that was sawed up for lumber that went into the new South Ward chapel.

He helped dig most all of the graves in the cemetery, by hand. One time in the winter when they were trying to dig a grave for Pete Clove, they had to blast the frozen ground. Someone had moved the blasting caps under another bush, and they didn't know it. Lester Stratton started a fire under this bush to warm himself, not knowing the caps had been placed there. An explosion occurred, blowing all the clothing off Lester except a belt and his shoes. My father was hit on the head, receiving a large gash behind the ear and severing a nerve to his eye. As a result of this accident, my father had severe headaches the rest of his life, and Lester Stratton was blind from that time on. He was about 18 or 20 years old at the time. My father laughingly said many times that he couldn't die, for no one would be there to dig his grave.

In 1950, my father became a ditch rider for the Hurricane Canal Company. It was his job to ride the ditch no matter what kind of weather, day or night. He worked at this job for 8 years. On October 7, 1958, he was accidentally killed while working on the canal.*

To know my father was to love him. He was a friend to everyone, especially little children. My father always had his wagon full of children when he went to the field. To illustrate this, let me tell you of an incident that happened one summer. As my father was coming from work one day, a little boy was waiting for him to go by his place. This particular day, he called to my father and said, "Hey, Frank, wait a minute. I want to show you something." So my father waited, and a minute later the little boy, only 3 or 4 years of age, came dragging his new baby brother out the door. He was so proud of it, he just had to show Frank.

When a child, my father got into many a fight because he was a grandson of John Doyle Lee. Never once was my father ashamed of his granddad. Frank was very proud of his grandfather.

My father enjoyed blacksmith work very much. It was a hobby of his. This is a poem that my sister wrote about my father's blacksmith shop:

Under the old spreading walnut tree, his blacksmith shop still stands.
A mighty and courageous man worked there for love of his fellow man.
No money ever changed hands for the work that was done willingly,
For the wagon wheel or the plow share turned, the shovel or hoe sharpened there,
But love flowed free from this man and his friends as they worked in the shop underneath the tree.
Rest was put aside as many a night the hammer rang out because a friend needed a job done
So his work next day on his farm could go on.

The blacksmith has gone to his long earned rest.
He is loved and missed by his family and friends,
But his memory still lives and stands, as do the spreading walnut tree
and the wall of the shop he loved.
A moment of patience, service, and love to friend and his fellow man.
Written by Elizabeth Lee Burgess

As a child, during the winter, we used to love to spend the evenings sitting around the wood stove and listening to my father tell stories of his early life, of the hardships and trials he went through. If you can measure greatness and wealth by your friends, the position you have in a community, your honesty, and your love for your fellowman, then my father was a millionaire. Truly he was a great man.

Mabel and Frank Lee

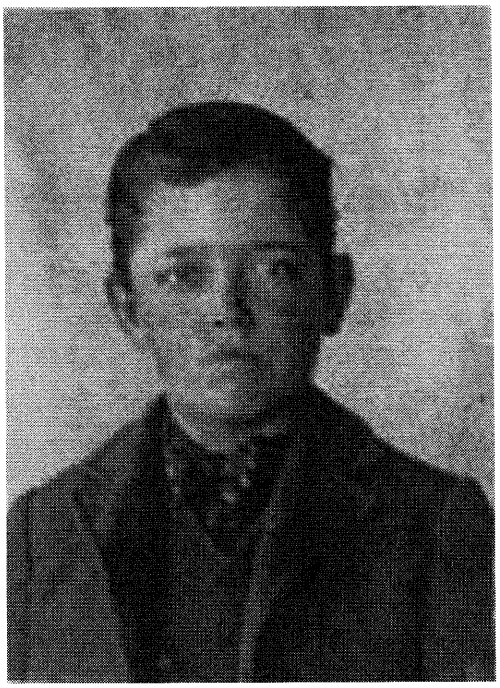
* The dangers of the ditch rider job did claim a few horses over the years and one ditch rider in 1958. Frank Lee's horse bucked him off after it was spooked by a falling log he had lassoed out of the canal. Lee was able to remount his horse and ride into town, but he had suffered broken ribs that punctured a lung, and he died from his injuries in the hospital later the same day. Interestingly, Lee was the father of the only female ditch rider, Dixie Lee, who served as a fill-in for him and served on an interim basis until the canal company found her father's replacement.

Reference: "Hurricane Canal day; a story of pioneer visionaries and ditch riders"
Written by Reuben Wadsworth, November 19, 2017, St. George News

One other casualty took place before the canal was completed: On March 27, 1902, sixteen-year-old John Wolfe Isom, Jr. (Johnny), who was working his family's canal shares for his late father, was struck and killed by a large rock as he left the canal at the end of his shift to walk home to Virgin. The 150 pound rock fell without warning from the area where the men were still working.

It was reported that the whole town of Virgin turned out for his funeral to show support and respect, and many kind words were spoken. He was the eldest son of John Wolfe Isom and Mary Ellen Wright.

(Documented on familysearch.org)



John Wolfe Isom, Jr.

Ira Elsey and Marian Hinton Bradshaw

Ira was born in Cedar City, Utah, on 25 January 1857 to Edward Elsey and Mary Ellen Owens Bradshaw.

Marian was born in Virgin, Utah, on 27 April 1866 to John Nock and Emma Spendlove Hinton. John and Emma were immigrants from England.

Ira's family moved to Virgin when he was about six years old. Life was hard in the Dixie Mission. Most of their food consisted of greasewood greens and young thistle cooked with lucerne shoots. Corn bread was a mainstay, and homemade molasses was practically their only sweet food.

They had to build a fort for protection from the Indians in 1886. They placed their pioneer cabins side by side through the center of town to form their fort.

Finally, President Brigham Young attended a ceremony and smoked the peace pipe with the chief, and peace was declared. The settlers had to give the Indians a wagon box full of produce and some cattle.

Ira and Marian were married 25 April 1883 in the St. George Temple and continued living in Virgin until the Hurricane Canal was built.

When work started on the canal, Ira and Marian had five boys who would need homes in the future, so he was especially anxious to help with the project. The boys were not old enough to work with their father on the canal. The farmers who did the work, one being Ira, received land on the new location which had received the name of the Hurricane Bench. The first water was turned into the canal on August 6, 1904, and people began moving onto their lots.

Ira Elsey & Marian Hinton Bradshaw Family
B: Emma Spendlove, Stanley, William Bertie, Samuel, John, Clarence, Ira Hinton
C: Sherwin, Mary Ann Elsie, Ira Elsey, Marian, Juanita
F: Reed

Ira received a lot across the street east from the southeast corner of the public square. While most folks built a cellar and granary combination as a preliminary home, Ira Bradshaw built a seven room frame house on his lot. Its large front room was used for the first year or two as a schoolroom during

the week and as a church on Sunday. Ira was appointed as the first superintendent of the Sunday School.

When the schoolhouse was ready for use, Ira rented his front bedroom out for town teachers.

Almost from the first, the Bradshaws took in the traveling salesmen.

Ira raised a good garden with plenty of young fruit trees to go along with his milk, cream, butter, and eggs, and his wife was an excellent cook.

He had secured several lots in different parts of town so each of his sons could have one for their future home. He also had quite a few acres of farming land south of town.

The greatest blow came to him on 19 February 1924 for that was the day his wife passed away suddenly from suffocation caused by an enlarged goiter. This had bothered her for years, but she had work to do, and she wasn't one to neglect her duties.

After Marion's death, their youngest daughter and her husband came back home to care for their father. That ended the traveling salesmen who had been stopping to stay with them for years. They had expanded their accommodations and were doing quite well.

On 1 July 1934, Ira became ill with quick pneumonia and passed away that night. He was buried in the Hurricane City Cemetery at the side of his beloved wife who had fulfilled all his wishes during those nearly fifty years of married happiness.

James Anthony and Louisa Cox Jepson

James Anthony Jepson, Jr.

James Anthony Jepson was born in Virgin, Utah, to James, Sr. and Lucinda Stratton Jepson on March 2, 1878. He was their first child. His mother died in childbirth on 19 February 1894, leaving his father a widower with eight children to raise. The baby was a little girl named Artimesia, and she was given to James and Emily Stratton to raise. His father remarried in 1905 to Grace Wright, and they had six more children.

Louisa was born in St. George, Utah, on 2 December 1877 to Isaiah and Elizabeth Ann Stout Cox. She was their sixth child.

Anthony and Louisa were married 26 October 1905 in St. George, Utah, when he was 27 and she was 28. The next year they moved from Virgin to the new town of Hurricane, being one of the first 10 families to settle there. Louisa gave birth to their only child, a boy, on 13 June 1906 in St. George, Utah. They named him Marion Wayne Jepson.

Louisa died 19 February 1907 in St. George, Utah, where her parents lived. This left Anthony a widower at 28 with an eight month old son. Louisa was buried in St. George, Utah.

Louisa Cox
Wife of James Anthony Jepson, Jr.

Anthony married again to Alice Loretta Prince in St. George, Utah, on 10 September 1908. They had six more children. They were Jesse Clair, Florence Nightingale, Richard Prince, Fern, Ben Blair, and Glen X.

The 1910 and 1920 United States Census states that they were living in Hurricane. Alice died 23 April 1921 in Hurricane, Utah, and was buried there.

We don't know when Anthony left Hurricane, but family records indicate that he moved north to allow his newly-married brother and his wife, Jesse N. Jepson and Brenda Angell, to move into his home in December 1910. Census records say Anthony was living in Farmington, Utah in 1940. He died in Holladay, Utah, on 19 March 1958 at 80 years of age. He was brought back to Hurricane for burial.

Bernard Bulmer and Isabel Hilton Hinton

Bernard Bulmer Hinton, son of John Nock and Emma Spendlove Hinton, and Isabel Hilton, daughter of John H. and Maria Parker Hilton, were both born in the little town of Virgin, Washington County, Utah. Bernard was born on 29 January 1879, and Isabel was born on 13 March 1882. They each came from a family of eleven children—she the eldest in her family and he number nine in his. They went to school in the old rock schoolhouse which still stands in Virgin and attended church in the old ward house.

Each year floods came and washed away more and more of the land the residents of Virgin depended on to make their living. In 1893, work was begun on a dam and canal that would bring water to the beautiful Hurricane Valley and make land available to the people. This was considered an almost impossible task, but it was finally accomplished in 1904, after eleven years of back-breaking labor with no equipment except horse-drawn scrapers, picks, shovels, wheelbarrows, and black powder.

Bernard worked on the canal for five or six years and received as his pay twenty acres of land for a farm and a one and one-fourth acre lot in the town site of Hurricane.

Isabel worked at this time, doing housework for $1.50 a week. Later she went to Salt Lake and worked for her cousin, Blanch Gerrard, and other families. In 1902, she went to Provo and worked for Professor John Swenson for her board and room while she attended Brigham Young Academy.

Bernard and Isabel had gone together occasionally while they were in Virgin. They corresponded sporadically after Isabel moved away and had never forgotten each other. In April 1905, they were married in Abraham, Utah, and sealed in the St. George Temple in 1906.

The first settlers moved to Hurricane in March 1906, and Bernard and Isabel came with baby son Wayne in October, the eleventh family to settle in the new community. Their first home was a 12 x 16 lean-to with "nothing to lean on." The following spring, Bernard built a lumber house with one large room, a large closet, and a pantry. Later a lean-to was added that contained a kitchen and bathroom. There was a large dirt cellar underneath the lean-to where fruit and vegetables could be stored and a cupboard with screen wire on two sides where milk and butter and cheese were kept.

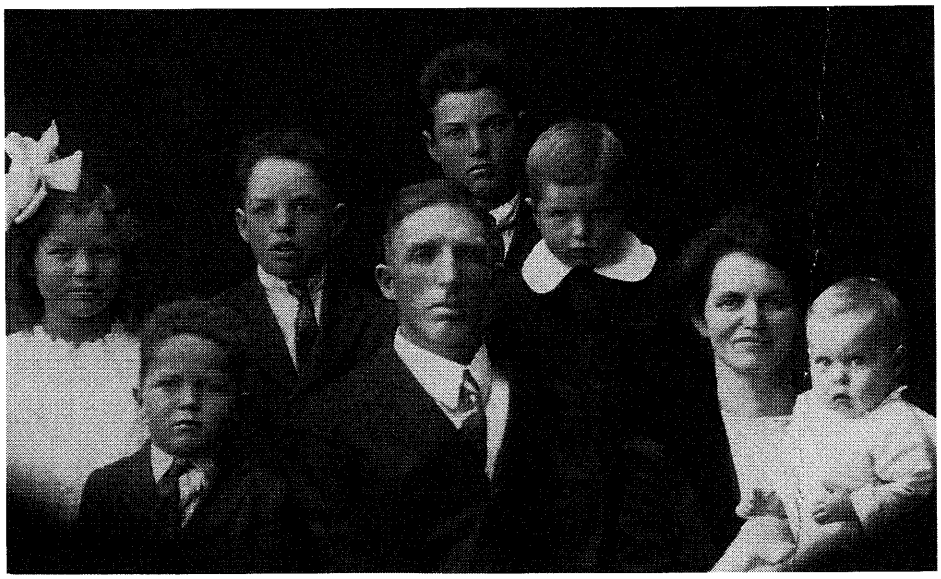
The only culinary water had to be dipped from the irrigation ditches and allowed to settle in buckets and barrels, as much of the time it was muddy from the storms in the mountains. The water from the Virgin is very low in iodine. Consequently, many of the settlers developed large goiters, as did Isabel. Later on, in 1944, this goiter had to be removed as it was impairing her health.

Their life together was, for many years, a constant struggle to make ends meet and keep the family fed and clothed. Bernard was a good farmer and Isabel a wonderful manager and housekeeper, but the roads were poor, and there was often no market for their crops. Whenever Bernard could take time out from his farm, he worked at other jobs. Every spring he would haul wood from the shearing corral at Gould's, which was on the mesa east of Hurricane, to the railroad at Lund, Utah. It would take about ten days for the trip. They would bring freight for the stores back with them. He also worked at road building, ditch digging, or any other work he could find. Every summer Isabel bottled literally thousands of quarts of fruit and vegetables,

besides drying great quantities of fruit and corn, to feed the family through the winter. She also helped out the family income by making butter and selling it at the store. When milk was in over supply, she made great, round cheeses. Wood for cooking and heating had to be hauled from the mountains east of Hurricane. It took three days with a team and wagon to get a load of wood, and many loads had to be hauled each year.

In 1917, electricity was brought to Hurricane, and in 1918, a culinary water system was installed, the water being piped from a spring near Toquerville, thus doing away with coal lamps and muddy drinking water and making it possible later on to have the greatest boons to womankind, a washing machine and electric iron.

Isabel died in Salt Lake City 20 December 1961 from cancer. She was 79 years old. Bernard had a stroke in August of 1969 and was taken to the hospital where he remained until he died 3 September 1969, six months after his ninetieth birthday. Both Bernard and Isabel are buried in the Hurricane City Cemetery.



The Hinton Family
B: Bernice, Merrill, Wayne, Dwight
F: Stanley, Bern, Isabel, Lawrence

My Hometown Trivia
Hurricane, Utah
2001

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

1. The first settlers came to Hurricane in what year?
   Answer: 1906

2. What amazing project had to be completed before Hurricane could sustain settlers?
   Answer: Hurricane Canal

3. Who was the very first family to settle in Hurricane?
   Answer: Thomas Maurice and Wilhelmina Walker Hinton

4. How many years did it take to build the Hurricane Canal?
   Answer: 11 years

5. In its early days, Hurricane was noted primarily for what kind of fruit production?
   Answer: Peaches

6. A place held sacred by the early Indian Tribes on the Virgin River near Hurricane is now called what?
   Answer: Pah Tempe

7. Name the two early pioneers who were chiefly responsible for having the Hurricane Canal built?
   Answer: James Jepson and John Steele

8. A Rock Fort and Rock Corral were built on the Hurricane Bench many years before Hurricane was settled. The builders were from which town?
   Answer: Toquerville

9. How long is the Hurricane Canal?
   Answer: 8 miles

10. What has just recently been done in Hurricane to preserve the memory of the Historic Canal?
   Answer: Hiking trails and three trail heads constructed

TOWN OF TOQUERVILLE

1. How did Toquerville receive its name?
   Answer: From Indian Chief Toquer

2. Who is credited as the founder of Toquerville?
   Answer: Joshua T. Willis

3. How much was charged to use the toll road from Toquerville to Leeds and Silver Reef?
   Answer: 15 cents per wagon

4. How were prisoners detained when the Kane County jail was full?
   Answer: Chained to the jail house rock

5. What two Creeks run though Toquerville?
   Answer: Ash Creek and LaVerkin Creek

TOWNS WITH THE "FIRST AND THE MOST"

1. Where was the first pecan tree planted in the State of Utah?
   Answer: Toquerville

2. The first furniture shop in the Dixie area was located in what town?
   Answer: Toquerville

3. One year more sheep were sheared at this Sheep Shearing Corral than at any other place in the world. This was located near what town?
   Answer: Hurricane

4. One of the largest turkey farms in the United States was located in this town in the mid 1900s. Name it.
   Answer: LaVerkin

5. In the early 1900s this town experienced an oil boom. Name the town.
   Answer: Virgin

PEOPLE - PLACES - THINGS

1. At the time, this town was the County Seat of the largest county in the United States. Name the town and the county.
   Answer: Toquerville and Kane County

2. Who was principle Indian Chief of the Paiutes when the Mormons first settled in the Dixie area?

Answer: Chief Tutsegavits on the Santa Clara

3. Soon after the St. George Temple was completed, the Mormon missionaries to the Hopis brought their Indian Chief and his wife to the Temple for their Endowments. Who was this Hopi Chief?

Answer: Chief Tuba

4. Where was the first alfalfa grown in Washington County?

Answer: Toquerville

5. A town founded by the Mormon Indian Missionaries in 1865 on the Muddy River is now underneath Lake Mead. Name that town.

Answer: St. Thomas (also Callville)

PLANT USES BY THE PIONEERS

1. What was produced from Chinese sugar cane in many of the towns of Southern Utah that was used to exchange for northern goods?

Answer: Sorghum or molasses

2. Charles Stapley of Toquerville brought a special seed called lucerne from San Bernardino to this town in 1858. This crop is also known by another name. What is it?

Answer: Alfalfa or hay

3. The early pioneers, when times were hard, used the tops of the sugar cane to make what?

Answer: Flour

4. What was ambrosia or rag weed sometimes used for?

Answer: Food

5. Madder and dock root plants were used for what by the early pioneers?

Answer: Dye for clothing

TRIVIA QUESTIONS

1. Where is Winsor Castle located?

Answer: Pipe Spring

2. How did Pipe Spring get its name?

Answer: William (Gunlock) Hamblin shot a tobacco pipe on a bet.

3. A man in the town of Virgin planned and supervised the building of a ditch to bring water into the town. It failed to deliver the water. Why and who was the man?

Answer: It ran uphill - Chapman Duncan

4. Much fruit has always been grown in Utah's Dixie, but some years the crops were a total failure. Why?

Answer: Frost in late spring

5. Prior to the Mormons coming to Dixie, the Virgin River was known by another name. What was it?

Answer: Rio de Sulfureo

ST. GEORGE

1. What is the elevation of St. George?

Answer: 2880 feet above sea level

2. What happened to the top of the St. George Temple shortly after it was dedicated?

Answer: Struck by lightning and burned

3. Who didn't like the top of the Temple in the first place?

Answer: Brigham Young—so he wasn't too sad to see it gone, and a taller one was installed later

4. In the beginning, Dixie College was first known as what?

Answer: St. George Stake Academy and then became known as Dixie Academy (in 2019 it is Dixie State University)

5. What newspaper was first published in St. George in 1898?

Answer: Washington County News

6. People from St. George and Washington built a Rock Fort and Rock Corral south and east of Washington to protect their livestock from the Indians. What's its name?

Answer: Fort Pierce

NAMES ASSOCIATED WITH SOUTHERN UTAH

1. Who was "Marvelous Flood Tenney"?

Answer: The name was given to a baby born to the Tenneys in a wagon box during the flood on the Virgin River in 1862.

2. Name the Spanish Expedition which came through Southern Utah in 1776.
Answer: Escalante and Dominguez

3. The name of a prominent crossing of the Virgin River was named after this Toquerville pioneer. Who was it?
Answer: Levi Savage

4. Who started a fruit tree nursery that later developed into the town of LaVerkin?
Answer: Thomas Judd and Thomas Cottam

5. What prominent Southern Utah pioneer had "mansions" built in New Harmony and in Washington? He hosted Brigham Young and company in both places.
Answer: John D. Lee

ORIGINAL TOWN NAMES

1. Wheeler was the original name of what town?
Answer: Grafton

2. Pocketville was once the name of what town?
Answer: Virgin City

3. The town of Bellevue is now known by what name?
Answer: Pintura

4. The original town of Adventure is now known by what name?
Answer: Rockville

5. The town once called Bennington is now known as what?
Answer: Leeds

Questions & Answers by:
Verdell Hinton
Hurricane Heritage Park
June 2001

HURRICANE IN THE FIFTIES

By Carolyn Ballard

Life here in the fifties
Was really quite a treat
Not too many people
To busy-up the street

There was a sign as you entered town
That told the population
Around two thousand people
In this small speck in the nation

We had a bank called Zion's
Clifton's and Graff's stores
A Motel and a Boarding House
With not too many floors

Phillips and Ken's Stations
Was where you gassed your car
We didn't have much money
So we didn't venture far

Eugene's downtown theater
Had three shows a week
Some were very scary
While others were unique

The movies were not rated then
And were not filled with smut
Great westerns and war stories
Where the actors liked to strut

The pool hall was quite busy
With lots of goings on
Many souls that drank there
Didn't go home till dawn

We had a Country Doctor
Who charged a minimal fee
And wrote out our prescriptions
To Dean Clark Pharmacy

We had a nice Library
With lots of romance racks
And sat upon the summer porch
To read and eat some snacks

We had a few dim streetlights
A Game Warden and a Cop
Judd's and Sandberg's Mercantiles
And Keith's Barber Shop

All the businesses in our town
Were within four city blocks
Including Elementary and High School
300 West was where it stops

The High School held six grades
The classes very small
Irene was in Mr. Nuttall's office
By the lockers in the hall

We had one coach who did it all
Our ball games were exciting
The whole town came to watch them
The teams were so igniting

We all went to the dances
The girls got in free
We learned the waltz and jitterbug
And enjoyed good company

The girls wore tight sweaters
Starched slips and painted nails
T-strap shoes with pointed toes
And hair in pony tails

The boys wore low cut levis
And their hair in cute flat tops
They looked so cool in pink and black
When they attended all the hops

After all the goings on
We headed to Ella's Cafe
And got a malted milk shake
For very little pay

The jukebox played such happy tunes
With a quarter you got five
We all enjoyed the music
It made us feel alive

The world was fairly peaceful
With not so many wars
Lots of shade-tree mechanics
Spiffing up their cars

Flasher hubcaps were the thing
You knew each car by sound
Who had the loudest pipes in town
And whose lowest to the ground

The cars were low and roomy
Lots of kids could fit in one
We headed for the river
To lay out in the sun

The White Church on the corner
Was filled at Conference time
It was the only time of year
That people crossed the line

There was a fine line through the town
Unlike the Hatfields and McCoys
Some of those North Ward girls
Married our South Ward boys

The church bells rang for meeting
Three speakers made it long
We all sat in the choir seats
And favored them with song

The old canal upon the hill
Was the city swimming pool
There were the smelly sulfur pots
But the water was not cool

The ditches where the water ran
Were really quite a threat
You had to guard the little ones
From the dangers that they met

The ladies held a quilting bee
And dried fruit in the sun
And baked bread in their ovens
Couldn't wait till it was done

Money didn't come easy
Not many jobs for teens
We picked fruit in the orchards
And strawberries and string beans

We all worked at the cannery
Canning peaches by galore
And stacked them all in boxes
For many who were poor

We got milk at the dairy
That was far out in the field
We turned the spout and let it run
Making sure it wasn't spilled

The County Fair came once a year
With a carnival and parade
Lots of booths for throwing things
And pies and lemonade

The boxing events were popular
Where everyone threw money
And cheered the little fellows on
Some of them, quite funny

The Indians came to celebrate
With their women in their trucks
To cheer on all those brave enough
To tangle with their bucks

Whenever there was a wedding
You threw lots and lots of rice
And tied cans to the bumper
Of the car we painted nice

Everyone followed in their cars
While bride still in her gown
And chased the happy couple
As they honked their horns through town

Our town is now a city
That has grown in leaps and bounds
All the lots are built upon
You don't see many bare grounds

Four stoplights are not near enough
The traffic is so bad
Cops on every corner
And people dressed so clad

The cars are very small now
And everyone belted in
You cannot ride together
When you want to take a spin

Some freedoms gone forever
And new things we must embrace
For there are far more people
Who have joined the human race

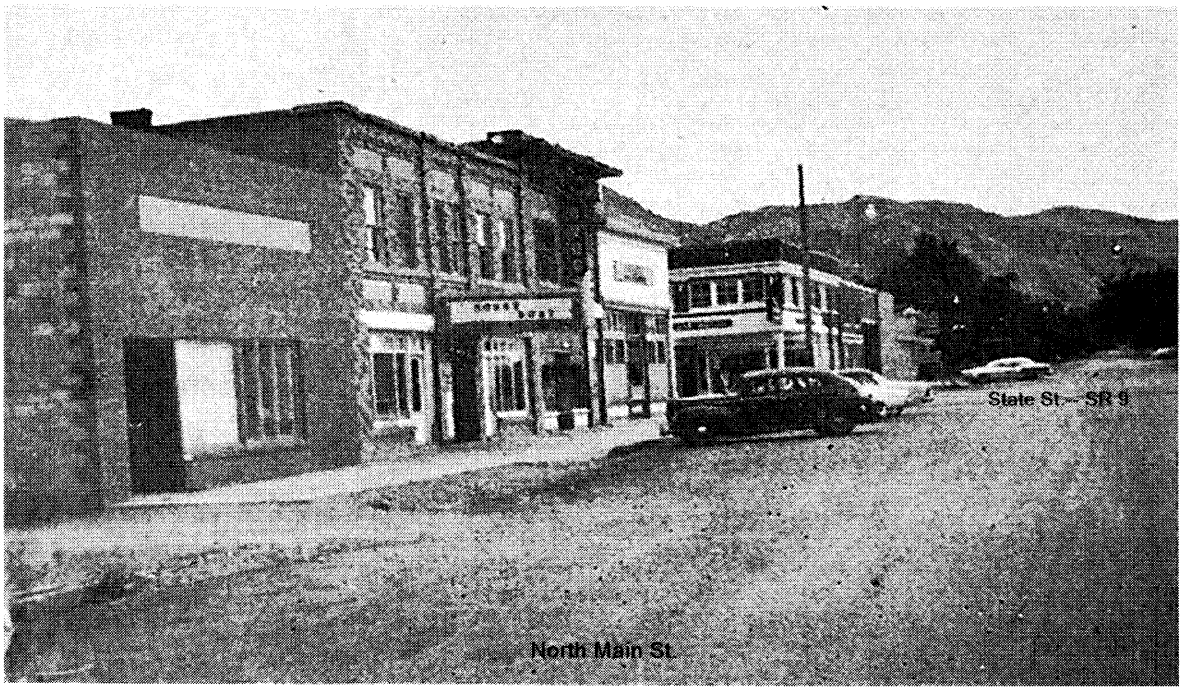
I wish to take my children
Back to a day in time
When we lived so different
And living was sublime

They probably would be bored to tears
And think our lives were dull
No TV, videos, or concerts
Or going to the mall

I wish that things could stay the same
But that is not to be
Houses, cars, and businesses
As far as we can see

God keeps sending people here
To dwell and take their test
But we can still remember the fifties
When life was at its best

Photo Album

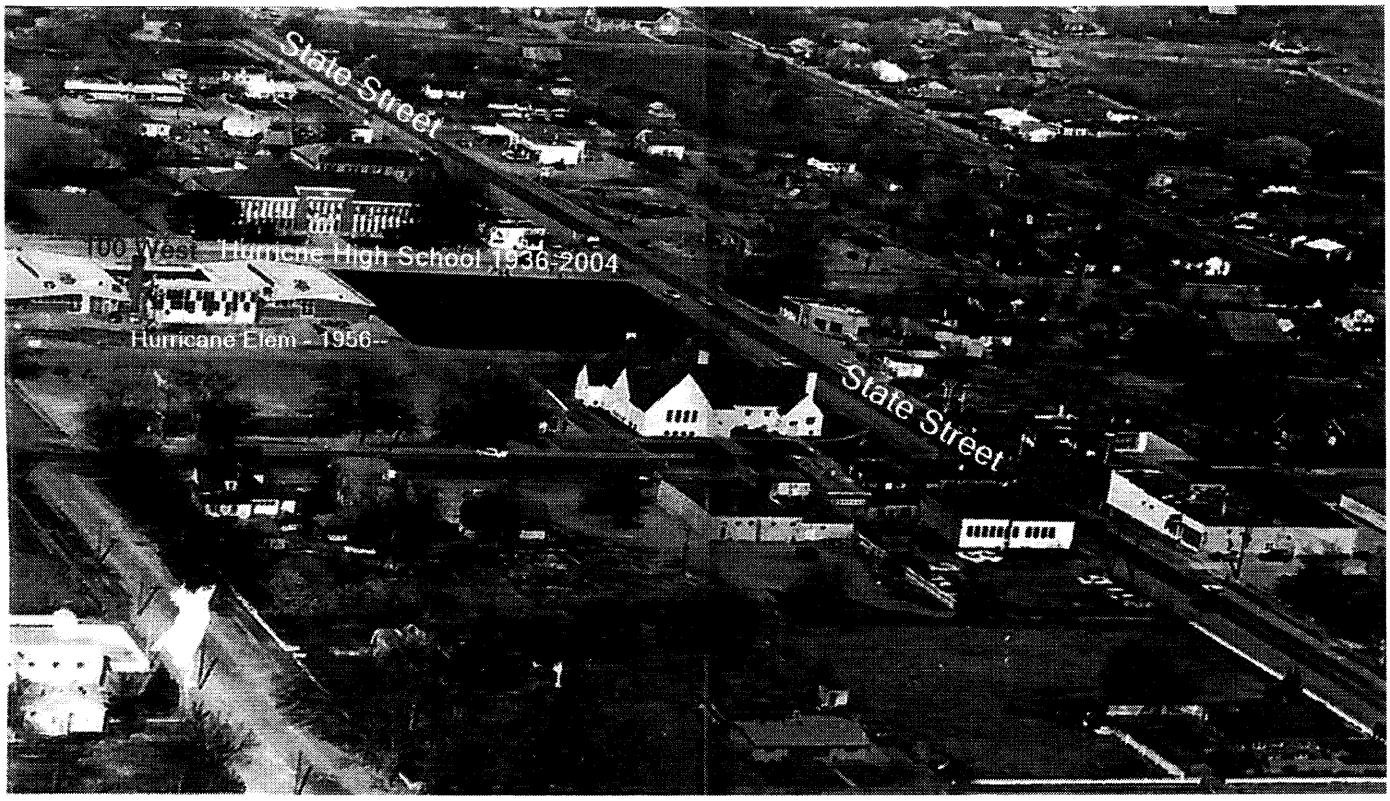


Hurricane Main Street - Stout Furniture - Dorty Gibson Barber Shop - Bringhurst Leavitt Insurance - Eugene Theater (Star Theater) - Apartments (top) - Dean Clark Drug Store - Graff (Petty) Mercantile - State Street - Steven's (Hurricane) Motor State Bank of Hurricane - Clifton's Market
Photo taken in the early 1960s

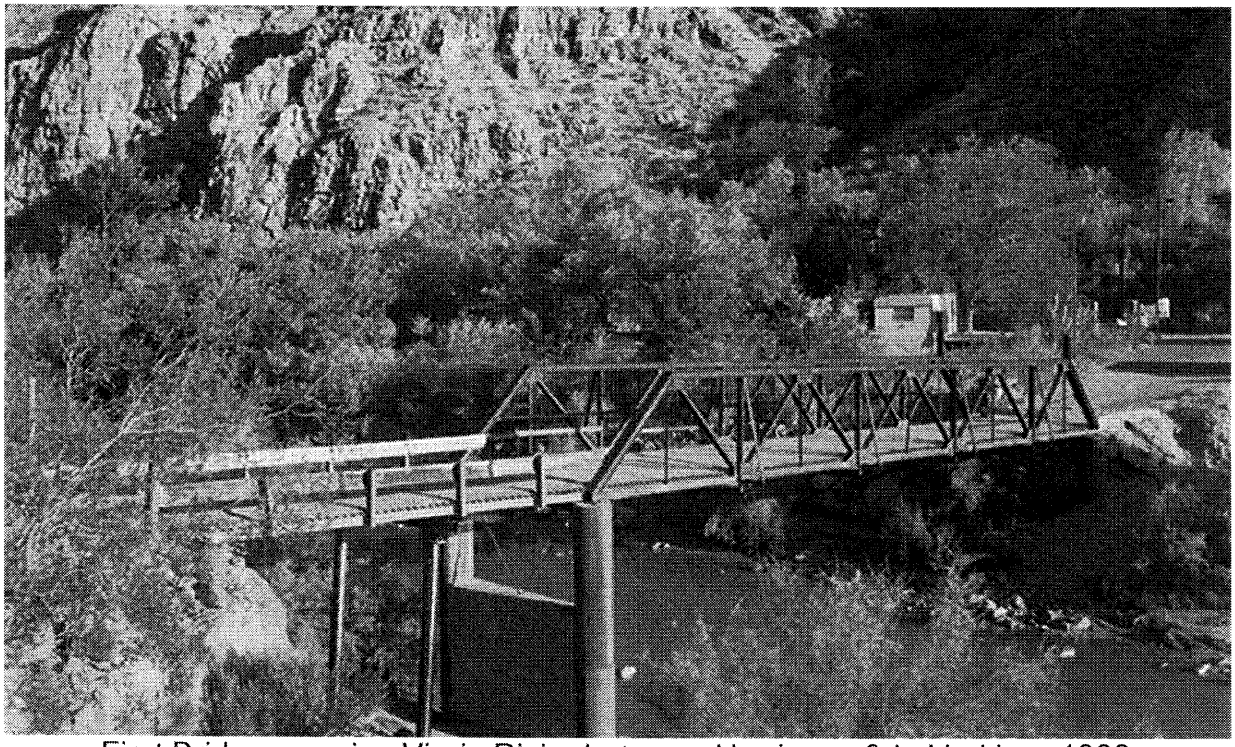
Main Street Abt. 1930
Hurricane, Utah

State Bank of Hurricane opened 1917
1970 Zions Bank bought State Bank of Hurricane out until the new building built on 300 West SR9
Southern Utah Federal Credit Union was here for a few years

L to R: Main Street Cafe 2019 was Post Office for many years - Soil Conservation Office - California Pacific Power Company - Sandberg Store & Barber Shop - Dentist Office for Dr. Arnold, Dr. Stanford, and Dr. Kenneth Heaton at different times - Workman Store 1911-18, sold to James Judd then Finley Judd, now Chums in 2019
Southwest Corner of 100 S Main Street - Hurricane

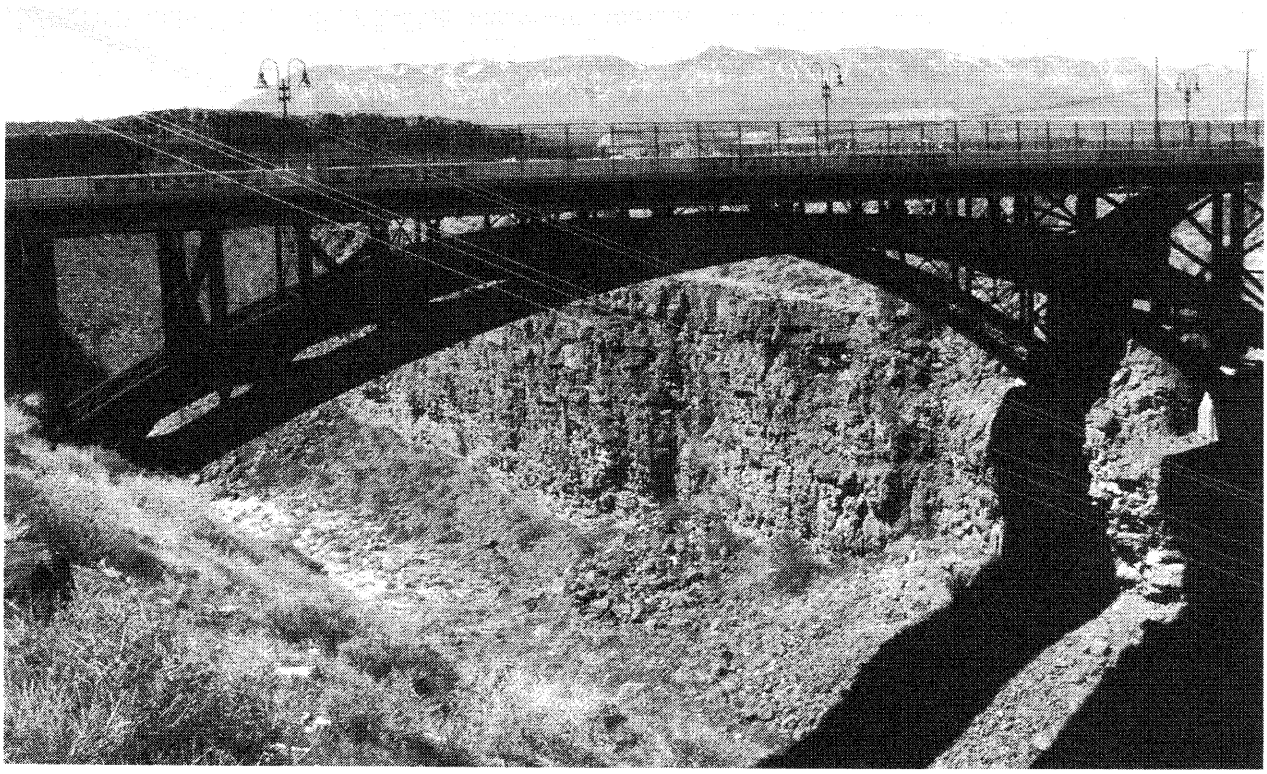


Aerial View of Downtown Hurricane

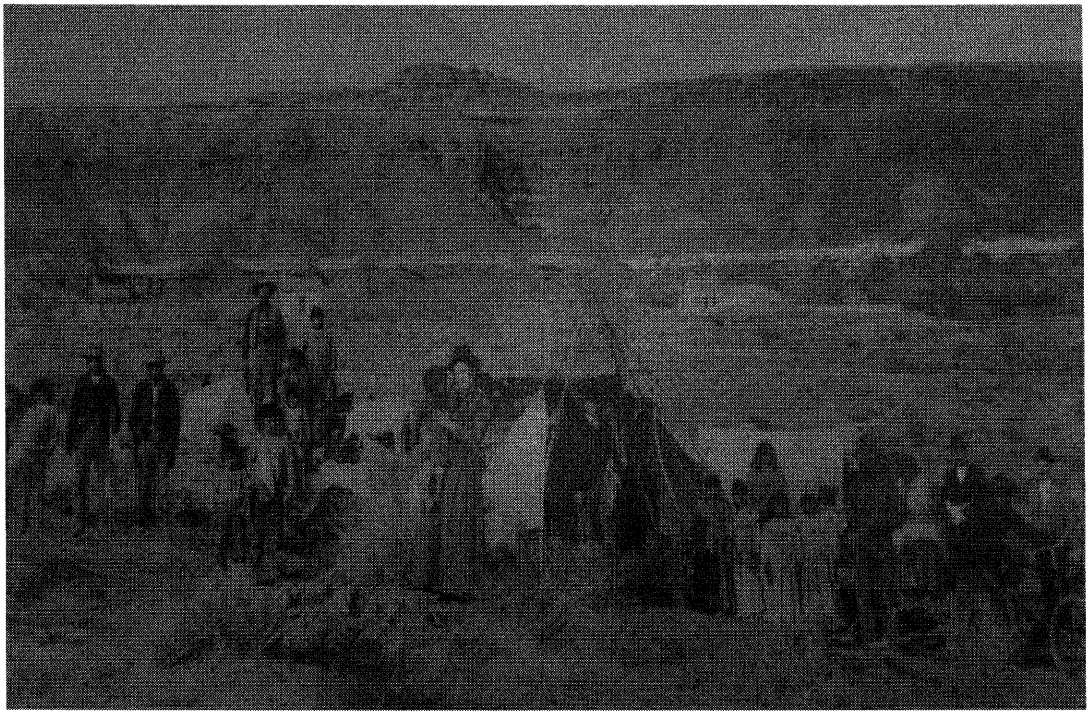


First Bridge crossing Virgin Rivier between Hurricane & LaVerkin -- 1908

Pah Tempe was a famous place to cure your aches & pains in the hot water near bridge



Virgin River Bridge - 1937 - Rehabilitated in 2003 from 2 lanes to 4 lanes of traffic



NATIVE AMERICAN TRIBES -- LIVED IN THE AREA AT THE TIME THE PIONEERS CAME TO HURRICANE VALLEY. THE TRIBES WERE PIUTE - UTE - NAVAJO & TOQUITE INDIANS

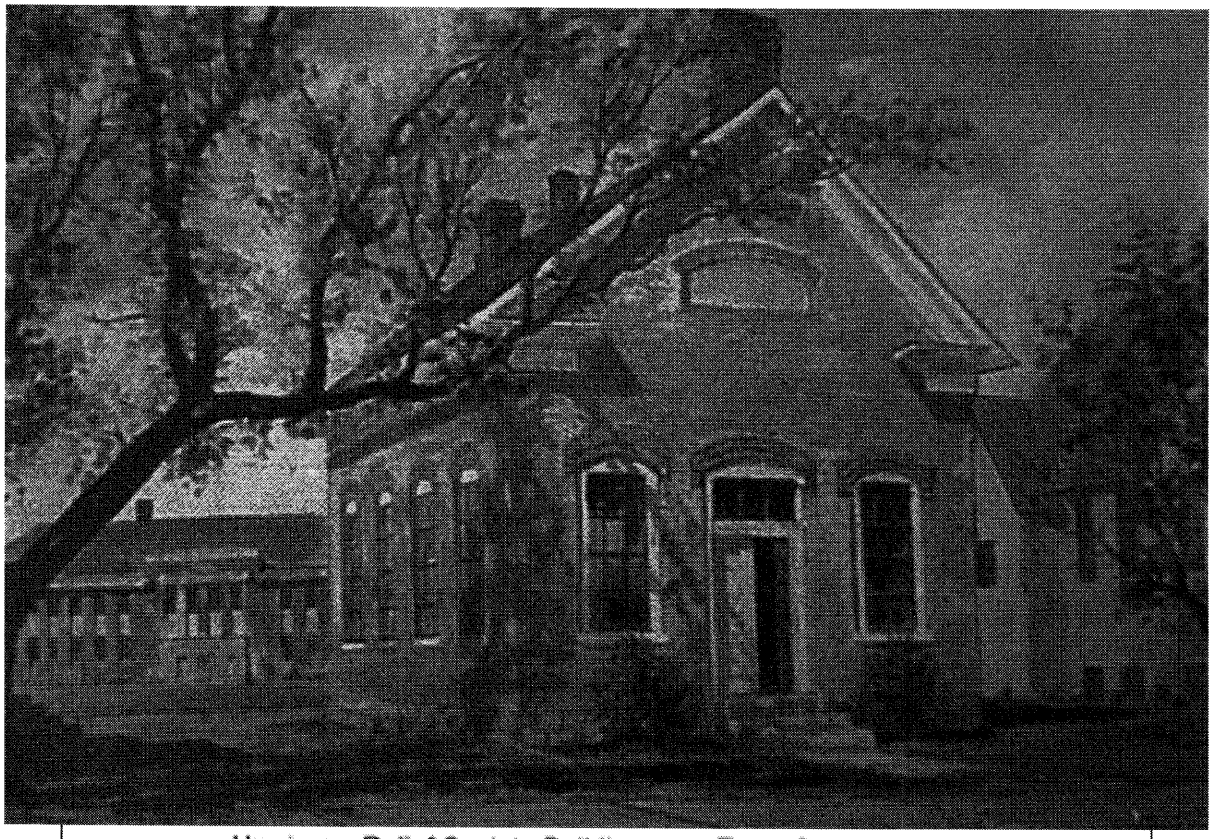
The first school in Hurricane was in the living room of the Ira E. Bradshaw home (later the Bradshaw Hotel) in the winter of 1906-1907. Jake Workman taught a handful of students there.

By the winter of 1907-1908, the church was built, and it was used for school. In the fall of 1912, the new Relief Society building was used to supplement the church building. And in 1914, they had to rent Rob Stratton's store for additional space.

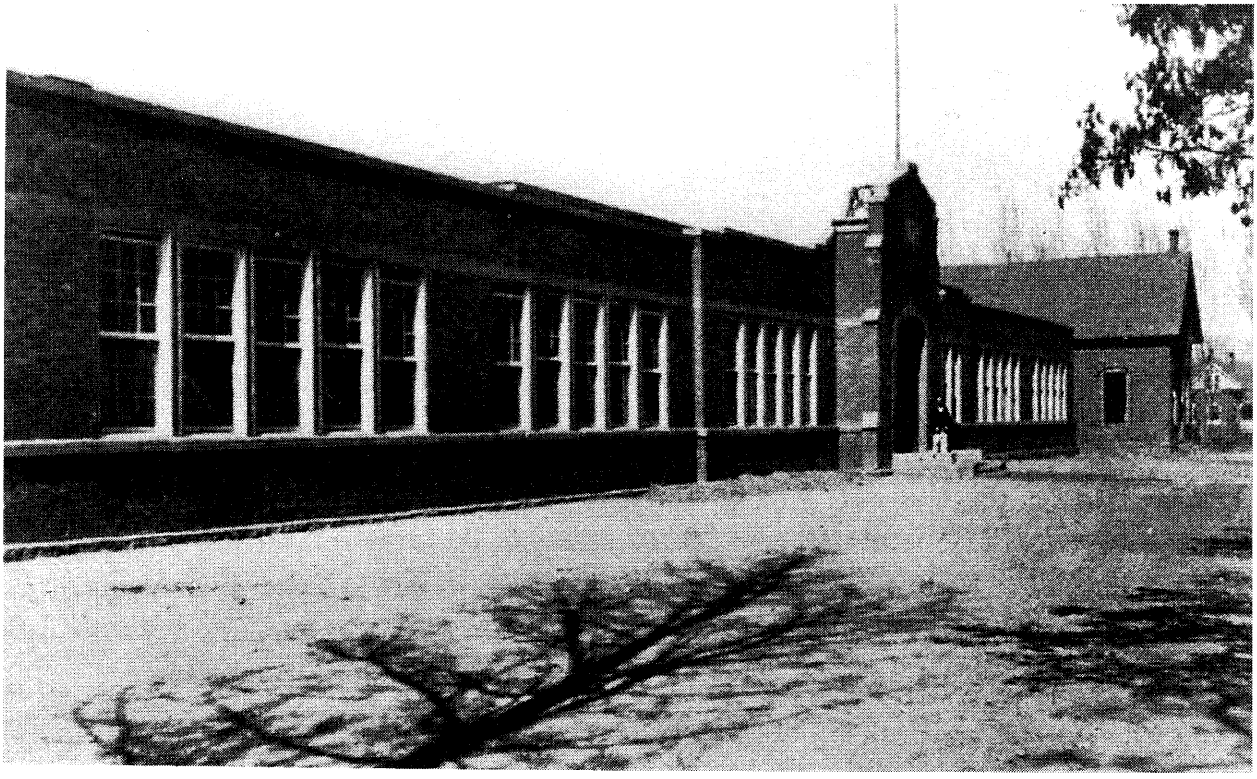
A new dedicated school building was started in the fall of 1916 and finished in December of 1917. It had 10 classrooms and two service rooms. The cost was $32,000, half paid by the school board and half by the citizens of Hurricane. In January of 1918, the students (including some high school grades) were brought together in the new Hurricane Elementary School building.

A new elementary school was built in 1956 to replace the first elementary school.

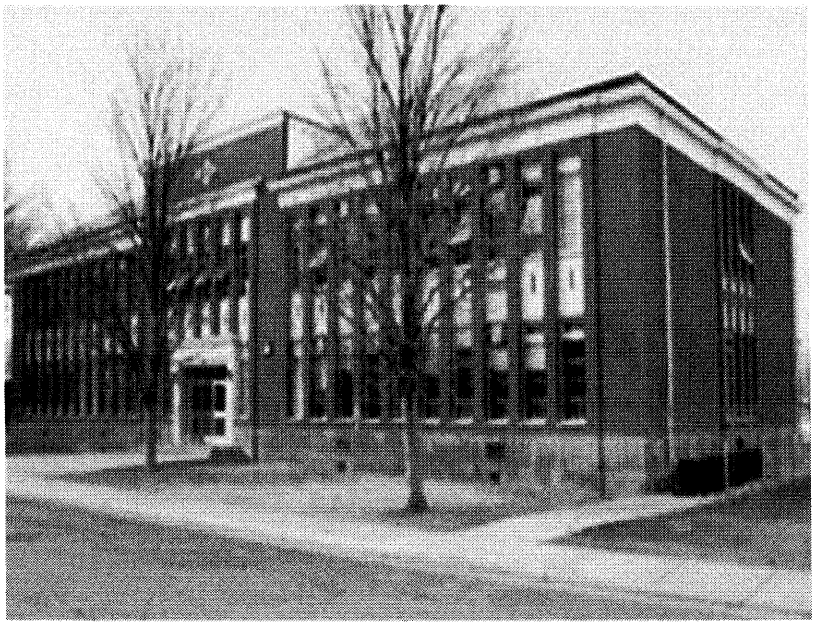
In 1977-1978, the enrollment was so great that the fifth and sixth grades were moved to the junior high school building (the old HHS building).



Hurricane Relief Society Building -- on Town Square --
Built in 1907 -- In the beginning was used for school with a curtain down the middle to make two classrooms.



Old Elementary School



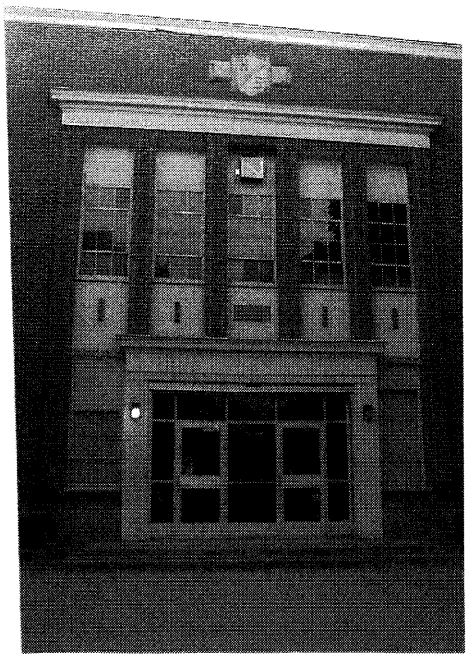
Hurricane High School

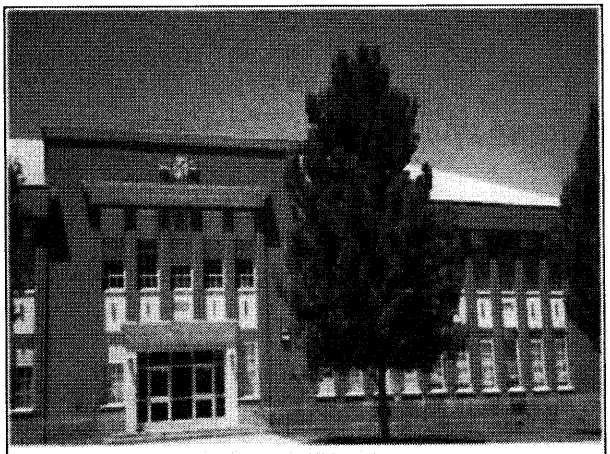
The school was constructed in 1935-1936 as a Works Program Administration (WPA) project. The WPA was one of several New Deal programs to stimulate economic recovery during the Great Depression while providing needed public services and facilities. Over 200 public works buildings were constructed in Utah.

When Hurricane High School opened in 1936, it housed 375 students in grades 7-12. These grades were here until 1977. It was used as a middle school from 1977-1990 when it began to function as part of the elementary school.

The architectural design blends modern and non-classical elements. The cost of construction was $110,000—$45,000 of which was furnished by the federal government.

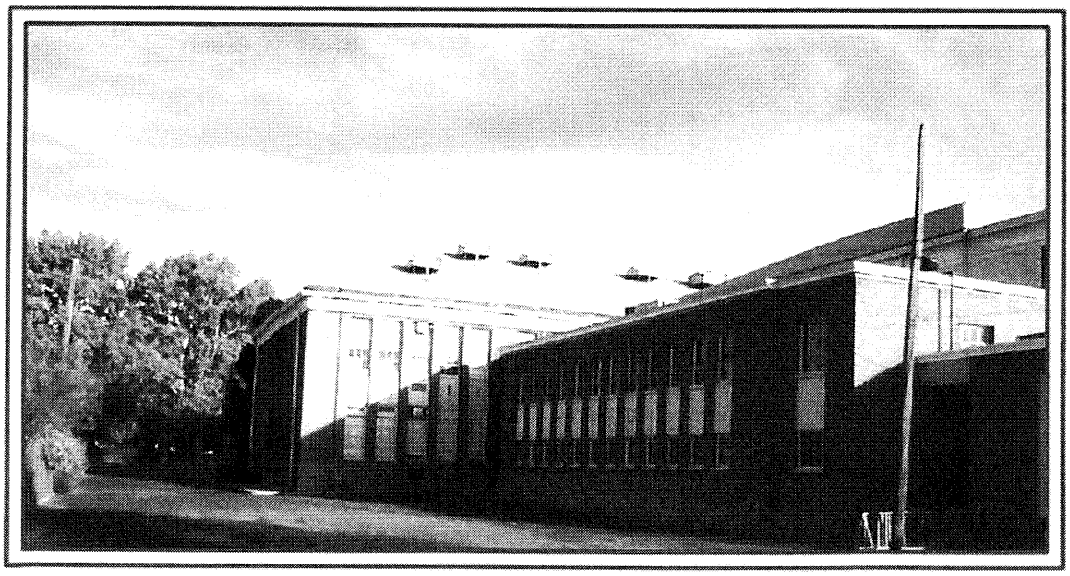
The school was demolished in early 2004.





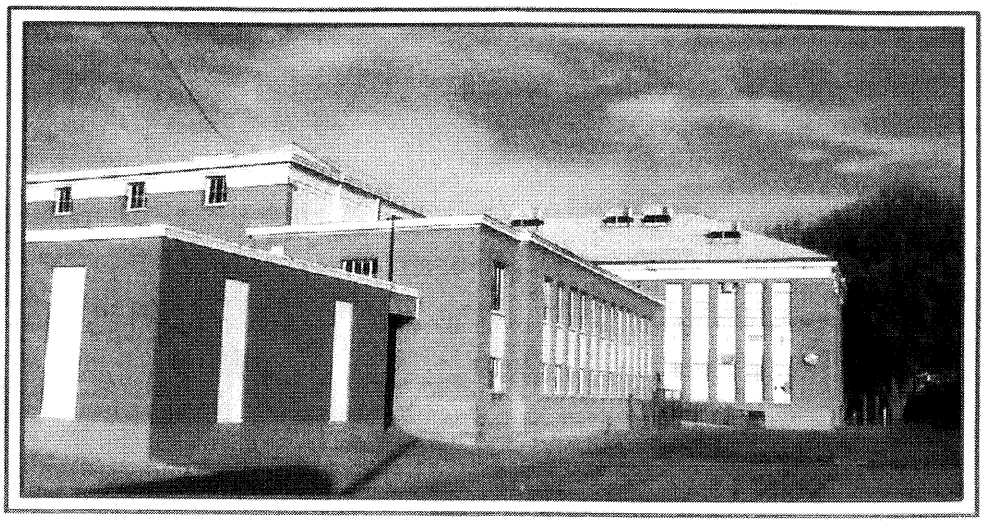
Hurricane High School
The school was built in 1935-36, and is on the Utah Historical Register. Grades 7th through 12th went to this school until 1977, and each class had 40 to 60 students.

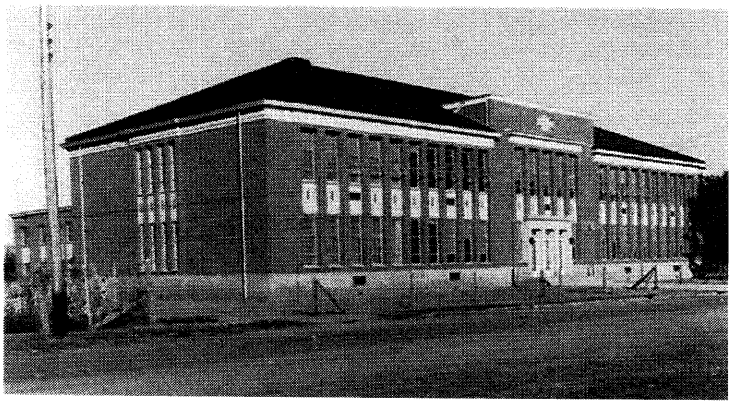
Irene Allen was the School Secretary for many years. She knew everybody in town, their phone number and something about them. She was the walkng talking information guide for Hurricane for as long as anybody can remember.



North
Classrooms
Gym
From State
Street

South Classrooms
Gym
Shower Rooms
Next to Fine Arts
Center



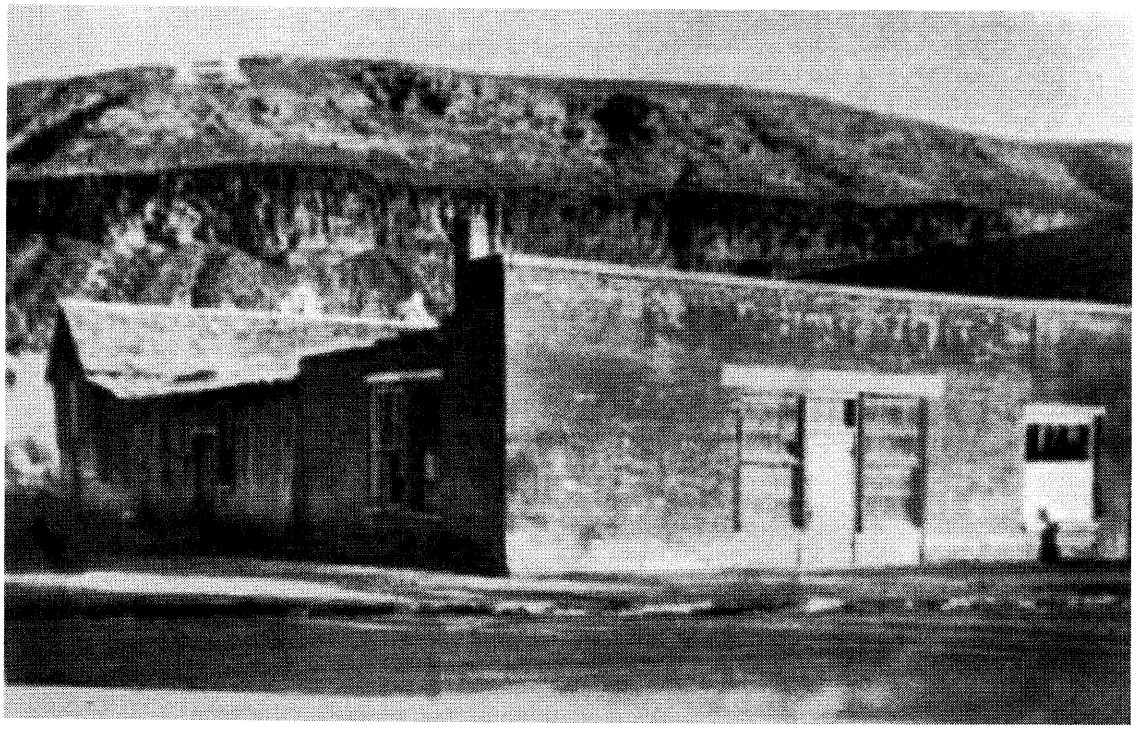


HURRICANE HIGH SCHOOL
SHOP 1959

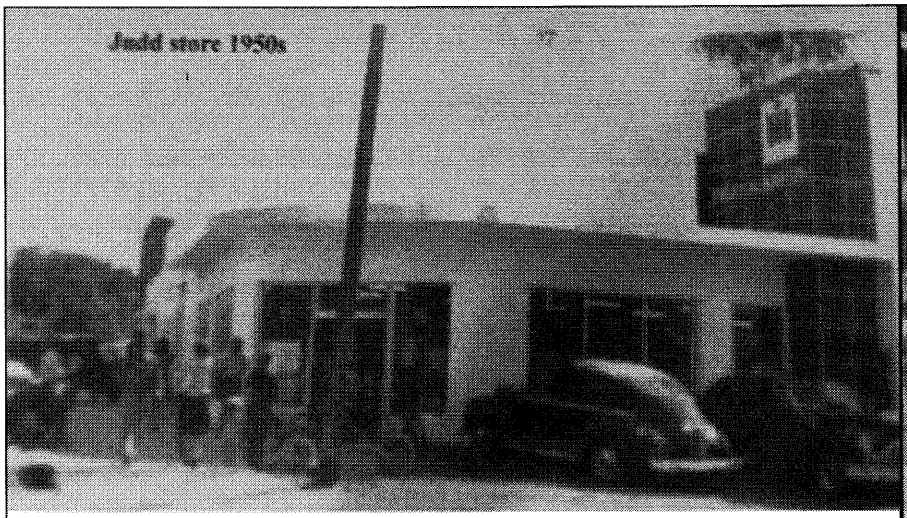
Relief Society Hall - Hurricane High School - White Church - 20 South Main - abt 1937
RS building torn down - HHS demolished 2003-04 - White Church demolished August 1985

White Church 20 South Main - Hurricane
Demolished August 1985

The front building was the School Shop - the back part was the first Cannery
This building was about where Dixie Nutrition is in 2019
Picture taken about 1927 - with Ora Hirschi Reeve

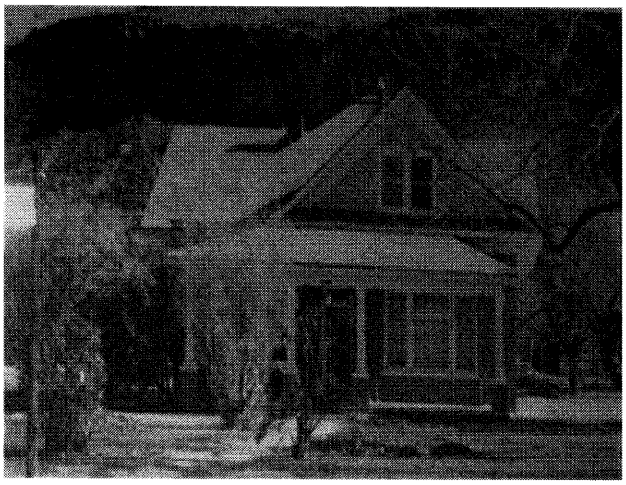


The first Church Welfare Cannery building in Hurricane
The cannery is shown on the far left side of photo. School classes were held in the front building. This location is now Dixie Nutrition at 57 South Main Street.



When Finley became the owner he tore down the outdated building and built a new store with a parts department and a repair garage along the side of the main building. A big International Harvester sign was on the roof.
Corner of 100 South Main Street - Hurricane

Bessie & Finley Judd
Owner of Judd Store

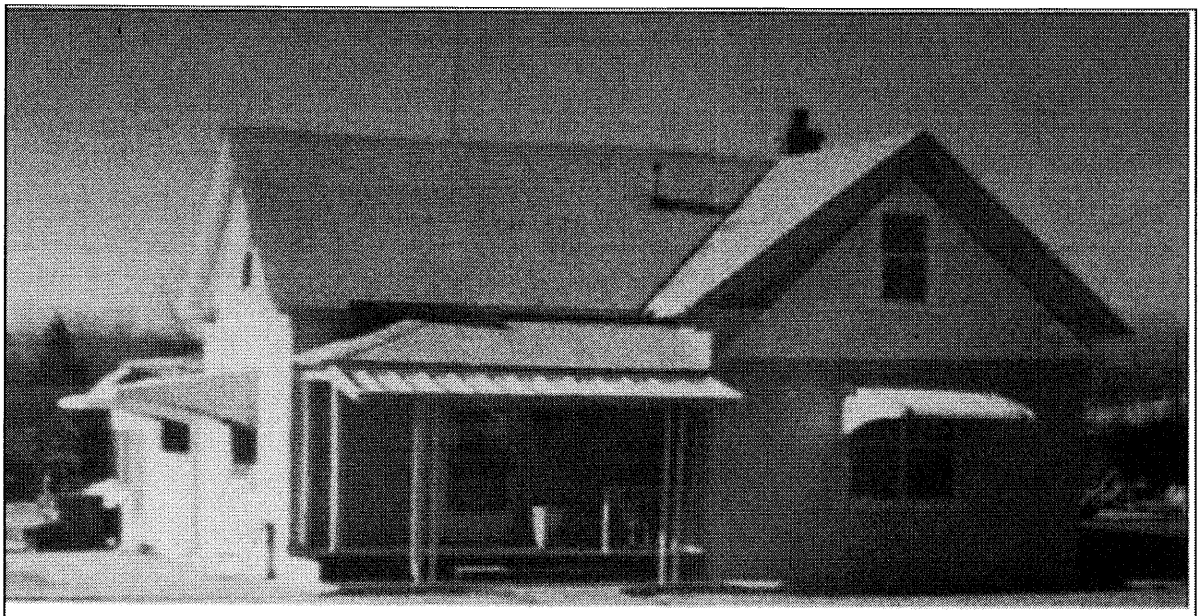


Hurricane Hotel -- 221 South Main
Moved into it in 1913 -- Still used as a bed and breakfast -- 2019

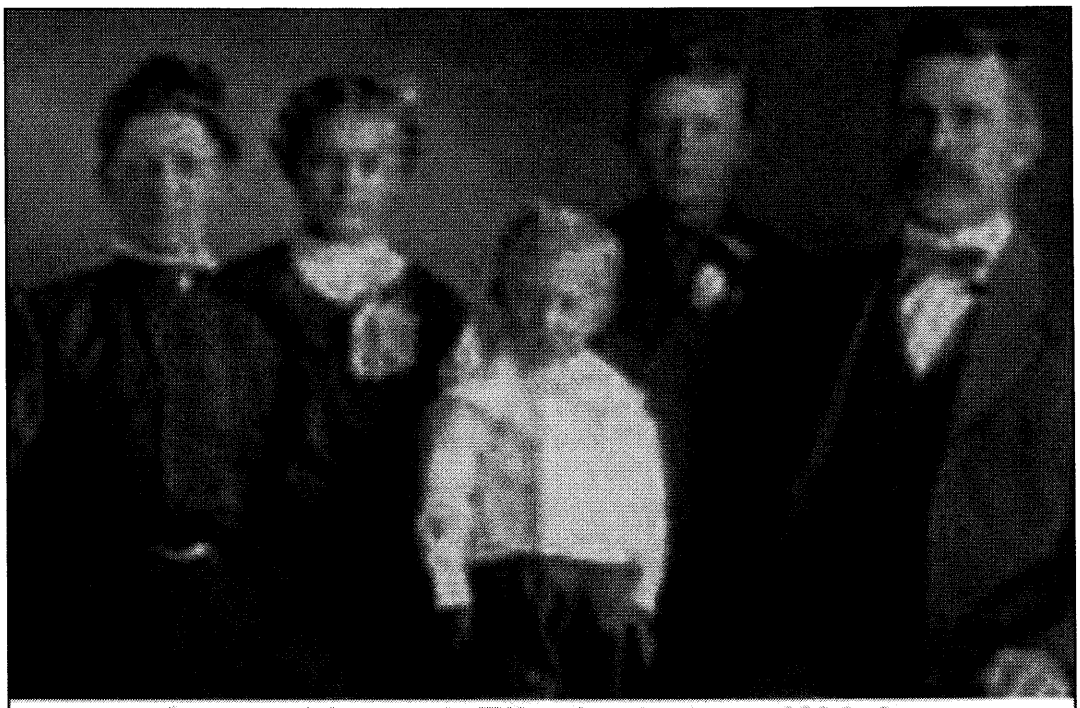
Harold & Artie Reeve

Hurricane Hotel
Thomas Robert Reeve Home
221 South Main

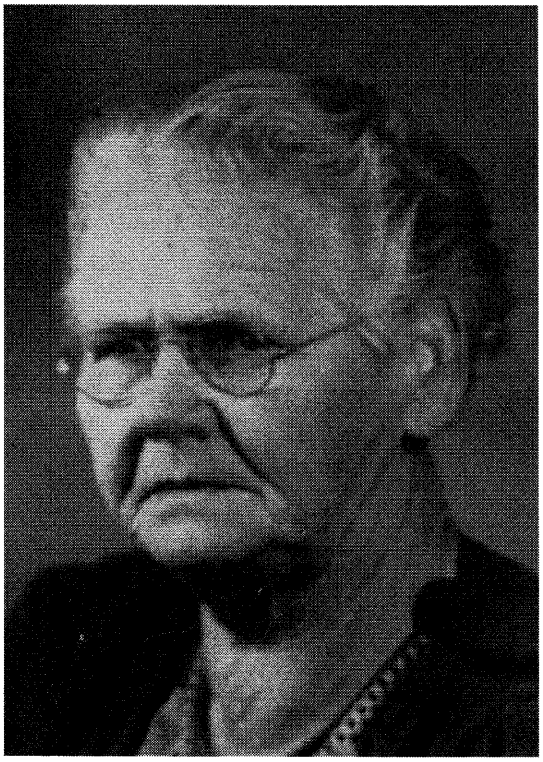
This house was built by Thomas Robert Reeve and his wife Mary Jane Burke. They moved into it in 1913. It was originally a one-room home. Many people stayed there as it was operated by two generations of the Reeve family.
It is a 1.5 story brick home with a sandstone foundation and locally-made soft brick walls. It is in excellent structural condition.
This property has been in the same family continuously.



George & Alice Parker Isom
69 North State Street
Hurricane

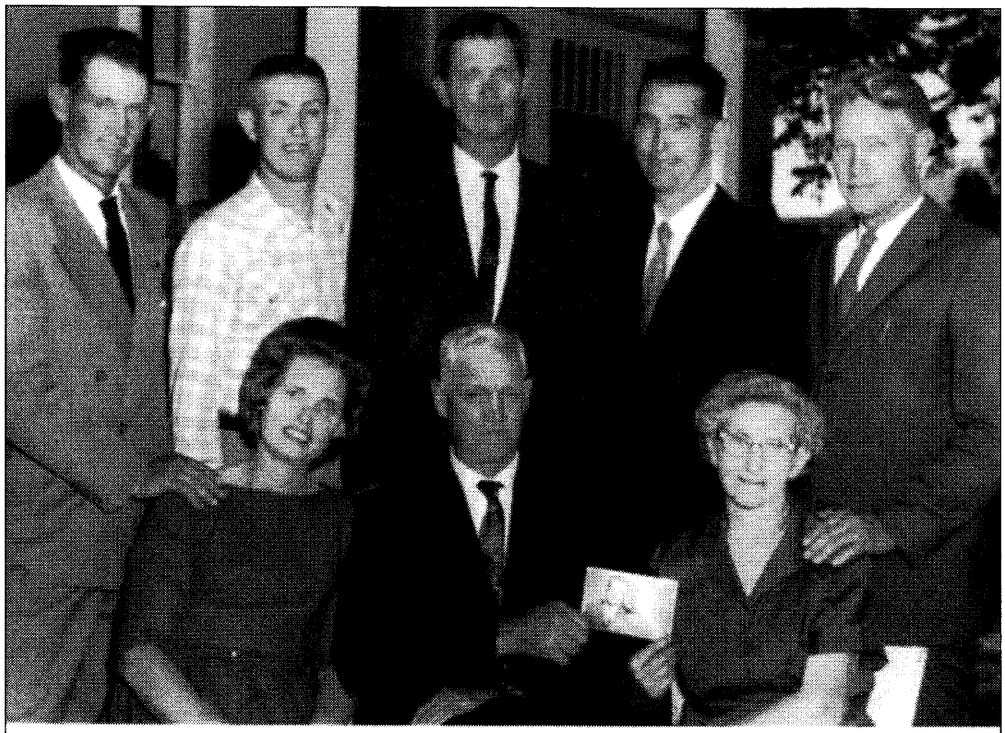


Samuel Isom & Elizabeth Jane Wright
Elizabeth - Lena - Alston - Alma - Samuel
1st Bishop & 1st Sheriff



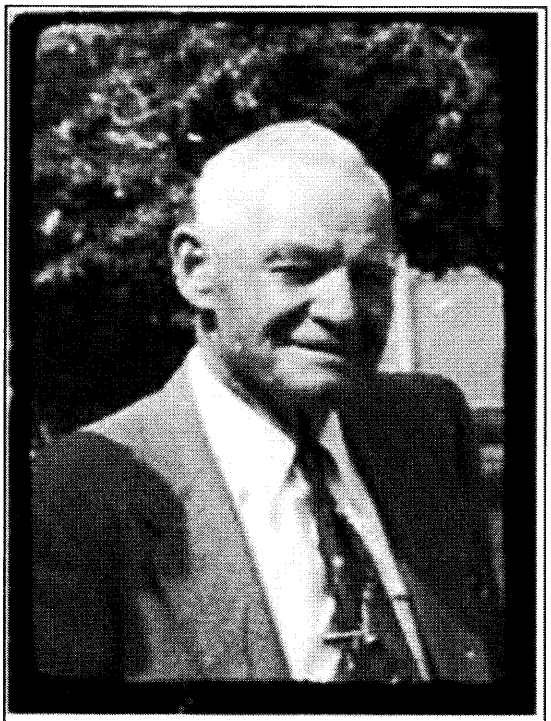
Mary Petty

Gottlieb Hirschi

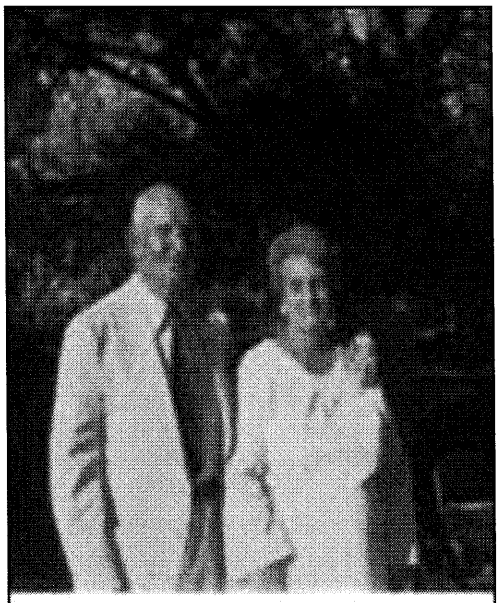


Lafayette & Mary Bertha Wood Hall
Arbon - Ferrel - Milton - Ersel - Keith
Emma - Lafe - Bertha

Stanley Bradshaw
Owner of Petty Garage



Henry Gubler
Board of Directors
Hurricane State Bank



Daniel & Myrtle Winder

Alfred Lorenzo Hall Board of Directors at Hurricane State Bank

Rachel Hatch & Lloyd LaVerl Richins, Sr.

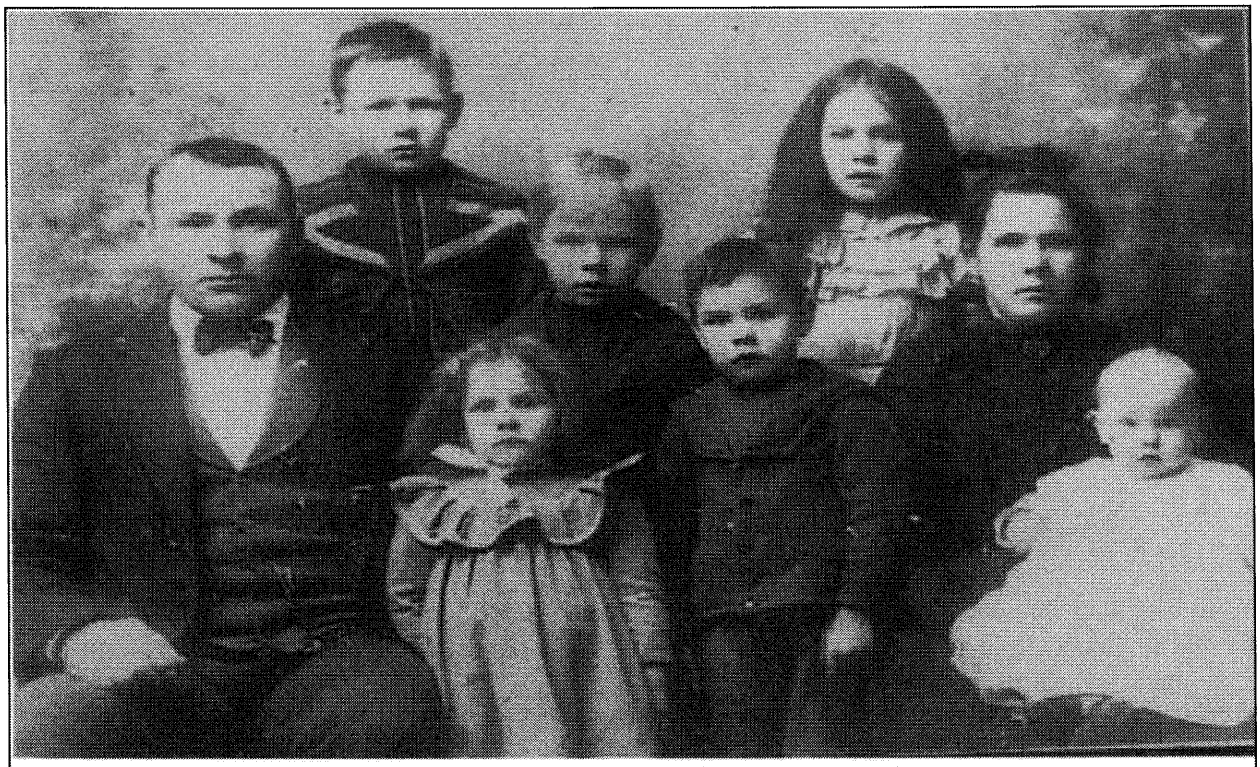
Donna Reber & Garth Sandberg

Frank Haggarty & Sarah Jane Brown Petty Family

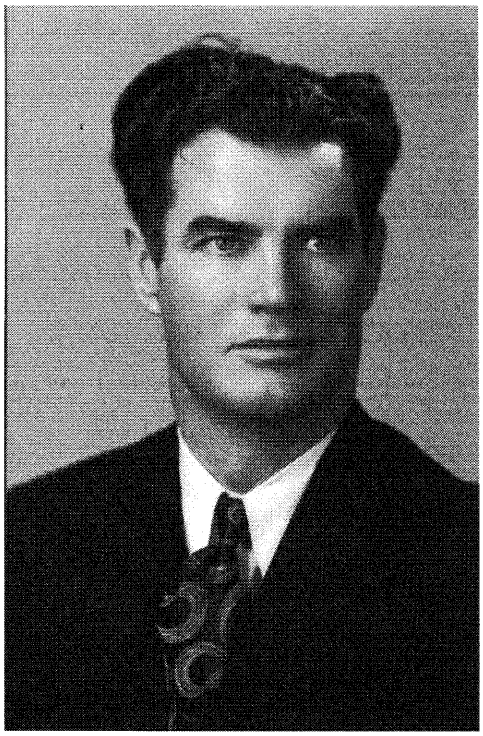
Ora Workman Paxman daughter of Jacob L & Mary Redd Workman

Laverna Slack and E.J. Graff

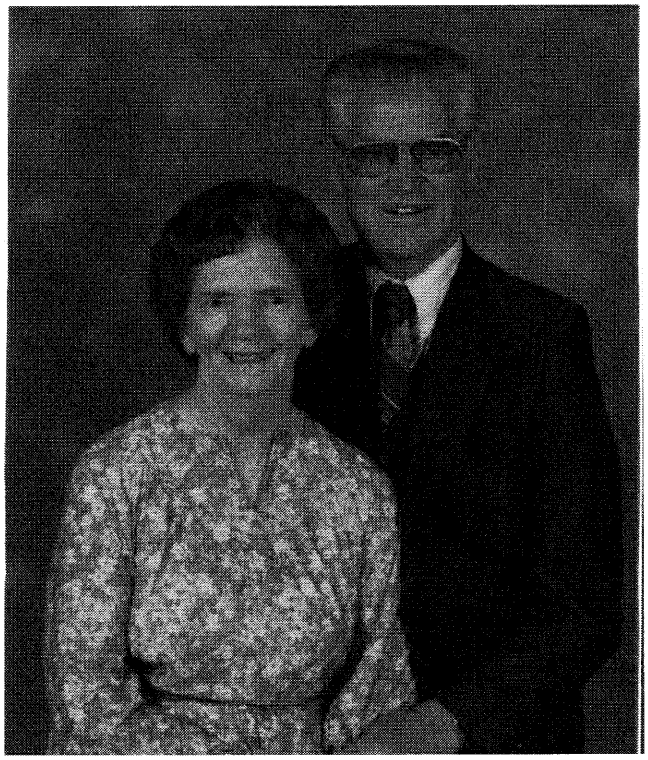
Darwin Slack



David & Mary Petty Hirschi Fami;ly - 1902
Claudius - Marjory - Heber - Kenneth - Susie - David Milo (baby) - Family Search

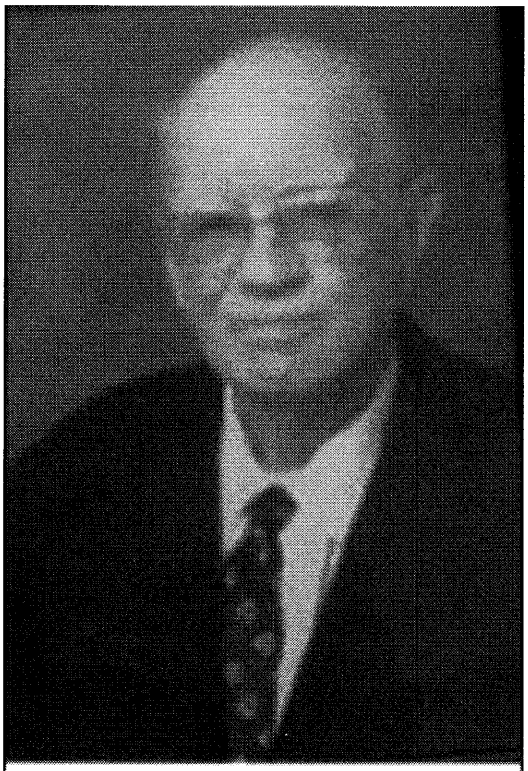


Wayne Hinton

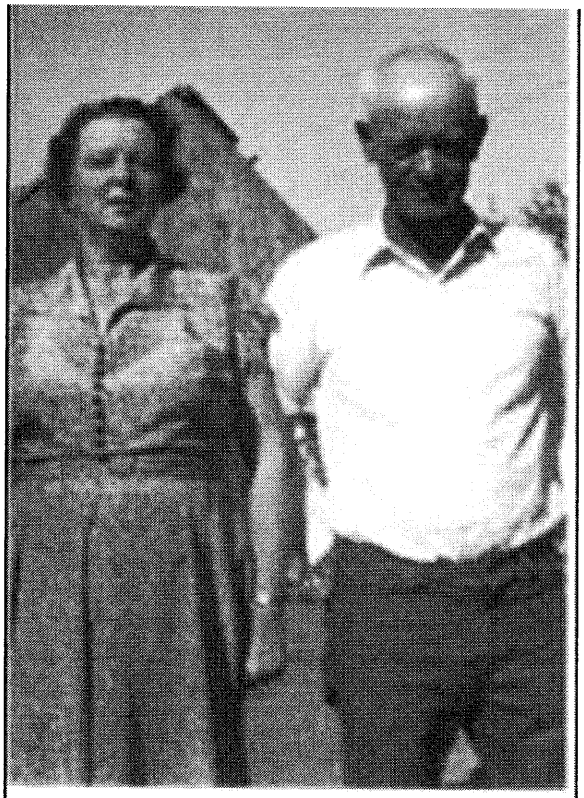


Jean Kendall and Wayne Hinton

Orin Wood & Harriet Fidelia Flanigan
Cleo - Orin - Glenna - Harriet - LuWayne

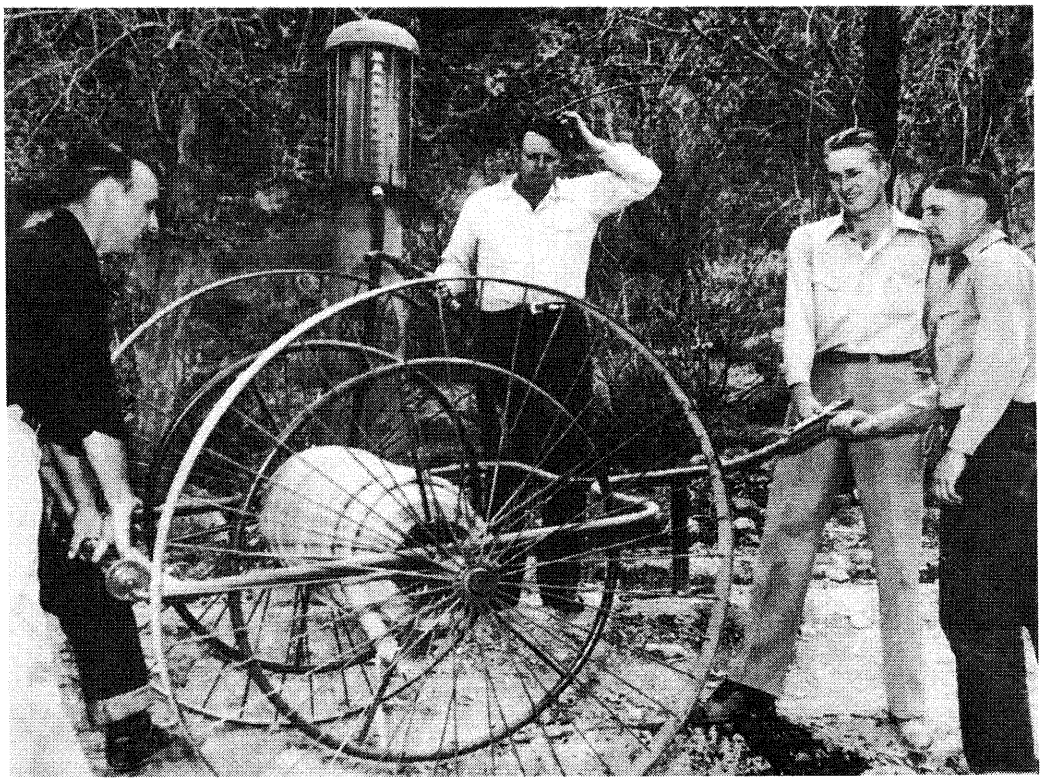


Marion Wayne Jepson
Son of James Anthony & Louisa Cox Jepson



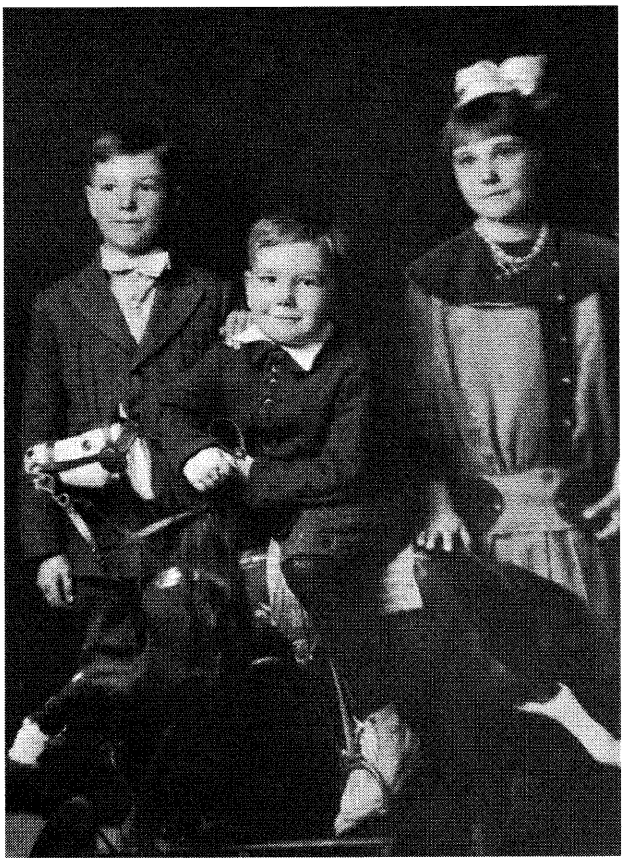
Bernice Davis & Carl Reed Langston

Daniel Hirschi
Brother of David

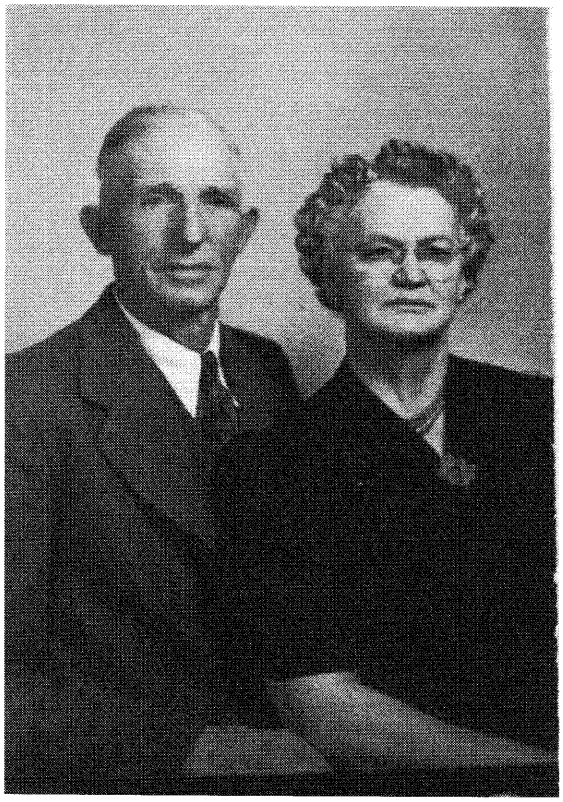


Members of Volunteer Fire Department with Hose Cart
France (Poncho) Spendlove, Cecil Sullivan, Dell Wood, Don Gibson

Emily Ellen (Ella) Wood and
Joseph Andrew Scow

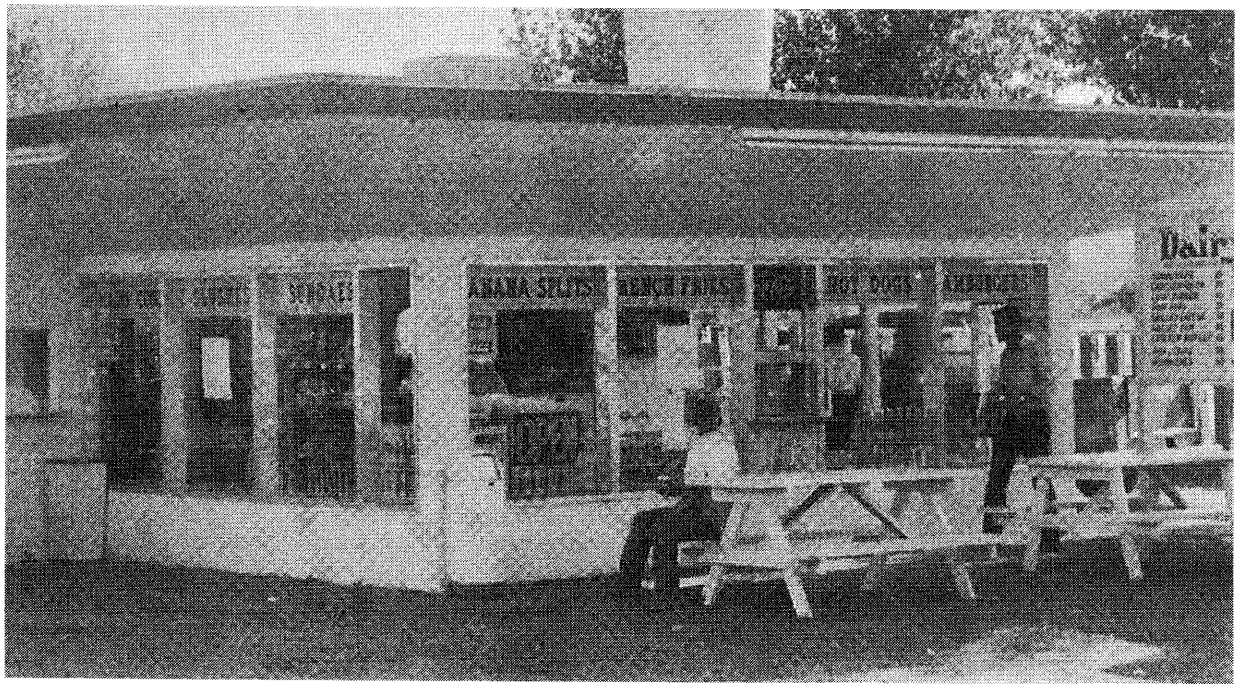


Clinton, Milden, Itha - Children of
Joe and Ella Scow



Bernard and Isabel Hilton Hinton

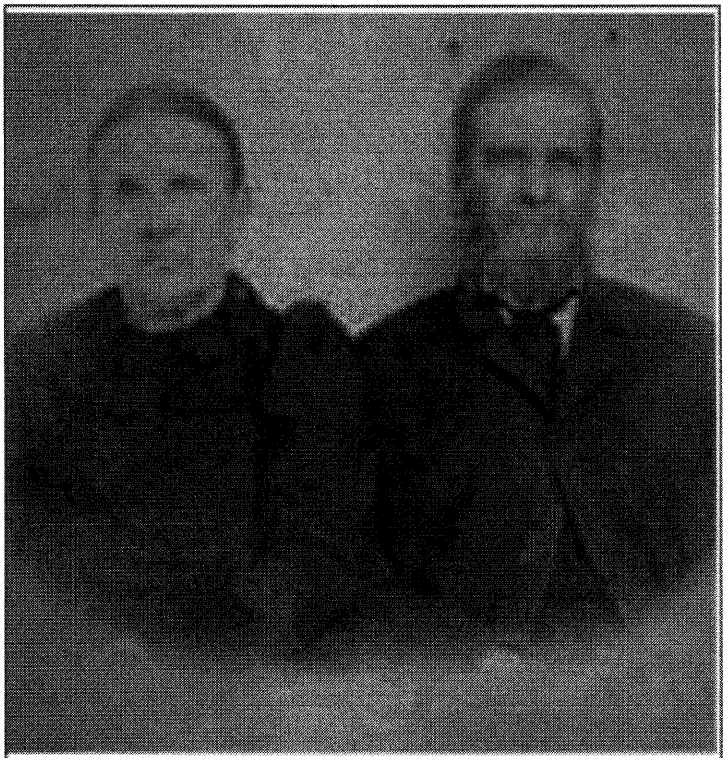
Olof and Rose Bleak Scow



Hurricane Dairy Freeze
The Hot Spot during the 40's - 50's - 60's and early 70's
Taco Bell is currently on the property -- next to the new Hurricane High School

Charles Brown & Sarah Jane
Petty Family -- 1951

Thomas & Mina Hinton
Children
Vera - Maurice - Elma - Lela



Sariah Anna Johnson Eager
& Andrew Jackson Workman

Josephine & Chauncey Sandberg

Alfred & Julia Hall Home 1912
was at 200 South 200 West
Hurricane, UT

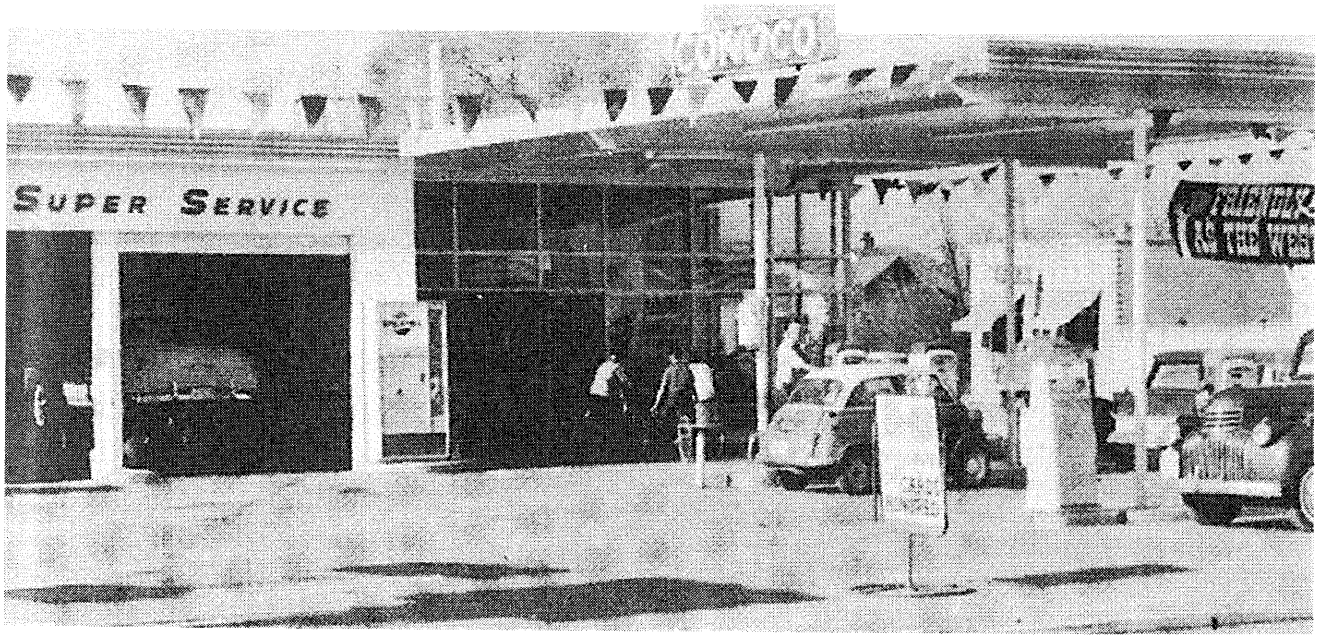
Dean A. Clark
Pharmacist -- Hurricane

Jerry's Cafe - with Jess Higley's Garage on the left

First Regional Welfare Exchange
1938

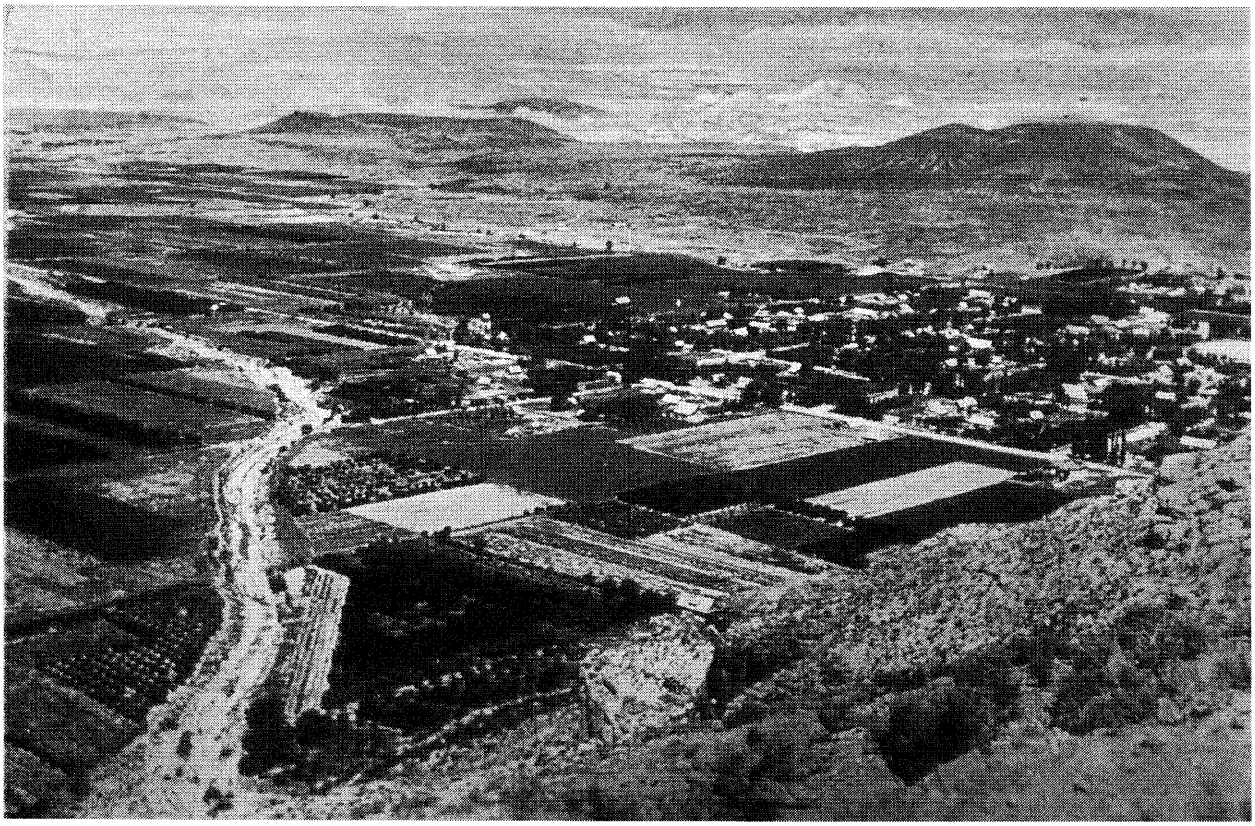
Hurricane Motor - 1957

Downtown Hurricane - circa 1920
L to R: Petty or Hurricane Garage - Stanworth Bakery & Cafe - State Bank of Hurricane - Worthen Meat Market (later became Clifton's Market and then Lin's Market)
Corner of State Street and South Main

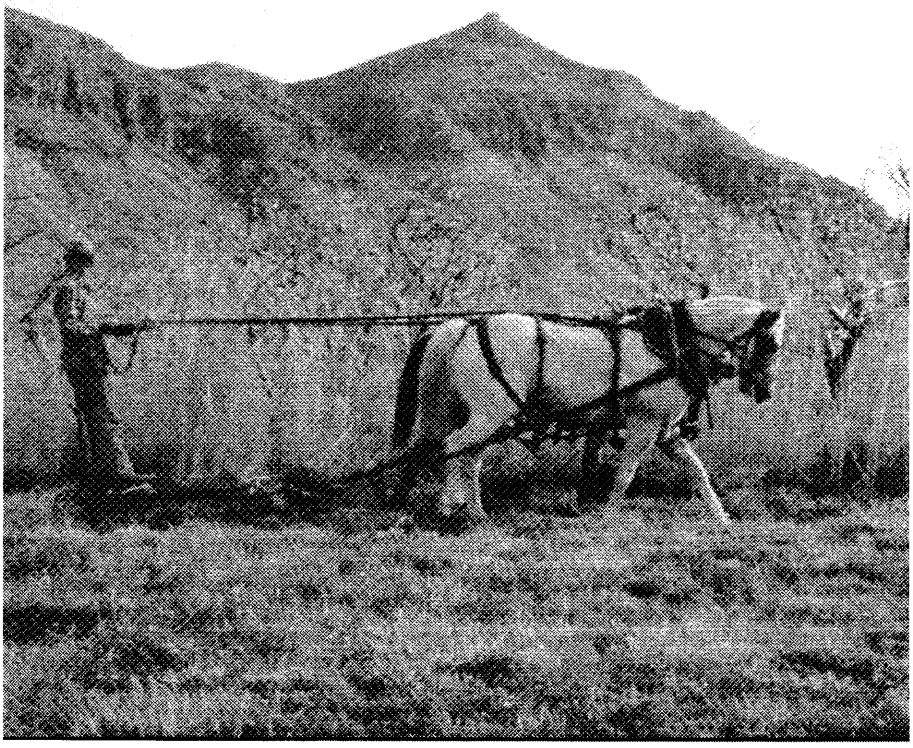


Wes Hinton Conoco
1962

Clifton's Market on South Main
Clifton Wilson Family owned the Grocery Store for many years in Hurricane
Picture taken in early 1960



From the Hurricane Lookoff on top of the Hill in 1929



Woodrow Jepson plowing his field
with Hurricane Hill and Molly's Nipple in the background

Lettie Tobler and G. Fenton Whitney

Alfred M. and Annie Bradshaw Scow

Rial and Kathleen Isom Black

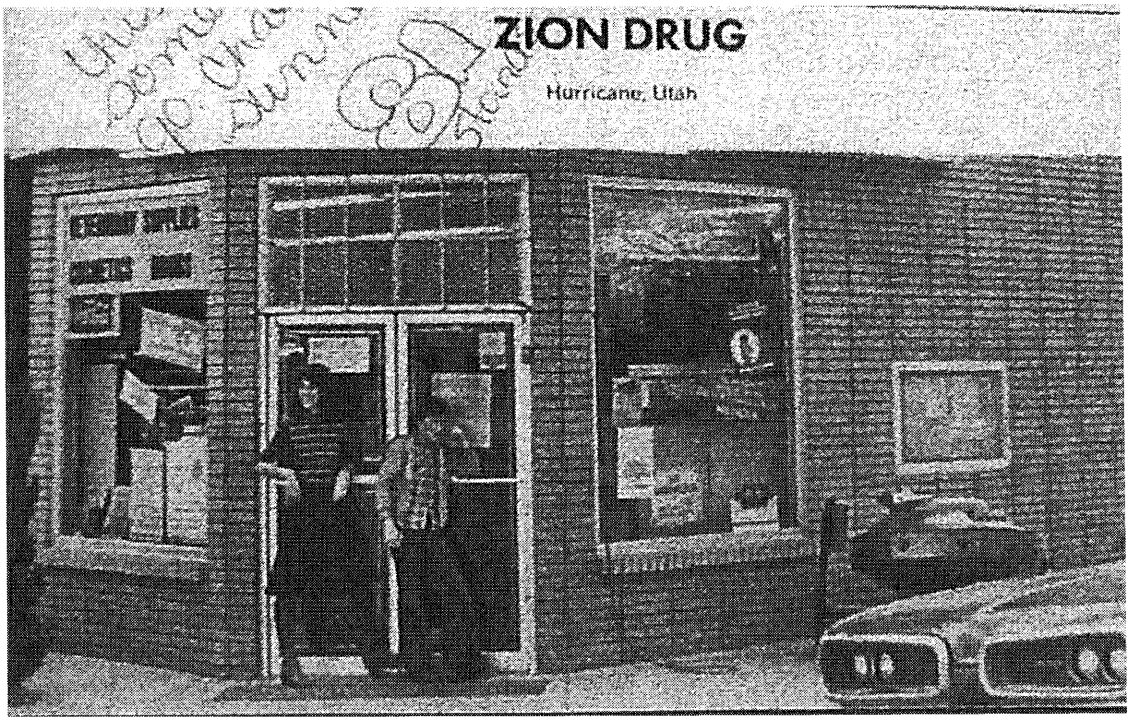
Will and Mary (Mamie) Workman Hinton
and children
B- Alda, Carlon, Marion, Delmer
F- Mamie, Lenna Mae, Gail, Will

Floyd Burke and Mary Beardall Wright with children Floyd Rodney Wright and Enid Wright

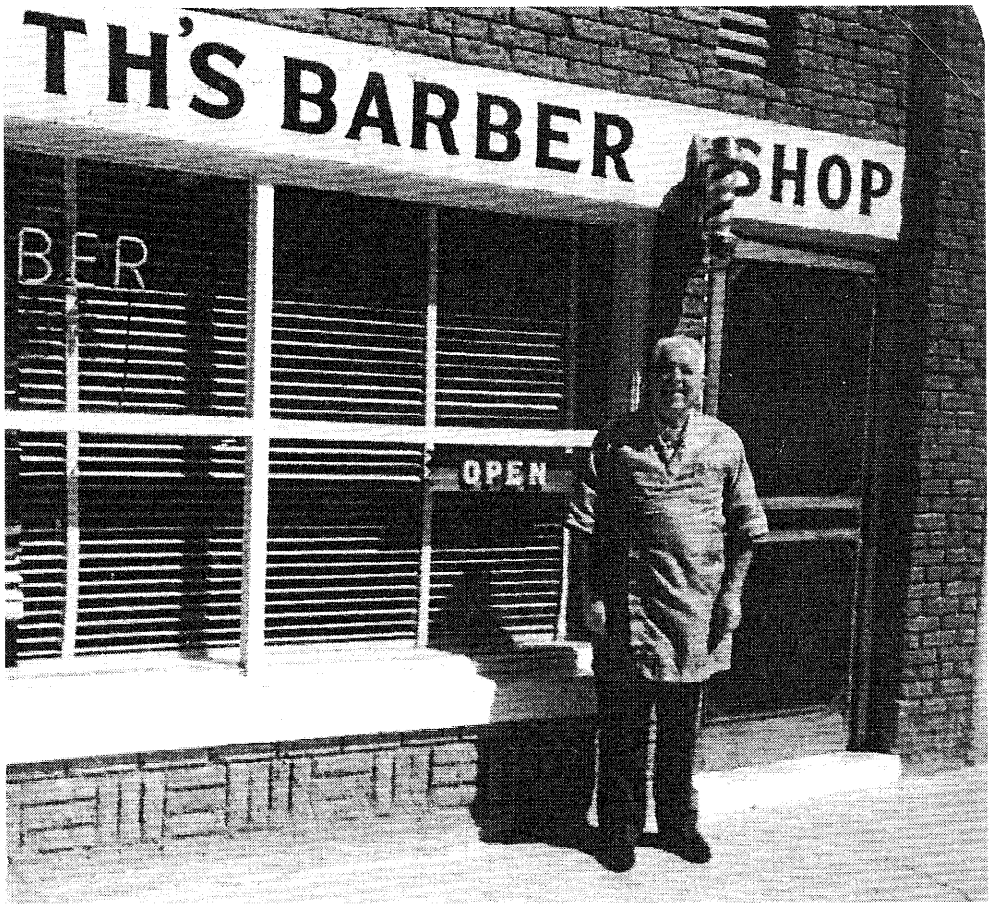
Maud Beardall and Ivan Langston at Grand Canyon North Rim 1965

Jungle Gym on the Old School Playground

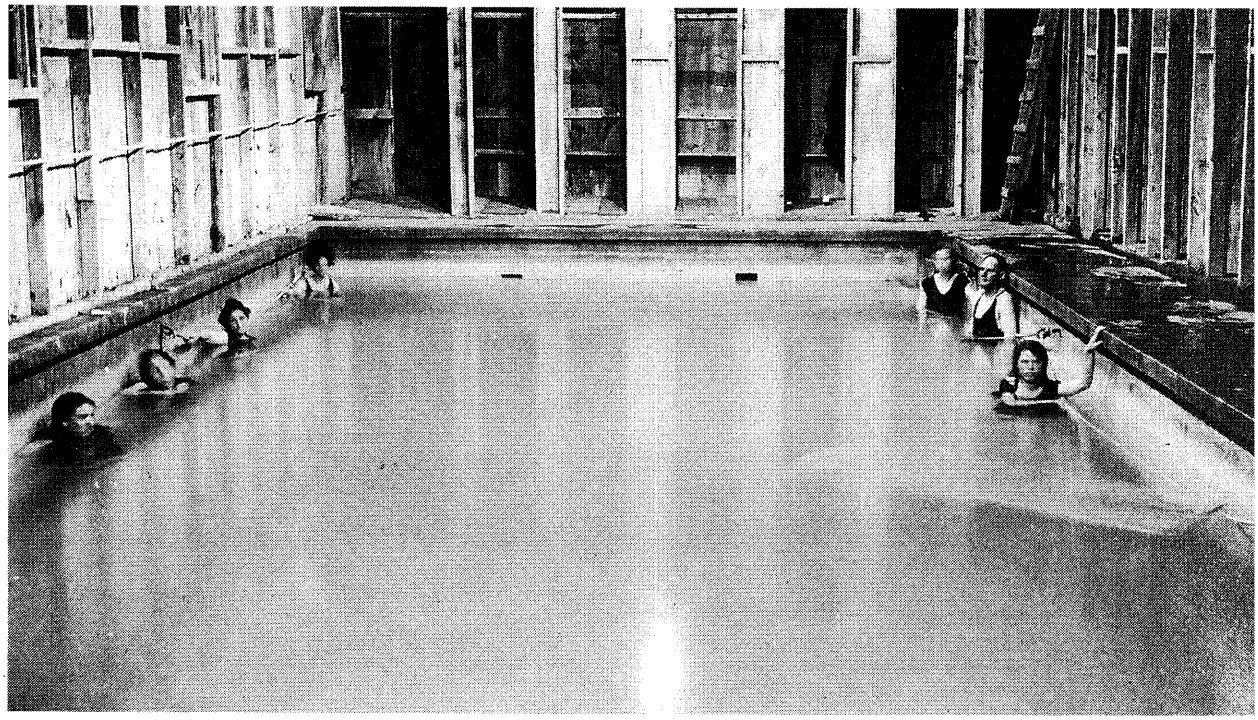
Wayne Hinton with baby brother Merrill



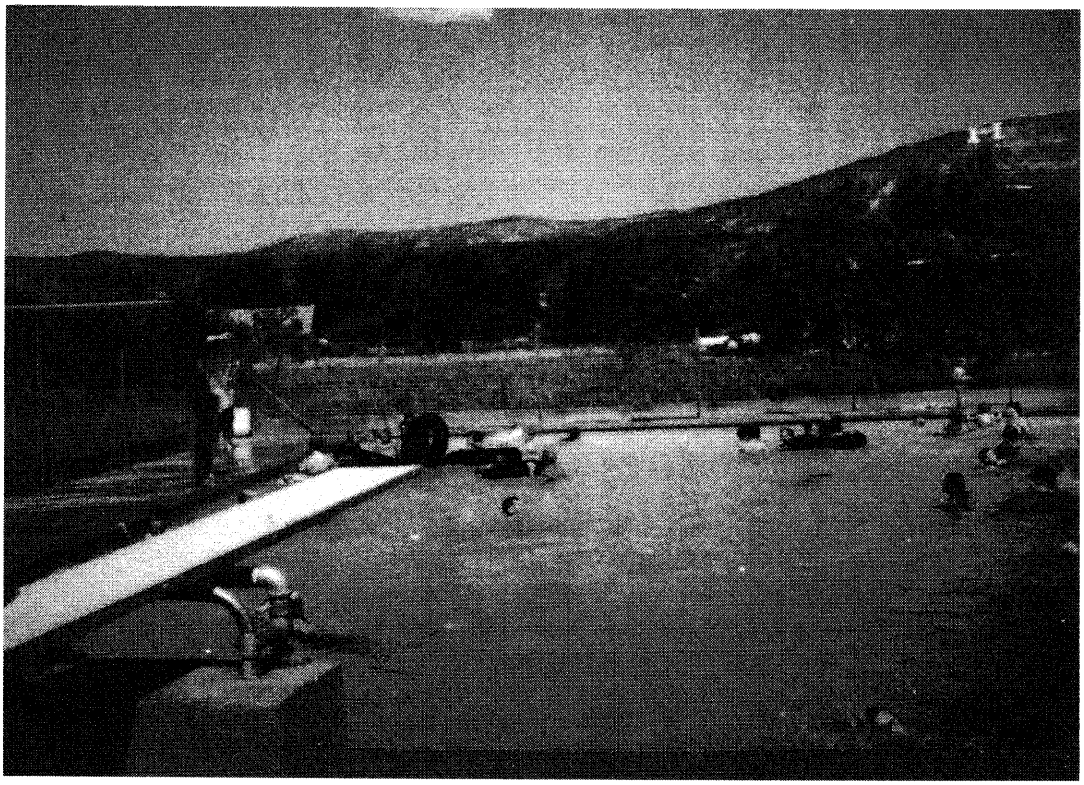
Zion Drug was built in 1961 by Gordon & Polly Stirland
57 S Main Street



Keith's Barber Shop



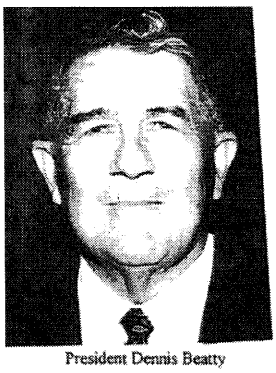
Old pool at the Sulphur Springs in LaVerkin
(before Pah Tempe Resort)



Lemmon Dip

Hurricane's First Pool - Jack Lemmon built and opened it in 1960
Wayne Hinton bought it in 1963

CHANGING OF THE GUARD, 1953
Eld. LeGrand Richards, LaFell Iverson, Pres Elmer Graff, Ivan J Barrett, Eld. Delbert Stapley
Keith Tobler, Fenton Whitney, President Leo Reeve, LaVar Hinton



President Dennis Beatty

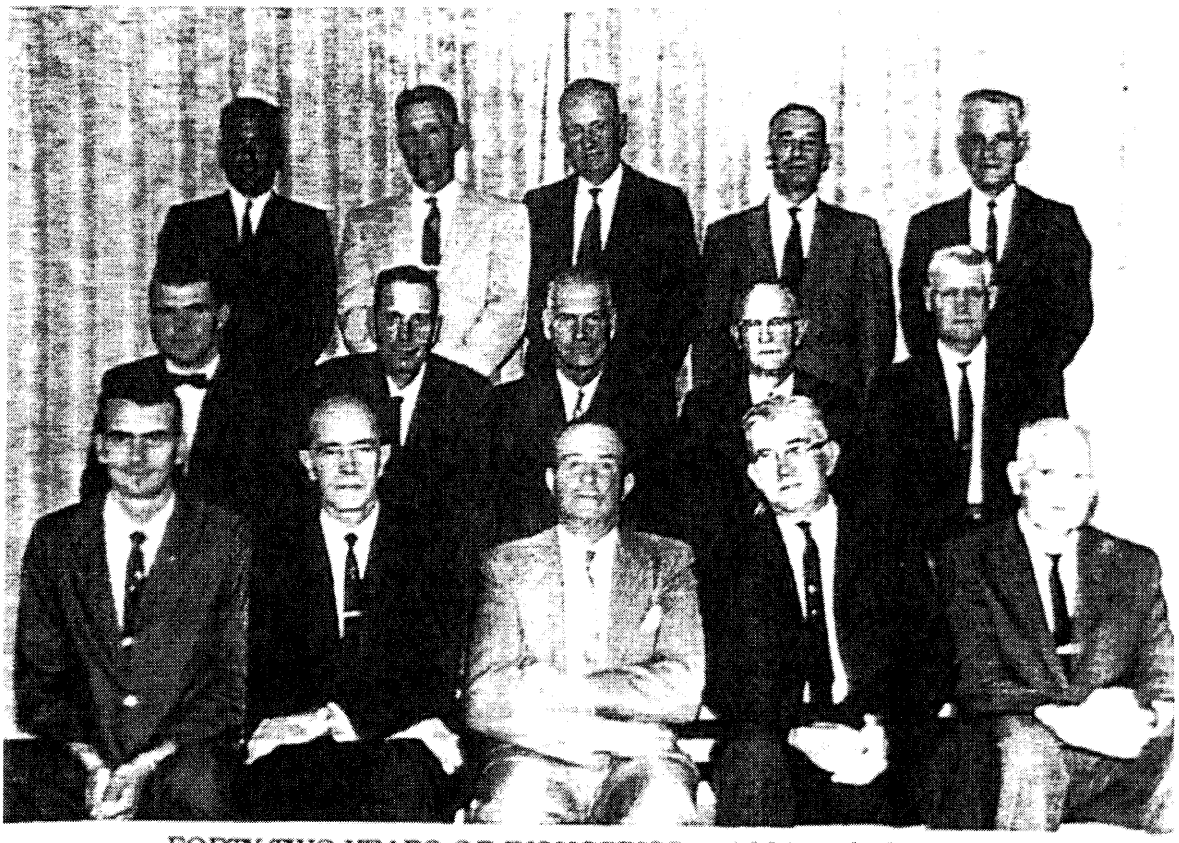
President Dan Spendlove

President Elmer Graff

President Jack Lemmon

Pres. Eugene Lyman President Glenn E. Stratton Pres. Scott Colton

President Glenn Stratton President James Lemmon President Rowland Hinton

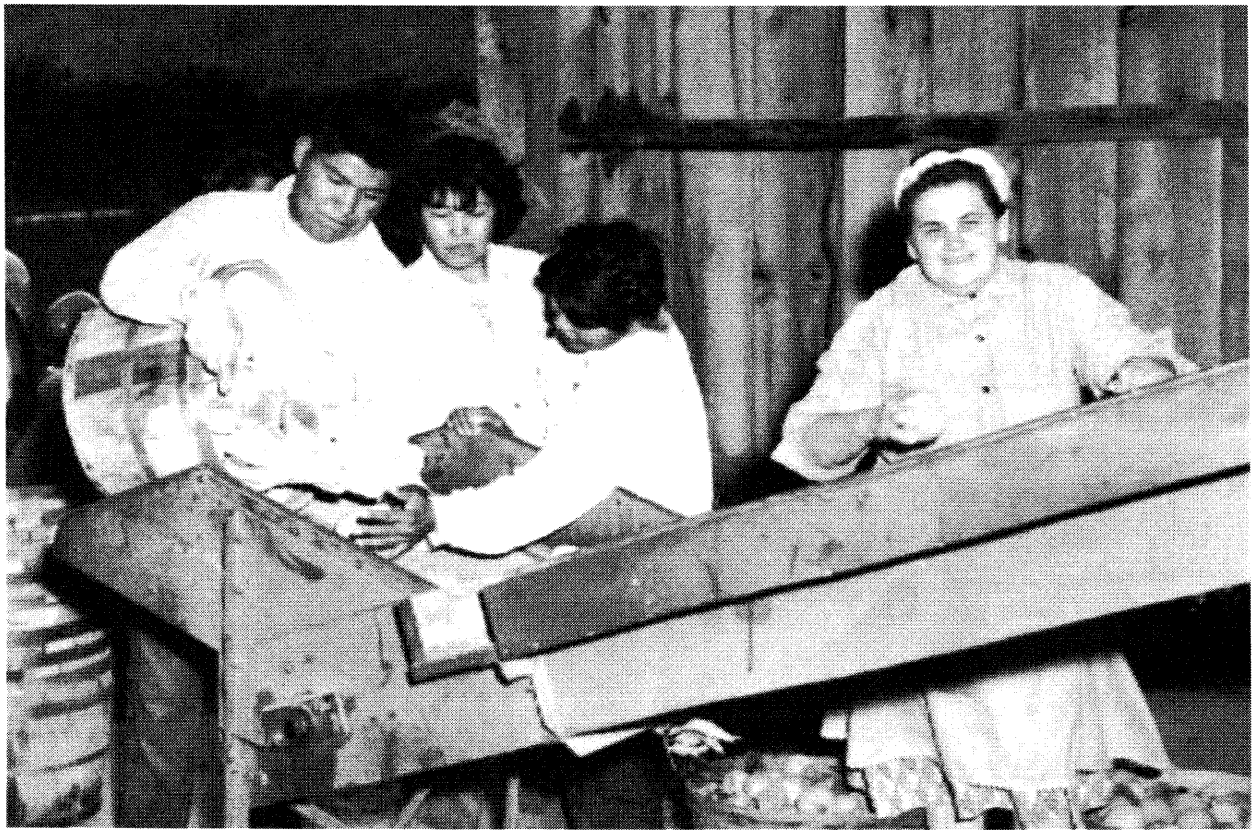


FORTY TWO YEARS OF BISHOPRICS 1928 - 1970

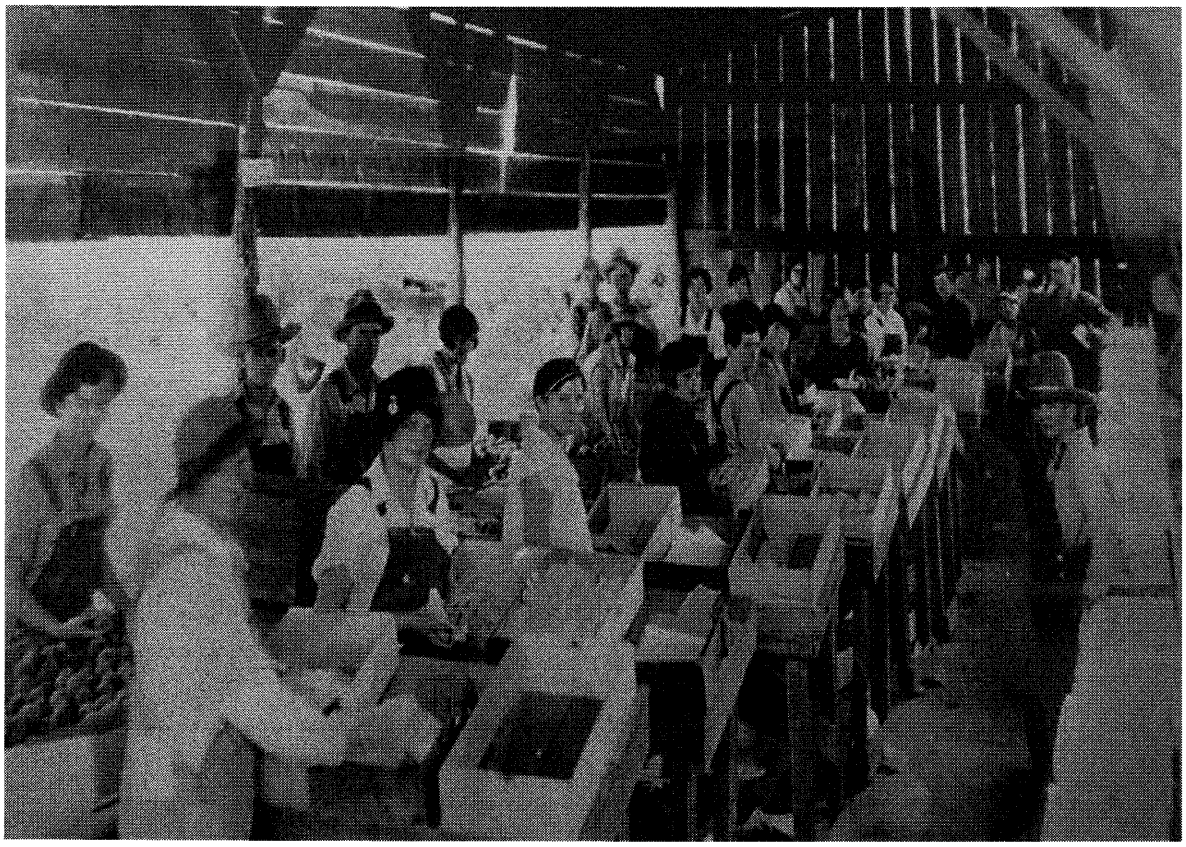
Delbert Covington Keith Hall Grant Woodbury Arvel Webb Wilford Leany
Mathew Witzell George Shamo Carl Roundy Rodney Stanworth Lafayette Hall
Dell C. Stout Grant Langston Raymond Demille Allen Stout Frank Johnson

FIFTY YEARS OF BISHOPRICS

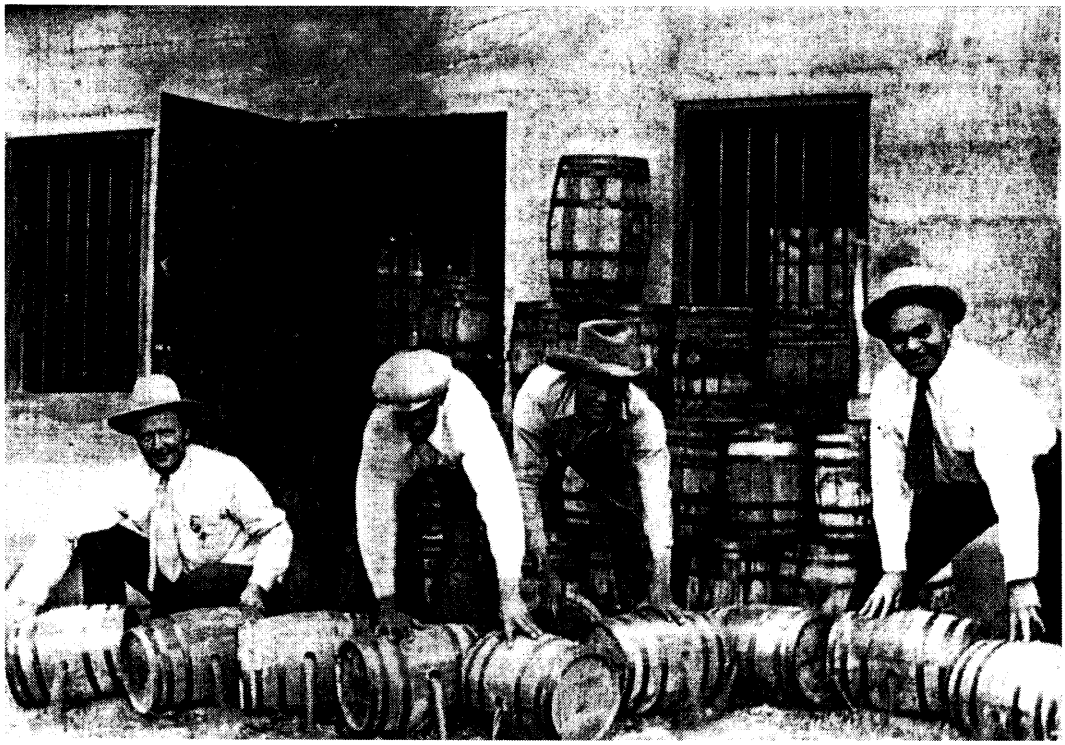
Margaret & Dennis Beatty Gordon & Polly Stirland Jack & Delma Lemmon
Elmer & EmmaRene Graff LaRue & Carroll Heaton
Ira & Emma Bradshaw



Hurricane Women sorting Peaches ready for canning or shipping



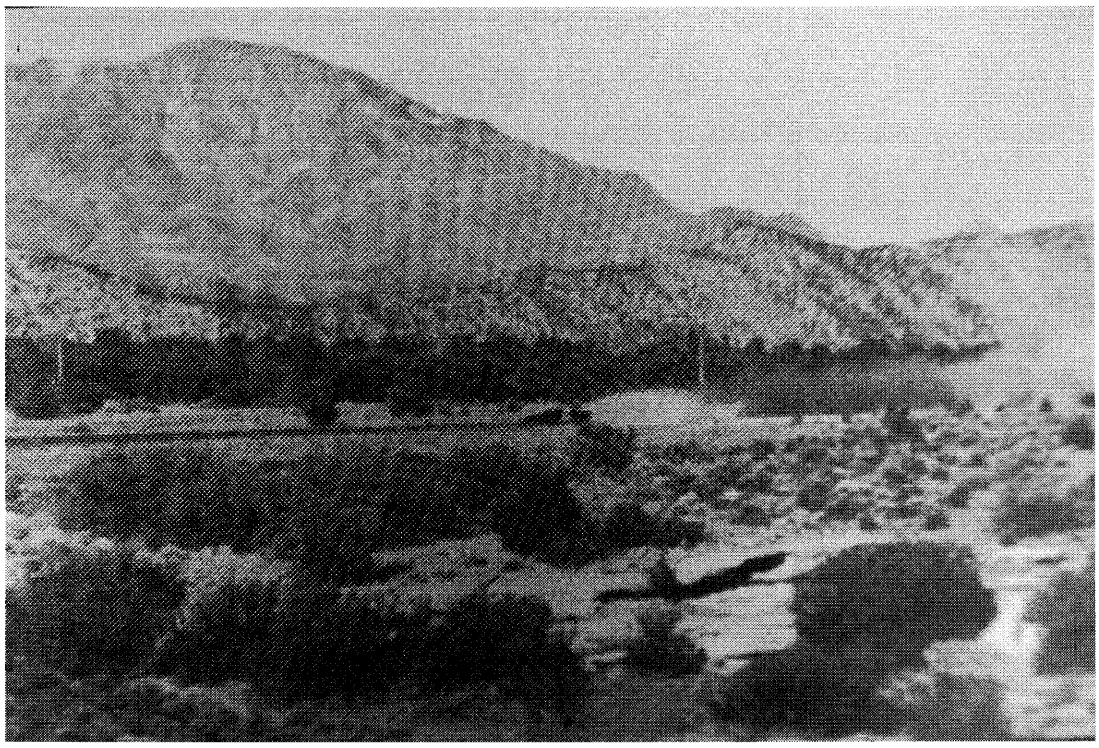
Fruit -Packing Plant in Hurricane - 1935



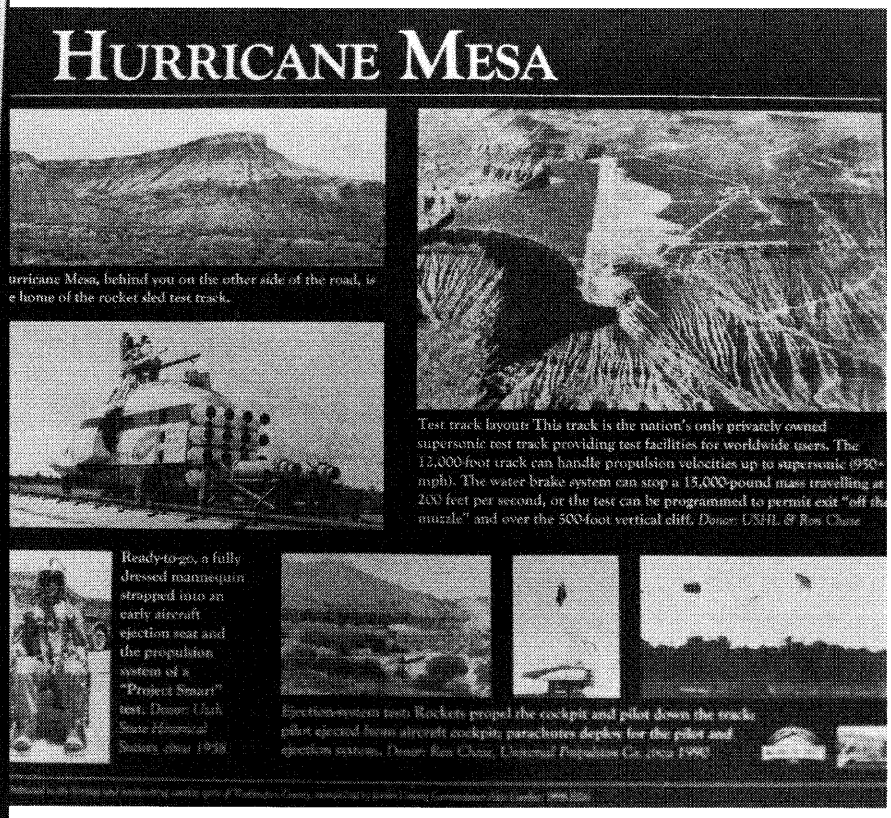
JAIL WINE -- GETTING DUMPED

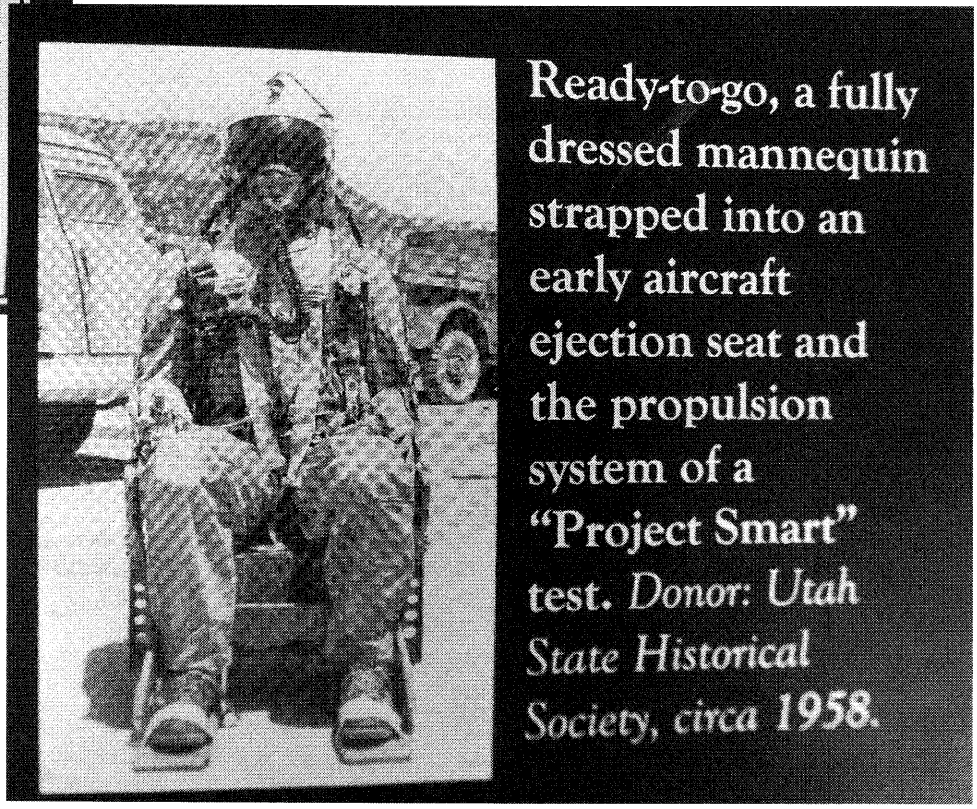
Ella's Cafe on State and 100 West - North of Old HHS

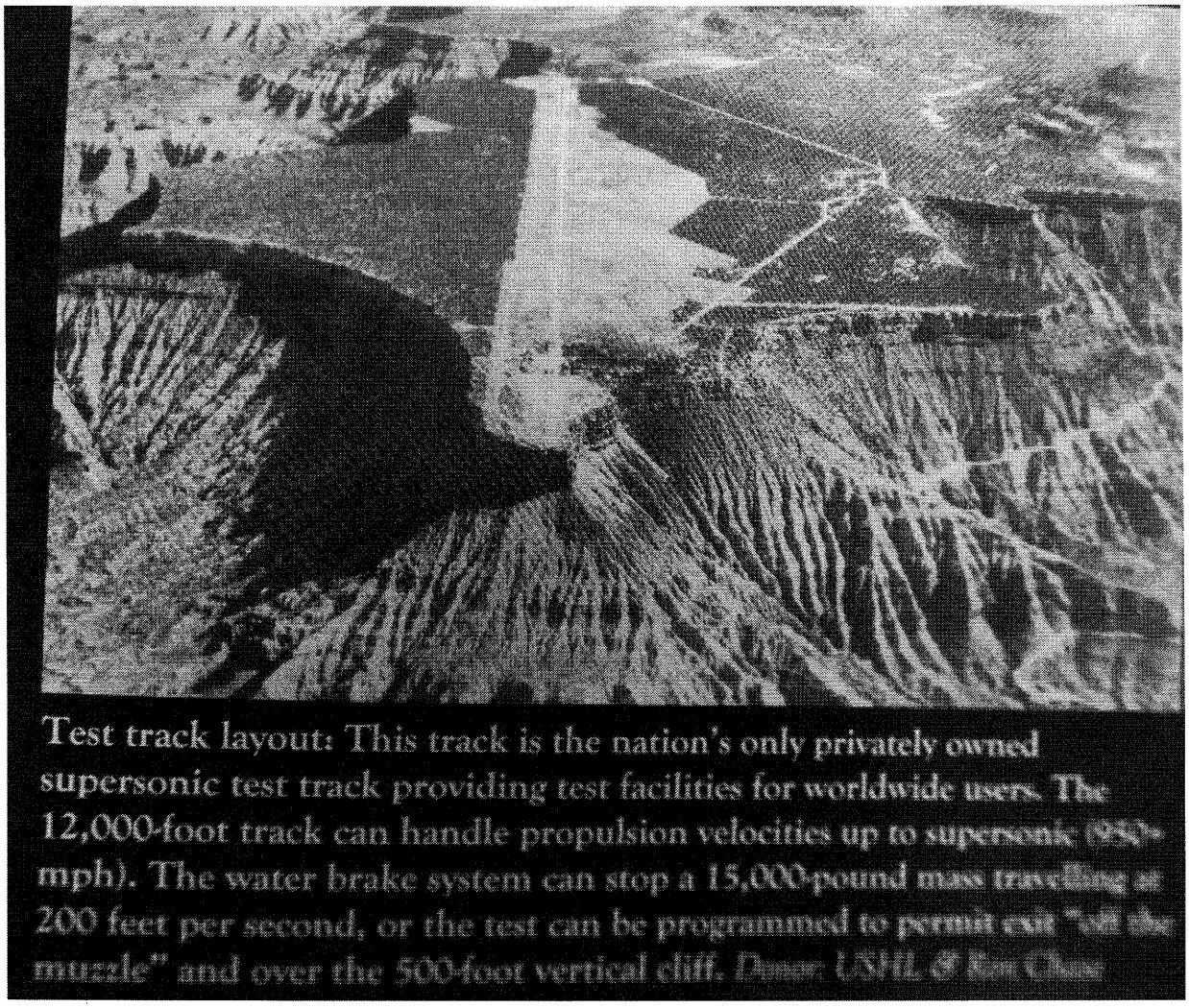
HURRICANE MESA



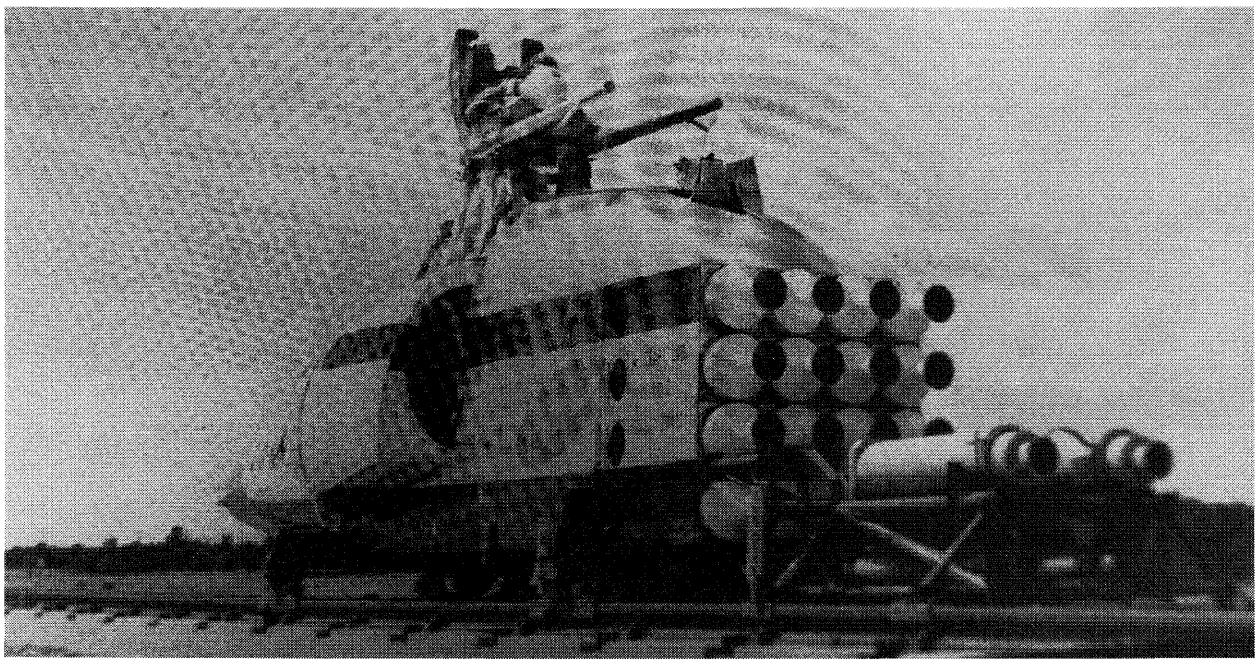
- July 1954: Funding approved for the construction of a U.S. Air Force Rocket Sled Test Track on Hurricane Mesa.
- July 8, 1955: Initial test run completed at "Project Smart" (code name) by Coleman Engineering Co., the contract operator for the Air Force.
- September 1957: Over 100 tests completed, 15 involving human subjects, with Colonel John Paul Stapp holding the 630 mph speed record.
- April 1959: Name changed from "Project Smart" to Hurricane Supersonic Research Site; 40 to 60 tests run per year.
- December 1960: Air Force announced abandonment of the test track, effective June 1, 1961.
- 1963: Stanley Aviation Corporation purchased the government facilities and secured leases from the BLM and state lands.
- 1981: Stencel Aero Engineering of Nashville, NC, a Talley Industries of Arizona, Inc. company, purchased the facilities and later merged to form Universal Propulsion Company.
- 2003: Goodrich Corporation purchased the facilities and conducted 160 tests.
- 2012: UTC Aerospace Systems purchased the facilities and currently operates the site. Under all ownerships, over 1,700 tests have been conducted.



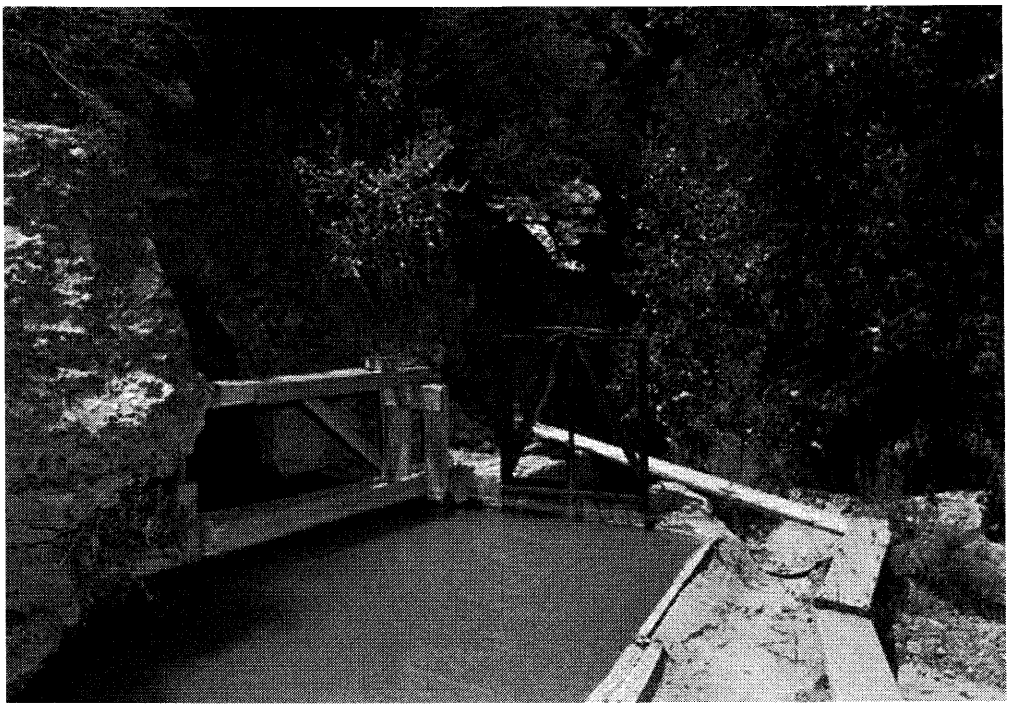




Test track layout: This track is the nation's only privately owned supersonic test track providing test facilities for worldwide users. The 12,000-foot track can handle propulsion velocities up to supersonic (?SS?-mph). The water brake system can stop a 15,000-pound mass traveling at 200 feet per second, or the test can be programmed to permit exit "off the muzzle" and over the 500-foot vertical cliff. *Photo: USHL © Jim Chase*

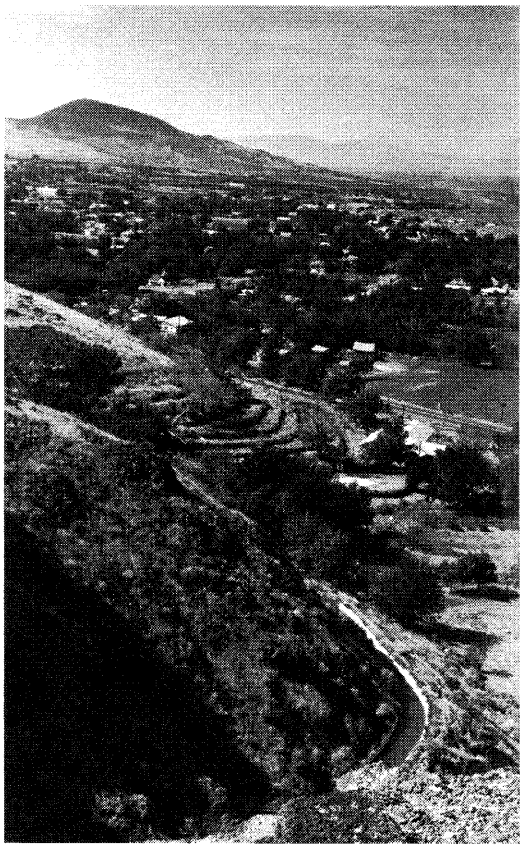


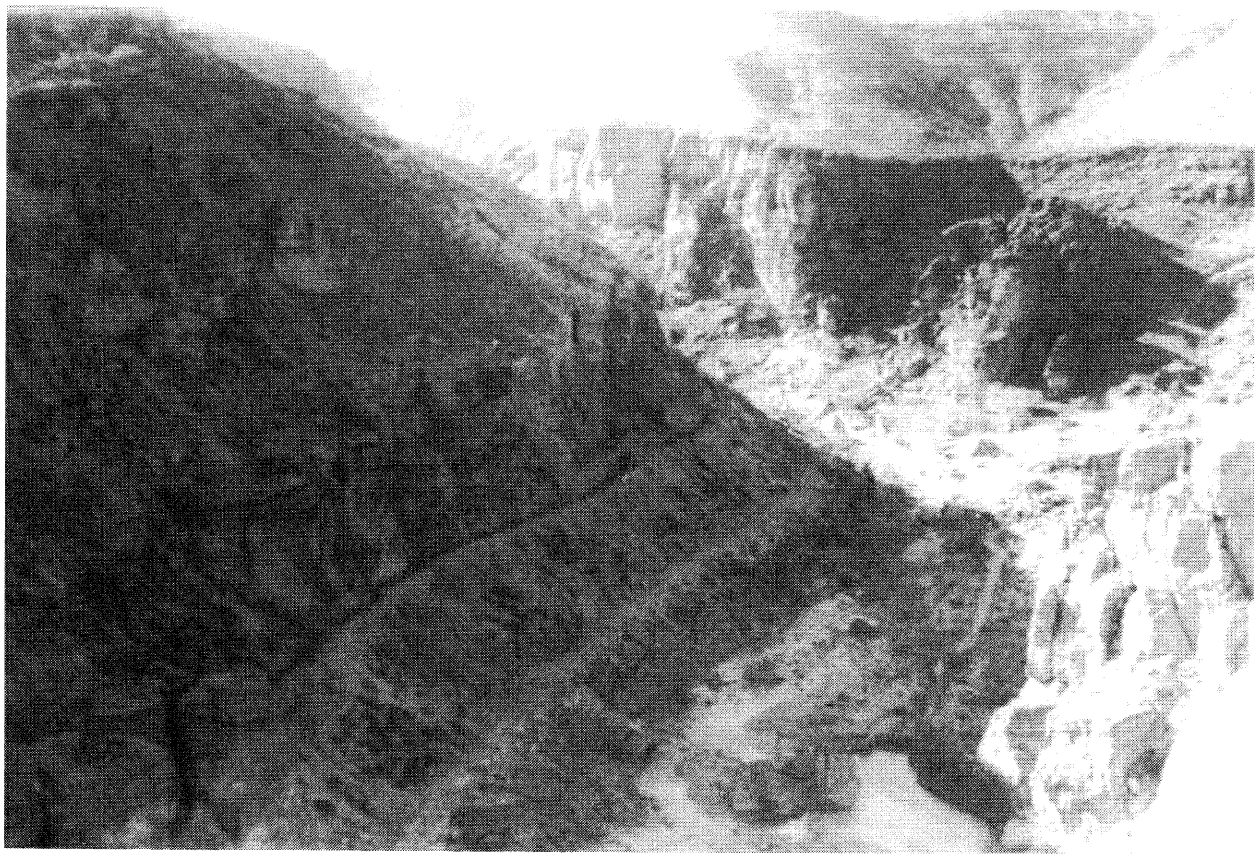
Ejection-system test: Rockets propel the cockpit and pilot down the track; pilot ejected from aircraft cockpit; parachutes deploy for the pilot and ejection system.



One of the Headgates - Hurricane Canal

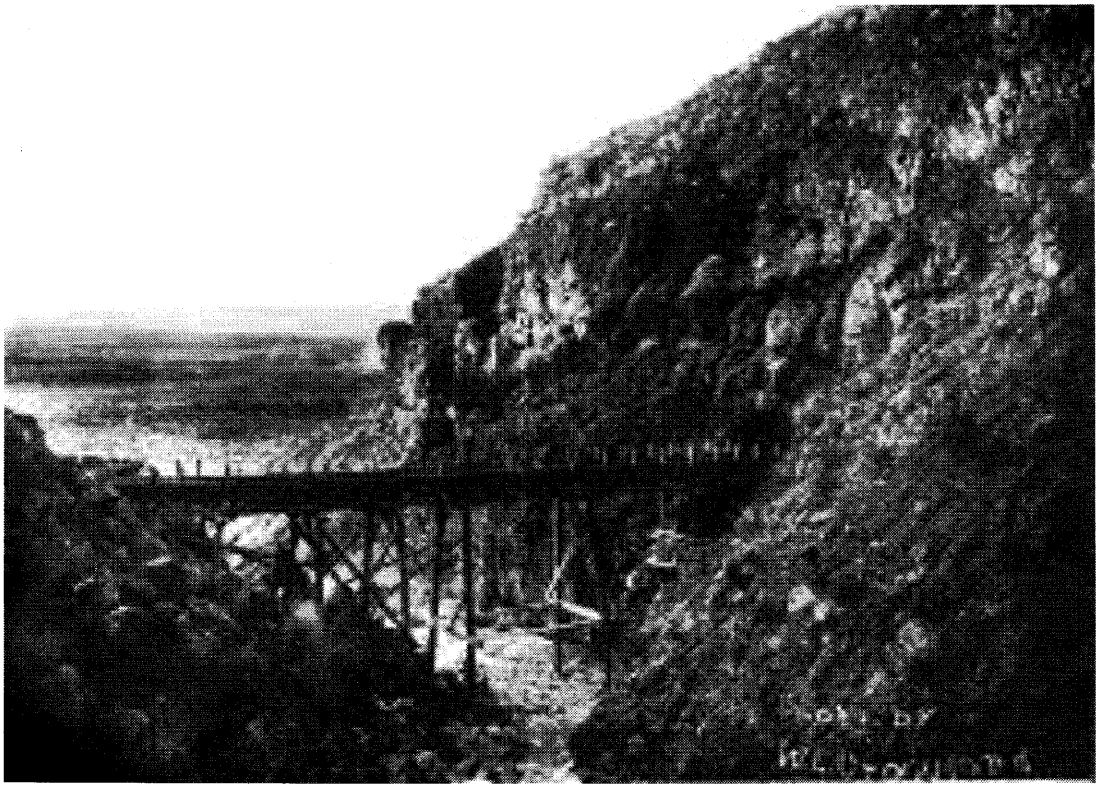
Hurricane Canal (a concrete section)



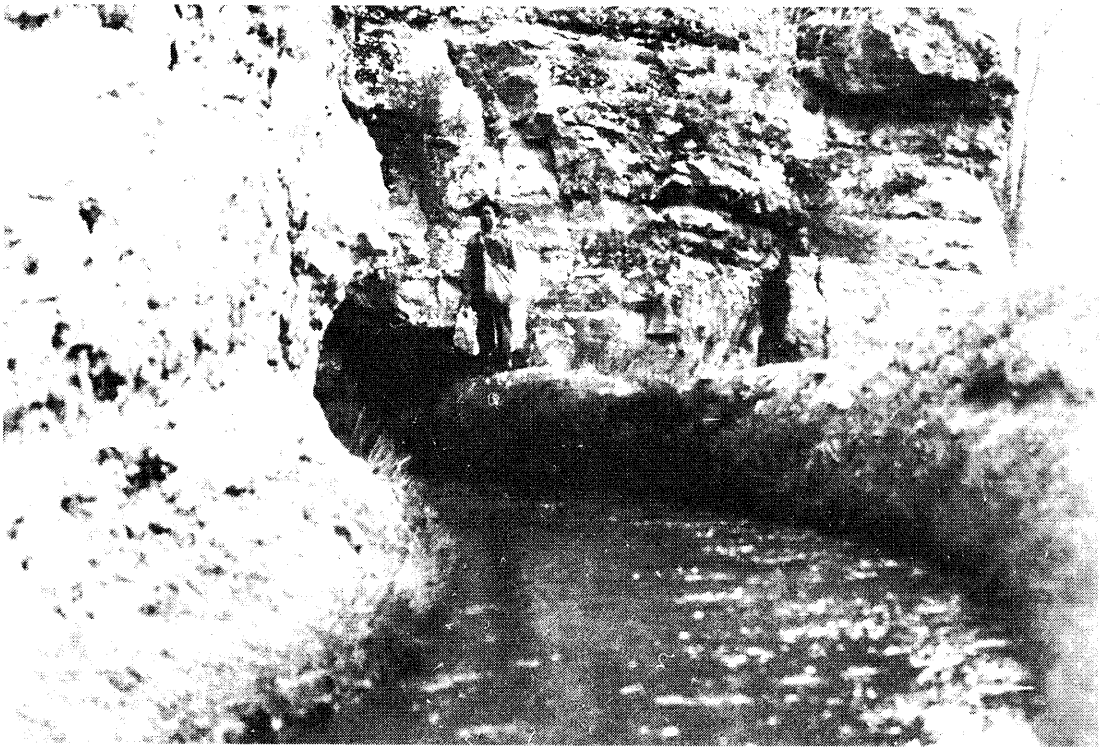


Virgin Canyon & Hurricane Canal
Photo taken 1977

Hurricane Canal



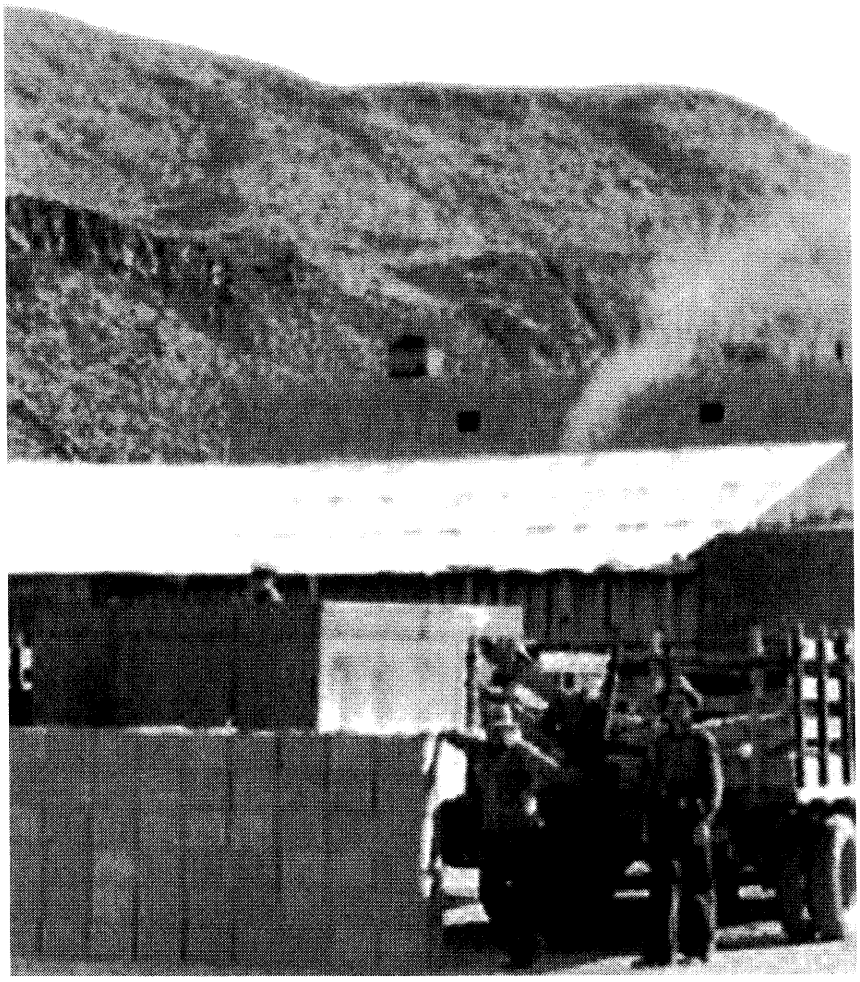
One of the Canal Flumes on a Trestle



WATER COMING OUT OF A TUNNEL THROUGH MOUNTAIN

Walter's Wiggle
On the Trail to Angel's Landing
Zion National Park
(That's Walt Beatty on the lead horse.)

HURRICANE IN 1959



Hurricane fruit all packed and ready to ship

August 28, 1995 26,000 pounds of peaches!

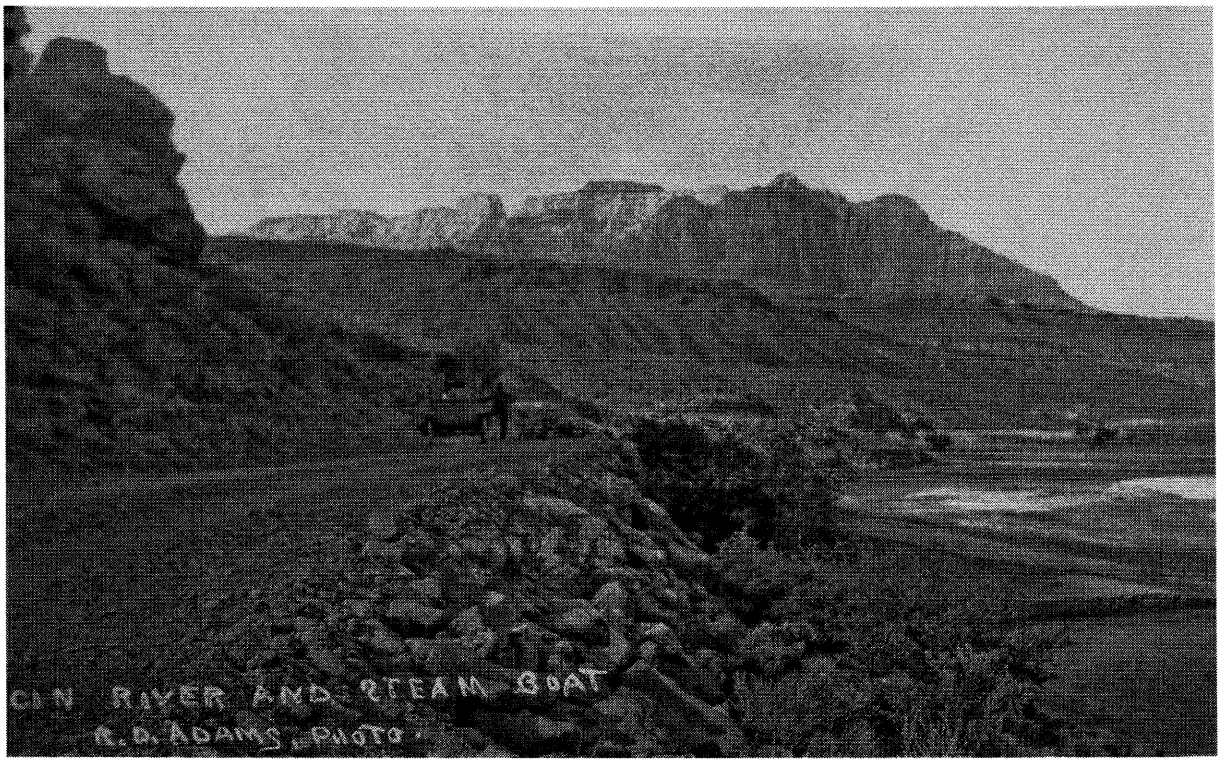
John T. Hall

Jacob Workman &
Mary Catherine Redd

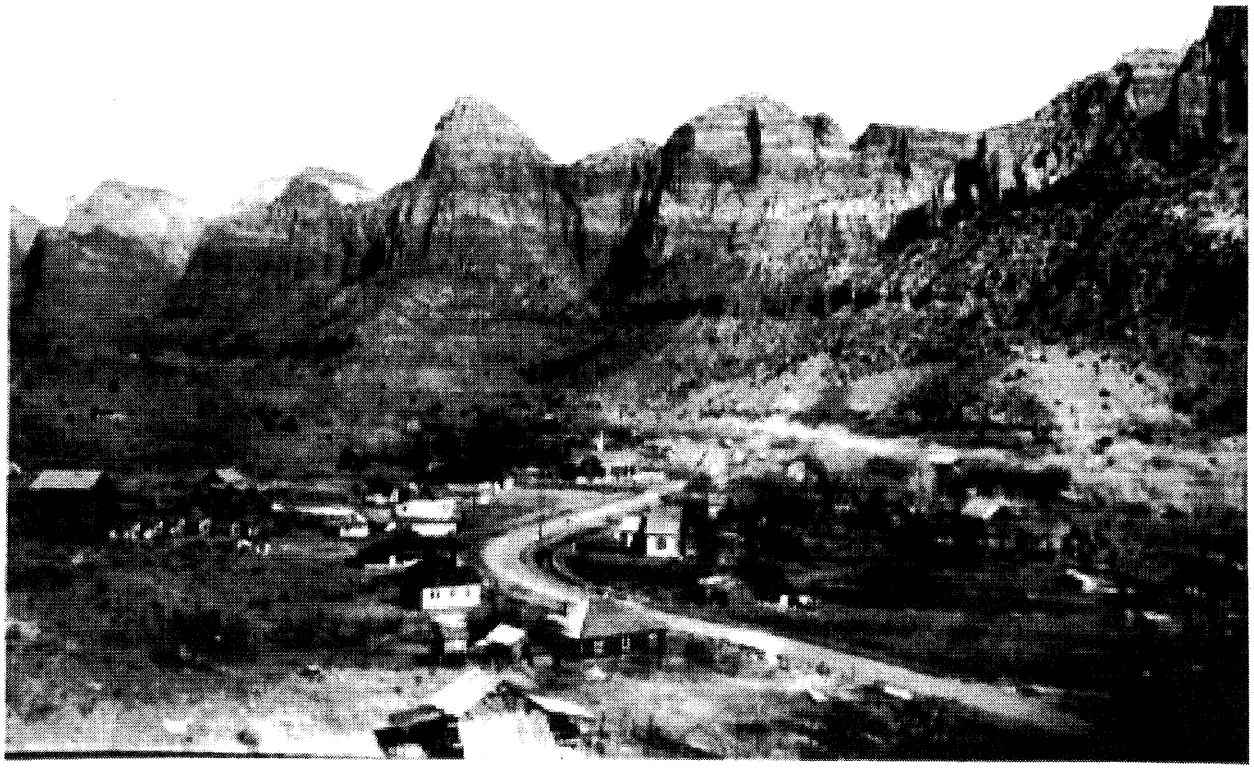
George & Annie Crawford Isom

Melbourne DeMille

Milda Isom Wright

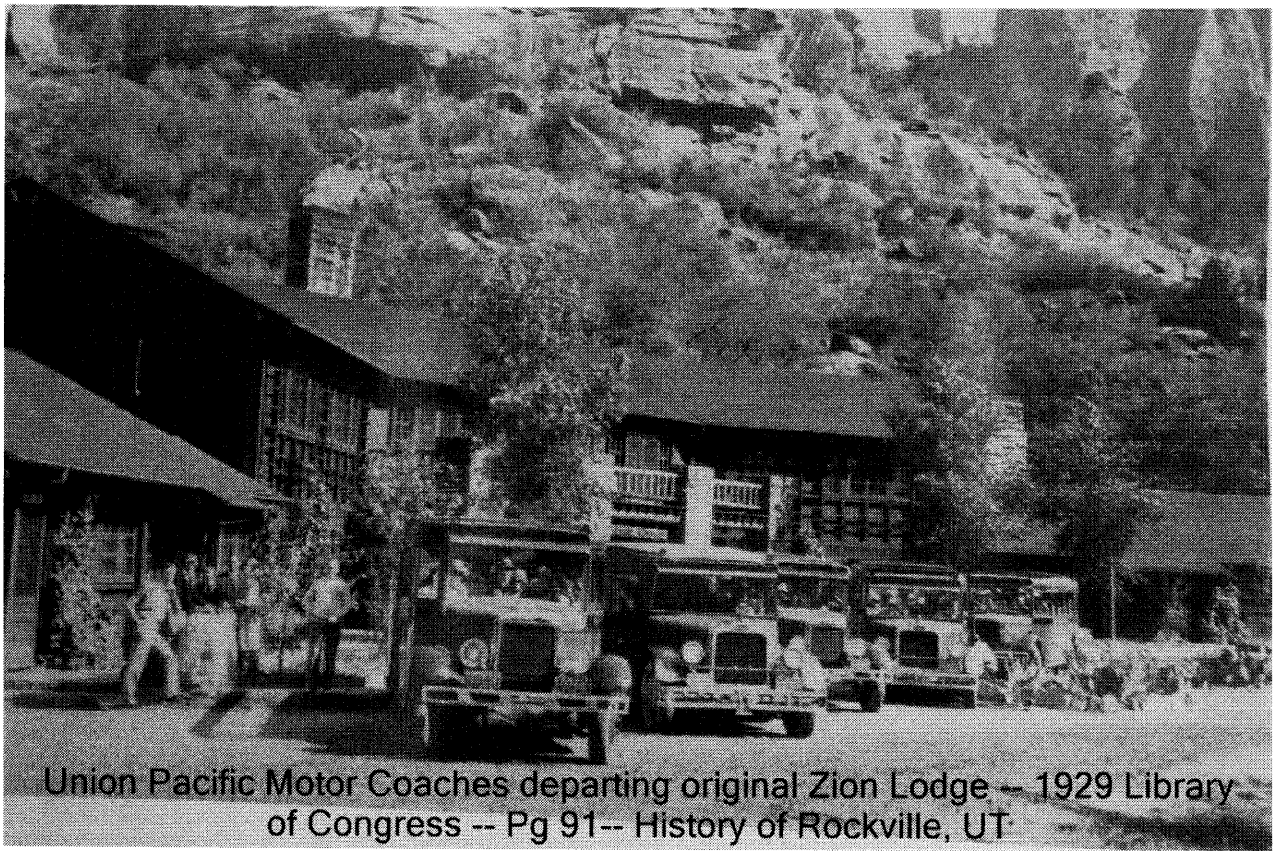


Buggy on the road to Rockville from Virgin - Virgin River on right
Steamboat or West Temple in background -1920

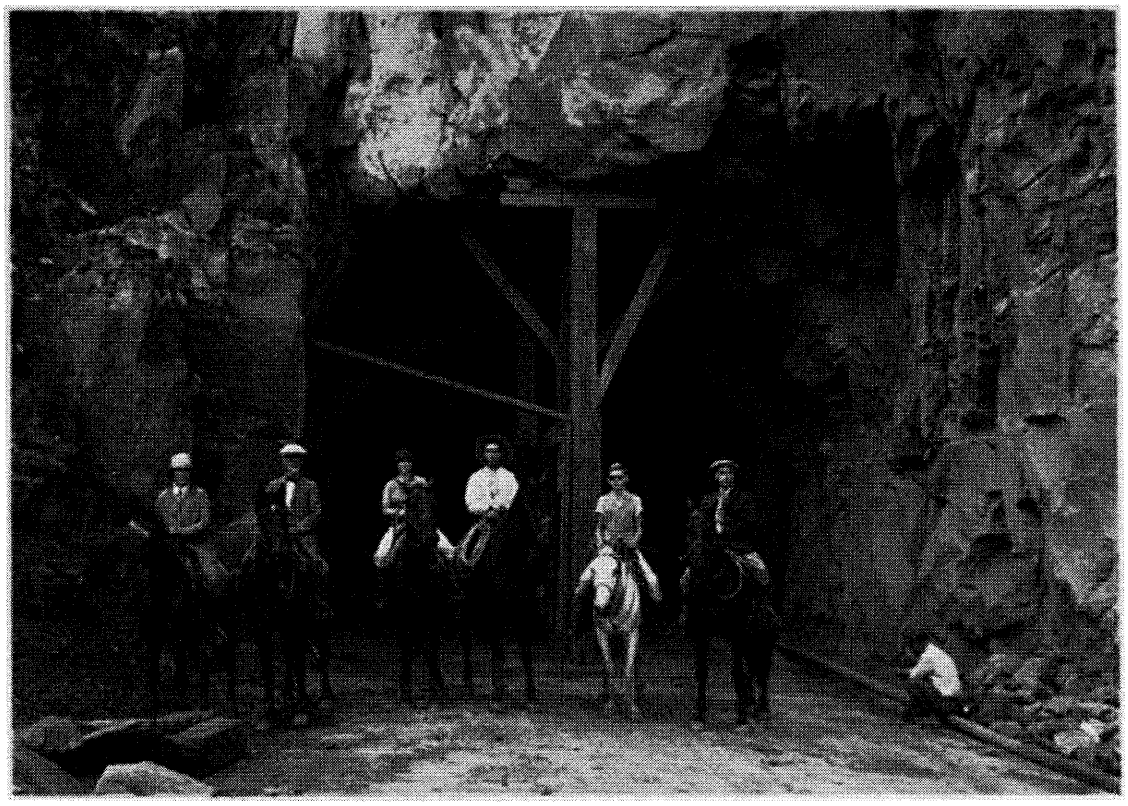


IMPROVED ROAD GOING THROUGH SPRINGDALE INTO ZION NATIONAL PARK - MID 1930'S

Visitors arrived in Cedar City by Train, then loaded into a wagon pulled by horses to go to Zion National Park. This was before there was much of a road. Zion Park Tunnel was Dedicated 4 July 1930



Union Pacific Motor Coaches departing original Zion Lodge -- 1929 Library of Congress -- Pg 91-- History of Rockville, UT

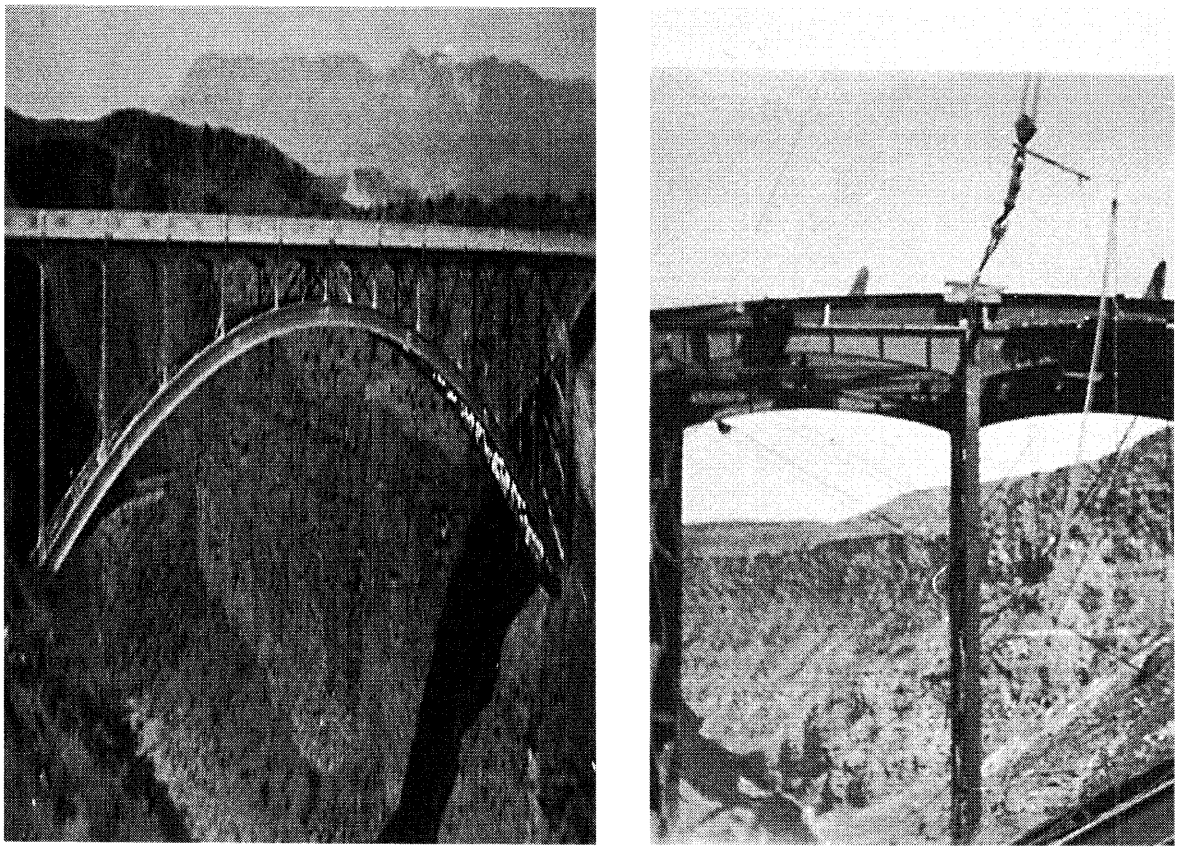


Walt Beatty is fourth from the left
Photograph by George A. Grant
Image courtesy Zion National Park

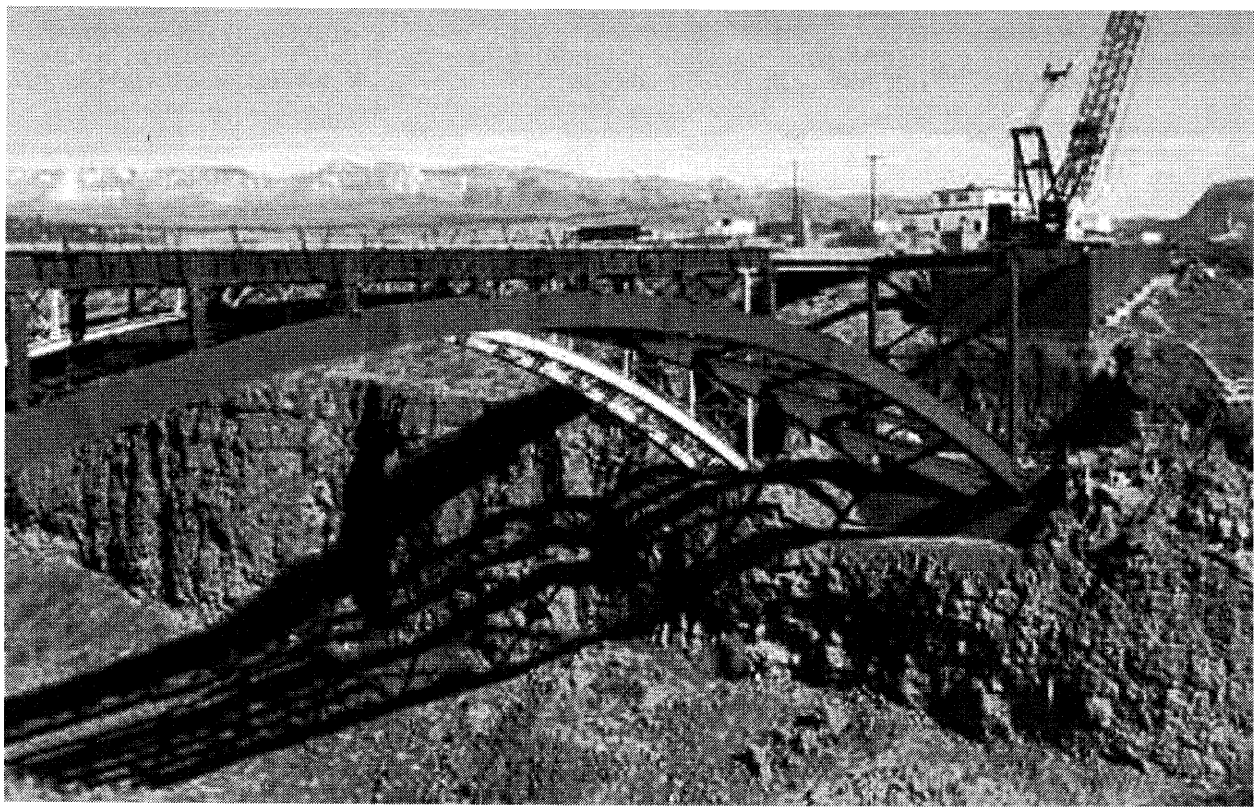
Have you ever driven through the Zion-Mount Carmel Tunnel and wondered how such a thing was built? This image shows a horseback party at the west entrance to the tunnel, just uphill from the highway switchbacks, in 1929. The tunnel was under construction from 1927 until it officially opened on July 4, 1930. The tunnel, and the entire Zion-Mount Carmel Highway, connects southern Utah's principal north-south transportation arteries: Interstate 15 and Highway 89. This connection opened Zion to vehicular traffic from the east and helped link it to other parks in the area, including Bryce Canyon and the Grand Canyon.

The tunnel is 5,613 feet long (1.1 miles) and was built by the Nevada Construction Company. The first parts to be constructed were six large windows, or "galleries," which were blasted out of the solid sandstone cliff. Pilot tunnels were then bored, drilling towards each other and connecting each of the galleries. These narrow pilot tunnels were then enlarged to a width of 22 feet and a height of 16 feet through the use of dynamite and air shovels. While some crews drilled, other crews simultaneously loaded mining cars with blasted rock and rubble which was then taken to the galleries and dumped into the canyon below. The contractor employed about 200 men who worked around the clock in 8-hour shifts. Once the crews had the routine down, they were expected to move the pilot tunnel forward an average of 8 feet per shift.

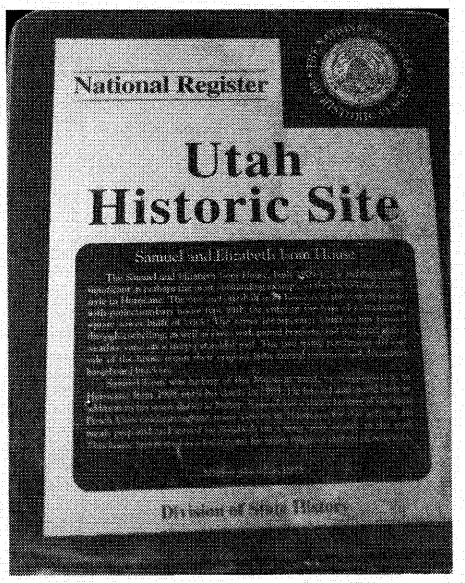
The Zion-Mount Carmel Tunnel is an impressive feat of engineering, and is still the longest constructed vehicular tunnel in the National Park system. It is certainly the largest of Zion's many historic structures.



Hurricane Bridge During Construction 1937



The Second (matching/dual) Hurricane Bridge Under Construction 2003

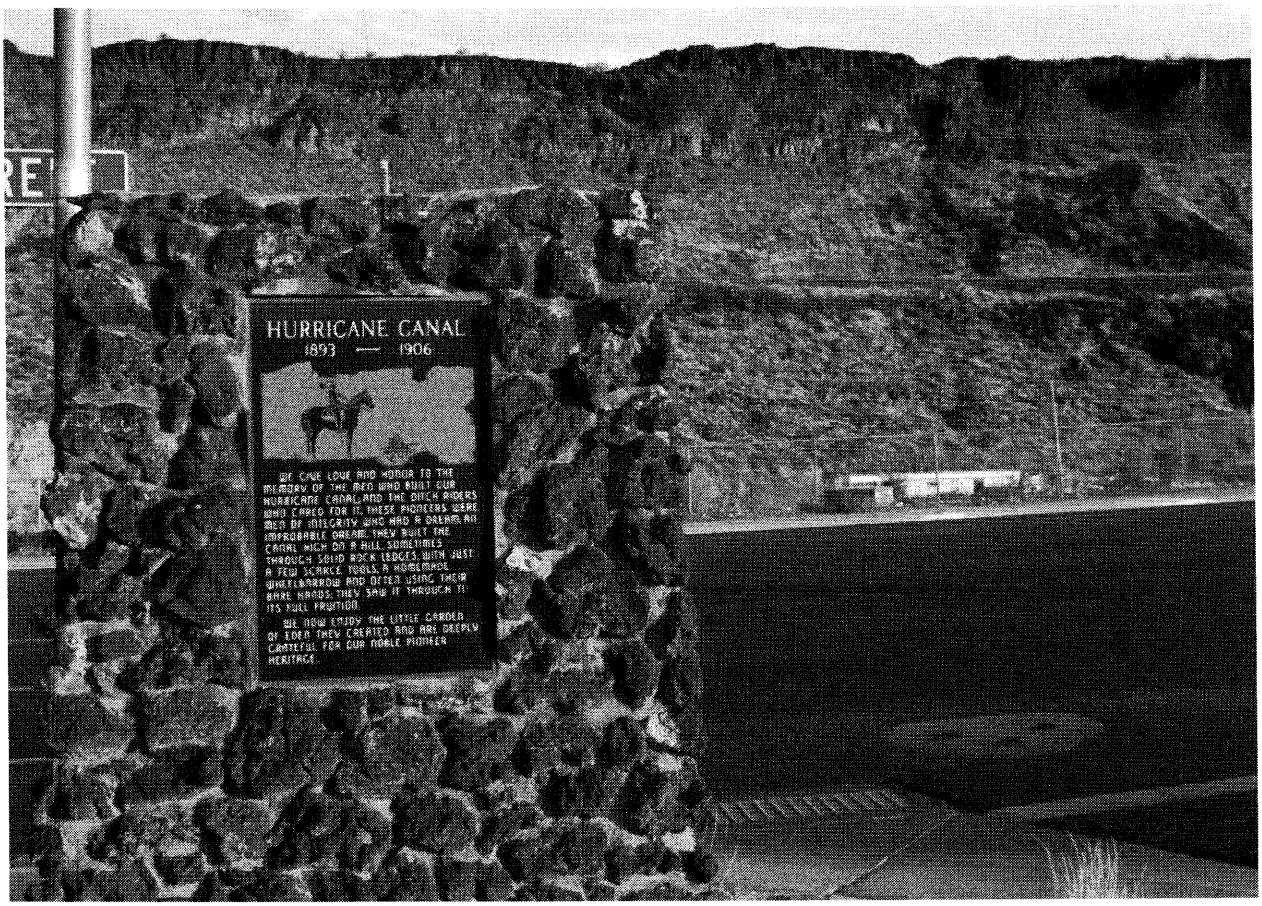


Samuel & Elizabeth Isom Home
188 South 100 West -- Hurricane
Built in 1909-10

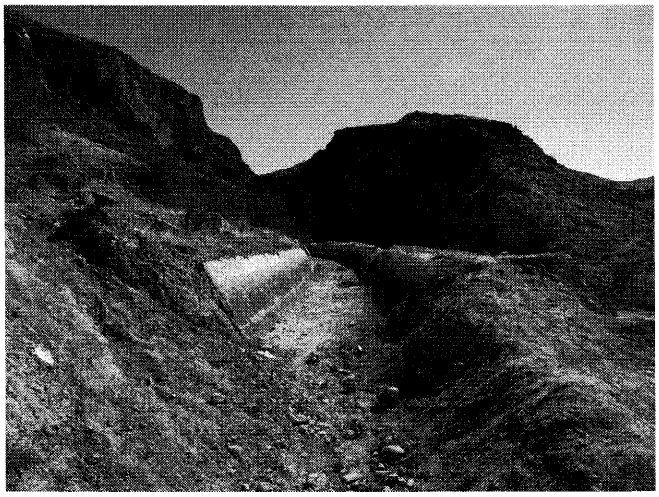
Dixie Hotel in background & the "H" on Hurricane Hill
(The girl is Ora Hirschi.)

Early Canal Workers at the LaVerkin Hot Springs
Samuel Crawford, Bishop Hunter, Jess Lemmon, Joe Farnes
Alfred Jones, Joe Hirschi - 1902

One of the Canal Flumes coming out from a Tunnel

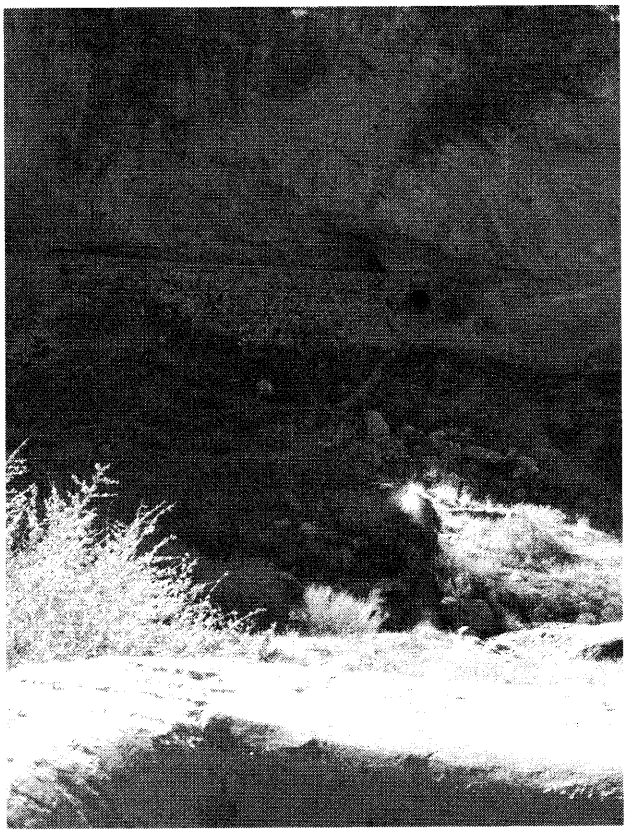


This monument stands by the Eagles Lodge next to State Street with a view of the canal behind it.

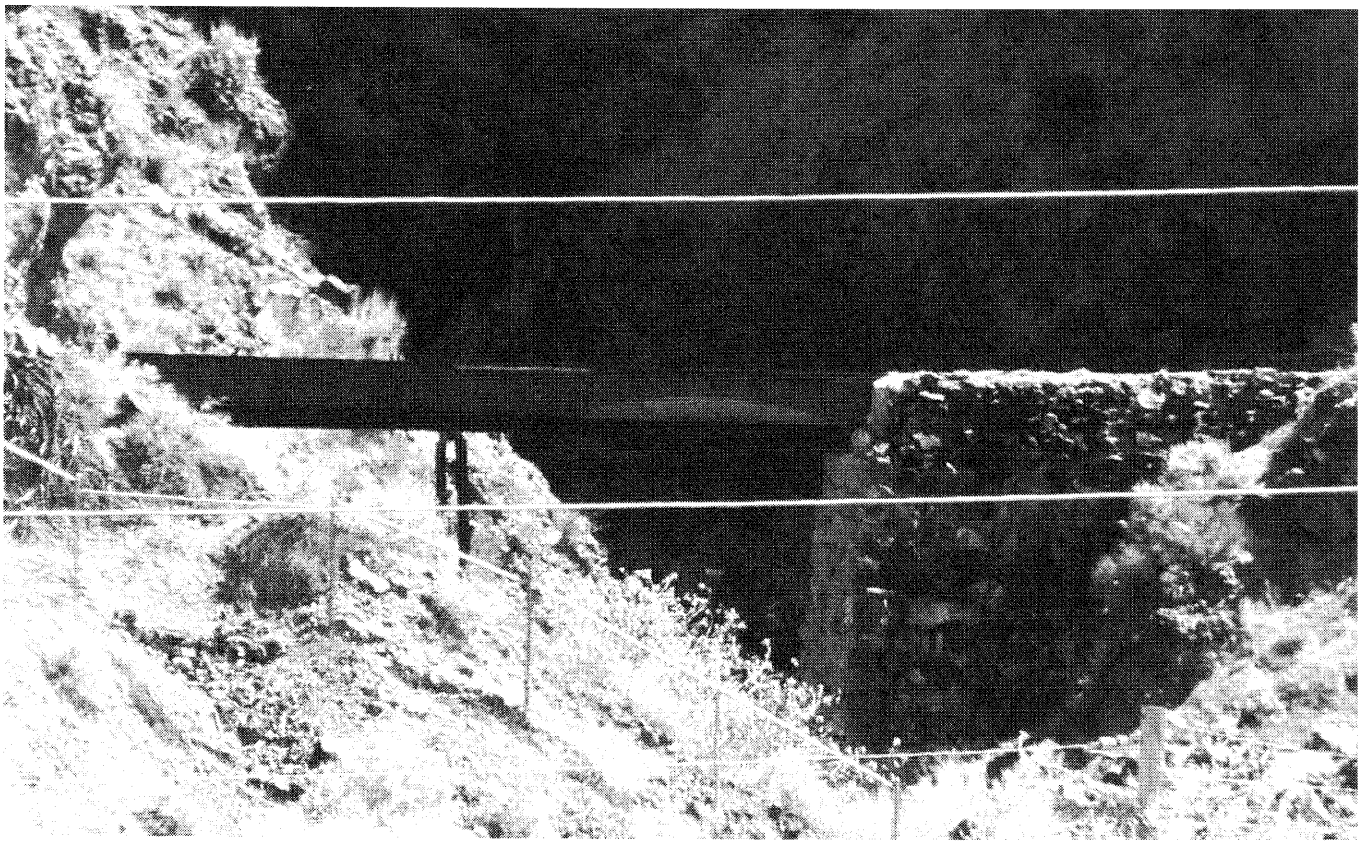


Hurricane Canal

The photo on the right shows the scar where the huge pipe used to run across the canyon floor and up to the round hole leading into the tunnel. The pipe was put in after the Great Gould's Wash Flood in 1955 took out the flume below the First Falls.

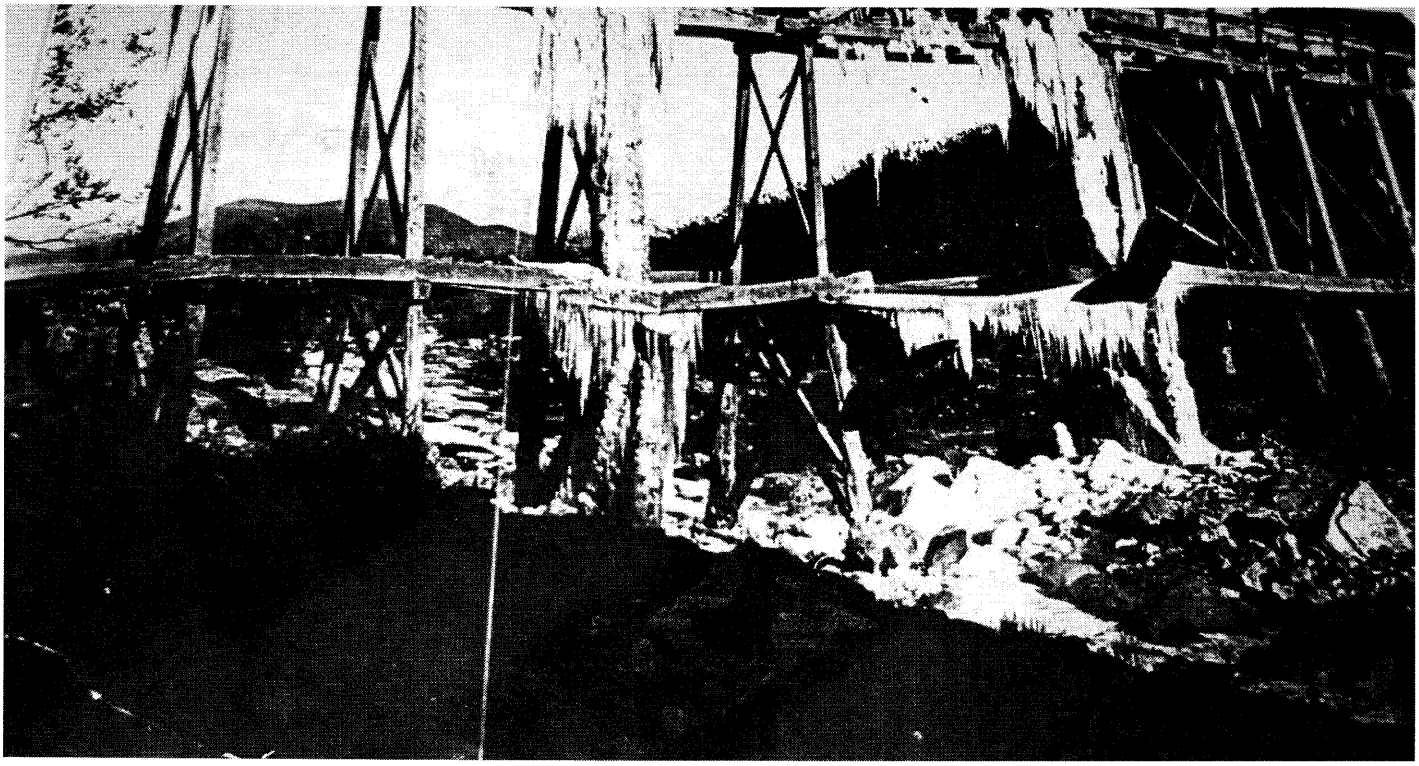


Hurricane Canal Break



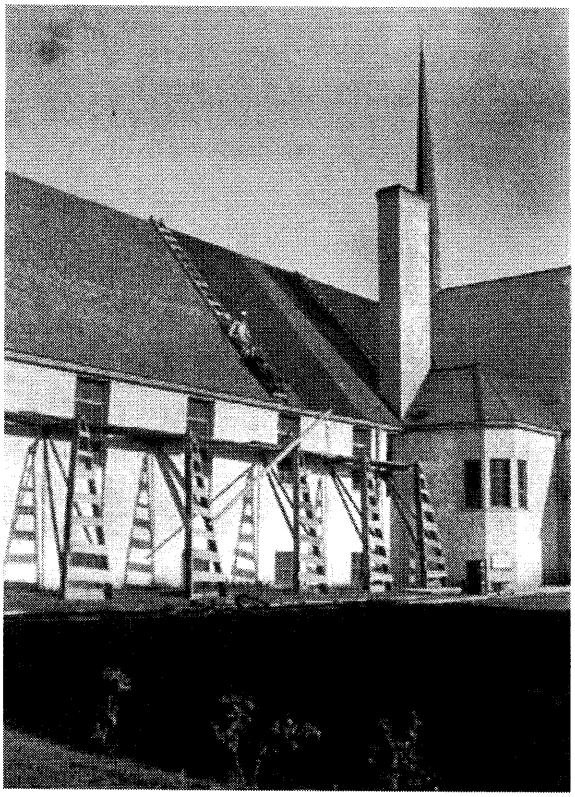
Hurricane Canal Flume

Repairing a break in the Canal just west of the Chinatown Flume



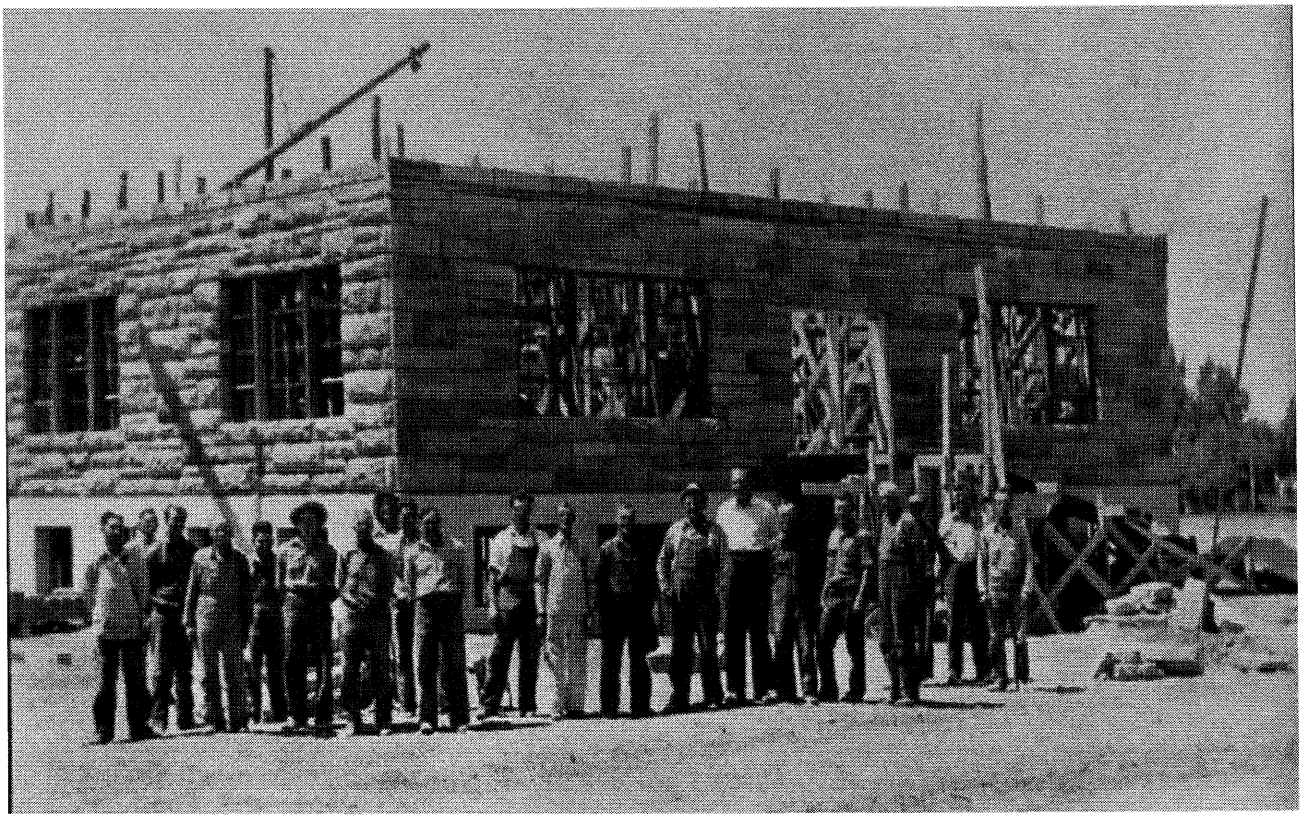
Hurricane Canal Flume Ravaged by Time and the Elements

The Social Hall stood where Hurricane Heritage Park is now. It replaced the Bowery and was replaced by the White Church (Stake House).



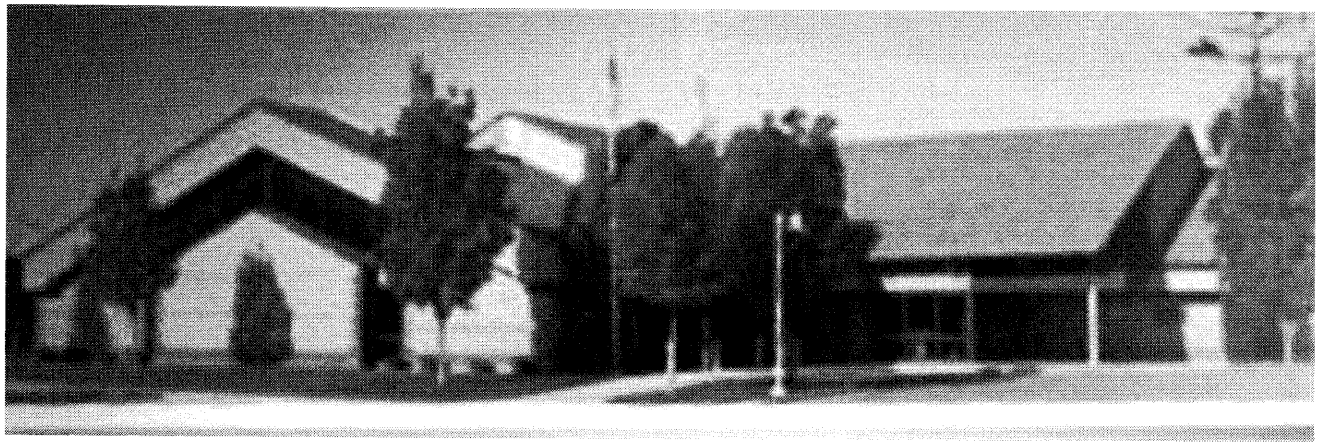
The building of the "stake house"

LAZY CRAZY DAYS OF SUMMER



Hurricane Library under construction 1938-39

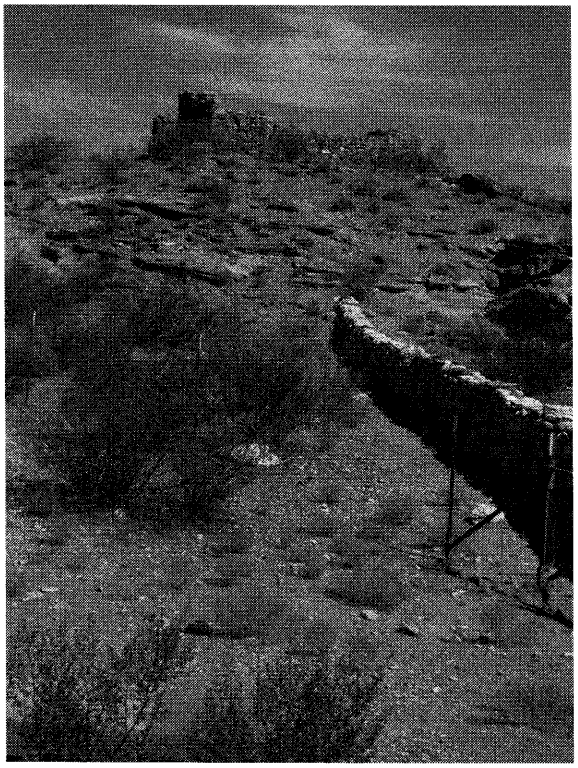
The old Hurricane Library is now the Hurricane Valley Heritage Museum



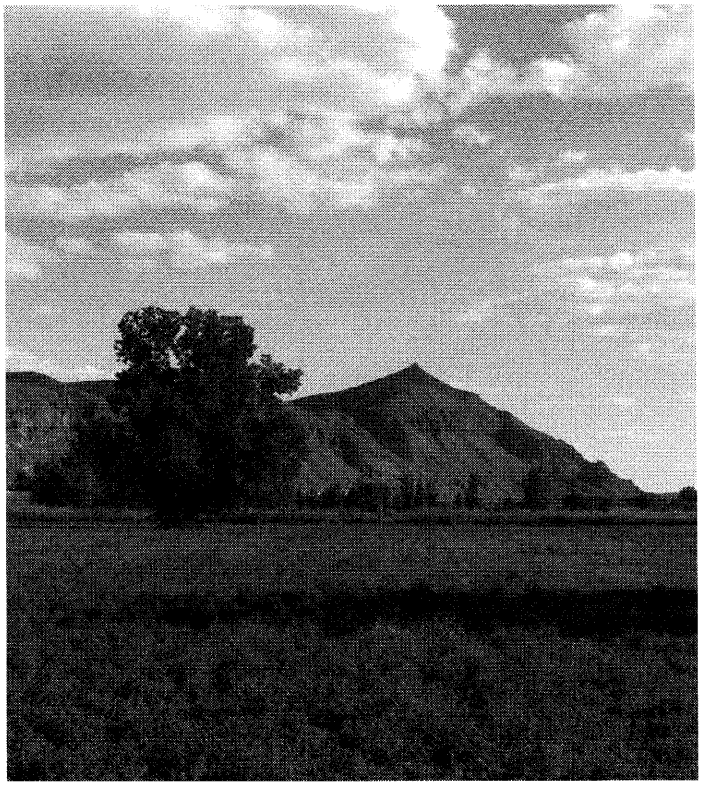
Our New Library - Hurricane Branch of Washington County Library System

Old Elementary School
Max Covington on Slide 1952

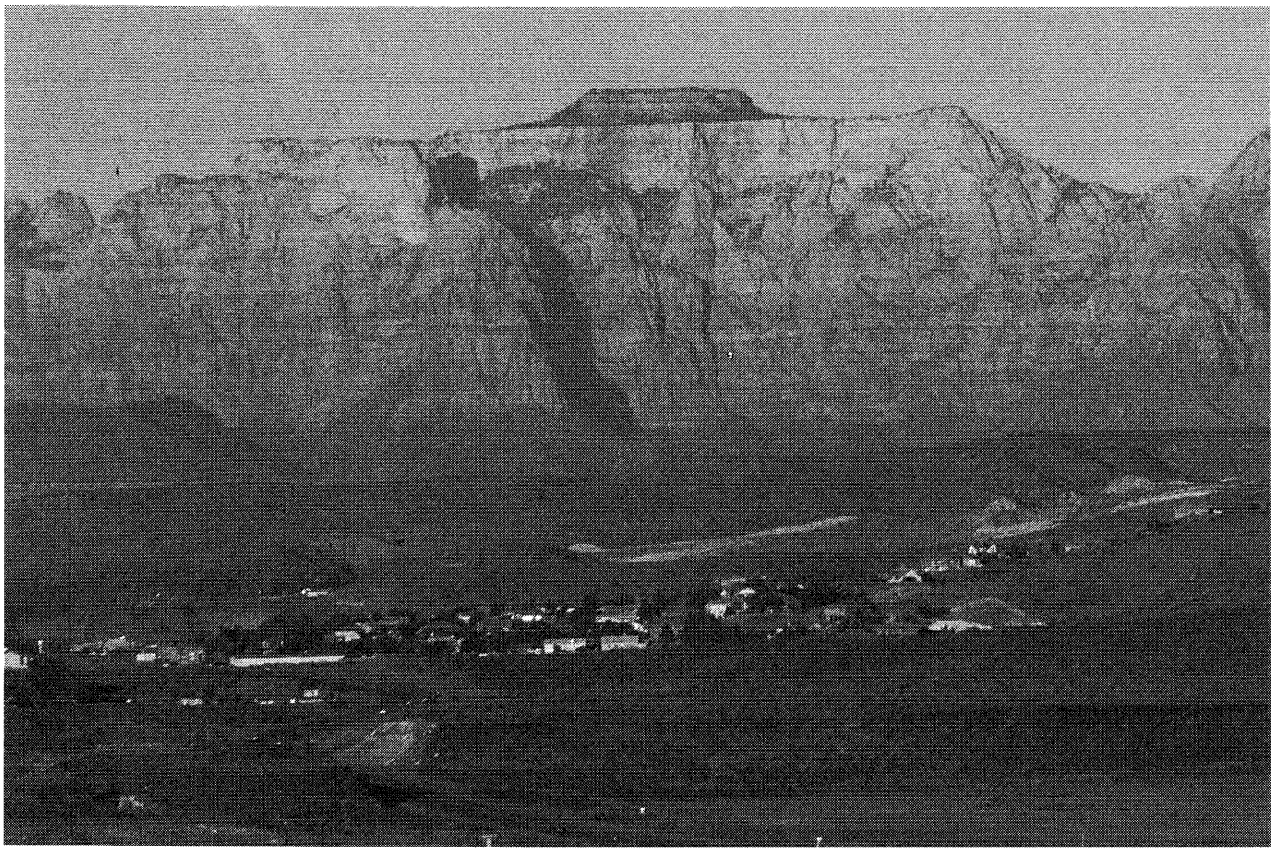
Our much-loved "H"



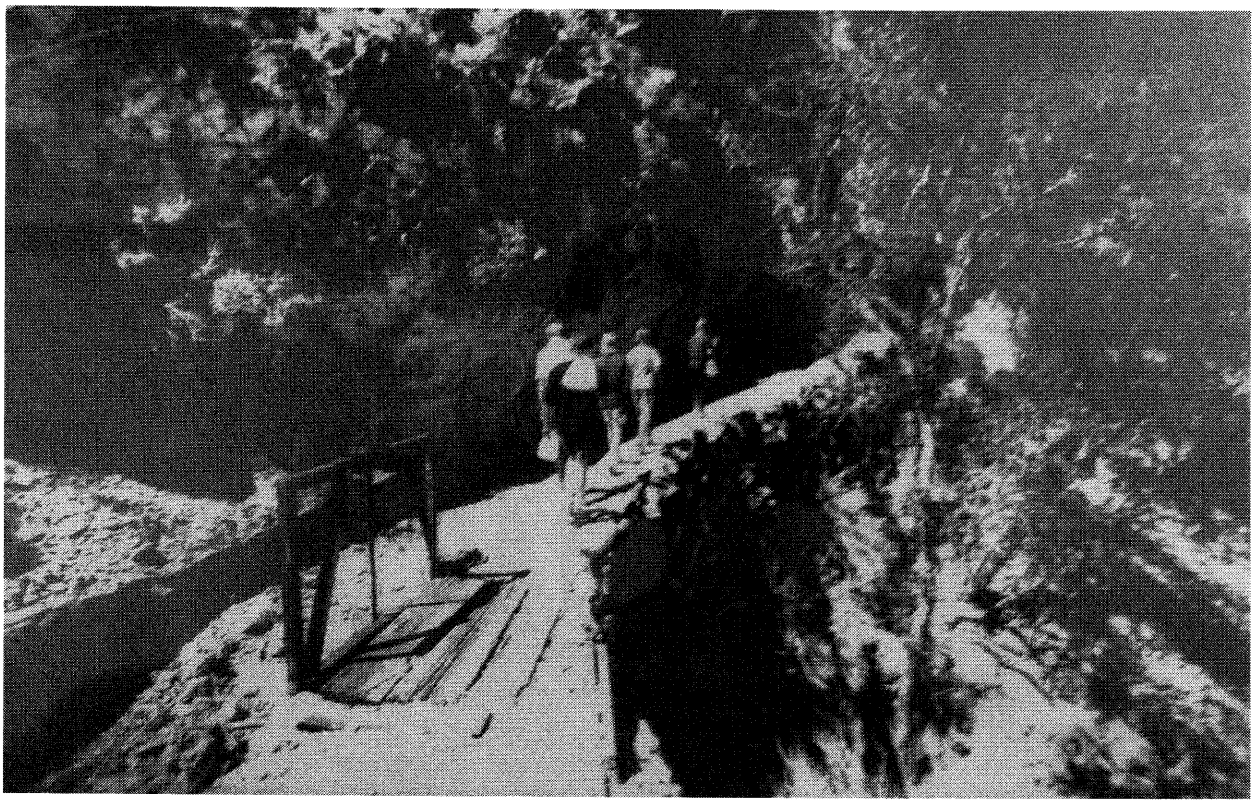
Fort Pearce
Warner Valley south of Hurricane



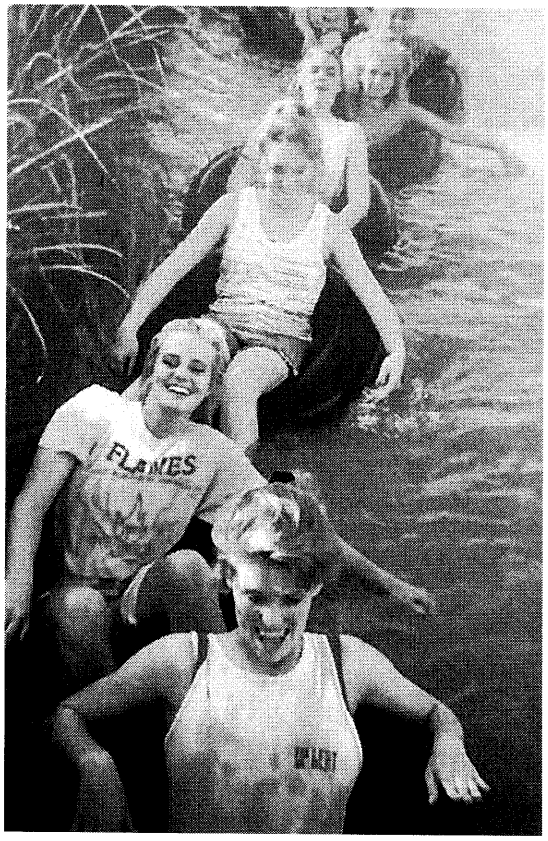
Molly's Nipple



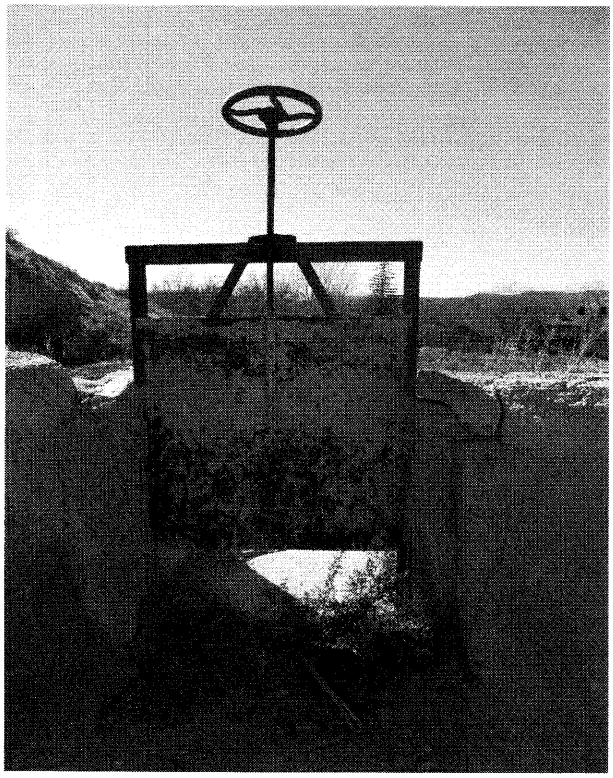
Steamboat Mountain



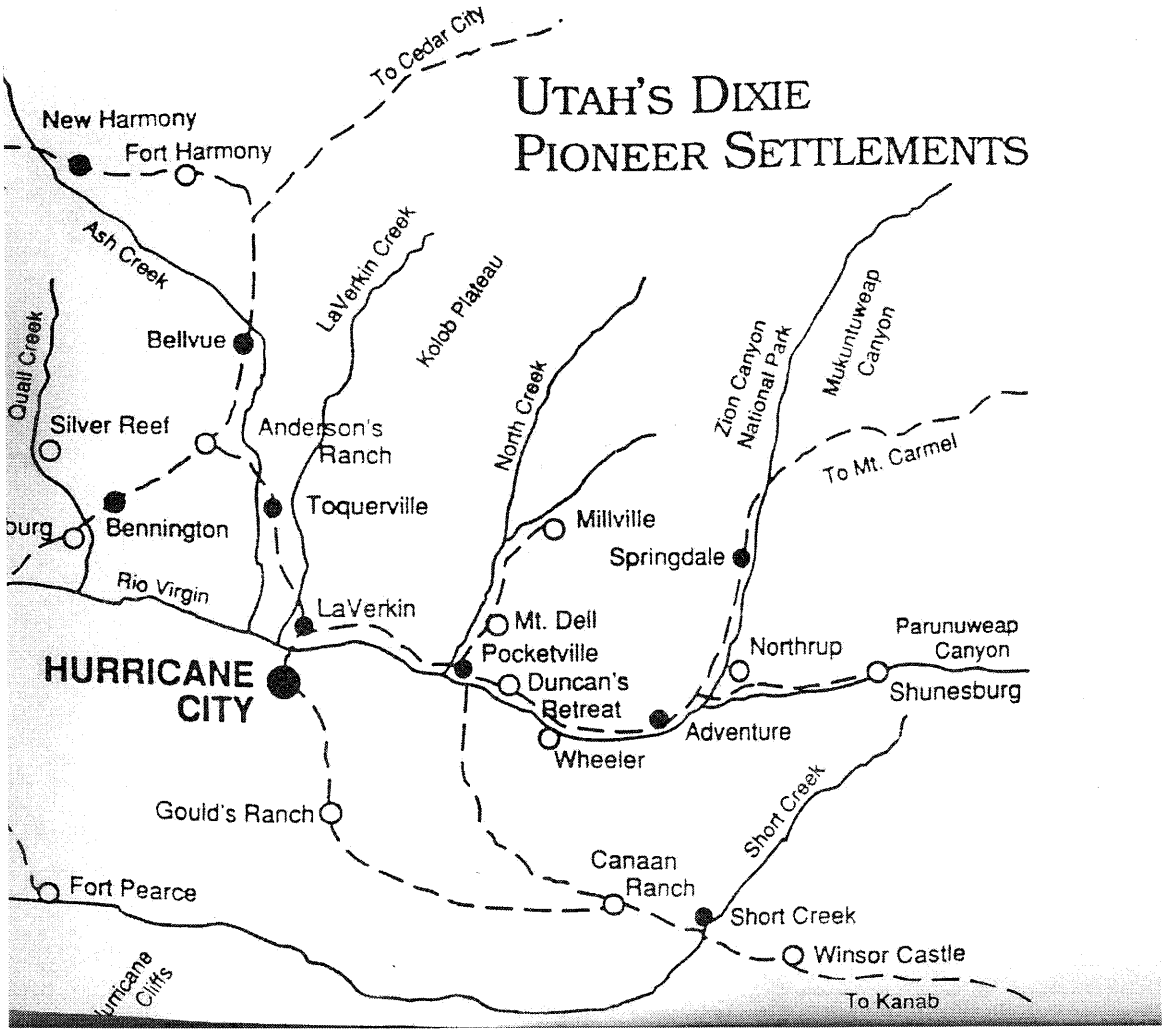
Walking the canal bank - do you remember?



Did you go tubing
In the canal?



Another Canal Headgate



BIRTH OF HURRICANE

1893-1904

This monument is near the spot where a celebration took place on August 6, 1904. After nearly eleven years of arduous work on the canal, water was ready for diversion onto the land.

"Five or six wagon loads of people came from the little towns nearby, the crowd was solemn but happy."

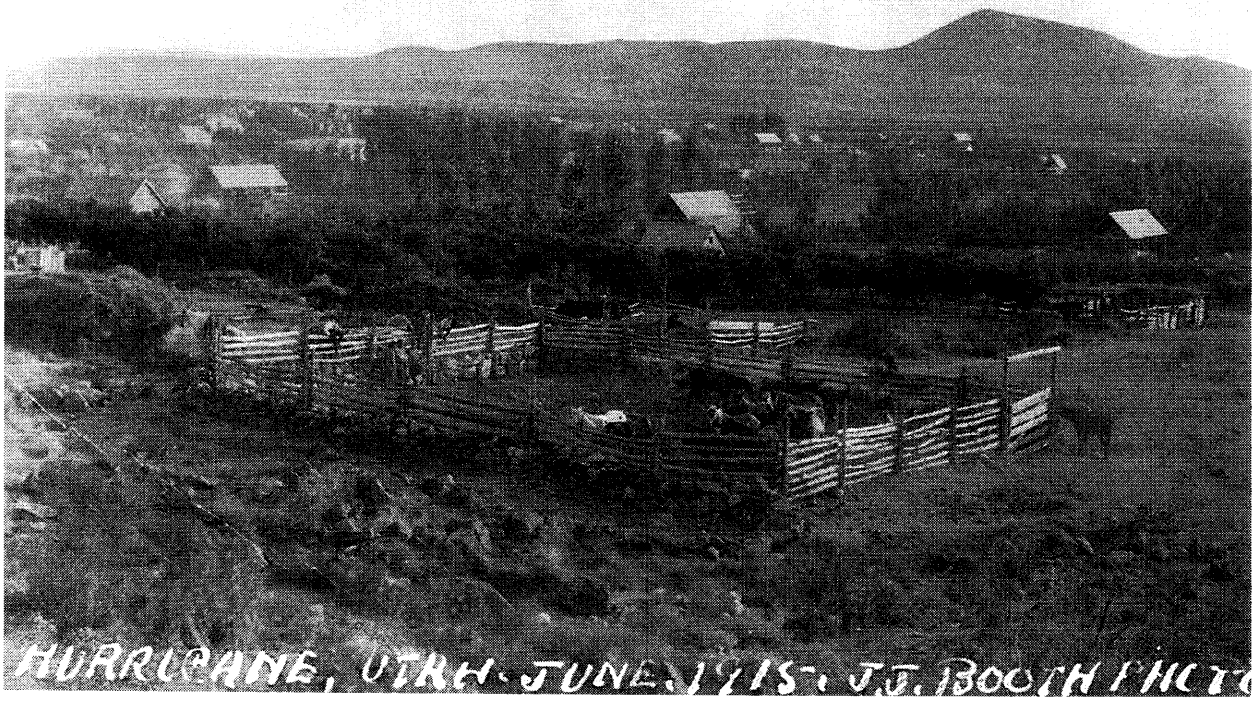
They let out a big shout as the water gushed down the hill. Names for the new city-to-be were discussed and voted upon.

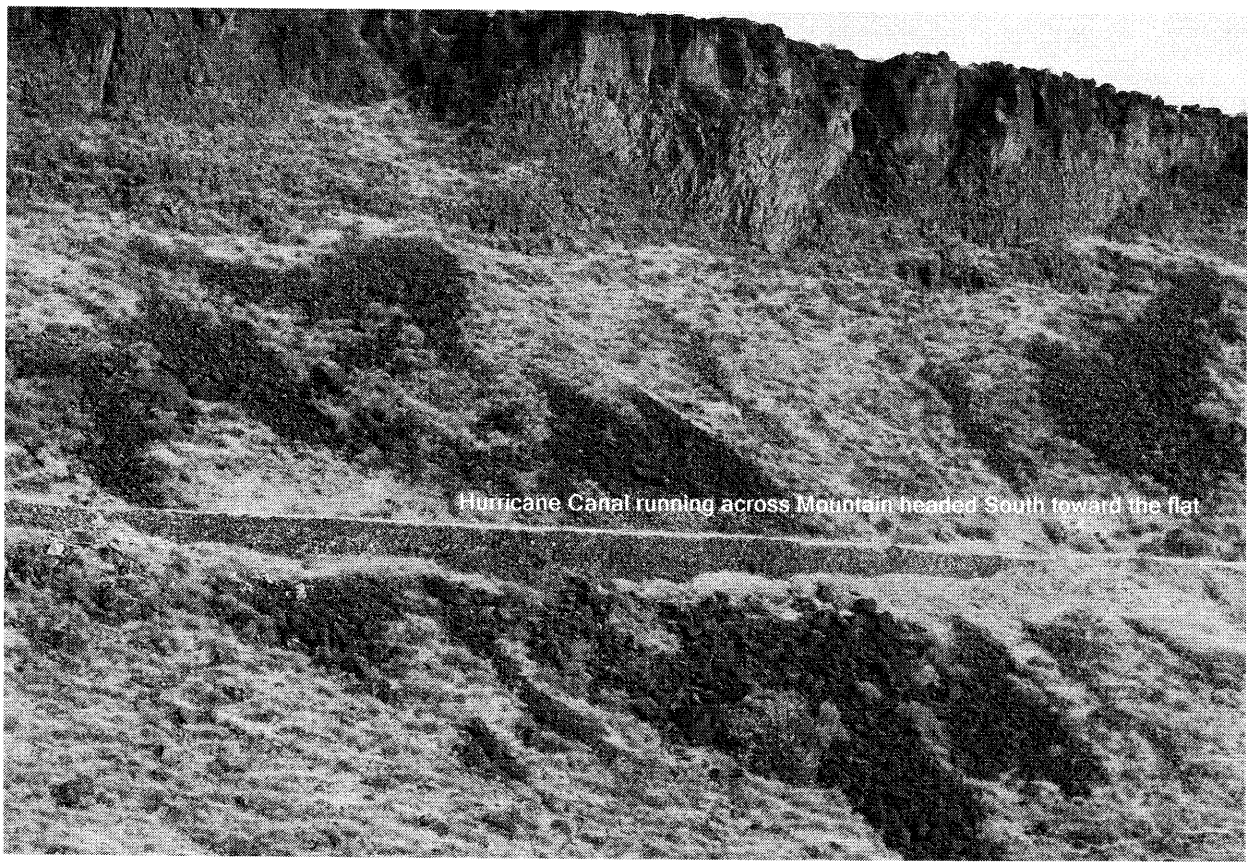
We thank God for these pioneers of our valley.

For complete story visit Pioneer Park.

Site No. 15 — Hurricane Valley Chapter Sons of the Utah Pioneers — Dedicated August 1, 1987

Hurricane 1915





THE BEGINNING OF HURRICANE EARLY 1900

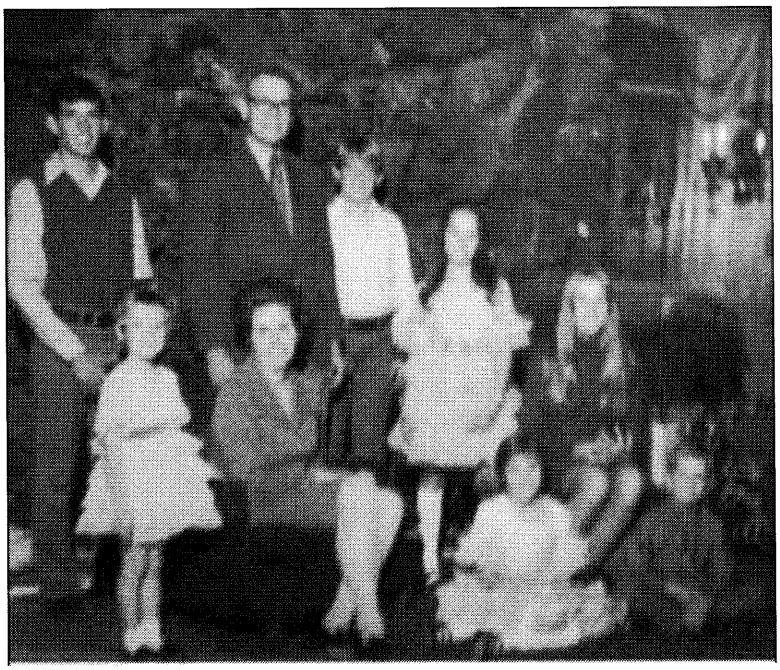
DOWNTOWN HURRICANE -- North Main & State State
LtoR: Upstairs Apartments -- Movie Theater -- Drug Store & Ice Cream Shop -- Grocery & House Goods

This dugout home stood on William Jr. and Matilda Woodbury Ruesch's Antelope Springs, Arizona ranch for many years. The little girl sitting in front is Zona Ruesch.

Junior Roping Club riding their stick horses in parade - Hurricane 1947-48

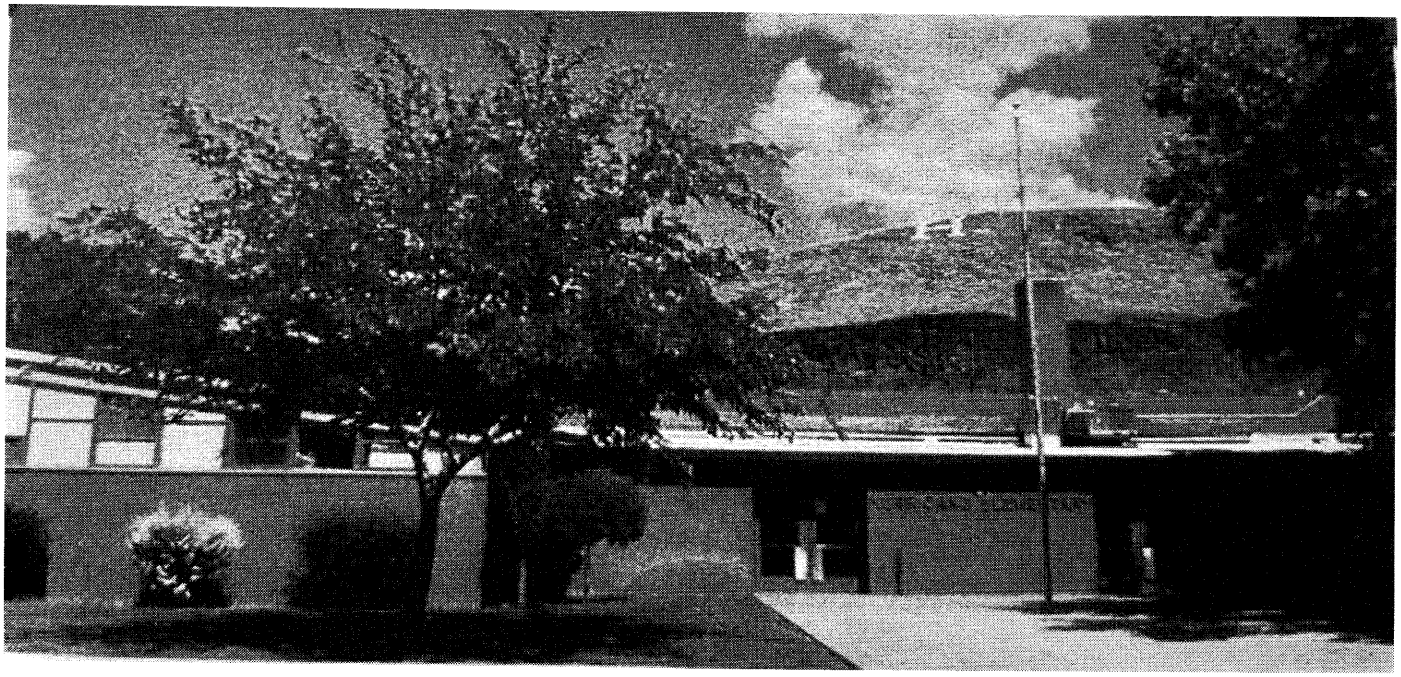
First Kindergarten Class held in basement of Old Library Building

Garth & Shirlee Last Family
Greg - Garth - Brad - Paula - Danna
Becky - Shirlee - Ginette - Ken



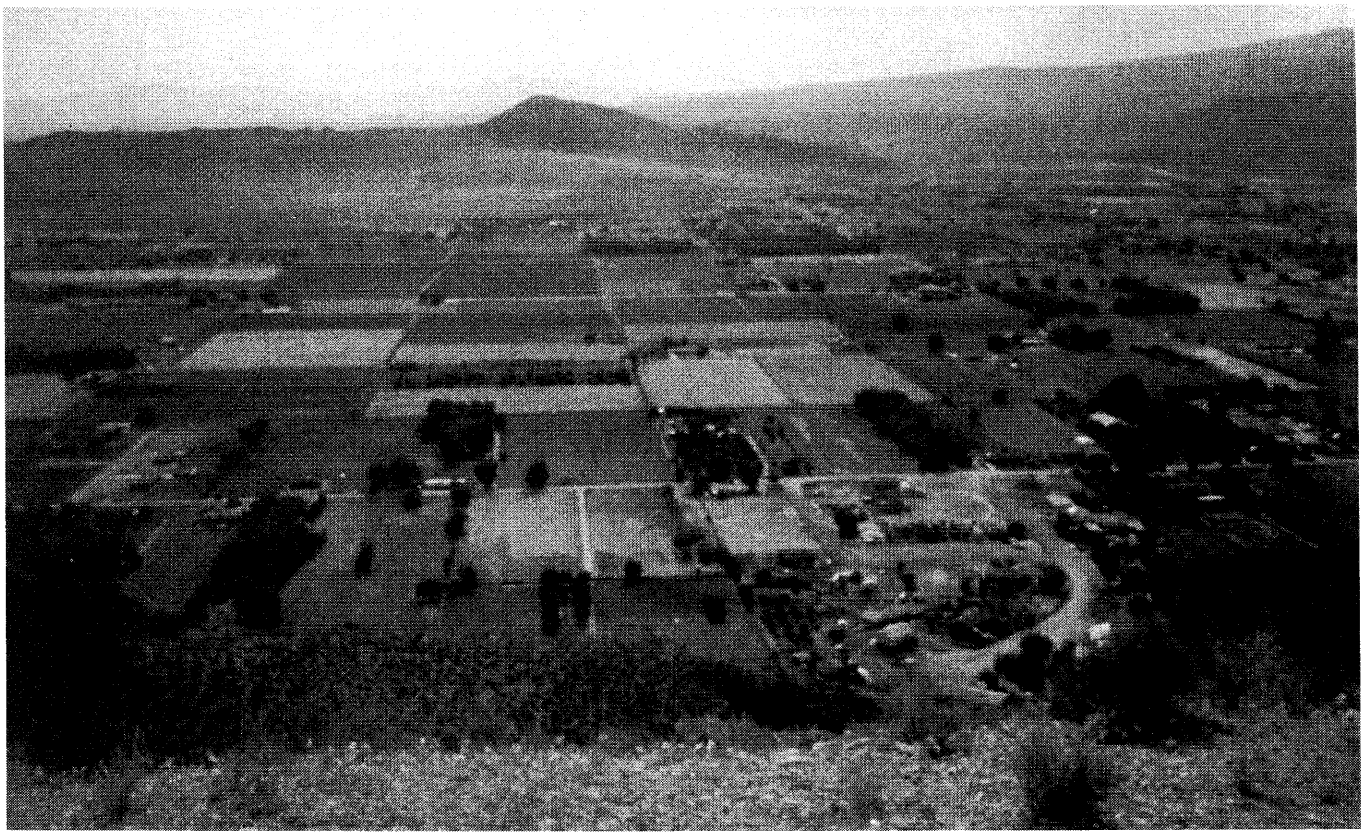
Mary McDonald & Dr. Garth Last
These two great people started
Southern Utah Home Care
in the 1980's in St. George, Hurricane & Southern Nevada.
Beverly Ivins Leavitt was an employee for them for over 9 years.
I appreciate all the good times I had with all their patients, care
givers, employees and of course Dr. Last & Shirlee Last.

THANK YOU FOR THE MEMORIES



This is the "new" Elementary School that opened in 1955.
It is now the Hurricane Community Center.

ZION PARK STAKE HOUSE



Beautiful Hurricane Valley

Hurricane, this small southern Utah town is a green oasis in a red-rock desert. Cottonwood, pecan and fruit trees offer welcome relief from the summer heat, throwing dappled shade on lush grass. Gardens abound. A century ago, however, this bustling community was uninhabited desert, with no water in sight.

Shortly after the turn of the 20th century, visionary thinking and backbreaking effort brought water to the Hurricand Valley, via a little-known structure called the Hurricane Canal.

In the late 1800s, pioneers struggled to survive on the banks of the unpredictable Virgin River east of what is now Hurricane and were looking to escape devastating flash floods that threatened their daily existance. Prospects looked bleak until they devised a solution that would change the community's future. Their idea was to build a canal that would divert water from the turbulent river to a wide valley six miles away.

Using mostly pickaxes and shovels, in 1893 they began forging a winding aqueduct along sheer cliff sides, carving tunnels through solid rock, and building wooden conduits across steep gullies. Eleven difficult years later, river water finally reached the Hurricane Valley. The canal builders had made a new town possible.

The venerable canal transported water for 80 years, then was replaced by a pipeline, and fell into obscurity.

[Excerpted from a Deseret News article published June 1, 2001, entitled "Trail a tribute to Hurricane Canal"]

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