

BIOGRAPHIES

of

IRENE JONES

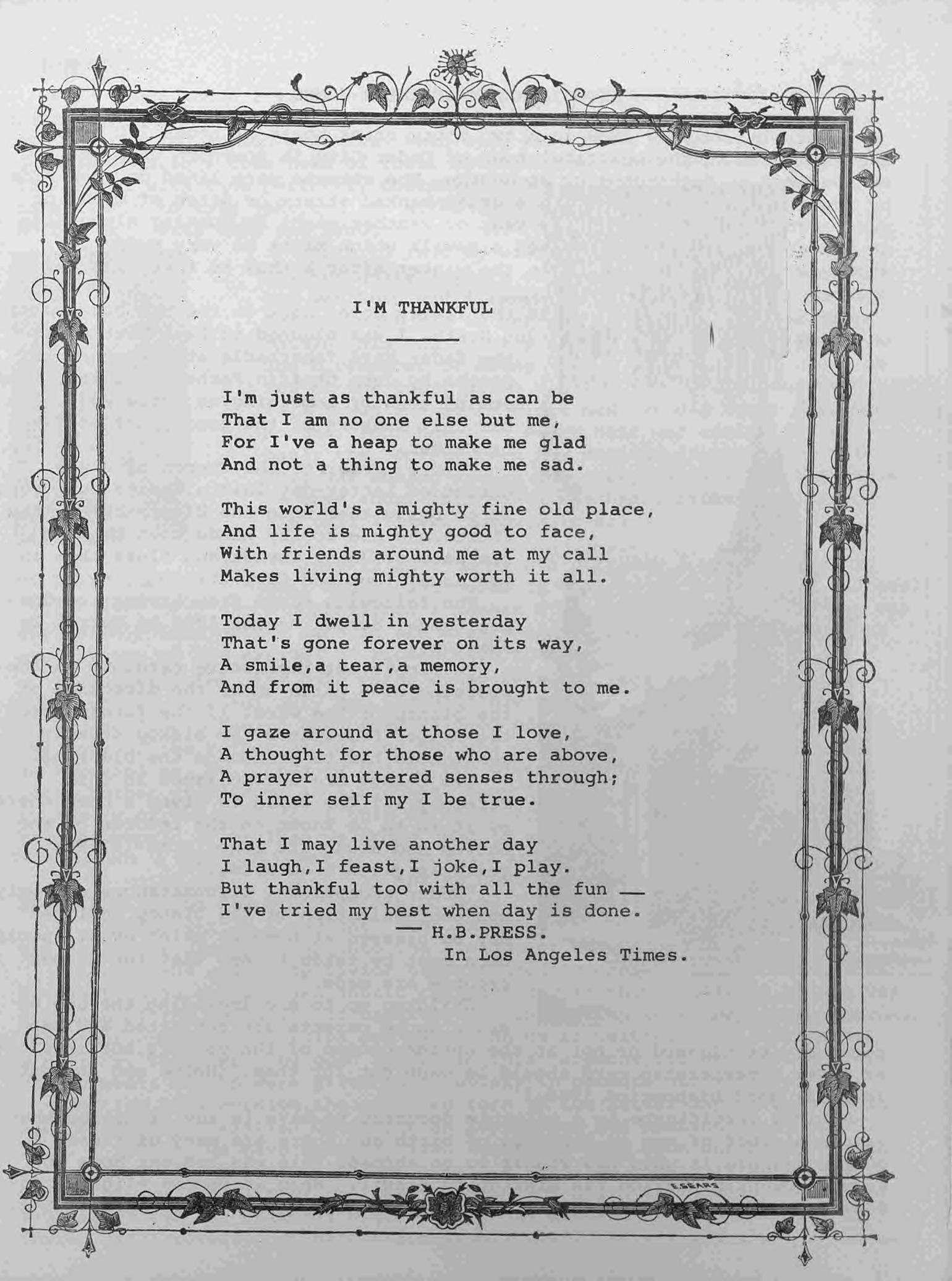
PART ONE

and

DOLPH ANDRUS

PART FOUR

PRINTED MARCH 1967



I'M THANKFUL

I'm just as thankful as can be
That I am no one else but me,
For I've a heap to make me glad
And not a thing to make me sad.

This world's a mighty fine old place,
And life is mighty good to face,
With friends around me at my call
Makes living mighty worth it all.

Today I dwell in yesterday
That's gone forever on its way,
A smile, a tear, a memory,
And from it peace is brought to me.

I gaze around at those I love,
A thought for those who are above,
A prayer unuttered senses through;
To inner self my I be true.

That I may live another day
I laugh, I feast, I joke, I play.
But thankful too with all the fun —
I've tried my best when day is done.

— H.B.PRESS.

In Los Angeles Times.

ESBARS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF IRENE JONES

I was born July 22 1889 in a two story brick house at about 200 West and 200 North in the beautiful town of Cedar City in Southern Utah, but not as Southern as Washington or St George. The streets were lined on each side by shady cottonwood trees with a grass-banked stream or ditch of clear or muddy water as the time of the year or weather might be, running along side on the outside of a well defined sidewalk which might be very muddy and sticky after a heavy rain or in the winter after a thaw as there was not much, if any sand in the soil.

When I was 2 or 3 months old the family moved back to the old Jones home on first West between 1st and 2nd North. I was blessed in Fast Meeting in the Cedar Ward Tabernacle at the age of 3 months, by John Chaffin, Father must have been out of town, or something, as Abbie and I are the only members of the family not blessed by Father.

"Every member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, having children, is to bring them unto the Elders before the Church, who are to lay hands upon them in the name of Jesus Christ, and bless them in his name." (Doc and Cov. 20:70)

The following taken from Living the Gospel, Sunday School Manual 1956 by Gerret De Jong Jr.:

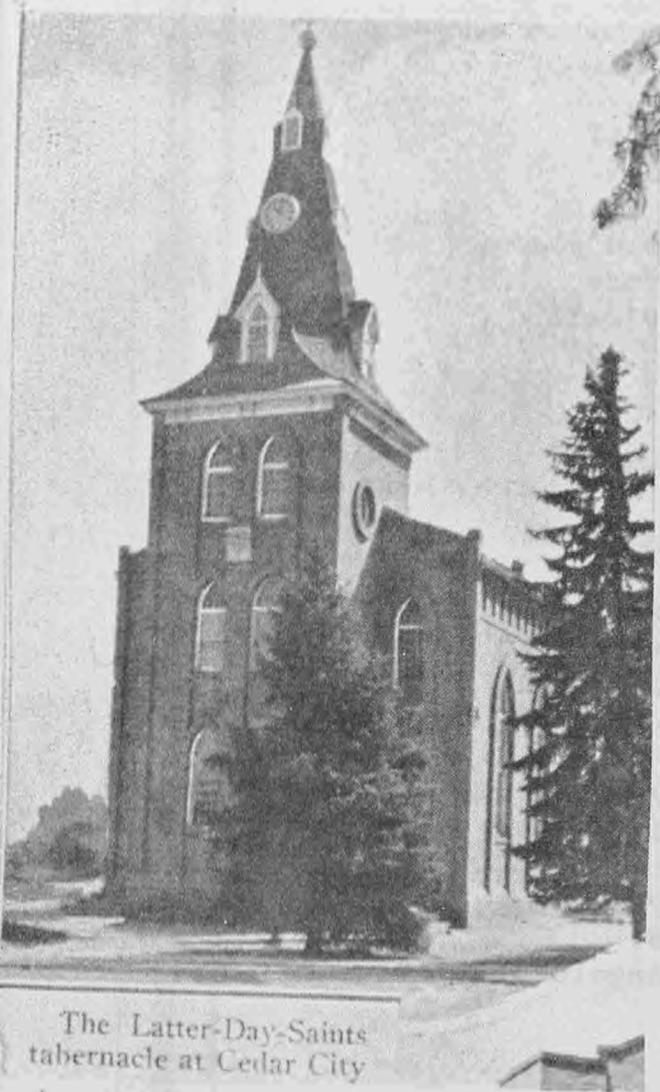
"A simple, but impressive ceremony is the blessing of a child under the direction of the bishop of the ward. If the father holds the Higher Priesthood the bishop usually designates him to pronounce the blessing.

Two things are accomplished in this Ceremony: (1) The child is given a name whereby it is to be known on the records of the Church and among its associates (2) The child is given a blessing."

"Under exceptional circumstances, and only upon authorization of the bishop, children may be blessed at home, in which event special care must be taken to see that the proper records are made."

"Children up to and including the age of seven, whose parents are converted and baptized may be blessed or not at the option of the parents, but in either event a membership card should be made out for them." (Helps and Suggestions for Ward Bishopricks 1956.)

A birth certificate is a valuable document to have in any situation that requires proof of age or location of birth and there are many of these. A common example is when one wishes to go abroad. This was brought home to us when Quentin went on his Mission to Brazil. When we became eligible for Social Security we were required to prove our age with a Birth Certificate.



The Latter-Day-Saints
tabernacle at Cedar City

When I was about 2 years old(so I was told. I do not remember it) Two squaws(Indian Women) came to our house begging for flour,meat,sugar,bread, etc.,as was the common practice. When they were ready to go they ask me to go with them,so I took hold of their outstretched hands and went on down the street with them perfectly contented. Abbie 6 and Treharne 4 did not take kindly to this joke,and ran after them crying,"No! Irene come back!" Mother went with them and brought me back.



MY FIRST PICTURE THAT I KNOW ABOUT.

April 13 1891 my sister Mary Malicent was born. I was not quite 2 years old. I was 4 years old when Ashton was born and I remember being told Sister Emma Bess brought him in her black bag,well she was there bathing him and helping with him for a few days. I don't remember of being curious about Mother being in bed at the time. Zelma was born Feb 5 1895 and that fall I was six years old I had typhoid fever for three months. Poor Mother! As my hair was coming out so badly the "powers that be" decided it should be cut. This was adding insult to injury. It was not the style to have short hair and I was heart-broken,but as you can tell I lived through it all.

July 22 1897 on my 8th birthday I was baptized in Coal Creek,just north of town by my Uncle Jed(T.J.Jones) and confirmed a member of the L.D.S.Church. (Father was in Salt Lake at the time to the Great Celebration commmerating the 50th anniversary of the arrival of Pioneers in to Utah.)

I can still feel the cold water on my feet and legs as he led me into the water on that hot July day and hear him say:
 "Irene Jones: Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ,I baptize you in the name of the Father,and of the Son,and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Then he immersed me. He lifted me out of the water and led me to a seat on a rock. Mother wrapped me in a blanket. Then he confirmed me.* (I refreshed my memory of the wording of this ceremony from Helps and Suggestions for Ward Bishopric 1956) Then we drove home in a horse-drawn wagon.
 Correction: I was confirmed by Elder E.J.Palmer, who was with Uncle Jed.

WHY BE BAPTIZED?

(From Living the Gospel by Gerrit De Jong Jr.)

"...Verily,verily,I say unto thee,Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit,he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."(John 3:5)
 "These words which the Savior himself used to explain to Nicodemus what he ought to do to be saved,should convince any faithful follower of the Gospel plan of the necessity of baptism. The injunction to be baptized,like the other commandments which God has given us,is neither unreasonable nor arbitrary. There must be good reason in this ceremony,for we know that all commandments of God were given to us solely to promote our welfare."
 "Baptism by immersion,the approved form in the latter-day as well as in the former-day Christian Church,is an impressive and meaningful symbol."
"After we have been baptized,hands are laid upon our heads for the gift of the Holy Ghost. This imposition of hands by those in authority is really the second part of the same ceremony of which baptism is the first. Thus is marked the official beginning of our membership in the Church of Christ,often referred to as confirmation.. . . ."

The wording of this second part would be:

"Irene Jones, having the authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Jesus Christ I lay my hands upon your head and confirm you a member of the Church of Jesus Christ and say unto you, 'Receive the Holy Ghost', Amen."

WHY THE AGE OF EIGHT FOR BAPTISM?

"Eight years is an ideal age in which to raise a standard of responsibility that will be a constant reminder to the child. At this age most children are capable of understanding right from wrong at a simple and concrete level."

"Children of eight years are entering a critical period in their lives when the influence of the home diminishes and peer influences become paramount. It is sometimes said that before school age the child learns to become a member of the family and afterwards he learns to become a member of society. After the age of eight, most children will be forced to make some important decisions in which the value of being "one of the gang" will be weighed against the values of the home." (Robert D Card - The Age of Accountability - The Instructor page 192 May 1966)

.
I can appreciate this answer to the question, "Why the Age of Eight for Baptism?" I remember at home this same day I was singing a catchy little ditty, the words did not mean anything to me, when Mother said, "Irene that isn't a very nice song." That was all, but I stopped and I felt that I had broken a promise or something. I have never forgotten the impression this made on me.

SCHOOL

I think I first started to school in September of this same year. My memory is a little bit hazy about this but I think Bessie Parry was my first teacher. We all learned our A B C's and about counting numbers before we went to school at home.

I remember walking to school (about 3 blocks) in the winter with snow up to my knees sometimes and drying out my stockings and clothes by the big school stove in the middle of the room. (of course we had overshoes)

December 20 1897 our sweet little 6 year old sister Malicent died of membranous croup (page 17 of U T Jones & Mary Alice Higbee Book) just five days before Christmas and of course our Christmas was not happy that year. The first time death really came close to us.

July 16 1898 just before I was 9 (July 22) Emron was born. In August of this same year we had a tree loaded with the most delicious apples and I had eaten freely of them, climbing up in the tree for the big red beauties. Later I took sick with a terrible pain in my side etc. Sister Walker, a practical nurse in Cedar, was always on hand to help with sickness, so they called her in. Dr Middleton was away from Cedar on a leave of absence at this time and another Doctor by the name of Fisk was taking his place or trying to, but of course no one could take Dr Middleton's place in Cedar City. He was an institution, so Sister Walker was helping all she could.

About this time Brother Webster, father's counselor in the Stake Presidency wanted him to go with him to Chicago to a Live Stock Convention. Mother told him to go and she was to let him know by wire if there was any change

for the worse. He said that he really should not go, but there was not much he could do so he went. Things went from bad to worse. Sister Walker said that she thought that Mother should call the Doctor. So she did and he said it was appendicitis, she said they could have knocked her down with a feather. She thought of course there would be an operation, but the Doctor said it was too late to operate and they would have to do what they could and hope for the best and wait. And oh, those awful enemas. *Finally one day I passed some apple seed and part of an apple core and the crisis had passed, the appendix had burst on the inside of the large intestine and I didn't get peritonitis and I recovered. This was something of a triumph for the new Doctor in this town and he couldn't do enough for me. Whenever he saw me uptown he bought me ice cream or candy etc. I felt pretty important.

When I was 12 years old my sister Abbie gave me an Autograph Book, as it was quite the "thing" to have your school teacher, school mates and friends old and young to write favorite quotations and any little wish or something, and sign their name. Usually it was dated. Here are a few written in my autograph book:

Dear Irene

Study your books, for in them you will find stores of knowledge and rich fields of thought.

Cedar City May 1 1901.

Your sincere friend,
Bessie Parry
(My First Grade Teacher in 1897)

Cedar City Apr 2 1901

Dear Irene

"How gentle God's commands! How kind His precepts are! Come, cast your burden on the Lord, And trust His constant care."

With Love;

Euphemia Hunter, Teacher.
(My Fifth Grade Teacher in 1901.)

Cedar City Utah 4/2 1901

Dear Irene, -

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience" (Geo. Washington)

Sadie Cameron
(Another one of my Teachers)

Dear Irene,

Goodness is the only investment that never fails.

Cedar City Dec 6 1902.

Your Sister Abish.

Cedar City Utah Nov 26 1902

Cousin Irene,

Remember your friend

Love

Cora Jones

*and hot packs. Bessie Parry (my first grade teacher and her cousin Mame Parry - two very helpful ladies in Cedar City - came to help keep the hot packs on during the night. I must have given them a bad time.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

I think we had an organ, but I don't remember ever playing it if we did. I do remember the first piano, about 1901, was a big second hand Chickering, (there is one at the D.U.P. Bldg. in Salt Lake City) - on which I learned to play by ear familiar tunes and play chord accompaniment for other instruments like violin or songs. This was quite effortless - I just wanted to play and did - up to a certain point. The key of A flat was most natural for me. In the evening sometimes when I felt a little lonesome I used to go into the parlor and play all my favorite tunes in the dark.

Later I took music lessons and learned to read music. This wasn't easy and took a lot of work and practice but of course was more rewarding. My first teacher of the piano was Helen Bigler, later I took lessons from O C Anderson. As soon as I could read music pretty well I was asked to play for Primary songs and marches. I didn't feel too sure of my ability to do this, but Mother urged me to keep at it. Besides I had to play on the foot pedal power organ and it was hard to pedal and read and finger. Later I played for several Primary Cantatas, on the Ward piano - hard work, but interesting.

This big Chickering piano was so big and took up so much space, Father decided to get a more modern new one. He did quite a lot of looking around getting our musical friends and experts to help and decided on a "Vose." The touch and tone seemed to suit all concerned the best. It looked well in the Parlor too.

SOCIAL LIFE

Our "Crowd" consisted of about 7 girls and 7 boys and our social activities centered around Hayrack Rides, where an older man would drive the horses. Hay would cover the hayrack bed and those invited would be called for helped up and all sit on the hay and talk and sing all the old favorite songs and drive all around the town and have a happy time.

Or it might be a honey or molasses candy pull, or birthday surprise party which I didn't like when it was on me. My birthday July 22 was an ideal time and Mother was always agreeable and helpful and I was always surprised.

Then there was always a wood haulers dance given by the ward for the boys who helped haul wood for the widows of the town. At these dances we danced about three dances with our pardner (the boy we went with), the first, middle, and last or Home Sweet Home Waltz. The other dances were first come dances. It makes me feel happy just to think of it all.

COUNTY EIGHTH GRADE EXAMINATIONS

But there were some worry times, like the big week of County Exams for graduation from the Eighth Grade, when the stern County Superintendent passed the printed Examination Questions very solemnly and to be finished in a given time. I would read through all the questions on the sheet at hand and answer the easier ones first, then give more time to hard ones.

Well as you can see by the certificate on page 7 I did pass and was graduated 13th day of June 1906. In the fall of the same year I was registered in the Southern Branch of the State Normal School (B.N.S.) right in Cedar City. How lucky could I be? Now I really began a new life, going in different rooms with a new teacher for each class with students from all

(Cont'd on Page 8)

IRON
County Public Schools
OF THE STATE OF UTAH



This is to certify, that

Isaac Jones

having satisfactorily completed the studies prescribed for the

Grammar Department

of the Public Schools of Iron County, Utah, and having given evidence of such ability and attainments as are requisite for entrance to the High School is granted this

CERTIFICATE

Given at Cedar City Utah, on this the 13th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six

CHAIRMAN
SECRETARY SCHOOL BOARD
TREASURER

Number of Graduates

INSTRUCTOR
Erastus B. Dalley DISTRICT PRINCIPAL
James Robb COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT

over Southern Utah. K K Steffenson, one of the Professors, was our class sponsor, or Father and we were the "Profunditoes" of 1909. A happy bunch of 16 and 17 years old - the world was our oyster.

Father, with a little pressure from the Music Professor, Albert N Tolles-trup bought me a pair of clarinets, B flat and A, and I was enrolled in the school band and later in the school orchestra.

PIN - UPS



Cora & Irene dressed-up for a costume party and dance at the B.N.S.



Just going home from school and R.D.Adams Photo Shop was handy. Front Row: Carrie Leigh, Cora Jones, Irene Jones, Back Row: Clark Orton and Ken Clark.



A Study in Hats Bessie Gardner in front. In back: Carrie Leigh, Benson, Lillian Higbee and Irene Jones.



Irene Jones
Lillian Higbee



Gwen Higbee
DOUBLE COUSINS



FIRST YEAR NORMALS or PROFUNDITOES of 1909. Starting from the left: Cora Jones, Dee Barton, Carrie Leigh, ^{Nina} Houston Irene Jones, Flossie Marsden, Emma Lambson, Caroline Jones, Hazel Dalley and Lillian Higbee.

Note: I weighed 130 pounds when this picture was taken. The most that I ever weighed during my entire life.

MORE ABOUT THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

I mentioned before that I took my first music lesson sometime after Father bought the big Chickering Piano in 1901 from Helen Bigler from St George about 1902, then from O C Anderson who was the music Professor at the B.N.S. (1899-1905) and rented half of Uncle Jed's House - from 1902 to 1905. Then from Albert N Tollestrup from 1906 off and on till 1910 or 11.

SUMMER VACATION OF 1907.

Spring of 1907 - June, Abbie got married and Treharne went on his mission Mother went to Salt Lake with them and Ray Ashton came home with her to try life on the farm with us. While he was here we (the family) went to Panguitch Lake for our annual mid-summer vacation trip. Between the 4th and 24th of July between hay crops I think. And had a lot of fun. Ray and I thought we would like to ride the saddle horse from Parowan home to Cedar. Neither of us were seasoned horse-back riders and Silver Heels wasn't an easy horse. Somebody should have said no but they didn't, so we innocently went on our way and thought we would never get to Cedar but of course we did, but were almost sick for several days and we really wanted to have our meals on the mantle shelf. All too soon the Summer was over and Ray went back to Salt Lake City. He left us with a lot of pleasant memories. It was quite a change of life for him and we didn't hear him say what it did to him. After he got back he wrote clever and pretty post cards to each member of the family.

FALL OF 1907

I don't remember the date, but it was in the late Summer that Ashton came down with Typhoid Fever. He was just getting over it when Mother came down with it, for the second time in her life. I was late starting to school but Mother wanted me to go. With subjects like Plane Geometry which aims to familiarize the students with the forms of rigid deductive reasoning, and to develop accuracy of statement and the power of logical proof and the demonstration of original theorems and the solution of practical problems and Chemistry which consists in the elements of chemical theories and of important generalization in the field of chemistry and with John Foster a mathematical "whiz" himself but not a patient teacher for beginners in such difficult subjects I got so confused and mixed up I coaxed Mother to let me stay home for the rest of the year. She did need me too. I kept up with the band and orchestra which met twice a week. I kept up with my piano as much as I could.

There was a nurse to take care of Mother but there was always lots of work getting meals, washing dishes, washing, ironing etc. I wonder why I even tried to start school this Fall at all.

MUSIC COURSE AT B.N.S.

The head master of this course was Albert N Tollestrup - his background Student of violin with Prof. Fogelburg B.Y.A. 1885-1886, Harmony and Theory with Karl Fischer Hamburg Germany 1888-9; Harmony with Prof. McQuaide 1890. VOCAL MUSIC. This was a required subject consists of Reading the Scale, Sight Reading to be able to read at sight any of the simpler musical compositions. ORCHESTRA To get acquainted with the best class of Orchestral Music. BAND for young men who wish to become Band Leaders. THREE YEAR PIANO COURSE and a TWO YEAR ORGAN COURSE for the Reed Organ.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

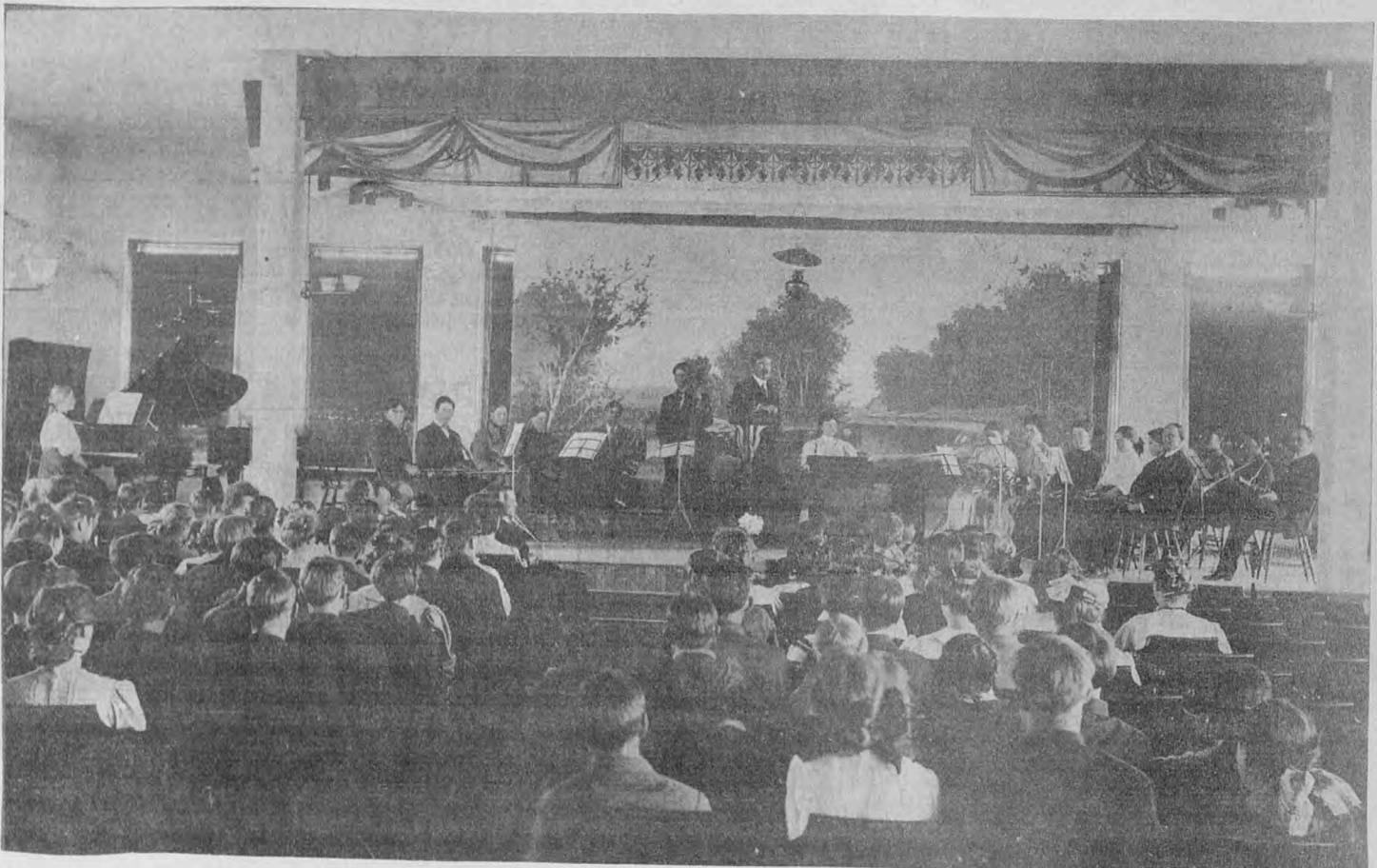
After school was out in June 1908, I think it was, Principal George W Decker organized a number of members of the school to go on an advertising trip through a number of the towns in Southern Utah to stimulate more interest in enrollment in this State maintained Normal School.

Our first week was spent "doing" the towns south of Cedar City and later in the summer the towns north and east. Traveling via horse drawn two seated buggies from town to town by day and giving a program in a different town each night. We stayed in the homes of prominent influential townspeople pre-arranged by the school. The programs consisted of "pep" talks by the professors and our musical numbers consisting of duets, trios, quartetts and the entire ensemble in a sextette to close. The students and instruments were as follows: Cora Jones, Oboe; Ina Leigh, French Horn; Hazel Dalley and Irene Jones, Clarinets; Ivan Decker, or Pratt Tollestrup (I am not sure which) Flute; Vivian Decker, Cornet; Virgil Tollestrup, Trombone; and Lillian Higbee, Piano or Organ accompanist. All music composed and arranged by our music Professor, Albert N Tollestrup.

It was quite an experience for us. Some of the pianos and organs weren't concert pitch and we had a lot of trouble tuning up, but the people were kind and made us feel welcome and appreciated.

One embarassing experience for me I remember. It was a warm night and I had set my clarinet on the window sill between numbers, then when our number was called and I tried to blow, no sound came out - the next number was called while I frantically checked all holes and keys - finally I took the reed off and there was a moth lodged in the mouthpiece.

.....
This picture could be the setting for Chapel Exercises or Student Society.



CHAPEL EXERCISE

The necessity of ethical instruction is recognized and regular chapel exercises are conducted each week by the teachers and students. While theological creeds can not be taught in these meetings, the necessity of honesty, virtue, temperance and upright attitude in all walks of life is inculcated and emphasized as the fundamentals to success in life. Besides the ethical training received, the students have numerous opportunities in these exercises for developing power in public speaking and reciting. (Taken from General Information in Manual of B.N.S. 1910-1911.)

I had the opportunity of playing a Piano Solo and a Clarinet Solo and playing in the school orchestra in these exercises at different times and learned the feeling of "Stage Fright" especially in the Solo "Department". The orchestra numbers weren't so scary, only when there was a Clarinet Cadenza to play.

SCHOOL YEAR OF 1908 - 1909.

This September I got a fresh start at school with a new "math" teacher and with the realization that I had to work hard from the start and though I had Geometry and Zoology and Botany, English, American History, I got along fine, made good grades and really enjoyed school. Here are the grades copied from my report card (the only one that has survived the years)

English	80	E.A.Morgan
Plane geometry	95	H.L.Hussong
Physical Geography	80	G,W.Decker
American History and Civics	85	Elias Hansen
Zoology and Botany	83	M.J.Macfarlane

Left: Photo of Mr H.L.Hussong, an excellent Teacher and flute player and a fine gentleman.

I forgot to mention before about our School City Government. I copy now from the B.N.S. Manual of 1910-1911 page 14:

CITY GOVERNMENT

The student body of the Branch Normal is self-governing. An organization known as the "Branch Normal School City" has been effected, its functions being similar to those cities of the first class.

Professor Milton Bennion, now of the University of Utah, was the founder of the Self-Governing School System of the Branch Normal School.

Through this government the students make their own laws and enforce them. By thus affording a very practical training in civics, the system does much in preparing students for the greater duties imposed by citizenship.

The city government has been in operation since it was organized in 1898. It has proved satisfactory beyond the expectations of its founders. The student body has shown itself worthy of the trust reposed in it by the instructors and the students themselves are pleased with the condition to such an extent that wherever they go they take steps to procure like privileges.

Copies of the city charter and plan of government have been requested by the management of many educational institutions and many teachers. _

The Fall of 1908, during the campaign for the election of City Offices, at one of the rallies, a new student - I didn't even know his name - gave a clever talk without notes, for his party members against all the candidates of the other party, that made all of us - especially me - sit on the edge of our seats. How he knew so much about each one, I couldn't imagine, but he sure made a hit. Also their party won and he along with it. I think he was elected to the office of City Attorney. I don't remember if I was a member of the same party or not. (See Dolph's Autobiography Vol II Page 36)

In the Spring of 1909 sometime, I met Dolph, not formally, but at school just saying hello as we passed and later danced with him at a Friday Night Dance.

The summer of 1909 I don't remember where the family went for our annual summer vacation, if anywhere. Emron had inflammatory rheumatism.

In September of 1909 I was registered for a fee of \$5.00 for the Third Year Normal Course. My subjects were: English C, Chemistry, Physics, Physiology and Hygiene, and Business Law. Dolph and I started going steady, sorta, see page 48 and 59 of Dolph's Autobiography. Up to now I had a different boy friend every commencement week and some in between.

In June 1910 I graduated from the Three Year Normal Course and our class were guests in a way, at the Alumni Banquet and Dance and had the privilege of inviting a partner. There was a fee of \$5.00, I think, and I didn't know if I should ask Dolph and pay the fee or just what to do about it (he wasn't a graduate yet) While I was debating in my mind how and what to do Dolph came down to the house while I wasn't there. Abbie asked him if I had asked him and he said no, so she later suggested to me what I should do, so I did.



Third Year Normal Graduates 1910 12 (List of names on page 14)

Southern Branch State Normal School

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH



13

This is to Certify, That **Irene Jones**

has completed the *FIRST THREE YEARS* of the *NORMAL COURSE*, or its equivalent, and is entitled to enter the *Fourth Year* of the Course in the State Normal School of the University of Utah, at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Given at Cedar City, Utah, this *27th* day of *May* A. D., *1910*

G. W. Decker

PRINCIPAL

List of Graduates for 1910. Photo on page 13. Back Row Left to Right: Ray Lunt, Annette Webster, Parley Ipson, Luella Mickleson, Irvin McQuarrie, Janie Wilkinson, Myron Higbee, Clara Williamson and Claude Sevey. Middle Row: Irene Jones, Donald Schmutz, Gladys McConnell, Arthur Fife, A. Nevada Watson, John Fletcher, Ruby Naegle, and Erastus Macfarlane. Front Row: Webster H. Leigh, Jessie Jennings, Leon Winsor, INEZ POWELL -Class Mother, MENZIES MACFARLANE - Class Father, Ruby Leigh, Caesar Myers, and Gwendoline Higbee.

FALL OF 1910

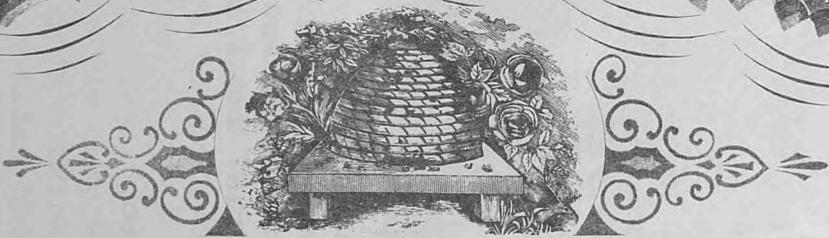
Notice on the Certificate of Graduation (Page 13) that the holder is entitled to enter the Fourth Year of the course in the State Normal School of the U, of U. at Salt Lake City, Utah. However, in the fall of 1910 the 4th Year Normal was added to the B.N.S. at Cedar, so I was registered, for a fee of \$5.00 for the 4th Year in my home town. No tuition is charged here. My subjects were: English 4, Psychology, Pedagogy, History of Education, Harmony, and Domestic Science. A very interesting course of hard work, but I had fun too. Dolph and I continued to go steady to school dances or entertainments and Sunday Night study periods(?) at home down the Lane. We both graduated June 2 1911, from the Four Year Normal Course. (My Certificate on Page 13)



NORMAL GRADUATES, 1911.

Standing from Left: Hyrum Jones, Cora Jones, Dolph Andrus, Ruby Naegle, Myron Higbee, Emma Lambson. Seated: Mary Bergstrom, Webster Leigh, Jessie Jennings, Ronald Dalley, Gwen Higbee, Donald Schmutz. Front: Irene Jones, John Fletcher, Effie Jones, and Carrie Leigh.

Southern Branch State Normal School



OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

This Certifies, that Irene Jones
has honorably completed the Four Year Normal Course
of Study as prescribed by this Institution and having passed a satisfactory
examination is awarded this

15

DIPLOMA

In Witness whereof, the signature of the Principal
is hereunto affixed, at Cedar City, Utah, this Second
day of June, 1911

G. W. Decker.

Principal

Note: This Certificate was made
and printed by
A. Gast Bank Note Company
St. Louis, Mo.





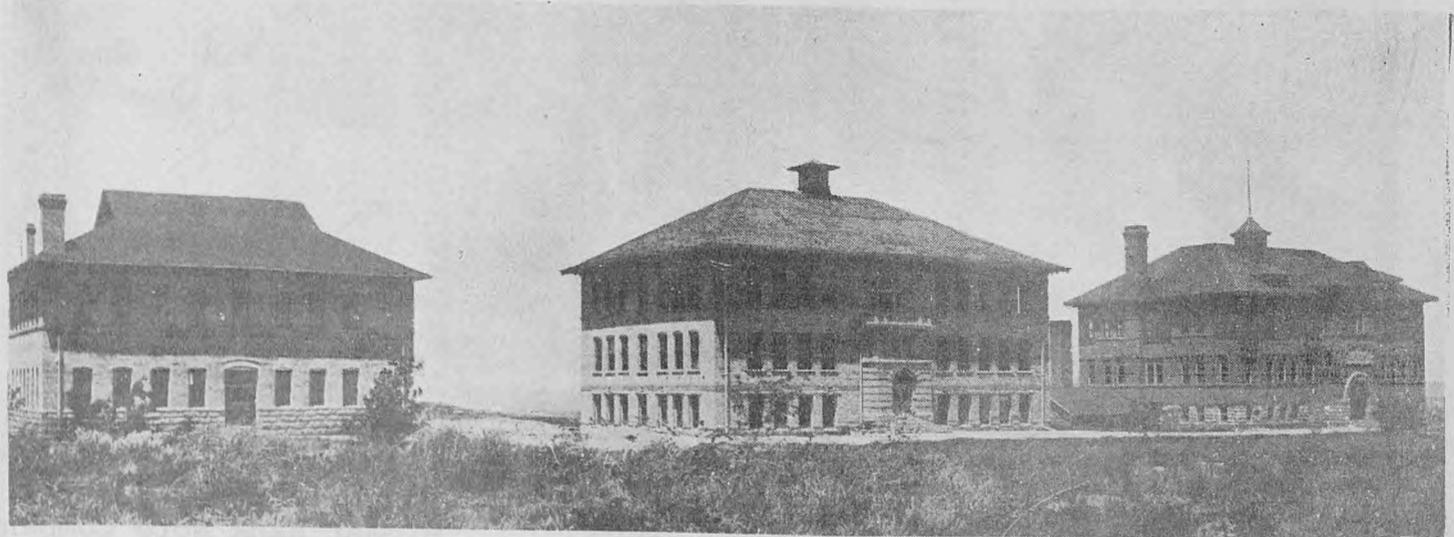
Photo at the Left:
 Standing: From Left
 to Right: Emma
 Lambson, Cora Jones,
 Irene Jones. Seated:
 Carrie Leigh Dolph
 Andrus, and Donald
 Schmutz.

Photo at the Right:
 Standing: From Left
 to Right: Cora
 Jones, Irene Jones,
 and Dolph Andrus.
 Seated: Carrie
 Leigh and Emma
 Lambson. Donald
 Schmutz with Book.

These pictures
 could have been
 taken after a dress-
 up Program at the
 school during
 Commencement Week
 or on Sunday.

The first one was

okay by me, but the second one, some one got the idea to be funny and stage a "Mock Wedding". I was being held forceably by Cora and Dolph, but they couldn't make me like it. The dress I had on was the first and only dress I had made by a professional dressmaker (Priscilla Urie) and I loved it.



These are the B.N.S. Buildings as they were the year we graduated. On the Left: Gym and Shop, The Gym was on the Second Floor. Half of the ground floor was for woodwork and half for metal work. Middle: Science Building. Top Floor was the Auditorium, Remainder was Class Rooms. Far Right: The Library Building. This was the first building to be constructed.

The Summer of 1911 Dolph went to Summer School at the University of Utah. I stayed home. See Dolph's Autobiography Number Two Page 69 for Story about a Fourth of July that Summer, and on Pages 57 to 59 there is an account of our mountain trip the Summer of 1910.

The Fall of 1911 Dolph went to Orderville to teach school and I registered for a Nurses' Course at the B.N.S. The teacher was Miss Tobiason, a Battle Creek Michigan trained nurse, who indoctrinated us with a desire to go to Battle Creek for further training. I was all for it, but Father didn't cooperate so the matter was dropped. Our text book was a book of 495 pages. I copy part of the title page; PRACTICAL POINTS IN NURSING for NURSES IN PRIVATE PRACTICE. with an APPENDIX containing rules for feeding the sick, Recipes for invalid foods and beverages, Weights and Measures, Dose List, and full Glossary of Medical Terms and Nursing Treatment. by Emily A.M. Stoney.

This book has been my reference book in case of sickness or accident all through our family raising period. She also gave us a very good course in German and Swedish Massage. On completion of the course we were given a Certificate (Page 18) Dated May 28, 1912.

Dolph tells what happened to us off and on between his interesting and sometimes exciting times between now and when we got married with some inserts from me in his Book III of his Autobiography (Pages 45 to 57) so I will tell of my Kiester School episode then we can go on with Dolph's Story with inserts from me.

We didn't decide on December 24 to get married, from choice or to spoil Christmas for the family or any other reason people might think up. It was because of the "Temple open dates" and Dolph's School Holidays. (See the Marriage Certificate on Page 19).

There was no available house-keeping rooms in Kanarra. Dolph was boarding out as he tells in his story, so I stayed home just as before and helped Mother. In February I read in the Deseret News about the Kiester School of Dressmaking, which seemed just right for me. I wrote to Aunt Effie Ashton in Salt Lake, if I could stay with them and of course she said yes, so it was all arranged. Mother encouraged me and Father thought it would be all right under the circumstances, me being married with no place to set up housekeeping.

When the Stage "Coach" stopped at the big house down the lane to pick me up, I was the only woman with four men. Three were Cedar men I knew by sight but didn't think very highly of. One was a stranger.

When we boarded the train at Lund, this very pleasant and good looking young man asked if he could sit in the seat beside me. As there was no one there I would rather have sit by me, I said, "Surely." He told me his name and that he was a salesman for Minnesota, Mining & Milling Co. He ask if I lived in Cedar City and was I a Mormon - to which of course I answered, "Yes". He said, "I have been told that the Mormon Church is the most highly and best organized institution in the world." - I don't remember too much of the rest of the conversation along that line, but I felt somewhat at a loss to know just what to tell and where to begin. Looking back I wished that I had told him this: That our founder and Prophet Joseph Smith had written 13 Statements which we call our Articles of Faith which are; (I could have quoted them all from memory as I had learned them in Primary and Sunday School.) When we got to Salt Lake he carried my suit case to the Street car. We said "Goodby" and "Good Luck" - and that was that.

CERTIFICATE



This is to Certify, That *Irene Jones*

Has attended my entire course of lectures, and passed successful examinations upon the subjects of Home and Obstetrical Nursing. With great pleasure I recommend her efficiently qualified to practice.

Gertrude Lohiasow

Cedar City, May 28 1912.



Marriage Certificate



STATE OF

UTAH

COUNTY OF

Washington

This Certifies that Dolph Andrus of Washington
in the State of Utah and Irene Jones of Cedar City
in the State of Utah, were by me joined together in

HOLY MATRIMONY

according to the Laws of the State of Utah at St George
in said County, on the 24th day of Dec in the year of Our Lord
One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twelve

Signed Dolph Andrus

Signed Irene J. Andrus

GROOM

BRIDE

IN THE PRESENCE OF

Harriet K. Cannon

Wm H. Thompson

William M. Adair

WITNESSES:

Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of latter day ^{Saints}

My stay at Aunt Effie's was most pleasant. Jane and I packed our lunches every morning and rode the street car to town where each went to different schools. The dressmaking course was interesting and very worth while to me.

After we paid our fee and were registered we were issued an adjustable chart with tape measure and pencil, and a large 16x12 inch dark blue paper backed book filled with plain white paper in which we were to draft:

Skirt Patterns for a model size (24 waist 38 hip) for two-piece, three-piece, four-piece, five-piece and six-piece.

Shirt Waist Pattern for model size, darted or form-fitting waist pattern. Shirt waist sleeve, Fitted sleeve, New sleeve patterns and a Middy Blouse and sleeve patterns. All this for practice and learning to use the chart.

Next we were to draft patterns to our own measurements, cut out and make a shirt waist and a two-piece skirt for ourselves. After cutting out the material the pieces had to be pinned together, then basted and fitted before being machine sewed. Seams were all pressed as they were sewed. Every step was checked and passed on before we could go on to the next.

I made a pongee silk shirt waist and a tan tweed skirt with a high waist line of which I was very proud and wore it to the Messiah Oratorio which I went to with Id Nielson, Dolph's best friend, who was going to school at the University of Utah.

While here in Salt Lake I went to Church on Sunday and to Ward dances and socials with the Ashton Cousins and got lonesome for Dolph of course, but time passed and after an uneventful trip home I boarded the stage on a Friday afternoon for Kanarra where I covered up with my clothes on, on Dolph's bed in his room at Ethel Berry's to surprise him when he came home from school. He was surprised and seemed glad and it was good to be together again.

Dolph has told you in book III page 58, bottom half of page that he borrowed two horses from Andy Berry and we rode to Cedar for the week end.

Dolph's school was soon over and he and Treharne went up the canyon on the homestead site. What homestead site? Well I will tell you about it. In June of 1912 Father and Lyle had talked it over and decided it would be a good thing to file on two homestead sites adjoining each other on the Black Mountain for Lyle and me. They decided to build a house with the dividing line running through the kitchen - a bed room on each side. Lyle and Abbie of course had two children. I wasn't even married, but Father was looking forward as he always did and now while I was Irene Jones was the only time I could file, so my application that Father had engineered went through July 25 1912 and Irene Jones was the holder of an approved homestead site, before I knew what it was all about.

This next two years was sorta mixed up. Dolph tells about the work part part of it in his Book III.

.....
MORE NOTES ON THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT AND HOW WE GOT OUR EVERETT PIANO.

Sometime in 1909 John Perry offered Lillian Higbee and me jobs in his town Dance Orchestra. Lillian on the Piano and me for Clarinet. It was kinda hard to give up dancing but \$2.00 an evening was \$2.00. I remember with our first money we decided to have all the bananas we could eat and almost made ourselves sick.

We played for Theatrical Plays in the Ward Hall, before, after and in between acts. One day our music Teacher Mr Tollestrup told me he had a second-hand Everett Piano, a very fine touch and tone, but the case had been damaged in a fire on one side, that he would let me have very reasonable on easy terms

\$5.00 a month I think. It seemed like a good idea so I started paying on it. I had payed \$25.00 on it when Father found out about it, he was surprised and said, "You don't pay any more. He owes me much more than I will ever get from him. I will fix it up with him." So that is how we got our Everett Piano - that we still have. I think we played for dance etc. two years or more.

MORE LOOKING BACK

On page 10 is a picture of the Assembly Room in the Science Building looking toward the stage where the school orchestra is seated. On the right front row is the wood-wind section - reading from the right: Mr H L Hussong, flute; Hazel Dalley, Clarinet; Irene Jones, Clarinet; Cora Jones, Oboe. In the center standing is big Mr Tollestrup, Music Teacher. Mitt Nielson on the Drums and Id Nielson on the Bass Violin on each side of him. At the piano is Lillian Higbee. I am not sure of the names of the others.

When it became known that we were expecting a child - it turned out to be Torma - but we did not know who it was going to be at that time. We did know that there would have to be some sewing done. Dolph got in touch with William Grimshaw, the agent for the Singer Sewing Machine. He drove down to Kanarra, stopped his outfit in front of the Berry Home and walked into the house with a machine on one shoulder and set it down in our Living Room-Kitchen. He demonstrated what the machine would do including the sewing of some very heavy canvas. "Now!" He said with a smile, "Just wait until I go out to my toolbox and get a tin shingle and I will show you that this machine will sew tin!" Dolph Stopped him with, "No you don't. If we are going to buy this machine we do not want it to sew any tin." He insisted that it would not hurt the machine, but Dolph would have none of it, so we bought the machine without the tin sewing demonstration. It has been a good machine and we are still using it.

SOME DATES TO KEEP ME STRAIGHT (How about you?)

- December 24 1912 - Dolph and I were married.
- February to May 1913 - I was at the Keister School in Salt Lake City.
- July to September 1913 - Dolph and I were at the Homestead on Black Mountain
- September 1913 to March 1914 - Dolph and I were in Kanarra.
- March 1914 - I moved to Cedar on Doctor's Orders.
- April 21 1914 - Torma was born in Cedar City.
- July 1914 - Dolph, Torma and I moved to Homestead with Abbie and Family.
- August 1914 - Torma came down with Whooping Cough. Doctor says come to town.
- September 1914 - Dolph, Torma and I to Kanarra.
- Picture on Page 19 of Dolph's Autobiography Part Four. A picnic at Fielanks' Homestead of Treharne on a week end.
- Fall-Winter of 1914-1915 - I gave music lessons on the Piano, helped Dolph with the Band, kept house, took care of Torma. We were all happy and busy.
- September of 1915 we are off for Bluff. We leave our sewing machine, Piano, Encyclopaedia - also the Library Table and "Royal" push button sitting and reclining chair that was given to us by the people of Kanarra when we left after three years there - and just take what we have to have, bedding and clothes I think.

On page 62 of Dolph's Autobiography read the story of our trip to Bluff His Self-told yarn is bound in this book.

HERE IS A PREFACE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BOOK

It might be called a preface for want of a better word. If this were a musical composition it would be called a modulation - a few bars to tie one melody to another where there is going to be a change of key. That's it! We have just finished Irene's Autobiography Part One and as you look at the next page you will find you are in Dolph's Autobiography Part Four. Not yet! He has inserted some sheets - addits or corrections to former numbers, and then he goes all over the map with a number of things - look on page one - WORDS BEFORE WE START for a list of his wanderings. This will be the last of the self-told stories. The next book - coming out soon - will be a History, or Saga of the Dolph and Irene Andrus Family. It will be written in the 3rd person with quotation marks to indicate who is speaking in the 1st person, if any.

We shall try to give you the story of the years spent in Bluff in a sane chronological order, even though some of the exploits will not appear to be the actions of sane people. World War I started before we left Cedar City and was not over until after we returned from Bluff. We will refresh your memory on what you might have read about it, since mention of it will be made quite often in our story of the Andrus Family.

When we were at the homestead we were cut off from world news except on week ends when Lyle Corry, Abbie's Husband, would come up with a roll of news papers tied to his saddle. The first week end of our second summer on the side of Black Mountain his roll of papers carried the news that on June 28 1914 an Archduke of Austria had been assassinated and a chain of events followed that summer that engulfed all Europe in what we called then The Great War, or World War, but since then we have had another War that was World-wide, so now we call the first one World War I.

This war was not for us. We read the story of the conflict all summer with very little concern for the outcome. In the Fall we returned to our work in Kanarra "impartial in thought as well as in action" as President Wilson advised us to be. The winter of 1914-1915 we taught our little school and lived our busy simple life far from it all. Like most Americans we were content to sit it out, having mixed feelings as to which side we would prefer to have win. President Wilson would keep us out of the war - but on February 4 1915 the Germans announced that their submarines would sink all Allied ships without warning in the waters around the British Isles, and since the submarines could not tell the difference, we had better stay out of the war zone with our ships. This was like a bully telling us which side of the street we must walk on to keep from being hurt. No one believed that the Germans would dare violate the freedom of the sea.

The Captain of the LUSITANIA did not believe it and on May 1 1915 he sailed with 1,257 passengers, many of them prominent Americans. He had orders to take a zig-zag course through the war zone which he disobeyed and sailed in a straight line. His ship was hit May 7 and 1,198 passengers and crewmen died, 128 of them were Americans. We were no longer a neutral nation in our thoughts, but it took a great amount of protesting on paper and more ship sinking to get action. President Wilson was no "Pacifist" and if we could not have peace with honor and the freedom of the seas there would be no peace. The morning of April 3 1917 !!! the papers carried the news that our President who "had kept us out of war" had asked Congress to declare war on Germany and the bulk of the nation was square behind him. We were no longer content to sit and watch the fight. We were now in Bluff. We will give more detail about the war and how it changed our lives in San Juan. —



On page 14 of my auto-story I make the statement by a photo of my brother Laron that it is the only one I have of him. Since another one has been found. Mother has written on the back of the card: "Laron 6 weeks old." If the first parts are ever done over it will appear in its proper place. The page given is for the part 1900-1910.

In the same part on page 54 I reported our return trip to the BNS after spending the Christmas Season in Washington. Id Nielson, Mit

Nielson, Mabel Dalley and Aunt Emily have read it and do not remember it as I have told it. Some parts of what I wrote were not clear in my mind at the time I set them down. After talking with them I am sure that the entire story needs doing over. This I hope to do, but in case I do not get to do it I thought best to make the correction on this insert.

When I said that eight or more people were in our wagon, I wondered how so many people and their belongings could get in one wagon. Id Neilson cleared up that point. They did not. Part of them rode with Will Reeves. He had been down with a load of coal and was returning with an

empty wagon. Id remembers that his sister Mit and some others and himself rode with MR.Reeves. He remembers that they made a stop at Barron's place. This would mean that Frank Barron was also in the party.

Which brings us to another error on page 55. We did not send word to Knarraville. We brought the word ourselves. When Ash Creek went down enough for us to crass we went so far as the camp ground at the "foot of the ridge" with ~~the wagons~~ ^{the wagons.} We ~~took~~ took our team and Will Reeves' team and started for Knarra. Uncle Elmer was left with our wagons. He was to await our return with the team so he could take the wagon back to Washington.

Mabel Dalley says that she remembers passing us and that there were eight of us and four horses. She remembers Aunt Emily being very ill when we arrived in Knarra. Aunt Emily remembers it also and she and Mit both remember that they stayed at the Williams Hotel. Id says the rest of us stayed at Will Reeves'. This would leave Bishop Berry out of the story entirely, but it still sticks in my mind that some of us stayed at his place. I know we did at some time, but this may not have been it.

The rest of the story as related on page 56 seems to be okay. It was but natural that I should be the one to go with Mr Reeves as it was our team that had to be returned. I remember now of leading them behind Mr Reeves' wagon. Mabel Dalley gave an interesting account of how the Indians went on ahead of us with their light outfits. I draw a blank here. I do not remember the Indians at all. (~~ind~~ = symbol for another blank space in my mind, also covers up an error) Id Nielson remembers that the Santa Clara students came in on horseback by way of Pinto. Looks bad for our historian. But he will live it down and keep it straight next time.

1 autobiography of dolph andrus part four 1

WORDS BEFORE WE START S S S S

We really are going to Bluff, just like we promised in Part Three. But we must show you some pictures before we start and by the time we get through talking about them we will have been there 3½ years. The pictures will be shown and talked about in six groups:

1. BEHIND~THE~TIME PICTURES, These were not found in time to be printed where they belong in the early part of the story

We hope to do the three parts over, since we now have a better way of reproducing photographs, but in case we do not get at it, we thought best to present them to you now.

2. PEOPLE & THINGS WE ARE LEAVING, Presented so that you may wonder why we left such nice people and places

We have tried to select the photos of people as they looked in 1915. This goes for places also. Among the words that go with each photo you will find the date as near as we can guess it.

3. THE DRAMATIC REGION AND PEOPLE Man has always moved when promised excitement — so we moved to Bluff.

We regret that we do not have pictures of the many fine folks that we met in Bluff....If we did we would not have room to print all. Neither can we show all the points of interest in and around Bluff.

4. TRUCK~TRAIN AND COVERED JITNEY, Transportation by any means is movement to your destination.

No photos were taken of our trip. We had no camera at that time. We present some "fakes" of the dramatic moments. For the bulk of the trip the reader will get only a map and some words. We shall give the method used in producing the "fake" and source of the material.

5. MY PAPA'S COUNTRY, — INDIAN CRY, "This is the land that they and their fathers have walked over." — Brigham Young

Most of this group will be of those who took part in the Indian War that was fought before we went to Bluff — dragged through an uneasy truce while we were there — finished after we left. There will also be pictures of Indians not involved. The words with the photos will not pretend to be a History of the Last Indian War. If the reader should desire more information we suggest that he read some of the books that have been written on the subject.

6. THE BEST OF MANY PHOTOGRAPHS, The early bird gets the worm. — The early child gets it's picture taken.

The search for pictures and the selection of them to place in this autobiography has shown the truth of some quotations that follow. It has also shown that there can be bubbles, even mud, in your think-tank when you have thought it to be so perfect. I was sure that there had never been a baby picture of me.

My mother, Matilda Andrus, 95 years old, was spending the Christmas of 1965 with us and she wanted to know why I had not printed my baby picture in the first part of the autobiography as she had thought it was so cute. I told her that I had never seen one and doubted if one had ever been taken for I was sure that I would have remembered it. She was so positive that one had been made that we made another search. The result was the picture shown on the opposite page.

Did you ever stop to think that a photograph is a painting? So there is no brush, no canvas, no skilled hand to make the lines and shadows; but there is light that plays on the subject and in turn acts on the chemicals of the plate or film to produce the lines and shadows. A photograph is a picture and a painting is a picture. Here are some quotations about pictures, some very old, but the ideas expressed are good for all pictures whether painted or photographed.

"Pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and spheres, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Pictures are consolers of loneliness, and a relief to the jaded mind — they are books, histories and sermons."

— John Gilbert.



"A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts" -- -- --
-Sir Joshua Reynolds.

This picture became the subject of a debate. How old was Dolph when it was taken? Mother had written across the card on which it was mounted: "Dolph at three months." Now the full photograph from which this one was taken, shows the babe to be in short clothes. Now it was common practice to "shorten" infants at six months or later, Not before under any condition.

Mother said that she had taken me to Relief Society Meeting and her

mother (my Grandma Sandberg) took me to a traveling photographer who was camped near the Relief Society Hall and had three pictures made. One for herself, one for Mother and one for Grandma Sproul my Father's Mother. So there are not too many of them around. This reminds me of another "quote" which you will read on page 4.

BEHIND~THE~TIME PHOTOS

"The first merit of pictures is the effect they produce on the mind; and the first step of a sensible man should be to receive involuntary impressions from them. — Pleasure and inspiration first; analysis, afterward." — H.W.Beecher.

Now what pleasure or inspiration can you get out of my baby picture? Perhaps nothing at all for you, but to Mother it was reliving the advent of her first child. How ill she was. Many said that she would not live, but she was determined to live and raise that baby.

I did not know that the picture on the opposite page existed until last summer I was visiting my Cousin Leona in Holiday, Utah, when she gave it to me. It belongs to a period of my early childhood and the early history of my parents married life. The streak across it is caused by the bending of the card on which it was mounted. Leona told me who found it and gave it to her, but I have forgotten who it was.

In the town of Washington, Utah, where my parents lived at the time of their marriage, there was little or no opportunity to work for cash. So when Mr. B.F. Saunders wanted some men to help with his cattle, my father and Lafe Jolley, his brother-in-law, went to work for him. The name for the type of work is "punching cows" or "riding the range". They left early in April and returned late in July. They each came back with a fine crop of whiskers. I do not know whether Uncle Lafe had his "crop" photographed or not. I think that I know how Papa came to have his put on record.

The back of the card on which the photo is mounted bears this inscription "J. CHESSELLE, Photography, Toquerville, Utah." This was the man that traveled from town to town taking pictures. He stayed in each town

BEHIND~THE~TIME PHOTOS



RANDOLPH ANDRUS "Cowpuncher" About 1891

as long as enough folk wanted work done to make the stay profitable. He would then move on. Maybe that he was camped on the lot that my father was living on at the time. So it was convenient and to J.Chesselle an interesting subject.

I have the story of his quite frightening beard so drilled into me by frequent telling that I can almost remember him and how I cried for fear of the strange man that came to live with us. I was not about to allow him in the same room with Mama and me. But when he would climb in bed with us that was too much and

I set up a real howl. He always did have a way with children. He made no advances and waited patiently. Soon I was laughing with glee as he allowed me to tug at his wiskers with my busy little fingers. Then when he shaved

BEHIND~THE~TIME PHOTOS

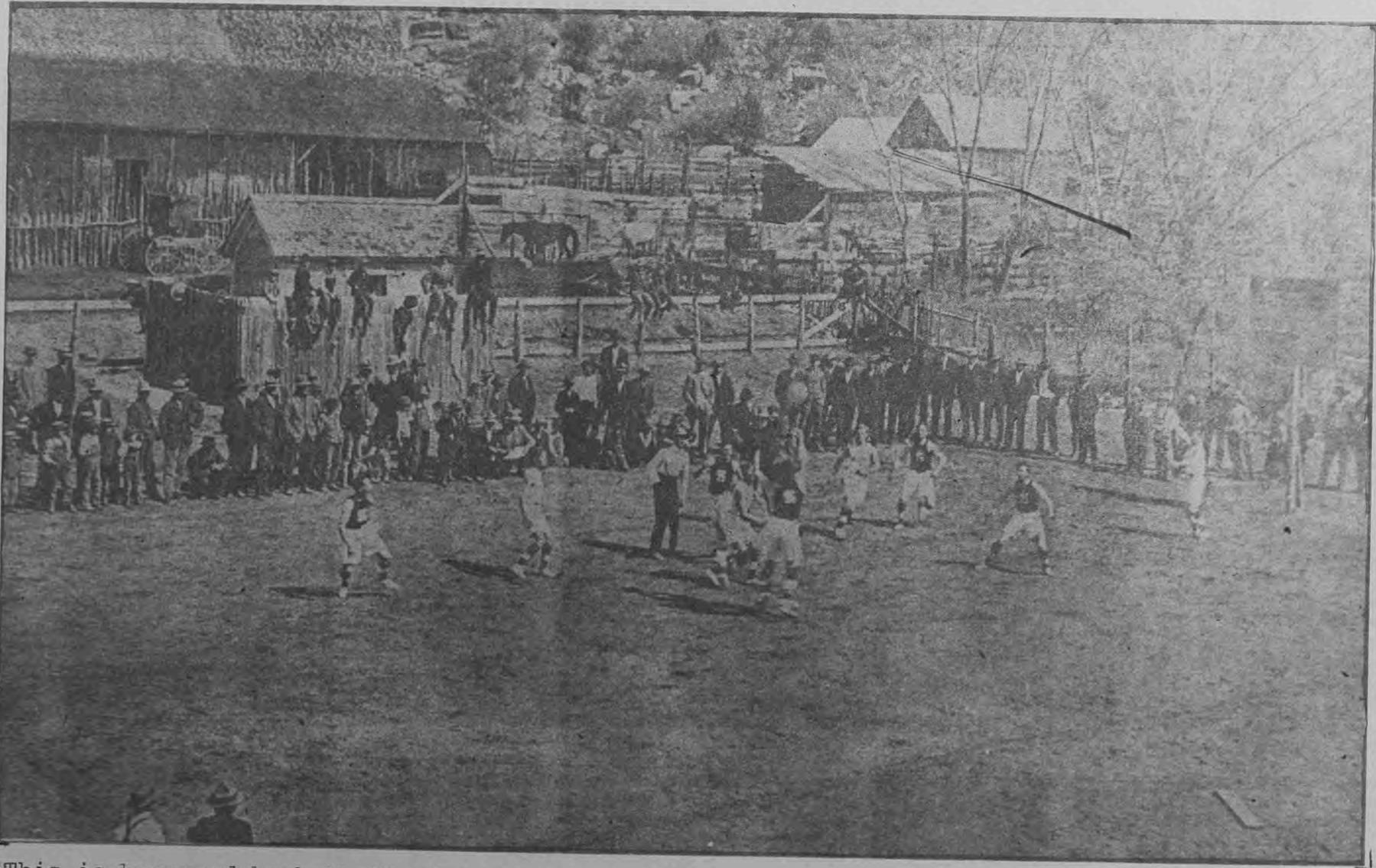
it off I let out another howl. Just can't please some babies.

The picture on the opposite page appeared in the Deseret News in Hack Miller's column under the heading: "THIS WAS BARNYARD BASKETBALL — TIE UP TO TREE, GET IN THE GAME!" Since I have only the clipping I do not know the date. I have printed the original caption that appeared with the photo under it on the opposite page. This appears to be the basketball court that we played on when I taught school in Orderville the winter of 1911-12. It must have been taken later as at that time I do not remember of suits being worn. You will note a small building in front of the large barn. It has a fence around it. A few boys and a man or two sitting on the fence. Mr Miller makes this comment: "The shed between the court and the corral is unmarked. It might have been the saddle shop, the dressing room, the milk cooler, the granary. It served as a good ^{clothes} rack." But my dear Mr Miller there were two of them, one for the girls and one for the boys. They belonged to the Sanitation Department of the Orderville Public Schools.

Permission to leave the school room and enter these small houses had to be secured from the teacher - that is the way I was brought up - in my school in Orderville I put the students on their own. They came and went as they needed the facilities. Very seldom was this privilege abused.

This was true about this old court just as Hack Miller puts it. "We didn't have to worry about such things as scratching the floor, breaking the windows, splicing the nets. For there were none of these."

I liked to play with the boys at recess. They would choose up sides. One day they had chosen up before I arrived. The captain of one team says to the other captain, "Here comes teacher, you can have him." That might give you the idea that I was not a very good player. You have it right.



"This is barnyard basketball of another era. This rare photo was made during action in an official contest at Orderville, Utah, and was submitted by Mr. and Mrs. E.J. Dahl of Kamas. Days of barnyard games are gone — but the memory lingers on. the moderns moved indoors." (So ran the caption under the picture as it appeared in the Deseret News — The date is not known to me.)

BEHIND~THE~TIME PHOTOS

One evening when Irene was President of the Sunland Ward Relief Society a young woman and her children came to stay with us until the father could call for them. After the children were asleep she picked up a pencil and started drawing horses on a scrap of paper. I asked her if she could do something like that from a word picture of an incident that had happened to me. She said that she would be happy to try. The result was the drawing on the opposite page. I attempted to add some trees and put a cap on my head instead of the hat. This I published on page 27 of Part Three. It was a flop. For the benefit of those who may not have received Part Three I shall reprint what was said there, commencing on page 25:

"I had made a loop in the rope that I led the extra horse with. This I slipped over the saddle horn - a convenient stunt when riding as I did not have to hold onto the rope. It also permitted me to lead both horses through the snowdrift in one trip. . . . As I swung my leg over the saddle and the roll of dress-up clothing tied on the back, something happened that caused the horse to buck while I had only one foot in the stirrup. Perhaps my spur touched his flank or the rope got under his tail.

Instead of bucking on down the road, he chose to leave the road and go at right angles to it. If I were to take you to the spot with the snow removed, you would never believe that two horses and a rider could go over at that point and leave both horses and the rider without a scratch or a sprain. We did it. I have told but few about it. They have listened politely and given me that strange look reserved for Baron Munchausen and other liars.

In the first place the grade is steep and covered with lava rock. Despite the rock, a thick stand of aspen has grown up to be beaten down every winter by heavy snow. All were bent over except a few near the road. These stood upright in defiance of the snow. It was one of these upstanding trees that brought me near to disaster. The bucking horse went one side of the tree, the horse on the rope went the other side and I landed free of the stirrup in between them. "

Now you know as much as the girl did who made the pencil drawing. This was made with an ordinary No 2 lead pencil on writing paper. I regret that we have lost track of her. Such talent ought to find a place somewhere.



This is the drawing I made. It so looks that it lost more than the trees and hat are worth. No artist am I. But I think that I am. Enough.

PEOPLE & THINGS WE ARE LEAVING

The picture on the opposite page is the first of a series that will show some of the people and some of the things we are leaving when we go to Bluff, Utah. We do not have pictures of all, neither do we claim to show the best. We only show what we happen to have. So dear one or dear place consider yourself one of the best if not shown.

The photo on the opposite page is one half of the total, the other half will be shown on page 13. I do not remember this picture at all. The negative for it was among some pictures given us by Treharne Jones, Irene's brother. He must have been the photographer. Mother remembers the incident and says that we all came down from Cedar in a big black car. Not all on the picture, just he and his wife, Sylvia and baby Tren, Irene Torma and your author.

The couple at the left is Uncle Olaf Sandberg and his wife Aunt Anna. The couple at the rear is Grandpa and Grandma Sandberg. Torma is just in front of Grandma and Irene is just peeking in from the Right. My arm in front of her. My brother Laron is in front of Grandpa and next to him is Willard, Uncle Olaf's oldest son. I cannot tell you the names of the other two children, but I am quite sure they belong to Uncle Olaf and Aunt Anna.

It is quite plain that the objects in the foreground are melons. The watermelons I know, but the others I do not. I guess them to be a kind of muskmelon. Who furnished them? Where was the picture taken? Perhaps some one who was there can furnish the information. Aunt Emily ~~and~~ and Aunt Bertha are not with the group. I know that Aunt Bertha was either in Marysvale or Salt Lake City. Turn to the other half.

PEOPLE & THINGS WE ARE LEAVING



PEOPLE & THINGS WE ARE LEAVING

Starting on the left at the rear is Grandma Sandberg, Torma and Irene some more. Uncle Niels Sandberg, Matilda Andrus, Randolph Andrus, (My Father and Mother), Aunt May and Uncle Elmer Sandberg. The one in front of Irene is Dolph Andrus (Me). The children on the front row all belong to Uncle Olaf or Uncle Elmer. I think the boy just in front of my mother is Edwin, Uncle Elmer's oldest son. I am sure the little girl is Ora, Uncle Elmer's only girl.

Mother related an incident about the baby that Aunt May is holding. This baby and Treharne's baby Tren looked very much alike. When Treharne returned from St George they almost succeeded in getting him to take Elmer's baby back to Cedar City with him.

We have four generations on this picture. Grandma Sandberg, Matilda Andrus, Dolph Andrus, and Torma Andrus. This was the first Great-grandchild for Steen and Bertha Sandberg.

This was but one of the many pleasant visits we made to Washington to visit with friends and relatives. When we go to Bluff there will be no more of these. So people and places in Washington take their place among others that we are giving up to go seeking the new adventure.

Uncle Olaf and his family did not live in Washington, they were just there on a visit. I think they were living in Mayfield at this time. As I look at his picture I am reminded of the winter I spent with him and Aunt Anna in Glendale when Willard was their only child. I was helping in the flour mill that he was operating there. We used to make some silly bets. I won every bet, but he never paid off. If I had of lost I would not have paid off either. We never bet less than \$50,000.00.

(please turn to page 14)



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PEOPLE & THINGS WE ARE LEAVING
13 a1



This is my brother Laron and his shepherd. He would go out to the sheep camps north of Washington and ^{get} "dogie" lambs. These were lambs whose mother had died or had refused to claim them. He would bring them home and "bottle-feed" them until they were old enough to eat grass and hay. This was an experience that I never had as a boy. I do not remember of any sheep near town at that time.

I am not sure of the date of this photo. It may have been taken after we returned from Bluff. Regardless of when it was taken, it belongs with this group, as it is something that we are leaving. You will note that Laron has a different hair-cut from the one he has in the group picture and appears to be a little older.



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I have already mentioned in Part Three that when we ~~asked~~asked Irene's father about going out to Bluff he had replied, "I wish you would go out there. I have been wanting to see that country for a long time. Perhaps if you were out there I might get Mama to take me out to see you." He is a people we are leaving and since we have some pictures of him we present the first two on the opposite page. They show the contrast in the life of the man. Seated on his favorite horse he is first and mostest a farmer and rancher. Looking at you with an eye that could see right through you he is Stake President and State Senator.

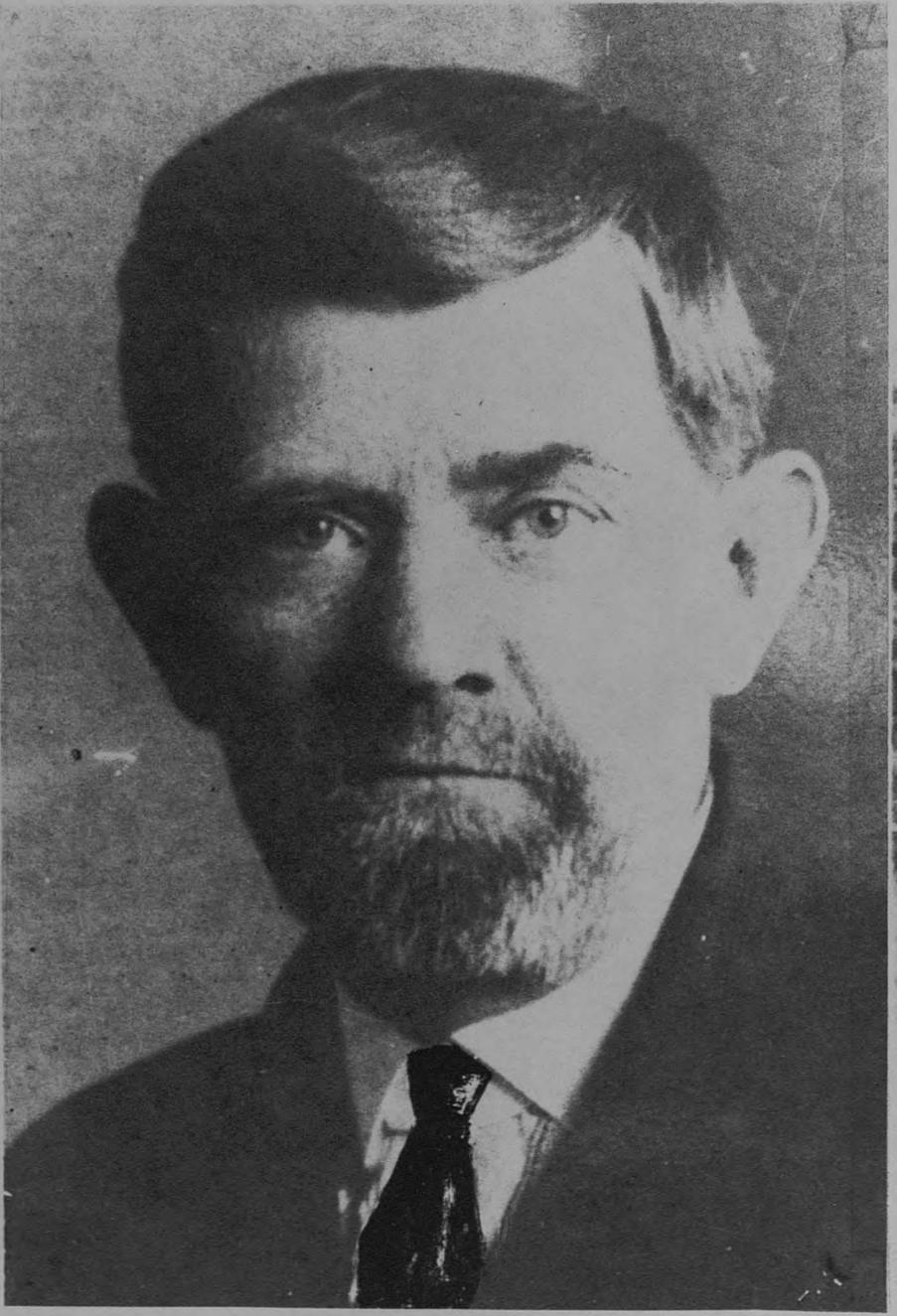
I think that I was about eight years old the first time that I saw him. He came down with some of the General Authorities from Salt Lake and they stayed at Grandpa Sproul's. They also held a meeting in the Washington School House. I do not remember what the meeting was about, but I do remember the man with the red beard sitting on the stand. If he spoke at the meeting I do not remember it.

The next time that I saw him was in Cedar City. He was speaking at a session of the MIA in the Cedar City Tabernacle. I shall never forget one remark that he made. It was quite a shocker at that time. He was speaking about thrift and mending clothes instead of buying new wearing apparel. Then he said, "I hope that all of the girls in this audience are wearing darned stockings." It could be done at that time because the dresses came down to the shoe tops.

The man with the shovels and forks on the next page brings to my mind a story that his wife Mary Alice told me about him. He was out in the field irrigating, looking very much as he appears in the picture, when a

(Cont'd on page 18)

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18-a Irene Speaking:

Dolph got mixed up in some of his page numbering and this page came out a blank as far as his story is concerned and he asked me to fill in with some things that I remember.

As he mentioned about Father Jones speaking in the Tabernacle at MIA about darned stockings I will add a clipping from the Iron County Record of October 1961 titled "CEDAR RESIDENT'S REMARKS WELL WORTH RECALLING.-

"It's surprising how pertinent remarks of the past can apply to our present day conditions and living.

Such is the case regarding remarks made to students at the Branch Agricultural College spoken on Tuesday December 24 1924 by U T Jones, prominent Cedar City Resident, now deceased.

Addressing students at the College Mr Jones had this to say in 1924; 'We should confine our wants to our present ability to pay.' He also commented, 'We should be satisfied with what we have. Nothing is more tragic than one who spends more than he earns.'

These comments were brought to the attention of the Record through a clipping taken from the Iron County Record published at that time.

The report indicated that Mr Jones portrayed the circumstances surrounding the old age of man. Upon this theme he developed his talk, urging the students to conserve their resources, their health, and their energies to store up for old age.

His concluding remarks were, 'We live with ourselves . . . and we want to live with an honest, wholesome and vigorous man.'

Application of these same principles could well be taken by students and citizens of today. Those same remarks may even be more pertinent today than when they were spoken 37 years ago."

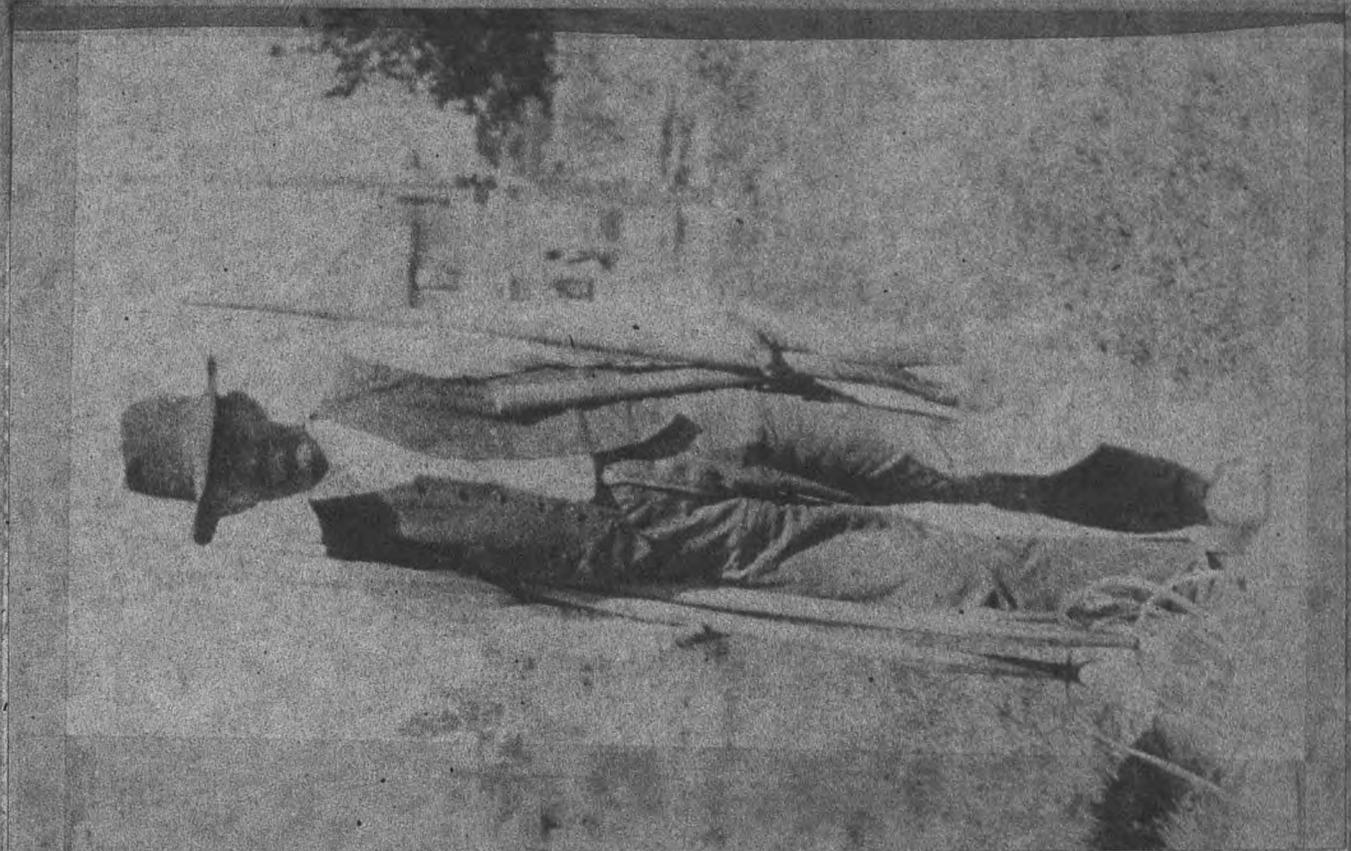
+++++

Dolph says on page 18 that Grandma Higbee had passed away. She did not die until 1918. The picture on the opposite page is a Four Generation Group. Grandma Higbee, Mother, Abbie and Virginia.

It reminds me of the time I graduated from the Third Year Normal in June 1910. There was an Alumni Banquet. Graduates were expected to bring their partners. I wanted to ask Dolph, but there was a fee for the Banquet and Dance and I did not know what to do about it. It did not seem right to ask a fellow to go when he would have to pay. Would it be proper for me to pay? So I hesitated. The day of the Banquet drew near.

Somehow Dolph got into conversation with Abbie. She and Lyle lived in the South part of the old home and we lived in the North part. I was not home. Dolph has told me since and Abbie told me at the time that she had informed him of my problem. Well, anyway I asked him and we went to the Banquet.

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man rode up and said, "My good man I am looking for President Uriah T Jones, can you tell me where I might find him?" He took plenty of time to answer, cleared his throat and said with a merry twinkle in his eye, "You are asking him where he is." The man just about fell off his horse. He did get off his "high horse" and pretty sudden.

The picture of Mary Alice, Abbie, Virginia, and Grandma Higbee, I have borrowed from Irene's Story, so some of you will get it twice. The picture was taken a short while before I met any of the people on it but still looked about the same at the time of our leaving, except that Grandma Higbee had passed away. I never heard Mama scold Papa but once. He had just purchased a new Buick car. I was driving. Mama and Irene were in the back seat. We were on our way to New Castle. As we came out of the cedars (junipers) and started down that long slope, he said "Turn off the engine, put it in neutral and let's see how far it will coast." We picked up speed. The road was smooth. I knew the road and said, "It is going to get rough soon I had better slow it down." "No", he said, "Don't touch the brake." I let it go and we hit a small wash that crossed the road. Mama's head hit the bow in the roof of the car. All she said was, "Good heavens! Do you want to kill us all?" It was not much, but the tone was terrific. I never did find out if it was meant for him or not. She may have been speaking to me, but I shall always think that it was directed at Papa.

Abbie, Irene's sister, and Virginia we are leaving. They were part of the homestead. We shall have more pictures of the homestead and the road to it on ~~another~~ another page.

(Cont'd on page 20)



are you going to drink it all?

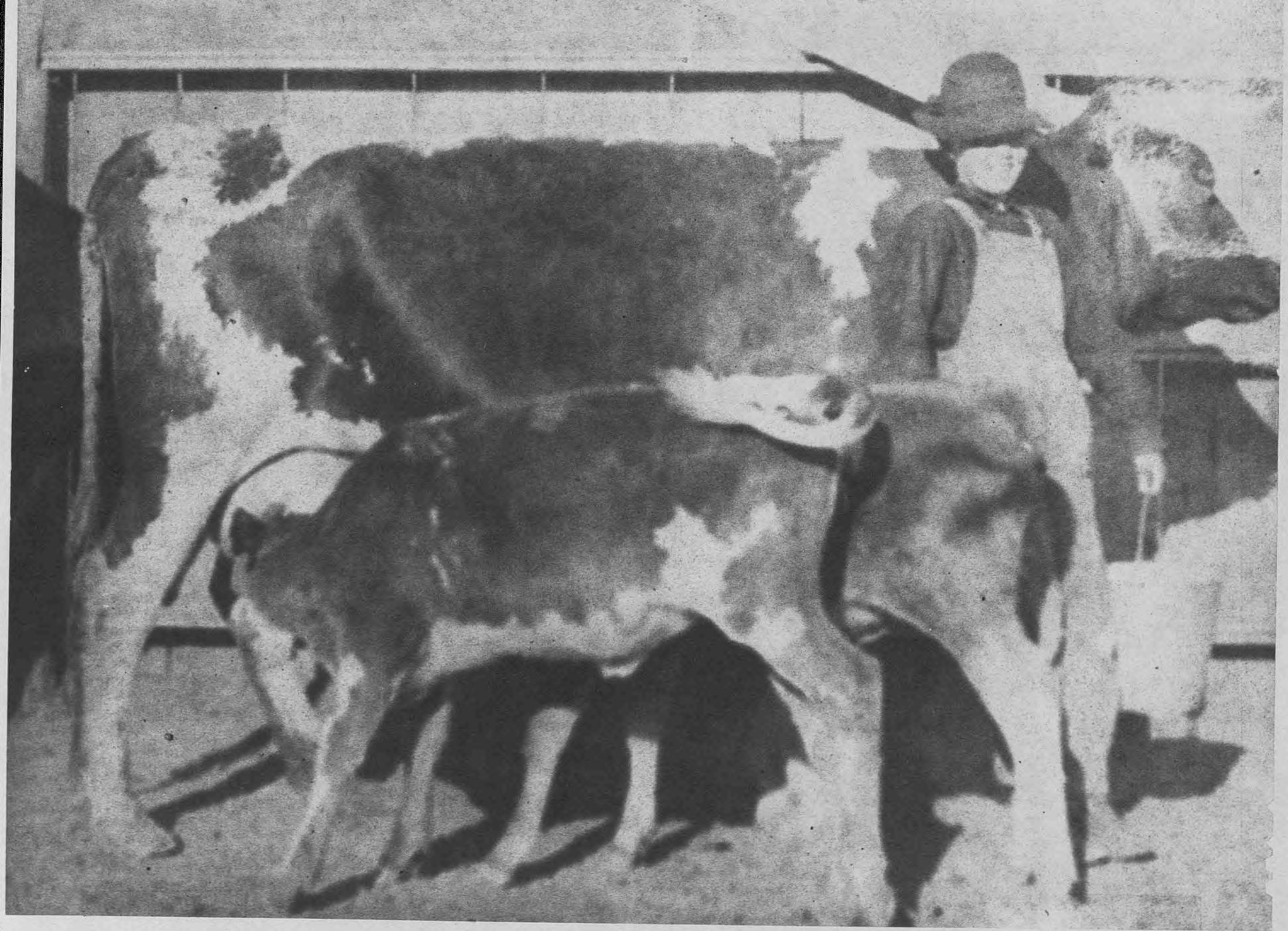
PEOPLE & THINGS WE ARE LEAVING

The photo on page 19 was taken at the A T Jones homestead near the mouth of Schurtz's Canyon. It was called Fielanks. The man with the cup is Treharne (A T) with his first baby Tren in his lap. Torma looks up at him, "Gosh! Uncle Trharne don't drink it all! I want some." Under the hat is Irene. Sylvia is reading. I took the picture. The next time you see Torma and Tren they will be strutting boldly down the Sidewalks of Salt Lake.

This is one of the many picnics and good times we had at this place. The house was small, the stove was small, but wood was in plentiful supply and the little stove turned out loads of wonderful doughnuts and other good things.

Here Treharne and I would come in the fall to hunt deer. I remember one hunt in particular. We left the house early in the morning and walked up one side of the canyon to the head and came back down the other side and never saw a single track. When we were nearing the house we came upon a spot where a bunch of deer had spent most of the day. There were piles of dung and some of it was still warm. We had let them know we were coming as we were careless in our approach as we had given up all thought of deer. We were wet, cold and hungry. It had snowed or sleeted on us all day. We had our minds on food and heat.

If we had only known that they were coming we could have left the house at the right time to meet them without walking all day in the wet and cold. Such is deer hunting in the far west. We never saw a single hunter, neither did we hear a single shot. That could not be done today. There are hunters and shooting all over the place.

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the original milking machine

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The picture on page 21 is that of a young lad at milking time. The place is the U T Jones corral in Cedar City. He seems to be saying, "Let 'um have it. The more they take the less I will have to take. When I grow up I am going to take my milk from the front porch."

The top picture on the opposite page is a scene from the same place. The gentleman on the right looks like the old Jersey Bull that taught me the meaning of the expression, "We have a Bull by the Tail." I was driving the gentleman and his ladies up from the pasture and as he lagged behind the herd I took hold of his tail. He turned on me. There was a tree handy. Just made to order. It leaned enough so that I could run up the trunk far enough to be out of his reach. He pawed the dust for a bit and then went on into the corral.

The cow at the right reminds me of Old Mac, a cow that I milked at the homestead on the mountain. I did not have a nice tail-holder, like the man in the photo, so I tied her tail to her legs. She expressed herself by painting her tail a warm green. Then she worked it loose and smacked me on my "kisser" with it. I looked up to see that Irene's mother was watching the show. I said to her, "Will you please go into the house so that I can say a few words to this cow?" She was a wise woman and went. By the time I had cleaned my mouth I had cooled down and had forgotten what I was going to say, so I went on milking.

Note: Some people who read this may not know the meaning of the words: "Milking a cow." This picture will show them how it was done. The man is dressed better than usual and the tail-holder was not commonly used. The man is sitting on his own. Quite often a small stool was carried by the milker. Sometimes it was strapped to the milker, so that when he got up the stool arose with him.

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bull-calves-colts



a kind of milk-pump

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The top picture on the opposite page was taken in the "Gulch". This

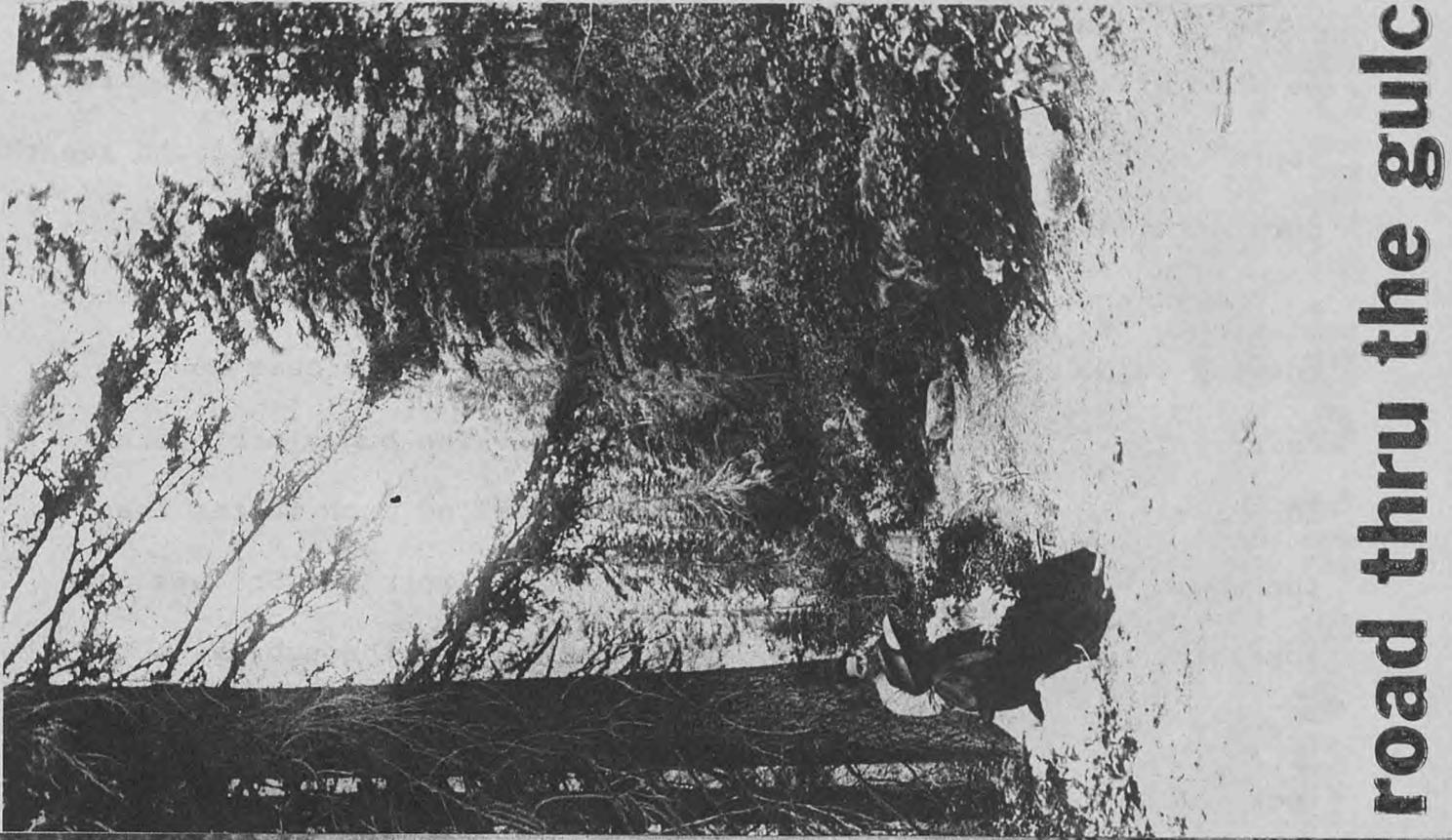
was part of the road through the Cedar Canyon on the way to our homestead. I shall never forget the thrill I got when I rode through it ^{first} for the ~~first~~ time. I had been raised in the rocks and sand of Dixie. A few scrubby juniper (cedar) trees looked like a forest to me. But here I beheld great tall trees, overhanging rocks, narrow channels between the cliffs, long stretches of muddy road covered with aspen logs to keep the wheels from sinking, dark cool shadows, and everything so new and different to what I had been used to. Now I was leaving it all without knowing that I would never see it again as it was then. The next time I saw it men had cut down the trees and changed the road.

The other picture is Uncle Jed's Ranch. It was much nearer the Gulch than our place. The setting, the tall aspen trees, the dense groves of small aspen mixed with pine is so much like our surroundings that I wished to print it to show you what our place was like. (We do not have a good photo of our homestead.)

I stopped here one night on my way to the sheep camp. Uncle Jed's family were living here at the time. I was treated to my first dish of curds and cream. The family were milking cows and making cheese. I did not know then that it would soon be a familiar dish to me, for in a few years we were doing the same thing on the side of the Black Mountain.

Now we are leaving it all for a new experience in Bluff. Do you wonder why? So do we, but the experience in Bluff was a rewarding one and we can hardly wait to tell you about it. We have two more pictures to show and a few words to say about them. Then we will begin of story about Bluff.

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road thru the gulch



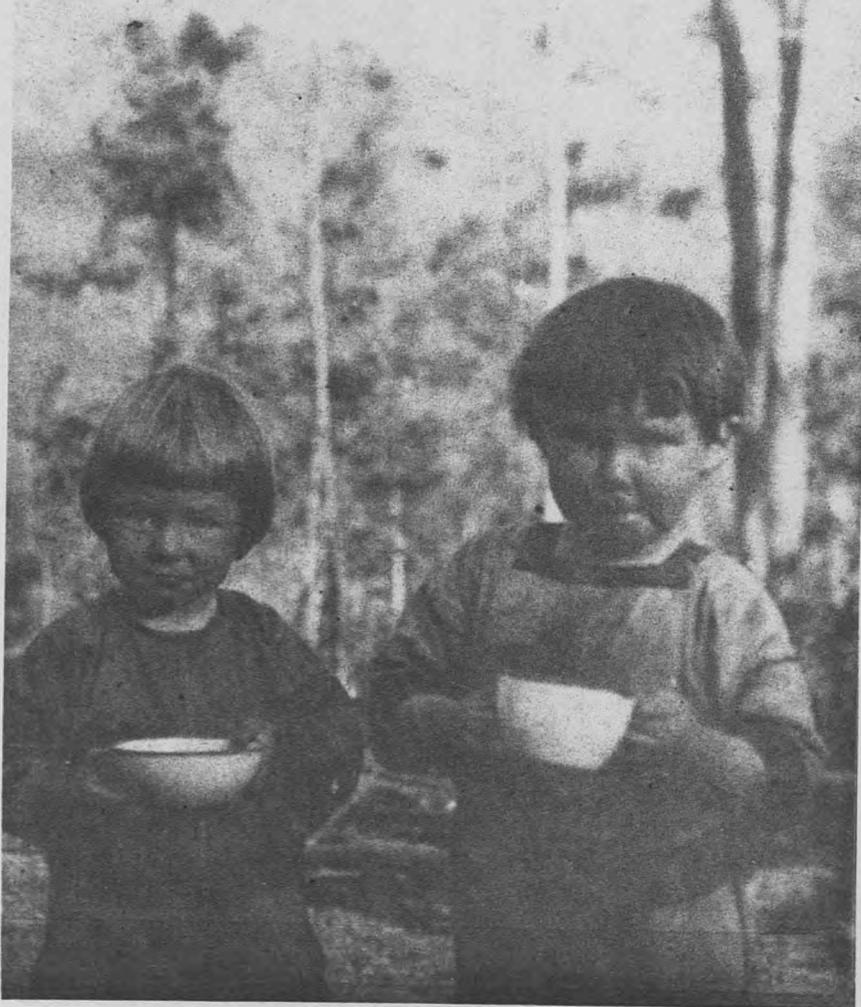
uncle jed's ranch

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The top picture on the opposite page shows one or more of the cows we were milking. It is not very clear, but it proves that we had tall aspen trees. We overlooked the valley and far below us we could see the dark gash in the green velvet that was the "Gulch".

One summer Papa, Mama and brother Laron came from Washington in a covered wagon to visit us. Irene's father and mother came up from Cedar City in a buggy. Mama came with them. The buggy arrived at our place early in the afternoon as it travelled much faster than the wagon. Night came and no wagon. Mama was worried. She was sure something had happened along that "horrible road through the GULCH." Irene's mother thought we should go and look for them. Irene and I took the lantern and went down the mountain side. We found them. They had camped. They were in bed sound asleep. When Papa came out of the Gulch it was dark and he could not find the road to our place. So he did the sensible thing. He camped and waited for daylight.

The bottom picture shows what life was like for the children. The playground was in a beautiful setting with bright sunshine in the day time and cool clean air at night. A few rainy days, but not too many. There were many trips with the adults hunting wild strawberries and raspberries. On a hill near the house mushrooms came out in abundance. Poison? We never worried about that. This is the last of a few places and people we are leaving. We turn now to pictures of the land and people we are going to visit. Irene and Torma will return for one more summer, but for me, I am leaving forever, except for one night, which I shall tell you about later.



torma-elma-bowls



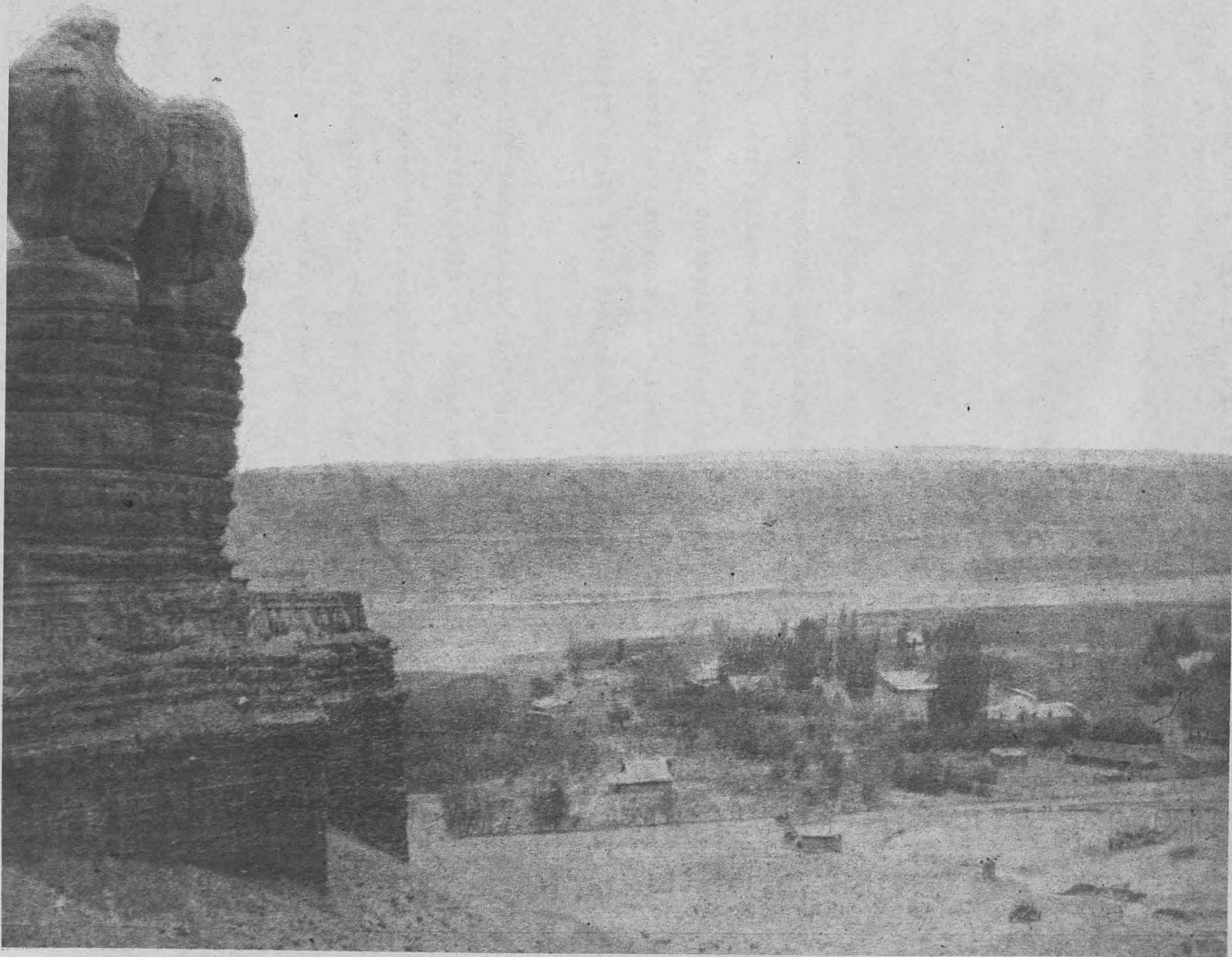
cows at our ranch

THE DRAMATIC REGION AND PEOPLE

If you have ever read anything about Bluff, Utah and the article was illustrated the chances are that you have seen the picture on the page opposite. No picture of Bluff would be complete without the Navajo Twins. My knowledge of geology is very limited and will not allow me to name the stone out of which they are carved. It is sandstone and the style of sculpture is very modern, but the tools used in producing the work are dateless. Wind and rain did the work long before Bluff was settled.

In order to get a true picture of Bluff and the "Twins" you will need to move your camera to other positions. If you will come with me we shall try a few "shots." If you have no case for climbing sandstone cliffs you had better wait here until I return with the photos. "But why bother?", you ask, "What's wrong with this picture?" Shall I tell you? I will. I am noted for fault-finding. Take a pencil in your hand and hold it so that you can see the entire pencil from eraser to point. Now turn it so that you look only at the end, either end. All you will see is a circle. Note that as you turn, you see less and less of the true pencil.

That is the first fault of this picture. The sandstone cliffs in the distance are across the San Juan River from Bluff. They extend beyond the town and end with Point Lookout. If you "shoot across" you miss Point Lookout and part of the town, which is just what our taker of this picture did. If you turn so as to include Point Lookout you are looking down the pencil and getting less of a true picture. If you care to wait here I will be back with some pictures that are poor photography, but they let you see Bluff as we saw it.



This is a way to look at Bluff and the Navajo Twins- For other viewpoints. — Turn & Look !

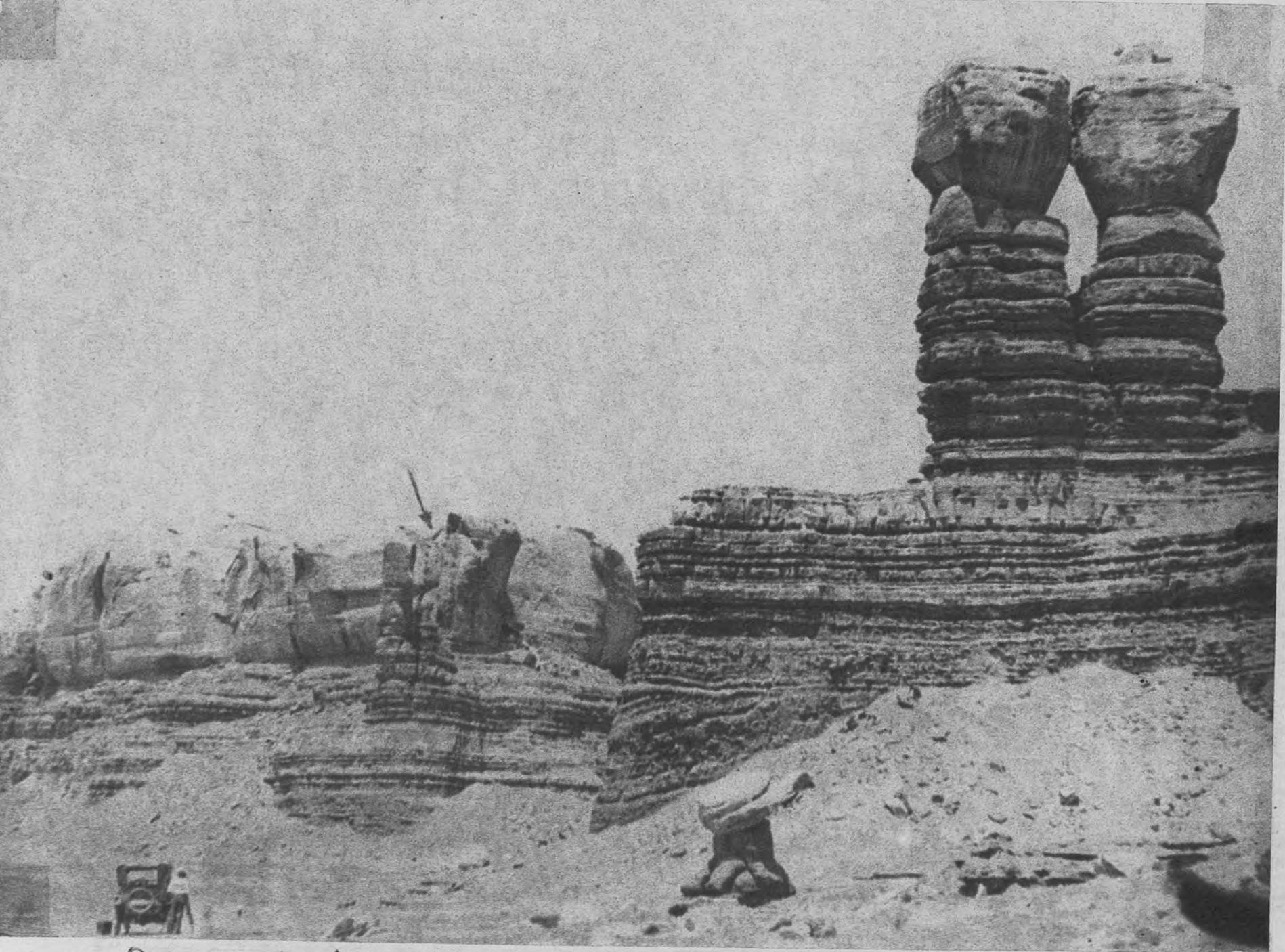
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There is one other fault with our first picture. It gives the impression that the "Twins" stand alone. While I am getting the other "shots" take a look at this on the opposite page. This was taken by a professional, L.W. Clement. You will hear more 'bout him later. Together with our wives and Torma, we took many photos with a Graflex and 5,000 feet of Mothion Picture Film. Tell you about this later and show you most of the still photos.

It is quite evident that "the twins do not stand alone". They are only a small part of a great sandstone mesa that matches the cliffs on the other side of the river. It is on top of these cliffs that I am going for the other photos. No. I will not go straight up the cliff. I will go up one of the many picturesque little canyons that break the monopoly of the sandstone wall. There is one just back of the "twins" but I shall go farther down the river.

Note the arrow and the dotted outline. This was another pair of twins when the people of Bluff settled here. At first all the building was done with logs, later they started building with sandstone. I do not remember the name of the man, all I remember the indignation of the people of Bluff over the crime. For it was a crime to take blasting powder and blow one of the twins off its perch to get building stone. (Dotted lines indicate missing twin). The people of Bluff had buildings of stone all over town and never found it needed the slaying of a twin. There was still plenty of sandstone all over the place.

The car, a Model T Ford, gives an idea of the size of the babies. In the foreground is Balanced Rock. Show you a "close-up". Later, not now.



Once-upon-a-time there were two sets of twins.—Arrow points to position of "blasted" twin

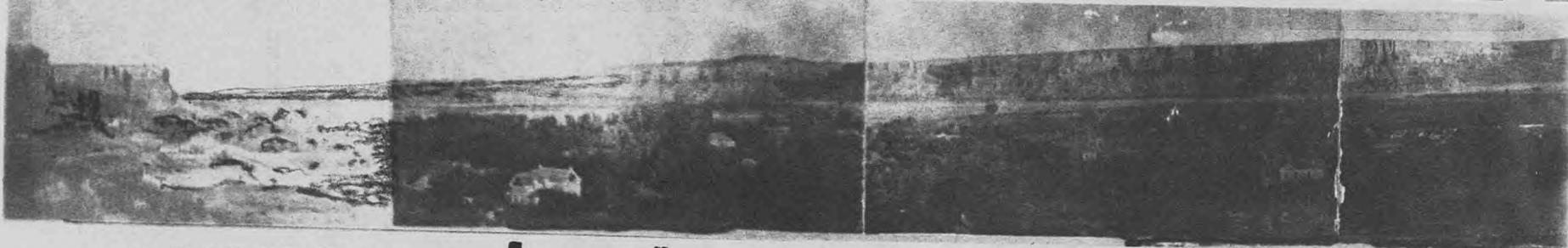
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Well, here I am back with the pictures on the opposite page. Let me tell you about them. (Please excuse me while I jump from here to then) The four small pictures joined make a panoramic view of Bluff from the Twins to Point Lookout as taken originally. Part of the fourth photo is missing. I could not get it all on the page without making it very small, so on the next page I will show an enlargement of it. Then you will see Point Lookout and proof that I was up among the rocks. How did I take this?

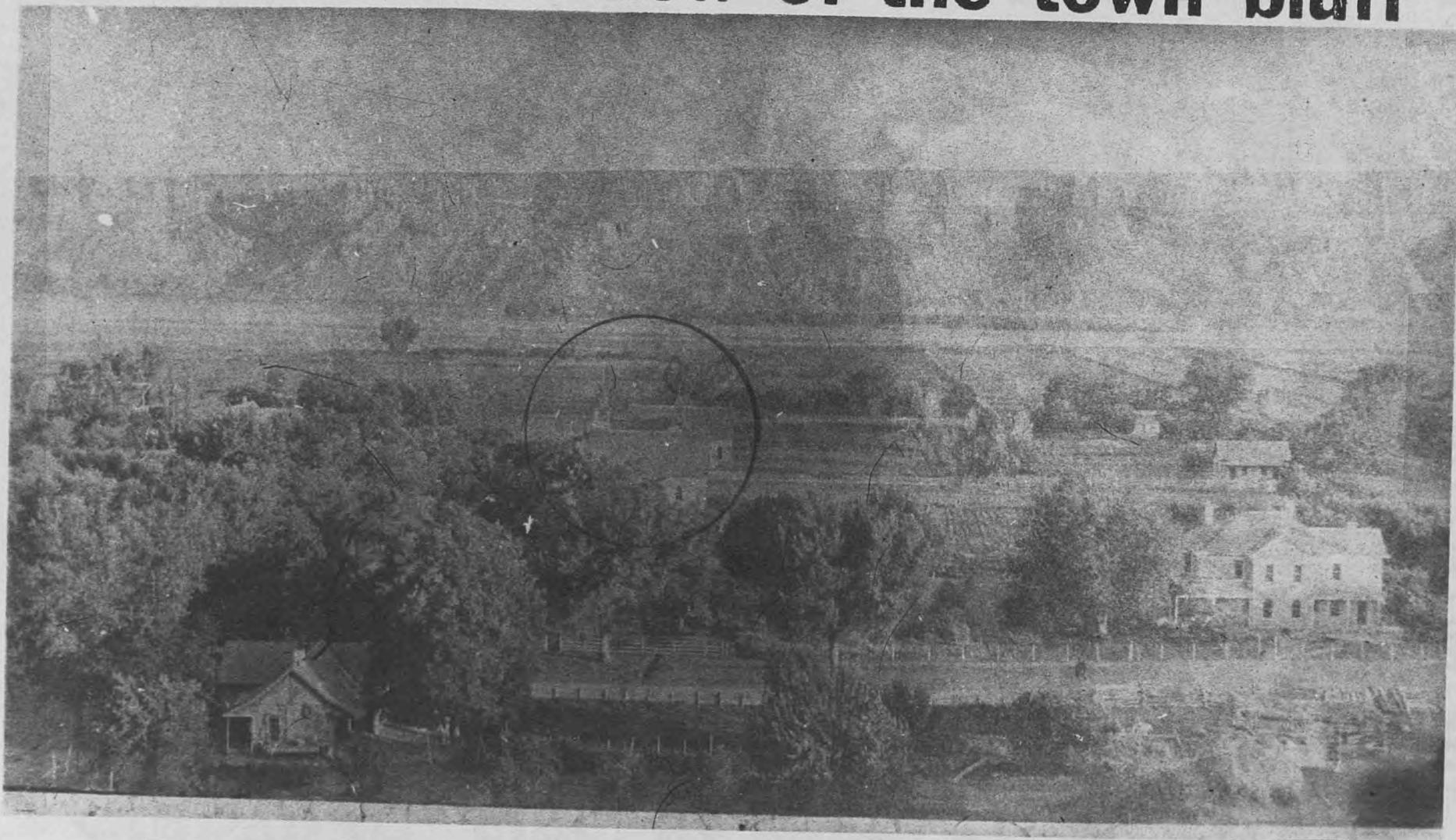
I fixed the tripod firmly on the rocks, then turned the camera for the first picture. (This would show the Twins if it had been good photography) Spotting an object in the ground glass on the right I turned the camera until it was on the left for the next shot. I developed the negatives, made the prints and fastened them together.

Below the four small pictures I give you an enlargement of the third one. In the center is the L D S Church and just beyond the School House. The large house in the right foreground is the sandstone residence of L.H.Redd. Between the School House and the river you will note the fields of alfalfa. Over the river lies the sandstone cliffs that mark the boundry of the Navajo Indian Reservation. Ancient Cliff Dwellers homes are to be found in these sandstone bluffs. Later when we start showing pictures of the people we will show you one of these ancient Americans.

We turn the page to an enlargement of about half of the last small picture. It will include Point Lookout and will prove that I was up among the rocks to take it. The left hand side where it joins number three was damaged so I could not show it.



panoramic view of the town bluff



Church & Schoolhouse in circle

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On the left is Point Lookout, the western end of the mesa across the river from Bluff. The wide white streak is the San Juan River on its way to cut through Comb Ridge. The narrow white streak that starts on the right, runs just beyond a row of trees to join the wide streak, is Cottonwood Wash. Except at flood stage neither stream is as large as the white streaks would indicate. Most of the white that you see is sand.

The Cottonwood Wash marked the western boundry of the town of Bluff. So it was when we came. If you look at it today you will find that it marks the eastern boundry of the new town that is springing up.

As I looked toward Cottonwood I thought of an incident that occurred during the recent Indian War that was fought before we came. It was told me by the children in my school. The Indians were on the west bank of the Wash. A posse from Colorado were on this side. They had come down after a renegade Indian who had killed a Mexican during a quarell over cards. I do not remember whether any shots had been fired by either party but a Colorado man was in a prone position behind a small bush, when Old Posey came out in full view, raised his rifle and shot the man behind the bush between the eyes. Posey escaped up into the region where I am standing to take the picture on the opposite page. The rest of the band moved on down the river to Mexican Hat. What would Posey do? He was a long-time enemy. He had killed. It is quite evident that he had the town in front of him for a target.

It would be costly in lives to hunt him among the rocks. The people in Bluff spent some anxious moments until the welcome news came that Old Posey had joined the band at Mexican Hat.

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35



'Gun-sight' view of Bluff by Posey

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In the foreground of the picture on page 31 is Balanced Rock. On the opposite page we give you a close-up of the "pebble". The large mass on the right is the base of the Twins. Beyond it and between it and the Rock is the Lonesome Twin. It seems to be looking at the "bones" of its brother stacked up in some structure down in town. The small monument in the distance and to the left of the Rock is called Locomotive Rock. It is not so small when you get close to it. It is this side of Cottonwood Wash and the distant cliffs are on the other side of the Wash. Don't you think it looks like a locomotive? If it was carved to indicate that some day the railroad would come to Bluff it was a long prophetic shot, for the iron horse has not yet snorted in the town by the river. A close-up and a dream connected with this bit of sculpture will come later.

The Balanced Rock seems to be so delicately balanced that you could push it off with one hand. It is a marvel that some vandal has not done just that. I was told of another one farther west - I do not remember the exact location - much larger and the point that it balanced on much smaller. Some nut took a pole and pried it off its perch. Mexican Hat takes its name from another balancing act of nature. This one looks like a Sombrero balanced on its pointed crown.

Now for a drink of cool clear water. "Water?, you ask, "Where will you find water among these dry rocks?" Well I am no Moses to strike the rock and have it rush forth, but if you will walk with me just a few steps in the direction of the Locomotive I will show it to you. Now all that you have to do is turn the page and here we are. Step up and have a drink.



Balanced Rock at base of Twins

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In 1907 men came to drill for oil at Mexican Hat. The always alert people of Bluff took advantage of their presence and prevailed upon them to use their "rigs" to drill for water. The well in the picture was run into ditches and used to irrigate orchards and gardens. Another well was connected to a pipeline system to provide water for the homes. This water did not see daylight until the tap was turned. Samples were sent away for analysis. The per cent of mineral was very low.

When cars came to Bluff this low mineral content became the subject for a great argument. The instructions read that nothing but distilled water was to be used in the battery. There were those who said, "This water is almost as pure and it will do for the battery." The other side maintained, "Even the small amount of mineral might injure the plates and that's what the book says and I am going to go by the book." Some did and some didn't and I never heard of any ruined batteries that could be charged to the water.

Just beyond the Locomotive Rock, on the east bank of Cottonwood Wash is a small alfalfa farm. At the base of the Rock a well was drilled, an earth dam was placed in a small canyon and the water stored for irrigating the alfalfa. This was "the old swimming hole."

There are many other points of interest that I could show you, but I think we should walk in the streets of Bluff and meet some of the people. Before we do this I should like to give you a short account of why and how these people settled in this interesting spot.

I did not use the word "Dramatic" with the meaning usually given it. Perhaps interesting would have been more fitting. Certainly here is a great story. I give you some phrases used by others to describe it.



water pure enough for your bat'ry

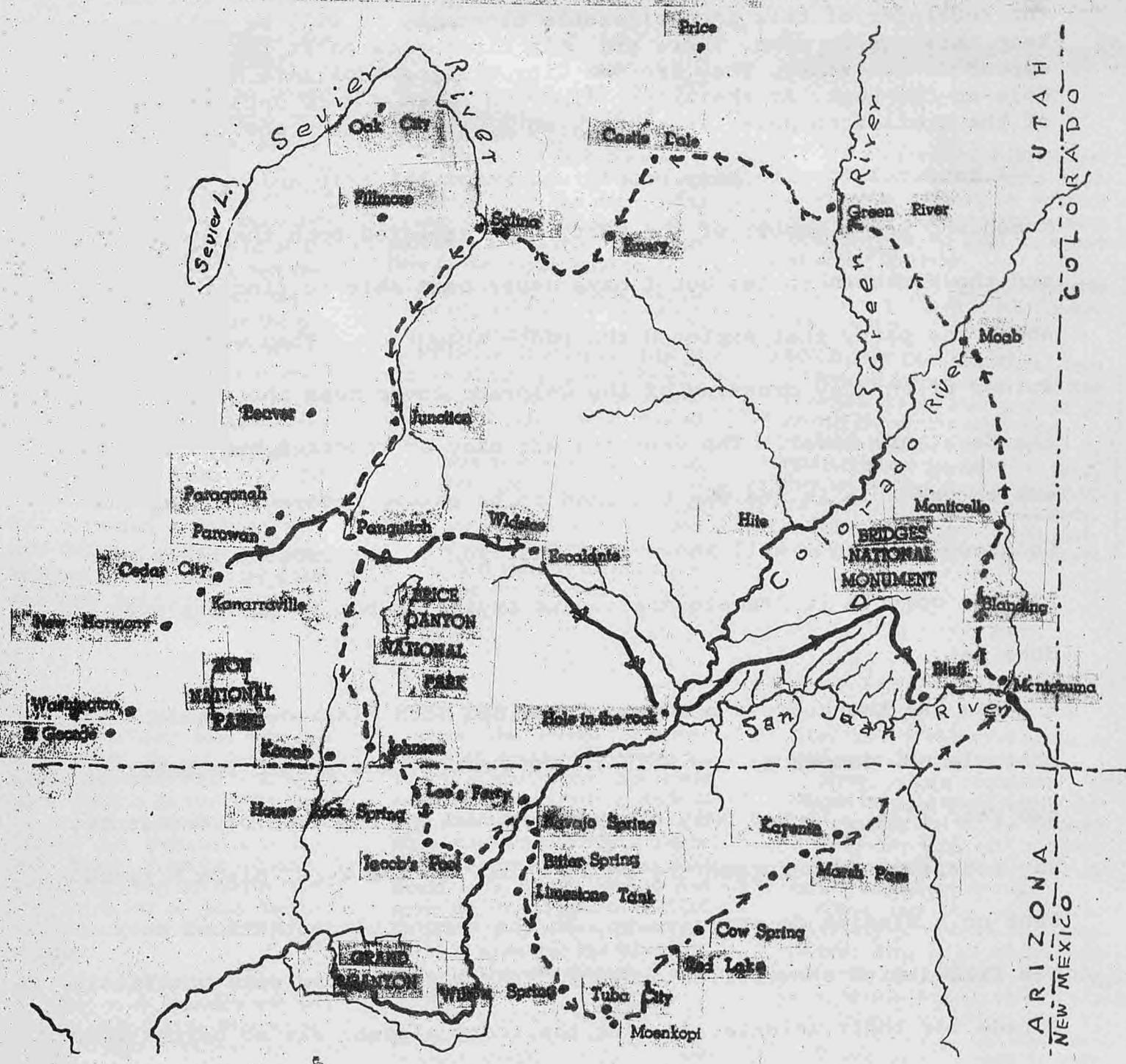
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"A strange mixture of blunder, ingenuity and heroism," . . . "A poorly informed exploring party chose the route." . . . "They had more faith than knowledge of the typography." . . . "When they reached Cottonwood Wash there was not a person, an ox, or a horse in the train with strength enough to go another foot." . . . "the net result of that toilsome trip . . . one settlement, Bluff, snatched from the Gentiles." . . . "The Gentiles wouldn't have had it as a gift." ' ' . . . But the Mormons have kept it and made it profitable after a fashion." . . . "Inearly fall Bluff is a pleasant place to be."

So much for a few of the many comments made by various writers. The purpose of the trip is best expressed in the words of President John Taylor of the LDS Church when he ordered the San Juan Mission in 1879
 ". . . to cultivate good will of the Indians and preserve law and order."
 The preservation of "law and order" was a big assignment, but making a road along the route chosen to get there proved to be even bigger. It is not our intention to give a detailed account of this trek, which passed through the famous "Hole-in-the-Rock" on the Colorado River. Such an account would tell of many problems equal to the passage through the narrow cleft in the canyon wall. More will be said about the other problems when we follow their old wagon road later on in our story. For the moment we present a map and two pictures of the "Hole-in-the-Rock."
 To those who wish to read an excellent account of the trip we suggest "Hole-in-the-Rock by David E. Miller. We have a clipping from the Deseret News not dated, presenting excerpts from the book. We quote the Editor's Note:

"Hole-in-the-Rock pioneers, 250 strong, in 1879, carved a wagon road through 200 miles of America's most rugged country to the outpost they were to build on the San Juan River. An exploring expedition the previous year reached the San Juan by way of the Navajo Indian reservation to the south and returned along the old Escalante Trail to the north as

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ROUTE TAKEN BY EXPLORING PARTY ---> HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK ROUTE ———>

indicated on the map above. But the southern route presented Indian dangers to a large company, and the northern route was considered too long. Thus, the route was chosen that instead of the expected six weeks took six months of the most exacting toil."

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(Note: You have just turned a page on a map. If you intend to read the remainder of this inconsiderable biography it will be well to keep this map in mind. There are only five spots on it that do not appear in the story. They are: Oak City, Widstoe, Escalante, Hite and Hole-in-the-Rock. At the proper time and place a more detailed map of the trail from Hole-in-the-Rock to Bluff with many photographs.)

I have talked with many people who made that trip and with Uncle Kumen, who was a member of the party that explored both the Southern and the Northern routes, but I have never been able to find anything about the party that explored the route they took. They were informed of an easy crossing of the Colorado River near the mouth of the Escalante River. The crossing was okay as reported, but there was an obstacle in the way that had to be passed before reaching the Colorado. It is a well known fact that you do not cross a river until you come to it. People are always trying it, but no one has ever done yet.

When the two hundred members of the San Juan Mission hit this obstacle, now famous as the Hole-in-the-Rock, it was a cold December of the year 1879. It was only sixty miles back to the town of Escalante. Why not return and forget the whole thing? In the first place Mormons sent on a Mission do not give up. In the second place, the road back was filled with snow-filled canyons. They were trapped with but little forage for their animals. In fact the rocky plateau was so barren that fire-wood was almost impossible to obtain.

Let us have a look at the obstacle. We quote from the Deseret News, which in turn is quoting from Dr. Miller's book "HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK."

THE DRAMATIC REGION AND PEOPLE

(Excerpts from Dr. Miller's new book, "Hole-in-the-Rock")

THE COMPANY on December 14, 1879, found itself face to face with the most difficult obstacle to be encountered on the whole trek—the Hole-in-the-Rock. Here was a narrow cleft in the solid wall of the Colorado River gorge, a cleft that was really not much more than a very narrow crack before the pioneers widened it into a wagon road.

The exact width of this crack cannot be definitely determined. Most accounts agree that it was too narrow to allow passage for man or beast. However, on December 16 Platte D. Lyman was able to conduct a "survey" of it with the aid of a square and level; he found that the new road would drop eight feet to the road for the first third of the distance to the

In order to have conducted such a survey, he must have been able to enter the slit and descend for some distance—at least so it would seem. Possibly he was lowered into the crevice by rope in the same manner that workmen were lowered shortly thereafter; Lyman's silence regarding this matter, however, leads one to doubt that he was dangled over the cliff in this manner.

AT ANY RATE, the notch was found to be too steep and narrow to allow men to pass up and down through it as they went to work on the wagon road toward the river.

All accounts agree that during the early stages of the roadbuilding operations, men were either lowered over the cliff on ropes or

climbed down the trail, some two miles upstream; previously used by the scouts.

Within a few days, however, a foot trail through the Hole was completed, after the ropes began to wear thin and men became more and more reluctant to trust their lives to the fraying strands.

The first and most difficult obstacle was at the very top of the Hole. By climbing about 50 feet up an incline of approximately 25 degrees, along the edge of the narrow slit, the men found themselves at the brink of a sheer drop of 45 feet.

It was now necessary to cut away that huge block of solid sandstone in order to approach the lower portion of the notch which the leaders considered feasible for a road. The existing narrow crack had to be widened and deepened on a grade that would not be too

FROM THE BASE of that 45-foot drop, the crevice broadened somewhat, being wide enough for wagons in most places. But it was exceedingly steep, with a grade of approximately 45 degrees, full of pits and strewn with huge boulders.

There were some places that would have to be widened and many that would need to be filled in order to pass over the huge blocks of stone that had fallen into the notch from the sheer walls towering above.

This condition continued for approximately a quarter of a mile or about one-third of the distance to the river. From that point the notch fans out still more into a sort of canyon.

The upper part of this canyon, but still below the notch itself, the pioneers found to consist mostly of solid rock, but the grade was not quite so difficult, and by comparison a road could quite easily be built there.

The bottom third of the descent was mostly through deep sand, which was probably a welcome change for wagonmasters going down because the sand would act as a sort of brake.

Today the sandy soil supports a thriving patch of poison ivy and other shrubs.

ONCE THE COLORADO had been reached and crossed, their still remained the difficult problem of getting out on the other side.

Since several of the men had already explored the east river bank, they understood the immensity of the problem facing the company. In order for wagons to roll eastward a road would have to be hewn

from the face of a solid sandstone wall some 250-feet high.

Even when completed, of course, the road would merely take the company out of the Colorado River gorge; there still remained ahead approximately 150 miles of almost impassable country.

There were thus three major road-building tasks to be accomplished: First of all the notch itself (the real Hole-in-the-Rock) must be put in order; secondly, a road through the region lying between the base of the solid rock cliffs and the river must be completed; thirdly, a dugway out of the river gorge to the east must be cut from the solid rock wall.

All these projects must be finished before another wagon wheel would turn.

* * *

THE DRAMATIC REGION AND PEOPLE

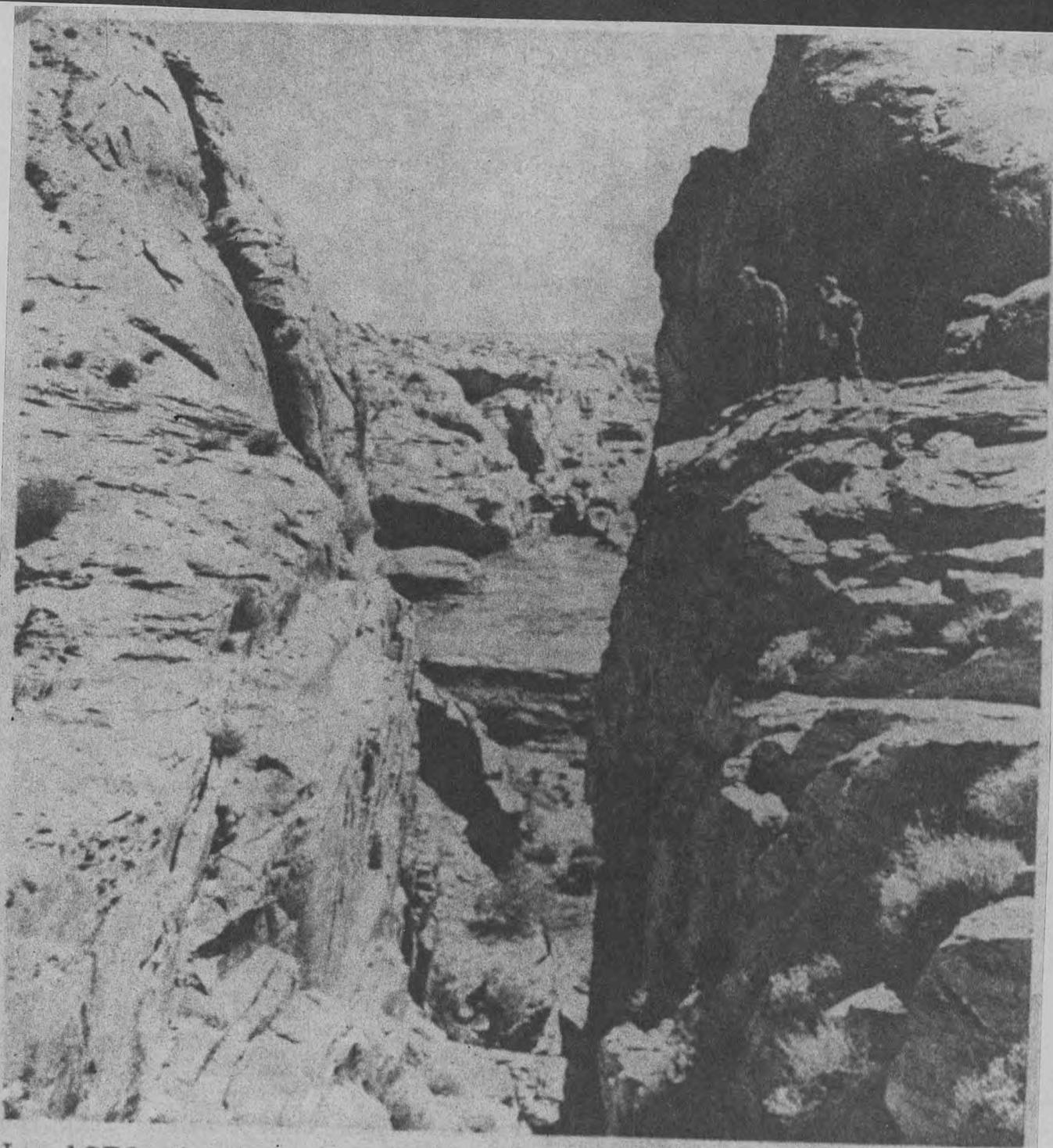
Now that you have read a few clippings taken from the Deseret News Article on Dr. Miller's book describing the obstacle, glance at the page opposite and look at the "Hole-in-the-Rock" as it appeared many years after the piomeers had passed through it. I do not know where I got this picture, so cannot give credit for it. Notice the human figures on the ledge at the right. Compare their size with the opening cut through solid rock. The original 'slit' was barely wide enough to permit the passage of a man's body. Why take on an obstacle like this when they could have taken the Southern Route and avoided it and a lot of other obstacle that lay between them and their object.

The only thing that has been said against this route was that it presented too much danger from the Indians. An armed escort would have been cheaper than all the work they had to do in order to get down to the river and up the other side to say nothing about the remainder of the road to Bluff.

In the spring of 1917 I drove an automobile over the Southern Route. There had been very little road building. Roads were made by driving over the ground. This is evidence that the route did not pass through difficult terrain. Notice the many springs along the way. Firewood and forage for animals is fairly good along the entire route.

The same summer I followed a pack outfit over most of the route they took from Bluff to the "Hole-in-the-Rock. It took a carefully prepared map and a watchful eye to make our way around and through the many box canyons. Does not speak well from where I saw it.

THE DRAMATIC REGION AND PEOPLE



In 1879, Mormon pioneers, with wagons and cattle, made their way down the steep gap of Hole-in-the-Rock to cross the Colorado River over 1,000 feet below

autobiography of dolph andrus part four
THE DRAMATIC REGION AND PEOPLE

We leave you to read a more detailed account by Dr. Miller, but before we do we wish to present one more quote because it fits in so well with the picture on the opposite page. The letter was written by Elizabeth Morris Decker to her father and mother a few days after the event:

"We crossed the river on the 1st of Feb. all safe; was not half as scared as we thought we'd be, it was the easiest part of our journey. Coming down the hole in the rock was ten times as bad."

"If you ever come this way it will scare you to death to look at it. It is about a mile from the top down to the river and it is almost straight down, the cliffs on each side are five hundred ft. high and there is just room enough for a wagon to go down. It nearly scared me to death."

"The first wagon I saw go down they put on the brake and rough-locked the hind wheels and had a big rope fastened to the wagon and about ten men holding back on it and they went down like they would smash everything."

"I'll never forget that day. When we was walking down Willie looked back and cried and asked me how we would get back home."

We are running too fast. We forgot to tell you about Uncle Ben's Dugway. We start it here and finish with some Deseret News clipping along side the picture on the opposite page, which was drawn by a News Staff Artist and accompanied the article.

"At the bottom of the notch, about a third of the total distance to the river, was another sheer drop of approximately 50 feet. This had to be blasted away or otherwise disposed of."



"... And Then They Went Down Like They Would Smash Everything"

Well aware of the shortage of blasting powder and of the difficulty being experienced at the top of the Hole, Benjamin Perkins conceived the idea of avoiding this second sheer drop by tacking a road onto the face of the cliff and thus building a bypass around that 50-foot chasm.

At this point the notch widens out into a sort of canyon, affording enough room for this type of construction.

For a distance of some 50 feet along the face of this solid rock wall men were instructed to chisel and pick out a shelf wide enough to accommodate the inside wheels of the wagons. Perkins declared that he would now build the face of the cliff up so that the outside wheels would be level with the inside ones.

To accomplish this, he instructed the blacksmiths to widen the blades of drills to two-and-a-half inches; then with these tools men were instructed to drill a line of holes, each ten inches deep and about a foot-and-a-half apart, parallel with the shelf that had been chiseled out, and about five feet below it. Perkins is said to have marked the spot for each hole.

At that point the cliff falls off at about a 50 degree angle, so that while they swung the sledges the workmen had to be held in place with ropes secured by their fellows.

IN THE MEANTIME men had been sent to scour the river bank and adjacent area as far back as the Kaiparowits Plateau for oak that could be cut into stakes.

When the row of holes was completed, approximately 25 feet along the face of the cliff, these stakes, each two feet in length, were driven firmly into the holes. On top of the stakes poles were secured to the ledge and brush rock and gravel added until the face of the cliff had actually been lifted and a wagon road literally tacked on.

This is one of the most remarkable portions of the whole road. It is rightly named "Uncle Ben's Dugway" in honor of its engineer.

THE DRAMATIC REGION AND PEOPLE

I have one other photo to show you and then we will have a walk in the town of Bluff and meet some of the people. I think that this was taken from the Deseret News and the date is given. (See page 49)

When the San Juan Mission Party reached Cottonwood Wash, they were too worn out to go on up the San Juan River to Montezuma as originally intended. James Davis and family had left Cedar City on April 13 1879 and came to start the settlement at Montezuma. They came by the Southern Route. An account of this is published in the IMPROVEMENT ERA for Jan. 1941, page 20. We quote from his journal:

"It was not until April 6, 1880, that the second company arrived, six months after they had left Cedar City. They had spent most of the time in "Hole-in-the-Rock" They settled twenty miles down the river at a place called Bluff. A few came to live with us."

The pioneers at Bluff found plenty of cottonwood trees which furnished the logs to build homes and a combined Church and School House. As late as 1918 we found one of these log houses still occupied. It had a dirt floor and a dirt roof. We visited this family many times during our stay in Bluff. More about that later on.

Two of the men in the photograph, Kumen Jones and James B Decker, went with the Davis family and the Harriman family to Montezuma. There were a number of others from Cedar City and the nearby settlements who went along to help with roadmaking and in case of Indian trouble.

Of the five men in the photograph, only Kumen Jone (Uncle Kumen) was living in Bluff when we came there. The others had either died or moved away.

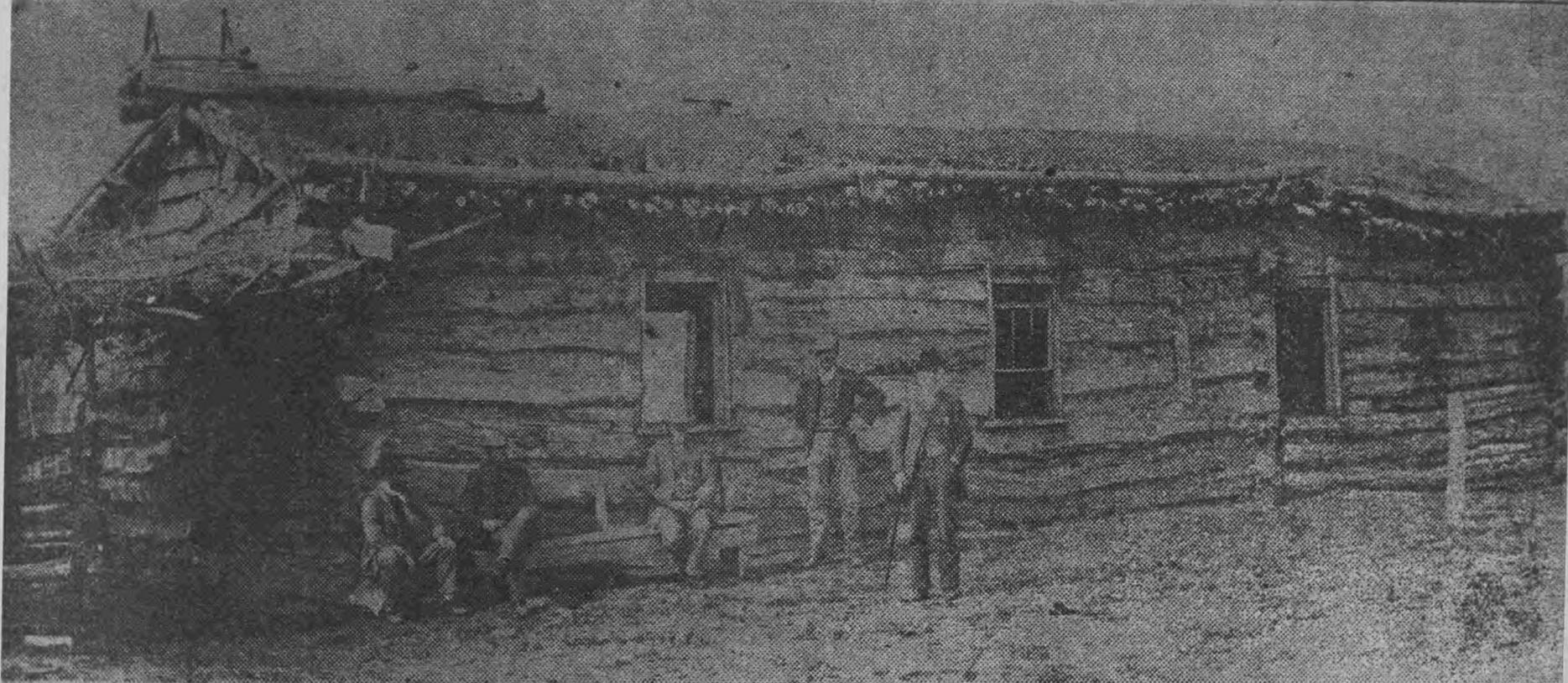
I think that the widow of James B Decker was postmaster when we arrived and I later took her place, but anyway she had a stone for her husband's grave that had been laying around for several years. It needed a concrete base. There were no concrete men in Bluff. She asked me if I could set it up for her. I said that I knew a little bit about it and would try if she would get me a bag of cement. So it became my job to erect a monument to the memory of James B Decker.

Historians have commented and in most cases have complained about the lack of wisdom in choosing the route. I have also put in my 26¢ worth. Perhaps there is more wisdom here than meets the eye. For one thing they learned to work together, a thing most needed in the establishment of a settlement. Read the history of colonies and you will find many failures despite favorable land and climate, simply because they lacked this one element. Many developed skills that they did not know they possessed. Do you recall Uncle Ben and his tacked on dugway?

The big task before them was to force the river to stay away from their door and provide them with a dependable supply of irrigation water. This would take every skill and muscle that they could muster. The river completely wiped out the settlement at Montezuma. Those who had settled there were released to go home. Difficult as the task was at Bluff it was easier at Bluff than it would have been at Montezuma. "There is a destiny that shapes our ends."

Turn the page and we shall walk in the streets of Bluff and meet some people.

THE PHOTO ALBUM



THE FIRST CHURCH AND SCHOOL HOUSE BUILT IN BLUFF, SAN JUAN COUNTY, UTAH, IN 1880

Lucretia Lyman Ranney of Blanding, Utah, submitted this photograph which shows, left to right: Kumen Jones, Platte D. Lyman, Bishop Jens Nielson, James B. Decker, Francis A. Hammond.

BER 15, 1948

Page Elev

When the weary veterans of "Hole-in-the-Rock", "Slick Rock", and "Clay Hills" stopped at a small stream west of Bluff, they called it Cottonwood Wash, from the many cottonwoods growing on its banks. These trees provided the logs for their first homes and the first public building, a School House and Meeting House. The logs were not very straight as you can see by the photograph. It might be said that they had straight crooks. They appear that way anyway when hewn by hand. The cottonwood logs were also used to construct cribbing to try and hold the river away from their canal and fields.

THE DRAMATIC REGION AND PEOPLE

The stone building on the right is the Co-op Store. The building at the end of the street is the Pierson Hotel. You are looking east and can see the sandstone bluffs peeking over the tree tops on the left. They are north of town and extend up the San Juan River for miles, it is these that you see as you look to the east.

The street is paved with soft sand, as are all of the streets in Bluff. This type of "paving" is extra good for playing "sandlot" base ball and is the only type possible for the great game of "shinny". This game might properly be called "sandlot hockey" even though its only thing similar to hockey is the stick with which it is played. This is a crooked stick about the size and shape of the driver in a set of golf clubs. Each player is "armed with one. The only other thing needed is a ball and any kind of ball will do.

Three lines are drawn across the street, one in the middle of the block and one at each end. Sides are chosen and goals are selected one at each end of the street. The ball is buried in a pile of sand in the middle of the street on the middle line. The object of the game is to drive the ball across your own goal line and keep the opposing team from driving it across their goal line. The captains place their men where they feel that they will be most effective. Any number can play, provided there is the same number on each side.

The captains take places on each side of the mound of sand hiding the ball each facing his own goal line. At the command "Go", both start striking at the ball hidden in the sand. As the ball is uncovered it is driven toward one of the goals and the war is on. Each player must strike from the proper side, if he errs, the cry will be "Shinney on your own side!" He may get a rap on his shins for his error. Hence the name Shinney as been given to the game.

I am not sure but I think that the Navajos introduced the game to the people of Bluff, at any rate they were good at playing it, and sometimes played with the boys of Bluff.

The door of the Co-op Store is closed, so it must be Sunday. Any day of the week it would be open and we would find Aunt Mary there selling merchandise to Indians and whites.

Trading with the Indians was a long drawn out deal many times and very interesting to watch. The Indian would select several items and place them in a pile and ask, "How much?" When given the price he would take away items, or add more and then ask, "How much?" This went on until the price quoted and the articles selected pleased him and then he would buy.

Since it is Sunday and we cannot get into the store, let us go over to Aunt Mary's house and visit with her and Uncle Kumen if he is home. Their sandstone home is just one block west of the store.

There they both are, sitting on the front porch and our little daughter Torma is there with them. We ask them to pose for a picture, but in our ignorance about photography we get Uncle Kumen in the shadow and his face comes out very dark. When we showed him the print he said, "Looks just like an Indian!" Turn the page and see how we fixed it up.



STREET IN BLUFF UTAH ABOUT THE YEAR 1917 OLD CO-OP STORE ON THE RIGHT (Photo by D.Andrus)

After greeting and introduction we start with Aunt Mary: "you must have had some very interesting experiences trading with the Indians" is all we need to say to get a story.

"It may seem strange, but we sell considerable wool to the Navajos. We also buy wool from them. In a back room at the store we had a large pile of loose wool in one corner and several bags of potatoes in another corner. A Navajo squaw (woman) came with two large bags and wanted them filled with wool. As I was busy with other trading Indians, I told her to go into the back room and fill her bags. When she came to have them weighed, she complained about the price. They have a good memory and she remembered how much she had paid for the same bags full sometime back. I thought that they weighed more than they should, so I tested the scales with the test weight and the scales were correct. Then I noticed a lump on the side of one of the bags. I put my hand in and pulled out a potato! She had mixed half a sack of spuds at 1½¢ a pound with wool at 20¢ a pound, thinking she was getting them for free. They are very smart at many things and yet very dumb at times."

Aunt Mary smiles and you can see another story coming, but she pushes it back and turns to Uncle Kumen,

"Why don't you tell them about the shirts Kumen?"

Uncle Kumen, uncrossed his legs, placed a hand on each knee and said,

"We have always had trouble with pilfering Indians, even the Navajos, who were friendly, thought it no crime to steal from us. When we first came here this was a very serious matter as we did not have enough of anything for ourselves. Shirts were scarce and the Navajos would snatch them from the clothes-line, put them on and cover them with their own velvet shirt and walk away without being detected. We could always get them back if we could prove to the Chief who the guilty party was and catch him with the stolen goods. It was dangerous to accuse an Indian without proof. One day while I was in the field, Mary saw an Indian near the clothes-line and then he vanished. She noticed that two of my best shirts were missing. She was positive as to the identity of the Indian she had seen, so I crossed the river and went to their camp. I told the Chief that a certain Indian had stole my shirts. He warned me that I had better not lie and had the guilty man brought before me. I staked all on the fact that he had not had time to remove and hide the shirts. I was that close on his heels. I demanded that he remove his velvet shirt. He hesitated and I was sure I had him. The Chief ordered him to remove his shirt. He did so - and there were my two shirts - one on top of the other. Under my shirts were two belonging to Hyrum Perkins. He was smart enough to put Hyrum's on first - Hyrum was a smaller man than I. I do not know what punishment the angry Chief meted out to him, but it would not be for stealing, it would be for getting caught. Stealing is not a crime with them, but getting caught is."

Uncle Kumen finished and then went right into another one:

"The Indian has the dealings with his wives to trouble him, even as his white brother. I remember approaching a Navajo Hogan (dwelling made of cedar posts covered with mud) one time to be greeted by a volley of words coming from the mouth of an angry squaw inside. A male Indian came out with his hands over his ears and muttering to himself in the Navajo tongue. It was very expressive of his feelings. There are no English words that will fit. The best translation that I can think of is something like this "Talk-Talkety Talk Talk- All the time too much talk!"

I do not think that Aunt Mary...



Uncle Kumen and Aunt Mary Jones and Torma Andrus - - Photograph taken by Dolph Andrus.
(This picture was taken about 1917 on the front porch of their home in Bluff, Utah)

We will go back to the Co-op Store and then turn south, or toward the San Juan River, if you don't know which way South is. Walk like a block and we are at Frank Hyde's Store or Trading Post.

We ask to see his "Mummy." We will not ask him to let us take a picture of it. That has been so many times and by so many different photographers all the best in the business, our non-professional work would be silly in comparison, so we use on the opposite page one by L.W.Clemment of Mr. Hyde and his friend, The Ancient Cliff Dweller.

More about these people later, but right now, let us ask Mr Hyde for a story. Our blunt request, "Give us a story." is met with a smile and a ready response:

"You think that I am dark now. Well, you should have seen me when I was riding the range. You could not have picked me out from a bunch of Mexican Cowpunchers if I had been mixed with them, and there were plenty of them on the range that I rode. A white man had to know the Spanish language in order to get along with them."

"One day when I had ridden for several days without meeting anyone I was very happy to meet with one of them. I was hungry for the sight of a human being and greeted him heartily in Spanish. He replied with the same welcome note in the same tongue of course. We found that it would be convenient for us to ride together for at least that day and perhaps another."

"We ate lunch together. Strange that we seemed to like each other. I never had felt that friendly with one of them before. It was near the end of the afternoon and we were talking about where we should spend the night, when my horse stumbled and I swore at him in English,

"You clumsy so-and-so, pick up your feet!"

"My Gosh", my Mexican Friend shouted, "Are you a white man too!?"

"Of course there was no more Spanish for the time that we rode together. Now when I meet him I always ask, 'Are you a white man too?' I have not seen him for some time and I have lost track of him."

We comment on the lack of change that we have noticed in Bluff. He replies,

"We don't need it. Everybody charges and then pay once in a while with a check. With the Indians it is mostly trading so they don't need change either. Speaking of checks, the biggest check that I ever received was written on a piece of paper torn from the paper bag that Arbuckle's Coffee is packed in. I had sold my cattle on the range and the buyer had lost his check book. He wrote the check on the inside and this left on the back the picture of the flying angel that is on every bag of Arbuckle's Coffee. "

"When I took it to the bank in Durango, Colorado, the teller turned it over and said, 'It is already endorsed! Is that your signature?'"

We must go up and see one more person in this town and then we will stop talking about THE DRAMATIC REGION AND THE PEOPLE and take up the narrative of our trip from Cedar City out here. Have we confused you? That was not our intention. We wanted to give you a little bit about the place we are moving to. Many other people we could talk about but will wait until we are living here. Now we go to visit Mr Larsen.



Frank Hyde and Mummy of Ancient Cliff Dweller - In front of his Trading Post Bluff Utah
(Enlarged and Printed by D.Andrus from small photograph by L.W.Clemment taken in 1917)

We are to walk about three blocks north, or toward the Navajo Twins and one block east. We find Mr Larson sitting on the front porch of his neat little home in his favorite chair. His wife sits on the porch floor and Torma is visiting today, so we get out our camera and take the picture on the opposite page.

Mr Larsen is feeling pretty good today. (I never knew whether he spelled his name with an "e" or an "o" one way it is Danish and one way it is Swedish) One thing sure this man is Danish to the core. I think "e" is the Danish spelling, so we better stick to it.

Mr Larsen is bothered with rheumatism. He was almost bedfast with it when a chiropractor came to town. He set up shop and called on nobody. Mahomet would not go to his work, his work must come to him. Many people went, even young people. It was something new. It was fun to have your leg pulled and your back bent.

With great effort Mr Larsen went. He groaned and puffed every step of the way. He took one treatment. He almost trotted out and as he passed a group of young people, he smothered a groan and raised both arms above his head and said,

"Look girls! Now I can do dis! Vunderfull, shust vunderfool'."

He would have been a grand example of what chiropractors can do for rheumatism, but he suffered a relapse and took to his bed again. Well it was not bed entirely. Much of his time was spent in a reclining chair near the stove. In order to take some of the load off his wife, the men of the town took turns sitting up with him. There was not much we could do except scratch little spots on his back where he could not reach. He gave directions as to where to scratch.

"Up a little higher. Down a little. Over by the stove. Up a little and over by the window."

When the right spot was found he would grunt with satisfaction. If you were to ask about the chiropractor he would explode with violent cursing. Not printable but the substance was:

"Dat so-and-which! He ruined me!"

Mr Larsen was not a Mormon. He may have come in with the gold seekers are the oil drillers. I did not learn how he came to be in Bluff.

Sitting up with him night after night I learned considerable about his past life. He had been a sailor for many years and almost anything you could name. I took a pencil one night and jotted down the years he claimed to have spent at different places and occupations. These I added together and he was 150 years old by them. Well that can happen to the best of us old men if we are not always careful to check our stories.

There was another old timer in town, in fact there were many of them some left by the gold rush and some by the oil boom. Mr Raplee came with the gold rush and remained with the oil boom. More about him and the others later. Do not have a picture of him or the others.

Well, let's go back to Cedar City and start for Bluff in real sure enough transportation like TRUCK + TRAIN + COVERED JITNEY. Then when we are established in Bluff and have said a few words about the Indians and shown a few pictures of Torma, we will settle down to a straight narrative, that won't be a diary, but something like it. Happy reading to you.



Mr Larsen, Mrs Larsen and Torma Andrus on the Larsen Porch in Bluff Utah abt 1917
(Torma was a frequent visitor at the Larsen Home- They fed her nicely)

autobiography of dolph andrus part four
TRUCK + TRAIN + AND + COVERED + JITNEY

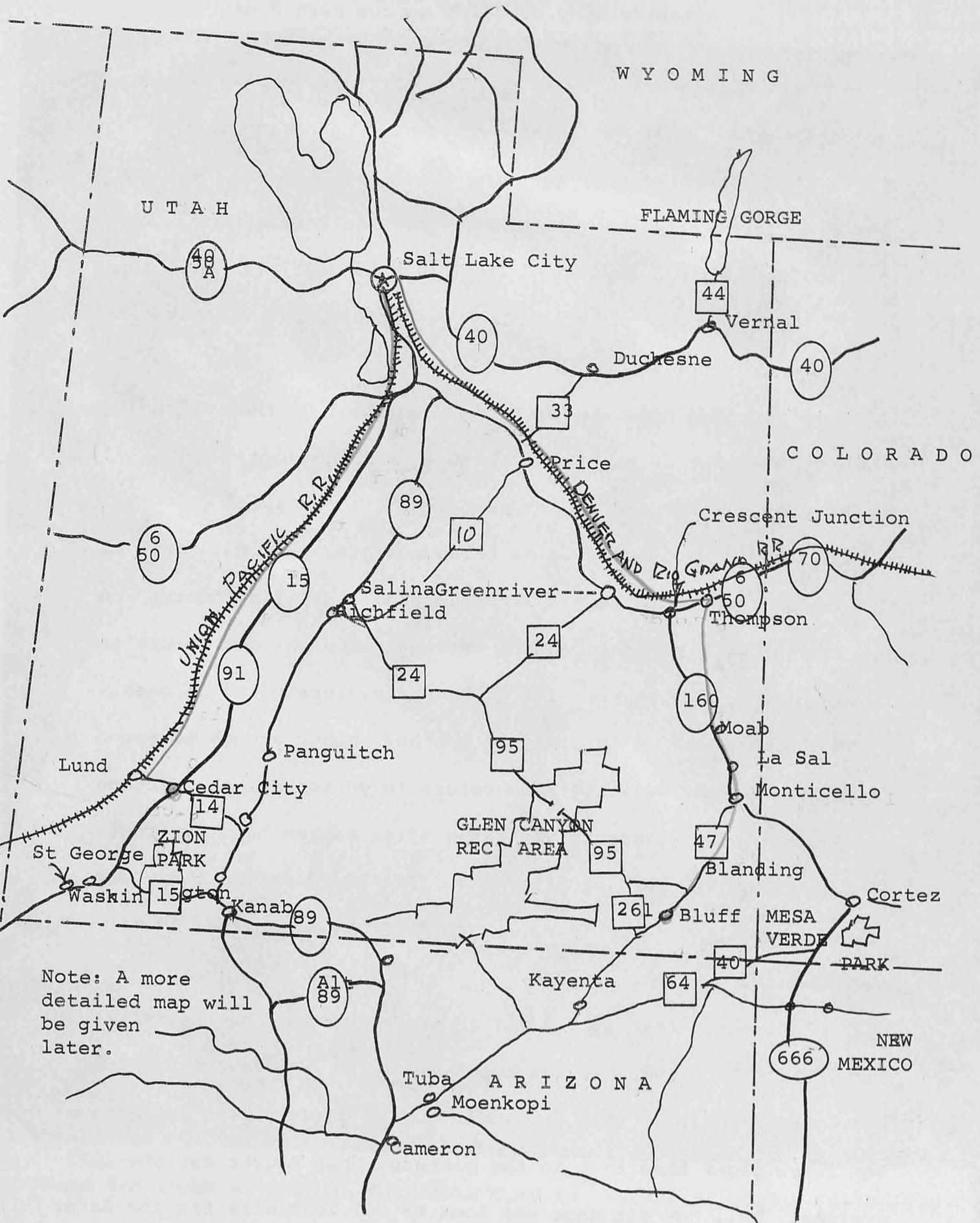
Transportation by any means is movement to your destination.

Before we climb in our first vehicle we feel that you should look at a map we have prepared. Many of the things shown on this map were unknown in 1915. Mesa Verde and Grand Canyon (Not shown but should have been) were the only National Parks at that time. Zion had not been developed, Flaming Gorge and Glen Canyon Rec Park were unknown. Highways had no numbers, they were known as "roads from and to by way of." 89 was spoken of as "The road from Kanab to Salt Lake City by way of Panguitch and Richfield." 91 was "The road from Salt Lake to California that goes through Cedar City and St George." It took a long time just to explain where you had been or where you were going.

Some of the roads that have numbers did not exist at that time. We give the modern map for two reasons, neither one of them worth very much. Numbers make a quick reference to a road and as you travel the highspeed modern roads perhaps you will give a thought for those who traveled these roads when 35 miles per hour was a reckless and very dangerous speed.

For a still quicker reference, and so that you may see the whole thing at a glance - and we think ourselves fortunate if you do give us that much attention - anyway we have drawn a red line indicating the route that we took to go to Bluff in September of 1915.

Motor Stage -Cedar City to Lund. Union Pacific RR-Lund to Salt Lake City. Denver & Rio Grande RR to Thompson. Model T Ford Stage - Thompson to Moab. At Moab we faced a 150-mile trip by horse-drawn stage. What we did about that belongs to our narrative when we get there.



Note: A more detailed map will be given later.

autobiography of dolph andrus part four
TRUCK + TRAIN + AND COVERED JITNEY

We would like to show you a picture of us as we departed for Bluff in September of 1915. We do not have one. The nearest that we have is presented on the opposite page. The date that this was taken is a matter of debate. We know it was taken in Salt Lake City. The card to which it is glued says PHOTO ARTS Salt Lake City. Dolph thinks that it was taken on our way out. Irene thinks that was taken on our way back in 1918.

There is valid argument against both dates. On the way out Torma was very ill when we were in Salt Lake and she does not look ill in the picture. But she always perked up after a spell of vomiting and this could have been one of those moments. It would have been the proper thing to do, since we were going to a wild country and the Indians were reported on the war-path, we might not return and it would be nice for the folks to have a picture of us in case.

On the way back in 1918, we did not have money enough to spend like that. Anyway we would soon return in person and the picture was not needed. Perhaps it was taken after we had been out there one winter and we were in Salt Lake, Irene and Torma on their way to Cedar City and Dolph to return to Bluff as Postmaster. More about that later.

The only date that we can put on the picture on the opposite page is circa 1915 to 1918. (Circa means we do not know exactly.) Torma was born in April of 1914, she would be 1½ years old in Sept 1915. She looks older than that in the picture. That knocks out the 1915 argument. Well how old does she look to be? That will fix the date.



Dolph Irene and Torma - Taken in Salt Lake City the summer of 1918 - or Spring

autobiography of dolph andrus part four
TRUCK + TRAIN + COVERED JITNEY

Neither Irene nor I remember of the picture on the opposite page being taken, but among some old photos that mother Matilda Andrus had in a box was this post card and in Mother's hand-writing this was written across the bottom of it: "Dolph Irene and Torma Starting for Bluff." We must have sent it to her or she never would have written that on it.

Dolph remembers the trucks that were used between Cedar City and Lund at that time, also sitting next to the driver with the gauntlet driving gloves on. He was very short and small. With his trousers rolled up and his big gloves there was not much of him left to drive the truck. About all you can see of Dolph is his white collar. The pair of feet showing under the truck could belong to Grandpa Jones saying good-bye to Torma and Irene.

The young lad by the front wheel of the second vehicle, could be Irene's brother Emron. He seems worried. Perhaps he is afraid that we will not go after all. Just over the fence and back of Emron is a young lady, perhaps Irene's sister Zelma.

A word about the conveyances. Early ^{auto makers} ~~auto-makers~~ felt called upon to make motor vehicles after the pattern of horse drawn items. The white-topped buggies drawn by horses had been used on the passenger-mail ^{looked} were replaced with trucks that ~~looked~~ like the 'white-tops' minus the horses. It took several years to forget the horse-drawn conveyance. The road to Lund was rough and dusty. The holes in the road were called 'chuck-holes' and they did chuck you. They were filled with dust unless it rained and then they were filled with mud.

(Note: The picture referred to on page 62 should have been on this page, but it did not reproduce well so we have omitted it. The reader will please be content with the word picture on page 62.)

autobiograph of dolph andrus part four

TRUCK + TRAIN + COVERED JITNEY

We boarded the train at Lund and in the early morning arrived at Salt Lake City. We could have gotten a train out of Salt Lake that same evening for Thompson's Springs and been on our way to Bluff, but owing to the illness of Torma we engaged a room at the hotel. (We turn now for Irene's account of Torma's trouble.)

IRENE SPEAKING: Torma seemed to feel O.K. as we left Cedar but became very sick with an upset stomach and diarrhea after we got on the train at Lund. We were lucky to have a lower berth. Knowing how dangerous diarrhea could be, I was upset and worried and we had a pretty hectic trip. We went to a hotel in Salt Lake and got in touch (I don't remember how) with a very good doctor named Isgreen. He gave us a perscription for Alkaline Elixir, which although not magic did relieve the trouble and the doctor said it would be alright to continue on our way with the help of the Medecine called Alkaline Elixir.

DOLPH SPEAKING: After a stop-over of two days and one night in Salt Lake we were on the train the evening of the second day bound for Thompson's Springs and Bluff. We left the train at Thompson's and climbed into a Model T Ford Touring Car which was the "stage" for Moab. The people in the photo below are not us, but the car is exactly like the one we rode in.

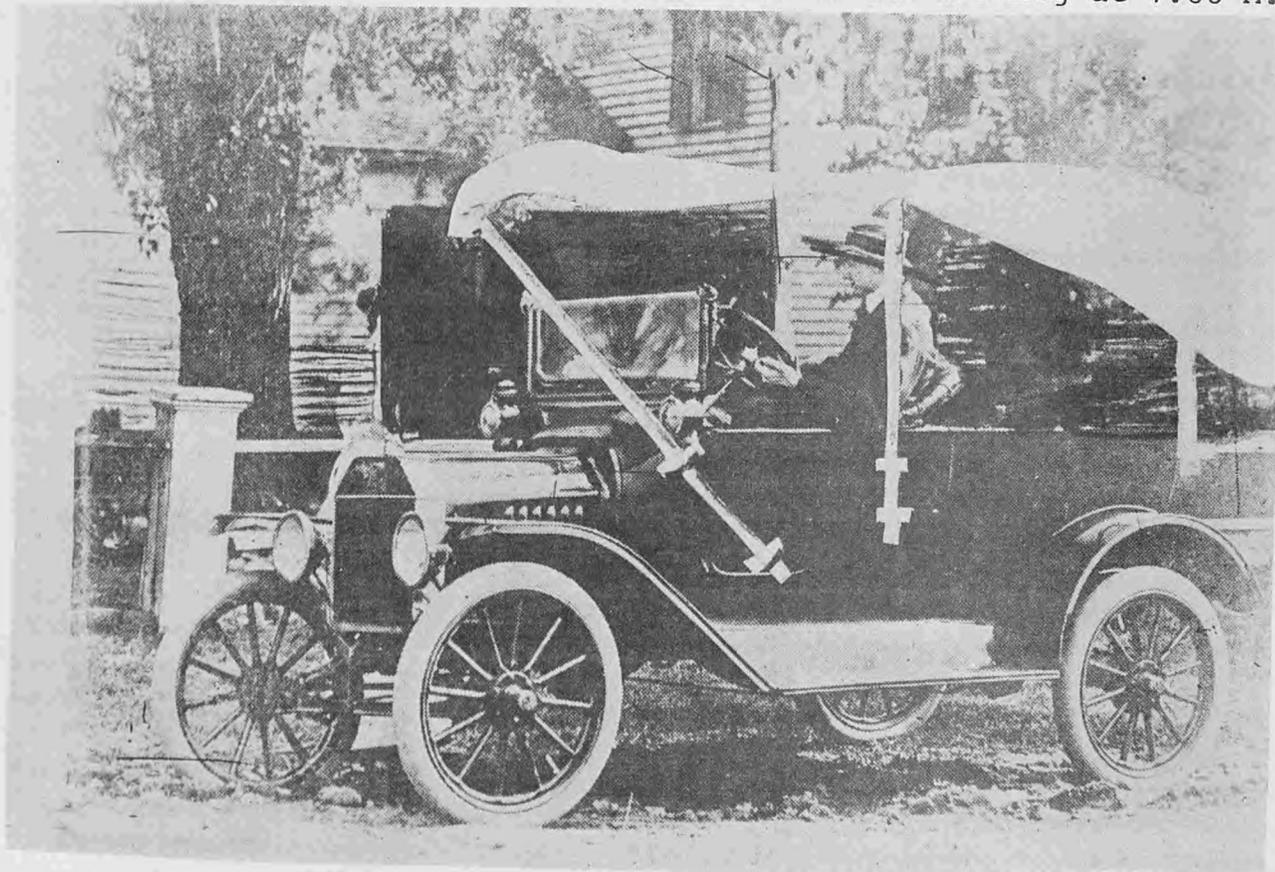


A Model T Ford Touring Car was the "Stage" from Thompson to Moab (Map p 59)

On arrival in Moab we took a room at the hotel. If you look at a recent map of Utah you will find that the distance from Moab to Bluff is 136 miles. At that time the road went by way of La Sal Ranch, so that the total distance was in excess of 150 miles. It was not the distance that bothered us or the condition of the road because we knew nothing about that. If we had known we could have worried about that also. It was the mode of travel available that gave us real concern. The only public carrier to Bluff was the Stage. This was a horse-drawn "Buckboard". It was all that its name indicates. It was slow and the weather was warm, extremely warm, even though it was in Sept. It would mean an overnight stop at Monticello where the nights and early mornings were very chilly on account of the high elevation. (Near 8000 feet)

If we had all been well it might have looked some brighter, but Torma, though very much improved, was far from well. If we could find a car going to Bluff we could make it in less than a day and pass through Monticello during the warm hour of mid-day. I went to the Garage and asked if they knew of a car going to Bluff. They told me there was small chance of one even going in that direction. I was informed that there was a young man in town who owned a Model T and that he could be hired to make the trip. Like he had been sent far he walked into the Garage. I made a deal with him to take us to Bluff the following morning. I am not sure of the amount, but I think that it was \$25.00. I made the deal subject to the approval of Irene. IRENE SPEAKING: We figured it would be better in the long run to pay for car transportation and get to our destination rather than pay for a hotel room at Monticello.

DOLPH SPEAKING: He demanded his pay before starting. We had some misgivings about this and they increased when he arrived in the morning at 7:00 A.M.



"We were not prepared for the "Chariot" that stopped in front of our hotel"

It had been a Model T Touring Car like the one we rode in from Thompson to Moab, but it had been in a wreck which demolished the top and rear seat. The owner had built a box in place of the rear seat, something like a pick-up truck of today, but not much like it. With wagon bows and wagon cover he had made a top. Do not be alarmed because the bows are fastened to the door on the driver's side. The Model T never did have a door on the driver's side. There had been a door on the other side, but it had been removed. This was good, because we all had to sit in the front seat with the driver. Irene in the middle with Torma on her lap and me on the outside. Since the door was gone I could stick out a little and make more room in the front seat.

We took off and as we gained speed the wagon cover arose and floated over us like a cloud. It is fortunate that it did not leave us because the sun was hot and it provided a welcome shade. On the way up to La Sal Ranch our driver told us a story about the winding dugway that led up and down the mountainside. The turns were so many and sharp and the grade changed until it was difficult to determine whether you were going up or coming down. It was the worst piece of road engineering I have ever seen. You would climb for a time and then you would go down grade on the way up losing much of the altitude you had gained, but in the end you won out and finally got to the top.

The driver said that once there were two wagons loaded with freight on the dugway which is so narrow that passing is out of the question, except in a few spots that are few and far between. Now when they spoke of passing it did not mean passing vehicles going the same direction as you are. In those days it meant passing when the wagons were going in opposite direction and they passed when they met. One driver looked down and saw the other driver below and shouted to him, "There are no passing places in sight from here. If there is one down there you had better wait until I get there." The other shouted back, "What do you want to pass for? I am going the same way you are!"

This should have prepared us for the road ahead, but we were totally unprepared for the beauty and danger of Devil's Canyon and many others we had to go through. The little Remodeled Ford came through with flying wagon cover. As we reached the Mesa above Bluff we came against a very unusual obstacle. A large bull had taken a position in the middle of the road and refused to move, so we drove around him. This was no problem because the original road had been made by driving over the almost level ground of the Mesa. We had a "Roller-coaster" ride down Cow Canyon and we were in the wide, shady, sandy streets of Bluff. We wondered how the driver would be able to make it back up Cow Canyon. I think a road always looks steeper going down and then when I go up it seems steeper that way. He must have made it as there is no other way out and we never saw him again.

The first persons that we saw in Bluff were Leonard Jones and his wife Ruth, who were crossing the street with some buckets of fruit. They directed us to Aunt Mary's house where we stayed until we found a place to rent. You have already met Uncle Kumen and Aunt Mary on page 53. The house we will talk about when we find it. Right now we choose to talk about the Fifth Sub-Title listed on Page One under WORDS BEFORE WE START.

MY PAPA'S PAPA'S PAPA'S COUNTRY + THE INDIAN CRY.

We had arrived in Bluff during an uneasy truce in the Last Indian War in the United States. On page 34 I told you a little bit about Old Posey.

It is not my intention to give you a history of this war as I do not know enough about the facts. I am only giving you our personal contacts with some of the Indians who had a part in it. The photographs shown were enlarged from some snapshots taken at the time of the trial in Denver, Colo.

After Old Posey had killed the man from Colorado as related on page 34 and had retired to Mexican Hat with the rest of the band, General Scott came out from Washington and prevailed upon the leaders of the band to give themselves up and allow themselves to be taken to Denver for trial. I never did learn what General Scott told the Indians and I have no account of the trial or the sentence, if any, imposed.

There is one story that came from the Denver Court. I heard it several times from various people in Bluff. There was a group known as The Indian Rights Association that felt it to be their duty to see that the Indians got a fair trial. They were white people and they were unsympathetic to the people of Bluff and their problem with the Indians. One white lady, she may or may not have been a member of the Rights Association, but she was anxious to help the Indians all she could. She informed the judge that since she had been taken into the tribe with all formal ceremony, it was her right to sit with the Indians and advise them as to their rights. She asked the Court for permission to do so. The Judge refused her request saying, "Madam the Court has too many of the tribe already on its hands. It does not please this court to increase the number, even by one."

I do not know if it was a court order or an agreement between the Indians and General Scott, but whatever the source it was arranged that they stay on the Ute Reservation in Colorado. They would be given a monthly allowance for food provided they remained there. If they left there would be no money.

It was a cold windy place and they did not like it. They preferred the warm sheltered canyons west of Bluff. Here they had been born and raised. They left the reservation and returned to the canyons. With no allowance they had nothing with which to buy food. That was no problem to them as far as meat was concerned. On the mesa above the canyons fat cattle roamed that belonged to the people of Bluff. The mesas were covered by a dense growth of cedar (juniper) and pinyon. It was easy to kill and not be seen.

The people of Bluff were anxious for a peaceable settlement of their difficulty. This is made evident by a letter that I wrote for Uncle Kumen to Major McGlouchlin. I had a typewriter on which I wrote the letter. I did not keep a copy. All I have is one page of the pencil copy in Uncle Kumen's handwriting on his stationary. It is not dated and there is no signature as it is only the first page. Here it is:

K JONES
Farm and Stock

Bluff, Utah _____ 191____

Dear Major,

We recall with pleasure your mission here about one year ago in the interest of the Indian question of this section and we regret to have to report that in the midst our world's great crisis the situation here is no better than formerly and owing to the condition of our country at this time we suggest the following: If the Department could have a representative here on the ground with authority to deal directly with the Indians and if a school could be established here to care for the children of the Utes or Pahutes and the Navajos who live near here and with the elimination of two

or three trouble breeders that the Indian question would be settled peacably and humanely. The people of Bluff would back up the efforts of the department representative and would be willing to make concessions in the way of buildings, farming land etc. to help start something of that nature. We also call your attention to the fact that in case of a representative, or sympathizer with our unscrupulous enemy should

Here the letter ends. After all the years that have passed I cannot recall the rest of it. The attitude of the people of Bluff expressed in this letter is right in line with the counsel of Brigham Young. I quote from his Journal of Discourses. (Page 123 of the condensed version by J A Widstoe)

"Do you wish to do right? You answer, yes. Then let the Lamanites come back to their homes, where they were born and brought up. This is the land that they and their fatheres have walked over and called their own; and they have just as good right to call it theirs today as any people have to call any land their own. They have buried their fathers and mothers and children here; this is their home, and we have taken possession of it; and occupy the land where they used to hunt"



Several times Old Posey was a visitor at our home. I came home one day from school to find the blackboard we had rigged up for Torma covered with a map of Europe. I asked Irene for an explanation and she replied, "Old Posey has been in for his Geography Lesson. he has been asking all kinds of questions about the war in Europe."

The photo of him was taken at the time of the trial in Denver. This is just the way he looked when he called on us. He still had on the old army coat that had been given him at the trial. One day he poured out his heart to us. We knew he was an old rascal from way back and that he was trying to gain our sympathy because we were new in town. He complained of the cold wind at the Reservation in Colorado and spoke fondly of the warm canyons near Bluff. The main pitch came when he said with tears in his eyes, "This is my Papa's Papa's Papa's Country." Rascal that he was he still knew how to put on an act. Or was it an act? The tears looked natural and the ache in his voice was real.

It did not go over with us when he said Uncle Kumen was like a snake and spoke with two tongues. We knew better.

"OLD POSEY" (As we knew him)

He stopped me on the street the day of the Funeral Service for Hyrum Perkins and asked, "What's the Mormon talk about Perkins? Here go?", and he pointed Heavenward. I told him that he had guessed right and he replied, "No! He up on the hill now. You dig. You find him. Heap stink!"



The conversations we had with Posey were not always about his troubles. He was full of stories about things he had observed in nature, especially about animals. Had it been possible to understand him fully information could have been gathered that would have been very interesting and of value to the student of natural history. We could only get a word now and then which was not enough for a complete account. However we got enough to conclude that he ^{kept} his eyes open and some of his observations required time and patience.

Old Polk (photo on left) was sullen, sour and for the most part silent. He never came near us and we saw him only at a distance. I think they all came to The Co-op Store to trade with Aunt Mary and to the Trading Post to barter with Frank Hyde. I am sure that it



"OLD POLK" (Sullen and Sour)

was uneasy trading in either case.

Polk had a son, Tse-ne-gat (Photo at right) It was him that started the trouble. He killed a Mexican in a quarrel over a card game. The men had come down after him when Posey shot one of them as related on page 34. He swaggered around town but like his father he did not come near us.

We were to meet him later down at Mexican Hat in a situation that gave us a few tense moments and came near ending in serious trouble. But the story will keep until we have time and space to place it in the proper setting. All three photos were enlarged from a tiny snapshot taken at the trial. This accounts for the poor quality.

"TSE-NE-GAT" (Killer & Trouble Maker)

THE BEST OF MANY PHOTOGRAPHS

The Early Bird Gets the Worm - The Early Child Gets Its Picture Taken Here we are at the last Subtitle. We hope the other members of the family will make some allowance for us presenting so many pictures of Torma. All we can say is that we give you only a few that we consider best of the many that were taken. We admit that we over did it. But she was new and this was our first camera.



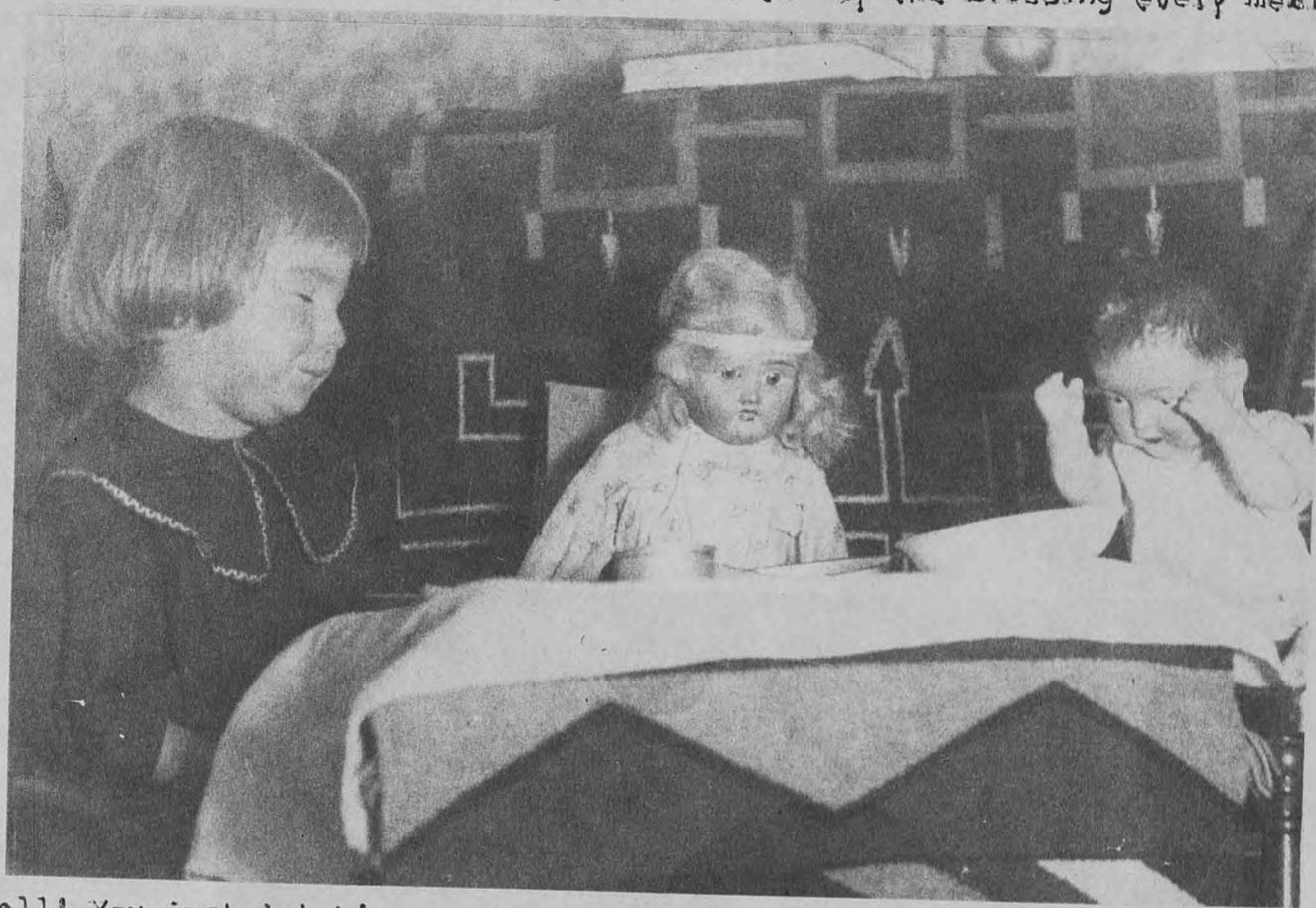
One Finger and One Lamb makes a fun party - but the Party Crashers are on the way and what started out to be fun became a riot with Daddy Dolph to the rescue. This was taken at La Sal Ranch on our way back to Cedar City after our first winter in Bluff. IRENE Speaking:

The picture on the next page was taken by a professional photographer who was in town. (More about him in the next book) Torm and her Playmate and Merelene Perkins, who lived across the street. They were good pals. Merelene made mud pies but Torma always made mud candy. Cats were a very scarce item in Bluff. We were promised a cat if we could tame it. We went to the place and while we held our breath Torma walked right up to it. We were afraid that it would scratch her but it took a liking to her and she to it. We brought it home and it was her very own cat. . . . It must of had a name but neither of us can remember it. When my kitchen work was done the three of us would take a walk around the block. We would talk about the things we saw. Birds, bugs, flowers and whatever we saw.





"What do you do when your youngest wants to say the blessing every meal?"



"Well! You just let him say it and hope the other child will be good."

Torma was a realist in her play. She did everything with her dolls that was done to her. She must have a table and chairs. The meals were prepared and set before the dolls just as it was for her. The photos were taken with flash powder. No flash bulbs or fancy lighting. A pile of powder, a match, a blinding flash and a room full of smoke.

THE BEST OF MANY PHOTOS

Some sidelights on the photo at the left. Note the pattern of the wallpaper back of Dolph's head. The Living Room was papered in excellent taste. How did this lovely paper get out there 150 miles from nowhere?

Torma has a dress on that Irene made after our arrival in Bluff. The trimming is tatting. Irene used to go down to the Co-op Store where Aunt Mary was clerk and she taught her how to tat.

Very early Torma was very fond of having her mother or father read to her. This is another flask powder photo. We kept our eyes down to avoid the "stare."

True to form Torma always did to the dolls what was done to her. After they were tucked into bed they were read to until they went to sleep. It was not quite that way with Torma she was never read to in bed. Before in the Living Room yes, but when she went to bed she went into a dark room and went to sleep. She was never afraid of the dark until long after when she played with children that were fond of scaring the wits out of themselves with ghost stories. Then she had to have the light on.



THE BEST OF MANY PHOTOS



Another flashlight (powder) photo. Torma was told to look down so that the flash would not make her stare. Looks like she was obedient. Never was there a cat that took to loving like that cat did. We still have the navajo rug in the background. We still have Torma but the cat and the nities have long been gone.

The photo below is believed to be the world's youngest Post Mistress. There is quite a story about how we came to have the Post Office sign. Sister Decker wanted to give up the Office and had been trying to get someone to take it for over a year. Nobody wanted it. They prevailed on us to take it. As soon as I had said that I would take the job funny things began to happen. Keep in mind that I really did not want it and no one else in town would have it.

I was told to go and see the

County Chairman of the Democratic Party. The first thing he said to me was, "Now I don't want you to change your politics just to get that job, but I have to know. Are you a Democrat?" "Yes", I said out loud but under my hat I said, "Your attitude makes me ashamed that I have been one all my life."

That was not enough. I had to go to Moab, 150 miles away and take an examination, for a job that no one would have. Why I did it I will never tell because I do not know, but I did it, passed the examination and brought the office to our house. The photo at the right was taken in bright sunlight, just before I hung the sign on the front of the house. The house had two bed rooms and one of them became the Post Office of Bluff Utah



ONE MORE INDIAN STORY TO CLOSE THE BOOK.

Another visitor one day, was Scotty, brother of Posey. He was a very fine looking Indian. I wanted very much to get a photograph of him. I asked him if he would sit for his picture but like Posey he refused with the same excuse that it made him weak. When he complained about the cold and asked for a blanket I went in the other room and asked Irene if we had a quilt that we could give him. She found one and I told Scotty that he could have it if he would sit for his picture. He agreed to sit for one only. I sat him down and focused the camera on him with the photo lense on. In my rush I forgot to open up the diafram. This would have been alright if the sun had been bright, but it was near evening and I got no picture. I tried to get him to sit for another, but he took his quilt and departed.

Talking about Scotty has caused me to remember a story about Posey and Scotty which Frank Hyde told me one day when we were swimming in the river a hot August afternoon. This is our conversation as near as I can remember it:

As we were undressing on the river bank Frank remarked, "This spot is very much like the spot where Posey escaped from his guard many years ago."

"But I thought the time he surrendered to General Scott was the first time he had been arrested. How long ago was this and who arrested him?", I asked. "No.", he replied, "The people of Bluff arrested him about twenty years ago. A small group of Bluff men, about 12 or 14, walked right into his wigwam and put the handcuffs on him and brought him to trial in Bluff. Judge Allen bound him over to the next term of District Court. But he escaped."

"I would have thought that the Indians would have made war and demanded his release." I said. "No, they backed right down this time and resorted to trickery to get him out of jail. Many of his Indian friends were allowed to visit him, including his squaw and brother Scotty. Under the not too watchful eye of his guard, they conveyed to Posey their plot for his escape. The river changes from year to year, but this spot is very much the same as the one years ago. See that island, covered with a dense stand of willows, and this swimming hole. The only thing that is missing, there was a large cottonwood log about where our clothes are.

"One day about noon, Posey developed a sudden desire for a bath. Strange words from him. I doubt if he ever took a bath in his life. He complained of feeling so dirty. The guard never suspected a plot. He brought him down to the swimming hole and sat down on the log with his gun in his hand and watched his prisoner undress and slip into the water. Suddenly the swimmer sank out of sight. Six-shooter in hand the guard stood up and scanned the water. Posey came out of the water where it is about two feet deep and made for the island where Scotty, his squaw and other friends waited in the willows. The guard fired several shots, but even at this close range all of them missed. He was either a poor shot or he did not want to hit the naked man. I just don't see how he could have missed."

I have my own opinion. I think they wanted him to escape. President Taylor had sent them down to cultivate "good will." Killing Posey would have undone the work of years. They had humbled him before his entire tribe. Polk had refused to bring his braves to the rescue and the once proud spirit of Posey was broken. He would never be the same again, yet twenty years later there was spark enough to light the fires of the Last Indian War in the United States.

The poem on the inside of the Back Cover is by Dr George W Middleton.

A Question



By DR. GEO. W. MIDDLETON

AS I LOOK AT THIS LIFE FROM WITHIN
AND WITHOUT
WITH ITS TROUBLE AND STRESS AND STRAIN
I ASK MYSELF IN A CYNICAL WAY
IF YOU COULD WOULD YOU LIVE IT AGAIN?

WOULD YOU GO CLEAR BACK TO THE
CRADLE DAYS
AND WITNESS THE DAWN OF A WORLD
AS CRISP AND FRESH FROM THE HAND OF GOD
AS THE DAY IT WAS FIRST UNFURLED?

WOULD YOU CALL THE SMILES AND THE
GUSHING TEARS
ALL BACK FROM THAT FAR OFF DAY
AND THINK AGAIN THOSE DIMINUTIVE
THOUGHTS
IN THE CHILD'S UNCONVENTIONAL WAY?

WOULD YOU SEE ALL THE KNOWLEDGE YOUR
LIFE HAS GAINED
DISSOLVED IN THE FLIGHT OF TIME
AND BEGIN AGAIN AT THE VERY FOOT,
THAT DEVIOUS DIFFICULT CLIMB?

WOULD YOU BE A CARELESS BOY AGAIN
AND ROAM THRU THE FIELDS AT WILL
AS FREE FROM THE TAIN OF CONVENTIONAL
WAYS
AS THE BOBOLINK ON THE HILL?

WOULD YOU FEEL AGAIN THE IMMORTAL
THRILL
OF LOVE AS IT STIRRED YOUR SOUL,
AND RIDE THE CREST OF THE SURGING WAVE
TO PASSIONS EPHEMERAL GOAL?

WOULD YOU MEET TEMPTATION FACE TO FACE
AND WALK ON THE RAGGED EDGE
OF THE BOTTOMLESS GULF WITH NOTHING
BETWEEN
BUT YOUR SOUL'S UNCONDITIONAL PLEDGE?

• • • • •

AH! YES, I WOULD LIVE EVERY MOMENT AGAIN
IF GOD SHOULD REQUIRE ME TO DO IT,
EXULT IN ITS PLEASURE, AND BEAR WITH ITS
PAIN
AND WELCOME THE HOUR WHEN I'M THRU IT.

FOR THE PURPOSE OF LIFE IS EXPERIENCE
AND GOD IS DIRECTING THE WAY
AND TOMORROW SHALL TAKE UP THE
UNFINISHED TASK
AT THE PLACE WE SHALL LEAVE OFF TODAY.

AND I SHALL BE HAPPY IN WHATEVER SPHERE
THE FATES SHALL DIRECT ME TO FILL,
AND I SHALL BE PATIENT WITH WHATEVER
CROSS
REFLECTS THE OMNIPOTENT WILL.

AND WHEN I HAVE SUFFERED AND FAITHFULLY
LEARNED
THE FULL ADMONITION OF PAIN,
I SHALL ENTER ONCE MORE THE ALEMBIC OF
LIFE
AND BE CRYSTALIZED OUT AGAIN.

ALEMBIC (Arab. *al*, definite article, *anbiq*, a still; cognate to the Gr. *ἀμβίξ*, a cup), an apparatus for distillation, used chiefly by the alchemists, and now superseded by the retort and the worm-still. It varied considerably in form and construction, but consisted essentially of three parts—a vessel containing the material to be distilled and called, from its gourd-like shape, the cucurbit or matrass; a vessel to receive and condense the vapour, called the head or capital; and a receiver for the spirit, connected by a pipe with the capital. The entire apparatus was sometimes constructed of glass, but it was more usual to make the cucurbit of copper or earthenware, and the capital alone of glass.