

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

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

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

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

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

The architect, Miles Romney, considered this the masterpiece of his life, since he was responsible for the architectural design. The overall pattern, the jutting water ledge of unstippled stone, the triangled lintels over the long windows, the two arched center windows — every detail

was his responsibility, though he conferred with and trusted to the judgment of Edward L. Parry in matters concerning the stone work. For both men, now in their middle years, this building was to stand before future generations as a monument to their best efforts.

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

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

A man had come to town with a violin which he offered for sale or trade. George had no money, but he did have a horse. In those days a boy without a horse was much more handicapped than the modern boy without access to a car — a horse was his means of transportation and the mark of his social rating among his fellows. But a horse also must be fed, and this became a problem to a young man whose time was all spent at stone cutting only two blocks from his home. And as long as he could remember, George had wanted a fiddle.

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

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

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

During 1865, President Young, convinced now that cotton could be produced here, and that it must be made up into cloth if it were to be profitable, had set Appleton M. Harmon and others to work on a factory in Washington. The work was pushed with vigor all this year, and again the people felt that brighter days were ahead.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On the night of January 10, 1866, there was a grand ball to be held at the Social Hall. There had been elaborate preparations made: the room was swept and dusted, the benches arranged around the outside, the lamps cleaned, trimmed, and filled. The musicians, William McIntyre and Josh Oliphant, were tuning up their violins and John M. Moody, the dancing manager, had called out to "fill up the floor." The girls in their best dresses were ranged on the benches along the east wall, while the boys stood in groups of the opposite side. George Brooks and his friends were in the crowd, his clothes carefully brushed, his shoes blackened with soot from the back of the fireplace. Though they

were not new, they looked better than those of a companion who had blackened his big toe where it protruded from the broken end of his — a fast-growing boy whose feet had pushed through both sock and shoe. They were just making up their minds to go across and select a partner, when the fiddlers became still and the crowd was called to order.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

we attended the Fair at Saint George. I took first Prize on onions, 3rd prize on Peaches & apples and 2nd on Beets 7 the best Stallion. The

Fair was quite interesting. . Had some stove vessels made & repaired. I also bought some 4 Tomb Stones at 20\$ Each. Brought one & Placed at the head of Aggathean Grave, together with the Epitaff Engraved in full. . . .

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

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

The year 1866 also saw the Washington County Court House begun and well under way, President Snow's Big House going up, and other private homes in various stages of building. This was an important year for George Brooks because he was now twenty-one years of age and was made a registered citizen with the right to vote. His official naturalization paper, given as No. 162 in the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Utah, County of Beaver, 19 May 1882, bears on the back fold under the printed title SECOND DISTRICT COURT a hand-written notation in short entries, the following

Presented Sept 28 1866

James A Larson

Registry Agent

Precinct No 9

Washington Co Utah

(original among his papers)

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

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

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

The year 1868 was another of scarcity of food, as in April, when the people were literally "between hay and grass." On April 5, 1868, Walker wrote:

Provisions are rather scarce at the present time Yet the people dont seem to murmur or complain but go on with their work as tho they had an abundance of good things. . .

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

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

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

By late summer the Indians had again become restless and threatening. On September 7, 1869, word reached St. George of the murder of three of the men of the Powell Colorado River expedition. They had left the river directly south at Tuweep and planned to walk in to the settlements, but were killed by Indians. In the late fall Navajos had raided the area of Iron County, driving off a band of fifty-six horses and colts. (Bleak, Bk B., 25-26)

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

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

Salt Lake City, April 18, 1870

President E. Snow:

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

Hope you have arranged matters satisfactorily with Sister Whitmore.

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

Brigham Young

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

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

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

St. George, Sept. 17th, 1870

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

Soon there was another threat by the Indians. Jacob Hamblin, who was in the Kanab area, came to Pipe Springs to warn the people there to be on their guard. It would be better to prevent a stampede of their animals than to try to recover them after the Indians had driven them off. The house itself, now nearing completion and known as "Winsor Castle" was safe enough for those inside, but the cattle were all scattered over a wide area, and the Indian trails and approaches should be guarded. It was at this time that George Brooks had his only military experience other than acting as home guard. Since no definite record was ever found, the following is inserted to show the time and conditions under which he served.

Winsor Castle, Dec. 7th, 1870

Pres. E. Snow
Dear Brother

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

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

I shall write jointly with Brother Jacob.

Yours &c.

Jos. W. Young

Pres. E. Snow

Dear Bro

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

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

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

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

My memory is distinct and clear on that point. We were called out by Brigadier General Snow by telegraph, who was at that time in Kanab. The message came to St. George and we were mustered out in the night by Col. A. P. Hardy and Captain D. H. Milne of the artillery. I was at the time in the artillery. We were then delivered by John M. McFarlane to Captain James Andrus, Captain of the Cavalry, who took us in charge at the Canaan Ranch and detailed us to Pipe Springs to guard the Winsor Castle Fort for about 42 days, as guards and scouts. We were then honorably discharged and called home by him (General Snow) at the instance of your writing and telling him that the Navajos had all gone back, and us all signing the letter. To which letter he replied and ordered A. P. Winsor to bring us home, which he did, as you say, in a somewhat starved condition.

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

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

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

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

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

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

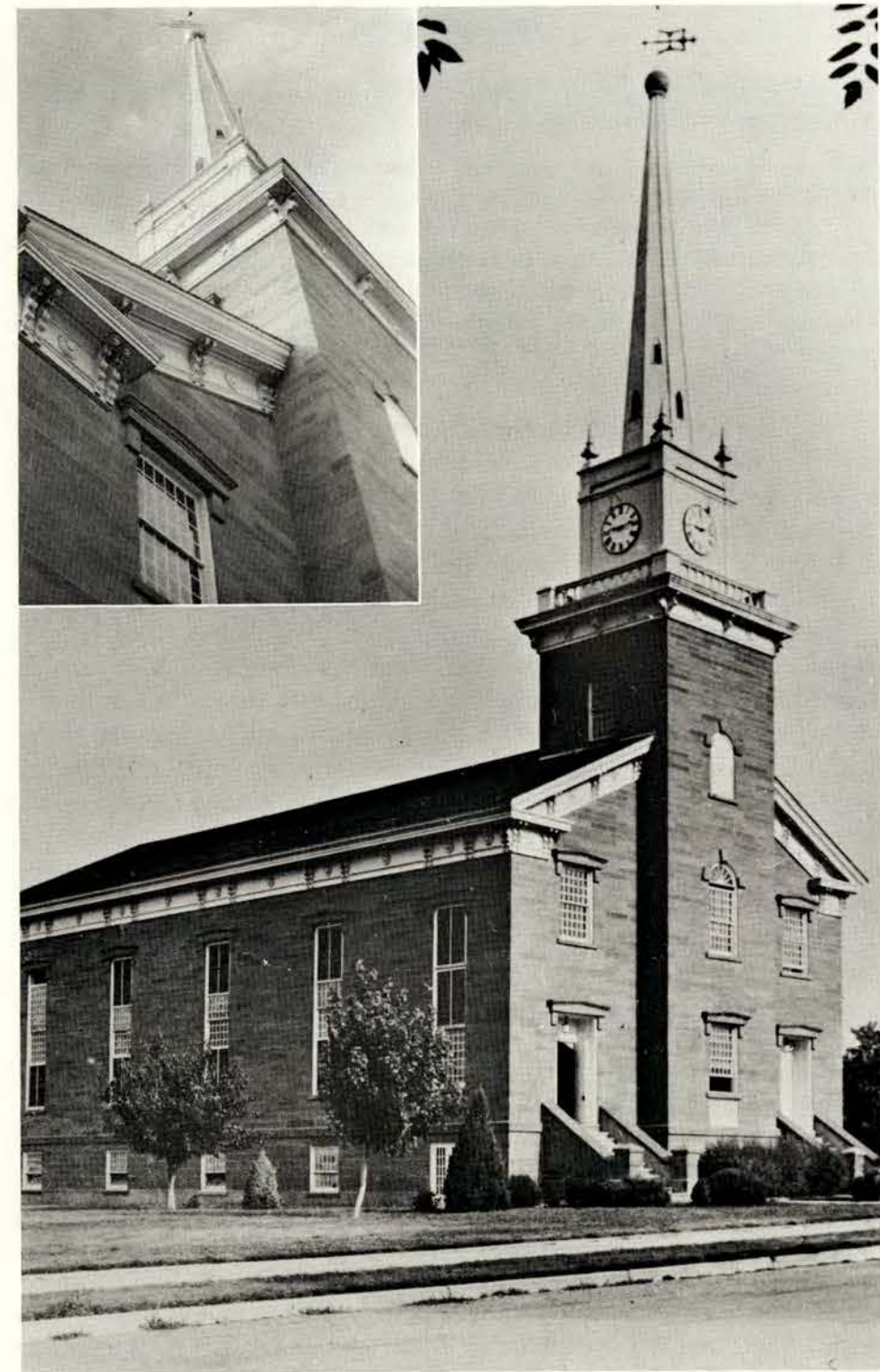
29th Rather cold and windy. This afternoon the last stone on the meeting house was laid by Pres Erastus Snow and D D McArthur assisted by E L Parry and Miles Romney, also the Presidency of the stake. The choir were present under Jno McFarlane and discoursed sweet anthems, the cannon was fired as the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

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

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

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

Ann Parry was going along, too, for she needed a change and a rest. She too had been here ten years. Five children had been born to her, two of whom had died the summer before within two weeks of each other. These were lovely little girls — Artimisha aged five and Minnie aged two. Harriet, the baby, was just a year and a half old, but with Elizabeth in the home and the 14-year-old Elizabeth Ann to help, all



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Figure 4. The St. George Tabernacle.

could be cared for. After careful preparation, they were ready to leave. Walker's account of the trip is very brief:

St. George June 5, 1872 Hot weather. This morning in company with George Brooks and Ann Parry, I started for S L City after journeying 12 days we arrived all well in Salt Lake City, June 17th. I noticed considerable improvement in the Settlements since I last travelled thro them many Handsome dwellings, barns and Factories have been put up in the last ten years and the people seem to be growing rich I also noticed much labor-saving machinery for farming purposes, and quite an improvement in the breed of stock. . .

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER 6

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

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

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

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

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

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

or slave, until now at the age of twenty-one he hoped to set out for himself.

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

So it was that while Ann Parry waited until September to return to Dixie with the Charles Walker group, George came earlier. Walker commented in his journal that from the Black Ridge "we have a fine view of the rocks and sands and barren Desolation of Sterile Dixie of southern Utah, and a more forbidding aspect man never saw, I think." Later as he walked about the streets of St. George, he wrote: "This place when contrasted with the Bustle and business of Salt Lake seems very dull. A person can walk up and down this town for hours and scarce see a Man — no buisness on railroad nor Locomotive Whistle nor expres wagon, no auctions no Saloon Music no Theatres or circus, or dances all still and peace in fact it seems more like the city of the dead than the living..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

courtship progressed, he brought his fiddle up and he and Dolly played duets, or accompanied the singing of the crowd.

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

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

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

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

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

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

If he was to court her or any other girl seriously, he must have money, so he determined to try his luck for a short time at the mines in Pioche, even though the authorities had counseled against it. At that time Pioche had the name of being the most lawless place in all the world. According to tradition, there were seventy-two graves in the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In his later life he told of an incident when he went all dressed up to a party at the Branch home. Just before he arrived, a bat had got inside and was circling the room near the ceiling trying to find a way

out. The girls were all afraid that it would light on one of them and some of the boys had been trying to catch it. George came in the door, watched a minute and then said: "Be quiet, and I'll get it." He let it circle a time or two and then struck at it with his cane, getting it at the very first stroke.

A number of items show us that he was in St. George most of the year 1873. His own little account book lists his foster father as owing him \$76.50 for stones cut through February to July: hearthstones for Seegmiller, Snow, Adams, Young and Wooley, steps for Adams, and two unnamed tombstones. On February 17, 1873, both he and Brother Parry purchased lots on the hill from Erastus Snow. Brother Parry paid \$250 for lot 4 and George \$200 for lot 3, both in Block 6 Plat D of the St. George city survey. These are included in the present Brooks property, and here George would later build his home. Sons of Erastus Snow owned the land to the west across Main Street, and were already engaged in building on them.

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

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

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

of Thomas Cottam, Benjamin Blake and Warren Hardy, and placed by the carpenters.

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

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

One little item comes to us of their courtship, a doggerel verse sung to the tune of "A Starry Night for a Ramble" in which were listed the matings of the crowd:

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

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

Soon after he and Cornelia were engaged, George set out for the mines at Pioche to earn his "wedding stake," or enough money to secure the essentials of setting up a home. With such an incentive, he worked hard and lived frugally, and managed to earn and to save money. He sent Cornelia a hundred dollars with which to purchase her wedding outfit. For the ceremony she made a simple white dress of fine cotton, one that later with some minor changes and colored accessories she could

wear to dances or for summer best. Her street dress represented her highest skill, its top of navy taffeta over a skirt of light blue, so much in style at that time. By careful planning she got also a pair of shoes and some lingerie, with a bit left over for nic-nacs.

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

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

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

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

Sure enough, at a lonely place in the road, he was accosted by two men coming at him from opposite sides of the road with drawn pistols. They demanded his money, ordered him to empty his pockets and toss his purse out onto the ground. This he did, but the loose change amounted to only a dollar or two. They next unhooked the tugs, let down the tongue, and ordered him out while they should search the wagon. One held the gun on him while the other started pulling out boxes and sacks, both threatening to shoot him if he had lied to them.

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

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

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

In order to be properly married, these young folks must go all the way to Salt Lake City and have the ceremony performed by one of the church leaders. Only here could they be sealed to each other for time and eternity. While Cornelia made her wedding dress and prepared the food for the journey, George bought a new bain wagon complete with



Figure 5. The wedding picture.

bows and cover, and a new harness. He already had a good team. He made arrangements with Father Parry to move into the little home across the street to the east, a small house of two rooms, repairing and cleaning it so that it would be ready upon their return.

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

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

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

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

EARLY MARRIED LIFE

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

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

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

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

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

The St. George Library Association provides another example of their efforts for self improvement. On January 27, 1864, the Territorial Legislature passed an act to incorporate the St. George Library Association, the first in the state. A movement was set on foot to secure books and to set up a reading room. A series of socials and programs were held, the admission per couple being one quart of molasses. This was accepted by the door-keeper and emptied into a barrel at the door. After several such barrels were filled, they were freighted to Salt Lake City and exchanged for books. How many books, of what titles, whether new

or used — none of these details are available, but on January 26, 1874, James G. Bleak reported that "The St. George Library Association opened its reading room for the first time. Twelve persons attended there in the evening. Bros. George Jarvis and Lorenzo Brown were the only permanent residents of St. George to attend." (Bleak, Bk. B p. 206) Perhaps the other ten were Temple hands called to serve their 90-day mission and hard put for some way to spend the evenings.

The whole project of erecting this massive building was a great cooperative effort, which required sacrifice on the part of every member. Local people not regularly employed there donated one day in ten as tithing labor. Women did the laundry for the temple hands free, people who had nothing else to give contributed their bagasse — the cane stalk after all the juice was extracted — to feed the oxen that hauled in the rock.

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

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

"Thursday 18th April

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

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

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

"Wednesday 15 May 1872 Arrived home this afternoon finding all well but wanting bread, as the whole town was out of flour, and we

had plenty of the good things to eat such as flour, pork and eggs. We donated part of our time and paid out of our loads for the rest of the time, therefore we had something to keep body and soul together and was able to do a little on the great work of building the temple at St. George."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Average number of hands in the Quarry: — One hundred men.

Eighty arches and twenty-one round windows are already in, thirteen arches and twenty-four round windows yet to be built.

(Bleak Bk. B, pp. 389-390)

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

the tower. This event came on March 5, 1875, when according to Walker:

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

(Walker Diaries)

The next day a public meeting was held in the Tabernacle honoring the event and paying tribute to the volunteer workers who would now return to their homes. There were musical numbers by the band and selections by the choir and speeches of appreciation and congratulation. Charles L. Walker composed and sang an original song set to the tune "Marching through Georgia." The second verse told the story:

They left their homes and firesides
Responsive to the Call
And labored hard and faithfully
To rear the temple wall.
Their union and their oneness,
Was seen and felt by all
Who labored to build up the temple.

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

These were so unusual and so rare here, demanding a combination of so many skills and so much artistic ability, that their progress was watched with much interest from week to week. The raw material came from a deposit of gypsum west of Middleton. This was burned in the Samuel Judd kiln, and then further refined and cooked before it was cast in bees-wax molds. Whose artistic skill designed these molds we are not sure, or whose exact figuring brought out the perfection of the frieze around the walls. Working on the project were William Burt as chief, with George F. Jarvis, Thomas Cottam, Abram Church, and others cooperating. The frieze consists of 184 bunches of grapes with moldings

and dentals between each. The three pieces on the ceiling are wreaths of acanthus leaves, the center one being encircled by a garland of flowers. From the center of each a chandelier was hung, carrying twenty-four coal-oil lamps, the whole arranged for lowering and raising as needed to clean and fill the lamps.

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

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

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

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

The young people found many interesting things to do. The friends who had made the marriage trip north with them kept in close touch, since all had babies about the same time. They went to church and to sociables of one kind or another. Always the arrival of President Young when he came to spend the winter was an event to anticipate. People everywhere cleared their yards and put fences into repair, cleaned their homes, whitewashing the walls and putting fresh straw under the carpets and in the bed ticks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The call to Manti was another great test of the faith of the Parry family. For fifteen years they had been here, had enlarged and im-



Figure 6. The St. George Temple.

UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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

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

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

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

A major problem was to get lath for the ceiling. An entry labeled only 1877 lists from Eli Whipple 400 three-foot lath \$7.45, another later

200 lath for \$3.00, Milo Andrus loaned 62 lath, and Ashby, as a loan credit, 400 lath. Hardy for 350 lath at his shop was paid by hauling hay and cutting a hearth stone.

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

So it was that by scheming, laboring, trading — he even exchanged his lantern for \$2.50 credit — the house was up and finished. The shingles in July of 1877 by loan from W. Squire 3,000 and later 2,000 more completed the roof. By early 1878 the plastering and painting were done and they moved in. Here on May 1, 1878, their third daughter, Josephine, was born.

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

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

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

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

On April 23, 1881, his second son was born, and named William for his grandfather, William Henry Branch. This fall George went to work at Silver Reef, where the boom was reaching its peak. The first mining claim had been staked here in 1871, while the Pioche mines were

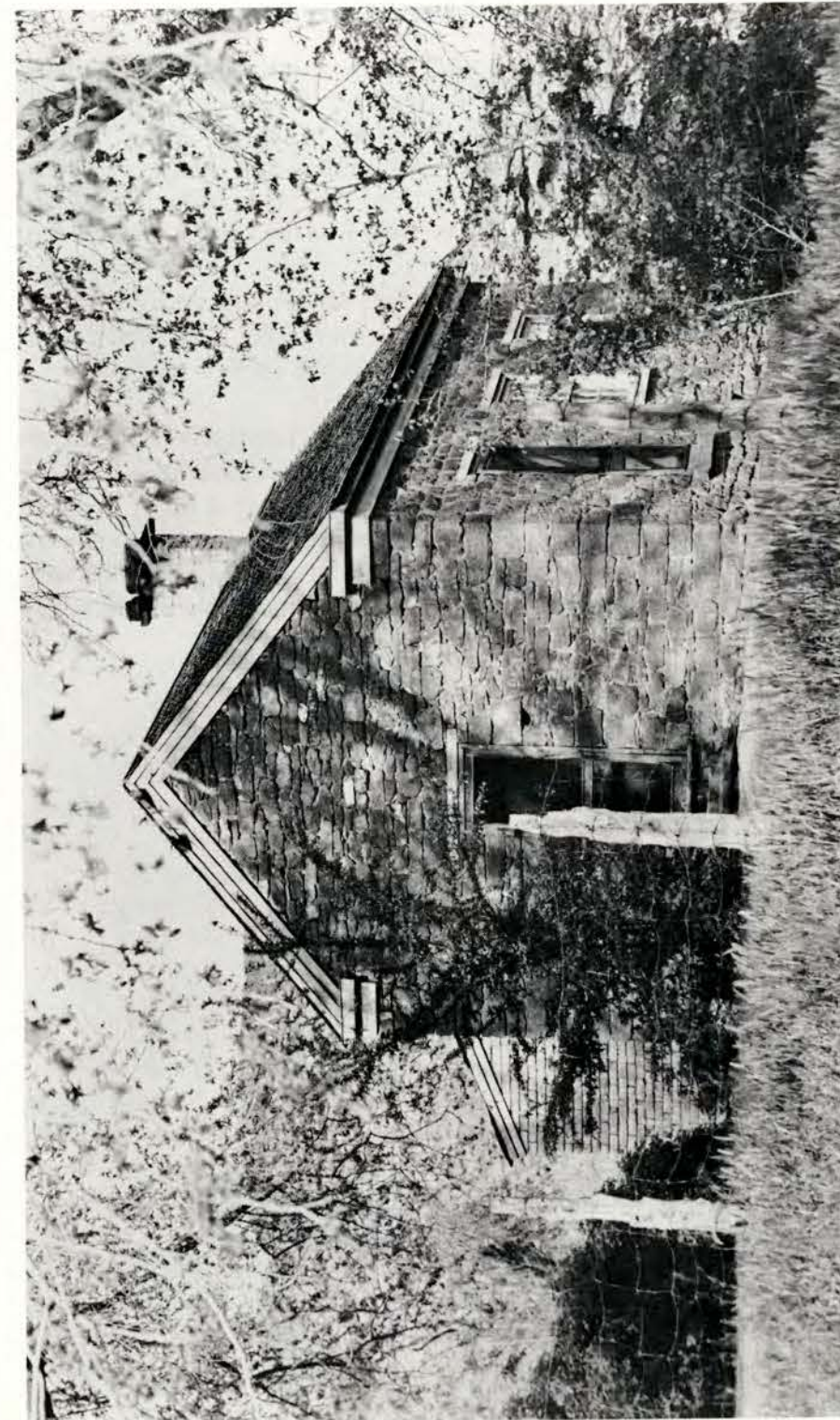


Figure 7. The Brooks home.

still running full blast. In 1874 Elijah Thomas sent a sample of the silver in to Walker Brothers in Salt Lake City, and they at once dispatched William T. Barbee, Thomas McNally and Ed Maynard, assayer, to the spot. By 1876 the stampede was on, with miners and prospectors converging upon the spot from every direction. The real production began in 1877, and within three years Silver Reef was the largest town in the county.

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

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

- 9 grocery stores
- 2 drug stores
- 5 restaurants besides the OK lunch counter and the Harris House which provided board & room for fifty men
- 6 saloons
- 1 billiard hall — 2 dance halls
- Citizen's Hall for public meetings
- a Catholic Church with hospital in the basement
- 1 undertaker
- 1 blacksmith, 1 shoemaker
- Sam Wing laundry
- 1 doctor, 1 photo shop
- A daily stage to Cedar City, with fare \$6.00, \$12 to Beaver, \$45 to Eureka

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

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

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

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

Dear Brother:

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

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

90 gallons wine (\$112.50) 2 Barrels (\$10 each) (\$122.50) sent by E. F. Greene in July. Amt paid Greene for freighting \$16. Total..\$233.50

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

Yours respectfully
James G. Bleak

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



Figure 8. Edward L. Parry and his four sons. Standing left to right: Bernard, Edward Thomas, John Lloyd.
Seated: Father Parry and George Brooks.

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER 8

THE FAMILY GROWS

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

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

(Bleak, Bk B 273 typescript)

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

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

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

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

Nov. 11, 1881

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

St. George, April 11, 1883

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

Ithamer Sprague

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

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

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

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

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

By nine-thirty when the bell rang out its call, all who were old enough to walk were started down the hill, the older ones holding fast to the hands of the younger. "Act as nice as you look," their mother always reminded them as they left, and this axiom so often repeated became a sort of anchor to them all. For though they might go bare-

foot and in patched clothing all week, the girls appeared at church ruffled and starched and be-ribboned, the boys trim and neat.

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

Best of all were the holidays. First came Easter with its eggs colored from pink to deep crimson with madder root, green with alfalfa, yellow with onion skins, or made into faces with the heavy pencil and the father's skill. On Mayday everyone went in wagons to the resort at Dodge's Spring to spend the whole day boating, wading, swimming, competing at horseshoe pitching or other games, and a program with a May Queen and braiding of the May pole.

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

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

A few days early the cannon — the same one which had been used as a pile-driver on the temple — would be brought on its wheel base from the Court House yard and set firmly on the brow of the hill a little east and south of the Brooks home. On the evening before wood would be collected and the fire laid several yards away, material in the

form of rags and lucerne would be at hand for wadding. Before daylight George would be out making the last-minute preparations, and would usually be joined by Charlie Worthen and Alex Morris.

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

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

Such a boom as it made! It seemed to almost shake the Sugar Loaf as the echoes bounced from there to the black ridge across the valley to be picked up again and re-echo all around. Such a cloud of smoke as went up! Now the children would run down to gather up the items that had been coughed out in the blast, to bring them back and prepare for another shot. Always the barrel of the cannon was swabbed out carefully with a damp cloth before another red sack of the powder was forced into it. Many jokes were told about the shooting — how pairs of girl's panties filled with air and came down lightly like balloons, how a base ball was thrown all the way down past the social hall. But in thirteen shots they could try some variation in the wadding.

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

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

Another of George's tasks of the day was to make the barrel of lemonade, which stood, complete with tin dipper tied by a long string, on the shady side of the Tabernacle. It was Cornelia who knew the amounts of sugar, tartaric acid and lemon extract to mix for the best

results. In the meantime, all the Brooks youngsters entered every race or other contest for which they were eligible.

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

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

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

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

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

The whole week was one of celebration, with theaters nearly every night, at least two plays being prepared and each presented two or three

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now he was able to build onto his house a large kitchen 12 × 24 inside on the north side of the rock house. The kitchen, was of adobe with a sloping shingle roof, the floor a step lower than that of the regular home. With a part of the bedroom cut off for a buttrey, or store room to open onto the kitchen, Cornelia now had space for work that would leave her front room free for a living room or parlor. A sleeping deck put up outside the north door under the locust tree provided room for two double beds and made an ideal arrangement for the girls for about nine months out of the year.

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

But very early they were all put to work. By the time the three older girls were nine, ten-and-a-half, and thirteen, their Mother, sometimes quoting the old adage, "One girl is a girl; two girls are a half a girl; three girls is no girl at all," would say to them on Saturday morning,

"One of you go down and help Aunt Pal do her cleaning, another go over to Aunt Zillies, and I'll keep the other one here."

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

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

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

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

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

How hungry they were! Such armsfull of leaves and branches as they devoured daily, making a sound of chewing and crackling louder than a herd of cattle feeding. Each worm would start on the outer edge