

How The St George Tabernacle Got The Glass For The Windows.

One Monday afternoon a few years ago my father and I were crossing the Public Square going on the south side of the Tabernacle when something caught his eye, and he exclaimed "What has happened here?" I told him that the day before the old cords that supported a section of the window had given way & the sash fell out. He suggested that we walk over and take a look at it, which we did.

He walked around it as it lay on the ground, and asked if I knew how & where the glass came from. Then proceeded to tell me this story.

"When we first came to Dixie supplies were very hard to get, as every thing which we did not produce was hauled by mule teams from the Mississippi River on the East or from Los Angeles on the West, most of that on the West being shipped from New York around the Horn in the old sailing vessels.

Freighting in those days was not a pleasure excursion, as the roads were merely rough trails, Indians were bad & caused no end of trouble by stealing our mules, bridles, ropes, lines and cutting the straps off the harness.

to say nothing of ^{stealing} clothing, knives, forks + spoons.

We had three long ^{desert} drives with no water on the way, + no feed for the mules except the scanty vegetation which grew by the way.

Your grandfather Elijah K. Feller + Uncle Wm. + myself with many others made many a trip to Cal; however on the trip when we brought this glass. Father + Wm's team were driven by Jim + Tom Pearce. We hired an Indian boy whom we called "Josh" to go along as night herd for the teams, taking a saddle horse for him to ride.

He would take the mules out to where the grazing was as good as the country afforded + at the first peep of day he would bring them back to camp.

That was one trip that everything went well as far as molestation by Indians was concerned.

On our arrival at the Wilmington Docks. the ship was unloading her cargo. The boxes containing glass were dumped on the dock like so many stones. I refused to accept one single box until they were opened + all broken glass thrown out. This made quite a delay but we had no broken glass to start

out with.

We loaded the boxes with the edge of the glass down so as to avoid breakage. + it came through very well.

We used to drive with one line for six or eight mules, training one of the lead mules as a "jerk mule" + it would obey the jerk to turn the team "Gee" or "Haw" as the driver desired. I tried to learn Josh how to drive, but he was scared to even touch that jerk line. You would hardly think that these little window panes ~~cost~~ seventy-five cents a piece, would you? + at the present time you can buy all you want for ten.

And this is how we got the window glass as told me by my father
Revelo Fuller.

Orpha F. Hunt.