

. Interview with Price W. Nelson
August 6, 1935

During these few years my two wives lived together peaceably and ate at the same table and were very happy. We united in carrying the turf and raised and gathered the potatoes and we would go into the corn field and hoe corn and take the babies to the field and put them in a box and keep moving them up to the work so as to protect them from the varmints. In the whole settlement there was about twelve families of us. We all gathered into three houses, made the beds and all slept in the house and stood guard for many weeks which was very inconvenient but no trouble arose between us while we were in that condition and we united in building a fort by standing pine logs in the ground around the meeting house, with bastions in the opposite corners with port holes for protection. We stood guard and lived in that condition for many weeks but no more killing was done in that time but there was great excitement through the country and everybody was on the guard and lookout.

I was on the go night and day for days and days. My wife at that time had just got out of bed with a baby which came nearly causing her death through the excitement and exposure.

It was known by the authorities in the valley that the Apaches were out and they sent word to me to be on the look-out. It was in the fall of the year and we were harvesting our corn and I was coming from the field and lain down to rest and this man Tully Richards, he and Charlie Whiting had their families out in the mountains nearby where the murdering was done but the Indians had never located them, that was all that saved them, he came to me, he had just received the word that morning and he came to me and called me and said, "Brother Nelson, the Thompson family are all murdered."

I said, "Give me that horse. Where in the world is your family?" And I ran after him to get the horse and he wouldn't let me have him and he went in the direction of the families and I got on my horse and I got there and helped to gather the dead and some of us went to find the families that were unprotected out in the mountains. We expected to find them all killed but to our great surprise the word had got to them and we met them coming all safe and sound. I said to the head man, "Give me the best horse and I'll go report about it." There was some more Mormon families and people living about ten miles away. He said, "You've got the best horse in the company."

And my horse was entirely given out and I could not get a man to volunteer to go with me and went on that afternoon and many times never expected to live a minute but nevertheless went on and reported the murdering. And sometime that night I saw a man of the range who had a negro wife. He got in about nine that night and he had about thirty men in a round up, gathering cattle and we were after them to see if they couldn't locate the murderers. And he said, "Wait until morning." I said, "Give me that horse and I'll go get those men out tonight." So he got on his horse and went off and the men went out that night to try to head off the murderers but we were unable to do it.

I got back home the next day. The boys were laid out and I thought the boys that were wounded would be dead but to my surprise he was still alive and in two weeks was up and about. They said to me, "Your family is weeping for you. They think that you have fallen into the hands of those murderers." I was a mile and a half from home and I went on home and found my family. They were all happy to get together again alive. We were all boarded up and all the families lived in the three small houses together, not knowing what minute we would be attacked by those murderers. That day and the next day we got sixteen men together and started on the trail again to try to locate the Indian and we got out in the mountains nine or ten miles away and they said it was no use to go on until just I and the old parson, Williams, was all that was left and the others had gone back.

But before this they had muffled the horses' feet with a raw-hide sack and they didn't make a mark. The only way we could trail them was where they had gone through the brush and knocked off leaves. Away to a great distance there were two points standing up in the mountain and I said to myself that was where they had gone. I rode hard all day by myself and when I got within a mile and a half of those peaks I located the tracks of the murderers. How I did this I saw the mule tracks and crawled on my hands and knees and knew that I had the right tracks. I went within half of a mile of the points on the side of my horse. It was in the fall and I was high in the mountains, I had nothing to eat but I had a good rifle. I unsaddled the horse and tied him to a tree and something said, "Go right back." I listened to that and went back and threw the saddle on my horse. I rode down into a deep canyon on the west of these points and down in there I found great numbers of fresh horses' tracks. There was no mule's tracks but it was where this bunch of men had been

the day before.

I tried to trail them out and I followed down the canyon for a mile or two. It was becoming late and when I got out on the west the night was on. It clouded up and rained, snowed and sleeted, and I was soaked through and through. I was just in my shirt sleeves. That night it was so dark I couldn't see the horse's ears. I went west and found a road there. Had I turned to the north I would have met up with the sixteen men who have followed my directions to the peaks and there is no question but what somebody would have got killed. Again I was directed south, the other way turned south and got out of the snow. Then it was so dark I couldn't see the horse's ears. I was on a cattle trail and I kept losing it, then I would crawl around and find the trail but I couldn't follow it and I decided that I would stay there until morning. I located a place under a couple of little trees and under that there were dry leaves. I unsaddled the horse, hobbled him, took a stick and dug out a trench. While doing this I was disturbed by two horsemen coming on the run right to me, and it was quite exciteable for me. I had my rifle on one knee waiting for something to develop. They came quite close to me. It was a couple of wild range horses and as soon as they stopped, they gave a snort and ran.

I dug out the trench and lay down on my back. I was wet through, cold and chilling and hungry. I lay down in that trench and pulled the wet saddle blankets over me and was soon asleep. I lay in that position until morning. At break of day I got up, saddled the horse and went for home. The company of 16 men located my tracks and followed me to my home. We started back, sixteen or eighteen of us, and camped at the foot of the buttes where I was the night before. We proved that the outlaws were out on the peaks. That was the Indians' custom to stay on the peaks for days to rob and then go to their strong-hold.

Sometime before this, a lot of the Apaches broke out from the reservation and broke for the line across Mexico. It was a bunch of about ten or twelve men, women, and little children. Whenever they wanted to catch those that had broken out, they would get some of their own people to trail them through the mountains. They would scatter out abreast and keep weaving back and forwards and every little bit everyone gave a yip to us, a sign to go on. They would go on miles and miles on the trail of the outlaws. They got onto the camp a little while before night of this bunch of ten or twelve. It appears that the men were all gone but one was left with the women, or the bunch of squaws. When they located

them they lay right there until dark, then during the night they got onto the camp within a reasonable waiting distance and remained there until morning. Just at daylight, the women were up and one hour and twenty minutes later, the old outlaws rolled out. They had orders not to shoot the women. They shot, and down the old outlaw went and they made a rush for the camp leaving all the firearms there. The outlaw ran and got away from them; they rushed to camp and never got a one of them. They got on the trail and followed the outlaw who died, and the squaws piled rocks on him; but he had gone twenty or thirty miles before he died and they never got one alive.

The other bunch got away and come down close to where we lived and located up in the point of a high mountain. They had a pair of the finest field glasses made and they located the troops the day before coming and their scouts located the camp on the mountain and surrounded the mountain as soon as possibly they could. In the morning the indian troops were all gone and had left a little girl six or seven years old, in camp. They left half a water jug for the little girl and a piece of meat and told her that they were going after meat and for her to remain there and when the troops came up, the little girl fought them like a tiger, with rocks.

Then they came on over into the section of the country where we lived in the Mexican settlement above, and they had the little girl with them. They trailed them to right west of our little Mormon town on a high peak where they could see four different states. And the Apache troops would trail them by a little pebble turned over or a blade of grass turned over. They went on the mountain, located the camp, and came back down to the colony, shooting a beef, cutting it up and carrying it back on the mountain. When they found the scouts were on their trail, they set the mountains afire. Then the troops came on down about ten miles to where we lived, and the river was very high and it was impossible to cross. Fath and I had a little skiff and we worked all day crossing the troops and horses over the river. We drowned one horse. Everything was crossed with safety but that. Then they go on out to San Berdino to head quarters. There was the bunch of seven men and two squaws, that same bunch that killed the Thompson family. They were still around the country but were perfectly peaceable. We know they had chances to take life but they had decided to cease that kind of work. They would come into the little town at night and take clothes off the line. We laid it to the Mexicans. That occurred

several times. I was up the canyon about 12 miles from home; it was a deep canyon, and had high mountains on one side. There was a clump of large ash trees, large oak and poplar trees that were the largest I had ever seen. Some were thirty feet in diameter. Right in mid day they had the appearance of dusk. I was building a water wheel for the purpose of making shingles in a little mountain stream. I went on up in there about six miles hunting deer, and while I was trailing and hunting them I came onto the camp fire. It was night. The Mescal stalks grow extensively; it was as sweet as candy and they would roast it and use it for food. I came onto the fresh fire. I had shot at deer and it had given them the signal and they made away. When I came on the fire my animal commenced sniffing and snorting and I thought they would kill me. I just got out of the saddle and ran my hand through the coals and got in the saddle and went off as peaceably as I had come, and I rode away and went down and reported what I had seen. Old Colonel Nalia Casa Lisca, of the people of the state of Sonora, and he was the law, he had told me he had killed men for stealing a cow and they had been on the trail of these Indians, and I sent word to him that I had them located, and he sent word to me to return and I returned and took a posse of men the next day. We located them on the trail and found them, the nine of them, on the reef of a cliff, all chewing mescal.

The season before, they came into the corn fields and stole corn until all their animals were all stuffed with corn and would steal clothes off the line and the owners of the fields decided to hunt him out, and they came on them at noon and were just ready to go on, and old Tom Allen, a half breed from Oklahoma, and Martin Harris were the two men, and in place of them going on, the Indians came right to them, and as they started to come to them Old Tom said, "We've got to keep calm," and Tom stepped out. A young squaw was on the lead and all had the packs of corn, and the old chief and squaw were the next two, and then the five young bucks. When the young one saw Brother Allen, she gave the signal and they all stopped. She whirled, and all went to run but the two old outlaws themselves. They could collect returns for their scalps. When the young one and five bucks whirled and ran, the two old outlaws rustled for the guns which were tied on the saddle. And when he went to get his gun, old Tom shot him in the breast and he reared back and laid on the horse behind him. He had a little boy behind him, and when he heard the excitement, he stuck his head out and got one bullet in the neck and they both fell dead. The old woman was

still trying to get her gun and old Tom shot and killed her. And the others were not seen but some of the horses were found with the packs of corn on their backs. Right at that time, Pres. Ivins and Owen Woodruff were down visiting the colony. First they thought they would report it but decided not to. President Ivins and Woodruff and all the company of men went out next day right to where they had killed them. They discovered one was a woman but they dug graves in the rocks and covered them up. The men that did the killing got some of the old relics that many would buy. It was reported to the Casa Lasca Agrandres authorities and they sent a bunch of men and they dug him up and stripped the clothes off for relics and they demanded the reward but they wouldn't pay a cent, neither the U. S. nor Mexico. That ended the trouble with the Indians in that part of the country. Down in the section of the country there was a whole place where nobody dared go but the murderers. There were the Apache and Mexican murderers in there together and they would come up on our range and drive our cattle off and always cut the brand of the horses on the trees just to show us that they were independent. We could never reach them. We lived there eleven years in that place and never had any trouble except that they would steal the stock. That was in Chuachupa.

for the common good of all and in turn recieved his living necessities from the store house. Most of the settlements had a common eating table where everyone ate together men, women, and children and peace and harmony prevailed among them. The people built a great mill and put in 274 acres of crops ever half in wheat. They milked 42 cows and the pattery was owned by Mr. Behrman. J. A. Woods taught the school. In Jan. 1888 the popuadation was 277. The people however became dissatisfied b cause of frequent crop failures and the deficulty of farming and abandoned the project.

Sunset

Sunset was settle By Lot Smith and Company of 50 men and their family. March 23, 1876 it was located on the north side of the little Colorado, 5miles north of thePresent sit of Vienrlo the settlers were led by President Brigham Young to colonize along the Bank of the little Colorado. From cotton wood logs they Build houses a comunity Dinning hall and a well the camunity thrive am in 1878 in population was 136 combination was made with Brigham in the Building of a Dam 2½ miles long the settlements latter this was marked out and also the sandy land and Tifrecilty of Eragation the settlers were till finley 1885 all had left But Lots Smiths Family which separted in 1888.

Joseph City Was Settled Mar. 24, 1876

I P. W. Nelson was one of the company that

On the 22nd day of Oct, 1876 59 years ago I first crossed the Lees Ferry and the Kibab forset. It was then commonly known as the Buckskin Mountains because of the fact that the Indians brought many deer skins into the settlements for trade which were taken from deer killed upon this mountain. The Indians who occupied the mountain were the Kaabab branch of the Phute tribe. The word in the Kiabab in the Indian dialect means "the mountain which lies down" freely translated, Flat top mountain. The forset was at that time the home of many deer.

Old Traylor that could tell great stories I commenced writing before. my legs were long enough to reach across the back of a horse I was in the saddle until I reached the age of middle life. On that trip which brought me here, I crossed the Colorado at Lee's Ferry when the crossing was very dangerous. We went through what is now the State of Arizona. There was ~~no~~ not a mile of railroad of any kind. In the state of New Mexico in Arizona in Utah Northern Texas or Southern California had I nor any other person suggested at the time the good roads would be constructed into this then remote region. That people would come from all parts of the world to gaze upon and admire its beauties and grandeur that the journey would be made from the then outposts of civilization to this point in a single day that a palatial hotel would be erected here for the accommodation and comfort of guests he would have been regarded as either a harmless dreamer or a dangerous lunatic but not withstanding this we who have lived through this period have seen all of this and more accomplished Roads made by man thread the world. We travel over them now on bands of steel of in luxurious motor cars or through the air. Only yesterday our roads were mere trails blazed by fearless intrepid men, through unknown forsets, over snowclad mountains, and across trackless deserts. The romance and tragedy of the old trails will never be told or written It cannot be for the men who made unrecorded history along these desolate ways have long since gone to tread the path of another world, leaving little of recorded history behind them. On these old trails men have perished from thirst and summer and from cold and lack of food in winter, have been massacred by savages have killed each other for possession of precious fluids contained in the water holes scat -

through which the trails passed. Young men and maidens gave pledged their faith, Mothers have given birth to children and holy men have sacrificed their lives for religious sake. No one can tell the story as time and fate have recorded it.

The First white man in the country who was the first to enter and explore this inter mountain country? I do not know Father Esclante so far as we are aware was the first white man to pass through the neighborhood where we now are.

At Lees's Ferry on the big Colorado He left Santa Fe New Mexico about the intention of blazing a trail through to California reaching Utah Lake he turned south and finally decided to return to his starting point which he reached after experiencing many hardships. On his return he crossed at the Colorado at "vado de los pares" about thirty miles above Lees Ferry just east of us. Jedediah Smith with a small party of trappers explored the Salt Lake basin traveled south on the route which we followed down to its junction with the Colorado where he crossed into what is now the state of Arizona. The first white man so far as we are aware to enter the territory four years later. William Wolfskill with a small party went over the same route leaving the Rio Virgin and striking across the desert to Las Vegas Nevada and to the Cajon Pass to California. The first effective effort made to colonize and develop community life in the rocky mountain region was by the Mormon pioneers. It is true that others had passed over the route before isolated forts and trading posts had been established but not one had come with the intention of remaining and making homes in this inhospitable part of the West. When the pioneers first entered what is now the southern part of Utah and Northern Arizona it was a wild uninviting part of our country. The hunting ground of the Ute, Paiute, Navajo. And when the Indian saw the white man come on with his covered wagons and plow, so forebodingly portrayed by Emerson Howe. With his flocks and herds to eat the grass and our civilization to frighten away the game which abounded they naturally resented our encroachment external vigilance was the price of our safety and even then we were not safe. Food and clothing were indispensable and these could only be obtained from cultivation of the soil and flocks and

soil and flocks and herds. They gave us food with which to sustain our bodies clothing with which to cover them. They became our most cherished possessions. And like Isreal of old we became a pastoral people. Little attention could be given to professions and other occupations by which men now gain wealth. It was in this environment that my early life was spent. I became a tender of flocks and herds for others and then for myself and it was under these circumstances in constant contact with men of like occupation that the ideals and aspirations that have governed my life were formed. These riders of the hills and plains men of unsurpassed courage but with hearts as tender as the hearts of women where acts of mercy were required as was often the case profoundly religious they held in reverential respect the religion of others not many audible prayers were said by them but when the day's work was finished and the blanket spread for the night many silent petitions went up to the throne of Grace in gratitude for blessing received and others desired. One day an Anthony W. Ivins a man put his thoughts into verses and this is what he said.

O Lord, I've never lived where churches grow.

I love creation better as it stood

The day you dined it so long ago,

And looked upon your work, and called it good

I know that others find you in the light

That's sifted down through tinted window panes,

And that I too have found you here tonight,

In this dim twilight on the plains.

I thank thee, Lord, that I am placed so well,

That Thou hast made my freedom so complete,

That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell

Or wearied prisoner in a walled-up street

Just let me live my life as I've begun,

Give to me work that's open to the sky,

Make me a part with the wind and sun,

And I'll not ask a place that's soft or high,

Let me be easy on the man that's down,

Let me be free and generous with all,

I'm careless, Lord sometimes when I'm in town,

But never let them call me mean or small,
 Make me big and open, like the plains on which I ride,
 Honest as the horse between my knees, Clean as the wind that blows
 behind the rain,
 Free as the hawk, which circles down the breeze,

Forgive me Lord, when sometimes I forger;
 You know the reasons which are hid,
 You know about the things that gall and fret,
 you know me better than my mother did.
 Just keep an eye on all that's said and done,
 Just reigh me, always, when I turn aside,
 And guide me on the long dim trail ahead.
 Which stretches upward toward the Great Divide.

I was not one who sought the downfall of my neighbors that I might rise to greater height but just a brave plainspoken man that asked only to be left to follow his own faith and occupation knowing that the Lord is knocking at the doors of the hearts of all men and if they will only leave the latch string on the outside as it always hangs on his cabin door the Lord will come in and bring peace to their souls. The canyons below us and the mountains above have witnessed scenes more pathetic more tragic than those told by any book mark. The trees, the grass the animals and the living streams of water teach lessons which cannot be so not have personal contact with them Battles with Indians have been fought not far from where we are tonight.

The Tragedy of Clavingers Samuel Coavinger had sold his ranch in Arizona and started for the state of Washington to make his home. He had a team of six horses and two wagons which he drove himself and a band of loose horses driven by a white man and a negro and a grown adopted daughter usually riding with them. When they came to the Lee's Ferry crossing they remained there for about ten days or two weeks to rest the stock. The Mother and daughter seemed to be Southern very kind spoken people and after they had rested they moved on to continue their journey. When they got on the Buckskin Mountains the first night they camped just above us. It appears as well as I have been able to learn that plans were made between the two riders

The white man and negro to^k_o

The white man and Negro to murder the old couple for the plunder, He was loaded with a broke down store or to pay their expenses. The first night they landed on the Buckskin Mountains and stopped for the night. The old people after spending the evening around the Camp fire spread the bed down on the ground and went to bed. The arrangements were all made for the Murder. The young woman who knew about the plans but dared not reveal it for fear of her life went off into the Cedars where she wouldn't be able to see or hear anything that went on. After she left the Murders crushed the heads of the old couple with their axe then taking their pick and shovel and made a grave and rolled them into it bedding and all so all blood stains were concealed and covered them and leveled off the ground then built a fire over the spot. It was very late in the Night when the young woman came back to camp and everything was accomplished according to the Murders desires. When I knew the Young lady at the Ferry she was tall and slender and seemingly in a delicate condition. What kind of a shock this gave her when she returned I am not able to say but it must have been awful. From that on she was compelled to acknowledge the white man as her husband. They came into Kanab peddling the goods and idling along as if nothing had ever happened and as they went along they kept disposing of the horses and other goods. They kept on in this way until they arrived in Wyoming and were in separate business, the girl and the white man still living as man and wife and the negro drifting on. Time passed on for about two years when someone passing from Lee's Ferry over the mountain on the old trail where the murder was committed they noticed some crows setting there pulling and picking at something and upon investigation they found the corners of the blankets exposed. To all appearance a coyote had been digging there. There was an investigation which exposed the murdered bodies of the old couple. They weren't long in identifying the bodies and discovering the murders were. And then the officers started to trail them. The officers had no trouble in following the trail of the murderers. They followed them through Utah and Idaho then followed them through Utah and Idaho and found them man and woman in the state of Wyoming still living as man and wife. She confessed and told the whole story. The negro was soon located and the men were arrested convicted and executed for the murder.

The tragedies of the canyons are many on the 24 day of May 1876 Lorenzo L. Roandy was drowned while attempting to cross the river at Lee's Ferry. I crossed Lee's Ferry in January of the same year and the crossing was very dangerous. In 1889 Frank M. Brown was drowned when endeavoring to make a survey of the canyon with a view of constructing a railroad through it. Few days later Peter Hefborrough a member of Browns Party was also drowned and the railway project abandoned. I remember seeing great piles of railway tool and equipment piled at the Ferry.

Grave their Lives to Explore the canyon Probably the most pathetic tragedy O. G. and Seneca Holland and William He Dunn these men were of the party that accompanied Major Powell on his first journey down the canyon. I remember seeing them pass through Berry's valley or Glendale came county Utah in 1871. They measured the distance that they traveled with one single wheel about 8ft. in diameter with shaves on it that was fastened onto the mule and an instrument on the hub that recorded the number of revolutions the wheel made in a day. I speak of this to show the contrast between the ~~old~~ methods 65 years ago and now. They left the major declaring they preferred the risk of ~~climbing~~ climbing the sheer walls of the canyon and attempting to reach the settlement believing that it would be impossible to survive in the further attempt to pass through the gorge. The major offered to release any who offered to go with the two brothers and Dunn left with them. When they reached the cliffs far above the river they waved farewell to the major when he pushed his boat off into the rapids. A few days after the major reached his journey's end the mouth of the Rio Virgin the Holland brothers and Dunn reached the rim of the canyon. Where they were killed by the Shoshone Indians.

My association with the mountain and woods have brought much unhappiness and joy to me as well as sorrows. The story which I will relate enclosing may be of interest to you.

(I am rewriting from someone else's experience)

One evening we ~~drove~~ drove into a mountain valley through which a stream flowed to the north following it about 2 miles there was no road and descent was steep and rough but by careful driving we reached the bottom in safety at a point where the canyon widened out and two streams came together. In the forks of the stream on the spot of high ground covered with grass and shaded by scattered pine trees we established camp. The stream was bordered with willows and there was meadows on either

side upon which cattle were grazing, While the mountain seke was covered with a variety of floweres. We unhitched hobbled and put bells on our horses and turned them out to graze. We gathered some wood and pitched our tent and by the time darkness set in we were ready for the night. It was a beautiful night a full moon rose over the ridges and looked down through the pines like a great search light illuminating the canyons until it was almost as light as day. Trout splashed in the stream. Frog crooked crickets cheaped incessantly. Myrads of insects fluttered around our campfire many of then to be cought in the flames and destroyed. Night Hawks drummed as they passed swiftly through the air in pursuit of the insects upon which they fed.

The kinship of wild life whith cities.

From the top of the giant dead pine just across the creek a horned owl heoted and way off on the mountainside a coyote howled dismally. From the top of a junfer tree just above the camp a mocking bird sang as only a mocking bird sings on a moonlight night. Changing rapidly he imitated all thenotes known to his feathered companions ~~///~~ and many perculiar to himself. His song was like a medly of lod melodyes. A whip-poor-will called from a bush near camp and was answered by another far off down the canyon. Farther off we heard the bark of a gray wolf. I thought as I con emplated tonight in the great cities of electric lights are converting night into day as the moon is the canyon here. There is music and innocence happiness there as there is here. The human beast of prey are there too and come out from their hiking places in the dardness seeking whom t they may devour. The human moth are also there fluttering around many of them to be caught in he flames and destroyed and I thought how alike we are. How like man Nature is and how like nature man with the exception. There in the greagt city all is the result of studied design while here in the wilds it is the spontaneous calls of the wild things to mature.

The foolowing morning thw sun rose bright and radient. There was not a cboud in the sky. We walked up to the juniper tree where the mocking bird was singing and carefully drawing aside the branches found a nest with the mother bird upon it she only fæw when we almost touched her and then just to a branch of the dead pine across the creek from which she scolded us for our intrudance Little fluffy with big heads and we lift the nest the mother bird returned while the male from his perch on

the dead pine sang as though his throat would split.

We fished down the stream taking the trout behind a rock here or a ripple there or under a willow yonder the fish taking the fly as I had never known them to do before. Just below camp we discovered a turkey hen and her brood that were scratching on the river bottom and they scrambled up the mountainside and took refuge in the rocks. A little farther on a flock of parrots flew from where they were feeding on the cones in the top of the pine trees and were away with a great chatter and flapping of wings the morning sun flickering in the red and green and yellow of their bodies like burnish gold. A doe and two fawns ran out from the willows and stopped on the mountainside looking back at us with their big hazel eyes as though wondering who we could be. As the day advanced the heat became oppressive. Suddenly the fish ceased to bite and the birds to sing. The cattle left the meadows and hastily trailed up into the side canyons. A flock of crows flew silently over our heads and took refuge under a cliff. On the mountain side all nature had suddenly become hushed and seemed oppressed. We knew it was the calm which preceded the summer storm and turned hastily back to camp as we did so. Clouds rolled up over the ridges to the south like great poles of pop corn and a breeze was blowing from that direction. When we reached camp we found the horses already there backed upon the lower side of a grove of trees. We hastily tied and threw blankets on them. The dogs whined and crept into tent. The mocking bird flew from his perch on the juniper tree and took refuge under a cliff near by. We had scarcely time to gather together our camp equipment and carry it into the tent and securely tie the door when the storm broke in all its fury. The wind had increased to a gale the clouds were black and ominous lightning flashed and thunder rolled rain came down in torrents. Great hail stones fell beating down the grass and flowers and tearing the tender branches from the trees. A bolt of lightning struck the dead pine just across the creek and tore it into a thousand pieces scattering them all around us which was strongly impregnated with pitch which was burning brightly while the storm raged. The creek which a few moments before had been a clear mountain stream was a raging torrent. Trees torn up by the roots floated past while boulders loosed from the mountainside by rivulets

which flowed everywhere rolled down into the canyon with noise like thunder. Fortunately the storm was of short duration. It ceased as unexpectedly as it had come. The clouds rolled away and the sun came out and looking complacently down on the have wrought as though it had been as uneventful autumn day.

The mocking bird prove it's a True Father as we stepped out into the sunshine the mocking bird flew from his shelter under the protecting rock and hopping among the branches of the juniper tree uttering notes of alarm. We went over and drawing aside the inner branches found the mother bird there upon the nest dead. True to the instinct of all flesh she had protected her young while the storm beat out her life. The little birds were safe. We took the tiny body and digged a grave at the root of a pine tree near camp carefully buried it. There was a grave already there a mound of which was covered with large stones. On one side of the tree the trunk of which had been blazed the word. Fleete had been made by driving nails into the trunk the heads only being visible but the story of that grave will be another story of the tragedy of the woods. Before we left camp the little mocking birds were grown the male bird had fed them by day and sheltered them at night but there had been no more singing. He had just done his duty with a grave heart as many fathers have done before and since. As he sat watching his young try their wings in short flight from tree to tree I knew that he would soon lead them away to their winter home in the south where he would find another mate to take the place of her who had given her life that his offspring might live. Again I say how alike we are after all the joys and sorrows of life come to the wild things of the woods as they do to us. How much they feel and suffer no one can say.

Brigham City the Arizona Settlements

Brigham city was first called Ballenger it was located just across the river from Sunset at a point one mile North of the present site of Winslow. It was settled March 1876 by Jesse O. Ballenger and his company of about fifty family. They built a rock fort 200 ft. square and seven feet high in which the settlers built homes. They also built several community houses and they lived in a friendly and brotherly association known as the United Order. In this system every one contributed his labor