

# *The Legend of Hog Allen*

*Compiled by*

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*Early one morning in September of 2000, while enjoying breakfast at the Lodge at Zion Ponderosa, a total stranger approached, who asked, "What can you tell me about Hog Allen Smith?" I told him that I was his Great Grandson and that he was buried near the top of the Zion Narrows. That is when Mike Chamberlain introduced himself and told me of the fascination he held for a local Legend, "Hog Allen". In the North Fork "Hog Allen" is somewhat of a legend and certainly a very colorful figure in the history of the area.*

*Mike told of hearing first hand, from Rob Will Bulloch, who knew "Albert Smith", the stories of Hog Allen. They had dinner one night at the old Bulloch Cabin, at the bottom of Hog's Heaven near the entry to the Narrows. At that time, Rob Will was 92 years old and Mike was 13 years old. Mike had an idea for a poem, which he had mulled over in his head since he was a boy. Mike told some of the tale and I asked him please to put it on paper. The poem he wrote is "The Tale of Hog Allen".*



*Albert "Hog-Allen" Smith*



*Nelly Norma Reid Cox*

### *The Tale of Hog-Allen*

*By S. Michael Chamberlain*

10/08/2000

*This poem is based on the story of Albert F. Smith (Hog Allen) as told to me by Robert William (Rob Will) Bullock, in the summer of 1962, while my brother and I were having dinner with Rob and his son Patric Henery (Chick) Bullock at the old log cabin down on the creek.*

*You've all heard the tales of the Northern Lights, Mid-Night sun, the ice and the cold.*

*But many and just as strange are the tales that are told,  
Of the Northfork, Kolob, Clear Creek and strange is it's hold.  
On the hearts and minds of their young, middle aged and old.  
But none are as strange as the tale that I tell,  
Of Hog's Heaven, the place and how it got it's name!*

*Eighteen hundred, ninety, two, I believe was the year.  
Yes, now it's coming to me very vivid and clear!  
The Bullock's and Watson's both had the mills.  
The hired men brought the logs in from the hills.  
With their horses and chains, they skidded the huge timber.*

But one young man who was tall and limber,  
Had a pair of oxen, names Golden and Gimber.  
You see, one was a cow and one was a bull,  
And by gee and by ha, how they could pull!

The horses would stand for hours on end,  
While the brush and the scrub oak were removed by the men.  
But his oxen so powerful, so strong  
would push down the brush and trees as they moved along.

Always in song more loads in less time,  
Before long, his coffers with money were lined.  
But he wanted not money nor fame, his lust was for land.  
Ere long, I will tell how it got out of hand!

His cabin he built on a few acres of ground.  
Down near the creek where plenty of water is found.  
He cleared the sage and plowed the land.  
To watch him and his oxen was something grand.

"If he was a friend," said Rob Will, "he was as good as you ever had.  
If he were not, boy was he ever bad.  
If he liked you, he liked all your kin.  
Your mother, Father and all their children.  
But if not, you could be sure  
He wouldn't be a smilin' at you any more."

One day after he had quit the Bullocks to work for more pay,  
At the Watson's mill he was working that day.  
He and one, sixteen year old Watson boy,  
Were repairing a haulers wagon, not a toy!

The king pin was broken to pieces inside  
Where the front axle and wagon box are tied.  
With a heavy long pole for a pry  
To lift the wagon from the axle he did try.

But so doing the pole, it gave away  
And, down it came on Allen's finger that day.  
With cry of pain and not a friendly grin  
He picked up that new 18-inch kingpin.

With a roar of rage caught in his voice  
He took to the boy who had only one choice  
To run for his life and that's what he did  
There were several places where he could of hid.

But old Hog Allen was so close on his tail  
That he was sure they all would fail.  
So he ran, and ran as fast as he could  
Or else he was a sure, a goner for good.

His father, he saw what was a comin' down  
He hollered to his men to help, with a frown.  
That day it took six men to pull Allen away  
He went a cussin' and cursin' from the mill to stay.

That day his smile for the Watsons, went completely away.

Allen with the Bullocks and others one day  
On Cedar Mountain, traveling Cedar City way  
Came to a spot where they could all see  
Nearly the whole of the North Fork country

Allen stood up in his saddle and said  
With a sweep of his arms and a nod of his head  
All of this land to the south, that you see,  
It's all mine, it all belongs to me.

From that day on and the names has stayed  
Albert, or Allen for short, he became known  
And, is known to this day in legend and story  
As Hog Allen the ghost of Hog's Heaven

Not long after the king pin foray  
Hog Allen vowed, the Watson's in the valley could not stay  
He said that if it was the last thing he ever did  
The North Fork of the Watson's, he would rid.

He started to do that right away  
On one bright summer day  
The old man Watson  
And, some sheep got in the way

When Hog Allen came up the road a riding  
Mr. Watson, the sheep, from the road was a guiding.  
For Allen it was definitely not fast enough  
So with the butt of his \*quirt, Allen got quite rough.

Hog Allen left him there by the side of the road  
Like a beaten, stepped on, battered old toad.  
He was charged, with assault and battery.

The charges were meant to stop this man, who  
Could wreak havoc, alone, without any crew.

With little first hand evidence,  
For none has seen this violent fling.  
The judge's hands were tied,  
He dismissed the whole thing.

The days that followed were hard for Allen and Nelly.  
His cabin built on a few acres down near the creek  
Where plenty of shade and water was found  
Caught fire, and burnt, clear to the ground.

The Walker's, who sold Allen the land to build on  
Were leaving and for some time would be gone  
So to the Smith's, the invitation they gave  
"Come, in our house, you may stay"

"Just until you rebuild your cabin on your own plot of ground."  
To Allen, Nelly, little Amy and the others, the invite did sound  
Like a blessing from angels on high,  
To this home gladly they went.

The season was ending, the crops were all grown,  
After the harvest each year most of the families from the valley had  
flown.  
To return in the spring like the robins and black birds,  
Like the timbercutters, the skidders and the flocks and herds.

*\*Quirt: short whip of leather and rawhide used to motivate the horse.*

Stayed on all winter, Allen, Nelly and their little toddling flock  
In the little house on the creek made of stone, timbers and rock.  
With the goal to rebuild,  
On the few acres of ground,  
Near the creek, where plenty of water is found.

One spring day, little daughter Amy  
Was playing down by the flood, she fell in and was swept away.  
When she was found, she was near blue as mud.  
To the house she was carried, still alive

But very cold, and her lungs full  
All knew it would be a hard pull  
And so it was that her little body couldn't handle the fight.  
A few weeks after she turned two, she slipped into the night.

Her passing was especially hard on Allen  
He threw himself into planting and plowin'.  
He planted that year a huge garden of melons, squash, corn and  
beans.  
With planting, he was not stingy by any means.

When the time for harvest came around  
Allen's crops were some the best to be found.  
In those days when harvest was to be made  
It was surely no walk in the shade.

One man might have a thresher, or one a bailer, or combine.  
The farmers would bring their crops from miles around.  
The work would go on for days at a time  
And, the heat, would put a man flat on the ground.

Then the machines would be moved to another spot.  
That time of the year in the North Fork, boy was it hot!  
When it came to the end of the Valley  
At the Walker's, is where the people would rally.

That year it was 1897.  
Allen's harvest was good.  
His melons were big and sweet as could be.  
A joy for all, to taste and see.

*As old Rob Will said he remembered it happened this way,  
While the men, were cutting, and threshing, and bailing the hay.  
Allen had some extra good melons  
In the spring box all stacked away.*

*He would work hard in the heat and the dust  
And, then take a break and eat till he nearly bust.  
Late that afternoon after one of the breaks  
He came into the house saying, "Nelly my head aches."*

*She went to the back room as he slumped in the chair  
Just moaning from the pain in his head.  
When she returned with something for his pain  
She found him, in the chair, still and dead.*

*There was no mortician around to assist with the dead  
So Nelly lifted and placed him on the bed.  
Where he laid all the night and most the next day,  
Till they laid him to rest, deep in the clay.*

*In only a rough pine box from the Watson's mill  
She buried him with her beautiful silk scarf in his hands.  
There with little Amy at the toe of the hill, they laid him to rest in  
peace.  
Where, just two years before, he had placed his own little girl.*

*Those last two years for Nelly had been a heartbreaking whirl.  
She packed up her family and to Cedar City they went,  
Leaving little Amy and Allen there by the edge of the grass,  
Promising to return, next spring to bring them thru the pass.*

*The next spring Nelly returned to bring her loved ones along.  
But when they opened the casket, Nelly let out a scream.  
"Close it, close it!  
This must be a terrible dream."*

*"Leave them there", was what she demanded.  
Rob Will, a curious young man, asked of the men why she had  
remanded.  
They said; "I don't know just what she expected,  
But he definitely had not been resurrected."*

*“His hair had grown, as so had his nails  
his eyes were all bloodshot and blue  
his face looked like he was  
grabbing at you.*

*His legs were not straight like when they laid him down,  
And his hands were not folded all tight on his chest  
He looked forever like he was a dancin’  
With that scarf in his hand!” well you can imagine the rest.*

*They put him back and buried him deep  
You can bet that picture disturbed her sleep.  
It does mine when I’m out there alone and think of this tale.  
Well they buried him there to stay and I believe he is there today.*

*The next year after Allen and Amy’s demises  
The Watson family started having surprises.  
When the harvest was over and the work was all done,  
Each year when it came time to have some fun.*

*The kids would play hide and go seek  
Kick the can, run sheep run and other games.  
The young men would have foot races,  
Horse races and pull contests for the teams.*

*This year after the horse races,  
One of the Watson boys fell from his horse and was killed.  
The next year the younger boy did not come in from kick the can.  
It looked like he had fallen, but in neither case had blood been  
spilled.  
Just a scratch, under the ear, on the right side of the neck.*

*Then after the third boy had a near fall,  
They remembered Hog Allens’s promise and all!  
From the North Fork Valley the Watsons went  
Before the rest of the family was spent.*

*Now remember that this is what was told me  
By Rob Will Bullock in his 92<sup>nd</sup> year as he remembered it,  
And as I remember it being told me.  
As with all legends they are based on truth,*



*But what is truth and fiction is left up to the reader to decode.*

*I remember as a child a number of times  
when I thought Hoggie (as we kind of affectionately called him)  
had me for sure.  
There were times when I covered up my head and barred the door.*

*One dark night I was caught in a rain storm, on old Doll,  
Down in the creek. I must have been six maybe seven.  
I thought sure Hoggie would get me, do what ever he did,  
And, I would be next in heaven.*

*Through the tears and bawling  
I could see a white thing  
A moaning and floating in mid air,  
Coming up the creek toward me.*

*So my young friends, if you are ever out to Hog's Heaven  
In the bottoms and the full moon is shining all around,  
And you 're jumpin and lookin at every sound,  
And it feels like Hog Allen's ghostly fingers are a runnin' up and  
down your spine.  
Just remember that everything is just fine.*

*Don't start blubbering and crying  
and moaning like some calf a dyin'.  
Because that ghost a moanin' and groanin',  
A comin' up the creek that you see,  
Is more than likely some old white-faced cow,  
Like the one that came to rescue me.*

*Remember this, even grown men  
Like my father and Chick admit,  
"There is, definitely, a spirit about Hog's Heaven."*

*So they (not Chick or Dad but other men as well)  
Named the country round about where Albert F. Smith resided  
Hog's Heaven, because they feel his spirit has never left.  
It is his heaven and is still to this day!*

### *Additional Material on Hog Allen*



*Stanley Abner Smith*



*Grace Ashton Smith*

*Stanley Abner Smith was born in North Fork, Kane County, to Albert Francis Smith (also known as Hog Allen) and Nelly Norma Reid Cox, on December 23, 1896. Stanley had an older brother Heber Edwin Smith, born in Cedar City, 22 April, 1891. He also had two older sisters whom he did not know. Nora Maud Smith died immediately after birth on 7 September 1894, and was buried two days later. Amy Mercy Smith was born 20 August 1895, in North Fork and died there on 27 May 1897. I am Stanley Smith's Grandson from his son Drex. I was born on 27 May 1952.*



*Stanley and Grace Smith and Their Posterity*



*Absolam Wamsley Smith and Amy Emily Downs  
Parents of Albert Francisco Smith*



*My father Drex LaNor Smith and I 1953 in Enoch*



*Gary Smith, Lousie Lygren, Drex Smith, Grace and Stanley*





*The Gravesite in Hog's Heaven*

*The wrought iron fence was installed in 1972 (?) by Udell Smith Grandson of Albert Smith and father of Cynthia Smith pictured above. The gravestones were moved to a location above the irrigation ditch to prevent damage from grazing cattle and erosion from the creek. Greg Chamberlain, who Cindy and I met while visiting the site, told us that he had recovered the markers from disappearing into the mud many times over the years. He showed us the remains of the Walker Cabin in the trees south of the gravesite.*



*The Gate to Ned's Meadow Where the Walker Cabin is Located*



*This piece found at the original cabin site and is in my possession. It is very large and appropriate for the yoke used with oxen. It fits on the poles that draw the load and attaches the yoke to the drawbars. Mike Chamberlain and Chick Bullock believe this belonged to Albert Smith.*



*Wheel at Walker Cabin Site*



*Susan and I moved to St. George in March of the year 2000. I had much curiosity regarding my Great-Grandfather Albert (Elbert) Francis Smith, since reading my Grandfather, Stanley Abner Smith's account of his father's history. Knowing that he was buried, in the vicinity, of the top of Zion's Canyon Narrows on the North Fork, and having received directions from Uncles Udell and Gordon, arrangements were made with Evelyn Ashworth, (a friend and real estate agent, that works out of Duck Creek, and is familiar with the area,) to locate the place. Upon arriving at the Chamberlain Ranch and driving down the North Fork of the Virgin River about 1 mile, the gravesite was found on the west side of the meadow above the irrigation canal.*

*Evelyn indicated that she thought there was a "Hog Allen" mentioned in her family history. She is a descendant of David Cattle Bulloch. We read her history, a portion of which is included here.*

*The following is taken from  
A Short Life Sketch of David Cattle Bulloch  
Written by his wife Carolyn N. Bulloch 1967*

*This story is also told in the history of Lehi Jones with the following attribution:  
"The experience as told to Richard Palmer by David Cattle Bulloch himself and passed on to Lehi M. Jones"*

*Carolyn Bulloch  
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*I remember him telling me in the winter of about February 1890, Cedar was visited with an awful snowstorm. It was a bitter cold winter and his father, feared for the cattle that were wintering at the lower herd ranch. His father hadn't left a man there this winter because there was a man by the name of Allen Smith. He went by the name of Hog Allen because two or three miles further down the creek from the lower herd he owned a small piece of land and a little log cabin and ran pigs there because of so many acorns that were there. They would fall from the bush or oak trees in the fall or winter after the frost and there was nothing better to fatten hogs on than these acorns. He did this for years and ran 40 of 50 hogs, then bring them out in the spring and sell them to the butcher shop or sometimes taking them to Pioche, where he could get a better price. Well, he told grandpa Daves father he would keep tab on the cattle as best he could. Bullochs would pay him. They had 3 or 4 hundred head of Cattle*

*There had never been a winter like this before. They raised lots of hay and thrashed grain and left the fences down so the animals run at will to the stacks after December when they quit making trips over to care for them. From the way it was storming and snowing in to town they thought it must be awful over the mountain. Grandfather had a man by the name of Brigham Reed working for him on the farm, and with the sheep and he told him how worried he was for the cattle over the mountain. and wondered if he and Dave could make it over there on snow shoes and try and locate Allen for help to try to scatter the straw and hay around so the cattle could get at the feed better. Reed said yes he believed they could make it alright and he'd go. He was a man of about 24 or 25 years old. Dave was 18. They all hated the trip and Daves mother was just sick, but Grandfather thought everyone ought to be as tough as he had always been. His mother was*

to prepare a good big lunch in two sacks, one for each of them to carry and they were to ride horses to the top of the mountain, then fasten the bridles to the saddle and turn the horses loose to come back home. They were to put their snowshoes on and proceed on foot.

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After the trip was all planned, Dave walked off downtown, but when he came back about 10:00 PM, he found Reed and his wife there to tell Grandfather that his wife objected and he guessed he couldn't go. Grandfather tried to persuade him but his wife just said "no" she wouldn't stand for it. Dave told his father he could make it alone.

"I left my mother crying on Feb. 13 at about 4:00 AM, telling them I'd be to the top of the mountain by sun up. When I got to the corral this side of the mountain, the snow was so deep, being to my horses breast, and we kept breaking through. I decided to turn him loose and go on foot. My feet felt frozen, and my hands were so numb and cold I could hardly fasten my snowshoes on. I tied the bridle to the saddle and started my horse to town. I tied my lunch over my shoulder, and proceeded on and reached the top of the mountain just as the sun was coming up. I looked back at town, which lay covered in snow. I started down the other side of the mountain without much trouble. I had been on snowshoes before, and went sailing along much faster than I expected." I still have one of the snowshoes he used and will keep it as a relic - (1967).

"I knew the mountain well and by taking cutoffs I soon reached the field of Fife and Walker Ranch. This is a beautiful ranch that I bought later and still own today (1967).

The mountain and ranches lay white and covered in snow and everything was so quiet and ghost like, not a twig was stirring. I kept sailing along and soon reached the Lower Herd ranch at about 11:00 AM. Uncle Robert Bulloch's place was the first I came to. The sun was shining bright and warm and I was wet and tired. I could see the snow looked very deep. I saw a large pine tree a short distance away and the ground under it was dry, so I made for it and crawled under it without removing my snowshoes and was soon fast asleep. When I woke up my clothes didn't feel so wet and the sun had gone down causing me to become chilly. I proceeded over to my father's ranch, thinking I might find a bed but there wasn't one, and there



was no axe or wood in sight. Everything was covered in snow, so I went to the corral fence and dug the snow away from a long pole or two and pushed the snow away from the door far enough to push the pole inside and squeezed in. I removed the snowshoes, and built a big fire in the fireplace and thawed my clothes and ate my lunch, the first I had had since I left home early that morning. There was an old straw tick on a bed and I pulled it on the floor in front of the fireplace and by pushing the poles as they burned off, I kept my fire going all night and I rested and had a pretty good night.

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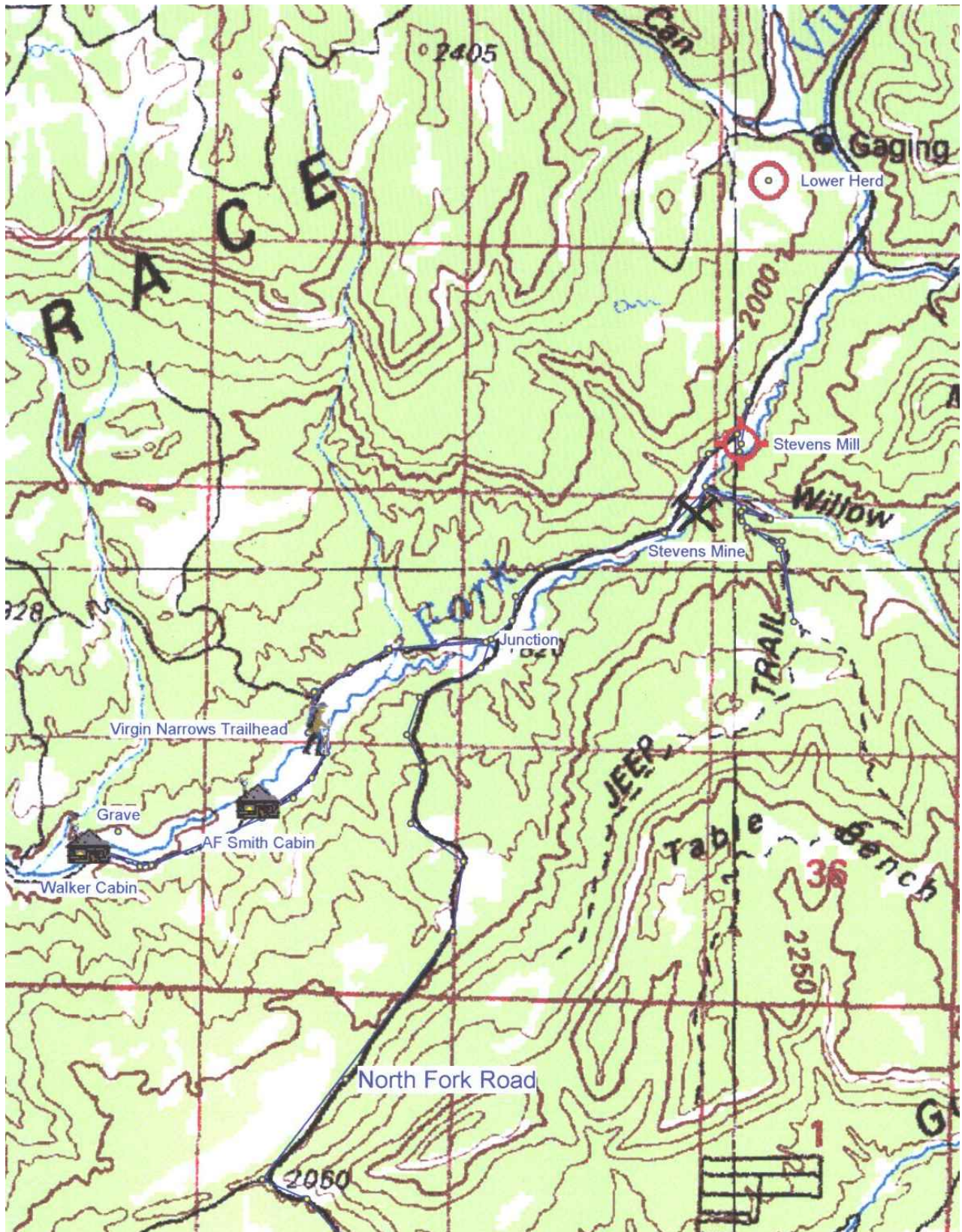
The next morning (Feb 14) I went out and could tell there was cattle buried under the snow around the corral. I searched the hills close by only to find a good many of the frozen stiff. The snowdrifts were 6 ft. deep. In wandering around, I hollered and Hog Allen answered back. He was alone and out looking for cattle. He was very surprised to see me. He took me down to his cabin and prepared a warm supper. We talked and wondered what would be the best thing to do. I slept with him that night in a good warm bed. He told me some of the cattle were in pretty bad shape and there was bound to be a big loss, but there were some alive. He said it snowed so fast and heavy, that as fast as he could shovel the snow to dig them out they would soon be snowed under again, and being alone he couldn't handle it. We went back to our ranch and shoveled and uncovered the stacks as good as we could and pitched the hay and straw over the top of the snow wherever we could see live animals. There wasn't much else we could do. The weather had cleared and it looked like they might have a thaw and if so Allen thought those that were alive would be able to make it."

On Feb 15, Allen went back to his cabin saying he would work with the cattle and do all he could. Dave told him he would take work (word sic) back to his father and some of them would try and be back soon. "I slept the third night on the straw tick. The next morning I ate the remainder of my lunch, put my snowshoes on and started for home. In passing Uncle Robert's house, I knew father had left a quarter beef hanging from the rafters. By going up the stairs we could cut from it, so I decided to go see if it was alright. I had a hard time pushing the door open far enough for me to get my head in because of the drifted snow, and there sat a big bear. He didn't move and I hurried out and never stopped running until I was a good distance

*from the cabin. I was too afraid to look back and see if he was after me, but he seemed asleep and stupid and they don't move around much in the winter. I gave a quick glance at the beef and could see he had knawed from it. I thought it was the same bear Dolph Andrus had seen in this same cabin 2 years before. This cabin seemed to be its winter home. I was sorry I didn't have a gun. It would have plenty of dead cattle to feed on when he woke up.*

*I took the same route back that I had come but there was more uphill going until I got to the top and it was late about 11:00 PM when I reached home. I was wet cold and hungry and my mother has suffered over me every minute I was gone. She was happy when I came walking in the kitchen."*

## Map of Hog's Heaven







*Burnt Remains of AF Smith Cabin*



*Remnants Of AF Smith Cabin*





*View of Smith Pasture from Cabin Site*



*Root Cellar at Walker Cabin*





*The Gravestones of Albert F. Smith and Amy M. Smith*



*Susan Tending to the Gravesite*





*Machinery Near AF Smith Cabin*







*Remains of Stevens Mill*



*Tuff Stevens Cabin*



# **SOME SKETCHES ON THE LIFE OF**

My Father

ALBERT FRANCISCO SMITH

and My Mother

NELLY NORMA COX

by

Stanley A. Smith

*I know very little of my Father, having been but nine months old at his death and having had no contact with his family until I was thirty-two years old. He was born in Quincy, Adams County, Illinois, April 10, 1842, the first child of Absolam Wamsley Smith of English Ancestry in America prior to the revolution, and Amy Emily Downs of Scottish Ancestry in America prior to the revolution.*

*His mother and family were early converts to the Church prior to her marriage to his father who joined in August 1843. In 1846 the family left with the main body of the Church to Council Bluffs where they remained until spring of 1852. They, along with four children left for Utah and settled on Willow Creek (now Draper), My father was ten years of age. Here he assisted his father in building a home, a barn, which is still in existence, also in caring for farm and stock. While a young man, he was sent with an ox team hack with a company to bring British Saints from Nebraska. This trip as I have learned from other sources, was very hazardous and trying. It was possible that it was here that he developed the skill with oxen, for which he was later known.*

*On 4 April 1868, he married Delilah Gardner. From this union was born two sons, Albert and Archie. I do not have the death date of the Mother or two sons, but Archie died in his youth, Albert in the 1930s while the mother had passed away prior to Fathers coming to Cedar City. Father's parents had gone to Southern Utah during the polygamy troubles and were using the name of Allen. He joined them there and used the same name, and became known to residents of Cedar City as Albert Allen or Al Allen. Upon deciding to remain in Southern Utah, he endeavored to become Smith again which never quite succeeded with some of his acquaintances.*

*As I have mentioned, Al was known for his ability with Oxen, and did lots of logging at the sawmills in the mountains around Cedar City. It was here he met and married my mother in the St. George Temple, 27 May 1890. My Mother, Nelly Norma Cox, was born 17 January 1869, the second Child of Edwin Charles Cox and Elizabeth Mary Reid. She was born at No. 1 Hammersmith, London, England. The homes in this area were bombed out during the Second World War and when my wife and I visited there in 1966, a commercial building was being erected on the sight. Mothers Father had joined the Church while laboring in the mines in Wales about 10 years prior to her birth. He was actually a gardener by trade and after marrying; he converted his wife, Elizabeth Mary Reid, which caused her to be disowned by her family. After coming to America, she never heard from her parents they maintained that she had disgraced them.*

*The family, Father, Mother and two children immigrated to America when mother was about a year old. They remained in the East about four years and arrived in Utah about 1875. Her father tried to obtain employment as a gardener, his trade, but was told by President Young that the Women did that work here, so he was directed to Cedar City where he took up carpenter work, did ranching and herded sheep. At one time he served as a carpenter on the building of the St. George Temple. He also became known as Cedar City's Poet. I now have a treasured collection of some 150 of his poems in possession.*

*The family spent several winters at their ranch on Three Creeks, where they raised grain and other crops as well as all kinds of garden produce. For several months each year, their only access to Cedar City would be by snowshoes.*

*It was in his native land, England, that Edwin Charles spent his early youth as an errand boy and later as a gardener at one of the mansions of the titled aristocracy where he learned to appreciate good literature. Throughout his life, he never lost his great love for good literature. The wintertime at Three Creeks on Cedar Mountain was spent in this way, and many of his choice poems were written there. It was here my mother received her schooling under the tutorship of her parents. Although she never attended a public school, she learned to read and write very well. The third "R" 'rithmetic, was*

*mastered sufficiently for her needs, She gained from her parents an appreciation for good literature, as did the other members of her family.*

*As the younger children became of school age, the family went to Cedar. They lived on the corner of Third West and College Avenue. After the marriage of my parents, they lived in Cedar for a while. Here my brother, Heber, was born 22 April 1891. The second child, Nora Maud, was born at Three Creeks 5 Sept. 1894 and died the same day. She was buried there. Then my father took up a homestead at what is known as North Fork of the Virgin River, located in the valley or canyon just above and to the east of the Virgin Narrows. There he raised cattle and hogs. The hogs ran wild in the hills and fattened on acorns. I understand they become quite numerous and the place became known as Hogs Heaven and my father acquired the name of Hog Allen, a name, which you may have heard.*

*How far down the Virgin Narrows my father explored I do not know, but my mother told me that he told her of his experiences in going down through the deep, narrow canyon or gorge where the creek cut its way below the ranch. This could be none other than the now noted Virgin Narrows. This would have been, many years, prior to the time when others claimed to have been the first to go through the narrows.*

*Their home at North Fork was a small, two-roomed cabin placed in a lonely spot where there were no neighbor's for miles in any direction. It was here, 20 August 1895 that my sister Amy Mercy was born. The following year, December 23, 1896, made my debut into this same lonely spot, and into what has been a long and eventful life. Then followed a chain of events that may have contributed greatly to the tempering and refining of a wonderful soul that of my mother. Her Mother had passed away shortly before my birth and shortly after, her youngest brother, Wilford, had been seriously scalded, the scars from which he carried to his grave some 56 years later. Then on May 25<sup>th</sup> 1897, five months after I was born, my sister Amy fell into the creek and was drowned. She was buried there in a little meadow near the hills across the canyon.*

*Two months later, 28 July 1897, Mother's older sister Annis, met with a tragic death when she was coming with her husband and family down the square mountain above Cedar. The team started to run*

and she jumped from the wagon with her baby, but hit her head on a rock and was killed. She left a family of six small children including the baby. Later she was known as Mrs. George A. Topham, of Paragunah, who lived to be 75 years of age.

Six and one half weeks later, 13 September 1897, my Father returned to the cabin early evening with a terrible cramp or pain. My mother was in the hack room preparing something to relieve him and upon entering the main room found him dead on the floor and me, nine-months old, astride him trying to play horse. There she was, in what is still a lonely place, with a Six-year old child and a nine-month old baby and her husband dead. She got her two children to bed, and then saddled a horse, and rode near five miles up the canyon, in the dark, to a sheep camp, gave the herder her horse, and sent him for help, then walked back down that rough canyon in the dark, wading the creek several times to that lonely cabin, where her husband lay dead on the floor, and where she hoped to find her children still safe. I do not know how far the herder had to go for help, but she said it seemed ages before help arrived (A man and woman and two children). They hadn't eaten so she prepared a meal for them, then in as much as they were both afraid of the dead, she washed and laid out the body herself.

The next day a Stevens Family, Franklin and sons, came and prepared a coffin and Sister Stevens used the only bed sheet she owned to line the casket. My father was buried across the canyon beside the still-fresh grave of little Amy Mercy. The spot was marked with a pole fence, which has long since been torn down and destroyed.

My mother's folks came, and got her and took her to Hamilton's Fort where they were then living. Not being able to care for the stock, they were sold for the rate of \$13.00 for a cow with a calf by its side. I suppose that the hogs ran wild. Anyway, for several years there were wild hogs there, I have been told.

It was not until about 1953, that I returned with some of my family, to the gravesite across the canyon from where the home had once stood. Samuel (Bud) Leigh, who had been there before went with us to show us the spot. We placed two markers, which my mother had sacrificed to purchase prior to her death. All evidence of the graves and fence were gone and many a sheep or cow had eaten grass from the graves. We tried to locate the graves by sunken ground, but I have

been told *since* by some that knew the place, that we placed the stones several yards from the actual graves. Still, I am sure that our Heavenly Father knows where they are, and all the sorrow will be turned to joy on that glorious day of resurrection when those three again unite,

My Mother, with her three brothers and three sisters moved to Cedar again about 1899 and I can well remember, although but three years of age the bells ringing out the turn of the Century. We were living in the old Thorley home on Main Street, across from the ElRay Motel. It was a large brick home with a large lot filled with many varieties of apples, peaches, pears, plums, grapes, cherries, currents etc. I well remember reaching out of my bedroom window and picking those early red apples or toasting winter pearmane apples by the fire. There was also a large garden spot. We lived there for seven years for \$7.00 per month. Of course, we dipped our water from a spout in the ditch that ran in front of all the blocks, to fill our water barrel to settle it and clear the water for use. And, we retired to the upper corner of the lot occasionally, instead of to the bathroom as we do now. Our apples and potatoes were stored in pits dug in the ground and lined with straw, then covered with straw and dirt for winter use. The cooking and heating was all done with wood – burning stoves. I mention these because they were all part of my Mothers life.

She did what she could to provide for her two children. She used to work out at housekeeping where mothers were confined or needed help. She took in washing and one of her hardest tasks was to get her lazy son to turn the washer (not an electric washer, but one with a wheel with a handle to turn by hand). Then she used to go out nursing for Dr. Middleton. There were no trained nurses in those days, hut she did what she could under the direction of the doctor.

It was customary in those days to wear black for mourning. I am sure that I was about eight years old before I ever saw my mother in anything other than black. Mother, although she had but very little of this worlds goods, was very strict in meeting her obligations, In the event of a mistake in her favor, at the store or otherwise, she would always see that it was rectified. She believed and taught strict honest and was strict in the payment of her tithing and attendance to her church meetings.

*She was very independent. I well recall one fall when Cedar conducted a wood-haulers bee. The wood was to be delivered to the needy, after which they had a wood-haulers' party. That afternoon. Brother Mulliner pulled up to our place with a beautiful load of dry, Cedar wood, but my mother would not let him unload it, although our woodpile was very low. As that load of wood drove out of sight, I, as a boy, could not see the wisdom of her decision. But, I now honor her for her courage and the lesson she taught us.*

*I recall one fall Mother had gotten a turkey. I do not recall how, because turkeys were scarce in those days and considered to be a rare treat. It would have fed us three for several days, but other members of her family wanted to contribute part of the food and make a dinner for all, to which she agreed. It was customary in those days for the adults to eat first and the children later. (This custom seems to have been reversed now.) Anyway, when we were called from our skating to eat, and it became my mother's turn to eat, as she had always waited on the tables for others, there was only one piece of turkey left. This was immediately claimed by my cousin, so my Mother and her two boys never tasted our turkey. It seemed like a tragedy to me, but she had become accustomed to disappointments.*

*It was about 1913, that she moved to St George to assist my uncle, Dr. Wilford C. Cox in his dental office. This meant a much more stable income for her. She remained there but two years then returned to Cedar Valley and took up a homestead about one and one-half miles East of Enoch I am sure, as I look back, that the main reason she moved back was to get her youngest son away from the associates he had acquired in St. George, as he was becoming too wild to suit her. It, to me, was worth her sacrifice and I am sure it was to her. It was here; I met and later married the girl that has been uppermost in my life all these years.*

*Quite a large portion of Mother's remaining years were spent in our home - She used to help us with the milking as she had become efficient in this art when she used to dairy on the Thorley Ranch at Miners Peak, Cedar Mountain. These were pleasant memories; the cows would graze in the mountains, the calves in the calf pasture. Then corralled for milking, we would let the calf out to get the mother's milk down, then chase it back into the pen and mother and*

others would finish milking the cow- There were no separators then. The milk was either put into milk pans or stored on shelves for the cream to rise! This cream was skimmed off and soured to make butter and the skim milk was fed to hogs. Or the milk was brought fresh from the corral and placed in a tank or vat and rennet placed in it to make curd for cheese. This was heated to separate the whey, which was fed to hogs, and the curd put into molds and put under pressure by means of a pole lever weighted with rocks, to make cheese. Both butter and cheese was sold to Cedar Stores and other people.

Through the years, she and my companion lived about half the time in the same house. I feel sure that there was never a cross or unkindly word passed between them and since her passing, Grace has always spoken of her with appreciation and respect, for which I am forever grateful

Although Mother wasn't known as an exceptionally good cook, having not had too many of the essential things with which to accomplish the art, some special treats I will always recall. One was her good "Ld\_in\_the\_Bag" pudding. This is a good fruit pudding consisting of suet, seedless and seeded raisins, nuts etc. placed in a bag and boiled in a kettle then served with sauce. Ummmmmmmm good! Another of my fond memories is raiding my mother's mincemeat jar I am sure that no one ever surpassed her mincemeat. Her homemade mustard was an art, which my wife has acquired from her. Then, times were never better in my youth than when she made bread pudding.

Mother was skilled at knitting and with the crochet hooks. She was seldom empty-handed. We have some of her work still. One of which is a crocheted bedspread, which she gave my wife. This was a prizewinner in the Iron County Fair. It represented her spare time for six months and she used 98 spools of No. 8 sewing thread to make it. It is, of course, too precious to use, but is cared for and cherished and spoken for by my oldest daughter and will likely pass down from generation to generation.

Mother suffered a great deal with what was termed as "sick headache (migraine)". About her only relief was the traditional English cup of tea, which I am sure she had been raised on, and could make to a queen's taste. She passed the liking for tea on to me. , Although I haven't tasted it in well over twenty years.

*Mother wouldn't ask the bishop for a recommend to temple on account of her cup of tea, while I am sure that many in those days thought little of it, and many, I am sure, still do so.*

*Mother had, for some years, suffered from what the doctor called 'Painless Jaundice (Cancer of the Liver) and although she hadn't had a great deal of pain, she was in distress and bloated somewhat with it. In early January of 1934, this became worse and progressed rapidly. In severe pain, she passed away in our home in Enoch, January 24, 1934, loved for her gentle meekness by all who knew her, She was buried in the Cedar Cemetery near her parents, but far away from her husband and two baby daughters.*

*I will forever be regretful for the lack of appreciation and consideration that was afforded her by the one person she had done so much for. Also, I will be forever grateful to my Heavenly Father for the privilege of being able to call her Mother.*