

NEWSPAPERMEN'S LITTLE ZION OUTING

I. E. Diehl, President of Utah Press Association, Gives His Version of the Recent Visit of the Editors to Southern Utah's Wonderland.

As the witching hour of midnight was drawing nigh, a party of pencil pushers shook off office cares and gathered at the Salt Lake Route station in Zion to take a joy ride and forget that there was a delinquent subscriber at his home town rushing wildly toward the print shop to pay his subscription. The occasion was the mid-summer meeting of the Utah State Press Association, scheduled to be held in Zion Canyon, Washington County, Utah. J. S. Earley, the genial city passenger agent of the Salt Lake Route, accompanied the party in company with his charming wife, and acted as chaperon.

Soon we were speeding southward via Provo and Nephi over the road noted for its easy glide. At Delta, Editor Davis of the Millard County Chronicle, joined us and on arriving at Milford, D. A. Webster could not resist the lure of Dixie and also was annexed.

Milford's Welcome.

When the train drew up at Milford, a committee from the business men's association was present to welcome the newspaper men, who were escorted to the Hotel Milford, where a complimentary breakfast was served. George Jefferson, president of the club, delivered an address of welcome and E. H. Street, L. D. Brooks and D. A. Webster, the other members of the committee, assisted in making us feel at home. This was followed by a trip through the business section of the bustling city, while the train waited and those who had not previously visited the metropolis of Beaver county were greatly impressed by the evidences of thrift and push on every hand. The Business Men's Association is a live wire and the pencil pushers who were present will always have a kind word for Milford.

Into the Wilds.

An hour later Lund was reached and the party left the train for a ride in the powerful automobiles that were in waiting. Manager Parry of the auto stage line was on the job to see that all were safely and swiftly conveyed to their journey's end.

Lund has not more than a dozen homes but an immense business is done there, as it is the nearest railroad point to Southern Utah and a large amount of freighting is done from this place, which is a distributing point.

Some dry farming is being done in this vicinity but as no water can be had excepting from deep wells the agricultural possibilities are limited.

For over thirty miles southward the road is through a desert and uninhabited region, where the coyote by the roadside views the encroachment in his domain of the auto with a jealous glare.

Gradually the Utah Junipers appear and their size increases and we are entering a habitable region. Then we reach Cedar City where we were greeted by C. S. Wilkinson, the progressive editor of the Iron County Record and other citizens. Luncheon was served at the hotel and we were off for Dixie.

Dixie Land.

Southward we travel and the country gives evidences of scenic surprises, the most interesting spot of nature being the Hurricane Fault, one of the geological wonders of the world where can be read the history of the ages when a large slice of mountain range slipped and dropped several hundred feet. Suddenly in the valley below is seen an oasis of verdure and in a short distance we descend to an altitude of but little more than two thousand (2,000) feet above the level of the sea and we are in Dixie.

Plant life has changed and the mesquite and creosote bush, indicators of the semi tropics, are in evidence. The prickly pear, which is the fruit of a cactus, appears, and those who had not before done so experimented on reducing the high cost of living or the cost of high living. Some got "stuck up" about it and others have relapsed to their former diet.

The first town reached is Toquerville, "Toquer" being an Indian word signifying "black," so named from the black ridge of volcanic rock. Here

are orchards of luscious fruits and vineyards of the famed Dixie grapes, but Dixie wine appears to be a thing of the past. Harry Jackson, a former resident of Mammoth, is one of the large orchardists of Toquerville.

Hurricane and several other settlements lie in this basin, and to the right lies St. George, which can be located from points on the road.

Dixie is a land rich in resources, but, owing to lack of railroad facilities, is greatly handicapped, although the advent of the automobile has brought some relief. Five crops of alfalfa are cut and land sells up to \$500.00 an acre.

Entering Wonderland.

As the sun was creeping low, we neared the mouth of Little Zion canyon, through which flows the Virgin river, a tributary of the Colorado. What a wondrous journey has the drop of water that falls at the head of the Virgin river and rushes down the narrow defiles of Zion Canyon, thence through the Grand Canyon on its way to the Gulf of Lower California.

Great white pinnacles known as the Guardian Angels, rise on either side of the entrance to the canyon and in the distance is seen Steamboat Rock on which human foot has never trod. The formation is somewhat similar to that of the Grand Canyon in its colorings and precipitous cliffs. The rocky walls grow more interesting and picturesque as we proceed and the ride up the canyon over the convict-built road as the shadows begin to fall is an experience never to be forgotten.

When the last car arrived, the "fer- rum railum" sounded the welcome call to the large dining room of the famed Wylie camp, where an excellent banquet was served under the personal supervision of Miss Margaret McCartney, who for a number of years so ably superintended the culinary department of the Wylie camps in the Yellowstone Park. Here in this mountain fastness, gathered around the festal board was held the semi-annual meeting of the Utah State Press Association and each told an experience that was profitable to the craft or dropped a word of wisdom. Among the speakers were Secretary R. T. Porte, who is the association's expert on the cost of production; C. S. Wilkinson, editor of the Iron County Record, told of Dixie and newspapers; J. S. Davis, editor of the Millard County Chronicle, discussed the Utah State Press Association, past and future; John S. Jones, manager of the Western Newspaper Union, told about "seeing things;" D. A. Webster, editor of the Beaver County News, followed the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, Noah, and defined "the Wylie Way;" S. L. Raddon, editor of the Park City Record, ably championed the ladies; D. M. Clark of the Midvale Messenger, told why he was there; in the temporary absence of Mr. J. S. Earley, city passenger agent of the Salt Lake Route, Mrs. Earley graciously responded; Mrs. R. T. Porte was appreciative of the outing and Mrs. I. E. Diehl told of former travels through Canada and various states of the Union. Miss McCartney closed the feast of reason by remarks on the Wylie camp and was solicitous about the hour when the editorial party could eat again. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frederick Carter of New York, representing Munsey's Magazine, were also present and E. H. Ryan, former district attorney, and his family were canyon visitors.

The Wylie Way.

Fortunate indeed is it for the sight-seeing public that Mr. W. W. Wylie, the man who made the Yellowstone famed around the world, was induced to locate in Zion Canyon to build up a pleasure ground in this magic land far from the madding crowd. In a nook several miles up the canyon is located the camp with its group of water proof tents furnished with luxurious beds and spotless linen. A short distance back of the camp along an easily climbed trail is an alcove which has been furnished with lounging fixtures. From the heights above pours a waterfall of icy coldness having its source in a spring in a grotto farther up the mountain side, which requires a stiff climb to reach. As the waters fall, there is a perpetual rainbow during the sunlight hours. Here indeed is a haven of rest for tired nerves and the following day, a portion of which was spent at this retreat, the wheels of time rolled back and youth returned as our party frolicked in the clean sand, erected miniature play houses, decorated Christmas trees, rebuilt the Panama Canal and sailed paper boats through it, and before leaving, the words, "Utah Press Association," were inscribed high on the cliff.

Mr. Wylie has been spending the summer here and assured us that by the opening of next season numerous improvements would be made and trails completed to many of the rare points. It is planned to endeavor to interest the government in building a road so that a camp can be maintained at the top of the gorge on the left side.

At the close of the meeting, the party seated in comfortable camp chairs held a powwow around an old fashioned camp fire, spun yarns and just enjoyed themselves until retiring time. Then, such a sleep of refreshing tranquility without a qualm concerning Mr. Indian's superstitious dread of sleeping in the weird gorge.

Seeing the Canyon.

Pen hath not power to portray the many interesting peculiarities of the Dixie wonderland with its grotesque figures resembling the sphinx, prehistoric and mythological beings and the handiwork of ancient and modern men. The longer one gazes the more there is to be seen, and the contemplation of nature's handiwork when this chasm was chiseled is inspiring. Red walls fully 2000 feet high rise perpendicularly on either side, as smooth and straight as if moulded in the furnace of the Gods. On top are plateaus covered in places with timber and on others are farms with springs of living water where are raised corn and other crops. As it is not practical to bring down the produce young pigs are carried up and fed until there is now a good sized swinery in the upper regions, the smoked product from which might be called "heavenly hams."

A few miles above camp is another amphitheatre into which a 4000-foot cable has been erected from the perpendicular precipice to convey the lumber from the sawmill in the forest above. Some hair-raising stunts have been performed by a few fearless tourists coming down the areal strand, but none of our party became obsessed by such an idea.

After a tempting breakfast wagons and horses were secured and we proceeded up the canyon as far as wagons can go and then took to the horses and proceeded several miles further until the walls narrowed and it became too rugged to continue. At night a party of young men arrived in camp who had walked from Cedar City to the head of the canyon and then down the entire way, a distance of 50 miles. They reported that for a long distance the walls are so near together that one can almost touch both sides. For eight hours they walked in the river and on the way they routed a heard of deer. In a little side canyon they attempted to catch a fawn and by standing in line they closed up the mouth of the crevice, but the fawn came toward them and with one leap went over their heads and sped up the main gorge.

By 2 o'clock our party had returned to camp with whetted appetites, and the way that iced tea, made from the soft water flowing from the spring through sandstone, disappeared was marvelous and tasty and savory viands were certainly appreciated by a hungry crowd. By the way, the waitresses, who were experienced in catering to the tourists in the Yellowstone, captivated the guests and it is a wonder that they have not ere this been carried away by some enthusiastic traveler.

The irrepressible motion picture man, always on the alert for novelty, has been there and a film of Zion Canyon is scheduled to be presented for the first time in Salt Lake on Sep. 19 and 20. Another corps of film artists are now on the way to the canyon and a second series is to be staged which will be shown throughout the eastern states. The environment is especially adapted to staging some most startling scenes; as for example, the jumping off a tremendous cliff and landing easily at the bottom on the cable, which is practically invisible.

Homeward Bound.

After a restful afternoon and night with another camp fire accompaniment, the party concluded to make a break for home. Some heard that they put convicts to work in that region. Others wanted to stay and unearth a cache of Dixie vintage. One wanted to stay and raise "Cain," as he had seen a field of cane on the way down and had sampled Dixie lasses. Another editor planned to start a paper at Rockville as he had seen so many adds painted on the rocks that he believed there was a good advertising field there. However, the entire party was induced to come away and start for Cedar City, but before arriving there a great sign read "Batty," and it was with tht exercise of

great diplomacy that the party was induced to continue. They thought they had reached home at last.

A Royal Reception.

On returning to Cedar City, the business men's club gave a banquet at the hotel at which a number of prominent citizens of that city were present. Among the speakers were Prof. Homer who told of the great work being done there by the southern branch of the Agricultural College. Ex-Senator Lunt spoke of the resources and opportunities the city afforded and others gave valuable information. When the time comes and a railroad enters this region, Cedar City and her enthusiastic citizens will reap ample reward for their progressiveness. However, prosperity is today in evidence and, in spite of handicaps, will continue to increase.

Continuing to Lund, the party arrived at the railroad again and took sleepers for their several homes, having safely made the trip from Zion to Little Zion and return.

It was a memorable event and those who were fortunate enough to be present have only one regret, and that is that the say was not longer. The Association is under deep obligation to Mr. Warner of the Salt Lake Route, who made he trip possible, to Mr. Earley for looking out for the party and seeing that we were all "on time," to Mr. Parry for automobile service, to Miss McCartney for care in camp, to the Business Men's Association in Milford, and the Business Men's Club of Cedar City for their hearty welcomes, to Editor Wilkinson who did all he could to make us acquainted with his native heath, and also to Mr. Wylie for his hospitality. Long may the "Wylie Way" survive.