

As I Remember Things In Cedar City Fifty Years Ago!!

TALE of SOURDOUGH DAYS

Rhoda Wood, one of Southwestern Utah's dedicated Historians, has provided the following reports and stories from her choice collection. Our many thanks for her willingness to share with others.

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I was a child of ten when my parents with five children in the old buckboard, rounded the knoll north of Cedar on a warm September 21, 1901 afternoon. I had visited in Cedar before but this time it would have to be home, and I saw it with a new objective. Whether or not it would prove an attractive home seemed to depend on how I saw it that day. My eyes were wide, my mind open. Everything was new. I think I saw it all.

Father pointed out the old Jensen place, the only remaining sign of the first fort, and between tall rabbit brush, the dusty road brought us to the new rock-walled, enclosed cemetery. That mass of bright red hill to the left, reflecting the hot sunlight, seemed almost blinding in its brightness. We neared the bridge. The dusty ribbon of road reaching straight on through town and beyond, to the foot of the mountain, seemed to go on forever. The plank, chip-covered bridge gave back a hollow sound, until Jodie Hunter and his pup, popped up from beneath. The horse on that side jumped against the other and father barely succeeded in keeping the rig upright and preventing a runaway.

My family for a great many years, had made the flour for the old Cedar Co-op Cattle and Manufacturing Company -- Grandfather, Uncle Bill and now my father, Alexander G.

I should like to set down my impressions of Cedar as she appeared to me that day and the days immediately following. A tired team traveled slowly enough to take in all the sights.

On the west side, as we crossed the bridge over Coal Creek, several outfits were drawn up on the right, next to the creek, making camp at Doc Corry's camphouse, where for twenty five cents a night you could cook indoors, buy hay and water at the creek twenty-five yards away. One great hulk of a man, occupying the whole wagon seat, sleepily holding the reins of his double outfit, seemed to be waiting for help to climb over the wagon wheel. "Who is that great big man, Daddy?" Dad knew every freighter in Southern Utah and answered, "He is Frank Petty, and his teams just follow the others. The man sleeps most of the time."

A 'bread for sale' sign hung on a pine tree in Timothy Adam's lot.

Alfred Froyd's neat dainty little brick home set next, in the shadows, and almost hidden by the square, unornate, two-storied Wood Furniture Store, enclosed around the south side by a tight timber fence that almost hid the one room log cabin at the side.

On the east side of the street was George Wood's tall, narrow, new brick house and the little old log one,

with corrals and stock in behind.

A boulder-strewn stream, taking as much of the street as it possibly could, came drunkenly down the west side of Main Street, to disappear under Harris' pole fence to the west on Second North Street. The trail up what should have been the walk, hugged the fences, crossed and recrossed the ditch, passed the Harris homes, Joe Bryant's, Joe Rosenberg's, David Haight's and John Parry's to the corner of First North. On the east, the high brush-lined path, led past Horace Dover's and Bill Keel's homes, the rock fence enclosed tithing barn lot, a tall barn skeleton, and the weedy City Hall lot.

Across the street, on what is now Hotel Escalante corner, facing John Parry's was the tithing office in its high rock wall. The plate on the front said, "Built in 1857", but it was begun in that year. George Hunter's home and two apple trees stood next in a bare yard. One of those trees still stands on the Escalante lawn.

William Corry's blacksmith, the Palace Drug, the Palmer home and blacksmith and harness shop, Jos. S. Fife's blacksmith, two small Cosslett business houses, the Sheep Store, William Houchen's little office, and Francis Webster's little store occupied that block of Main Street between the Hotel corner and Harding Avenue.

The Cedar Co-op with scales in front, a stretch of high lumber fence, Hunter's Barber Shop and loafer bench, Andelin's Music Store, Thorley's (IGA) Store and the George Perry home occupied the next block.

South across Center Street, the Corlett home, the Henry McConnel home, the Elliker home, and across College Avenue, the Palm home, the Edward Parry home, the Record Office and Jos. T. Wilkinson home, and a Chaffin or John Perry home were on that block. Between First South and the South field ditch, Bert Corry's new home, Frank Lambeth's and John Elliker's homes were all of the buildings, with field crops in between. On the east side, Tom and Hebe Perry's new homes, Neil Bladen's and Lars Sandin's with fields filling the spaces, were on the block south of First South. Sarah Ann Bulloch's new home, George R. Hunter's, Richard Aldrich's, Dr. Middleton's, Al Thorley's and John V. Adams' occupied the next block. Across Center Street where the Federal Building now stands. The Tabernacle in its nice white fence with thrifty pines around the south and west sides, north of that a small house where Andrew Hansen lived and did the janitor work for the school, Tabernacle and Ward Hall; Caddie and Magnus Ahlstrom's home, the Lars Sandin tailor shop, the Leigh or Ahlstrom corral, the Jones' Furniture block, Palm Cobbler Shop, Page and Bracken store, two Higbee homes, and Geo. Wood's home, store and creaking sign of "Choice Wines, Liquors and IXL Bitters for Sale."

The mill was of course, my first center of interest. It was

September and the wheat was already beginning to come in. Father was extremely busy. The water was short, the leaves beginning to fall. The mill race, tree-lined, carried enough leaves to lay a coat over the intake screen and shut off the power every few minutes. Coal oil lanterns had to be cleaned and filled every day. The bed-bug and mouse infested old concrete mill house required more than the ordinary care. School was beginning. The mill served all the southern and western districts, Washington County and as far south as Bunkerville, the Virgin towns, Pinevalley, besides Cedar and Enoch. All of the extra items had to be taken care of by the miller and his family. Yet with it all, I found time to live and see and learn. My brother Gordon was a constant chum and companion. Before we had more than looked around, Edna Parry, Hattie and Irene Mackelprang, Johnnie and Hilma Hallmann, and Ethel Jensen had been to make friends and bid us welcome.

None of the farmers raised a great amount of grain. Poor methods (the only one we had was blue vitrol) of treating seed for rust and smut, brought a great deal of that kind of grain in. It was posted and generally known that smutty wheat did not make flour -- many of the farmers cared not one whit. They would dump it if they could, often getting better flour than they deserved, because only one pair of busy hands could not take care of every detail. Burrs had just been replaced with rollers, which could and did do fair work, provided the farmer was conscientious about grading his own grain. For eighteen years my kind and forgiving father, ran the Cedar Roller Mill, trusting men and learning men.

We children were also gaining a liberal education. When father and mother had time, and in slack season, they taught and we learned all they could teach us of nature, plants, animals, and insects. Father was a scout. He had to be to do the great variety of work that his pioneering age needed to do. Wherever we went, in and around the mill, we had to watch for snakes, they were so unexpected. That none of us were ever bitten or hurt, was not because mother, especially did not worry about us, nor that there were not enough snakes.

There was no bridge over the creek until after we moved away from the mill. We had a tall gentle horse to put us over the stream in flood time. Other than that we jumped on uncovertd rocks, walked on timber, or walked north to the bridge and up around through the Indian village. We nearly always had a pony (if he was not on loan). A little boy or girl on ponys, bareback, flying to do an errand, was the usual means of travel.

Each morning before school, winter and summer, for a long period, Myrtle Decker would walk swiftly up the south canyon road, to opposite the mill, or to the old reservoir and then turn and walk swiftly back to town.

Each morning through the

fall and winter, the jingle of harness, the screech of iron tires on icy or frozen ground, would tell us when to get up and prepare for school. The canyon road was on the south side of the canyon then. The men who hauled coal regularly, drove the outfits I mention.

The herds of cattle and sheep going to and from our mountains would string out, the leaders and tailenders, far apart. Once, in about 1902 or 1903, a herd of bison were herded along our canyon road. We kept pretty quiet as they went by. It is said that they came to about where the airport is now, on the way to the tithing yard, where they were to be corralled for the night. Pete, Bill, Squint, John, Marycatts and other local Indians met the herders and said, "Now you white men, you've had them long enough, we'll take them now." These bison had been unloaded from a train at Lund. Sore-footed, bruised and cross, they were hard to handle before they reached their destination at Kaibab. One older bull escaped, tried to get back to where they were unloaded, and dared the teams driving the Highway, and Ben Knell's passenger car finally driving him off the road. The bull had to be lassoed, tied and loaded into a high wagon box and hauled to Kaibab.

The water the family used had to be dipped from over the side of the wooden flume at the intake to the water-wheel. That was our morning chore, filling the copper tank on the old "Home Comfort" range for mother before we left for school.

Jim Middleton wired the mill for electric light in 1907. I would like a penny for each smoky, dusty lamp and lantern chimney that I washed and cleaned in those years before electricity. We had a most wonderful convenience when the telephone was installed.

I will mention the homes, the buildings, the visitors and the people. Cedar had adopted a style of home building, the likes of which I have never seen in the state elsewhere. Built after this pattern were the homes of George Wood, Hebe Jensen, Dave Urie, Frank Adams, Eugene Schoppman, Jos. Fife, Dick Williams, William Jones, John Webster and others. I think the Wood home is the only one left in the original pattern, the others having been modernized and changed.

In Francis Webster's little store (where D. Steven's store now stands) a few items were sold, but mostly orders were taken for a variety of things which were obtained when Brother Webster shipped his lambs to Chicago in the fall. These items included harnesses, ladies suits, corsets, honey extractors, buggies, blankets and other hard to get stuff. Back of Webster's was a long, low adobe house where the telegraph office was located, as were other businesses of various kinds, earlier in Cedar's history.

On spring and summer afternoons, on the broad cement steps of the Sheep Store, could be found the local Indians, gossiping, scolding or

just looking. One day Myron Higbee stepped out to see Bill clout one of the squaws a terrible lick on the face. "Why Bill, what made you do such a thing?", he asked. "She all the time Yaw Yaw Yaw, never stop," answered the Indian. These Indians included Mable and Fred and their family, Blind Mary, Pete and Rena, Woots, Tom, Jim, Julia and all the younger ones. As Mable's eight babies came along, they received names of different clerks and favorites of the town - Winifred, Cath, Grace, Virginia and Violet.

The Cosslett business catered to the children with small items. One Christmas, or holiday, the year was written in candies, for the window display.

Main Street's business district was tree lined, the ditch banks were sodded, the walks were shady and provided a comfortable interesting place from which to view the parades, races (both foot and horseback), and sudden exciting runaways. From up the street, near Al Thorley's, the pony races were started, the finish line at one quarter or half a mile then, was situated where everyone could see it. These races were seldom advertised, unless on a holiday. The other favorite pony racing stretch was down the lane, from the 'tree' up to the hill or Ted Higbee's or Mayhew Dalley's - in other words, the Lund Highway -- but the starting point was a tree near the fence on George Wood's farm.

Rodeos were not known, but many a daring rodeo stunt was performed in the everyday-work connected with the livestock game, for branding and dehorning was done on the open range, by roping and throwing the animal, instead of in chutes as we do it today. I was told that old Brother Elliker was still using oxen for his farm work, but I never did see them.

Dogtown and Boulderville were almost separate communities, and would have been if Cedar's society-minded could have managed it.

Leigh's high boarded corral was the spot the men headed for if a fight was in the making. The policeman often missed seeing he crowd of men and boys standing behind that high board fence, watching a deadly fist, knee and tooth tussel. The man that could take the most usually won. Such gang fights as occasionally occurred between Boulderville and Dogtown, or any in-between, were often settled by chosen opponents in the old corral.

The Co-op scales weighed everything, for ten cents each weighing. Loads of sugar, cement, hay, coal, grain, horses, lumber, and other freight went over these scales. It was in August 1877 that the City Council gave permission for them to be installed, provided they didn't go too far into the street.

The goods sold from those general merchandise stores were all sold from bulk lots, sugar, raisins, beans, sego, ma oni, cereals, dry fruits, spi, and others, sold from mou infested bins. You brought y r own containers

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AS I REMEMBER CEDAR FIFTY YEARS AGO

for such things as coal oil, molasses, vinegar, cider, pickles, linseed oil, turpentine and such. Bacon, cheese, smoked fish were bought by the piece at a given price per pound. Very few goods were packaged. Patent medicines, dry herbs, salves and pills were packaged and were a part of every grocer's wares. Dry goods and shoes were ordered from samples shown by the traveling salesmen or drummers. Men's work clothing could be bought at a price, but were more often made from yard goods.

The men who had time to kill, usually congregated at Harry's Barber Shop where his spotted dog always lay around. Men who came into town from mining, herding, etc., needing to clean up, could go there. All of the town affairs were settled there, and then brought up again and again for a rehearing. The hitching rack across the ditch in front was always occupied, if not by horses, then by men or boys skinning the cat, and other stunts. Each business at that time had a hitching post, or rack in front. Stout posts with a ring to tie a horse or team to were used. Horses were living creatures and often became frightened. If the lines were dropped, the owner usually followed his team or saddle horse home on foot.

Of homes that caught my fancy, there were many. George Perry's had double porches on two sides. Joe Hunter's, Jed Jones', Tom Roache's were overly ornate. Doughterty's was a fortress; William Dover's, an estate. S. T. Leigh's old "L" house was where the students from out of town lived. Edward Parry's was over-tall and each home very individual - Joe Fife's out from which he walked from the upstairs door - no landing or stairs.

The interesting people and things are these: Dr. Middleton's bay team and buggy; Byron Ahlstrom's driving; Brother Palm's snowball on a cart and he and Bergstrom drinking a little; Dave Bulloch on his big brown mule; Tom Urie with his shovel on Black Kelly; R. Tweedie leading his Clydesdale stallion, or driving it in shafts; County Assessor Bob Rickards in his red wagon; Andrew Corry's long legs on a chestnut horse; R. B. Sherratt's and Roy Armstrong's small grey teams on white-top one seaters, the envy of the boys who had sporting blood; John Lee and Rube Jones and the two-wheel mail cart; John Fretwell on crutches, hunting for another wheel to go in his perpetual motion machine; Old Neils, the street cleaner; John Parry's big bloodhound and his baying; Poots with his pointed remarks; Lillian Higbee, dainty and fair, child accompanist; Jos. Armstrong, the soul of politeness; Karl Walker and Aunt Charlotte and their recitations; Sister Pryor and her clean white waist-apron, always going somewhere; Jim Younger, always eyeing the girls; Sam Bauer and his extra kicks in the quadrille; David Haight, big, honest, kindly; Tiny Aunt Winnie Roche, big as a giant; William Hunter, always ready to go but stopping to talk; Randall Lunt's "Dag on it"; A. H. Rollo, always the villain in the theater; Dock Smith who made the teeth; Florence Webster, Cedar's soprano; William Tucker's berating the Jones; Poor Old Fanny; Grandma Harris, her salve and yellow

dog; George W. Decker, smiling, dignified; John Chatterly in his little black top, giving the kids a lift and a lump of candy; Henry Leigh, always a bit late; Aunt Ada, Painter Anderson, his rose borders and scenic fireplace boards; George Wood, a big man on a horse; Ed Ryan, lawyer, orator, gentleman; Rachel Giles, recently from Hawaii; Tiny Brother and Sister Palmer; Charlie Adams, his lovely scroll work; Earnest Webster, whistle while you work; Carl Indian, singing; Clara Tucker, who could reach high C; If I called the town roll, each name would bring a picture in a flash of memory. Anna Middleton and Lou Holland made our nicest dresses, Josephine Hallman and Ingrid Jensen did plain sewing.

Visitors who came and went, or passed through Cedar often enough to make me remember them are: William Owens, General Sunday School Board Member and Z. C. M. I. drummer; Apostles Teasdale M. Lyman, J. W. Taylor, M. F. Cowley, Karl G. Maeser, Brother Richard Balantyne and W. Woodruff. I have shaken hands with Presidents Woodruff, Snow, Smith and Grant as apostles, then Presidents. Aunt Em Wells, L. L. G. Richards, President Kingsbury and other leaders of the church and colleges grew quite familiar.

John Hunter, Mr. Vader, Joe Cummoral were cattle buyers, Mr. Kirker, a mining man. Brother Weaver sold onions, "Sweet as an apple, round as a ball, eat the whole onion, top and all." Martin Fay traded horses, Harry Jackson had June strawberries. George

The Coal Situation

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1915

Naegle, Dave Spilsbury, Peter Anderson and Oliver Slack were fruit peddlers. Redhead Holyoak was Stake Clerk. Sisters Ann Gurr, Sara Holyoak, and Mettie Rasmussen were Stake Primary Presidents, and David Cannon was speaker from the St. George Temple.

You older people will see the fabric, when I mention the names by which we used to ask for goods: Domestic, hickory, sized and unsized bleaching, albatross, flaxon, linsy woolsy, serge, borbazine, crinoline, cheesecloth, susine, so-tache, cashmere, changeable, guinea hen feeze, henrietta, alpaca, calico, gingham, dimity, pongee, suiting, silkaline, rustleine, satine, velvetine, galatea, jap silk, taffeta, crepe de chine, hook and dotted muslin, lining, buting, lawn, mercerized, canton, flaxon, pants cloth, saxony and Spanish yarns, Bear brand hose, poplin, brocade, bobinette, edging, cortecilli, factory, mosquito bar, stiffening, outing and wool flannel, insertion, broadcloth, rusching, hair cloth, foulard, batiste, voile, satin, watervane, gabardine, challis, chambray, shantung, jersey, pique, sephyr gingham, corduroy, shirting, organdy, plisse, covert, overlace, nainsook, waffle ing, ticking madras, linnene, linnen, damask, chincilla, tweed, fleeced moleskin, valancines, near-cilk, carnation and soutache braid, and tortion lace, whalebone.

It is very evident that there is something wrong in the method of handling the coal business in Cedar City. With hundreds of acres of coal within a few miles of this city and at least three mines in various stages of operation, it would seem that the people here should be able to get an abundant supply of coal in the fall when the roads are good. But the contrary is the case. A person may place an order for coal, and the instances are many where it is not filled for a month or more, and in the meantime the customer must get along the best way he can, usually using wood for fuel. There is here a great opportunity for some man or a company of men to establish a coal yard and secure control of some of the coal properties near the city, and build up a splendid business. Such a business, if properly conducted, would secure a line of customers throughout this and adjoining counties. Experience of the past has taught citizens of other parts of the county that it is practically impossible to secure a load of coal in Cedar City, and if a trip be made to the mines it is doubtful if they would find sufficient supply of coal on the dump to fill local orders and leave any for outside buyers, to say nothing of the time lost in going to and from the mine. It is to be hoped that something may be done before another year to remedy the coal situation in this city.