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HISTORY OF ZION

by

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A. M. WOODBURY

People coming into Zion Canyon, look up at the wonderful towers and temples in admiration, and often wonder not only at the significance of the name of the canyon, but also of the appellations of many of the unique scenic features. The significance of these names is inseparably connected with western history.

In order to tell the story properly, it is necessary to go back to the time when our forefathers in the east were waging a war of independence. At that time in the year 1776, a Spanish priest was roaming through this region of Utah. Prior to this time, the Spaniards had established missions and settlements throughout what is now Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona and California. Several attempts had been made to find a route through from Santa Fe, New Mexico to Monterey, California, but most of these were frustrated by the presence of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which had first been discovered by Cardenas in 1540. Padre Escalante, knowing of these attempts, and having viewed the Grand Canyon himself, in 1776 attempted with a small party, a northern route around the canyon, hoping thereby to reach Monterey. He proceeded northward into Colorado and finding a wandering Indian, whose home was on what is now Utah Lake, he persuaded the Indian to guide him eastward. After crossing Grand and Green Rivers, they finally found their way down to the shores of Utah Lake where they were well received by the Indians to whom they preached of Christianity.

These were the first white men, so far as we know, to enter what is now the State of Utah. After visiting several days with the Indians and promising to come again, Escalante took leave of them and started southwestward down through what was then a desert region.

By this time, it was getting late in the season, and as it became apparent that it would be impossible to make to the coast and return, a division of opinion developed in the party, some desiring to return, others desiring to continue. The question was decided in favor of returning by casting lots. Instead of retracing their steps the way they had come, they turned southeastward and came out to the edge of the desert somewhere near Cedar City where a monument to his memory has been erected in the form of the up-to-date Escalante Hotel.

They then passed southward along the route now traversed by the road southward into Dixie and crossed the Virgin River in the vicinity of Hurricane. He was thus the first white man to discover the river on which Zion Canyon is located. In his diary, he mentions the sulphur springs that occur on the river between La Verkin and Hurricane. After crossing the river there, he went on southward into Arizona and then turned eastward toward the Kaibab Forest. After a great many difficulties, and after being misdirected by the Indians, he finally found his way across the Colorado River at what is now known as the Crossing of the Fathers, about twenty to thirty miles north of the Utah-Arizona line. The stone steps that were cut to get their horses down to the water's edge were recently discovered by Governor George H. Dern of Utah and companions in 1925, on a trip through that part of the canyon.

It appears that two other Spaniards entered Utah over the same route as Escalante, one Mestas in 1805 and the other, Arze Garcia, in 1812-3, but so far as is known their entry has no significance in the history of Zion.

The next important character to concern us here is Jedediah S. Smith, an American fur trader, who with his partners, Sublette and Jackson, maintained headquarters at Bear Lake in Northern Utah. These men had come west with Ashley on his second expedition in 1823 and having learned the fur trader game, they bought out Ashley's interests when he decided to retire.

These young traders who had been trapping through Idaho, Wyoming and northern Utah decided to extend their operations southward and so fitted out Smith with a party of about sixteen men with the intention of exploring the region to the south and west. Smith left their outpost on the shore of Great Salt Lake on August 22, 1826. Going southward past Utah Lake (from the best information available)* it appears that he found the Sevier River and followed it up to its head, passing a few miles to the west of Bryce Canyon, but of course not seeing the canyon.

* There is another theory supported by rather plausible evidence that Smith led his brigade southwest from about Milford and traveled by way of Clover Valley Wash, Muddy River, etc. In fact, the Muddy is thought to be the Adams River. Wm. J. Snow.

This theory, however, is rather untenable. See Dale, *The Ashby-Smith Explorations*, page 187, quoting Smith's letter to Clark. Smith ascended Ashley's River (Sevier) finding the Sampatch (Sanpete) Indians. He passed over a range of mountains running southeast and northwest and struck a river running southwest. "The country is mountainous to east; towards the west there are sandy plains and detached rocky hills. — Here (about ten days

march down it) the river turns to the southeast." On page 303, Dale publishes Gallatin's map of 1836, to which Smith is credited with having contributed. And in the region, under consideration, Smith must have been entirely responsible. He shows the Adams River heading very close to the source of Ashley's River and flowing southwest to its turn and then shifting to a little east of south, and occupying the region traversed by the Virgin River. It, therefore, seems clearly evident that Smith's route lay along the latter river and not the Meadow Valley Wash, Nevada. A.M.W.

Passing over the divide at the head of that river, he came into the head of one fork of what is now the Virgin River. He gave it the name of Adams River in honor of the then president of the United States. He passed on down the river to its junction with the Colorado, thence on down that river as far as the Needles, Arizona. After procuring supplies from the Indians at this place, he went on westward across the Mojave Desert to the Pacific coast near where Los Angeles now stands, reaching there in late November.

He was detained here by the Spaniards until February 1827, when he obtained permission to return the way he had come. However, he hesitated to face again the dangers and hardships through which he had passed and so determined to go farther north on his return trip, so after leaving the settlements, he turned northward through what is now interior California, going about as far as the Stanislaus River, where he failed in an attempt to cross the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Leaving his party in the valleys below, he again attempted a crossing and with two companions succeeded in April. During May and June they crossed the hot dry deserts of Nevada and arrived back at Bear Lake in July to keep his rendezvous with his partners.

Having left his party in California, it was necessary for him to return, so fitting out another expedition of about fifteen men, he retraced his route. It appears that as he was traversing the river that he had previously named Adams, one of his men by the name of Thomas Virgin was wounded by the Indians, and he, therefore, changed the name to Virgin.

Going on down to the Needles, the Indians treacherously attacked his party while crossing the Colorado River and killed about ten of the party and he lost most of his supplies. With the remainder of his party, through extreme hardships, he crossed the Mojave Desert and rejoined his party in central California. After further troubles with the Spanish authorities, he finally made his way northward toward the Columbia River.

Upon reaching the Umpqua, his party was attacked by the Indians in his absence and two besides himself escaped. Thomas Virgin was one of those killed. Smith reached the Columbia River in safety and through the help of the British, he obtained his furs from the Indians and finally found his way back by way of the Columbia River.

Thus Smith was the first man to traverse the Virgin River, the first to discover the southwest route from Salt Lake to the Pacific, and the first to discover the western route from Salt Lake to the Pacific.

The next people of importance are the Mormons, the first of whom arrived in Salt Lake on July 24, 1847. For several years, these people had been making preparations to move west from Illinois, and their leaders had gathered information of the west from many sources, trappers, travelers, traders, explorers and government officers. All literature available was anxiously scanned and discussions of the movement were of common occurrence in meetings and newspapers, so that when the movement was finally inaugurated,

the leaders were quite fully informed about the country to which they were coming. And when, on that memorable day they arrived on the present site of Salt Lake City, Brigham Young said without any hesitation whatever "This is the place," which statement the Mormons have cherished in tradition and song.

They built a city there and started the construction of a temple. Since it was the headquarters of their church they often referred to the place as Zion but as it grew, of course, it took on the name of Salt Lake City. As more people were continually arriving, Young, the great colonizer, sent colonists in all directions to settle up the surrounding country. He also had scouts out exploring the region.

Upon hearing of the warm semi-tropical climate existing along the Virgin River, it occurred to Young that cotton could be raised there. It will be remembered that these people were a thousand miles from a railroad, and that they had to haul their supplies that they did not produce, from the Missouri River. This, of course, was very expensive, and Young decided to attempt the raising of cotton to help out in the clothing problem.

Accordingly, colonists were sent to settle on the Virgin River. Young's method was to select a balanced group of people, including the different types of workers, professional people and leaders in about the proportion that would be needed in building a community, and send them out to make the settlements. This was probably one of the greatest of his secrets of success in colonization.

These settlers began arriving on the river in 1853 and by 1861 most of the settlements had been founded along its course. All land for farming had to be irrigated and naturally the settlements were made where water could be got out on to the tillable land. Consequently most of them were made along the banks of the stream. The first arrivals naturally selected the closest

and most accessible land and the later comers had to push farther and farther along the stream in search of suitable places to settle.

By 1861, the settlers (about a dozen families), had penetrated as far as the present location of some of the Springdale fields just below the present site of the town of Springdale at the mouth of Zion Canyon. These first settlers included the following names: Joseph Millet, Alma Millet, Em. Black and his three sons, William, George and Joseph, Albert Petty and family, Howard Whitlock, Hiram Morris and an old man by the name of Norton.

By this time also, other settlements had been made along the river at St. George, Washington, Santa Clara, Toquerville, Grafton, Duncan's Retreat, and Rockville. They had already begun to raise cotton in the settlements in the lower parts of the valley, and on this account they gave the region the name of Dixie, Utah's Dixie. They constructed a cotton mill at Washington about 1865 and it ran and manufactured cloth from then until the late nineties when it was closed down. The ruins of the old red rock building of the mill are still standing on the south side of the road just west of the bridge in the little town of Washington on the erstwhile Arrowhead trail, now the Zion Park Highway.

The settlers who had penetrated as far as Springdale very naturally continued exploration of the region around them. They were already in a very remarkable section of the canyon and could see more and mightier cliffs and pinnacles beyond. Perhaps young Joseph Black little dreamed what awaited him beyond when, one morning in the early summer of 1861, he mounted his horse and set out up the river in quest of more or better farming land.

Passing through the narrows just above the present park entrance, he

came out into the main court of the then un-named canyon where a clear stream of water meandered its way between grassy banks down through a natural meadow. He found a strip of land that could be cultivated on each side of the river.

But more than that, he found those incomparable towers and temples and those majestic cliffs that let the sunshine squeeze in between them for a short time during the middle of the day. And it seems that they thrilled his aesthetic senses and that he realized the grandeur and beauty that he was the first of the white race to behold, for when he went back down to the village below, he described the wonders that he had seen in such glowing terms that the people dubbed the canyon "Joseph's Glory", half in derision at his fanciful tales.

But the people of those days had no time for relaxation such as sight-seeing - it was all they could do to eke out a bare existence with a few of the fundamental necessities of life. There were no trains, no telephones and no mail service and most traveling was done by ox team. The thing that interested the people in the village was the agricultural land in the canyon.

Hyrum Morris and Howard Whitlock decided to use some of it. Undaunted by the difficulties of getting there, they hitched two yoke of oxen on to the hind wheels of a wagon and hanging a plow and a "grub box" on behind they made their way up the canyon. It was impossible to go along the stream bed, so they turned off on the west side about one quarter mile above the park entrance and climbed the steep side hill to the sandy bench which the telephone line now traverses. From this bench, they worked off into the canyon that is now known as the Court of Patriarchs and down it to the main canyon where they first put their plow into the soil and turned the first furrow of that virgin soil. It is reported that they planted corn and raised

a crop that first year. Other people followed later and other land was cultivated from that time forward.

Within the next two or three years, probably about 1863, three settlers went into the canyon to live. One of them, William Heaps by name, was a deserter from Johnson's army, no doubt seeking isolation, and at that time, he undoubtedly found an ideal place. He built a little rock cabin on the west side of the river at the mouth of Emerald Pool Canyon (formerly known as Heaps Canyon) near a point where some large cottonwood trees are now standing.

His two companions, Isaac Behunnin and George Rolfe, although not deserters from an army were typical western renegades. They were a poor sort of Mormons, and though rough old characters, were very religious withal. Behunnin built two log cabins across the river from Heaps, one cabin standing just beside the road about one quarter mile above the Lodge, the other one standing about 100 yards to the west, in what is now a dry-course of the river bed. Rolfe went a little farther upstream, and erected one cabin beside the road about one half mile above the Lodge near the bend in the road and another one at the place where the public camp ground now stands, just between the comfort station and the road.

These people raised corn and tobacco, a little garden truck and certain other crops, kept a few livestock around their places and thus eked out an existence among their aesthetic surroundings. But with all their hardships, it seems that they realized the wonders and beauties of the canyon walls. It is related that Behunnin used to sit in his yard of an evening and look up at the towers and temples on every side. They appealed to him as symbolic of the divine and he used to say "Here we have natural temples. We can worship as we please". He was mentally making comparison with Salt Lake when they were building a temple and which was usually referred to as Zion.

Continuing he soliloquised that "This is as much Zion as Salt Lake, we'll call this Little Zion." And Little Zion the canyon came to be known.

It is reported that, at one time a few years later, Brigham Young came to Springdale to see a piece of land that he had there and the people told him in glowing terms of the wonderful scenes in Little Zion and was about to visit the place. However, he inquired who lived up there and being told that these three old renegades were the only ones, he said: "No, it's not Zion. Zion is the place where the pure in heart dwell." and he refused to go visit the place. Thereafter many of the people hypercritically referred to it as "Not Zion."

With the next few years, livestock increased greatly in numbers and both sheep and cattle came to be grazed in larger numbers both in the canyon and on the mountains above. With the tramping of trails through the vegetation due to such grazing, they way was opened up by which the rain, when it fell, could run down the trails, pick up loose particles of sand and thus have tools with which to cut out the grass and roots along the stream channel. Finally the time came when a heavy storm brought enough sand and gravel with it to do enormous cutting and it washed out its bed through the grassy banks and left the old meadow high and dry. And the evil conditions have been exaggerated during a large part of the intervening time since then and the river has continued to wash at its banks and bed scouring and enlarging, and along its course from Zion to its junction with the Colorado, has washed away thousands of acres of fertile land - damage that can never be repaired.

It is reported that in those days beaver were plentiful along the streams, but they have practically disappeared.

Along about 1865, Indian troubles developed in the region and the people from Springdale and Shonesburg all moved down to Rockville for better protection. There is no evidence to indicate that any of them went up into Zion

Canyon for protection. For the next several years, the people had to band together and whenever they went into the fields to work, they either went in groups or took precautions of safety.

After the subsidence of the Indian menace, plans for re-settling Springdale (and Shonesburg) developed. In 1874, a new ditch was taken out of the river above the old settlement of Springdale and in 1875, the town was settled in its present location.

At about this time also, an attempt was made to establish what was called the United Order, a socialistic community in which theoretically each was to share alike. Each one joining the order had to turn over all property to the community. The idea seems to have appealed to the three settlers in Zion Canyon. They joined the order and turned over their rights in the canyon. But after a short time they became dissatisfied, disappointed at the conditions that developed and so they withdrew. They were paid in livestock and other goods for their property in Zion and they moved away. Upon the break-up of the order, soon after this, the property in Zion was allotted to Springdale people. During the intervening years, different pieces of property passed from one hand to another, until 1909 when the area was withdrawn as a National Monument, when, because the land had never been surveyed and no titles established, the people had to give up the use of the land.

During the period of use of the land, people at different times and places, planted out orchards and to this day there are remnants of some of these orchards left. Opposite the lodge, on the "island" left between the old meander of the river bed and the present position of the river is

still a peach orchard that has run wild but still bears delicious fruit if you can beat the squirrels to it. Another peach tree still stands beside the road about half way between the Lodge and the public camp. And still another one off to the west of the public camp.

The land where the public camp is located was farmed by O. D. Gifford after Rolfe sold out in 1875 and the trees that now cover the camp site have mostly grown up since that time. During the time that he was farming there, the red arch fell out and built up the sandy point or slope underneath. This was about 1880 or 1881. Mr. Gifford was not there at the time of the fall, but the next day when he came from town to work, he found a large rock had rolled down into his cornfield. Prior to the fall, a clump of pines stood in the cove beneath, but the massive amount of rock that came down ground most of them to splinters, and the rock itself seems to have been mostly crushed and ground to sand and small pieces. There are practically no large rocks left to tell the story.

William Russei of Grafton relates that he well remembers riding the cultivator horse up and down the corn rows in front of where the Lodge now stands.

"Top" Stout of Hurricane, Utah, relates how, about 1893, that he and two companies seeking a way to get on top of the east rim of Zion, went up the canyon to the Big Ben and climbed afoot up to the top over the route that was later developed into the first east rim trail. This trail was first opened up in 1896 by the stockmen so they could trail cattle up and down.

A few years later than this, a young inventive genius by the name of Flannigan conceived the idea of installing a wire conveyor to let lumber down from the top of the mountain to the valley floor, and in 1900, an endless baling wire cable running around drums at both ends was installed and proved so successful that a few years later, about 1906, the baling wire was replaced by a three eighths inch wire cable, which is still in operation and may be seen

at work today upon special occasions when lumber is being lowered.

During Major Powell's second memorable trip through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in 1872, he heard of Zion Canyon and took occasion to go over and visit it.

Major Powell gave the canyon a new name which was supposed to be authentic and of course had the sanction of the government behind it. He called it the Mukuntuweap (Moo-koon'-to-weep) and applied the same name to that fork of the Virgin River flowing through it. To the east fork of the river and the similarly wonderful canyon through which it flows, he gave the name of Paruntuweap. The origin of these names is in doubt. One story or legend has it that an Indian that the Whites called Muggins had a small garden plot in the mouth of the canyon, and the Indians called it Mukuts (Muggins) tuweap (farm), meaning the canyon where Muggins' farm was located.

But it is doubtful if this is correct in view of another legend which holds that Mukunta refers to the Great Spirit and weap refers to the land of or place where. Thus the meaning would be the place where the Great Spirit dwells. This is in harmony with the belief of the Indians that the Great Spirit dwelt on the West Temple, the prominent tablet which Captain Button so glowingly described as in the foreground. It is situated directly west of Springdale, and the Indians implicitly obeyed a superstition that they held that they must not stay in the canyon above that point after dark. The Springdale people attest the fact that in the early days they have often seen belated Indians hurrying out of the Canyon so as not to be caught there after dark. And after a successful day's hunt in the canyon above, they often dropped a piece of venison as they passed by the temple in propitiation to the Great Spirit.

The name Mukuntuweap, however, was not the name by which the Indians knew it. They called it Iooگون, which means the arrow quiver, that is you must

come out the way you go in; there is only one opening to the canyon at the mouth.

And this name Mukuntuweap never proved popular with the local people. In fact, it was scarcely known except on certain maps and was regarded as an obsolete term until the area was withdrawn on July 31, 1909 as the Mukuntuweap National Monument. It was so unpopular, however, that when the status was changed to that of a National Park on Nov. 19, 1919, Congress saw fit to change the name to Zion National Park. At the time the area was withdrawn as a national monument, there were several pieces of farming land scattered up and down the canyon that were actually being farmed and there were so many cattle being grazed in the canyon that the ground was practically bare of small growth between the larger trees and brush. It was a case of very bad overgrazing.

Naturally, stock were excluded from grazing in the canyon soon after it was withdrawn and during the succeeding years, it has had a chance to recuperate and the wonderful recrudescence of growth since that time is very interesting to study.

The first settlers to penetrate the canyon had to pick their way between vertical cliffs and over exceedingly steep and rock strewn slopes. As they began to cultivate the land so that they made more or less regular trips back and forth it became necessary to build roads. The first entrance with the oxen and wagon wheels went via the west side of the river, but when they attempted to pick out a road for more or less intermittent traffic, a route was selected on the east side and in order to get past the "lower" narrows just above the park entrance, they climbed the rough slope about half way up to the foot of the higher cliffs. Remnants of this old road can still be found in places where it has not been obliterated by the ravages of nature.

This route had been selected because it was the easiest route that could be found. It was, however, of very poor grade and was hard to travel since it climbed up and down the mountainside so much. So another route was selected up the river bed, crossing and recrossing the river in a good many places.

The grade of the new route was much better than the old but it involved much heavier construction work. In those days (about 1872) they had no explosives to work with and if boulders obstructed the way that were too big to move out of the way, it did not stop construction work; no, not for those undaunted pioneers. They simply dug a hole underneath and let the rock roll into it and bury itself.

In constructing this road, they encountered a huge boulder on the steep side hill in such a position that they could not digress with the road. It was absolutely necessary to move the rock. Three men set to work to dig the hole underneath the lower side. As they progressed with the work, they found the work hard and the day was hot. As they neared the end of the job, they sat down in the cool shade of the rock to rest.

George Ayers stretched himself out in the bottom of the hole with a companion sitting on each side. Some one from above shouted down "The old rock looks like it is about ready to go. What would you do if it should come?"

Both of the companions stated that they would sure be getting out of there if it gave signs of moving.

Not so with Ayers. He said: "I wouldn't even move, for I couldn't get out in time if I did."

He hardly finished when a warning shout gave the signal that the rock was moving. The two partners responded to the warning and jumped to safety by Ayers was true to his word.

The road was afterward finished and served for the traffic in and out of the Park until the Park Service, about 1920-4, constructed the well graded road now traversing the canyon.

In 1880, Captain Dutton of the U.S. Geol. Survey, visited the region and was so enthralled by the scenic splendors that he wrote "**** in an instant, there flashed before us a scene never to be forgotten. In coming time it will, I believe, take rank with a very small number of spectacles each of which will, in its own way, be regarded as the most exquisite of its kind which the world discloses. The scene before us was the Temples and Towers of the Virgin.

"Across the further foreground of the picture stretches the inner canyon of the Virgin, about 700 feet in depth and here of considerable width. Its bottom is for the most part unseen, but in one place is disclosed by a turn in its course, showing the vivid green of vegetation. Across the canyon * * * stands the central and commanding object of the picture, the western temple, rising 4000 feet above the river. *** Yet it was only the central object of a mighty throng of structures wrought up to the same exalted style and filling up the entire panorama. *** The effect is is much like that which the architect of the Milan Cathedral appears to have designed, though here it is vividly suggested rather than fully realized. *** A row of towers half a mile high is quarried out of the palisade, and stands well advanced from its face. There is an eloquence in their forms which stirs the imagination with a singular power and kindles in the mind of the dullest observer a glowing response."

The name of "Zion" seems singularly appropriate for the canyon so intricately adorned with the peaks and pinnacles inseparably connected

in the mind with towers and temples. As the old pioneer Behunnin aptly remarked "Here we have natural temples. We can worship as we please." And this very freedom of worship is almost compelling. Who can look up at the magnificence and magnitude of these natural temples, so adorned with nature's vivid coloring, without feeling that awe and inspiration, so akin to worship, that comes from a realization of the master forces that have worked through the enduring ages to accomplish such a marvelous thing. With this setting, it is no wonder that the name "Zion" survived the harsher and inappropriate name of Mukuntuweap.

And it is no wonder that the thousands of people who visit the canyon are imbued with the feeling. It was probably under this spell that the canyon weaves into the lives that visit it, that the fiery preacher Frederick Vining Fischer, went up and down the canyon in 1913 bestowing names right and left in harmony with the great idea. Other names also have crept in, but most of those that have survived are in keeping with the Spirit of the Canyon.

Let us look at a few of the names that harbor this spirit. First, we have the Watchman (on the east near Springdale), next the Altar of Sacrifice (a flat topped pinnacle on the west, the white walls streaked with the red stains from the altar), next the Sentinel (also on the west), then the Three Patriarchs and their court (a side canyon coming from the west), the Temple of the Sun (a peak on the east whose summit catches the first rays of the sun in the morning and reflects the last glow in the evening), and then the main court of the canyon leading up to the Great White Throne (the central theme of the canyon) at the foot of which, we find the Great Organ beside the Angel's Landing. Beyond these, at the end of the road, we find the Temple of Sinawava (a circular amphitheatre with an altar in the center) and the end of the trail.

to the "Narrows" we find the canyon blocked by the "Mountain of Mystery".

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REMINISCENSES

of

Samuel Wittwer

Samuel Wittwer of Santa Clara told me of some of his experiences in early days. He came with his father, Christian Wittwer, to Santa Clara with the Swiss migration in 1860 or 1861. Some time after, they moved to Harmony and when he was 17, he made a trip back across the plains to get immigrants in 1864. Soon after returning, his father and family moved to Springdale (about 1865 or 1866) and they took up a piece of land in Zion just above Behunnin. He does not recall Heaps or Rolfe, but thinks probably that Rolfe took the farm they left when they moved away. They had a hard time clearing land for cultivation. He states that the river flowed through a narrow meandering channel through the timber, brush and grass and that much of the valley bottom was timbered (ash, boxelder, cottonwood, squawbush and rosebushes) and that it was such hard work to clear out the brush so that they could cultivate and the returns were so meagre that they got discouraged and only stayed a year or two at Springdale and spent only one summer in Zion.

He helped to build the first wagon road into Zion up the canyon. Prior to that the cart road traversed the side hill on the east. He was standing beside the big rock when George Ayers was killed. His version of the story was to the effect that after the hole was dug under the edge of the rock, that Ayers and Taylor got in the shade of the rock to rest. He (Wittwer) remarked that it was quite a dangerous rock, and they had better be careful. Taylor responded to the suggestion by squatting down on his feet (bending his knees and sitting on his heels) ready to move at the slightest warning, but Ayers said:

"Oh! It's safe enough" and sat down in the hole. As the rock gave way, Taylor sprang out being scraped by the rock and tearing off the skin of his shoulder. Ayers was mashed up pretty bad, it mashed his head and broke his arm in two or three places and killed him instantly. This happened in a narrow part of the canyon where the sides were quite steep but not ledgy.

About the time of the Indian raid when Whitmore and McIntyre were killed, he and two others were sent out to Short Creek (or somewhere in that region) to act as guards to watch for Indian signs and keep watch over the cattle. He spent about three weeks there.

Soon after this they moved away and went to Santa Clara. He thinks this must have been about 1867 or 1868, and he states that after he left, most of the people from Springdale, Grafton, Duncan's Retreat and possibly Virgin moved into Rockville on account of the Indian scare.

He also states that at that time there was much fertile land all up and down the river from Grafton down to Duncan's and that the floods that came and tore up these fertile lands were later than the time they left.

(signed) A. M. Woodbury

St. George, Utah
March 25, 1927