'That Place Over There' A Journalistic Look at Latter-Day Corinne, the Last Gentile Railroad Boomtown in the Mormon Lands of Utah

John W. Morris

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"THAT PLACE OVER THERE"
A JOURNALISTIC LOOK AT LATTER-DAY CORINNE,
THE LAST GENTILE RAILROAD BOOMTOWN
IN THE MORMON LANDS OF UTAH

JOHN W. MORRIS

1987
'THAT PLACE OVER THERE'
A JOURNALISTIC LOOK AT LATTER-DAY CORINNE,
THE LAST GENTILE RAILROAD BOOMTOWN
IN THE MORMON LANDS OF UTAH

by

John W. Morris

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree
of
MASTER OF ARTS
in
Communication

Approved:

Major Professor

Committee Member

Committee Member

Committee Member

Dean of Graduate Studies

UTAH STATE UNIVERSITY
Logan, Utah

1987
DEDICATION

To Those Who Permitted this Intrusion

into their Memories:

Fay Bosley, August, 1986
Blaine Bradford, August, 1986
Donald D. and Marion Y. F. Cutler, September, 1985
Marion N. Danielson, October, 1985
Vesta Ferry, October and December, 1985
Sam and Marb B. Forsgren, fall of 1985 and summer of 1986
Marijane and DeAnn Morris, July, 1986
Della Owens, October, 1986
Ruth A. M. Wright, October, 1986
The Author and the Methodology

John W. Morris is a veteran reporter and editor with more than 20 years of experience in the newspaper business. The print medium was not his chosen vocation, but it worked out that way for a number of reasons.

He claims he was weaned on a typewriter and very early in his life, because of a small physique and a defensively taunting tongue, became a student of people by developing the patience to simply listen, to carefully watch and to mentally store bits of information for possible use later.

Upon being graduated from Utah State University in June, 1965, he found his bachelor's degree in American studies was not of much worth in the working world. A visit to a community newspaper three months following his graduation solved his dilemma.

Drawing a "learning fee" paycheck of $65 a week, Morris took his lumps and handed some out, innocently at first and later on "professional" purpose, in a business he would later describe as one that has a tendency to prey on the miseries of people and praises all too few, and often but the monied for economic reasons, in the process of grinding out a daily news budget.

Still, his liberal arts education in history, literature, sociology, pre-law and political science, teamed with
the practiced skills of watching and listening, would serve him well.

Working at newspapers in California and Utah, Morris earned a reputation for fairness and accuracy. He also was recognized for his ability to recall stories and data long after they had been printed.

Believing every person has a story to tell, Morris quickly realized a largely untapped resource was literally buried with the old-timers, who often are ignored because interviews can be economically time-consuming and their "ramblings" difficult to correlate.

But in a couple of special history editions, the issues proved to be "best sellers" for newspapers making the efforts and, in Morris' mind, at least the tales of some old-timers had been put down in print somewhere.

Returning to USU in September, 1984, in pursuit of a master's degree in communication, Morris tumbled into a subconscious natural for his thesis. A Thomas Wolfe visit to his hometown of 20 years earlier sparked this. The sadly objective detachment of the years was there; the bits of data mentally stored long ago played back in fuzzy fragments, and old-timers yet there had much to remember.

Unfortunately, Morris was about five years too late as many of the movers and shakers of the town had died. The old-timers of the town now are in their 60s, 70s and 80s, but they too have their tales to tell.
It was a beginning, belated perhaps, but a beginning. This effort, as such, is aimed at recording portions of the lives and times of those who once were or are yet there. This will be a mixture of facts and oft-told, if embroidered, fiction, and likely breaks every rule in the book of structured research. The thrust here is but to put it down, not sort it out.

While narrated mostly in "professional" third person, and please forgive the inconsistencies in the dialogue when the storytellers slip back and forth, much of this work will be based on the author's personal memories of growing up in the small Northern Utah city of Corinne, a town born in a rowdy railroad boom, nearly killed by the poisonous water of the Malad River and saved by an ingenious irrigation system to drain the toxins from the land.

At times called the Burg on the Bear, Corinne boasted a population of thousands in its beginnings, but dwindled to a desperate denizen count of about 50 at one time. But it did not, ever, become a wind-whipped, creaking-door ghost town, although some books list it as such.

Founded by Gentiles, or non-Mormons, it maintains an enterprising and stubborn spirit to survive and to resist dominance by others. Mostly Mormon in population today, the town somehow retains this resistance and an unspoken pride of beating the odds against the harshness of the land, the twists and turns of human interaction and the general-good
directives from both church and state.

Most old-timers of the author's youth, of course, are dead and buried. So, too, are their first-person stories. A few remain and while their treatments here are somewhat superficial, at least some of their tales have been written down, along with remembrances about their old-timers.

Perhaps unpardonable liberties have been taken in this account. If so, the author begs pardon, but defends the blending of the tools used to bring a tick of the clock of time back to life.

Against the rules of journalistic integrity, if there are such, conversations by long-dead characters have been used to put flesh-and-blood personality, albeit secondhand, on the skeletons involved, but the author remembers such talks, in substance if not verbatim.

Others of those interviewed have done the same here and what color may have been added and unpleasant facts condoned with respectful silence should be tolerated.

Each and every story contained here has a foundation of fact, a priori or colloquial perhaps, but with some basis in fact. If other oft-told versions disagree, so be it.

In preparing this document, the author tried to use a tape recorder when allowed, not only to preserve the exact words, but to permit an easy flow to an informal, low-key interview not delayed by taking extensive notes.

An important point to emphasize here is to permit the
flow of a low-key, chit-chat interview. The elderly, by and large, dislike being pushed into anything since most of them have heard the pitch before and only bought into it once.

A patient listener, however, is fair game, even when seemingly confused questions must be used to redirect the conversation.

The author had the advantage of knowing those to be interviewed and much of the historical data to be discussed. This, however, possibly narrowed the scope of this work.

Should a chronicler attempt such an effort in a strange town, some quiet, hard-listening sips on a cup of coffee in the local cafe, a complicated request for directions at the service station about what's out thataway and can a fella camp anywhere hereabouts, a "what place is this" chat at the town hall and a note-taking visit to the biggest, or perhaps nearest, library in the area would be highly recommended.

In interviewing those uncomfortable about talking into a tape recorder, the tried-and-true method of pen, notebook and acute writer's cramp were employed, but yet again in a low-key fashion of not pushing, of rephrasing a question to get back on track and of respectful politeness, hopefully not feigned.

The information gained often is viewed by reporters as jumbled ramblings, but usually there is a thread, a core, a hook and a yarn. The trick, of course, is sorting it out, putting it into a readable structure of words everyone, be
they college professors or second-graders, will be able to understand.

Historical records and reference books were used to verify dates and provide creditable background information, but the main effort here has been to put down in print the memories of those who yet remain.

In the course of compiling the fragments of fact and fiction listed here, a few sociological issues have been introduced, including the rivalry of persecution between the Irish and the Chinese, the unresolved problem of who should pay for public education, the tight-jawed tension between the outcast Jack Mormon and the morals of the church and the political prejudice existing between the "good folk" of the town and the industrious Japanese, who naturally, and mayhap bitterly, kept to themselves, but called the community their home.

These issues were introduced because they were elements of daily life, accepted if only on the subconscious level. They are not pursued; they are not analyzed. They simply were there, as they always have been in one form or another when people interact and compete for recognition.

It is the author's duty here to be a reporter, not a commentator, to be a storyteller, not a sociologist.

The chapters, in somewhat of the journalistic manner of a series of articles, were written as independent newspaper feature stories and could stand alone with a little verbal
massage. As a result, there is repetition in identification and some events, but the author hopes the total package will be, quite simply, a damn good read.

This work, of course, is not complete. But it is a start.

It does not follow the rules of oral history, journalism or structured research, but if this encourages others, be they reporters, relatives, friends or interested bystanders, to write down the thoughts, words and deeds of their old-timers, then this has been successful.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DEDICATION</td>
<td>ii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOREWORD</td>
<td>iii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Author and the Methodology</td>
<td>iii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LIST OF FIGURES</td>
<td>xii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ABSTRACT</td>
<td>xvi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROLOGUE</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. THE WHITTLIN' BENCH</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corinne, Utah</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Withered Men, Weathered Wood</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. THE KIDS WHO STAYED</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Building Blocks</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Growing Up in Corinne</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. THE OTHER BILLS AND BOYS</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spinning Yarns</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Colt, a Coolie, a Cayuse</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. THE STIFF-FINGERED SCHOLAR</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engineering Tomorrow</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Here I Will Live'</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. THE SCHOOLMARM</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eight Grades, One Room</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lessons for a Lifetime</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. THE HOLDINGS OF HOUSE</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Movers and Shakers</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Generous, Tongue-tied Man</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Section</td>
<td>Title</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII.</td>
<td>THE CROSSING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Living in a Troubled Land</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Time Erases the Trials</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII.</td>
<td>THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Paying for a Free Education</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Crackin' the Books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX.</td>
<td>THE GENTILE NAVY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>By Inland Sea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hail to the Queen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X.</td>
<td>THE CARETAKES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>May the Dead Live on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Food and Flowers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI.</td>
<td>THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Gettin' Along</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>It Just Seemed Right</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII.</td>
<td>THE MAINTAINER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>One More has Gone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Telling it Like it Was.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>EPILOGUE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>CAST OF CHARACTERS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>REFERENCES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>APPENDIX</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## LIST OF FIGURES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Figure</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Map showing Corinne, railroad lines and a portion of the Montana trade route</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>In this photo from the Marijane Morris collection, Bill Bosley, left, swaps</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>yarins with Bill Holmes on the &quot;Whittlin' Bench&quot; in front of Walt's Garage</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>in September of 1951.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Snow had to be cleared from the tracks around the Corinne depot during the</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>hard winter of 1924.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Bill Holmes stands outside his home and business at Fifth and Montana streets</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>in the winter of 1924.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Interior of the Holmes store, about 1920, showing from left, people</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>identified as E A. Gillett, Wendell Holmes, Andy Pathakis and Emily and</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bill Holmes. Marijane Morris collection</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>Holmes building, condemned and boarded up, 1987</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>Corinne bridge, with Bear River flooding its banks, 1923. Marijane Morris</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>collection</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>Corinne bridge, condemned and barricaded, 1987</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>Drinking fountain in front of Corinne City Hall after a fall freeze</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>solidified the water from the spout into the shape of a candy cane,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>about 1950. Marijane Morris collection</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td>A mule train and teamsters, bound for the Montana mines, assemble at</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Montana and Fifth streets in 1870. The muddy roadways later would be</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>filled with the slag of the ores brought back on the return trip, giving</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Corinne the distinction of having its streets</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
paved with gold. Nelson Wadsworth collection ... 56

12. Main street about 1907. Marijane Morris collection ... 57

13. Main street about 1950. Marijane Morris collection ... 57

14. Marion Young Fredrickson Cutler, 1987 ... 66

15. Donald D. Cutler, 1987 ... 66

16. The House home at Fifth and Washington streets, called "haunted" by youngsters because of its vacant and neglected condition, about 1958. Marion Danielson collection ... 78

17. Bernice Gibbs Anderson poses with the gold medallion and certificate of appreciation she received to mark the 1969 centennial of the driving of the golden spike. Only two medallions, complete with chain, were minted. The other was presented to the president of the United States. Ruth Wright collection ... 110

18. A May 10 observance of the driving of the golden spike at Promontory Summit, circa 1950. Marijane Morris collection ... 111

19. A 1953 photo of Hampton's Ford taken by Bernice Gibbs Anderson. Marijane Morris collection ... 119

20. The hotel at Hampton's Ford from a 1953 photograph of Bernice Gibbs Anderson. Marijane Morris collection ... 120

21. Jenny and C. G. Adney, about 1956, posing with a wooden arch bearing the name of Sam L, Tibbets, the man whose home they purchased. It is not known if the arch stood over the gateway to the house, or whether it was stored in a back room of the residence following the days when the builder and prominent merchant operated a store on Montana Street. Marion Danielson collection ... 131

22. This picture of William F. House, at about the age of 45, became part of the Marion Danielson collection after the daughter of Margaret Hatch, sorting through some of her mother's old things, found it and wondered
who it might be. It is one, if not the only, photograph of House yet surviving . . . . . . . . . 178

23. The Presbyterian bell, mounted atop a monument to non-Mormon religions, was put in the city park by the Corinne Lions Club, 1987 . . 194

24. The Central Hotel at Montana and Sixth was a shelter for women and children pm the night of the Indian scare. This glass-plate picture from the collection of Marijane Morris, is often thought to have been taken about 1895, but the children, right down to the clothing and the ribbon in one girl's hair, appear to be the same as those seen in the 1907 street scene on page 57 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 216

25. Class at Corinne Elementary, about 1907. Students tentatively identified include Walt and Willy Bosley, Audrey Murphy, George Holmes, Jenny Murphy (Adney), Jennie Older, Addie Parker and Maude Adams. Marijane Morris collection . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 229

26. Corinne Elementary School, with a temporary classroom at left and a bulging enrollment, 1987 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 229

27. Sam and Marb Forsgren, 1987 . . . . . . . . . . . . . 247


29. Swimmers at Garfield Beach on the Great Salt Lake, at a time when the steamer, stripped of stacks, served as a hotel and restaurant at the resort. Shortly after this 1874 photo, the steamer caught fire and burned to the water line. Nelson Wadsworth collection . . . . 263

30. A few wooden markers, erased by time and weather, yet remain at the Corinne City Cemetery, 1987 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 275

31. The burial plots of the House family remain a prominent feature in the middle of the west side of the cemetery, 1987 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 275

32. The Masonic Lodge, Montana and Seventh, about 1950. Marijane Morris collection . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 280
xv
33.

From a photo found recently by her sister,
Gladys, Fay Bosley, pretty and prim, sits
atop a fence post at the gate to her Corinne
home. She is about 20 years old and the
mistress of the house • • • • . • • •

...

• 297

34.

Fay Bosley at age 87, 1987

35.

From another Bosley family photo, members
of the clan gather at the Corinne cemetery
on Memorial Day, about 1940. This was a
tradition for many years. Pictured here,
top row from the left, are Leah, Tommy, Tom,
Art and Carma. Kneeling are Gladys and Fay,
who doesn't remember what she is holding in
front of her. Not present were Grace and
Keith • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • . • . 298

36.

Bill Bosley, withered by age, rests on the
"Whittlin' Bench," weathered by time, broken
and propped up with a steel drum, about 1952.
The dog is his, but none of the old-timers
remembers its name. Ruth Wright collection • • . • 317

• 298


ABSTRACT

'That Place Over There'
A Journalistic Look at Latter-day Corinne, the Last Gentile Railroad Boomtown in the Mormon Lands of Utah
by
John W. Morris, Master of Arts
Utah State University, 1987

Major Professor: Dr. J. Jay Black
Department: Communication

The effort here, compiled over a nearly three-year period, is simply to encourage reporters of the mass media, those recorders of instant history on a daily basis, to take the time to put down in print somewhere the memories of old-timers everywhere. While centered in Corinne, Utah, the last rabble-rousing boomtown along the first transcontinental railroad to span the United States, this work is a collection of feature articles, laced with anecdotes and perhaps tall tales, of the type old-timers are eager to tell. It is a renegade mixture of oral and written histories and probably breaks most of the rules of structured research, but it attempts to add a little color, a little life, between the cold letters chiseled into cemetery headstones. If these stories are not put down for genera-
tions yet to come to read, to ponder and possibly to enjoy, they will be buried -- quite literally -- forever. Whether these stories are true or have been "blossomed" by retelling over the years is not the question here. Such stories add a perspective, and mayhaps a better understanding, to the dusty and often dry dates recited by children in elementary school. In this regard, these children will grow up, wed and work, and they will have their stories to tell, hopefully before they, too, die.

(396 pages)
PROLOGUE

Bill House, Bill Bosley, and Bill Holmes are gone.

Also gone, unfortunately, are too many other old characters who have lived and died in small towns everywhere, or even in any large community, since big cities are but allied associations of block-on-block small towns.

Any veteran journalist soon learns a story appealing to a large populace, if not to most readers and listeners, is a good yarn spun around the times and tales of old-timers.

After all, old-timers can show the scars and remember the bleeding cuts. Old-timers can recall "the good ol' days" and often ignore the rest unless prodded. Old-timers have much to say, whether important in the scheme of things or not, and what they have to say is a small piece of the human puzzle.

When old-timers die, so do many of their pieces of this puzzle, unless someone takes the trouble to write them down.

Dedicated journalists know this. To them, it matters not what community or which old-timers. It could be Bend, Ore., Paris, Texas, or Hartford, Conn. In this account it is Corinne, Utah and oldsters Bill House, Bill Bosley, and Bill Holmes are gone now.

Gone, too, are the sights they saw, the laughter they shared and the sadness they swallowed while growing up or living most of their lives in the last railroad boomtown.
along the first transcontinental line spanning the United States from coast to coast.

Additionally, time has claimed most of the friends they made, the folks they helped and the few they disliked or even hated with a stubborn passion.

A few folks remain, however, and while the three Bills may not be depicted as they might have liked to be remembered, they hopefully will live again with flesh-and-blood personalitics in the recollections of those who knew them.

Use of the three Bills, of course, is a journalistic device and some poetic license has been taken. The three Bills were chosen because they were there at the beginning and lived through much of what happened in the years to follow.

Much has been written about Corinne and its people. A majority of these historical accounts concerns its notorious years between 1869 and 1878, when it was born as the final boomtown on the nation's first transcontinental railroad, when it was a Yankeeism flagship favored by politicians and polecats alike, and when it reveled as the overland freighting junction leading to the productive gold and silver mines of Montana.

It was "converted" after members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints completed the Utah and Northern line to Oneida, Idaho, to intersect and shorten with twin ribbons of steel the Gentile (non-Mormon) shipping routes
traveled by wagons drawn by teams of as many as 20 mules.

Oneida, tapping into the lucrative trade route via Logan and Franklin, may have been seemed an omen to the wealthy merchants of the town, but when a terminus of the Utah and Northern was opened in Blackfoot in December of 1878, it was all over except for the shouting, and there was a diminishing plenty of that for some years to come (Madsen & Madsen, 1980, pp. 163-172).

Also much has been written of this town when it served as a port in the storm for railroad rabble and offered a jumping-off place for entrepreneurs seeking quick riches and power. During these years the community, perhaps as the rebellion of a hammered stepchild in the hostile household that was Utah Territory at the time, became arrogant and close-knit because of this.

Had the Central and Union Pacifics met somewhere in either Wyoming or Nevada, Corinne may have been but a footnote among the many overnight railheads of the time.

In the race for right-of-way lands and subsidies, grading crews of the competing companies cut, blasted and filled 225 -- some accounts claim 250 -- miles of parallel roadbeds, roughly from eight miles east of Ogden, Utah west to Humboldt Wells, Nev.

In the political and economic battle, there was some talk, or threat, of making the terminus at Evanston, Wyo., until Congress, perhaps in its political politeness, decreed
Figure 1. Map showing Corinne, railroad lines and a portion of the Montana trade route.
the site to be "at or near Ogden." By this time, there were parallel grades and parallel hatreds since the choice of the terminus would mean wasted time, effort and money to the loser.

In this case, the loser was the Union Pacific, with more roadbed constructed to the west. But it did have a little satisfaction in eventually selling to the Central Pacific the 30 odd miles of track from Promontory Summit into Corinne and later into Ogden.

While the rails did meet at Promontory Summit some 28 miles to the west on May 10, 1869, Corinne was the logical choice for the terminus because of a good water source and its location at the most northern point on the line, and as such, the shortest shipping distance to the Montana mines.

Had Corinne been in Idaho -- and an attempt to annex it into that territory failed in 1870 -- the town likely would not have had such a stormy birth or troubled childhood. But it was in Utah, and its Gentile population posed a threat to the Saints of Deseret, a people who were struggling fervently to carve a religious sanctuary out of an unforgiving land "no one else wanted."

Battle lines were formed and legends began to flourish. Stories multiplied with the telling, and fact and fiction married as only they can in a tangle of truth and trial, pride and promising plans, failure and frustration.

The great dreams died, but the town did not. Once a
festering boil on the backside of Zion, Corinne by the early and mid-1900s had evolved into a seemingly-sleepy farming community dominated by faithful Mormon church-goers, in one way or the other tied together by the struggle to survive and the marriages of their children within the community.

And as farmers, they were industrious producers of sugar beets, alfalfa, peas, and what they considered to be "the best tasting tomatoes in the world." Most families had truck gardens, which would grow just about any hardy food plant pushed or stomped into the ground.

As an experiment, celery was introduced, complete with a processing plant. The celery was creamy white in color at its stock and popped when snapped after days on the shelf because of its high water content.

This celery production vanished, perhaps as many of the great dreams of the town did, because of economic factors of the time, but Corinnethians there at the time remember the crispness and how somehow the fibers never became lodged in the teeth.

The tomatoes, then and now, are thin-skinned, plump, tangy on the tongue and explosively juicy. More than one teenage boy, hired on to pull weeds crowding rows of the plants in the fields, started the day with a small salt shaker tucked into his back pocket and ended it looking like his throat had been cut.

Farmers also concede it is the minerals and nutrients
in the soil responsible for the tasty tomatoes, even though before the alkali was drained off the land anything planted into it had a very definite and limited lifespan.

There is not much written of this period of time, the years between the end of the rowdiness, the Mormon domination and the taming of the Gentiles into the "second-class" status residents of Corinne "enjoy" today. To them, it is a distinctive curse.

Corinne citizens of some years residence will state, firmly and with a conviction of truth, that Brigham Young, president of the Mormon Church in those turbulent, early years, stood in the bed of a buckboard wagon on the east side of Bear River, and with arms raised upward, condemned the Gentile city to the everlasting depths of Hell.

They will say Young cursed the town, prophesying its crops would wither and die, the rails linking it to East and West would rust and be ripped from the land and grass would grow ignored in its streets.

Before the desperate citizens found the means to drain the alkali from the topsoil, the crops did wither and die. When the wooden trestle of the Lucin Cutoff was completed across the northern end of the Great Salt Lake 1904, slicing railroad traffic directly into Ogden and isolating Corinne, the rails turned to rust and were ripped up during World War II to provide steel for weapons. And grass did grow in the streets in the 1950s, pushing up between the cracks in the
asphalt roadways. But it wasn't ignored; it was mowed and then ignored.

This curse, by most accounts never actually made in the oft-recited manner, probably was spread by the multiplying factor of word-of-mouth. It has seemed to unite the citizenry, whether Gentile or Mormon, into a provincial and protective unit of "natives" tolerating the "outsiders."

The downgrading has lessened, of course, but Corinne still remains "that place over there." House, Bosley and Holmes would have contested this. They were proud of their town, in both good times and bad.

Citizens of the '50s, and perhaps even now, would agree with this and protect their town. As one former 19-year resident of the community once stated, "They all have a 200-pound chip on their shoulders."

This sentiment came many years later from Marijane Free Morris (1986), who relocated to Corinne from Ogden in 1946 with her husband, Wally, and her two children, DeAnn and John W. Jr. In the years there, she said she never felt accepted as a citizen of the town or as a friend. She said somehow she was always like an outsider.

J. W. Sr. was an admitted, and smiling Jack Mormon, a self-exiled outcast of the Mormon faith, who spoke little of his rebellion, except for once to say he had "walked away" from the religion when about 14 "because I never did like wearing a tie just to choke to death each Sunday."
Marijane, a product of a Lutheran father and a Presbyterian mother, said she felt tolerated by the established citizens of the town, people who had little to fear from within the community, but who also fought, often bitterly, for recognition and parity because they lived in "that place over there."

Corinne, after all, had much to flaunt.

It was proposed by the U. S. Congress as the capital of Utah Territory in February, 1870, when the Saints' policy of polygamy became a political playground for the lawmakers in Washington, D.C.; it was the haven and base for non-Mormon religions in the lands of Zion; it began the first public schools there and perhaps started the first school lunch program in the state; it had the first indoor water system of the time, and it floated the first steamboats on the Bear River and Great Salt Lake in commercially-motivated attempts to bring trade and prosperity to the town.

Light winters at this time, resulting in low runoff water and few sand bars at the mouth of the Bear, fostered traffic on the river and the elite of the fleet, the City of Corinne, helped to bring a measure of pride to the town.

Later this would change. Sand bars would block the mouth of the Bear and the steamboat eventually was purchased by the son of Brigham Young, renamed the General Garfield after the "distinguished" visitor who took a cruise on it in 1873 and seven years later would become president of the
United States. The big boat burned to the water line in May of 1875 while moored near Salt Lake City when the fledgling resort there, eventually to be rebuilt and renamed Saltair, went up in flames.

House, Bosley, and Holmes often told of this, but no one wrote it down. House, Bosley, and Holmes related other tales of the town in the adjustment years that followed, but no one wrote these down, either.

What is left then are the relatively lifeless records of dates and decisions of the city council, microfilms of reports for the Corinne Ward (1900-1924) maintained by Mormon genealogical libraries such as the one in the basement of the Logan tabernacle, routine newspaper coverage, a few personal letters, and a diary or two.

Also left are the interpretive research of writers sifting through such dusty, faded accounts and the somewhat embroidered memories of those who knew the "movers and shakers" of the time.

These include the words of people who yet live there or within the surrounding area and the memories of the author, who in the years of his boyhood heard most, and remembers many, of the tales of the town religiously recited by the old-timers who carved away their days swapping yarns on the "Whittlin' Bench."

This account will not attempt to divine what is fact from fiction. The aim is simply to record portions of what
has been written and what is now remembered by those who were there.

History, for the most part, is told or written by the survivors. If three people witness the same event from the same location, there likely will be three versions of what "exactly" happened.

As such, it is not the purpose of this work to discover the "truth," because each of the witnesses indeed spoke it in his or her own voice of veracity. The attempt here is to put down in print somewhere the impressions, recollections, and feelings of those who remain.

Included among these will be Marion and Donald Cutler, Marb and Sam Forsgren, Vesta Ferry, Fay Bosley and Blaine Bradford. They were chosen simply because they were there, available at the time and willing to tell their tales.

At the time of this writing, there are a few others, who might tell their stories, too. Among these are Les and Chet Rader, Bill Jensen, Pat Hammerland, Della Owens, Ruth M. Wright, and J. Y. "Cap" Ferry Jr. They are not included in any real depth here because of the domino-like interaction of time, place and circumstance.

Each interview in this work provided more leads and questions than avenues of research and answers. The resulting paper chase in libraries produced but the frustration that very little anecdotal material has been written of this period of time.
An oft-told tale often says more about the multiple whys, whens, and wherefores of a particular place, person or event than will laboriously-documented fact and figure.

Fact-and-figure approaches depend upon the analyses of experienced researchers, who have a tendency to toss out hearsay and what can't be proven. In an academic sense, this may be essential; in an overall view, this is not enough.

Call it folklore; call it fable. At least, write it down.

There is a yet-living legacy out there, a legacy of those who came before and of those who yet remain, but who have not been asked to describe the journey for those who follow today and perhaps tomorrow.

While every account or anecdote in this work is based in foundation of fact, it will be for the readers to decide, debate, and hopefully describe somewhere and somehow what "really happened."

If this is so, then there will be other versions of the tales and times of those who remember.

Accurate or not, we were there.
corinne, Utah

There is a don't-blink-or-you'll-miss-it oil slick along the two-lane highway between Brigham City and the Morton-Thiokol Inc. plant to the west in the rolling, hostile-looking hills of Northern Utah. This scattering of old and new buildings at the junction of state highways 13 and 83 is Corinne.

Many travelers pass by, but not through, it each year on an outing to and from the Golden Spike site farther west on Promontory Summit where the rails were wed in May, 1869, to unite the United States from coast to coast with twin ribbons of steel.

As a predictable break in the landscape, since most settlements in Utah are spaced but five to seven miles apart, a few travelers may ponder briefly about the two gas stations, the mini-mart, the cafe the beer tavern and the grain elevator.

They possibly may wonder why anyone would bother to live there.

People live there for the same reason the traveler resides someplace else -- because it's home and it's theirs. As with any town, it has a history, it has a pride and it
it has a purpose. Even more, Corinne also has a claim, a comfortable curse and seemingly a dedication to beating the odds.

At the onset, it boasted a population in the thousands and a promise of prosperity bar none. At one time, its hearty and hardy denizens dwindled to about 50 in number.

At one time, it was an up-and-coming tourist attraction with a museum sporting two nose-to-nose steam engines where children could climb, pull levers and ring the bells. At one time, the museum was the pride of the community, but all too soon the visitors headed out to the golden spike site found the stop there a bit out of the way.

The museum disappeared, as did most of its historical artifacts. Whether the pedal-pump organ with two broken reeds, the frilly, pink gown worn on opening nights at the opera house, the spoons, forks, and opium pots left by the Chinese, and any of the other treasures and trinkets made it back into the hands of the grudging donors or into the homes of private collectors yet remains a question for many.

Today, a single marker of stone and wood at a roadside turnout at the site where the museum once stood proclaims the importance of the town.

A few tourists stop there at times to read the words before they continue their journeys. So do the drivers of 18-wheelers, who then walk across the highway to the cafe for a quick meal before they continue theirs.
Figure 2. In this photo from the Marijane Morris collection, Bill Bosley, left, swaps yarns with Bill Holmes on the "Whittlin' Bench" in front of Walt's Garage in September of 1951.
Withered Men, Weathered Wood

It wasn't much of a bench really, just a sawed-down 2-by-8-inch plank nailed near the ends into a couple of stump rounds cut from box elder trees.

But the chips and shavings not scattered by the winds were there as "any ol' chunk of wood" was painstakingly reduced to anything from an interlocking, free-link chain to the ever-utilitarian toothpick.

"You know," Bill Bosley said, easing his dwindling 80-year-old frame onto the bench plank and fishing an oft-honed penknife from the pocket of his baggy overalls, "Tom cut this damn thing off twice and it's still too short."

Bill Holmes leaned forward a little, nodding his head, much like the pop-out bird in a cuckoo clock signaling the hour, and smiled beneath his mustache at the joke often shared by the two.

"Tom should be here," Holmes said.

Bosley nodded in turn, glancing across Montana Street at the building where his cowboy brother, Thomas Edward Bosley, had operated a butcher shop in years prior to his death of cancer a few months earlier in April of 1952 at the age of 79.

Holmes looked that way too, and his smile waned into a thinner line. Both knew it was Tom who first nailed the
bench together and actually did saw the plank off twice because the first cut with a dull blade had splintered much of the wood's grain at one end.

Tom had made the additional cut to remove the hazards of splinters, but even so, years of use, weather-warp and backside burnish would prove this second slice, while well-intended, was eventually ice pick-painful at times.

The two old men, about 5-foot-6 give or take an inch, white of hair and bushy of mustache, withered of skin, but portly in places with the years, sat on the bench against the front wall of Walt Bosley's garage there on the northwest corner of Montana and Fifth streets in Corinne, Utah.

The summer of 1952 was on the run and the early fall sun was filtering through the hazy-gray evaporation off the Great Salt Lake. Later in the day, an afternoon wind, from the west as a rule, would sweep the air clear. Even with the breeze, the sun would warm the old men, who had much to recount and few listeners but themselves.

No, the bench wasn't much of anything really, except perhaps to the old men who went there off-and-on each day to swap lies and remember truths. Somehow any difference between fiction and fact didn't really matter as long as the teller told it well.

Oh, there were arguments all right, arguments about who was and what wasn't. And if the "right" one lost, there was always tomorrow. The boys on the bench, you see, had a
tendency to "blossom" the telling a time or three.

Still, the disagreements were small, even if the debates were heavy at times, for the old men such as G. William Bosley, William Raymond Holmes, Joseph R. Cutler and A. G. Woodard liked the I-was-there fuss more than any rightness of the fracas.

Every once and again, Clarence G. Adney would walk down town to Montana Street, amble over to the boys on the bench and give them a "pickle fit."

You see, Adney was a "mover and shaker" of the time. His name was listed first, and somehow also foremost, in the June, 1952 phone book when Corinne started its own telephone system.

Adney was an educated man, a member of the board of trustees at the agricultural college in Logan, a respected man of property and prowess, an acknowledged breeder of Hereford cattle, and a city socialite.

"He served on the city council for a spell, but mostly he devoted his time to raising Herefords and beautiful race horses," recalled Corinne native Donald Cutler in September of 1985. "He helped a lot of people, even if he was a Scot."

Still, most say he had a highly-controlled, if sometimes quick, temper and a good right hand to go with it. He also had an ability to cut to the core of an issue with blunt and hard-hitting logic.
This was the "pickle fit," met mostly with laughing retorts and humorous insults, but also causing some of the boys to thoughtfully run a thumb across the edge of a blade or scratch behind an ear a moment or two.

The "pickle fit" term came from one of the boys on the bench in describing his first wife.

A responsible woman and mother, she nevertheless would become "strange at times. You know, funny-like, yellin' and walkin' into the walls and things.

"She'd be in the kitchen, hummin' and such, and then she'd start talkin' to herself, angry-like. Sometimes she'd walk out with this stony look in her eyes and she'd say, 'I think I need a pickle.' Then she'd go out to the pickle crock, you know, the big one on the back porch. But she just wouldn't eat one; she'd eat 20. I mean, she'd eat 20 right there."

The woman, married at 15, died just short of her 19th birthday, and the husband, recounting this when in his 70s, later figured his wife, mother of his first son and daughter, probably suffered from diabetes.

His second wife produced four children, even up at two boys and two girls. His first two offspring both died, the son in an accident at a neighbor's farm at the age of 10 "doin' something dumb, I'm sure" and the daughter from a "pickle fit" at 16.

And so the term "pickle fit" became a tag, verbally, if
jestingly, tattooed on the poor fellow who engaged Adney and came up sputtering to himself as the gaunt scholar walked away without another word after delivering the telling shot. But for a quiet chuckle or a head-tilted glance the next day, there was more of a bond than a bruising from and for the boys on the bench.

The stump rounds supporting the bench plank were taken from dead and wind-felled box elder trees of about the same size, but one was slightly smaller in diameter than the other, and the cuts, made with a bucksaw, were not exact in length.

As such, "Bill's end" was about a half-inch shorter, no matter which Bill was first there in the morning to claim the higher roost. Neither ever did on purpose. Well, maybe once and again they did, depending on the day, the stomach's digestion or lack of it, and the humor of the man paying the "bill."

Somehow, no matter how many of the town's old-timers gathered at the bench, and at this time if the "many" all came there were few, spaces remained not only for Tom, but for another Bill, who had shared the early years and swapped the stories.

This was William F. House, a tongue-tied man with a sardonic sense of humor. House lived 68 of his 75 years in Corinne and was a mover and shaker in his own right. A man who covered his tangled talk with a ready generosity, he was
an optimist who trusted one too many too often.

Prior to his death in 1936, House signed off what was left of the estate of his enterprising and wealthy father, Hiram House, to spinster schoolmarm Vesta Ferry to protect it from "hovering" heirs and some sort of lawsuit. Some of Corinne's present-day old-timers say he did this because he loved Vesta, even though nearly 38 years her senior.

"You remember the time when that battered Model-A rolled up to the station for gas and Bill was sittin' on an apple box over there?" Holmes asked, jerking a thumb over his left shoulder at the northeast corner of the building.

"Yeah," Bosley said.

"You remember how the woman got outta the car, all ruffled and walkin' kinda stiff, and she asked Bill if the station had a rest stop?" Holmes continued, his eyes slitting and his head starting to bob again.

"Yeah," Bosley said.

"And, you remember how Bill said, 'Yes ma'am, we got a rest stop. Here, take this box. We rest a lot around here.'"

Bosley smiled and his double-nod, first chest-deep and then half that on the rebound, matched Holmes' rhythm as his cohort's head went cuckoo again, this time with the rise and fall accented by pistol-shot snorts sounding a little like an old John Deere tractor warming up on a chilly morning.

And the stories and the knee-slapping continued. Most
of the words are lost now, for the two old men said them needlessly to each other. No one outside the sanctity of the bench wrote them down, but a few of the yarns have survived in the memories of those who remain.

"You know, I think my grandfather (Joseph R. Cutler) probably spent as much time, if not more, on the 'whittlin' bench' as did Bill Holmes, Bill House, and Bill Bosley," Donald Culter said.

Born in Corinne in Dec. 17, 1915, Donald D. Cutler grew up in the community and married Viola Bowcutt of Bothwell in June of 1940. Viola died suddenly of diabetes on April, 25, 1978. A farmer most of his life, Donald still owns land, works it some and calls Corinne home now in his "officially-unofficial" retirement. At the time of this writing, he served as mayor of the town.

"I don't remember much about the stories they told, because as a youngster I wasn't there that often," Donald said. "But they talked about the railroad, of course; the freighting days; the drainage system to keep the alkali out of the topsoil, and they talked about the weather."

Donald described his paternal grandfather as "a tall, thin fellow about 5-foot-8," who wore a hat and smoked a pipe nearly all of his life. While Joe Cutler farmed some on the side, mostly he worked for the state road department running a grader.

"In 1924, when they had that awful winter, he and my
Figure 3. Snow had to be cleared from the tracks around the Corinne depot during the hard winter of 1924. Marijane Morris collection.
dad (Henry or on some records, Henery) drove eight head of horses on a grader between here (Corinne) and Bear River City every day to keep the road open," Donald said.

This section of state highway is about six miles in length and "that was hard and it was cold. I remember it, although I wasn't very old. Let's see, I was born in '15, so I was 9 at the time. They went every day and sometimes you couldn't tell where the road was."

Recalling this in 1985, Donald rubbed a hand across his chin and gazed blankly out the kitchen window of his comfortable home.

"Things have changed over the years, some even for the good," he said.

Mechanized road equipment long since had replaced the horses and grader, old houses were gone or were crumbling with graying age, newer places in town were being built to the north, not south, of Front Street, and crumbling chunks of a few foundations of old structures were disappearing behind the burst of June grass, But in the early 1950s, most of the remnants of the historic railroad boomtown remained.

Tom's butcher shop, where he also sold sundries such as powdered toothpaste and sewing needles and a few groceries like one-pound bricks of lard and gallon cans of honey, was then the Widow Mary Morgan's general store. Just to the east of it was the two-story, red-brick building put up by
Dr. Francis Roche in 1879, one year after the Mormon-backed Utah Northern reached Oneida in southern Idaho to virtually eliminate Corinne as a commercial shipping center to the Montana gold fields.

Roche, a Catholic, once had a chapel on the second floor, right at the head of the 22-step stairs, and held Masses on Sunday and special occasions. There were other rooms, all with 10-foot ceilings with redwood beams, around the rectangular sides of the stairwell.

Those rooms were guarded by eight-foot-high, two-inch-thick solid wooden doors topped with transoms, but a common skeleton key could open any until newer single-key locks were added in later years. The lathed walls were covered with crumbly river-sand plaster and tall, narrow windows offered light and a view onto streets on the north and east and onto a tree-screened alley on the south. There were no windows at all on the west side facing the Morgan store.

The brick structure, again cemented with crumbly, river-sand plaster and held together with four-inch-long square nails of the type used for shoeing horses, eventually came into the possession of Egbert A. Gillett, who was born in 1844 and died in 1923 a few months after his wife, Emily L., was placed in the Lakeview Cemetery of Corinne. He is buried by her side.

He gave control of the building to Holmes, who, along
Figure 4. Bill Holmes stands outside his home and business at Fifth and Montana streets in the winter of 1924. Marijane Morris collection.

Figure 5. Interior of the Holmes store, about 1920, showing from left, people identified as E A. Gillett, Wendell Holmes, Andy Pathakis and Emily and Bill Holmes. Marijane Morris collection.
Figure 6. Holmes building, about 1950. Marijane Morris collection.

Figure 7. Holmes building, condemned and boarded up, 1987.
Figure 8. Corinne bridge, with Bear River flooding its banks, 1923. Marijane Morris collection.

Figure 9. Corinne bridge, condemned and barricaded, 1987.
with his wife, Emily Louise Gillett Holmes, had operated a hardware store and mercantile on either side of the 14-foot-high ground floor for a number of years until the highway, once over the bridge and down the main thoroughfare of Montana, was realigned by the state two blocks up near North Front Street.

This shift included a "modern, two-lane cement bridge" more durable than the rusting iron and splintering wooden planking of the old one. The old one, just about one-car wide, remained in use until it was officially condemned in the early 1980s.

Holmes did not live to see the barricades across the bridge, but he had his own way of objecting to the shift of the highway taking traffic away from his building. Whenever a customer entered his store, and expressed enthusiasm for the modern bridge over the river, Holmes would reach under the front counter, pull out a short-cut noose with all 13 wraps and say, "Here, go hang yourself."

He also liked to tell stories about how a Chinaman was hanged from the old bridge every Saturday night in the early days so the "rowdies about town would know the evening was over and it was time to hit the sack."

Stories were told in the '50s as to how the Chinese were buried right there along the east bank of the river just south of the bridge, then a favored spot where the young played cowboys and Indians, but other old-timers
contend most of the bodies were dug up and shipped back to China.

Quite likely, a Chinaman did not meet his demise on a sudden, but short drop from the bridge every Saturday night, but such tales were based on more than one hanging.

Apparently the first occurred late in 1869 or early '70 when some liquored-up Irishmen, themselves refuges from the potato famine in their homeland, regarded at the time as less than second-class citizens who would work cheap and be thankful for it, and grudgingly resentful of the coolies, who had proven more reliable, less troublesome, and labored longer for lower pay, took out their pent-up frustrations one Saturday night.

The camel's-back straw possibly was the 10 miles of track laid by the Chinese of the Central Pacific in a single day to break and shame the proud record of the Irishmen of the Union Pacific set a few days earlier.

At any rate, a small mob of Irishmen, deep in their cups and cussing the world in general and the "little yellow bastards" in particular, ricocheted out of a saloon, grabbed the first Chinaman they could catch and dumped him kicking, but typically not screaming, down the city well in the middle of the intersection of Montana and Fifth streets.

This caused a citywide outrage, not so much for hanging the Chinaman, but for fouling up the water supply. The practice, as Holmes would tell with likely elaboration, was
then adjoined to the bridge "where more folks could see it anyways."

Aside from his own living quarters, Holmes rented out the other second-floor rooms in a hotel fashion. Each room had a stove, a pitcher of water placed inside of a large china wash bowl on the bureau, and a double bed. Tenants fetched their own wood and water and often waited in line for use of the single bathroom.

In late 1952, Holmes was retired and J. W. "Wally" Morris was making mortgage payments on the Roche building to Holmes' son, Wendell. Morris offered and eventually paid $10,000 for the building and gave $5,000 to the mercantile's previous owners for the stock and shelf goods. The price for the stock was based on an inventory and Morris was a bit miffed when he took possession of the premises to discover most of the bags of highly-valued sugar had been replaced with hams.

Morris eventually told Holmes of this and Bill thinned his lips, slitted his eyes, and somehow nodded and shook his head at the same time. Holmes knew the town and he knew its people. Once a notary public, past councilman and former city recorder, Holmes remembered his days in the store and kept a somewhat protective eye on the struggling community.

"I like to keep up on what's going on," he would say. "Wendell's out here more than I am these days and he tells me this and that, but he doesn't know the town like I do."
"He held up the potbellied stove back then," said Marion Young Fredrickson Cutler in the same 1985 interview with Donald.

As Marion Young, she came to Corinne from Ogden in 1927 at the age of 11 as a member of a family of four brothers and two other sisters. She grew up there, married Henry Fredrickson in 1933 and lived in the Roche building until they obtained their own home.

When Henry died Dec. 31, 1964, she continued to live in their home at Fourth and Colorado streets. Marion married a second time to Donald Cutler in October, 1978, and he moved into her residence.

"Oh now, Mr. Holmes, he was a jovial fellow..." Donald said.

"But he was lazy," Marion continued. "Mrs. Holmes ran the store. She was very ambitious, very energetic, always had to be doing something."

To the west of the Roche building and Mrs. Morgan's store was the post office, a rectangular house resembling two boxcars placed side by side. The boxcar on the east held living quarters and the one on the west was used to move the mail. It was completely sided with gray asphalt shingles that turned hot enough in August to fry an egg.

This is no exaggeration as more than one "sunny side up" experiment was done on the cooler concrete sidewalk just outside the front doors to prove the point.
There in the '50s, Margaret Hatch shuffled letters in the daytime in the front office accessed through sidewalk-and-interior double doors, and knitted elaborate doilies in her living quarters at night.

Mail arrived from and left for Brigham City in large gray duffel bags about 10 a.m. weekdays and Saturdays. Citizens started calling for their correspondence around noon. By this time, Margaret had sorted out the letters and packages and had prepared a lunch she would eat at a front office desk.

There were a few postal boxes on either side of the front counter, but not many. Margaret handed most of the mail over the counter when she heard someone lean through the inner doors.

The inner doors squeaked softly sharp on their hinges and Margaret never oiled them, saying once she preferred this to the irritating, government-issue punch bell on the counter.

Margaret personally rang the counter bell twice daily, once straight-faced in the morning after she had unlocked the swinging doors covering the counter opening and again with a small curl to her lips when she "closed up shop" for the night.

During office hours, the bell would sound occasionally and while Margaret usually said, "Thanks for calling me," she admitted one evening in the presence of the author, then
the apprentice half of a Mormon home-teaching team, that it was annoying when "someone came in and I was in the back doing something."

Just west of where the old men sat at Walt's Garage was the white-washed city hall, a three-sided building of brick with a wooden false front typical of the time. It had tall church-like, bullet-shaped windows across the front, none on the sides and two barred-up peepholes near each edge in the rear.

Opened in September of 1869 as a beer saloon, it was remodeled in 1870 by Dr. Oscar D. Cass to hold the city's second financial institution, the Bank of Corinne.

When the doors of the bank closed in 1875, businessmen of the town prevailed upon Ogden merchant J. W. Guthrie to open another. Guthrie agreed, housing it in a "substantial brick building" at Montana and Sixth streets across from the Central Hotel.

This was to be the third and longest-lasting bank in Corinne, where Guthrie would pour money and hope into the town until his death in 1910 and the doors of the business would close forever.

In 1952, a corner chuck of cement foundation would be the only memento. The Central Hotel also was gone, replaced by the Corinne Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The once-famed Corinne Opera House, razed in April and
May of 1952, also had become history. Once standing at the southeast corner of Montana and Seventh, it had served in its later years as a recreation hall, movie theater, roller skating rink and dance ballroom for the ward. One of the building's key features, and a reason for its prolonged use even after the siding weather-warped, the paint flaked into dust and the roof leaked streaked rays of sunlight, was the opera house floor floated on springs to give a non-tiring bounce to most activities.

At the southwest corner of Montana and Seventh, the Corinne Masonic Lodge remains today, but the rodeo grounds across from it to the north, a Fourth of July focal point in the 1950s, has been replaced with a park and ball diamond.

In the early years of the town, the Masons shared the building with the Odd Fellows, since most of the members of each belonged to both orders. This was an amiable arrangement and the only problems came in scheduling extra meetings and special events.

Extra meetings and special events, however, turned with the ebb and flow of economic conditions in the battling Burg on the Bear. When the prominence of Corinne as a commercial center waned as the Utah Northern added more miles of track to the north, panicky people thought hard and looked in other directions.

Prosperous businessmen pulled up stakes, shifting their operations to more promising places, such as Ogden
and Salt Lake City. Others stuck it out and one of these was Guthrie.

In the bail-out bust of the boomers in the 1880s and '90s, Guthrie had purchased the Cass building, along with most choice properties in town, hopeful of better times.

Better times came again to Corinne, but never really for him. The Cass building was purchased by the Corinne City Council from Guthrie's widow in 1913 for use as the town hall. The council would use the walled-in vault holding a "cracker-box" safe for city records and added a belfry to the back off the centered rear door, complete with the bell salvaged from the Presbyterian Church and a slat-iron holding cage at the base to confine what the proper people of the community called the "drunkards, hell-raisers and no-gooders."

In the 1950s, the warped, wooden floor of the city hall would creak and groan under the weight of a 10-year-old boy. The basket-weave, cane-like chairs around the long, rectangular council table were worn and frayed from years of use. The heavy vault door stood open, but the safe inside, with a dial as big as a cantaloupe, always appeared to be locked. It wasn't, since the combination had been misplaced, lost or simply forgotten years earlier, but it looked that way.

The city hall windows, no matter how often cleaned, had that streaked and dirty texture of old glass. The building
visibly sagged and the holding cage in the rear, no longer used as "offenders" were taken to the county jail in Brigham City, had layers of dust, scraps of wind-stirred paper, discarded items in use no longer, the scattered and plentiful droppings of mice and birds, and the permanent smell of urine.

The Presbyterian bell atop the belfry probably was the hardest-worked tool at city hall. It would be rung three times when the water was to be shut off to repair a break in the rust-ridden lines; it would be sounded continuously in the case of fire.

It pealed constantly on Halloween night until the city constable arrived to chase the gremlins off. And he also learned to check for potatoes jammed into the exhaust pipes of his patrol car because the build-up of exhaust had a delightful tendency to explode out the mufflers, ripping jagged holes and all. The noise, itself, awaited and heard from the safety of a ditch bottom down the street, was well worth the effort.

Still, in the 1950s and early '60s, it took William Pehrson only an Oct. 31 or two to stick a long-bladed screwdriver into his back pocket to pry out the spuds. And it only took a Halloween or two before he just let the damn bell ring. Calls from folks rousted out of sleep, he would later say, were easier to explain to the city council than requests for engine repairs and replacement mufflers since
the pranksters very often turned out to be children of the council members anyway.

The bell atop the city hall rang three times all too often. Most residents kept a bucket or two close at hand. Somehow, it never sounded continuously because of a fire of any magnitude. Any blaze, it seems, was handled handily. Oh, every once and again a home or structure would go up in flames and a ton or two of smoke, but city old-timers will scratch their heads about anything serious.

At the edge of the street, between the city hall and Walt's Garage, there was a porcelain-type fountain with a not-quite-sealing hand handle to one side of and below the drinking spout.

The spout was about the size of a modern-day trailer hitch ball, but because the hand tap didn't quite completely cut off the flow -- and more than one repair job attempted to fix this -- it persistently trickled a little water.

After a time, this didn't bother anyone much, except when a discarded gum wrapper or the wind-whipped leaves of autumn slid to the bottom of the bowl and settled over the drainage openings at the base.

The fountain was shut off for the winter, usually after the second or third late-fall freeze when Mother Nature did what man couldn't -- stop the flow with a plug shaped like a crystal-clear candy cane and the rim around the bowl was ringed with icicles.
Figure 10. Drinking fountain in front of Corinne City Hall after a fall freeze solidified the water from the spout into the shape of a candy cane, about 1950. Marijane Morris collection.
Eventually, the fountain simply was removed by order of the city council in the early 1950s after years of wear-and-tear, occasional vandalism, and the "to hell with it" demands placed on Corinne's water master.

But just a foot or two distant, the water tap, screwed into a pipe a few inches above ground level and equipped with a length of hose just long enough to reach the top of a milk can, remained in operation.

Until a fluorinated water system was developed for West Corinne, residents living out drove to town once or twice a week to fill 10-gallon milk cans with drinking water.

Southeast across the street from where the old men sat was another long brick structure once used for a number of things, including a beer parlor and poolroom, but then the residence of Edward and Ruth Michelli.

This then, in the summer-fall windy warmth of 1952, was "main street" in Corinne, a swinging glance just short of a chewing-tobacco spit and the range of a Derringer to either side of the boys on the bench.

"When they first started on that whittlin' bench, it was always on the west side of Tom's store," Donald said. "Finally, when Tom died, they brought it over in front of Walt's."

"Was it Bill (Bosley) who had that old garage until Walt took it over? It was Bill, wasn't it?" Marion asked.

"Well, it was, but that was Mr. Weatherford's black
smith shop at one time," Donald answered. "Even after Bill took it over, there was one of those hand-crank forges there in the back as long as I can remember and Walt used it to make this and that."

As for the bench, Marion said, "It was on the east side (of Tom's shop) in the afternoon when it was hot, and in the wintertime when it was cold, it was always on the south side. They moved it from side to side."

"They didn't do much whittlin' in the wintertime," Donald said.

"They sat there, though," Marion countered.

"They sat there...," Donald agreed. "They moved it from the butcher shop over to the post office in the summertime."

"They moved it to the east side (of the post office) when the sun was hot in the afternoon," Marion noted.

"And then when Tom died, they moved it over in front of Walt's garage," Donald finished.

"Yes," Marion said.

"You know, the nice thing about being married is that the husband always gets the last words," Donald said, a deep-chested chuckle almost warbling his words. "They're always, 'Yes, dear.'"

"Oh my, oh my," Marion said in a soft voice that somehow kindled a twinkle in her eye.

Bosley and Holmes both were born in 1870, within a year
of the driving of the golden spike at Promontory Summit on May 10, 1869, to link the Central and Union Pacific tracks and complete the first transcontinental railroad system across the country.

The two Bills, who would both die in 1954, spent most of their years in Corinne as second-generation, if not secondhand, settlers in the last "hell-raising boomtown" on the line.

Corinne was favored for a couple of reasons. It was the most-northern and shortest distance on the line to the silver and gold mines of Montana and it offered a good source of fresh water from the meandering Bear River. As the last boomtown and probable railroad terminus for shipment of supplies to the north, the town was a haven for "rattlers."

Words evolve over the years, shifting meanings to fit situations. Some 50 years ago during the Great Depression and the birth of the hobo, "rattlers" were the trains, nicknamed for their very sounds rolling down the tracks. "Ridin' the rattlers" was the ticket of transportation for the homeless, jobless, and desperate of that era.

Today in the desert areas of the western United States, the term "rattlers" refers to fearsome, venomous snakes, quite peaceful in their own habitat, but capable of striking at least half of their body lengths if disturbed suddenly.

For a brief period after the meeting of the railroads
in Utah Territory, "rattlers" meant both the train and the reptile, for the first brought the second as a rider on the rails and the second was made up of the gambler, prostitute, outlaw, hired henchman, and hustler of any scheme.

Lambert Florin, in his 1971 Ghosts Towns of the West, says that within two weeks of the founding of Corinne in late 1868, there were 300 frame shacks and tents with a boom population of 1,500, not counting the 5,000 Chinese laborers employed by the railroad.

The accounting of Brigham D. Madsen in his Corinne: The Gentile Capital of Utah of 1980 differs from this. In his research of newspaper stories of the time, Madsen says J. H. Beadle of the Cincinnati Commercial, visiting the fledgling Gentile settlement in January and February of 1869, found a scattered collection of some 15 buildings and 150 inhabitants.

Denizens, Beadle wrote in a dispatch to his newspaper in Cincinnati, called a meeting, named the place Connor City in honor of Gen. Patrick E. Connor, an early settler there and the dubious hero and commander of Army troops in the massacre of some 400 Northwestern Shoshoni in the Battle of Bear River in Cache County in February, 1863.

Actually, Beadle continued, the "citizens" really were squatters on land withdrawn from public sale by the Pacific Railroad Act. They were betting on a profit-turning chance by their presence alone near the "only abundant supply of
water between the Wasatch and Humboldt mountains."

In describing the town, Madsen (1980, p. 7) quotes Beadle as saying, "There is no newsstand, post office or barber shop. The citizens wash in the river and comb their hair by crawling through the sagebrush. A private stage is run to Promontory, passing through Connor. The proprietor calls it tri-weekly, that is, it goes out one week and tries to get back the next...."

In March, Madsen reports, the Union Pacific designated Gen. J. A. Williamson as its agent to sell lots at the site and was given permission to name the new town.

He called it Corinne after one of his daughters, so named for the heroine in the 1807 book by Madame de Stael, Corinne ou l'Italie, Madsen writes, adding this effort is considered to be her best work of fiction and a strong influence on the romance novel.

This seems to be the most creditable version of the naming of the town, although other legends would grow and persist. Some old-timers say the city was christened after a prominent actress of the day, Corinne La Vaunt, one of the first thespians to play and enthrall a culturally-starved audience at the city's Opera House, dedicated July 4, 1870.

However, Marion Danielson, city recorder for Corinne since December of 1979, said in an October, 1985 conversation that her research of council records and newspapers of the time shows no verification of La Vaunt's very existence,
let alone her appearance ever at the opera house.

Another story claims the first baby girl born in the town, chosen to be called Corinne by her parents, gave the community its name. There are those who scoffed at this, saying the first girl born in the city was justly honored instead by being given the name of the city.

From council records, Mrs. Danielson reports the first two babies born in Corinne were boys, the first to auctioneer J. S. Adair on June 11, 1869, and the second to George Vaughn on June 18. The Vaughn child was named Henry Lee. The first baby girl arrived Sept. 21, 1870 to Gumpert Goldberg and there is no official notation as to her name, whether it was Corinne or not. Her birth was followed by a set of twins.

History being what it is — a rather assumptive chronicle of events perhaps recorded not as they happened but simply embroidered by recollection gentled by time — notes another version of the naming of the town in a work published in July of 1921.

In Administration and Supervision in the Box Elder School District, written by Superintendent Charles H. Skidmore by orders from the board of education in an apparent effort to promote the consolidation of educational facilities within the county and justify tax demands, the town of Corinne is listed as having 10 families of 50 souls on Sept. 30, 1877.
place hated by many Mormons and studiously avoided by residents of the nearby settlements. The editor maintained that the town was "an object of defamation" by the Saints. But the Gentile predominance was changing rapidly, as witnessed by Warren B. Johnson, who stopped for the night at Corinne while on his walking tour across the continent in 1882. Granted sleeping accommodations at a local farm and given breakfast by the farmer's wife the next morning, he inquired of her, "Are there many Mormons in Corinne?" She replied. "We are all Mormons, here." That was not yet quite accurate but was fast becoming so (Madsen 1980, p. 310).

Madsen's "fast becoming so" may be more literal than factual, however. While Mormons do represent the vast majority of the population in the community and its environs, outsider Gentiles remain. Out-of-staters have located there after being employed at the Morton-Thiokol plant near Promontory and the beer tavern on the highway caters not strictly to travelers to and fro.

New houses have been built and the Corinne populace has spread out to the north and west. Still, in 1985 the decay of aging was very evident along once-proud Montana Street. Grass, of course, grew in the street, paint flaked from warped siding, boards crisscrossed windows and the remaining buildings seemed to sag from the sheer weight of the air.

The air 100 years earlier might have seemed just as heavy to the citizens there, but there also was a stubborn hope of survival and success.

An 1885 article in the Utah Journal described the dilapidated and deserted buildings and the general decay of Corinne, but it also struck an optimistic note in that at least a few of the residences were neat and even elegant in appear-
ance, while there was an air of business about the stores. The editor attributed this step back from the grave to the energy and determination of Mayor J. W. Guthrie, a banker who had purchased many of the abandoned lots and buildings and was maintaining a mercantile establishment and the only hotel as well as his bank... (Madsen 1980, pp. 310-311).

For historical background in his school board report, Skidmore (1921, p. 16) records, "The shrill whistle of the Iron Horse was heard in Box Elder County on January 17, 1869. On March 31, the track was extended one and one half miles beyond Brigham City toward Bear River. Corinne was laid out for three miles square and 300 lots were sold for prices ranging up to $1,000 each. In two weeks 300 frame buildings and tents were erected and 1,500 people had settled there. The building of the Utah and Northern railroad in 1871 resulted in almost destroying Corinne's freighting business, which had been carried on extensively with Idaho and Montana."

In detailing the community's existence, interestingly listed last among the 16 "wards" within the county, Skidmore's account continues with this rendering on page 21:

CORINNE

Population 394. According to H. C. (Henry Clay) House, now residing at Corinne, this place was laid out early in 1869 by J. E. House, Chief Engineer for the Union Pacific Ry. Co., and was named after the first child born there, which was the daughter of Major General Willington. The story is told that the Indians tried to kidnap this child. Then they tired to swap ponies for her, offering first one pony, then two, then more until they offered fifty ponies for her. It seemed they wanted to get her in order to procure her golden locks, which fact was not realized at
first. When her mother, Mrs. Willington at last found out that they wanted her golden locks she clipped them off and gave them to the Indians. They were so surprised and happy at this that returned the compliment by kindly giving the mother of the child a golden thimble in return.

While colorful, this version does not relate that well to the fragments of facts available. Newspaper accounts, compiled by Madsen and others, show the general's name was Williamson, not Willington, and the chief engineer of the railroad company was J. E. Howe, not House, although House has become the accepted name.

Skidmore (1921, p. 22) continued by saying that Corinne "became a very rough city. At first the ground was richly covered with grass, but for some reason or other the grass died out and sage brush grew up in its place. A drainage system, which carries much alkali away from the land, is proving very successful. Sugar beets and alfalfa are the main crops. Corinne is again showing signs of growth in both wealth and population."

Corinne, as the last harbor of railroad rabble somehow cast adrift in the Land of Zion with the completion of the line, was founded on the promise the town would be strictly "Gentile" or "no Mormons" allowed (Florin 1971). As such, the city was wide open to any sort of boomer, hustler, gambler, prostitute, or drifter, as long as he or she was not of the Mormon faith.

Florin's comments, however, do not take into account the city's attempts for permanence, including efforts of its
razor-tongued newspaper editors to ridicule "Profit" Brigham Young's cooperative (trade within, not with them) concept against the practice of free enterprise.

This was a lucrative, if losing, struggle for the Gentile businessmen of Corinne. The pay-out promise of rare, but ready, cash from the monied merchants gained but limited and periodic success against the church's threat of excommunication if the Saints traded goods needed to feed the faithful.

"Despite Mormon efforts at Brigham City and in Cache Valley to combat the Gentile merchants of Corinne, one feature of the cooperative system played into the hands of the Corinnethians," Madsen 1980, p. 144).

The advantage for Corinnethian merchants and an embarrassing problem for the Saints was simply that the Mormon faithful faced the frustration of not possessing ready cash to buy the human comforts and manufactured hardware of the East delivered to the Gentile city by the railroads.

This was doubly embarrassing since these goods also were needed to keep the wheels of industry grinding.

To satisfy their longing for the more exotic and fancier goods, the more timorous of the Mormons in Brigham City and in Cache Valley, therefore, bought from the many peddlers who haunted their streets and farms. The less orthodox and more adventurous just loaded their wagons and headed for the Burg on the Bear...

Constant harangues and threats poured forth from the Mormon leadership in an attempt to stop ... visits to the Gentile town..." (Madsen 1980, pp. 144-145).
Madsen continues to say Brigham City authorities were more explicit, promising excommunication upon "the first brother caught hauling his grain, fruit or produce of any kind to Corinne and then disposing it to 'our enemies.'"

Perhaps best illustrating the inability of church authorities to control this trading, Madsen says, is the story of Christen Christensen of Weston in Cache Valley.

Christensen was reprimanded by Bishop John H. Maughan in open meeting for trading goods for a kitchen stove at Corinne.

"I can't say I feel sorry, because I feel pretty good," Christensen replied. "My wife doesn't have to set on her knees and cook. She can stand up straight, so I feel pretty good" (Madsen 1980).

And the ready cash of Corinne, directly and indirectly, helped build the posterity of the Mormons and their power to obtain such rare goods. As it did, the influence of the Gentile city decreased.

Nor does Florin mention the town's poet laureate, Nat Stein, who indeed took poetic license to sing the praises and pride of the Burg on the Bear.

And Florin does not speak of its plans -- prompted by a U.S. Congress agitated by Mormon polygamy in the land called Deseret by the faithful -- to become the capital of Utah, complete with several parks and a large university.

Florin also doesn't mention Corinne's last-ditch effort
to create a Gentile "Garden of Eden" in the lower Bear River drainage by building a canal system from the Malad River, which flows into the Bear just north of the town, to bring irrigation water to its thirsty land.

All of these efforts fell short of the mark, to one degree or another. For example, the canal system from the Malad River, a stream Mormon Prophet Young said was poisonous -- and fittingly so -- for the "City of the Ungodly," flooded the topsoil, but also brought alkali solutions to the surface, killing most plant life.

Not until a cement tile system was installed in later years to drain off the alkali -- and then at a time when Mormons dominated the city -- did the topsoil produce as hoped.

During its most flamboyant period, Corinne boasted of 19 saloons, two dance halls, two theaters, one of which had "the gaudiest stage in Utah," innumerable gambling dens and 80 women, sometimes referred to as "soiled doves" (Florin 1971).

"Yes, it did," Bosley said. "It had at least that many and maybe a whole bunch more from what I heard."

There were stories -- and perhaps just stories -- told by the boys on the bench of some 72 places in town, perhaps even 97, where a weary, and usually ill-tempered, teamster could cleanse his throat of the taste of sagebrush and the sandy grit from beasts of burden, human or otherwise.
And there were tales of spring-thaw mud in the streets so deep even the mule skinners wouldn't wade through it for fear of really "soiling the doves," and of an arrogant Irish track layer who boasted he could "ride Montana to hell an' back."

Well, the boys on the bench said, this boast meant the Irishman would take a drink -- a two-fingered, neat shot-glassful of hard liquor in every place serving it up along Montana Street, starting at the river, working west on the north side of the road to the shanties at Eighth and then back along the south.

Once this was done, and to claim the title of "King of Corinne," the Irishman had to walk unaided to the railroad line, a block and a half north, and irrigate a rail until it rusted through.

As the story goes, the Irishman "rode" Montana, downing the shots at each stop, and when back at the Bear, he threw up until his ribs ached.

"Most of the stuff they served up, after all, was that Indian whiskey," Bosley said.

"Yeah," chimed in Holmes, "a barrel of river water, a shredded chaw of tobacco to give it some flavor and a bit of color, a quart or two of wood-grain alcohol for a kick and a bar of soap to smooth it out and put a head of foam on it."

Determined however, the Irishman continued, followed by a cheering collection of "elbow-benders" he had picked up
along the way, to the railroad line. There he, and everyone else, rusted the rails.

Once relieved and at the end of the test, the followers returned to the saloons to soothe throats raspy from shouts of encouragement.

The morning sun dried off the tracks and the Irishman was found dead in his 25-cent-a-night tent bed. He "passed over" from a fatal dose of dry heaves, diagnosed the doctor, using little more than his own raging hangover to pronounce the verdict.

In those rowdy years, the early ones, apparently no one ever became "King of Corinne," if even such a test was ever issued. Some say it started as a challenge tossed out by the bartender at the Central Hotel when he advised a large, loud, and combative customer to "put up or shut up" about his ability to out-drink anyone in the territory.

"That wasn't much of a boast," Bosley said, "seein' as how nearly everybody in the territory outside of Corinne was a non-drinkin' Mormon."

"Well, I don't know 'bout that, Bill," Holmes said. "You know as well as I do that some of those old boys back then followed Peter's advice about taking a little wine for the stomach's sake."

"No, that was Paul," Bosley said.

"Well, whoever," Holmes said. "But you know, as well as I do, they had their jugs hidden down in the spud cellar or
under a loose floorboard back in the pantry."

"Yeah, an' most of the womenfolk knew where they kept the stuff, too, nipped a bit themselves and then chided their husbands for drinking too much," Bosley added, his straight-lined lips curving slightly at the edges as Holmes slapped a hand to his thigh and signaled the hour again with his bobbing head.

"You reckon Peeblee still wants to dig up the streets?" Holmes asked, drawing a hand down the side of his face and then licking a finger to smooth out his mustache.

"He's talkin' some," Bosley said, "but the council says the only good in that would be to repair the water lines where they're rustin' through. Gonna have to take care of that sooner or later."

Holmes nodded in agreement, slowly shaking his head at the same time, knowing every once and again a newcomer to town, such as D. K. Peeblee, would hear the old story about Corinne's hidden riches. He also knew Bosley had already dug up most every street in town while serving as the city's water master.

"I don't think they dug up all of the slag, and neither does Peeblee, but it isn't worth the trouble," Holmes said.

"No," Bosley agreed, "by the time you tear up all that asphalt, haul out the dirt, bring in fill and put down more pavement again, well hell, you'd probably spend more than you'd make."
Figure 11. A mule train and teamsters, bound for the Montana mines, assemble at Montana and Fifth streets in 1870. The muddy roadways later would be filled with the slag of the ores brought back on the return trip, giving Corinne the distinction of having its streets paved with gold. Nelson Wadsworth collection.
Figure 12. Main street about 1907. Marijane Morris collection.

Figure 13. Main street about 1950. Marijane Morris collection.
The two Bills were reminiscing about the factual legend of Corinne's streets being paved with gold. In the heydays, large mule trains carried supplies to the mining fields of Montana and cut expenses of the return trip by hauling back ore to the smelter in Corinne at the east end of Arizona Street on the river. Other ores were brought over the lake and up the river from mines south of the Great Salt Lake by steamboats.

Refining techniques, while adequate for the time, were crude and a percentage of the gold and silver in the ore remained in the slag and tailings.

In the snow runoff and thaw of spring, the streets of Corinne turned into quagmires. Some bright individual suggested using the slag and tailings to firm up the ground and this became a practice.

Then when smelting methods improved, Florin said, and an assay of the slag-filled streets showed recovery would be profitable, the roadways of Corinne were returned to mud.

Accounts differ on this too, and whether the slag was reclaimed or not doesn't seem to matter, especially to the third- and fourth-generation residents who found the legend a good reason to give the town some importance.

Even after the town became Mormon in population, it has never to this day received total acceptance -- or forgiveness -- from the faithful for being a thorn in the side of a struggling Zion.
Even in the 1950s, Corinne was "that place over there" and students old enough to be bused into the combination junior and senior high school in Brigham City often had to literally fight their way through the doors.

"With some people, it never will change," Marion said in 1985. "You know, I don't think it's anything like it used to be, but people still look down their noses. I don't know if that will ever, ever be gone."

"I don't know why that should be either," Donald added. "This was a famous old town at one time."

"Well, that was the problem," she responded. "It was famous in the wrong way."

"Well, there're not many towns can say their streets are paved with gold," he answered.

And he is right, of course.

In the early years, the slag was used on all of the city's streets. As the importance of Corinne ebbed, so did the smelting business. With less slag, only major avenues received fill and then eventually none did.

"Still, you know, they couldn't have got it all," Holmes said. "There's still got to be some of it out there."

"No, even the improved smelting back then was not as good as it is today," Bosley agreed.

"Even so, with gold at $33 an ounce, it wouldn't be worth it," Holmes said.
"No, it wouldn't be worth it," Bosley echoed, as both men sat silent for a minute or so, their eyes focused on something across the street, but not really seeing anything at all.

Bosley, as water master and canal rider for years, kept the location of every line in Corinne in his head as each pipe was installed or an old one was unearthed to repair.

"He fixed all the leaks, checked the use of area water in the summertime and had care of the pipes around town," Donald said. "He was water master for years and years.

"You could say he was a just a humorous, dry-witted man, but he was very conscientious about his job. I've seen him dig a hole and fix a water pipe in less time than it would take guys using a backhoe today."

"He was very energetic and agile," Marion said. "He never did cripple around much, did he?"

"No," Donald replied. "He rode a bicycle. He was an old man when I knew him and he rode a bicycle clear up to pretty much when he died."

"Summer, winter, spring, and fall," Marion added.

"He really was a character, that old fellow," Donald said, "and he could shovel more mud and muck than 10 men and a strong boy...even when he was an old man."

In his declining years, Bosley often was asked by the current water master about the location of a leaking line at such-and-such a place.
Well, he'd go, get his bearings by lining up the corner of this house with that tree and point to the ground. His targeting finger didn't miss the exact spot by more than a foot.

"Mr. Holmes now, he was about 5-foot-7 and as potbellied as the stove in his store," Donald said. "He smoked cigars as long as I could remember. I think he only smoked one cigar a day, but it wasn't going all the time."

"He didn't light it every time it went out. He'd hold it for a long time or put it down somewhere," Marion said. "They last longer if you don't light 'em."

"Yeah, he smoked more matches than he did cigars," Donald said with a chuckle and added Holmes filled one of his vest pockets with kitchen matches every morning and sometimes again before the day was out.

"And he always wore a vest," Marion said. "It was his idea of being dressed up. You never saw him in overalls or anything like that."

Holmes also had a deep-seated pride in a framed picture on his wall denoting his ancestry. The picture held a copy of the Mayflower Charter and he took pleasure in stubbing a finger, a pencil or the smoke-dead end of his stubby cigar at the signature of his forebearer, who rode the waves over and planted roots into the "New England" land hostile to "pilgrims" in the bitter November of 1620.

Bosley, now, was generally regarded as a small, quiet
man with a quick, and often caustic, wit. He had more of a downhome "we-tamed-it-for-you" attitude.

Like his brother, Tom, he had been a cowboy, and rode the endless grass of the range only later to drive staples into posts with the butt of his six-shooter when barbed wire cut across the rolling land to fence off the freedom.

"Tom, well, he went out to Promontory where they didn't have fences," Bosley said, "but I saw it comin'.

"I figured it would all be fenced off, sooner or later, and lookin' at the world between a horse's ears was a thing of the past...you know, somethin' to tell my grandkids an' all.

"Tom, he never agreed, even after his wife died and he moved back into town to open his butcher shop," Bosley said. "To his dyin' day, I think he wanted to get on a horse and just ride, from when you were first burnin' daylight until the sun quit."

So, perhaps, did Bill Bosley.

He rarely wore anything but overalls and a shirt. To Bosley, it was comfortable, it was accustomed and it was him.

"I never saw him in anything else," Marion said, adding Bosley was sort of the town's carpenter and handyman.

Donald joined in, saying, "He told Dad one time that some fellow had died and he said, 'Ya know, I was gonna go to the funeral. Well, I went into the closet, took out my
suit and was startin' to put in on, but those damn moths had et both legs right off.'

"That's the kind of a guy he was, you know. You never could talk to him because before he was through, he'd make some dry-witted crack that put you in stitches. But he never really laughed.

"No, he never laughed out loud," Donald said.

Yes he did, Marion knew, but she seldom tells the story except in the company of friends.
CHAPTER II

THE KIDS WHO STAYED

Building Blocks

Most small towns in the western lands of the United States, and perhaps most small towns anywhere, have fluctuations in populations as citizens come and go. Even so, most small towns also have a solid core of residents who seem to have lived there forever and remain for one reason or the other.

The initial denizens of Corinne chose this place because of economic opportunity, be this commerce or real estate and eventually the cultivation of crops. Some succeeded; some didn't. Those who didn't, moved on; those who did, stayed.

The first settlers built the town, but those who stayed raised their families there and their children and their children would become the continual building blocks of the community.

Some of the kids grew up and moved on, of course, but others took over the farms and the businesses, intermarried or brought in spouses to the town and raised their families there, too.

Marion Young and Donald Cutler are examples of these building blocks.
Marion came to the city of Corinne at an early age when her family moved from Wilson Lane, near Ogden, to a farm east of the river. What financial troubles and worries her parents might have had are not talk-about memories of her or her brothers and sisters.

It was a good life, she recalls, it was a time to remember. In Corinne, she would attend school to learn, to tease and be teased by her classmates, she would watch her brothers fish the Bear and she would laugh at a boy named Henry, who would make her swallow the hoot and would stand by her side in thick-and-thin years to come.

Donald was born there, also on a farm. And he would feed the chickens, thin the beets, top the sugar beets, buck the bales, yanks the gate on the irrigation ditch at 7 a.m., and milk the cows when dawn was still a hint of pink promise to the east as "Bessie" and "Gertie" swapped the cobwebs out of his sleepy eyes with the "on purpose, I just know it" flicking of their tails.

And so there they grew up, learned the way of things, married and raised children, outlived their spouses and eventually wed each other.

Together, they have seen many things in the city of Corinne. They helped change the things needed to be done back then, and they helped changed the things still yet undone.

They call it home, and it is theirs.
Figure 14. Marion Young Fredrickson Cutler, 1987.

Figure 15. Donald D. Cutler, 1987.
"They used to tease me something awful," said Marion Fredrickson Cutler. "They'd sit on their bench, smile, and talk about me -- I know it -- whenever I came out on the street."

Marion, speaking in a friendly September, 1985 interview, has never repeated everything the boys on the bench said to her and she thinks maybe she was just a little bit self-conscious, too.

"New brides can be like that, you know," Marion said, recalling the days when her first home was an apartment.

She and her first husband, Henry Fredrickson, initially lived in the Roche building following their marriage in 1933. Marion was but a wisp of a girl, and even adding in Henry, the two of them probably wouldn't have tipped the scales at much more than 225 pounds, sopping wet.

In private, she tells the story of the time she took the broken halves of a bed-frame board to Bill Bosley, the town's unofficial carpenter, handyman and official water master, to ask him if he could repair or replace it.

Well, Bosley took the pieces, looked at them right careful for about a minute and then glanced up at Marion.

"He started to laugh -- something he ordinarily never did," Marion said. "Oh, you could tell when he was pleased with himself, because his upper lip would wiggle."
"But this time, he laughed," she said. "And I mean he really laughed."

After regaining his usual "cement" expression, Bosley told Marion that Bernice Gibbs Anderson had brought him a busted bed slat just the day before.

Now, he added, he could understand how Bernice and her husband, Loren, both large-framed and full-bodied, might have broken the slat on their bed, but he couldn't figure out how she and Henry could do the same thing.

Once said, he started to laugh again, nearly falling off the whittlin' bench, and a full-of-explanation, but bewildered Marion swallowed her words and walked off in a huff with undeserved, she says, color in her cheeks.

"Oh my, oh my," Marion said in 1985, laughing softly and turning her head to look out the window in an attempt to dismiss a tiny tinge of pink creeping up her face.

Marion, at age 11, came to Corinne in 1927 with her four brothers and two sisters after her father, William Eugene Young, bought a farm on the east side of Bear River.

Her father was born in Kanab, Utah, on June 26, 1888 and her mother arrived Nov. 21, 1889 at Wilson Lane, near Ogden.

"When we first came to Corinne and had that farm across the river, we had to go clear around and up on that Hatch Road and then back down into the farm quite a ways," Marion said.
"We had to walk, so my brothers got the brainstorm of putting a rope across the river and tying it at both ends.

"They had a boat, and you'd just pull yourself right across the river, going back and forth to the farm.

"We used to fish the river in early spring just after the ice melted and my brothers would set what they called the throw line with hooks attached to it every few inches.

"They'd get the biggest trout, almost as large as a small pig," Marion said. "We'd cut them into steaks and that was pretty good meat, especially in Depression times."

In the 1930s, the spring runoff must have been somewhat clear, if also high and muddy. In the 1950s, the water of the Bear was sheepherder-coffee brown. A body could scoop up a bucket of the water, let it settle and then plant something to grow in the muck. It wasn't quite thick enough to slice into squares and ship, but it was close. Carp, catfish and channel cat huge enough to walk home with the angler were the fare.

"It was in the summertime," said Marion's second husband, Donald Cutler. "In the spring of the year when the water was high and pretty clean -- high and cold -- you'd take an old throw line, maybe with a dozen hooks on it, and you could get those old suckers that long (he gestured about a fat two feet) and those carp could weigh up to 15 or 25 pounds.

"They were good eating, outside of the bones," Donald
concluded. "If you knew how to cut the meat off and not get the bones, you could have steaks, a stew or even throw the leftovers in a soup."

Donald was born in Corinne. In December of 1915, there were no hospitals within a fast wagon ride to handle the situation, nor did the pregnant mothers even consider such a thing.

"I don't know exactly where I was born, but it was here in Corinne somewheres," Donald said.

He had one sister and three brothers, all born to Henry and Hettie Irene Bradford Cutler. His mother was born in Corinne in 1890 and his father was delivered in Union, now Murray, in 1888.

"I really don't know why my folks came to Corinne," Donald said. "I guess they just wanted to get out of the city or somethin'."

The reasons, of course, usually were multiple. The men, for the most part, moved to the "cursed town" to own and farm the surrounding lands, for commercial business opportunity and sometimes survival. The women mostly followed, as wives did in those days, accepting their lot and the duties of the day.

Always, there were exceptions to this, and the lure of "greener pastures" often was mixed with day-to-day circumstance.

Donald's mother, born in Corinne, simply grew up there.
Her mother, Alice Martha Payenter Bradford, crossed the plains in one of the last Mormon wagon trains to Utah Territory in 1868 and later fled to Corinne in 1870 at the age of 14, hitching a ride on the back of a horse from a man she knew, because she was wanted as a plural wife and had no liking for this.

Henry Fredrickson, born in Brigham City, came to Corinne when he was in the first or second grade as a member of his family.

"His grandparents, the Fredricksons, came from Denmark and homesteaded a farm down close to Chesapeake," Marion said. "His mother's parents, the Steeds, homesteaded farther north, up around where Glen Roche settled and had a big house there by the (Bear River) canal," built in 1892.

Marion and Henry came as children, while Donald was born there. As youngsters, this made no difference, as they went to the same one-ward church, made and played the same green-limbed whistles and disliked the same teachers at the elementary school.

"Oh, teachers are teachers, I suppose, and some you liked and some you didn't," Donald said. "Still, you know, when we started to go into Brigham City to junior high, about the only person I can remember like yesterday is Mr. Woodard," the bus driver.

"Oh my, oh my," Marion echoed with a soft laugh that at first erupted and then flowed like light-weight oil sliding
down a sun-warmed pane of window glass.

A. G. Woodard was among the "boys" who sat and conjured on the Whittlin' Bench. He lived in what the locals called the "Brown Palace," a once-elegant, two-story apartment building and the first of its kind in the town at the time.

In the 1950s, the Brown Palace was a run-down structure on the south side of Montana Street about half way to the muddy Bear River, faded into drab and no one remembered who lived there once, or even then.

Weeds and June grass grew in the yards around the Palace, up to the edges of the travel tracks made by the residents. An old, worn-out clunker car was almost always under repair there, pieces scattered hither and yon, and next-in-line parts were stocked in a doorless, white-porcelain refrigerator dumped on the east side of the building because it was too awkward for one man to move and two never agreed on doing this.

In the beginning, however, when the weeds were pulled, the grass was trimmed and the railing around the front porch didn't sag, the Palace was home for Woodard.

"He wore a suit and he used a cane because he was crippled," Marion said. "For years, he drove the school bus."

"I know when I was just a little kid, he had a bus that he used to take people back and forth to Brigham," Donald said. "I know my mother went to Brigham with him a lot of
times when I was just a youngster."

"It was kind of a transit," Marion said.

"Yeah, it was kind of a...taxi," Donald added, "and
while it didn't look like much, it got 'em there and back."

Somewhere about this time, Woodard ran for and was
elected to the local board of education. Following this,
"He then drove the school bus as long as I can remember...up
until he retired," Donald said.

"Twenty-seven years, I think, until he was 72 and his
wife had the baby," Marion said.

It was Woodard's second wife who gave birth to the
child, named Garth. She was a lot younger than he, already
had a family of her own when she married him and didn't stay
long in Corinne after he died.

"Seventy-two years old, he had this baby boy and was he
ever proud," Marion said. "Oh man, he was tickled to death
over that.

"Still, he drove the school bus for 27 years, from here
to the high school in Brigham," she said. "Did he pick up
the grade school kids, too?"

"He did the cement plant kids," Donald answered. "You
remember, we used to have to wait, walk down to the court­
house and wait for half an hour?"

"That's right," Marion agreed, "he'd pick up the cement
plant kids because they got out earlier, take them home and
then come back to get us."
"And in the wintertime, it was dark," Donald added.

In the 1950s, the tag of "cement plant" lingered on those who lived to the northeast of Corinne. Although by then it was gone, the factory there had manufactured the half-circle tiles for the drainage system used to draw off the alkali-saturated ground water and keep it from poisoning the topsoil.

The drainage system, maintained for years by Blaine Bradford, continues in use today, but the "cement plant" is gone, as are the high-school scrawlings on the crumbled walls.

And Woodard made the trips twice a weekday, sandwiching the runs from Corinne and to the cement-plant area like cards falling in a shuffled deck.

"We'd have to leave early in the morning so he could get us to Brigham and still have enough time to pick up the cement plant kids and get them to school," Donald said.

Marion suddenly clasped her hands together and raised them up to rest her chin atop the folded fingers.

With her eyes half closed and her head moving slowly from side to side, she asked her husband, "You know, he was 72 years old...that wasn't all that old, was it?"

Donald looked at her, silent for a few seconds, and then a barrel-roll rumble of humor gushed up the stomach-length of his "Tootsie-Roll" torso and swelled into his throat. He, too, shook his head from side to side and wiped
"For us at the time, he was darned old," he said, knowing at the time of his September, 1985 comment he would be 70 in December and Marion was just several months behind him in becoming that age, too.

"He had arthritis in one hip, really walked badly, and I don't think he could see very well," Marion said.

"The bus didn't have automatic windshield wipers, like cars do today, and you had to go this way and that to keep the window clean," she said, her hand grabbing a knob of memory and sweeping it back and forth. "When it was raining or snowing, a student stood by his seat to work the wiper.

"The bus route wasn't like it is now," she continued. "We went down the Watery Lane road, that was the main road then, and more than once I had the daylights scared out of me when he didn't see a train coming at the crossing."

The route from Corinne to Brigham City paralleled the railroad tracks for about half of the seven-mile distance. It then went across the rails, sided a creek bed and then swerved sharply left, or east, into the county seat.

"He'd have some kids stand up there and work the windshield wiper for him, so he could see if a train was coming," Marion said.

"He'd pull up, right on the railroad tracks, stop and then look both ways," Donald said. "He did that more than once."
"Oh, dear," Marion said, again shaking her head slowly from side to side, "he was quite a guy."

So was Bill House, the Cutlers agreed.

"He had a speech impediment, that's what they called it," Donald said. "He couldn't pronounce his words right and he was hard to understand.

"Did he have a roof in his mouth?" he asked his wife.

"He was tongue-tied and I think maybe he didn't have a roof in his mouth," Marion said. "It wasn't a lisp, or anything like that, because it wasn't any particular letters he couldn't say, it was just talking like when you had your mouth full of peanut butter."

"But at one time, he was a wealthy man," Donald continued. "I couldn't say what kind of business he was in, but when I knew him, he was about on the rocks.

"I think in his younger years, he helped out some friends, younger folks here in town, and they never paid him back. He owned an awful lot of property around here, but also lost a lot of money on some real estate things."

As youngsters growing up in Corinne, Marion and Donald remember House as the owner of large warehouses as well as stables where he kept his many horses. About 1896, Marion's father, as a boy of 8 or 9 years, used to work at the stables for the House family.

They also remember the day the old Central Hotel, on the corner of Montana and Sixth streets where the Mormon
church now stands, was torn down by Emil Rohr. Sylvester "Vess" Owens bought the bricks from the structure and used them to build a big dairy barn. Finally, when Owens decided he was too old for the dairy business, the barn was leased by the Yagi family as a storage shed for onions and has been used so over the last few years.

"We used to live next to Bill House," Marion said, referring to her youthful days.

The home of House, a somewhat Victorian-styled, two-story structure at the corner of Fifth and Washington streets north of the tracks, in later years was called the "haunted house" by the young children of the '50s.

It was aged, long abandoned and boarded up. Vacant frames, some still holding shards of glass, could be seen between the slats across the windows. The siding was rippled as only time-warped wood can be, the faded paint was peeling into flakes and there was a splintering squeak when anyone walked over the porch planking.

An abundance of weeds grew as tall as a man in the yard and pushed through the sun-bleached and winter-weathered fence where some of the pickets were missing or hung precariously skew on rain-rusted nails.

Even to the youngsters of the '50s, the home of House, then on "the wrong side of the tracks," once must have been a grand place, and in their imaginations, only ghosts could possibly live there.
Figure 16. The House home at Fifth and Washington streets, called "haunted" by youngsters because of its vacant and neglected condition, about 1958. Marion Danielson collection.
In a way, perhaps beyond their understandings, they were right. Today, the home of House, also, is gone. But still it retains an aura of elegance in the memories of those, then young and now older, who visited there or saw it when it was standing.

"Inside, it was beautiful once," Marion said. "The furniture was really elegant -- massive, mahogany, and you know, really expensive. So were the beds and the china closets and there were couches with big wooden arms. The rugs on the floors were worn out, but they told of an elaborate home."

And House once opened his elaborate home to the family of lifelong friend John Yeoman Ferry Sr. The Ferrys had moved west to Corinne from Illinois in 1900, but later moved to California to allow two of their children, J. Y. Jr. and Vesta, to finish secondary school there.

On their return to Utah, at a time when the financial situation had changed for the Ferrys, House invited them to live in his home.

"We stayed there two or three years and he (House) supped at our table like one of the family," Vesta said. "Finally, we brought another home of our own, but he came to know us and he and father became very close friends."

"He was really a generous and loving man," Marion said. "I think he craved attention because he didn't have much love in his life."
"With his disposition and his speech impediment, the kids teased him, and I mean he was teased a lot," she continued. "I imagine it really hurt his feelings at times. "He was a big man and he was very portly, you know, with a big tummy. And he always wore a vest, no matter how bedraggled his coat was, he'd wear that vest.

"His coat was worn and his pants were thin and baggy, but he always wore a vest to show off this big watch and chain," she said. "I think it was very expensive."

"It looked like it," Donald said.

"It was quite a big chain and he always wore that across his vest," Marion continued, "and he always wore a hat. About the only time we saw him with his hat off was when we went over to his house.

"And I remember he was too good to us sometimes," she said, adding he would give the very shirt off of his back, as long as he kept his vest.

"And he had that darn hot springs out there (at Little Mountain) and he boiled down the water and bottled the minerals.

"He called it 'Golden Youth,' or 'Gol'en Yuth' as he said it, and we had to have a spoonful every morning and the older we got the more spoonfuls we had to have... in a glass of water."

"He got the idea from those 'Crazy Crystals' when they came on the market," Donald said. "Those crystals were
something, and about the same thing as he got from those springs."

House boiled down the water from "Stinky Hot Springs," took the mineral residue and sold it as "Golden Youth." Both "Golden Youth" and "Crazy Crystals" were supposed to cure a number of ills and do wonders for the digestive system.

"It purged your system," Marion said. "It really was a laxative as well as...well, there were minerals in it."

"I think the old man had a good idea," Donald said, "but, hum...to take that (water) out there and boil it down until he got to the sludge and then put it back in a glassful of water...well, I think he had a good idea."

Donald believes House might have had something close to a wonder-drug elixir if he could have had the available capital and time to process some of the "other stuff" out of the sludge.

He said he drank the mineral solution, a lot of it, and when he broke his leg, he went out to the springs every night after the cast was removed in hopes the hot water would help limber up his lower limb.

"There was an old fellow out there, camping on the grounds, and he was a painter," Donald said. "He was painting all of the buildings and when he came to this country, he couldn't get out of his car.

"They parked him out there by the springs and old Joe
owens used to go out there about three times a day, pick him up, carry him over to the water, let him float for half an hour or such a matter.

"Then old Joe would get him out, dry him off and pack him back to his tent to put him in bed. He did that until the old fellow got so he could get up and go on his own power.

"Those springs, believe it or not, cured that old man," Donald said.

The springs at Little Mountain were some seven or eight miles west of Corinne. The road skirting the mountain's southern end, now paved, two-laned and bearing heavy vehicular traffic to the Morton-Thiokol plant, then led to and ended over a graveled land at Promontory Summit where the golden spike was driven to end the race of the railroads across the continent in 1869.

At Little Mountain, the road also sliced between the two hot-water outlets of the springs with the bathhouses built on either side. The Mormon-folk and the "favored" used the bathhouse on the hotter side, while the other was left to the Japanese, who before, during and after the "detention camps" of World War II, moved into or chose to stay in the area.

"On the north side, it was really, really hot, but you could stand to get in it, all right," Donald said. "On the south side, it wasn't quite as hot and I don't know why."
The old house painter, and Donald doesn't remember exactly how long it took, except for "a year or so," walked on his own again and completely forgot his arthritis.

"And he drank a lot of that water," Donald said. "At the time I was going out, he was living down there in his camp, painting those houses and buildings that 'Cap' (John Yeoman 'Cap' Ferry Jr.) had down there.

"Well, I'd take him out there to the hot pot every night with me and he got me to drinkin' that water," he said. "At the time, I had quite a lot of stomach trouble, and after I drank about 100 gallons of that stuff, I didn't have it anymore."

"You didn't have any stomach, either," Marion said with a slow smile that curved her lips ever so slightly on just one side of her face and somehow ignited a mischievous twinkle in her eyes of graduated brown much like a tiger eye semiprecious stone.

"Well, I don't care what they say, it was good medicine," Donald stated firmly, "and maybe if it could have been refined one more step..."

The bathhouse on the north side of the road is now gone, bulldozed into memory when the road between Corinne and the Thiokol plant was resurfaced and widened.

"Yeah, they tore the building down, bulldozed it all," Donald said.

"It was a hangout for druggers there for a while, so
they finally had to do something about it," Marion added.

"Well, people would go out there, step on broken bottles and get all cut," Donald said, "and so finally they just took bulldozers and leveled the place to the ground.

"Still, it really could have been made into something," he added. "There's no source of drinking water out there and if they could have solved that, it would have been made into a resort.

"At one time, Bill House tried to make a resort out of it and that's where a lot of his money went. As part of this, he built a large pool off to the south, not cemented or anything, and, I'll tell a man, it was like a hog wallow in the summer and those itty-bitty flies were so thick you could'a slapped two slices of bread together and made a sandwich out of 'em."

Donald started to barrel-roll again, the sound more of a high, soft hoot this time.

"Oh my, oh my," Marion echoed with the slow half-smile and the twinkle.

"But the springs," Donald said, running a hand over his eyes to clear them, "were one of his better get-rich-quick schemes and with a little more money and time, who knows?"

The nemesis for House, it seems, was the quick scheme to riches and the smooth stories of those who tarried but briefly in the Burg on the Bear.

"He talked a lot about the property he once had, but he
didn't ever say much about how he lost most of it," Donald said. "There at the end, I think he still had Little Moun­tain and that piece where the telephone building sits, even today.

"And before he died, he willed whatever was left to Vesta Ferry," he added. "Now, I don't know why he did, but Bill lived with the Ferrys for a long, long time."

"I think he was really in love with her (Vesta), but I don't think she would marry him," Marion said. "And she never married either."

Vesta has a different version of this, saying the friendship between her father and House was the reason she was named as the executor of the estate. House, she said, wanted to give control to Ferry, but he declined because any legal claims might ensnare the assets of his own family.

"Well, den gib itta Ve'ta," House said.

And to this, Ferry agreed.

"It was a good thing, too," Vesta said, "because Dad died in 1933, three years or so before Mr. House. It really would have been a mess if he had willed it to my father."

As to the notion House was in love with Vesta, perhaps he was. The official records, presently being researched and transcribed by Corinne City Recorder Marion Danielson, show House was 48 and had lived in the town for 41 years when he registered to vote in 1909.

At the time, Vesta was 10.
When the Ferrys returned from California to live in the House home for a couple of years, and when Bill supped with them as "one of the family," perhaps he became sort of an uncle or a surrogate father.

And perhaps, there was more to it. House's mother and sister shared the home with him, until both died. When the Ferrys came back, he had the residence to himself and opened its doors.

"The Ferrys lived with Bill a long, long time in that big house over there," Marion said.

"Yes, they did," Donald said, "and when they moved out, the old boy stayed there all by himself again."
CHAPTER III

THE OTHER BILLS AND BOYS

spinning Yarns

In the days before the printed word and the advent of the electronic medium, the history of a people was preserved and passed from generation to generation by troubadours, balladeers and traveling minstrels.

Storytellers have been valued members of every culture for as long as there has been at least one other to listen, remember and repeat the tale to someone else.

The telling of a good story remains in demand today, but it is not passed as much by word of mouth from elders to youngsters. Elders still tell tales, but it seems few now pause to hear and many such stories of days and deeds long gone, of humor, and of humanness have been lost.

The boys on the bench spun such yarns, recalling their yesterdays and the things they either had seen, heard about or lived through the hard way. In their later years, this was not only a comfortable means to burn up daylight, it also was something to hold as true and to give a measure of substance to their lives.

What hues may have been added to put ear-catching color these tales over the years do not diminish some philosophi- cal point or reduce, with a playful poke at human nature,
any of the echoing memories of the listener in the telling.

In the settlement and development of the western lands, the initial quest was to find "breathing room" and live long enough to sniff the evening air without backing up against something solid.

In the years to follow, as more and more pilgrims claimed a place to build, to grow, and to die in aged peace, the search became a matter of "elbow room," of getting along, so that the children yet to come could see what had been done and to make their own marks in a place to build, to grow and to die in aged peace.

Humor, in this, has been the sliver of sanity in this eternal struggle. Humor can cushion the point of the story. And there's always a point, a lesson to be learned, or the tale wouldn't be funny or true to life. Such a point might be to keep your canteen full, your gun loaded five-up with the hammer resting on an empty cylinder, to let the stranger ask the questions, to ride your own fences and shoot your own snakes, and to never sink your picket pin into another man's grass or stake out a water hole without the bullets to back it up.

The old men spun their yarns mostly to entertain each other. Most of the tales have been buried with them, but a few survive to be told again by the new old-timers.

Whether the stories to follow have any mirth, merit or message is for the individual reader to decide.
A colt, a Coolie, a Cayuse

"There are a few stories about Bill Bosley, or it may have been Tom, I don't remember," Donald Cutler said in September of 1985.

"Anyway, whoever it was, he tells about this guy who came into town and asked him if he knew this certain man he needed to find about a debt or something and Bill or Tom, whoever it was, he says, 'Nope.'

"Well, the man says, 'You haven't lived here very long, have you?'

"And Bill, I think it was Bill, he's sitting there on the Whittlin' Bench and he looks this guy up and down a time or two and jerks his thumb out to the west.

"The guy looks out that way and Bill says, 'You see that Little Mountain out there?'

"Well, the guy nods and looks back at Bill and Bill, he sorta takes a moment or two to work on what he was whittlin' at there on the bench, and then he says, 'You know, I was here when that mountain out there was just a little bit of a rock.'

"Bill, well, he went back to what he was doin' and the guy, sorta jerkin' together the front of his suit coat and his face goin' white, you know, like when you don't know if you're gettin' your chain yanked or not, an' he just walked off to ask somebody else," Donald said.
"You know, as I recall, that guy never did find the man he was lookin' for. He might have had the wrong name, but I'll tell a man, he had the wrong town, and maybe he asked the wrong man at the wrong time, because if the fellow he was lookin' for lived there, Bill would have known it," Donald added.

Bill Bosley earned his spurs as a youngster at a time when a "man" of 12 or 14 years worked 16 to 20 hours a day and asked the pardon of none for a job well done.

Bosley also rode for the "brand," when along with the "a-dollar-a-day-and-found" went a deep-seated loyalty to the ranch and to "bunkies" who shared the bread, beans and back-breaking boredom.

Perhaps the debtor sought by the man in the suit was a friend, or a "bunkie" who lived in the same community.

"I don't know 'bout that," Donald said, "but whatever the reason, Bill didn't even give that guy the time of day."

As his years added up experience, Bosley became known as a man who quipped and quibbled, but who also would lend a hand and do a deed in need.

"He was a character, all right, but he could look a person straight in the eye, and I mean straight in the eye, and say what he thought -- often exactly, and I really mean exactly, what he thought," Donald said.

"Well, Bill was a dry wit and a quiet thinking-kind of man," said Donald's second wife, Marion Young Fredrickson.
cutler at the same 1985 interview. "I think he liked people, stuck by his friends and was ready to offer his help, but he didn't take much time with those who...how do you say it?...rubbed him the wrong way."

Marion said just to look at Bosley, most folks would think he was the meanest, crabbiest old man who ever lived, and she also believes there were times when such an impression might have been right, too.

"He had his moments, I'm sure," she said, "but mean or just funnin', he'd never crack a smile. He'd make some smart remark and he'd never...."

"Oh, you'd know, all right," Donald interrupted. "He'd put his hands here (splaying his fingers atop his chest and tucking his thumbs inside the edges of the top of his overalls), stand up, make some wisecrack, and then stomp his feet, turning his head from side to side."

Donald remembers another time when Bosley told Cutler's father about the time Alvie (Alvin) Cord broke his arm.

Cord had two skinny, small horses and used them to work a plot of land near Corinne. His place wasn't much in size and didn't demand all of his time to tend, so he worked around, thinning sugar beets or bucking bales during the hay harvest for other farmers in the area.

"He picked up a little extra money that way, but not much because he was slow," Donald said. "I mean he just didn't move very fast in getting almost anything done."
Cord broke his arm, Bosley told Donald's father, when he climbed atop a fence to help in mounting a "little-ol' gray horse." Bosley said Cord was "so damn long" getting to the top rail of the fence that when he jumped, and just as he jumped, the horse moved aside.

Cord missed the target, bounced awkwardly off the right rump of the animal, tipped headfirst toward the ground and the arm he pitched out to check his fall simply snapped.

"Oh my, oh my, Alvie was the slowest creature you ever will see," Marion said. "You'd have to look almost three times to make sure he was moving."

Bosley liked to recall, and perhaps color, stories about the "when-was" and the "I remember...." His early life of pushing cows and cussin' critters led to such and he and his brother, Tom, had a ton or two of tales to tell — and retell.

Tom, once farther north and a grinning audience of one for a wizened secondhand witness, liked to recount the river crossing of an outlaw fleeing the vigilantes of Virginia City, Mont., in January of 1864 when the "high-gradin' riffraff" and "gun rummies" of Sheriff Henry Plummer were shot to rag dolls or rounded up for "a strong limb, a strong rope, and a short drop into Hell." Among the first-in-line celebrities at this "601" necktie party was the esteemed sheriff himself.

Anyway, Tom liked to tell the boys on the bench, or
anyone for that matter, about this outlaw (his name either not remembered or never known), who rode a number of "borrowed" horses into the ground in a quirt-lashed dash to safety.

Grabbing up his bedroll, a fistful of deer jerky, a halffull bag of Arbuckle's coffee, his "possibles bag" holding a spare shirt, the extra cylinder, caps, powder and balls for his Model 1860 Army .36, and a hard-to-come-by Henry center-fire "seventeen-shooter" rifle, he headed south on the first rigged-up horse he saw.

Siding the Madison River down into Idaho Territory, he turned slightly west at Crawling Creek to take an overland shortcut to the Henry Fork and then again south to where it flowed into the Snake River.

Swapping his mile-weary linebacked dun for a distant-Morgan-bred roan for a $2 profit at the livery in a one-mercantile, two-saloon town called Rexburg, the outlaw pushed through the nearest pair of batwing doors and bought himself two shots of rye -- some locals called it "lye" -- whiskey and a bait of "beef-belly," beans and tinned tomatoes, topped with a square of German chocolate cake for dessert.

As he munched on his meal, the first he hadn't rustled up himself for a spell, he kept his back to the wall and his ears open.

Two men down the counter were talking water, wind and worrisome wives, and the outlaw, idling listening, learned
they were farmer-ranchers out in Burton to the west of town.

Shoving back his plate and swallowing the last of some lukewarm back-room beer, he left the eatery, refilled his canteen from the pump at the watering trough and pointed south again toward Eagle Rock, soon to be renamed Idaho Falls.

The man was following portions of the Outlaw Trail, a series of tracks and still somewhat secret passes leading to friendly farmhouses and ranches up and down the spine of the Rocky Mountains between Canada and Mexico, where a bed, a bait of grub and a fresh horse could be obtained for the clinking sound of gold with no questions asked.

In his second or third stop along the trail, the outlaw had learned the telegraph was much faster than the nearly-nonstop "tradin'" of the horses he rode.

The vengeance of the vigilantes in Virginia City, he heard, nearly was complete and sheriffs throughout the region had been advised to be watchful for those who had been missed in the roundup.

Armies of deputized citizens were watching the roads, roaming the deer traces in the hills and sleeping with their hoglegs close at hand and primed for b'ar.

Knowing this, the outlaw shunned the secretive routes and the paid-for friends, hoping a bold, in-the-open dash was better than a slow crawl.

And so, the outlaw rode south out of Rexburg, planning
to cross the Snake near Rigby. Deputized-farmhand Frederick Alonzo "Ricky" Finkel waited there at the wooden bridge over the river.

Finkel's saddle-broke plow horse, slack-cinched, head-dozing and hip-shot, was tethered on a picket pin five times shifted after three days and most of a fourth night of disinterested browsing on the snow-crusted and winter-killed grass.

The farmhand hoped the morning would bring one of the sheriff's men with a feed bag of oats for his horse and corn dodgers, coffee and bacon for him. In his time there, he had been acting tough in front of bridge-users he mostly knew, Tom said, and the guard duty had long since exceeded pure boredom.

Finkel, snoozing inside of two blankets and his heavy Mackinaw coat, his back to a bridge abutment out of the wind, was aroused suddenly by the crackling-clear sounds of hoofs hammering into the frozen and ice-crusted road some distance off.

Shaking off sleepy cobwebs in his head, shedding the blankets and ignoring muscle-taut pains and popping sounds down his spine, he walked up the curving embankment to the end of the bridge he had been deputized to guard.

Planting his feet solidly in the center of the planking at a point where the wood again merged with the frigid earth of the road, he flexed the fingers of his right hand and un-
buttoned his coat. Reaching to his left side, he gripped the butt of the cumbersome 12-pound Walker Colt and shifted the bulk of weapon up and over the top of his hipbone into a bellybutton grab from the waistband of his pants.

He immediately regretted this, as the indentation left from the belt-tight, dozing-on-it, pressure of the gun in his backside flesh began to throb with the relieved rush of fresh blood.

Stomping his left foot a couple of times and rubbing the painful area swiftly with his hand, Finkel gritted his teeth and bit his tongue in the process.

"Damn," he muttered, spitting once and then twice.

But he was ready, he said to himself, glad more than once in the last couple of days he had chosen to bring the big "horse pistol," since while it was awkwardly long and heavy, it had a firepower comparable to a Sharp's .50 at close range.

This .44-caliber cannon without carriage, later called a "horse pistol" when it was carried in holsters stitched to the pommel of a saddle because of the "wear-down" weight, also had a tendency to stop arguments in a sudden-like hurry.

Glad he was, too, he packed the Walker tucked inside his waistband, keeping the revolver next to the heat of his body so its actions would not be stiffened by cold.

Even so, the long, big-bore barrel did reach halfway to
the knee, making it more comfortable to carry when standing. When sitting down, the butt of the weapon had to be wiggled over the joint of the hip.

To relax a mite, Finkel had to arch his back slightly, holding the plane of his body as straight as possible at the hips and easing the pressure by placing the weight of the upper torso on the spine at the shoulder blades.

And so it was, Bill would say, that Finkel stood at his appointed end of the bridge. He held the Walker, barrel-end tucked into his armpit with the bulk of the weapon against his rib cage under the left flap of his coat. The ache in his upper back was just bearable, only because the cold-crunched calves of his legs hurt a hell of a lot more.

The sound came nearer and then a shadow gained motion in the silver-thin moonlight. When a shoe-shod hoof echoed on the wooden planking of the bridge, Finkel yelled, "Stop! Stop right there and state your business!"

The shadow stopped, dim-lit motion settling into the shape of a horse and rider.

"Who the hell wants to know?"

"Rick...er...This is Deputy Sheriff Frederick Finkel an' you answer up!"

"Hold on now," the shadow rider called over, remembering the talk of the two men back in town.

"I'm in a hurry or I wouldn't be riding this time of night. I'm from up Burton-way, near Rexburg, and the wife,
she's down seeing her folks in Eagle Rock.

"I just got word over the telegraph wire she's having the baby now. It's our first, and she ain't even due for a couple more weeks. Could be trouble, the wire said."

"All right," Finkel said, "but you get off your horse, lead 'im across and keep your hands wide."

"Why, sure," the shadowy rider said loudly as he dug his spurs into the flanks of his horse.

The roan exploded into motion, the rider melting into the line of the horse's neck. Finkel, perhaps surprised a split second, pulled the Walker from the covering of his coat and shouted, "Stop! Dammit, stop!"

The response from the charging shadow was a "Hee-yah!" as he drove the spurs home again. Finkel raised up the Walker, cupped his right wrist and the gun grips into the palm and fingers of his left hand, rolled back the hammer of the single-action Colt with his thumb and touched off the trigger.

He missed and even before the 14 feet of flame from the muzzle of the Walker evaporated into the night, an answering stab of gunpowder lightning struck, spinning Finkel to the right and knocking him to the ice-anchored gravel.

The horse boomed over the planking of the bridge, swept by the downed deputy and disappeared into the darkness, its rider not once looking back.

Finkel, Tom said, rolled to his knees and groped for
the gun that had slipped from his fingers. He spotted the Walker a few feet off, crawled there, scooped it up and tried to trigger a second shot at the fleeing rider.

"Only then," Tom would pause with a suppressed hoot rising, "did Finkel realize that damned outlaw's shot had clipped his thumb clean off and he couldn't roll back the hammer. Hell, he must have had blood squirting all over and didn't even know it."

The boys on the bench responded to the oft-heard punch line in the appropriate manner, but even with the knee-slap­ping and laughter, they doubted such a pistol shot, from the back of a running horse and in the dark of night, could be anything at all but blindman's luck.

"Maybe so, maybe so," Tom would answer, "but Finkel, blood gushin' this way and that until he got his wrist tied off and hand wrapped, usin' his teeth and all to cinch the knot into his bandanna, he never did think so.

"And he didn't think so, right up to the day he signed his last check with that scrawl he made with his left hand," Tom added.

"But Tom, he was left-handed," one of the boys on the bench said in a practiced reply. "He was ever since I knew him."

"No, it only turned out that way, and you know how he always kept his right hand in the pocket of his coat, even when he was sittin' down, and he even ate with his left hand
because you need a thumb to clamp a fork down steady," Tom countered, only to start to laugh again.

And the boys on the bench would slap their knees and barrel-roll with laughter. They had heard the story before, asked the questions at the proper time and chortled anew in just the right places.

Finkel's Walker, as Tom told it, was a favored keepsake from his father, and probably, depending on the conflicting historical versions, was an "old Army Colt." Even if it were, the Army Colt was a hefty weapon, although about two pounds in weight short of the Walker.

Perhaps as in the naming of Corinne, the accuracy isn't as important as the laces holding the legend together.

But in Tom's tale -- and maybe this is the way he heard it because the sheer weight and size of the weapon added something to the yarn -- the gun was a Walker.

The boys on the bench had no problem with this either, for a good story is a good story and the finer points could lead to a full afternoon of spirited debate.

The Whitney-Walker Model 1847 was named by its maker, Col. Samuel Colt, after Capt. Samuel H. Walker of the Texas Rangers because of his help and suggestions in its design.

Colt was forced to modify the weapon three times on demand from the U.S. military, cutting down the weight and size mostly, into the Army-issue Dragoon, or old Army Colt (Webb 1935 and Sibley 1978).
It is very likely, that except as a keepsake, a genuine Walker would have been scarce, if indeed functional, nearly 20 years later in 1864. But it is possible and Tom said this was so.

As for the Model 1860 Army .36 carried by the outlaw, it today is considered to be the most popular sidearm of the early West. It was the official firearm of officers in the Civil War and its only close competitor was the Model 1851 Navy .36 Colt (Held 1970).

"Oh now, I reckon the Colt was as popular as it was because it was easier to get than some of those other guns," Bill Bosley said. "From what I heard tell, the best six-shooter ever tooled was that Smith & Wesson .44 Russian."

"I don't know 'bout that," Woodard said. "I had a Starr once, back when I had more sand than savvy, and that hogleg could cap a round if you'd spent all day elbow-deep in a drainage ditch."

Other revolvers were on the market, of course, but the advantages of the Colts over such weapons as the Starr, Remington, Webley, Deane-Harding, Wesson & Leavitt, Le Mat and Joslyn were the ready availability of interchangeable and repair parts and a reputation of consistent long-range accuracy.

"Yeah, them Colts was handy and if they broke, you didn't have to wait a year and a day to get 'em fixed," Tom said. "Why, most guys what dropped dead sudden-like from
lead poisoning usually toted a handful of shells and spare parts for their pistols."

At any rate, the boys on the bench knew the story of the outlaw and argued over the history of the Walker, Colts in general and firearms in particular. Each of them, after all, had owned one Colt's model or another over the years and even a couple of them claimed to know men who still had a genuine horse pistol of one make or the other.

And when a newcomer was suckered into the story of the outlaw's ride, the boys on the bench played it for all it was worth. Then the laughter, aimed at the punch-line doubt of the novice, was both fresh and sagely greedy.

It was greedy in the respect of which one was shaded to ask the proper questions as the right moment, and the roles changed with each recounted story.

After all, each of the boys on the bench had a favorite factual fable. There are, for examples, the tales of "Crazy Pete's Cache," the "Irascible Irish and Courageous Coolies," "Hampton's Horses" and "The Monster of Bear Lake."

Bill Bosley mostly warped the tales, but the others put in a word or two here and there until basic fact was but the foundation of yarn-spinning fun. Still, it didn't matter back then and even later accounts bother not to distinguish.

As the story of "Crazy Pete" goes, there is $10,000 in gold buried under a tree stump somewhere in Logan Canyon following an 1880 bank robbery in Montpelier, Idaho. The
loot, at today's gold prices of $400 an ounce plus or minus market value, would be worth substantially more.

While this story was often told, the tale is recounted in a faded yellow-with-age and undated newspaper clipping from the Ogden Standard Examiner, folded neatly and tucked into the "pack-rat" keepsakes of Marijane Morris (1986). She clipped the item out of the paper, she said, because she had heard the boys on the bench tell of it and she just got a notion she should save it.

As advertised in an editor's note as the 14th of a 1955 series on tales of early Utah, the clipping states Utah history books treat the story as a legend, as historians had no positive evidence of its truth. What the historians did have, however, were the word of Northern Utah old-timers and some coincidences not easy to explain.

Perhaps much as the boys on the bench would have told it, the yarn in The Associated Press by Howard S. Benedict reads:

In the fall of 1880, a man identified only as Pete held up the Montpelier Bank in southeastern Idaho and escaped with $10,000 in gold after a blazing gunfight.

Pete, a bullet wound in his arm, rode south into Utah and headed up Logan Canyon, where he stopped to rest and tend his arm. He saw that the wound was bad and decided to seek a doctor at the nearby Round Valley settlement.

Pete knew it would be unwise to take the gold to town and buried it under a tree, which he then marked by carving his initial on the trunk.

A doctor treated the wound and put Pete in bed for a few days.

While he was recuperating, a blizzard whipped through the canyon and piled snow in 20- and 30-
foot drifts. This closed access into the canyon and Pete, knowing it would be weeks before he could recover the gold, passed the time working odd jobs in Round Valley.

But before the snow melted, the law caught up with Pete and he was arrested (Benedict 1955a, n.p.).

Identified by witnesses as the bank robber, Pete was quickly convicted and given a sentence of five years. The jail time would have been less if Pete had returned the money, but he refused to talk, except to himself and the earless walls of his cell on how he was going to spend his loot once he was released.

When he was released, he immediately rode for Logan Canyon -- on a stolen horse.

Five years had dulled his memory, but he remembered the approximate location of the treasure and rode there, knowing all he had to do was find the tree with the giant "P" carved on it and he would be a rich man.

He was shocked when he got there.

Before him lay acres of blackened tree stumps, victims of a forest fire that had roared through the canyon a few months before.

Pete almost collapsed. His dream was shattered. How was he to find the gold now?

There was only one thing to do, he decided. He would dig until he found it (Benedict 1955a, n.p.).

And dig he did, under every tree stump in the area where he thought the gold was buried. "He dug and he dug and he dug," the newspaper story says, until winter wind and snow drove him out of the canyon.

Working in the big-snow months and saving his pay, Pete attacked the canyon in the spring before the thaw had melted away a path. He dug 16 hours a day for weeks and then cut this to 10 or 12 when the summer sun sapped his juices.
Pete's problem, it seems, was that he had to dig on all sides of every stump, since he had forgotten exactly where he had buried the gold.

People in the region wondered why he was doing this work. They called him "Crazy Pete."
Pete worked in the canyon until winter and then disappeared from the area until the following spring, when he renewed his digging.
The many months of hard work and the hot sun began to affect him that summer. He babbled incoherently to passersby and even told some of them what he was looking for.
The "crazy" label was appropriate now.
Then one hot day in August, a farmer found Pete's body slumped over a stump. He had died of a heart attack—overwork, a doctor said.
Pete was buried in one of the holes he had dug in a feverish search for the wealth that caused his death.
Whether this story is true or not, historians point out that in 1880 the Montpelier bank was robbed of $10,000 and the money never recovered. Any records which might show a man named Pete served time for the robbery would have been burned in a Montpelier courthouse fire in the 1890's.
And the historians note that a forest fire swept through Logan Canyon in 1885, destroying much of the timber (Benedict 1955a, n.p.).

The reporter ends his article by saying, "Anybody want to buy a pick and shovel?" This line would have tickled the boys on the bench, about as much as the notion of digging up the streets of Corinne for the supposed hidden wealth in the slag. The chances of finding sizeable gold, after all, were about the same.

This cynical humor, perhaps, was a product of age, a product of learning the hard way about how things are and how things have a tendency to repeat when unfounded hopes and dreams collide with money-first reality.
Money-first reality has cost a lot of lives and for this very reason the boys on the bench had a grudging admiration for the "yellow men," the Chinese, who came to a hostile land to weld the nation with ribbons of steel, who then ate cast-off garbage for the privilege of doing white man's laundry and who watched silently on those Saturday nights as one, and sometimes two, of their members swayed slowly under the Corinne bridge from a hangman's noose.

"They did a lot and put up with much more," Bill Bosley said.

"Yeah," Bill Holmes agreed, "but it was the times, you know. They wouldn't be treated like that now."

"Maybe...maybe not," Bosley answered.

The Chinese, brought over from Asia packed belly-to-backside in ships because they would work endless hours for pennies and be grateful for it, became the backbone of the Central Pacific labor force in the construction of the transcontinental railroad.

Unlike the Irish laborers of the Union Pacific, the Chinese did not drink hard liquor, preferring tea and the quiet use of opium brought from their homeland.

The Chinese, derisively called "Charlie Crocker's Pets" by some other workers because of the advocacy of the coolies by the Central Pacific construction chief, soon proved their worth as diligent, steadfast and clean-living workers. But the cost in lives was high.
Most accounts agree many laborers died, both Chinese and Irish, in the building of the railroad, but estimates, and they are estimates because few records were kept, indicate possibly as many as 6,000 Orientals lost their lives through accidents, overwork, disease, and deliberate mayhem.

William Fuller, in his August, 1984 booklet, Charlie Crocker's Pets, prepared for the Chief Truckee Chapter of E Clampus Vitus, said the awesome assault on the Sierra Nevada in many ways was built over the bodies of the dead.

"In the fall of 1865," Fuller writes, "the Chinese laborers of the Central Pacific...came up against Cape Horn, a nearly perpendicular rocky promontory near Colfax, in Placer County." At this spot along the Trans-Sierra route, the American River is 1,400 feet below the roadbed. Chinese workers were lowered from the top of the cliffs in wicker baskets. From here, men in the baskets chipped and drilled holes for explosives, and then scrambled up the lines in a race against the fuses. "Inch by inch, a roadbed was gouged from the granite," Fuller says (1984, n.p.).

Fuller, researching such historical works as the 1950 First Transcontinental Railroad by John D. Galloway and the 1969 High Road to Promontory by George Kraus, notes snow overtook the crews in December of 1866 in one of the most severe winters on record.

Crocker ordered the workers to start tunneling Donner Summit. The Chinese lived practically
entirely out of sight of the sky that winter, their shacks largely buried in snow. They tunneled their way from the camps to the portal of the tunnel to work long, underground shifts (Fuller 1984, n.p.).

Loss of human life was heavy, Fuller said, with all too frequent snowslides sweeping men and machines away. James H. Strobridge, placed in charge of Crocker’s field forces, later told a federal investigating commission, "The snowslides carried away our camps and we lost a good many men in these slides; many of them we did not find until the next season when the snow melted."

When spring arrived, Crocker ordered a shaft be driven down from the middle so crews could work out from it toward both ends. With pick, drill and gunpowder, crews often managed but seven inches a day and premature explosions took a toll.

However, in mid-1868, the Central Pacific finally broke through the Sierra barrier and began their run down the Truckee (river and valley) and across the relatively level Nevada wastelands. The true cost in Chinese lives will probably never be known since little records were kept. It is known that many a Chinese worker lost his life in the assault on the tunnel at Donner Summit. Snowslides, cave-ins, and blasting accidents all contributed to their demise (Fuller 1984, n.p.).

Fuller states the Central Pacific’s march across the deserts of Nevada was without much problem as construction progressed at full speed compared to the obstacles of the Sierra. There were problems, however.

Corinne historian Bernice Gibbs Anderson, in a booklet written for the 1958 Golden Spike re-enactment ceremony,
puts the struggle on both sides somewhat into perspective.

The Union Pacific, building west from Omaha, and the Central Pacific, building east from Sacramento, strained every nerve to extend their lines as far as possible before the rails met, because of the land grants given by the Government, the advance bonds issued to help construct the line and the rich trade territories of Utah, Nevada and California. The climax of the great race was the building of ten miles of track in one day, a record...still unbroken (n.p.).

Fuller (1984, n.p.) notes by late April, 1869, the tracks of the two competing companies were but 14 miles apart and the Central Pacific set out to break the track-laying record just achieved by U.P. workers.

...On April 28, 1869, while a number of officers from the Union Pacific and Central Pacific, several newspaper correspondents, and workers from the rival camp looked on, the Chinese and Irish work force of the CPRR laid 10 miles and 56 feet of track in a little less than 12 hours, beating the old Union Pacific record by more than 2 miles.

Following the driving of the final spike on May 10, 1869, E. B. Crocker, speaking in Sacramento, would say, "I wish to call to your minds that the early completion of this railroad we have built has been in large measure due to that poor, despised class of laborers called the Chinese, to the fidelity and industry they have shown" (Fuller 1984, n.p.).

The late Mrs. Anderson, who received one of two gold medallions with chains minted for the 1969 centennial celebration (the president of the United States got the other), reports laborers gained such precision and momentum that, before the rails met, grading crews reached and passed each other, building 225 miles of parallel roadbed.
Figure 17. Bernice Gibbs Anderson poses with the gold medallion and certificate of appreciation she received to mark the 1969 centennial of the driving of the golden spike. Only two medallions, complete with chain, were minted. The other was presented to the president of the United States. Ruth Wright collection.
Figure 18. A May 10 observance of the driving of the golden spike at Promontory Summit, circa 1950. Marijane Morris collection.
Parts of these grades, especially west of Corinne, are visible today and state and national highways are built over sections of them.

What she doesn't explain is that while the precision of practice was part of it, the momentum was purely economic. Grading crews met and passed each other, not to prove their prowess, but to stake a claim.

Until Congress finally gave up playing special-interest word games and decided the site of a terminus would be "at or near Ogden," the grants of land and the added miles of transportation superiority were up for grabs. The lawmakers in Washington, D.C. debated and competing crews held in low esteem died.

Bernice said the vast project cost around $181 million, not counting the personal fortunes of some of the builders, and two armies of 25,000 to 30,000 men worked on it. This number, she said, included 12,000 Irish employed by the Union Pacific and some 18,000 Chinese by the Central.

Most accounts say the C.P. had 12,000 Orientals on its payroll and the difference here may well be eager replacements for the 6,000 dead.

Within a short distance from the Golden Spike site today is Chinaman's Arch, a natural rock formation locally regarded as the only monument to the 1,000 or more coolies who were in the area in the winter of 1868-69 when smallpox swept through the Central Pacific camps on the Utah deserts.
It was near here that the Irish workers of the Union Pacific, who resented the little yellow men, laid a "grave" of dynamite under the parallel grade of the Central, blasting a whole crew of Chinese into eternity. Pleas to the officials had no effect so the Chinese wisely laid a "grave" of their own, killing several Irishmen. The fun stopped at once. Then the Irish cut loose two flat cars leaded with Chinese from the end of a work train ascending the hill. Most of the Chinese were killed as the run-away cars hurtled from a sharp curve (Anderson 1958, n.p.).

"Those Chinamen, now, they did their share, and maybe more," Holmes said, "and got the short end of the stick every time."

"Maybe so," Bosley replied, "but that railroad would have been built sooner or later, one way or the other."

With the completion of the railroad and the blossoming of Corinne as the shipping terminus, many of the coolies settled in the town or used it as a staging area to hire on with other railroads or head north to the Montana mines.

A head count in 1870 (Madsen 1980, p. 245) tallied 89 Chinese in the city, but the number fluctuated into the hundreds at times.

Many railroad-hardened coolies went north into the Montana lands, where prospectors weary of working diminishing yields eagerly gave up their claims to those stubborn enough to pan sand all day for $2 in dust.

Merchants catered to this, of course, but a few Chinese set up shop in Corinne to supply and equip coolies bound north. They specialized in importing "normal" food from the homeland and often shipped the bodies of the dead home for
burial, sometimes in brine-filled pickle barrels to prevent decay.

The Chinese willingly performed menial labor, such as washing laundry, for their needs were simple and the meager money to them was good. What cash they could save, they did in preparation for their return in wealth to China.

As such, they kept their culture and they maintained their ways. This, of course, created misunderstanding and suspicion among the Caucasian citizenry.

Persecuted, perhaps, derided and scorned, they worked hard, held to themselves and asked for little.

"Still, you know, they sure got riled up when someone threatened to cut off their queues and downright angry when somebody did," Holmes said. "For quiet types, they were right partial to that...silent-like, but downright mean between the eyes."

"Yeah, but those pigtails had something to do with their manhood or they meant wisdom or something like that," Bosley said. "It was like those crazy Injins who would sooner kill then let anyone take their pictures because that little black box would steal their souls and keep them forever."

"Well, those queues were an open invitation to some of the rowdies," Holmes said. "Just like the school bullies, they picked on the weaker kids."

"It was like waving a red flag in front of a bull,
that's for sure," Bosley said, "and more than one Chinaman lost his pigtail on a Saturday night when the boys got liquored up."

"And that's funny, too, because the Chinese knew it," Holmes said. "They'd lay low on Saturday nights, keep out of sight. If they had to go out, they'd sneak down the alleys and such."

"Trouble is, the boys were watching for them," Bosley added. "Whacking off their pigtails was a mortal blow, like Injins counting coup on a live enemy."

"It was a mortal blow to the Chinese," Holmes agreed. "They'd run like a rabbit if spotted, fight like hell if caught and if the boys didn't throw them over the bridge on the end of a rope, they'd go home and cut their own throats because of the shame."

"Yeah, more than one committed suicide and the boys thought that was funny because they didn't understand that part of the Chinese culture," Bosley said. "I sometimes wonder if getting their necks stretched at the bridge wasn't an easy way out for some of them."

"Could have been," Holmes nodded. "It had to have been easier than taking your own life. That's just got to be a horrible way of dying."

"There ain't no easy way of dying," Bosley said.

"No, I guess not," the 82-year-old Holmes answered, falling into silence.
While Bill or Tom told of being around Corinne since Little Mountain was but a small rock, Holmes, in the upmanship of the times, said he had lived in the community since Little Mountain was a hole in the ground.

The comment originates from the fact Little Mountain is an extinct volcano with a crater about the size of a football field at its peak. The ancient volcano also explains the hot springs there.

Holmes and Bosley went to soak in the springs in their younger years, Holmes usually arriving there in a buggy and Bosley astride a horse. Horses were still the main mode of transportation then and in the later years occupied much of the talk of the boys on the bench as to which mare was best for breeding and which stud had the right lineage.

Horses in the early days were as wild as the men, and may yet be today, and this was proven easily with the knee-slapping tale of Hampton's hand-picked cayuses.

Not that these broomtails were special in any way, except perhaps for being born with an untamed instinct to run from anything strange, but such horses were cheap trade-offs from owners needing an animal more manageable for saddle, buggy, or plow.

By running free until captured, they were unruly and unpredictable, even when half-broken. But they were hard-hoofed, whip-thin of fat, as strong as the proverbial ox, and as mean as a grizzly bear with a broken tooth.
"Those broomtails were as ornery as a short-shoed mule and as mean as two tomcats tossed over a clothesline after their tails were tied together," Bosley said. "But they'd run until they dropped dead and then go some."

"Yeah," Holmes agreed. "I don't know as if I'd like to have a hitch of them, but I'd like them in the harness if I was riding a stage."

As a rule, a buggy was pulled by one or two horses, depending on the prowess of the owner. Usually but two were harnessed to a farm wagon, and while the heavy Conestoga could be managed with a pair, the best rig was a four-up.

During the freighting days of Corinne, mule trains of 10 to 20 animals per wagon were common, the big rig called an "eagle-out" from the $20 gold piece common at the time. Stagecoaches, despite the western movies of the '50s and '60s, had six-ups of leaders, pullers, and wheelers.

Such a rigging of six horses was the routine at Hampton's Ford, once a stage station below present-day Cutler Dam at one of few convenient crossings of Bear River some 80 miles north of Salt Lake City. There the traveler of the 1850s, en route to the Northwest from the Mormon capital, could receive supper, bed and breakfast for 35 cents.

The crossing, long favored by Indians and the fur trappers who followed, was made possible by a sand bar piled up behind a cropping of rock across the river. In 1853, Ben
Hampton built a ferry there and a few years later added a bridge because of the increased traffic of gold seekers and emigrants through Northern Utah. Toll fees set by the territorial legislature were $3 for a wagon with two horses or oxen, $2 for a loaded cart, and $1 for a pack animal.

Besides the traffic at the crossing, the main function at the ford was servicing the stagecoaches and passengers as the first overnight stop out of Salt Lake City.

At the approach of a stage, workers would swing the huge barn doors open to admit the entire outfit. As later described by Anderson in an Oct. 4, 1953 article published in the Logan Herald Journal on page 1.

Passengers climbed out and were whisked into the hospitable rock hotel with their baggage. Gold, if the stage happened to carry any, was stowed away in the safe in the office in the top of the barn. The puffing horses were unharnessed, rubbed down and fed, care being taken to cool them off before they were watered at the river bank. Wheels were removed from the stage and greased, and harnesses were gathered up from where they had been flung on the floor and draped over the wooden pegs on each side of the driveway.

The horses purchased for use at the station had been broken to harness, usually by their previous owners, Bosley would say, but not much else. Oh, a couple of them had been saddled to ride, but the nosebleeds in the morning trying to shake out the kinks proved more pain than profit.

They were picked because of their stamina and stood up better than the more gentle Eastern, or Kentucky, strains.

"After a night's rest, those cayuses were right hard to
Figure 19. A 1953 photo of Hampton's Ford taken by Bernice Gibbs Anderson. Marijane Morris collection.
Figure 20. The hotel at Hampton's Ford from a 1953 photograph of Bernice Gibbs Anderson. Marijane Morris collection.
handle," Bosley said. "More than one wrangler got jerked into jelly beans trying to hitch 'em up and a few broke arms and legs and lost teeth to boot."

"Yeah," Holmes laughed, slapping his thigh. "and you had to watch them at night, too, or they'd jump the corral and head back for the hills."

The solution worked out by the wranglers was to toss a rope over the hammerheads a couple hours before the kitchen lamps were lighted in the hotel the next morning and run the mustangs part way to the next change station and back. With this surplus spirit toned down a mite, the six-up team then could be hitched to the waiting stage.

"Even so, those horses still had a lot of grit left and I 'member old Ben Wilkins saying how he and his wife, Emma I think her name was, rode the stage north to Idaho Falls once when its name was Eagle Rock and she was some upset with the joustin' and the bouncin'," Holmes said. "Old Ben nearly had to hogtie the woman to get her to ride back. She was dead set on walking every step of the way before putting one foot on that stage again."

The rock hotel remains, as sturdy-looking as 100 years ago, but today it is used as a restaurant specializing in a limited nightly menu centered around lamb dishes.

Both Bill Holmes and Bill Bosley at one time or the other had been to Hampton's Ford and both had taken their families on outings to Bear Lake, a blue-water gem 20 miles
long, seven miles wide and 175 feet at its deepest tucked into a pocket of the mountains on the Utah-Idaho border.

As such, they both knew the story of the Bear Lake Monster and would retell it themselves many times.

Not that such stories were that uncommon, of course, since several of the deep blue lakes of North America, such as Tahoe on the California-Nevada border, reportedly harbor serpent-like monsters or the like from the beginnings of Indian storytelling.

From Shoshoni legend, two star-crossed lovers, pursued by their tribesmen, plunged into Bear Lake and were changed by the Great Spirit into two enormous serpents. Interestingly, the origins of other such serpents in other such lakes are similar in the telling.

At any rate, Bear Lake, referred to as Black Bears Lake in a Sept. 10, 1819 letter by Donald Mackenzie sent to a colleague back East and later known also as Sweet Lake and Little Lake to the trappers of the 1820s, has a mysterious, perhaps mystical, monster (Anderson, circa 1950).

As the Shoshoni told the tale, the beast, in the days before the buffalo disappeared, had carried off many braves who were venturesome enough to swim in the blue mountain lake.

The Indians said it was "of a serpent-kind, but with legs about 18 inches long" and a length up to 80 feet. It sometimes crawled out of the water a short distance and had
the ability, when it chose, to spout a stream of water out of its mouth.

Depending on the storyteller, its head resembled that of a horse, an alligator, a great serpent or a sea lion. It had ears, or bunches on the side of its head as large as a pint cup. Its body was that of a seal, a serpent, a dolphin or a crocodile and it was covered with brownish fur. It could travel through the water, the story goes, at a rate of a mile a minute. It could roar very loudly and often did so when it thrashed near shore.

While the Shoshoni legend passed from grandfather to grandson, it gained attention when the Aug. 3, 1868 Deseret News published an article by Joseph C. Rich, an eminent Mormon who had gathered his information from "reliable" witnesses of the monster's existence (Anderson, circa 1950).

No concrete scientific evidence of the monster has been found, not of the Bear Lake serpent or of the other legendary creatures hiding in the waters of other North American lakes, but the story persists, and to some, so does the belief.

Belief, you see, just a suspicion of possible belief, makes for a good story and the boys on the bench appreciated one even if they had to elaborate the particulars to give it a punch.

There were oft-told tales of early Corinne, of course,
and some of them, including "The Great Indian Scare" and "The Gentile Navy," will appear in this work. Others, however, will receive but brief mention, such as the "Soiled Doves" and the "Divorce Machine."

The soiled doves, or "nympha de-pave" as the editor of the Corinne Reporter called them, lived in small buildings, "cribs," along the south edge of the city near the slough.

As the story goes, the sheriff of Box Elder County in Brigham City at times loaded up a buckboard with prisoners and drove them to a large tent in the center of Corinne licensed by the city council "for a certain purpose" in order to keep them "more manageable."

Whether the prisoners were all Gentiles isn't clear, but the ladies of surrounding towns reportedly drew their skirts aside when meeting any and all women from "Sinful Corinne" on the streets of their communities.

"Hell Hole of the Earth," the "Jumping-off Place" and "City of the Un-Godly" were other Mormon labels tagged on the Burg on the Bear, which at one time in the early years sported as many as 70 prostitutes or more.

Also in the early years, the "Divorce Machine" was quite an enterprising contraption in Corinne. It somewhat resembled an old Nevada slot machine, but each pull of the handle, after inserting a $2.50 gold piece or equivalent coin, produced a certificate signed by a judicial authority.

Then it took but filling in the proper names and dates
to get a divorce. It was not necessary for either party to be present as the entire divorce could be accomplished by a proxy (Anderson, circa 1960).

Thing was, Tom Bosley would say, no other court in the land recognized such a procedure and more than one couple ended up in years of litigation, quite of few of whom were involved in multiple entanglements.

"It was Tom then who was the cowboy, wasn't it?" Marion asked of her husband in the 1985 interview.

"No, they both were," Donald answered. "Bill, now, he lived here in town when we were youngsters, but Tom went out to Promontory and worked on that ranch out there for years."

"That's right," Marion remembered, "they were both cowboys in their early days."

"Tom, now, they practically had to shoot him off the horse he was ridin' to get him to quit," Donald said. "And he did, right after his wife died. But the two of them, in their younger days, were really some earth-stompin' old cowpunchers."

"And they were both just as bowlegged as they could be," Marion added, sliding the palm of one hand over her eyes and slowly shaking her head as if playing back an old black-and-white movie in her mind.

"And they were drunkards," Donald added. "In the early part of their lives, they were drunkards and then they quit.

"Then right in the last years of their lives, the two
of them started hitting the beer pretty heavy, Bill a lot more than Tom. Sometimes, Bill would really get looped and he'd take up that whole road trying to ride his bicycle home.

"Man, oh man, he was really funny pedalin' home like that," Donald continued. "But, you know, I can't think of a time he didn't make it, one way or the other."

"Didn't Tom stay in his store, right up to the end?" Marion asked.

"Yeah," Donald said.

"Well, that was the difference, you see," Marion said. "Tom was in business there at his butcher shop and he sort of had to walk the straight-and-narrow, but old Bill didn't have any such obligations."

"Maybe so," Donald nodded, adding with a barrel-roll rumble, "Tom would always drink a bottle or two a day, but ol' Bill, he'd get started sometimes and he'd drink until he said the tires on his bicycle had a sloshy bump like they were pumped full up of water or somethin'."

If Bill Holmes drank of spirited liquid, he didn't do all that much of it, other than perhaps sociably, in public view. Perhaps the facts that he served as city recorder, sat on the council a time or three and held his own type of "court" around the warmth of the potbellied stove in his store might have had something to do with this.

In the 1950s, the remnants of the rooms of his home,
the red-brick Roche building on the corner of Montana and Fifth streets, were crowded and stacked into a "junk" area on the northeast side of the ground floor where once was the hardware store.

Somehow, in this storage place of unwanted things, there remained much of his pride and his past.

In the early 1950s, when he no longer lived in the Roche building, when he "visited" the town on the warm summer days to sit on the Whittlin' Bench then placed against the front wall of Walt Bosley's garage right across the street, and when his son, Wendell, dutifully collected monthly mortgage payments from Jack-Mormon merchant J. W. "Wally" Morris, Holmes often looked at the two-story structure, but never crossed Montana to re-enter it.

After all, he knew what was there and he knew Wendell's garage at his home in Brigham City couldn't hold any more.

Kept there were dust-laden and some linen-covered items of earlier opulence. On one wall hung a picture frame holding a copy of the Mayflower Charter listing the underlined name of a Holmes ancestor who had made the voyage.

There was a roll-top desk, with the grained-look of oak. The top rolled up to expose a battery of cubbyholes stuffed with receipts, bills and papers with pen-well ink fading into obscurity. In the center drawer of the desk were a ring of keys, a tally book, a smattering of papers and a fully-loaded clip for a .380 semi-automatic pistol.
Also there were a spring-pierced couch and a couple of lumpy straight-backed easy chairs with the heavily-stuffed padding of the time. In one corner, close against the wall, was a linen-covered grand piano and it stayed there because moving it over the aging, dry-wrought flooring "might invite more trouble than it's worth," Wendell told Wally, feeling the weight of the instrument might stab its three slender legs "two feet into the ground underneath" and getting it out "would be an absolute piss-cutter."

Tucked into an out-of-sight corner was a leather scabbard holding an ornately-engraved sword and sheath, possibly a keepsake of Holmes of earlier times as a member of the Masons or the Knights of Columbus.

And there were a pair of black leather boots, squared-toed and nearly hip-high for a tall man of the day. In the 1950s, a 10-year-old youngster might imagine such boots once were worn by a Nazi storm trooper, and so in the telling it became so, seeing as how the very height of them came nearly up to his armpits.

But whether the boots were just part of the dress that went with the wearing of the sword and a triangular black hat with a long white feathered plume sweeping over the crown from a silver-looking, highly-engraved dollar-sized ornament in the front to a doubtful destiny of drooping over the brim at the back perhaps remains best to an imagination devoid of counsel.
There also was one of those collapsible Abe-Lincoln type stovepipe hats, black in color and all of 10 inches tall. The leather sweatband was brittle, cracked from dryness in places and the creamy-white, silk-like lining was stained in two places and was creased by circular folds. The beaver-pelt surface had been scraped bare at the front of the brim and there was that persistent odor of human use. At the time, the hat was too big for the boy, but it made an interesting addition to a Halloween costume some six years later.

"Mr. Holmes, now, he was a notary public here for years and years and years," Donald said.

"And on election day, he was the first one to vote," Marion said. "He made it a point. He'd get up early and as soon as that poll was open, he was standing there first in line.

"He had that reputation for as long as we have been here and he was proud of that," she added, "that he was always the first one to vote."
CHAPTER IV

THE STIFF-FINGERED SCHOLAR

Engineering Tomorrow

In the development of any town, personalities pushed forward to guide, suggest, battle, and compromise. Many rallied at the founding of Corinne, but only a few stayed to last out the troubled times to work out solutions.

J. W. Guthrie and Hiram House probably served as the quiet movers and shakers of the city in the early, formative years. House passed his fortune and civic sense on to his son, William, but perhaps the most influential citizen in Corinne after the turn of the century was C. G. Adney.

Possibly more than any other, Adney came to make his fortune, but fought through the hard and bitter times to amass a wealth not counted in coins.

He was first the persuader, then the hope-giver and for years the guardian of the drainage system that would reclaim the land and make it fertile in the years after poisonous water killed just about anything planted.

Aged and crippled of sight and limb, Adney left the town he loved for the warm and sunny lands of California, where he would die. He was given a thank-you party and a host of toasts, but the gifts and the words somehow fell short, as they always do.
Figure 21. Jenny and C. G. Adney, about 1956, posing with a wooden arch bearing the name of Sam L, Tibbets, the man whose home they purchased. It is not known if the arch stood over the gateway to the house, or whether it was stored in a back room of the residence following the days when the builder and prominent merchant operated a store on Montana Street. Marion Danielson collection.
"We haven't talked about C. G. Adney yet," said Marion young Fredrickson Culter during an interview in September, 1985.

Much has been written of the words, works, and deeds of Clarence Glenn Adney, who came to Utah about 1900 at the age of 30, invested his time and talents for more than 50 years there in pivotal development of the land and its economy, and who, as an ailing and aged convalescent, was removed willingly to the warmer climes of California to die.

He did much to shape the history of Utah and records attest to his honesty, wisdom, farsightedness, and sacrifice. Records, however, speak not of his appearance and personality. These aspects of the man with a soft voice, a quick hand, and eyes that searched the soul remain shadowed in the memories of those who knew what he had done.

"Someone said he had race horses. He was another monied man who came from back East," Marion said.

"He raised race horses, some fine ones, and sold 'em...if he ever got them halter-broke before they were too old," said Marion's second husband and Corinne native, Donald Cutler, during the same interview.

"Mr. Adney, now, he was a wealthy man when he came here, and a well-educated man, too," Donald added. "He had an awful lot of property, also. His first wife, I think,
she had the property. They later divorced, and I don't know anything about that, but then he married Jenny and she was a stayer and a scrapper in her own right."

Adney was a relative late-comer among the leaders of the town, but he helped put the bustling "Burg on the Bear" on the map in his own right.

"Mr. Adney was a student, a real scholar," said retired school teacher Vesta Ferry, a spry 86 during an October, 1985 interview. "And (in the '50s) he was sort of the head of the older generation in Corinne in his thinking and planning.

"Of course, he had more education, too," she said. "Oh, there were a lot of good people, good citizens in town. Some read a lot, and some, perhaps, were self-educated, but they all listened when Mr. Adney had something to say."

Respect, of course, he had earned as a mediator of complex issues, as a Box Elder County representative in the Utah Legislature and as a supervisor of the Corinne Drainage District.

Adney spearheaded the organization and operation of an irrigation district, which utilized a drainage system of cement tiles to draw off the alkali from the topsoil and convert the poisoned land into a "garden spot." He also served "for years and years," Donald remembers, as one of the board directors for the agricultural college in Logan.

In his older years of the '50s, he remained a tall and
lanky man of gaunt frame, aquiline features and white hair. He walked, somewhat hitched over at the shoulders, with the aid of a stout cane, but his piercing eyes still looked "right through a body and didn't miss nary a thing in the glance."

"And he liked to tease the kids," Vesta said in 1985, adding his stern appearance belied a gentle nature and the children of the town never did know if his joshing were a "mind-your-manners-young'un" or more of a grandpa's prank.

The author remembers one day in the summer air of 1950 or so when, at the age of 7 or 8, he was playing by himself on the south side of Montana Street, sitting on the edge of the sidewalk and scooping up dirt, wadded-up bubble-gum wrappers and small pebbles with a rubber, funnel-shaped cushion for the end of a pole or something of this nature.

This cushion-type thing, found among seemingly discarded objects in once off-limits section of his home, also bounced when tossed down to a hard surface, but it angled away in any direction and chasing it down proved a bother.

Naturally then, it provided a short-attention-span scoop for the bored boy, who sifted through the debris dumped into his hand, tossed it back into the same place and scooped again.

At about this time, the tall, somehow always frightening, old man veered out of the doors of the post office just west of the boy's location, slashed a half-circle-length of
his cane across the echoing planks of the wooden sidewalk
until the stout staff reached its place on his right side,
turned eastward and "thunked" his way up the street.

And then he stopped.

"What do you have there, son?" the old man asked the
boy playing on the sidewalk.

"Huh?" the author answered.

"What's that you have in your hand?" the man repeated.

"It's a digger shovel and I'm gonna ask my dad to cut
it in half down the middle and then I'll have two shovels
and won't have to shake the junk out," the boy said. "I've
got an Erector Set and this will make nice diggers."

"That appears to be the rubber tip for a cane," Adney
said, the intensity of his gaze magnified by the thickness
of the lenses in the glasses he wore.

"Huh?" the boy asked.

"I think that tip will fit my cane," the old man said,
"and I'll give you a nickel for it."

"A nickel!" the boy exclaimed, shaking the debris out
of the "digger shovel" and thrusting it at Adney.

The old man took the tip, shifted his cane to his left
hand and fished the promised coin out of his right pants
pocket. He then spread his feet into a stance, flipped his
walking stick from handle to point in a quick hand motion,
glowered at the splintered end and screwed the rubber
cushion into position.
"Just the fit," Adney said to no one as the excited boy had scrambled up the street, clutching the nickel in his hand.

A biography of Adney, as does one for William Franklin House, appears in Volume II of the 1919 *Utah Since Statehood*. The accounts of both men, while glowing, are also sadly lacking of accuracy in places and dates.

Here, for example, is the tribute to House (*Utah Since Statehood, 1919*, p. 895):

In the early days of Utah the town of Corinne in Boxelder county (sic) was established by a party of pioneers who were not of the Mormon faith. Among those who were early residents and chief builders of the community was Hiram House, a native of the state of New York. He was a representative of an old American family and a direct descendant of Lord Baltimore of historic fame. On removing to the west Hiram House was accompanied by his wife, who in her maidenhood was Mary Lucy Thomas, a descendant of one of the passengers on the Mayflower. Their son, William Franklin House, was born in Missouri in 1861 and was quite young when the family home was established in Corinne, where his father erected the first mill in Boxelder county and at that time the largest mill in the state. Corinne soon became a thriving town and the main outfitting depot for traders and homeseekers on their way to Idaho and Wyoming.

As the tribute continues, William F. House, "upon gaining his majority," became an associate with his father in the hay and grain business with a trading area covering what is now Idaho, Utah and part of Montana.

...Upon the death of his father William F. House of this review continued the business for a time, but the building of the Pacific Railroad caused such a decrease in both the grain and merchandise trade that he turned his attention to other interests and investments. He built the
Central Hotel in Corinne, also the Corinne water works and many other business enterprises which have been of great value to that section of the state (Utah Since Statehood, 1919, p. 895).

The tongue-tied words and humor of Bill House well may be present here, as he inherited the Corinne water works from his father and was short of 10 years old when the Central Hotel was built. His father might have had shares in the enterprise, but Bill was not a part of the hotel's planning or financing.

Also Hiram House and his family arrived in Corinne with the coming of the transcontinental line in 1869, not before it, and the hay and grain business likely could not have flourished as reported until after the completion of the railroad.

Perhaps "the building of the Pacific Railroad" in this writing more accurately reflects the completion of a wooden trestle in 1904 across the northern portion of Great Salt Lake. This shortcut, known as the Lucin Cutoff, isolated Corinne as a major depot along the line and removed any economic advantage of its location as a shipping point.

A railroad spur still served the community and in later years when was called the Oregon Short Line it would haul many tons of sugar beets to processing plants in the region.

So while trading area was limited, the town had a railroad and a future in 1919 when Bill House was a "mover and shaker" of the day.

He is now the president of the Corinne
Milling & Elevator Company, owning a mill with a capacity of fifty barrels of flour daily. He is likewise the president of the Corinne Concrete Tile Company, which turns out seven thousand feet of pipe per day and employs fifty people. He has still further expanded the scope of his activities by becoming president of the Corinne Apiary and president of the Corinne Salt Works. He is also the president of the Corinne Gas & Oil Company and is a director of the State Bank of Tremonton, while of the Corinne Canning Company he is one of the organizers. The last named corporation is now building an extensive cannery in Corinne. Mr. House is thus closely identified with various phases which have contributed to the business development and upbuilding of his section of the state and in addition to all these manifold interests he finds time to cultivate a farm of three thousand acres south of the town. He is also an extensive owner of real estate throughout the county.

Mr. House is to Corinne what the sable clad prince is to the play of Hamlet--there would be comparatively little to the town were his activities and interests withdrawn. He is now the mayor of the city and exercises his official prerogatives in support of all well devised plans and measures for its upbuilding and development, while his own business interests have constituted the basis of its growth and its prosperity (Utah Since Statehood, 1919, pp. 895-896).

Bill House's vast properties, again, were inherited from Hiram, but for a fact, he was mayor of Corinne when Utah Since Statehood was published in 1919. House, according to city records kept today by Recorder Marion Danielson (1985), served as Corinne's mayor three times.

House was mayor of Corinne from 1906 to 1912, from 1918 to 1920 and from 1922 to 1924. He also served on the city council four times, from 1900 to 1902, 1904 to 1906, 1914 to 1918 and 1926 to 1930.

The confusion here also may be simply the inability of
the interviewer for *Utah Since Statehood* to understand what House related. For while he held most of the positions listed in the 1919 issue, he did so as the result of his father's early enterprises in the development of the Gentile town.

Adney, as busy as he was, also sat on the city council from 1912 to 1920, Danielson says.

In his biographical account in *Utah Since Statehood* on pages 1059 and 1060 of Volume II, Adney is honored in but positive terms.

Hon. Clarence Glenn Adney, member of the state legislature from Boxelder county and engaged in business as a farmer and breeder of registered Hereford cattle, is the son of Henry H. and Elizabeth (Blazer) Adney, both of whom were representatives of old pioneer families in Ohio. There they were born, reared and educated and soon after their marriage they removed to Missouri, where their son, Clarence Glenn, was born in 1870.

The latter, spending his youthful days under the parental roof, attended the public schools of Missouri until he was ten years of age, when the father removed with his family father west, settling in the state of Kansas, where the son completed his public school course and afterward became a student in the University of Kansas. When he had finished his courses there, during which he had specialized on civil engineering, he entered upon the work of the profession and continued active as a civil engineer in Kansas until 1899. In that year he removed to Ogden, Utah, and became engineer for the Bear River Irrigation Company and afterward for the Ogden Water & Street Railway Company, then owned by the same people. In 1901 the two interests were separated and Mr. Adney removed to Corinne to take charge of the interests of the Bear River Irrigation Company in the Bear River valley.

When the irrigation company stopped operations in 1908, Adney closed its books and turned his attention to breeding
purebred Hereford cattle. In this, the Utah Since Statehood account notes, he was so successful he became known as the owner of some of the finest cattle of this breed throughout the West and the demand for his stock exceeded the supply.

Adney's farm, the brief biography continues, was equipped with barns and sheds of latest design for the scientific care of cattle and he was considered among the most progressive stockmen of the day.

In 1900 Mr. Adney was united in marriage to Miss Frances Canine, a daughter of William Canine, a well known and respected farmer of Indiana. They became parents of two children: Frances, who was born in 1902 and died within the year; and Robert Glenn, who was born in 1909 and died in 1917 -- a bright and promising lad of eight years.

Though in no sense a politician, Mr. Adney's fellow townsmen, recognizing his worth and ability, called upon him to serve in public office. He was nominated and elected on the republican (sic) ticket in 1918 to represent Boxelder county in the state legislature of Utah, where he has made an excellent record, giving thoughtful and earnest consideration to all the vital questions which have come up for settlement. One of the sterling citizens of northern Utah, Mr. Adney is uniformly respected throughout the state and undoubtedly other political honors will come to him if he will consent to accept office. Among stock raisers his ranch and range, lying to the west of Corinne, are known as models of their kind and the cattle there bred have no superiors in the west. Mr. Adney is of a nature that would never be content with the second best and thus laudable ambition pushes him forward to the front rank in anything that he attempts (Utah Since Statehood, 1919, p. 1060).

In today's journalistic society, this biography likely would be called a "puff piece" by a writer not concerned with fact, but one rather simply assigned to a subject. Still, aside from the "flowery" words, it contains more
facts than does Bill House's history.

Some facts and dates are omitted from it, printed while Adney served in the state Legislature, and it would be 40 years before Adolph M. Reeder recorded his history in even-more glowing terms in "Hidden Tales of Bear River Valley," a document stored in the Special Collections and Archives section of the Merrill Library at Utah State University.

Between the 1919 biography and Reeder's report, many other events occurred involving places and people, who met and interacted with Adney and who perhaps took him for granted.

"He was really a generous man and helped a lot of people, even though he was a Scot," Donald Cutler said in 1985. "I mean, he helped a lot of people out, never got anything from it, and he finally just went down the tubes, too.

"You know, it seems all those old fellows were like that, whether they were poor managers or what. They just went down the tubes, couldn't seem to hang on."

Among the early schemes to blossom Corinne into a major city, and an unknowing backfire Adney later would help defuse, was canaling irrigation water to the parched lands from the Malad River, so named by the Indians or French explorers because of the bitter taste and later chided by Brigham Young for its properties of sickening livestock and humans.
As Madsen chronicles in his 1980 *Corinne: The Gentile capital of Utah*, leaders of the town first planned to build a canal from the Bear River but financing failed. A second attempt to bring water from the closer Malad River proved more successful.

Recognizing their financial inability to construct the large project from Bear River...six leading citizens of the town decided to incorporate to bring water a shorter distance from the smaller Malad River. On December 17, 1872, John W. Graham, Alex Toponce, George Butterbaugh, and Sam House, as the principal investors, formed the Corinne and Malad Irrigating and Manufacturing Canal Company with a capital stock of $4,000 or 80 shares at $50 each. Plans called for a dam to be built one mile below the point at which the canal for Bear River City already took water from the river, and the new firm laid claim to all the water in the stream not taken by the Bear River City project. Work commenced in the fall of 1872, and by May of the following year the dam and most of the eleven and a half miles of canal were completed.

...The earthen dam was 200 feet wide, 90 feet thick at the base and 20 feet at its top, and 31 feet high. The wooden waste gate was 18 feet wide. The builders estimated that the reservoir would fill in thirty hours and back up the river a distance of two miles...The main canal was 15 feet wide at the top, 12 feet wide at the bottom, and 6 feet deep.... (Madsen, 1980, p. 268)

The first water from the canal reached Corinne July 7, 1893, but Madsen notes Bear River City residents and editors of some area papers called the project folly as the very name of the alkaline stream "signifies sickness." The residents of Corinne scorned the warning and blamed such "sour grapes" on the completion of this vast irrigation system on the "Profit," who had told his people crops could not be grown with water from the river.
Young and his appointed leaders, as it was, had the benefit of some 20 years of trying to tame this hostile territory.

In this instance, Brigham Young (and others) were right, because after a few years the water brought mineral salts and alkali to the surface of the ground and destroyed nearly all the vegetation. Only later, when a proper drainage system was constructed and water from Bear River introduced to the land, did the people of the area have success in profitable farming. But for a few years the people of Corinne did enjoy bounteous crops, beautiful shade trees, and fruitful gardens from the sickly waters of the Malad (Madsen, 1980, pp. 259-270).

Total blame, however, should not be given to the Malad River, alkaline laden as it was. The concrete-like ground below the topsoil actually is the bed of ancient Lake Bonneville, a massive body of fresh water once covering most of Utah and parts of eastern Nevada and southern Idaho. As Bonneville evaporated and dwindled over thousands of years into what is now Great Salt Lake, its minerals and salts, increasingly concentrated, dried into the earth left exposed by the receding waters.

Then as the waters of the Malad soaked into the ground, so did the dissolved salts and alkali rise to the surface. This, of course took many years. As the vegetation withered, livestock sickened and died and humans became ill at times, many farmers and residents pulled up stakes.

Adney, living in Corinne then, didn't.

And while he looked for a solution, he also was forced to move his prized Hereford cattle to better graze, includ-
ing leased range in Jackson Hole, Wyo.

"I know one time he lost a big bunch of cattle there on the ranch in Jackson," Donald said. "Whether they were caught in a blizzard or something like that, I don't know, but all he came out with was a camp wagon.

"And I remember him telling Dad how this man wanted to borrow it and Adney said he could, but asked him to take real good care of it because 'that camp wagon cost me $10,000.'"

Many such flesh-and-blood anecdotes are lost forever now, but Reeder did a fairly creditable job in capturing Adney's essence.

The Corinne Canal...was taken from the Malad River several miles upstream from the same damsite where irrigation was first taken to Bear River City in 1866. That project was given up as the water became salty from Udy Hot Springs. Up in the Malad Valley the settlers had taken the fresh water part of the stream in about 1870, leaving only the Udy Springs to supple Bear River City. The Corinne Canal was brought to Corinne to furnish waterpower to run the Grist Mill. Mr. John R. Bothwell came to Utah as a promoting engineer and became very enthusiastic about the Bear River Canal. When his construction program ran into serious trouble he left the valley without realizing much profit (Reeder, 1958, p. 2).

Reeder, drawing his material from Volume 4 of Utah Since Statehood, notes Bothwell's attempts to build the Bear River Canal evolved into a three-way financial battle in federal court.

Bothwell, through Oliver G. Snow of Brigham City, had secured water contracts from area farmers seeking irrigation
rights, the project was bonded by Jarvis and Conklin of Kansas City and a contract to construct the canal was let to William Garland, one price quoted for dirt and an increased cost cited for removing rock.

As the construction proceeded, a dispute over the classification of material led to a Court Trial and Mr. Garland won the law-suit. His victory gave him a lien on the upper end of the Canal as far as Point Look-Out. Judge Marshall of the Federal Court acted as Judge, and a great many complaints were entered by Farmers about the water purchases and no water. Samuel M. Jarvis and Roland R. Conklin had accepted Bonds on the canal from Mr. Bothwell. The Utah Sugar Company, wanting the farmers' beets, had purchased, through Attorney David Evans, the Garland claim, and the verdict of the Court, with a lien against the upper end of the canal. It now became a three-way damage suit. Bond Merchants wanted their returns, Farmers expected irrigation water so they could meet their notes, a lien which gave possession to Mr. Garland's successor, the Utah Sugar Company. Jarvis and Conklin sent Mr. Clarence G. Adney from Kansas City as their Agent (Reeder, 1958, p. 2).

Establishing the economic need for Adney's presence in Utah, Reeder then proceeds to background the man and add more details about the circumstances leading to the struggle over the irrigation water.

Clarence G. Adney, son of Henry H. Adney and Elizabeth Blazer Adney, was born at Maitland, Holt County, Missouri, 7 October 1870. The family moved to Central Kansas in 1882 where Clarence grew up on a livestock ranch, where he learned to love animals and the great open spaces. He loved to ride a fast horse and chase wild rabbits and the swift coyote. Hunting, fishing, and horse-racing were his chief attractions. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." He is still a great sportsman.

He attended the University of Kansas where he studied business and Civil Engineering. He became Superintendent of a street Railway in Kansas City
for Jarvis and Conklin and through this acquaintance he became their agent in Utah in 1900. In Ogden he sold the street Railway to Ogden interests, also the Ogden Water Works, to David Eccles, and had moved to Corinne as Jarvis and Conklin had acquired 35,000 acres of land as well as interest in the Canal.

In the course of construction, two things had occurred. Cleveland's Financial Panic -- the Bond Holders were broke -- Construction work was arrested on the canal because of Court action. Two of the appointed receivers were rejected because of personal interests, and Judge Marshall appointed Attorney William Bradley as Receiver. Mr. Bradley was facing a serious problem. The upper end of the canal was no longer an issue in court. The Bond Holders were suing (sic) for their money. The Farmers were suing for their notes because of no water (Reeder, 1958, pp. 2-3).

Bradley, appointing Adney as his agent, Reeder says, wanted to assess the man's thoughts on the issue since he knew more of the personalities of the people involved.

Adney recommended compromise. This course, he suggested, might settle the matter out of court. The farmers could secure eight- to 10-year mortgage loans to pay off their notes, with the sugar company receiving $5 an acre per farm to issue new water rights to the farmers. The remainder of the money could be paid to the bond holders, Adney said.

...This arrangement settled in a satisfactory manner the issue with the Farmers and delivered a good sum of money to the Bond Holders.

Thus, a great issue was peaceably settled and 55,000 acres of the Bear River Valley was put into good use, and many more sagebrush fires finished land clearing, and thousands of Farm Families were made happy and the sugar beet crops furnished a cash return to pay off the loans. Modern development was on its way, and few people now remember the great issues which were at stake. Mr. Adney reluctantly speaks of this soul-searching experience. His wise counsel and advice is hard to truly estimate.
Little wonder one of his friends has said, "That man is made of gold" (Reeder, 1958, p. 3).

Following this settlement, Reeder notes, Adney turned his attention to selling the 35,000 acres held by Jarvis and Conklin. He managed this in three years and Jarvis, traveling to Utah to note but a slim profit, nonetheless offered Adney a new assignment promising "very good returns."

Adney declined, telling Jarvis, "...your offer sounds flattering, but I have lived in the Bear River Valley long enough to like the climate and I like the people who live here, so I prefer to remain here the rest of my life."

He didn't, of course, but he remained in the Corinne environs through the frustrating years when the vegetation died and a solution finally was found.

He remained here when the Alkali made the land sad and unproductive, and his fine Hereford Cattle must be fed elsewhere. Most men would be looking for an excuse to move to greener pastures. To Mr. Adney this was only the beginning. His vision looked afar.

Tile draining land was then in its infancy in Utah. The Reclamation Department had tiled small acreage near the Jordan River with pronounced and apparent results, but people were slow to see the worth of a new venture...Mr. Adney and five other men purchased a $5,000.00 machine and tiled their farms as an experiment. Further development was prohibited by the panic of 1907. Farm people were hard pressed. In 1915 the Corinne drainage district was organized by a narrow margin, with one winning vote according to legal provision. It was to operate with three supervisors appointed by the County Commissioners (Reeder, 1958, p.3).

John J. Craner, Ephraim W. Dunn and Adney were appointed supervisors of the drainage district and a preliminary survey was ordered. Reeder says a cement tile factory was
soon in operation in Corinne and under statutory provisions the district levied assessments on the drained land.

...Contracts were let, but the $175,000 bond issue on the 7,000 acres of alkali land were not attractive on the market. The bonds did not sell, but in three years the tileing (sic) was completed and the assessment returns came to the County in taxes, and bonds held by Day and Bristol were met in 10 years when due. The Bonds were refunded three times, but were finally all redeemed.

No man has been more optimistic than Mr. Adney or rendered so great service in promoting good results in keeping tile lines in operation, and the sad alkali condition has vanished and the land is now productive. The results are encouraging. Mr. Adney has lived to see and rejoice in great achievements, and great credit is due him for his devoted efforts to bless the Bear River Valley and its people although he has received little personal benefit. He has been a great public benefactor, having lived sixty years at Corinne (Reeder, 1958, pp. 3-4).

Reeder says on one occasion he suggested to Adney "that we men of the Drainage District ought to gather a good purse and pay for some of the good legal advice he has furnished the District.

"He replied, 'No, that would spoil everything.' He made me feel that he considered his help a sacred trust, but he did permit us to arrange and conduct a very choice occasion in their honor."

Reeder adds arrangements were made for a banquet to be held at Box Elder High School. More than 200 friends and associates gathered to fete Adney and his second wife, Jenny.

An easy chair constructed from hard wood grown at Willard in Box Elder County and constructed by a local mechanic, also a reading lamp,
were presented. This pleased Mr. Adney very much. Mrs. Adney was also presented with a remembrance ...
...We all felt we should not do less to show, in a small way, our love and appreciation for their help in a great achievement which none of us can fully appreciate. Our home libraries should prominently display this message of love and appreciation for such untiring service and we earnestly pray for their joy and comfort (Reeder, 1958, p. 4).

The banquet was held shortly after March 6, 1958 when Adney, at the end of the annual meeting of the Corinne Drainage District, tendered his resignation as secretary and treasurer. He cited impaired vision and hearing because of his advanced age as reasons. He was 87 years old.

As part of the tribute at the banquet, an oft-repeated history of the drainage district was given. After the calamity of the Malad River was realized and water from the Bear River was brought to the land, the problem of alkali and mineral salts oozing to the surface remained.

The Bear River Canal was completed in 1892...When the canal began to carry irrigation streams of water to the vast farms of the Bear River Valley it seemed a hive of industry. Many of the farms had been poorly leveled and soon much of the land became water-logged and became so tight the air could not penetrate the soil. Many of the settlers having come from the east became discouraged and moved away.

Section 3, Tp. 9 North, Range 3 West had big sage-brush growing upon it. This was an indication of good soil. (This area is now known as West Corinne.) This land was cleared of brush and prepared for irrigation. It was laid out as Fruitdale (and Appledale) Townsite(s) in ten acre blocks. The whole section was planted to fruit orchards of pears, apple and plums...The trees were planted in 1895-96. Dan Reeder said he plowed the long straight furrows in which the trees were planted. The crops of grain and hay planted between the tree-rows did very well
the first years, but in about 4 or 5 years the crops began to sicken and die. As the salt or alkali began to appear on the surface the land appeared very uninviting, and with excessive irrigation it soon became a mosquito infested plain. Many horses sickened and died with swamp fever in the lower pastures (Reeder, 1958, pp. 4-5).

The experiment of the U.S. Reclamation Service in Jordon indicated tile drains would draw underground water 200 feet on either side of the line. From this, Reeder says, Adney, Craner, Jeremiah Stearns, David House and S. (probably Sylvester) Owens cooperatively purchased a tiling machine for $5,000 and set about to get some of their land drained. They purchased clay tile from four- to eight-inches in size.

When the panic of 1907 came on it made their job prohibitive. Mr. Adney didn't get any of his land tiled yet. During the time of waiting, both clay-tile and cement-tile experimenting was going on and the cement-tile seemed most durable and desirable. Favoring the use of cement, Mr. Chapin Day and Ralph Bristol of the Portland Cement Company became interested in the Corinne project and in 1915 the Corinne Drainage District was organized. Their bid was $10,000.00 lower than clay-tile.

Mr. Adney fathered the bill in the legislature and a new law had been passed permitting such districts with legal provisions to become effective by vote. Only one winning vote show a narrow margin. A lot of agitation and opposition had to be overcome...

Mr. Gideon O. Neal, the contractor, gave up his contract because of World War I and higher prices. Day and Bristol had one-third of the tile ready. Problem 1: No contractor. Problem 2: No bond sales. It was hard for Day & Bristol to withdraw so they let a subcontract to Walter Thomas and purchased three machines and the work went forward....

In many trenches the big tiles have been hard to keep open as there is quick-sand down under.
In some places the big tiles are now lying in wooden troughs because of sand. While it will require perpetual upkeep, our land would be entirely worthless without the tile lines.

Mr. Adney's wisdom has done so much to conquer the lake bed of old Lake Bonneville and help keep the land fit to live on and to develop blessed and happy homes (Reeder, 1958, p. 5).

At the time of the banquet following Adney's resignation, letters from well-wishers, friends and associates came to the forefront.

Among them were those from David O. McKay, president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, citing the respect in which Adney is held by the people who have been the beneficiaries of his generous community service; Newell B. Cook, in 1958 a former Fish and Game Commissioner, praising Adney as a man who has given unselfishly to the development of resources, such as the Bear River Refuge, Locomotive Springs, Ogden Bay, Farmington Bay and Clear Lake in Millard County; Elmer G. Petersen, for 30 years president of the Agricultural College of Utah in Logan and a confidential friend long after Adney served as a member of the school's board for 22 years, thanking him for his high sense of public duty, sound intellectual judgment and his character, sheer honesty and courage to engage in any struggle when American ideals were at stake; E. J. Fjeldsted, manager of the Weber Basin Water Conservancy District, lauding his very sound approach to and practical solutions of problems and his unselfish application for the betterment of mankind generally, and J. G. Head, former secretary of
the Intermountain Hereford Breeders Association, remembering not only public service, but that personal touch of humanity when "you came to my rescue after I had lost my herd bull, and loaned one of your best bulls to me and wouldn't take a cent for it" (Reeder, 1958).

Adney, however, for all of his generosity and overtly gentle nature, also had a "real mean temper," Donald Cutler said in 1985.

"He didn't let anybody step on his toes at all, and there were times when he was mighty quick to act."

Donald recalls a story told by his father, Henry Cutler, when he, Adney, Bob Gillette and a couple of other Corinne men went duck hunting on Ferry's Pond. This was a large body of shallow water south of town where Wood Creek empties.

"They went down one afternoon to hunt and there were some guys from Ogden in there poaching. Mr. Adney, now, he was a big man and took the initiative, telling the poachers to get off.

"One guy said he wasn't going to get off and Mr. Adney, now this is what my dad told me, he told him, 'You are going off.'

"'I'm not going off,' the man said, raising up his shotgun, and Dad said Mr. Adney snaked out a hand, grabbed the barrel, jerked it to the side, and at the same time, he hit that guy so damn hard he nearly broke the man's jaw."
"Then Mr. Adney, he took that brand-new shotgun, a Browning it was, and he threw it into Wood Creek. (The Ogden men) got the sheriff to make Mr. Adney pay up for the shotgun, but he laughed and so did the sheriff.

"You know, they never did find that shotgun, brand-new and all, but that was the kinda man Mr. Adney was. You didn't step on his toes or you sure got what was coming to you...in a damn-quick hurry," Donald said, exploding into a chuckle and slapping a hand to his thigh.

"Oh my, on my," Marion echoed at the same interview. "And he had a stiff finger. He couldn't bend this finger (wiggling her right-hand index digit)."

"It was cut off in some sort of accident and they sewed it back on," Donald said.

"Was that what it was?" Marion asked. "Anyway, that finger was always burned.

"Mrs. Adney said he'd get up in the morning and build a fire in the stove. Then he'd get a rag out of the warming oven to wipe off the stove, and his finger, stiff-like, was always sticking out, and he'd burn it every morning.

"He never did change and hold the rag in his other hand," she said.

"In a lot of ways, he was as tight as skin on a weenie, and in other ways he was generous to a fault," Donald said. "He really helped a lot of folks in this country and most didn't pay him back."
"They were mostly people who would come in here and were down-and-out trying to get a fresh start and he'd help them. I don't know whether he ever gave them much money or not, but he always had a lot of horses, work horses and stuff.

"His entire back pasture was covered in horses and those he helped would come in and take what they wanted. If one of them died or something, he never got anything for it.

"I don't know whether he made anything on his race horses or not, but he sure had some beautiful animals, and he was a real horseman."

"His cattle and the horses were the big things, I guess, but he used to put up ice on the river, too," Marion said. "We don't do that anymore, but back then, when the water was clear, the river ice would get two-feet thick.

"He had an ice house down there and every winter he'd have blocks cut to be packed in sawdust or straw or whatever they used. When people needed it for their iceboxes, they'd go down there and get a block."

"It was Mr. Adney, Dad, Uncle Sam and Uncle Fred who went into it (the ice cutting) together," Donald said. "He furnished the building and the other three put the ice inside and covered it with sawdust. It was for the town, though, because they didn't sell it commercially. It was neighborly."

"We used to buy ice from them," Marion said. "We had
an icebox and used to go to Adney's to get ice to put in it."

"Anyway, they used to have that ice house full every winter," Donald said.

"We used to skate down there, ride sleds, ski and everything," Marion said. "Not now, of course, because the ice isn't as good as it was then and we're afraid the kids would drown.

"You know, Bill House had an old barn north of his house and right below it is a hill that goes down and levels off at the river," she continued. "That's where the water tank was, you know, the one used for the first in-house water supply in Utah.

"Anyway, in the wintertime the snow would get so deep it would come right up to the roof of the barn. Well, when we were kids, the boys would make skis out of barrel staves, or whatever wood they could find, get up on the barn and ski down that hill right out onto the river's ice.

"They'd get about so far and then they'd have to jump," she said. "If they were really brave, they'd jump when they got a certain distance down the hill to see how far they could go.

"I remember one time watching Henry go down on his skis. He jumped and went flat on his rear end. He hit so hard the print of his overalls was stamped blue in the snow; I mean, it knocked the color right out of his pants."
CHAPTER V

THE SCHOOLMARM

Eight Grades, One Room

One-room schoolhouses were much of a fixture in the sparsely populated western lands well into the early part of the 1900s. A small community in the middle of nowhere might have but a dozen or so school-aged children and of these, perhaps only two or three would be in the same grade.

Since it was financially restrictive to group the youngsters by ages and hire an instructor for each grade, a lone teacher had the challenge of handling all levels at the same time in but a single room.

Vesta Ferry was such a one-room schoolmarm, teaching many years in the scattered towns of Nevada while finishing her own college education during the summers.

This may have seemed to be a lonely life to some, but for her, it was a good one. She says she enjoyed it.

What she doesn't enjoy is having her picture taken, and refuses any attempt to capture her likeness on film. Oh, she is included in a few Ferry photos, but usually only after either being coaxed or conned into them, such as the time her nephew persuaded her to hold the family dog so it could be included, too.
Lessons for a Lifetime

"This is for you, ma'am," said the stout stranger with thinning hair and a multiple middle cascading over his belt buckle.

He held the screen door open with his left hand and pushed forward a pot of flaming-red Christmas poinsettias with his right.

"Thank you," said a cautiously reserved and somewhat puzzled Vesta Ferry as she posted the whip-thin bulk of her body in the front doorway of her Tremonton home.

"Yes, ma'am," the man said, "you made me learn my times tables and knowing how to keep track of numbers has made me a success."

"I'm very glad," Vesta said, taking the potted plant thrust into her hands.

"So am I, ma'am, and you have a mighty nice Christmas now," the man said, stepping off the small cement porch and walking away without another word.

To this day, Vesta says she knows not his name nor even remembers the man, back then a boy of much less proportions, from her earlier years as a schoolmarm in small communities in Nevada.

But she accepted, and appreciated, the gesture as a touching token of her years devoted to teaching the three Rs to the young.

"Frankly, I just couldn't remember especially about
him," the 86-year-old woman said in an Oct. 15, 1985 interview. "My memory isn't what it used to be and I still can't see him as one of the students I taught.

"He didn't live around here like some of the others do, where I could watch them grow up," she added. "I just can't place him, but I surely did work with a lot of kids on their times tables."

Vesta mostly instructed in one-room schoolhouses, shuffling studies for several ages and grades at the same time. Teachers back then, she said, learned a few tricks of their own, or adopted those of others in the same situation.

"I remember one thing I did and that was to put math problems on the blackboard," she said. "I read about this in one of my teacher magazines."

Friday afternoons after school was dismissed for the weekend, Vesta would clear the blackboard and draw three new circles, one inside the next, for the coming week. In the smallest, she put the multiplier, whether a 9, 12 or 6. In the middle circle, she chalked in 1 through 12, and inside the outer ring she scrambled the answers.

During the coming week and working one-on-one with the students, Vesta would give each particular pupil a ruler, and taking one herself, would point to a number, then to a multiplier and the student would tap the answer.

"Except for the tapping sounds, the lessons could be conducted so as not to disturb other students working on
assigned study subjects," she said. "This way, I could teach times tables and keep an eye on other pupils in the classroom."

Students accomplished in math also could serve as tutors. Vesta said she could watch about three at a time, while helping other pupils with problems.

"I remember right after I started doing this, the janitor told me the next Monday morning someone had walked into the classroom and asked what in the world were the circles for," Vesta said, chuckling, "but that was one of the ways I taught and it worked well."

Vesta Ferry was born in August of 1899 in Benton Township, Ill., an area near the shoreline of Lake Michigan between Zion City and Waukegan.

She is the oldest of three children born to John Yeoman and Charlotte Jean Ferry. J. Y. "Cap" Ferry Jr., now living in Brigham City, is the second and Charlotte, a retired nurse residing in the Bay Area, is the third and youngest.

Vesta and Charlotte never married, but "Cap" did and his son, Miles, also called "Cap," was serving as Commissioner of Agriculture for the state of Utah at the time of this writing.

The Ferrys came west to Utah when Vesta was 1 year and 3 months old, arriving in time for Thanksgiving dinner with relatives already there.

"My grandfather, King Hiram Ferry, owned land in
Illinois, but sold it to a religious sect of self-healers who founded Zion City," Vesta said. "A gent in Zion City interested my father in land in Utah. He bought it and moved the family west."

Ferry bought Section 9 in Corinne, a sizeable chunk of land, and also obtained some property near Tremonton but later sold this. The family, while looking for a residence, rented a home in Corinne, in the '50s to be known as the Hansen house, from town banker J. W. Guthrie at the east end of Montana Street near the bridge over the Bear River. There was a large shed on the ground, Vesta remembered, where Guthrie had stored chicken eggs in the heyday years for the wagon train trips to the mines in Montana.

Vesta's grandparents on her mother's side, Thomas and Mary Cropley, also owned a farm in Illinois near Waukegan. When the Ferrys moved west, the elder Cropleys soon sold their farm and followed, not only to be closer to their daughter, but also to a son who farmed land at Tremonton.

"My grandfather (Cropley) was short," Vesta said. "From the waist up, you see, he was normal sized, but his legs were short. He was about a head shorter than grandmother when they were standing, but appeared about the same height when both were seated at a table.

"And I remember he loved to ice skate and one time, on a dare, he really put on a show out there on the slough," she said.
The slough is a large pond of mostly waste water at the south edge of town, somewhat circular, but irregular in shape, much like an old-fashioned doughnut, with a raggedly-round island in the middle.

Water laced with alkali and ladened with raw sewage from the town drained into the slough, but no one seemed to mind much, since the pond, somehow never more than four or five feet deep unless one stepped into a hole, provided a dandy swimming spot in the summer for the "Tom-foolish and ig-nurnt."

The pond also harbored a seemingly inexhaustible horde of catfish cagey about worms, but gullible for the "goodies" coming out of the spillway into the slough.

There were more times than not, you see, when a young boy straddling the spillway sidings and whipping a bare-hook line like one of those fly fishermen, could snag more catfish in 15 minutes than plump worms and patience could haul up the bank in an hour.

A willow stick then, cut about 15 inches long and trimmed of all small limbs except the one nearest the end, could be used to string the fish through the gills for the walk back home.

Once there, the neighborhood cats, rallying like a bell sounded, came a-runnin', yowling and flicking a paw here and there, waiting impatiently for the harvest to be scattered on the backyard grass. This capped the outing, watching 27
neighborhood cats scrap over seven or eight six-inch fish.

It was the baby-sitting substitute, the go-outside-and-play more than anything, as catfish taken from the slough were not served on the dinner table. Cleaning and fileting a catfish was tricky, to say the least, and the slough-water catch was fine fare for felines, but not "humanfolk."

Also in the summer, usually Sunday afternoon after church was out, the boaters and the later water-skiers found the doughnut pond ideal for slicing through the water in endless circles.

Falling or getting totally wet was the price paid. The skier started seated on the dock, the tow rope uncoiling from the wooden deck as the boat revved away and a timed release brought the skier back to no more than knee-deep water.

Everybody knew about the water, and sort of made use of it anyway. It was tawny brown, as thick and chewy as maple syrup sliding off a stack of flapjacks, and the mud on the bottom of the slough oozed through the toes with a greasy quickness that somehow squeaked.

Vesta never 'fessed up to swimming in the slough, but she did skate there in the winter. The pond iced over an average of three to four inches thick.

The distance from the dock, around the island and back was "but a good stretch of the limbs," meaning the legs, of course, since any reference to such human appendages simply
was not made at the time in mixed company.

And more than one worn-out rubber car tire served as the base of a bonfire there on the island after a mismatch hockey game of banging a tuna tin around.

Some of the teenaged boys often ignited the old tires out on the ice as the evening air turned from frosty-breath crisp to frostbite chilly. As the weather warmed and the ice thinned in early spring, these half-burned and half-submerged tires were given an increasingly wide berth because of the danger. When that high and thin crackle rippled from bank to island and back, the ice skating was over for the season.

A time or two in the beginning, old tires also were used to quickly signal a rallying warmth to serve up hot chocolate for an after-school outing on the ice. You ever sipped on hot chocolate with the heavy taste and smell of burned rubber or walked into the house with the odor reeking from your clothes?

"Oh, that was awful, wasn't it?" Vesta laughed. "But it was a fast way to get a warming fire going. Using tires like that was something the boys mostly did, but we had some good times out there on the ice."

As a youngster and a Methodist in Mormon land, Vesta attended a boarding school in Price, Utah, for three years following her elementary years. Her brother, Cap, decided to be an auto mechanic after two years of high school in
Idaho, where he stayed with relatives of his maternal grandparents.

Cap's quest to be an auto mechanic, and perhaps other reasons, pointed to California. The Ferrys sold out, packed up and moved. There Vesta finished high school, saying her 1919 graduating class was larger than the entire enrollment in Price.

She then took college courses in Nevada and Utah, including some classes at the agricultural school in Logan. Vesta was graduated with her teaching degree from the University of Utah in 1933. Her four-year college education spanned 13 years.

"I earned tuition fees by teaching school in Nevada and then took college courses in the summer," Vesta said. "When I counted up my credits, I saw I could finish in one more year, but that was in 1929 when the stock market crashed and my money was wiped out when the banks closed."

She returned to one-room schoolhouses in Nevada, put away what money she could and in her senior year in college had to take one freshman class to fill her course requirements.

Vesta said she decided to become a teacher because she always liked to work with children.

"When I was growing up, I could take care of almost any kid in the family," she said. "One time now, we had one who was 2 years old and had been really sick. This was when my
grandparents (the Cropleys) were celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary (in October of 1912).

"He didn't want to go with anyone but Mama. His mother, a cousin of mine, was trying to help with the celebration. Well, I could take him. I kept him all day and he was OK."

Vesta was 13 at this time and her Grandfather Cropley would die of age and natural causes that coming December in Corinne.

"But I always liked the kids," she said, "and when the family gathered, and there were problems, they'd call me.

"Since I've been retired and living here (Tremonton), there's been this little girl across the alley. She'd come over to see me and I would read her stories.

"She's in junior high now, but she still visits, stopping by every once in a while to say, 'I just came in to see how your were.'"

Vesta retired from school teaching in 1966. She had been a schoolmarm in Nevada to raise tuition and after her graduation, she returned to the classroom.

In nine years of teaching in Nevada, she boarded in the towns with a "respectable" family. In the mining community of Midas, she instructed 24 children in the first through fourth grades. This was the highest number of students she ever had in her one-room schools.

Usually, she said, there were four, five, six or seven
pupils. At that time, a community could open a school with an enrollment of five students and keep it operating with a minimum of three.

One year, she boarded with a Scot family by the name of Bett. Vesta said she couldn't remember Bett's first name, but besides farming he also delivered the mail.

One weekend, on a Sunday, she said, Bett had chores to do and car trouble, so he deputized her to pick up the mail in his truck and deliver letters to the news-starved residents of the area.

"So I guess for one day, I was a federal employee," Vesta said.

While teaching school in the "outlying" areas of Nevada, Vesta found riding the train to be the best means of transportation from town to town, or even back to Corinne on visits, since the railroad linked her to the terminal in Ogden.

Also, the conductors were "always good to school teachers," she said, recalling one time after a severe snowstorm when one of them stopped the train right at the gate across the lane leading up to the farmhouse where she boarded.

That same winter, the snow became so deep it covered the fences and from the farmhouse, uphill from the school, she could don a pair of skis and "get down there faster than you could thread a needle."
Vesta returned to Utah in 1933 when her father died and her aging mother "needed someone to comfort and care for her." This comfort and care would encompass more than 25 years of Vesta's life.

She taught in Corinne after she moved back, saying she received less money than in Nevada, where she could always "flag down a train." Utah areas, such as Snowville and Grouse Creek, did not have this transportation option.

Vesta said she doesn't remember what her Nevada wages were, but she thinks she earned around $60 a month in Utah. Even with her nine years of teaching experience in Nevada, Utah school authorities did not take this into account, she said.

"But I had a deal on this, because at first I just couldn't make up my mind," Vesta said. "I came in when my father died to stay with my mother and I just had visions of being out there someplace, like Blue Creek or Snowville.

"Still, I applied to see what I could do. Mont Harmon was the supervisor at the time, because the superintendent was in school taking some summer work in Berkeley.

"I put off signing the contract because, you know, they didn't assign you any particular place. You didn't know where you were going.

"So I had to do something about it when the time came and it was probably the deadline," Vesta said. "I went into the office and told him (Harmon) why I hadn't signed (the
contract) before. I said I was here to stay with my mother and didn't know where I would be assigned.

"And I said if so, I'd just as well stay in Nevada because I could flag the train and come into Ogden. He said to take it (the contract) home and think on it.

"Well, I kind of thought the way he mentioned it, an' all, that I wouldn't be put out that way (Blue Creek or Snowville), So I signed it...and was assigned to Corinne."

While these figures are in no way verified, Vesta thinks she was earning around $1,325 over nine months in Nevada and $600 in Utah for 10-month's work. The following year, however, she received a "healthy" raise to about $135 a month "or something like that. I can't remember, so you probably shouldn't put that down."

Vesta taught school in Corinne for five years and then transferred to Tremonton where she conducted class until she retired.

"I didn't move to Tremonton," she said. "I drove for twenty years before mother decided she'd leave (Corinne)."

"I brought her with me when I was looking for an apartment to rent and she didn't want to move. She said I'd always have things in the other house (in Corinne) when I wanted them, so she didn't move and I drove for twenty years."

Time, as it does, took its toll. Many of Charlotte Jean's friends either died or moved away, such as Albert
shaw, who owned the lumber yard on the highway, and C. G.
and Jenny Adney, who after nearly 60 years in Corinne opted
for the milder climes of California.

"So there weren't many of her friends left and one
Sunday when we drove up to Tremonton to attend the Methodist
Church there -- the one in Corinne had been closed because
the congregation wasn't big enough -- I decided, for some
reason, to drive back a different way."

Instead of going down the Tremonton street where the
single traffic light remains even today, Vesta decided to
drive a block over and steer down First West.

"There was a sign out in front of this house saying it
was for sale and right out of a clear-blue sky my mother
said, 'Now if I lived there, I could walk down town and I
could walk over to the library and I could walk to church.'"

The very next day, Vesta said, she checked out the
house and the lot, bought it and moved her mother to
Tremonton. The home in Corinne for the many years prior to
this move had been the old parsonage of the Methodist church
there, purchased by the Ferrys and moved to their own land
after the dwindling congregation caused the closure of the
religious facility.

As to why she and her sister never married, Vesta said,
"Oh, I wouldn't have any idea. I never found anybody I
wanted to live with, I guess, and I think maybe Charlotte
was the same."
"I'll tell you, though, I boarded in quite a few homes and when you live around like that you get to see a lot of things you wouldn't know if you just jumped into something such as marriage. I don't know if that had anything to do with it, but I never came up with anybody I especially wanted to be with."

Did Vesta, as a school teacher boarding out, and Charlotte, as a nurse tending to the injured and ill, see too much of the sadder side of life?

"Well, yes, and I don't know, we just...I guess so, and we went around and saw how things were and we just couldn't see ourselves living like that or doing it....

"I don't know. I've never been too concerned about it. I know some of the girls (her women friends) around here, oh, they think it's terrible I never got married, but it doesn't bother me in the least."

If she could do it all over again, would she?

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I think it would depend upon what the times were."

After all, Vesta said, she has lived through many good and bad times.

She has seen the horse and wagon replaced by the automobile and the coal oil lantern give way to the electric light.

She has seen plumbing come indoors and the airplane first take mail and then people from coast to coast.
She has lived through the suicide crash of the stock market, the Depression, World Wars I and II, Korea and Vietnam.

She knew the dread of Sputnik and the American pride of men landing on the moon.

On the marvel of television, she saw the riots at Watts, Berkeley, and Kent State, the peace marches for the rights of all peoples and the movement of women to gain executive positions in the marketplace dominated by men.

"I wouldn't want some of them over, of course," Vesta said, "but you know, when I went to Nevada to teach, I'm sure a lot of the girls I know would have gone crazy out there.

"But see, I don't mind being alone. I had some very nice places to board and, of course, I didn't have very many students as a rule."

In the one-room schools, the instructor had to teach everything, including the three Rs, etiquette, and basic right and wrong. Often with studies to juggle for maybe one or two students in several different grades, it wasn't all that easy.

"Sometimes, I would maybe have one first grade, a third, a fifth and a seventh, but you didn't have many students. Still, you had all those courses to figure out all the time.

"And living out that way, you just didn't always have a
social life, I guess you could say. It was a trip, a major trip, when you went into a little town like Wells, for example, or Elko. You were out, you see, for a while."

She speaks little of her Sundays in the little Nevada towns, but adds she does not recall any problems with the dominant Mormon culture.

When teaching school in Corinne, Vesta said the Mormons wouldn't bother her when they came "collecting" for various projects and she volunteered her time in the church's Mutual program by playing piano.

"I felt I could learn more about what I could do with and teach to the children if I knew more about what influenced them," Vesta said. "So I went to Mutual one year and played for them. I accompanied a lot of kids who played instruments or sang.

"I've always gotten along and I have plenty of Mormon friends," she added. "They know I'm not going to join their church or anything like that."

Work at the Methodist church in Tremonton, trips to the library, playing her upright piano, reading and quilting comforters for the grandchildren of her brother occupy some of her time these days.

She also spends one month each year visiting her sister in California, usually in January when it is "so cold" in Utah. Her sister now lives in Oakland in a health-care apartment complex complete with a clinic. While Charlotte
is the youngest, rheumatic fever in her younger years also left her with heart problems.

"Charlotte has done all types of nursing, and during the war years, she made important contributions in her own right, too," Vesta said.

She said Charlotte received standard nursing training at Stanford Lane in San Francisco and then, during World War II, went back to Kansas City, Mo., "Oh, I'm not sure where," for a course in industrial first aid and medical procedures, "or something like that."

In World War II, Charlotte toured plants in Southern California, where she lived at the time, to check on safety procedures in the use of chemical agents and see what might be done to improve them.

"One time, she visited a plant where parachutes were made," Vesta said. "The only employees hired there were those who had people in the armed forces, such as wives and daughters of servicemen, or brothers and sisters, because just one mistake or oversight might prevent a chute from operating properly."

On the tour of the plant, Charlotte smelled heavy fumes from a chemical, used to clean spots from the chute silks. The fumes were not only far in excess of requirements for the safety of workers, but in such a volume they could cause employees to become drowsy enough to make a mistake.

She talked to the manager of the facility and he told
her he knew the situation was bad.

"Then when the manager and Charlotte went to lunch, she saw a small syrup pitcher on the table," Vesta said. "You know, it was one of those little glass pitchers with the handle on the lid and you opened the pour spout with your thumb and it closed on a spring when you released it. Anyway, it gave her an idea."

Workers at the plant each had open dishes containing the chemical close at hand to dabble the agent where needed, but Charlotte thought if closed containers were used, such as the syrup pitchers, perhaps evaporation of the liquid into fumes might be vastly reduced.

"The manager's face lighted up and he practically dragged Charlotte on a run to the nearest 10-cent store where he bought all of the syrup pitchers in the place," Vesta said. "A check later showed conditions were well within the safety range."

Traveling throughout the southern part of California, Charlotte headquartered in Los Angeles and lived in a small apartment above a store, Vesta said.

The store, she said, was a distribution location for food stuffs during the war and nearly everything there was rationed. While gasoline was doled out in other locations, the store allocated meat, fish, canned goods, and sugar on a need basis.

Driving many miles and working long hours each weekday,
Charlotte had little time to shop, and when she did she found most of the available food was gone.

"She couldn't get much to eat," Vesta said.

On supply days, the women of the neighborhood went to the store early, brought along knitting to do and books to read, and waited for hours on end, if necessary.

After all, these women had households to keep and children to feed. The gossip ebbed and flowed and the greetings were polite, but the sit-down line to get commodities, if informal, was very rigid.

One night, Charlotte returned from a long meeting at around 10 o'clock without anything in her stomach except a vanished on-the-run lunch and was stopped by the store owner.

"You know, this isn't right," the owner of the store told Charlotte. "These other ladies sitting here all day get good food and you don't. You work hard and don't get it."

The store owner told Charlotte that if she didn't say anything, the next allocation day he would save out a pork chop or something, but again cautioned her not to mention it.

"So she would shop at the store, ask for what was on the shelves, pay for it, and once upstairs she would open the bag often to find a chop, some bacon or a small square of tough round steak," Vesta said. "Charlotte says that
she remembers even the gristle was tasty."

After the war, Charlotte returned to school in New York to attain an advanced degree in nursing. In the war, while working in Southern California, she was employed by the state. After the conflict, she located north into the Bay Area where she collected her paycheck from Contra Costa County as the nurse in charge of programs there.

"She also did field work in Pennsylvania and Ohio before returning to California, but I can't recall when or why," Vesta said.

"You know, I'm not very helpful, I'm afraid, because I just can't remember things."
CHAPTER VI

THE HOLDINGS OF HOUSE

Movers and Shakers

As A. G. Adney dominated the social, political and economic life in Corinne in the early 1900s, so did Hiram House in the years following the founding of the Burg on the Bear.

An enterprising man, Hiram amassed a sizeable fortune through a multitude of business ventures, passing this wealth to his son, William, upon his death. But William, a generous and often duped man, proved not to be the same able mover and shaker that his father was.

Under his management, the holdings of House dwindle until, faced with family in-fighting and threats of legal action against him, he gave his estate away to protect what was left.

In his defense, William's years at the House helm were stormy ones for Corinne. The Lucin Cutoff across the Great Salt Lake had destroyed the city's value as a railroad terminus, a cement-tile drainage system to reclaim the land from irrigation water ladened with alkali was fighting an uphill battle, and in general, the economic conditions were less than bright.
Figure 22. This picture of William F. House, at about the age of 45, became part of the Marion Danielson collection after the daughter of Margaret Hatch, sorting through some of her mother's old things, found it and wondered who it might be. It is one, if not the only, photograph of House yet surviving.
Vesta Ferry still calls him "Mr. House" and in recent years, as heir and administrator of his estate, either placed or replaced a stone marker on his grave.

William F. House is buried in the family plots of what originally was the Masonic cemetery. This section later was incorporated into the Corinne Cemetery District to form the middle portion of the graveyard inside its fenced western boundary.

"I don't get out to the cemetery very often," Vesta said in a Dec. 10, 1985 telephone interview. "There are big tombstones there to the House family, one for Hiram's people and another for Henry's, but I noticed there wasn't a marker for Mr. House. His grave either didn't have one or somehow it had been lost."

House was 31 when he assumed management of the vast family holdings in Corinne upon the death of his father, Hiram, of Bright's disease at the age of 66 in 1893.

A pattern of marginal successes and financial failures quickly developed as House, known as a generous man, was often hooked into "fly-by-night" schemes. In most of them, House put up the money and the partner put away the profits.

This, and perhaps family in-fighting over what was left of the dwindling fortune, was one of the main reasons he eventually willed the estate out of his name, Vesta said.
Brigham D. Madsen in Corinne: The Gentile Capitol of Utah lays the foundation for the House fortune.

Although the life of Corinne was bound up in the freight-transfer business, a few enterprising men tried to make the city an industrial center as well. One of them, Hiram House, outshone all others with his entrepreneurial skills. One day in October 1874 a reporter for the Corinne Daily Mail took a "short stroll by the Bear" and discovered the "Pittsburgh" of the town north of the tracks, a carpenter shop with equipment for boring artesian wells; a corn and feed mill on Bear River that was also capable of grinding twelve tons of salt a day plus all the malt used by the town breweries; a saw and planing mill with a boom across Bear River to secure the logs floating down the river; the "magnificent" waterworks of the city composed of a main, a 28,000 gallon capacity tank, and a system of pipes leading to every doorstep in Corinne; two ice-houses with a capacity of 1,512 tons of ice... and extensive orchards of many varieties of fruit, all the property of H. House, Esq. The land of House, especially the waterworks, brought pride and joy to all Corinnethians and engendered envy in Salt Lakers who had no workable municipal system. House installed five (perhaps fire) hydrants throughout the city...Corinne had the reputation of being one of the safest cities in the territory and never suffered a major fire after the installation of the House waterworks.

Next in importance to the people of Corinne, after the water system, was the ice business. The Corinne Reporter (in August, 1872) bragged one day, "Hiram House has shipped fifty tons of ice to Zion within the short space of three days, and has still enough on hand to convert the Milky Way into a solid mass of ice cream" (Madsen, 1980, pp. 54-55).

The elder House also was seated on the city's first council following municipal elections of March 3, 1870. He would serve as a councilman again in 1890 until his death three years later.

City records kept by Recorder Marion Danielson show
Hiram never held the post of mayor, but his son would three times for a total of 10 years between 1906 and 1924. William also sat on the council four times, again for a span of 10 years between 1900 and 1930.

The influence of the House family was then both economic and political in the early years of the Burg on the Bear, as well as later, when the dominant population was Mormon but the town's reputation continued to be Gentile.

Bernice Gibbs Anderson, in her circa-1960 pamphlet, *Corinne: The City of the Un-Godly*, has a slightly different version from that of Madsen in accounting the holdings of the House family. This writing by the founding force and first president of the National Golden Spike Society was aimed, of course, at promoting Promontory Station as a permanent park for posterity rather than a factual account of happenings often interwoven with "that's how it was" legend.

As a founder of the town and lifelong resident afterward, Hiram House became one of the most enterprising boosters of Corinne. Mr. House came west first in 1862 and again in 1864, being wounded by Indian arrows on the plains in Nebraska on the latter trip.

His house, still standing in 1959, was one of the first to be erected in the town. In 1869 he put in a water system for the city which was probably the first in Utah. Water was pumped from the Bear River into a huge wooden tank and run through pipes though the central part of the city until about 1876 when it was discontinued. Water was then hauled from the river and sold from door to door, selling at 20 (cents) a barrel. In 1891 the system was cleaned and put into operation again until 1912 when a new water supply was piped to the city from springs at the foot of the moun-
tain a few miles east (Anderson, circa 1960, pp. 17-18).

By 1912, the water from the Bear was thick enough to chew and sandy enough from upstream siltation to plow or plant. The spring used then continues to supply water to the community today.

In the 1950s, the system designed for 200 households was overtaxed in the summer months by a population in excess of 300. The lines, leading off a two-inch main, were rusted thin and sprang leaks more often than not. The Morris family, then the only one residing on the top floor of a two-story structure, had to haul water from ground-floor taps upstairs because the water pressure was so low.

Outside watering, most usually in August, was regulated by odd and even days. And West Corinne residents seemed to make a few more trips to town during hot summer weeks. Until other water sources were developed, the West Corinne-thians hauled drinking water in 10-gallon milk cans, utilizing a tap on the side of a fountain just to the west of Walt Bosley's Garage.

Improvements, or what some have called improvements, have been made. And in comparison to the earlier years, they were indeed improvements.

Sam Forsgren, born in West Corinne, a veteran of Pacific action in World War II who was there when correspondent Ernie Pyle was killed, a retired farmer and former mayor of the town and now the custodian of the cemetery,
remembers the struggle in bringing water to Corinne.

Forsgren, in casual conversations in 1985 and 1986, said in the days before Corinne water was piped seven or eight miles from a spring on the lower slopes of the Wasatch Range, it was taken from Bear River.

"When the Garland sugar plant was in operation (several miles to the north of Corinne on the meandering course of the Bear River), beet pulp was washed into the river," Forsgren said. "Corinne residents had to use cheesecloth over the taps of their faucets to filter the pulp from their drinking water."

Twenty years ago, in the mid-1960s, a thinly-disguised joke among residents had it an adventurous person could have purchased half the town for $5. Today the average vacant building lot will sell for around $13,000, said long-time Corinne resident Marion Young Fredrickson Cutler in a September, 1985 interview.

"He, Hiram, developed the first water system, with a large storage tank and lines to every residence and business establishment in the city," Marion said. "It was the first major water supply system piped inside houses in Utah."

"You know," said Donald Cutler, Marion's second husband and a Corinne native of 1915, "we're getting a lot of people out here and we could have a hell of a lot more if we had the water and sewage.

"But we haven't got the water," he said. "The sewage,
we can take care of the sewage, but we don't have the water. We still get the water from the spring and they spent $100,000 over there. When was that, 10 years ago? Maybe it was six, and they drilled a well over there on the side hill and the geologists figured there was a lot of water."

Well, Donald said, the well, drilled 500 feet deep or so, was apparently off the mark. A pump on the well can draw the water out of the hole in half an hour.

"And it will take an hour for it to fill back up. An' just down the hill from this guy's field, not very far from the...across the road...right in a direct line where they got that well, this big springs comes up," Donald said. "Somebody said they should'a went farther down and maybe they could have got part of that spring."

"But that's where Corinne...you could sell all of this ground out here...with nothing and no trick at all, if you have the water and the sewage. There is a sewage problem; 'course, that's no big deal. The key thing, you see, is the drinking water."

Fresh water from the Bear River gave birth to the town, as it sat at the most northern point along the transcontinental railroad line to the mines of Montana. Water, a boon in the early years for the economy of western towns, later became a curse as the river muddied from development and the alkali oozed to the surface.

By this time, Hiram was long dead and his son tried to
cope with the situation. The legacy of Hiram, however, continued.

Mr. House also started several business enterprises here, among them a cigar factory, a sawmill, and a flour mill. He owned and operated a ferry in 1870 south of the railroad bridge, and helped to build a bridge here later to bring traffic through the south part of the town.

In 1874 Mr. House built the Central Hotel on the corner of Montana and Sixth streets, the present site of the L.D.S. Chapel. He later sold this to J. W. Guthrie who operated it for several years. Once when an Indian raid was threatened, the women and children were sent to Fort Douglas on the train and the men barricaded themselves in this hotel. However the raid did not materialize.

In connection with the water system, Mr. House brought a large bell to Corinne to be used in case of fire, and for other purposes such as celebrations. On Statehood Day, when Utah became a state (in 1896), this bell, which had been borrowed by Brigham City from Mr. House and placed in the Court House Belfry, was rung so hard that it was cracked. The crack was mended but the deep mellow tone was never the same afterward. The bell was never returned to Corinne and is still in the Box Elder County Courthouse (Anderson, circa 1960, p. 18).

Several bells were brought to Corinne and the history of this one is clouded in the tales told by those who were there at the time. Two large bells still remain in Corinne from the early years, and whether House added a third is somewhat of a mystery of memories.

The two bells of documentation are the one in the Methodist Episcopal Church and a much-traveled second originally in the belfry of the Presbyterian.

Madsen, citing items printed in the Utah Reporter in September and November of 1870 and the 1962 University of Utah doctoral dissertation of T. Edgar Lyon, "Evangelical
protestant Missionary Activities in Mormon Dominated Areas: 1865-1900," chronicles the construction of the Methodist-Episcopal Church.

With remarkable dispatch the debt-free building was soon completed and was dedicated on September 20, 1870...The citizens of Corinne, Methodist and non-Methodist alike, were also pleased when, two months later, a 402-pound bell arrived to grace the belfry of the new church. Enthusiastic citizens soon donated $120 of the $200 cost, led by Gen. J. A. Williamson who gave ten dollars for his daughter after whom the town had been named. This chapel, recently restored by members of the church, is still standing at the corner of Colorado and Sixth Street, a monument as one of the first non-Mormon church buildings in the territory (Madsen, 1980, p. 207).

The bell in the Methodist-Episcopal Church is there today, but the one in the Presbyterian "disappeared" for a few years before it was mounted in the belfry behind the old city hall on Montana Street and later was made a monument by the Corinne Lions Club to honor Protestant religion in Utah. The bell currently stands before the present Corinne City Hall.

If, as Mrs. Anderson writes, Brigham City borrowed a bell from Hiram House to celebrate Statehood Day on Jan. 4, 1896, he would have been dead and buried nearly three years.

His son, William, being "a generous sort of man," indeed may have loaned Brigham City a bell and never pushed to get it back. Lifelong friends William Holmes and William Bosley would later tell a different version, but whatever the facts, two large bells remain in Corinne and a third is housed in the belfry of the Box Elder County Courthouse.
In later years Wm. F. House, son of Hiram House, carried on the dreams of his father, but few of them came to fulfillment. He helped improve the water system when it was installed in 1912 and aided in securing the electric lights and telephone service for the town. He partly developed a gold mine on ground he owned at "Little Mountain" some eight miles west of the town. A hot mineral springs was located here and he conceived the idea of boiling the water down and bottling the resultant mineral deposits which he distributed and sold until his death as "Golden Youth," a mineral medication which probably has more merit than some of the remedies on the market at that time.

Henry House, a brother of Hiram, also lived in Corinne. He was a scout on the plains and pony express rider and is buried in the Corinne cemetery. The Alex Toponce who wrote his "Reminiscences" was a brother-in-law of the House brothers, and the family have many descendants in Utah (Anderson, circa 1960, p. 18).

Henry House, of course, was more of a dominant figure than this brief mention here by Mrs. Anderson.

Born Feb. 1, 1842, Henry was the older brother of Hiram and a man of some prestige if not equal wealth. After the death of Hiram, Henry apparently counseled William in the management of the holdings, but his nephew's "shortcomings," as some old-timers relate, probably set the stage for the "squabble" in later years when Bill was the sole survivor and the "family" fortune was disappearing like sand sifting through an hourglass.

Henry's influence, but perhaps not words of wisdom, ended when, at the age of 80, he died Dec. 20, 1922. Even so, by this time the pattern was set.

The large tombstone to Hiram's side of the family buried in the Corinne Cemetery reads but "House" on the
front, with the names and dates of his kin etched on the back. A few feet to the north is a more impressive monument to Henry.

While the names and dates of Henry, his wife and children also are engraved on the back, the front side of the tombstone bears the figure of a man riding a horse on an endless prairie. The inscription is "PIONEER OF THE PLAINS."

An insight into the import of Henry House, as well as to the disposition of the mystery bell, was provided in 1951 by Bosley and Holmes in an article by Marijane Morris printed on page 7 of the Sept. 14 issue of the Box Elder Journal in Brigham City.

CORINNE--How many people in this part of the country or the west for that matter, can say they really knew Bill Cody or Buffalo Bill as he was more commonly known? How many people can tell of watching the Salt Lake temple being built or remember when the thick walls were only four feet high? The memories of Mr. William Bosley (Bill) and Mr. W. R. Holmes of Corinne hold these facts and many more. They can ramble through the colorful era from 1870, when they were both born, to the present time, and talk of people and events that have long since been consigned to the history books and to time.

In her article, Marijane writes the two Bills had spent the summer reminiscing, since Holmes had been away for some time and Bosley had been confined to his small home up the street during the winter months. But, she says, the old men soaked up the sun and swapped tales, mostly on the Whittlin' Bench in front of Walt's Garage.
Do you remember...an old friend asks another and from their recollections the west with all its strength of growth and color emerges once more, living, vital and wonderfully American.

The progress they have seen and been a part of seems a little fantastic when viewed in its entire scope--radio, television, strato-cruisers, streamline trains and cars, and the atomic bomb, of course.

But the atomic bomb was quite a way off when Bill Bosley and his brother Tom, decided to play hooky from herding horses and ride over to see Bill Cody's ranch (Morris 1951, p. 7).

There are no records, said Corinne City Recorder Marion Danielson in 1985, of Cody ever having a ranch in the area, but it might have been out at Grouse or Blue creeks, or even around Promontory. Marion and Donald Cutler think the ranch must have been out "Promontory-way," but other old-timers, such as Blaine Bradford (1986), said if Bill Cody had a ranch in the area, "it ain't the Bill Cody you're thinkin' of."

Cody biographies also do not mention any venture in the Utah Territory where he might have raised horses or mules, or even the hay to feed them, for the wagon trains headed into the gold fields of Montana.

Cody's presence, however, was accepted by the Bills on the bench.

"Quite a showplace," Bill (Bosley) says, "with the buffalo and all. Didn't get to see Cody, though."

"Cody got his start on the plains because of Henry House. Did you know that?" Grandpa Holmes asks.

Now if you are the least bit familiar with Corinne history, the good solid kind, you'll know that Henry House was a respected resident who had much to do with early Corinne. His name crops up
in many a conversation and written piece.

It seems that when Henry House retired from guiding on the Plains he was asked to name a man to take his place and his reply was, "Cody's a good man." When Buffalo Bill came near Corinne with his wild west show he and Henry House were sure to get together (Morris 1951, p. 7).

William Frederick Cody, later known as Buffalo Bill, was a rugged frontiersman of the American West, states The World Book Encyclopedia on page 567 of Volume 2 of the 1975 edition. He would later become a popular showman, the issue notes.

Born in Scott County, Iowa, Feb. 26, 1846, Cody was younger than House by four years and nearly one month. How the two interacted is unclear, but Anderson (circa 1960) said House rode for the Pony Express, and so did Cody, in 1860.

After speculating in land and doing railroad construction work, he became a buffalo hunter, supplying meat for workmen building a railroad west from Kansas. His amazing skill with a rifle earned him his nickname, "Buffalo Bill."

From 1868 to 1872 (about the time Henry House jerked up his picket pin on the Plains, recommended Cody and moved west to Corinne), Cody served as a civilian scout for military forces when fighting Indians in the West. Between campaigns, he served as a guide for several parties of buffalo hunters.

Cody was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry in a fight with Indians on the Platte River in 1872. Congress revoked the award in 1917 because Cody was not a member of the military at the time the award was made.

Late in 1872, Cody began his long career as a showman. He appeared first in "Wild West" shows in theaters. He took the leading role in a play, "Scout of the Prairies," which co-starred "Texas Jack" Omohundro and later, "Wild Bill" Hickok. But Cody made several trips back to the plains to scout and to raise cattle. In 1876, he took part in a skirmish with Cheyenne Indians in which he
was said to have killed and scalped a young chief, Yellow Hand.

Early in 1883, Cody and others formed a traveling "Wild West Circus" that toured the United States and parts of Europe. The show included a mock battle with Indians and a demonstration of Cody's shooting skill. Cody continued to perform until shortly before his death (in 1917).


The Bills -- House, Holmes and Bosley -- were young men in their mid-20s or early 30s at this time and may have been invited by Henry "to shed a chap and grease a skid or two." A legend would grow about "doin' the town," adding feat upon feat for the "boisterous Bills" when Cody's show came a-visitin'.

"He was a fine figure of a man," Mr. Holmes recalls.

Buffalo Bill -- a legend and a figure of western history to most of us, but not to these two Corinne gentlemen.

"How big is the new addition to the church going to be?" Mr. Bosley asks. About $45,000, the estimated cost, someone replies.

"That so? Well, once a $50,000 hotel was built here and then later sold for $300," Bills says. Any new buildings in Corinne today have to be quite impressive for these two old pals.

Bill can remember when the town had banks, a flour mill, large grocery and dry goods stores, but he likes Corinne the way she is now. Solid, he says, good farm land, good people.

But it's still good sport to talk about the old days. For instance like the time the wind came up suddenly, lasted about five minutes, long enough to blow over the Presbyterian church.

"Threw the bell down, but didn't hurt it a bit," Mr. Bosley laughs (Morris 1951, p. 7).

This isn't quite correct, as the church building was reduced to kindling and there was minor damage to the bell.
But at this point, the movement of the bell becomes confusing.

The Presbyterian Church, according to Danielson (1985), stood at the corner of Montana and Seventh streets, but the frame building collapsed suddenly in March of 1894 when a "small hurricane" ripped through the town.

At this site in the 1950s stood the grandstands for the city rodeo grounds, which served for most of the summer season as a baseball field. For one or two years, about '58 and '59, the city's Fourth of July celebration ended there, in the headlights of cars parked around the fence, with a line of youngsters eager to show their buckaroo prowess by riding the roping calves brought back to the bucking chutes, much to their embarrassment and delight of their parents.

The Presbyterian Church had stood for nearly 23 years and the congregation, while never pleasingly plentiful, was still consistent enough to keep things going.

Madsen writes of the founding of the church in his work.

"After a melancholy winter of no missionary activity in Corinne" following a somewhat hostile reception dating from June, 1869, the First Presbyterian Church of Corinne was organized July 14, 1870 by Sheldon Jackson, superintendent of missions for the Intermountain Area, and the Rev. Edward E. Bayliss, who, as told in the Utah Reporter, intended to move his family to the town and there build a chapel as "the
first missionary of his church in Mormondom" (Madsen 1980, pp. 208-209).

Raising funds for the church proved difficult, Madsen writes, as the Presbyterians were latecomers and most of the Gentile populace already had donated to the Episcopalians, under the understanding their church would be open to all religious persuasions.

Also about this time, a Catholic had collected more than $1,000 from the citizenry for a church, but "had carried it away with him..."

A building was erected, however, measuring 36 by 60 feet with a 75-foot spire. Most of the $7,000 cost was paid with funds contributed by members of the church throughout the eastern states and a $1,000 debt was still owed when the building was dedicated Nov. 20, 1870, Madsen says.

Although busy in putting the final touches on the structure, the Rev. Mr. Bayliss "was gratified when Mary Bronson, 'a Christian lady of Connecticut,' donated a 730-pound bell that soon gladdened the hearts of Corinnethians with its ringing tones" (Madsen 1980, p. 209).

The bell probably bounced high and resounded loudly when the "hurricane" reduced the church to rubble.

Danielson (1985), pulling from her files a clip of a Brigham City newspaper story dated March 16, 1894, quotes, "The Presbyterian chapel was lifted off its foundation by a strong wind and flung to the ground, being totally demolish
Figure 23. The Presbyterian bell, mounted atop a monument to non-Mormon religions, was put in the city park by the Corinne Lions Club, 1897.
ed. It had stood over 20 years. It was a large frame building. The large bell that stood in the tower escaped injury, aside from a broken arm. Total loss is $2,500."

The slat-steel brace on the broken wooden arm supporting the bell remains, perhaps as a testimony today, although few likely note its significance. It is there, the bolts through the splintered wood rusted tight, as part of the monument erected to Protestant religions by the Corinne Lions Club.

"Its very weight probably helped destroy the church when the wind hit," said Marion Cutler (1985), adding "I simply don't know" about what became of the bell between the "hurricane" and the time it was placed, about 1912 or so, in the add-on tower at the back of the Cass bank when it was converted into the city hall.

The wind ripped through the town in 1894, two years prior to Utah's statehood celebration. If this were the bell borrowed by Brigham City, now mounted in the courthouse belfry there, from where came the one placed to the side of the current Corinne City Hall honoring Protestant religions? After all, residents state, this is the original.

"And some wind it was, too," Bosley said. "Only lasted about five minutes. I ducked into Guthrie's store on the corner and me and another fellow couldn't get the swinging doors shut." Bill pauses long enough to slap his knee and let out a great big chuckle. "Was old man Guthrie scared!" He goes on, "All the pots, pans and boilers and things of that nature were hanging on the ceiling. Blew every blamed one down! Never heard such a clatter in my life!"
One discussion leads naturally into another. The subject of the bells is talked about. They recall how it was taken to Brigham City in 1896 to ring out Statehood Day when Utah was declared a state of the Union, and how its sides were pounded so hard it cracked like the Liberty Bell. It was later recast in Connecticut and returned to Corinne where it has remained despite a petition to have it taken away (Morris 1951, p. 7).

The reference here may well be of the Presbyterian bell and, in the same context, could be the one donated by Hiram House after he was dead and buried.

Morris writes of "bells," but Holmes and Bosley speak of "a" bell.

They also talked of other things in that late summer of 1951, swapping oft-told lies and slapping their thighs as in years before, somewhat wondering why the action left a fleeting pain in the leg.

These two have literally witnessed "the desert blossoming as the rose," but most of all they have kept faith with their own town, Corinne. They rise up verbally to defend her at the drop of an innuendo. They have known her since she laid away her gaudy clothes and false eyelashes and assumed a matronly air and they resented any inference that she is anything but good.

They have been part and parcel of nearly every important step in the way of progression that their town has taken and that includes the measuring and laying off of the board sidewalks. And then they helped lay the cement sidewalks. Mr. Bosley took up the board sidewalks and claims a group of kids followed him every step of the way for gold is where you find it and those youngsters were doing all right, the nickels and dimes were plentiful (Morris 1951, p. 7).

The wooden sidewalks stretched along the south side of Montana Street from the Roche building at the eastern edge of Fifth to the Opera House at the western end of Seventh in
the late '40s and early '50s. The planks, worn by wear and dirty gray of age, sagged and sounded with each footfall.

Layers of compacted dust and dirt, hiding everything from bubble-gum wrappers to post office box keys, had been shifted through the slats and cracks in the boardwalk over the years.

The nail-squeaking removal of each of the sidewalk planks, of course, attracted the youngsters of the town. The boys, now, digging through the strata, may have garnered a coin here and there, but also earned a punishing mother-administered bath at home, a bath concentrating more on the dirt behind the ears than that on the elbows and under the fingertips.

Mr. Holmes can take you to the corner of his home (the Roche Building at Montana and Fifth) and show you a nail that was used as the center (surveying point) of all the streets laid out in Corinne on the south side of the highway. (In the mid-1950s, this nail was still there; today it is not).

In 1909 he was hired by the city to pump water from the river into a large tank on the north side of town. This constituted the water system, the oldest in northern Utah (Morris 1951, p. 7).

Two years before Holmes took on the job of filling the storage tank, an insurance company had commissioned the drawing of a detailed map of the city to evaluate fire risk in relation to buildings and water supply.

This map shows many undeveloped lots and vacant brick buildings, including the one Holmes would house his general mercantile and hardware stores in the years to come. The
legend on the map reads, "Water drawn from Bear River at point 1/2 mile N.E. of city hall, by small steam pump, into 28,000-gallon tank elevated 20 feet above city grade. Water for domestic use only. Fire hydrants not used. No fire apparatus city grade level" (Corinne 1907).

In 1987, the storage tank was long gone and there still were no fire hydrants in Corinne, but the town council had added a fire truck to the city's service arsenal.

"We've got our own fire department now," Sam Forsgren stated with satisfaction in April of 1987.

"It's been a long time coming. We've talked about this for years and years. I remember ol' Bill Holmes said over and over again that we ought to get our own fire engine because calling the boys in Brigham City took too long and cost too much."

He (Holmes) drove the first school bus over ungraveled roads through snowstorms and mud. During the five years he drove the bus the children were never tardy nor did he miss a day in getting the youngsters to school. For warmth in the canvas covered bus there was a tiny stove.

Mr. Bosley came to the state of Utah at early age. He used to pass through the temple grounds (in Salt Lake City) on his way to and from school. He'd stand and watch the men struggling with the huge stones that were steadily rising above the ground. Often he lifted his eyes from the thick walls that were only four feet above ground, and gaze at the horses tethered on the lot where Hotel Utah now stands. Bill loved horses. Perhaps even he couldn't have visioned the beautiful buildings that would in his life time grace that corner and the one where he stood... (Morris 1951, p. 7).

Holmes' feat of being the first school bus driver might be rivaled in longevity by A. G. Woodard, who steered the
rig, through thick and thin, for some 27 years until he was somewhere in his 70s.

The fact Holmes was hired in 1909, at around the age of 40, to pump river water into the city tank likely meant he was "management" for the system and one of many employed over the years. In 1909, the water system remained a "royalty" of the holdings of House and was leased to the city.

"Bill Holmes was a good carpenter," Vesta Ferry said in 1985, "and he built the vestibule to the Methodist Church. He also was a notary public and quite a reader. He came from back East in the area where the 'Hill Cumorah Pageant' is held each year by the Mormons (near Palmyra N.Y.)."

Holmes never worked much in the grocery and hardware store he and his wife, Louise (Gillett Holmes), operated in the Roche Building for many years, Vesta said.

"Louise did most of the work and he lazily let her," she said. "He ran a store across the street for a time where he boasted he sold 'everything from a needle to a threshing machine' and this was pretty close to the truth."

Grandma Gillett, Holmes' mother-in-law, was a neat, tidy, sedate and quiet woman, Vesta said, "looking like she came out of a band box," and she really had a hard time when her husband and Holmes "got on a tear of telling tales."

Gillett, Vesta said, was a "scream" when it came to spinning stories, often driving his wife from the room with
her hands cupped over her ears, but with the thin-lined hint of a smile on her face.

Vesta also knows of Bill Bosley, a quiet man with a quick wit who loved to tell tales of the supply trains to Montana, and "Oh, many's the time Charlotte and I wished we had written them down, because I can't remember a single one now."

As for "Mr. House," he was taken by schemes several times, Vesta said, some gullibly and others voluntarily.

"He had a store in town, but the kids quickly learned how to work him over," Vesta said. "He liked children and he'd give them candy.

"His dog, a big Newfoundland named 'Tim,' would stay in the store with him and time after again he'd have to tell the youngsters, 'He won't ert ya, he won't ert ya,' as some of the kids would be afraid.

"And the children might enter the store with perhaps a penny to spend, but with eyes too large to decide," she said. "Mr. House often stretched that single penny the length of the store. I don't think he made anything on his candy, that's for sure."

Still, Vesta said, some shyster could tell House a good story and he'd "buy" into it. He got most of his money from his father, and "even through he inherited plenty," he was not the businessman Hiram was, she added.

Eventually, Vesta said, he turned management of his
Estate over to her, saying at the time someone was going to sue him and he probably would have lost everything or a major portion of his assets.

Vesta said she guessed some of House's family were always nicking him for money and help and somehow resented him for giving it to them, "not treating him like he thought they should, like somehow he really owed it to them, you know."

And so, House decided not to leave what was left of his property or assets to any of them, Vesta stated flatly, adding even through there wasn't much remaining besides Little Mountain and the land where the phone building sits in downtown Corinne, the relatives "were not happy."

Of the Little Mountain property, the most marginally-successful enterprise from this land was the Golden Youth Mineral Springs, or "Go-den Yute" as he said it and "Stinky Springs" as the locals labeled it then and now.

In powder form, minerals from the springs were bottled and sent all over the world "as sort of a medicine," Vesta said, "and I guess it wasn't bad stuff either."

Common-consent memory of some Corinne residents has it House gave the springs to Vesta to keep open as a place for public use and never to develop it commercially.

House, however, tried to develop the potential of the springs, but apparently repeatedly ran out of ready cash and eventually time. Vesta said she has had the same problem.
"I have never had the ready cash to develop the hot springs, but allowed use of them 'for no charge at your own risk,'" she said.

She said many people have proposed schemes to tap and market the potential there, but again the lack of capital and a reliable source of fresh water have cut short all such plans to date.

House and Vesta's father, of course, knew of each other before Ferry sold his property, packed up his family and moved nut, bolt and bedspring to California where Vesta and J. Y. Jr. finished their secondary schooling.

When the Ferrys returned to Corinne, "financial situations had changed," Vesta said, and House opened his home to them, perhaps initially as a town leader, but then soon sharing it "generously for two or three years and eating with us like one of the family."

His was a big house for the time, Vesta said, and on the reflection of the years, he probably was a lonely man.

"Mr. House, his sister and his mother lived in the house for a long, long time," Vesta said, "but I never saw any but him (in the years she lived in Corinne). They were gone by then and when we lived there, he and Dad became very good friends, better friends than perhaps even brothers."

Bill's sister was Cora and she apparently wed once. A chiseled inscription on the House headstone in the Corinne Cemetery notes Cora House Kearns was born Feb. 12, 1868 and
died May 29, 1900. What happened to her marriage and why she died at the age of 32 is unknown.

House married once also, but the union didn't last.

Vesta said she doesn't remember the name of his wife or whether he divorced her after she left him. He never said, Vesta said, although she thinks he might have told her father, and she never saw anything in the newspaper.

Danielson (1985), in her research of Corinne city records, said House was a merchant, was divorced, lived in the city for 68 years and died there at the age of 74 of a heart attack. She added tracking family members is confused by a "house full of Houses," and to date she has found no other notation of his wife.

Vesta remembers picking up House and his bride at the railroad depot and driving them back to his residence. The House home, now, was all of two blocks from the station, but this particular ride included a tour of the town.

"Dit mine, dat mine; dit mine an' dat mine dere," House told his wife, pointing to various buildings along the way, most of them no longer there -- including his home.

"I just felt then that I wondered just how long it would last," Vesta said. "They were in the back seat and I don't believe she said a single word.

"I think she could see that he didn't have what she thought he had," she added. "But then...well...Mr. House could brag a little bit at times, too."
When the Mormons, led by Brigham Young, fled west in 1847 from the persecution encountered in Nauvoo, Ill., in search of a place "no one else wanted," they indeed found it in the hostile, desert lands of what would become Utah.

They also found taming this land would not be easy. A couple of immediate problems were claiming as much land as possible with a limited supply of people, and figuring out a means to care for the membership, since more women than men had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The barren lands were claimed, once reaching as far to the west as a trading post at Genoa at the eastern base of the Sierra near the present California-Nevada border.

To house, feed and care for the women, polygamy was adopted and netted, if nothing else, a steady supply of Saints.

Much of Deseret, the land claimed by the faithful, would be lost, and polygamy would become a political plague delaying Utah's statehood until 1896.

While at the time perhaps a necessity, polygamy was not favored by all Mormon women. Alice Martha Payenter Bradford was one of them.
Time Erases the Trials

Often too much of history is written "by the winners," those who succeeded in assets and monies at the expense of people who stood innocently, and ignorantly, in the way.

The tales of the winners, at times, are gilded with the torment and triumph of overcoming all odds. The renderings are mostly depicted in terms of dates, places and circumstances somehow devoid of the flesh-and-blood reality of those who were there to feel the pain and shed the quiet tear.

Such a case in point might well be the recollections of Alice Martha Payenter Bradford, who turned 83 on Sept. 23, 1939 and was honored on this occasion by the Corinne Camp of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

Five generations of her family were present for the celebration and a dog-eared, hand-me-down copy of the DUP report notes, "Her memory and eyesight were good at 83 years" (Cutler & Hubbard 1939, p. 4).

Her memories included the crossing the Atlantic from England and the plains of America to Utah, of fleeing servitude of scant reward and the prospect of becoming a plural wife, and of smiling calmly and wondering what the all the fuss was about during the "Indian Scare in the Fall of 1875."

And she recalled, both with humor and with sorrow, some
of the hard lessons she learned as a youngster, a teenaged mother, and a dutiful wife.

Alice's memories were written down by her daughter, Hettie Irene Bradford Cutler, in preparation of the 1939 celebration. Hettie also saved this account and later mimeographed copies of her mother's story to give to each and every family descendant.

One direct descendant is her son, Donald D. Cutler, and he offered it for this work, knowing the thrust here is to record those pieces of personal history lost in the shuffle of time.

While Alice's memories chiefly revolve around dates and places, they also include humanness, too.

I remember while I was working as a nursemaid to Henery Phelp's children in Salt Lake City, Mrs. Phelp sent me to the summer kitchen to get a spider. I went and looked all over and went back and told Mrs. Phelp that I couldn't find a spider. The lady was folding diapers and she hit me over the head, face and shoulder with a diaper, then took me to the summer kitchen and showed me what a spider was -- a cast-iron frying pan (p. 3).

Why Mrs. Phelp wanted a spider at this particular time and place is not known, but undoubtedly Alice never made such a mistake again.

As told by herself, Alice Martha Payenter was born in Highgate, Gloucestershire, England, Sept. 23, 1856, the daughter of Samuel Payenter and Anna Edgeworth. Her mother died when she was but a baby and her father remarried when she was about 5 years old.
My stepmother seemed to take a stronger dislike to me than to my sister, Jennie, and she was very mean to me. My happiest times were when I could spend an afternoon with my Grandmother Edgeworth. My sister, Jennie, and I attended school at Birdlip, about two and one-half miles from Highgate.

Although my father was not of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints faith, he made the missionaries welcome at our home. Among those who stayed were Heber C. Kimball, Moses Thatcher, Mr. Romney, Jim Ure, Mr. Petty and others. Through these visits my stepmother was converted to the Church. She had Jennie and me baptized at night in a pond a half mile from our home in Highgate, against my father's wish. I was eight years old at the time. Two years later, my father died when I was ten (p. 1).

After her father's death, she said, the missionaries "got my stepmother to leave England." A missionary by the name of Noble, from Cache Valley, helped the family move. She said she was between 12 and 13 years of age at the time (actually 11) when the family boarded the "Emerald Isle" at Liverpool June 20, 1868 for the crossing to America.

When we were on the ocean about two weeks, a little girl of two or three years old died. The Captain wanted to see the body in canvas and bury it in the ocean. The mother begged so hard to have the baby put in a box so the sharks would not eat it, so a box was made and coal put in it to make it sink, but for some reason it wouldn't sink and kept floating in front of the ship for miles and miles.

The sailors were superstitious and became unruly to the point that the Captain feared mutiny. The sailors knew the ship had been condemned weeks before it left the dock. A storm came up and blew us off our course on the coast of Ireland, where the box was brought ashore and buried (p. 1).

Alice's recollection of "about two weeks" at sea seems somewhat questionable. Even with square-riggers and fickle winds, it's doubtful a ship could not sail west from England
to beyond the coast of Ireland in that time span.

The "Mayflower," bearing ancestors of some prominent Corinne citizens, crossed the Atlantic in the storm-slashed winter of 1620 in roughly 90 days between mid-September and mid-December.

Time, however, can play tricks on both the young and old, as well as those in between, and the recollections, perhaps, are more important.

The ladies from Ireland came on board with lace and other things to sell. When the storm was over, we set sail again. During the voyage, 21 people died. These were mostly from the lower deck where there was not much air. We landed in New York about six weeks after we left Liverpool. We traveled from New York to Omaha in cattle cars--we were packed in like sardines in a can. There were several women (who) gave birth to children under these conditions (p.1).

When the converts reached Omaha, they sold all possessions and even keepsakes of value not essentially needed for the trip to help pay expenses of transportation and supplies to cross the plains. Besides the basic wagon -- and many could not afford the classic and costly Conestoga and relied on anything with four wheels and a bed big enough to hold "the possibles" and a body or two if the weather was bad -- supplies consisted mainly of salt, sugar, salt pork, beans, tinned commodities such as tomatoes, dried fruits, a barrel or two of all-too-often weevil-rich flour and, of course, as much water as could be possibly carried in oaken kegs usually lashed to the sides of the wagon.

Bedding and household things that could be
bought were loaded into the wagons. There were several families to each wagon. The ones in our wagon were Mrs. Shepard and her stepfather, Charlie Connely, Bill Turner and wife, Mrs. Hill, and two children, my stepmother, sister Jennie and me.

The mule teams met us at Omaha and we came west to Salt Lake City by mule train. Captain of our train was Edward T. Mumford. The train consisted of 28 wagons, which left August 24, 1868, and arrived in Salt Lake City October 24, 1868. When we stopped at night the wagons were formed in a circle to protect us from the Indians. Jennie and I slept under the wagon at night. Herders herded the mules at night. Those who were able walked.

One day as we were walking along peaceably, someone gave the cry, "Indians are coming!" We all took to our heels and began running as fast as we could. We came to a creek and all who could waded across, the smaller ones being carried over on the backs of young men in the train. When we were a half mile from the creek, we discovered it was some young men from the train just trying to scare us.

In our travels across the plains, the Captain would kill meat and ration it out to each family. My stepmother would get the lungs and cook for Jennie and me and keep the best meat for herself. This went on until Bill Turner found out and reported to the Captain, who put a stop to it. Then we had just as good as she did (pp. 1-2).

The wagon train reached Salt Lake City in October, 1868, and, according to the Central Camp, DUP, was the last organized company to come to Utah by wagon train.

It arrived "just four months after leaving Liverpool," and the day-to-day journey wrought some changes. Shortly after reaching Salt Lake City, Alice's stepmother married Connely, her companion in the wagon, and the newlyweds moved to Brigham City.

Through the efforts of Connely's mother, Jennie and Alice secured work in Salt Lake City, Jennie keeping up a
house and Alice as a nursemaid to the Henry Phelp's family.

They (the Phelp family) lived in the 14th Ward in Salt Lake City. I was there for six months. I was supposed to go to school, but had one day at school. My stepmother came and found out I was not allowed to go to school, so she took me to Brigham City where I went to school in the old Court House until I finished the eighth grade, that being the highest in schooling at that time. Aunt Phenie Frodsham, as she is now known, being my best school chum. The boys were so rowdy that Mr. Crawford, our teacher, had to carry a revolver to have any discipline at all (p. 2).

Stating her home life was unpleasant, she left, hoping to stay with friends until she found work. Her sister's husband, however, found where she was staying and tried to make her go to his residence in Corinne.

"He was drunk and I wouldn't go," she said. "I ran and hid at Mrs. Burbank's, but was afraid he would find me as they were friends of my sister's, so I ran across the street to Mrs. Reeder's (Adolph Reeder's mother's) home and asked her to hide me. When I told her why, she hid me under her bed."

After her sister's husband, Alec, left, she said she went over to Mrs. Southward's and there secured work for a while. Later, she left to obtain employment with Mrs. John Booth.

Perhaps a main reason for this was because, as she said, Mrs. Southward wouldn't give her enough to eat and put her in the cellar to sleep.

So when she had a chance, she said, she would swipe a little bread from the kitchen and skim the cream off of the
milk in the cellar. Mrs. Southward said she thought snakes were getting the cream, Alice would say later.

It isn't clear how long Alice did domestic work of this type for various women, perhaps a couple of years. At some point, she was faced with a major decision in her life when not even a teenager. She would be eyed and asked to wed.

I was wanted as a plural wife (she didn't say by whom or any circumstances surrounding the situation) and I did not want this so I ran away to Corinne, riding on the back of a horse with Jim Sherman, a man I knew. This was between Christmas and New Year's of 1870. When I got to Corinne, I went to work for Mrs. Shepard, who had come across the plains in the same wagon. I stayed there for quite a while, then lived with Jennie for a while, then left and worked for Bill Turner. I worked there until I was married June 17, 1872, to Walter Butler Bradford, at the age of 15 years (p. 2).

Walter B. Bradford was a cabinetmaker and two of his and Alice's sons followed their father's trade as a sideline, namely William and Samuel. Fred (Alfred Edgar) became an "excellent" cabinetmaker and carpenter, Alice said, and followed this craft during his lifetime. Walter also did carvings on furniture, she added.

I lived all my married life in the home in Corinne, which we bought from Mr. Guthrie. My life was filled with hard work. I did nursing, washing for other people and cooking for me. I was working to make extra money. I had no carpet on my floor, but kept the boards white by scrubbing them with wood ashes. My washing was done by hand on a glass washboard. I sewed many carpet rags to make a carpet for my living room (p. 2).

Alice Bradford had 12 children, seven of whom lived to maturity. Her first two, Walter Butler Jr., born in Brigham July 17, 1873, and Martha Ethelyn, born in Corinne March 12,
1975, both died of pneumonia (lung fever as it was called then) in February of 1876.

Ten months later, Sarah Ethelyn would arrive on Dec. 12, 1876. At the age of 18 (somewhat old-maidish for the time), she would marry Allen E. Roche on June 12, 1895. After he died, she wed a second time to Lewis Qucker (possibly Quicker or Queker).

Children to follow, all born in Corinne, were George William, on June 23, 1879 and married to Mary Petersen Sept. 28, 1902; James Garfield, on Dec. 23, 1882 and wed to Anna Hansen Sept. 2, 1906; Samuel Blaine, on March 28, 1885 and married to Minnie Cutler Dec. 20, 1909; Alice Martha, on July 28, 1887 and wed to Joseph Bywater Sept. 12, 1904; Hettie Irene, on Nov. 28, 1890 and married to Henry Cutler Nov. 28, 1910; John Perry, on Aug. 20, 1893 and who died March 12, 1894, and Alfred Edgar and Edgar Alfred, twins arriving Aug. 20, 1897.

There is one more child, a "Baby Bradford (male)," but there are not dates of birth and death.

I had 12 children, seven who lived to maturity. My first two children died of pneumonia within a week of each other (within 13 days if the dates are correct). One was 2 years and 7 months, the other was 1 year old. My last two children were twins and died at the age of 8 with diphtheria (p. 3).

Of the twins, Edgar Alfred did die at the age of 8 on Sept. 28, 1905, but Alfred Edgar grew up in Corinne, later serving a couple of terms as mayor of the town. In one
election, he beat Sam Forsgren by three votes.

"For Christ's sake!" spat Wally Morris, owner of "The Best Market" mercantile of the time, after learning Sam and his wife, Marb, voted for Bradford as "the fair thing to do."

"By god, Sam, he won the election by three lousy votes and you gave it to him," Morris said. "If you and Marb had voted for you instead, you'd have two more votes, he'd had two less and you'd be mayor now by one vote."

When the next election rolled around, Forsgren did not make the same "Christian" mistake and served one term as the mayor of Corinne.

It is not clear where the "Baby Bradford (male)" fits into this, but at the time of the birth of the twins, Alice Martha Payenter Bradford was 40 years old. Her memories, as recorded by her daughter, Hettie Irene, and Lois L. Hubbard, historian for the Corinne Camp of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers in 1939, were written down some 43 years later.

My husband died of pneumonia on March 14, 1916 and was buried in Corinne. My sons, William Bradford and Alfred Edgar Bradford, served in France in World War I (p. 3).

Her grandsons who fought in World War II, she said, included Blaine, Darwin, Gerwin, Dale, Bruce and DeWain Bradford, as well as Virgil and Philip Cutler. All saw duty in the Philippines, while Philip was stationed in Japan.

Bruce, Alice supposedly told the DUP historian and her daughter, was the only one of her family who was killed in
this action. This, however, can't be accurate. Hettie's account, and perhaps revision of her mother's story, has to have been written down sometime later than the 1939 observance of Alice's birthday. Alice would live another five years and her grandsons would fight in World War II, but Bruce was not among them.

Bruce, son of Samuel, did lose his life in the service of his country. First reported as missing in action, he was later confirmed as being killed by a sniper while on patrol in the Korean conflict. By then, Alice was dead.

A prominent Mormon matriarch of the Corinne Ward at the time told members of his family, straight-faced and straight out, that Bruce's death was a warning to them because they didn't live right.

Perhaps the missing-in-action, government-sent telegram numbed them with both certainty and desperate hope, only to have it sink home with the confirmation, but the Bradfords would remember the righteous woman's words. They would dismiss them in the temperance of time, but they would remember.

The sons and grandsons of Alice Martha Payenter Bradford, those veterans of war, would return to play a part in the development of Corinne. She would know not all of this, but told of a much-earlier time when the men of the town would arm themselves and boast of a bravery just short of the first twinge of labor pains.
Accounts of "The Great Indian Scare in the Fall of 1875" vary, but perhaps Alice Martha Payenter Bradford cuts through the rhetoric with a woman's sense of keeping things in order. This sense, however, might have triggered a panic, a panic generated more by the imagination than fact.

I was alone with two children when an Indian came to my door and asked for something to eat. While he ate the lunch I gave him, he kept talking about "men coming." The next day, his behavior was still on my mind and I visited my neighbor, Grace Davidson, and asked her opinion on what he meant about "men coming." She said, "Well, he means there are Indians coming, but don't tell anyone I told you" (p. 4).

Hubbard recorded the rest of the story for the Corinne Camp of the DUP.

"This Indian was a friend of Mrs. Davidson and he later came back and tried to influence both Mrs. Bradford and Mrs. Davidson to remove their families from town," Hubbard wrote.

Alice told her husband when he arrived at home of the words and behavior of the Indian. Rumors soon circulated throughout the town and people became uneasy.

Word got around the Indians were coming on a certain night. The sentries were posted at the Malad Bridge and told to fire their guns at the first hint of trouble. When of gunshots were heard, all rushed to the Central Hotel where women and children took shelter inside and men formed a barricade outside.

However, the Indians did not arrive. Word had already been sent to Fort Douglas and two companies of soldiers were stationed in the town until the people regained their composure (p. 4).
Figure 24. The Central Hotel at Montana and Sixth was a shelter for women and children on the night of the Indian scare. This glass-plate picture from the collection of Marijane Morris, is often thought to have been taken about 1895, but the children, right down to the clothing and the ribbon in one girl's hair, appear to be the same as those seen in the 1907 street scene on page 57.
Brigham D. Madsen, in a somewhat exhaustive study of newspaper accounts of the time, has a more-multiple sided and slightly different version of the causes and resulting panic of the great "Indian Scare" in his Corinne: The Gentile Capital of Utah.

Attempts by the citizens of Corinne to develop their town into a major commercial center were frustrated by the seeming support by the Mormons of the Shoshoni Indians, who made the area around the Gentile city their winter home and preferred it there because here was where grandfather's grandfather came.

...Before white settlers occupied the lower Bear River Valley, some two thousand Northwestern Shoshoni had located seven permanent winter camps along the river, four of these placed at the confluence of the stream with the Great Salt Lake, the exact spot where Gen. J. A. Williamson and his colleagues had decided to build a town (Madsen 1980, pp. 272-273).

By 1869, white settlers had driven out most game animals and the Indians were left with whatever foods and clothing items the government might distribute at the Fort Hall Reservation in southeastern Idaho.

If Madsen is correct, a majority of the government goods went not to the Shoshoni, but rather into what is commonly called today a "black market."

The Indians, he said, were then reduced to seeking handouts of food and clothing from the inhabitants of Corinne, Brigham City and other nearby towns.

In January 1863 Gen. Patrick E. Conner's
forces had killed almost four hundred of the Northwestern Shoshoni at the massacre called the Battle of Bear River in Cache County and had then signed the Treaty of Box Elder on July 30, 1863, with ten of the leading chiefs. The agreement bound the government to distribute $5,000 in clothing, food, and other items to the bands each fall at an annual meeting near Corinne. The Indian agents of both Fort Hall and Utah were usually involved in the yearly process of giving what turned out to be only a small percentage of the amount promised under the treaty. Then, the five to six hundred Indians who wintered near Corinne were left to the tender mercies of the Gentile residents of that town and to the Mormon people of Brigham City.

Unlike most westerners of the time, the Saints believed that it was less expensive to feed the Indians than to fight them. This dictum of Brigham Young stemmed from the prophecies in the Book of Mormon that the Lamanites, or Indians, would eventually accept the teachings of Christ and be reunited with their brethren in the Mormon church. While this doctrine was accepted, those members of the faith who lived near large groups of Indians found the drain on their food supplies to be unceasing and sometimes more than they could bear... (Madsen 1980, p. 274).

Prominent Mormons of the area, Madsen says, asked for help from surrounding communities, seeking foodstuffs to help feed the Indians. The message was simple: If we don't feed them, we will have to fight them.

To the frontiersmen of Corinne the Mormon concern with the welfare of the "naked savages... in the suburbs of the town" was not only incomprehensible but indicative of the possible arming by the Saints of the two hundred warriors among the natives, a threat that caused some nervousness in Corinnethians who thought they smelled "the scent of blood in the air." From April 1870 on the town newspapers kept hinting at the possible union of Mormons and Indians in a cabal that would wreak death and destruction on the defenseless Gentiles of Corinne (Madsen 1980, pp. 274-275).

Now the Gentiles of Corinne were not exactly defense
less, but they, like their Mormon neighbors, were pushed to a straining point, Madsen concedes.

"While the Mormon people suffered the drain on their food supplies without murmur, the Corinnethians were clamorously indignant about the 'filthy vagrants' who begged at doorsteps or searched through garbage for scraps of food...."

The annual distribution of goods, Madsen notes, consisted mainly of red shirts, blankets, fishhooks, pans, pots, traps, hatchets, butcher knives, and combs.

Some of these items, of course, could be used in one adapted way or the other, but in the hindsight of history, this might have been a little like supplying a starting crank for a Model-T Ford to the owner of a Stanley Steamer.

After the annual distribution, Madsen says, the Indian agents "nearly always asked the merchants of Corinne not to cheat the Indians out of their presents." This request, he adds, was routinely ignored.

During the next four years, until 1875, the local editors (of the Corinne newspapers) kept their columns filled with one-liners about the annoyance of having Indians loitering about the streets, sometimes drunk on white man's whiskey and occasionally accused of petty thefts. One of the worst aspects of having numerous Indians near Corinne was the unscrupulous practice by some residents of selling liquor to the natives which did not improve the social atmosphere of the town. The Shoshoni seemed to be everywhere: attending baseball games, visiting the local bank to get change for large bills, searching in the alleys for "thawed swill and other luxuries," stealing puddings and pies from a boarding house, traveling around in "majestic tatters," holding funerals for
departed loves ones, "sawing wood for palefaces," selling and swapping horses, stealing furs, burning fences and claiming the land as theirs, patronizing local fruit stands, playing cards on the sidewalks, and being too numerous "in town these days for the general good."

Sometimes the incidents involving the Indians were more serious. In one case several broke into a house, stole all the food, and burned the furniture in a campfire. A local judge interrupted one robbery by hitting the intruder in the head with a shovel. And Chief Pocatello lived up to his reputation of being a terror to the settlers by forcibly taking a horse from a white farmer...


Annoyances of this type climaxed in 1875, fueled by reports of great numbers of Shoshoni joining the Mormon faith and the discovery by the government agent at Fort Hall, where the Indians were supposed to live but didn't, that a large portion of the annual supplies were never given out.

The Shoshoni, it seems, found the "pickin's," given meagerly if grudgingly, better at the lower Bear River and more and more Indians thronged the streets of Corinne in the summer of 1875, glorying, as the editor of the Corinne Mail wrote, in the "unutterable [sic] blessings promised them in the future by the Profit, as a reward for their proficiency in sending to hell across lots."

By July, Madsen notes, the editor of the Corinne Mail was writing that the valley was swarming with Indians, kept there by the Mormons who were giving them gifts and urging them to stay. The editor complained, as his advertisers probably did to him, of the 300 or more "Mormon Indians"
camped just outside of town, begging, stealing and trying to catch rides on the trains.

Throughout the spring and summer of 1875 Utah Territory and the nation became engrossed in a case that helped arouse Corinnethian apprehension about the numerous Indians gathered (in the area). This was the trial of John D. Lee at Beaver, Utah, for his alleged part in the Mountain Meadow Massacre of 1857 in which a united force of Mormons and Indians had killed members of a party of Missouri emigrants bound for California. The newspapers of Utah, especially the Gentile Salt Lake Tribune and the Corinne Mail, carried almost daily accounts of the progress of the trial. On August 7 the jury was discharged when the members could not agree on a verdict. The count was nine for acquittal and three for conviction. The Gentile papers bitterly denounced this as a miscarriage of justice and prophesied further murders by the Mormon-Indian combine. The Idaho Statesman thought the Saints and their leaders had decided to revenge themselves on the Gentiles for the Lee trial (Madsen 1980, p. 282).

Two days after the Lee verdict was announced, Madsen writes, the editor of the Mail devoted an entire column to a denunciation of Mormon attempts to destroy Corinne. He recited the supposed curse placed by Brigham Young upon the Gentile settlement and then listed the means by which the Mormon prophet had sought to obliterate it from the face of the earth.

Among these, he said, were forbidding the Saints from trading in the town, construction of the Utah Northern Railroad from Salt Lake, up through Logan and north into Idaho to cut off the lucrative trading route to the Montana mines, and conversion of the Indians to the Mormon faith, with the added encouragement to harass the Gentile town.
Madsen says the residents of Corinne became frightened by newspaper articles and such scare headlines as "Mormons Meddling With Indians! Mountain Meadows to be Repeated!"

He writes such "rumors" as these about "suspicious" movements among the almost 2,000 Indians north of the town finally sparked a "Night of Terror" in Corinne, Aug. 10, 1875.

Whether Alice Martha Payenter Bradford added to this panic or ignited it is not known. Probably it was a culmination of small events and situations, and likely more than one housewife fed more than one friendly Indian and perhaps more than one story was blossomed in the telling.

At any rate, the 20-20 hindsight of history indicates the incident was more of imagination than actual danger. Alice Martha Payenter Bradford would tell others of this later, shaking her head and wondering why her husband was so excited. She would do as he commanded, however, and take her children to the hotel to sit out a night of crying kids and with her that deadly dread her husband may never come back.

At the time, it was very, very real.

...Women and children were either placed for safety in the Central Hotel or sent to Ogden out of harm's way while the men armed themselves by breaking into a shipment of United States arms held at the depot. Pickets were stationed at the Malad Bridge three miles north of town. During the night the skittish men thought they discerned savage forms creeping upon them, started firing wild alarms, and retreated to Corinne. The military officer who later investigated the whole af-
fair reported the town minutemen later doubted whether they had really seen any Indians. The return of the frightened guards led Mayor E. P. Johnson to wire Gov. George W. Emery for troops to protect the citizens. The governor responded with a request to the commander of Camp Douglas who immediately dispatched Capt. James Kennington and a company of fifty men to the scene (Madsen 1980, p. 283).

Madsen continues to say the captain, Mayor Johnson, and interpreter Louis DeMars went to the Indian camp in the late afternoon of Aug. 11 and learned no Indians had fired on the guards at the Malad Bridge and all, it seemed, had been engaged in peaceful farming. The question, however, remains, at night?

At any rate, Kennington gave the Indians an ultimatum. He decreed all "reservation" Indians were to head back to Fort Hall by Aug. 13 at 1 p.m. or he would be forced to remove them. He, Madsen says, was not concerned about the Indians who normally lived in the lower Bear River area.

The following day, two more companies of soldiers were dispatched from Camp Douglas to carry out Kennington's edict and Mormon newspapers had a field day as more investigation showed the "scare" and resulting "cowardice" of Corinne was caused because an Indian woman was pushed off a freight train by a brakeman and the Malad ditch had been "tampered with" when the Shoshoni had placed a temporary dam in it to catch fish.

Madsen records the effect of the scare was devastating to the Shoshoni and long-lasting. The tribe was camped
north of Corinne and under Mormon leadership was farming for food not provided at the Fort Hall reservation.

When the Army removed the Indians from Corinne and returned them to the reservation, they were finishing a second day of harvest, Madsen notes.

The Shoshoni had cut 25 acres of wheat and two acres of peas. All other crops were lost and Chief Saqwich, a survivor of the Conner's massacre at Bear River, asked the soldiers, in anguished tones, "What have I stolen? Who have I killed? What meanness have I done...?" (Madsen 1980, p. 285).

Brigham Young, a former Indian superintendent, argued from his long experience that the Indians could not have planned an attack on Corinne because they were totally unprepared (Madsen 1980, p. 285).

Young said the Shoshoni were engaged in the peaceful endeavor of farming, their ponies were scattered all over the prairie, they were hampered by their women and children, there were no war dances or war paint in evidence and they would not have attacked the Malad Bridge in the middle of the night when dawn was the customary time.

He thought the "wide-awake" men of Corinne had seen in an Indian war "a way to importance and a road to wealth" for their town, which was "fast sinking into insignificance."

Festering fear in the citizens of Corinne, however, was hard to control and eventually Gen. Philip H. Sheridan
stationed a company of troops in Corinne "permanently" from Aug. 24 to Sept. 23, 1875.

During this time, Mormon papers, such as the Deseret News, believed the only motive for having soldiers in Corinne was to provide some government cash for the failing merchants "in the town which is not expected to live."

And as a consequence, Madsen notes on page 287 of his 1980 work, the "scare" caused Montana shippers to halt their freight wagons and this cut deeply into Corinne's economy that season even though merchants assured the soldiers would guarantee safe delivery of the goods.

Whether the Indian scare was real or not, the fallout did little to benefit Corinne.

For a fact, nearly 2,000 Shoshoni were camped north of town, many of them just converted into the Mormon faith, and the citizens of the community were literally engaged in a life-and-death struggle against this dominant faith and its political power.

It should be remembered, also, that this threat of violence toward the populace of Corinne came just three days after a jury had acquitted John D. Lee of any connection with the Mountain Meadow Massacre and the newspaper reports in the Gentile community would report more of such atrocities were sure to follow.

"The people of the town," Madsen writes on page 288, "had come to believe that Brigham Young had pronounced a
prophetic curse of destruction against Corinne and that the Indians would provide the means of ensuring the success of that diabolical promise."

In the six years of its existence, Corinne boldly had cast its lot against the communal control of the Mormon faithful. Local newspapers and town leaders had followed insult with imagined injury and this had resulted in an almost self-fulfilling prophecy that the town would be destroyed by the Danite Mormons (Madsen 1980, p. 288).

This, of course, did not occur, but the accumulation of frustration in the years of the town's existence had convinced its citizens of the hostility of the Saints.

"The six years of frustration in trying to establish a productive and enduring economy culminated in 1875 with an attempt to place the blame at the doorstep of the Mormons and at the same time to win national sympathy for a little Gentile town caught between the upper and nether millstones of Lamanite and Saint," Madsen assesses on page 289.

Corinne may have secured the support the nation, but it did not succeed in harvesting its pocketbook. Congress did not grant lands for irrigation purposes and it also declined to provide sufficient funds to care for the Indians, which placed the natives as beggars still at the doors of Gentile and Mormon alike (Madsen 1980, p. 289).

"Corinnethians were left with only the melancholy certainty of more frustrating and anxious years ahead as
their energetic Mormon neighbors continued to press for an extension of the Utah Northern into Montana" (Madsen 1980, p. 289).

Madsen adds there probably was some fire hidden in the smoke of Mormon claims that at least some Corinnethians had deliberately instigated the Indian scare for economic gain.

Alice Martha Payenter Bradford probably knew much of this, at least lived through it and later spoke a little of the times. She died at her home in Corinne Oct. 30, 1944 at the age of 88 and was buried in the Corinne Cemetery.
CHAPTER VIII

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Paving for a Free Education

Americans long have believed in the privilege, some even have considered it a right, to a free education of their young in a public school system.

Financing such a free educational system also long has been debated and ultimately, directly or indirectly, has fallen back on the individual pocketbooks of the citizenry.

In the early years in Utah, tutors were hired by the wealthy or mothers taught the children as best they could, at times gathering small groups of youngsters within their homes.

The idea of a public school system, of paying to educate another man's child, was simply outrageous, totally unthinkable.

Today, the biggest bit out of the Utah state budget goes to education and falls short of the demand created by a large population of school-age children. The Mormon church tells its members to have many children; the state now is saying it can't continue to pay for this practice.

Corinne started the first public schools in Utah and later possibly the first hot lunch program. This first wasn't easy; the second was a matter of practicality.
Figure 25. Class at Corinne Elementary, about 1907. Students tentatively identified include Walt and Willy Bosley, Audrey Murphy, George Holmes, Jenny Murphy (Adney), Jennie Older, Addie Parker and Maude Adams. Marijane Morris collection.

Figure 26. Corinne Elementary School, with a temporary classroom at left and a bulging enrollment, 1987.
In the area of public education, some say the rowdy town of Corinne scored a couple of firsts in the Mormon Territory of Utah, showing perhaps that while of Gentile origin, one of the basic concerns of all parents, be they spiritual or spirited or both, is the often lifelong attempt to mold a better life than theirs for their children.

The citizens of Corinne opened the first free public schools in the territory, inviting youngsters of all religious sects and economic status to attend, and in later years, around the late 1920s or early '30s, started what many present residents still consider to be the initial hot lunch program in the state.

In Chapter 7 of his 1980 *Corinne: The Gentile Capitol of Utah*, Brigham D. Madsen chronicles the beginning of the public school system in Utah.

He notes on page 213 of his 1980 volume that in 1871 there were three active churches in Corinne, the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal. And so, Madsen writes, with spiritual needs of the god-fearing community met, citizens became concerned about the need for a school building.

In June 1871 Dennis Toohy (editor of the Corinne Reporter) wrote, "There are churches enough in Corinne, if we are to judge of the attendance, to suffice for several years to come. Let us have as many school houses...." A day school branch of the Salt Lake Grammar School had been conducted during the winter of 1869-70 by
Nellie Wells in one of the churches. The Reporter noted that a ladies' sociable held on January 13, 1870, to raise funds for seats and other conveniences for the church and schoolhouse, had netted $126.25. This, the "first entirely Gentile school in Utah," enrolled thirty students and was followed on April 18, 1870, by a district school of twenty-two students taught by a Miss Huntoon who had just arrived from the East. But three days later the newspaper announced that Miss M. Q. Barnes planned to open a select school on May 2 and subsequently reported an enrollment of twenty-two scholars, a nucleus for a possible high school. The two schools may have been the same, only with Miss Barnes taking over from Miss Huntoon. Toohy visited the schoolroom and warned the parents of students not to expect too much in the way of maps, charts, globes, and blackboards. He invited the citizens to provide these necessities before the start of another term (Madsen 1980, pp. 213-214).

In June, Madsen reports, a separation of church and state came about when a "Mr. Fitch" began construction of a brick schoolhouse with private funds. From this time on and for several months, Fitch's schoolhouse was used by various small private schools, as well as for entertainments and as a public meeting place.

The completion of the Methodist church offered the energetic pastor, W. D. Damon, the opportunity to open the Corinne Seminary in October 1870. The new school supplanted the small institutions of the previous year and offered instruction under primary, intermediate, and grammar departments at very low tuition. It promised that "no church catechism, or anything of a sectarian character will ever be tolerated in this school," although daily classes would be started each morning by prayer and reading from the Bible. The school was coeducational and attracted students from Montana and from various small towns along the Pacific railroad. Toohy called it a success, and Damon reopened it the following November with a more restricted time offering—1 to 4 p.m. each weekday. At about the same time he announced the start of an evening
school to instruct the higher branches of knowledge for a minimal fee of fifty cents a week. Roll was called at 7 p.m., followed by three hours of instruction (Madsen 1980, p. 214).

These first schools were succeeded by the opening and closing of several other educational endeavors and the rapid comings and goings of these caused the town fathers to consider a more comprehensive public system.

The Box Elder County Court had formed the Corinne School District, a rectangular area of 12 miles with the town as a nucleus, in July, 1870, but left it to the citizens of the community to figure out the details, Madsen says on Page 215.

This, however, resulted in much talk, and little action, he notes.

Apparently, the action of the Utah legislature in amending the Corinne City Charter to allow the town to levy taxes for the support of a public school stirred the lethargic citizens sufficiently so that the matter became an issue in the municipal election of March 1872. One correspondent to the paper thought that no man should be elected to public office who was not in favor of constructing a schoolhouse. After an exciting election day, Toohy wrote that "free drinks took the place of free schools for the night..." (Madsen 1980, p. 215).

But, Madsen accounts, the pressure of citizen concern was there and a standing committee on schools was appointed by the city council. The city attorney advised the town leaders territorial laws permitted the levy of a direct tax on land or a per capita tax, or both, to defray the expenses of a public school.
The council then levied a tax of 1 percent on property and a direct tax of $5 per capita for school purposes and ordered plans for the construction of a two-story (perhaps two-room) schoolhouse, 26 by 60 feet, at a cost not exceeding $4,000. The Central Pacific, Madsen says, deeded an entire block to the city as the site for the building.

Subsequently, a bid was awarded for the foundation of the schoolhouse, and another was let for the structure, when in a surprise move, the Opera House Association offered its building to the community for school purposes.

Town councilmen quickly accepted, paying $2,730 for the $5,000 structure capable of seating 300 comfortably and 500 in a crunch. Toohy invited the scholars of Corinne "to come and enjoy the feast of education" under the tutelage of Principal H. H. Heckman and his assistant, Miss Ettie Closser.

The first year of Corinne's free public school was a decided success despite such minor problems as the need for another stove to heat the classroom and the effort to provide additional financing by such means as selling the old city hall. The basement was used for the primary grades. Final enrollment figures showed that 129 pupils had recited 2,678 lessons with 2,373 perfect, 293 imperfect, and 12 failures. After a month's vacation in March the students returned to classes until commencement exercises on June 27, 1873. An important highlight of the year was a Valentine's Day masquerade ball held for the benefit of the public school at which two hundred couples danced until four o'clock the next morning (Madsen 1980, p. 216).

While the fervor for educating the young did not dwindle, the means of financing it did. The Corinne Mail,
in 1874 and '75, published constant reminders to the citizenry to pay delinquent tax monies to support the school.

This reluctance eventually caused school authorities in Corinne to publish an item in the newspaper Sept. 6, 1875.

In answer to the question in the Mail as to when school will commence, we would state that it will be as soon as the people pay their taxes and enable us to repair the schoolhouse and employ teachers. Respectfully, Trustees (Madsen 1980, p. 217).

By this or whatever prompting, Madsen states, the school opened in the fall of 1876 with an enrollment of 100 students. He adds perhaps a major reason behind Corinnean support was opposition from the Mormon leadership to the entire idea of free public education.

Many rank-and-file Saints, however, "were trying desperately to establish a system of tax-supported schools for the territory," Madsen cites from "Free Schools Come to Utah" in the Stanley S. Ivins Collection now in the archives of the Utah State Historical Society.

The matter came to a head in October, 1873 when the prophet, Brigham Young, in western parlance, "shot it into rag dolls" during the semiannual conference of the church.

I am utterly opposed to free schools. There are but few families on the earth who are unable to earn their own food and clothing and school their children. Free schools have been introduced into the state in consequence of the tyranny of the rich over the poor (Madsen 1980, p. 217).

Madsen quotes Young as later saying, "I will not give one dollar to educate another man's child," and other church
leaders echoed this stand, calling the concept a "species of pauperism."

For men of means such as Young and other church leaders, it was not too difficult to establish private schools for their many children, Madsen says, but poorer Saints found this prohibitive and sided with John Chislett, a "good Mormon" who took the prophet to task in a sardonic letter.

...Now about the Free School. Of course I did not expect a man like you who cannot write a correct sentence in his mother tongue, and hardly spell half-a-dozen consecutive words correctly, to approve the proposition....In conclusion, allow me to inform you that the day is past when you can get on the rostrum and abuse your betters. I for one will not stand for it... (Madsen 1980, p. 217).

Chislett did, however, stand for it after a public school bill was defeated in the Utah Legislature on the quiet word from the prophet. Some 10 years later, in November, 1884, the church-owned Deseret News "fessed up" the real reason for the opposition. It stated simply, "Institutions supported by general taxes cannot be conducted on a religious basis."

The citizens of Corinne, of course, exploited this for all it was and wasn't worth and taunted their Mormon neighbors for the few Saints who "sneaked their offspring into the town school, thus educating their children at the expense of the Gentiles...."

Details, and these usually involve statistical head counts, are sketchy at best in the growth of the Corinne
public school system. Superintendent Charles H. Skidmore, in his July 1, 1921 Administration and Supervision in the Box Elder School District, said on page 16 that in August of 1888 "...in round numbers it might be said there were at least 1,000 families and 5,000 souls in Box Elder County. The U. S. Census for Box Elder County by decades beginning in 1860 and ending in 1920 is as follows: 1,608; 4,855; 6,761; 7,642; 10,009; 13,894, and 18,788."

In this same 1921 report, Skidmore noted Corinne had a population of 394, but did not describe educational facilities there.

He did speak about other schools in the area in his work ordered by the board of education as a promotional tool to consolidate the entire county into a single district.

NORTH PROMONTORY

Four or five miles east of this station is the North Promontory School. It is commodious and usually patronized by 15 or 20 children. A fairly good well is on the ground. The community is rather prosperous and agreeable. Orson Poulson here has always shown great interest in the school. The teachers speak well of the patrons of the school.

EAST PROMONTORY

The East Promontory School is about six miles south of North Promontory. It is much of the same type of school. It lies on the east side of the Promontory mountain among ranches and fertile farms. The people are trying "to get together." When they do the country will advance, for it is a very desirable farm district. Boothe Valley lies 13 miles farther south and Promontory Point still farther south an additional 10 or 11 miles.
PROMONTORY POINT

Tutoring goes on with a very few pupils in a small school room at Promontory Point, built by a few local families at their own expenses. The Board of Education has encouraged them in this by making small appropriations. This school can be reached by automobile via Boothe Valley, or more conveniently on the Southern Pacific from Ogden. The trains going over the Lucin Cut-off always stop here. There is a good swimming place in the lake just south of the station and a choice natural beach for a bathing resort around on the west side of the Promontory Mountain. Ogden "boosters" once talked seriously of building a resort at this place (Skidmore 1921, pp. 34-35).

Skidmore does not mention the schoolhouse at Appledale, west of Corinne, or classes held in the church at Fruitdale, but likely these had vanished, or had been absorbed into Corinne Elementary by 1921.

Possibly other such facilities opened and closed as the educational system developed within the county.

Small classes were held in the homes of the pioneers even before the Saints were able to build schoolhouses, the superintendent said. A schoolhouse constructed of logs came soon after, then one of rock, and of frame and brick in succession, as rapidly as "these great men and women were able to advance," Skidmore writes on page 70 of his work.

He then adds, perhaps patronizingly, that from the very start the Saints had shown great interest and support in the schools.

"Such notes as the following written 65 years ago gives evidence of this: 'On March 10, 1856, Lorenzo Snow, Samuel Smith, and Joseph Grover were elected trustees and the peo-
ple voted a tax of 1 per cent" (Skidmore 1921, p. 70).

For context, Lorenzo Snow founded Brigham City and named it for the prophet. He later served as president of the Mormon Church. What Skidmore doesn't distinguish is whether the 1 percent tax was a "cooperative" levy on participating parents or a general assessment on the populace, but likely this venture was more of a "private" school.

The Box Elder School District was proposed on May 10, 1907, when "more than forty progressive citizens petitioned the Board of County Commissioners to consolidate the county schools. The petition was granted by an ordinance of the Commissioners, passed June 30, 1907..." (Skidmore 1921, pp. 71-72).

Even before this, there was a two-room school at Corinne. Gladys Bosley, oldest child of Thomas Edward and Hannah M. Peterson Bosley born March 3, 1897, attended it in 1903.

Her younger sister, Fay, reminiscing in an August, 1986 interview, recalls Gladys "simply dreaded" walking to and from school because the family farmed down on the bend east of the Bear River and she had to cross the bridge by herself. Walking alone and at 5 or 6 years of age, Gladys might have seen the sluggish Bear as at least two miles wide and more than one deep.

She carried a lunch bucket, Fay said, and left it at
school more than once until the sharp words of her parents corrected this.

Tom Bosley moved his family to Nevada shortly after this, but returned to Corinne with his wife and children shortly after the death of his mother in January of 1907.

With the return of the family, Gladys, then 9, and Fay, 7, were enrolled at Corinne Elementary, still apparently two rooms. During this time, the Bosley family lived in a number of houses, including one on Arizona Street right behind the school.

Fay remembers there was a fence around the large schoolyard, with a turnstile entrance at the front and a swinging gate at the back. In the mornings, the back gate was unlocked and the Bosley children went to school through it rather than walking all the way around to the front.

In one corner inside the rear fence were six outhouses, three for the boys and three for the girls. On more than one Halloween night, all or some of them were tipped over and in later years attempts to curtail such antics resulted in a community children's party of early evening and middle-late hours at the schoolhouse.

Still, this never completely stopped the prankish attacks on outhouses and one West Corinne farmer never did seem to learn from one trip too many.

Each Halloween night, his outhouse wasn't tipped over. Rather, a couple of husky lads on each side simply picked it
up and carefully moved it back about 10 feet. Usually an old, earth-colored piece of canvas, weighted down with rocks on the corners, was placed over the hole.

Sure enough, as faithful as the famous geyser in Yellowstone, the farmer was the first up and out the following morning. The range and rankness of his lung-bursting yells were legendary.

In 1911, the Box Elder district completed additions at the Corinne schoolhouse to make it a six-room facility and Bosley completed construction of his own home off Fourth Street to the east of the school.

Gladys, then 13 or 14, would either have been in her last year at Corinne or her first in junior high at Brigham City. Fay was 11; her brother, Tommy, about 8, and sister, Grace, close to 6. They all would attend classes at the elementary, as in later years would Marion Young, Henry Fredrickson, Donald Cutler, Sam Forsgren and Blaine Bradford.

Marion and Don (1985) said in West Corinne in the early 1900s, there were two other elementary schools, one at Appledale and the other at a church house in Fruitdale.

In another attempt to bring prosperity to the area, two sections of land west of Corinne were planted with apple and assorted fruit trees. This venture, as others of the time, died of alkali poisoning, and it awaited a successful drainage system to bring back fertility to the soil.
At any rate, Marion and Don agree the West Corinne schools were shut down about 1926, perhaps earlier as Skidmore mentioned neither in his 1921 report, and student-aged children out there were bused into Corinne Elementary on a Model-T Ford truck with a box-frame on the back, roughly fitted with a bench on each side and a wood stove for warmth in the winter.

They say May Gibson drove this first school bus, if it could be called that by modern standards, and Tommy Anderson later steered another.

Eventually, they added, the duty fell to A. G. Woodard, who transported the children back and forth for some 27 years. Sam Forsgren (1986) somewhat agrees with this, saying he thinks he started riding into the school from his West Corinne father's farm in 1928 at the age of 10.

By the 1950s, the Anderson, Bradford, Burt, Craner, Cutler, Davis, Forsgren, Gallegos, Hansen, Harper, Ikagami, Jensen, Kondo, Larson, Marble, Michelli, Misrasi, Nagato, Nelson, Norman, Owens, Reddlings, Reeder, Roche, Roundy, Singh, Stoll, Taylor, Walker, Welch, Wells, Yamasaki and Young children were among the pupils enrolled there.

Most of the students thought the brick building was a "neat place" to have a spook alley, a fishing pond and cake walks on Halloween nights and hooted to confederates because it was roomy enough to host some public meetings if the adults didn't mind sitting in the smallish seats with their
knees poking into their chins. On such occasions, the reluctant mothers usually wore ankle-length dresses with those multiple, hard-to-iron pleats.

By this time, there were indoor restrooms for the boys on the west and the girls on the east. A kitchen had been added and a two-room extension at the back housed some of the first-grade and kindergarten kids.

Lessons then were rigidly enforced and there apparently was no allowance for deviation from the norm, noticeably when it came to learning how to write in block and script letters.

Even the young and pert, my-students-love-me, first-grade teacher, Mrs. Crompton, adhered to the accepted rules of the day and lessons at learning letters were done only with the right hand, since somehow people naturally should write that way.

To this day, the author, naturally left-handed, carries scars on his left index finger from bloody raps of a steel-edged ruler until the slow, clumsy and frustrating ability to write with his right hand developed.

Mrs. Crompton eventually pulled her "pink slip" to follow her husband to California. They settled in Compton, and somehow this seemed amusingly fitting.

Before the addition at the back, only the four corner rooms of the main structure were used for classes, and this dates from the facility's dedication into the mid-40s or
early 50s. In the beginning, each of the four teachers, including the principal, handled two grades. The two middle rooms awaited growth and the money to pay instructors.

Eventually, in what some residents maintain was the first school lunch program in the area, if not the state, the two middle rooms were used as cafeteria space and play areas for the pupils when the weather was bad.

In 1948, the eighth grade was bused to Brigham City and seventh graders soon followed because of overcrowding. The junior high in Brigham City had been built to house the seventh, eighth and, ninth grades, but it soon proved to be too small also, and the ninth graders were moved into the high school.

The top class then, taught for many years by Principal Lew Harding of Perry, was for the sixth graders and the bright fifth graders. The other classroom on the left side of the front of the building housed the fifth grade and the "slow" sixth graders.

Selection for two years in the "bright" class was a status achievement and the rest of the "dummies" bitterly hated the fifth graders who made it.

By this time, the middle rooms had an equal division for the third and fourth graders, the second grade was housed in one of the back rooms and the other was converted into the kitchen. At lunchtime, tables were quickly assembled in the long central hall, which also was used to
show occasional movies, such as "Hondo" with John Wayne and Geraldine Page in 1956. For such treats, students simply brought their chairs from the classrooms and placed them in orderly rows, leaving an aisle down the middle.

Sam Forsgren (1986) never enjoyed the luxury of a hot lunch when he attended Corinne Elementary. The lunch program there, he thinks, started in about 1933 when he was 15 and going to school in Brigham City.

Born in Brigham City May 12, 1918 to Roy and Mary Forsgren, Sam came to West Corinne that same year when his parents moved out to a farm there. He and his two brothers, Ralph and Russell, and two sisters, Ethel and Charleen, all went to the elementary.

The school at Appledale closed about the time he was old enough to attend, Sam said, "Although I did go to a couple of classes at the church at Fruitdale, but that wasn't very regular and neither was I."

Students living outside of town and not able to walk home brought lunch boxes with them to school. Sam remembers the principal at the time as "a real mean cuss, who made us eat outside no matter what the weather -- rain, snow or just damned cold."

This, perhaps more than any other factor, probably started the lunch program at school.

"Corinne Elementary pioneered the school lunch program, just by women cooking soup to supplement the sandwich or
whatever the kids brought with them to eat," said Marion Young Fredrickson Cutler (1985).

"It was done mainly so the kids on the school bus could have something hot for lunch," said Donald Culter, Marion's second husband (1985).

"Ada Rowe and my mother (Sarah Ann Bingham Young) were both involved in the early stages of this, cooking the soup in a big kettle on a two-burner hot plate," Marion said. "Two mothers were assigned each week and they took turns."

Forsgren (1986) remembers this also, although he was never a recipient of hot soup in his years there.

"Yeah, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Rowe, Stella (Forsgren) and some of the other women in town, they'd pick up a few groceries over there at the store, cook it up and the kids said it was good food, too," Sam said, adding the pain from a deep, bleeding cut soon passes from the memory, but eating a stiff sandwich in bitter cold doesn't.

Sam, a farmer in West Corinne by trade, also worked as the custodian at the elementary school for 14 years. He lives on the corner of Fifth and Colorado streets, just to the west of the schoolyard, and often watches the youngsters during recess.

Except for three years of service with the U. S. Army in the Pacific during World War II, he has lived nearly all of his life in Corinne. Even today, a military rifle leans into a corner of his front room and two bayonets, complete
with steel scabbards, are mounted on the wall, one crossed over the other.

As one of many Corinne residents, Sam said he never felt an urge to leave for greener pastures, adding quickly, "Oh well, maybe once or twice." He worked his farm, just to the west of that of Wayne Owens, and contends he never retired.

"I never retired, I just got 'tired' of the son-of-a-bitchin' work," he would say in August of 1986, sitting under the cover of his carport and sipping on a can of cold root beer.

His wife, Marb, shot a condemning, but tolerant, glance at him and took a drink from her own can of Diet Coke, easing back in a lawn chair after she and Sam had spent the hottest part of the day mowing the grass at the Corinne cemetery.

She and Sam met early in the war years during a dance at Crystal Springs, north of Brigham City. They were married at the courthouse in Ogden in 1942 by a judge who hunted pheasants each season on the Forsgren farm. The judge was hearing a case at the time, but when he heard Marb and Sam were waiting outside the courtroom he told the litigants, "You can wait; they can't."

Shortly thereafter, Sam was shipped to the Pacific Theater to fight the Japanese.

The Forsgrens have two children, Max, twice wed and
Figure 27. Sam and Marb Forsgren, 1987.
running a surveying business near Seattle, Wash., and Helen, who is married to Curtis Hansen, a Corinne native and now senior deputy for the Box Elder County Sheriff's Office.

Marb, whose actual name is Mariba, was born April 12, 1918 to Alfred and Josephine Newman Bowcutt, eventually of Bothwell, a small farming community west of Tremonton, Utah. Her sister, Viola, was Don Cutler's first wife.

Virtually everyone knows her as Marb and never uses her given name, "except for your father and I think he did out of pure cussedness," she said. "He had that kind of bite to him, you know."

And that he did.

Wally Morris, born in Rexburg, Idaho June 18, 1912 to Hyrum Peel and Myrtle Jones Morris, had a photographic memory and a mind faster than most computers today.

The author as a youth, working first a hand-crank adding machine and later an electric one, simply gave up doubting the sales tab because his father could mentally record prices as he bagged the groceries, add the tax and give the precise total to the penny before the final "ding-ding" sounded.

Morris bought the mercantile in Corinne and renamed it "The Best Market" on an admitted gamble and moved his family there in hopes of providing them with all the things he desired as a kid himself. Such, after all, is the want of most parents.
He walked into it, knowing there were more than three big strikes against him.

First of all, he was a Jack Mormon who smoked most of his life, wearing shirts with two front pockets to carry his cigarettes, menthol in one and regular in the other.

Secondly, he was a reformed alcoholic after a persistent and insistent Marijane had dried him out. Still in the later years there in Corinne, his son found a quart bottle of bourbon tucked away in the furnace room and nipped on it once and again while cleaning the air filters. The nipping stopped, however, when the lowered level of liquor in the dust-covered bottle became all too apparent even to the son.

Thirdly, he had a stubborn streak down his back big enough to get up and walk by itself. Actually, he was a gentle man and generous to a fault by nature, and over the years he extended credit to just about everyone who lived within the area.

He was somewhat bitter then, and increasingly more so, when he met a debtor on the street, a Corinnethian who had taken milk, salt, sugar, bread, butter, flour, bacon and beans to feed a family in hard financial times, and then was snubbed after his cordial, not necessarily friendly, "Hello, how goes it?"

The pain came when he finally realized his gesture of help, from "one of them outsiders," was taken as such, and equally for granted, as a token of seeking acceptance.
Perhaps the notion went back to the Mormon communal order of everyone owning and sharing everything equally. Probably, it did not, but the result was the same. An innocent encounter on the street or even in the post office was met with either a "I-don't-see-you" silence or a brush-off "Talk to me later."

Of course, not all Corinnethians were like this. There also were the Bill Bosleys, the Henry Fredricksons, the Marty Rosses, the Sam Forsgrens, the Vernon Cutlers and the Lamar Larsens. This compensated somewhat.

When his health finally failed in 1965, Wally was forced to sell out his mercantile on his doctor's orders and move to the West Coast into a triangle of land bordered by San Diego, Ventura, and Bakersfield.

Morris needed such a climate as found in this triangle, his physician said, because of his enlarged heart, damage from a moderate coronary and acute emphysema. Even so, the doctor gave Wally just about five years to live.

And so he sold out to the husband of Walt Bosley's daughter, swallowed a ton or two of debts owned to him by a few Corinnethians -- and to this day never remembered or paid -- and moved to the oft-better climes of California. As he drove his car out of town for the last time, he never looked back once.

The stubborn Morris, given five years, lasted 10. Eventually, he quit smoking and Marijane claims he might
have lived a few more years had he exercised a mite, like simply walking around the block a couple of times after supper.

Wally Morris died in California Aug. 3, 1975, fulfilling a promise he had extracted from Marijane years earlier that he never be buried in a place where the ground freezes. In his later years in Corinne, Morris grew to hate the Utah winters and fought the ice and snow with a shovel and the pointed ends of a Model-T front axle turned crow bar until physically exhausted.

At his death, he was 63. This somehow seems fitting, as his brother, Darwin, angrily insisting he be called Dick; his father, Hyrum, and his grandfather, Joseph Smith Morris, who has his name written on the dedication documents put into the cornerstone of the Logan LDS temple and served as the first elected constable and later marshal of Rexburg, Idaho, all died at 63.

On a one-to-10 scale of the prominent people of the community, Morris always ranked himself second in the status of monied "movers and shakers" in the town and first when it came to bonding his word on a handshake.

He never gave a damn about anyone's social position. To him, a show of material wealth was important, of course, but it was not as paramount as an honest promise given and kept.

"If always you pay your bills, you don't owe anybody
anything," he often stated. "If you always tell the truth, you don't have to remember what you said, and if you give your word it is your obligation to keep it."

In material prowess, he placed himself routinely second behind Burt Shipley, who along with his wife, Doris, owned and operated Murf's Inn, a beer tavern, poolroom, and hamburger joint up on the main thoroughfare. The Shipleys always seemed able to buy a brand-new car each year.

Morris had to contend with trading in his car for a new vehicle every two years, but had the satisfaction of paying for it with a single check on the day of purchase.

He also remembered to his dying day that he had the town's first television set, black and white then, in the mid-1950s.

Perhaps, it was somewhat of a hollow victory, because for the first two or three months the only reception was of test patterns from the fledgling stations in Salt Lake City. By the time broadcasting began of Disney shows and Milton Berle, the Shipleys had a TV, too.

In June of 1965, Wally Morris knew he was dead, but hoped the actual deed would take a little more time. And it did, until he had obtained a new home for his wife in California and had given some financial support to his two children.

Wally finished high school, and immediately went to work for the Safeway food market in Rexburg to help support
his family during the years just before and during the Great Depression.

There he learned his trade, toting 100-pound bags of sugar out for customers, jerking shelves, cutting meat and trimming produce. He thoroughly disliked trimming produce, but stubbornly did it almost as a disciplinary measure.

Still, with his calculator mind, he learned to take inventories of stock and never missed by more than a can of peaches or a case of pork and beans.

A co-worker at the food store in Rexburg, Stan Brewer, would move to Ogden, buy a market and name it "The Dinner Horn." Because of the deep friendship and respect between the two men, Brewer later would ask Morris to work for him.

Wally did, bringing Marijane with him and renting a small house up on Canyon Road for a terrifying $25 a month. After two or three years, the Morrises, scrimping and putting back what coin they could, took the risk and moved to Corinne.

In the years to follow, Wally would make trips every week or so to Ogden to buy stock from Brewer at wholesale. When tax time rolled around each year, he made a special visit to "The Dinner Horn," strolled through the upstairs storeroom and advised Brewer of his inventory. He didn't miss the first two estimates by more than $10 and after that Brewer didn't bother with either the time or expense of double-checking.
Even so, the complicated IRS forms gave Morris a tussle and he would ask longtime friend, Taro Yagi, to help him out. Yagi, close-mouthed as the Orientals are prone to be, probably was the only other man in town who knew what Morris was worth, and even with Wally's never-repaid generosity, this was moderately substantial for the time.

Interestingly, Brewer, along with his wife, Emily, served on a mission for the Mormon Church in Northern California in 1974. He happened to be in South Lake Tahoe when the second daughter of Wally's son was to be blessed and named. Asked to do this, since the son also is a Jack Mormon, he said, "It will be an honor, I assure you."

And so it was also to Wally's son, who was saddened to hear Brewer, an Ogden entrepreneur in his own right, died within two years of the naming and blessing, himself the victim of cancer.

Initially, the Morris family lived west of the city in an old white-washed, frame farmhouse some three miles from town. About all the author remembers of this time is the twice-weekly trip into town to fill milk cans with drinking water and a chimney fire roaring up the flue of the kitchen stove, filling the room with biting smoke.

Marijane was sitting at the kitchen table at the time, pounding away at her portable typewriter on a letter or a column called "Corinne Comments" she wrote for the bi-weekly newspaper in Brigham City. At the time, the author was
about 3 years old and was doing what 3-year-old babies do underneath the table where his mother sat.

Well, Marijane looked up, saw the smoke emitting from the stove and chimney, scooped up the typewriter and ran outside. She placed the typewriter atop the stump of a tree in the backyard, looked around and ran back inside.

Her intent was to telephone the fire department, but in the panic she noticed her infant son playing peacefully under the kitchen table.

Marijane grabbed him and ran outside. The abrupt disruption caused her son to burst into tears and while she was trying to calm him down, the chimney fire, as most of them do, burned itself out.

Panicky priorities, perhaps, are priorities, but she has yet to live this down.

As a youth, Wally Morris fell ill, deathly ill, and a stranger came to Hyrum's house in Rexburg. The stranger, asking no money, but sitting at the table for supper, later told the parents he knew they had a very sick child.

Hyrum and Myrtle showed the stranger to the room where Wally was in bed, breathing shallowly and gasping for air. Wally would later say he probably had that intense flu when it swept the county in 1918 and '19 following World War I and returning "doughboys" brought the disease back from Europe.

The stranger carried with him a large suitcase and from
it he took a bulky, heavy item resembling the breastplate of a suit of medieval armor. This he placed over the chest of the boy.

Now this device, as Wally told it, had little light bulbs all over it, somewhat like small colored lights strung on a Christmas tree. Anyway, the stranger activated it with the touch of a finger somehow, hummed softly to himself as the bulbs gained a flickering glow, closed his eyes, folded his hands and waited.

After a few minutes, the stranger touched the device again and the lights faded. He removed it from the chest of the boy, placed it back into the suitcase, thanked Hyrum and Myrtle for supper and walked out the front door.

Snow started to fall just after the stranger knocked on the door. It had stopped by the time he left, but the next morning there were no discernable tracks on the ground of the stranger's visit.

And that next morning, Wally would say, he found a bit of an appetite, a breath of easier air and there was a tinge of color in his cheeks. Myrtle, marveling at this, would tell friends and neighbors and discover none had seen the stranger or told him of the sick Morris child.

To his dying day he never knew the stranger's name, but he would remember this "miracle" cure, especially some 30 years later when he stumbled off the top of a walk-in box at his mercantile and broke just about every bone in his body.
He would spend the next several months in a full-body cast, suffering a personal humiliation of not being able to function for himself as Marijane used a bedpan and white enamel urinal to meet his needs and fed him meals with fork and spoon.

As time wore on, he would curse a lot, think himself into more than one endless pit and somehow will his mind to ignore not only the smell, but the feel of his sweat oozing out with an odor strong enough to negate a one-pound brick of yeast tossed into the outback septic tank.

Wally would recover and discard the cast. He would retone his muscles through sheer physical work, he would ignore an annoying limp brought on by winter cold, but he would never regain more than 130 pounds on his nearly six-foot frame.

While his formal education ended with high school, his quick mind never stopped the learning process. He read books and his daily newspaper from cover to cover. He listened to radio reports while driving and faithfully watched television newscasts.

He stressed the value of education and patiently helped his children with their homework, often refusing the answer until they laboriously found it themselves.

DeAnn, the oldest, breezed through Corinne Elementary, her reading and writing lessons assisted with the benefit of phonics. This spelling aid had been discontinued when John
Jr., 13 months younger and nicknamed Budd, followed and was repeatedly told by the elementary and later secondary school teachers, "Oh, you're DeAnn's little brother. I expect a lot from you."

"A lot," however, did not materialize until Marijane sat her son down at the kitchen table and taught him to read, using a system of creating small words out of the letters of big ones and the memorization of spellings and meanings. In pronouncing words, John Jr. struggled, but he could spell them and knew what they meant.

Noticing this, Wally encouraged his wife to return to school herself. Born July 22, 1919 to Ada Sanders and John Franklin (Jack) Free and reared in Burton, Idaho, outside of Rexburg, Marijane had obtained an associate of arts degree from Ricks College. She enrolled at Utah State University and Wally and the kids proudly were there when she donned the cap and gown to receive her teaching degree.

She would teach English, creative writing and journalism for the next 20 years in Utah and California until her retirement in 1983. Her lot in the later years became the motivation of the "dumbbells," who could not read or spell well. And she motivated these often rebellious students, hooking them on the joy of reading with the western novels of Louis L'Amour and the science fiction works of Ray Bradbury.

Morris, knowing he was ill, nevertheless waited until
both of his children also donned the cap and gown for the graduation march at USU. When John Jr. received his degree in June, 1965, Wally and Marijane pulled up stakes in Corinne and pointed west, never to return -- not even for a visit with such friends as Marb and Sam Forsgren.

In September of 1986, even with a new school year in session, workers using heavy equipment were tearing up asphalt aprons and other preliminary tasks in preparation for knocking down the 1911 elementary school.

It would be replaced with a "modern" building, more compatible with a recent addition of classrooms to the west across the crumbling concrete where the painted lines are faint and the bare basketball hoops teeter on tilted poles.

Sam (1986), watching from the carport-awning shade of his home, had waited all summer for the work to begin and now with youngsters dodging heavy trucks at recess, he shook his head and consigned the whole thing to the way bureaucracies bumble along.

In his long years in his home, Sam has seen his kids attend the elementary, graduate from the high school in Brigham City, enter college and marry. In his tenure there, he had served 12 years on the Corinne City Council, four as the mayor, and one of his proudest possessions is the charter signed in 1870 by President Ulysses S. Grant designating 70 acres of railroad land at the site to build the Gentile community.
Marion Danielson, the city recorder, wants the charter returned to the safe in the Corinne council chambers. To date, Sam has refused, saying he found it by accident and intends to keep it so it is not lost again, by accident or otherwise.

Sam found the Corinne City Charter, he says, one day when he was in Walt's Garage and noticed a folded, heavy-textured and moisture-stained rectangle of paper tucked behind a wall stud and the outside siding of the frame building.

Reaching for it, a fingertip portion tore away in his grip, he says. Then, his curiosity aroused and working slowly, he extracted what was left of the document intact. Unfolding it equally carefully, he says he realized what he had and took it home.

Drying it, much like curing homemade beef jerky in the oven of his stove, he put a light lacquer over the charter, placed it under a pane of glass and framed it.

"You know, Marb," Sam said, turning to his wife of 44 years in the August heat of 1986 and jerking a thumb at the old school building of 1911, "I think we ought to take some pictures before they tear it all down over there."
CHAPTER IX

THE GENTILE NAVY

By Inland Sea

Settlements in the vast western lands came into being for a number of reasons, but each needed a few elements to insure survival. Chief among these were good water, ready access and geographical location.

For a few years following the founding of the city, the citizens of Corinne seemed to have everything going for them and the enterprising Gentiles appeared determined to keep it that way.

Corinne, as the meeting-point terminus of the transcontinental railroad and the shortest route north to the rich Montana mines, was an immediate shipping center. Added to this, the town commanded the most reliable source of fresh water in the regions with its location on the Bear River.

To copper this bet, Corinnethians tried to tap the river as a portage to the inland sea of the Great Salt Lake with a fleet of steamboats. The idea was to shorten the overland miles to the mines and cities to the south and to secure additional prosperity for the Gentile community.

Queen of the fleet was the twin-stacked stern-wheeler "City of Corinne" and perhaps her twice-tried launching foretold the frustration of the venture.
Figure 28. The "City of Corinne," renamed the "General Garfield," steams out from its pier on the Great Salt Lake. Nelson Wadsworth collection.
Figure 29. Swimmers at Garfield Beach on the Great Salt Lake, at a time when the steamer, stripped of stacks, served as a hotel and restaurant at the resort. Shortly after this 1874 photo, the steamer caught fire and burned. Nelson Wadsworth collection.
Hail to the Queen

No account of Corinne's history, recent or otherwise, would be complete without some mention of the small commercial fleet of steamboats built by private enterprise to ply the waters of the Great Salt Lake and Bear River in a determined, if economically dimishing, adventure to bring more prosperity to the Gentile city.

In the 1950s, this romance for the Gentile Navy was recounted in pamphlets, faded photographs and the warm words of citizens who probably never saw the steamboats. Bill House did as a youth of about 10, and likely spoke in later years of the fleet. Bill Holmes and Bill Bosley might have, but both were babes of not much more than a year when the unofficial flagship, the "City of Corinne," was launched in 1871.

Bernice Gibbs Anderson, in her circa-1960 pamphlet, Corinne: The City of The Un-Godly, had this to say about "the largest steamboat used on the Great Salt Lake." While this description lacks proper punctuation in places, the intent and import here is in the warmth of the words.

Built by the founders of the town to establish water transportation to the southern end of the Great Salt Lake, the "City of Corinne," a Mississippiriver-type steamboat with three decks, was launched in the spring of 1871 in the Bear River at Corinne, at a cost of $45,000.

For two seasons she made tri-weekly trips, beating rail connections with Salt Lake City by several hours. She not only carried passengers
and general freight but brought ores from the mines near Black Rock to the smelter which had been built on the river bank at Corinne (Anderson, circa 1960, p. 6).

About 1873, Anderson writes, the steamboat was marooned out in the lake away from its home port as sand bars formed in the mouth of the river because of the backwater caused by a high lake level.

Owners then used the big boat as an excursion steamer, based at Lakeside below Farmington, Lakepoint near Black Rock at the south end of the lake, and Monument Point west of Promontory Summit. During the spring and fall months, the steamer carried herds of livestock between the islands of Great Sale Lake and the mainland.

In 1874 she was re-named the Garfield in honor or General Garfield, later President Garfield, who was taken on a cruise of the lake abroad (sic) her. About this time she was sold in a lottery with the tickets at $25 a chance. Moored to the pier of the new bathing resort near Black Rock, she finally became the hotel and restaurant of the project, bestowing her name "Garfield" upon it. Later the smelter and the town which spring up around it were named Garfield. When the resort burned in the latter part of the last century, the boat also burned down to the water line.

If you stand on the river bank at Corinne on summer nights, and look closely, you can still see the proud "City of Corinne", queen of Corinne "navy", float up to the landing at the foot of Mexico Street, passengers lining her rail and the national colors waving above her. And if you listen close you can hear her deep-tone blast answering the shrill whistle of the cocky little steam engines pulling the early transcontinental trains on the railroad three or four blocks north (Anderson, circa 1960, pp. 6-7).

The late Mrs. Anderson was practically a one-soldier
army in the long battle to make the Golden Spike site a national monument and in the construction of a large railroad museum at Corinne. Today, the museum is gone, the artifacts and exhibits scattered, but the facility at Promontory Summit remains, attracting many yearly visitors. While a prolific writer and avid researcher, her accuracy of facts at times did not achieve the lore of the legends she apparently wanted to promote.

Brigham D. Madsen perhaps takes a more factually-documented, if somewhat interpretive, look at the city's steamboat fleet in his Corinne: The Gentile Capital of Utah.

Impetus for the Corinne Navy, Madsen says, came with the completion of the Utah Central Railroad from Ogden to Salt Lake City Jan. 10, 1870, giving Mormon merchants control of commerce from the new mines south of the lake.

Corinnethians saw a means of outsmarting their Mormon competitors by capturing the "mineral traffic of the Stockton and Tintic regions by utilizing a line of streamers from Lake Point, on the south shore, to their safe harbor at the mouth of the Bear River," Madsen writes on page 155.

Other mine operators, such as one of Corinne's founders, Gen. Patrick E. Connor, already had shown cargo could be transported across "the great salt sea" with the delivery of roadbed ties, telegraph poles and similar commodities to Central Pacific construction crews. With enterprise as this in mind, Madsen says, Conner constructed two schooners, the
"Pioneer" and the 90-ton "Kate Conner" in 1868.

Two other schooners operating on the lake by 1870 were the "Pluribustah" or "Fillerbuster," or just "Buster" for short, and the Stockton boat, the "Viola." The "Kate Conner" made its first appearance at Corinne on November 4, 1869, coming from the Black Rock mill laden with lumber, grain, and railroad ties. A week later the "Buster" anchored near the town and unloaded a cargo of silver ore from the Stockton mines and lath from the Black Rock mill. In describing these landings the Utah Reporter expatiated on the navigability of Bear River, declaring that soundings during the period of lowest water had shown depths of fifteen feet or more and within ten feet of the shore near the town. Furthermore, the editor explained, the mines of Stockton and Rush Valley were all available to the merchants and industrialists of Corinne. However, he thought that during the summer of 1870 the principal boating activity would be excursion parties to sightsee around the lake among its islands and at "Zion," all part of "the wonder of the Dead Sea of America" (Madsen 1980, pp. 155-156).

By June of 1870, the "Kate Connor" was converted from a schooner into a steamer for regular freighting and passenger trips from Corinne to Lake Point. Cost per passenger was $5, Madsen notes.

Also throughout 1870, he adds, the Utah Reporter carried story upon story of "statistics and enthusiastic reports of the tremendous commercial possibilities for Corinne if only a large steamboat could be built to ferry passengers around the lake and to return cargoes of ore from Lake Point."

The editor explained that minerals from the south could be transported by lake 50 percent cheaper than by the Utah Central Railroad and that within three months a substantial
ship of 150 tons could be built for $20,000. The craft, the editor wrote, "would be able to make a round trip to Lake Point in thirty hours and would surely pay for itself in one year."

On such urgings, leading citizens of the town formed a committee to investigate the feasibility of a steamship line. This committee concluded "a steamboat of sufficient size and power should be constructed at once. Such an investment would pay off, they believed, and Corinne would then become 'at once the grand Center and Metropolious (sic) of the Rocky Mountain Territories,'" Madsen states from a photocopy of the report.

Leading citizen Wells Spicer must be given credit for bringing to fruition the plans for constructing a steamboat. Through a series of letters he altered the people of the town to the type of craft that should be built, the probably cost of $14,000, and the estimated monthly profit of $3,300 to be realized once the ship was in the water...by January 14, 1871, the Corinne Steam Navigation Company had been organized....(and) The firm arranged with Fox Diefendorf, an Evanston coal operator, to build a ship to "inaugurate the commerce of the magnificent inland waters of Utah." The agreement with Diefendorf called for construction to be completed by the end of March 1871 for a price of $40,000 plus a bonus of $6,000 for the builders, a total much in excess of the figure estimated by Spicer (Madsen 1980, pp. 158-159).

As the boilers, wheel shafts and other marine equipment arrived, they initially were put on public display as the big boat took shape slowly. Of course, Madsen chronicles, there was much fanfare and when the steamboat was ready for launching in May of 1871, the Salt Lake Herald described the
vessel for its readers on the 19th of that month.

The City of Corinne is a staunch built craft, well adapted for freighting across the lake and for excursions....She is 138 feet from stern to stern, and 28 feet beam; with two high pressure engines of 125 horsepower, the engines and boilers being of the best quality and...kind...in regular use on the Mississippi River. She is strongly built of Oregon fir; her timbers eight inches apart, planked with three inch Oregon fir...from 40 to 60 feet in length....The cabins on the quarter deck are handsomely furnished, and capable of seating, for dinner between sixty and seventy persons. Eight comfortable state rooms flank the cabins....There are ample arrangements for cooking a superb dinner....A well supplied bar is on board; and there is room...for cotillion or quadrille...the City of Corinne is excellently adapted for enjoyment by parties of pleasure seekers (Madsen 1980, pp. 160-161).

And the launching, in the tradition of the expectations of the town, was an all-out effort, somewhat dimmed by complications rationalized away and perhaps foreboding for this venture also. A grand ball was scheduled for the opera house, a supper was arranged for invited guests and a special train was to take sightseers from Salt Lake City to Bear River for a round-trip tag of $3 each. There were to be a horse races, a baseball game, speeches and other edifying entertainments "if the City of Corinne does not stick," printed the Salt Lake Tribune on May 22 in a "prophetic allusion to the ceremony," Madsen writes.

On May 23, a crowd of some 3,000, about half brought by the special train from Salt Lake, gathered to cheer the launching. At 2 p.m., on signal, the blocks and ties were cleared and the steamer slid about 20 feet to a stop as the
supporting ways near the water's edge sank under the massive weight of the vessel. The crowd, disappointed and probably amused, sought out other delights within the Gentile city. Frantic workmen finally freed the vessel at 6:10 p.m. and it bobbed and swayed in the river as the church bells of the town "rang out in wild, mad glee...."

With the boat at last afloat, Capt. Sam Howe ordered a shakedown cruise down the river with 50 passengers aboard, and in satisfaction, prepared for a trial run to Lake Point, Madsen documents, adding the Salt Lake Herald covered this trip, with the steamboat loaded with lumber, merchandise and wire for the Western Union telegraph line at Ophir.

Left Corinne, June 12, at 6 a.m.; Captain Sam Howe Commander. Weather fair. Boat drawing four feet three inches by the head; four feet seven and a half inches by the stern. At 8 1/2 a.m., landed to remove obstruction from the pump which had prevented a sufficient supply of water to the boilers. Lost two hours time. At 12 (p.m.) were at the mouth of Blue Creek; 12:45 open bay. Five feet and a half over the bar, the depth increasing gradually to nine feet until well to the sound of Promontory Point, where it had increased to "Mark Twain." At 3:15 p.m. standing in to pass west of Church Island. Took sounding again and failed to get bottom with four fathoms line. Doubled our line and found bottom at 60 feet. At 4:35 p.m. pass head of Church Island and stood in for south shore. Made the wharf at 7:15 p.m., in eleven hours and a quarter running time (Madsen 1980, pp. 162-163).

The return voyage, Madsen says, was made in 11 hours with 15 passengers and a cargo of 1,150 sacks of ore weighing 45 tons. Diefendorf, one of the passengers, discovered one of those details somehow overlooked in all
exhaustive plans. The distance from Corinne down the meandering Bear River to the lake was 35 miles, and not the 15 supposed. This accepted assumption would be one of the factors leading to the steamer's eventual undoing.

Posting a triweekly schedule, the operators of the steamer maintained trips through the rest of June and in July, Madsen reports. However, by mid-August, regularly-scheduled routines ended, "leaving the 'City of Corinne' swaying at anchor while she waited for any kind of cargo."

Desperate owners reduced fares for "grand excursions" and even invited Mormon leader Brigham Young to take a complimentary cruise on the lake. A few days later, they received a reply from the prophet.

At present my engagements are such that I cannot accept your kind offer before I return from my present trip and, when I get home my business is so pressing that I doubt whether I could avail myself of your liberality; indeed I do not know when I shall be able to take an outing upon our own little Steamboat (Madsen 1980, p. 165).

Madsen quotes this reply from church records and perhaps the key words here are "our own little Steamboat." The faithful simply paid the higher prices to ship by advancing rail and ready wagon between stations. Low fares, after all, most often do not match overhead and "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." With competitive commerce cut off and meager if not, owners of the craft had to resort to an equally slim tourist trade.

...Occasionally, outings from Corinne were organized, one particularly noteworthy voyage
being a trip sponsored by the Corinne Reporter for one hundred newspaper editors from Iowa, but mostly the steamer had become the possession of the people of Salt Lake City.

Through 1872 the Reporter attempted to revive interest in the commercial possibilities of the "City of Corinne," writing that the ship would yet be a royal investment. Responding to editorials urging them to bestir themselves, a dozen Corinne merchants visited the mining camps south of the lake to advertise their stores and merchandise and to point out the faster service their steamboat could deliver. The Utah Mining Journal answered these optimistic attempts with one word, "perhaps." There were a few merchandising trips between Corinne and Lake Point in 1872, but the returns were disheartening. The excursions were not successful either, and the Mining Journal blasted the Mormons, by whom the cruises were "illy patronized," for "their unmitigated selfishness" (Madsen 1980, p. 167).

Corinne newspapers, Madsen states on page 167, "kept up a brave front during the years 1873 to 1875, trying to reclaim the 'City of Corinne' as their own and encouraging prospective customers to patronize the vessel."

Madsen adds John W. Young, son of the prophet, purchased the boat in April of 1875. Whether this occurred sometime after it was auctioned in the $25-a-ticket lottery, as Mrs. Anderson writes, is unclear.

At any rate, the final blow came when Gen. James A. Garfield was taken on a ride on the steamer and a woman passenger aboard at the times proposed the boat be rechristened the "General Garfield" in honor of the cruise's distinguished guest.

Mormon leaders, struggling hard to appease a politically hostile Congress opposed to their practice of polygamy,
readily accomplished this small deed and the craft, "once the pride and joy of Corinne," then at anchor in remote conquest, never again pointed its "bow towards (sic) the city, whose name it used to bear, and whose money it represents" (Madsen 1980, p. 169).

The "General Garfield," Madsen writes, continued to be used as a pleasure craft, gave its new name to a beach and a town at the south end of Great Salt Lake, and eventually burned while anchored there. For many years after the fire, the remains of the hull could be seen on the beach.

Perhaps as some consolation to the citizens of Corinne, in pass-me-down stories, it is said the great engines of the twined-stacked, paddle-wheeled steamer were reclaimed and later powered a mighty vessel on the northern Great Lakes for many years.
May the Dead Live on

Scattered in the western areas are the graveyards of those who came before to struggle and to die in the taming of the land.

Many of these graves are marked with engraved stones bearing often meaningless names and dates to those who view them in later years. Many are not marked at all now, and meaningless becomes quiet mystery.

The Corinne City Cemetery is like this. Originally three different burial grounds at the same site, it today has been consolidated into one fenced, watered, and groomed district.

Within the fenced area, there are a mixture of old headstones and modern marble-like markers, there are a few weather-worn and unreadable wooden slabs, and there are grassy areas seemingly waiting for those yet to come.

As for the grassy areas, perhaps this is so. Often it is not. History here is told not by the names and dates on the markers, but by the visitors who come with flowers and small pots of food.

In these visits, the dead live on.
Figure 30. A few wooden markers, erased by time and weather, yet remain at the Corinne City Cemetery, 1987.

Figure 31. The burial plots of the House family remain a prominent feature in the middle of the west side of the cemetery, 1987.
No one knows for certain just how many bodies may be buried in the Corinne City Cemetery, originally called Lakeview and plotted out, in the grandiose attitudes of the founding fathers, in the shape of a wagon wheel with a flagpole in the center of the hub.

"Oh now, you know, people were just dying to get out there," said Marion Young Fredrickson Cutler, chuckling softly at the old joke in a September, 1985 interview. "So I don't know how many are there now."

Even so, she and her second husband, Donald Cutler, agreed there must be more than 100 at least. This, perhaps, is a highly conservative estimate, considering the 118-plus years of the town's existence and an attrition rate of at least one or two a year.

Marion and Donald have people there, including her first husband, Henry, and his first wife, Viola. The two family plots are adjacent, with headstones bearing the names and birth dates of the Fredrickson children, Anne and Jane, and the Cutler kids, Nancy, Mary Jo, and Steven.

There is an impression the plots were chosen in close proximity on purpose, rather than by random selection, and the combined families mind it not. Adding strength to this, the body of Henry Fredrickson, originally buried in the Brigham City Cemetery, was exhumed and reinterred at Corinne
following the marriage of Marion and Donald.

A steel flagpole remains there today at the center of the hub, as does the present high-ground view to the south of the Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge and the Great Salt Lake, but any resemblance of the shape of a wagon wheel has disappeared.

Also gone are most of the original wooden grave markers, consumed by late-summer grass fires sweeping the grounds over the years. One or two yet remain, but have been scorched more than once and weather-erased of names and dates. Today, they simply protect a resting place of some unknown pioneer from the invasion of a new, dearly-departed guest.

Sam Forsgren (1986), along with his wife, Marb, has been the caretaker at the cemetery for the past four or five years. He also has no idea of how many are buried there and says on more than one occasion he has started a grave only to find a previous tenant below.

"Oh yeah, a lot of times we'd dig a grave only to run into a casket or something to indicate someone was already buried there," he said. "Some were lead-covered and others were of redwood, just as stout now as the day they were put in the ground.

"Actually, there were three cemeteries out there before we consolidated it all into a district about 12 years ago. The Masons had one, to the west, the Lakeview part was in
the middle and paupers were planted, sometimes without mar-
kers, on the east.

"I remember ol' Bill Bosley used to say on days when
the streets were muddy, they'd just wrap the body in cow-
hide, sling a rope around it and drag it out there behind a
saddle horse," Sam said, adding a simple blanket might have
been used to wrap the dead and wooded caskets probably were
as common as wooden headstones.

A few once-elegant, but aged stone monuments, weather-
erased of names and dates, remain at the cemetery. Any new
graves and markers are few in the paupers' portion, perhaps
from a hesitancy to dig there.

When the cemetery district was formed, the Masons
deeded their section of the grounds over. The dominant
headstones in the west section today belong to the House
family.

In the early years, the Masons were among the "movers
and shakers" of Corinne. Bill House, for example, was both
a Mason and a stout Odd Fellow, changing his hat as the
occasion demanded and denying neither.

Brigham D. Madsen in his Corinne: The Gentile Capital
of Utah, says ". . . probably the most important fraternity
established at Corinne was the Masonic order."

...The history of Masonry in Utah is unique
because, contrary to a fundamental principle of
Universal Freemasonry which guaranteed privacy
concerning personal religion, Masons of the Mormon
faith, of which there were some, were denied
admission to the order and were not even allowed
visiting privileges. As the editor of the Mail noted, the Masons of Utah suffered persecution at the hands of the Mormons and battled back as best they could. The Salt Lake Tribune (July 13, 1875) further explained that none of the Saints were Masons, the endowment ceremonies of the Mormon temple having replaced the Masonic ritual.

It is not surprising that a number of the founders and later town fathers of Corinne were Masons who, as early as November 1869, were attempting to get a lodge. Corinne Lodge No. 5 was authorized to meet by an order of October 15, 1872, with twenty-nine Masons listed on the special dispensation. The ubiquitous E. P. Johnson, an attorney and also an Odd Fellow, was chosen as the leader and became the father of the Corinne Lodge. A charter was issued November 25, 1873, and forty-five names were listed on the document, most of the prominent citizens of Corinne. Thomas J. Black was elected to head the new lodge (Madsen 1980, pp. 243-244).

Madsen notes the lodge was very active at first, but began to show the decline of Corinne's economy by 1874, "deteriorated by the 1880s" and virtually "disappeared and could not be found." He concedes, however, that for three or four years, the Masons of the town "had worked together informally to further their own business interests and to strike impromptu blows at Mormondom."

The key word here, perhaps, is "virtually." Indeed, the original Masonic lodge was razed. But the order found a second home, sharing top-floor headquarters with the Odd Fellows, in an abandoned bank at the corner of Montana and Seventh streets, a large two-story brick structure with heavy front doors and coated windows to prevent a view of the interior.

In the 1950s, when such as Wayne and Della Owens and
Figure 32. The Masonic Lodge, Montana and Seventh, about 1950. Marijane Morris collection.
their daughter, Nannette, attended ceremonies and meetings there, the lodge drew Masons and members of the Eastern Star from as far away as Ogden. And so it does today, revered without lengthy explanation as a fundamental block of the order in Utah.

Wayne Owens, son of Sylvester, is buried in the Corinne City Cemetery, but Della sold their West Corinne farm and moved to Brigham City. On one side of the Owens headstone, Della is named and a resting place awaits for her.

Nannette, married to Ernest Bulow, now resides in Gallup, N.M., where she and her husband did extensive teaching of "white man's ways" at the Indian reservation there and yet maintained a deep respect for the Navajo culture fiercely held by the elders of the tribe.

Della (1986) said Wayne's father, "Vess," was an early-comer to the Gentile community. As a young man in the early 1870s, he was riding the train back to his home in the Midwest when it stopped in Corinne.

Getting out to stretch his legs, he saw a sign advertising for workers to clear the land at 25 cents a day.

He hired on, made friends, grew to like the area, obtained an option on some of the land he had jerked clean of sagebrush and stayed. Today, Sylvester sleeps forever in the Corinne cemetery.

Also buried at the cemetery are Bill Holmes and his wife, in the same plot of her parents, Egbert A. and Emily
Louise Gillett, who were both born in 1844 and died in 1923 and 1922 respectively.

There too are the parents of Bill and Tom Bosley, Grace Sterling and George William Sr. She died in 1907 and he followed in 1911.

Tom is there, as is his wife, Hannah, but brother Bill and his wife, Dora Bergen Bosley, sleep not in the Corinne cemetery.

Dora, born Feb. 8, 1870, died Dec. 13, 1924. Her body was first buried in the Corinne cemetery, but was later exhumed by her son, Walt, with the help of his cousin, Tommy, and Henry Fredrickson. There are a couple of versions about this and none is pleasant in the memories of those who were there.

In September of 1985, Marion Young Fredrickson Cutler said her first husband, Henry, spoke of this and shook his head as a slight shiver rippled his frame.

"Henry and Walt dug up Walt's mother some years after she was buried in the Corinne cemetery," Marion said. "Walt wanted to move her body into Brigham City and bury her there in the Bergen family plot.

"The cemetery at Corinne, you see, wasn't kept up then and mostly you couldn't see the headstones for the weeds. Anyway, they dug her up, opened the casket and for a brief second there, before the air turned the body to dust, she was as perfectly preserved as the day she died.
"The gravesite at the Brigham cemetery wasn't ready, so Walt had to keep the coffin in a back room of his home for a couple of days," she said.

Other old-timers also know of this, but say the coffin was stored in the rear of Walt's Garage until either the gravesite was ready or a new casing could be built for the coffin as the original wooden one had deteriorated.

Tommy later told his wife he never wanted to do anything like that again.

"They buried Bill in Brigham and it hurt everybody here because he never went anywhere but Corinne after they came from Salt Lake City," said Tommy's 87-year-old sister, Fay Bosley, in August, 1986.

"But when his wife died, that was Dora Bergen, she was buried at Corinne, but I guess they thought this wasn't good enough," Fay said. "She was buried in a lot right next to ours, but they got it in their minds she should be buried in the Bergen lot in Brigham City and once done, that's where they put Bill, too.

"They had to take (Dora's) coffin up to Walt's Garage, or Bill's, whichever it was then, and build a new wooden casing for it before they could take it to Brigham City. The old box had rotted away, you see, so they had to make a new one."

Other solid citizens of Corinne in the 1950s are buried in the cemetery there. Among them are Montrey Hansen, Lamar
Larsen, Lance Hammerland, Moroni Bott, Eunice Monson, Y. W. Hondo, and Margaret Hatch.

Today, the cemetery is fenced, watered by a sprinkler system, and the grounds are covered in grass. In the '50s, the grounds, then fenced with spiraled rods of black wrought iron across the front, were smaller. *this was before the district was formed and a tax was levied to keep it up.

The June grass and weeds back then often were waist high. Somehow, the cemetery had a stagnant and lazy-dust smell and was inviting to none but the relative or the curious visitor to the historic railroad town.

At the time, it wasn't that impressive and, badly neglected, had not the intriguing lore of other graveyards in the area, such as the one erased by flood waters in Willard, south of Brigham City, and another in Salt Lake City where John Baptiste apparently tossed aside more than just dirt when he dug the graves.

In the spring of 1952, a solitary tombstone marked the original Willard Cemetery as the sole surviving remnant from a sweeping flood in 1923. The cemetery, positioned on a small rise of ground west of the Wasatch Front, was directly out from the mouth of a canyon, which funneled rather than opened up at the slopes of the foothills.

A feature story in the tourist edition of the Box Elder News & Journal for the summer of 1952 recounted the flood this way:
Before 1923 experts in soil conservation had warned that Willard Basin, the giant funnel that shed the waterfall into the small creek edging its way around the north end of Willard, was being skinned dangerously bare. Immense herds of sheep on the privately owned land had chewed the water-saving vegetation on the steep slopes to the roots. There had never been anything to worry about and the grazers smiled at the soil experts' advice, reasoning that the conservation program was fine--for Farmer Jones in Iowa.

In 1923 the argument was settled. A black thick cloud emptied tons of water in Willard Basin on slopes that could no longer suck in the moisture. Rivulets were slicing steams in a hundred feet and the canyon disgorged a smashing flow of mud and boulders at its mouth. The "mud-rock flow," as it is described in the records of the Forest Service, was so powerful it heaved a 500 ton boulder the size of a barn, a dozen rods. A barn with 150 tons of hay in it was shoved across the road then nearly buried in silt, rocks and debris.

Willard people watched their green cemetery on the edge of the creek be ripped apart and buried. Only a single headstone withstood the wrath of the angry river and it is there today, a little north of the spillway, a silent reminder of the vicious flood of '23 ("Lesson" 1952).

There is some confusion in the next paragraph of the story, for while the article deals with the floods hitting Willard, the author writes about the losses at Corinne. The Gentile town, some seven miles west, may have had flooding from the 1923 storm as the Bear breeched it banks as it had done at times in the past, but this reference may be a mistake.

Houses and barns and chicken coops were either washed away or buried. Farms were made useless and fruit orchards obliterated. And when the flood was over and Corinne people tallied their losses they not only marked down hundreds of thousands of dollars damage but the lives of two of their people as well ("Lesson" 1952).
In a mere two hours, the article continues, soil and stones deposited in the canyon over untold years "went down the drain like the dirt from a potato in a sink." Despite obvious erosion, residents of Willard simply crossed their fingers and hoped "there will never be another flood like that again," rather than take any "concrete" action.

The words "concrete action" and the observation were prophetic, of course, as the folks of Willard waited until a second flashflood in 1936 provoked not only action and concrete, but vast reforestation to stabilize the slopes.

Today, a visible reminder is the spillway just east of the old highway between Brigham City and Ogden. A dominant landmark, the spillway drew more than one curious comment from strangers driving between the two cities in the 1950s.

The old cemetery in Salt Lake has no such lone reminder as a solitary headstone guarded by a spillway, but the boys on the bench at Corinne never tired of telling of John the Baptist, a skeleton and a salt-rusted ball and chain.

Perhaps the most verifiable version of this story, but maybe not the most colorful, comes from a newspaper feature carried in the June 5, 1955 Ogden Standard-Examiner. It was written by Howard S Benedict as the third in an Associated Press series on early Utah.

SALT LAKE CITY (AP) -- "He's naked! By God, he's naked! And look, there's no coffin!" George Clawson cried as he looked into the grave of his brother, Moroni.

"Those fiends at the police station could have at least given him a decent burial even if he
was a criminal," George muttered as he jumped into the grave to pick up the body.

George and a friend had ridden from Willow Creek, Utah, to claim the body of Moroni, who had been shot by police the previous week while he was escaping from a stagecoach holdup.

George placed the body in a wagon, covered it with a blanket, and rode to the police station to complain about the burial.

Police Sgt. Henry Heath, who made arrangements for Moroni's funeral when no one claimed the body, was surprised.

"I personally saw that he had clothes and a coffin," he said. "Something must have happened to them."

He told George to go home and he promised to look into the matter (Benedict 1955b, p. 8A).

Heath started making the rounds. From church sexton J. C. Lake, who had seen the coffin lowered into the ground, the sergeant confirmed the bandit had been buried in woolen and wooden clothing. Heath then went to the home of the gravedigger, Jean Baptiste -- better known as John the Baptist.

The gravedigger was not home, but his wife admitted Heath. When she failed to answer the sergeant's questions satisfactorily, the officer decided to wait for Baptiste to return. Sitting down in a chair and squirming into a little closeness of comfort, Heath watched the woman go about her chores, studied the pictures and ornaments on the walls and counted the cracks in the floor.

Perhaps finally bored into action, Heath poked into one of several large boxes placed about the room and found it filled with burial robes. He looked in all of the other wooden containers and found more of the same.
Heath went immediately to the cemetery to hunt John the Baptist. He found the small, hunch-backed gravedigger filling a grave on a snowy hillside.

"You're under arrest for grave robbery," Heath said. Baptiste fell to his knees and pleaded:

"No! No! I call upon God to witness my innocence!"

Heath grabbed the gravedigger by the throat and shook him. It took only a minute to choke a confession out of him. He said he had been robbing graves for six years. He sold most of the clothing and chopped up the coffins for kindling.

The shocking news spread quickly and aroused the people of Salt Lake. The recovered burial robes were placed in the County Courthouse and hundreds thronged there to examine them. Several items of clothing were identified and the aroused people become even more angry (Benedict 1955b, p. 8A).

Baptiste, arrested Dec. 23, 1861, was locked in the basement of the jail to protect him from the upset citizenry and the next day was placed into a wagon, covered with a blanket and taken to the cemetery, where he pointed out more than 200 graves he had robbed.

When police released this information, the proverbial fat was in the fire. Besides calling for the gravedigger's life, angry relatives and friends wanted the bodies exhumed for "proper burials." This, Benedict said, prompted Brigham Young to issue a statement. The leader of the Mormon Church said:

In the case of John the Baptist, I am unable to think of anyone being so low as to do such a mean, contemptible, damnable trick. I have three sisters in the graveyard in this city, and two wives and several children...I have not been to open any of their graves to see whether they were robbed, and I do not mean to do so. I gave them as good a burial as I could; and in burying our
dead, we all have made everything as agreeable and comfortable as we could for them... We have done our duty in this particular and I for one am satisfied (Benedict 1955b, p. 8A).

Mormon faithful followed the words of their leader, but the next problem was the accused grave robber, since no Utah law covered his alleged crimes.

When on Feb. 1, 1862, Baptiste confessed in open court, Probate Judge Elias Smith could not sentence him because he had committed no crime then on the books, but he could not be set free since the outraged people surely would kill him.

Smith ordered bailiffs to take the gravedigger back to jail while he took the matter "under advisement" and this came the following Sunday in a talk by the Mormon president. Brigham Young said:

To hang a man for such a deed would not satisfy my feelings. What shall we do with him? Shoot him? No, that would do no good to anyone but himself. Would you imprison him during life? That would do nobody any good. What I would do with him came to me quickly after I heard of the circumstance—I would make him a fugitive and a vagabond upon earth. This would be my sentence, but probably the people would not want this done (Benedict 1955b, p. 8A).

One week later, Judge Smith, telling Baptiste he could expect but death at the hands of the community, banished him to an island in the Great Salt Lake. After police had cut off his ears and branded "grave robber" on his forehead, Baptiste was taken secretly to the shores of the lake where two stockmen, Henry and Dan Miller, transported him by boat to Fremont Island. The stockmen grazed cattle there and had
stocked a cabin with provisions at one end of the island.

Before the Millers left, they fastened a heavy ball and chain to Baptiste's ankle. Three weeks later, the stockmen returned with more provisions, but the gravedigger had vanished. From accounts, there was some evidence John the Baptist had built a raft from parts of the wooden cabin, tying them together with slices cut from the hide of a heifer he had killed.

In 1893, a party of duck hunters found a human skeleton half buried in the sand along the lake's shoreline. The skeleton was of small frame, not unlike the size of the gravedigger, and around the bones of what remained of one leg was a salt-rusted ball and chain.

There was heated talk about this discovery, of course, and the boys on the bench would take up sides, some saying it was John the Baptist and a justly slow and agonizing death, and others insisting more than one early prisoner had escaped wearing a ball and chain never to be heard of again.

Besides, they'd add, all the raft, of size unknown, had to do was support the heavy ball since the buoyancy of the lake's salty water would keep the swimmer afloat.

A smallish man such as the grave robber, even with the extra weight, might make it, the proponents said, unless the heavy ball rolled off the raft and sank in the struggles of the swimmer.

Given the particulars, John the Baptist likely would
have placed the ball in the center portion of the raft with his chained leg hooked over one side. Then, using his same-side hand to somewhat anchor the ball and grasp the raft, he would have had one arm and leg free for swimming.

"It wouldn't have been all that easy," Bill Bosley conceded, "but if he rested at the right times and if he didn't swallow too much salt water at the wrong times so he got to spittin' and thrashin' around, he could have made it."

As to any robbing of graves at the Corinne cemetery, about all the boys on the bench could agree about this was if larceny was done, most likely it was back in the early days of the town and was handled before the body was even cold.

A common question asked by some visitors to the Corinne cemetery is whether any Chinese coolies who mostly built the Central Pacific portion of the transcontinental line were buried there.

"Nope," Sam Forsgren said in 1986. "Oh, I don't know, maybe there's one or two over in the paupers' part, but the Chinese had their own cemetery over north of the highway and shipped their dead back to China when they could get enough money."

Madsen, in the "Chinatown" section of Chapter 8 of his 1980 work, said many Chinese residents of Corinne had been railroad workers and settled in the community after the last spike was driven.
The Utah Reporter in April, 1870, said there were 200 or 300 Chinese in Corinne, Madsen noted, but this Oriental population was in a constant flux as many used the town as a staging area to travel to the gold fields in Idaho and Montana.

Eventually, promoters from among the Chinese there arranged to ship in countrymen, at a good profit, and equipped them for the trip north, Madsen says. As the gold fields played out and were abandoned by the whites, the Chinese took over the claims, since a hard day's work was nothing compared to the $4 in ore gained by the toil.

...not only did the Chinese merchants at Corinne profit from the transport of workers, but shippers like Ah Tim, Yee Wah, Young Hing, and Qui Tong Kee & Company kept busy supplying their countrymen in the north with cargoes of rice and other essential foodstuffs and equipment. The flow of Chinese into Corinne did not slow appreciably either, the Corinne Mail reporting in April 1875 that the Chinese quarter of the city was rapidly filling with newcomers (Madsen 1980, pp. 246-247).

Initially, Madsen says, there were two Chinatowns in the city, one on Montana Street and the other along the railroad tracks. The one on Montana went up in flames Sept. 24, 1871, killing one woman and endangering the rest of the town. On city council decree, the Orientals were banished from the city proper to an area near the steamboat landing on the river.

The Chinese, however, maintained their own culture and their own society, importing much of their food from the homeland, including bamboo sprouts, salted cabbage, dried
seaweed, tea and rice. They preferred opium in a pipe to whiskey in a bottle and upheld a high degree of personal cleanliness at home and in camp.

The Corinne newspapers delighted in examining for their curious readers the strange customs of the people from the flowery kingdom... (In one such account), the editor explained how the Chinese maintained a cemetery just northwest of town and each spring placed near the gravesites, for the benefit of the dead, dishes of roast pig, fowl, rice, whiskey, and other delicacies that certain Corinnethians had annually appropriated as a free lunch... (Madsen 1980, p. 248).

This continued until 1877, Madsen notes, citing the April 7 issue of the Salt Lake Herald, when in retaliation for forced labor on the city streets in lieu of paying a pool tax, the Chinese removed "the annual cold lunches from the cemetery before their persecutors had an opportunity to make a square meal upon it."

Another custom Caucasians found unusual was that of shipping back to China the bodies of departed relatives and friends for proper interment. The unfriendly Corinne Mail reported that "a car load of bones passed through west last night, the remains of Celestials returning to the flowery kingdom" (Madsen 1980, p. 248).

Madsen says often the shipment of bodies back from the Montana gold fields would be held over in Corinne and Chinese living there would place lighted candles around the wagons holding the coffins and conduct the time-honored ceremonies.

Citing from the Jan. 21, 1875 issue of the Helena Herald, Madsen says one Chinese businessman of that Montana city, Tong Hing, was less reverent than some of his brethren
and decided to evade the high cost of freighting bodies back to the homeland in $1,000 zinc coffins. Instead, he stuffed the stiffs into barrels labeled "pickles."

A railroad agent at Corinne discovered this out and exposed the ruse. The Helena paper wondered what Tong Hing might think about being cremated.

"Oh, you know, the bones of one or two of them might still be over there north of town, and there might be some down along the east side of the river, 'cause the boys back then liked to hang a Chinaman from the bridge every Saturday night if they could catch one," Sam Forsgren said in a 1986 interview.

A few Japanese are buried in the Corinne City Cemetery, although in the 1950s their numbers in the farming area were sizable. Considered a minority and downgraded in the years following the war, they kept to themselves and the older ones fiercely kept their culture.

In this, they too had deep respect for their ancestors and Sam remembers one Japanese family who moved from the area, but not before digging up its dead -- unannounced, unauthorized, and unnoticed -- and leaving with them.

The Japanese also placed food on the graves of their dead. Takeo Nakano, once asked why this was so, stated simply, "For the same reason your ancestors come back to smell the flowers."

Marion and Donald Cutler (1985) also remember the
Japanese funerals at the cemetery and a tinge of color glides up her face and he shakes his head slowly from side to side with his eyes closed and chuckles softly.

"When we were kids," Marion said, "we liked the Japanese funerals because as soon as everybody had gone home, we went out and ate what was put on the graves... before the bugs and ants and birds got to it."

"They put a lot of candy and stuff on the graves," Donald said.

"You know," Marion said, "my kids did that, too. We did it when we were kids and my kids did it, too. Oh my, oh my, isn't that just terrible when you think about it now?"
CHAPTER XI

THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER

Gettin' Along

"Life is tough and then you die," once said a New York street-wise philosopher. "Gettin' along" wasn't much easier in the western lands where 25-hour days of back-breaking labor were common, and keeping body and soul together often came down to egg money.

Such a case in point may be the story of Thomas Edward Bosley when the death of his wife in 1917 left the 45-year-old cowboy with a newborn son and six other children still at home, three of them under 7 years of age.

Faced with the prospect of dividing up the children to be raised by others, Bosley reluctantly gave up his cowboy way of life, and opened a small butcher shop in Corinne in a determined effort to keep his family together.

"And we got along just fine," remembers his second daughter, Fay. "We made our own clothes, raised most of our own food and there was always the egg money for the extra things we needed."

Had there not been the eggs to trade or sell, there would have been some other means. This was a time when "getting it done" was adding merit to the legend of rugged individualism.
Figure 33. From a photo found recently by her sister, Gladys, Fay Bosley, pretty and prim, sits atop a fence post at the gate to her Corinne home. She is about 20 years old and the mistress of the house.
Figure 34. Fay Bosley at age 87, 1987.

Figure 35. From another Bosley family photo, members of the clan gather at the Corinne cemetery on Memorial Day, about 1940. This was a tradition for many years. Pictured here, top row from the left, are Leah, Tommy, Tom, Art and Carma. Kneeling are Gladys and Fay, who doesn’t remember what she is holding in front of her. Not present were Grace and Keith.
It Just Seemed Right

When her mother died at the age of 41 in 1917, Fay Bosley, then five days shy of her 17th birthday, stayed at home to help raise her younger brothers and sisters.

She said she doesn't know if this motivation came from the last words her mother, Hannah, spoke in despair or the task facing her father, Thomas, with seven children still at home.

"Yes, I did stay there with Dad and help him raise the kids, because he never really was, I think, the marrying kind," Fay said in an August, 1986 interview.

Neither, it would seem, is she, for although she says she went to all of the dances and dated young men a few times, "I guess I just didn't like boys that much."

Part of this, however, may have been the duties at home. Dances usually were held Friday nights at the old opera house and Fay, whether in the company of a date or brought home by a man who was there, said she always returned promptly. Saturday was wash day at the Bosleys' and this task, with tubs and washboard, began early and lasted most of the day.

"Anyway, mother was so sick there in the days just before she died," Fay said. "She was administered to and everything, but I got up one night, went in and stood by her bed."
"And she said, 'I've got to live. I can't die now and leave all these children, because they'll all turn out wrong.' So I guess it was that and I made up my mind and pitched right in, and of course, the older of the kids helped as much as they could, too."

Still, in further reflection, Fay said she doesn't know if her mother's words made "that strong" of an impression on her at the time or whether it was the enormity of the problems facing the family following her death.

Hannah M. Peterson Bosley, born Dec. 2, 1875, died Nov. 28, 1917, just five days after the birth of her eighth child, Sidney Keith, on Nov. 23. Fay said her mother had increasing kidney failure and probably heart trouble, "'cause she was taken to fainting spells at times."

A nurse and midwife, Mrs. Alder, was tending to Hannah, as in those days women were confined to bed for 10 days after giving birth and the doctor had driven from Brigham City by horse and buggy to deliver the baby.

Fay said Mrs. Alder offered to adopt Keith and suggested perhaps Gladys, Tom's oldest child then married and living in Brigham City with a child of her own, might be able to care for one or two of the younger Bosley children.

Tom gave a firm, but polite, no and said the family would manage, "and manage, we did," Fay said.

As it worked out, Gladys took Keith for six months and the Bosleys, who had a cross-bred cow given to them by
Hannah's mother, obtained a Jersey to supply milk for the infant on the advice of the doctor.

"We'd milk the Jersey cow each morning and my brother, Art, would ride our old white horse over to the tracks and pass a gallon bucket of milk to Dean (Gladys' husband who worked on the railroad) as the train slowed down to pass by the (Corinne) depot," Fay said.

When Keith returned home, Gladys sent the black baby buggy she had for her child back with him. The Bosley girls then slept in the front bedroom and Tom and the boys had the two beds in the back bedroom.

"Dad wheeled the baby buggy in between the two beds, so he could wake up and tend to Keith if he cried during the night," Fay said. "That's how we got along."

In the early 1900s, "People lived on what they made and took care of their own." Fay said. Debts and deeds were cash-and-carry, except perhaps for a weekly or monthly tab at the grocery store. A wage of $1-a-day was considered good and Bosley, she thinks, earned $45 a month at the Promontory ranch.

When he built his home in 1911, it was money up front over at B. M. Shaw's for the lumber "and that's the way things were back then," Fay said.

"I can remember a number of times when Vesta (Ferry) and I would walk up town to get a dollar's worth of sugar when it was 10 cents a pound," Fay said. "I don't know as
we ever owed anybody. We got by on what we made. Mother made all the clothes, we always had a cow for milk, there was the garden, of course, and with the chickens, there was egg money at times, too. We bottled vegetables, jam and such and we always made our bread and pies."

At the time of the interview, Fay, then 86, lived alone at a low-income apartment complex in a section assigned to the handicapped. About eight years earlier, she had broken her hip in a fall, required two operations on the injury and spent two or three years in a nursing home until a space crunch forced out the ambulatory.

She has a wheelchair and can get around slowly with the use of a walker, but can't stand up for any great length of time. She receives supper weekdays from Meals on Wheels, convenient for her even though the price had just risen 50 cents to $1.50.

"I have to be awful careful that I don't fall down or anything," she said. "I can walk and stand along the counter and I use my walker to get from one end of the kitchen to the other when I cook my breakfast.

"On Saturday and Sunday, I do a little cooking for myself," she added, but noted she mostly relies on Meals on Wheels.

"They come in a (TV-dinner) tin with compartments for the meat, vegetable and dessert. Sometimes a slice of bread will be put on top and about once a week there's a cupcake."
You know, as awkward as I am, it's better for me to buy it that way than stand up and try to cook for myself."

Fay doesn't have a telephone because it would cost her $100 to have one installed. Besides, she said, "Who would I want to call? Most of the people I know are dead now."

She has visitors, of course, usually old friends and her brothers and sisters. They usually get together to attend funerals or just go for drives to be out and away.

She reads the local papers from front to back, clipping items of interest to her, usually obituaries. Her hair is white, of fine grain, and she washes it every Saturday, standing painfully over the kitchen sink.

The flesh of her body has withered with age, but her skin is not overly wrinkled except down her arms and in the folds of her neck. Her eyes are bright, the gaze is steady and she does not use glasses. Her hands are steady and her memory is sharp, but stumbles over dates and times, not unlike a 10-year-old trying to remember what he or she had for lunch at the school two days earlier.

She is a light sleeper and noises from the apartment above or the racket of someone going up or down the stairs just outside her front door awakens her and it is a struggle for her to go back to sleep.

She has a television, a radio, books, newspapers and magazines, but when an old acquaintance drops by with a big slice of apple pie, it's better than Christmas Day.
(A few months following this interview, Fay moved back into a nursing home in Brigham City. The driving distance to her apartment in Tremonton was proving increasingly difficult for her aging relatives to manage to bring by what few groceries she needed and her feeling of being totally dependent on others is something she refuses to accept. In returning to Brigham City, she is close to her brother, Art, who lives there, and the other tenants are senior citizens equally respectful of peaceful days and quiet nights.)

While Fay has never married, she says she has had a full life and regrets none of it.

As the second of eight children of Thomas Edward and Hannah Peterson Bosley, Fay followed Gladys, born Sept. 2, 1892, on Dec. 5, 1899. Coming after her were Thomas George, forever to be called Tommy, on Nov. 29, 1902; Grace, Sept. 28, 1905; Arthur Edward, June 8, 1910; Leah W., Sept. 9, 1912; Carma H., June 17, 1915, and Sidney Keith, Nov. 23, 1917.

In their early married years in Corinne, Tom and Hannah lived in a number of rented houses about town while he worked out at Promontory on the Fort Ranch for T. G. Brown.

Later, Tom tried farming down on the bend on the east side of the river, but the weather washed out this venture, and so he took a job with the railroad and moved his family to Nevada in 1904.

Inadvertently, the death of his mother, Grace Sterling
Bosley, on Jan. 30, 1907, brought the family back again to Corinne. Tom returned to the Fort Ranch and "by catching coyotes" in the winter and "selling the hides, because the money was pretty good then," he obtained the money to build a home in town for his wife and kids in 1911, Fay said.

Tom, with the aid of his brother, Bill, and Bill's twin sons, Walt and Willy, initially constructed four rooms, three 12 by 12 feet and the other 12 by 14. The interior walls were lined with newspaper until Tom earned enough additional money to hire a Brigham City firm to plaster the interior just before the cold winds of winter arrived. Later, a kitchen at the back and a porch on the front were added, Fay said.

Times, dates and places, now, become a little scrambled. Fay continues:

"At Fort Ranch, Dad tended the cattle and put up the hay, and he cooked for men hired on to put up the hay. Art and I discussed that, and we don't know exactly how many years he was out there.

"After he came back, we started that butcher shop. When he was working at the ranch, he went back and forth from Corinne in a wagon with two horses and he stayed overnight at a house out there.

"Then, we were in that shop, although it was mostly called a meat market, and we were in that shop when mother died in 1917. Then, you know, we went broke in there...no,
I guess we sold out and tried to farm down on the bend."

From earlier conversation, the farming down on the bend on the east side of Bear River was prior to 1904. Fay clearly remembers her sister, Gladys, then about 6, dreaded crossing the bridge to get back and forth to school.

"The farming didn't last," Fay said. "The river flooded over and what crops we had were covered with water and ruined. So we went back into the butcher shop again. The second time, we went clear broke and Tommy and Art talked to Dad, saying he was too old and he'd better just get out.

"Mrs. (Eunice) Monson bought it and I think maybe your father took some of the goods off of the shelves to sell in his store there. Later, Floyd and Mary Morgan got it. Mary, you see, was related to Mrs. Monson, and they ran a store there."

Morgan was a diabetic, according to town talk liked a beer or two, and came to the store with a wooden leg because complications of his disease resulted in amputation. He died in the early '50s and Mary continued operation of the market there some years after the failing health of Wally Morris forced him to move.

Today, a market and a convenience store in the front portion of the town's cafe up on the main highway supply the quick-stop groceries for those who don't want to drive into Brigham City.
At any rate, Tom possibly put away enough money working on the Fort Ranch to open the butcher shop prior to 1904. Whether he sold out or went busted, he then tried farming down on the bend. When this was washed out, he took the job with the railroad and moved to Nevada.

Upon his return, he again worked at the Promontory ranch, "caught coyotes," built his home and reopened the butcher shop as a means of livelihood.

The move to Nevada is memorable to Fay in more ways than one. Tom was employed to maintain a water storage tank and a pump to fill it in the desert wastes south of Reno, near a place called Apache. This settlement, or jumping-off junction, is no longer noted on any current Nevada state maps.

Bosley's move to Nevada was shortly after the wooden trestle of the Lucin Cutoff across Great Salt Lake had been completed.

"So he took us out there and I remember the train took just an awful long time crossing the cutoff and it seemed like forever before we got to Reno or Sparks," Fay said.

There the family boarded another train to head southeast to the water stop. It was out in the middle of nothing but nothing, except for the ribbons of rails marking the landscape, Fay said, and the family lived in a boxcar on a siding.

"We had to ride the train into Apache to get groceries
or arrange for someone to bring them out to us," she said. "We stayed out there for three or four years until Grandma Bosley died and Dad went back for the funeral."

Fay said it took Tom two or three days to return to Corinne and doesn't remember if he arrived in time for the services. But in his absence, his wife and the four youngsters then, ranging in age from 9 years to 18 months, "chawed on the last straw," since Hannah wasn't all that happy about being out there in the first place.

A school teacher relative back in Corinne, worried about the children, had sent some books and Fay said her mother did what she could to instruct them about this and that. It was dismally lonely, of course. Tom had his job, Hannah had the children to tend and the kids had each other, but except for the trains stopping for water, when the engineers and crew stretched their legs, fired up a smoke and passed amenities, there was little else in the way of a friendly face or news from the outside world.

Fay said it was common for railroad tramps, "rattler riders," to panhandle at the boxcar for food. During Tom's absence, one such visitor came late at night and not only scared Hannah, but the children because of their mother's emotional state.

Hannah, afraid to open the boxcar door, but daring not to ignore the strange man, tossed a loaf of bread out through the small window, closing and securing it quickly.
The tramp left, apparently satisfied with the offering, but as soon as Tom returned, so did the Bosleys, apparently not.

Fay described her father as a small, thin-faced man, who stayed pretty much at home in his later life. "Oh, I mean he'd walk uptown for the mail and he'd go over to Walt's Garage to talk in the wintertime," she said, "but he never went anywhere really in those last few years."

During this time, Fay served as the secretary for the primary in the Corinne LDS Ward. Actually, she did this for 20 years altogether, saying she always had trouble speaking in front of large groups of people, but thought she could handle the records without any problem, keeping track of just about everything from attendance to the total contributions of each child during a penny drive.

The year Marion Fredrickson became primary president, Fay announced she wanted to be released, saying the children were beginning to tell on her nerves. This later proved to be more of a low blood-sugar condition, despite eating three good meals a day, she added.

When Marion looked at the records, she asked in wonder, "How did you do all this?"

"Well," Fay told her, "I just did."

Fay said after she was released from the position, the records went to shambles for a time and she is sorry about this.

Primary was held Wednesday evenings. Regular church
meetings were on Sunday, naturally, and were followed by Relief Society for the women, so it made for a long day for Fay.

"I often didn't get home until 5 p.m. or so and Dad would be there at the door saying, 'Where have you been? What's taken you so long?''" Fay said.

"But I told him every Sunday and before I left I'd make a dessert and peel potatoes. Then Dad would cook a small roast, or something like that, for supper, so he knew where I was all day."

In his last years, Tom was thinned of flesh and drained of strength by the cancer eating him away. Fay said she finally convinced him to see a doctor, much to his protests, and she called Art in Brigham City to drive out, pick him up, and take him back to see the physician.

The doctor said he could do nothing and suggested Tom go to a hospital in Ogden where X-rays could be taken. The physician didn't say much more about Tom's condition and Fay doesn't know if he even told Tom, but probably did in a man-to-man manner.

When Art came to get his father for the trip, Fay said Tom looked at her strangely, but she said, "Go on, I'll be right here when you get back. Go on, I'll be right here taking care of things."

X-rays were taken, she said, but Tom was left, without any clothes, out in a hallway on a gurney. Whether he was
left in the hallway all night, as Fay recounts, or for but a short time isn't certain, but apparently he made a four-letter fuss about this and a Brigham City woman, a former nurse visiting another patient there, heard and recognized Tom.

The woman later told Fay she attempted to calm Tom down, could see he had never been in a hospital before and being left there alone was hard on him. She said Tom kept wondering why Art didn't come to take him home and took it upon herself to call. Art was out working at the time, but the woman left a message for him to get his father out of the hospital immediately, if not sooner.

When the X-rays were returned to the Brigham doctor, he advised Art not to bother bringing his father for a visit, because there still was nothing he could do for him. The physician did, however, prescribe two pills, one apparently a horse-sized painkiller to be taken every four hours.

The family gathered, gave encouragement, words of care and concern and promised support. Old Friends did the same. On the night he died, Thomas Edward Bosley, born Sept. 9, 1872, was in the back bedroom and Fay had her bed in the front room next to the wood-burning stove.

"He called to me, so I got up and went back to where he was," Fay relates. "He asked me for one of those big pills and I said, 'Dad, I don't think the four hours are up yet.'"

Fay then told her father to get up and sleep in her bed in the front room where it was warmer. He did and she went
into the kitchen, started a fire in the stove and sat there until the chill of the April 5, 1952 air was warmed away.

"About then, Dad made a fuss and told me he just had to have one of those pills," Fay said, her voice rising in pitch in a tone Tom might have used. "So, I gave him one and then went into the back bedroom to rest in his bed. I guess I went to sleep and when I got up at 6 o'clock, I walked in to see how he was and he was lying there dead."

After the expected, but dreaded, shock settled, Fay dressed, walked outside and went over to the fence. She saw the neighbors were not at home and turned toward Tommy's house a short distance down the street to tell him what had happened.

A few days after the funeral, Fay went to see Tom's doctor in Brigham, and talked to him for a long time.

"Well, Fay," the doctor said, "I knew your father was full of cancer, but I didn't know it was so bad. I thought his heart would take him first."

After Tom sold the butcher shop for the second time, he and Fay lived on his old-age pension, egg money and goods from the garden.

Also, the fenced pasture area was leased out at times in the summer months. In 1952, the house still had wood stoves and an outhouse out back.

"Sometimes after working in the garden, Dad would return with his face in pain from an ache in his neck," Fay
said. "I'd sit him down and put hot towels around his neck until the pain eased up.

"But he got so thin there at the end and looked so bad," she added. "He never complained much, never let on he was as bad as he was and I didn't learned until later that he couldn't eat much of the food I prepared and later would go back to the outhouse and throw it up."

Tom was a storyteller, "but not like Uncle Bill," Fay said. "People will never, never get over Uncle Bill, 'cause he had a way about him when it came to telling stories.

"And Uncle Bill did a terrible lot around Corinne," she added. "He built a lot of the houses around the town and for years and years took care of the water system.

"When the city put in the new lines about 1914 when the water was brought from the spring in the mountains, he supervised that. Before the spring, the water was pumped out of the river, and Mr. Holmes did the pumping, into a storage tank.

"Back then, not too many people got sick with typhoid and such (from the river water)," she added. "Anyway, Uncle Bill took the old pipe and used it to mark off the corners of every lot in the cemetery."

Bill was born two years before Tom on April 9, 1870 and died at age 84 two years after, possibly of heart problems, on April 29, 1954. Bill Holmes, six months younger, outlived him by three months and one day, dying July 30.
After the kids were grown and gone and Dora had died 12 days before Christmas at the age of 54 in 1924, Bill and his son, Maldard, lived in the small house on Montana. Word on the street was the two men had a typical father-son relationship, tangled at times in heated arguments and then went for months without speaking to each other except for the absolutely necessary amenities.

Maldard, born in Corinne Nov. 12, 1905, was 48 years old when his father died. He was the fifth child of William and Dora. Walter and William, the twins, arrived on July 24, 1897. Mary May followed June 9, 1899, and Roy was born April 7, 1901. Following Maldard was Hazel, who arrived May 23, 1909.

On the day Bill died, Maldard walked over to Tommy's house and Tommy, in turn, went to Fay's to tell her the news. When she arrived, Fay said her uncle was still lying on his bed. The morticians had not arrived and Maldard was in a state of shock.

Maldard always awakened first, fixed breakfast and then called Bill when it was about ready to be put on the table. This day, Bill didn't answer and Maldard went into his bedroom to find him dead.

Fay remembers when Bill went to her father's funeral. He was crippled to the point where he needed help into the car and into the church. Maldard drove the only car they had between them to Ogden to do odd jobs as a carpenter, so
Bill didn't leave the house much without some kind of help, she said.

Other old-timers had a little different opinion of Maldard, saying he only worked enough to earn the money to buy a bait of grub, pay a few bills, and get a box of or two of shotgun shells.

Maldard, you see, was an avid duck hunter and cleaned his "greener," a 10-gauge scatter gun, more often than he changed shirts. Folks about town knew this and naturally gave him the nickname "Duck." Lordly, how he hated that moniker and shunned people who would jokingly use it.

"After Uncle Bill got bad like that, I said to your father that I could take groceries down to him, but Wally said, 'No, I'd like to do that myself,'" Fay said. "So I guess your dad enjoyed talking to him because Uncle Bill, you know, spent a lot of time telling stories in the stores in town."

Bill ricocheted up town every other day or so to buy his food, usually a can of peaches or pears, a potato or two, a loaf of bread and a piece of meat. He took his time at the store, of course, resting his frame on a milk box and telling stories he didn't remember he had told several times before and awaiting the practiced laughter of the patrons there who had heard them.

One day, Bill walked into the market, sagged against the pop cooler and announced it was his birthday.
"That right?" Wally Morris said. "You going to celebrate?"

"No," Bill answered. "When you get to be my age, you just forget about birthdays. Too many is too many and 'sides, no one's left who could come to a party."

Morris nodded silently, walked to the back of his market where the big walk-in box was, hauled out a quarter of beef, sliced off an extra-thick T-bone steak, wrapped it up and handed it to Bill.

"Happy birthday, Bill," Morris said.

Old-timers there at the time said Bill was so flustered and pleased with the present that he actually cried.

As a youngster, Wally's son at times was ordered to tote a bag of groceries down to Bill's house. The delivery at the door produced a extended hand gently squeezing a coin purse with one of those folding-pleat openings and a "Thank you, son. Here, fetch yourself a nickel."

Now, the old man had failing eyesight and was somewhat hard of hearing. The boy, tempted at times to fetch a dime or a shiny quarter, took only the five-cent buffalo-head coin. Somehow, the boy felt, the old man's eyesight wasn't all that bad and if he did take other than the nickel, and Wally ever found out, he'd likely be shinned alive with a butcher-block boning knife. Besides, he liked the old man and had his own favorites of the stories he told.

Old Bill would sit over on the bench in front of the
Figure 36. Bill Bosley, withered by age, rests on the "Whittlin' Bench," weathered by time, broken and propped up with a steel drum, about 1952. The dog is his, but none of the old-timers remembers its name. Ruth Wright collection.
garage, or in one of the stores, telling tales for hours on end. But when he got to where he couldn't walk well, Fay remembers him stopping wherever he could to grab a fence or the corner of the building to rest until he could continue.

Bill Bosley had to deed his home over to the government to qualify for his old-age pension. After he died, agents said any family member could buy it back, but none but one wanted it for the "bunch of money" asked, Fay said. The small dwelling then was rented out for a number of years to tenants such as Blaine Bradford and Toby Fry.

"When Uncle Bill first moved his family into that small house, folks still did for themselves," Fay said in once chastising Tommy. "I remember the kitchen was long and he and Dora slept in there, while the kids slept in another room.

"Eventually, they added on to it, but I remember when Dora was sick or was having her kids, it was Uncle Bill who did the washing in a tub on the back porch.

"Tommy said, 'Ah, did he do that?' and I said, 'Yes, he did.'"

Fay's fall in 1978 or 1979 when near 80 years of age eventually forced her to sell the family home. Doctors advised her brothers and sisters not to let her live there by herself anymore, feeling she could not get up to start the fire in the stove each morning, let alone care for the other duties around the house and yard.
Both Art and Grace had homes without extra bedrooms, except in the basements, and Fay had trouble negotiating stairs. Fay instead entered a nursing home, and later the Tremonton apartment, not only for her conveniences, but possibly in consideration of others.

At the time she broke her hip, she leased out the fenced pasture area at her Corinne home for grazing. Art and Dan Davis had kept horses there to eat off the grass and at the time Dee Hardy, bishop of the ward, had a few head there.

One story about town is that Fay was kicked by a horse. No, she said, she was nearly trampled, but not kicked.

It was about the time of year for Hardy to retrieve his horses and on the evening of the injury, Fay said she had been reading or watching television when she got up to go out to turn on the water to refill the trough and close the corral gate for the night.

When she reached the back gate, she said she saw some boys chasing the horses around, attempting to drive them into the smaller corral where the youngsters would have a better chance of catching one to ride.

"All summer, I had shooed the children off, not wanting them to pester the horses on the possibility of one of them getting injured," she said. "So, I yelled at them and they scattered, running every which way and exciting the horses even more."
And as the youngsters fled, yelling to the other to run, the horses scattered, too, a couple of them charging right at the open corral gate where Fay was standing.

"I started to backpedal, but caught the heel of one of my slippers on a clod of earth and fell," she said. "I knew I was hurt, sitting there right in the middle of the open gate, but I also knew I had to move or those horses would run right over me."

She rolled over on her hands and knees, clawed and half crawled behind the gate just as the horses flashed through the opening, spun around and re-entered the pasture area.

"I sat there, holding the gate to me with my back to the side of the barn for protection, knowing I was hurting and wondering why I couldn't stand up," Fay said.

"There was a neighbor working on his trailer over across the way and I thought about yelling to him, but he turned around like he might had heard the sudden yells of the boys, saw me and came running."

The trailer was the man's son's and his daughter-in-law, a nurse with a small infant, was inside. He yelled to her and they both crawled through the fence and rushed to Fay.

"I asked them to help me into the house, but the young woman said no, that I shouldn't be moved because she thought I might have broken my hip," Fay said.

The young woman said she was going to call an ambu-
lance, but this time, Fay answered, "No, please call my brother, Art, in Brigham first so he can come out and take care of the place."

After Art and his wife, Myrtle, arrived, they talked at length to Fay and then the ambulance was called for the seven-mile run to the Brigham hospital. On the ride there, Fay said she became sick and once at the hospital, vomited repeatedly, even after her stomach was empty and her sides ached.

Fay said she was placed in a room and left without any painkilling medication until a doctor arrived for his regular rounds in the morning. After the physician checked her injury, her clothes were cut from her body and she was wheeled into the operating room for surgery.

"I don't much like hospitals, either," she said.
CHAPTER XII

THE MAINTAINER

One More has Gone

Blaine Bradford died March 8, 1987, at the age of 69 and was buried in the Corinne cemetery. In August of 1986, he gave a telephone interview to the author, cutting it short by saying, "I'm tired of standing up this long and I've got to fix some supper."

During the telephone call, he did not talk at length or in-depth of his years in Corinne, but he spoke in candor of those years when he lived there and was charged with the upkeep of the drainage system preserving the fertility of the alkali-poisoned land.

Blaine had much more to say, of course, and a request of "Can I call your again?" was answered by "Sure, anytime." Whatever this might have been has been buried with him now.

Born to Samuel Blaine and Minnie Cutler Bradford on Nov. 26, 1917, he would grow up in Corinne, fight his battles as a brat from "that town over there," serve his duty in World War II in Florida where he would meet and marry his first wife, would return to Utah and painfully part with her, tossing a cork jerked from a bottle at the door she slammed.

He would return to Corinne "to straighten things out,"
would hire on as the drainage district maintenance man and would wed a second time to Doris Cloutz of Sparks, Nevada, on Aug. 22, 1960.

She would bring with her a daughter, bear no children to Blaine, and die Nov. 6, 1983. That he "fathered" his stepdaughter, for better or worse and as well as any parent ever does, goes without saying.

"That's what folks do, that's what they've always done," Blaine said. "You do the very best you can and you hope to live long enough to see your kids scream at their kids about the same things you did."

Marion Young Fredrickson Cutler sadly would attend Doris' funeral. She also would go to Blaine's and return even sadder. She said there were only five or six floral wreaths there and not many more friends and neighbors.

"It's terrible to be taken for granted," Marion said. "Oh, if you're there day in and day out, you're taken for granted, I guess."

Still, she was disturbed by the small turnout at the funeral, this "for a man they would call at all hours of the day and night to do this and fix that, and who would be there, grumpy or not, and usually grumpy."

Perhaps even sadder, at least to the author, is the fact that one more has gone. The interview, one of two planned, will not be enriched with more detail because of his death.
Telling it Like it Was

In the ongoing history of Corinne, the early years now are mostly confined to legends, memories and conflicting facts.

But the survival of the community seems strongly linked to such factors as the spiritual strength of the Mormon church and the sustaining material gains from a drainage system, the sugar beet, dairy farms, and today the economic influx and flex of workers at the Wasatch Division of Morton-Thiokol, Inc.

"Oh, I don't know of the early times," Blaine Bradford said in a telephone interview in August, 1986.

"I don't know too much about it, all except for what I got from the old man and he was born and raised here."

After the boom years brought by the railroad, the town gradually died out, Blaine recalls his parents saying.

"Oh, they had a few Indian scares, but they all were just rumors," he said. "Someone wanted a little excitement, I guess, because nothin' ever came of them.

"I can remember when they (the Shoshoni) used to come through town and everybody used to batten everything down because they said they'd always swipe anything that was loose."

"It was the same way with the Gypsies when caravans of them were comin' through town back in the '30s and '40s."
They herded sheep and such, grabbed whatever wasn't nailed down and took the townsfolk more than once in the process. 'Course, I was gone four years in the Army in the '40s and only heard tell of this."

Blaine's father was Samuel Blain Bradford, born March 28, 1885. Sam married Minnie Cutler Dec. 20, 1909 and Blaine joined the brood in 1917. For many years, Blaine has been a crew of one, "Oh, I hire on some men when I need a little help," in maintaining the system draining the alkali and minerals out of the topsoil of the Corinne farming area.

Introduction of irrigation water to the land, first from the poisonous Malad and later the Bear River, brought up the alkali and minerals encrusted in the bed of ancient Lake Bonneville.

The once lush grass gave way to sagebrush and the crops withered and died. The drainage system, started as a desperate experiment about 1914, brought the fertility of the land back and probably is the single greatest factor in the survival of the area.

"Well, yeah, it is," Blaine said. "If it wasn't for it, why they'd just have to leave. Minerals come up bad, even today, and back then they couldn't do anything about them."

As mostly layered sediment of the ancient lake, "this ground out here is awful streaked," Blaine said. "You run into sand, clay and everything else, all in the same field."
That's what makes it pretty hard to farm out here...one part will be dry and the other will be wet yet."

The drains maintaining the land are placed six feet into the ground and 400 feet apart. Initially, these were cement tiles, manufactured at a factory northeast of town. Minerals -- not all -- and the alkali percolate down through the soil, collect in the drains and slide off the land, today perhaps forming the new-old bed of the Great Salt Lake.

Replacement of the cement tiles is a problem, since they are not made anymore. When broken or crumbled tiles have to be replaced, this is done today with plastic ones, Blaine said, and other improvements have been made over the years.

"There was nothing to hold the cement tiles in line and if they happened to lay in a strata of sand, they could suck sand and let themselves down," Blaine said.

The drainage works and works well. Many improvements over the years were made by Blaine and some of them were by his suggestion. While Bradford has no degree in engineering or such matters, Sam Forsgren (1986) says Blaine, pulling out a dog-eared note pad and stub of a pencil, can figure "most of that stuff in his head faster than those college boys can work it out with a slide rule and, I guess, today a computer."

Born in Corinne, Blaine has spent all of his years
there except for his service during World War II in Florida with the Army Air Corps. He met and married a wife in this time, and after the hostilities were over they returned to Utah.

"I was working down at Second Street (a colloquial term for a government installation in Ogden) and my wife and I spilt up," Blaine said. "After that, I got to drinking and one thing or another.

"So, I finally had enough sense to know if I didn't get away from it, why I'd...you know. So I decided to come back home and this job came along and I took it. I've been here ever since."

Blaine took on the job of maintaining the drainage system in 1950. The curse, of course, is brackish and salty water. Before the better water from the Bear River was brought to the land, there were a few dry farms, but not many, he said.

Even today, water draining out of the system remains brackish and bitter, and while the chore of driving into town to fill milk cans with drinking water has ended, "lots of crops can't be grown on the land," he said.

Soil conditions, however, produce great tomatoes, beans and peas. The sugar beet thrived and, at one time, so did a choice celery. But Corinne was too far from the market, Bradford said, and it simply cost too much to get crops there.
"So they (the celery speculators) pulled it all out and went to California, where it was easier to market the crops and more than one planting could be grown each year," Blaine said. "Corinne's climate is marginal, with a possible late frost or an early one during the growing season.

"Sugar beets thrived, as does the alfalfa, but when the sugar beets left here, that really hurt. They were really the only cash crop we had and when they quit (when area sugar factories closed up shop), it really fixed things," he added.

In the 1950s, late in the summer, a small mountain of harvested sugar beets grew aside the main railroad track through Corinne. This pile, pyramid-shaped from front to rear, was about 40 feet wide at the base, 20 to 25 feet high and extended most of a block in length.

The author remembers, when a youth of 12 or 13 years, being drafted by his father's "economic" consent and the request of Corinne Ward leaders to help thin the beets on the church-owned farm west of the town.

Short-handled hoe in hand, the author attacked the rows, slicing away sprouts to leave about eight to 12 inches of growing space between beet plants.

About midday, his back aching from bending over, the author reached the end of a row slightly behind the other boys who had been asked to work that day and heard an explosive laugh.
"Look at that dummy," chortled Ronald Burt, pointing at the end of the author's row, "he's thinned out all the beets and left the weeds!"

The other boys looked and laughed. The author, shamed by his ignorance and angry because no one had bothered to point out to the "city kid" the proper plant, hacked away what was left of the weeds, and hopefully beets, left in the row.

The afternoon then became very long and wordless for the author. The pain and strain in his lower back, aggravated by snickers, fueled the muscles of his arms as more beets died than nearly-look-alike weeds that day.

This proved to be the first and last time he was asked to volunteer, although the snickers continued for years as the story was told, embellished, and narrated anew.

As the author's adventure into agriculture ended in a laugh, so did the dreams of some speculators who saw a chance for a choice crop and a quick profit.

Many farmers stayed, however, adapting to the changing market. Among the more durable have been the Japanese. A common misconception about the Corinne population is that the sizeable group of Nipponese residing in the area came about during World War II when many of them living in California were "detained" in Utah camps.

To some extent, this appears to have an element of truth, as some stayed after the conflict to be sharecroppers.
on the land. Many others, however, were there long before
the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor.

Marion and Donald Culter (1985) agree that some of the
Japanese held in detention camps remained in Utah after the
war, but most of them moved back to California when the hos­
tilities were over. Of those there before, most were not
"detained" and continued to work the land.

"Now, when Henry's grandparents went to South Africa
...that was Henry Steed and his wife, and he was the first
mission president they (the Mormons) sent there...they
leased their farm to a Japanese fellow and that was in
1907."

The early Nipponese seemed to settle in the Corinne and
Honeyville areas and still retain "first-generation" strong­
holds there today.

"Many of the Japanese were there before the war and I
went to school with most of their kids," Blaine said in the
August, 1986, telephone interview. "Some of them served in
the war just like I did."

Usually, "loyal" Japanese-American soldiers served in
Europe and there earned citations and decorations for their
bravery and their Kamikaze-like aggressiveness in battle to
prove both their loyalty and their worth.

But not all Japanese Americans served in Europe, Blaine
said. Taro Yagi served, "I'm pretty sure," he said, and N.
W. "Cooch" Sato was an interpreter in the Pacific.
When the war began, it was organized mass confusion, Blaine said, adding, "They had all those Japanese out there in California, where the invasion from the Pacific would come, if it did, and they had a bull by the tail and didn't know what the hell to do with it.

"They didn't know what was going on, but they had to do something, so they just brought them in here and put them in camps. All this happened while I was gone. I went into the Army in '42 and didn't come back until '46, but I heard them tell about it."

In the 1950s, the Japanese in the Corinne area kept to themselves, probably partially because of the "fallout" of the war and again partially because of their culture. Often on Sunday afternoons, they would play softball on the field at the elementary school, knowing this was the day when the Mormon faithful went to church and reflected on their god, restricting the children from playing outside on the "Day of the Lord."

"The Japanese were a minority, of course," Blaine said. "The older ones came here, I guess, to make a fortune and go back. Maybe this was why they kept their ways and didn't mix much.

"After they'd been here awhile, they found they weren't ever going to get back, so the kids took on just like the whites and that was that. The Kondos, Yamasakis, and Satos are still here, but that's about all."
"They're doing all right, they're smart enough not to put all their eggs in one basket," Blaine said. "Most of the young ones, after the first generation, they just got the hell away from it because they don't want no part of a farm."

About the only socializing the Japanese did was each fall when they held a bazaar, displaying their culture and fixing up fancy dishes, including about 300 ways to cook a zucchini and an equal number of means to utilize a tomato.

For example, the Japanese could take a zucchini, no matter the size or texture, and use it for bread, put it into a vegetable soup, butter and salt it as a side dish, coat it in an egg batter and serve it as a side dish, slice it as an egg plant and fry it like a steak in a covering of egg and saltine cracker crumbs, hollow it out and stuff it with a tomato-based hamburger and rice mixture such as is common today with green peppers, and shred it as a garnish ingredient in salads.

Initially, the Japanese of Corinne held their annual festival at their church near the cemetery just west of the town. The bazaar continues today, Blaine said, but now it's held at a larger church building and meeting hall between Honeyville and the city of Bear River.

In the 1950s, children of the Japanese also attended the elementary school at Corinne. At times, perhaps in frustration and the ego-stress push to survive among their
"betters," they would insult the white youngsters in words the Caucasian kids could not understand and laugh to themselves all the way to the bus for the ride home.

Interestingly, about 1957 or '58, the pupils of Box Elder High School elected an entirely Japanese slate of student body officers, much to the disgust and World-War-II-propaganda prejudice of some and much to the proud delight of the Nipponese first-comers, who kept for years that particular yearbook on a prominent bookshelf in their homes within easy reach.

In these years, Blaine Bradford kept up the drainage system. He had no concern and cared little for high-school happenings, but also recalls his years as a school-age youngster while growing up in Corinne.

"When I was a kid in Corinne, you had to find your own recreation," Blaine said. "When I was growing up, there was at least one drowned in the Bear River every year. Somebody lost somebody in that Bear River every year, clear up into the late '30s, I guess."

The river, once the source of drinking water for the town, today is muddy, sluggish and thick enough to package and ship in one-pound, if somewhat soggy, blocks.

Blaine feels a lot of this is because of sediment from runoff irrigation water up the valley dropping silt as the flow slows around the meandering bends of the Bear.

In this regard, Blaine says Cutler Dam up river, above
Hampton's Ford, doesn't really store water, it diverts it. Filled as the dam is with sediment, he said, when water is released to generate power at the hydroelectric plant there, a lot of liquid mud comes with it.

Blaine said good water was a constant problem in the West Corinne area, until the dairy farmers there were told the only accepted milk on the market was Grade A. Farmers were forced to unite and subsequently install a "whole bunch of stuff" until the area developed its own fluorinated water system and the land now has "just as good of drinking water as Corinne does."

He said the system was installed about 1957, but in the winter months, West Corinne received little or no water and farmers there could not expand their operations until a constant supply was maintained.

Even in the winter, milch (milk-producing) cows had to be watered and the milking stalls in the dairy barns had to be flushed clean. When the water came in a steady flow, the dairy farmers added cows, equipment and profits.

"The farms grew then, some beyond the financial ability to keep it up," Blaine said. "Some got too big, or they got too greedy or somethin'. It ain't just here, but everywhere, and anyway, they went belly-up.

"There's a lot of them just hanging on. We've had some bad years here and prices for grain, and for one thing or another, ain't that good."
"So, I don't know how they will do," Blaine added, saying he expected more farmers to "drop behind ... go out" because they couldn't make the monthly payments on the loans to the banks, whether local, state or federal.

As to the earlier years and memories of the boys on the bench, Blaine said Bill Bosley was a carpenter by trade and a longtime employee of the city, who used to ride for the Browns out at Promontory at the old Fort Ranch.

Whether Bill Bosley rode for the Fort Ranch isn't easy to determine. His brother Tom of course did and there is one account where the two of them took off from the herding horses one day to ride over to the Bill Cody Ranch.

"That might have been," Blaine said, "but it ain't the Bill Cody you're thinking of. There might have been a Bill Cody out there, and he might have had a ranch there at some time, but it ain't the one who had the wild west shows that you're thinking of."

Blaine said he doesn't know that much about Bill House, "except he was tongue-tied and we used to tease him and get him mad when we were kids.

"I heard he was kinda gullible and a lot of guys took him in as a partner for one thing or another and pretty soon the business folded up. Old Bill was out in the cold and the other guy kept the business, from what I understand.

"Bill Holmes now, he ran that store for years. When I was a kid, his father-in-law, Gillett, had a hardware store
on one side and the grocery store on the other.

"When I was real small, I can remember going up there, gettin' nails and one thing or another out of that hardware store, and I can remember goin' up with a little coaster wagon and gettin' groceries for mother."

Blaine said he doesn't remember any of the stories told by the boys on the bench, adding, "Well, a lot of that... there was so much fact and fiction, you couldn't tell which was which.

"You see, they kinda blossomed everything up and made it look good, sound better than it was," he added.

"That's the trouble with the whole history of Corinne that I can remember of it, what I've seen wrote about it," Blaine continued with an increasingly low-key, but insistent, pitch in his voice.

Expanding on this, and gathering a full head of steam, he said what now represents the history of Corinne and the surrounding area has been taken to a large extent from newspaper accounts and "it's just like newspapers today... you have to blow it up a little to make it look better, make it something someone wants to read."

Blaine said historians shouldn't take newspaper stories as being factual, because "they blow 'em up too much to sell a paper or whatever it is."

He said people have been talking with him, asked him about something in the past, recent or not, and dissatisfied
with his answer would stoutly state, "Well, that's the way it was because I read it in the paper."

"I was there, dammit, and it was nothing like that at all," Blaine said.

In this realm, Blaine said he probably could retire on a nickel paid for each time visitors asked directions to Promontory Point to see where the "Golden Spike" was driven to link the rails across the country in 1869.

Even today, many books and encyclopedias record the site to be Promontory Point. It wasn't. The rails of the Central and Union Pacifics met at Promontory Summit, later simply called "The Station." Promontory Point is a fingertip of land poking out along the north shore of the Great Salt Lake some 30 miles to the south.

"It doesn't do any good to tell 'em," he said. "When they get out there, with land and mountains in every direction, it's still the 'Point' as far as they're concerned.

"Now, Promontory Point is something like 30 miles almost straight south of the summit and you better have a full tank of gas if you want to go out there."

In the early 1950s, the attempts to preserve the golden spike site had the voices of Bernice Gibbs Anderson and others, but not united support. At the summit site, there remained a couple of weathered wooden buildings and a white, bullet-pocked monument bearing a small brass plaque.

Of the two wind-dried and splintered-gray structures
yet there, one was large and of two stories, perhaps in earlier years used as a roomy depot, a small hotel or a warehouse.

To the east side of the entry room, stairs led up to the second floor, but steps had been removed to the reach of a tall man with upraised arms. Boards in the railing were missing to about the same height. In the middle of the entry room was a circle of rocks around a hole burned right through the floor.

At this time, the young men of the area, arrogant with ignorance and rebellious from righteous restriction, slipped out of their homes at night with rifle and shells, a beer or three and an extra belt, the longer and stronger the better.

The boys gathered at a location west of town where a cohort readied his "brush jumper." Now, a brush jumper usually was a dented-up Jeep with overhead steel ribbing that eventually would be called roll bars, an old pickup with a rack in the bed or a big "gas-guzzler" with the top torched off level to the windshield. Each vehicle had holes drilled into the framework to mount battery-powered spot-lights and there were slots or tubular ribs so the extra belts could be secured to hold fast the hunter.

Promontory then, you see, was an area of sagebrush, devoid of fences and teeming with jack rabbits. The thrill was the bragging count of the hunt; the adventure was living through it.
The sagebrush on the unfenced land often obscured the dips, swales, dales, and ditches of the terrain. Chasing a rabbit at 30 or 40 mph had interesting hazards, what with shooters draped over the fenders, leaning out the windows or firing over the shoulders of others.

Perhaps it's a wonder that but one was killed in those youthful years of the early 1950s, and some were injured, not from errant bullets, but from missed grips or broken belts. The death and injuries, of course, stopped the brush jumping for a little while, but the hunts would resume as soon as the parental and police fever abated.

About 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, the hunters, out of shells, banged up from the bouncing and getting cold, headed for the old frame building at the Golden Spike site.

The interior walls of the building were lined with the pages of old newspapers. Once there, the chilled hunters simply peeled the newsprint off, crumpled it, added whatever wood was handy, whether a stair step or a railing rib, and started a warming fire.

In a sense, these youthful adventurers were "burning" history. As a consolation, perhaps, the men who pushed over and loaded what was left of the structure onto dump trucks had no regrets either.

The old frame buildings are gone now, but a visitors center stands there today. Replicas of the railroad company engines roll back and forth on a short length of track and
the whistles toot at the appropriate times. A 20-minute film explains how the ribbons of steel were wed in 1869 and artifacts adorn the walls for the curious to see and ponder in that appreciative, but remote, way people do.

It's still a long drive out to the site for most. It's about 30 miles west of Brigham City over a two-laned road, cracked and cratered by the wear of weather and time, and about as straight as a congressional senator's promise.

Today, the Promontory lands are fenced with mile upon mile of barbed wire. The lands are farmed and crops grow.

"They made quite a difference out there when the price of cattle came up," Blaine said. "It's fallen again now, so we'll have to see."

Today, the jack rabbit is scarce, but the deer, possibly seeking the plentiful forage there now, have moved into the area.

The deer out at Promontory, it seems, are breeding like rabbits, and in 1985, Utah wildlife officials shot many and issued special permits for hunters to thin out what they could of the rest. The hunting was done in daylight; there were no "brush jumpers" allowed, but a few bucks and does fell by this means anyhow.

"Yeah, I've seen a lot of change and most of it has been good," Blaine said. "But it's just like everywhere else in this farming racket. They improve everything and grow more stuff and just cut their own throats by gluttoning
the market, driving down prices so more and more has to be sold to get any profit out of it. So, I don't know, maybe it ain't so good. I think greed took them over."

Still, the second-class curse of Corinne has eased up some, he said, and today things are more evened out, more equal. Today, the "snot-nosed kid who lives in that place over there" still has to fight through the doors of the Brigham City high school, but the prejudice of the superior has lessened.

"Oh, you know," said Marion Young Fredrickson Cutler in 1985, "back in the beginning, it was all tents and false fronts they moved to each new town on railroad cars. They stopped, and every place they stopped, those tents buildings went up.

"Corinne just happened to be the last one and maybe they stayed a day or two longer," she continued. "Anyway, the settlers, like the Houses, the Gilletts and the Ryans, you know, monied men who were well educated back East, they did some good things here...awfully good.

"Those good things have been forgotten, but you know, that's human nature. People would rather remember...It's much easier to remember the bad or the things that aren't good.

"But what I don't understand is these younger generations," Marion said. "I think this feeling (the curse) is passed down from generation to generation. The other kids
look down on us and the kids here carry it with them.

"Still, you know, with the students out here, there's been as many or more valedictorians and top 10 students -- scholars -- than any other town of the same size around.

"In some ways, the students from here still have to fight their way into the high school for equal footing, but those from Perry, Willard, or Honeyville don't have the same stigma as the kids from Corinne," she said.

"Now with Thiokol here," said Marion's second husband, Donald Culter (1985), "they never say it's west of Corinne. It's always Thiokol's so many miles west of Brigham."

"Twenty-five miles west of Brigham," Marion added. "And although Corinne is the closest town, it's never had any recognition as far as having anything to do with Thiokol."

Back in the early days, Corinne had a race track east of the river and residents liked to challenge the Mormons to bring their best horses and then would celebrate in proverbial excess when the locals won. Corinnethians also fielded a baseball team, egged on all-comers and won more often than not. The defeats, in the town's newspapers, were treated with proudful grace and downright scorn of the umpires.

The town, simply said, had a chip on its shoulder.

"Well, I guess that's one of the reasons Corinne has this stigma," Donald said. "This has always been a Gentile town, Mormon or not."
"Oh, the rivalry, the animosity ... I don't know what it was," Marion said, shaking her head and staring unseeingly a moment at the top of the kitchen table.

"That's what it was, 'cause there were no Mormons here in the early stages of Corinne at all," Donald said.

"They (the Mormons) would have been excommunicated if they even came across the river to sell eggs. Some did, and some were, as the merchants here had cash and the Mormons mostly bartered for goods through ZCMI. There just wasn't much money to buy things."

The put-downs were a fact of life for Blaine Bradford when he was younger, but he said in 1986 that this wasn't isolated to Corinne.

"That's the way it was when I was smaller," he said. "When the kids went into other towns ... every town had its own rivalry, seems like Brigham, Bear River, the whole works ... and wherever you went, you had to fight your way into it.

"Now, it's kinda evened out, so one's as good as the other," Blaine added. "But I can remember when Corinne used to be...just hayseeds and Gentiles."

The town has lived this down to a certain extent, he said, notably when Thiokol established a solid-fuel rocket motor plant near Promontory, bringing in high-tech workers from the East and South.

"They kinda got rid of them uppity Mormons over there
in Brigham, they showed them what was what," Blaine said. "They ain't so cocky anymore; they don't rule the roost over there like they used to.

"That's made things a bit better, but you know, here in Corinne yet, if you ain't a Mormon, well, you're a son-of-a-bitch."

Perhaps underscoring this sentiment is a story written by John DeVilbiss for the March 31, 1985 local/metro section of the Ogden-Standard Examiner.

CORINNE -- Anyone who ventures to Corinne today will find little semblance of the anti-Mormonism that once pervaded the city.

It was a community that marched in like a lion but crept out like a lamb. Indeed, this lion in Zion became a kitten.

The day when cussing about Mormons could be heard in the streets are gone now, replaced by the steady drone of the Sunshine Grain elevators and the whining of automobile tires as Morton-Thiokol commuters rush in and from work (DeVilbiss 1985, page 1B).

That the Thiokol plant, even before the days when Morton Salt bought a piece of it, is crucial is abundantly obvious. Attorneys for Thiokol Chemical Co. negotiated a purchase option of some 10,000 acres from Bear River City rancher Parley Holmgren in the spring of 1956, according to the April 20 issue of the Box Elder Journal of that year.

Purchase of this land, a portion of the Bar-B Ranch some 17 miles west of Brigham City along the north side of state Highway 83, was completed. This land of anemic sagebrush and sand was surrounded on three sides by protective mountains and served as the base for the company's develop
ment of a "dispersal area for the highly inflammable rocket and missile fuel produced at the plant as well as a testing area" ("Expect" 1956, April, p. 1).

No missiles or rockets would be launched at the test site, it was explained to the newspaper and its readers, and none has been. But as advertised, segments of the same have been tested and there were times when the skies around the site were filled with a billowing plume of black smoke and the nights were lighted up briefly with the flashes of exploding fire.

Morton management, if the test went awry, called such tests as "uncontrolled burns." Others, of course, had a different name for it, yet went to work the next day anyway.

Interestingly, the testing coincided with the economic prowess of the area. As the initial Minuteman missile project gained favor, there was a rush to buy rapidly-built, split-level homes in Brigham City. As Defense Department contracts ebbed and flowed, such houses could be bought for "mere pennies" on a repossession notice.

As the Minuteman gave way to solid-fuel missiles for nuclear submarines and booster rockets for the NASA space shuttles, the monied impact of the Thiokol plant dominated the buying power of the lower Bear River Valley.

Somehow, in good and bad times, Corinne has survived and, even as somewhat of an echo of the promising dreams of those early years, has modestly thrived. At one time when
the Mormons cut off the trading route with completion of the railroad north to Idaho in about 1878, the population of the town dwindled to around 50, but in the spring of 1985 citizens in the city numbered 530, the DeVilbiss article notes.

No longer can a visitor walk down Montana Street and see rows of saloons, banks, merchants and storekeepers. Now all that is seen are small, modest houses, most of wood in need of paint, spread out along city blocks that never quite filled to capacity (DeVilbiss 1985, p. 1B).

DeVilbiss also notes the denizens there, many of them descendants of early Mormons, like the town just the way it is.

The city's mayor, Robert Gilbert, is glad that Corinne lost its bid in the 1870s to become the state capital.

He said he prefers to live in a smaller community and if given a choice to live anywhere else, "I think I'd stay here. My roots are in farmin' and I enjoy it."

Gilbert, whose grandfather moved to Corinne before the turn of the century, said he never paid much attention to Corinne's lively beginnings.

He said it wasn't until he grew older that he even learned Corinne was Utah's first major city founded by non-Mormons.

"I'm proud of it. It's kind of unique in a way," he said. "For a Mormon town, it's about the only gentile city in Utah" (DeVilbiss 1985, p. 1B).

Another resident both proud and fascinated by Corinne's history, DeVilbiss writes, is City Recorder Marion Danielson, who has researched early newspapers, city council minutes and other sources from the town's early days over the past several years.

Danielson (1985) told DeVilbiss much of these materials
are filled with anti-Mormon sentiment and a wide assortment of colorful stories, but have brought the city's past to life and have given her a familiarity with many of its early residents.

"I've got hundreds of names floating in my head," she said. "That's why I've got to get them out of my head and onto paper."

She said sometimes when she sits out on her front porch on a warm summer night, she closes her eyes and tries to imagine how Corinne might have sounded during its hay day when German, English, Irish and Chinese roamed the city's clay-bound streets.

"If I could have my wish, I'd love to go back. I'd run around town and meet all the people," she said. "I'd love to walk down main street and listen to all the accents that people had--just to see what it was like then compared to what it's like now" (DeVilbiss 1985, p. 1B).

DeVilbiss, citing heavily from Brigham D. Madsen's Corinne: The Gentile Capital of Utah, then adds some background to his article, noting Corinne played a significant role as an irritable influence in shaping early Utah history.

As a center of anti-Mormon activity, Corinne became a "burr under the Saints' saddle, annoying and threatening the church's political and economic control of the territory," DeVilbiss writes.

What gave this fledgling community of some 1,500 its reputable roar was Washington, D.C. Corinne's assaults on Mormondom coincided with national attempts to bring down Brigham Young's control of Utah and to eradicate the practice of polygamy, the (Madsen) book says.

President Ulysses S. Grant and the U.S. Congress had a friend in Corinne--though outside of non-Mormons, Corinne had no friends in Utah.
The rowdiness of an end-of-line railroad town gave rise to legends of lawlessness in the hard-drinking, fun-seeking community, and this, of course, fed the cannon fodder of surrounding Mormon towns. This, however, may have been "blossomed" a mite, too. As DeVilbiss quotes Danielson:

Danielson said several early newspaper accounts attest to various acts of crime such as the time when a drifter decided to play a prank on a Chinese resident by cutting off his pigtail as he was walking down the street. Indicative of a frontier town where people often took the law into their own hands, the Chinese resident, in turn, retaliated by cutting off the drifter's ear (DeVilbiss 1985, p. 2B).

In the article, this anecdote stops here and a student of history might wonder if the Chinaman, minus his queue, danced motionless under the bridge for "not being able to take a joke." Whatever the outcome, it certainly wasn't all that funny to the victim of the prankish urge.

Nevertheless, Danielson told DeVilbiss that incidents of crime in early Corinne were not as rampant as the Mormon press made out.

"I don't know where they got all those stories from," she said, noting that most of the deaths occurred as a result of accidental shootings and train accidents. She said there were only three murders reported in the newspapers during a 15-year period.

"They were pretty much a law-abiding town," she said. "They didn't put up with any hanky-panky" (DeVilbiss 1985, p. 2B).

In histories interpreted from written accounts, Madsen and Danielson may agree here in some respects. Violence, it seems, was frowned upon by city leaders, but such "movers
and shakers" also realized the realities of the situation.

While Madsen cites a number of incidents of crime and violence in his 1980 book, none involved a shooting death, although more than one combatant took pistol balls through arms, legs or other non-immediately-fatal parts of the body.

In any other western town of the time, such acts of violence might have been as casually passed off as asking for a second cup of coffee after supper. But Corinne was Gentile in Mormon Utah where theft among the Saints was pointless because the goods of any were shared as commodities for benefit of the company of all.

However, "The obvious bustle of activity and good times, emphasized by the action of the blacksmiths, meant a greater number of freighters and travelers thronging the streets of Corinne in 1872, with an abundant rise in law enforcement problems" (Madsen 1980, p. 40).

The marshal of the time "contracted an illness that would not allow him to perform his duties properly," Madsen cites notations in the Corinne City Minute Book of January and June of 1872, "and after some pressure from the council he offered his resignation."

Daniel D. Ryan, a former Civil War officer with a reputation as a gunfighter, was elevated from a $60-a-month town night watchman reinforcing the small police force to the head post of city marshal.

In an episode a few months after his appointment, Ryan
walked into a powdersmoke challenge, and while he came out of it alive, he was fired for abruptly interfering in the fun of cash-paying patrons.

He then was rehired six months later when successors failed to maintain a loosely-firm handle on the community's "hanky-panky." Ryan was to serve a "rather long career as the chief law enforcer of the town, living up to the romantic tradition of the fearless lawman," Madsen writes (1980, p. 40).

The Ryan-means-business episode, as printed in the Nov. 11, 1872 Corinne Reporter, goes like this:

On last Saturday night, about one o' clock, Paschal, in company of three of his companions, entered the Diamond Q billiard hall and proposed three cheers for Greeley (a mining town north of Denver, Colo.), and was answered by some outside party that Greeley was "played out," which caused some hard words, and a free fight ensued; during which, Marshal Ryan was called in to make peace and arrest the guilty parties. He (Ryan), in attempting to arrest Paschal, was shot through the left hand with a ball from a navy revolver in the hands of Paschal. Some say it was accidental, while others are equally confident that it was intentional. The Marshal then fired at Paschal, who was on his knees, the ball taking effect in his right breast, making a fearful wound. After the shooting, Paschal walked down to the Osceola Saloon, soon after entering the house, he fell on the floor, and was packed up by his companions and carried to the Diamond R warehouse, where he now lies in critical condition (Madsen 1980, p. 41).

While an interesting yarn, there are some unanswered gaps in it. Madsen notes Paschal recovered from his wound under the ministration of the mayor, Dr. J. W. Graham, but does not indicate anything further. The newspaper account
says Ryan entered the billiard hall, was shot through the left hand and fired back, hitting Paschal in the chest. Paschal then walked down the street to a saloon and there collapsed from his "fearful wound." Perhaps the key here is that his companions then carried him to the warehouse and summoned the doctor-mayor, the man in charge of keeping Ryan employed as the marshal.

Of the unanswered questions, of what import was Paschal in the economic structure of the town? Was he a landowner, a mule skinner for a prominent freighter of the town, or a shipping yard supervisor for the railroad?

As a routine practice learned the hard way in those times, law enforcement officers responding to a free-for-all fight usually made their presence known with guns drawn with hammers eared back at full cock, or thumbs curling over them for an easy roll into action.

Was Ryan left-handed? Probably not, or the newspaper account would have stated Ryan's weapon was shot out of his hand and some additional mention would have been made about such a disabling injury to a gunfighter. At any rate, Ryan fired back, by border-shift or otherwise.

Was Ryan's wound "fearsome?" Apparently, it was not, for no other notice is given of it. Why then was Paschal able to walk out of the billiard hall without his arrest by Ryan? Did the marshal, injured as he was, allow him go because he knew Paschal, leaking life from his wound as he
was, wouldn't go too far? Or did Paschal leave with the gun-backed help of his three companions, freezing Ryan in his place at point-blank range?

The endless and exact details of the Paschal-Ryan shootout may not have been necessary for the newspaper to report at the time, as perhaps most everyone knew about the particulars by secondhand telling.

Still, there are unanswered questions and with such are the seedlings of stories and the latticeworks of legends as told by the boys on the bench.

One complicated fact remains: Corinne was converted by the Mormons in the 1880s and '90s and today survives. As DeVilbiss states in his 1985 article:

Today, most of the original buildings in town have been destroyed. Its most prominent feature, the giant grain silos, deceptively symbolize an agricultural heritage, while its real heritage, the railroad, is hardly noticed -- reduced to a freight-line appendage servicing nearby industries.

The dream of Corinne's founding fathers to make their city and its railroad the main artery produced only a collapsed vein--bypassed when Ogden became the "Junction City," and eventually severed (with the completion of the Lucin Cutoff). He (Madsen) said by the late 1880s, Corinne's demise became the Saints' prize, as Mormon families gradually took over the town, fulfilling a long-held belief by many gentiles that Brigham Young cursed the city and prophesied that its control would eventually slip from the gentiles' grasp (DeVilbiss 1985, p. 2B).

Mormons, with that cultural control of their religion, do dominate the town, but not all of its citizens. A silent slice of the Gentile heritage remains, perhaps more as an
independent attitude than anything else.

"That it does," Blaine Bradford (1986) said. "I live my life my way, let others do the same and hope they will return the favor."
EPILOGUE

Of those who were there in the Gentile city in the late 1880s and early 1900s, only gravestones mark their comings and goings and only a few scrawls and printed words in scattered records denote their deeds. Of the second- and third-generation Corinnethians, most of them also are gone.

But a few remain.

Other "old-timers" could have been interviewed in the course of this account and if this work is expanded maybe they will be. As such, this collection of stories represents but the initial shavings cut from a chunk of wood by the boys on the whittlin' bench.

Still, these stories now have been set down in words others might read and remember. Perhaps one of the most important roles of a reporter, other than covering the daily events of "instant history," is to record the lives and times of the oldsters in the anecdotes they hold dear and likely embellish in somewhat of a selfish manner.

If this is not done, likely these personal pieces of history will vanish with their deaths. Who, for example, will remember or even care Henry Fredrickson landed so hard in the snow one time that the dye in his jeans left a blue imprint? Who will wonder about the triple-circle trick of Vesta Ferry in teaching the times tables to her students, or the fact her sister, Charlotte, possibly saved the lives of
many World War II soldiers with her suggestion of using a small syrup pitcher to minimize the fumes of a parachute cleaning fluid? Who, after all, might remember a late-night knock on the door of a boxcar by a hungry railroad tramp would change forever the lives of the Tom Bosley family? And who might remember a generous, tongue-tied man teased to the point of despair as only the natural cruelty of children can muster?

The comings and goings of the old-timers will be chiseled into gravestones, but inscriptions will not show their personalities or hint of the big and little experiences they had along the way, experiences likely influencing the drive and direction of their community and experiences everyone everywhere has reveled or regretted in one way or the other in deciding the best path to take at the daily forks in the road.

To the grave, as such, goes all humanness. From birth, this must be lived and learned again, but perhaps the ramblings of grandma and grandpa might not only entertain, but ease this journey with a wizened word of wisdom.

"We all got born through no fault of our own, we all survived somehow long enough to grow up, we all got educated to some degree, we all loved and lost, we may have our own kids now through no fault of theirs, we all fought and perhaps died for our identities, we all came from somewhere to get here and we all did it a little differently," one
veteran and cynically-reverent newspaper editor once said to his staff of reporters.

"So each and every one of us has a story worthy of telling because the history someone reads 100 years from now is what we're doing right here today. History, and I mean total history, isn't dates, places and casualty counts. It's people and how they were born, lived and died," he added. "Now hit the bricks and don't come back without a good yarn."

This "It's-a-goddamn-order" pep talk perhaps is a prime motivation for this work. Still, like biting off a big chunk from a tobacco plug and finding it difficult to chew, completion of this work probably would take another 40 years and may await another to finish.

Still, what is here has been put down. Without the anecdote or the tall tale, history is often hollow. "Well, that's the way it was, you know," someone might say. "No, not really," another might reply. While such stories can confuse issues and events, they also add that grain or two of salt necessary in seasoning the mulligan stew of memory.

Every individual mentioned here was or is real. A couple of names have been changed, notably those of Frederick Alonzo Finkel and Ben Wilkins. A deputized farmhand did trade shots with an outlaw at a bridge over the Snake River near Rigby, Idaho, and carried the loss of his manhood tucked into his right pocket to his grave. His name is
fictitious for obvious reasons. And a Corinne farmer and his wife did ride the stage through Hampton's Ford to Eagle Rock, but frankly neither the author nor those interviewed can recall his given name. Any similarity in names of persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

If this work has any import, it will be to generate more humanness into historical accounts, to invite a little "color" into the dull documents left behind.

Even so, there are some obvious gaps in this account, such as a more thorough treatment of the Japanese influence in the community and an in-depth examination of why those there chose to be there.

Also, there is the question of why did they stay and why do the newcomers pick Corinne as a place to live. The newcomers also have stories to tell for they got there from someplace else.

Also absent here is a more detailed story, perhaps an entire chapter, on Bernice Gibbs Anderson and her work in collecting the history of Corinne and Northern Utah, and her constant efforts to make Promontory Summit at national site.

There are many other stories to be told, remembered now in fragments with few to embellish them.

For example, there is the elusive yarn about Little Mountain Maggie, a weathered woman of rawhide strength who raised her children in a cave at the base of the piled-up mound left by the extinct volcano west of Corinne.
Little Mountain Maggie, the story goes, could ride, rope, shoot and kill flies with a six-foot spit of chewin' tobacco juice as well as, if not better than, any man.

Interview tips to her life led to suggestions of asking another, or maybe she was so-and-so's grandmother, or maybe she was just a story conjured up by the boys on the bench. Any veteran reporter, however, knows legends and oft-told tales, even if "blossomed," are based somewhat on fact.

The trail of Little Mountain Maggie, as many other tracks of the early days, has been covered over by the wind-dropped dust of days tumbling over the days before.

Much of the town of the 1950s remains. Many of the old buildings and houses have disappeared, along with much of the memories of the owners. A few pictures yet exist of the old structures and the "movers and shakers" of the time, but not many and these are fiercely protected by those who have them. Any possible use of these relics and keepsakes has become a matter of trust, and few "journalists" carry this quality, at least in the minds of the old-timers.

The book of Brigham D. Madsen, whose main research source was newspaper items of the time, has been used frequently in this account, mostly for historical reference.

Many residents of Corinne have read Madsen's volume, and while most view it as a comprehensive portrayal, not all agree with his treatment of the town.

As Blaine Bradford said, newspapers tend to "blossom
everything up and make it look good" and "it was nothing like that at all."

Marion Nicholas Danielson, city recorder of Corinne since December of 1979, is methodically going through the records and council minutes. She feels Madsen "skimmed over the city" and centered too much on the "friction between the town and the Mormon church." It does not deal in depth, she said, with the community itself.

Ruth Michelli Wright, the daughter of Bernice Gibbs Anderson, simply dismisses it without much comment, saying only, "It missed the mark."

Today, she cares for what is left of the historical Corinne materials her mother amassed over the years and rues the day her sister, moving into her dead mother's home, cleaned out the house and dumped the "junk" of many old photographs, negatives and faded papers into the 55-gallon drum in the backyard used as an incinerator.

Much of Corinne's history thusly has gone up in smoke and into the silent graves of the people who once lived there. This collection, then, hopefully will relate some of what still exists of the earlier days and its people in the memories of those who live there yet, in words with a flesh-and-blood element to give some life to mere dates and scrawled entries in a journal.

After all, accurate or not, we were there.
CAST OF CHARACTERS

In a work such as this, where the lives of people interact in the times and events of others, readers might wish to have a scorecard to help keep the players straight. Hopefully, brief biographies of the main cast of characters will aid in this.

C. G. Adney--Clarence Glenn Adney was born in Missouri in 1870 to Henry H. and Elizabeth Blazer Adney. Reared and educated in Kansas, he went into business with a degree in engineering. He was sent to Ogden, Utah in 1899 by his company and there wrapped up its ventures, moving to Corinne in 1901. When his company sold out interests in Utah, he elected to stay to raise Hereford cattle and race horses. In 1900, Adney married Frances Canine, and they produced two children, both of whom died. Divorcing Frances, Adney wed a second wife, Jenny. She would be his constant companion until his death. In 1918, he was elected to the Utah Legislature and served for many years on the board of directors of the agricultural college in Logan. Perhaps his most important contribution to Corinne was spearheading a drainage district in 1915 to draw alkali and plant-killing chemicals from the land. This turned the land fertile again and has brought what prosperity remains in the lands of Corinne today. Adney, vowing to live
at Corinne until he dropped dead, resigned his posi-
tions of secretary and treasurer for the Corinne Drain-
age District at the age of 87 in March of 1958, citing
impaired vision and hearing loss as his reasons. Jenny
then moved him to California and there he died.

Bernice Gibbs Anderson--Born Aug. 5, 1900 in Denver, Colo.,
to Frankie Gibbs and a father whose first name her own
daughter, Ruth, has forgotten, Bernice was taken by her
working mother, who divorced her father before she was
born, to Frankie's mother, Justina Holley of Corinne,
at the age of 6 weeks. There she would grow up, marry
Loren Anderson and bear nine children, six of whom
would live to adulthood. There she would become the
town's unofficial historian, write many articles and
copy for pamphlets and perhaps single-handedly wou
convince the federal government to make the Golden
Spike site at Promontory Summit into a national
monument. She would receive belated honors for this
effort and she would die May 19, 1981 at the age of 80,
only to have one of her daughters move into her house
and clean it out, burning much of the "junk" she had
collected over the years in an incinerator in the
backyard.

Fay Bosley--Born Dec. 5, 1899 as the second child and second
daughter of Thomas Edward and Hannah Peterson Bosley, she would never marry. She was 16 and the oldest offspring remaining at home when her mother died in 1917, five days after the birth of Hannah's eighth baby. She stayed to help raise the other children, she saw them marry and move out and she was there to bury her father when he died of cancer in 1952. She says hers has been a full and good life.

George William Bosley Jr.--Known commonly as "Bill," George William Jr. (April 9, 1870-April 29, 1954) was the firstborn of George William (Jan. 28, 1841-Nov. 24, 1911) and Grace Sterling Bosley (Sept, 9, 1855-Jan. 30, 1907). He would do much in the environs of Corinne, as water master and unofficial town carpenter, but he is remembered mostly as a storyteller. He would marry Dora Bergen of Brigham City (Feb. 8, 1870-Dec. 13, 1924) and father six children. He outlived his wife by 29 years, he saw his prodigy grow to start lives of their own and he died, alone and in the dark, in his small house on Montana Street. His son, Maldard, was there, perhaps much as Fay was to care for her father, Tom, but when Bill checked out he took the last knee-slapper with him.

Thomas Edward Bosley--A stubbornly-persistent cowboy with a
love for open range, he practically had to be shot off his horse before changing his lifestyle after the death of his wife, giving up his freedom to take charge of keeping his family of eight children together. Born Sept. 9, 1872 to George William and Grace Sterling Bosley, he roped, rode and wrestled cows even after he married Hannah M. Peterson. After his wife died in 1917, he settled down to run a butcher shop in Corinne. A handyman in his own right, he built his home, watched his children grow and had the satisfaction of not burying one of them. In the last years of his life, crippled by cancer, he complained little and often literally crawled to the outhouse in the backyard to throw up his supper. He died on April 5, 1952, at the age of 80.

Alice Martha Payenter Bradford--Born Sept. 23, 1856 in England to Samuel and Anna Edgeworth Payenter, she said her mother died when she was a baby and her father followed when she was 10. Her father remarried when she was 5 and her stepmother, a convert to the Mormon Church, arranged for passage of the family to America in 1868. The voyage over the Atlantic and the trek across the plains was not easy, but Alice arrived in Salt Lake City as a member of the last organized company to reach Utah by wagon train.
Life in Salt Lake City wasn't much better, as she was utilized as an often poorly-fed domestic servant. When it became evident she was wanted as a plural wife, she fled to Corinne, staying with and working for several families. She married Walter Butler Bradford in Corinne on June 17, 1872 when she was 15 years old. Living the remaining years of her life in the Gentile community, she bore 12 children, seven of whom lived to maturity, perhaps caused the Indian scare of the fall of 1875 and poo-pooed this later, and died at her home Oct. 30, 1944 at the age of 88.

Blaine Bradford--Son of Samuel and Minnie Cutler Bradford and a grandson of Walter Butler and Alice Martha Payenter Bradford, Blaine was born in Corinne in 1917, grew up in the community and lived there most of his life except for his service years during World War II in Florida with the Army Air Corps. In Florida, he met and wed a wife, but separated from her shortly after the hostilities ended and their return to Utah. He was hitting the bottle pretty hard then because of the split-up, but said he had enough sense to cork it and head home. Back in Corinne, he would put his life back in order, wed a second time only to outlive this wife and fathered no children of his own. He took the job as maintenance man for the drainage system in
Donald Delorn Cutler—The third of five children born to Henry and Hettie Bradford Cutler and a grandson of Walter and Alice Bradford, Donald arrived in Corinne Dec. 17, 1915, behind Vernon and Vivian and before Virgil and Philip. Raised on the family farm, he quickly learned his trade. He married Viola Bowcutt of Bothwell June 15, 1940, and became the father of three children, Nancy of 1943, Mary Jo of 1945 and Steven of 1949. Viola would suddenly die of sugar diabetes April 25, 1978 and Don then would wed Marion Young Fredrickson on Oct. 26 of that year. At the time of this writing, he has survived his own bout with cancer and raps the gavel at council meetings as mayor of the town.

Marion Young Fredrickson Cutler—Born to William Eugene and Sarah Ann Bingham Young on April 11, 1916, Marion came to Corinne at the age of 11 in 1927 with her four brothers and one sister when the family moved from Ogden to a farm there. She would grow up to marry Henry Lee Fredrickson in 1933 and give birth to two daughters, Anne in October in 1935 and June in July of 1940. Henry, born on Nov. 30, 1913, to Christian
Marinus and Jennie Lysle Steed Fredrickson, died Dec. 31, 1964, but not before he gained a rounded posture, tormented Halloween trick-or-treaters into song to get the goodies, and bounced more than one grandchild on his knee. Henry initially was buried in the Brigham City Cemetery, but was later exhumed and reinterred in an adjacent lot at Corinne's after Marion married Don Cutler in 1978. Marion, today, suffers from diabetes but handles it well. She still has that cherub, pink-cheeked innocence, and her honesty probably has made her more of a victim than a volunteer in this work.

Marion Nicholas Danielson--As the Corinne City Recorder since December of 1979, she has labored over early council records and microfilms of newspaper articles and accounts of the community's past. She came to Corinne in 1950 when her father purchased a cafe on the city's main thoroughfare. Her father had been reared at Promontory, where his great-grandfather had homesteaded the land. She would grow up in the city in a house shaded by tall trees on the north side of Montana Street just west of the city hall. She would marry Arthur Danielson, a native of Cache Valley, make her home in "That Place Over There" and wonder why the city had this reputation. Her efforts to unravel this
stigma would make her the successor to Bernice Gibbs Anderson as the town's officially-unofficial historian. If she persists, she probably will compile the most accurate account ever of the "Burg on the Bear," but it may lack some of the daily blood-and-guts grind of getting from then to now.

Vesta Ferry--As the oldest of three children born to John Yeoman (1868-1933) and Charlotte Jean (1874-1975) Ferry, Vesta arrived in August of 1899 in Benton Township, Ill. She was 15 months old when her parents, purchasing Section 9 in Corinne, moved to Utah in 1900 in time to have Thanksgiving dinner with relatives already living there. Attending a Methodist school in Price, Utah, she finished her secondary education in 1919 in California when the Ferrys moved there for a few years before returning to Corinne. She started college in 1920 and finished her four-year degree in 1933. Part of the delay here came when the stock market crashed in 1929 and her bank account was wiped out. Mostly, she attended summer classes in seeking her college degree and financed this by teaching in one-room schools in Nevada. With her father's death in 1933, she returned to Corinne to care for her mother. Vesta taught school there for a number of years and later in Tremonton to the north, commuting
weekdays for 20 years before her mother agreed to move there. Today she lives in Tremonton in active retirement and administers what is left of the House estate, willed to her by William F. House when pending legal action in the early 1930s threatened to devastate his once-vast holdings.

Samuel and Mariba "Marb" Bowcutt Forsgren--Samuel Jr. was born to Roy and Mary Forsgren in Brigham City on May 12, 1918. Within days of his birth, Sam's parents moved to a farm in West Corinne and there brought up a family of two other sons, Ralph and Russell, and two daughters, Ethel and Charleen. There Sam would grow to manhood, meet and marry Mariba Bowcutt of Bothwell, born April 12, 1918, in Garland, Utah, to Alfred and Josephine Newman Bowcutt. Sam and Marb were married in 1942, but their life together had to wait for three years while he served in the Pacific Theater during World War II. He returned to Corinne to farm until "I never did retire, I just got damn tired of it." The Forsgrens reared two children, Max and Helen, and today have pictures of grandchildren posted around the living room, along with examples of his lapidary hobby and her sewing and knitting creations. For 14 years, the Forsgrens served as janitors at Corinne Elementary School and for the past four or five have been the
caretakers of Corinne City Cemetery. Sam also served on the city council for 12 years, four of them as mayor, and one of his most cherished possessions is the official city charter signed in 1870 by President U. S. Grant. Sam has survived a battle with throat cancer and Marb today struggles with diabetes, but nothing stops her weekly card games with the girls.

William Raymond and Emily Louise Gillett Holmes--William R. Holmes (Oct. 15, 1870-July 30, 1954) was a descendant a signer of the Mayflower Compact. A proud man, he was a "mover and shaker" of Corinne in the early 1900s. Among other things, he operated a hardware and grocery store on Montana Street, drove one of the first school buses, maintained the pump for the city water tank, served on the Corinne council for a number of years and was the city recorder for 10. He made it a point to be the first person to vote on election day. He smoked at least one cigar a day, gnawing on it more than inhaling, and used up more than one vest pocketful of kitchen matches in the process. The hardware and grocery operation was on the ground floor of the Roche building at Montana and Fifth streets, a structure passed down to him by his wife's parents. Emily Louise Gillett (Sept. 26, 1871-Feb. 8, 1951) was the only child of Egbert A. (1844-1923) and Emily L. (1844-1922)
Gillett. Word has it she was the real worker in the family, as her husband apparently spent more time holding up the store's potbellied stove than breaking into a sweat doing anything much more than talking.

William Franklin House--The son of Hiram and Mary Lucy Thomas House, William F. was born in Missouri on Sept. 21, 1861. Before his death at Corinne Dec. 11, 1936, he would assume control of his enterprising father's financial empire upon Hiram's death in March of 1893, outlive his sister, Cora House Kearns (Feb. 2, 1868-May 29, 1900), survive fights over the dwindling family fortune with his uncle, Henry Clay House (Feb. 1, 1842-Dec. 20, 1922), and learn to love and trust the family of a friend, J. Y. Ferry. A tongue-tied and unmercifully-teased man, William was perhaps generous to a fault because of this and was intrigued, if not suckered, by more than one "fly-by-night" scheme. After all, he had inherited money, but perhaps wanted to score some quick cash of his own. Some of the schemes, such as "Golden Youth," had potential. Still Hiram's empire, through the apparent mismanagement of his son, turned into cold clay and crumbled. The backlash of some investments brought about the threat of lawsuits and William, in pure defense, arranged with Ferry to will his remaining property over to Ferry's
oldest daughter, Vesta. He initially wanted to give it to Ferry rather than Vesta, but in the way things work out sometimes. Ferry died some two years before House. Some old-timers say William F. willed his property to Vesta because he loved her, even though he was nearly 38 years her senior. Maybe he did. He did marry once, but quickly divorced after his bride apparently discovered the boast of his prowess lacked the luster of actual loot. Vesta talks little of this and to this day refers to him as "Mr. House."
REFERENCES


Corinne (1907, October). St. Louis, Mo: Sanborn Map Co. Available at the Utah State University Merrill Library Archives and Special Collections.


Corinne Ward (1900-1924). Genealogical library. Logan, UT: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.


Morris, M.F. (1951, September 14). Do you remember when Corinne had a bank, and Buffalo Bill was Bill Cody? *Box Elder Journal*, p. 7


APPENDIX
May 30, 1987
Brigham D. Madsen
2181 Lincoln Lane
Salt Lake City, Utah 84124
(801) 277-2954

Mr. Madsen:

After more than 20 years of slogging through the trenches of the newspaper business, I packed a raging ulcer into my possibles bag and returned to Utah State University in fall, 1984, to pursue a master of arts degree in the Department of Communication. Why in the hell I did this has been an oft-repeated question.

Submitting my thesis of nearly three-years' effort and some 400 pages to the Graduate Studies office, I was advised to request permission from you "as a professional courtesy" for "possible extensive" use of material from your 1980 work, Corinne: The Gentile Capital of Utah.

There are a number of policies, all inconclusive and somewhat shady-gray, on the use of copyrighted materials and this request comes as a "be safe, not sorry" directive from the grad office. My thesis basically covers the early- and mid-1900s in Corinne and relies on interviews of old-timers still living there in a loosely-connected series of feature stories. I used portions of your work for background and historical continuity.

All sections used have been cited in the text. These included the founding and naming of the town, Brigham Young's supposed curse, the steamboat venture, the Indian scare, the chaos of the canal, the Lakeview cemetery, the lot of the Chinese coolies and the public school system.

Still, the thesis coordinator thinks use of these sections might be "extensive." My major professor does not, but agreed this request would be a "professional courtesy."

In all, besides paraphrasing, your work has been cited verbatim 33 times, using from 32 to 293 words for a total of 4,277, or roughly 3.1 percent of the estimated total narrative in the entire volume.

In my years in the newspaper racket as a reporter and an editor, I have handled my share of copyrighted material and have earned a reputation for my fairness and accuracy. I feel I have quoted your work in good faith and consider it not only a well-researched, but definitive, source on Corinne in its turbulent, boomtown years. I lived in this Gentile city from 1946 to 1965, and know its stories and most of its secrets.
The thrust of my thesis is to encourage reporters everywhere to take the time to interview old-timers anywhere and put their stories down in print somewhere. While their tales may be more memory-enriched fiction than nuts-and-bolts fact, it is important to get them down in flesh-and-blood narratives before the oldsters take them to their graves.

I will gladly furnish copies of the materials quoted from your book upon request. I hope you will be able to reply immediately.

Thank you for your cooperation in this matter,

John W. Morris
40 Park Circle
Logan, Utah
752-8533

I hereby give permission to John W. Morris to reprint and properly credit the following materials taken from my 1980 book, Corinne: The Gentile Capital of Utah, in the preparation of his thesis. These portions, listed by pages, number of words and opening and closing phrases by order of use, include:

P. 310, 255, "The 1880 census...was fast becoming so."
Pp. 310-311, 98, "An 1895 article...as well as his bank...."
Pp. 144-145, 74, "To satisfy their longing...the Gentile town...."
P. 268, 220, "Recognizing their financial...and 6 feet deep...."
Pp. 269-270, 86, "In this instance...the sickly waters of the Malad."
Pp. 54-55, 293, "Although the life of Corinne...a solid mass of ice cream."
P. 307, 105, "With remarkable dispatch...in the territory."
Pp. 272-273, 54, "...Before white settlers...had decided to build a town."
P. 274, 231, "In January 1863...more than they could bear...."
Pp. 274-275, 93, "To the frontiersmen...the defenseless Gentile of Corinne."
Pp. 275-277, 227, "During the next four years...a horse from a white farmer...."
P. 282, 160, "Throughout the spring and summer...for the Lee trial."
P. 283, 145, "...Women and children...a company of fifty men at the scene."
P. 289, 55, "The six years of frustration...millstones of Lamanite and Saint."
P. 289, 32, "Corinnethians were left...into Montana."
Pp. 213-214, 217, "In June 1873... the start of another term."
P. 214, 164, "The completion of the Methodist Church... followed by three hours of instruction."
P. 215, 89, "Apparently, the action...free schools for the night."
P. 216, 120, "The first year of Corinne's...until four o' clock the next morning."
P, 217, 41, "In answer to the question...Respectfully, Trustees."
P. 217, 48, "I am utterly opposed to...the tyranny of the rich over the poor."
P. 217, 70, "...Now about the free school...I for one will not stand for it...."
Pp. 155-156, 179, "...Two other schooners...the wonder of the Dead Sea of America."
Pp. 158-159, 140, "Leading citizen...figure estimated by Spicer."
Pp. 160-161, 147, "The City of Corinne is...for enjoyment of parties of pleasure seekers."
Pp. 162-163, 160, "Left Corinne,...in eleven hours and a quarter running time."
P. 165, 60, "At present my engagements...our own little steamboat."
P. 167, 148, "...Occasionally, outings...for their unmitigated selfishness."
Pp. 243-244, 209, "...The history of Masonry...was elected to head the new lodge."
Pp. 246-247, 77, "...not only did the Chinese...was rapidly filling with newcomers."
P. 248, 66, "The Corinne newspapers delighted in...a free lunch."
P. 248, 47, "Another custom...returning to the flowery kingdom."
P. 41, 167, "'On last Saturday night,...he now lies in critical condition."

(Fee)

(Signed)