I REMEMBER
THE EARTH,
THE ORES
AND THE
MINING TOWNS
They moved the earth...

I am old enough to remember the almost primitive equipment used for earth moving in the 1920's. In Mormon country since the settlement days, there has been an urgent need for equipment beyond the shovel and wheelbarrow where roads were graded, railroads were built, and canals were dug.

To meet this need, Mormon ingenuity produced or improved upon equipment that greatly facilitated these arduous tasks.

The chief motive power, of course, was the horse. When hitched to a Mormon scraper, which looked like an enlarged metal scoop, the capacity to move earth short distances was increased many times.
The Mormon Scraper

The more durable ones were made of steel ......

Others were made of wood ......

Some had no sides ......

The scraper consisted of a shallow steel box with one open end. Near this end was attached a Y-shaped steel bar affixed to each side. This in turn was attached to a chain and the harness. At the other end of the box, wooden handles were secured to each side for the operator to lift and fill the scraper, allow it to skid over the ground when loaded, then lift the handles again to dump the load in the desired location. Half a dozen of these scrapers working together could move a respectable amount of earth in a day.
There were other types of scrapers developed as the road and canal building increased. Larger scrapers were developed which were mounted on wheels, greatly improving the capacity and range of the earth-moving equipment.

They moved the Earth...

A Wheel Scraper
For moving earth longer distances, there were various forms of dump wagons. One of them I remember was a regular heavy-duty wagon with a moderately sized box that had a removable floor. The floor consisted of four or six-inch planks laid side by side.

When the wagon was loaded, it was drawn by horses to the place where the material was needed, then it was dumped. This was done by lifting up and turning one of the floor planks, allowing an initial spill. The remaining planks were removed one by one until the wagon was empty. Then the planks were replaced, and the wagon was ready for reloading.
MINES AND MINING

I recognized the street long before I knew the name of it. West Temple Street in those days was lined with numerous assay offices between South Temple and Second South. There was no other street like it in Salt Lake City. Over on Main or State Street there were attractive stores that were exciting to visit, but who would want to go into one of these dingy shops, and what went on inside? They didn’t mean very much to a young boy like me, only as a place to walk by on the way from the train station to the stores we were to visit.

I do remember, though, wondering why plain ordinary rocks were displayed in the windows and what the word "assay" meant. I didn’t know it, but this was my introduction to the mining industry of the state, and Salt Lake City was the heart and soul of the industry.

All these shops have long since disappeared. There is no physical evidence that they ever existed, but I remember them well because of the speculations in my young mind.

In the middle and late twenties, the radio was coming into its own, and people began listening to various broadcasts of the local radio stations. Almost daily at noon they carried news of the Salt Lake Stock Exchange, quoting at great length the prices of the mining stocks.

There was an impressive list: Silver King, Tintic Standard, Eureka Lily, Eureka Bullion, to name a few. The public was exposed to the atmosphere of mining in many other ways, too. Name places, such as Park City, Bingham, Eureka, Ophir conjured up visions in the mind of precious and base metals, while Spring Canyon, Scofield, and Clear Creek were centered on the mining of coal. Carbon County itself suggests the presence of coal. Places like Tooele, Arthur, Garfield, and Magna further suggested the milling and smelting of the ores from the mines.
PARK CITY

Somewhere among my effects there are some old photographs of my father and friends taken at about the turn of the century. These photos were mounted on heavy cardboard, as most of them were in those days. In the lower left corner of each photo was printed in gold the words, "Adam Bros. Park City." One of the pictures was of a dark-haired girl grinning shyly at the camera while holding a frilly parasol over her shoulders. I was fascinated by this picture because of the allure it held for me at the time. I never found out who she was, but for some reason I seemed to acquire an attachment to Park City because of her.

At the time the photos were taken, Park City was very much alive. It was savoring the wealth brought to the surface from the earth far beneath the city. At the same time, back in Salt Lake City, the mining tycoons were well established in their mansions of East South Temple Street. The Kearns, Judges, Thompsons, Keiths and others had interest in the Park City mines which supported them in a manner to which they had all become well accustomed. It was the heyday of the mines. Casual visitors from Salt Lake often came to Park City by train just to experience the atmosphere of the place.

The inevitable decline of Park City began about a decade or so before I first visited there. My father pointed out to me certain places with which he was familiar and marveled at the changes that had taken place. I saw many houses that stood empty, and many stores on the main street had been boarded up. Some of the mines had closed as the ore became exhausted, causing families to move away and find work elsewhere. There were certain landmarks I saw that served as a link between the time of my father and my own time.
Among them was the massive ore loading station of the Silver King Coalition Mines Company at the lower end of town. It easily overshadowed any other building in the area. This towering gabled structure in faded red was built in 1901 and became the symbol of the city.

While the ore loading station was in operation, thousands of tons of ore concentrate were loaded in railroad cars for processing at the smelters. The ore was moved about a mile and a half from the Silver King Mine to the loading station by an aerial tramway supported by thirty-nine steel towers. The tram buckets—attached to a steel wire rope—carried the ore downhill by gravity while coal and other mining supplies were pulled uphill by the weight of the ore in the descending buckets.

This method of transporting ore was considered a technological wonder when it was first put into operation and continued to amaze onlookers for years afterward.

After about 50 years of service, however, the mine was closed down, the tram was stilled, and the terminal building was left vacant and unused. I remember the structure during most of the days of its vacancy. It stood as a brooding sentinel presiding over the demise of the mining industry in this once rich boom town. Even in those later days, it seemed impressive as a reminder of the great days of Park City.

This great building is no more. It suffered a final indignity in 1982 when it was carelessly set afire and burned to the ground. It must have been a tremendous blaze, a sacrificial inferno that could be seen for miles around. The smoke from the fire carried the heart of Park City with it, leaving a void that never again can be filled.
The City Hall was originally constructed in 1885 and was rebuilt in 1899, following the disastrous fire of 1898. It was used until 1983. It also served for many years as the territorial prison. The stone basement dungeon still holds three single cells and a common cell with leg irons.

A wooden alarm tower was added in 1901. It contained a bell weighing 1500 pounds to warn the town of emergencies.

The restored City Hall today houses the Park City Museum and the Chamber of Commerce.
Park City’s present and future lie on a completely different course than did her past. Mining, old historical buildings, and nostalgia all seem to be fading amid the resort atmosphere of winter sports characterized by new homes, condominium complexes, shopping centers and hotels that are springing up around the outskirts. The new developments have changed the city, but the old town is still there, a shadow of its former glory, grimly clinging to the days long past.

PARK CITY
BINGHAM

Many of the big names in Utah mining became known to me through the monuments they left behind. There were the Kearns Building, the Keith Building, the Ezra Thompson Building, and the Judge Building. Located in downtown Salt Lake City, these buildings all figured in the development of the city and contributed to its economic growth. The men after whom these buildings were named were known to me only through reputation and historic fact. However, there was one prominent mining man whose life extended down to my own time. That man was Daniel C. Jackling.

What impressed me about the Colonel was his life style. He didn't live in Utah himself, but whenever he came to town, he came in class. He travelled in his own private railroad car. There was a spur track at the Union Pacific Depot where his car would be switched right next to the station. Although very few people were privileged to travel in such luxury, as president of the Utah Copper Company, he took it in his stride. When I attended West High School I walked past the train station each morning. Whenever I saw his private car, I knew that "Jack" was in town.

At the turn of the century the known deposits of low grade copper ore in the Bingham Canyon area lay largely untouched because there was no way to extract the copper from the ore profitably. Then Jackling, a young engineer, came to Utah to investigate the Bingham deposit. His investigation disclosed that there was a deposit of astonishing size, but that the copper content was so low that conventional methods could not be used successfully in the extraction process.
At the same time there was a development in mining circles whereby metals could be effectively extracted from ores that contain very little metal. It was called the "flotation" process. In this process the ore is crushed and ground to very fine particles, then placed in huge trays containing water and certain chemicals. By stirring the mixture or introducing air, a froth is produced which carries to the surface the fine particles of metal, leaving the residue at the bottom. This frothy surface material is skimmed off as a concentrate, which, after standing for a time, has the consistency of stiff clay. This is the concentrate that is sent to the smelter for reduction and smelting into the finished product.
D.C. Jackling, after learning of the new flotation process, could scarcely conceal his enthusiasm at the prospect of mining and processing the Bingham Canyon deposit. He succeeded in interesting a group of capitalists in financing him to build an experimental mill on a comparatively small scale. The 300 ton mill was a great success and soon more money was invested in the project. Then, in 1903, the Utah Copper Company was organized by Colonel Jackling and his two investors.

Steam shovels were acquired and a pit mine was opened. Mills were constructed at Magna and Arthur which were capable of processing millions of tons of ore in one year, thus launching the Utah copper industry. A twenty mile railroad, the Bingham & Garfield R.R., was constructed from the mine to the mills.

The ore milling process at Magna and Arthur produced a huge amount of debris or "tailings" in the form of finely ground rock from which the copper was extracted. As a means of confining this residual waste material, a long dike was built from the base of the mountain at Garfield.

The dike extended northward in a semi-circle to Magna, with a total length of about 4 miles. The tailings pond thus created covered an area of over eleven square miles. As the tailings accumulated, the height of the dike increased. Today the dike exceeds 100 feet in height.
The mines, mills and smelter were all in full operation when I was attending school in Garfield. Several times each day a locomotive would pull a string of steel gondola cars loaded with dark green concentrate past our school to feed the smelter a couple of miles away. The railroad tracks would groan under the weight of the heavily laden gondolas.
The layout of Garfield was very unique for Utah. It was a company town that was laid out in the form of a half wheel or rather, a half spider web. The hub was the lower part of town where the business buildings, drug store, general store and theater were located. From here, the streets radiated out like the spokes of a wheel. At certain regular distances along the radiating streets there were cross streets laid out like the circumferential strands of a spider web.

Sadly, the town has now disappeared. The only indication that a town existed here are a few trees.
THE CARBON COUNTY
COAL MINES

Carbon County received its name from the immense deposits of coal that were found there. The coal was originally discovered in veins that protruded from the surface of the ground. The coal mining activity soon involved underground mining carried on by dozens of different companies in various localities. However, not until the railroad came to the area could production be expanded on a large scale. The railroad afforded an efficient way to haul large quantities of coal to waiting markets in Utah and surrounding states.

The expanding coal industry attracted workers of many different nationalities who had been recruited in Europe for work in the mines. The ethnic mix in the coal mining towns was much different from that in other towns that were typical of the Mormon religion. In the coal towns there were mixtures of Greek, Italian, Yugoslav and other eastern European peoples. Accordingly, they became part of Utah’s "gentile" population made up heavily of Catholic and Eastern Orthodox religions.

Many of these people were separated from the rest of the population of the state because they were isolated in company towns and even those who lived in towns like Price and Helper tended to live in enclaves made up mostly of one ethnic group or another.

For many years the railroads and the mining companies worked together in the thriving coal industry. For the railroad, it was a matter of providing transportation of goods to the markets.

However, the mines produced coal through methods that required hard labor and toil under hazardous conditions which often led to accidents and death.
[Ed. note: The following was included among notes about the Carbon County Coal Mines:

"My people handled coal as if it were some previous metal."

Then there was a short list of some different types of coal:

"small coal (for household use)"
"nut (?) coal"
"lump coal."
EUREKA AND
THE TINTIC MINING
DISTRICT

The Tintic Mining District was a prolific producer of valuable metals during my growing-up years. I probably would not be aware of the intense mining activity there if it had not been for the Salt Lake Stock Exchange and the radio. Every weekday about noon there would be stock market quotations for the many mining stocks around the state, a considerable portion of which were from the Tintic Mining District. The oft-repeated quotes of stock prices seemed to leave a lasting impression on my mind. Some of the notable mines of the area were the Bullion Beck and Champion, Gemini, Eureka Hill, Centennial Eureka, Eureka Lily and others.

Eureka was the center of an exceedingly rich area where miners took millions of dollars' worth of gold, silver, lead and copper from the ground. In doing so, they left the earth under the town honeycombed with tunnels and drifts. At the height of the mining activity, the earth shook constantly from the underground blasts as workers dislodged the treasures that had reposed there for millennia. Some shafts in the Tintic District were sunk to a depth of 2,000 feet or more. At length the treasures were extracted and the lode ran out.

Eureka approached the end of the road and began a steep decline. Today only a handful of mines remain, however tenuously; the rest are ghosts of the past. Most of the surrounding towns, too, have disappeared, or nearly so, having attained "ghost town" status.
Eureka remains unique because many old buildings still remain, including the Miners' Union Hall and the Union Pacific Depot which has been converted into a museum. Old mine shafts, dumps and tunnels stand back to back with buildings at the edge of town.
Nearby can be seen numerous abandoned headframes which bear witness of the intense activity that once occurred here.
As in most other mining towns in Utah, there was a rich mixture of ethnic groups comprising the miners who did the "dirty work." Among them were heavy representations of Greeks, Italians, Serbs, Croats and those from many northern European countries. These people brought their cultures and languages with them and tended to remain in their respective ethnic groups.

In the late 1930’s Eureka was still enjoying a measure of prosperity. It was in those years that I was a student at the "U" in Salt Lake City. It was then, too, that I became acquainted with a fellow student, Ezio, of Italian extraction, who lived in Eureka. Ezio inclined to be a loner, not mixing much. I learned something about the town from him. He told me of the plight and perils of the miners and how they were in constant danger each day they went underground. Since his father was a miner, he could give me a first hand account of conditions as they were.

Some time later I learned that his father had died of silicosis, the dread "Miner's Con" contracted from breathing the fine silica dust of the mines. I was overwhelmed with compassion. Ezio went back to Italy and never returned to Eureka. His father had died, as so many before him, working like moles underground only to find that there was no release from this kind of toil except through death.
Eureka
There is a 64 square mile area in the Tintic Mountains that is listed in the National Register of Historic Places. The area includes the town of Eureka and what remains of several surrounding towns (Mammoth, Dividend, etc.).

The historic significance of the area lies in the fact that excellent examples of residential, commercial, industrial and institutional buildings still remain, offering a reflection of the mining past in the Eureka area. One must see what remains of this area before further deterioration takes place.
THE DREAM MINE

Paradoxical in many ways and enigmatic beyond comprehension, the Relief Mine near Spanish Fork has outlasted almost all its contemporaries in the Utah mining districts. Often referred to as the Dream Mine, it has operated, more or less, for over 90 years on dreams, hopes, unfavorable ore assays, and cash from hopeful investors. The strangest aspect of this venture is that while many mines in the state were producing wealth in enormous amounts, the Dream Mine has never produced any precious metals in commercial quantities. Other mines have produced and exhausted their supply of wealth, but the Dream Mine continues at a miniscule level of production until it is hoped the final big strike will occur.

I have known of the Dream Mine practically all of my life and have known countless people who have invested in it. The enthusiasm and anticipation of stockholders in the 1930's were almost fanatical. These were the years of the great depression and those involved were waiting expectantly for the big pay-off. It never came. The baffling fact is that stock sales persisted in spite of discouraging reports and the absence of any dividends. Equally baffling is the fact that a large milling complex was built in the side of the mountain. Its little-used neat white buildings hug the mountainside in step-like order. From a distance it is reminiscent of Queen Hatshepsut's palace in Egypt's Valley of the Kings.

All this began in 1894 when a poor farmer named John Koyle reported an unusual manifestation one evening when an angel visited him and announced that he was chosen to do a very special work. The angel took him to a mountain near his home in Salem and explained that a rich mine had been dug in this mountain centuries before by an ancient people called "Nephites."
The Dream
Still
Unfulfilled...
Koyle's job, the angel said, would be to dig tunnels into the mountain to intersect with the ancient mine. He was further told not to use the old tunnels, but to dig new ones. This would require a great amount of time and money. Instructions where to dig and how to accomplish his task would be given him through his dreams.

Details of the shafts and tunnels necessary were also shown to Koyle, including the location of the ore bodies. He was shown nine huge caverns deep in the mountain where the ancient Nephites had stored a large quantity of gold and how his tunnels would eventually intersect them.

According to the angel, the purpose of the work would be to save the populace at a time when a great seven-year famine and drought would occur, and when the nation's economy would collapse. He could recognize the time by the closing of Utah's great copper mine and steel mill.

In a specific way, Koyle was told that the mine could yield much wealth in the second year of the drought. The gold could be used to purchase great amounts of wheat from Canada to alleviate the widespread suffering. By that time all the resources of the L.D.S. church would be exhausted.

Finally, the farmer in desperation told the angel that he was not a miner and could never tunnel through literally miles of solid rock. The angel in reply turned aside the protest and told Koyle he would receive a sign that he was chosen to do this work. The angel referred to a certain well one of his neighbors had been digging for some time without striking water. He said that at noon the next day water would flow into the hole as a sign that he should dig the tunnels as instructed.

The next morning, after telling his wife what had happened, Koyle went to work in the fields. Before he went, however, he told her to keep watch on the neighbor's well. When he returned that night, she greeted him with the news that the well had filled precisely at the stroke of noon. He didn't realize it then, but he would soon lay aside his farming tools and pick up the sledge and pickaxe. For the next 55 years he would be completely dominated by his fervor and conviction that the things the angel had told him would eventually come to pass.
THE RELIEF MINE
ALSO KNOWN AS
THE DREAM MINE
AT
SALEM, UTAH.
showing workings up to May 1949
NO SCALE

Started here - Sept. 17, 1894

Old Shaft
100 ft. deep

Side Drift
1300 ft.

Portal

Old Drift Tunnel

480 ft.

Stope up and contact shaft

Hard Capstone

175 ft. of rich
gold quartz

Rich vein of
"Sinking ore"
40 ft.

Water

Nephitic rooms containing rich
treasures and sacred records

Water

Winze - 285 ft. deep

Tunnel runs
40° S. of East.
The sum and substance of subsequent events in the life of John Koyle were that in September of 1894, he and five friends climbed the mountain and began work on what they called the Relief Mine. The Koyle Mining Company was organized and stock was issued. At $1.50 per share, many Mormons were eager to buy a piece of his dream. There seemed to be no lack of manpower either, for young men flocked to the mine to work and get paid in stock instead of money.

While many Mormons did not believe in the venture, there were many who did. Among them were some who acquired a gold fever and became delirious at the prospect of becoming fabulously wealthy. They sometimes acted irrationally by selling all their property to buy stock, or by letting their children go without shoes or clothes or education so that they could buy stock in the mine. Some even took out big loans to buy stock.

The official position of the L.D.S. church leaders in Salt Lake City was to discourage investment in the mine. Mining investments should be based on scientific assays and not on dreams, they said. At the time, the mine had no favorable assays. In spite of this, the General Authorities were alarmed at the effect of Koyle's work which stirred up a mixture of gold fever and religion that persisted regardless of their warnings.

For some years Koyle served as bishop of one of the local wards, but often found himself in conflict with the church for selling stock to the members. The conflicts were never really resolved and work on the mine continued with hundreds of feet of tunnel being cut through solid rock. He was eventually released as bishop and in his later years was excommunicated for insubordination to the authorities.

In 1949 John Koyle died after a lifelong struggle to extract the treasures from the earth which the angel showed him in a dream over 55 years before. His unfulfilled dreams were not buried with him, for the venture continues, however sporadic, by his successors in anticipation of the day when the great discovery will be made. There are many who still believe that there is gold in the mountain and that eventually it will be found by continued digging.
Maybe they have in mind the apocryphal story told around Salem for as long as any can remember regarding a visit by Brigham Young in about 1870. According to the story, the prophet stopped there at a blacksmith shop to repair a damaged wheel on his wagon. While waiting for the repairs to be done, he talked to some of the townspeople about various things in their locality.

In the course of the conversation, he lifted up his cane and pointed eastward. "There's enough gold in that mountain," he said, "to pave the streets from here to Salt Lake City."

True or not, the story was never forgotten and even today serves as a catalyst whenever talk turns to the Dream Mine.
FRISCO

Frisco was dead long before I ever went there. It had slept in the Beaver County sun, rain and snow for many decades since the last inhabitants left the place. I discovered it quite by accident when I stopped at a small roadside rest shelter with a stone monument and memorial plaque describing the nearby townsite and mine.

In the approximate center of Beaver County on Highway 21 about 16 miles west of Milford, lie the few scattered remains of what was once one of Utah’s largest and rowdiest mining towns. Today it is hard to imagine that Frisco in the late 1800’s and early 1900’s was a thriving place.

The reason for the town’s existence and growth was the fabulously rich Horn Silver Mine. By the turn of the century it had produced over $60 million in zinc, copper, lead, silver and gold. The metals were hauled to market by mule train or the Utah Central Railroad, which had built a line out there for that purpose. Water and supplies were hauled in the same way. The town at one time had a population of about 4,000. There were homes, churches, schools, saloons, and even a hospital. But there was no water. It had to be hauled in from a source about 8 miles away and sold for 4¢ a gallon.

In about 1920 the ore began to run out, causing some people to move away. Then one day, as the miners were waiting to go underground, the mine caved in with a crash and rumble felt in Milford, sixteen miles away. This marked the beginning of the end for the mine. It never recovered and finally closed. After the mine caved in, only a few families remained to maintain the buildings of the town. Eventually all the buildings disappeared, the people moved away, and deterioration set in. By the late ’20s it had become a ghost town. Today the tell-tale mine tailings, scattered debris, a couple of ramshackle old buildings and a graveyard are all that is left.
OLD
FRISCO

The last survivor

Its forge and anvil silenced, the blacksmith shop stands across vacant hills that once rang with voices.
The cemetery, situated on a low hill about a half mile east of the townsite, holds the remains of some of the town's residents. Maintained by the County of Beaver, it is marked by gravestones and various wood and iron enclosures, some of which are in an advanced stage of deterioration. In viewing the stones, I was struck with the substantial number of graves that held the bodies of little children. Most of them were under the age of 3 when they died. In one ironwork enclosure I found three small stones, side by side.

The inscriptions read:

Burton Barrett--
died May 10, 1896, aged 3 days.

Gladys Barrett--
born Dec. 8, 1897
died Dec. 26, 1898.

George S. Barrett--
born Apr. 8, 1902
died Apr. 12, 1902.

Many miners are buried here, too. The mine took its toll, for workers often mined in temperatures as high as 108 degrees. It is said that as many as 40 miners a month were carried to the hospital suffering from "Miner's Con."
The Cemetery at Frisco
A few years back, while traveling down Highway I-15 about 20 miles east of St. George, I took the off-ramp at Leeds to see what recent changes had occurred in the area. At the bottom of the ramp was a sign with an arrow pointing to the right that read: Silver Reef. Driving about a mile along this road, I came upon the only building remaining of the old boom town of Silver Reef. I was pleased to see workmen restoring the old Wells Fargo office which stood on this spot since about 1877. The solid sandstone block structure had been cleaned and repaired so that the light pink outside walls had the appearance of having been laid yesterday. In the vicinity were heaps of rubble, the remains of long-collapsed buildings that lined the old main street. Nearby, in sharp contrast, were several new residences, landscaped and improved, built near the edge of the old "diggins."

I recalled an incident many years ago when an old friend, "Mac" McMullin, who lived in Leeds, brought me here and showed me substantially the same things I was now seeing. It was like looking at a mirage of yesterday. "This is all that is left of Silver Reef," he said. "We're standing in the main street of the old boom town that flourished between 1877 and 1900. That building is the old Wells Fargo office and store." The structure even then seemed to be well preserved, partly because it had been occupied for many years after the mines closed down and partly because of the substantial construction.

Mac also pointed out the same ruins and rubble I was now looking at. "Those were once business buildings that were built with less care than this one and are now falling into complete ruin." Some walls were still standing then, many in danger of imminent collapse, and many lying in rubble heaps.

Silver Reef was an improbable place. To begin with, miners, metallurgists, and geologists all agreed that "you can't get silver out of sandstone." Yet in spite of this, going totally against all reason and experience, the workers extracted over $9 million in silver from the reef during the 25 or more years the mines were in operation.
Silver Reef

The Wells Fargo Office
Furthermore, it was a "gentile" town located deep in Mormon territory. But there seemed to be few problems because of the diversity of cultures. Indeed, it seems that each group benefitted by the presence of the other.

As with other mining towns of the west, there were occasional outbursts of violence. The Reef had its share of gamblers and card sharks. There is a tale of a professional gambler named Clark who was playing poker with a faro dealer named Saxey. Both of them considered their guns as necessary adjuncts to their avocations and had them lying handy during the game.

Finally, accusations of cheating were made. Then both men drew at the same time and fired. Both men were killed instantly. Many similar tales abound, some of which are undoubtedly apocryphal.
IRON CITY
AND THE IRON MISSION

The area near Cedar City figured prominently in various attempts to produce iron from the rich ore of Iron Mountain. After the demise of the Iron Mission, a settlement known as Iron City was established west of Cedar City near the ore body. Beginning in the 1870's and extending into the 1880's, a good grade of iron was produced here. A railroad was built to bring coal from a source east of Cedar City, but the coal proved to be unsuitable for coking. Thereafter charcoal was used successfully for fuel.

Iron City finally failed due to a combination of circumstances. All that remains of this once-thriving place is a beehive charcoal oven and a few ruins and foundations.

OLD BEEHIVE CHARCOAL KILN
The latest and greatest resurgence of activity in this area began in 1920 when ore was shipped to the Iron- ton Works of Columbia Steel near Springville. World War II then added greatly to the demands on Iron Mountain when ore was shipped to Geneva, Fontana and Pueblo.

The high point in production was in 1957, when 4,000,000 tons were shipped. Since that time, the demand has diminished drastically to a small fraction of that amount.
Now a treasured relic of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, the Community Bell is part of a display in the Iron Mission State Park Museum in Cedar City.

The old Community Bell is the last surviving major object that was cast in the foundry of the Deseret Iron Works in Cedar City during the time of the Iron Mission (1851-1858). The raised letters and numbers on the inscription indicate that the bell was cast in 1853.
To me, the bell stands as a symbol of sacrifice, hard work, and ultimate frustration surrounding the seven-year duration of a failed experiment. The furnaces that produced the iron were lined with materials not refractory enough to withstand the high temperatures or the erosion caused by the movement of ores during the smelting process. Add to this the distances by wagon to the ore and coal sources, the poor roads, the freezing in winter and the flooding each spring, the Indian troubles, and the coming of Johnson's Army, and one can readily understand why the men were eventually released from their missions and counseled to go elsewhere with their families.