I REMEMBER
THE CITIES AND SETTLEMENTS OF UTAH
Editor's note: There is written text only for Cove Fort, Fort Ephraim, Iosepa and the Nauvoo Temple Bell in Salt Lake City.

The other cities and communities are represented only by illustrations.

But then, a picture is worth 10,000 words...
OLD COVE FORT

On New Year's Day in 1938, a companion and I were returning from a Christmas holiday in California. We were anxious to get back to Salt Lake in time to resume our classes at the University. California had no freeways in those days, but the traffic was light and we made good time. Our route took us through Barstow, Las Vegas, and St. George along old Highway 91, which has now been replaced by Interstate 15. When we reached Cedar City, a light snow was falling. Then we passed through Parowan as the short day was drawing to a close. It was dark before we reached Beaver. The snow continued intermittently until we came to a junction marked "Cove Fort" on the map.

As we approached the junction, Old Cove Fort loomed out of the dark like a grim fortress. A pair of ancient locust trees stood like sentinels by the gate. The road passed within a few yards of the entrance and we could read in the light from our headlights a sign: OLD COVE FORT - 1867. The place seemed deserted. There were no lights or other signs of habitation.
Some time earlier we had studied a road map and for various reasons decided to leave Highway 91 at this point. We would travel eastward through the canyon to meet Highway 89 on the other side of the mountain.

At the junction we turned right to follow the canyon road that led off into the darkness beyond the reach of our lights. The snow was now falling steadily. The road led up a grade and the snowfall became heavier with each foot we gained in altitude. Soon we were leaving tracks in the snow four or five inches deep. There were no other cars travelling the road. We had no chains to help us and the snow became so deep on the road that the Ford began to complain. We were only a couple of miles out from the fort, and Highway 89 was still 22 miles away.

It didn’t take long for us to change our minds and return to Highway 91. This decision probably kept us out of real trouble. As it was, it took us the better part of an hour to turn the car around in the deep snow. Good fortune was with us, for the downhill grade helped us as we retraced our tracks which were almost obliterated. The lonely fort faintly seen in the darkness was a reassuring sight as we rejoined the highway and proceeded northward toward Provo and Salt Lake City.

Some years later I learned that Cove Fort was the only remaining Mormon-built fort in the state of Utah. Undoubtedly this is due to the solid construction of its walls and quarters. They were made of volcanic stone laid in lime mortar.

Wilford Woodruff, a meticulous person for details, described the fort as being "a very substantial building" with walls rising 18 feet from the foundation. On the east side, he said, the gate was 14 feet wide with a substantial arch, 6 feet deep and 3 inches thick, set inside. On the west side he noted a gateway 8 x 4 feet with inside projections 10 1/2 feet wide and 10 feet high. He described the fort as containing 12 rooms, 6 on each side, 10 of which are 16 x 14 feet and two 16 x 17 feet, all 9 feet 4 inches high. Each room, he said, has a chimney 3 feet wide and 2 feet thick that extends 6 feet above the top of the wall. He observed that the roof was covered with good shaved pine shingles. The entire building contained 2,250 perch of rock and 1,975 bushels of lime with a total cost of $22,690. (A perch is a cubic measurement for stone equal to 24 3/4 cubic feet).
It is difficult to imagine that Wilford Woodruff could establish the detailed dimensions by estimate or guess. Did he go about with ruler or tape in hand to get the dimensions by actual measurement? Maybe plans were available to him that we don’t know about.

The fact remains that in typical fashion his apparent attention to details never flagged throughout his adult life.

Today Interstate 15 passes about a mile or so to the west of the fort, leaving it in an isolated spot away from the main stream of traffic moving along Utah’s main artery. A new interchange was built south of the fort which connects with Interstate 70 leading eastward through the canyon where many years ago we were turned back by the snow.
Construction of the fort began in 1867 and was completed in 1869. The land was purchased and the building funded by the LDS Church under the direction of Brigham Young. In subsequent years many church notables stayed here for rest and refreshment on their way to and from southern Utah. The stages from Nevada and California often stopped here for a change of horses and food for the weary travellers. Somewhere around 1870 a telegraph office was installed, connecting this isolated spot with the rest of the outside world.

During times of Indian trouble, the fort was a refuge for families who settled in the vicinity. On one occasion, when the Indians were on the war path, several families came to the fort and lived there for some time. Among them were Thomas King and his wife, Matilda.

According to an account written by their granddaughter, after the families had been in the fort for a few weeks, there seemed to be no further threats from the Indians. One day the men decided to go into the canyon for a load of wood. They apparently did not expect to be gone long, for they left the heavy gate unbolted. The women and children were left alone. Not long thereafter, several Indians stole through the gate and into the fort. Their faces were covered with war paint and they had a truly vicious look about them.

The frightened women rushed their children into Matilda’s room and locked the door. The Indians followed them, banged loudly on the door, and demanded food. Seized by terror, the women dared not refuse. Unlocking the door and letting them in, the women quickly set food on the table and tried to conceal their fright. Matilda apparently was able to keep her composure a little better than the others. As the unwelcome guests began to devour the food, their leader motioned to her. "You sing!" he demanded. She didn’t know what to do, fearing she could never control her voice under the circumstances. She hesitated for a moment and he again shouted for her to sing. By now the other women, fearing for their lives and those of their children, pleaded with her to sing. She began to sing the first song that came to her mind. It was "Oh Stop and Tell Me, Red Man," an L.D.S. hymn now long forgotten. The Indians stopped eating to listen and the other women looked on in astonishment.
When she finished, the warriors arose from the table, and without a sound left the room and walked out the gate. The surprised and relieved women and children clustered around Matilda saying, "We didn't know that you knew the Indian language." She stared at them and said, "I don't." Without realizing it, Matilda King had sung the entire song in the Indians' own language and they understood every word of it.

This exceptional blessing with the gift of tongues was accomplished by the gift of God. The hymn, no longer found in the hymn books, recites the story of the Indians and how, through acceptance of the gospel, they may inherit the blessings we all so much desire.
The fort eventually fell into disuse and was sold to private interests. By some reports, travellers could find accommodation here as late as 1930.

Over the years I have stopped at the fort many times. In outward appearance there has been very little change in nearly 50 years. It seems to possess a durable quality that persists in spite of the passage of time. The chimneys described by Wilford Woodruff as "six feet above the top of the wall" are still very much in evidence. The fort today is still in an excellent state of preservation thanks to the solidity and stability of the stone walls. In walking around the fort I can still conjure images of times past when it was a vital link in the communications chain between Salt Lake City and St. George.

Other forts were built in almost all the towns of Utah as protection against Indian raids and depredations. Many of them were built with adobe-like walls of rammed earth which deteriorated very rapidly. Others were wooden stockades which lasted perhaps a little longer, then collapsed or were dismantled when they were no longer needed. These forts are all gone now, most of them without a trace. Cove Fort is a notable exception. Along with Pipe Spring in Arizona, it is a monument to the durability of the Mormon spirit.
The pipe of peace was passed under this historic cedar tree on August 18, 1868. The Black Hawk peace treaty was then signed by Colonel A.F. Head, State President David and Chief Black Hawk.
Ephraim United Order Cooperative Bldg.
(one of the most historic buildings in the state)
GRAFTON:

Cemeter at Grafton

other side

M. Isabella Hales
wife of Robert A. Berry
born June 4, 1846
Killed by Indians
Apr 2, 1866

6 Feb 3, 1866
Killed by Indians
Apr 2, 1866
Grantsville First Ward,
Built 1866
HEBER CITY:
IOSEPA:

During one of our visits back to Utah, we left Highway 80 at Rowley Junction and traveled south on the road to Dugway to see what was left of the old settlement of Iosepa. The road led southward through Skull Valley along the lower slopes of lengthy Stansbury Mountain.

Iosepa had been the "Kanaka Ranch" or the settlement of Saints from Hawaii who came here in the early 1900's to be near the temple. There is nothing left there now except a cemetery. It's not very well kept up, but it serves as a reminder of the days when the Kanakas lived here and farmed for the church on a large farm. It was mainly a livestock venture.

They lived here for many years and then--when the temple was built in Hawaii--most of them returned to their homeland and abandoned this place. A few people lived on here, but they soon disappeared, and now there is nothing left of their community.

The only signs of habitation here are the remains of some ranch houses along the highway and some huge trees out in front of these buildings.

A few stock buildings still stand across the road and are apparently still subject to seasonal use. There is nothing left of the village inhabited by the Kanakas.

As Leola and I traveled south along the road from Rowley Junction, we stopped a couple of times to see how far we had gone. Actually, we had no maps or other means to guide us to the place we were looking for. I did remember years before having gone through here after a hunting expedition in the area, but I had forgotten all about the exact location, and so it was a new adventure for us. We drove down the road approximately 13 miles and found the only sign of habitation was a clump of trees by the side of the road and a couple of buildings left standing under the trees. We assumed that this might be the place we were looking for. We stopped there, and I went up to the houses and knocked on the doors.

A more lonely desolate spot would be hard to imagine.
The houses looked as if they had been abandoned, but there were some signs of habitation around them. I checked further, but no one answered. Just as we were getting ready to drive away, we looked across the road and saw a couple of cowboys riding horses north. We went over and talked to them. They told us that yes, indeed, this was Iosepa and that yes, we could go and look at the cemetery. According to their instructions, we followed an old dirt road through the property, passed through a couple of gates, then followed the dusty trail for about a mile. We ended up in the foothills among some scrub cedars. There we found the old graveyard. A more lonely and desolate spot would be hard to imagine.
I told Leola that I had a friend in Salt Lake City when I was going to Junior High School, a boy by the name of John Overland. There was something wrong with his legs. He was crippled and had a good deal of difficulty walking. He was a good kid, and I guess that I got to know him pretty well. I found out that his real name was Oscar Hoopiana and that his parents or someone further up the family line had been among the Kanakas who came from Hawaii and settled in the Skull Valley. His family had eventually ended up in Salt Lake City. We had been very close at one time, but after school we went our separate ways.

While Leola waited in the car, I ventured into the yard that was protected by a chain link fence, then began to read the names on some of the headstones there. Most of the graves had lost their headstones, they were mainly just mounds of earth covered with a scattering of stones. But there were a few that were legible.
"Iosepa" is the word for "Joseph" and was meant to honor Joseph Smith.
KANAB:

Old House in Kanab
4 Oct 1985

15 min. Sketch
Heritage House
Zanab, Utah.
LOGAN:

Utah State University,
Logan
OGDEN:

MILES
GOODYEAR CABIN
OGDEN
MILES GOODYEAR CABIN

FIRST PERMANENT RESIDENCE IN UTAH
Six-hundred miles from the sea, this building replicated the Ark in the mind of the shipwright who was its builder.
PROVO:

Brigham Young University,
Provo
SALT LAKE CITY:

The Great Temple
at Salt Lake City

THE HOUSE OF
THE LORD
HOLINESS TO THE
LORD
Assembly Hall,
Temple Square,
Salt Lake City
THE NAUVOO TEMPLE BELL:

The historic old Nauvoo Temple Bell hangs in its own mini-campanile on Temple Square in Salt Lake City where it sounds off a single "ding" every hour. The brief tone is easily lost among the sounds that come from the streets beyond the walls of the square. But if you are alert, the tone can have a lingering effect and remain in your mind like an echo. As brief and precise as the sound may be, the history of the bell could well be expressed in loud and sustained ringing.

The bell originally came from England where it was cast in the early 1840's. Members of the church there donated the 1500 pound bell to the Nauvoo Temple Project.

It was shipped across the Atlantic on a sailing vessel, then hauled up the Mississippi to Nauvoo by river boat. It was hung in the cupola of the newly completed temple and rang for only a short time before the Mormons were driven out. The temple and the bell were abandoned and most of the saints left Nauvoo, never expecting to see either one again.

In the fall of 1846 when most of the saints had vacated Nauvoo, the mobocrats had marked the bell as a prize and were preparing to remove it. It was reportedly set out for loading when an alert young Mormon, in an unguarded moment, drove his wagon under it, lowered it into the wagon, and drove off. This is only one of several versions of how the temple bell was rescued. However, reports seem to agree that the bell was smuggled out of Nauvoo and secretly transported to Winter Quarters.

When the second company of emigrants followed Brigham Young's original pioneering group from Winter Quarters, the bell was loaded on a wagon and set in such a way that it could be rung on a moment's notice. The company left Winter Quarters in June of 1847. Once under way, the bell was used for many purposes. It was rung at day-break or other designated time to call the saints to arise and pray. It was also used, particularly at night, if Indians skulked nearby, to let them know that the guards were on duty. In the mornings it was rung to signal breakfast and departure time.
The bell arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in early October 1847, ending an arduous journey that began in England three or more years previously. The bell's first home was the Bowery where it was used mainly for calling the faithful to prayer and worship. It was eventually retired and placed in the museum on Temple Square, where it remained for many years. This is where I first saw it. It sat in its wooden hangar adjacent to stairs to the second floor. It was easy to overlook in this obscure location, but for some reason I was attracted to it and carefully read the descriptive and historical notes posted near it. The occasion is clear in my memory because it happened on a day I played hockey from classes at high school.

As far as I know, the bell remained at the museum until it was finally placed in the campanile.

My interest in the bell might have been sparked by a spiritual insight or a suggestion of things to come. A few years ago, my wife and I were called on a mission to Nauvoo and fell under the spell of that beautiful place. Standing at the site of the magnificent temple, it was not difficult for us to imagine the sound of the bell as it rang out over the quiet countryside. I suppose that is why today the "ding" of the old temple bell has a special meaning for us.
SALT LAKE
BASE & MERIDIAN
MARKER
Set in 1847 by
Orson Pratt
at S.E. Corner of
Temple Square.
City streets were
named and numbered
from this point.
Initial point for
all public land surveys
in Utah.
The side gate and Wall
Beehive House
The OLD PIONEER MONUMENT

This is the place
BRIGHAM YOUNG
JULY 24, 1847
The Warm Springs

Now Children's Museum of Utah
The Brick Barracks
FORT DOUGLAS
ST. GEORGE:

BRIGHAM YOUNG

WINTER HOME - ST. GEORGE

Basking in the Dixie sun, this home remains unchanged since Brigham Young wintered here in the 1870's.
ANONYMOUS BUILDINGS:

Can you identify their locale?