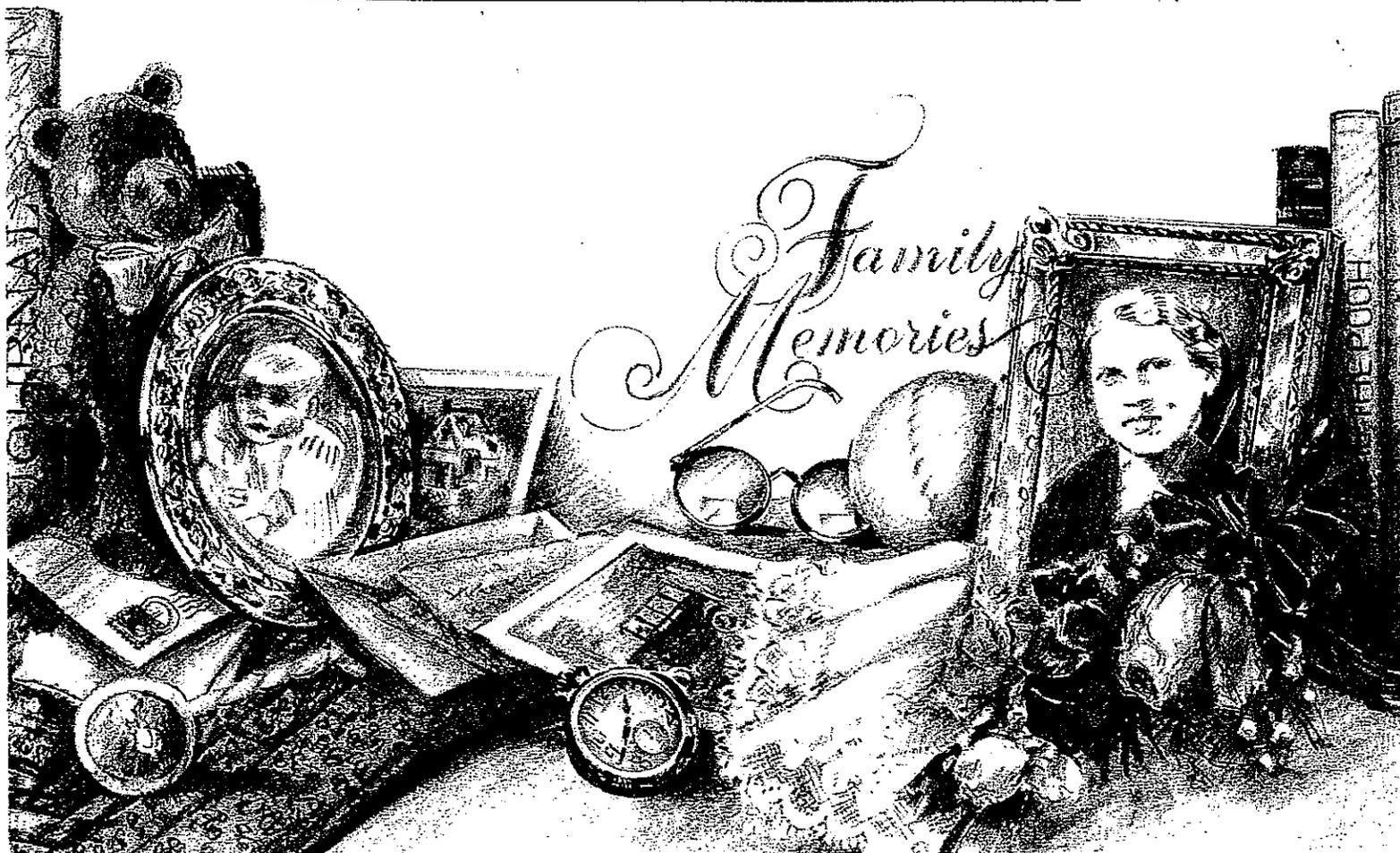


Joseph Tryon Hall & Mary Marilla Plumb



Joseph Tryon & Mary Marilla Plumb Hall
By Thirza Hall Proctor (Daughter)

Beneath the shadows of the everlasting hills in a little pioneer town in southern Utah. Joseph Tryon Hall was born, June 25, 1864 at Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah. He was the son of Job Pitcher Hall and second wife Lydia Jane Tryon Hall.

His early childhood days were spent in Pine Valley and Nevada. His mother left his father and took their three living children. Their oldest son and youngest daughter having died. The three small children were Joseph Tryon and his twin sisters Amelia and Adelia. The oldest son had been named Truman and the youngest girl Emma. Lydia Jane moved to Payson, Utah and from there to Salem or Pondtown as it was called then, because of the pond of water standing in the center of the town.

Joseph's mother had to work away from home a great deal to keep the family in food and clothing. Joe was often left to care for his twin sisters. These babies he would rock to sleep in an old wooden cradle, but sometimes he would become tired and he would tip the cradle over and leave the babies on the floor and head for the swimming pond. This is where Joe loved to spend most of his time, and soon became an expert swimmer while still very young.

I well remember one story he told about when he was in his teens, a young man drowned in this pond from cramps by going in the cold water too soon after eating. The town sheriff came after Joe and another young diver to see if they could locate the body. He had drowned in the evening and his parents were not told what happened until later that night.

Joe and the other man keep diving most of the night trying to find the body. In those days bathing suits were scarce, so the boys were in the nude. By the time it became light almost all the people in the town were gathered around the pond. This did not make any difference to the two boys, for they would come up out on the edge of the pond and dive right back in again.

At length they found the body and dragged it out of the water, then ran pell-mell behind some bushes and dressed in their cloths, which consisted of home-made flour sack factory pants and undershirts, blue jeans and shirt. No socks or shoes were ever worn in the summer time.

soft light of the glowing fire was his sweetheart Marilla. She was traveling with his Uncle Truman and Aunt Martha.

Her mother had passed away and she had been living with her sister Martha. They had been to Salt Lake and were on their way back to Arizona. Joe persuaded Marilla to stay in Utah and they would get married, so the Tryons went back to Arizona without her. Joe took her to stay with his half sister in Orderville. Her name was Sadie Foote.

As soon as Joe could he sent word to his brother Robert, who was in Escalante and ask him to bring horses so he could bring his future wife home with him. At first Rob thought it was one of Joe's jokes as he was full of them. Some one explained that it was the truth and Marilla was in Orderville with his sister Sadie. As soon as Rob got there with the horses, Joe and Rilla went to Escalante, where they were married 11 Nov. 1888. The eleventh month of the year and at eleven o'clock in the morning by Peter Barker, the Justice of the Peace.

That winter was an unusually cold winter, so they did not try to build a home, but lived in the old Hall home with one room and a lean-to kitchen on the farm up in Escalante canyon.

The next fall their first child was born, a son whom they named Merlin Job, Sept. 25, 1889.

Merlin attended school in Escalante, then went to High School in Cedar City, Utah. He was drafted in the first world war and returned home unhurt. In 1936 he was struck by an automobile in Marysvale Canyon and killed. A full Military funeral was held in Boulder in the new church just completed and was buried in the Boulder cemetery. He was never married.

After their first winter on the Hall farm Marilla insisted they get a home of their own. They bought some land on the outskirts of the town of Escalante and build a small one roomed house on it. It wasn't much, but it was place to call their own, and Marilla was very pleased with it.

If there ever was a good manager and house keeper it was Marilla, being an outstanding seamstress and cook.

with the wagon and team, probably to the top of the ledges that led down into the cut in the Hole-in-the-Rock, and with the help of the Indians they would carry all of these supplies down to their little store house on the banks of the rivers edge.

The Indian squaws did most of the work helping them, they could put a sack of flour on their shoulder and carry it down the trail with ease. The men in the tribes of Indians were only expected to do the fishing and hunting.

There were two tribes of Indians down along the Colorado River. The Navajos would come from across the river in a boat that belonged to the white men and land just at the foot of the Hole-in-the-Rock. They were a clean tribe of Indians, they had furs and rugs to trade for the goods. The rugs were artistic as the thrifty squaws had colored and woven them by hand and worked out unique designs. None was perfect, because there had to be a place for the evil spirits to come out.

Some of the Navajo's would dress in the very best tanned buckskins decorated with many colored beads and nickels and dimes or even dollars were used for buttons. Other loved to wear bright colored print skirts, yards and yards of cloth making them full and long.

On the side of the Colorado lived the Ute Indians. They were much different, slovern and lazy with extremely primitive cultures. They were dirty with low morals. There would be a small tribe of them about twenty five in a group would live together in a small cave under a projecting ledge, men, women and children would all sleep together and the young ones soon picked up the ways of their elders.

The Utes were probably discouraged. They were extremely poor their cloths filthy and ragged. Their hair was never washed or combed they had so many lice in their hair. At times a lazy squaw would catch a papoose and pick out a louse from its head, give the louse a smart crack with one hand while holding it in the other. Then she would eat it. They lived in a cave during the winter. In the summer time when the heat and filth became unbearable they would weave a little birch tepee along the river bank after the danger of floods was over. The birch grew very thick in the river bottom and along the bank. From among these birches the Indians would cut out enough willows to make a round hole about the size of an average room. They would then weave other cut willows around and around the willow trees still standing. This made a tightly woven tepee large

sweetheart). Together they filled a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in the Samoan Islands. Their oldest child, a son who they named Solie, meaning small boy, was born in the Islands. They were blessed with four boys and one girl. Lydia suffered a stroke and has been in a wheel chair for a number of years. Her husband was especially kind in taking care of her. He gave her such loving care until her death 9 Apr. 1965 at their home in Belmont, California.

In his many trips to the Hole-in-the-Rock Joe grew to know and make many friends with the Indians.

He still kept up his swimming. He told many times about swimming the Colorado every morning before breakfast for his morning exercise, and he often took the boat across the river for the Indians to come over in.

One morning he was chased by a wild horse which jumped into the river and tried to paw him under. He managed to swim fast enough to reach the other bank where some of the Navajo's beat at the horse until it gave up and swam away.

One time he told about a man getting buried by dirt sliding from a sand hill above him. The men dug him out and all the time they were digging he kept saying, "dig, dig, dig," until he was all out of breath. More dirt would fall on him and again he would use all his breath telling them to dig. They took him to a Doctor after finally getting him uncovered.

Three years after Lydia was born another son came to bless their home. 28 Sep. 1902. He was given the name of Morias Ensign for Joe's brother who was living with them at that time. Morias had dark curly hair and was especially cute. One day he was standing in the street which was sloppy with mud and his father came home from town and ask him if his mother knew that he was out in the muddy street and he replied "I don't want she to know she would say it was too muddy." After growing to manhood he married Marie Steffenson a widow with three children, from Holliday, Utah. They became the proud parent of seven more of their own.

Five years later Joe and Marilla's last child was born, Thirza, 8 Sep. 1907, she was named for a distant cousin of hers who worked for Marilla at the time of her birth and whose name was Thirza Riding.

This is where they made their camp for the night. The water in the river is mostly muddy. Clean bubbling springs come out of the surrounding hillside along the river.

Under giant cottonwood trees they ate their meal and went to sleep on camp quilts in the soft sand on the mother earth. These home made quilts were both heavy and warm.

In the family at that time there was Merlin, Horace his wife Maud and baby son Elmo, Lydia, Morias and Thirza. Cleo had married and was living in Tropic, Utah.

The ranch was nestled at the foot of the Boulder Mountain. The land was fertile, a mixture of black molt and red clay. The hillside on the west side was covered with huge boulders, pine and cedar trees, and millions of pieces of beautiful colored flint rocks. The cactus plants were numerous and the blossoms in spring were a sight to behold.

Their first home on this ranch was a low built log house with a dirt roof. In the summer the weeds would grow abundantly and the Blow snakes crawled under the eaves of the roof. Inside the house there was one extra large room they called the front room. A smaller log kitchen and a lumber lean-to bedroom at the back. In the front room was an enormous rock fireplace where logs two or three foot long could be burned.

Not long after moving, Joe remodeled a log grainery adding four more rooms to it making a five room house. The logs to build it with were hauled from the mountain on wagons. Discovering a white sand like soil on the nearby hillside they hauled it into the yard and put it into a wash tub which was placed on three large rocks with a fire underneath it. The sand would bubble as if boiling until it was right to add water with and mix into a white plaster, this was applied along with mud and put between the logs on the inside and outside of the whole house. This would make it warmer in winter and keep it cooler in the hot summer.

This little valley was known as Salt Gulch. It consisted of about five ranches. It was eight miles on horse back or in a buggy wagon from Boulder.

Horace and his family took up a homestead and moved to themselves about this time.

The fields lay in patches. There were green fields of alfalfa, corn fields along with wheat and other grain. On the north and south of the house were two large orchards consisting of almost every kind of fruit trees. The people who lived on the ranch before

mail came in on pack mules three times each week from Esclante. Later on people began to ship their separated cream by pack mules. The cans holding five gallons were taken by truck to Marysvale canyon to a creamery.

Their house in Boulder stood just north of the Boulder school house where the Indian Museum now stands. We were living on an Indian Cemetery, but did not realize it at that time.

The School House was used for school, church and all other activities including dances, which were usually held on Friday nights. It was built with one large room and a partition running through the center. The partition was build with small wheels or large casters. It could be pushed back against the walls when there was dancing, conference or funerals. There was only enough children for two teachers, so each side had four grades.

Later in the early spring of 1935 this school house burned down. During the summer there was no place to hold church except a small room the Relief Society sisters had built for their meetings. The school board erected a new school building for the winter term of 1936. The people with the help of the church built a fine church house. (This church house burned down in February 1960 after Joe and Marilla's time.)

During the year of 1935-1936 Joe began to have bad stomach trouble. All intake of acid food seemed to upset him. He and Marilla made a trip to Pine Valley to a lady Doctor by the name of Dr. Selman. Some one had recommended her very highly. Joe remained at their place for two weeks taking examinations, tests and treatments. After returning home and taking her medication his stomach stopped bothering him all together for a good many years. The doctor and Joe and Marilla became good friends. They had told her so much about the beauty of our country that the Dr. Selman came one summer and spent two weeks visiting with them.

Joe's stomach troubles came back years later, but by this time the good Dr. had passed away.

In Boulder, Joe soon became one of the school trustees for several years also the health officer. He sold licenses for the fish and game and was the Justice of the Peace for many years and, Oh! Yes! Always the chairman of the republican party.

During this time Marilla was not idle. She was the midwife in the Boulder valley for many, many years. At any time of the night the telephone would ring. Marilla would

doing this, until years later when his son Horace helped to get the people working together. It became a town site in 1956.

After trying to get this accomplished and failed, Joe bought nine acres of land from Amesa Lyman for one horse and five dollars. Then he took wagons and teams and by taking the beds off the wagons they were able to get half the house onto the running gears and haul it to the new property across from the church house. The first half went right on to the foundation fine. After having cut the house in half when he went to unload the second half he missed the foundation by about fourteen feet. This did not bother Joe. He built a room between the two sides so it was shaped like an H with only one bedroom upstairs and two down on the main floor. The room he built between the two sides became the living room. It had a dinning room and a kitchen with a porch both on the front and back of the house. He put mud and rocks in the inside walls to help keep out the cold in winter and the heat in the summer. This house stood across from the church house. As long as Joe and Marilla lived here this house was kept up and looked good inside and out.

Years later Thirza sold it to Harvey Moosman and he sold it to Truman Lyman whose property it now belongs to. It was used for a post office for a while. The house was torn down and a new elementary school opened there in 1996.

In this house soon after it was completed Joe and Marilla started the first store in Boulder. The dinning room was used for it. Joe built shelves along the south wall and an unpainted board counter in front. There they sold groceries, candy, fishing tackle, simple medicine, Bull Durham and Prince Albert smoking tobacco, sewing thread, pints, needles and all-day suckers sold for a penny each. It was a great place for the children to spend their nickels and dimes, mostly on Sunday for that was about the only time they got up that way when they were with their parents to church. The store was open any time of the day or night, that is if Joe could be awakened out of his sleep. After Sunday School and meeting the ranchers did most of their shopping as meeting was held right after Sunday School. The distance was too far for the people to come in buggies and on horseback and make two different trips to the Center of town.

This was called "Uncle Joe's Store." so now he became Uncle Joe. He was a strong man of character and understanding and always ready and willing to give advice,

them a recommend. On his suggestion Joe sent a letter to Boulder right away but the mails were so slow that they did not receive an answer until almost the last day before Rila and Mary were to go home.

They were a very sad foursome reaching the Temple that last morning. The President came to greet them and to inquire about the letter. They said they guessed it was not to be for them to go through with Rila and Mary. To their surprise President Cannon invited them to come into his office he wanted to talk to them. There in his office President Cannon said he was going to give them a recommend that morning, and they could go through with Marilla's brother and wife that very morning. I am sure Joe had been trying to stop smoking and must have made a promise he would do so. This must have been one of the happiest days of their life.

The day following this event the long looked for letter arrived, but with no recommend. Bishop Baker had written to advise Joe he must stop smoking before he could go through the Temple. The Bishop praised him in every way, saying he was an outstanding citizen and church worker.

They were exceedingly upset when they took the letter to President Cannon the next morning. But he advised them to stop worrying. He said he had taken their case many times to the Lord on bended knees in prayer and it was all right that they had gone through the temple. He said he knew his prayers had been answered. They spent two weeks at the St. George Temple going through every day. On going home they were much happier and contented, because their souls had been filled with many beautiful and spiritual blessings.

Marilla's hobbies during her lifetime was making beautiful patch work quilts and braided rugs. She was able to braid eleven strands at a time thus cutting out a great deal of work and time sewing the strands together. The color combinations were out of the ordinary. Her quilts were pieced in outstanding designs. She did most of the cutting, piecing and quilting by herself. But at different times a neighbor would drop in and quilt for an hour or so. Thirza became a pretty good quilter also.

Marilla's hands were never idle, if she scrubbed a floor it looked great. If she made a pie it came out just right. With her nimble fingers she accomplished every thing

ask Heavenly Father to help him bare his pain. Marilla and daughter Thirza were with him constantly. One night he called his family around him, there was his wife Marilla, Merlin, Morias and Thirza, and he told them there was some kind of a change taking place in his body. He was sure the Lord would take him away that night. Marilla ran from the room with tears streaming down her face and ran out into the backyard. There on her knees she told the Lord she could not give him up and to please let him stay on the earth a while longer. Thirza followed her out and trying to comfort her told her to please let the Lord decide in his own way. "Mama he is suffering so very, very much, and it is his wish to be released." These words did not seem to make much impression on her in her awful grief of having to be parted from him. He lived almost a week longer, and his suffering was so great he was in constant pain. Marilla believed her prayer had been answered, but in her heart she knew the Lord's will, not hers, was to be done. Finally, a comforting thought came to her that Joe was being called away to go prepare the way for his family to join him later. In her prayers she asked only for the strength to carry on her life. Joe passed away December 21, 1929.

At his bedside was Marilla their children, Merlin, Morias, and Thirza. Horace reached home about an hour after he had passed away. He had spent two weeks in Panguitch, Utah as a jurymen in court. Cleo and Lydia arrived the next day with Amy Howard, who had driven in her car to the tip of the rocks and they had to come the rest of the way on horseback. At the time of his death he had fifteen grandchildren.

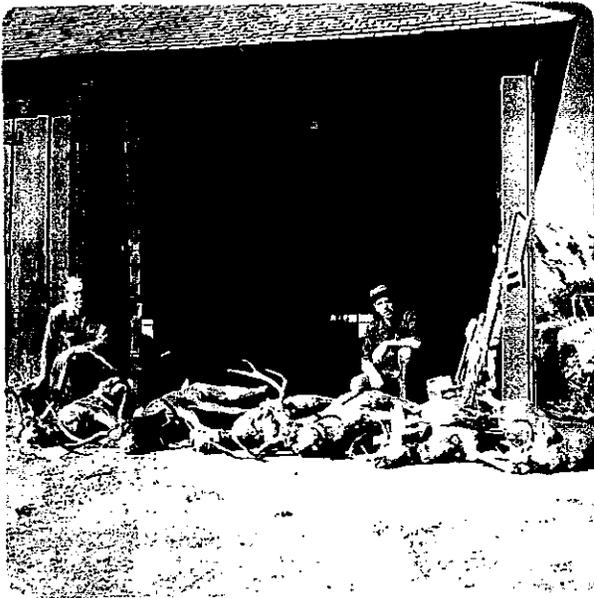
Funeral services were held at twelve o'clock noon in the Boulder church house. His brother Robert Hall and son's Devere and Basel came and his sister's son Wilford Roe, who was then the Bishop of the Panguitch, Utah ward.

The speakers were Bishop Wilford Roe and Devere Hall, Reeves Baker and his father Bishop Claude V. Baker of Boulder. Lora Peterson played a piano solo. "Oh My Father." All the folks in the small town of Boulder were in attendance and a beautiful floral offering consisting of mostly home made paper flowers carefully put together by the ladies of the Ward out of crepe paper. Besides his family he was survived by his twin sisters Amelia Yeager and Adelia Snow, who lived too far away, and in such cold weather were unable to be there.

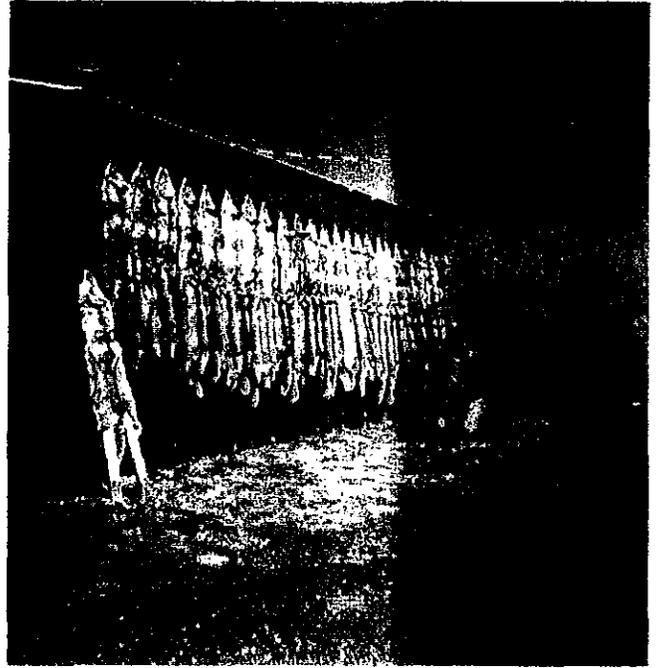
We did arrive home and Thirza was insistent that she stay on her diet (which was all that could be done for diabetes at that time). This was before insulin had been discovered. All through the summer months she was terribly ill and Thirza had the care of her alone most of the time. Cleo, her daughter, did come over to Boulder from Tropic and helped out for a while. Later mother was taken to the Salina Hospital and from there we took her to Cleo's home as the doctor felt she would be closer to help if she was in need of it. After putting her on some new medication the girls kept her on her diet and for a time during the winter months she was some better. But when spring came all she could talk about was going back home. Like Joe, she wanted to go back and be among her friends. She would talk about the grandeur of the hills in Boulder, and wish she could go back and see them once more and how happy she would be in her own home. She begged so hard the Dr. said he supposed she could take her medicine just as well there, and her frame of mind would be more at ease. The trip into Boulder was unusually hard on her as the road between Escalante and Boulder was in a torn up condition. The sandstone ledges had been blasted in many places to make it wider, so a car could travel all the way in without having to be pulled by horses. (This was finely accomplished by the C.C.C. workers.) This is how Marilla made her last trip into Boulder, going part of the way by wagon. At one place she asked us to stop the wagon as she wanted to talk to some of the workers. She told them she was happy to see the road work being done and they did not need to worry for in the near future there would be a nice road into Boulder. After she had seen the three mile tunnel road they had blasted through solid sandrock in Zion Canyon, she knew this road could be accomplished in the same manner.

On arriving home she asked Cleo, Morias and Thirza if she could be left alone. She was so happy to be back she wanted to thank her Heavenly Father for bringing them safely home.

All her friends and neighbors did come to call on her and see if they could be any help. She would become tired in just a short visit. Cleo was there for quite some time and decide to return to home for a time and see how her family was. She planned to come back but she had only been gone a few days when her mother passed away quietly one evening at 12:30 P.M. May 5, 1931. At her bedside was Morias, Thirza and her Granddaughter Verna, (Cleo had sent her over from Tropic when she went home.)



Fall of 1973 hunt. LeFair and I and our boys bagged these six prime buck. Terry, Larry, Bob, Randy and Darrell hunted that fall.



This is how I stretched the bob cat fur skin. The fur sold for \$6.40 that spring when Dad and Eph Coombs took it to Salt Lake City.



This is a small strip of the fence Mac and I constructed in the Summer 1938 at Salt Gulch.