

FROM THE DIRTY DEVIL TO THE BRIGHT ANGEL
The History of David D. and Ruth W. Rust
By Joseph Rust, Grandson

Those who have chosen (or at least have agreed) to compile this brief history of David and Ruth Rust have done so with the purpose in mind that by learning a little more about their progenitors they glean a certain insight into themselves. If a person is willing to look at his own idiosyncracies and compare them with those of his ancestors, he will generally come to the conclusion that his roots have shaped him to a greater degree than he had realized. As a case in point, it is evident from even a brief review of the lives of these two remarkable people who are the subject of this writing that they were molded and greatly influenced by their parents and other ancestors.

A second purpose for this material is to preserve the life story of two very interesting individuals who, though they were born and grew to adulthood in very small towns, even by rural Utah standards, ultimately touched the lives of people from every part of the United States. Naturally this short history will not cover everything which could and should be written about Dave and Ruth. Nevertheless it is hoped that the reader will enjoy what has been provided.

Dave's Early Years In Caineville

Dave was born on March 10, 1874 on Spring Creek Farm, about three miles from Payson, Utah, a small central Utah community (even so today). As small as Payson was, it was a big city compared to the areas Dave lived most of his youth. Nor did he enjoy the presence and availability of his father to any great extent. Only seven months after Dave's birth, at October Conference in 1874, his father, George S., was called to serve a mission to the Eastern States. This was simply a shadow of things to come. But Dave had something possibly more important to aid his life than the sophistication of city life or the kindly guidance of a dutiful father. He had a desire to learn and he used every opportunity to feed that desire. This quest for knowledge stayed with him throughout his life and added much meaning and enjoyment to his experiences.

Once George S. returned from his mission in the Spring of 1875¹ (to find his earthly treasures gained from mining in Tintic now having disappeared due to the less than honest conduct of one of his trusted partners), he decided to move to Grass Valley, a new area being settled by erstwhile residents of Payson. The rest of the Rust family moved to Grass Valley in the Spring of 1878, when Dave was four. The lack of water for the land acquired by George S. (Charles Burr having filed on the readily available water in the area) made life a little difficult. As a result, George S. kept moving his family around Grass Valley to find the right location. During this time the Rust family made its living from a combination of livestock and farming.

While living in Grass Valley, George S. was called to be the bishop of the Fremont Ward, with its congregation spread out over several valleys (the name coming from the Fremont River and not from any town). Despite what appears to be valiant service for about two years, George could not resist his desire to strike it rich one more time. So he resigned as Bishop in 1880 and made his plans to repeat his Tintic Mine strike. The family was left to tend for itself at Rust Springs, one of the locations in the Grass Valley from which the family managed its flocks and herds. By this time young David had already so distinguished himself sufficiently as a quick learner that he earned the nickname "Doc."

The need for new pastures moved the family once more. This time, in 1884, the location was

¹ None of the family records indicate why the mission was so short. We do know that most of George S.'s time was taken in visiting relatives in New England. None appear to have been converted to George's faith, but he thereafter corresponded with many of them on several occasions, including a half-sister of whom he was not aware prior to his mission.

Caineville, a small settlement on the unpredictable Dirty Devil River.² The "home" was a primitive one room log house with a dirt floor (again!). It is probable that most of Dave's earliest clear recollections of his youth are of the rugged life on the Dirty Devil without the regular influence of his wandering father but ever guided by a dutiful and loving mother. These early experiences must have done much to mold the young man's life. The tiny community had little to offer of the sophisticated world, but the desire to learn and become a better person burned brightly in the youth's heart, with the flame fanned bright hot by his caring mother.

Dave's initial education, aside from what he may have learned from tending sheep and weeding a garden, came from his mother's knee. She was determined that her children should have some schooling, even if she was the only source. The first formal education for Dave came when he was eleven. That winter he and his brother Roy were permitted to attend public school in Richfield. That entailed moving there for the whole winter, a major undertaking in those days. That experience, however valuable, was too short for someone who loved to learn. For the next two years Dave had no formal schooling at all. Fortunately that educational drought was followed in 1888 by one more year of schooling in Richfield, this time in the Sevier Stake Academy.

From age twelve on, many of Dave's summers and several of his winters were occupied with sheep tending. His companions were one or more hired men and one or more of his brothers. Once the sheep had gone through the winter, they were then be trailed to a central gathering place where a goodly number of them would be sold. The money from the sale would go to George S. to help finance one more year of mining in the Tintic hills. On one such occasion, George's son Will held back about half of the money on the pretense of owing the same to his Uncle Peter Brown. George S. accepted the story and when Will got back to Caineville, he promptly turned the money over to his mother to help buy materials for the new house she had always wanted ever since she arrived there.

Dave's mother finally put enough pin money together to build a new home in Caineville. They moved in the Fall of 1890. Since the older brothers and sisters were now married, the new home was occupied only by Dave, Roy, and their mother. It was not a grand home, but at least it had wood floors and a wood roof which did not leak.

As an example of his desire to learn - anything, Dave carved a piece of wood, and with parts from a dead sheep and hairs from the tail of his horse, he fashioned a crude but playable fiddle. Once he demonstrated his skills to his mother, she convinced George S. to send a real fiddle to Dave. Upon the arrival of that prized possession, Dave became active in playing for dances and socials. That talent was put to much use thereafter.

Once Dave turned 17, he headed to Colorado to help his brothers Orion and George B. with their hay farm. But he did return to Caineville for the winter of 1891 where he again joined the social life and did his share of fiddling. He was also seen quite often with the single school teacher, Margaret Payne. He stayed around the home that next Spring and helped his mother raise her crops. The promise was that he could go to Richfield for school that next Fall. That meant that Eliza, Dave and Roy all went, returning in April of 1892.

It was during the Summer of 1892 that Dave became acquainted with Sidney Rust, the son of George S. by Sabra (by this time married to George Hatch). Sidney at age 22 was bringing his mother Sabra to visit her sister Elvira, the wife of George B. The team made it to the middle of the river but then would not move. Dave happened to ride up and skillfully pulled the stranded visitors out of their predicament. Sidney was impressed, particularly when he found out that the young man before him was his step-brother, as well as the brother of his uncle. Sabra and family stayed until October, giving Dave and Sidney a chance to become well acquainted. Little wonder that a year

² The name "Dirty Devil" was given to the River by the Major Powell Group as they first went down the Colorado River. To help offset that negative name and thus possibly scare away tourists, Major Powell subsequently named a neighboring stream "Bright Angel." It is a true irony of fate that the boy who grew up on the Dirty Devil would thereafter also be closely associated with Bright Angel. Perhaps that is also a reflection on the dual nature of his character.

later Sidney chose to live with Eliza and family in Provo and to go to Brigham Young Academy with Dave. The only one to complain about this new friendship was Roy, who at 14 now felt left out of things.

Dave's final year in at Sevier Stake Academy in Richfield was the Winter of 1892-93. Once again Dave, Roy, and Mother Eliza moved their belongings in a wagon and trusted the old homestead to luck, neighbors, and George B., who came by from time to time. (Of course one could wonder what there was of value to protect - but at least to them it was home.)

Perhaps Dave's biggest claim to fame during his teen years was his stint as the teacher in Hanksville during the 1893-94 school year. He had had only three non-consecutive years of formal education, but was considered by many as the smartest person in Hanksville. The reward for his effort had to be reckoned in fame because it certainly did not pay much in earthly treasures.

Dave's chance to get a real education came in the Fall of 1894 when Eliza moved her family for the school year to Provo where Dave and his brother Orion and his half-brother Sidney all went to Brigham Young Academy. Roy went to the District school. Orion was however soon lured to the mining fields to work with his father. The venture did not work out well, particularly when George S. pledged to another man the very stock he had offered Orion to lure him to Tintic. But Orion did not return to school. Luckily Dave did not heed the siren call to leave the halls of learning.

In addition to the regular classes, Dave and Sidney took violin lessons. The primitive learning was gaining some refinement. Eliza found a place to put her family close to the school. It consisted of three rooms of a rather large house, for which \$5.00 a month was paid in rent. To help make ends meet, Eliza rented out part of the rooms to Estella Bagley (who shared Eliza's room), Walter Coleman, and George Stringham (the latter two sharing the big bedroom with Dave). Eliza did the cooking for all. Baths were taken in the cold waters of the nearby millrace.

In September, shortly after getting settled in Provo, the family learned of the passing of William Walker Rust in Payson. Although George S. had been present when his father died, it was really grandson David who took charge of all affairs and made the arrangements for the funeral services and burial of the old pioneer. Dave saw in his lonely grandfather a lot of good, despite less than total commitment to the principles of the Gospel.³

The next Spring saw the family return to Caineville. But this time Dave chose to join a cattle outfit which would pay much more than his work the previous summer. Eliza was left by herself to raise the crops to take with them to Provo for the next school year. That Fall they returned to Provo, but this time without Roy, who went to Hanksville to school. Dave and his mother barely scraped by. The story is told that since Dave could not afford a whole white shirt and the little dickey prohibited the removal of his coat, Dave was prevented on several occasions from entering into any fisticuffs to protect his honor while so attired.

When Dave and his mother returned to Caineville in the Spring of 1896, they saw George S. on one of his rare visits. Perhaps this was the first time they had seen him since the funeral of William Walker Rust in September of 1894. Despite his long absence, the visit by George S. to Caineville was short because his mining work called him back to Tintic. Even when George S. was in town, it does not appear that he made any contribution to the family income. To the contrary, George availed himself of every extra penny the family could spare to put into the mine which he sincerely believed would forever thereafter make him and his family wealthy beyond anyone's fondest dreams. It

³ There is strong evidence George S. did not hold his father in high esteem, particularly when he discovered that his father had sired a daughter out of wedlock, the mother of whom was William Walker Rust's own sister-in-law. This scandal, which caused William to leave his home and a pregnant wife in Vermont, was only much later revealed to George S. That this event caused George S. to distance himself from his father is borne out by the fact that some years after William's death, George had his mother, himself, his brothers, sisters, and his half-sister sealed to Hyrum Smith, the brother of the Prophet Joseph Smith. See [Beneath the Casing Rock](#).

proved to be only a dream and by this time everyone but George S. knew it. Therefore, the contributions to the mining effort by the rest of the family were modest at best.

It is a bit ironic that apparently George S. and one Joe Bates made the initial find of gold in the Tintic area. At first George S. did not actively pursue his find, but as he saw men making their fortunes based on the information he had provided the world, the fever hit. His share in a second find was ultimately sold for \$1,000, which George S. considered to be a fortune. However, the purchasers from him become millionaires. Therefore, once the \$1,000 was spent (which did not take very long), George S. sought again to make a strike of the precious metals in the ground. This time, however, he never realized any significant find and the prediction of Brigham Young that those who were lured to seek after the riches in the ground would be poorer than those who stayed home and tended their farms was fulfilled completely in George S. Rust.

Eliza had been pleased with the good crops she raised in the Summer of 1896. But the big flood of September when the Dirty Devil earned its name once again did much to wipe out those gains. Certainly this quirk of nature helped convince Dave and his mother (assuming they needed convincing) that living as ranchers and farmers in Caineville had no future and that the only escape lay in further education.

Due to several circumstances, Eliza stayed in Caineville that Winter of 1896-97. Dave was employed nearby as the principal of the Loa schools. It is probable that he was able to make it home from time to time on the weekends to help his mother with her garden and to otherwise work on the family homestead.

Whatever good experiences teaching in Loa may have given Dave, it is obvious that that assignment did not satisfy him enough to persuade him to stay. Perhaps it was the low pay. In any case, the Spring of 1897 found him and his brothers Will and Orion working on a placer mine (called the Good Hope Bar) on the sand bars of the Colorado River. Dave stuck it out for over a full year, but there is no record of his having earned anything by his effort. Maybe teaching was not so bad after all!

In the Fall of 1898, Dave was lured back to teaching, this time in Emery (also not far away from his home in Caineville). Presumably he felt a little more accepting of his role as a teacher, but it is doubtful that he made much more money than in the gold fields. Possibly the most important lesson he gained from teaching once again was that he himself needed more education. As a result he spent the year 1899-1900 back in Provo at BYA.

In the Spring of 1900 Dave went to work in California. He worked in Truckee and Sacramento, mostly in logging camps. He also visited San Francisco in August of 1900, which city impressed him a great deal. Like other tourists, he visited the parks, the seashore, and the Presidio as well as the downtown area. This visit was before the big earthquake and therefore much of what he saw ceased to exist shortly thereafter. He also managed to wander down to Palo Alto and see the campus of Stanford University. This short visit was enough to make him want to return.

By the commencement of the 1900-01 school year, Dave had enough education to be a school principal. His assignment was a multi-grade program at Deseret School. Deseret is a small community near Delta, in central Utah. We know a bit more about Dave during this year due to a diary he started January 1, 1901, with the pronouncement:

"For several months past, I have been contemplating the writing of a personal journal. The thought that perhaps my life was not important enough to record has discouraged the project. But now I have concluded that my own life, though it be somewhat uneventful, is the most important to me.

Today I begin a diary that I hope will be of interest to myself, if not to some far off posterity. Indeed, it is a good time to commence - at the beginning of a new year and a new century,

January 1, 1901.⁴ My first farm. Disappointment. My father's anxiety for my usefulness. Getting lost at 12 - my brothers George and Will.

For a few months the entries in the diary were made on a fairly regular basis, bearing out Dave's determination, stated on that significant January 1st, that his "object now is to make a diary of each day's thoughts, hopes, successes, failures, and principal events." The well meaning intention failed him, however, and the journal ended abruptly on March 12, 1901, never again thereafter to carry any more than one or two isolated entries for any given year.

Dave did write enough to give insight into his life. For example, we learn of his role as Jack in the play "The Noble Outcast," performed by the Deseret Dramatic Company.⁵ The show was even taken to Salt Lake City where it was met with a certain amount of enthusiasm, despite its somewhat rustic trappings and occasional "blunders but nothing serious." Dave was also called on often to play his violin, such as for the dance which followed the play.

Dave's brief entries in his journal also reveal his intense desire to learn and his attempt, despite many frustrations, to instill that desire in his students. These same diary entries reveal that Dave was squiring around one Miss H with whom he found occasion to "rejoice" when they were not misinterpreting "each other's motives" and otherwise exchanging "many a mean and idle word." Ah, young love!

Apparently Dave did not feel himself fully prepared as a teacher because the Fall of 1901 has him back in Provo once more attending Brigham Young Academy. By this time his father had been

⁴ The entry for that day continues: I cannot at present give the history of the past 26 years 9 months; but I will give a brief account of a common youth born in the Rocky Mountains. Payson was my birth place, March 28, 1874 [sic]. The principal part of four years was passed on the Old Spring Creek Farm about three miles from the city. There I ran at large among the sagebrush with the memorable red dress flitting in contrast to a snowy bare head. My sister Julia used to be my special governor. I had a mania for getting in the spring. One day she found me up to my neck in the deep round fountains, only saving myself by hanging on to the turf at its edges. From those days until last Spring, I had never visited the old homestead. The old farm house, the yards, the little hill beneath, and the winding stream and the front meadows all seemed of familiar remembrances but more of dreams than reality. It was to me a tender visit - almost like the veneration one would feel in passing the tomb of a parent. As I passed the place three months since to come to Deseret, that same feeling of mingled joy and sadness came over me. What changes in a short life. The same ground that helped me as a little reckless child now carries me far away to the place where I shall teach. From Payson I moved to Burrville, Sevier County. There I lived from the time I was four til I was ten. From thence to Kaneville, Wayne County, my parents moved and where they at present reside. I didn't like the new home so have spent very little of my time at home.

I always like to study. My mother did all she could to help me to school. The winter before I was 12 I went to Richfield District School. Mr. Rassmussen was my teacher. Among my classmates of note were Professor Jas. Horn and Silas A. Harris.

For two years after that, I had no schooling. The time was spent as shepherd and cowboy. The winter before I was 15 was spent in the Richfield Sevier Stake Academy. I.J. Hays was principal. From that time I turned cowboy with the determination to go to school when I had earned enough money. One summer was spent in Colorado, part of the time was spent in the mines on the Henry Mountains. But it was not until three years "knocking about" that I realized my educational hopes by returning to the Sevier Stake Academy under the direction of John Johnsen. I was 18 then and the winter following my 19th birthday, I entered the Hanksville school as chief and only pedagogue.

Since I was 20 the time has been used briefly as follows:

- Two years in Brigham Young Academy.
- One year principal of Loa schools.
- One year on Colorado River (prospector).
- One year intermediate teacher in Emery school.
- One year in BYA (summer in California).
- Now I am principal of Deseret schools.

I may enlarge on the preceding brevities some time in the future. My object now is to make a diary of each day's thoughts, hopes, successes, failures, and principal events. Subjects of the past: Talking to myself. "Dan." "Smiles."

⁵ The play became an important part of Dave's repertoire and we find that he directed and performed in it many times thereafter.

called as a temple missionary to the Manti Temple. But George S. felt that Eliza should not accompany him on that assignment (for reasons he never fully explained to anyone). So once more Eliza, Dave, and Roy set up housekeeping in Provo. This time they rented an old run down house belonging to a ninety-five year old man. The place took a lot of cleaning and repairing, but it did become liveable and it was cheap.

By 1902 Dave had sufficient education that he felt comfortable teaching once again. His new assignment was in Fredonia, Arizona where he taught during the winter of 1902 to 1903. It was during this time that Dave met Ruth Woolley in Kanab, an event which dramatically affected Dave's life thereafter. He not only acquired a wife and a lifetime avocation as well as vocation as a guide and outfitter, but also a permanent and oft voiced love for the red rock country surrounding Kanab.

Ruth's Early Years in St. George and Kanab

Ruth was born November 24, 1882 in St. George to parents who only that Spring had been called by the Church leaders to manage a Church ranch in the Upper Kanab. Ruth's mother, Emma Bentley, went back to St. George that winter to be with her family when this child was born. Emma's father, Richard Bentley, was one of the original pioneers sent by Brigham Young to settle the area. Ruth's father, Edwin "Dee" Woolley, had come to St. George around 1866 and married his bride in the Spring of 1867. Ruth was one of the younger children in her household.

Except for occasional visits to family members in St. George and some visits to neighboring communities, Ruth's early life was focused entirely in Kanab. Indeed, when after she was married and traveled with her husband to California, she constantly reminded herself that she was only a small town girl from Kanab. Her father traveled to Salt Lake City twice a year for General Conference and for supplies, but that 300 mile trip was generally without the children.

Shortly after moving to the Upper Kanab, Dee Woolley and Dan Seegmiller purchased the interest of the Church in the ranch. They ran cattle, milked cows, and made butter and cheese for resale, along with other products associated with a ranch. There was also a sawmill about six miles distant, which was also the pickup and delivery for the mail. This was the good life, far away from almost everyone. However, in 1884 Dee was called to be the stake president in Kanab. In fact he was not even in attendance at the stake conference when Apostle Erastus Snow, one of the General Authorities attending (and Dee's father-in-law) sent someone out to get him. He came to the meeting in his ranching clothes and was promptly sustained as the new stake president. As a result of the new calling, Dee sold the ranch to his partner Dan Seegmiller and moved to Kanab. Here the Woolley family purchased a very nice home in the center of Kanab which became the center of social life for the community, especially when visitors from out of town needed to be entertained. These dignitaries included Buffalo Bill, railroad officials, and government and Church leaders.

A highlight in the life of young Ruth came when she was 19. The high school, which had been but recently formed, planned an outing to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. Teachers and students went on the trip to the Kaibab and the VT Ranch with daily outings to various outlook points on the Rim. Ruth had no fear but some of the teachers who were looking into the chasm for the first time were fairly nervous. As her escort Ruth had the top cowboy - Wan Mace. That two weeks in the Summer of 1902 was a great time for her and all who went. Wan apparently thought they had a great time too, but Ruth knew they could never be anything but friends.

Romance and Marriage

In the summer of 1902 a letter came from Ruth's brother Royal informing the family that his friend Dave Rust was going to be teaching in Fredonia, Arizona the coming Fall. He asked if the family would host Dave on his way through. The family did and Ruth was immediately impressed with this ambitious and single educator. Dee Woolley was impressed as well. As a result, Dave was welcomed back to the Woolley home on many occasions, during which time his interest in Ruth developed.

It appears that Dave wrote nothing chronicling his year of teaching in Fredonia, much less his wooing and winning the fair Ruth Woolley as his wife. Fortunately, Ruth has provided us her clear recollection of the winter she fell in love, now given below as it appears in her autobiography:⁶

The week before Christmas of 1902, Jim Swapp returned from his mission. We had exchanged letters during the two years but nothing serious; we were just supposed to go together when he returned, but fate stepped in. I received a note from Dave Rust, asking for a date to the Christmas night dance. I went around in circles. I took the note to Mother, who was very wise in telling me not to get excited; that Mr. Rust very likely had a steady girl in the North. She did say if I wanted to accept his invitation she wouldn't object. In fact she thought it would be a good idea. Jim spent the first evening with his family and the next night he came to see me. We chatted about his mission, his trip home and that he was glad to be back in time for the Holidays; and would I go to the dance on Christmas Eve. Then it was I had to tell him of my date Christmas night and that it wouldn't be fair to go with him for the one night. He was really upset and I couldn't blame him. He thought he was coming to the girl he had left at home. I'd gone with other fellows of the crowd but when Wan was in town, it was understood that he was my beaux. Wan was checked out before Jim came home, then Jim passed out of the picture when Dave Rust came in. The school at Fredonia was having a play with a dance after so Dave couldn't come for Christmas Eve. Back in the old days we danced every night during the holidays. I went to the dance with some of the girls who didn't have partners. It wasn't out of order because we all danced with each other. When Jim came in with Lucy McDonald, people looked at each other and thought "Well, what does this mean?" I danced and had a good time, but was glad when it was over; no one knew from me why Jim took Lucy.

Christmas Day was full of excitement, getting ready for the dance that night. The Mutual had it in charge so it was a basket or box lunch. The boys bid for the lunch of their choice and the girl and the lunch went to the highest bidder. Bess Farnsworth and I decided we wouldn't take a chance on someone else getting our partners so we fixed a dainty lunch at our house, which was just a block away. While the rest ate at the hall, we took Merle Findlay and Dave Rust home. We thought we were doing something special but Dave said after that he had wanted to bid on some of the pretty baskets.

At the turn of the century the dances didn't close at midnight so we returned and danced until two o'clock. I had to work the next day so Mr. Vance entertained Mr. Rust. He stayed through the rest of the holidays. I was walking on air and was too young and too dumb to realize what was in store for me. The next night when we went to the dance, the town boys felt sorry for Jim.

Alex [Adams], being a man of experience, sat out a dance with me. He told me how foolish I was to let this stranger step in between Jim and me. But I wasn't in love with Jim! Father was at the dance and saw at a glance what was going on and watched his chance to whisper in my ear to behave myself. I took his advice. Later I found out that a striking blond teacher, Anna Sorensen, was looking for a boy friend for the holidays. Mr. Rust didn't happen to be interested. We went to a party every night from Christmas night until New Years night.

The holidays were drawing to the close of a very happy two weeks. I had never had so much attention. After the dance on New Year's night, we stood by the mantelpiece in front of a good pitch pine fire. I was a green country girl and didn't comprehend what Dave was telling me of his plans for the future. He had been a guest in our home for two weeks. We had gone to dances and parties every night. It had been wonderful. He was a school teacher from Provo, nine years older than I, had a college education and was interested in so many fields that I knew nothing about. It all seemed fantastic to me.

⁶ The autobiography, which was written during 1942, appears to have been interrupted in mid sentence. It covered the period up to April 1919 and stops just short of describing the birth of Blanche. Obviously Ruth intended on finishing her life story but apparently never got back to the task.

Everyone went back to work after the vacation. We had a foot of snow which made it possible for a few sleigh rides. The high school had a concert in January so Mr. Rust came up for the weekend. He was making a very favorable impression on the Woolley family. Ella and Grace were full of mischief. Clerking kept me busy so the weeks slipped by. I would get a letter during the week, telling me when he could get away.

One day Father said, "Ruth, if you'll fall in love with Mr. Rust, I will give my consent." "Alright Father, that's a bargain." I had never asked anyone how it felt when you were in love. When you walk on air, your head in the clouds, your heart gives an extra beat when you hear a certain footstep and the thrill of meeting a friend that can lead to love.

So passed the Winter. March came and then it was that the engagement became definite. The decision was sealed with a good luck kiss. We decided to be married as soon as school was out in May. We bought material to make two quilts. Mother wrote to Mary and Rae in Salt Lake to go to ZCMI for material for my wedding dress. It was floor length with a wide ruffle and two narrow ruffles at the bottom. Narrow tucks formed the yoke of the waist, which had a high collar. The applique was around the collar and across the yoke.

School closed the middle of May. We left Kanab on the 22nd. Father let us take the black team and buggy. Thomas Chamberlain drove the team and Mother went with us. It took four days to get to Manti, where Dave's parents were living. We arrived at noon on the train from Marysville and registered at the Eagle House. That evening I met my future in-laws, George and Eliza Rust. We spent the next day getting acquainted and looking over the city.

On May 27, 1903 we were married in the Manti Temple. What a glorious day! Dave's parents were serving in the Temple so they were well acquainted. I had Mother with me. There were not many couples being married that day, so we received special attention and were invited to have our wedding breakfast with the Temple President and workers. The next morning we boarded the D&RG train for Salt Lake.

Dave and Ruth visited Salt Lake City, where they visited with Ruth's sisters Mary and Rae. They also had the opportunity to hear President Teddy Roosevelt speak. After their stay in Salt Lake City, they retraced their journey back to Provo where Dave was going to attend a summer session of school at Brigham Young Academy. They first stayed with Ruth's married brother Roy in the very home that Dave and Ruth would later call their own. Then they found a room "with kitchen privileges" which they rented for the summer. A typical newly-wed couple.

The Grand Canyon Venture

On May 25, 1903 the Grand Canyon Transportation Company was formed with its shareholders being Edwin "Dee" Woolley, Thomas Chamberlain, T.C. Hoyt, J.S. Emmett, and E.S. Clark. The idea for the venture had been planted many years earlier as these incorporators had not only experienced for themselves the grandeur of the Grand Canyon but also had guided others who had expressed awe at the vision of looking into this unique and marvelous creation of God. One of the most notable of these visitors was William (Buffalo Bill) Cody who in 1890, along with a number of his English guests, made the trip to the North Rim under the guidance of Dee Woolley and Dan Seegmiller. They could talk of nothing else during their stay in the area.⁷ If these men who had seen many of the wonders of the world were impressed, how much more would the ordinary tourist be thrilled to see the Grand Canyon. And tourists will pay money to see such sights if they can be persuaded it is worth their while.

⁷ The main purpose in bringing Buffalo Bill and his group to the Grand Canyon was to seek investors to develop the North Rim. Although they were impressed with the scenery, Buffalo Bill and those he brought along saw the effort as too costly for the return on their money. The only known commercial benefit from that trip is the present use of a greatly enlarged copy of one of the photographs taken of the group (with Buffalo Bill in the center) as the major decoration of a restaurant in Park City, Utah.

There was already a transcontinental railroad line which passed through Flagstaff on its way to California, the A&PRR. From Flagstaff a spur line continued on to the South Rim. Tourists were already making that trip in great numbers and staying at the El Tovar Hotel. From there they would hike down Ralph H. Cameron's trail, at the price of \$1 per person, to the Colorado River.⁸ However, to get to the North Rim from the South Rim, a traveler would have to head East across rather barren lands until Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River was reached, and upon crossing the River at that point continue across the badlands into Kanab and then South again to the Rim, a trip of at least a week. Dee Woolley knew that the view from the North Rim was worth the trip, but it was hard to convince the normal tourist of that fact. There was a slow trickle of visitors to the North Rim via Salt Lake City, but the railroad ended in Marysvale, considerably short of Kanab.

Dee Woolley's efforts to bring the railroad further South proved to be of no avail. We can believe that he twisted arms as hard as he could when he escorted representatives of the Union Pacific Railroad as well as Senators Smoot and Sutherland to the area. But except for tourists, there was little economic support for a spur line to continue on to the Kaibab. Unlike the railroad which passed through Flagstaff, a railroad line to the Kanab region would not be transcontinental. The mountains running North and South prevented that. And those who needed a railroad to bring their livestock and other products to market seemed able to make it as far as Marysvale. Therefore Dee had no choice except to come up with an alternative way of bringing in tourists to see the area. His idea - build a tram across the Colorado River and a trail up to the North Rim.

The first meeting of the Company was held June 15, 1903 in Fredonia. Thomas Chamberlain, Dee Woolley's trusted counsellor in the stake presidency and the husband of Dee Woolley's daughter Mary (his sixth wife), was named chairman of the meeting at which Thomas was elected to be secretary and treasurer of the Company. Dee Woolley was elected to be President and T.C. Hoyt was named Vice President.

The first real business of the Company occurred later that month when the directors authorized the President to file for record a certificate of location of the Grand Canyon Toll Road. This road was to be constructed from a point on the Northern Rim of the Grand Canyon, known as Woolley's Station, down to the Colorado River. The road (or in reality a trail) was to follow Bright Angel Creek much of the way down.

The first agent for the company was Frank C. Reid of Flagstaff. There is no evidence in the record of what he accomplished exactly. Because of his location, we may presume that he was involved in the paperwork necessary to obtain a permit to go forward. Indeed, an application for the privilege to construct and maintain a toll road within the Grand Canyon Forest Preserve was sent to the Secretary of the Interior on August 17, 1904. However, the name of Frank C. Reid is no longer mentioned in the Company records by that time.

By June of 1905 the Company had spent a total of \$128.88, thus evidencing a rather slow start. There had been some survey work and some trail building which had been accomplished, but all in all they needed to move much faster if they ever expected to accomplish their goal. Thus they voted to borrow \$1,500 to build a tramway across the Colorado River and to finish the trail down to the River. By June of 1906 the \$1,500 loan had been obtained.

⁸ At the time the Grand Canyon Transportation Company was formed, the Grand Canyon was basically open to anyone for exploitation. Ralph H. Cameron filed mineral claims on the South Rim and used those as a way of maintaining exclusive control over the trail leading to the Colorado River from the South Rim. Every person using that trail had to pay a \$1 toll to Cameron. Once Teddy Roosevelt had visited the area, legislation was instituted to change its status, first in 1908 to a Monument and then in 1918 to a National Park. With that national attention, personal rights began to change. In 1910 Cameron's "Exclusive right to operate and maintain the Bright Angel Trail by virtue of a lease from the County of Coconino" was questioned by the U.S. government. (See letter to Cameron in D.D. Rust collection, dated January 24, 1910.) Although Cameron was permitted for a little while longer to operate a toll on the Bright Angel Trail, the end of that operation was not far away.

Dave and Ruth in California and Idaho

During the period when Dee Woolley was trying to develop the tourist business for Kanab and the North Rim, his newly acquired son-in-law Dave was first in California and then in Idaho. This absence was prompted largely because in the Summer of 1903 Dave suddenly found himself out of work for the coming Winter. Shortly after Dave and his new bride finished their honeymoon to Salt Lake City and were in Provo where Dave was getting in a session of summer school at BYA, Dave learned that the school board in Fredonia for some reason decided they wanted some other teacher for the 1903-04 school year.⁹ Without a Winter job immediately available and with his insatiable hunger for education ever present, Dave had all the reasons he needed to get more schooling. Stanford University sounded like a good place to get it.

Stanford in 1903-04 was a relatively new university. But it was more than an academy. It was led by the renown David Starr Jordan and boasted of many other excellent faculty members. So with a little financial help from the Woolleys, Dave and Ruth were off the California to attend Stanford. This was an experience neither Dave nor Ruth ever forgot and influenced them greatly over the rest of their lives.

Dave and Ruth made their way from Salt Lake City to San Francisco by train. They rode chair car the whole way in order to save money. Upon arriving they visited the sights Dave had seen but a few years earlier. They also visited the President of the Mission, Joseph E. Robinson, who was from Kanab. They then took a ferry down to Palo Alto and found a place to room and board (Ruth not knowing how to cook at the time). Two months later (with Ruth having developed adequate cooking skills in the meantime), they with another couple from Utah rented a house from the University.

Stanford was a great experience for both Dave and Ruth. To Dave it was a joy to sit at the feet of great teachers. To Ruth it was the opening of a window on the world to a naive young girl from a small Southern Utah town. She was experiencing many things for the first time. She even visited churches other than her own. Since Dave sang in the University choir which performed in the campus chapel, she attended those services as well.

Ruth's sister Rae came the first of April to help her with the birth of Dave and Ruth's first child. That event occurred on April 21, 1904, and the new son was named David Jordan Rust, in honor of Stanford's esteemed president. It was also a way of marking the boy because Jordan, as he was called, did end up attending Stanford University. A month after his birth, Jordan was blessed by President Robinson while the President was on a visit to Palo Alto.

Ruth's sister Mary and Mary's two year old son Royal also came for a visit in the middle of the summer. However, Mary was on her way to Mexico as a fugitive of the law. She was the plural wife of Thomas Chamberlain, the counsellor in the Kanab Stake Presidency to Dee Woolley. Mary was wanted for questioning about her marriage and she had to leave Utah. She wanted to stay in California, but there was some concern that the authorities would look for her there. So she spent a month with Dave and Ruth and then went to Mexico.

Dave would have loved to stay in California at least for a second year of schooling. However, funds were low (which in Dave's case meant nonexistent) and Dave had been offered the position as principal of the Cassia Stake Academy in Idaho. So with his new son and his young wife, Dave moved to Idaho in the Summer of 1904 and taught school there for a year. By this time the school board in Fredonia was anxious to have Dave back and he agreed. So the Summer of 1905 saw

⁹ Turnabout is fair play. When Dave was wooed back to Fredonia for the 1905-06 school year he received a letter dated April 25, 1906, from the superintendent of schools congratulating him on his services in Fredonia and hoping that Dave would remain in Fredonia for the coming year. "The school there needs a man with your push and energy, and I am sure they will profit by your staying amongst them." Dave did not stay and never taught in Fredonia again.

Dave back in his old stomping grounds, but now with an additional child, Emma, named after Ruth's mother. Emma was born in Idaho on April 25, 1905.

The Building of the Grand Canyon Trail and Tram

In the Fall of 1905 Dave and Ruth settled down in Fredonia in a rented home "without any conveniences" [Ruth's words]. Every few days either Ruth's mother or her sister Rae would come visiting. Although the record is silent, no doubt there were also reciprocal visits to Kanab during Dave's year of teaching in Fredonia from 1905 to 1906. We can imagine that during such times, Dave talked with his father-in-law about the latter's Grand Canyon project.

We have only a brief sketch of the work done from the time of the Grand Canyon Transportation Company's creation to the year 1905. But as the sketch is brief, so the work accomplished to that time was also meager. Finally, however, Dee Woolley now had a kindred spirit who could bring realization to dreams. Dave would serve as the Company's foreman for the next full year and get the job done!

The best account of the work performed on constructing the Bright Angel Trail from the North Rim to the Colorado River and the construction of the tram across the River is found in Dave's own diary. As a rule Dave did not keep much of a diary throughout his life. The little bit he did keep is at best sporadic and incomplete. However, for this one year of his life Dave maintained a remarkably detailed and regular report. It is as if he suspected he was about to embark on an important venture which needed to be recorded for posterity. Herewith the diary entries¹⁰ starting July 4, 1906 and ending September 17, 1907:

July 4, 1906. Took the position of foreman of Grand Canyon Transportation C. June 27 and started from Kanab. Two days and a half brought us to Bright Angel Spring. The fourth day from home we made camp out at the Chamberlain Springs. The place of present writing. Sunday we all went to the creek to bathe. President Woolley mapped out the work and left for home. Monday morning the fore noon was spent in getting the tools from the top and doing some work on the white sand stone. One and a half days were spent from the spring to "Take a Rest" and the 4th was spent in working from there to the upper ledge and in bringing the small cable to "Take a Rest."

July 5, 06. Today we got to work on the Marble where Russell has been for 1½ days. In relation to the cable we brought yesterday it is the first piece of Tramway freight moved from the top. Six of us had no trouble dragging it to the Take-a-Rest. The distance was covered in about 30 minutes.

July 6. Today the Trail is well finished from the Spring to the brink of Marble. A good deal of new trail has been made. Have succeeded in avoiding the first marble stairway. The horses are unhobbled on Take-a-Rest. I brought them to water yesterday and expect they will come themselves today. They are entirely contented.

July 7, 06. This morning all hands (7) went to Take-a-Rest and succeeded in putting the small cable in six strands. Carried it down the red ledge to the spring. The experiment was made in order to determine the best method for putting the large cable to the River. We were two hours making the trip up and return. About noon Mr. Ephrim Mansfield and three young ladies passed our camp on the way to the River. He remarked that a road for a buckboard could be made down as far as the Spring. This afternoon we did some work on the worst of the marble, but a shower about 4 o'clock hindered us considerably.

July 8. Sunday and nobody works. Dalton and I took a trip on Top to Bright Angel Spring and Point

¹⁰ Except for correcting misspellings and completing abbreviated words and names for the sake of clarity or needed information of the reader, the original style, text, punctuation, and capitalization of the diary have been preserved. In some cases the exact text may have been inadvertently changed due to the difficulty in reading it in its original form.

and the Persian sheep and Buffalo Camp. Oh, what nice milk for dinner! We brought a tent, two pack saddles from the surveyors' tent, and a pack load of rope.

July 9. Rob and I go to the Top and while we are coming down with two packs Mr. Mansfield and party meet us. They made the trip from here to the River and back in two days. They report an interesting but rough trip. No hideous insects, etc. as expected. Girls are glad to get back alive. They are no doubt the first ladies to go over the lower part of our Trail to the River. Their names are Hetty White, Miss Hwrit [Hewitt?] and Miss Mansfield. Rained in the evening and boys had to pile in the tent after going to bed.

July 10. The trail is worked through the marble proper and today we move all to Emmett Creek. Rob goes on Top with two horses and returns at noon with heavy packs.

July 11. The trail is completed from Emmett Creek to the Spring, a good grade, and taken as a whole a splendid trail. Dalton is poisoned, either with poison oak or ivy, we can't say. I have a touch of the same thing. We were in the brush during a rain storm, and were thoroughly wet. As soon as we reached camp I bathed and changed clothes. Dalton still has on same clothes.

July 12. Dalton is better. I am worse. We are contemplating starting home. P.M. Have decided we have the itch, some kind, 7 day perhaps - instead of poison. We took hot bath and composition tea, used plenty of soap and changed all clothes.

July 13. Invalids much improved, trail completed today from Emmett Creek to bench south. Change made in the cooking business. Henceforth each man has his assignment as follows: Dalton bread, Si beans, etc., Rob rice and fruit, etc., Russell the dishwashing, Jim fireman, Peterson wood and water. Rob will tend to it all for awhile.

July 14. Will reach the main Creek today. Dalton is able to work again. Last evening we found a very interesting cave at the head of this [Emmett Creek]. Will explore it further. It contains water.

July 15. Sunday again. Nothing to do, and no Church. A rain last night, and a sprinkle during day keeps us near camp. We all went up into the cave where Emmett Creek has its source. We found no end of the great tunnel. We fix shoes, do some laundry and rest after our bath.

July 16. Rob begins packing again and makes two trips with two horses. We work down the creek beyond the first five crossings. We do not spend much time on the creek bottom - expect the trail will go ultimately on the side hill. I made a surveying trip below the fork saw the greatest bath tubs of my life! The horses are brought from above and place on the bench below us. A letter from my relatives was found where Jo left it at the Spring.

July 17. Went on Top with Rob and over to the Buffalo camp to get two horses that [went] through our bars and left the canyon, brought packs down.

July 18. Dalton feels tough again and wants to leave. I start him for home with one horse. He seems to have a bad case of itch. We shoe a horse, fix up the picks and do some other jobbing around this fore noon. Rob goes to Spring and brings packs, the res continue trail work - down, down, down.

July 19. Finishes trail to Fork. Moved part of camp to one mile below fork. One man brought packs from Spring.

July 20. All moved to new camp. Worked on some bad places to the fork in A.M. and started on below in P.M.

July 21. Today ends the third week. About one day more and the trail will be finished to the X as we call it. The creek makes a sharp curve to the west and a little stream comes in from the East. These

canyons with the forks of the creek above form a great letter X.

July 22. Sunday a quiet day, fixing up camp. Decided this morning to run the trail over a high saddle south from the tents. In the evening Si and I rode to Emmett Creek to see some horses we have there. The boys are talking about snakes, tarantulas, etc. We have seen a few large scorpions and centipedes, five rattlesnakes. There are no house flies, very few indeed of any kind whatever - no mosquitoes or gnats, in fact the freest place from ordinary pests I have ever seen.

July 23. It has blown my tent over and rained. Not much wind here as we are not prepared. Expect to have work here for this week at least.

July 24. Out of supplies! I go up the mountain to meet a company of tourists at the Chamberlain Spring. They want to go down to our camp, so we all go down. Now we must go on top before dark.

July 25. Rob, Si and myself remained with the excursionists today. In the afternoon they too went with John Emmett and a Mexican down to camp.

July 26. I came up from Bright Angel, fixed up camp and layed off some more work. The boys all worked on the trail.

July 27. John and Rob goes on Top with first trip for the horses, find that the long stuff will have to be carried on horses.

July 28. Burro train goes for Emmett Creek. Does not return. Must be some of horses lost. The trail is finished over the hill south. (4 horses went on top. They return Sunday.)

July 29. Rest and laundry. Read the papers. One burro goes over ledge with pack, burro dies.

July 30. John and I leave for River in afternoon. Found the box canyon much less rough than expected. Also found the River smoother than ever expected. Both think it will be no trouble to cross in a skiff and pull the wire over.

July 31. Returned from River, heavy rains about 5 o clock. Glad to be in camp.

Aug 1. Rained all night and still raining some. We all stay in camp. Our food supply consists of a few cans of corn, beans and a little bacon and bread and sugar. Trail completed to red dug-a-way. About 2/3 mile below here. We are still camped at the X. Saw two beavers.

Aug 2. Eight men (our entire force) go to Chamberlains Spring and bring small cable down. My conclusions are that the large cable can be taken down by 16 men in two days.

Aug 3. Pack some things below 2 miles preparatory to moving camp. The trail goes on and on and on.

Aug 4. Move camp to Cottonwood Grove. John went on top to get something to eat yesterday. We are just reduced to bread and beans. In the afternoon the men all go to the River I remain alone and do a little piece of trail.

Aug 5. I went to headwaters of Beaver Creek. The boys returned about 11 very hungry. John came shortly after with ½ beef. Now we are O.K.

Aug 6. Spend forenoon drying meat. The boys all work on hill south of Cottonwood Grove. At noon Dalton returns bringing another man Millett. He brings 2 hams and some dried fruit so we are fine, till we eat it up.

Aug 7. Finish trail to Beaver Creek.

Aug 8. Two packs of cage brought from Top. Trail goes to 1st crossing below.

Aug 9. Si and Rob leave. Jno brings one pack of long stuff from Top. trails goes past 2nd crossing. We move to 3rd crossing.

Aug 10. Rosario Gardith leaves today. Complete trail to 4th crossing. Jno packs.

Aug 11. Complete trail to Box Saturday. Today the 6th week ends since we started to work in the canyon. Jno packs.

Aug 12. Sunday I rode below and surveyed about a mile to the Box to our next camp site; In the morning; Fixed up light packs for the journey.

Aug 13. Trail completed to the real box. Moved camp in 2 hours in one trip. The Box is a cool shady place. Returned to Rock Cache and found Art Woolley there.

Aug 14. John and I went on Top found President Woolley and brought him down to Rock Cache. The journey down took 4½ hours.

Aug 15. President Woolley and I go to River.

Aug 16. Art and Jno are on Top and will bring the lumber for boat to Rock Cache. The trail is finished through the Box to within a few rods of the River. President Woolley and I examined for the second time the site (supposed) for the cable. We pronounce the natural rock anchorage on this side "ideal," and from what we can determine by looking across the canyon the rock on the south side will make a suitable abutment.

Aug 17. The few rods are finished this morning. The boys take a plunge in the River and we go to the upper part of the Box for dinner and to Rock Cache before evening. The trail is finished !!!

Aug 18. Went to Saddle and brought small cable to Rock Cache. By doubling it to less than 100 feet it carried much better. It rained in afternoon so we put off trip to Emmett Creek until Sunday morning. In the morning I leave for home and a short vacation and while I'm away the journal will rest - - -¹¹

Sept 25. Arrived at Rock Cache about 7 P.M. with 6 packs from Top.

Sept 26. Shoe horses and repair pack saddles.

Sept 27. Take 6 packs to River, find boat from other side removed. Put canvas boat up and go across the River, return to Rock.

Sept 28. Go on Top, get some meat and send mail in by Onstott.

Sept 29. Return with 5 packs to Rock.

Sept 30. Six packs go to River. In the Box we met four men from other side. The Mayor of Williams: Man in charge of Indian Gardens, Photographer of Bright Angel hotel and another man connected with R.R. hotel. I return to camp and give them a small piece of meat they go on Top and hunt. It is Sunday and I'll have the afternoon off.

¹¹ Dave arrived home in time to see his son Richard Dexter Rust born on September 19th. The events of this birth were recorded in the diary he kept at home, including the blessing of young Richard by his grandfather Dee Woolley. Therefore, nothing was noted in his "Grand Canyon diary" about this event.

Oct 1. Six packs go to River.

Oct 2. Horses are all so stiff that we decide to work trail today. We clean up the trail from Camp (Rock Cache) to the lower end of the Box proper.

Oct 3. Go to Emmett Creek and bring cable to "Rock" on 4 horses. Soren, George, Correl and Bolly.

Oct 4. Alex and I take cable on to River as well as one extra pack. The easiest trip we've made. Johny works trail above. As we go down we met Mr. Farrel and party including his wife. I let them take 2 horses to go on Top as they drowned two burros. Mr. Cameron one of the original promoters of the Hanse trail was among the party. Mrs. Farrel is as far as I know the first woman to cross the river and go over our trail. We look for Mr. Emmett but he does not come.

Oct 5. The little cable goes to River today on three horses. Adams takes it down. Kitchen works trail in the Box and I remain in camp to pet some lame (sprained) wrists. This is the eleventh day in here and the 6th trip to River.

Oct 6. Adams and I go to Emmett Creek and bring 5 packs of stuff. Some of the 10 foot irons are the worst to carry. We were obliged to leave them below the weir (a new name for the saddle). Johny works trail above.

Oct 7. We all go up and bring the packs left behind to camp. Also try to make saddle that will carry long stuff. Sunday again and the stock are tired so we let them rest and take the afternoon for a rest too. John Brown arrives this afternoon with E. Pratt and E. Cram.

Oct 8. Brown, Pratt, Cram and I go to River and carry small steel boat from lower ferry to our crossing before dinner. In the afternoon we swing two wires.

Oct 9. Set up the winch and forge and swing the small cable, but lose her just before she reaches anchorage. The wire broke. Adams and Kitchen are still above finishing the packing.

Oct 10. At noon we have the little cable anchored O.K. the boys came from above with last packs. Adams returns to Rock Camp. We set the winch and continue to make slot for anchor shaft. The rock shatters so we cannot get a good place. Some one from the other side is working on the trail below us. He has been there since we came in and has a new boat.

Oct 11. Begin to prepare rock for wooden abutment. Go above and find a splendid drift. Bring down a big raft of it. Anchor seat has caved in so begin again. Aim to start over. Adams is on Top after 200 feet of cable.

Oct 12. Make wooden abutments and finish the anchorages. A large hunting party comes down trail below.

Oct 13. Abandon the anchorage on this side and go above and bring large timbers for purpose. The anchorage is arranged and large cable put over. The tourists cross their stock and prove to be Armour and Harvey with 3 other men. In stretching the large cable the wire broke and all had to be done over. The poor wire has now cost us about \$40.

Oct 14. Harvey examines tramway and pronounces it O.K. We fasten end of cable across the River and begin stretching. The rope fastened to this end breaks and the cable goes into the River. We finally succeed in attaching a rope and drawing her out. At noon she is in place again but not stretched or fastened at this end. Adams goes above for scow lumber to put floor in cage. Some of the boys find some excellent ruins just above anchorage on this side.

Oct 15. Fix pulleys for small cable to run in, and prepare winch etc. for same.

Oct 16. Prepare cage for swinging.

Oct 17. Swing cage and made first trip over. No one rode. The pulleys etc. are out of true there is something wrong with the little draw cable and in general the whole concern needs doing over. New abutments must be made before she will be a success.

Oct 18. Engineers leave, Alex and I go with them to Top to hunt.

Oct 19 to 24. Hunt and return to River. Mr. Ritter and wife return with us from a hunt. I help them across the River and bring Bud Crosby over.

Oct 25. Fix up tools and provisions, paint a place or two on boat etc. Send Crosby to Kanab with one horse. Alex works on trail in P.M.

Oct 26. Work on trail.

Oct 27. Leave River for home. Meet Farrel and Co. at Emmett Creek. The cage is not in running order and there is no use wasting time on experiment until we have frame work for abutments.

Nov 21 '06. Arrived at River today with practically the remainder of tower timbers. On the 10th Alex and I started from Kanab. We reached the mill the 11th and the following morning went to work on towers. I was sick with quinsy, but worked on, and the 13th saw them completed. We came out and down to Cottonwood Grove where we made camp till everything was packed from Top.

Nov 22. Have been carrying the timbers to their respective places and fixing camp. We are looking patiently for Brothers Woolley and Emmett. They said "not later than the 20th."

Nov 23. Went to Cottonwood Grove for two pack loads and brought two pack loads of lumber from Rock Cache. Everything is here now.

Nov 24. Make trip up Wash Henry trail, and do some odd jobs around camp. It is my wife's birthday.

Nov 25. Explore mesa west and find a good pasture for horses. No sign of Brothers Woolley and Emmett. We are waiting for them. In the morning we go up the Creek and on Top if we do not meet them.

Nov 26. But we met them about 2 miles from camp. Jno Brown and Mr. H. Hibbins were with them. They came on to River and we go on to Cottonwood Grove, shoe horses etc.

Nov 27. Go on Top and bring six packs to Grove.

Nov 28. Alex goes for River with 4 packs and I go up side canyon and get a fine big buck. Just as I am bringing him in President Woolley and party to my astonishment come up. Alex has met them in the Box so packs are brought back. I am very much disappointed that the towers are not put in. We all go up above the Weir.

Nov 29. Go on Top and see the party off. I return to Grove alone with two packs.

Nov 30. Take five packs to River.

Dec 1. Move one tent and make bins for storing flour, bacon, sugar etc.

Dec 2. Make a large bin for fruit and rice. Reset another tent and fix around camp. Mr. Ed Kolb and Mr. H. Noble came from hunting trip. They spend evening, eat supper and stay with me all night. It

rained from sundown until morning.

Dec 3. and from morning till sundown. I ran their stock over and go with Noble to mouth of Pipe Creek to learn the route. He goes to Indian Gardens and Kolb returns and stays with me. We talk about many things pertaining to the canyon. He is one of the official photographers for the South Rim. He promises to come down and take views in this vicinity. I promise to take him up the canyon to narrow canyons scenes.

Dec 4. The River has swollen considerable about three feet. So I go down to see Kolb safely across. I row a load over for him since he is a new hand with the oars. Return and gather up wire and put it under shelter. Reset tent no. 3 and move all the saddles in it.

Dec 5. A fine fair morning for a change. I go up to Grove and bring some stuff left there a few days ago. Flies still bother the meat.

Dec 6. As I look out this morning I see the River is red and exceptionally noisy. It has risen about 7 feet during the night. It just happened that everything was put up out of the way. The boat was tied solid to an upper rock as well as being hauled out about 4 or 5 feet out of the water. The boat was swinging and tugging at her rope. There was no thought of a rise two days after the storm. It seems best to always be ready for a flood. Tomorrow I go to Indian Gardens and on up to the hotel.

Dec 11. Returned from Rim today. Explored for new trail across Pipe Creek and found suitable route. Leaving the Cameron trail at foot of cork screw and climbing the plateau. In the evening looked at Cliff houses. And look for high water route for trail.

Dec 12. Rained all day so did some odd jobs among others making of a dining table.

Dec 13. Fixed up the boat. She was sadly in need of it. Worked on some trail to tramway. Have broken all records on catching mice. Night before last, caught 23. Last night, 14 mice and 1 rat. The rat and one of the mice either committed suicide or accidentally fell. They were in the water bucket. Four of the others were caught in my water trap and the rest in the patent traps. I set two traps for the first time in the new quarters night before last. I am wondering if I can catch a million by May 1.

Dec 14. Caught 7 mice last night. Went to work on trail again but had scarcely begun when "Ed" Kolb came. He had lost his way and lain without blankets or fire. We went up the river for Scenes, as far nearly as Clear Creek. Eleven mice caught.

Dec 15 & 16. Make trip to Weir and back, taking pictures. It has frozen at the river. No place for oranges.

Dec 17, 18, 19 & 20. Assist Mr. Kolb to Indian Gardens then go on rim for mail. Get letter from Mrs. Rust. Meet more people - Simpson and Miller are there. Return to camp in 3½ hours. The 19th will be spent in putting everything in shape and getting some trail work done. The 20th I shall leave for home where I expect to arrive the 23rd or 24th.

Dec 20 to Jan 25, 1907. Arrived in Kanab the evening of December 23, 1906. About one foot of snow to tramp from Thompson Canyon to Nail Canyon. More than I would care to tackle again under similar circumstances. Had a good time during holidays and on January 3 started in company with E. Adams and E. Ford, Jr. to come into the canyon. We came into Houserock Valley and thence into Saddle and thence on to Mt. The snow was so deep and wind so kure[??] we were forced to return home where we arrived the 8th. Remain in Kanab two days and on the 11th started to Marysville with Homer Spencer. We had a time to get over the divide. We got over just in time or we wouldn't have gone for some time. I went to Richfield, Manti, Provo, American Fork, and Salt Lake making stops at each place. Saw quite a number of my kin. Left Salt Lake on the 21st (evening). I came to Grand Canyon on the morning of the 24th, fare 44.90. Came down the trail the

morning of the 25th and got a mule at Indian Gardens which I rode to Long Creek. Secured the help of Howard Noble and return next day to Indian Gardens.¹² On the 24th I had a talk about trail with R. H. C. [Ralph H. Cameron] and got favorable reply. Saw Mr. F. also but no definite results - not even favorable hopes.

Jan 27-31, 1907. Came to river. Found stuff in fair condition. Rats and mice had injured nothing. Place secure and very lonely. Next day surveyed land and made out application. Then on the 29th took source with other letters to Indian Gardens and returned late. It was a dismal night--rained all night and all next day. Cleared up the last and I took a trip to Look Out Trail route to pasture.

Feb 1. Very pleasant. Start of my new canal. Expected Noble today. I don't like to be alone much better than Adam.

Feb 2. Noble isn't here. I work on ditch again. Tomorrow I go to post. Tomorrow is Sunday.

Feb 3. Went on Top to Hotels. Took dinner at El Tovar with E. P. Kolb. Met Mr. Lewis Akin, an artist. Had a talk with him concerning a trip to this side of the Canyon. Received some letters and wrote a dozen.

Feb 4. Came to river with Howard Noble and commenced work on trail between camp and Tram. We shall need considerable powder work.

Feb 5. Continued work as yesterday. Mr. Webber of the Bright Angel Hotel comes to see us.

Feb 6. Continue work as above.

Feb 13. Today noon we brought ditch out on the bench so we can begin irrigating the "orchard". Last night we caught 28 mice.¹³ Eight might be force[??]. We are trying to catch fish with mice for bait. Last Sunday we went to Indian Gardens. I received 5 letters, answered them, and wrote several others. Mr. Weber¹⁴ remained with us til then. Howard had to return that evening and have worked on ditch ever since. Now we go back to the Tram approaches again and got some fuse of Mr. Spalding. Also bought five pounds butter for \$9.

Feb 14. We are making a wall along the cliff as a high water entrance to tram. Caught 35 mice last night - buried them today with appropriate ceremonies. It is warm enough about noon. I neglected to state that last week the last day we ran out of fuse so went to work on ditch.

Feb 15. 13 mice last night. We go on an exploring trip up Phantom Creek. Find a fair route and splendid pasture above the fork of the creek. Can winter 25 horses in that vicinity. Saw three large buck deer, and many tracks. Not much water on plateau. Look over route for trail. Bring back a hundred cuttings of shade trees.¹⁵ Notice as we go up that our dam is knocked out and no water going in ditch.

¹² This rather circuitous route - a buggy to Marysvale, the train to Salt Lake City, and then the train all the way around to the South Rim is thus ironic proof, which Dave himself established, why even today the South Rim is more visited than the North Rim - it is just easier to reach, particularly in the Winter.

¹³ Around 1957 Dave, in writing a brief sketch of his days in building the trail, wrote: "My old notebook recalls many details such as catching 90 mice in 3 nights." See letter to Harry L. Aleson from Richfield, Utah, November 1957 in D.D. Rust special collection, LDS Church Historian's Office. Obviously that initial discomfort became a fond memory for him.

¹⁴ It is assumed that this "Weber" is the same as Mr. Webber mentioned earlier. However, since it is uncertain which spelling is correct, they will be left as written by Dave Rust.

¹⁵ This was the principal source for the trees which now beautify and give shade to Phantom Ranch (formerly Rust Camp).

Feb 25. Yesterday was Sunday so of course to Gardens. Wrote letters. Sent Howard on Rim for our mail, etc. He returns today noon and this afternoon he and Weber are on the wall. I am there also part of p.m. Mr. Weber began work the 18th instant. Since that time, we have been working on trail to tram.

Feb 28. This ends February. Today, Howard and I left Weber and clear off a garden spot on the upper part of the "Homestead" while we went up Phantom after cuttings and incidently to look at source mineral ledges. We succeed in going up the creek to a point where we climbed out on plateau south. Returned to camp. We also succeeded in getting about 300 cuttings and in looking over the mineral claims. Besides we explored the Creek. For the past two days we have been working on a High Water Trail to Tram. Yesterday it rained. The river rises and falls within about five feet. Today it is falling. It usually rises for a few days and then falls for a few weeks. The cause of these rises we attribute to rains on tributaries and to warm days and melting snows. We do not know which, if either or both. No change in Bright Angle so far. Snowed on Rims yesterday. Colder here than for a month.

March 4. We initiate or inaugurate Alex and Ted by having them carry their "things" "over the granite." Yesterday at noon they came to the gardens and Mr. N. Cameron saw to it that their "stuff" was put down. They secure a horse here and take it to mouth of "pipe." And thence over to crossing, they carry small packs. They are all afternoon completing the task. Mr. Shriver and Mr. Craig, Cameron's men, go over and do some sort of work up D.A. Creek for a few hours. Then return to River. Howard doesn't go down - perhaps not this week. Weber comes towards evening. It rains sound. On the 1st and 2nd we continued on High Water Trail and widened the ditch source and set out the cuttings. On Sunday, we three go to gardens and W. and I on Rim. There I meet manager Grant and superintendent Denton. Took dinner at El Tovar. Receive and send out considerable important mail.

March 5. Last night it rained and nearly all day it rains. The boys get in a few hours work. I lie in bed practically the whole day. I have been getting worse since the 1st and now I must rest and heal up. Sort of general break down due from strain or cold or both or something else. A fellow can always put forth some cause when he has the effect; when, at other times, the causes might be doubled because there are no effects. He does not recognize them. I cannot sleep and eating doesn't agree with me. So I just lie and twist and sort of "nightmare" it.

March 6. Fair morning - cloudy I mean but no rain. I have slept better so about 9 I get up and find I am able to cook dinner and fix up camp. Alex spades the garden and Ted and Weber drill. Alex says he spades up a "Gila Monster." He wounds it so finishes killing it and buries it.

March 7 & 8. Plant some turnips, beets, etc. Work on trail is very slow. Some rain and rise in river. I have symptoms of pneumonia. Anyway decide to commence on cable tomorrow.

March 9. Tomorrow is here and we have detached propelling rope. Last night I doctored with oil in and out so feel really better today. Haven't eaten much. I simply "boss" so we have but three men to do work. We must have more to lower cage.

March 16. I've been down with pneumonia all week. Boys have cleared land and went after horses. Now Alex has gone on top for cable and plan.

March 17. Ted goes after mail. He received a most needed gift from Mr. Brant - some oranges and lemons. They came through the courtesy, however, of Mr. L. L. Ferrall.

March 18. Alex comes about noon and brings 40 feet of cable, the plow and harness and singletrees. Ted clears land. Alex reports having shod all but two horses. Star he fails to see.

March 19. Boys grub brush in a.m. In afternoon, we detach and lower cage. Two men do the work and I direct. No "baffles."

March 20. Detach and fasten big cable. Partly uncomes "dead man." Level place for tower and put sides of tower together - for this side. Begin on platform for winch. I am able to work all day. Bright Angel is up due to snow melting. The river is clear and before this year [??].

March 21. Alex goes to River to have grips made. Ted and I finish platform for winch, relieve winch of service, bore some holes in tower (and hard boring it is with such bits). It comes now to careful work. It is not easy to tell which to do first. If we put up one tower, then everything else must be put to match and that may be hard to do.

March 22. We (T and I) remove winch to its new quarters and strip the "dead man." This must be the "equimaxal" storm. In about five days, it has been hot and now it is windy (Oh my!) and trips to rain. B.A. so high I can't go see my garden. Cross river and put tower together, etc. Alex comes from river with grips. I get a fright by wind while crossing the river. Nearly sends me over.

March 23. Put tower on other side and place cable upon it.

March 24. Put up tower on this side. Much float wood and river rises about 6 feet.

March 25. Monday and Ted goes to Gardens for supplies and mail. When he returns, the wind holds him and Alex on other side for more than an hour. Alex and I put "dead man" in shape and fasten the winch cable for anchorage. We bolt top on tower.

March 26. Fixed up winch and finished arranging tower on this side. Covered "dead man" partly, and fixed anchorage on other side. Also anchored little cable on that side.

March 27. A big day! Hoisted cage, stretch cable and anchored her and began to attach propel rope.

March 28. Attach propel rope and I see cage run out 200 feet before noon. I have instructions to meet Colonel Jones on the 29th on the river so I go as far as Indian Garden tonight. Phone to Colonel Jones.

March 29. Meet Colonel Jones and Dr. Zane Grey at 9:00 at the El Tovar. We decide it is unsafe to attempt to cross Buckskin, so they arrange for best alternative, that is, to go to coast, return to Flag and go to Buffalo Camp with President Woolley, about the 15th of April. Then they return across B.A. trail and tram about May 1. Visit all day and wrote letters.

March 30. Take the dog and go to river. Find the boys have got 6 head of horses ready to meet Jones and party.

March 31. Experiment with different tightness of propel rope and build more than a cord - more than 10,000 lbs. - of stone into a weight over "dead man." The cage makes its first complete trip across from rock to rock and return in 25 minutes. Dog attempts to cross river and goes over the rapid. We think him drowned after searching 1½ hours for him. But his cry, just as we had consigned him to a DeSota's fate, brings joy to us. I run out in the direction of his call and find him at the edge of B.A. afraid to try to cross.

April 1. An ill omen, a sad day for us, a heart breaker. We had salty coffee for breakfast, but that isn't the trouble. Just as we have finished the platform landing on this side and readjusted the little cable, we load the cage with about 2000# of stone and start her across. All goes lovely and jubilant until the car is nearly half way over, then buzz! whang! ka-splash. She sinks out of sight - the river eats it up like the monster she has proved herself. In the morning my joy was at its height, to think we had succeeded in making things go. Now, as she all goes into the river, a pall comes over me, stunning, like some friend were stricken dead. I am incapable of action for several minutes. Then we row across to discover the weak place. The clamps have slipped off the other end of the big

cable. We take blocks over and attach to loose end which is right at the edge of the water. We pull on the slack and go to camp sad, sad!

April 2. Pulled at each end of big cable as hard as we could. The cage is floating partly above water. I strain myself pulling on chain block so have fear of bad lung again. A few days ago we discover that the R.R. boat had gone down - broken the rope. Everything seems to be going down the canyon - thank God no human lives have gone that way and pray none shall.

April 3. My lungs are painful. We try to attach line to cage but I cannot stand to row. We come to camp and Ted starts to Gardens for supplies. Alex fences garden. It rains and thunders as it has been doing since the 1st. I have been wet a time or two which should not have been.

April 4. Spend the day in making fast a line to the cage and to winch. A very hard day, but we succeed. Ted is afraid to work on the river so, though I am unfit - should be in bed, I go with Alex and we make attempt after attempt before we get the attachment made. We make a pull and the cage moves toward the shore. We are glad.

April 5. Continue to pull. It is slow work with a chain block to attempt to draw the cage 200 feet. We have to cross with the block and ease up the propel rope on other side then return and draw the cage till that slack is taken up. Tonight we bring wood block to this side and expect to draw big cable some in the morning.

April 6. Tug and tug and tug but she comes slow. We get power enough to draw big cable but anchorage to block gives way. The cage is going down, tipped over, thus tangling the ropes.

April 7. We make block anchorage solid and draw big cable. Ted goes to Gardens and Alex and I intend to try to detach farther end of propel rope from cage, since the cage is out of the water pretty well by drawing big cable. Wind makes boating dangerous so we rest and do odd things about camp. Just at sundown the wind calms and we test the intention with the result that we cannot get at propel rope. I am very tired and anxious. If word goes out about our misfortune we shall be greatly damaged. Each tomorrow I am determined to get her out. She has been there five days and it is not a pleasant responsibility.

April 8. Success today. Cage drawn to shore, big cable raised, and propel rope partly out. It is broken, near the middle. Tomorrow I will go to meet President Woolley at Flag. The tram will remain undone till I return. We have tested the thing pretty severely and learned much about it. Now I'll be able to put things up about right.

April 9. Work hard until 2 p.m. shaping up tram so I can leave for a few days. Built scaffold and new cage upon it, etc. Left camp at 4 and went to river that night. I was barely able to reach the top.

April 10 - 14. Went to Flag and met several people of Kanab and vicinity.¹⁶ J. Emmet was cleared. Met E. S. Clark and received \$25 for assessment. R. H. Cameron said go ahead and build trail and I'll settle for it. Returned, rested some, and met the boys at Indian Gardens. We came to camp.

April 15, 16, 17. The river and B.A. creek are high.¹⁷ The latter cannot be crossed. We are getting a taste of Spring flood. We remove cage, arrange farther anchorage, stretch and clamp cable, hoist cage. Try an experiment with log to send propel rope over. Fail and I work hard and get such a fright that my lungs are bad again. U.S. steel boat breaks her lines and goes down the river. We have our boat left. We ought to be choice of her.

¹⁶ In a subsequent entry written in the margin at this point, Dave noted that while in Kanab he overnighted with Zane Grey.

¹⁷ Dave subsequently wrote in the margin of this entry that "the River rose 15 feet in 15 hours on the night of the 15th."

April 26. Since the 17th instant we have put propel rope over after splicing it, adjust same, tried several trips over, oiled the ropes, etc. Yesterday I rode across and discovered the big cable is worn in three places. This morning we load about 1,500 lbs. and start her over. In the worst stranded place begins to unravel so we pull her back and unload. It pulls very hard with such a load. Some melons and corn are planted, and brush cleared away. This afternoon I go to Gardens. Boys continue clearing farm.

April 29. Return from river today. Rode one of Cameron's mules up yesterday and back to Gardens this p.m. Ted met me there and we come over to camp with some stuff on our back as usual. Alex gets me two horses so I will leave in the morning for Kanab. The boys remain and do such jobs as they can come at.

July 20th, 1907. Alex, Art, and I bring the new cable to the river. It took 7½ hours from the top but we used part of yesterday and part of today. When we put the first back on we found the coils too large so had to do the coiling act over again, as has been our luck in so many ways. We make the trip easily. Between May 1 and July 1 I was in and around Kanab; with Jones Wallace & Co. three weeks hauling hay about ten days, etc. The boys, Alex and Ted, remained here nearly a month after I left. Accomplished very little in that time. The river rose so high they couldn't get provisions so they had to come home. First of July President Woolley, Jas. B. Emmett, Alex, Art, and I started back here to put up the cable. Mrs. Dusenberry and Mrs. M. Kane¹⁸ came along with us, also Ray and Mrs. D's sons. Mr. Martin also came to see the Canyon. I remained on top with loose horses while they all went to River. President Woolley slipped on the Granite and nearly lost his life. He was very much bruised in several places and had a sprained ankle. They return and all go for house with a cable on top. Art and Alex remain at River. On the 11th, I go down with Grant Wallace and take him to El Tovar and back to Bright Angle cabins on the 15th. The evening of the 9th, Wallace captured the big king lion of Bright Angel. The morning of the 10th I was on the ground and by noon the above mentioned party returned and saw him. The morning (before dawn) of the 4th Mr. Wallace captured and slew the Greenland King. Nothing but his last track remains to prove this story for the great and brave beast refused to render up his body even in death. He fell - - 2,000 feet towards the mouth of the Little Colorado River. This evening the boys go to the Gardens on their way to River.

July 21. I do a lot of odd jobs and the boys come a little after sundown to catch me in the wash tub. Alex decides to go home start tomorrow. So hot I cannot sleep. After 12 at night as I am writing and still I am sure I cannot go to sleep.

July 22. We move to about one-half mile below Emmett Creek. Alex decides to stay.

July 23. Alex decides to go so we all start for rim. Art and I return with lumber.

July 24 - July 29. Alex and I worked a mile of trail down as far as the forks of B.A.. Onstott came for Burros and took them all away. Also within this time we took lumber to River and crossed Jos. Brooksby. We decided to go home so leave Canyon alone again. Went home in two days.

September 13. Again I am back after a usual long stay. This time I am bringing down the trail two men from Atlantic City. Jos. Richards and Julius Binder. They came from Kanab with me and expect to help me a day or so on the cable, then cross to South Rim. We came from Fredonia to brink in 2½ days. I then rounded all (5) horses and took by rig and team to B.A. cabin then we packed up and went to Take A Rest. Today we go from there to river and look at cage, etc.

September 14. Took cable and boat to this side anchorage and tug the whole day to uncoil and straighten out the rope in shape for stretching.

September 15. Cut the cage off, attached rope to car and started to pass same across. Not a little

¹⁸ In a subsequent interlineation to the diary, Dave wondered whether this might have been Margaret Caine.

more than ½ way.

September 16. Car hung up propel rope. Consumed the day in tugging at the thing and just evening after we had the end on shore, the attachment clamp slipped and she went into the river. We stayed with end and tied her for the night.

September 17. Secured both ends after working ourselves blind on tackles. Decide to leave old rope in place and simply hang new one above high water mark. Start for Gardens at sundown and sleep till daylight at Burro Spring. We have big packs and consumed five hours on the way to Spring.

September 18. Breakfast at Gardens. Returned for the two big telescopes (Binder and I) and then they say au revoir and go to Rim.

September 19. Still at Gardens still 5:30 then go to camp where I now sit. Ed Kolb will be down tomorrow.

September 20. I lower propel rope and loaf block and straighten up things a little. Ed comes about 4:00 p.m. with Rose Evans and Lida Bilveal, two young ladies from El Tovar and Los Angeles. These girls, sisters as far as we know, are the first ladies to pass over the Wash Henry Trail either way. I brought them across in the boat and having a couple of horses at the shore, soon landed in camp. They played around in the evening while I went back and finished fixing up the tram. After supper we saddled up and went to river, then for a moonlight boat ride.

September 21, 1907. The party crossed the tram - really the first party to cross. Took a picture of them in the cage. I went to plateau with them. They said, "best trip of our lives." Ed returns tomorrow and will go to Kanab with me. This evening I prepare to go away.

September 22. Hand most too sore to write - nearly pulled end of finger off the other day. This is Sunday. Expected Ed at dusk and now the moon is up - 11:00 at night. I have been busy all day and then some, fixing up to leave. I am nearly all ready now. Will put floor in cage in the morning and that is about all. We'll leave here by noon tomorrow. Will spend a couple of days to fix up stuff at Top and locate horses then we go on to Kanab. Will reach there about the 27th or 28th. No use to say more - the tram runs o.k. and looks pretty good.

The journal ended here for a year. Dave was prepared to return to the Canyon as soon as possible, but in the meantime his own family had to eat. The earnings from the work for the Company were meager indeed. So the winter of 1907-08 took Dave and his young family to Orderville where he served as principal of the local school for a year. During that time the "tram rested and rusted." At the end of the school year in Orderville, Dave took the civil service examination in the hopes of working for the government on the Kaibab. He passed the exam but the only job offer was for the South Rim. Dave declined and went back to work for the Company.¹⁹

Prior to returning to his work back in the Grand Canyon, Dave hunted grizzlies with Nathaniel "Nate" Galloway in Panguitch Lake country.²⁰ Dave and Nate apparently first become acquainted around

¹⁹ Dave did not thereafter totally give up on the idea of working for the U.S. Government in the Grand Canyon. In 1919, after the Government had confiscated his tramway and shut down his trail permit, Dave applied to be superintendent of the North side of the Canyon. When he was informed that there was to be only one superintendent for the whole park, Dave applied for that position. Maybe it was because he did not send in all of the requested information. In any case that appointment never came to Dave.

²⁰ A newspaper clipping dated 1909 found in Dave Rust's papers, apparently from a local newspaper, gives the following account of the event: "Mr. Rust is like a Nimrod of old, a mighty good hunter. He spends most of his time during vacation in gunning for big game." It goes on to note that Dave and Nate Galloway "expect to reap a rich harvest in the annihilation of the bears near Panguitch." The article then states that after that hunt is over, Dave would return to the Grand Canyon to complete his tramway, concluding that "a big influx of tourists is expected in the coming summer. With the completion of the tramway, it will attract the attention of the globetrotters."

1897 when Dave was doing some prospecting. The acquaintance was renewed in 1898 when Dave was prospecting on the Good Hope Bar near Hite's Crossing and Nate was doing some river running and hunting. Apparently Nate prospected with Dave for about a month. Aside from this oral history, there is in Dave's records a letter dated December 1901 from Nate which verifies that these two had know each other for some time. The letter also describes some earlier bear hunting in which Nate had been engaged. Nate was clearly not a newcomer to this business of hunting bears. In addition to his hunting exploits, Nate was a river rat, having engaged in that activity even before Dave.²¹ It apparently was Nate who developed the "Galloway Method" of boating stern first down through rapids.

Finally in August 1908 Dave was able to pick up where he had left off. He took his brother-in-law Israel Chamberlain, Scott Durham, and Reese Griffith and together they continued the effort. There was plenty to be done - and Dave stayed the whole winter. He contracted pneumonia again, but this time he knew what it was and took care of himself properly. He also did not have the pressure of getting the tramway up and running by a given deadline. It was already in place.

This time his major task was to set up a suitable camp for the tourists to stay. Those who crossed on the tramway and visited the North Rim were generally wealthy and expected a great deal more of the creature comforts than Dave and his Rust Camp had been able to offer. So he and his other workers dug more ditches, tended and enlarged their garden to raise vegetables and alfalfa, planted more trees from cuttings, set up tents, and generally tended the tram for the few adventurous souls who made it into the Canyon.

The winter of 1908-1909 did not produce much income for the Company and consequently very little money for Dave. But Dave's family continued to grow and son Milton was born while Dave was busy in the Grand Canyon. Without any significant number of tourists, all Dave's helpers left in early Spring to find paying work. Dave did have some groups lined up for the summer, but until then it was pretty lonely. The following two diary entries reflect the mood and the situation that lonely winter.²²

February 3, 1909. Over 20 days since I "rode up." No parties yet. Fleming has been coming for some time but has not arrived. I went to Williams for connections to gas engine the 12th. Also to arrange to get merchandise a month ahead of payment at Babbitt Poulson Co. Succeeded pretty well in both. Met Mr. and Mrs. Brant. They will do what they can for our business. Mrs. B. is figuring on coming down in the near future. While I was gone, the boys finished the smoothing of trail to River so the job was really completed January 15. On that day, we caught 38 humpbacks and one 10 lb. salmon - the 28th we caught 27 more humpbacks. Scott left us on the 24th. I went to River with him and we had dinner at El Tovar the 25th. We then had been 10 days installing and trying to get to work our little giant. I went on River for an engineer. He promised to come down the 29th. He did not come or write so I said to Rees, "We'll fix the engine ourselves." For 5 days we have been experimenting first with one part and then another. Today we fixed the pump, the last thing it seemed to us to get out of fix. But we have mastered it. 66 trees were brought from Gardens Sunday by Israel. They are set out, a new canal made, some garden seeds put in, some oats planted, high water trail raised, winch fitted to engine so we can make round trip in 6 minutes, all tents put up and cots fixed up for tourists, old cable coiled and put away in cave, about 10 pack loads of stuff brought from Gardens, and today we are making a wall around outside of camp plot. We are not Chinese but we make a good deal of wall. Now we are sure ready, and I am going to get

²¹ According to a letter written to Dave by Doc Marston, Nate Galloway appears to have been the king of the river. He went through Cataract in 1898 but not the Grand. (Dave was with Nate one month in 1899 but there is no evidence they went on the River together at that time.) Bill Richmond met up with Galloway somehow while going down the river and they joined forces. Galloway may have taken his first extended river trip along in 1985 and boated from Green River, Wyoming to Lee's Ferry.

²² The diary for 1908-09 was quite sparse when compared with the diary for 1906-07. No doubt the fact that the trail and tram were now basically finished and the main task was to drum up tourists took away the enthusiasm to record daily events.

someone to come down tomorrow. I go to rim for to "wrangle dudes" and I hope by next Sunday to have something different to say. The weather has been too cold for camp out parties until now. It is coming Spring.

February 22. Our first dollar. Today we took our new boat, which we brought over from Gardens three days ago, and went to foot of Cameron trail. Israel went to Gardens to work. I crossed man and his wife for \$1.00. I feel something like Lincoln felt over his first \$1.00. And he earned that by crossing someone. We are puttering around on the farm. Radishes, peas, lettuce, oats up nicely. Alfalfa put in yesterday.

During this time Dee Woolley was also trying his best to stimulate business for the Company and its side of the Canyon. As a promotional stunt, therefore, it was decided to have a car drive to the North Rim. Gordon Woolley, Dee's nephew, agreed to undertake the venture of driving from Salt Lake City to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. It must be remembered that there were no service stations South of Provo. Everything beyond that had to be acquired from private sources. And of course there were few private sources. So with gas cans placed at strategic places along the route, and with lots of helpers to move the car through tough spots, the first car trip to the North Rim was undertaken in the summer of 1909. The venture apparently was fun and resulted in a fair amount of publicity, at least locally, but it was sometime later before a road was made suitable for automobile traffic.

Another venture which may have been undertaken for the publicity it would give to the tramway and the North Rim trail took place around 1909. Jim Owen, the famous mountain lion hunter, and Buffalo Jones captured a lion on the North Rim. Dave then took the animal on the back of a mule down the North Rim trail, across the tram, and up the South Rim trail. This dangerous feat required the group to travel mainly at night and for Dave to walk along side of the beast and drop water into its mouth to keep it alive. Once it arrived at the South Rim it was displayed at the El Tovar Hotel for awhile. It was then transported to Las Vegas (probably by train) where it was exhibited until it got loose and ran through the streets scaring the populace.²³

Dave was able to chronicle a number of tourists who found their way to Dave's tram, his camp, and the North Rim.²⁴ Although the traffic was sparse and never made any money for the Company or for Dave, nevertheless the operation continued for several years. A letter dated February 19, 1910 from one of Dave's friends, A.C. Hoyt, who was with the forest service based in Ogden, Utah, references one of Dave's earlier letters wherein Dave had stated that he was "beginning to see the light ahead with respect to the trail business." This unfounded optimism kept Dave at his post in the Grand Canyon each summer thereafter until 1915. Although not enough business was realized to make the effort a commercial success, there was nonetheless some continued activity over Dave's tram and up his trail. Even as late as 1914 the Kolb brothers, running a photography studio on the South Rim, reported: "Sightseers and hunters are taken across on this tram-way to Rust's Camp, on Bright Angel Creek, and there outfitted for a trip into the Kaibab forest, on the north rim, where mountain lion abound."²⁵

The Grand Canyon Trail project ended in financial loss, but that fact was not really understood at the time. So until 1915 Dave was employed summer after summer as the manager of the Company.

²³ The sources for this information include David Jordan Rust Oral History Project, Charles Redd Center for Western Studies, BYU, page 6, "Experiences in the Grand Canyon" by Ellsworth and Emery Kolb, The National Geographic Magazine, August 1914, page 137, and the Autobiography of Ruth Woolley Rust.

²⁴ The one big "tourist" who got away was Teddy Roosevelt. An arrangement had been made for Dave's group to meet Teddy and his party and take them on a mountain lion hunt. The date of meeting was garbled and another outfit ended up taking Teddy on the hunt. But Dave did have the satisfaction of knowing that Teddy crossed on his tram and took his trail up to the North Rim.

²⁵ National Geographic Magazine, August 1914, page 136.

Thereafter it does not appear that Dave took an active role in keeping up the trail or tramway or collecting tolls. But either he or someone else from the Company kept up the use permit until 1919. Then on March 31, 1919 The Grand Canyon Transportation Company was given official notice from the U.S. Department of Agriculture Forest Service that their special use permit was closed because the Grand Canyon National Park had taken over jurisdiction over the area.²⁶ With that letter, Dave was informed that the special use payment for that year was being returned. Virtually everything the Grand Canyon Transportation Company had put into the trails and the tram was taken over by the U.S. Government without reimbursement to the Company. This action effectively put the Company out of business and took away any claims to a toll on the trails or tramway.

Dave, The Outfitter and Guide

Once Dave's first full year in the Grand Canyon had ended, he was introduced to an occupation which, though generally limited to the summer months when he was not occupied with school duties, made him one of the most knowledgeable guides in the Southwest, principally Southeastern Utah. Although Dave was a relative newcomer to the Grand Canyon area, he was very much at home on a saddle in the middle of Utah's trackless wilderness. Therefore, once he found the right combination of teaching school in the Winter and being paid to explore the land he loved in the Summer, he was in heaven. His guiding work only really ended when he quit working altogether.

As with many situations, Dave's introduction to guiding was quite by accident. As noted in his journal entry quoted above, on March 29, 1907 Dave had taken another one of his trips to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon as part of his work with the Rim to Rim trail. It is possible that this particular trip to the South Rim was part of Dave's efforts to drum up business for his Trail. By this time the Trail itself was ready and he had already done most of the work on the tram across the River. He supposed it would be in full operation within a few days. While at the South Rim, Dave met Dr. Zane Grey and Charles Jesse (Buffalo) Jones. The latter had convinced Grey through meetings the year before to come to the Grand Canyon to write about and perhaps invest in the "Cattalo" project (a joint venture between Jones and Dee Woolley). Although this first meeting between Dave and Zane Grey did not immediately produce a rush of tourists to cross the Colorado on Dave's tram, it did initiate a relationship which ultimately led to Dave's future notability - namely serving as a guide to the Southwest.

From the records we have, Zane Grey was one of the first to hire Dave to show him around the area. It is in 1908, just one year after that first meeting, that Zane Grey wrote to arrange a trip with Dave as his guide. Grey was invited to go with Dave that Spring on a hunting trip which Dave and Nate Galloway had planned for the mountains around Panguitch. Grey declined to join the party, saying he was against trapping.²⁷ However, soon thereafter Dave did show Zane Grey the area as Grey's guide.

Obviously Zane Grey liked what he saw in Dave because thereafter Dave became Grey's favorite guide (although Grey was one to nickel and dime Dave a great deal over guiding charges). The first Western novel written by Grey, "The Heritage of the Desert," published in 1910, was heavily influenced by that trip. Grey himself in a December 1910 letter to Dave declared that Dave Naab, one of the characters in the book, was modeled after Dave Rust.²⁸

²⁶ See D.D. Rust special collection, LDS Church Historian's Office.

²⁷ Dave and Nate went ahead with the trip, which took them a whole month. It is presumed that Nate and Dave expected their trophies to bring them some money since Dave could not have otherwise afforded that time off from his family or from his tram and trail work.

²⁸ There is some indication that the negative aspects of polygamy which appear in the Zane Grey westerns may have come from things Dave related to Zane Grey. Certainly Dave's life had been touched by polygamy in many respects. Both his grandfather and his father had taken several wives. Dave's brother had two wives, one of whom was the sister of Dave's father's second wife. Dee Woolley had two wives and Dee's counsellor in the stake presidency took as his sixth wife Ruth's sister Mary.

By 1911 Grey was ready to write a new novel. In January of that year he wrote Dave about a new trip which Grey wanted "to last from two to three months."²⁹ The result of that trip was Grey's next Western "The Riders of the Purple Sage," published in 1912. The book became a best seller and made Grey's career a success, although many consider his first Western to be a better work.

By 1912 Dave was close to giving up on increasing traffic from the South Rim to the North Rim. In its place, Dave started to spend more of his time in this newfound occupation of guiding rich and famous tourists and explorers throughout the region. This had several distinct advantages. First, he was not tied to just one place to wait for people to come but could freely visit any place his clients were willing to pay him to visit. Second, he did not have to promote any one area of the West over another. People came to him because he was a good guide, and not because he stood watch over a metal cage at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. Third, he did not need a high volume of visitors to sustain him financially. A toll road will work if there are many using it. There is a limit as to how much can be charged per person. However, if someone wants a guide for a month, they have to pay that guide for a month's worth of work, whether there are ten people or one person in the group being guided.

Once Dave got a taste for guiding important and wealthy people around the Southwest, it never left him. Some of these people, such as George Fraser, Dodge Freeman, Charles Berolzheimer, and Donald Scott, became good friends for life. Dave did keep a few records of his many trips. Between those sketchy diaries and the autobiography of Ruth, we have a little more information about some of the trips that Dave took.

In the summer of 1914 Dave met George C. Fraser, a New York attorney with a broad background in geology and geography. Mr. Fraser was looking for someone to take him and his son on a tour of the Grand Canyon area. Mr. Fraser, a prolific correspondent, wrote numerous letters to various sources in Utah seeking information about the area, and particularly whether there were any good guides. In response, Mr. Alter of the weather bureau in Salt Lake City sent a letter dated May 4, 1914, wherein he gave the following recommendation:

But, if you want a guide to come, I happen to know that there is only one, and he is D. D. Rust from Kanab, Utah. He was with us several days, as company, as well as guide at the Canyon Rim, and I am sending on the letter to him for reply to you direct, including a copy of this one. I am under no obligation to Mr. Rust, whatever, in recommending him to you, for we paid him for his services. He was a cowboy for a long time and knows Arizona north of the Gash - says he has walked over most of it. He has piloted a great many of the cougar hunting parties, and it was him and his men, who were engaged by President Roosevelt last summer. He owns a cable crossing at the Mouth of Bright Angel, runs a newspaper, is county superintendent of public instruction, and I think stills rustles cattle some, but he never misses a chance to get down to the "Breaks" again.³⁰

Apparently Fraser first went to Hurricane and met Will Rust, Dave's brother, then living there. Dave then brought the Fraser group on to Kanab and from there they took a month to tour the area. Ten year old Jordan went along as a wrangler. Dave did the guiding but George Fraser did the lecturing on the geological aspects of what they were seeing. Mr. Fraser had prepared himself well for the trip with every map conceivable and with knowledge of the strata as well. Dave listened carefully and added that information to what he already knew.

George Fraser repeated his visits to the area, each time bringing other members of his family. Jordan accompanied the trips as the wrangler. As a direct result, when the time came that Jordan decided to leave Brigham Young University (after two years) and attend Stanford University, it was

²⁹ See D.D. Rust special collection, LDS Church Historian's Office.

³⁰ See D.D. Rust special collection, LDS Church Historian's Office.

George Fraser who came up with \$3,000 that made the difference and made that educational experience possible. (It should not be overlooked that Dave did his part as well - he gave Jordan \$25 and wished him "Good luck."³¹)

Dave met Donald Scott from Harvard University while Scott was looking for a guide to Navajo Country and ran into Will Rust in Hurricane. The referral was made and in the Spring of 1919 Dave took Mr. Scott on a three week trip in Arizona. Dave came back from that trip just in time to see the birth of his daughter Blanche on April 22nd. Dave paid for the delivery of his baby with some Navajo rugs he brought home from the trip.

Perhaps the Scott trip got him thinking. Maybe it was the action of the U.S. Government earlier that year in canceling the Grand Canyon Transportation Company's use permit that triggered something in Dave's mind. Or perhaps it was the transformation of the Grand Canyon into a National Park. In any case, in the Fall of 1919 Dave applied to be Superintendent of the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. On November 24, 1919, Senator William King of Utah wrote Dave, noting that Dave's request could not be accepted. "The department advised me, however, that it was not the intention of the Government to appoint superintendents for various parts of the Park. Under the present plan, one Superintendent for the whole of the Park will be named."³² King's letter did note that Dave could make his application for superintendent of the entire park if he wanted.

On December 16, 1919, Dave applied for the position of Superintendent of the Grand Canyon. The response from the government could be considered an insult, particularly to Dave. Not only was there no hint that the governmental officer handling the matter had any idea who Dave was, but also the response was in the form a notation on Dave's own letter returned to him. His application was not being kept on file in Washington and the government did not even bother to use its own paper to respond.³³ Dave was told in the response that there were no form requirements but Dave did need to send back a complete résumé. We can almost hear Dave say that if the government had not heard of his reputation and did not appreciate his full worth and qualifications, then the dumb idiots (he would have used a stronger word) in Washington would be too stupid to understand his credentials even if placed under their noses. There is no indication in Dave's correspondence that he ever followed up on sending the requested material. One thing is certain - Dave never got the job.

1919 was also the time when Dave guided Charles Berolzheimer and his friend Arnold Kohler through the same area. They came from wealthy New York families and this was their high school graduation present. They spent a month with Dave and Jordan and returned the following summer to boat down through Glen Canyon in canvas boats.

Obviously Charles and Arnold enjoyed their experiences in the West. After Charles graduated from Harvard in 1923, he was given his choice of going to any place in the world. He and Arnold chose to return to Kanab.³⁴ Two years later he returned to live with the Rust family for the summer. This time instead of being a guest, he became a wrangler along with Jordan for two trips Dave had that summer. At the end of that experience, being treated like any other member of the family, Charles decided that he wanted to go into business with Jordan. That invitation came not too many years later and provided Jordan his life's work.

³¹ David Jordan Rust Oral History Project, Charles Redd Center for Western Studies, BYU, page 18.

³² See D.D. Rust special collection, LDS Church Historian's Office.

³³ Perhaps this is where Dave picked up the habit of writing letters on previously used paper such as on the back of bank deposit forms.

³⁴ See the letter dated June 26, 1923, from Mr. Koehler of the Asbestos Textile Company in New York, noting that his son Arnold and Arnold's friend, Charles Berolzheimer were on their way to take another tour with Dave. The letter also noted that this was to be the graduation present for Charles and Arnold, it being the third time that Arnold had gone out West under Dave's direction.

One of Dave's favorites was Dodge Freeman of the Peabody Coal Company in Chicago. Dodge so enjoyed the West and tramping around it in the company of Dave that he and his wife spent their honeymoon in the rugged West for a month with Dave as their guide and companion. Some 13 years later Dodge Freeman wrote Dave that he and his wife fondly looked back at that honeymoon as being a highlight of their marriage. Even as late as 1937 when Dave was 63 they took a month long rugged trip together.

When getting ready for a horseback trip, Dave would first get together his string of mules and horses, wherever they might be, then make plans to meet his party. Much work was needed to get the pack saddles, canvas bags (one on each side of the mules), sleeping bags, a tent for the lady guests, and even a folding camp table. The food for such a trip consisted of flour, salt, baking powder, bacon, can milk, and coffee. Two, three, or four mules were used, depending on the number in the party.

On a trip with a Mrs. Richie from Boston, Dave's daughter Emma and her friend Wilma Mace went along to help with the mules, do camp cleanup, and other necessities. Dave "outfitted" at Kanab and then headed North to meet Mrs. Richie at Bryce Canyon. They rode thirty or forty miles the first day. They made camp so late at night and the girls were so tired that it was not until the next morning Emma discovered she had been sleeping on a bed of rocks!

While on their way to Bryce Canyon, they met two men who stopped to say hello. Then one of the men came riding back to ask if they had seen Dave Rust. Dave's brother-in-law Thel Bowman had been riding all over the mountain in a car looking for them. Dave's daughter Laura had a ruptured appendix. Because the nearest hospital was in Cedar City, she was being watched over by Nina Bowman, a registered nurse. There was not a lot Dave could do except wait and pray. Dave and the party did go as fast as they could to the nearest phone which was at Ruby's Inn near Bryce Canyon. Ruth was waiting at the only phone in Kanab. The group stayed at Ruby's Inn until they knew Laura was better and would recover.

After some sight-seeing in and around Bryce Canyon, the group rode across the desert in the direction of Table Mountain. The trip was to last two weeks. Everyone except Mrs. Richie camped out under the stars. The bread was mixed in the top of the flour sack and then baked in a Dutch oven. Each morning Emma and Wilma were in charge of rolling up all the sleeping bags, taking down the tent, and cleaning up after breakfast.

In addition to packing the mules (which is an art in itself to make the load balanced), the girls had the assignment of keeping the mules going along at the speed set by Dave. One of the mules, known as Little Jerry, had a bad habit of going between trees where the space was too narrow, thus pulling off his pack. One morning Emma was sent to find the animals. Because the bell horse was lying down and the others were not around, Emma could not find them. Dave had to go out and track them down himself, but he was kind to his greenhorn daughter. All the while Mrs. Richie was still in her tent.

Dave led the way on his white horse, Big Red, which made him easily seen. It took the group several days to reach the Table Mountain. They went to the top of the mountain and made their camp on the very edge of the plateau. Mrs. Richie sat up all night in her sleeping bag so she would not miss the sunrise. Emma and Wilma even crawled out of their warm beds to see the beautiful sight. Dave of course loved every rock, cliff, tree, and stream they encountered and knew the names of each one.

Although it does not appear that Dave took any major trips with Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, the knowledgeable historian of the Colorado River, they did spend some time together, followed up with an active correspondence during the 1920's. Dellenbaugh had joined Major Powell's second trip down the Grand Canyon (1871) and was that expedition's chief map maker. Dellenbaugh used much of his letters to Dave to give detailed analysis of the origin of the names of various rivers and formations. His correspondence with Dave explains why he named different locations as he or

others on the Powell expedition did. Dellenbaugh also spent much correspondence informing Dave why he knew he was correct in his location of Escalante's crossing near the Paria. He was very much concerned about getting the ancient history of the West correct.

Later in life Dave became acquainted with Otis (Doc) Marston, who at the time was considered the premier Colorado River historian and river rat. He claimed to have run the River more times than anyone else and the first man to run the River in a motor boat. Marston learned of Dave's adventures on the Colorado and the two picked up a correspondence relationship which continued to Dave's death. Although it does not appear that Dave and Doc ever made it on a trip together, Jordan did go down the Colorado River with Doc in a motor boat, the second time Dock undertook that adventure.³⁵ Doc always called Dave his "fellow canyoniere" and considered Dave one of the most knowledgeable men regarding the Southwest Doc knew.

Once he had guided them, many of these enthusiasts became correspondent friends forever. George Fraser was prolific and provided Dave with all kinds of details of his life. Dave also received many letters from other members of the Fraser family. Dave also received numerous letters from Dodge Freeman, even as late as 1959. Although many of these correspondents had few things in common with each other, they had two things which bound them to Dave - they had visited the areas in the West where Dave had actively guided and they all loved every aspect of what they had seen there. Most of those who wrote Dave continued to do so until their deaths or his.

Dave the Educator

As has been noted, Dave started his professional life at the tender age of 19 as a teacher. He remained a teacher the rest of his professional career, even though he interrupted that career from time to time to take on other ventures. But he always returned to the schoolroom as a fundamental part of his life.

To be a teacher in a small community around the turn of the century meant doing more than teaching class. The teacher was expected to be the central organizing figure for cultural and intellectual activities. In this role, Dave did very well. He loved to put on and be in plays. He organized basketball and other sporting teams. He played at dances. His wit encouraged good solid debate on the issues of the day.

One of the sad but memorable experiences of Dave's life as a teacher occurred in Orderville. To understand the incident, one must first understand a little about Orderville itself. This small southern Utah community had for a short while practiced what was called the united order, where everything was held in common. The system broke down after awhile, and the equality was made into inequality, with some families having more prestige and status in town than others. Position in the Church and roots in the community dictated much of the social status.

In was in the Spring of 1908 that young Mary Stevens, one of Dave's eighth grade students (and thus all of about 15 years old), learned that she was pregnant. This would be shocking enough to any small Utah community, but the problem was exasperated by the relationship of the parents of this yet unborn child. She was from a lowly family while her lover was Alvin Heaton of the important Heaton family. A marriage between the two would be unthinkable under normal circumstances. How would young Alvin deal with this crisis? Mary knew what she wanted - she expected Alvin to be man enough to marry her and thus bring some legitimacy to their immoral conduct.

As Dave and Ruth left Orderville on a warm April morning to visit the town of Panguitch where Dave would take his civil service test, they waved goodbye to Mary as she sat on a rock near the edge of town. She was reading a book, indicative of Dave's good training and her own desire to excel. She had been one of Dave's top students and he was pleased to see her engaged in study. He knew he

³⁵ David Jordan Rust Oral History Project, Charles Redd Center for Western Studies, BYU. Page 22.

would not see her too many times thereafter because school had come to an end and Dave would not be returning to teach in Orderville the following year. But as it turned out, Dave never saw her again.

As young Mary sat on the rock, she was waiting for Alvin to tell her that he had obtained permission from his parents to marry her. Although she was in a difficult position, she probably felt that the few if any in the community knew she was pregnant. If they married quickly, her shame could be turned into joy. She never saw him coming. He shot her as she was quietly reading her book, sitting on the rock.

Alvin felt he had no real choice. Because of the gulf in their social setting, he could not marry her. How could a Heaton marry a common Stevens? He was not willing to ask her to leave town because he would still have responsibility for her. Besides, people would ask questions and find out anyway. If she stayed in town, it would not be long before the whole town would know. Putting his pride above any compassion for his own voluntary act which caused the difficulty in the first place, he completed his cowardly course by killing the object of his passion. Through later confession, Alvin was found out. He paid an earthly price for his misdeeds, but will undoubtedly face even a greater penalty in the hereafter.

The incident made a deep impression on Dave and Ruth.³⁶ Dave never really commented on the matter while Ruth noted it in her autobiography. But any caring person, whether teacher or friend, who has lost someone to death who was close to them will always be touched by that incident. Sometimes the loss is hidden deep in the heart with the resolve not to get too close to any others, lest any future loss be too great to bear. Perhaps that is why thereafter Dave seemed a little distant or perhaps even abrasive.

It seemed for the first few years of Dave's teaching career that a year of teaching school would be followed by a year of interruption. Finally, however, in 1910 Dave was appointed superintendent of schools for Kane County. There is some indication that Dave was the first such superintendent. This marked the beginning of a new era for Dave. The assignment gave him added prestige and more flexibility to use his summers to guide and to manage the Company. He stayed in this position for 18 years, at which time political considerations caused the board of education to appoint a new superintendent. This change, probably coupled with his political differences of opinion in the community (as evident from his running for state senator that year on the Democratic ticket in a strongly Republican area), prompted him to move to Provo and leave formal teaching behind forever.

A Newspaper in Kanab

A short part of Dave's life was devoted to the newspaper business. In 1912 Dave took over the job of being editor of the Kane County News, a weekly paper emanating from Kanab. This venture lasted only until the Spring of 1914 and at best was part time work for Dave. Aside from whatever it did for Dave financially or personally, his son Jordan claims to have learned his ABC's from sorting type for the newspaper.³⁷

The newspaper carried the typical small town articles. Dave's contributions included writings about the Grand Canyon and surrounding areas. He also editorialized against the new "hug" dances. The subscription cost was \$1.50 per year.

³⁶ Apparently Dave wrote to his superintendent of schools located in Glendale, asking that Mary's certificate of graduation with her grades be sent to her parents directly. In response Dave received a letter dated April 29, 1908 from the superintendent agreeing to do that and giving the grades of all of Dave's eighth grade students. Mary had the highest grades of anyone in the class in all the subjects.

³⁷ "David Jordan Rust Oral History Project," Charles Redd Center for Western Studies, BYU, page 4. Jordan would have been exposed to the newspaper office from age 8 and to age 10.

We do have a poem which Dave wrote for the newspaper which probably sums up a lot of Dave's philosophy:

*When
You get skinned
On some
Little game or other,
Don't contract
The "hippos"
Or a "sorehead," -
Simply forget it.*

*If you didn't
Get elected
As you deserved,
Just consider
The hundreds of others
Good and true,
Like you, who
Couldn't rustle the votes.*

*Be a sport -
You mustn't mind
Little things like that.
Maybe the cards
Will run better
Next time - so
Remember Jonah,
He came out all right.*

November 14, 1913

Dave in Politics

As Dave grew in prominence in Kanab, he decided it was time to utilize his skills at the State level. It also did not hurt that his father-in-law was and had been the stake president for many years. So in 1916 Dave ran for and was elected to the State Legislature as a Representative. This meant that in 1917 he attended one session in Salt Lake City. During his tenure he voted for the construction of a monument to the Mormon Battalion. This had significance to Dave because his now almost forgotten grandfather William Walker Rust had been a member of that famed body.

Once having tasted political life, Dave was ready for more. His next public office was that of Mayor of Kanab.³⁸ For some strange reason we do not hear very much about the one term Dave served as Mayor of Kanab. We suspect that the position did not require a great deal of effort. We do know this was a post once held by his sister-in-law, Mary Woolley Chamberlain, who as the first woman mayor of any town in Utah had been elected more as a joke but who managed to perform that task in a serious manner.³⁹

³⁸ This fact is verified by two news articles printed around October 1928, discussing his candidacy for state senator. Both appear to be authored by Dave since they are identical to each other and give a full list of his accomplishments. Moreover, starting the 25th of July, 1921, George Fraser addressed his letters to Dave Rust as Honorable D. D. Rust. From that we may assume that the Mayoral appointment came sometime in 1921.

³⁹ See [Mary Woolley Chamberlain, Handmaiden of the Lord](#) at page 213. See also the letter from Ruth's sister dated June 26, 1912 to her brother Arthur Woolley, explaining how she and the other ladies were elected to be the mayor and council of Kanab. A copy of that was sent to Dave Rust in care of the Kane County News, and according to Mary, he did a "big write up" in the paper, "full of confidence in their ability". *Id.* See also D.D. Rust special collection, LDS Church Historian's Office.

By 1928 Dave was ready for the Senate. However, the politics for this race were a little different. This new contest required him to be approved by the voters in Sevier, Wayne, Piute, Garfield, and Kane counties. He had spent his youth in Sevier and Wayne counties and his adult life in Kane county, so he was well known in much of the area. But the country and the State were definitely Republic at this point in time. Some of his Democratic ideas would not have been as popular with the Republicans in his area.

Possibly just as important to Dave politically was the fact that Dee Woolley died in 1920 and Dee's widow Emma died two years later. This loss of influence in the community might well have led to Dave's failure to be reappointed to a fourth term as superintendent of schools for Kane County. In fact, it appears that his losing his position as superintendent of schools just prior to the election could well have caused him to lose all heart to continue on with his campaign. He even moved his family to Provo in the Fall of 1928 as if he anticipated a defeat in his run for State senator. Thus 1928 is probably the highwater mark of Dave's political and personal achievements.

River Running

Having had occasion to boat across the Colorado and up and down the same as part of the work on building the tramway, it was only natural that as part of his guiding effort, Dave would turn to the River. The typical trip on the River consisted of putting in at Hite Crossing and getting out at Lee's Ferry. This required traveling overland by car to Hanksville and from there by mule team and wagon down the East side of the Henry Mountains through Capitol Wash to Hite.

Once at the River's edge, the boats would be assembled. They were canvas foldboats, with steel ribbing and with wooden seats. This stretched the boats into their proper shapes and created solid and durable supports for equipment and bodies. Each boat permitted three passengers and the typical trip consisted of two boats. Dave would pilot the first boat and the second boat would be towed behind.

The guests would have come to Hite Crossing from the South, passing by Navajo Mountain. Probably they had come by train to Flagstaff and then probably by wagon North to Hite. These early tourists usually came loaded with cameras.

All of the cooking was done by Dave. His children would mainly assist with the equipment and set up the tents nightly and take them down each morning. A typical trip took a week. Considering the kinds of boats involved and the heavy loads of food and equipment together with expensive photographic supplies (lightweight camping equipment had yet to be invented), it is no wonder that Dave and his guests chose to portage around many of the rapids. They were there for the beauty of the Canyon, not the thrill of running rapids, particularly at the risk of losing one or both boats with their contents.

River historians have noted that the rapids on the River when Dave was guiding were not as great as they are today. That is due in no small part to the man-made dams since built which prevent high waters from washing out the large amounts of debris which regularly come down tributaries and block parts of the River. Before those dams, flash floods would clean out such blockages and make the River run smooth again. These same floods would deposit sand and silt bars on the sides of the River. Today those dams collect the silt whereas the waters escaping from the dams erode rather than replenish the existing sandbars. In any case, the stretch of River Dave plied with his boats is virtually now all under the waters of Lake Powell.

At the end of the journey, someone (often one of Dave's boys) would drive from Kanab to Lee's Ferry by the Vermilion Cliffs and pick up the whole group. The tourists could then either journey on to Kanab or return to Flagstaff to catch the train there.

The following are the diary notes of Dave from a trip he took in 1925.⁴⁰

Oastler Voyage, July 1, 1925

Emma, Jord, and I left to Kanab June 22 - Drove to Richfield in old Ford - next day to Manti

24th. Back to Richfield - business with banker - supplies for trip and to Loa by midnight. Supplies at Loa, Kolob and on to Tory.

25th. Arranged with mail to carry 250 lbs. excess to Caineville - we go to Hanksville.

26th. Jordan starts back to Kanab at 5:00 a.m.

27th. Arrive via Grass Valley (nearest route) of about 225 miles. Emma and I arrange to go to Granite.

27th. Jordan returns to Caineville early and we wait for mail cart to bring supplies. At about 2:00 p.m. we start with Dave Adams and mules and old, light wagon. Tire rims off half mile out - put it on and keep wedged all the way to River. Rim to Granite Ranch by 8:00 p.m.

28th. Start at 7 and reach first water on Crescent Creek before noon. On to Good Spring ten miles from River for night.

29th. A hard half day to the River. Adam starts back after lunch and we set out boats. We notice the heat.

30th. Paint the boats - have good swim and test air tight things as life preservers.

July 1st. Run down to Hite and meet Dr. Oastler and wife with Zike Johnson at noon. Cross River and spend evening at Hite.

July 2nd. Run to Ticaboo with a lunch at Red Canyon. Bothered by sunburn received inadvertently the 30th of June.

3rd To island near California bar just above Smith's Canyon. Devil of a wind at sundown.

4th. To Island below Jebocle's [??] Bar at Hall's Crossing.

5th. To North Escalante River. Visit Hole-in-Rock and land at San Juan and lunch (the 6th of course) at Music Temple, and 6th camp at Oak Creek for night. Climbed the hill and saw Crag Bridge.

7th Visit the Rainbow Arch in a hike between 1:00 and 8:00 - camp at Aztec Creek.

8th. To Barrow West (South) side of River between Mesquite Bar and Vado.

9th. Explore trail north of Vado - rest and bath and do up laundry. Cool. Held up by wind in p.m. Then to Warm Creek.

10th. About 6 miles down a small canyon comes in left. Great place for swimming. Missed noticing Navajo Creek - lunch at very pleasant bar about 7 miles above Lee's Ferry. On to Lee's Ferry and the end.

⁴⁰ See D.D. Rust special collection, LDS Church Historian's Office.

11th. To Demotte. Did Jacob [Lake] with Phyllis alright a.m. Dodge visit Fawn Ranch at Bee where 57 fawns are being fed.

12th. To Point Sublime and return to DeMotte.

The foregoing is typical of the cryptic style of Dave's journals he kept (such as he did keep) when on his guided trips. To breathe a little more life into what happened during that boat trip, we call up a recently written account of the same journey provided by Dave's eldest daughter Emma:

After finishing the 1924-25 year at BYU, I went with Dad to see Grandma [Eliza] Rust in Manti before going to Kanab to get Jordan and Charles to drive us to Hanksville. Dad like keeping his affairs to himself so he didn't tell his Mother he was going down the river until after we got home. Afterward she learned about it from the newspaper clipping that Dad sent to her. It told about our trip and that Mrs. Oastler and I were the first women to go down Glen Canyon. She said of him: "That's Dave for you. He wants to know every step I take but to find out what he is up to is like pulling a mule out of the Dirty Devil quicksand."

Jordan and Charles took us in the Willys Knight to Hanksville so they could drive the car back to Kanab and meet us after the trip at Lee's Ferry. We were to meet Dr. and Mrs. Frank Oastler at Hite, the tiny cliff hamlet located at the mouth of the Dirty Devil River. This is where we put in at the Colorado River. We stayed with friends in Hanksville and hired a man with a mule team and wagon to take us to Hite. It was a rough ride and because there was no road we followed the wash. I asked for a horse to ride because the ride was so bouncy. The man forgot to bring wagon wheel grease so we had to cut the rind off our slab of bacon to grease the wheels.

The boats were canvas with steel ribbing and were folded up so we could load them on the running boards of the car. We took much the same supplies as on horse back trips but added canned peaches and water containers. We drank river water which had to have the silt settle before putting it in the keg. We drank a lot of coffee because the water was not that good. The boats had to be waterproofed so as Dad worked on them, he got a bad sunburn so I spread canned milk on his back. We had no sunburn lotion.

I never did learn to swim so Dad put a life jacket on me and tied a rope around my waist and put me in the river to see if I could stay afloat in the swift water. Was I glad that I was never dumped out. Dad couldn't swim either. What a pair we were. Kanab had no swimming pool.

The river was very smooth most of the time until we came to the rough water, where we had to either run the rapids or portage around them. That was done by carrying the boats and all of the supplies down past the rapids on shore. The trip took about five or six days. We camped on the sand bars or beaches. Mrs. Oastler slept in her tent. I just made a bed in the sand and put my sleeping bag down and made do. I was always tired enough to sleep anyway. All of the glens were so inviting along the way and we usually found springs of clear water.

We pulled the boats up a small canyon where we left them and walked six miles to the Rainbow Arch. What a thrill to stand under it. We signed the log book, had our lunch and rested before going back to the river. The walk down was much easier. One place we stopped was at a glen that I will never forget, Music Temple. Inside the cave, the walls reached up to the sky and at the top was an opening. I sang "The Indian Love Call" for Dad. What a wonderful sound. Dad loved to sing too. He was very musical. He even played the violin.

The 166 mile trip ended at Lee's Ferry where Jordan and Charles met us with a freezer of ice cream from Kanab. What a treat that was. It was a privilege for me to be with my Father and such wonderful people. Mrs. Oastler and I became very good friends aside from being famous for being the first women to run the Colorado River. Dr. Oastler took all of the pictures and he named the round mounds of bread "dough gods," which name stuck to the bread Dad made on all of the trips thereafter. He sat alone in the boat that I towed in order to keep his camera dry.

The Harvard Explorations

Because of his renown as a guide, Dave was selected to guide a five year project for the Peabody Museum at Harvard University. This started in 1927 and ended in 1931. During this five year period Dave guided over all of Southern Utah, some of Eastern Utah, some of Arizona, and some of Colorado. Apparently the recommendation came because of previous guided trips he had made - one with Bill Claflin and Ray Emerson, the nephew of Ralph Waldo Emerson ("but just call us Bill and Ray"), and several with Dr. Donald Scott,⁴¹ all from Boston and with ties to Harvard. From the most recent of these trips (apparently taking place in 1927), Indian artifacts, photographs, and notes were sent to the Peabody Museum. The result was the commissioning of a five year study program.

Dave was sufficiently proud of his work for the Peabody Museum that he wrote a short account of the first four of those five years:

The first serious expedition [apparently 1928] was sent out under the direction of Noel Morss. He brought one assistant.⁴² We packed into Boulder and settled down for a week to do some digging in a sand knoll near the village school house. There we took out three burials and an assortment of artifact simply to sample the "culture" of the people who had used the ground for a cemetery. That site was located in the Escalante river basin. We moved from there over the divide for a week in the caves on Temple Creek, belonging to the Fremont (Dirty Devil) river basin. Again we did some digging and made collections of archaeological evidence. The accumulation was later worked up into a bulletin and published by the museum.

The next year, Henry Roberts was sent into the field with Alfred Kidder (son of Dr. A.V. Kidder, noted archaeologist of the Southwest) as his assistant. The area mapped for reconnaissance was an extensive triangle enclosed by the Fremont river, the Colorado-Green-San Rafael rivers, with the Water-pocket Fold and San Rafael Swell for the western boundary. We packed the mules at Torrey and climbed the Thousand Lake plateau to get a comprehensive view of the vast "underworld" to be traversed. We dropped down into the desert and followed the Muddy to the Hondoo, thence across to the Blue Gate on the Dirty Devil river which we followed more or less to Hanksville. With the guidance help of a local cowboy, we trailed through Sunset Pass into the Robbers Roost bordering Cataract Canyon of the Colorado. Thence north to Spanish Bottoms and to Barrier Canyon and finally back via the Henry Mountains to Torrey. On this swing, we mapped hundreds of prehistoric sites.

The 1930 expedition met me at Moab. Down the river canyon, over on Indian Creek, through the "roughest route" to Beef Basin and Ruin Park, back through the Land of Standing Rocks and "sunken valleys" to Moab, recording the location and type of hundreds of sites and taking pictures of many pictograph galleries - that is the brief statement of a ten day horse-back journey. Chief Roberts was again the field manager, Donald Scott accompanied us with his son Don. The culture of the Ruin Park region did not "hook on" to the culture west of the Colorado so we trailed back to Green River and back into the Roost and Barrier to do some digging. Three Harvard students joined us to help excavate.

The 1931 expedition assembled at Green River, Utah. Donald Scott directed operations and Jo

⁴¹ On an earlier trip with Dr. Scott, the latter had an emergency - apparently an attack of appendicitis. Dave hauled him to Al Scorup's ranch on Indian Creek in San Juan County. Al Scorup did not own much land, but he had tied up virtually all the water rights in the County and therefore had a lot of control. Dave asked for a car to take Dr. Scott to "civilization." Al demurred but then said, "It'll cost you a lot of money." Dave practically pulled a gun on Scorup to finally get the car and thus save Dr. Scott's life. (As recounted in a telephone conversation between Dodge Freeman and Harold Rust about 1982.)

⁴² See letter from the Peabody Museum, dated April 16, 1928, D.D. Rust special collection, LDS Church Historian's Office. The letter states that there would be a party from the Museum who will use him as a guide. The letter identifies Mr. Morss by name and notes that two others would come as well.

Brew was scientific assistant. We had a crew of ten men. The program was to cover the Tavaputs plateaus and the canyons of the Green River between the East and the West. Some time was spent on Hill Creek (East) and considerable more time was spent in the Minnie Maud (West) where we found numerous pictograph galleries and where we dug out a pure Basket-maker burial in cave site number 31. To complete the survey almost to the Wyoming line, we explored Ashley river canyon and Jones Hole on Green River above Split Mountain canyon. Numerous other spots were checked and sampled. To finish off a most interesting summer full of fun and study and exercise, we went fishing on the head of the Uinta river and Chain Lakes with a climax climb to the 13500 foot top of Mt. Emmons for an unsurpassed panorama of the regions explored. My most unusual experience with Peabody closed with a trip from Vernal over the mountain to Green River, Wyoming, with Chief Scott, the present Director of Peabody Museum at Harvard University.⁴³

There is nothing more which needs to be added to Dave's account except the comment that Dave undoubtedly enjoyed every moment of his journeys with these learned men from the East. It was during this period of his life that he had moved from Kanab to Provo and had given up teaching and formal education for good. These trips also spanned the beginning of the Great Depression years. No doubt, therefore, that the Peabody excursions renewed Dave's sense of personal worth, stimulated his intellect, gave him occasion to revisit the areas he loved, and put a few dollars in his pocket.

Retirement and the Provo Years

In September of 1928, just as school was beginning, Dave, Ruth and their children then living in Kanab moved to Provo. The move came as a surprise to at least some of the children. Their first indication the family was leaving Kanab came the night before the move, when all of the family's furniture was loaded into a rented truck and the family slept on the floor. That they were definitely leaving was confirmed when some former teachers came that evening to say good-by.

Milton and Nelson drove the truck while Laura, Blanche, and Quentin rode in the car with their parents. The children did not quite understand why they were leaving the beautiful red hills of Kanab for the black dirt of Provo, but vaguely understood it was give them the opportunity to all study at BYU.⁴⁴ For another thing the home into which they move had inside plumbing and a bathtub with hot and cold running water, conveniences not enjoyed in Kanab. In their old home there had been only cold running water, an outhouse, and baths taken in a round tin tub. Still, life in Kanab had been full of joyous experiences.

The new home in Provo had been in the Dee Woolley family and which essentially was Ruth's inheritance from her father. At the time of the acquisition, the home had belonged to Ruth's brother Roy. This home would remain the family dwelling until the deaths of Dave and Ruth. It had three bedrooms, one bathroom, a kitchen, and a front room. Small but comfortable, and close to BYU and downtown.

Upon arrival in Provo, the children were immediately enrolled in school. Milton was already at BYU, Laura was placed in BY High, Nelson went to Farrer Jr. High, and Blanche and Quentin attended Maeser grade school. New friends had to be made. For Blanche and Quentin that was not much of a problem. It was more difficult for Laura and Nelson, both because they were more shy than their

⁴³ It is difficult from this account to determine whether the trip with Dr. Scott was in 1931 or 1932. From letters to Dave from Jim Dennison, it appears that Dennison was part of a Peabody group which toured the area with Dave in 1932. Dennison had also been on earlier expeditions with Dave for the Peabody group.

⁴⁴ The nearness of BYU was undoubtedly a factor, as was the availability of Roy Woolley's home in Provo. However, the fact that after three terms, six years each, of being superintendent of schools, Dave was not reappointed for that position must also be taken into account. At age 54 and with his considerable stature in the community, Dave was not going back to being a teacher. As he told a newspaper reporter some ten years later, he gave up teaching "to get out in the open" and he never went back. Besides, he could manage his summer tours just as easily from Provo as from Kanab.

younger siblings and also because it is harder to break into a new crowd in the teen years.

Provo and specifically the home at 40 South 300 East was now Dave's business address when he chose to provide guiding and river running trips. Instead of meeting his clients in Kanab or at Hite Crossing, he would now meet them in Salt Lake City. Sometimes he would take them out to Saltair for a swim in the "dead sea" and otherwise show them the local sights before heading out on the scheduled trip of Southern Utah. When he was not taking his trips (which was usually the case in the Winter months), the home was a place of retirement. When a touring job came along (always by way of repeat clients or by word of mouth), he would take it. Otherwise he read and thought and studied and pondered. He was also getting older, having moved to Provo in his 50's. Even then, he was willing to put in a jaunt to Southern Utah as a guide even in his late 60's.

When the family first moved to Provo, the three oldest children were off on their own. Jordan and Emma were holding down jobs and Dick was on a mission. Almost two years after their arrival in Provo, their last child Helen was born to them on June 12, 1930. Ruth was 47 and Dave was 56 years old at the time. As it turned out, Helen was born six days after her grandmother Eliza Brown Rust died in Manti. Dave took Emma to the funeral because obviously Ruth could not travel even that short of distance at the time.

In June of 1932 Jordan married Edloe Book in Sacramento and shortly thereafter they came to Provo to visit Jordan's family. It was hard for Edloe to adjust to such a large family because she had only one sister. To come to such a modest home on their honeymoon was not exactly what she had in mind, but Jordan was proud of his family and wanted her to meet them. Marriages of the other children then followed basically in their respective order of age.

After moving to Provo, never again did Dave have steady year-round employment. On the other hand, Dave was now not beholden to anyone. He could do as he pleased. From his chair in the living room he could look out at the world passing by and make such observations and comments as he felt were deserved.

Dave did make some personal trips for his own enjoyment. He visited California on several occasions to visit a number of his children. Jordan, Emma, Milton, and Helen all moved there as they left the family nest, and Quentin lived there off and on as well. But trips to California were few and far between for Dave. Ruth was the more regular visitor there. On a family trip to Yellowstone in the early 30's, Dave, Ruth, Blanche and Quentin first drove to Roosevelt to visit the UBIC and to visit Dave's brother George B. in Talmage. During the latter visit, Dave asked his niece Ella to come with the family to Yellowstone. They slept in sleeping bags out under the stars on the open plains of Wyoming, then in a tent in Yellowstone. This was a great experience for Ella since her father was not an adventurer.

Dave and Ruth were most generous in sharing their already cramped home in Provo with others. On a subsequent visit to his brother George some years later, Dave discovered that George's granddaughter June had an artistic talent. So he asked June if she would like to come to Provo to go to Farrer Junior High because there was a good art teacher there. She accepted and lived with the Rust's in Provo for two years. In addition, Dave's half brother Sidney had two granddaughters, Lola Dawn Wright and Margery Rust, going to BYU who also became family guests. Even later their sisters, June Wright and Ruth Rust, came to live with the Rust family while attending BYU. Many years after that Dave invited his niece's son Reed to also be their guest. Board and room was a gift to all of them.

In 1944 George Nelson was killed while fighting in World War II. He was buried in a military cemetery in France. Of the other family members, only Quentin also served in the military. The older boys were already beyond the reach of the draft by the time the War started.

In 1946 Dave took what appears to be his first and only trip East of the Rockies. He and Ruth joined their son Dick in Vernal and jointly they drove to Nauvoo, Illinois, reaching the spiritual home of

George S. Rust on June 1st.⁴⁵ It was in Nauvoo that George S. joined the Church and from Nauvoo that he made his trek West to the Promised Land in the company of the Saints. Aside from the Mansion Home, which had been the residence of Joseph Smith, there was not a great deal to see in Nauvoo. The homes had been allowed to be destroyed or at best were not kept up. The group stayed there but one day. From that point they followed in the footsteps of the pioneers westward. A highlight of the trip was reading from the diaries of three pioneers: William Clayton, Howard Egan, and Harriet P.W.D. Young. Dave noted that the trip might also be called: "Eleven Days in a Sleeping Bag." Apparently most of the accommodations chosen along the way were not much more than primitive cabins.

Bob Wright (Dave's nephew) along with Bob's mother Eva joined in on the trip to Nauvoo. Bob later reminisced about how "Uncle Dave had us read from a journal of the Mormon trek as we went along so we could enjoy the trip and think of how it must have been without roads and using oxen and those old heavy wagons, handcarts, etc. On our way out, as we passed through Wyoming, we came near the place where Buffalo Bill was buried. We mentioned going there to see the place. Dave didn't want to go. He said that the two places he had tried to stay out of all his life were jail and cemetery, so he would not go. In Nauvoo we rented a little cabin, the only one in Nauvoo, and Dick, Dave and I slept in it. Eva and Ruth slept in a house which belonged to the people we had rented the cabin from. Dave bought a bottle of wine, since Nauvoo was noted for its grapes and the wine was supposed to be good. We stopped at Hannibal, Mo on the way out and Dave really enjoyed seeing the places where Tom and Huck roamed. Sometime later when driving along the Missouri we saw two boys and Dave said, 'There's Tom and Huck; let's stop and talk to them.' They asked the boys how far it was to the top of that hill and one boy answered, 'Well, it's not very far - if you go far enough.'" Bob wrote that he could still hear Dave laughing at that one.⁴⁶

In the summer of 1948 Dave took one more trip with Dick, this time accompanied by Dick's two boys, Richard Dilworth and David. By this time in his life, Dave had basically stopped traveling anywhere. But this was designed as a sentimental journey back to Dave's roots. Dick and his two boys drove to Provo where they stayed overnight. Early the next morning the four drove down Highway 89. They stopped in Manti long enough to walk around the temple grounds. At Siguard they turned off Highway 89 and headed down through Grass Valley country. They passed by Burrville as they turned off to Loa, then Bicknell and Torrey. As they drove by the orchards they discussed the delicious fruit which had been produced in that area.

From Torrey the drive became more difficult. Capital Gorge is exciting and breathtaking, but the road was definitely a challenge. At points along the route, the road and the river bed were one and the same. The travelers could easily understand why there was no passage here during rain storms. And in many places the road was so narrow it would admit of only one vehicle at a time. On the other side of Capital Gorge was Caineville, or what was left of it. Just a few old log cabins remained standing. After Dave looked at each one, he was certain none were his old home. The suggestion was then made that they travel on to Hanksville, but Dave vetoed the idea, stating that there was nothing of importance there. So back they went, back over the unstable log bridges which might be washed out in a minute in a good storm, back along the narrow road through the likewise narrow Gorge, back over the dry for the present river beds, back to a small dirt road turnoff just outside Torrey. They followed their new route South until dark when they simply stopped the car and slept for the night.

The next day they drove through the Boulder Mountains until they came to the hamlet of Boulder. There they could buy gas but otherwise there were no stores. Breakfast could be acquired at a "house up the road." From there the party continued on to Tropic, just outside Bryce Canyon. The

⁴⁵ Dick's wife Alta did not go on the trip because she was six months pregnant with her fifth child. Helen Rust was then 16 years old and she stayed during this time in Vernal with her sister-in-law Alta.

⁴⁶ Correspondence to Harold Rust.

trip from Boulder to Bryce must have brought back some pleasant memories to Dave because this was all a part of "his" country where he had led numerous visitors.

The two boys had never seen Bryce Canyon before and they were impressed.⁴⁷ They wandered around and hiked some of the trails. Dave and Dick stayed around the Lodge and on the Rim talking with people they knew. The group also drove around the area taking in the natural bridge at the end of Bryce Canyon. Ultimately it came time to go. This time the trip was fast and direct - back to Provo with no detours. Why the group did not continue on to the Grand Canyon or at least visit Zions National Park is not known. Perhaps the trip had taken its toll on Dave and he was physically exhausted. In any case, this appears to have been Dave's last visit to his old stomping grounds.

Even in their later years, Dave and Ruth remained active within their limits. Dave could be seen walking straight and tall to either the library or to the grocery store, always at a fast pace. Ruth attended concerts, lectures, and plays at the "Y," and was busy in Relief Society and Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

In the early winter of 1962 Ruth fell and broke her hip. Although she lived for a few months after that, she never fully recovered. Most of that time was spent in a nursing home, but when her organs started to fail she was moved to a hospital. She died on January 21, 1963 at the age of 80. During the period of her convalescence, Dave noted in his journal how lonely he was for her. No wonder then that exactly one week after her death and three days after her funeral, he too passed away - at age 88. Dave and Ruth are buried side by side in the Provo City Cemetery

EPILOGUE

The authors apologize if less has been written about Ruth than about Dave. But many histories have thus been delinquent regarding the fairer sex. Moreover, very little has been recorded about Ruth to use as a source to tell her full story. Even her own autobiography once it reaches the point of their marriage focuses more on Dave than it does on her. But perhaps we can rectify the error by noting that Ruth was the ever faithful and never complaining support and companion to her entire family. She was known to always meet every challenge with a positive mind set. Jordan said of his mother that "she was the pick of the lot. My dad was a good picker. My mother was a beautiful girl and had a very sweet disposition. If there had to be an angel on earth, she was it."⁴⁸ We can only echo those words.

On the other hand, Dave was a little like the country he loved so much. He was rugged, tough, resistant to change, colorful, full of surprises, and crusty and abrasive at times. But under the right circumstances he could be warm and pleasant. The title of this short history of course refers to the two rivers which had such an influence in the lives of Dave and Ruth. But it might also be a good appellation for Dave himself. The waters of both a dirty devil and a bright angel coursed through his body and to the end he gave evidence of both.

Written and compiled by Joseph C. Rust, a grandson
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⁴⁷ One of the new experiences allowed the boys while Dave and Dick were busy elsewhere was to let them order "anything they wanted" from the menu at the Lodge's restaurant. Young David stuck with what he knew - turkey. However, adventurous Dilworth saw something which sounded more interesting - rare steak. He wondered from what kind of rare animal he would be eating the meat. Could it be elephant, zebra, or cougar? In the end Dilworth never did find out the source of the meat but he did know that it was badly undercooked.

⁴⁸ "David Jordan Rust Oral History Project," Charles Redd Center for Western Studies, BYU, page 11.

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