



1638 Franklin
Denver 18, Colo.
July 14, 1959

Dear Vey:

There has been a Cowboy Hall of Fame Memorial Group organized, and after a big fight among a lot of western towns, Oklahoma City was picked for the site of a Memorial building in which the pictures and background of noted men in the livestock industry will be placed.

Each state may submit nominees, and the first of these are now being considered. All nominations must be approved by a State Committee of stockmen before going on to the National Board who will choose them for the Hall of Fame.

I would like to nominate your father, for he was an outstanding horseman and cattleman, with many dramatic angles to fill out a good story of his background. There is no reason he doesn't have as good a chance as anyone else in that line.

I would also like to write an article about him, and if I can place this in some western magazine, it would be a big boost to help the nomination along for the Hall of Fame. Stockmen who have died are being considered first, ahead of any who are still living, as there are so many from the years past.

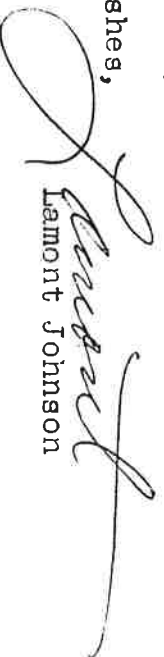
One reason I'm writing is to let you know of this, and also to ask if you might have a picture of either one of the fine saddle horses he owned. A picture of just one of them would help this along. I remember the names of six horses---- Ampeto, the Thoroughbred racer; Chunk, Naylor, Coon, Spot and Steel. It seems that you and your mother mentioned several others, and I would like to have the names of all the good saddle horses you remember.

As I remember that ride up the San Rafael river, your father rode Naylor; the cattle buyer rode Coon, but which horse did you and your mother ride? I don't remember.

I thought you would like to know about this Hall of Fame movement, as the big Memorial Hall is now being built, and as soon as it is ready, the first men approved for it will go in, for the public to see and read about. I have never heard of another man in Utah with as good a chance as your father has, and if his own home folks don't nominate him, nobody else will.

If you have a picture of either one of those horses I wish you would let me borrow it, and say which horse he is. Also give the names of any others you remember.

Best wishes,



Lamont Johnson

Lamont Johnson

About 1330 words

One Utah Road Map

*Published in
Westways
Oct. 1953
p. 18-11*

Old TOWN OF CONNELLSVILLE

In the geographical center of Utah, looping up over the Wasatch Plateau from Huntington to Fairview, state highway 31 is the most centrally-located east-west road in the Beehive state. More motorists each year find it one of the outstanding scenic routes of the West, traversing a 40-mile stretch of mountain wonderland, and crossing the Skyline Drive with its spell-binding vistas along the crest of the Wasatch.

Aside from this recreational lure, down in the head of Huntington canyon, a few miles east of that summit junction, the old ghost town of Conneltsville marks an historic spot long since buried among forgotten legends. Remnants of its pioneer coke ovens provide mute evidence of what started out to be a great and thriving industry in 1875.

One prominent early resident of Huntington said he moved there in prospect of boom times because Huntington canyon was being heralded as "a second Pennsylvania".

The long distance from commercial markets prevented that development, but this once thriving mountain town of Conneltsville produced historical drama in more ways than one.

Peter Moran lived there in the middle 1870s as sort of a local foreman for the Fairview Coal Mining and Coke Company which operated the Conneltsville mines. Old legal documents dating as far back as October 20 and Oct. 28, 1875, reveal that name. The "Fairview" was changed to "Utah" on another rare document dated Sept. 11, 1876, when Huntington was identified as the location of the company's works.

One of its five mines was in Huntington canyon, and the other four in the mouth of Coal canyon, a tributary to the north. Just off the present highway 31, it occupied a good hideout position in that remote section of the high Wasatch---- and therein lies a tale. During those years, Mormon polygamists lived as much like fugitives in the wilderness as they did with their families in town. Although a Catholic, Peter Moran gave his sympathies to these hunted men. He thought it an outrage that once having acquired their families, they were not allowed to work and provide for them, but were kept constantly on the run to evade U. S. marshalls who dogged them even to far places. One of those places was Conneltsville. Peter Moran harbored a number of the polygamists in the cabins and coal mines there. More than that, he stationed his son, Jack out in the main Huntington canyon as a guard to divert any unwelcome marshalls approaching that hidden retreat. Jack Moran later moved down to Huntington with his father and became one of the best known cattlemen of the Castle Valley country. The old Moran (or John Murning) ranch is now owned by Jack's son, Pete Murning, the third generation of a historical family.

Because Connellsville's coke industry was abandoned after about three years on one knew how it got its name. However, the author's research on this has been verified by Dr. Edmund M. Spieker, eminent geologist and authority on Utah coal, who is now head of the geology department of Ohio state University.

"Without question," he said, "the town was named after the famous Pennsylvania coke center. I was told by someone in the region about 1921 that the name was given by a man who was either a former Pennsylvania coal miner or member of a coal-mining family".

In its heyday, Connellsville, Pennsylvania, and surrounding region had more than 40,000 coke ovens. As one of the fabulous sagas of American enterprize, that place was made the greatest coke city in the world by Henry Clay Frick, with whom Andrew Carnegie joined partnership in steel and coal operations as the forerunner of the great U. S. Steel Corporation.

Through canny business ability, Frick got rich by building up the Connellsville coke industry while other industrialists were going broke after the panic of 1873. Coke increased in price from \$1.00 to \$5.00 a ton. After one big deal, while still a young man, Frick had a hunch it had made him a millionaire. On the evening of his 30th birthday, December 19, 1879, he went alone into his office, took a look at the bookspnd found it was true.

The young financial wizard walked outside, bought a five-cent cigar, lit it up and sauntered leisurely around the corner to his hotel-----a millionaire on his 30th birthday, out of Connellsville coke!!

That coke had a market all over the country and abroad. Railroads hauled it to Utah and the Pacific Coast. Pennsylvania miners and mining men moved west with it. In 1875 that coke fever hit central Utah. New York, Salt Lake, and Fairview men organized the Fairview Coal Mining and Coke Company, opened up mines and built coke ovens at the mouth of Coal canyon.

The score or two of miners employed there made the first settlement in what is now Emery county. The coke ovens operated, Dr. Spieker says, until hauling the coke out by wagon proved unprofitable. Some of the buildings were still there in 1906, while one entrance called the Huntington or New York mine continued to operate for many years, supplying coal for Sarpete county.

The coke ovens are there yet---not much to look at, but all around that historic location along highway 31 and the Skyline Drive, motorists---not U. S. marshalls---are probing the remote and scenic corners of this Wasatch Wonderland.

Down Huntington canyon, two different roads lead off southward to the Huntington, Cleveland, Millers Flat and smaller reservoirs which hold irrigation water for the Huntington-Cleveland district in Emery county. These enchanting lakes provide numerous campgrounds along good mountain roads. One of them, the Huntington reservoir, is visible from a section of the Skyline Drive. From that spot high on the summit, motorists get a delightful view of this timber-lined lake glistening like a sea-blue gem far below amid the vines.

This panoramic motorway was opened by the Manti National forest about 20 years ago. Like the Huntington-Fairview road it has been constantly improved and widened each year

The lower ten miles of Huntington canyon are oiled, while Fairview canyon is almost a boulevard, dipping down into Sanpete valley from where Highway 21 crosses the Skyline Drive. Huntington canyon alone, 30 miles long from the summit down into Castle Valley, has a number of grassy campgrounds laid out and equipped by the Manti forest. You can fish in Huntington creek right along the roadside.

Few roads in Utah, or even in the west, can match the magnificent panoramas offered by the Skyline Drive along the crest of the Wasatch, at elevations of 8000 to 10,600 feet. Leaving U. S. highway 50-6 at Tucker near the head of Spanish Fork canyon it ascends southward for 50 thrilling miles until it breaks off into Ferron canyon on the east, or Mayfield canyon on the west. State highway 29, Orangeville to Ephraim, is another access road east and west over the Skyline Drive.

For most of its entire course this high drive overlooks Sanpete valley, backed by the misty ranges of the Sanpitch mountains receding away into western Utah. From some places you can see a dozen Sanpete towns, from Fairview south beyond Manti, nestled at the western base of the lofty Wasatch.

From its southern stretches you can see high points of the Pavant mountains off southwest over Sevier valley and Richfield. On clear days you can also see for more than 100 miles southeast to the high LaSal mountains and the Henry mountains, over the San Rafael Swell and the Greenriver in eastern Utah.

Motorists looking for new glamor in lesser-known places will find it here, the historic and the scenic combined, richly scattered along the Skyline Drive and down Huntington canyon in this Wasatch Wonderland of central Utah: to spell-binding panoramic vistas, and to historic Connellsville, the "second Pennsylvania" whose brooding coke ovens and Mormon polygamist legends enhance the lure of the scenery.

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Categories: Ghost towns in Emery County, Utah | Mining communities in Utah

| Populated places established in 1874 | Company towns in Utah | 1874 establishments in Utah Territory

| Ghost towns in Utah | Utah geography stubs | United States ghost town stubs

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(Marker to be put up on Canyon road at the most feasible point near the Murning farm where they crossed Huntington Cr.)

Lt. R. J. Hoxie,
and the First Surveys of Castle Valley.

Castle Valley has the distinction of being practically the only part of Utah that had no Indian wars, due chiefly to the wild Sandbad Mountains in the San Rafael Swell of central Emery County being the main hideout where Ute Indians hid out with hundreds of head of livestock they stole from Mormon settlements in Sanpete County and other sections west of the Wasatch Plateau until the final Indian treaty was signed at Mt. Pleasant in 1872.

After that, stockmen began coming in, then Castle Valley was opened up for settlements by the first surveys conducted in the summer of 1873 by Lt. R. L. Hoxie of the Military Dept. of the Platte river (Nebraska). He was stationed at Fort Cameron, near Beaver, and led a crew of 15 technicians and camp workers, coming in from the north, ~~from Salt Lake City~~ from Salt Lake City.

They had much trouble crossing the Wasatch due to deep snow in June, and all streams running high with flood waters. They crossed Huntington Creek at about this point (near the Murning farm) and went on south, close to the base of the mountain, spending three months, mapping about 6000 square miles of very rough country in Castle Valley/as part of the Wheeler Surveys, west of the 100th meridian, according to Hoxie's report dated Jan. 1, 1874.

His topographer, Gilbert Thompson, mapped the country; his geologist, W. F. Howell, surveyed the extensive coal deposits, Other technicians did similar work along other lines.

While camped here, two of Hoxie's mule skinners drove off with the entire camp herd of 32 mules, leaving the party stranded. Hoxie pursued the thieves for 400 miles to New Mexico, and brought the mules back on a short-cut of 200 miles. In the late 1890s he became Major Hoxie, surveying large river and harbor projects in Maine.

Archaeologists Save Historic Kiln

Brigham Young University archaeologists are participating in a project to save an historic, century-old coke kiln threatened by waters from a new reservoir in Huntington Canyon.

Utah Power and Light Company is spending thousands of dollars to survey and preserve historic and prehistoric sites affected by the reservoir and a new power plant and power lines in Central Utah, according to Dr. Dale L. Berge, curator of BYU's Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology.

"I think Utah Power and Light should be highly commended for their interest in saving our historical heritage," the professor said.

He has spent two summers working on the UP&L survey and preservation project which so far has consumed about \$15,000. The work is continuing. The Utah Historical Society is providing historical data.

In the past, industry has destroyed many important historical sites in the name of progress, but such is no longer the case, the professor noted.

The coke kiln is one of 10 in Coal Canyon, running northeast of Huntington Canyon, built by Emery County coal interests in the early 1870s, Dr. Berge said. The kilns are near the old settlement of Connelville.

The whole area will be inundated by the new, three-and-a-half-mile-long reservoir located about 30 miles north of the community of Huntington. The reservoir will provide cooling and make-up water for a multimillion dollar coalsteam generating plant being built downstream.

A team of six BYU archaeologists worked several weeks at the site this summer to determine the exact original construction of the broken down and weathered kilns. They excavated, made sketches and took pictures so that an architect, hired by UP&L, can draw working plans for reconstruction of a kiln above the high water mark of the reservoir.

Bricks salvaged by the archaeologists will be used in the reconstruction work.

The relocation kiln will be only 100 feet from its original location, but there will be no road access to it when the reservoir is filled, Dr. Berge explained. He said UP&L plans to build a floating dock so that boaters can visit the historic kiln which played an important role in Utah's early coal industry.

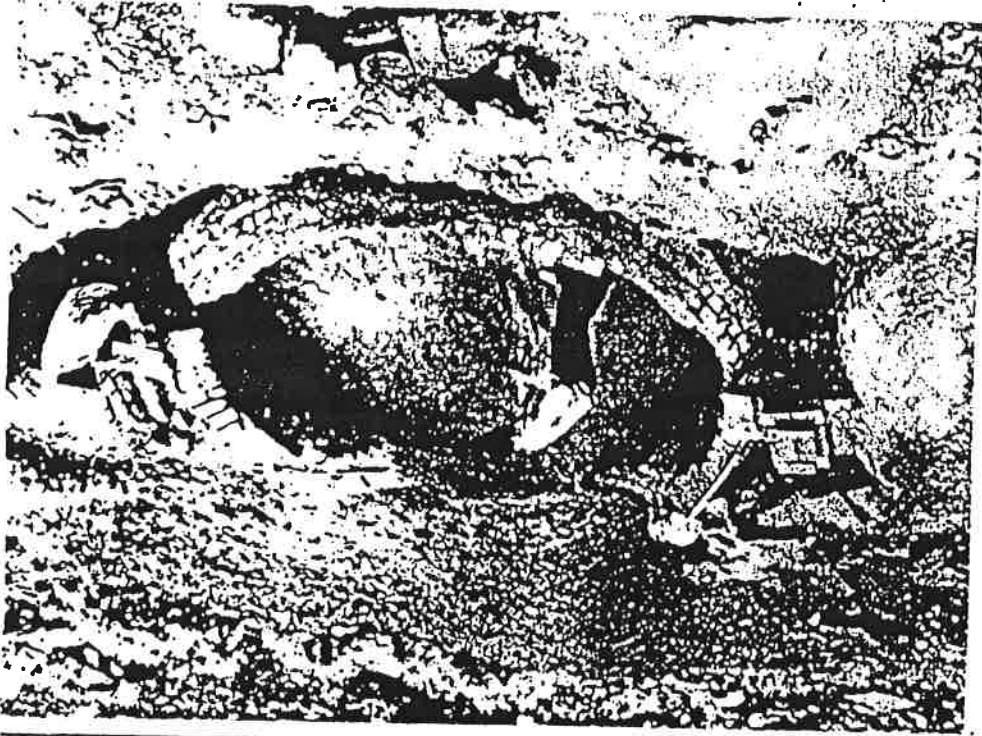
The 12-foot-diameter, seven-foot-high kilns were reportedly used before the turn of the century to process coal from area mines including the Huntington Mine, Dr. Berge said. Historical research is continuing.

Dr. Berge also headed a team of young archaeologists last year who hiked over a proposed route for a new power line from the Huntington Canyon Plant to Sigurd in Sevier County.

They found 428 Fremont Indians hunting and gathering sites along the 60-mile route.

"We anticipate some significant salvage work on several of these sites," Dr. Berge stated. UP&L is sponsoring the work.

He said the power line itself will not damage the prehistoric sites, but amateur pot hunters who use the power line road to gain access to the remote area will. The professor emphasized the importance of salvaging the sites before artifact hunters ruin them.



Dr. Dale L. Berge, (right), takes notes while a student archaeologist sweeps the floor of a century-old coke kiln near Huntington Canyon, Utah. Utah Power and Light Co. is supporting the relocations of the kiln at a higher location to preserve it from reservoir waters.

D / U Essay (notes paper)

UP&L preserves coke oven

When Electric Lake is filled with water, ten old coke ovens will be inundated. The coke ovens in Coal Canyon, northeast of Huntington canyon, are close to the old mining town of Connelville.

Connelville was first opened in the early days of 1870 by the father of the late George B. Jackson, superintendent of Independent Coal and Coke at Kenilworth for many years. George remembered spending a summer in Connelville with his family when the mine was first opened. The coke ovens are probably used to coke coal for forging and smelting. Cognizant of the historic value of the kilns the Utah Power and Light Company hired BYU archaeologists on a preservation and survey project costing \$15,000 to date.

Dr. Dale Berge, curator of BYU's museum, said "We don't need farmers, we buy our food at the supermarket." Very few are this naive, but because

sum of Archaeology and Ethnology has worked for two summers on the project. This past summer six archaeologists lived on site for several weeks to excavate, sketch and shoot pictures of the kilns and how they were constructed. The traces of a century have taken a toll.

From the information and sketches and photos an architect paid by UP&L will draw blueprints for reconstruction of one kiln above the high water mark of Electric Lake.

The original brick from the kilns will be used in the replica. The kiln itself will be 100 ft. above its original location but unaccessible after the reservoir is filled. Dr. Berge said, "I think Utah Power & Light should be highly commended for its interest in saving our historical heritage."

Extension Service News

by Richard Chase



Farmers and ranchers comprise only about 6% of the total population. This leaves a good proportion of the remaining 94% was aware of the problems in producing food. One woman actually said "We don't need farmers, we buy our food at the supermarket." Very few are this naive, but because

EMERY COUNTY PROGRESS LEADER
THURSDAY NOV. 29, 1973 PAGE 7

es, among other things. Of course, there is a risk in using these things, but not using them would mean a much greater risk of not being able to produce sufficient food. Weeds would choke out crops, the codling moth would make all the apples wormy as there would be very little because of the adults weeding. This would mean fewer cattle could be fed and would result in higher prices for beef.

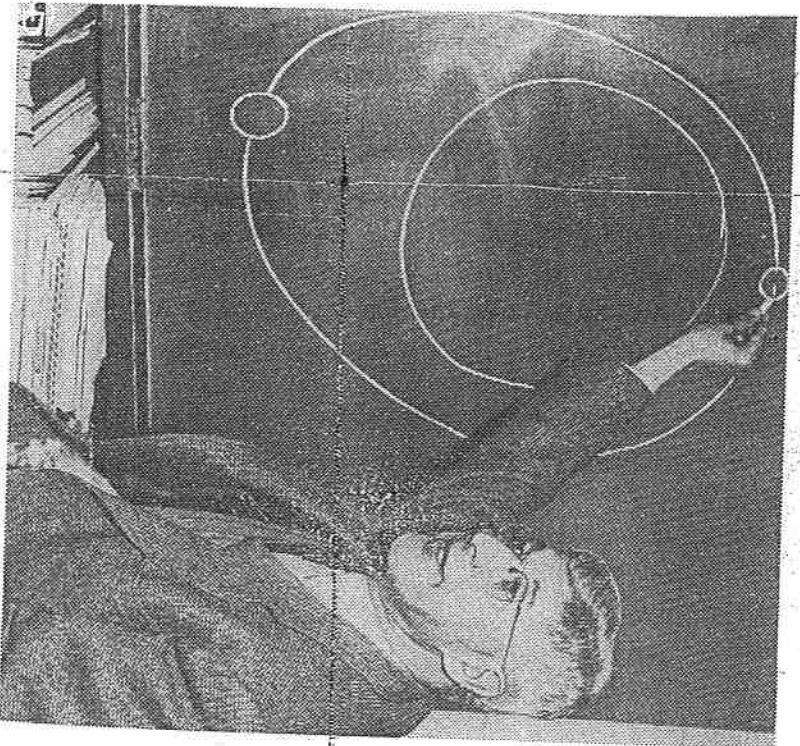
Pressure has caused several effective insecticides and herbicides to be severely restricted, such as DDT, heptachlor, picrotoxin, and 2,4,5-T. Still, desirable to increase forams, and 2,4,5-T. Still, desirable to increase growth in cattle has been outlawed. Coyotes are killing more sheep because there are more coyotes because we aren't allowed to keep them in check by using poison baits. This increases the cost of producing food.

After all this, food is still a good buy. In the last 20 years the price of food has gone up only 47% as compared to 158% for income, 210% for taxes, and 123% for medical care. Lets be thankful and happy we have enough to eat. Some do not! Extension is dedicated to serve all people on an equal and non-discriminating basis.

BY EDWARD P. Boland
Massachusetts. The three
were in a U. S. Army car in the
Red sector, and were held be-
cause car had a radiotele-
phone. (International)



SATELLITE TO BE 'FOOTBALL'



THE EARTH SATELLITE, instead of being basketball-shaped, will more closely resemble an oversize football, and will weigh between 20 and 50 pounds. Dr. Joseph Kaplan, UCLA physics professor and chairman of the government's earth satellite program, reveals with this illustration in Los Angeles. He also said the satellite will be a three-stage piggyback rocket. (International Semaphoto)

ING FEATURES SYNDICATE

1013 ROCKWELL AVENUE
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO

11-29-55

Abandoned coke ovens at Connellsville, Utah. Here the Mormon polygamists hid out from U. S. marshals.

By LAMONT JOHNSON

Central Press Association Correspondent

DENVER, Colo.—An expedition this autumn into the high Wasatch Plateau of central Utah disclosed relics of one of the most historically-dramatic spots in the west.

It was not only the first coke mining camp in the West, operating as a thriving settlement from 1875 through 1878, but its secluded, timbered environment made it a secure hideout for Mormon polygamists who were being hunted everywhere by United States marshals during the 1870s.

This adventurous spot, moreover, is right amidst a region of enchanting mountain scenery, alongside state highway 31, occupying almost the exact geographical center of Utah. The location, readily accessible to motorists now, was one reason it became a refuge, for though it was just off the trail crossing the Plateau, it was so well hidden by timbered ridges that no sharp-nosed United States marshal ever found it.

Another dramatic feature was that Peter Murnung, earliest settler of the region and caretaker of the first mines there, was a Catholic, yet he sheltered the fugitive polygamists. The spunky old Irishman thought it was an outrage that these Mormon men, once having their plural families, were not allowed to work and care for them, but were being forever hunted in every remote hideout and jailed whenever caught.

SOME OF Utah's most prominent Mormons were thus imprisoned, but old Peter Murnung, by setting his 12-year-old son as a guard out in the main canyon to divert any marshal scouting the lonely trails, saved many a polygamist from capture.

Murnung, a typical mountain pioneer of the Old West, also played a leading role in making that remote location the first coke camp in the West.

Its historical importance was further enhanced by being named for Connellsville, Pa., coke capital of the world. It was in the 1870s that the noted Pennsylvania town reached its peak in manufacture of coke.

Coke from Connellsville, Pa., was shipped to Utah, California and even to foreign markets. Pennsylvania miners drifted west with

it. Finding the central Utah coal of excellent coking quality, they named the place Connellsville. By that name it appears on old Utah maps of the period, though now long since a ghost town.

The Mormon migration of 1847 put Utah ahead of other western states in numerous developments, chiefly because it reaped the advantage of the tremendous boom resulting from the California Gold Rush days of '49, right on that point.

RESEARCH has proven that no other western state successfully coked coal as early as the middle 1870s. The nearest to it was in Colorado, but a Bureau of Mines report for 1886 dates that enterprise not earlier than 1878.

That was the year Connellsville, Utah, ended its three-year history of coking coal. Expensive hauling of coke by wagon to northern Utah markets, with simultaneous railroad expansion, put the Utah Connellsville out of business, though coal mining continued.

Some relics of those dramatic days still remain, but Connellsville, Utah, is now only a scenic mountain hideout for tourists to see amidst enchanting timbered scenery, a fishing stream and the meadowy curves of Buntington canyon, one of Utah's most beautiful scenic drives.

The sylvan serenity of the region entitles imaginations of baffled U. S. marshals combing fugitive trails for polygamists, and Peter Murnung doing his best to protect these hunted men who wanted only to raise their families.

Copy of article on the historic coke camp of Connellsville, Utah, as the first successful coke mining enterprise in the West, with background material on it as a hideout for Mormon polygamists and an enchanted scenic region. The picture shown here was taken in 1919, showing some remaining coke ovens as they were then, and used by Dr. E. M. Spieker in his USGS Bulletin 819 on Central Utah Coal.

Dec 1 1955

MRS. P. R. COTNER'S LETTERS WRITTEN OUT ON

HER FATHER, PETER MURNING.

First Letter Oct. 10, 1957, from Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, on Connellsville.

Mr. Lamont Johnson, Dear Sir:==Received your letter a few days ago. You said you had written me a letter two weeks ago and sent it to Soda Springs. I have never lived at Soda Springs, and I have never received that letter, so if you had your return on it I suppose you will get it back.

You wrote me about my father mining. Well, that is too far back for me to remember. Well, there isn't many living now that would know anything about ~~thax~~ how he prospected for coal and found it. He was the one who found coal in that part of Utah. That is too far back for me to remember. If anyone had wanted the story when my brother John was alive he could have told them all about it, I guess, as he was the oldest in the family; it is too many years ago for me to remember, as I am up in my 80s. Your memory then isn't very good at remembering, so I wouldn't want to tell anything that wans't all true, so I will have to pass it up.

I haven't any picture of my father, which I have often wished I had, and as for our old home in Fairview, I doubt if I would be able to find it now. We were just kids when we left there, and the town has built up since then. Well, the mines he found will always be there as long as the hills are there.

I am sorry I can't help you. I am not very well. I lost my husband, Mr. Cotner over a year ago. We were married 56 years. It was sure a shock that I will never get over. I will say thank you for your kindness. I am too nervous to remember much. Mrs. P. R. Cotner.

Second letter from her, October 24, 1957.

I received your letter a few days ago. I think the place my father came from was Connellsville, Pennsylvania, to prospect for coal, and I can remember him saying they had to ~~pay~~ haul the coke or coal to Manti, Utah, as that was the nearest railroad, and it didn't pay to haul it that far, so they had to close it down. That is where we spent our summers after it closed down. My father came to Utah before my mother came, so I don't know when she came,

as I was the baby of the family then, and I have no idea what year we moved to Castle Valley, as we were just kids. The school we went to there was taught by a Mr. (John) Scott, and it was down on [^]by the bridge that crossed the river coming from the town of Huntington. He (Scott) owned a house there and taught school, so that is all I know about coming to Castle Valley, and as for our old home in Fairview, I wouldn't be able to find it. That is too far back to remember.

The chances are, it is torn down. Perry Booth my nephew came to visit us, once, and he had a clipping he had cut out of a newspaper published in Salt Lake about my father and his crew of men getting snowed in at Winter Quarters, Scofield, but he had carried the paper so long that the print was worn off, and I think the paper was the Telegram; it wasn't in the Tribune; I don't know for sure, but I think it was the Telegram, and what we could make out on it, the print, it was in 1877 he come out. You could hardly make it out what it was, as the print was worn off. (I checked this and found the date was July 18, 1923, and the story was in an Ad by the Utah Fuel Co., describing Peter Moran's adventurous trip over the mountain from Huntington canyon into Scofield area where he found coal, then was snowed in with his 14 men, and they named it Winter Quarters.) See that page ad in other notes, as Mrs. Cotner sent it to me in another letter.)

Well, what I have written to you is things that I remember hearing my father talk about. When you are kids you don't remember much (nor pay much attention to what others are doing nor what is going on, she means.) I think he prospected in Castle Gate for coal. Well, I hope you will be able to read this letter, as I am quite nervous. Hope you have success in writing your book. Well, I can't think of any more to write, and hope what I have written is all right, and I thank you for your nice letters in regard to my father and brother. (Peter and John Murning.) Sincerely, Mrs. P. R. Cotner. Thank you again; wish I knew more about it; excuse poor writing.

Winter Quarters

Castle Gate

it's in the bottom of the lower dresser drawer.

Third letter Nov. 14, 1957, from Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

She enclosed the Telegram quarter-page ad about her father and his ~~M~~ miners snowed in at Winter Quarters in the winter of 1877, and says: "This old paper must have bene published many years after my father came out (of there)."^M

Received your letter a few days ago asking about thinks about my father.

Well, I have told you everything that I can remember about him telling about.

I don't know if I was born when he came out to prospect. 1877 is a long time ago. (Find Peter Nielson's report on birth dates of Peter Murning's family; and check Mrs. Cotner's birth date with the year her father came to Utah.

That will show whether he was here to open up Connellsville or not.)

I remember my father telling me I was the baby of the family when my mother came to Utah. She didn't come when my father came out, so you see I would know nothing about it than what I have written you. ~~that~~ I can remember my father telling things that happened, but as luck would have it, I have found the paper that Perry Booth had when he came to visit us, and that was 15 or 20 years ago, so I don't know where he got it from, and I had forgotten I had it, so I put in a long time finding it, which I am glad I did; I am sending it to you, and it may be of some help to you to find out more about it, the part where it tells about them snowed in at Winter Quarters is quite plain, but it doesn't tell how they got out, and I can't ever remember my father telling how they got out, so you may be able to trace something about it, as the Utah Fuel Co. name is on the paper, and about my father's name Peter Moran^a—it is just a nickname, as people couldn't remember his other name Murning, so that is how it got the name of Moran. They used to call my brother 'John Moran', but us girls always used our name Murning.

I guess that old road still runs in Huntington canyon, and the old coek ovens, I suppose, are still there, but it was up a hollow from the main road; you turn to the right of the road (north); it isn't very far you asked what my father done after (he left) the company. Well, he had a coal mine there and he used to have about three ~~exam~~ miners digging coal in the summer, and then he used to sell it to people in Sanpete, and he was running cattle then, and he was doing

Moran &
Murning

the same thing after we moved to Castle Valley. He owned 50 shares in that company when it quit, so they let my father have it to do whatever he wanted to with it, and about that Mr. (Hans) Carlston, I don't think he had anything to do with that company, as he lived in Fairview, and I think he used to have a big hotel there, but he used to prospect for coal, but I guess he never found any that was good.

There used to be quite a few buildings at the mines, but I heard they had all been burned down till there were none of them left. It has been years since I was there, but I guess there is nothing left there either, unless it would be the coke ovens and the old mines. No, I never heard my father say anything about a railroad, only that they had to haul the coke to Manti, as that was the only railroad. Would like to have that old paper back when you get thru with it.

Well, what I have written is all right, as it is what I remember my father tell about, and that is a long time ago. Hope you can read this letter, as I am quite nervous; hope you have luck with your book. Sincerely, Mrs. P. R. Cotner.

P. S. Hope the old clipping will help you some. Perry Booth is dead. I think he said it was in the telegram; that is all I know.

Fourth letter, Nov. 25, 1957

Hope you can read this letter, as I get nervous writing.

Received your nice letter and was glad to know that you could make out the old clipping, as it was getting very old. (July 18, 1923/) You won't need to send it back. You can keep it. I had forgot that Perry gave it to me; it was a good many years ago. I got to thinking about it, so I started to look for it thru all the letters and at last I found it, so I am glad you can find out what you want to know about those old buildings above the coke ovens., and the mine where they made the coke.. That was a mine where they sold coal, the same road (road) where my father sold his. I can't tell you who it was that run it, but I can tell you it was called the Mormon mine, and my father's mine was called the Gentle mine, but I can't tell you who run it, but they dug coal in the summer and had it ready to sell in the fall. That was the way my father done with his, as no one could

-5-Mrs. P. R. Cotner's Letters on Peter Murning

Live up there in the winter.

Well, two of those old mine tunnels belonged to that Mr. Carlston. He tried to find coal but it didn't amount to anything. One is below my father's mine on the right side of a hill as you come up Huntington canyon, and the other is on the left side of the road above the old buildings, on the road going to Sanpete, and that is all I know of, as it has been years since we lived there.

Well, it would be nice if the state of Utah would do it, and I want to thank you. Also hope you can find out all you want to know. Sincerely yours, Mrs. P.R.Cotner.

P. S. What I know is what I have heard my father talk about. They quit working the mines when they had to haul the coke so far, and I am sure it was Mantl, Utah, where they hauled it.

Bildup

I guess all of the old buildings are gone, as I heard they were burned down, as people used to camp there, and I guess left fires. I guess none of them are left. There were quite a few buildings. ____? There was a blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, boarding house for the men to eat; bunkhouse for the miners to sleep, and other houses ~~konaxkank~~ to live in. They were all built along the hillside above my father's old mine. That was when the ~~konanyzikreaxkntre~~ company lived there and was making coke. I don't know how long they run it, as I don't think I was born ~~ix~~ those days, and I don't know how many men worked there at that time. But I guess there were quite a few. There also was a large building down by itself. That was a store and I guess, an office. I guess they are all gone.

Fifth Letter, Dec. 3, 1957, on Bagley Case.

I will start my letter by saying I couldn't draw a map. (I had outlined the location of the present old mine openings, coke ovens, and shacks, and asked her to identify them as they used to be, and show any changes in the layout.) that you could understand, but will try and answer your questions the best I can. I will start first with Mr. (Hans) Carlston. He never had any mine that he sold coal from, and he didn't own the Mormon mine, nor was he ever with my father's mine. He prospect for coal but never had any success, and the places I told you about were just prospect holes (Carlston's two mines as she described them before.) They never

*Hans
Carlston's
Coal*

*See P. 11
bottom*

amounted to anything, and as for the Mormon mine, I don't know who owned it, nor what their names were that run it. Perhaps you could find out in Fairview who it was. If there is anyone alive that would know, as that is a long time ago, and we were just small kids when they were running it. You must remember that it has been a long time ago. Hans Carlston's mine was below my father's mine on the same side as my father's mine on the right side of the road coming out of Huntington canyon, and the other prospect hole was on the left side of the road going past the place where ~~he~~ ^{we} lived on the road that went to Sanpete, and there was an old cabin there. Mr. Carlston never sold any coal. My father's mine wasn't running, or the Mormon mine wasn't running when the company from Connellsville was running their mine and coke ovens. *(They started later than.)*

I don't know how long they run the mine and coke ovens before they closed down, as that was before my time, as my father was the only one of the family that was in Utah at that time. I don't think I was born then. What I have told you about the mine is just what I can remember my father talking about at times, and I hope it is all right.

1st Mine

The mine they worked when they run the coke ovens was the first mine there. *2*

I guess that is the one they made the coke out of. The coke ovens are on the left hand side going up that hollow you call Coal Creek, and the mine is just a little ways above there on the right hand side, and the Mormon mine was on the same side ^{as} it, only above it, but I know it couldn't have been running then. You come up ^Huntington canyon and pass my father's mine on the right hand side, and all of the buildings were built on the same side, ^{mark} as my father's mine. You went past them and then turned up that gulch that you call Coal creek to the right, and the coke ovens were on the left, and the mine is on the right, and the building they called the store; I think it was a storehouse where they kept their stuff stored. I think there were two places in it, as it was large building.

There was quite a large piece of ground where the building was built, and it was down below; you would call it just below. ~~the~~ The others are in front of them, as the road run between the buildings. That river that runs down Huntington

*Evidently in
Main Canyon*

Density

Allyn

canyon run at the back of this building, and down close to my father's mine. It was so close that the horses used to stand in some of it when they loaded coal. I think the buildings were made of logs, as you could see on the hill a trail where they pulled them down, and I think they had shingle roofs on them.

The blacksmith shop and carpenter shop were built together, and there was a small spade between them and the other buildings. These other buildings were all built together in a long row along the hill. I don't know how many there were; I guess there were enough of them to house all of the men that worked there.

Those wagons that you talked about (I told her of an old newspaper item from Sanpete saying there were as many as 100 wagons on the Sanpete coal road in a single day, hauling coal down from the Huntington mines.) must have been the ones that hauled the coal to ^{the} Manti, Utah, as I can remember hearing my father say it was the closest railroad. I couldn't tell how long the company run it, as I never remember my father say, and about the mail, I don't know anything about it. I guess it was hauled up there from ^{the} airview.

You asked about my father. Yes, his hair was white. He was very straight and he wasn't too thin, or wasn't heavy, as he could ride a horse and get on it same as he always did. I can't tell you anything about the men that was working there with my father, or their names, or if there were any families there, as I never heard him say. Huntington canyon road run past my father's mine, and all the buildings there, right thru the middle, and the coke ovens and the mine they opened first is just above the coke ovens, only on the right side, and that is the gulch where you call Coal Creek. You turned to the right of the main road that runs thru Huntington canyon. It has been a long time since I was there, and maybe the road has changed like everything else.

I hope you can read this letter, as it makes me ^{very} nervous, and I am not too good at present. I have told you all I know and hope I have answered all your questions. You will have to find out the rest, as I have told you all I can

Blair

How do you like it?

-8-Mrs. P. R. Cotner's letters on Peter Murnig

remember hearing my father talk about. I hope you have success in getting everything you want to know. Excuse this writing. Sincerely, Mrs. P. R. Cotner. P. S. Remember Mr. Carlston didn't own the Mormon mine, as he didn't have a mine, and he didn't sell coal.

Sixth Letter Dec. 12, 1957

Hope you can read this letter. I guess Bagley was living in Mount Pleasant when he lost his arm.

Received your letter and will try and answer your questions. There was never any brickyard there (at Connelville). (If) there are any signs that there ever was ~~one~~ there I guess they hauled those bricks from some of those towns in Sanpete--first question. Second question:- The story you were told about the Bagley case was not right. Whoever told it didn't know nothing about it, only about the shooting. We were just kids then, and were up on the summer range. This Mr. Bagley was a carpenter, and he used to work for the same company my father worked for. He may have been one of the men who came out with my father when they came from Connelville, Pennsylvania. I don't know if he was, but he was a carpenter - not a miner. Him and my father was good friends. Mr. Bagley claimed that the Connelville company owed him for wages, but it must have been 20 or 30 years before he pulled the shooting off about them owing him for wages, but years before he tried to kill my father he lost a hand and half of his arm fishing with dynamite, but I don't remember which hand it was. Well, years after that, when he came up to my father's place where we lived, he came to our place and stayed and slept with my father and ate his meals with us. He could have killed my father then, but I guess he couldn't get my father to give him anything, and so he left our place and went next door with a man who was digging coal for my father. His name was Mr. Campbell, and he was eating his meals there and sleeping there with those folks. We think that he must have thought that Mr. Campbell was in with my father in the mine, instead of working for my father, because he tried to kill Mr. Campbell too.

My sister older than me heard him telling a man whose name was Blanchard

that he would kill them both before sundown. This man tried to talk him out of doing it, as it would leave us kids orphans. They were talking on the road below where the buildings were. This Mr. Bagley was hard of hearing; that was why she heard them. Well, she came and told my father what she heard them saying.

It was getting in the evening and my father had eaten his supper, so he said he was going in to ^Mr. Campbell's place to see how his boy was, that had got hurt with a horse falling on him. My sister tried to get him not to go in there where ^Mr. Bagley was, but he just laughed and said if he died he would die with a full stomach, So he went in, and Bagley was sitting on his bed, and my father went in past him and sat on the other bed.

^Mr. Campbell and his wife were still sitting at the table, so then ^Mr. Campbell got up and went over where my father (Peter Murning) was sitting, to get his pipe out of his coat that was on the wall, and he was on a straight line with my father when Bagley took a shot at them, but he missed them. My father jumped up, got the pistol and knocked Bagley on his back on the bed, and choked him till the blood was coming out of his mouth. If they hadn't got my father away from him he would have choked him to death, and if Bagley had have had both hands he would have killed them both. They sent for the sheriff who took Bagley away. I don't think they ever had any trial about it, but he was told he never could come up there any more and bother my father. We were there and I can remember it well. It had nothing to do about the mines. It was money he said the company owed him for working for them. He just made that up because he couldn't do any more carpentering work with only one hand. I guess he was broke and that was why he tried to kill my father. It wasn't the mines, as that man told you there didn't know much about it.

This ^Mr. Campbell lived out from ^Mt. Pleasant in some place they called Birch creek, but I don't know for sure; it was a farming place where there were a few farms. But that man is dead too, I guess. No, I don't remember Bagley's first name, or when he died. It was a good many years after that company quit

making coke that he pulled that off. I don't think they owed him anything. He was just jealous of my father and thought he could get some easy money, but it didn't work. My father owned fifty shares in the mines, so that is why the company let my father have what he could make out of it. ✓

I can remember seeing that paper (Peter Murning's stock certificate on shares he had in the Fairview Coal & Coke Mining Co.) and it had a seal on it. There must have been some record of it. I wonder if my brother's girl, Vey, would know if her mother ever got those papers back from Mr. Harkness. That is who she told my sister that John (John Murning) had let have them, but he is dead, and I guess his family is dead too.

There was no brick yard there (at Connellsville), nor any sign of any brick yard---second question. We were there when he (Bagley) tried to kill my father and Mr. Campbell. Bagley was a carpenter and wasn't a miner, and the shooting wasn't over any mines, as Bagley never owned one. He worked for the company as a carpenter. Well, I hope you can read this, as it makes me very nervous. I hope you won't have any more questions to ask, as I have told you all I know. Sincerely, Mrs. P. R. Cotner.

Seventh Letter December 26, 1957, from Mrs. P. R. Cotner

Dear Mr. Johnson: Received your letter a few days ago and will try and answer your questions. First question-----No, I never remember it being called the Deseret Mine nor the New York mine, and I don't know if the Mormon church owned it. That mine was the only mine that was there when my father was running his mine. That mine was selling coal just like my father was. They just run the mines in the summer, as you couldn't live there in the winter.

Second question:--- No, I never heard him say anything about their names. (I asked her about names of the other men who came with him from Pennsylvania.)

No. 3---No, I never heard him say anything about a railroad being built (up from Springville, as other notes stated.). The only railroad I heard him speak about was the Manti railroad, and that was the nearest to the mines. ✓

*me at other
mine*
mean Nephi - not Manti; ✓
the next

No. 4-----No, I can't remember him telling how they ever got out (of Winter Quarters where they were snowed in, in 1877, and gave it that name.) ; only about him telling about getting snowed in. I ~~never~~ ^{from Scotland,} remember my father saying that any of his family came over when he did. I guess my mother came when he did.

We weren't living in Huntington when Bagley tried to kill my father. I suppose the officer came from Mt. Pleasant or Fairview. We never saw Bagley a fter he shot at my father, as they took him somewhere and guarded him till the officers came and got him, but he never came up there any more. Bagley never owned a mine. He was a carpenter. I don't know why he wanted to ^{kill} Mr. Campbell. I guess he thought Mr. Campbell was in the mine with my father (owning it together), and if he killed them both he would get the mine. Mr. Campbell was just digging coal for my father. He never brought (talked?) anything about the company owning him wages. Well, I would say it was a good many years--maybe 20 or 30 years after he lost his arm shooting fish with dynamite, so he couldn't do any more carpenter work, and I guess he thought he could make that (scheme) work.

My sister Rose is buried in Huntington, and my sister older than men is buried in Cokeville, Wyo. Well, I will tell you that maybe how those mines were called the Gentile mine and the Mormon mine. There was a toll gate that was built at the mouth of the canyon out of Fairview. I don't know who run it, but it was in the canyon that run over to those mines. Well, the people that bought coal from my father liked his coal because it had rosin in it. That is the yellow material that is in the coal, and they claim it is better than the pure black coal. Well, some of them that bought coal from my father, that is, the men ^{and} they wanted to buy his coal, but if they did, they would have to pay toll, and if they went to the other mine they wouldn't have to pay toll.

Well, my father said he would find out about it. So I guess he did. I suppose they were running it without a license, as my father wouldn't dare to have cut it down, but him and one of his miners went down on ^{Carleton's} night and cut it down and threw it in the creek. Well, they never bothered to find out who cut it down, so maybe that is why they called them the Gentile mine and the Mormon mine. See system p. 5

write him
Mormon would

Years after, there was a toll gate put up in the canyon and everyone had to pay to go thru it, but I don't know if they still run it or not; it has been too long ago. *(Check this with Mrs. Bill's letters on it.)*

A.P.
Mr. Harkness lived in Scofield. He had a big hay ranch. He was a friend of my father, so I know he never came out with my father (from Pennsylvania.) Mr. Blanchard was a friend of my father. He lived in Fairview. He never came out with him, and Mr. Campbell was a friend of my father's, and he dug coal for my father, and he lived out from Mt. Pleasant in a little farming community, *Bird Creek,* and I think it was called Birch Creek, and Bagley was a friend of my father till he tried to kill him, and I couldn't tell if he came out with my father or not (from Pennsylvania.), as I never heard him say.

Well, I hope you can read this letter, as my pen stopped writing. Well, I see you told me about telling you I wished you wouldn't ask any more questions. Well, you will have to excuse me, as I don't want to be rude, but I get awful nervous, so if I can help you out, I will, too, but I think I have told you about all I know. Glad to know *Jey* is better with her cold. Got a Christmas card from her. Hope you had a nice Christmas, and will have a Happy New Year. Thank you,

Sincerely yours, ^Mrs. P. R. Cotner.

Hope you can read this letter, and hope I have answered ~~all~~ your questions. Mr. Harkness lived in Scofield, but he is dead, and I guess most of the family. I don't know if there are any of them living there yet.

A LETTER FROM MRS. P. R. COTNER, ON PETER MORAN, Jan. 21, 1958

Dear Mr. Johnson: Received your letter yesterday and will try to answer your questions. 1--- Mr. Harkness (Judge S. J.) was just a friend of my father's/ He never had anything to do with the Connelville mines. He lived in Scofield and owned a lot of meadow land in Scofield; he wasn't a mining man.; he was a well educated man; they used to call him Judge Harkness.

2---No, I don't think my father had anything to do with the Winter Quarters Mines outside of prospecting for coal there, and about them getting snowed in, and I never remember him telling how they got out, but I know he never had anything or any interest in those mines. I suppose he spent his time at the Connelville mine, but he must have prospected for coal at Castle Gate, as we had a dog that he found there. It was just a pup and he found it under a big rock and he named it Rock, but there wasn't any town there then, , them days; they made their own roads and he thought someone must have lost the mother, and she had those pups. All I know is hearing him tell how he found the dog. I can remember the dog.

3---No, I never heard him tell about mining in Scotland. He lived in Connelville, Penn, and that is from where they were sent out to prospect for coal, and I never heard him tell their names, that is, the men that came out with him (to Utah). Sorry I can't tell you more, as that was before I was born. All I know is just what I heard him tell; that has been a long time.

Mrs. Margaret McLean, my oldest sister, had one boy, Peter McLean, but he is dead. He was grown; he was at my brother's funeral (Jack Moran in Huntington in 1920), and he was the next one to die in the family. She has two daughters--Mrs. Adeline ^{Mrs.} Witherby of Cokeville, Wyoming, and Mrs. Margaret Coziah of Afton, Wyo.

No Castle Gate then

Peter's mother

-2-Mrs. P. R. Cotner's letters on her father, Peter Moran.

My youngest sister, Mrs. Rose Booth, had three children; Perry Booth, but he is dead, and Mrs. Mary Putney or Putery of Salt Lake City, and John Booth of Salt Lake.

No. my husband, Mr. P. R. Cotner, wasn't a sheep man or a mining man; he worked in stores; owned in stores, and run some stores; when I married him he was running a hotel in Price, Utah.

Well, I guess that is all. I wish I could tell you more.

Sincerely; Hope you can read this letter. Mrs. Cotner.

P. S. I just thought about my father when he got thru running the mine; ~~at~~ Connellville) that is, selling coal; he let Mr. Harkness take the mine over to make what he could out of it. Mr. Harkness had an uncle that came from Boston, Mass, and he was living with Mr. Harkness, and he was the one that went over there, and I guess mined coal and sold it; that is, in the summer, but I don't know how long they stayed there, but Mr. Harkness never went over there, and I don't know if anyone else had it or not. You see, I have been to Huntington only twice in 58 years, and that was to my brother's funeral (Jack,) and my sister (Rose Booth ~~or Sarah Harkness~~), so I don't know if my brother was running his cattle in the summer there or not. Maybe Vey can tell you more than I can about that. That has been a long time ago. I was married in 1900. Mrs. P.R.C.

LETTER FROM MRS. P. R. COTNER, March 20, 1958
From LavaHot Springs, Idaho.

Dear Mr. Johnson:

I received your letter March 17, so will answer it, but am very sorry to say I can't answer your questions about those men's names, as I never remember hearing my father talk about any of the men or names that came out when he did (from Pennsylvania), but if all those names are on that map, the only thing I can say is that perhaps those men were some that came when he did, (from Connelisville, Pa.) I remember Mr. Carlston's name, as he lived in Fairview, but he never came out with my father. I don't think I was born when my father came out from Connelisville. My mother never came to Utah when my father did, so I can't tell anything about that, but I was the baby of the family when she did come. That is what my father told me. I haven't my birth certificate; I don't know if they had any in those days, or if they had any record of it. My father was sent out with those men from Connelisville, so I suppose he was employed by them.

My father was in the cattle business before he went to Castle Valley. He bought his first cattle from someone by the name of Shurtliff in Ogden, (Lewis W. Shurtliff.), and ran his cattle up on the summer range. I will have to finish my letter with a pencil, as my pen quits writing half of the time.

In the winter he used to have to feed his cattle. He used to rent fields and buy hay and straw stacks; that was in Fairview. I guess it was very expensive to feed them that way. My father sold his first cattle and then he went in the cattle business again. I guess that was when he went to Huntington to live, but he always ran his cattle on the summer range and we lived there in the summer.

I don't know what year we went to Castle Valley. I don't know if my brother (Jack Moran) was running his cattle there when he died. (yes). I don't ever remember seeing any pump engine

-2-Mrs. P.R. Cotner's letter of March 20, 1958

at the Connellsville coke camp when we lived there. I never did know who ran the Morvan mine. I never knew there were any more mines around there, only the Carlston mines, and I never heard of any of those names you have mentioned. Maybe they were some of themen who came out from Penn. when my father did.

Did you ever find out if they hauled the coke to Mantl, Utah? I can remember my father telling it was the closet railroad. Well, it will be sure nice if they put up a marker in memory of my father there, and also the other men that came out with him. I think those names you mention could be some of them, but as I say I don't know.

But I am just thinking, if they put a marker up there, if it wouldn't be all right to put my father's name, Peter Murning, on it, and also his nickname, Peter Moran, as he was known by that name, too; but that is up to you what you do about that.

Well, I hope you can read this letter, as I get very nervous when I write much, so I will say thank you for what you are doing. I could feel better and I could feel worse. Excuse this writing; hope you can read it. Respectfully, Mrs. P. R. Cotner.

Wales barke

In story on Wales and other Sanpete settlements, says John T. Lynch and C. C. Perkins organized a company to operate Wales coal and coke. Built 12 ovens, and installed extensive crushing and washing machinery; the mines employing 200 men. The coal was excellent for forge work, but expense of removing the rock proved unprofitable, and the company failed. Simon Bemberger was then sent to England and got English capital interested; a new company was formed about 1875 to continue operations. This company arranged for a branch railroad line from the RR terminus at Nepht to the mines to get the coal to market; till then the coal had been hauled in wagons, which proved too expensive and cumbersome for such distance.

*Wales
failed*

LETTER FROM MRS. P. R. COTNER, ~~MARX~~ APRIL 3, 1958

Dear Mr. Johnson: Received your letter and will try and answer your questions the best way I can. 1---Yes, my father said he and a gang of men came out from Connelville to prospect for coal, but he didn't say how many; I never heard him say he was their leader.

2---No, I never heard him say anything about Pennsylvania coal men bringing him from Scotland to help develop coal, as you ask.

3---No, my father wasn't an educated man (formally educated,) He could read print, but couldn't write, but I think he was pretty well educated in the coal business, as he seemed to be the only one who found a mine of his own; the rest of them didn't seem to find coal when they were prospecting for it; I mean the men whose names you said were on that map (the old mining sketch of Connelville.) who prospected for coal; I don't know who found the Mormon mine or who run it.

4---Well, I don't know the date of my birth, nor the birth date of my sister Maggie. I know Rose (the youngest) was born in Fairview, and I was born in Connelville, (Penn.) and I believe my sister (Mary) was born in Scotland. My mother had two children after she came to Utah; ^{by one} Rose, and she died when the baby boy was born; I don't know what they named him.

5---I don't even remember when my sister (Mary) got killed, but I can remember my father telling about it. She had a horse that was very gentle. As many kids as could get on it could ride on it, but when she got hurt and died they (the family) didn't know what caused her death, but after she was buried, the girls that was with her riding the horse said they all fell off on a pile of rocks on top of Mary, and that (injury) was what she died of, I never heard my father say anything about her being Queen of the May. (She died May 2, 1978.

13 years old,

-2-Mrs. P. R. Cotner's letter of April 3, 1958

6---No, I never heard of my father or his brother being a Catholic Priest. I never heard him speak of a brother. Sorry I can't answer some of the things you would like to know, but you can see that I wasn't very old when I can't remember when Mary died, and I can't remember much about my mother. (Mrs. Cotner's mother died young, leaving a family of children for Peter to raise.) But I was born in Connellsville, Penn. and I was the baby when my mother came to Utah. Sorry that we never had a picture of my father or my mother.

Well, Mantl was the only place I ever heard my father speak of and I suppose that is where they shipped the coke from. Maybe they sold the coke in Utah or other places. I don't know that.

I don't remember about the Johnsons in Huntington. I knew a family by the name of Chris Johnson; he was a ^{father-in-law} ~~step-father~~ of Billy Cook, and then I remember a girl Hannah Johnson, a very pretty girl that worked in the postoffice in Huntington. It has been a long time since I lived in Huntington; - going on 58 years. I was to my brother's funeral. (Jack Moran in 1920), and when my sister Rose died (1925.) Well, I am sorry I can't answer all of your questions, so I will close, thanking you again; Respt. Yours, Mrs. P. R. Cotner.

Hope you can read this letter.

Feb 9-1899 Address in Aunt's record.
wgs (Petition for distribution of Peter's
Mormon Estate - died Jan 1898?
125)

LETTER FROM MRS. P. R. GONNER ON BIRTHDATE OF SISTER.

Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, May 31, 1958. Mr. Johnson:

I guess you will think I am never going to answer your letter which I received some time ago. But I wrote to my niece to see if she knows where her mother was born and I just received the answer.

1---My sister Margaret Murning was born in Bathgate, Scotland, Nov. 9, 1872, and died Sept. 29, 1940, at 68 years, 11 months and 41 days ~~dd~~; check this mistake: 10 months and 11 days ?

Margaret died in Cokeville, Wyo. We (Sarah and husband) moved from Clear Creek to Wyoming but don't know what year, then moved to Lava Hot Springs where she has lived since.

Peter Murning's family lived in Fairview, Utah, till they moved to Huntington, but don't know what year; early in 1880s. Sarah and Maggie lived together same town ^{*Cokeville*} two years, ^{Sarah} ~~Maggie~~ in town, ^{Maggie} ~~Sarah~~ on ranch. Her name was Margaret, not Maggie; Mrs. Peter Murning died at Fairview but don't know what year; Sarah too young then. *about 1882, child with*

Father's right name was Peter Murning, and Moran was only a nickname because people couldn't remember Murning; Sarah has heard him tell people it was only a nickname; Her sister Rose Booth died in Huntington, she thinks in Feb. ¹⁹ about 1925??

Sarah doesn't know how old she is, but her father told her she was born in Connelisville, Penn, and she was the baby of the family when they moved ~~to~~ Utah to new Connelisville mines ~~there~~.

She is sure her mother never came to Utah same time her father did, as Sarah remembers father saying he bought a home in Fairview, also bought furniture for it and had it ready when she came from Penn. Sarah doesn't remember when mother died, but she had two children, one was Rose and the other a baby boy that died when she did, but Sarah doesn't know what year it was; must see Fairview grave.

over

THE PETER MURNING FAMILY GENEALOGY

Peter Murning (or Moran), born Dec. 25, 1834 in Cathland, Ireland. He was already in the United States about 1870, located at Connelisville, Penn., working in the big coke mines when the Utah Fuel Co. brought him to Utah to run their new coke mine at Connelisville. He died June 25, 1898, and was buried at Fairview, by his wife. Sarah Mavey (McVeigh) born about 1843 in Litchsco, Scotland, Died in Nov. about 1880 at Fairview, and was buried there.

Children:

Mary Murning, born Feb. 2, 1865, at Litchsco; died May 2, 1878, at Fairview and buried there.

John Murning, born Oct. 31, 1867, at Litchsco, and died March 17, 1920 in Huntington and buried there.

Maggie Murning, born Nov. 9, 1872, (whether in Scotland or Utah ?) died Sept. 30, 1941, wife of Angus McClain.

Sarah Murning, born in the 1870s, about 1873 ? or later at Connelisville, Penn, and married Dick Cotner. See her letters for date of this, and other details.

Rosy Murning, born July 8, 1880, at Fairview, married Jack Booth and died Feb. 19, 1925; buried at Huntington.

John Murning married Sarah Nielson Sept. 20, 1903, and she died at Huntington, July 12, 1950; buried there.

Rena Grange says Maggie Murning must have been born in Pennsylvania, as when her father sent the record in, marked born in Litchsco, Scotland, the Genealogy Dept. wrote in "Of Utah" instead of Litchsco.

(See Sarah Cotner's letters for any other changes.)
She said she never knew her birthday, nor where she was born. She lived at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.)

1070 Kingston
Denver 8, Colo.
March 27, 1958

Mrs. F. R. Gotner
Lava Hot Springs, Idaho

Dear Mrs. Gotner:

Thanks so much for your letter, even if you didn't remember the names of the men who had the mines at Connellyville. One of them, Wells, was president of the Coke company in 1875, and another one, Loucks, was secretary, then president. The State Capitol records in Salt Lake don't have any of this.

There are several things I would like to ask, if you feel like answering what you remember of them:

1----Did your father say that others came with him from Connellyville, Penn. to Utah, or how many there were, and did he say that he was the leader of the group?

2----Did he also say that Pennsylvania coal men brought him to this country from Scotland, to help develop the coal, then to Utah?

3----Was your father a well educated man, or just a practical mining engineer with coal mining experience?

4----I have the birth dates of your brother, Jack, and your sisters, Mary and Rosey. Will you tell me the birth dates of yourself and your sister Maggie, and were both of you born in Connellyville, Pennsylvania? This would help show me what year your mother came to Utah, if you were the baby then?

5----Can you tell me the details of how your sister Mary was killed when she was 13 years old in Fairview? I heard she was Queen of the May Day, on May 1, and her horse jumped when the band started playing, threw her off and she died next day: in 1878.

6----Can you tell me anything about your father's brother, who was a Catholic priest in Scotland?

Now I'd like to say that this Shurtliff of Ogden, your father got his first cattle from, was a business man there, and my father, J. E. Johnson of Huntington, once was a salesman for him. As to hauling the coke to Mantl, Utah, the Sanpete railroad wasn't built till 1890, which was long after Connellyville mines quit working, and I heard from somewhere else that the coke was hauled to York, up near Nephi, which was the end of the railroad during the late 1870s when Connellyville was working. But if your father said Mantl, they must have hauled coke there, at least later.

I will certainly put both your father's names, Murning and Moran, on any marker we put up; other people have asked me why he had both names, so it shows that both names ought to be on a marker. He was a great old pioneer, and he deserves this honor. I wish I knew where to find his picture.)

With best wishes, and I hope you are well. Sincerely,

NOTES ON CONNELLVILLE FROM MRS. P. R. GOTNER'S LETTERS

Page 5 says there was a blacksmith shop, carpenter shop; a boardinghouse for the men to eat; a bunkhouse for the miners to sleep, and other houses to live in. They were all built along the hill above Peter Murning's old mine, out in Huntington canyon. There was also a large building down by itself, probably a store and an office

Hans Carlston's twomines were in Huntington canyon, west of Coal creek, one on each side of the creek going to Sandpete, but she says these were only prospect holes, and Carlston never sold any coal.

Murning's mine was called the 'Gentle Mine,' while the ~~Went~~^{Went} mine in Coal creek sold coal, but she isn't sure which one it was. Says neither one of these mines was running while the Coke Co. operated.

"The mine they worked for the coke ovens was the first one there."

The mine that produced coal for coke was the Bentley mine, just across Coal creek east from the coke ovens, and the Mormon mine was just above it on the same side; that would make it the Louckes mine.

Page 6 says all the buildings were around Peter Murning's mine, in Huntington canyon just before you turned north up Coal creek. But page 6 says the storehouse stood near the coke mine, (Bentley mine.)

But all other buildings were in the main canyon, around Murning's mine, and Huntington ^{creek} ran around against the north side then, (Page 7.)

Page 2 of black pages says John T. Lynch and C. C. Perkins organized a company to operate Wales coal and coke. They built 12 ovens and installed expensive crushing and washing machinery, employing 200 men ⁷ The coal was excellent for forge or blacksmith work, but had too much rock for coking, and the expense of removing the rock broke the company. Here was when Simon Bamberger was sent to seek English capital; they organized a company in 1875 and started operations at Wales again, but it all failed as usual; nothing ever came of commercial coal business, nor coking, there.

(This is for your interest, and as with the ballad I sent on "The Bandit Horse", it is not to be published by others.)

THE OUTLAW WAY

Have you been to the desert river,
With its cliffs and sandy bends,
Where the current carves thru rocky walls
And the vista never ends?
Where galloping outlaws splashed across
To hide in the Sindbad swell,
And ~~For~~ possemen never dared pursue
Deep into the San Rafael.

Two camps to the south lay Robbers Roost
And there they would find retreat
If ever a sheriff boldly rode-----
But hoping they would not meet!
The Roost was safely and neatly hid
From any rider astray;
And every trail was guarded close-----
For that was the outlaw way.

Now Buckhorn Draw was the northern Gate
That led to the outlaw den,
While lofty cliffs to the east and west
Kept marauders out again.
Beyond to the east Green river flowed;
Way south the Dirty Devil;
While birds devoured the western crags
That rimmed this outlaw revel.

Butch Cassidy hid his bandit gang
Deep back in these painted walls;
For he was king and he ruled his men
And governed their rowdy draws.
Good beef, and gold when they made ^a raid
Made life in the hideout gay;
They paid it back with a noisy laugh-----
For that was the outlaw way.

They rode at will and they never worked,
Except as a hard ride counts,
Driving from some unguarded field
Their pick of the finest mounts.
They loafed and drank in a quiet town,
As cowboys stopping enroute,
To study the land for later raids,
And gamble away their loot.

This fugitive life might last for years,
Or maybe a real short spell,
Depending on the luck and the law,
And the way the bullets fell.
But most of them had a brief career
In the game of steal and play;
They were shot on sight or swiftly hung-----
For that was the outlaw way!

Copy Made
Jan. 30, 1959
For Vey Burnside

-----Jungt Johnson
1638 Franklin
Denver 18, Colo.

(Please don't give this to someone who may have it pub-
lished.)



Karl Burnside
Melvey Murning
Burnside
daughter of Peter
Murning