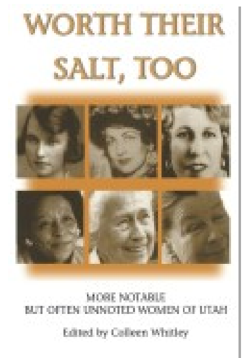
Worth Their Salt Too

Colleen Whitley



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Marion Davis Clegg
The Lady of the Lakes

Carol C. Johnson

Carol Ann Clegg Johnson completed her B.A. in English at the University of Utah in 1990 after a thirty-year hiatus to raise six children. Three of those six were attending the U. at the same time she was, and all six received at least their B.A. or B.S. degrees there. She and her husband, LaVell, a biochemist, have founded three companies: Auto Assay (to automate a radioimmunoassay system, funded by Howard Hughes's Suma Corporation for three and a half years until his death); Chisi (named for their dog—to create Yellowstone Treasure Quest, an educational strategy board game); and in 1994, Photo Synthesis (to digitally manipulate, restore, compose, and print photographs and posters). Having a business partnership with her husband comes naturally to Johnson, who spent every summer as she was growing up at Trial Lake where her father, H. C. (Cardie) Clegg, was the superintendent of fifteen reservoirs. Her mother, Marion, was of necessity his assistant in fact, if not in name or pay. Thousands of Boy Scouts, fishermen, hikers, campers, and sightseers found food, shelter, directions, bait, first aid, and general connection with civilization at the Cleggs' family cabin, which gradually evolved into the Trial Lake Lodge. Using Marion's autobiography, augmented by documents and interviews with family members, Johnson presents a delightful memoir of a place and a family that many Utahns thought of as their own. She plans to expand this into a full history of the Clegg family's adventures at Trial Lake.

There are mansions of marble and houses of stone
And beautiful sights to see.

But Cardie's log cabin in the pines at Tryol Lake
Is near enough heaven for me.

—Ollie L. Rhodes[1]

This verse, prominently displayed by Marion Clegg in that cabin-lodge by Trial Lake, at the head of Provo River, expressed her romantic view of the idyllic mountain setting she lived in and gave voice to why she returned summer after summer with her husband, Cardie.

On the other hand, every spring when she first arrived, after the chipmunks, mice, and other wild creatures had made winter nests in the cabin, it was anything but romantic. Reflecting on her disillusionment, she wrote, "Cardie would invariably unlock the cabin and head out to check reservoirs, the children would carry in [buckets of] lake water and run off to see if their favorite rocks and trees were still there, and I would collapse onto a bench and sob, 'Everybody wants to live here, but no one is willing to help clean up this dirty, dusty, filthy cabin. No one will destroy the mice nests or scour the stove after the dirtier-than-skunks vandals have used it and left their spilled food to spoil on it.'" But once everyone's energies were marshaled and the cleanup was over, the cabin truly was near enough heaven for her.[2]

Marion treasured her unique thirty-nine summers spent in that log cabin with water buckets instead of plumbing and white gas lanterns instead of electricity. She bandaged injured strangers and pulled porcupine quills from dogs' noses. She comforted fishermen caught unprepared for storms and acted as an information center for those seeking lost hikers or leaving messages for campers. She hosted prominent government, religious, and education figures, as well as illiterate sheepherders and Boy Scout troops, and was gracious to all.

But Marion hardly seemed destined for a primitive life in the mountains. She was born Marion Garland Davis in Salt Lake City on 6 December 1898, as Utah's pioneering era was winding down. While growing up on K Street, the last in a family of five children, she frequently questioned whether God was love, as her family believed. If God really loved her, why did he let her father die when she was only two years old? Why did her mother have to take in boarders and sewing in order to eke out a living? Why did Marion have to wear her sister Grace's hand-me-downs and feel poor? It took years for her to work

through those feelings, but she finally decided she could feel rich if she had cheese every day.

Her father, John McClellan Davis, was a mining engineer and principal investor in the Annie Mining and Milling Company in the Camp Floyd district in 1895.[3] He used his savings and mortgaged the family home to develop five mining claims; then his work impacted his health and he died of erysipelas, an acute skin disease, leaving a destitute widow and five children aged two to nine.[4]

So that widow, Lillian May Thomas Davis, worked extremely hard to care for her family. Every year, however, when the mortgage payments were due, she took in extra sewing and worried that her boarders would skip out without paying. When Marion was about six, she thought the mortgage must be like an ogre in a fairy tale and decided to get it off the house. She bravely climbed a tree next to the roof with a flipper and some pebbles and waited for hours to scare the mortgage away before finally descending for dinner.

Marion also remembered when her mother removed their outhouse in favor of two toilets installed right in their home, one for themselves and one for renters. They caused quite a scandal throughout the neighborhood. "How unsanitary!" neighbors protested.[5]

In school Marion excelled academically and was a member of East High's graduating class in 1917, a class that saw many of its members and Marion's only brother, Frank, fighting in World War I. After two years at the University of Utah, she earned a teaching certificate and began her career in Orderville in southern Utah, a town originally founded as part of a Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon) experiment in living the United Order, a utopian, socialist life that attracted polygamists as well.[6] Her schoolroom was in the Mormon meetinghouse, and the friendly townsfolk treated her with respect and acceptance; the church patriarch even gave her a blessing, something rarely done for people who were not members of the church.[7]

Her family members were Episcopalians and Christian Scientists. Her sister Anna Cady had a regular Sunday morning Christian Science radio broadcast in Salt Lake City in the 1940s. As a practitioner, she treated ill people in Utah and later in Los Angeles.[8] Marion, too, helped the ill, for that year in Orderville the terrible flu epidemic was sweeping the community and the world. Schools closed and Marion volunteered to help. One difficult night she cared for an eighteen-year-old

boy and his married sister as they both died. Her stories of Orderville made lasting impressions on her own children, one of whom incorporated them into a novel.[9]

In 1920 Marion returned to Salt Lake City and rode daily in a motorcycle sidecar to teach school in Hunter twenty miles away. Then she attended summer school at the University of Utah, where she and Ramona (Mona) Clegg of Heber City resumed their friendship formed two years earlier while they were classmates. In an elocution class they met Raymond (Ray) Maw, a pre-med student.[10] While Ray and Mona were courting, they introduced Marion to Mona's brother, Henry Cardwell (Cardie) Clegg, who had returned from California where he worked as a draftsman for Standard Oil. He was managing the family farm in Heber for the summer.

Cardie was also assisting the caretaker of several small reservoirs built by farmers from Kamas, Heber, and Provo Valleys at the head of the Provo River. He invited Ray, Mona, Marion, and another couple to visit Trial Lake. The guests drove a Model T Ford to Soapstone, where they met Cardie and slept on the rangers' cabin floor, three to a blanket; Cardie and Mona took center spots with men lined next to Cardie and women next to Mona. Marion wrote:

> A lot of giggling and squirming went on before someone realized that we had left a candle burning in the window sill. Who was to get up and blow it out? No one wanted the honor. No one cared to try to find his . . . floor allotment in the inky darkness after the candle was put out, so Cardie settled it by taking his Luger from its holster under his pillow (a rolled-up gunny sack) and shooting out the flame. The shot was deafening and the smell of powder filled the room, but soon we were sleeping.[11]

The next day they rode horses and a wagon twelve jolting miles to Trial Lake over ruts and "corduroy bridges" (logs laid sideways across swamps). Cardie had helped build this road in 1910 so a team of horses could pull one ton of supplies to the lakes for the dam builders. That night he explained that Trial Lake was named for two small dams, one built in 1887, the other in 1888, by Heber farmers as trials to see if water could be stored there. Both dams washed out, but the experiments gave farmers sufficient encouragement so that in 1889 they built substantial

dams on Trial and Washington Lakes. Again, both washed out the following spring and litigation in courts kept water companies from trying again for twenty years.[12]

The following day Cardie, Marion, and the others rode to the base of Bald Mountain, left their horses, and climbed to the top. Marion wrote,

> We stood there a long time looking out over that ocean of space and a healthy respect for the Creator of all the earth was reborn in my soul. . . . I even saw Cardie with new eyes. He was no longer just the handsome, athletic young man whose . . . good looks and kind manner had won my heart down in the valley. He was a part of all this glorious country. He was perfectly at home in this ruggedness, perfectly able to meet all the demands such primitive life could make. He was courage, honesty, truth and power all rolled into one wonderful man. I think I would have died if he had not loved me.[13]

On 28 December 1921, they were married. Marion was teaching school in yet another remote, rural area—Hiawatha, a mining town near Price. She took time off for a honeymoon to California, and half of the school bet she would not return, but she kept her commitment and finished the school year.[14]

In the fall she and Cardie moved to Santa Fe Springs, California, where Cardie once again worked for Standard Oil. Before spring, however, Cardie's ailing father asked him, the only son, to return to Heber to take over the farm for good. In exchange Cardie was given land next to his parents' home on Sixth South between Main and First East. Cardie set about building a comfortable stucco home in which he neglected to build bedroom closets—an oversight Marion never forgot.

Six months after her marriage, Ray Maw baptized Marion into the Mormon faith in Luke's Hot Pots in Midway, a swimming pool that used geothermally heated water. On 6 September 1922, her marriage to Cardie was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple, an eventful day that also saw two of Cardie's six sisters married there—Mona married Ray Maw and Ruth married George Wimer.[15]

Life in Wasatch County's Heber City was quite different from what Marion had known. It was wonderful to have fresh vegetables,

milk, butter, meat—and cheese. But it was back-breaking work that seldom paused for holidays. She adjusted, however, to being a farmer's wife and began raising their five children, born over a fourteen-year span: Marjorie, Patricia (Pat), John (Jack), Jerry, and Carol.

Marion also embarked on a lengthy period of LDS Church service, including serving as Primary president from 1927 to 1931. She was the Wasatch Stake Relief Society literary leader for seventeen years, and in that capacity taught hundreds of classes and wrote scores of skits, plays, and programs. She never learned to drive a car, so Cardie chauffeured her all over the county. From 1947 to 1953 she was the first counselor in the stake Relief Society presidency with the responsibility of helping to introduce the church's welfare program to the area.[16]

She was on the cutting edge of other social improvements as well. In February 1947 she and two friends, Edna Montgomery and Deon Hicken, organized the wives of cattlemen who met yearly in Salt Lake City into the Utah Cowbelles. Marion was its legislative chairman. The idea spread from an original twelve to two hundred members in several local Utah groups two years later.[17] While she was president of the Central Elementary School PTA, the organization began testing the feasibility of serving school lunches. She wrote: "Many a huge, cast iron pot of baked beans, soups, and other foods I cooked and helped serve." Not long after their efforts became known, school lunches became popular elsewhere.[18] Marion was invited to serve on the Wasatch County Library board and soon resigned to become the evening librarian, a position she kept through most of the 1950s, except for summers at the lakes, of course.

Editors from the *Provo Herald* persuaded her to be their correspondent. After a few years, in 1947, she began playing with misplaced modifiers and words with double meanings similar to the ones she had noted in rural papers. She made up a fictitious town to go with them and reported (for 15¢ per column inch) the doings of its inhabitants under the pseudonym Elvira Hicks. Her "Hicks Holler" was peopled with delightful characters who regularly appeared for two years in the *Provo Herald*. For example: "Marshal Forces was surprised to find a case of beer on the courthouse steps this morning. He has not found the owner yet but is working on the case."[19] She was often surprised to hear her characters quoted at banquets and programs, and she was delighted when rumors eventually placed Hicks Holler beneath the

waters of Deer Creek Reservoir, whose dam was built between 1938 and 1941.[20]

In spite of all her involvement in local affairs, she often felt like an outsider; however, she possessed a positive attitude that encouraged accomplishment and refinement in herself and her children. Her humility also prevented her from offending anyone, including her neighbors for their colloquial speech; but she was determined that her children learn to speak standard English and constantly corrected their lapses. Marion was not only proud of her children, she had a great sense of humor about them and could not resist repeating what an acquaintance once wondered aloud: "I don't know how all of your children are so smart. They don't get it from Cardie. And certainly not from you. It must be the cross."[21]

Her family and community accomplishments aside, Marion is most widely known for her years of hospitality at Trial Lake. Every summer from 1926 to 1966, she packed up everything but the proverbial kitchen sink, Cardie teased, to take up to the lakes.

Since 1910, Cardie had either helped build or repair dams and roads or had hauled freight for those who did, or he had regulated the flow of the Provo River from several reservoirs for the Union Reservoir Company. By 1926 he and Marion had two daughters, Marjorie and Pat, and Cardie wanted them to spend the whole summer together at his favorite spot—a two-room log cabin below the Trial Lake dam. Daisies bloomed on the sod roof that covered the tool shed-stable portion, while rain resounded unmercifully on the tin roof that sheltered the living quarters. Pat, barely a year old, needed fresh milk daily, so Cardie arranged with a road construction crew that received supplies daily from Kamas to leave some at the "crossroads," the Mirror Lake road junction to Trial Lake a quarter of a mile below the cabin. But each day the milk was almost churned to butter after its trip across the bumpy, washboard road. So Cardie enlisted the help of some fishermen. Together they drove a wild range cow onto the dam, lassoed and tied her, and tried to milk her. The beast kicked up an awful fuss, spilling most of the milk. After an hour's strenuous work, he salvaged about half a cup, which Marion carefully strained through a dish towel. Then Cardie proudly offered the milk to Pat. She wrinkled her nose and batted it away. Marion decided they had better return to Heber, and Cardie, saddened by this defeat, headed out on foot to check reservoirs a

few miles west on the North Fork of the Provo River. He planned to return the next morning to take his young family back to Heber.

That night Marion, alone in the tiny cabin with her two babies and only a leather strap to keep the slab door from swinging open, had a terrible scare. About midnight she heard someone unlatch the door, creep into the room, and rifle through the cupboards in the spooky darkness. She cried out, “What do you want?” and a young fellow, Clyde Maycock, who belonged to one of two families building cabins west of the dam, answered, “Gee, Mrs. Clegg, did I scare you?” His mom was sick, and he was just looking for some aspirin.

Marion slept fitfully, listening to the wind whooshing through the trees and a porcupine gnawing on the cabin, only to be aroused early the next morning by a woman’s frantic screams. The woman was spending the summer at Lost Lake, a mile east, with her husband who was herding sheep there. She had been on the verge of a nervous breakdown when her doctor suggested she spend a quiet, restful summer in the beautiful mountains, away from pressures. But no one reckoned on a bear poking its nose into her tent. She threw a frying pan at it and fled. Fortunately, her horse was saddled and tied to a nearby tree, and together the two panicked beings headed for Trial Lake. Marion helped her off her horse and brewed some tea to calm her nerves. By the time the woman was coherent, both Cardie and the woman’s husband had arrived. Soon they were all on their way back to civilization.[22]

Later that summer, in 1926, Cardie obtained a permit from the U.S. Forest Service to graze cows and horses and to build a two-story log cabin east of the dam. The Forest Service soon changed its policy and no more permits were issued; Cardie’s and the two cabins west of the dam were the only ones ever built there. All three were constructed at the same time, with owners helping each other, and were ready for occupancy by 1928. The other two cabins were used primarily on weekends, but for the next thirty-nine summers Cardie and Marion lived in their cabin full time, taking care of fifteen reservoirs and umpteen fishermen and campers: cutting wood, milking cows, planting fish, operating a “candy counter” in their front room, and renting out horses, boats, and guest rooms upstairs.[23]

Cardie’s cabin stood atop a barren hill east of the dam, a landmark visible from cliffs, mountain peaks, and airplanes that occasionally buzzed it. Marion planted a row of pine trees along the south edge of

the parking lot in the rocky ground and hauled water from the lake for decades to nurse them along.

The cabin was originally meant for just the family. By 1928, however, a new dirt road ran past it, through the spillway, and across the dike to a new campground. People continually knocked on the door seeking help of every conceivable kind, from removing fish hooks from necks and bandaging ax wounds to fighting forest fires, fixing broken axles, and syphoning gas to take them back to civilization. The pressure was great on Marion, tied to the cabin with her ever-increasing family and barraged by campers with requests. So Cardie built a candy counter for her in a corner of the large front room where fishermen and their families felt welcome to wander in seeking help or to swap fish stories. One regular tale spinner, Ollie Rhodes, used Cardie as the butt of his hilarious tall tales; one even won a National Liars' Club contest.[24]

Marion gradually got used to the idea of strangers entering her front room at will—which was preferable to their entering her kitchen unexpectedly. She painted a wooden sign that modestly proclaimed "Trial Lake Lodge." Still, to the family it remained just "the cabin." The days she baked bread in the coal stove, fishermen were lured from half a mile away. Besides selling 5¢ candy bars for 6¢, she added bottles of soda water cooled in a tub of snow, cans of tomato juice to subdue skunk odors, can openers, fishing lures, flashlight batteries, matches, and other essential items. She could have sold truckloads of camera film and other supplies, too, if she had wanted to make a real business of it. "We'd have to have a store bigger than Macy's to supply half the stuff campers want," Cardie muttered in exasperation. The counter never made much of a profit since the family ate up much of the inventory, and chipmunks nibbled nutty bars regularly, often scolding those who tried to shoo them away. After several years Marion began selling hamburgers. She had only a coal stove that took half an hour to heat up, not worth the trouble for one hamburger or one cup of coffee; customers could drive twenty-six miles to Kamas faster. Still, many preferred to visit and wait.

The front room had a huge fireplace with seashells cemented into it for no reason other than that they were handy when Cardie's Uncle Herb Clegg built the fireplace and elevated them to their prominent position—which prompted thousands of people to ask, "Did those shells come from this lake?"

For two decades, fishermen hoping to reach the campground tried to ford the spillway before the lake had drained enough to make that route passable. The road dipped down into the spillway, which when it was full of water, required fording. While Cardie pulled their vehicles out with horses or a tractor, Marion invited them to dry their wet bedding and clothes on a wire screen she placed before roaring flames in the fireplace. She also rented out boats so they could transport their gear to the campground. On many crowded July Fourth weekends, Marion awoke to find tents tied right to the cabin. Eventually the spillway was bridged; then years later a new road bypassed the cabin, the spillway, and the dike.

Snowshoes hung on the south wall next to the candy counter, reminders of Cardie's annual winter treks from above Woodland or Kamas to Trial Lake and from there to the scattered reservoirs. Those trips took several strenuous days with freezing nights spent in snow caves or cabins. What a boon when Utah State University (Agricultural College then) and the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Logan began taking Cardie to the lakes on a large snow cat they were developing about 1940![25] Data is now gathered electronically, eliminating the need for some winter trips, although someone still needs to keep an eye on the thawing reservoirs and their spillways. Cardie's last winter trek by foot was made in 1965 at age seventy-four.[26]

Occasionally in the evenings the family put on shadow plays featuring mock surgical operations. They hung a sheet from ceiling logs and behind it placed a doctor, a nurse, a patient lying on a table, and a bright lantern that cast their shadows onto the sheet. Doctor Darekill and Nurse Slaughter would saw open the patient, complete with sound effects, and pull out all sorts of odd-looking fishing tackle and tools from what looked like the victim's stomach, making clever remarks about each. The day after one such operation, some campers timidly stepped into the cabin, not wanting to bother Marion but curious about the person who had had emergency surgery the night before. They had wandered to the cabin in the dark and witnessed the operation through a window thinking it was real.[27]

The most memorable public event to take place in the lodge occurred in August 1945. Marion heard on her battery-operated radio that World War II had ended, and immediately she sent word throughout the campground. "Everyone was overjoyed. People began singing

and dancing and whooping it up. They crowded into the cabin to listen to follow-up comments. "It was a time of blessed rejoicing!" she wrote. Because no one wanted to miss any of the details that poured out of the radio, Marion invited everyone to bring in their dinners. Cardie set up long tables and made benches of lumber nailed to sawed off logs. After the feast an old hand-cranked Victrola played music and the group danced and sang and listened to radio bulletins until midnight.[28]

The strangest thing Marion experienced as she stood behind the counter was in 1958, when she greeted a man, heavily bearded, disheveled, and dirty. He asked if she had a room for him, and she hesitated, wondering if she really wanted to take in the Fidel Castro look-alike. Finally, he said, "Mother, don't you know me?" Marion gasped. It was her son Jerry. He had been in Germany for two years as a Russian interpreter for the U.S. Army and had hitchhiked home by way of Turkey, India, and Alaska. His last ride had left him near Kamas, and he had walked up the canyon. Marion spotted Cardie approaching from the dike and quickly put his new ax into Jerry's hands and sent him to the woodpile. Cardie, true to his ax-protecting form, yelled, "Hey, who gave you my best ax?" Not until Marion suggested he should know Jerry did Cardie recognize him. The men embraced, and then Cardie smiled mischievously, saying, "OK, you can use the ax."[29]

A good ax was essential for the demanding task of gathering wood. For special occasions and for igniting logs, pitch stumps or shavings were burned. Mostly, Cardie sawed down dead trees, split logs, and chopped kindling. One time a flying chip struck his eye. No one who was around could drive—not even Carol, age sixteen. But she drove Cardie the seventy-five miles to Salt Lake City anyway. Cardie later acknowledged, "I started out praying for my eye and ended up pleading, 'Never mind my eye—just keep us out of the river!'"[30]

By then Ray Maw, Cardie's brother-in-law, was an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist, and after examining the injured eye, he phoned Marion for permission to remove it. He was sure it could not be saved, and the infection might destroy Cardie's other eye. Marion, always a believer in miraculous healings, made him promise to wait. A day later, Cardie's eye was healing and no surgery was needed.

Family life in the cabin was centered in the kitchen, adjacent to the candy counter and the master bedroom. Its walls were adorned with coats, hats, hammers, axes, saws, fishing poles, fishing baskets, and the

Luger. Pleasant aromas wafted across the room from Marion's fresh trout frying or wild currant jelly simmering. Cardie made a long table using tree trunks for legs; Marion tacked oilcloth onto it and placed eighteen chairs around it, which often proved insufficient to accommodate visitors who dropped in. She had company so often in later years that for two consecutive summers guests stayed for at least one meal every day. Since the nearest store was twenty-six miles away, few arrived without bringing plenty of food to share. Marion would be out of meat or fruit and invariably someone would show up with a fresh supply. Instead of planning menus, it became more sporting to wait and see what would turn up.

One of her problems was keeping food fresh. She used snow when available. Two milk cows helped. But for many years she kept food chilled in unusual ways: meat wrapped in a blanket under bed covers, milk stored outside on window sills, vegetables—and cheese—placed in the rickety valve house where water rushing through the dam continually sprayed them. It was a great summer when a butane refrigerator and two lamps were installed.

Upstairs there were five bedrooms sectioned off with wooden slabs about eight feet high, which left plenty of room for the children to walk on top of them and from there reach higher rafters to climb on. Cardie built the roof supports strong enough to "hang a beef from every rafter" to prevent cave-ins from heavy snow.[31] On stormy nights fifty or more people could sleep in the cabin, if some did not mind the floors. Many times such guests who slept beyond 6 A.M. were startled awake as a frisky family dog licked their faces or as Cardie "kicked on the ceiling" of the room below with a broom handle.

Marion was pleased when Cardie built a second outhouse, or "office" as she referred to it, in the trees beyond the woodpile. She hoped one could be for the family and one for all others—shades of her mother's two indoor facilities for family and renters. That soon proved unworkable, so she and the children made signs that read "Hill Billies" and "Hill Fillies." No one seemed to understand that distinction either, so both were used indiscriminately.

One year two tiny chicks grew from pets to pests. The hen took to roosting in the old "office" on a warm ledge under the two-seated openings. When a visitor would slip in after dark, the hen would squawk wildly and fly up through the empty seat, panicking the user. The

rooster would crow at 5 A.M. every morning and the family felt like killing them both. But by mid-morning no one had the heart to do it. One afternoon two men left their fishing poles with baited hooks outside while enjoying their sodas inside. The chickens swallowed the hooks and at last had to be killed. "How can I explain this?" one asked Marion. "I've been fishing all day with no luck, and now I've caught a chicken!"[32]

Because the cabin was on a hilltop, hauling water *up* from a spring two hundred yards down a ravine below the dike, at an elevation of 9800 feet, was a real chore. But for nineteen summers they did it, and begrudged every thirsty fisherman's request for a free drink of water. Carriers always took two buckets. This kept shoulders even, one arm from growing longer, and the water supply at an optimum.

Marion envied the Grix family in the first cabin across the dam because their spring water could run downhill through a pipe right into their sink.[33] But they had problems too. Their spring was on the trail to Washington Lake, and though they stored their water in a concrete box with a wooden lid, Marion wrote, "some people could not tell it was clean drinking water. And John Grix did not want to call attention to it with a sign saying so. More than once when we visited them they complained, 'Our water has a peculiar taste today.'" Cardie learned why. As he was passing their spring, he found two dusty, sweaty fishermen soaking their feet in the box. One of them called out, "Mr. Clegg, I've been meaning to thank you for providing this here foot bath. It sure does make a foot-sore fisherman feel refreshed! We use it every time we come up."[34]

Marion, who had won the first automatic washing machine in Wasatch County by writing a jingle for Bendix Home Laundry, was reduced to hauling her laundry down to the river. She tossed soiled clothes into the churning water for a brisk rinse, and the children retrieved most of them downstream. Cardie built a fire to heat water, and Marion hand-cranked a washing machine with an attached ringer. To do so she donned boots and a coat because it was swampy and shady there. She spread the clean articles on bushes to dry. "We then had the laborious task of pressing them with our three heavy irons inherited from my Grandmother Reynolds who crossed the plains [with them] pushing a handcart all the way," she wrote.[35] When the irons were swiped by vandals, Marion was truly downhearted.

Finally, after all those efforts and more, in 1945 Marion convinced Cardie to let her order a ram that would pump water uphill from the sheer force of water running down into it. It took weeks to install and daily trips thereafter to keep it running, but it was a major improvement. The first bucket full of water to arrive at the cabin was offered to a horse to satisfy wartime restrictions—the system could only be built if it were for livestock, not humans. That seemed an unimportant point with the war ending, and besides, Cardie called his children "livestock" every time he was questioned at the California border about what he was bringing into the state—"No fruit, just livestock."[36]

Marion had been a long-distance telephone operator while attending the University of Utah, but that experience in no way prepared her for contending with the huge, iron, battery-operated telephone at the lakes. It was first bolted to a tree trunk below the dam in about 1916 so water company officials stationed there could regulate water flow as needed in valleys below.[37] Then it was moved to the old cabin and finally into the new one where it was installed at Cardie's mouth level. He was six feet, two inches tall, and Marion five feet, three inches. So whenever the longed-for three short rings blasted out, she climbed onto a chair and shouted into its mouthpiece. There were some twenty parties on the line, all connected to the operator at Kamas twenty-six miles away and later to Park City even farther away. That there would be eavesdroppers was a given, and often the line sounded like bacon frying. To reach the operator, Marion would crank the phone while counting slowly to eighteen. It nearly always took several tries before the magic connection was made. "By thee hell, I could get the operator faster by hollering off the back porch if the wind's right!" Cardie would occasionally fume. Trees fell across the lines; lightning flowed through them and sometimes exploded or dissipated in the cabin, and often the phone service was more a curiosity than a benefit.[38]

Cardie's Uncle George Clegg had planted the first fish in the area in 1912; three years later they were twenty inches long.[39] So after the automobile road to Trial Lake was built in 1926 and a fish hatchery truck could reach there, Cardie began planting fingerlings in sixty-five lakes within a five-mile radius. He distributed grayling and brook, rainbow, and native cutthroat trout on the Provo, Weber, and Duchesne River drainages. To keep track of the lakes planted, Cardie named several for New Testament personalities, friends, and family, but none for

Marion or himself.[40] It remained for Cardie and Marion's children to persuade the *Salt Lake Tribune* and several government entities to name the highest peak in Wasatch County (east of Lost Lake) Mount Cardwell in the mid-1990s. Their more recent proposal to name a landmark for Marion is on its way through committees.[41]

On fish planting days, Cardie had the daily chores done and his horses saddled by 6:30 A.M. so the tiny one- or two-inch fingerlings could be transferred quickly from the hatchery truck to milk cans until they were about half-full of water, ice, and fish. With rubber bands, he secured pieces of porous gunnysacks tightly across the tops of the cans. He tied one can to each side of the saddles. Then the horses were kept moving to aerate the water until the fish were released in streams or shallow safe havens in lakes where large fish would not eat them.

At one of Marion's annual fish fries for her Heber sewing club and their husbands, Lee Kay,[42] a good friend and a Utah Fish and Game official, told the group that as far as he knew, Cardie was the only man who cared enough to plant fish for the state for twenty years without receiving any pay for his services. Though he marveled at Cardie's sacrifice of time, he was dismayed that the state had taken advantage of him. With Kay's prodding, the Fish and Game Department began paying Cardie for his time, in addition to a meager horse rental fee. Now fish are dropped from airplanes into remote lakes, as daughter Pat maintains, "with no one to tuck them into their protected nurseries as Cardie did."

Marion's contribution to fish planting consisted of "holding the fort" while Cardie and his assistants were away. When a hatchery truck carrying legal-size fish approached Trial Lake, she also closed the lodge and rushed out to toss stunned fish that flipped onto the shore back into the lake.

Marion loved trolling from a boat, a practice too monotonous for her family, who preferred fly fishing or casting spinners from shore. When her children were small, they pestered her to tell the story of the "Three Billy Goats Gruff" and the mean old troll who lived in the water and wanted to eat them. It was years before she realized that when she went trolling, they thought she was after that old troll—much as she had worried about the mortgage ogre on her mother's house. Meanwhile, fear of the troll kept her young children from playing near the lake.

The mountain behind Trial Lake Lodge has recently been named Mount Cardwell in honor of Cardwell Clegg who maintained the reservoirs on the upper Provo River for over forty years. Photo by John Clegg; copy courtesy of Photosynthesis.

Marion was the stabilizer for the myriads of activities spinning around her, responding to others' joys and misfortunes. But at times she needed respite from the hubbub in the cabin and retreated to her favorite spot—a cascade of water from Washington Lake that tumbled over wide, smooth slabs of rock, like a giant staircase. She wanted to have a cabin at its base, but in lieu of that, she often hiked there to meditate and write. She intended to write seriously one day, but lacked the confidence to do so. Her motto that anything worth doing was worth doing well made her critical of her writing, which rested in boxes in her Heber basement for years. She did have some poetry published, and Carol prodded her into writing her life stories.[43]

Cardie retired from his fifty-six-year stint at the lakes in 1966. Besides being superintendent of fifteen reservoirs, he had been a game warden's deputy and sheriff's deputy of Wasatch and Summit Counties. He never arrested anyone but "straightened out" a good many in a friendly manner. The Union Reservoir Company bought his share of the cabin for $500 (his original investment, along with an equal amount from the company, forty years earlier), but after several years of disuse, the Forest Service wanted it destroyed. The water company submitted proposal after proposal to keep the cabin, but in the fall of 1974 it was intentionally burned by the Forest Service after others were unable to dismantle it for its lumber—it had been built too well![44] Son John, who oiled the cabin and otherwise cared for it for years, wrote: "It had withstood 48 years of mountain weather. Its structure and roof never failed nor leaked. Thousands who remember it for rescue, shelter, or only for refreshment returned again and again to what they regarded as a place of natural, substantial beauty. Poets praised it in verse. Artists painted it. Photographers could not resist it. To some it was simply a haven from storm, figurative or atmospheric. To those who lived there, it was hard work, and in retrospect, a high point of their lives."[45] Cardie mourned the destruction of his beloved cabin until his death on 17 December 1975.

Though Marion had been fearful that medical care would be too far away for serious emergencies, only one person died at Trial Lake while she lived there; he drowned. In 1980, however, fourteen years after Cardie and Marion had retired and the cabin had ceased to be a lodge and six years after the cabin had been burned, she witnessed a tragic death. Marion returned with her daughter Carol, son-in-law

LaVell Johnson, and their children. With no cabin to call home, they continued up the mountain on the Crystal Lake dirt road. A man frantically waved down their motor home—his friend had just suffered a heart attack. He and LaVell started CPR. Another group of vacationers driving down the road discovered what had happened and shouted as they sped away, "We'll get help at the lodge at Trial!" Carol dashed after them in a futile attempt to tell them the lodge was gone and to radio for help instead. Marion, now helpless without her ancient telephone, watched as the would-be saviors tried to resuscitate the man with breaths stolen from the perilously thin mountain air. By the time an ambulance arrived, an hour had passed; the man was pronounced dead in Kamas. That day was doubly hard for Marion as she gazed down the mountain, seeing no cabin, just a parking lot full of vehicles where it had once stood and the row of tall, but not yet stately, pine trees she had nurtured for so long.

Marion followed Cardie in death on 25 June 1991. Their children, grandchildren, and hosts of others thought the cabin-lodge should have become a historic landmark, perhaps even the real ranger station for which it was often mistaken, even on official government maps. But memories of it and its Clegg family linger on and have found a treasured place in the lore and lure of the Uinta Mountains.[46]