

JAN 10 1994

1236 E 2nd Street
Mesa, Az 85203
Dec. 16, 1993

Forest Supervisor
George A. Morris
Price, Utah 84501

Dear Supervisor:

The opportunity to express my recollections of the past 80 years of the events that have occurred on the ~~Wasatch~~ Mtn of the Manti Forest is a most pleasant assignment to me.

By an interesting coincidence, thos 85 years of Forest history are almost identical with my own life. The stories that came out of that period are ao nearly identical with my own life life story that it is retelling a personal history.

I was born in August, 1910 in Mayfield, which is only a year after the Forest was formed. From my earliest years the common talk I heard among the people was about the forest. That was the central theme of daily living.

When I was five years old my parents took me to see the flood that came down 12 Mile Canyon. Rushing waters spread over the Indian farm. People talked about the damage to the crops and the ditches. It was no wonder that ideas aboutt that great danger entered my mind to give me a guidline.

As a teenager it was common to see the raw, ragged gullies that tore up the streets in the center of Manti. The city marshal of Manti made a strict effort to keep all livestock out of Mant canyon.

We young people admired the first ranger in Twelve Mile canyon. Parley Christiansen was a notable man. He flew the flag over his lawn when he was home

The second ranger, Edward P. Cox, was greatly admired and all the people tried to follow his instructions. It was a voice of authority we could trust.

A strong urge to do something about the obvious desecration of the beautiful mountain slopes was like an unwritten plan that stayed in my mind. I never thought of any other profession. My parents were in poor financial condition and I had to scratch for every penny that I got advance this plan,

It is still a mystery to me how I managed to get the money for paying my way through Snow College and Utah State. Money was almost unavailable but by some miracle I graduated from Utah State with a degree in Botany in 1933.

Just why I chose a degree in Botany for graduation was a puzzle to me. I didn't know what I could do with it. Graduation came in June 1933. There was absolutely no employment available. It was like a blind spot. I still had to pay all my school bills. In desperation I joined the C.C.C. program and I was assigned to the camp in Joes Valley at \$36.00 per month in June, 1933.

The director of the Great Basin Experiment Station east of Ephraim came over to Joe's Valley to see me. He enquired about the degree in Botany I had just received. He wanted to see if I could do some work at the Station. He said that the regular funds to conduct the field work on the designated plots in the Experiment area had not been designated by Congress for the studies that were being done. and the regular personell could not be employed. He requested that I come over to the Station to be interviewed and instructed what was to be done. It would be seen if my degree in Botany would be sufficient to train me for the work.

I did succeed insatisfying the director and his assistants that I could do the work. In additon we sat in with the scientist who was working on a thesis involving soils profiles, root structures, plant and stem chemistries of treated plants, keeping records of the field data. His thesis involved would be the effect of various treatments of the plants and soil. It was called, THE MARCH OF CARBOHYDRATES IN THE PLANT STRUCTURE"

For the remainder of the summer of 1933 I worked on about two dozen plots on the slopes and ridges of Ephraim. This was to dig, sort out, dry and weigh the particular plants the doctor was working on. It was the most instructive training I have ever received. . The work continued until November.

I received an appointment to go to Montana in 1934 to work on range reconnaissance work on the ranges. I worked there and in the Dakota drouth ar for four yers.

Then I transfeered to the Dixie Forest in Utah for a while. I was appointed as Ranger on the Fishlake Forest in December 1938 . I worked on the Thousand Lake Mtn district for seven years, I except I was drafted into the Navy for three years where I trained in Radar, won the war from Japan.

I took over the Ferron Ranger district on the Manti in May, 1949. This brought me home again since my district adjoined the Ephraim Experiment station area. It covered from Ephraim canyon to Ferron. It was a challenge to reduce the heavy overgrazing. This included the elimination of grazing on the forest. It required the division of common by sheep and cattle. The entry date for cattle was far too early. Every allotment was overgrazed. There a new program underway to make a sharp analysis of the effect of grazing and to adjust to that standard. The regional office had set ways of recording more precise standards for determining

In 1950 a most significant meeting took place. It was intended to bring into focus the true significance of what had happened since the Mormon pioneers had entered the Sanpitch nearly 100 years before. This period was divided, between the time when the first settlers came and built up several towns in the 1850' and 60s, and the vastly changed effect on the range after the construction of the D&RG rail which entered the valley in the late 1960's.

After the railroad came it brought in a nation-wide market for a vast quantity of wool. Wool became in vast demand for all types of clothing. This demand brought on an increase in the number of sheep to possibly one million head.

As long as the Mormon settlers brought with them only their own stock they had a paradise for raising livestock. The valleys had remained undisturbed since pre-historic times. There had been no animals of any kind sufficient to damage the virgin quality of the range. There was no market for any of the agricultural products which would cause pressure on the soil or vegetation. The first settlements along the valley bottom and the lower slopes of the mountain could see only a small portion of the annual growth, that use could have continued for centuries.

The valley bottom was filled with a long narrow lake and meadows. Stories were told of the fine horses that ran there, and the fat cattle which could graze on the meadows. Timber and other materials made it possible to build homes. The running streams out of the canyons provided sufficient water for cultivation on irrigated farms. Sheep were not a problem because it took only small herds to provide wool and mutton for the people. Livestock could graze right up the borders of the towns. There was a good start for the building of schools and churches. The crush of the market came only the arrival of the railroad. These were a prosperous and contented people. But changes in a disastrous manner.

The transcontinental railroads came along during the 1860s. After the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific came they were followed by the Northern Pacific and the D&RG from Denver. This latter RR built a branch southward through the Sanpitch valley.

All of a sudden a vast new market appeared for wool. All the cities on the east coast and the west coast started making numerous products from wool. Here in Utah was found what appeared to be ideal source of lush feed for apparently unlimited numbers of sheep. There were no laws to prevent a commercial enterprise from bringing in vast numbers by rail to turn them loose on the splendid range.

- There was no legal ownership, and no necessity for ever removing any of the sheep. Sheep numbers rapidly multiplied to an estimated one million head. All the ewes, lambs, and wethers, including the rams could stay there the year around. The only

need was to shear the sheep and load the wool on the railroad. Under this pressure in both winter and summer the range was almost destroyed. Forest management came too late and was far less than was needed to halt the damage to the range.

While the uncountable transient herds of sheep were removed by 1910 the native woolgrowers still hung on to their incomes from wool. Each town had rich incomes. It was reported that Fountain ^{Green} was the richest town, per capacity, in Utah.

The Forest Service issued permits for the native sheep but the wealthy permit holders put up a furious battle to keep their numbers up and to avoid restrictions for any reason. The Great Basin Experiment Station was set up to study the effects of the soil and the vegetation. Even the facts, as they were published had little effect on the sheep numbers because of the profit in the wool.

In 1950 a most significant meeting took place on the summit of Ephraim canyon looking into basin on the south side of Horshe Mt. , and eastward across the long rim of Wagon Road Ridge, toward the eastern part of the Manti Forest. A large group of Forest Officers, Civic Leaders, Teachers, and other interested people sat on the ground or on rocks.

Dr. Reed Bailey, in charge of geological affairs for Region Four. lent an impressive to the meeting. Dr. Bailey stood on the rim, with outstretched arms pointing toward the eastern horizon and into the Horshoe Basin. He spoke of the geologic of that portion of eastern Utah, across the rugged basin of the Colorado River and the recurrence of that geological formation on the west side of Colorado east of Grand Junction.

He said that both of these two plateaus were once joined together, some 150 to 200 million years ago were one formation, before the Colorado basin was eroded. At that time these two formations were at the bottom of a huge inland sea. The white limestone formation we were sitting on formation contained the deposits that had fallen to the bottom of that inland sea, which was then several thousand feet lower than its present level. They were raised by an uplift of the American continent. The fertility of this limestone deposit was among the greatest on earth. Erosion out of the Colorado Basin was south, through the Grand Canyon, and westward into the great sea in Utah.

The fertility of the limestone cap was due to the ancient marine deposits contained some of the most fertile soil in the world,

In his appraisal of that cap Dr. Bailey said that there had never been a displacement on the earth's surface by earthquake action. There had been the terrific erosion of the Colorado basin.

Part of his concern for the Manti Plateau was the extreme had never been measured. It had remained in place for eons of time. None knew its value.

The sadness in his voice was like that of a scientist who had missed an opportunity to record one of the greatest discoveries in history. "Why, he asked, lifting hands to the sky, Couldn't we have at least ^{seen it} write some of the most marvelous facts of history"?

He lent an impassioned note to the meeting he spoke of the signs of a former abundance. How, in this modern age of enlightenment, could such an incredible accumulation of scientific fact have been destroyed in scarcely more than forty years time? Our only recourse now is to ask for the ordinary physical memory of those who were here and saw it in this lifetime. We have such a man with us today.

An old man, of about 80 years age, stood up in front of us. His voice was clear and his memory very enlightening. He had come to live at Spring City with his parents in about 1875.

He said, "I was about 10 years old when my father sent me with my older brother to take on a small band of sheep up onto the mountain for the summer. This was difficult because there were no trails and we had to keep working up along the open ridges. We were afraid of losing the sheep in the tall dense vegetation. When we got up into this Horseshoe basin we could keep track of the sheep by driving them around in a circle until they trampled down a clear space.

We were quite alone then but in a few years we saw other herds moving quite close to us. We had to fight for our own area.

It was not until the railroad came through the valley that people discovered what an income there was in the wool clip. Suddenly we met all kinds of strangers bringing loads on the train or just driving them from the north. Soon there were a number of wool clipping plants in the valley. Large quantities of wool was being shipped out on the train.

The new sheep crowded us off from our place on the mountain. We had to race up here with our sheep even before the snow all melted to get a place to graze. We saw the muddy tracks with the snow water running down them, In a few more years there were so many sheep we could hardly stand it.

Our local families when the Forest cut off the transient herds and we could a range of our own

Dr. Bailey stood up again. "We can be sure that this man has told the truth. It is tragic that we cannot write it down in the records". What can be done from this point on?

I listened to other stories which added human knowledge to the picture of the way it had been at the turn of the century and a few years later. Only a few told of the way it was before.

One of those stories was told by a fine old lady of about 80 years of age in 1950. She delighted in telling young people of her early life when she came to Ferron with her parents. She said a group of families got together in Manti and decided to cross the mountain to set up a new enterprise in Ferron. It took several families together in order that they would have the teams, wagons and equipment to cross the mountain, There was no road and it was very difficult to get up the steep mountains, and then to cross the high divide and find ways to get down the other side. Each family had to help the others. It took more than month during the summer, The kids had so much fun that it made fascinating stories for the new generation.

She said that ground was so soft and springy that they roll and tumble without getting bruised. There were no sharp rocks. They could pick berries and fish in the streams. Pretty flowers were everywhere. occasionally the could see a deer.

A different type of story was told by an old man who had bred sheep on the high country before there was a Forest. He said that the mountain was almost like like a solid mass of sheep. He was in charge of a herd of around 4,000 sheep, which included ewes, lambs, wethers, and even a few rams. His biggest job was to keep his herd from mixing with adjoining herds so that the owners could get their sheep back to the shearing corrals for their wool. The herds were so close together that it was easy to fire a gun into the next herd. They almost had to fight each other for the choice places to bed the sheep. He said that they had to race up onto the mountain in early summer before the snow even melted to get to the the choicer spots. He saw sheep wading in the mud up to their bellies and the water ran down in small muddy rivulets. The formation of the Manti Forest got rid of most of the sheep but the local permit holders still insisted on coming with their sheep.

A third story was told me by the widow of Dave Williams, the first ranger on Muddy drainage. She said that he was so busy during the summer that he could hardly get home to see the kids. All she could do was to take her few small boys and go up onto the mountain to see their father. The ground was littered with livestock manure that the kids could hardly find a place to play.

Dave fenced off a small area on a meadow to protect a spring for drinking water. Dav's main job at the time was to round up and remove the herds of wild horses which spent the winter on the mountain. That required desperateriding with as much help as he could get to capture the horses and take them away.

Trespass cattle increased all the time and they were the cause of the heavy use of many areas. Mrs. Williams told me that the hard work wore her husband out and his health failed. He died an early death.

These side stories take us back to the meeting with Dr. Bailey. He had a challenge to make. He said, "The Experiment Station has made its studies on the Station areas. We have read of the soil studies on Areas A and B. There were the conclusions on Philadelphia Flat, and numerous other areas. All their studies are conclusive. Now, he said, what are we going to do about it?"

Region Four set up a new series of guidelines. These included a sharply tuned system of Range Reconnaissance.

Every Ranger had to install and measure the new system of soil and range plots on each allotment. Intense action should be involved with all the permittees to start action in acting the evidence o soil and range damage. There was definit schedule on meeting the standards brought in by the analysis. The new grazing would be issued in 1955. These would be based on the most advanced information obtained from the soil and watershed plots.

Permittees were becoming aware that changes would be made. Too early opening dates would be set back to fit range readiness. Better control of livestock by pasture management was to be expected. Certain ares, with more than class III erosion would be closed. Better ontrol of cattle by pasture management would be started. Stock numbers would be reduced.

During the years of 1950-51 It was soon apprent that several problems would have to be adjusted. The lambing range for sheep would be closed.

This was relatively easy because the owners in Joes Valley and Muddy Cr. were quite REASONABLE,

2. Tagging of cattle would be needed to prevent further trespass
 3. Too early opening dates would have to be set back to a proper time.
 3. Overgrazing of kep plants had to overcome.
 4. Separation of common use had to be settled. Pasture management was essential
 5. Correction of the destructive use on high country sheep allotments was vital
- Opposition by most of the permittees was fierce. They were determined to hold the permits they already had.

In Ferron the leader of the C&H association, Cliff Snow was unmovable. After one bitter session I told the permittees that there was no way that any progress could be made under that LEADERSHIP. The permittees discussed the matter among themselves and decided to hold a new election.

In the election there was strong support for Arthur Lemon. The new group came out in support of my proposals. In 1953 the new board, under Arth Lemon, came up on Ferron Mt. spring range on horseback. It was soon time for the old opening date. I stopped on a big flat and made a direct challenge. I said, "I will give ten dollars to either one of you , or the whole bunch. if you can get down on a acre that I will measure off, and fill one hat with grass from that acre".

The challenge so startled the men that they asked what I had in mind. " We will simply face the truth, I said, It will be nearly three weeks before there is enough grass here to graze. You can hold the cattle off that long" This led to a discussion of planning. The stockment took it up in meeting. They agreed to a three week later opening date. They agreed to having the cattle tagged before the entered the Forest.

I proposed that if they would close the lower part of the range for a few years the forest would plow and reseed that part. The Forest would build several miles of strategic fence to provide pasture management. They would differ elevations progressively .

The next proposal was made to the HORN Mtn C&H Assoc.

The range conditions were about the same as on Ferron Mtn but there was different problem. Horn Mtn plateau was well known winter range for Elk. The permits would do nothing unless there was a solution to the Elk problem.

A meeting was held in Castle Dale in about 1953 or 54. The Utah Fish and Game officials were there and so were the Horn Mtn Ass. leaders.

The State F&G agreed to issue licenses kill 100 Elk on s specified Horn Mtn hunt in December. Horn Mtn agreed to take a reduction in cattle permit, and tag their cattle and to follow a pasture management with the cattle. They also divided common use with the sheep allotments.

The Forest Service would plow and reseed about 3,000 acres, would pipe the Horn spring. Several miles of pasture fence would be built to improve management.

SHOWDOWN ON THE SHEEP RANGE

After 75 years of prosperous income from the wool market the sheepmen of Sanpete county were ready to put up a battle to hold their permits on the high country grazing allotments. The showdown came about mid day in August 1953.

I was expecting a strong protest to be coming. I waited on the flat at the head of Buck Ridge. Four pickups arrived with permittees fro six allotments. They all jumped and started shouting at once. Condemnation of the reduction program was mixed with a steady shouting of such names as HITLER, MUSSOLINI,

to the actions of the Forest Service. The men pressed back and forth in a circle around me. One of the men was amateur fighter and came near with his fists ready to throw a few punches. His brother stopped him, saying, "You can't do that!"

In a few minutes I stood up to them, pointing to each one and demanding: "Which One of You, in your whole life, has ever , has ever done anything to preserve this range from destruction? All you have ever done is to come up here grasping for that last blade of grass, or bit of forage. Now you have almost destroyed this great resource."

I said, "Look at this mass of white rocks which is all that is left. How many sharp sheep's hooves have trailed back and forth across here, each one cutting away a little more of the black soil?"

They said, "We didn't do it. It has always been this way".

I grabbed a crowbar and jabbaded it into the rocks. An inch or two beneath the surface it turned over a thin layer of lighter colored black soil with a weak structure of small roots still trying to hold it together. "Who put this small remnant of soil here? How long do you think it will last with all of your sheep trampling over it?"

The answer was hardly debatable. Then men could only say, "What Can We Do About It?"

The answer could not be denied. It was simply that the sheep could not trample their sharp hooves any more. Maybe there was still enough soil to provide a seedbed. If special seeds were planted and protected they might cling on and start a new cover.

The sheepmen seemed convinced and said they would help.

In 1955 the Regional Office issued new term permits, with a reduction in the number permitted of about 45%

One factor that helped overcome the animosity of the sheep permittees was the sharp decline in the value of the wool. The invention of Nylon, Orlon, and many other synthetic fibers cut the demand for wool so deeply that it was unprofitable to grow sheep on a large scale.

The former wool growers had to turn to another product. They just went into the business of raising turkeys.

Some twenty years after I left the Ferron district I drove back across to see what happened. It was a distinct pleasure to see the verdant growth on the slopes, even of alfalfa and choice grasses.

I stopped to take a picture of cows lying on the ground chewing their cuds, with their bellies full. Calves were playing around and they showed plenty of good feed and milk. I ran into the grandson of Arth Lemon and heard of a lot of the things I was telling him.

I stopped by to visit old Arth. We talked an hour and he was very congenial. He even joked with me a little about that "Hatful Of Grass"

I thoroughly enjoyed my visit with ranger at his office. I can see that things are going quite well in Ferron. I kidded the ranger about all the help he now has.

We rode up Horn Mtn. I wanted to see how the project turned out with the Boy Scout on the silviculture project I had them east of the cap on North Horn. I was so well pleased with the results after twenty years that I suggested that the Forest put up a plaque telling about those boys and how nice the project looked,

This report is a true statement of the facts on that district

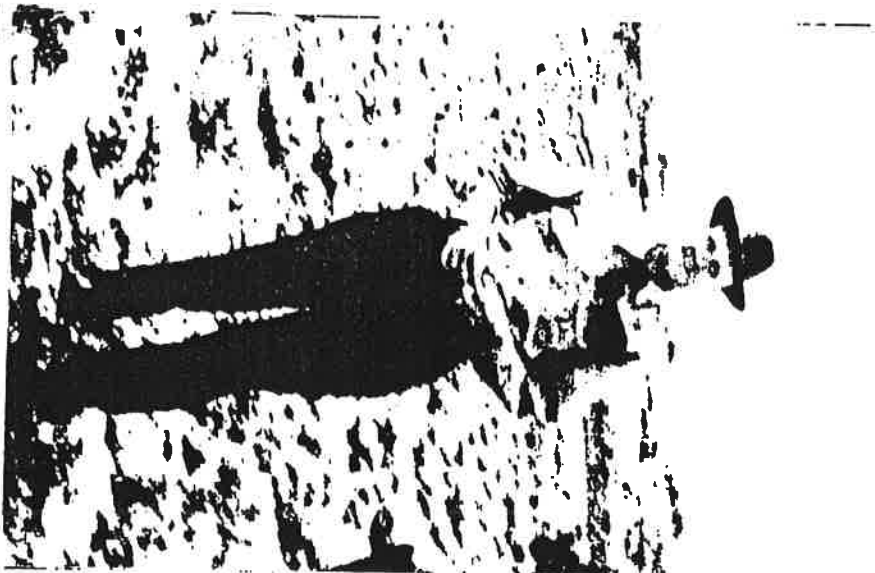
Yours truly,

George C. Whitlock
George Whitlock

TALES OF

A

FOREST RANGER



GEORGE C. WHITLOCK

I WAS A FOREST RANGER FROM THE YEARS 1939: to 1956
ON THE FISHLAKE NATIONAL FOREST AND THE MANTI AND
MANTI-LASAL FORESTS.

I HAVE ATTEMPTED TO WRITE SOME OF MY MEMORIES OF
WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE A FOREST RANGER IN THE
"OLDEN DAYS". SOME ARE AMUSING OTHERS INTERESTING.
I HAVE TRIED TO DESCRIBE SOME OF THE BEAUTY OF THE
CAPITOL REEF COUNTRY. IT IS STILL BEAUTIFUL AND
ONLY IN RECENT YEARS THAT THE PUBLIC FROM FAR AND
NEAR HAVE DISCOVERED IT.

I HAVE TRIED TO TELL OF THE REALLY HARD DECISIONS
THAT HAD TO BE MADE IN THE INTEREST OF CONSERVATION
AND HOW AFTER THIRTY YEARS WE SEE AREAS OF WAVING
GRASS WHERE BEFORE WAS BARE GROUND.

GEORGE C. WHITLOCK

*Presented by
George C. Whitlock*

1236 E. 3rd St

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TALES OF THOUSAND LAKE MOUNTAIN
HOW THE MOUNTAIN GOT ITS NAME

How could there be a mountain with such a name? When I first heard it I sensed that someone had sprung a fairy tale. I knew that there must be an interesting story behind it. The fact that I was appointed to be the Forest Ranger on that mountain stirred up a strong surge of interest. Surely there must be some fanciful explanation, and I looked for the person who could conjure up something reasonable.

Jim Pace, of Torrey, Utah, was the one who liked to dwell on the old tales. He had an interesting way of making such stories sound as if they were possibly true. He took delight in adding a few details which added a touch of color to the picture he drew.

In the early days, before Utah had its first settlers, there had been two young adventurous men who had decided that they could run the Colorado River in a boat. They figured that if Major Powell could do it they could also go on such a great adventure. They knew nothing of the dangerous rapids in the canyon below the junction of the two main forks of the Colorado. The plunging waters wrecked the boat and only one of the men escaped to the west side of the river.

He had to find a way across the rugged waste lands that lay to the north of the Fremont River. There were only a few springs so he had to carry water. Food was scarce, only a few desert plants, and he could kill an occasional rabbit.

As he came within view of a high mountain that stood up like a sentinel to a height of 11,000 feet, he hoped that he might find some humans there. Possibly there might be a few trappers or explorers for gold. The steep slope of the mountain was hard to climb but he did find a few small lakes with fish in them, and a more pleasant cover of grass and bushes. He rested awhile but he found no evidence of any people living there.

The cap of the mountain looked to high and impassable so he swung around to the north end of the peak and crossed through a lower pass so that he could go over into a large valley with a small river running through it. There were some Indians who were peaceable and told him of a larger valley far over to the west. This of course was the Sevier River valley.

IN a few days travel he came to the Sevier valley and he was fortunate to find a few trappers. His joy made him all excited, and he told the trappers of his long journey from the Colorado River. They could hardly believe his story. When they questioned him about the mountain where he found the lakes they thought they might go there some day to see if there were any beaver. The man waved his arms and told them "There must be a thousand lakes over there." Of course only a few lakes were found, but the name was a good one to describe the location. Forever after that time it was given the name "Thousand Lake Mountain".

A DAY AROUND THE CAP OF THE MOUNTAIN

I partly believed Jim Pace's story. At least it made good more good sense than any thing else I had heard. It seemed worthwhile to ride onto the Cap and look around and to view the vast desert that lay to the east.

I saddle: my horse at the Elkhorn ranger station and set out to explore the high mountain. The trail led to the west through a timbered country below the rim of the mountain. I soon came out on a level stretch along the rim which looked off into the valley of Wayne County from Fremont to Loa. By this time the river had been diverted into several canals and there were several towns and ranches strung out through the valley. It was not a large valley but there were some fine people living there and they had set up a fine tradition of schools and church buildings. Several hundred head of cattle were fed on the small farms and some of them came on the mountain to graze.

In another mile I came to a lovely lake lying below the cap of the mountain. The lake was a fine place to plant fish and so I planned to bring a few packloads of small fish from the Loa hatchery and restock the lake. I soon became aware that the fishermen from the valley and the mining camps in Carbon county would keep the supply of fish drained down to a low level.

The trail then led upon to the cap near its west side. There was a spring of water there and former Rangers had put in some troughs so that a band of sheep could graze on the mountain tip. The cap was quite uniformly level so that it was pleasant to ride around it.

From the east rim I could look out over a hundred miles of wild, eroded pinnacles and deep canyons that stretched so far that even with my binoculars I could barely make out the dim outline of the LaSal mountains over near Moab, east of the Colorado canyons. The LaSals stood up in peaks nearly 13,000 feet high and kept a cap of snow on the higher peaks.

Further south, almost due east, stood the high ranges of the Blue Mountains and stretching south ward to the Bears Ears. These made a plateau that was not quite as high as the LaSals, but they were more uniform and had a better cover of timber and forage for grazing. The town of Monticello stood at their eastern edge. The whole area was noted for the Indian relics and abandoned Indian ruins. The wind sculptures of the red sandstone cliffs stretched all the way along the eastern border of Utah.

Nearer by, to the southeast, stood the several peaks of the Henry mountains, which lay along the western border of the deep Colorado Canyon.

All of these mountains were favorite sight seeing places for the public travelers who came along the highways. Tourism was becoming a most important industry.

Just to the south of the cap stood the massive plateau of the Boulder mountain with its rich cover of timber and forage. The deep canyon of the Fremont river cut through the space between Boulder mountain and Thousand Lake Mountain. This whole country had once been joined together in one vast sea bottom that had stretched all the way across the state of Colorado probably 150 million years ago. When the earth changed its form that portion of the sea bottom had sunk down

several thousand feet and the inland sea had flooded away to the south through arizona and had ended up as the Colorado river. The fantastic erosion had carved away all the vast space between the mountain. Were seeing the remnants of the untold quantities of different types of soils and minerals, and this erosion carved out the Grand Canyon in Arizona.

The view from the top of Thousand Lake mountain was fantastic and could provide an education for any one who would take the time to study it.

There was more to see. I rode to the south rim of the Flat Top. The view from there was even more spectacular than any thing I had ever seen yet. The cap dropped off more than several hundred feet to a terrace of lava boulders. There must have been a great flow of lava from some volcanic source that covered the top part of the mountain for a short distance outward, but it had not covered the natural source from the interior of the earth. This left the lava strung out like a necklace around the cap. Beyond that narrow rim the mountain dropped off to a spectacular display of colored stone formations clear down into the bottom of the Fremont River Gorge, which was nearly 5,000 feet below.

The solid mass of red sandstone was cut into deep gorges, with the walls reaching up for thousands of feet. One part of the scene gave me a special thrill was one of the walls on the west side of Sand Creek was slightly more rounded and curved, it stood at least 500 feet high, on its top was a layer of white sandstone that was the color of cream. The lower half of the rock was a peach color.

With the shape and color of the two layers of rock the idea struck me. That looks like a dish of peaches with a spoonful of cream on the top. I was so entranced with the idea that wherever I described the scene to anyone I gave it the name of peaches and cream.

The trail descended from the cap at its south eastern corner so I went down to a nice grassy terrace with a corral built on it to hold some stock. From there I rode west along the lava necklace. There was little grass there except for a few small meadows and some scattered spruce trees. Soon I came to a rather large spring of water that rose out of the lava. It only ran a few hundred feet and then disappeared into the lava again. In later years this turned out to be an excellent source of culinary water for the town of Torrey.

It was getting late so I returned to the corral and rode north along the east side of the cap on the mountain. This was a pleasant country several hundred yards wide. There was a good cover of grass growing on it and a scattered stand of Aspen and Spruce trees.

The trail sloped lower down until it came to two rather small lakes. It was easy to recognize the beauty of the area and I thought of the opportunity for fishing and camping. There was no doubt that many visitors would come to take the fish and spend a few days camping in such a lovely spot. I would have to care for the area and restock the fish quite frequently.

It was getting late so I rode my horse back to Elkhorn Station and got ready for the night in the peaceful, serene surroundings and the pure mountain air.

and wanted to follow his natural interest in hunting for any kind of semi-precious stones that he could cut and polish in his shop which he had equiped to do that kind of work. He told me he had a vast collection and invited me to visit him in his shop at Fruita just 20 miles east of Torrey near the headquarters of the Capitol Reef National Monument.

He told me of his rock hound friends in various parts of the world and how they would exchange specimens and tell of their searches of rare stones. Doc Inglesby had a strong interest in petrified wood so he took me around into a small canyon to show me where several trees were lying in a small area. One of the petrified trees was more than 40 feet long and quite large. Three other trees lay quite close and they were smaller. On a rocky ridge there were scattered pieces of broken branches of trees.

The crystalized parts of the petrified wood had several bright colors. Mostly they were red or yellow, but some were clear crystal colored with blue or green stains. The rock was more brown with cracks in it.

Unfortunately, several years later some vandals had discovered the deposit of trees and saw its value. They managed to get a jeep in there and they broke or cut the trees into manageable pieces and they took them to California and sold the wood for a good profit. It was sad to see the disappearance of the wood.

Soon i took my wife and I went down to Fruita to see Doc Inglesby's collection. The trip down was pleasant and we enjoyed the various formations of the red ledges with their fluted walls and the special formations, such as the conductor who stood watch over the three stooges, chimney rock, the Danish Castle and other interesting formation that had been carved with wind and water in ages past.

We arrived at Inglesby's shop which was filled with polished stones of every hue. Many were very valuable and rare. One wall of the shop had a display of petrified wood, some carved into slices. The wood had turned to stone as hard as flint and would have several colors in it. Such a beautiful display was one where he had cut thin slices of petrified wood perhaps half an inch thick. The crystal material let the light shine thru to make a picture. The colors ranged through red, yellow and orange with a shading of blue and green. One outline resembled a monkey-like animal climbing up a wall. What a fantastic collectio, it attracted the attention of everyone who saw it.

Outside, in the piles of rubble there were pieces of bright crystallin colors. The cutting machines had controls to carve out special designs. He had made bookends, ash trays and round and square ornaments. We saw other equipment with vises for holding and gringing and polishing machines. The Inglesby collection was known far and wide and many jewel experts and rock hounds came to admire the variety of specimens that he had gathered from many parts of the world.

What a beautiful setting for a shop set among the trees of the peach trees and the beautiful red cliffs that towered over all gave so much contrast between red and green with the beautiful blue sky over all. This is a very special memory of my time on the Thousand lake Mountain Ranger District.

THE SECRET CANYON

The early days of my first year on Thousand Lake Mountain Ranger District were among the most interesting of my time in the Forest Service. This was because I could listen to the stories of Jim Pace about the old times of the first settlers who came to live in Torrey, Utah

One of the tales he told me was about the days during prohibition when it was quite profitable to set up a still and make whiskey which was in demand. When men had a good safe hiding place to make the stuff it was not only a game to outwit the law, but they could sell all the whiskey they could make.

Such a secret hiding place inaccessible was known to Jim as he had land on Sand Creek and his cattle would drift into the nearby canyons and he knew how they made the stuff. He gave me the names of three men, two brothers and another man, and as prohibition had been repealed long ago he could show me their secret place.

He said if I would bring my horse down to his place we would ride out to the secret canyon which very few people knew about. We saddled up and rode out Sand Creek and then followed it east along the red cliffs to where the trail climbed a steep trail to a rocky terrace which followed the side of the red cliffs which were over 500 feet high. The trail was so rough with huge rocks that had split off the ledges with sharp edges so that we had to walk and lead our horses up the 200 foot trail. In spite of the terrain, the scenery was spectacular with shade of red and cream formations and sparse green bushes.

He asked me if I could detect any evidence of the crack we were looking for and he offered to show me the beginning of the secret canyon. He said the place was in plain sight but it still was not visible with out knowing exactly where to look. I could only gaze slowly along the cliff face but it was so high and smooth that it gave me no plausible clues to where men on horses could enter the cliff. We rode along the terrace for about a mile and then he asked me again to find the opening.

This time I saw a sort of crack or split along the wall of the ledge but the only clue was a verticle shadow which could be seen better if we rode a little to one side. When we got into the crack in the wall it scarcely looked like a way to go any place. It made a right angle turn behind the wall and started to get a little wider. The ground was level enough and quite smooth and became a little wider. The ground was level enough and quite smooth so we could ride directly into the face of the cliff. Like Jim said, "You'll be surprised" and I was greatly surprised.

The passage was only about 20 feet wide and mostly in shadow. A quarter mile more and we came to a deep canyon which ran at right angles eastward toward the higher cliffs of Capitol Reef. Then Jim showed me a place where an overhanging cliff made a cave, it was here that the camp could be set up and nearby under a ledge was a small spring of good water. It was here that the Bootleggers set up their operation.

The Bootleggers would bring several pack animals loaded with the meal, sugar and other ingredients, mix them with the water and cook it in the boilers. There was plenty of wood in the canyon to cook the mash. There would be so little smoke rising upward from the canyon and the breezes would waft it away so no one could detect that anyone was using the hideaway. The liquor would be bottled and carried out in secret for sale to whoever wanted it.

PLANTING FISH BY HORSEBACK

Any idea that the name "Thousand Lake Mountain" was based on fact simply had to question the source of such a name. Like many old ideas that came out of the early day statements that were heard in a strange country, the name just sounded so interesting that none wanted to change it. Even if it was an exaggeration it attracted a desire to see the place.

Rather than a thousand lakes it turned out that there were not many more than one percent of that number. Nevertheless, such an appearance of lovely bodies of water on a high mountain at the edge of the desert was worth a good deal to drive up the rough road to see them.

If there were any fish in those lakes, how did they get there? One would suspect that some early day pioneer thought it too good an idea to miss planting some good varieties of native trout in them. The clear undamaged waters were to good to miss.

When I came to the District in 1939 I soon looked over the lakes to see what should be done with them. The end of the car road was at the Elkhorn Ranger Station. Several cars could be seen at times camped in the recreation camp ground near the station. Fishermen would walk in a southerly direction for about 3 miles to the beautiful lake on the east side of the cap on the top of the mountain. There was another small lake nearby it. Fishing was good. Fishermen would drive over a hundred miles from the coal mines near Price just to enjoy the lakes and fishing. Some were greedy, a report came to me that some of the came to me that one group of miners bragged about taking three limits from the small lake. Where was Jack Osborn, the Game Warden, it would have been good to check on such as those fishermen.

Some of the Campers would walk the longer distance around to the west side of the Cap where there was another lovely lake of about seven acres size. This lake had some beautiful trout in it and the scenery on the way over was a pleasure to see. It was my purpose to take a packhorse load of small fish over to restock this lake. The Fish Hatchery north of Loa was glad to supply me with 10,000 tiny fish called fry, which could be carried in cans on a pack horse. In 1941 I set the project up to restock the lake since the previous year there had been heavy use.

I took two five gallon cans of the fish to the Elkhorn Station and loaded them on my packhorse. The process seemed normal enough to transport the fish. With little difficulty I loaded one can in a pack saddle, with one on each side of the horse. The cans were strapped in pack bags so they looked safe enough. Each can was filled with water and broken chunks of ice.

I started out calmly enough from the north pasture, with the pack horse just acting a little skittish at the sound of the splashing water and ice. Then at the north gate of the pasture I had to get down and open up the gate, this left the packhorse a short distance from the gate.

I should have been wary of the horse flies buzzing around, they could be a nuisance. A few of them flew onto the horses legs and stomach. He fussed around to get rid of the flies. Suddenly a big fly bit him on the stomach and he kicked up a rear foot in a quick jerk. The sudden motion splashed the water up against the lid on one of the cans, which I had not fastened securely enough. The lid came off and there was a splash of ice water with some chunks of ice in it.

Some of the ice fell under the blanket of the pack. The shock caused the horse to give a loud snort and a high jump, which made more ice water to splash under the saddle and on his back.

Pandemonium broke loose. The horse leaped up and turned and dashed into the trees. He hit an aspen tree with the pack, which caused the lid to come off the second can. more ice and water fell on the horses neck and some got into his ears. He reacted like a rodeo performer. He jumped this way and that way and ran pell mell into the stand of aspen trees and brush. We could hear the crashing and bumping off in the distance.

My wife came out of the station and we started to look for the horse, finally after searching for a half hour we found him standing in a grove of trees trembling and covered with water. Both cans were gone. We didn't find the cans for weeks. Little fishes were scattered through out the trees.

This was a surprise ending to a worthwhile attempt to plant a new stock of fish in that scenic lake.

I regretted having to tell the Hatchery manager Mr Bell, that the 10,000 fry he gave me were now scattered all over the ground in the rough horse pasture. The need was still there for planting the lakes and so all I could do was to try again.

SUN GLOW CANYON
by Ranger George C. Whitlock

To one accustomed to the drab grey sagebrush plateaus of Central Utah, it is particularly gratifying to meet the sudden riot of color as though Nature had decided to make amends for the somber grey and green of sage and juniper so often seen. It is the meeting place of the Painted Desert and the high plateau and the high plateau lands familiar to most of those who visit Utah.

Perhaps it is because it is a meeting place that the fullest appreciation of its beauties may be had. Contrast is always the prime essential to full appreciation. Just as the good may be fairly judged only in contrast with the bad, so the warm rich tones of red, orange and yellow are at their best only when in contrast with vivid green of the pines and firs.

This, then, is the approach to Sun Glow Canyon. Opening its hospitable doors just a mile east of Bicknell it seems incredible that it should pass so long with its beauties unsung. On the right stands the white and yellow reef which has furnished generations of youngsters with the pleasure of sliding on trouser seat or improvised board sled down the steep white slide. On the left is the abrupt departure from grey and black lava strewn ridges to the warm orange and red of the sandstone cliffs and canyons.

It is this warm glowing shading of colors, which seem to have been implanted there by the sun itself, that inspired the name so recently given the area. Sun Glow is the most expressive term to portray the feeling, as well as the eye appeal, of the colors that radiate from the

canyon walls. Though the day may be cold and dreary, there is always the warm feeling that the stored rays of the sun itself are emanating from the rocks. Actually, this is partly true because the sheltered canyon is warmer than the exposed lands outside its mouth.

The canyon floor is laced with living streams of water and it is here, within the border of the cottonwoods, juniper and stately Douglas fir, that the visitor will soon be provided with the picnic areas, playgrounds, campgrounds and open air meeting places. Here, surrounded by the walls of God's own temples, man may rest and contemplate the grandeur of Nature.

There is majesty in the towering walls, too. One may traverse Red Echo Canyon to its brief ending against the curved cliff from which a 500 ft. waterfall (in times of rain) may drop. As he would gaze up at the tip of the overhanging rim so many hundreds of feet, he might wish for the wings of an eagle to soar into the great freedom of the blue above. For the stout of heart and muscle, though, there is the trail leading zig-zag, stairway fashion, up the steep slope to the shelf on the high wall which leads into the upper canyon above the falls and onto the upper rims. From there, is the view into the yawning chasm of the canyon itself. Always and forever there is the feeling, even in the shadows, of the warmth and the color of the sun radiating from the rocks.

HOW I VISITED WITH THE ELK

There was a time when I felt very close to nature. The ordinary things were obscured by a dense fog so I could hardly see where I was going.

I had delayed a little too long in bringing my horses from the summer duty of riding the range. They had to be brought from Meadow Gulch pasture near Salina Canyon to the corral in loa. There were two horses in the Meadow Gulch Station. I intended to bring them across the high trail past the Hilgard Station and then go down to the Robinson Ranch. It would take another day to bring them home.

I saddled one horse at Meadow Gulch and led the other one. The snow on the ground was getting deeper as the elevation got higher. I climbed up out of Red Creek into the Aspen Zone near Mt. Hilgard. It seemed so quiet and peaceful riding through the snow which was about two feet deep. Suddenly the horse I was leading stopped and put his head to the ground. I looked around to see what was the matter.

There was an elk lying in the snow, apparently sleeping. My horse put his nose against the elk, which woke it up and it jumped to its feet. It wasn't especially startled as it just looked around and trotted off a few steps.

As I looked thru the dense fog the scene became a little clearer. First I could see one elk and then another. All were lying in the snow except a few who were standing up eating twigs off the aspen trees. I proceeded very slowly to not disturb the animals. The horses were quiet, their footfalls muffled by the snow, I could see maybe as far as twenty feet in the fog.

The strange sounds attracted me. It was a soft murmuring sound, sort of like a family of geese talking to one another. It was so soft and gentle, they must have a language that they can use to let each know that they are safe and secure. It was a sort of an eery feeling but very special to hear and experience.

As I rode along for more than a hundred yards I counted the ones I could see on either side. None of the elk were startled they just continued their soft murmuring sounds. It was like a social gathering. I saw about 70 head in that group, probably more in the trees. They seemed unaware of my presence.

In all my experiences in the mountains I have never felt a more contented, serene feeling for the association we have with the creatures of the earth.

I regretted leaving the scene but the day was getting short. I rode on till I came to the fence around the Hilgard pasture. It guided me to the end of the pasture. What a relief to find a familiar land mark and then I could tell where I was in the dense fog. All I could do was use my instinct for direction. All was a white blank space. How could I find my way?

Luckly I rode up close to a salt box with some trees around it. I recognized the spot and my mind told me that I was close to the slope that led down to the highway that led to the ranch. As soon as I rode down the steep slope the fog became thinner and I could see the mountain below.

What a relief it was to get to the Robinson Ranch just an hour before dark. It was good to stay at the Ranch. I would take another full day to get horses back to Loa.

MY GOOD FRIEND JACK OSBORN

Any one, whether they be a native of Wayne County, Utah, or a stranger just passing through, would always pay special attention as they drove down the highway from Bicknell to Torrey, to the fluted red wall on the north side of the road. They would gaze with curiosity across the Fremont river to study the dark red columns of mixed clay and sandstone which stood in regular, narrow flutings as if some ancient artist had spaced them with the teeth of a comb in times long ago.

When they got to Torrey they might stop at Jim Pace's cafe for a bite to eat and then the next stop was a must at the red sandstone store of Eph Pectol and it was worth a visit. He was an old timer who could tell stories of things that had happened around there. The most interesting things were to be found on the balcony, relics of Indians long gone, highly decorated, in beautiful colors were the shields made of leather to protect the warrior in battle, clubs and other weapons plus many interesting things that had been found in the Moki caves in the area. I believe in later years this collection was in the Utah State capitol building in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Ephraim Pectol had started the road that led down to Hanksville in early times. If the visitor was a stranger Eph would advise him to stop in Fruita to visit Tine Oylar. Maybe, if it was in peach season, Tine would give him some of the speci. peaches he raised in the red sand that imparted such a wonderful flavor to them.

One of the fine men in Torrey I always like to stop and visit was Jack Osborn. Jack was a genuine character with out being aware of it. He never put on any airs if you stopped to see him but he had a natural way of being interesting. During his earlier years he had come from the hillbilly region of the Ozark Mountains between Arkansas and Missouri. He had never lost that accent nor his way of saying things. When he told of events that happened recently it was thru the language that gave a colorful picture of the event.

He had moved out to Utah some years before and had stayed with the family of Sam Chidester in Bicknell, a violin player whose orchestra always played for the dances in Wayne County and it was a dancing bunch of people.. Sam was a well known for his prodigious eating and some of the stories that Jack told were very hilarious.

Jack had a long time interest in the wild native deer and other animals and he was hired as a State Game Warden in Wayne county. That period of time, in the 1930's when the deer population had expanded until it nearly got out of hand. Jack was still sincere in seeing that people should kill game only in a lealfashion.

A group of young men and others liked to tease Jack about the poaching business. They would leave some sort of tip with some one else that some of the fellows were planning a night of shooting a few deer in a certain place. Jack took the tip seriously and he would drive his car out into that direction to be ready to apprehend anyone who was out poaching. Many nights he sat out on a cold night setting up plans to catch the poachers and they knowing where jack would be would go off to another place to hunt at their leisure.

It was part of my duties as a Ranger to make studies of the deer population around the borders of the Ranger district. This was best done when the winter

conditions caused the deer to bunch up in concentrated places. There would be problems of over concentration on winter ranges and plans had to be made to cut down on the deer damage to the range. It was quite a pleasure to be on these deer studies in the winter even though it would be cold. I could always count on Jack to be ready and anxious to go with me even though they might take four or five days.

I would take my horse in the trailer, and maybe even a pack horse and Jack would be ready with his outfit when I arrived in Torrey.

We would start out by going up Sand Creek Canyon for a few miles and then swing to the east so we could ride around the east slope of Thousand Lake Mountain. The first part up through the red ledges gave me a chance to again study a route for a road so the tourists could see the beautiful scenery around the upper part of the Capitol Reef. The route for a road looked feasible to me but I was never able to convince the Forest Supervisor.

The first deer concentration would be around Sidehill Spring on the lower slopes south of Deep Creek. I was always interested in the craggy basin at the lower end of Deep Creek. There was absolutely no way to get into it except down ward from Sidehill Spring. I rode down there one summer evening just to see what it was like. It would have made scenic camping spot for anyone able to get in there. Now in 1995 it would be a wonderful hiking trail.

Then we would ride north from Sidehill spring along the slope of the mountain across the head of a small desert canyon where cattlemen ran some cows. There were a few small lakes along the slope and there we found some deer.

The next part of the study would be off the forest through a row of small natural monuments which was near the location of Baker Brothers Ranch. The ranch would gather water from small creeks and ponds and take it by ditches to bring it to the ranch where they raised some crops. We could usually stay for a few days to study the deer herd. There was hay for the horses and outbuildings where we could sleep. The people were always glad to see us as they were some what isolated.

The small monuments were a series of narrow, sharp cliffs that stood in a narrow row for a half mile and made a very scenic attraction for those who were fortunate to be in the area. This area was known as Cathedral Valley.

The ranch was a good place to stay so we could ride around the lower slopes of the forest to study small bunches of deer and we could note how the deer would spend the winter in the desert.

One day I separated from Jack and rode north under the high cliff that made the boundary of the forest. It was scenic and there was a few deer. As I rode around one small valley I happened to notice a tall slender column of rock about forty feet high. From that position where I was I was astonished to see a most attractive likeness of Abraham Lincoln. The legs and lower body were not perfectly formed but they could be made out. The head was the impressive part. It looked so much like old Abe that I was sorry I didn't have a camera. I tried later to find it and show Jack but I never found it again among the pinnacles.

When we left the ranch we rode over the summit at Salt Gulch and past Henrt's peak to get back to the Fremont Valley. Our climb over the pass by Hen's Peak was quite difficult as the snow was deep and drifted. We had to get off the horses and wallow thru the drifts hip deep. My sore knee was almost out of commission so I could hardly get over the Salt Creek pass. It was certain the knee would

SUN GLOW CANYON

After I was released from the Navy after World War II , and reassigned to the Thousand Lake District in 1947, I had expected to have a change in assignment but that turned into a very special event in my life as that was the year of the Centennial Celebration of the entry of the Mormon Pioneers into Utah. Each county planned special events in commemoration and I had an important part to play.

All of the Wayne County officers and leaders met together to plan for a special event in August 1947, that date was chosen as the really big event would be on July 24 in Salt Lake City. The leaders asked me to prepare a special place to hold some of the activities for the celebration as there was no recreation or park nearby.

I chose the Red Canyon east of Bicknell with the White Slides, which was a favorite place where the people in Bicknell held many picnics. It was on Forest Service land and was beautifully situated with a small valley with cottonwood, cedar and pinion trees and surrounded on three side with fantastic red ledges, there was even a small spring of water that we could develop. I received a hearty response from all the people who said they would cooperate in every possible way to get the park ready for the celebration.

George M. Hunt was the chief in charge of all the planning. His purpose was to get all the ideas of the committee together in such a way that each one would feel a pride in his contribution and still would see how the early pioneers had added something special to the modern day community.

Harold Ekker was the county commissioner in charge of the Counties equipment. He made and offer to Ranger Whitlock that he could use the bulldozer, the road grader and any other equipment that would be useful, and a man to handle them. It was necessary to build a new road east from the highway, around the steep slides so that cars could drive up onto the floor of the canyon. There was to be a barbecue or picnic and a spot needed to be leveled for the tables and places to eat. A small amphitheater was to be built on a prominent hillside to make a center for the seating and program.

The local saw mill in Bicknell provided small logs for the seating. The town of Teasdale donated two newly built toilets and set them in the proper place.

Wayne County High School offered to let school out for a few days so that all the students could come over to clean up the small shrubs around the campground and they could move small boulders out of the way, and could smooth and rake the rough spots. About 500 small russian olive trees were provided and the students enjoyed planting them and carrying water to them to help beautify the place. It was necessary to prune a number of the existing trees to beautify the campground.

A trail was built a few hundred yards up the north part of the canyon to the spring in a sandbank under a patch of willows. The water was not tested but it was free of rubbish and it appeared safe for washing hands and dishes. It was probably safe to drink but it was a little salty. The kids carried the water to fill some barrels.

The nice little amphitheater was finished with ample log seating for a crowd. A small parking place for cars was made in a little side canyon around to the south side.

The day of the party arrived, it was a big event. All the women's clubs in each town vied for making the best dishes and food. Tables were set up and soon loaded with lovely food.

For a small county population a big crowd turned out. Everything looked spic and span with all the food, the ladies saw that everything was just right. Each town had brought some of their best offerings. Beef, mutton, beef, pork and chicken were done to perfection. There was plenty of space for the cakes and pies and rolls.

Serving of food was done in the best pioneer fashion, under a small group of native trees and the ladies in pioneer costume. They made everyone feel welcome as they served the food. It was tru pioneer hospitality. 900 people were served.

Cars came in from several countries so they filled in all the spot we had thought of as a playground. There was also a short road which turned up the canyon at the southern edge of the park, There was not much room but they pressed against the south side of the amphitheater and some had to wait outside the area of the park.

Special parking was reserved for the State Limousine of Governor Herbert Maw, his wife and son and other honored guests. In a special tribute to honor the pioneers L.D.S. Apostle David O. McKay had come from Salt Lake City to dedicate the Park and honor those who settled Wayne County.

Several other speakers from other countries made short speeches about their Pioneer Ancesters whom they were honoring

George M. Hunt was very capable at his task of directing all the proceedings. He had one long table set up at the head of the Amphitheater to seat all the honored guests that were present. This was without an organ but it was Viola Reese was in charge of the singing. "Come, Come Ye Saints" was like the pioneers had done on the trail west to Utah. It really was a warm spirit. one of the song and there were several others.

Governor Maw made a fine speech about the growth of Utah in spite of all the hardships that came in settling a new country and state. He spoke of the school system which was among the best in the nation, and he spoke of the progress still to be made.

When David O. McKay stood up he made a most impressive appearance. His tall straight figure had an air of dignity and the sunlight shining on his white hair gave and impression of spiritual beauty. He paused for a moment and he walked a short distance, his eyes were turned upward to ward the tall red ledges on which the color had been enhanced by a light rain. His arms pointed upward to what he called "Gods Own Temples". Then he pointed to a small hill in back of the amphitheater with a flat rock on top of it. After a brief pause he said, "There would be a fine place for a Sermon on the Mount". When I led Elder McKay back to his seat the touch of his hand was like a spiritual thrill. Later he gave a beautiful Dedictory Prayer that this place would be a fitting memorial to the Pioneers who settled here. It was a fitting climax to a special commemoration of all those who contributed so much to our great state.

SUNRISE
by George C. Whitlock

Once, long ago, when our hearts were young and
High adventure bid us reach for things sublime,
We planned to see a sunrise, a special sunrise,
So unique, so beautiful, and so challenging
That we'd remember till the end of time.

I knew the place. High on the east slope of Thousand Lake Mountain, a lookout point commands a view of a vast portion of southeastern Utah. In daylight the view is spectacular, but to see it unfold in the burgeoning light of dawn is a supreme experience. I hoped to achieve the advantage of surprise, of building anticipation, mingled with a touch of fear and suspense, and then to present a drama of such intensity that the audience would lose itself in admiration of the wonders of the scene.

Two other couples, Willis and Ella, Royal and Donna, eagerly joined us in the adventure. We met at Elkhorn Station where we talked of many things we hoped to see and do and then, shortly after midnight, we started to walk the three miles to the lookout point. There was no road then, and the mountain was still in its natural wild state. The night was totally dark, without even a starshine in the heavens.

As we followed the meandering path among the willows of the pasture, the narrow beam of the flashlight was all that we could see. Darkness pressed in closely like a blanket around us. As we came upon the horses grazing by the stream they snuffed uneasily and circled warily around behind until the thudding sound of their hooves told us they were running back to the corral.

On the edge of a small meadow near the timber pandemonium broke

loose. Several large beasts jumped up and ran past us on either side. Snorting loudly and crashing through the trees, they made a terrific racket in the night. The flashlight dropped to the ground as we grasped each other in alarm. For a moment our hearts beat wildly, and then I recognized the strong odor. A group of cows with their calves had been sleeping near the trail when our sudden appearance had rudely awakened them into a panic. They had been more startled than we. Needless to say, our small party clung closely together as we moved along the trail. The night had many sounds, and our senses were finely tuned to every faint disturbance. Sleepy birds fluttered in the bushes, small animals stirred when the light struck them, and the wind sighed in the treetops.

A SHARP SCRATCHING sound above our heads caused a quick upturn of the light beam. A porcupine was scrambling in the branches to reach safety from the strange intrusion.

Gradually, our eyes adjusted to the darkness so that we could dimly see the outline of trees and rocks. When I recognized a landmark we turned off the trail and made a short, difficult descent down the ridge to the Lookout point.

"Find your seats," I announced, "and be patient for a few moments. The show is about to begin."

The morning star sparkled in the eastern sky. A shaft of light touched the high, fleecy clouds. If light had been sound we would have heard the first trumpets announcing the arrival of Apollo in his gleaming chariot.

Sound effects must be felt, rather than heard. As the great drama

THE WONDERS OF SAND CREEK

After I saw the magnificent gorges of Sand Creek from the 11,000 foot height of Thousand Lake Mountain I knew I had to explore that mass of solid red ledges, even if I had to descend 5,000 feet to get to the bottom of it.

I had a good horse and I started early in the morning from the Elkhorn station. The trail descended from the terrace at the south end of the mountain and soon dropped down a thousand feet to the narrow basin in Sand Creek. I could see the beautiful outline of the Peaches and Cream canyon to the west.

In another miles I came to a small sized grove of Ponderosa Pine growing near the foot of the canyon wall on the east side. The trees were over 100 feet tall and had grown to a size of five feet in diameter. some of the trees were dead but the ones still living reached in graceful form reached upward , toward the top of the cliff which still towered 500 feet above them. Why were there such a few trees? One could only guess that the source water was very limited, or that some catastrophe a century ago had caused the death of other young trees when they were young. There was a sense of nobility in seeing such stalwart forms of trees in such a setting.

The red sand of the gorge did not afford enough fertility to make a good stand of grass, although there were scattered bunches of a native sand grass that gave a thin scattering of forage for horses. I had seen a slight evidence of trespass horses in a few places, I would check on that matter in a future time.

Sand Creek had only a small intermittent flow of water and it was likely that most of the runoff that occurred during storms would sink in to the sand. The farmers a few miles down stream could raise a few acres of alfalfa. The channel leveled off somewhat and turned to the east before it reached Torrey.

As I rounded the turn around the base of the high ledge I began to look for the possibility of putting a road upward around the east slope of the mountain. One could wonder why the Indians of past ages had not painted some of their artistic designs and writing on the faces of the towering red ledges that could make such a colorful easel for a variety of Indian art.

The way turned into a rugged area of smaller sharp ridges with small gullies in between. These led upward toward the massive row of tall cliffs that led eastward toward the beginning of the Capitol Reef.

My horse could hear something and he stopped. Then I heard what it was. It was a man's voice talking rather loudly in broken sentences. Curiosity led me around a small hill. The voice seemed to get no answers but it just spoke out like it was giving out some facts. I soon saw a small man stooping over to pick out some rocks that he was examining carefully and talking to himself about them. No one else was there. "Hm, he would say, this looks interesting".

He soon looked up and saw me, and rather startled raised up to speak to me. "Who are You?", he said". I explained that I was the Ranger and wondered what he was doing. He then told me that he was Doc Englesby and was making a collection of valuable stone found in the area. He had a shop at Fruita where he had a collection of valuable stones. He was a retired dentist from Salt Lake City who had just gotten tired of his regular routine and the ring of the telephone

was about to unfold, imagination could provide the music of the sphere. A great orchestra would be warming up in the pit; the overture was ready to begin.

Outriders of Dawn appeared on the stage. Far away, low on the left horizon, a soft glow appeared on the 13,000 foot peaks of the La Sal Mountains, 125 miles away. In the center, the Abajo Peaks, 100 miles away, showed a pale luminescence, and then the 11,000 foot peaks of the Henry Mountains off to our right caught the glow.

The Great Technician was swiftly adjusting the stage lights, gradually turning on the brightness and switching to firmer colors. A dim outline of the immediate stage below us began to form. It appeared to be peopled with many grotesque figures and the shifting light gave it a sense of movement.

Minute by minute the scene changed. Bold characters emerged from the shadows and a tremendous sense of depth and distance stimulated our emotions.

The huge pyramid of the Henry Mountains stood sharply defined forty miles away in the clean desert air. To its right, a curious long ridge or swell of carved sandstone became visible. The complex variety of sharp pinnacles, deep, narrow canyons, and bright colors invited long study. In the sharply etched contrasts of form and color, accented by the sidelighting effect of the early morning, it was easy to see why the area had become known as Wayne Wonderland.

Directly below us was a panorama of diverse forms and colors. To the left, a long row of cathedral-like spires of red clay and sandstone cast long shadows which move slowly as the light changed. These marked

the edge of the place called "Middle Desert." In the center, was the Hartnett Desert composed of curious sandstone formations in a setting of wild, eroded gullies and sand flats.

Farther out to the east the gray mesas began. Long flat ridges stretched for miles and then terminated sharply in high cliffs as the unpeopled, empty desert spread out into the vast distance. Factory Butte stood up as a distinctive sentinel watching over the Blue Valley drainage.

As the light increased we recognized familiar places on the landscape. The dark line running diagonally from over north of the La Sal Mountains and southward to disappear behind the Henrys was the Colorado River. Its deep mysterious canyon would in later years become Canyonlands National Park and would contain a great reservoir. In the middle distance was Hanksville, the last outpost of civilization, and from there a dirt road curved around to the east side of the Henry Mountains to follow down North Wash to the Colorado River at Hite Crossing (underwater now). Below Hanksville, the Dirty Devil River followed a deeply incised gorge to join the big river.

Our attention now turned to a magnificent view immediately below us and off to our right, at a half-mile lower elevation. Deep Creek cuts into the upper end of Capitol Reef to form a triangular basin, totally isolated except from its western side. Monolithic colored sandstone temples stood in silent glory in a sandy wasteland, not to be seen except from Thousand Lake Mountain.

For over on our right the green, timbered slope of Boulder Mountain swept upward to its flat lava capstone at an elevation of 11,000 feet.

and back of it was the massive Aquarius Plateau.

By this time the sun was riding high in the sky, the sidelighted shadows were disappearing, and day was here. Gone were the glamor and mystery of early morning. We felt as if the first act in a great play was finished. The shifting shadows had given a distinct sense of movement as though a series of great characters had stepped onto the stage, spoken their piece, and settled into their places. The light airs and changing colors were silent emblems of the music of the spheres. We could only marvel that perhaps, in the beginning, the earth itself might have emerged from the shadows in such a manner.

A CONFERENCE HELD ON THE LOSS OF ANCIENT VALUES

When the Mormon pioneers came to settle in Sanpete Valley in the 1850's the mountains of the Manti plateau of the Wasatch Range of mountains had never been used by the livestock of mankind. The virgin soil produced the most fertile cover of palatable forage ever known to man. The soil covered the top of the plateau and down the slopes into the valley. The low hills and desert areas would provide winter feed.

The very abundance of the rich mantle of forage became the cause of its destruction.

The entrance of the D.R.G. railroad in 1870 brought the first of the ambitious entrepreneurs to utilize the opportunity to produce unlimited numbers of sheep to provide wool for the wool market. In 30 years the effect was disastrous. Some estimates placed the total number of sheep at one million in 1900 A.D.

Manti City protested to President Theodore Roosevelt for protection against the over grazing that was causing such bad flooding in the valley. The Manti Forest was formed in 1910. All the trancient herds were removed and only those who had land in the valley were allowed to keep their forest permits.

Before a record of the fabulous richness of the soil and plant cover could be made, that original richness was gone. The Ephraim Experiment Station began in about 1913 to collect and measure the extent of the loss that had occurred. With these studies the carrying capacity of the forest was made.

The Regional Forester of Region Four directed that a program of rehabilitation be started and a new level of permits be issued. All of the factors making up the range would be made in 1950 and new level of permits issued in 1956.

In the summer of 1950 a conference was held on the summit of Ephraim Canyon, on top of the plateau. This conference included educators, businessmen, stockmen, county officers, Forest Service men and others. Dr Reed Bailey, who was noted for his knowledge of Geology, was head of the studies in the Region.

He stood in front of the conference and addressed the group in a most impressive manner. He said, "We have to talk about something that was here until a century ago but is now almost gone. We can't show you evidence of the way it was half a century ago, except we can let a witness tell us what he actually saw on this place in 1880."

Dr Bailey went on to tell us of the geologic evidence of two million years ago and relate it to the scene of the past 100 years. As he lifte his arm toward the east he asked his listeners to mentally view across the wide stretch from where we stand to the mountains of Colorado. Picture that space as once covered by a great sea. It must have been a fertile area then as the water contained so many of the elements that sustain life.

The earth suddenly changed its structure and all of that great body of water rushed south ward across Arizona and out into the Pacific ocean. The life in the sea water settled down onto the surface of the earth. The vast accumulation of fish and sea life contained untold amounts of lime which settled out in a smooth

more or less level layer of limestone almost fifty feet thick. You can see remnants of that limestone layer as you look eastward across Wagon Road Ridge, Horn Mountain, Ferron Mountain and other short branches reaching off to the east side of the Wasatch plateau. This portion of the Plateau reaches from Price Canyon as far south as Salina Canyon. It kept an average elevation of about 10,000 feet, with a few places up to 11,000 feet.

The vast body of that sea dropped down into the Colorado River drainage. It cut out the body of sediment down into a basin thousands of feet lower. Parts of that sediment contained tremendous deposits of coal and other minerals. A wide variety of minerals were left in various places. That sediment is largely to rich in many kind of salts to be useful for agriculture. What we are looking at today is the uplift of 5,000 to 11,000 feet elevation.

That rich residue became the Manti Forest. We can only surmise just how rich and fertile that segment of the earth actually was. We estimate it was one of the richest parts of the earth at this elevation.

Dr Bailey continued, "As we can now see, the rich mantle of limestone soil has been badly damaged. That damage is still continuing. The purpose of our efforts in this next period is to stop that erosion and rehabilitate the cover of valuable forage plants."

He introduced a man who was approximately 80 years old and asked him to recite his personal evidence of what he had seen in the area of Horseshoe Mountain.

The man stood up and waved his arms toward Horseshoe basin, with the mountain behind it. When I was quite young, about 10 years old, my father had a small herd of sheep. He asked my older brother to take them up on the mountain for the summer and asked me to go with him for company. It was very difficult trailing the sheep up the mountain side because there were no trails, and such a dense cover of brush. We came out on the basin on the side of Horse Shoe and wondered what to do with the sheep. There was no open space at all. The grass was so tall that it covered the backs of the sheep. We decided that we had better keep the sheep in a small circle to trample the grass so that we could see where they were. We did'n see any other sheep."

Dr Bailey impressed Civic Group that the forest Service must take the needed action to stop the erosion damage and restore the plant cover as soon as possible.

THE ULTIMATE DECISION TO STOP THE DESTRUCTION OF A RESOURCE

Men had followed their natural instinct to grasp the last cover of precious plants on the mountain of the Manti Plateau. Wealth from the production of wool had tempted the sheep permittees to resist any reduction in the sheep permits.

Positive proof that the trampling of millions of sharp hooves had worn the top soil to thebedrocks was not sufficient to off set the permittees desire to continue the damage.

The study of geology had acquired the facts that the Manti plateau had once been the floor of an ancient sea. Changes in the earth structure forced the sea floor to be raised to an elevation of 11,000 feet. During that long period of time the soi had developed fabulous fertility. The cover of forage plants was so rich that men used it to produce several hundred thousand numbers of sheep. The profits from the sale of wool had built up many wealthy families.

Now the scientists had recognized that the loss of such a rich resource could no longer be tolerated. The only solution was to reduce the damage from grazing, and use the carefully tested methods to restore as much of the plant cover as possible.

President Roosevelt had been petitioned by the people of Manti to put the mountain under effective control to stop the loss of soil and forage, He set up the Forest service in 1910 and all the transient herds had been ordered off the mountain. Still there were to many livestock. The experiment station in Ephraim canyon proveded scientific proof to set the necessary guidelines.

The livestock permittees knew that the pressure was on to reduce the damage by the stock. They reacted with vigor to present the loss of their income.

In January, 1954 a special meeting was held in Ephraim. It was understood that the new permits to be issued in 1956 which would face the solomn truth of the situation on the mountain.

More than 200 sheep permittees had gathered together to fight off the expected loss of their permits. They had spent considerable effort and money to develop superior breeds of sheep with better wool. The market for the new Rambouillet class of sheep had made a prifitable business.

The leaders of the wealthy sheep owners went all out to win concessions on the matter of continuing use of the mountain ranges. They called for the assistance of the president of the Utah Wool Growers Association to be atthe meeting. He was known to be a strong speaker and he might possibly turn back the loss of the permits.

Forest Supervisor Robert Park was there, with the five rangers from the five districts of the Manti Division. There was bound to be some very important statements made.

Tht President of the Wool growers stood up and every man in the audience could sense that this would be a show down that could affect their livelihood. The president started out quite gentle at first. He recognized the Forest Service men present and he spoke of the long period of time that the sheep men had been the primary support of the prosperous families that lived in the

Sampete Valley. He spoke of the fine schools and homes of the people, and how many of the men had become great leaders in businesses and governing bodies of the state. Then he began toughening his words and manner. All the people were listening intently.

"Now, he said, we are faced with a new menace to our livelihood." "These few men have come to tell us that our mountain does not really belong to us". They say we do not know how to use it. They can ride around in their cars, or go out on horseback, and write down some of their thoughts, it is not their own livelihood that is in trouble but the way of living that most of us know".

He said, "As we look at these men in the bright green uniforms and the handsome ties they can wear to work, we can only remark on how much power they have to say that we have to get along with just a few sheep, or maybe not any".

"We have settled in the valley and have been proud of it for a hundred years, now is it possible that they can say, fold up your tents and go away to another place and start over, or is there still some force among us to stand our ground".

The men in the audience recognized that these were fighting words, and they turned hard eyes toward the small group of Forest service Officers sitting there. The air was getting hot with the anger of the sheep men.

Bob Park stood up. He was a natural born leader and his voice had a tone of authority. "Mr President, he said, and all eyes instantly swung around to look at him. He had pushed up his green tie to make a good show. His green uniform made him look quite handsome. These are honorable men, pointing to the Rangers, they wear a uniform that says they must defend the precious values of these mountains". They speak from a knowledge that has been proven by the forty years that the soil scientists have been probing into grass roots and measuring the texture of the soil that was once so dark and rich, but now is fading away, to show the white rocks underneath. No man can say that they would rather graze his sheep on a slope of snow white rocks than on a green side hill covered with choice feed".

The mood of the meeting changed. No longer were there doubled fists and sparks of anger in the eyes, The president had slumped down in his chair, and his head drooped. He had no further words to say, and the men were beginning to rise and walk out of the building.

The Forest Men pondered a little while. They did not want to stay in Ephraim that evening. I got into the car with Bob Park and we intended to drive on back to Price.

A winter storm had descended with black clouds and heavy snow. When we got to Mt Pleasant we stopped for gas and we could see that it was almost certain that we would have to spend the night there. One of the sheepmen who knew Bob saw us standing there and came over to talk. He said it would be impossible to go on to Price and we were welcome to come stay in his home. We accepted. We sat down to a fine supper and the talk was gentle and friendly.

It happened that I slept in the same bed with Bob. Neither of us slept much, I could hear Bob twisting and grinding his teeth and sometimes muttering to himself.

I was sad to report that less than a year Bob died aftering a lingering illness brought on by stress and the effects of pneumonia. I helped bury him in his home town of Nephi.

A HATFUL OF GRASS

When I was transferred over to the Ferron District on the Manti National Forest I soon saw the evidence of a long time dispute between the Cattle Permittees and the Forest Service. This was the result of a hang over of the left over ideas of the original cattle permittees who had settled in Ferron before there before there was a need for a Forest Service to administer the range land.

The old time cattle men figured they had the rights based on the fact that they had settled the country and should have control over the dates and numbers of the cattle which should be permitted on the forest regardless of how depleted the forage was.

It was my duty as Forest Ranger to correct the damage that was still being done. I announced in the Annual Stockman's meeting that the opening for the cattle to go on the forest was much to early because the vegetation had not started to grow by May 15 and the feed would not be ready. This was a sore point with the cattle men since they wanted to get the cattle off their farms so they could put in their crops.

Cliff Snow was President of the Stockmens Association and he was determined to prevent any change in the opening date for the cattle. There was fierce debate and for a few more years the Association would not give way to the Rangers arguments.

In the 1952 the meeting had been quite vicious in the claims made by the stockmen. Cliff Snow was a fierce fighter and he still held out against the best arguments I could present concerning the opening date.

A recess was called in the meeting and I went outside to talk to some of the men, I could tell that some of the men realized that I was right in my proposal. I said, "There is no way we can settle this question of the opening date for the cattle as long as Cliff Snow is in charge of the Association". The men talked among themselves and then said, "Lets hold a new election and install another Association Board".

We went inside again and some one made the motion that they should hold an election to install a new board. That did not take long and Arthur Lemon was elected to be the new President of the Ferron C&H Association.

The first question that came up was to discuss the opening date for the cattle. I made a challenge to the group. "If you will ride with me up on the spring range above the ledge on May 20 we will settle this question of whether the range is ready to graze by May 21st.

Arth Lemon the new president was very cooperative. He said, "We will do that." With Arthur Lemon on that date was Carl Larsen, Paul Nelson and a few others of the board. It was a cold day and the weather was windy. We rode around several flat areas where the cattle might graze.

There was nothing growing yet. There were no green sprouts, or even started, to show plant life. There were no traces of last years growth because it had been grazed off the previous year.

We stopped on one flat that was a part of the spring range. The men sat around on their horses. I got off my horse and stood on the ground. I pointed here and there and took off my hat, I put a \$10.00 bill in and said, "If either one of you, or all of you together, can fill my hat with grass or any other feed from one square acre, which I will mark off here. I will give you the \$10.00."

The men sat silent for a few minutes. They were convinced that the range was not ready for use yet. I said, "What should we do about it?", Arth offered the cooperation of the stockman's board and we held another meeting and I made several proposals and new proposals were passed by the Ferron C&H Association. They were:

1. We should set the opening date back to June 15
 2. We should start pasture management with fences and rotation grazing
 3. The Forest Service would plow and vegetate at least 1,000 acres in the low range
 4. We should carry out a management plan.
- The cooperation of the Board was a cause of great improvement on the Ferron Range. It led to tagging of the cattle and an irrigation project on McEwan Flat.

This story of the \$10.00 "HAT OF GRASS" is still remembered in Ferron and was told to me by a grandson of Arth Lemon when I had an occasion to visit and see the beautiful lush waving grass. It achieved the purpose and I have felt good about the results of not only good will but an improved range land.

JOES VALLEY DAYS

all we can do nowadays is remember the exciting times we had when Joes Valley was a prominent center for some of the finest outings we ever had in the Forest service. Those days had come to an end when the big irrigation dam was built at the head of Straight Canyon to make a large reservoir.

Progress is always in order, but memories have a place for things that can only be placed back in a corner of the shelf. Perhaps those who were there in former days are about all gone. A few brief words will have to suffice.

Back then, the first warm days of spring called for a pleasant outing among a lot of strangers who could become fast friends for a week or two. Back then it had become a custom, maybe accidental at first, to set a date when an interested group of sportsmen from the coal mining camps over around Price to meet with the Forest Supervisor and several of his Rangers and a small group of the Horn Mountain cattle permittees, to make a spring ride to look at the effects of winter on the wild game in Joes Valley.

Bob Park was then Supervisor of the Manti National Forest and a more ardent horseman could not be found any where. It was a supreme to get out of his office on such an official duty to study and discuss the welfare of the game range with those who were concerned as sportsmen or cattle permittees.

Two or three rangers would show up with their horses. About fifteen or twenty men from the coal camps, under the inspiration of Baldy Chapman who acted as their leader would bring his best horse in which he took great pride, along with their trucks and groceries. Usually four or five cattle men would come with their best horses.

This was a time of celebration. Every man with a good horse that he was proud of. Horses fitted with new shoes and they would have good saddles on them. To the horses it was a time of outing, to get out of the corrals and get some good exercise out in the valley.

Bob and the Rangers would stay in the ranger station which once existed in Upper Joes valley before the reservoir came. The other men would set up their camps and would be busy taking care of a corral full of horses. A good deal of bragging went on about the horse, and everybody was ready for a good ride.

Where ever Bob happened to be he usually took charge of the proceedings. All the men like him and it was easy to make up a plan of action. Evenings in the station were filled with lively talk along with a few card games. This was a good time to talk about how the game should be managed. Of course a Game Warden was always on hand and he like to talk about the game regulations.

A days plan would be made up so that there would be a few sportsman and a few cattle men in each group with a forest officer. Usually each group would start off together and go across Lowery Water, the first big creek, and then divide up so that each group would take a designated strip of the valley and slope leading north to the Delon Olsen ranch about five miles to the north where the groups would come together and discuss the results of their ride.

A system would be organized so that each group would know its strip of winter range. Then each rider would count the deer which passed on his left side until they got to the ranch. A tally would be made up of the deer counted along the bottom of Joes Valley.

It was such a pleasure to stop for lunch at Delon's ranch headquarters, where the men could talk and brag about their horses and tell a few stories. The winter range did not extend very far north of Delons ranch because of the steeper elevation and the deer could not winter up there. Still there would be sunny canyons farther on and deer could be found in them.

On the way back to the ranger station there was a good chance to show off the better qualities of the horses. Some of the miners were quite proud of their horses.

Supper at the ranger station was something to look forward to. The miners could be counted on to bring the best quality of every thing to eat. There was always a big pot of beans, a large salad and choice cuts of beef and a good chef to cook the steaks to mouth watering goodness and then there would be liquid refreshments.

Bob would, as usual, take charge of the round up of the days count and any suggestions for any changes in the management of the game. The cooperation of the sportsmen was good to have in case any problems would come up.

The next day some of the men would climb up the steep slopes of the mountain north of straight Canyon and count the deer or any elk that had wintered up in the small canyons. The rest of the men would spread out through the southern valley which was called 'The Dragon', and work the slopes at the lower part of Wagon Road Ridge.

The cattlemen were especially concerned about the reseeded area in the upper Dragon because it was on their spring range and the elk liked to come down off Horn Mountain to pick at the left over parts of the grass which had been started.

Some of the men wanted to ride up onto the top of Horn to see how many elk were up there. This was the main winter range for the elk which were increasing. All of the problems on the range had to be watched.

A few years later a big reseeding project was organized on Horn Mountain Plateau. Three thousand acres were disced and plowed up which made a big increase in the forage for the cattle. Fencing and water development had to be made. As a special contribution to the project the State Fish and Game Dept. of the state of Utah cooperated by issuing one hundred special hunting permits solely for the Horn Mtn. It took a special hunt with several Game Wardens in charge to supervise the hunt in December of one year. As soon as the one hundred Elk were killed the hunting stopped.

The game counts out of Joes Valley were a most valuable part of the game and range management. Cooperation and fellowship paid off.

In a few years Bob Park was dett. His loss was felt by many. Later the Joes Valley dam was built in the head of Straight Canyon. Thus the end of this high adventure of the Spring Ride was over.

SCOUTS AND TREES

"I think that I shall never see a Poem Lovely As A Tree"

During all of my life I have felt a kind of reverence for beautiful trees. As a young man the Ranger would sometimes hire me to fight forest fires on the mountain. The smoke darkened and burned trees would give me a sad feeling after the burn. I would drive through the great forest of the Northwest and marvel at the wealth of beauty and useful shapes that stood in such vast numbers where the forest had been protected. These measures of preservation and restoration always gave me a deep feeling that man could make a better temple of the great grove of conifers.

The giant redwoods in California, and the towering stand of Fir Spruce and Pine that grew in the coastal forests of Oregon and on up into Alaska always gave me a special feeling. It seemed a shame to remove so much of the timber for use.

Men learned to plant orderly stands of superior quality trees to add beauty and value. It pleased me to see how experts could add genetic quality and graceful old stands that had been cut or burned or even in new places. An example of this was in New Zealand in quite extensive areas. They had planted rows of trees up and down the mountains slopes like strands of hair that had been combed.

The Manti Forest was not to be considered as one of the prime timber producing forest, but when the pioneers came they found timber to build their homes and other structures they needed. Over the century they had continued to saw lumber. When I was a Ranger on the Ferron, Utah district there were still scattered stands in some locations where soil and moisture were favorable.

One of the areas where I had a timber sale going was on the east and north side of the cap on North Horn Mountain. A small sawmill would make lumber of perhaps, a hundred thousand board feet for a few years. We tried to make use of the trees, by selecting the mature trees for harvesting but they did need some silviculture and replanting.

In the summer of 1955 I received a visit from some Boy Scout Officials from Price, Utah. They said, "We have need for some useful project for our young scouts in Price and we thought you might have something on the mountain for them".

It didn't take long to think of a project for the scouts. I suggested that the Scoutmasters bring over two troops of scouts, maybe about 20 of them. They could camp by the spring on the northeast side of Horn Mountain, not far from where the sawmill had been.

I would come to the area to help them set up a camp and show them the area where we would be working. I trained the Scoutmasters on what I wanted and then we could teach the boys how to do it. It was a problem at first to hold back the enthusiasm of the boys wanted to start right in doing something. They had been told to bring a small axe with them.

The idea was to go into the groves of the small trees which had sprouted from the cones which had fallen from the trees. They were to thick in some places and other spots had only a few or no trees. The sprouts that came up were at random sometimes three or four in a cluster, and often two would grow up to be twins.

The nature of the growth made the little trees crooked or stunted. They could not grow in such density. The crooked and twisted trees must be removed. They could never grow to be a straight tall timber tree. At the present time they were from one to four inches in diameter. A boy with a small axe could cut out a small crooked tree, or one that appeared to have some disease in its top. In every case one of the twin seedlings had to be taken out.

Then there was the question of spacing. We knew that a young tree needed space to spread its branches in order to grow. It would need light and space free from a rock and a chance to get enough of the snow and rainfall.

Light was also essential, a trees small branches needed at least five feet at the start so its little branches would have freedom to grow. Since they would need more space as they grew it was logical to allow each tree at least five or six feet around it for growth room. When the tree got more than ten feet high the lower limbs should be cut off close to the trunk to allow elbow room.

Each boy learned to be careful and pick the most perfect tree that was growing in the dense stand and carefully cut out the inferior trees for a distance of perhaps five square feet around it. He learned to pick out the best seedlings by looking for the tallest and straightest one with the best branches. The others would be cut and removed from the area.

On the larger trees which were over ten feet tall they would cut off all the branches close to the trunk and throw all the rubbish out in a pile in a cleared area and later all would be gathered and burned when they were dry. The Scouts could only reach up about ten feet so only the lower branches could be cut from the trees. The result was that a group of small seedlings were spaced out in a neat pattern, such orderly spacing gave a feeling that each tree would grow better.

The Scouts were so enthused with the activity and as they came to understand the good that would come from their work they didn't want to go home at the end of the camp.

I told them how proud I was of their work and how it would improve the forest so much and in 20 years I wanted them to return with their children and families to show them the work they had done to improve the forest. They learned how to make things better and take care of the environment.

The Scout leaders asked me about another camp, which was agreeable. The only difference would be that the Scouts with the best participation in their troops would return and more work would be added. The result was that a larger group of the choice boys were brought over in a few weeks. This time I had acquired 1,000 seedling trees from a nursery and they planted them and carried water to them to give them a good start, and they continued the silviculture.

Note: About 30 years later, after I had retired from the Forest Service, I returned to the Ferron district and asked the Ranger John Nelbergall to take me to the North Horn Mountain to see the project that had been done and pruned the Price Boy Scouts. This was a thrill as the trees we had thinned and pruned now stood in clean rows and grown to more than a foot in diameter.

THE MARRIAGE OF TWO FORESTS MANTI AND LASAL

Such a momentous joining of two great areas of the Forest Service had to be of such interest to the ardent supporters of conservation that had been started by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1910, could not fail to rouse a stormy tide of public opinion.

The idea of combining two large tracts of vital resources took some serious consideration. First of all, the people living around the borders of the forests had always thought of the land as "Our Mountain". The people of Manti had petitioned President Roosevelt to save our mountains from erosion and our valley from flooding due to overgrazing. Manti helped in keeping the large herds of sheep out of Manti Canyon. One of the greatest studies ever undertaken had been carried out in Ephraim Canyon by the Experiment Station. The records of that study was world famous.

The possibility that the two Forests might be joined together had been carefully studied for several years. The Moab and Monticello Districts were managed by the Uintah over in Vernal. It was much traveling between Districts. Manti had been managed by the office in Ephraim. The efficiency of managing both from a central location was the prime consideration but public relation had to be considered due to historical sentiments. After due consideration Price, Utah was chosen for the Headquarters and it would be called "The Manti- LaSal Forest".

Robert H. Parks was Supervisor of the Manti Division, with Jay Sevy as Assistant. Bob was aware of the deep feelings of the people in Sanpete County and he knew such a move would cause a public outcry. No publicity was given.

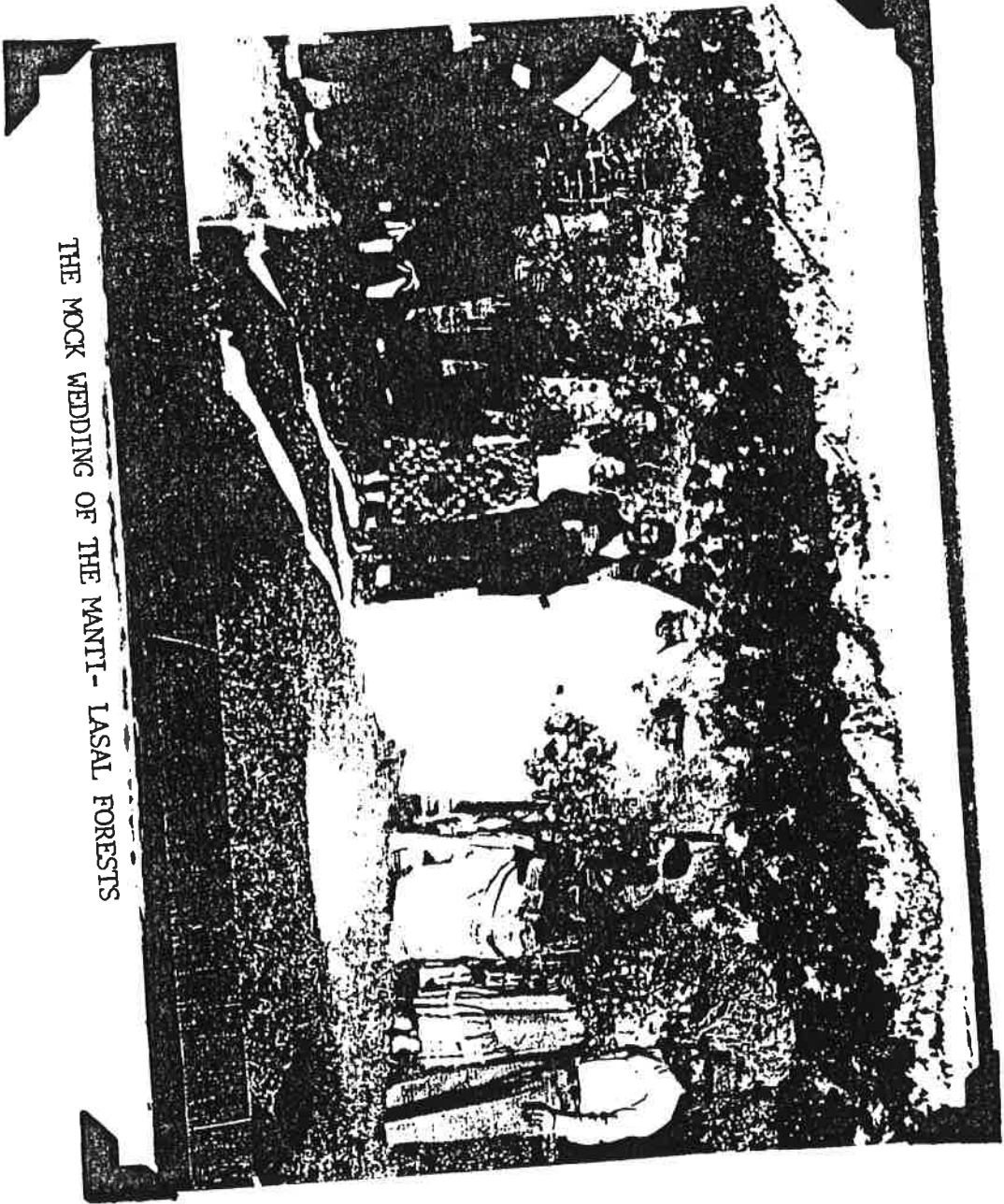
Several trucks were loaded with the office equipment and records. Before day light the next morning all the equipment was moved to Price, Utah to the new Office site chosen as a central location between the two forests. Each of the Rangers would remain in their same offices. Such a momentous change of public business that had been in place for forty years had to be one of the largest diplomatic events of that time. People could be very sentimental over the change.

Bob decided that it seemed proper to have a formal marriage of the two Forests. It should be an event with pomp and ceremony and fun with good food to introduce all the Personnel of both Forests.

The Big party was held In Joes Valley on September 19, 1950. Delon Olsen's ranch was the ideal setting. All the Rangers and their wives were present and all the Office personnel. People came from the Regional Office in Ogden with Regional Forester Chester Olsen was on hand to direct the event. It was like a seal on a wedding.

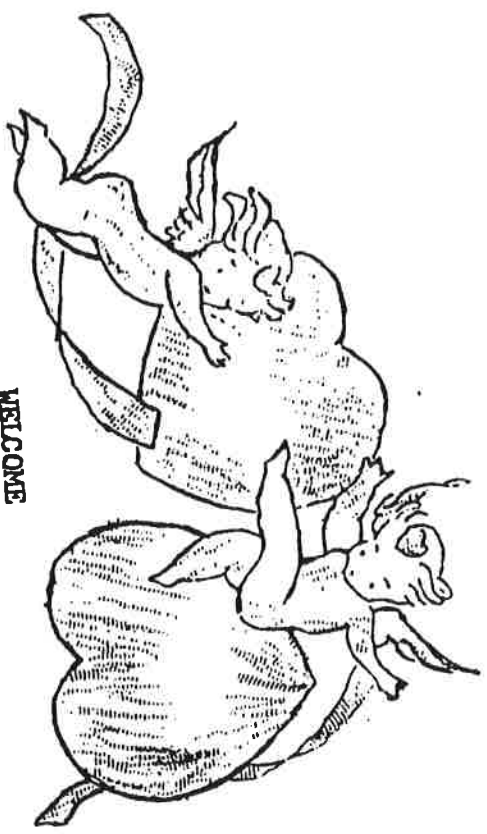
Delon Olsen was a first class chef. He set up all the tables with appropriate decorations. It was a beautiful setting in the forest and a beautiful fall day. With excellent food prepared by Delon.

The formal procedure and explanation and introduction was carried out by the Regional Forester, Chet Olsen. He was a master in weaving the two groups together. There was music, old time singing and a lively feeling of comradeship.



THE MOCK WEDDING OF THE MANTI - LASAL FORESTS

The marriage was carried out with jocular humor. With Juliam Thomas as the bride from Monticello, Ivan Dyreng as the groom from Manti, Willard Guymon held the shotgun. There were brides maids and many attendants. Pictures were taken and it was a silly fun time. Even some of the rangers got into some lively horseplay with the ranger from Moab taking on the Ranger from Manti in a vigorous wrestling match with advice from the people. There was no winner in the scuffle but it demonstrated that there would be cooperation between the two groups. They had now become a family. A good spirit of harmony prevailed among all present and it was a party that was talked about and long remembered.



WELCOME
TO THE WEDDING RECEPTION
of

Q'ARRIE JULIANNA
daughter of

MR. & MRS. ROBERT DE LASAL
and

I. FOREST DEERPASTURE MAITTI
son of

MR. & MRS. JAY L. MAITTI

- Ladies Tea & Shower Honoring Bride-to-be Four 0'clock
- (Bride-to-be to show trousseau) Four 0'clock
- Five 0'clock
- Wedding Six 0'clock
- Reception Seven 0'clock
- Songs - Games



MEMO

KOOKIE-TIL

KIGALIA-HIMRANCH



entrée!

BEAR'S EARS & BACON RIND

Dinner

WILD CAT, COYOTE, & LITTLE BEAVER
with

MORION PASTURE-DUGGOUT DRESSING
* * *

PARADOX PINE NUTS & SOUTH SAMPITON SAGEBRUSH
SALAD

CLEAR CREEK & COTTONWOOD-CHIPPEW CANNED CORN
BOUGER BEETS

REDDER RIDGE NARRE ROLLS

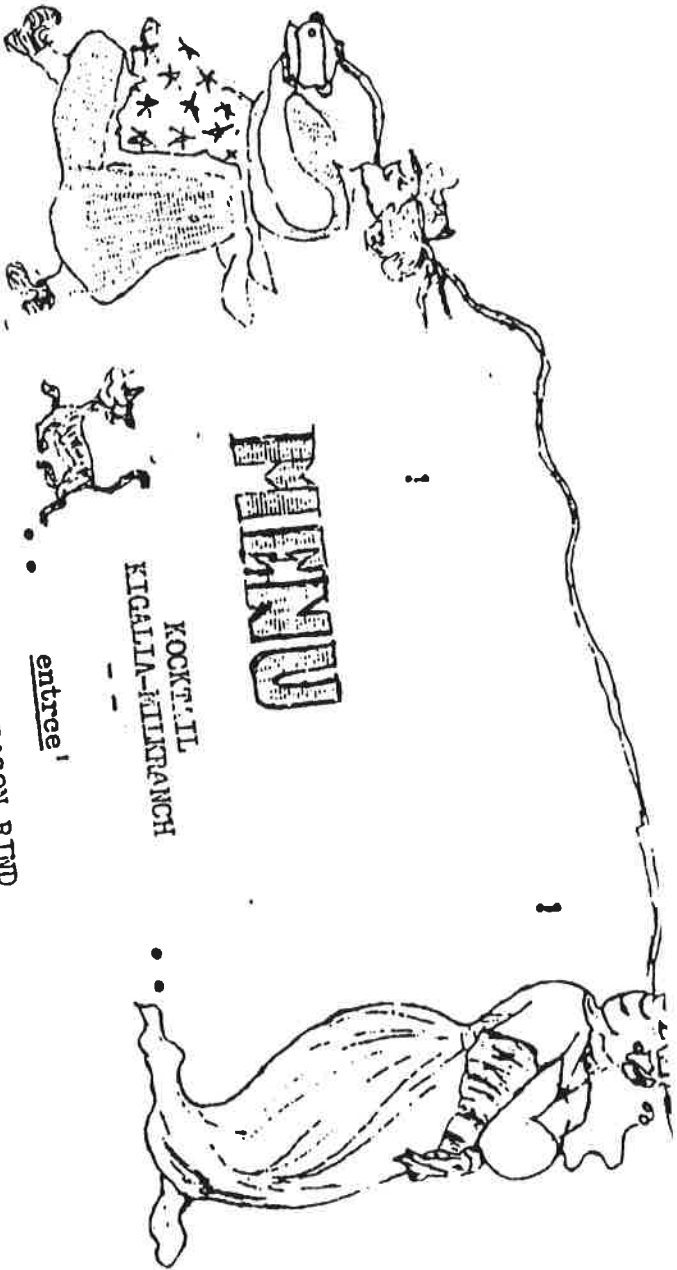
All these delightful, delicious, delectible
dishes will be served with

SEMEY & SWASEY SAUCE

PONTOMK PICKLES

Perhaps the following will help you enjoy
the evening:

Dry Pole Terrace Tea	Skyline Drive Scotch
Kandi-Middle Km. Milk	Warner Wine
Castle Valley Coffee	Bub's Shadow Beer
Poison Ridge Punch	



MENU

KOOKIE-TIL
KIGALIA-PIPIRANCH

entrées!

BEAR'S EARS & BACON RIND

Dinner

WILDCAT, COYOTE, & LITTLE BEAVER
with

MORION PASTURE-DUGGOUT DRESSING
* * *

PARADOX PINEAPPLES & SOUTH SAPPITON SAGEBRUSH
SALAD

CLEAR CREEK & COTTONWOOD-CHIPPEEN CANNED CORN
BOULGHER BEETS

RENDER RIDGE RAPE ROLLS

All these delightful, delicious, delectable
dishes will be served with

SEELEY & SWASSEY SAUCE
PONTONK PICKLES

Perhaps the following will help you enjoy
the evening:

Skyline Drive Scotch
Warner Wine
Bubb's Shadow Beer
Dry Pole Terrace Tea
Kanti-Middle Men. Milk
Castle Valley Coffee
Poison Ridge Punch

NICKNAMES AMONG THE DANISH PERMITTEES

Nicknames had been a friendly way of addressing the many old Danish Pioneers who came over from Denmark to settle Ephraim in the 1850s and 60s. These names clung on for generations. Quite often humorous situations came up which added the spice of fellowship to those people.

One story concerned an L.D.S. church meeting. It had been a long meeting and finally at the end the Bishop stood up and announced, "We will now have Brudder Petersen come up to the pulpit and dismiss us with prayer." Four men stood up and started forward. The Bishop stood up again and said, "I mean Brudder Pete Petersen". Two of the men sat down.

On another occasion the Forest Supervisor asked his son to walk up into the eastern part of Ephraim to deliver a message to John Peterson. The son made inquiry all over the east end of town but could not find him or anyone who knew John. He returned to his father and told him that man must not live there. The Supervisor then remembered the customs of the Danish nicknames and to go back and ask for Bailor Pete. As soon as the boy knocked on a door where he had just visited a man came to the door and with a sheepish grin on his face, "You know, he said, "I have not been called anything but Bailor Pete for so many dat I forgot dat was me name".

Then there is the story of Smilin Pete Petersen. Actually he was quite a stern old guy who like to take advantage in a trade. His face could curl up around his mouth, but that didn't mean he agreed with something at a funeral. Pete didn't really like the person but he wanted to be pleasant. People saw him outside the church practicing a smile but it was quite an effort. Finally one man said "Did you hear about Ol' Baylor Pete falling off his horse."? A broad grin broke out on his face, and that's how Smilin Pete got his name.

These names were not derogatory but was a custom from the old country where so many had the same names.

One old Dane took pride in knowing about the weather. On a very cold winter day after Christmas Rass Cannup heard their complaints as they stood inside the postoffice. He tried to cheer them up.

He spoke with authority. "I tell you dat before another month we will see dis snow melt and it will be warm for a while"

People laughed at him, "What does this old fool know about weather? Rass didn't back at all. He said." I HAF SEEN TOUSANDS AND TOUSANDS OFF Yanuarys but I haf never yet seen a Yanuary witoqt a tau.

WAGON RIDGE ROUNDUP

Back in prehistoric times, possibly 200 million years ago, the earth had changed its form. Evidence shows that an ancient sea covered the southern parts of Utah and Colorado. The change of the levels of the earth had dropped the bottom of the sea several thousand feet. However, part of the ancient bottom of that sea was raised up to an elevation of over 10,000 feet. Remnants of that sea bottom still exist on the Manti Plateau.

Wagon Road Ridge is one of those remnants. The limestone layer of white rock that once was sea bottom now forms a 50 to 100 foot thick cap over this area.

The ridge stretches over five miles from the summit of the Manti plateau to its terminal where it ends abruptly on the western of Joes Valley. The combination of minerals and the various plant debris had developed a very fertile soil over the centuries.

The Ridge was named Wagon Road because it was so level that a team and wagon could travel its length with no difficulty. The abundant forage was so nutritious that it became a choice area for both sheep and cattle. Naturally there would be some very serious overgrazing all along its length.

Old "Smillin Pete Peterson" was the permittee who owned all of the sheep permits along the top of Wagon Road Ridge. Even tho he now was the owner of the area the damage had been accumulating over the years of unrestricted use by the pre-forest use of countless sheep was most to blame for the erosion and plant damage. Also the cattle which worked up from the Joes Valley.

The Forest Service was determined that a very careful analysis of the range damage would be made so that a vital cut-off of damaging grazing practices would be made by 1956 when the new grazing permits were due to come out.

Rulon Peterson, son of Old "Smillin Pete" had taken over his father's permits. He was an educated man who held a position as Professor in Snow College at Ephraim. Never-the-less Rulon (Smillin Pete) had a good business in the production of wool from 1300 sheep and he would resist any reduction in permit.

I took Smillin Pete with me on several rides over the length of Wagon Road Ridge. The evidence was plain that the plant cover was badly depleted. In fact the eastern tip of the ridge was almost bare of plants. There was an elevated ridge on the eastern part of the allotment which had been a sore spot for many years. A careless herder could feel sure that if any sheep were lost he could always find them bedded on top of this particular ridge. Sheep manure was commonly seen and the pounding of hooves had sluffed the soil downward on all sides of the ridge. A low grade rubber weed was commonly seen and it could be pointed out that the soil erosion could not be tolerated.

The sheep would roam around on all the eastern part of the ridge and trails were leading everywhere. For some reason the sheep loved this particular place. They would even slip over here in the night. I simply told Pete that this part of the range would have to be closed. Rulon was a man with strong will power and he would not yield on the statement that

the eastern end of Wagon Road Ridge could no longer be considered a part of his grazing allotment.

I brought this up with the Forest Supervisor and we drove up across the area and Jim Stewart was in full agreement with what I said about the allotment and he said we would have to close the eastern part of the allotment.

There was a spring on the eastern part of the area to be closed. Stewart said the Forest would provide finance to have a water trough built immediately so that we could stretch a net wire fence across the allotment from the south rim across to the north rim of ledges. That fence would prevent the sheep from passing on to the area to be closed. The fenced off portion west of the fence would have to support the sheep which would be reduced about half.

When Rulon "Smilin" Pete found out the position he was in with regard to the amount of the allotment he could still use he knew he would have to make a drastic decision.

Thus it happened in 1955 that the wool industry was suffering very heavily in income because of the new competition from the synthetics that were replacing wool on the market. The price of wool dropped drastically in a few years and all of the sheep industry in that part of the Utah took severe losses in income within a few years.

The same heavy reduction in sheep permits on the Manti Division was affixed on all the sheep allotments, but they did not come until 1956. Thus it happened that Rulon had to sell half of his sheep in 1955 when the price of wool was still holding steady. He got nearly the regular price for his sheep and did not suffer the same heavy losses that many other owners felt after the sheep business collapsed.

Some twenty years later I visited Snow College after I retired. I was fond of my days at the college and wanted to see how it had grown and was there to present a paper. Unexpectedly, I ran into Rulon Peterson on the campus. I had been quite dubious about meeting him because of the big shake down we had had about his permit in 1955. I thought he would still be mad at me.

What a startling revelation came when Rulon Peterson recognized me across the lawn and came right over to see me. He had a broad smile on his face and his manner was the most cordial I had seen in many years. He took my arm and invited me to come down to his home. We went inside and seated ourselves in comfortable chairs. He was very cordial and pleasant. We sat and visited for over an hour. His opinion of the Forest Service was most agreeable. We could site instances of changes that had been made. Being an educated man he was fully in accord with the principles of conservation that had been followed.

What a pleasure it was to find that the whole format of public relations had been turned completely around. The experimentation in Ephraim Canyon had served a very worthy purpose. Now is the time to restore some of those great values that nature once bestowed on that massive storehouse of natural wealth and watershed values.

LAMBING OF SHEEP ON THE FOREST

A century ago when every man who had dreamed of getting rich off the huge market for wool in the eastern part of the United States, the free uncluttered mountaintop of Utah offered a rich pasture of lush feed where any business man with a small base of cash could start a herd of sheep with no responsibility of owning any other property to maintain the sheep. The fertile mountain range was there, and a newly built railroad offered cheap transportation for the wool crop and lambs to the market.

Establishment of the National Forests stopped the free enterprise but the Forest issued permits for individuals to lamb their sheep on lower parts of the National Forests. This was the least productive parts of the forest and called for use by the sheep tearfully in the season for the plants to grow and develop. In every case where lambing permits were issued there was a severe downtrend in the range.

On the Ferron District where I was made Ranger in 1949, There were four lambing allotments.

One of these belonged to Ruel Christensen of Ephraim. It was evident that this allotment was extremely marginal. For one thing it was very expensive for Ruel to bring his lambing ewes around the mountain from Ephraim. And secondly the range at the mouth of Muddy Creek was so poor that he almost voluntarily gave up lambing there. With a little persuasion the lambing was discontinued in 1952.

Three other lambing allotments continued in the Joes Vally area of the Ferron district for several more years.

Often Justenson of Orangeville was not hard to convince that he could do much better if he would lamb his sheep on his farm south of Orangeville. He was very reasonable and after we discussed the possibilities for much better production of lambs and less expense in handling lambing on his farm, he gave up the permit in 1952.

As part of the agreement he divided the lambing range which had been in common use with the Horn Mountain Cattle. A fence was built on the north side of Wagon Road Ridge and Owen took a July 1st opening date on that part.

The Humphrey Brothers had a lambing permit in the central part of Joes Valley and it took much persuasion for them to give up that permit in 1953. The poor condition of that range was corrected by having the Horn Mountain Cattle Association take a later opening date and a reduction in numbers in connection with the agreement for the Forest Service to reseed the 3,000 acres on the top of Horn Mountain plateau.

The last lambing permits belonged to another group and the man who was managing the lambing for the groups owners had other permits on another district and so that permit was finished.

The entire problem of lambing sheep on the Ferron district was ended in 1954. The common use by cattle and sheep was also finished. The major adjustments with the Horn Mt. Cattle Assoc. was completed in 1956.

THE SHOWDOWN ON BUCK RIDGE

In August of 1954 a meeting was shaping up to fight off the reduction in sheep permits that had reached a heated point since the general meeting of all the Forest permittees with the Forest Service and the Utah Wool Growers President last January.

The leading permit holders from six sheep allotments located along the skyline above Ephraim Canyon and Manti Canyon had come close to demanding a show down on the summit west of Buck Ridge. Terry Larsen was the skokesman for Buck Ridge but the other allotments were in the mood for a hard battle.

Six of the men drove up in four pickups. I was waiting for them beside the road. They hardly waited for the pickups to stop before they all jumped out and started yelling. A barrage of bad names depended on who could yell the loudest. Dictator was the name most in favor. Hilter, Mussolini, and several current outlaws got frequent usage in the rabble of words.

There was no point in my saying anything until matters quieted down. I picked up a small stick and started to whittle on it. I showed an intense interest in the stick and examined it carefully as I worked on it. It appeared to me that it was very important that the stick should meet careful specifications so I paid close attention to it.

After ten or fifteen minutes the men got tired of yelling and started talking about the severe loss it would be if the herds of sheep were cut down very much. Every one of the men were from families which had started the building of all the improvements in Sanpete county. They could talk about the schools, the buildings, the businesses, and how much the towns would suffer without the income from wool. Sandy Larsen was known as a sort of pugalist. He loved to get involved in fights at big gatherings such as public dances and celebrations. He could win many of his fights. Sandy had worked himself into quite a fury with all the talk going on and I half expected a blow from him. He came up close with his fists doubled. His brother, Terry, put a stop to that. He knew how serious it would be if a Forest Officer was attacked.

I had had enough of the rukus and it was time to settle questions of the range. I pointed my stick at each one of the men and demanded of each: "Which one of men, in your entire life had ever come up here to protect the meager stand of grass or other forage. Which one of you was willing to take your sheep home when all the forage was gone? You all wanted that last blade of forage".

I said, " You have always held these permits ever since the Forest first granted them in 1910. How many millions of sharp hooves have carved away bits of the black soil that was once hers.? How often have all these herds of ewes and lambs jumped and played on these steep slopes? Each time a sharp hoof landed on a clump of grass, or on a clod of black soil it loosened a little more soil. At one time we were sure that there was more than a foot of some of the richest soil in the world here."

I pointed across the top of Buck Ridge. "Do you see that wide area of snow white rocks? That shows how much of the soil has gone. Now you want to take the rest of it."

The men fought back. "That is not our fault, they said, it has always been that way. It is a natural condition".

I challenged them. "Will you go over to Buck Ridge and give an honest look at what has happened.?"

The whole group went over to Buck Ridge. The white cover of broken lime stone peices was quite loose. It was easy to kick away the smaller pieces.

As we stood looking over the area I raised a sharp question. "Is there any soil here? The question seemed foolish but it called for an answer. There were a few spots between the rocks with thin traces of brown dirt. I took a crowbar and jammed it into the rock cover a few inches. underneath the rocks. Her we saw tiny patches of soil with fragile spots of grass roots still in Place.

How did these roots get here, and why is there traces of soil?

I demanded an answer from the men. Isn't this just a remnant of what was once here? he men had to answer that these clues undoubtedly meant that we once been deep soil where we were standing. The question then was Should we allow the sheep to trample out the last remnant?

Terry Larsen saw the significance of the problem. He said, "What can we do about it? The only answer was to stop grazing on the areas of thin soil. There was still a slim chance that reseeding to hardy alpine plants might respond in regaining some protective cover.

The whole group of permittees then drove over about ten miles to look at some plots of grass reseeded by the experiment station. Terry spoke for the group as he knelt down to touch the grasses which had regained considerable vigor. There were even small clumps of alpine alfalfa. He said, "This is thirty

times better than what we have. Can't we do some reseeding ourselves?

I told them the Forest Service would provide them with some of the choice seeds, but only if the the sheep were kept completely off such reseeded spots.

Terry and several other men brought up some teams and harrows that fall. The carefully seed about 200 acres and harrowed it in. In the summer of 1995 they kept careful watch to see if the grass sprouted. Actually the tiny sprouts did show a faint cover of green on the ground. The sheep were held off but I had to tell Terry that there were still too many sheep for the rest of the range.

The new grazing permits were issued in 1956, with all of the allotments reduced 45 to 50%.