

## HOWL OF THE COYOTE

Each year in the early summer when our families would visit grandpa, he would take all the older grandchildren on their annual trek to either the mountains or the desert. The younger children would stand around anxiously waiting for the time to come when they'd become old enough to finally go. We'd all do some playful complaining about how early we had to get up and how hot and tired we would get, but down deep inside we really looked forward to this family event.

Grandpa told us that when people first come into our valley, their first thought is that what a desolate, nothing place. But if once they could just go hiking and camping in the mountains or on the desert, they would experience nature at peace, and that this is where they could escape from the pressures of work and civilization. Our mountains are laden with fishing places from Ferron and Huntington Reservoirs to the many lakes and streams in the canyons and mountains.

Grandpa loved Emery County. He loved the mountains and all the excitement and adventure they held tucked away beneath the blue skies. He pointed out to us that our mountains are unique because they are relatively flat on top making them outstanding for snow mobiling, hiking, bike touring, cross country skiing and many other adventures.

On one visit to grandpa's, he took us hiking and we followed the trail of the Emery County Mormon pioneers when they left their homes to begin a new life in the valleys to the east. He showed us a marker in Cottonwood canyon, above Orangeville, where the first pioneer child was born and died during that difficult journey.

Another year grandpa took us up to the Skyline Drive where we experienced a most breathtaking view. The Skyline is 50 miles long, and when the day is clear, the view stretches across the

settled valleys of Sanpete County and out to the mountains of Nevada on the west, and then looking southeast there you will see the snow-capped peaks of the LaSals and beyond that, Colorado. As we would stand there gazing off into the vastness of the view, a cool breeze would brush our cheeks, giving you the feeling of wanting to take flight and sore high with the eagle!

Although we didn't know it, this year would be the last time grandpa would be taking us on our annual adventure. Sometime during the following fall, he passed away. Maybe that is why it is one of my most memorable times. As always grandpa would leave some of the last minute packing and preparing for us children, just so we could feel a part of all the trip. It must have been fate for this trip started out full of fun as we headed toward the desert.

As high noon approached, the sun sent its scorching rays upon our backs making us all want to stop and rest under a big cedar. Grandpa told us to be a little patient, that we were coming to resting place. After we hiked a few moments more, we came through the cedars and right below us as we overlooked the edge, was a small but cool little stream. And if you didn't know it was there it could have been missed. Immediately cold water struck me in the face, startling me for a second, but I jumped in with the rest as we conducted an old fashioned water fight. As the cold spring water was being flung about us, our voices and laughter rang through the canyon. We eagerly ate our lunch snacks of granola, beef jerky and licorice and then headed for the Wedge.

Grandpa told us when we got to the Wedge, it would be our first night's camping place. It really didn't look far away and we wondered why we would be camping so early. As the day progressed, we learned why. It seemed we stopped every few steps, looking at rocks, trees and birds, and a lot of time was taken up with deciding which rock to keep and which to throw away. Grandpa called the ones we threw away 'leverits', interpreted it

means 'leave-her-right-there'! We still laugh when we think of it. The beauty and wonder of the Wedge is truly a sight to behold. Its formations are absolutely wondrous. It is like looking into a miniature replica of the Grand Canyon. As we stood on the edge of the Wedge, we filled our lungs with the fragrance of desert wild flowers and the cactus that were displaying their colors of red, white, yellow and purple. When we looked out over the formations, we tried to find forms of people or animals carved by the passing of time. Looking down into the Wedge we could see what is called the Box. The San Rafael River runs down threw the Box. Supper was lamb chops and fried potatoes, needless to say, grandpa was a good cook! As we prepared to roll out our sleeping bags, a lone coyote howled down the canyon, and as it echoed from the canyon walls, it was a perfect serenade to a day full of beauty and fun. The setting sun brought on nightfall and as it enveloped the desert, we snuggled deep inside our sleeping bags, and our ears became sharpened to the almost nothingness of the desert's vastness, and a feeling of total solitude seemed to surrounded us. There were no horns honking, busy voices, or the hustle and bustle of the city life that we were used to. I thought that being in my room behind locked doors with my ear phones on listening to the Beatles was peace and solitude. But after this, I knew that real peace and quiet solitude truly exists.

After a breakfast of sausage and eggs the next morning, we gathered up our camping gear and headed out early so that we might see some antelope in Buckhorn Flat. We first went to Little Cedar Mountain and to the point of Big Cedar Mountain overlook. What a beautiful sight! The hills and mountains were all dressed in their rich colors of red and yellow and deep purple. Looking south, grandpa showed us the Box where the San Rafael River runs, and we could see Sid's Mountain. Buckhorn Flat and Buckhorn Draw laid below with their many picture graphs upon their walls, and as pointed out by grandpa, some of which are hidden so they haven't yet been vandalized. We could see Window Blind Peak and other peaks as they stretched to the sky through the morning mist.

## WHISKERS

Folks think a bunch of whiskers  
Is what makes a cowboy poet.

A mustache gets attention  
For the cowboy who can grow it.  
You can take a face so ugly  
That one look would wilt a rose.

But, grow a beard upon it  
And you're the only one who knows  
The wide handle bar variety  
That the girls all think so cute.

Is fine for cowboy poetry,  
But it's awkward in the chute.  
Young cowboy poets love them  
It's a fad that just won't stop  
When he's not makin' up a rhyme  
He's in the beauty shop.

Some guys wax and twirl em,  
They could do it in their sleep!  
Without the wax the ends hang down

Like tag locks on a sheep.  
One is shaped like a horseshoe  
It looks like a steady frown,  
Like maybe he swallowed a pony  
And didn't get the whole thing down.

It's nice when you forget a line  
Just rub your chin to take up slack.

And before you know it you've got a show  
And gettin' laughs like Baxter Black.

Of course there are some drawbacks  
But not enough to fear.

For after all, corn on the cob  
Only comes on once a year.

Oh, I'd grow one if I could  
But my chin is like my chest,  
Just three or four gray hairs  
When it's at it's very best.

A full faced beard looks pretty good  
On a jaw that's square or flat.

But a porcupine would get more lovin'  
Than a cowboy decked like that.

But then a beard could offer comfort  
When my face is dry and cracked.

I'd grow one but I can't  
And that's a bare faced fact!

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THE COWBOY CODE

"Now I ain't scared of grizzly bears."

Old Bert says one day.

An wolverines, an catamounts,

To me is pure child's play.

Them tarantulas and scorpions

I'll prance around them bold.

But partner them dang rattlesnakes

They make my blood run cold.

I lariats my bed each night,

My boots is tall bull hide.

I don't like bein' on the ground,

Shoot yes! That's why I ride.

Despite these nifty safety tips,

I know that I'll get bit.

I contemplates on remedies to use if I get hit.

My old case knife is razor sharp

To slash across each hole

Where that buggers fangs went,

Still chillis me to the soul.

To plan self mutilation,

Although it's necessary.

An suckin that there poison out

To me is awful scary.

I reckon I could do it

If my life was on the line.

Cause I remember when that critter

Bit my hoss Sweet Adeline.

Now that pony was a kicker

Of that there's no paltry doubt.

No man on earth could suck his leg

To get the poison out.

So his eyes they glassed over,

An sweat just drenched his hide.

He shuddered then he staggered,

An I stood there as he died

Say now Mont just for instance,

We're out on horseback some day.

An old cookies beans has grabbed me

In a most emphatic way.

Now I got no time to tarry,

No sir, I'm in a rush.

But propriety it dictates that

I got to find some brush.

A viper all coiled up on the ground.

Now I don't see him, but he see's me,

An he feels crowded some,

So he calculates his trajectory.

An bites me on the bum.

So here I am all wounded,

But I know what must be done.

So fishin out my sharp case knife,

I carve x's on my bum.

THE COWBOY CODE cont..

But this I do by braille,  
You see I'm operatin blind.  
As I carve out love and kisses  
all over my behind.  
But I can't suck that poison out  
Cause folks ain't built for that.  
Then I thinks about you Monty.  
An I yells an waves my hat.  
So you rides up, an I tell you  
What an awful fix I'm in.  
I'm checkin all my bets to you,  
Just can you save my skin?  
My eyes are glazin' over now,  
My sun is sinkin fast.  
I'm remorseful of my sin filled life,  
Regrets my pointed past.  
This nightmares here is water clear,  
I picture it in my mind.  
I'm dying there and the question is,  
Now Monty can you find  
It in your heart to help a pal  
Whose friendship is devout  
An save my life by  
Suckin all that rattlers poison out.  
Cause the cowboy code it tells  
The obligations of a friend.  
It says, I quote, "  
"A pal must be faithful to the end."  
Well Mont rolled and lit a smoke and said,  
"Your right about the cowboy code  
But it don't cover suckin poison out.  
That faithful to the end you quote,  
I'd say is misdefined.  
It dang sure don't require of me  
To tend to your behind.  
If you get bit  
I'll fan your face,  
An help the time pass by.  
I'll speak soft words,  
But pardner,  
Your damn sure gonna die!!!"

THE LEASE HOUND

A sharpie in a leisure suit  
With eyelets in his shoes,  
Who faintly smelled of talcum,  
And a little less of booze.  
Drove into my neighbors yard

And gingerly got out,  
A little gimpy from the drive,  
The attitude and gout.

He tried to pet their barking dog  
While edging to the door.  
But once inside his confidence  
It sailed to the floor.

I've come to lease your land for coal,  
Was how he launched his spiel.  
He'd been given the authority  
To grant a generous deal.

"The nation needs the coal," he said.  
"As I am sure you know.

We need more power every year  
To make our nation grow.

It's the patriotic duty of each American  
To help and get the coal mined  
And expedite our plan.

Now, you may not like strip mining,  
And tearing up the earth.  
But it's your duty isn't it.

To the land that gave you birth.  
For too long you've reaped the benefits  
From places far away.

Your turn has now come up he said,  
And now you folks must pay.  
Your power and the food you eat,  
And the lumber in your house,  
Caused other folks to grouse.

But now your chance has come at last  
To set the old debt straight.  
Just sign the papers I have here,  
And you can compensate.

All the time this lecture droned  
My neighbor masked his face.  
How could he tell this pompous fool  
Their food came from that place,

The lumber came from yonder  
The north slope of the hill.  
That make do was their motto.  
That need meant need not frill.  
The stranger felt he'd seldom  
Better delivered his stroke.  
He had but to get a signature  
From these poor country folk.  
His boss would be ecstatic,

THE LEASE HOUND cont....

His stock would surely rise.  
The rutted road, a rainbow  
Had led him to this prize.

He'd do these folks a favor  
And save them from this place.  
Though it was dusk he still had time

Tonight a bar to grace.

"If we could have some light!" he said,

"I could leave here in an hour."

"We won't keep you," said my neighbor,

"No need to stay an hour.

We'll light a lamp and show you out,  
You see, we have no power."



GRANDPA GOES TO TOWN

This ranch of ours is so far away  
From the pavement and city lights  
That we have never even heard  
About protests and equal rights.

So our grandson came in his new car  
To take the old folks for a ride  
He said it would do us good to see  
What was going on outside.

I promised ma I'd hold my tongue  
But it was kinda hard  
When he drove up to the ranch  
And started to walk across the yard.

His cuffs were bunched up on his feet  
But there was nothing wrong  
It was just the latest style  
To buy the pant legs much too long.

His shoes were made of canvas  
With rubber for the sole.  
And he walked with feet spread out  
Sorta like a bloated bull.  
Shoelaces as big as piggin string  
And the longest he could find  
But they weren't laced up at all  
They just trailed a long behind.  
He just moved it all along  
Without much action in his legs.  
He walked as smooth as a hired girl  
With her apron full of eggs.

I wondered if he'd dry our road  
After a summer rainy spell.  
Or if one trip across the back  
Would mop a wet corral.

Then his girlfriend came a wigglin up  
Like something wasn't right.  
But I could see what the trouble was,  
Her clothes were just too tight.  
She had those shrunken blue jeans  
Stretched tight across her rump,  
and stove blackin made her eyes look  
Like two holes in a burned out stump.  
And I just said, "Good mornin"  
Though I admit I had some doubt.  
I just couldn't help but wonder  
How this morning would turn out.

Well ma and I got in the back  
And he took off down the road,  
That kid put more fear in me  
Then any bronc I ever rode.  
We went slidin round the corners  
And on the straightaway we flew.  
But I just cinched up my seat belt  
And said every prayer I knew.

He explained about the freeways  
But I sorta got up tight.  
When he wanted to take us to the left  
He'd turn off to the right.  
In the parking garage if you wanted up  
The sign said you must go down.  
Boy they had my head spinnin  
Before we hardly hit the town.

We couldn't tell by lookin  
Which were girls and which were guys.  
Even drove us past a beach resort  
But ma just closed her eyes.

Now I'm tellin you when we got through  
I was gettin mighty lonesome  
To see some common country hicks.

So I think I'll be an ostrich  
Stick my head down in the sand  
And spend the time that I have left  
With my feet on my own land.

CERTIFIED

One bad thing about growing old  
Is your expected to move to town,  
Where there's a hundred thousand people  
And pavement covers the ground.

But I soon said, "Land lord I'm sorry,  
And I'm damn sure beggin your pardon.  
But some of this lawn will soon be gone  
Cause I'm diggin myself a garden."

Anyone should know that gardens won't grow  
Without fertilizer piled on by the buckets.  
The ranch had the stuff and more than enough  
But it was much too far to truck it.

So I took quite a hike and even rode on a bike  
Till I'd searched every alley and street.  
But manure doesn't abound with no cows around  
And I found myself facing defeat.

So I went to the mall and there in the hall  
Was a gardeners world in full bloom.  
Nitrates and sulfates, minerals and sprays  
And peat moss all over the room.

In a brown paper sack with printing in black  
And piled up as high as the door  
Something smelled dead so I walked up and read  
This is certified steer manure.

Now registered bulls and registered cows  
Are something that I understand.  
But a registered steer I started to fear  
I had wandered to far from the land.

The merchant explained, though somewhat in vain,  
Or was I too dumb to catch on,  
That certified didn't refer to the steer  
But to something the steer had done.

Well, I've never known a steer to do anything  
That shows on a pedigree chart.  
If he thinks a line clear that starts with a steer  
Then one of us isn't too smart.  
The print said every weed had been killed by baking  
And that jarred me right off my feet.  
A woman who'd let you put that in the oven  
Is someone I'd like to meet.

So I bought three bags of the doggone stuff  
It was the only thing I could find.  
But I could tell by the smell it would work very well  
And my garden was getting behind.

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So now there's only one more problem left  
And it's one I'll have to endure.  
I'm afraid someone who heard  
Might spread the word  
That I paid for certified steer manure.

## THE FOX HUNT

Top hand on his daddy's ranch  
Silver buckles he had four  
From roping calves and riding broncs

But then came the war.  
He saddled up and rode to town  
To tell them he would go,  
Then stayed in for the weekend  
Had a few wild oats to sow.

Soon he got his orders  
Then climbed aboard the train  
And headed down to Texas  
To learn to fly the plane.

He found it plumb easy,  
And he soared through the course.  
It wasn't too much different

Than roping from a horse.  
Cause once he got the feel of it  
The man and plane were one  
Just like chasing cattle  
On his good old Zebra Dun.

They shipped him off to Monston  
That costal English Base,  
Where after only several months  
He'd fast become and ace.

The British loved their cowboy  
He was known through out the land.  
On the near side of his cockpit  
He put his daddy's brand.

But now the war was over  
The axis treat put down,  
They threw a celebration  
Folks came from miles around  
Then special in his honor  
And he would ride up front

The nobility of Britain  
Put on a grand fox hunt.  
Now it was kind of different  
From dodging rocks and cactus  
And two years in a fighter plane  
Had got him out of practice.

But off they went a riding  
Through the early morning fog  
One hundred joyous riders  
A jumping hedge and log.

The hounds were barking loudly  
With the excitement of the chase  
But somehow in the merriment

Our hero fell from grace.  
Lords and ladies flocked around him  
At the offset of the day  
But now the hunt is over  
They all seemed to shy away.

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He asked his host Lord Chafin  
Had he done something wrong  
While riding cross the country  
To alienate the throng.

He said old chap don't worry

It's just a minor hitch

But over here we say tail-li-ho the fox  
Not there goes the son of a bitch.

A WOMAN'S PLACE

A woman's place is in the home  
That always has made sense.  
Their just not built for ridin' broncs,  
Nor fixin' barbwire fence.

A woman's place is well defined  
Throughout the cowboy west.  
Besides it's our tradition,  
Our old ways have stood times test.  
There's lots of things that women do  
Way better than a man.

Their a whiz at washin' diapers,  
Or with a frying pan.  
Those ladies are a comfort  
When a man ain't feelin' prime.  
So for cookin' or for lookin'  
Give me a woman every time.

I've always advocated the old values of the west.  
I believe just like the gospel  
That the old time rules the best.

A few years back I put things off  
Like I'm inclined to do.  
When brandin' time came rollin' round  
I didn't have a crew.

And this girl, I'll call her Terri  
Said she'd agree to lend a hand,  
I thought she meant her husband  
See I didn't understand.

That she meant her, you savvy?  
Now that I was in a bind,  
I didn't want to break her heart  
I couldn't be unkind.

She said she had these horses  
That needed lotsa miles.  
I said we'd start at daylight,  
She says great and thanks and smiles.

About three o'clock next mornin'  
While I'm still snoring hard.  
I starts and hears a creeping gooseneck  
Ease into the yard.

We invites her in for breakfast,  
But she's already ate.  
It's an hour nad half to daybreak  
An I'm already late.

The crew shows up, but she's the one  
Who gives me an assist  
When old Bar Mark tries to buck me off.

She gathers cows I missed  
While I gees and haws old Bar Mark.  
Her horse rolls o'er his hawks.  
She cuts us cowboys seven ways,

An does it orthodox.

A WOMAN'S PLACE cont....

There ain't nothin' that the girl can't do  
I'm feelin' like a dope.

At last in desperation I says,  
"Terri, wanta rope?"

She keeps six wrestlers busy  
We're all bustin' gut.  
She even finds a branded bull

That I forgot to cut.  
For four long days she shows us how  
A real hand operates.

She wrestles, gives shots,  
And even lacerates.  
When we get done I offer up  
To ride to pay her back.

In the nicest way  
That she knows how  
She lets me know I lack  
Some basic skills

I never learned.  
My horses ain't the best,  
They have more help than they can use,  
I probably need a rest.

So.....  
A woman's place is in the home,  
To me don't seem so strange.  
Because I finally figured out  
Terri's home is on the range.



## SWASEYS LEAP

This story is true as well as I know  
And these lines I am writing I hope are also.  
Some folks don't believe but I know darn well  
It is history down on the San Rafael.  
The Swasey boys had a ranch in the Sinbad country  
From the seventies through the turn of the century.  
They was excellent horsemen as every one knew  
And they raised their own blooded horses too.

There is a gorge down there on the San Rafael  
Not very wide but it's deep as hell.  
There is very little top soil on that rocky ground  
And it's ninety miles dy horse if you go around.  
The footing is bad for a horses heels  
Just rocks and boulders and hell on wheels.  
Just a deep deep gorge cut through the rocks,  
Later on it was bridged with a wagon box.

Where the San Rafael River cuts down through the Reef,  
They tell this story that is beyond belief.  
Some places two hundred feet deep, this slot  
And eleven feet wide at the narrowest spot.  
No one would try but a doggon chump,  
It would take a striped assed ape to make that jump.  
The Swaseys was good horsemen, every one  
But Sid topped 'em all, the son of a gun.

It may be twelve feet from face to face,  
Or maybe fourteen at the narrowest place.  
I don't rightly know which tale to keep,  
I only know that it's gosh awful deep.  
The ground is rocky, the footin' is poor,  
The Devil won't have it in hell any more  
And a horse that will take a jump like that  
Is a horse for a cowboy and that is a fact.

They camped over night near that narrow spot,  
Sid scratched his head and he gave it some thought.  
Over hangin' sides nearly touched at the top  
With at least an eleven foot gap in that slick-rock  
01' Sid had sand in his craw, by hell  
And thought his horse could jump the San Rafael,  
They argued it back and forth pro and con  
And the first thing you know the bet was on.

A small herd of cattle would pay the bet  
And Sid didn't even get up a sweat,  
Come sun up tomorrow he'd have more cows,  
He'd show his brothers and he'd clean his plows.  
He had faith in his horse and his horse had pep  
And always his horse had a sure footed step.  
Sid hit a dead run like he's after a sheep  
The horse took to the air and he made his leap.

Sid Swasey won a herd of cows that day  
And he made history I should say.  
What ever the herd was , large or small  
O! Sid Swasey still stands tall.  
Stories can change at a rapid rate  
And man has been known to exaggerate,  
But no matter what size of the herd in the wager  
The gorge is still there if you care to measure.

Later on it was bridged with a wagon box,  
So sheepmen could cross with their woolley flocks,  
It takes lots of guts and a lot of sand  
And maybe a small herd of cows on hand,  
And I don't give a damn what the people say,  
O! Sid Swasey was the cowboy of the day,  
He's the only man this side of hell  
Ever jumped his horse across the San Rafael.

This Version

By F. Allan Brewer

Each autumn when ya sells yer steers  
I sell my crop of lambs;

Come spring I've got the wool to sell  
the best of all programs.

But cows ain't got no wool to sell,  
yer payday's once a year.

I can't afford to buckaroo  
'cause there's no sheep to shear.

Well Bart's a thinkin to his self,  
here's one tough nut to crack,

but I'll convert this shepherd yet,  
next week I'm comin back.

Well, the friends had lunch together  
Mrs.Johnson spread the dish.

She'd heard their conversation  
so she served them tuna fish.

They said goodbye and Bart  
thanked Mrs.Johnson for the spread;

and ridin home that evenin'  
he reviewin what he said.

Next morning Bart's wife asked him,  
"How come you couldn't sleep?"

He said,"I think I'll swap the culls  
for a little band of sheep."

I once knew an old cowboy.  
His hair grey, and eyes blood shot  
from the heat of the day.

He taught me all I know.  
He taught me how to break a colt,  
and even train a two year old.  
Even though the ache and pain  
whenever I was thrown,

he'd groan and say,  
'Oh, what a shame!  
Get back on her and show her  
you're not game.'

Some may say he's rough  
I know enough to know it ain't so.  
He was like a grandfather to me  
and I looked up to him.

'Till' my dying day  
I'll swear he walked on water  
I dread the day he goes away,  
but Lord knows I pray to be like him  
when I'm old and grey.

## Shepherds and Shepherders--The Untold Story

'Tis often the case when great sagas unfold  
Part of the story just plain don't get told.  
I refer to great volumes 'bout taming the West  
Of wild cows and wild cowboys and what they did best.

Bur there's not much on shepherds or the charges they keep  
Those Scroungy borregos us gringos call sheep.  
Now logic would tell us, there can't be much news  
'Bout the everyday life of the bucks and the ewes,

But one famed early shepherd while tending his flocks,  
Passed much time away just fooling with rocks.  
When turning those sheep, while out doing his thing,  
He found rocks travel farther when slung from a sling.

He had no way of knowing what his peers would demand  
From that primitive sling oft found in his hand  
Or that the fate of a nation would depend on the skills  
Acquired by this young shepherd while out in the hills.

For the giant Goliath, the big Phillistine,  
Had led in an army, well trained and plumb mean.  
He was covered with armor from his head to his toes.  
About all that showed through was his eyes and his nose.

A message was sent; "Let's get on with our show.  
Send me your best. We'll trade blow for blow."  
Now David's friends sought for him a share of the glory.  
First they volunteered him, then told him the story.

He sized up the giant, a right fearsome foe,  
"If that brute gets in close, there'll be but one blow."  
He fought down the urge to forego all the fun,  
And to show the big crowd just how fast he could run.

Then he girded his loins and fast planned his attack,  
"Pick just the right rock and keep the sun at your back."  
Goliath roared loudly in great shock and surprise  
As the rock cracked his skull right between his fierce eyes.

Now modern day shepherds know about trouble too  
As they follow the trails of the buck and the ewe.  
They won't go on as David from his sheep and his sling,  
To rule o'er a country or to be a great king,

But don't think for a minute, they haven't learned lots of skills  
As they look for those woolies on the steeps and the hills.  
For there's no help around, no man far or near,  
In solving their problems, the "buck" really stops here!

There are blizzards and varmints, bureaucrats, dust and heat;  
A camp wagon's their home and mutton's their meat.  
Their coffee's real strong, their pride--sour dough bread.  
From the grease they've consumed, they should long since been dead.

Their 'bout completely dependent on horses and dogs;  
For most heating and cooking, they split cedar logs.  
There's very few frills, its a tough, lonely life.  
They hope soon for a visit from their kids and their wife.

They can be short or tall, fat or thin, old or young,  
They might cuss sheep in English or some other tongue.  
They have one thing in common that never will change,  
They are downright essential out there on the range.

So let's hear more of shepherders and the charges they keep,  
Those scroungy borreggs, us Gringos call sheep.  
They'll go on having problems, but will plan their attack  
With just the right rock and the sun at their back.



CASEY AT THE DICE

The table wasn't breaking  
For the Vegas crowd that night;  
The house was up twelve thousand  
With no change of luck in sight;

So when Hobi came out snake-eyes,  
And Spinelli missed his point,  
A mood of deep depression  
Could be felt throughout the joint.

The dollar bettors, cleaned of cash,  
Were heading out the door,  
But all the big high rollers stayed  
To even up the score.

They said "If only Robert  
Had a chance to roll the dice,  
We'd have a shot to change our luck,  
Which now is cold as ice."

Then, suddenly their eyes lit up;  
A cry rose from their lips;  
It echoed off the slot machines,  
It rattled off the chips.

It rumbled through the Black Jack games  
While cards were being dealt;  
For Robert, lucky Robert,  
Was advancing to the felt.

His nails were cleanly manicured,  
His face was richly tanned,  
His suit was iridescent silk  
That cost him half a grand.

The cuff-links on his sheer batiste  
Were rubies from a far;  
Between his teeth he coolly smoked  
A ninety-cent cigar.

There was ease in Roberts manner  
As he calmly placed his bet;  
His hands were steady as a rock,  
His palms were free of sweat.

The other shooters, now revived,  
He gripped the cubes of white,  
Then, blowing on them softly,  
He prepared them for their flight.

"A seven, dice," he murmured,  
As he looked up to the sky,  
And a hush went round the table  
As he raised his arm on high.

Casey At The Dice cont..

The cool is drained from Roberts face,  
His eyes are tense and keen;  
And all along his sun drenched brow  
Deep furrows can be seen.

And now he firmly holds the dice,  
And now he lets them go,  
And now the air is shattered  
By the force of Roberts throw.

Oh, somewhere in this wealthy land  
There is a happy spot  
Where natural's are being rolled  
And dice are running hot.

And somewhere men are doubling up  
And winners scream and shout;  
But there is no joy in Vegas-  
Lucky Robert has crapped out!



POSTCARDS FROM ONE REDNECK TO ANOTHER

Dear Cletus, I'm writin' this real slow cause I know you can't read very fast. We don't live where we did when you left. We read in the paper that most accidents happen within ten miles of home, so we moved.

I won't be able to send you our new address cause the last family that lived here took the house numbers with them so they wouldn't have to change their address.

This place has a washing machine. The first day mama put four shirts in, pulled the chain and we ain't seen them since.

It only rained here twice this week. Three days the first time and five days the second time.

I know it's cold where you are so we're sending you a coat. Mama said it would be too heavy to send in the mail with them buttons on it, so we cut em' off and put em' in the pockets.

We got a letter form the funereal home. They said if we don't make the last payment on Grandma's funereal bill, up she comes!

My sister had a baby this morning. I ain't heard if it's a boy or a girl, so I don't know if I'm an uncle or an aunt.

Uncle John fell in the big whiskey vat. When they tried to pull him out, he fought them off, so he drowned. We cremated him and he burned for three days.

Three of my friends went off the bridge in a pick-up truck. One was driving, the other two was in the back. The driver got out cause he rolled down the window and swam to safety. The other two drowned, they couldn't get the tailgate down.

MORE NEXT TIME, NUTHIN" MUCH IS HAPPENIN" AROUND HERE.

## The Vanishing Valley

Out on a Nevada Mountain while looking for her stock,  
A cowgirl stopped to rest her horse atop a big rimrock,  
And as she set and looked at the valley floor below,  
She asked herself this question,  
"What happened to the fields of spuds and onions that the farmers  
used to grow,  
And where had gone the lush green meadows where the fat cattle used  
to go?"

For as she sat and looked down through the smog in the shimmering  
summer heat,  
What filled her vision most were mounds of steel and gray concrete,  
And she knew there was no way to slow, much less halt,  
The spreading of the buildings and the ribbons of asphalt.

She could still remember when every man in the valley helped pull  
his neighbor's load.  
Oh, yeah, Cowgirl,  
But that was yesterday.

Well, the cowgirl stepped across her horse,  
And as she started to the valley floor below,  
She once more asked herself the question,  
"Why did the valley have to go?"

**Emery Co. Archives  
San Rafael Swell Oral History --Bert Oman  
Interviewed by Trinadee Grimes on December 21 2006**

Trinadee: Okay I just wanted to start out with your name and birth date and where you were born.

Bert: My name is Bert Oman my real name is Albert Vernon Oman, Jr. But I don't ever use that, I use Bert or Bad Oman. I work at a boy scout camp at Scofield. So there I'm known as Bad Oman, and then I run the Rifle Range and the Bow range, so I have a lot of things, and I'll show you one before we're done, that has Bad Oman on it.

I was born in Moroni, Utah. My... Moroni is over the mountain and my Dad was in the C.C.C camp and so I was... My Mother was from Moroni, so we lived there until I was 5 and then I come to Castle Dale and lived here ever since. My Grandfather was ... there was 5 pioneers come in the valley first, and my Grandfather was one of the five that come here first and he lived where Rick Thompson ... do you know Rick and Linda Thompson ?

T: I dont

B: Well you go up a block and then go left a block, and he lived there.

T: Oh

B: And I was born straight up the street. Did you know where Rowley's lived?

T: Oh uh-huh

B: Okay, well I was born in that house that ... not that Blaine lived in the other one up there. That was ... I was raised there--raised here in Castle Dale all my life--from five. We came here when I was five. I when to school in Castle Dale down in the museum so I have a lot of stuff in the museum I take tours of the museum. I'm on the board of directors of the museum--Have been for 25 years. I've been Mayor of Castle Dale twice and city councilman three times, so I done a lot of ... Lions Club press here in Castle Dale, and I've don a lot of things here in Castle Dale. Worked in the mines up to Desbee-Dove for a lot of years and retired here from Utah power and light.

T: Wow, that's quite a little history just that in itself. That's really neat. You said that one of your ancestors was one of the first ones here who was that?

B: His name was Aaron Oman. There was five of them that came across he was one of the five. They came across in... well in August. Then they wintered here, and that winter he ... they had three thousand head of sheep and sixteen hundred head of cows they wintered down in buckhorn flat down in that area down there. And four of them went back over to San Pete, and he stayed here for two winters. And they hauled supplies over to him. He stayed two winters. And then he went over and got his wife. His wife was a

Behunin from ... from ... originally ... they ended up in Ferron the Behunins did. So they come across with the pageant have you seen the pageant?

T: Uh-huh

B: Well that tells the story of my of my Grandfather he was one, he was one of the people in that wagon train that came across the... and I was in the pageant for a ... I was the narrator for twelve years the first twelve years and then I when to work for the Boy Scouts and like I said I work up at Scofield at a Scout camp. So I could do both of them. So I quit the pageant and go up to the Scout camp and work up there every summer.

T: I was going to ask if that was your family in the pageant when you started telling me the story. I thought that sounds kind of familiar.

B: I've had a...I've had ah, let's see my Daughter was my Son. You...your talking to a ... the narrator is talking to his Son. She was my... I had my Grandson as a helper one of Jacky Defeze's do you know Jacky and Steven Defeze?

T: Yeah, I think

B: Well their oldest son was my partner for about ... he was three years. Then I got my daughter, and I put her hair up under her hat and nobody ever knew she was a girl she done it for a... she had to do it for five years so I was the narrator for thirteen years. I helped, oh I was on the committee that organized. See we were just going to have a play just to put on for the ward and so we organized it, then we decided we're not going to go in the church and you know have it in the church, we're going to have it some place where we can have horses and things like that. So we started searching, and it took us a three years to find that place up there. We hunted high road to lower country for weeks trying to find a site and we finally found that one...

T: It's a beautiful site

B: Then started building and ... the first ... me and my ex-wife--my ex-wife is Naomi Oman do you know her?

T: I don't .

B: Well me and her cooked for the first three pageants. The first, we cooked for seventy five people so you can see how many people came to the first pageant when we started. There wasn't that many people. Now ya know, you get two or three thousands each performance.

T: Yeah my Mom runs the bus garage up here, and she sends the buses down to pick people up. They have two or three buses running to get all the people up there. That's really neat. Well you were speaking about how, oh I forgot his name, Aaron ran his cattle out on the desert. Did you guys spend much time out there as a family?

B: Oh yeah. Oh yeah ... My grandfather homesteaded as you're going towards the San Rafael, do you know where that little pond sits down on the right hand side? Have you been? ... Okay, if you turn left and go over my grandfather homesteaded over there.

When you come at Wilberg's and you look east you can still see his house. I own his ... the original house is still there. We were going to move it up to pageant site, and me and Montel went to look at it, and the logs are rotten. So we decided we could never move it. But I own the cabin still and the rest of the ground belongs to the Wilbergs, but I own the cabin, so we still have the original cabin. So the next time you drive past Wilberg's after you get... well, after you get past Wilberg Wash just look a little bit south and a little bit east and a lot east right out against that ... we call that the Oil Well Dome just this side of, you can see if you can still see the cabin.

T: I'll have to check that out.

B: And that's tough business to live out there.

T: Yeah, I'm sure.

B: Anyway, I had my father's mother and dad homesteaded that. Then they had six girls and one boy. My dad was the only son. A year after my grandfather built the house, he was called on a mission and left six girls and one five year old boy and his wife there alone for two years while he went to Rouge River Valley Oregon. He left with a five dollar gold piece--that's all the money ... of course back then you went without purse or scrip and when he died they put the five dollar ... he never spent it on his whole mission of course, he said you used to go to a home and knock on the door, and you know if it was close to supper time or night why you had a bed or a place to eat without ... so that's what he did without purse or scrip. I sure back in them days there wasn't many people that ... I know Grandmother never sent him much money. And I'm sure people here in Castle Dale some of them probably did. But he served a mission up in Rouge River Valley up in Oregon he served two years, and he come back. So that was the hardest part of pioneering--was going on a mission and leaving you wife with six little kids that were LITTLE on a farm. The oldest boy was five years old and had to take care of a farm, and that was hard.

T: Wow, I could only imagine that. That sounds like it was difficult.

B: The Stake Patriarch told my grandmother because she'd agreed to it that she would never be hungry the rest of her life, and she never was.

T: How neat. Wow. So do you have memories of being out there growing up? Any stories you want to share with me?

B: My grandfather owned ... well I still own part of his ... you know where the mules are out there?

T: Yeah.

B: Well that's mine. I own those mules. Grandfather farmed all of that and farmed ... he owned from the road going down to Buckhorn over to that house over there where Nielsen's live. He homesteaded that whole strip there, clear to the hills down there, and when he got older why he sold ... of course that's what you do when you get older sell part of it to live. They moved in town... moved in town when I was uh, let's see they were living there when I moved here when I was five. He bought a couple lots here where Charlie Oman ...do you know Charlie Oman?

T: No.

B: You don't know who runs the bar here in Castle Dale?

T: Yeah, no I don't.

B: Well, he owned that whole block right up there and they build a house on it then he sold some of the lots as he needed and I guess as he needed money why he sold some of the lots. But a lot of people have said here, he was one of the first ones here and he goes out there in the old blue hill and homesteads out there instead of homesteading on this good farm ground down here. But he wanted to get down there where he could tend cattle and sheep. He had an uncle that was a big cowmen over in Mount Pleasant, and he furnished the cattle and my grandfather run cattle and my dad run cattle all his life. And I worked on farms and herding cow all my life, even now I love that. But I decided when I was young that I wasn't going to be a farmer, that I was going to be something different than a farmer because farmers, one year they'll make a hundred dollars and the next year they won't make anything. I didn't like that, so I went to school and went back to Virginia Poly-Tech University in Blacksburg Virginia. And I became a safety engineer for Utah Power and Light. I worked for Utah Power and Light for a lot of years.

T: That's good! That's a good career.

B: Yeah.

T: So do you have any memories of Eastering, as they say, out on the desert .

B: We Eastered out on the-- against Cedar Mountain even the last couple years, oh we haven't done it, but we've done it for sixty-five years... we Eastered--all of us out there.

T: Wow, what kind of activities did you do out there?

B: Oh, you mean at Easter?

T: Yeah, Easter.

B: Oh we had horseshoe games, and my family's volley-ball people, and we always had

volley-ball and ... where did you get you shoes?

**\*\*Speaking of my shoes "Crocks"**

T: (laugh) I got them from Payless, very comfy. They're different looking but they're nice shoes.

B: Have you seen those all rubber ones they got now? I went in to a Caballas, that new store...Cabellas they had ... and they were that thick when I looked at these they looked just like that.

T: Yeah, they're the same kind of thing this is just a cheaper brand.

B: The lady said we sell thousands of pairs. Anybody who buys them, love them so the next time I go up I going to get me a pair.

T: Yeah, I like them a lot. My brother in-law is a doctor and he recommended them to my husband for his arthritis, and he loves them and I love them. There nice.

**\*\*\*Back to the interview**

B: So we played lots of games and I always took kites on Easter. I love kites, so I'd get the biggest kites I could and get. The kids flying kites--that was fun. We used to go right over against Cedar Mountain, and there is a pond over there called Coyote pond and we'd camp over there.

T: That sounds fun. What about other time of the year activities out there?

B: Well of course, I ride all the time and spend lots of time and the first year I retired I bought a four-wheeler and I decided I was going to spend ... this has been thirteen years ago of course the whole country was open then it wasn't like it is now and so I spent two summers down there riding the four-wheeler and I spent part of a summer taking John Wayne on a... I took John Wane on a ride through this country and spent seven days with John Wayne. He ate supper with me a couple times, he had a business venture with a guy in Huntington Shertil McArthur was his name they invented this mine sealant, and so John Wayne spent a lot of time there, and I went from Hanksville to Vernal. We rode all that way with John Wayne and I loved him. My kids ... my older girls knew him well, and he was a nice guy just down to earth. When we got done with the ride ... I'm a knife collector and he give me a folding knife with my name on it. I wish it had John Wayne's name on it. Then when he died his wife and children sent me a special invitation to the funeral but I didn't go because it was back east and I had something going on, I don't remember what it was now, it's been to long ago but I'd've liked to of went but he was a neat guy .

T: That's a neat story, wow!

B: We had a couple of barbecues. We had one down on the other side of Swinging Bridge when we cooked a beef and we had one in Huntington and done a beef in Huntington where he was at both of those so he spent a lot of time here and I spent a lot of time down in the four corners down in a ... where he was so I knew all that country and got along with him good he was a super neat guy .

T : See that's something I never knew. I never knew he was over in this county.

B: Oh yeah, he spent a lot of time in Moab and a lot of time here because of the business he and the guy in Huntington was in together. Then it failed. It wasn't a good a product, and so it failed and they didn't do much.

T : Hm, wow that's interesting.

B: The Carpenters, I had all of them I took them on tours of the Mine me and Dixon Peacock from up to Orangeville we took the Carpenters all of them on a tour once. So we had a few movie people around here.

T: Well speaking of famous people. Do know much about the outlaws?

B: Well of course. I know the Outlaw Trail cuz I've rode it lots of times, and I knew Pearl Baker personally. She was a good friend of mine. She was a good friend also of Monte's, and I had had an uncle that was ... when Pearl Baker was got old they put her in a nursing home the one above Smith's back up there do you know that one?

T: Yes

B: Well they put her in there and her next-door neighbor was my uncle from up in East Carbon, and so they'd get up in morning and my uncle would have his pint of whisky in his back pocket, and they'd pore a little whisky in there coffee and sit there and drink coffee and smoke cigarettes. She was uh ... my brother-in-law Joe Jeff's who was a game warden, and Pearl used to be on the game bored from down in Green River in the olden days and so she would give him a hard time. She was an outspoken lady she didn't beat around the bush with anything she said. I loved her she was just a ... she was born and raised here in Ferron or raised and they left there when she was I think she was three or four years old and took their cows and went down to the Robbers Roost and then when Joe Biddelcomb died they gathered his cattle. There used to be a guy here in Castle Dale helped them gather his cattle it took them four days to ship all the cows on the railroad he had that many cattle in all them years.

T: Yeah I 'v been reading some old newspapers down at the archives, and she wrote for the news paper.

B: Oh yeah and she was my kind of a lady. If she didn't like you, she said, "I don't like those glasses they make you look...? Ya know? She didn't just think it, she would say it.



T: So remind me again what relation she was ... I know she was related to one of the ...

B: She was Joe Biddelcomb's daughter and her son was A.C. ... well she was married I don't know three or four times, but A.C. Ekker was her son, who owned Robbers Roost Ranch and got killed in the airplane. (A.C. Ekker was actually Pearl Baker's nephew. Her sister married an Ekker.) Now he was going to donate the ranch and make a national park out of it, and they were in the process of doing that, when he crashed the plane that killed them. Now his wife works over in the hospital. I see her all the time. I used to rope and rodeo with him a little bit, so I see her quite often. I haven't seen her for a year, but I sure she is still there. I don't know what they've done with the ranch. There wasn't anything that was private ground, it was all B.L.M. land. They just run cattle on it and claimed it back in the good old days when you could do that.

T: So uh, did you know much about Frenchy?

B: Oh yeah. I knew Frenchy well, and knew...used to go up and camp there-- me and Sharp Snow and John Snow and some of they guys here in Castle Dale just above Frenchy's house. Do you know were Frenchy's house is?

T: I'm not sure. I've heard, but I can't really picture it.

B: Okay, you go to Joe's Valley, and you go like you're going to Upper Joe's Valley. You go along, you just start up out of Joe's Valley and there is a old log cabin on the right hand side--the only one up there, and that's where he lived. He worked for um for ...

T: Up at the Wilberg resort?

B: The Wilberg's he worked for them, then he would stay there in that cabin, and if you came up there you'd always have a milk cow. We'd come up and camp there, here he'd come with a half gallon of milk for us and a loaf of bread, and was a nice guy. Then in the winter time when it first started getting cold, after they got the cows out of there, he would tend cows for Wilbergs and do their watering. Here he'd come with his pack outfits, and he have two or three pack outfits. The horses with pack saddles on, and he'd come here to Castle Dale, and he would load his supplies on his pack outfit, then he would go up down through ... and he would go clear to Mexican Bend. Now Mexican Bend is below ... You've been down to Swinging Bridge?

T: Yeah.

B: Okay, instead of going across the Swinging Bridge, you turn right there and you can go down to were the river... Mexican Bend is where the river turns south. It's going east and hits the ledge and turns south then you cross it down to just before you get to the Hanksville exit, you cross the river right there any way he would go down to Mexican Bend and he would camp there all winter and in the spring of the year he would bring a couple little bags of gold two thousand dollars worth normally and he'd give them to L.T. Hunter and L.T. Hunter was the druggist here in Castle Dale and an old prospector

L. T. Hunter was and he would give him the gold and he would take it to Salt Lake and he had some friends up there in the gold business or would buy it and then he would bring Frenchy back the money and normally it was about ... I can remember L. T. Hunter saying yeah know they'd have right around two thousand dollars and uh that's what he lived on in the summer time the Wilburg's never ever ... well I'd better not say that they didn't pay him.

T: I've heard that. I've heard he wouldn't let them pay him.

B: Yea but they'd furnish him meat and maybe buy groceries for him

T: Yea not pay him with money any way

B: But he was a nice guy he had a nice personality. To this day nobody ever knows where he got the gold.

T: Yeah we're kind of interested in him because we got a lot of mystery about him everybody can tell us bits and pieces but there is quite a bit of mystery about him.

B: Now the guy that does so much research on the Wild Bunch ... what's his name from over to price ... well I got three or four of his books any way he claimed that ... see the Robbers Roost gang as they cam through here some of the stories tell that they hid some of there money down here well he claims that Frenchy found that after the Robbers Root gang was gone that Frenchy found that cash and that's were got his gold he didn't go down and pan it or anything he went down there and found were them outlaws hid there money. I don't believe if I can't believe that the Robbers Roost Gang would stop and leave ten thousand or twenty thousand dollars in one place and not come back within a month and get it ya know it don't make since.

T: That's kinda hard to believe that they would leave it and not come back.

B: So there's a mystery on ... and there has been people who have spent months Owen McClanahan spent nearly a month in Mexican bend and that area looking for gold of any kind and never found one sign. Pat Winters and old-timer here in Castle Dale decided one year he was going to fallow Frenchy and see where he went and so he rode down the river and rode down below the swinging bridge and come around a bend and there set Frenchy on a horse with a riffle across the fount of his saddle and he told Pat you just better ride back out of here and so that helped the mystery around Castle Dale he did have some gold someplace.

T: So he had it stored out there some where huh...

B: Bishop Peterson who lived her in Castle Dale claimed that he had told him he got the gold up on East Mountain but he never got it up there. There isn't the right formations up on East Mountain to have any gold and we know that.

T: So the gold he brought in was raw gold? It wasn't like coins?

B: Oh no it was gold that he had ... and it was fine, Hunter said it was powder fine. If you got a gold mine up here fifty miles up above the river here and the gold washes out of the vein and runs down the river and then the river washes it down for fifteen twenty miles it as fine as ... no thicker than my fingernail see and that's what he got was fine gold. You got to work to get that kind of gold you either got to pan it or you got to put it through a sluice box witch run water through and run a lot of dirt through it and the gold is heavy and so it will settle to the bottom and that's were you get it.

T: I didn't know that about his gold. I didn't know that it was ... I wasn't sure what people meant when they said Frenchy had gold.

B: Well I'll tell you a story that very few people that are alive now knows this. When I was young... when we'd go to Fullers Bottom. Do you know where Fuller's Bottom is? Ok you would camp at Fuller's Bottom and then we would ride out of there. Years ago why we'd come along going down by the river all us and there would be four or five of us and we found a man track in there what he would do is he would walk up and following the trail going down thought the country and he'd come to the river and he would sit down and take off his shoes wade across the river and then you could see where he would sit down in the sand. He lived there for four or five and one of the locals, well two of the local guys one that lived in Ben Kilpack house down here and that was Elmer Jeffs and his nephew were herding sheep out on the sand bench witch was across from Fullers Bottom south farther south there and they killed a mutton for them to eat and cleaned it and the next morning why he got up and saddled his horse and rode over to look at the sheep and rode past those guts and there was that guy there pulling fat off the guts and he claimed he rode up within ten feet of him before the guy realized and he broke and run and he said I could have roped him but I didn't dare I didn't know he had a knife or whatnot. Now I know were he ... he used to have a canyon that he went up and I've never been up the canyon so one of these days in the spring me and my brother-in-law is going to go down there and go up that canyon and see if we can find where he lived. A lot of people seen his tracks when I was a kid I mean he lived there I think three or four years and what ever happened to him or who he was I don't know.

T: So he was just some wild man that ...

B: Well yeah

T: Huh wow

B: You see emery county's got history

T: Yeah it does. Ya know we've camped at Fullers Bottom a few times.

B: One of my favorite places is a ... have you ever walked down in the box? Do you know were the box ... now that's were the river goes in have you ever walked down

there?

T: I haven't I uh don't know if it's the same place I ran the river through it.

B: Oh yeah well there you go. Ok down a little ways maybe a you know were the road goes across Fullers Bottom and then goes out towards the wedge well as you climb out of the bottom and get up towards the top there's a fence that comes right there and there's a trail that starts right there and that trail goes down to one of my favorite places. Because there is an Indian look out tower down there and there hasn't been 5 people ever seen it and it's up on this heel all alone. You can't get up on it only one trail they got one trail going up and at the top there's a big pile of rocks. So if you are coming behind me I can kill ya coming up there it's steep getting up there and there isn't anything on top only a little wall about this high a place about as big as this room. Then when you turn and look to the north east there's a trail that comes in off the wedge wild horses used to come in there and water so I think they had a look out that up there that watched that trail and the they were down against the river planting corn or squash or whatnot. I seen if I used to trap down there and I rode around the edge of the rim and looked down on it you look down on it and I seen that round thing so years later in fact only been four or five years ago that we went down and crawled up to it to see what it was. There isn't any sign of fire or anything just those big pile of rock that they carried up there and then the little wall that I guess you could throw the kids in there and hold them and they wouldn't get in the way. So that's neat.

T: That is really neat. I'll have to go check that out too. Ok well I asked you ...

B: See I run the river two hundred and seventy five times. When you get to Virgin Springs Canyon have you ever stopped at Virgin springs canyon? You'll see my marks there and also Elian Lake you know the Bishop Lake?

T: I don't know him personally but I know some relations but I don't know him.

B: Well she run it a lot of time so I have two hundred and seventy five marks there that I run it. I love that river.

T- Yea I've only ran it once I was brave enough to go one time and that was just this spring and the water was really high and the wind was blowing something fierce and the wind caught our canoe and flipped us and that water was cold.

B: Oh yeah, when it's high it's cold that's coming right out of the bottom of the reservoir. I was there the day that guy drowned. We knew him he was scout master and I worked with the scouts and they were there at Fuller's Bottom pumping up their ... they had two big pontoon boats and they had three or four canoes and two or three kayaks and they were pumping them up when we went in. We told them we'll go down to the Sorrel Mule Mine have you ever been in the Sorrel Mule Mine did you see it?

T: I seen it but we didn't stop.

B: Anyway we stopped it was me and a lets see I had my niece in my canoe and my nephew and we had three canoes anyway and so we waited a half an hour and they never come so we when on down and he drowned right below the Sorrel Mule Mine not very far there's a hang in one place where the river comes around and there's a big rock that hangs out there and the kids got playing in there and he lid on the other side of the bank and crawled out of his canoe and took his life jacket off and got his camera out and started taking pictures and then he waded out in the river and took pictures and took pictures and the kids said they were water fighting and doing things they looked up and he was gone not a sound. They found him a mile or so later down the river a big tree had washed up and he got caught in that tree but that water was cold enough that it just a you know .... I've been in that water I know how cold it is.

T: I couldn't imagine being in that water without a life jacket. There's no way. And the last thing you want to do is stand in a river. I guess wading a little bits not bad but wow. Well besides your little Indian lookout was there any other discoveries you made out there?

B: Indian discoveries?

T: Well not necessarily Indian, any discovery dinosaur foot print's things like that?

B: Well you know the dinosaur foot print in the San Rafael do you know what that's called?

T: No

B: That's called Bert's print

T: Oh yea

B: Do you know who Bert is?

T: You?!

B: That's right I found that.

T: You found that huh.

B: There's lots of dinosaur tracks down below \*Jardenson ... do you know were  
\*Jardensen Farm is down below ... have you been below Castle Dale to Wilsonville do you know were Wilsonville is?

T: I think so

B: Well down in the low...there's a lot of dinosaur tracks down here in the lower country. At the dinosaur track there if you look across in that canyon that little canyon over there is called Traps Canyon because it had a water hole up in it and the big horned sheep...the Indians lived in a cave right up there and the sheep would come in and go to that water hole and then the Indians would catch them. Anyway there are hundreds of tracks up on that hill but when it faulted this kill come up like this and this one down here so this dinosaur tracks down here and these are up here on top so there's a lot of tracks there maybe someday they'll build a latter or something so you can get up and see them tracks there. But there are hundreds of tracks over there but you cant get up the heel

T: Huh I never knew that would have never put the two together I was just throwing out an example so that's funny that you were the one that ...

B: I worked at the panel when we restored the panel I spent more time there got an award from the BLM for spending more hours there than anybody because my grandfather was the first to put his name on the panel. So I decided I'm going to make up for that and the panel ... well the little panel that's got the long people that's holding ducks that was done by a woman. Now that's two thousand years old so your supposed to ask me how did I know ...

T: That's what I was going to say, how do you know that?

B: Well you dont. The only thing they're different than any paintings in this whole country now if two brothers could...have you ever seen the Indian paintings in virgin springs canyon?

T: I think so.

B: Up way high.

T: Way high I was the only one that noticed them when we went.

B: Ok there's a little panel there that was done by the same person up on Sid's Mountain is ... striate up that canyon up on top up here is Sid's Mountain wich is isolated the only way you can get up there is with a horse or walk and there is another panel by the same person you can tell. It's like me painting a horse and you get somebody else and Clifford Oviatt painting a horse ya know. So I love that panel I spent a lot of time there.

T: That's really neat. Yea a painting is like a finger print you cant really ... two people cant paint the same thing exactly.

B: And I tell people you'll never understand what they said because if me and you spent a day together and we when down into the lower country and then we come back and we drew it on a piece of paper what we'd done they'd be altogether different. That's what they done they just wrote what they done for the month or year you don't know what they might been thinking.

T : So how did you come to the conclusion it was a lady that did it instead of a...just because of the fact that it's different then the rest of them?

B : Well yea it's just absolutely different. I mean it's detailed you can see their fingers they're holding ducks and you can see the bills on the ducks then you go over to the others and they're just a big potbelled guy standing there with a shield or something they're not really a lot of detail. So I tell people not that I know...I stir them up a little bit. When we rededicated that I'll tell you the story of the rededication. We rededicated that panel. We got a medicine man from South Dakota it was so neat there was I'd say two hundred and fifty people sitting on the rocks and you had kids from ya know two years to fourteen jumping you know how kids are here he come and when he got ... there was a bout six or eight Indians from out in the Uintah Basin and when he stepped out of the car he had a medicine bundle do you know what a medicine bundle is? Ok that's like having the ark of the convent it was a big bundle this big and that long and he stepped out of the car and I just I seen him because he had a woman with him that wrote lots of stories that I love Jean Adair do you know who Jean Adair is of Valley of Horses have you ever read?

T : I havent.

B : Well he had her and I recognized her and I just happened to look back at the Indians and all of them took off there hats. Here he come and they introduced him and he started laying out the medicine bundle and he started unrolling it and he unrolled it to... unrolled a red blanket on the bottom then another blanket then a buffalo hide then a black wolf hide total black as black can be. Then he laid out all these spear obsidian spear points and some bowls of sea shells big ones about this big and two or three pouches and all kinds of stuff then he started to bless the sight and he done it in his ... now he was Cherokee and he done it in his language and he used tobacco and white sage. Now with sage is very rare there's only a few places in California and Wyoming you get white sage and you don't get very much of it he spent an hour and a half there wasn't one kid moved a muscle all the time that he sit there. He'd go up and put the tobacco in this shell and then light it on fire and go up to the sight and bless it East, West, North, and South then he used the white sage and he was a caller of birds that was his main thing a caller of eagles about the time he got about halfway through the ceremony I just looked up the canyon and here come a golden eagle about twelve feet thirteen feet off the ground flew down and as it got right to us it turned it's head over like that and looked and just flew past my heart nearly stopped any way I got acquainted with him he spent four days with me and I took him to lots of Indian paintings in fact I took him to one he didn't like in Buckhorn draw and he said it was the mark of the devil so I know what the Devils brand is I've never taken anybody to see it and I never will. He showed me how to tell a good Indian from a bad Indian by what they painted as you look a the panel you see little chips taken out of there heart I always thought that it was somebody shooting them if you come along and you see the Indian paintings here and you want to take some of the spirit of that Indian painting you would go over and take a little chip out of it and you'd put it in your ... Indians wear a medicine pouch I have a medicine pouch with a little chip in from down

there anyway so they knew witch ... so the one's with chips in are good and the ones without like the man that's uh he's worshipping a snake there's a big snake curled up right to the side now that's the farthest one down the canyon in the panel that's a bad that's a bad spirit anyway he dedicated that and told me that's the most sacred panel in the west United States right down here. He has since then married three people there including this lady that I was telling you about her and he husband and me and Monte went to the marriage ceremony and it was quite a ceremony he sit them down and talked to them for maybe a half an hour there was a big wedding party maybe a hundred and fifty of us then he took an Indian blanket and he just covered them up and let them wait just a minute and then he took it of and said they're married. Now I've been a bishop so I knew you had to fill out papers in Utah to be married so when it was done I asked him don't you have paper work that they have to do and he said oh no when I marry them they're married they don't need a piece of paper that says you're married you know you're married and you don't need a piece of paper.

T: Huh I wonder how that's works out ya know with the marriage license and everything?

B: Well I don't know?

T: That's so funny.

B: If you a ... say your husband got killed and you wanted his benefits and you didn't have a marriage license why I don't know?

T: Even something as simple as like tax reasons or things like that.

B: Well I don't know. But he said I don't need ... when I marry them I can marry any place in the world and they're married so I didn't argue with him.

T- Well there's some ... there's probably some kind of a religious ya know thing were it was performed in a religious ceremony

B- Yeah so that was neat to do that and oh I'll tell you about the black wolf hide. The black wolf hide now I've read a lot of her books and she rights about Indians that come across the straits from Russia into Alaska and she tell the story of course it's fictional of the black wolf hide. This black wolf hide as been in his family for eleven generations now meant that family had had it before Christ was born, they'd had that black wolf hide now that's neat. See a medicine man when you get the ... when they give you a median bundle that's yours you don't walk out of the house with out it you don't go to the store without it you don't ... that's sacred and that's like, like I say that's like the ark of the covenant. So just seeing that was well worth it during this ceremony you could have dropped a pin now here's all these kids and I worried when I got down there cuz I wondered how long he'd ... an hour and a half and not one person moved a muscle not one nobody there understood him only the ya know the five Indians and maybe a two or three other people and so that was super neat.



T- That is very interesting. That is neat.

B- See my grandfather named ... have you ever been in that little canyon across from the track there is a little canyon that's called Trap Canyon my grandfather named that because the big horn sheep would come down and they'd go up in that canyon and there's a tank up in there do you know what a tank is? that's a like the on at Virgin Spring Canyon ok the sheep would go up in there and the Indians would come down and stand in the canyon when the sheep would come out they would shoot a sheep or two so we called that trap canyon and I don't know what it's a ... well I know it's called Trap Canyon but I'm not sure it's on the maps as Trap Canyon.

T- Yeah well doing this project I been doing I've learned a lot because I've been a lot of places on the desert but I don't know their names. And so it's very interesting to hear their name and why they're named that.

B- See a lady homesteaded in Fullers Bottom (Fullers Bottom) across the ... as you pull up on the hill there and look down on the river here she homesteaded over there and had a house over there and her daughter was the same age as me and she just died not to long ago in Price and so I knew a ... and her husband build him a cable car to go across the river he worked in the mine and he'd go down there on the weekends and he'd ride the cable car across the river cuz in the ... before Joe's Valley was built you had floods in the Spring you had all that water that went down and you think it was high down there it would be half again that high in the spring of the year for a couple of months or a month or so. So the river was really high.

T- One of the girls that's working on this project with me it's here relation that settled down there. I'm not so sure about the names and stuff but she's been a ...

B- Well and her name was Branson she has a son that about half the rocks in the Price Museum belong to him any Gemstones Stones that are good belong to Billy Branson and he was born and raised here in Castle Dale.

T- Well I think that we have covered most of my questions. You certainly given me quite a bit of wonderful information. I very excited I'll have to go out there and check it out. Ya know in the beginning I don't know if I got your birth date from ya.

B- 5-5-32 so I'm seventy five in May.

T- Well my birthday is in May as well.

B- Oh is it that's good.

T- Well ok you were saying you had some things you wanted to show me like something that had your name on it from scout camp. Do you have any photographs you would like to show me?

B- Oh I got lots of photographs

(Turned off tape and started again )

T- So do you have any memories of the Wilberg Resort?

B- Oh yeah, the scouts used to go out and camp and uh they had lots of animals there Peacocks and Monkeys and you didn't see things like that when I was a kid and so you got to see some of the zoo animals that they had out there and we'd go out there and camp for a week and we'd swim in their lake and we'd play and they had big old round wooden things you could get on and you could push it I don't know what they were called they have them up to the schools.

T- Oh a like a merry-go-round.

B- yea like a merry-go-round and he had a lot of swings and the scouts would go out there and camp and they had dances when I was a kid they had dances there we had dances here in Castle Dale in the city park now that's right across the street from the museum from the Pioneer Museum there at that park it had a tennis court on the ... were the pavilion is there now there was a tennis court there and they had dances there all the time when I was a kid and everybody in the county would come they would have local bands and that was neat.

T- That is neat and um there is one more question I was going to ask you was about do you remember like the earlier time of Emery County before electricity I'm not sure when electricity came to Emery County but I know there were some smaller towns that didn't get it for a long time.

B- No we lived in the ranch down here below Castle Dale I lived with my brother-in-law and my older sister and they still haven't got electricity down there

T- That's true like out at the range creek I know they didn't get I don't even know that they got it now?

B- Never got it. I worked at Range Creek for a couple years for the Welcomes do you know the Welcomes?

T- I do

B- Do you know Waldo?

T- I don't know Waldo but I know his son and his Grandson.

B- Oh yeah, a Waldo is one of my best friends me and him rode together we're the same age so we were good friends and I worked for his dad a few summers out there. So I loved that country love Waldo I go see him all the time at Green River and try to barrow

money from him and he don't give me any. I never did know his kids only to see them ya know I know them to see them but I didn't know any ... And I knew Don real super well.

T- Well a what kind of things did you out at the farm you were saying you still don't have ... you never got anything out there like ah my grandma was telling me about how she ... they didn't have a refrigerator so they did something simple as they had a box and put burlap sacks ...

B- You'd put a pan of water on top and put burlap over the out side and put socks in it and it would just drip a little water in it and keep everything cool you'd put your and you butter in there and that's the way ... and we had those here in Castle Dale when I was kid there wasn't very many people that had fridges so you had a cooler out side.

T- So what other little ... do you have any other memories of little contraptions like that or little things that?

B- Well of course we hauled hay loose on a wagon you raked hay with these old big rakes and you piled it and then you piled it in piles and then you came along with the team and threw it on the wagon and I hauled lots of hay that way and hated every minute of it.

T- I bet I never ... I've heard some people talking about hauling hay and how they hated it so bad and that.

B- It was hot and the hay was loose and you get a load and load it up a big load and get ready to go and start up through the field and half of it would fall off the back.

T- yea that sounds like it would be tricky wow.

B- So you went to school here?

T- I did I went in Orangeville actually I grew up in Orangeville and so I went to elementary school there went to Ferron to Jr. High and then up to the Height School.

B- How old are you?

T- I'm twenty four just turned twenty four.