

INTERVIEW WITH: Lyle Brooksby. Lyle's wife, Janetha, is also present.
INTERVIEWER: Marsha Holland
INTERVIEW NUMBER: one
DATE OF INTERVIEW: February 27, 2004
PLACE OF INTERVIEW: Brooksby home, Kanab, Utah
SUBJECT OF INTERVIEW: Ranching on Arizona Strip and Glendale area. Cattle drives.
TRANSCRIBER: Marsha Holland
DATE: June 12, 2004

Tape 1, Side A

MH: It is February 27, 2004 and I am Kanab today with Lyle Brooksby. How are you doing today Lyle?

LB: Good.

MH: Would you give me your full name please?

LB: Lyle Orson Brooksby.

MH: And when were you born Lyle?

LB: About a hundred and twelve years ago.

MH: A hundred twelve years ago...?(laughter).

LB: '35.

MH: Tell me a little bit about your family.

LB: Well, Dad moved over from Australia in 1886 with his brothers and his father. They left their sisters and mother there and come over here. They landed, I think, in Seattle and took a wagon down to Salt Lake. My grandfather had joined the Church while he was in Australia, the LDS Church. They came down to Salt Lake to talk with the prophet at that time and then they just moved on south into Fredonia. The reason for that is that one of the missionaries that converted him to

the gospel was from the Fredonia area. So, they came on down to Fredonia, homesteaded, made their home. They brought sheep. They had sheep for probably twenty years and then they switched into cattle because cattle were easier to take care of and got more cash flow. It was all of the Brooksby brothers plus their Dad to start with and eventually his wife came over and the daughters.

MH: And what was your grandfather's name?

LB: William James.

MH: And your dad?

LB: Joseph.

MH: And there were five brothers?

LB: I think there were seven.

MH: What were their ages approximately? Were they still young?

LB: I think Dad was about twelve when he came over.

MH: And your mother's name?

LB: Pratt, Hermoine Pratt. She was the daughter of Lauren Pratt, her great grandfather was Orson Pratt. Dad and her connected in Fredonia. She was sitting on the porch, but Fredonia was a bunch of shacks [then]. There weren't any homes like we think of it now. It was a board shack and the cracks between the boards were big enough to let the wind and the snow and the ice and the rain come through. It was a rough life. But Mom was sitting on the front porch of the shack there talking to one of her girlfriends and Joe Brooksby came riding into town on his horse and her girlfriend said, "Who are you going to take to the dance tonight?" And she said, "I'm going to go with Joe Brooksby." They made connections. I

don't know how it happened that she was able to work him in on this, but they did.

MH: So Fredonia was a rugged place to live?

LB: Very rough. Fredonia was very very rough.

MH: Did you ever hear what the draw was for your grandfather to Fredonia?

LB: There wasn't any draw in Fredonia. (Laughter) There isn't much now.

MH: But Kanab was sort of going on, was a settlement then?

LB: Well, Kanab was started in what, 1875, somewhere in there, but Kanab wasn't even very big. Kanab had the first telegraph that came in; they got a telegraph into Pipe Springs. Kanab was not all that great.

MH: So, what was the economy then, what kept people living in the shacks?

LB: I don't know. It was mostly ranching and a little bit of farming. The Honeymoon Trail was cut right through there, you know along the north part of the Strip and so... Fredonia was the only town on the Arizona Strip in the early days. Once the people, [when] polygamy was stopped in the LDS Church, those men started bringing their wives across the Utah boarder, then we got Littlefield and Beaver Dam and Colorado City which actually was Short Creek in those days and now is Colorado City, and Fredonia. And Fredonia was the biggest town but it was mostly sheep cattle, lumbering, a lot of lumbering off the Kaibab.

MH: Do you remember your grandfather? Did you get to meet him ever?

LB: No, I never met any of my grandparents.

MH: Was it your dad who traveled- oh, no, that was maybe Myrtle's dad?

LB: The dentist? That was Dad's brother. Of course, they have probably told you about how Alfred got his dental license? Alfred was the first one to get an airplane in the area and fly. They said he learned to fly the same way he learned dentistry. He learned dentistry the same way he learned to fly and that was by guess and by God.

MH: Right.

LB: And that is pretty much true. I don't know why they settled in Fredonia, must have been meant to be.

MH: So, let's talk about your dad and your family.

LB: Sheep. He herded sheep all over the Arizona Strip and Southern Utah. In those days of course there were no fences anywhere. I think the CCCs built most of the fences that were built on the Arizona Strip. They herded the sheep from the Kaibab all the way to the Nevada border and back and on down the other side into House Rock Valley. Sheep are movable.

JB: You should tell her about that little shack. When I saw the two-room shack and his mom had eight kids and he was the littlest and in this two room shack you wondered, did they stack them like logs against the wall. I don't know how she did it.

LB: It is still standing up on the divide on the Brooksby homestead.

MH: I have been by it several times. Were you raised in Fredonia?

LB: Raised in Fredonia and in the summertime when it was warm we were up at the ranch.

MH: Would the sheep go up there?

LB: Yes, and the cattle too, when we switched to cattle. We trailed the cattle from Sunshine Point out on the southern part of the Arizona Strip right at the edge of the Grand Canyon. Every spring we trailed them up to the ranch up in Southern Utah and every fall we trailed them all the way back.

MH: How long would that take?

LB: Two weeks. It is a two-week trail drive and it was a really nice thing to do because you didn't have to go to school at that point. I could get off and go on the trail drive.

MH: What do you remember about the trail drive? What was the set-up like?

LB: Well, we would start to gather on what is called Sunshine Point, south end of the Arizona Strip. That would take us about a week, then we would come back into town once we got them all into the reservoir where the water was. We would come back into town and stock up with some more supplies and put them in the, we called it a sheep camp, left over from the shepherding. It was kind of like a covered wagon with a tailgate that came down, where you fixed your meals.

MH: Was it a truck?

LB: No, it was a wagon. We didn't have trucks. (Laughter) It was biscuits and gravy in the morning, biscuits and gravy at noon, and biscuits and gravy and steak at night. It was pretty much the same.

JB: Didn't you have beans?

LB: Not very often.

MH: What about milk, fruits or vegetables?

LB: No. Canned fruits they did carry in the chuck wagon, they carried them there, but most of the time..., that is something that is heavy thing and it is easy to make gravy with the flour and the grease from the meat and the milk, so it is light, no weight to carry.

JB: How did you keep the milk fresh?

LB: You set it out at night, so it would be cool, then you would milk the cow the next morning. It would last that long...

MH: Really, you hauled a milk cow along with you?

LB: Usually we had milk with us and if we didn't we used water in the gravy; flour and water. Worked all the same. The grease is what made it gravy. You would put the grease drippings in the frying pan.

MH: And you just carried a bedroll?

LB: Yes, we slept around the camp. We had an outside fire and start at daylight and quit at sundown. You are working an hour after sundown to get camp set up and your meal and roll into your sleeping bag, then an hour before the sun raised you are up and have the horses grained and fed and saddled and you got your meal done. As soon as the sun peaks over the rim...then you are gone. And you trail all day long.

MH: How big was the group of people you were with?

LB: We only had eight or ten in our group.

MH: Would you also bring along extra horses?

LB: Not usually, not usually. You are thinking of trail rides that you see in the movies where they take off and travel all day long and then they rest that night and then

they get up and they travel all day long the next day at a good clip. You don't do that on a trail drive. The cattle move along slowly. They graze as they go, so that they get their belly full, so that by night, they lay there and chew their cud and they're content. It is a slow process. You are just there to make sure they stayed pretty much in the same general area and you move them on... you don't want to take the weight off of your cows. You gotta leave the fat on the cattle, you can't run it off.

MH: So, you don't want to stress them at all. There were a couple of guys, up out of Boulder and they would go in for ten days or so and they always trailed horses, either as packhorses or they would alternate the horse out. It was different terrain and place. They had to haul in a lot. But it sounds like you did, too.

LB: We had a sack of oats and that would take care of all the horses on that trip. You know, a hundred pound sack of oats in the chuck wagon. That is where you carried your bedrolls, and everything was carried in the chuck wagon and it would move on ahead to the noon spot and when you hit that spot you would stop for a little while and grab a bite to eat and then it would move on top the night camp and then we would stop. Sometimes we would have a corral or a fenced area where we could put the cattle in at night, but most of the time on the trail drive we night herded and took your two to three hour shift at night.

MH: What kind of hazards would you have to be alert for along the trail?

JB: Storms or lightening that would upset the cows?

LB: Well, it does get wet occasionally on a trail drive, but you don't really run into a lot of hazards. That is what about, from Sunshine Point, probably a hundred and

twenty mile drive, two weeks. We were pretty civilized in those days, not too many hazards. We didn't have to cross any big rivers. If you know the Arizona Strip, there *ain't* any water there. (Laughter) And there isn't much water in southern Utah.

MH: That is true. Did you guys ever have problems with rustlers?

LB: Yes, yes. We had a few problems. Dad was the first Justice of the Peace in the City of Fredonia, so if anything happened, why everything was brought before him and a judgment was made and taken care of. Hangings had pretty much gone out of the picture by then. It wasn't a big deal, just an occasional.

MH: So, someone would maybe take it just for food because they ere desperate. No one tries to make a living off of rustling?

LB: Either that or sometimes they were young kids that had got a little bit ornery and decided to pull a stunt like this. Most of the time they got caught. Where are you going to go out on the Arizona Strip? You've got a two hundred mile length and the big gully to the south and the Utah border to the north, there is not a heck of a lot of stuff out there.

MH: And you can see someone's dust trail forever.

LB: That is right. You can see a dust trail for a long time. So, most of the time if they rustled a calf or a cow, or a cow and a calf, they would put it into another herd somewhere and eventually it would usually be spotted and the question would come up; how did that cow and calf or how did that calf get here? Or how did that calf get this particular brand on it when it is running with a different branded cow?

MH: When did you brand, in the spring?

LB: In the spring. As the calves are dropped starting about February then every weekend you are out there riding the range and watching for any newborn calves that have been dropped, and at that point you rope them, catch them, castrate them, earmark them and when branding time comes you have all that work done. All you have to do is vaccinate and brand. That is hard work. You learn to use a lariat very good. I can't do it now; I used to be able to. It is very rare that a person misses their catch, then the calf is thrown and usually it is a pretty simple thing to do. You just walk down the rope and get to the side of the calf, put one hand on its neck underneath its chin and the other hand on the flank, and knee it in the side of your knee real hard and as the calf comes up, you drop it flat, you land on it, you grab its hind legs and pull them up and put one front leg between the hind legs, tie it, brand 'em and unhook your pigging string and let them go. It is a fast operation. You do it very quick. One guy will have the vaccination needle in his hand and the other one will be doing the branding.

MH: And what did you vaccinate them for?

LB: In those days it was Black Leg and Clostridium infections. They have some newer problems now that they are vaccinating for.

MH: Let's talk about the transition from sheep to cattle? I am assuming you spent time at the sheep herd as well?

LB: Yes.

MH: Were there enough boys that when school time came along... what would happen to all the herders?

LB: They got out of school and went herding or they got out of herding and went to school. As far as the transition from sheep to the cattle, that was a decision that the brothers made and they decided it was a lot easier to run cattle than it is sheep and it is a little better income and we could do it. Sheep, somebody has to do be with them all the time; constantly, 365 days a year somebody has to be with them. Cattle you can set out on Sunshine Point and not see them for maybe three or four months in the winter. Now, up on the ranch you have to be a little more careful and you have to be there a little more often because sometimes they break out of the meadows or break through a fence. The transition was easy because they just decided to stop raising sheep, sell them, buy cattle, and to start to raising cattle.

MH: Now, there are actually two crops that you get out of sheep; the wool and the meat? Where did you sell your wool?

LB: The guys usually came down from Marysvale once the shearing was over and that was put in great big bags that stood about fifteen, sixteen feet high and probably eight feet around. The wool was just packed in there and people came down from Marysvale and picked up the big bags of wool and took it up there and railroaded it out to wherever it was going to go. Mutton, I don't know where that finally went. We had people that came in and bought what we were culling from the sheep herd, but that is not a big amount at one time. There is only a small amount of sheep culled every year; the older ones and the ones that have been injured or something else. When they were sold, I don't know where they went. Somebody bought them and they disappeared and we got cattle and that was it.

MH: Do you like mutton?

LB: Used to. Not any more, too fat.

JB: Speaking of rustling, you have heard the story of Old Hancock?

MH: No.

LB: Let me tell you about Hancock.

MH: A true story?

JB: Yes, it was on his land.

LB: Hancock was a soldier in World War I and he was shell shocked and mustered out and had a government pension. I don't know where he originally came from, I don't know if anybody knew, I suspect it was up somewhere in Salt Lake, but he came out of the service with his pension and settled right smack dab in the middle of our ranch on the Sunshine Point. He couldn't have hit a more middle spot if you got a survey crew out and tried it. He just landed right square in the middle and he set up his camp there. We didn't think anything about it. He was [just] one guy in a hundred thousand acres. He's not going to give us any problems.

MH: Could he go on the land legally?

LB: No. But nobody was going to complain.

MH: So he was trespassing?

LB: Yes. Yes, that was our land, we either owned it, owned part of it and leased part of it, see. So, he set up camp there and nobody paid him any attention; he wasn't a problem for any of us. He slaughtered a beef several times a year, but you don't miss that. You lose more than that to the elements, so it wasn't a big worry. The next thing we know he's got a wife out there with him and he has some children running around with him. He built a dugout back into the small hills there and

rocked it up. He planted an orchard, a beautiful orchard. He had apples and peaches and pears and cherries and everything he had out there. It got to be as the years went by that he got another wife and more kids and then we began to get a little worried; what are we going to do here? This guy is sitting right smack dab in the middle of our range and we haven't done anything about it for quite a few years and he is expanding. He has an orchard, he built little rock spots every now and then that act as water catchers so that he has water in a hundred different places around his area and he is taking more beef occasionally. (Laughter) So Uncle John went out; he decided he would go out to Hancock and give him an ultimatum that he had to leave. Hancock just laughed at him, so Uncle John went out about a week later with his rifle with him and he got within about three or four hundred yards of Hancock's place and the bullets started pestering his feet and so he took off. You could not get Uncle John back anywhere near Hancock's place after that. He would not go near it. We just kind of lived with the situation.

When Hancock and his wives wanted to go somewhere like Saint George or up on the Kaibab or somewhere, they had all these kids, but they didn't take them with them. They also had a goat herd so they would tie each kid to a nanny goat. When the kid got hungry he would nurse the goat. When they came back from wherever they had gone, this is true, all they had to do was hunt up the goat herd and there were the kids; healthy, happy, doing fine. No problem. Hancock would come into Fredonia to get a sack of grain. He had a beautiful sorrel horse. He would lead the horse into Fredonia, pick up his hundred pound sack of grain, throw it on his shoulder and lead the horse back out to the ranch.

MH: Sort of an odd ball?

LB: Shell shocked. He was odd. So Hancock, we just ignored him and let him live there. I don't know how many wives he finally had when he died, but Dad was the Justice of the Peace and so word came in that Hancock had died. So, Dad went out to see if he could help with the family and the wives and if there was anything that they could do. He really wanted to get them off the range now that Hancock was gone. They went in and Hancock was stretched out in his Sunday clothes on the kitchen table. He had been dead for a couple of days at that point. They couldn't move him. They wanted to bury him, but the wives and his kids wouldn't let him. They said, "No, on the third day he is going to arise and come back to life and we want him to be here and we have got food around him for when he finally comes back alive." So, they couldn't move him because the wives wouldn't let him. So, Dad and them went out and I was with them and we built a big cement crypt with a sliding cement lid and we said, "Let us just put Hancock into this and we will leave the lid off and there won't be any problem. You can still wait for him to come back to life and he'll be OK." Well, they wouldn't let us do that so we waited and on the third day Hancock didn't all of a sudden come back to life. So, Dad and them went out there again saying, "Look, you know, he is really starting stink a little bit here. We need to get him into that crypt." They just didn't do it. The fourth day they finally consented. "We will just put him that far. Something has held him up, somewhere, wherever he is so he hasn't come back." They got him in there and I think it was the fifth or six day they finally convinced the family that Hancock was not going to come back to life

and they put the top on that crypt shoved it in place and talked the family into being transported with some kind of a service organization at that time that took the wives and children into Salt Lake. We never heard of them again. The interesting thing after he left was that he had another dugout into the side of the hills that was a hundred feet from his house. Inside that one, when we finally got to go in it, he had bottled fruit of all kinds but he had a lot of writings, a lot of scripture writings in his own handwriting. He had almost redone the whole Book of Mormon and the Bible and written them in his own thinking. I wish now that we had saved some of that stuff, because I don't know where it went. It was there and months went by and everything disappeared out of his home where his dugout was and out of the dugout that he stored stuff in. A few years back the Sons of the Pioneers went out and they put a marker over the crypt where we finally dug a hole and put the cement crypt into it, but they went out and fixed up a nice marker for Hancock and one of his children that was buried there too.

MH: Is there still evidence of the dugout?

LB: I haven't been there for a lot of years. I left here, what, fifty years ago and I haven't been back there until about ten years ago, some people here wanted to go out and look at where Hancock's grave was. They had been out before and couldn't find it and so I took them out and we located the grave, even after all those years. It seems that there was still some evidence of the orchard trees and some of the rock stuff that was still around, but nothing of the dugouts.

MH: Well, let's get back to you. That was a good story.

LB: Interesting man, Hancock was, and he never caused anybody any trouble.

MH: And you had first hand knowledge of him, so that is valuable. So, ranching, your family changed over to cattle ranching and you were still involved with that. You trailed them up to Glendale?

LB: Ten miles north of Glendale.

MH: What sort of life did you have up in there in the summer time?

LB: Nice, cool.

MH: Was your family's place on the west side or east side of Eighty-nine?

LB: We owned both sides of Eighty-nine. When the brothers, there were only three brothers left by the time they decided to split. So, Alf and Myrtle's group got the west side of the road up in the north part of Seaman's Canyon. Dad got the south part on the east side of the road and Uncle John got Birch and the north part of the east side of the road. His section was up in what is called Birch, just east of Todd's Place and south.

MH: It has always sounded like such an interesting area to run cattle. It is a very tight part of the canyon.

LB: Yes, Seaman's Canyon. We had all of Seaman's Canyon, the main part of the canyon, not where Eighty-nine is, it is the canyon west of Eighty-nine, there. We still have a summer home there that we use. We still have seventy acres in there. That went there to the old road going into Alton that was the east boundary of our property.

MH: So your cattle would range up there?

LN: Well, you are pretty much confined to the canyons up there and we did fence the mouth and the upper part of the canyon so they couldn't go that way, but cattle

won't go up slope very far unless you drive them. They are basically easygoing animals and they will not go up a steep hill unless someone is behind them forcing them. You are pretty safe once you get to the mouth and the other end of the canyon fenced; they are going to stay there. You don't have to keep herding them there, you just have to keep an eye on them.

MH: And how long could that area sustain the herd?

LB: Usually three or four months.

MH: It is green up there, a lot of moisture.

LB: A lot of moisture. They used to get a lot of snow up there, six to ten feet of snow up there. We were up there a few weeks ago and there was about three or four feet. This is the first year we had a good snow in maybe six or seven years.

MH: Would you also have a garden?

LB: Yes, yes. We raised carrots and turnips and peas and corn and lettuce and potatoes. As a kid we just loved the gardens because the work never quits...(laughter) You have got to dig the ground up and get it set for the garden. Then you have to plant everything and then you've got to weed it. That is a constant job, it never quits and then you've got to harvest it and then you've got to water and irrigate it and you've got to dig a pit to put the carrots and potatoes and turnips and stuff you can save all winter long, down in a dirt pit. Summers were busy, very busy.

MH: So, in the summers you were doing that and...

LB: ...watching the cattle.

MH: When you would go out for the day, what would you take with you?

LB: A horse.

MH: What about a lunch?

LB: You usually got back to the house by lunch.

MH: Was there anytime for fun and adventure?

LB: Your idea of fun and mine are two different things. The smell of a horse, the feel of a horse, riding a horse out around the cattle or sheep, wherever it is, that is fun. That's fun. It is work, yeah, but it is fun. What do you mean by fun?

MH: Well, that is what I mean. Would you have brothers or sisters along?

LB: Not that I remember. Honest, when you are running a ranch, you are busy. You don't have time for a lot of other stuff. When I was growing up and we were down in Fredonia in the winter times and I was on the basketball team, I didn't have time to stay after school and practice. I could stay there if there was a major practice or we had a game otherwise I had to go home, get the cattle out of the pasture, take them back to the barn, feed them, milk them. We raised everything we ate. We bought flour, sugar, and salt. That was it. Everything else we raised. We made our cheese out of the milk we milked from the milk cows, we had our own butter, we had our own cream, everything. By the time you make your cheese, make your butter, milk the cows, do all this stuff...you're busy. It is a great life. My older brother Merrill, he was smarter than I was, he was five years older and a heck of a lot smarter. Soon as I was old enough to milk cows, he forgot all about the cows. He didn't even know they existed after that. That was my job. Never ever got bored.

MH: You enjoyed the work?

LB: You bet ya.

MH: We didn't talk about your family. How many brothers and sisters?

LB: How many did we have... eight?

JB: Eight.

MH: Eight in your family. So, Merrill...

LB: Merrill, Arland, and Eldon. There were four boys and four girls; Virginia, Hermoine, and Lenora and Berneise, four girls. Hermoine was named after Mom. Her first name was Hermoine, Hermoine Pratt.

MH: At Christmas time, what would the kids get in a stocking?

LB: Homemade candy, divinity. We loved Divinity, we loved taffy and that is some of the fun we had. We pulled taffy as a family and let it harden and cut it up into edible pieces. That was put in the stockings. The Divinity was a real treat. We had apple trees and peaches and stuff. That was all bottled.

JB: Toys, little toys.

LB: Toys, I don't remember toys when I was a kid. We made our own toys. Dad was a carpenter and so we would cut our own pistols out and we would rubber band the clothespin on to the back of them and then we would cut up an old inner tube, the round part so you could make your rubber bullets. And you would stretch those from the barrel of the gun back to the clothespin and when you were ready to shoot you would push the clothespin and they would shoot the rubber band off and we used to play cops and robbers.

MH: What about your schooling?

LB: I hated school. I hated school. I would do anything to get out of school. I loved basketball. I would do anything to play basket ball, but I hated school and I swore once I got out of high school I would never attend another damned school anywhere. I got out of school [and] I went off to college. I graduated from college and went into veterinary medical school for another four years, so I had eight years after high school when I swore I would never go to another day of school.

MH: So you became a vet?

LB: A veterinarian, yes. Retired about seven years ago.

MH: Where did you do your college time?

LB: Fort Collins, Colorado. I left here when I was seventeen.

MH: Did you come back to visit?

LB: Yes, once a year. Four years of college at BYU and four years professional school at Fort Collins, Colorado.

MH: Did you stay in Colorado with a practice?

LB: No, no. Once I graduated from veterinary school we started a practice in Flagstaff, Arizona. I practiced there for four years. I had learned to fly when I was a kid here in Fredonia. My brother Arland bought an airplane and I learned to fly it. I bought an airplane when we got out into practice and started a one day a week office in Page, Arizona. Page was just getting up and running then. I flew from Flagstaff to Page once a week, year around. A lot of times when a rancher out on the Strip needed something, why they would take [their] tractor and a big tree stump and rail off the brush in an area and I would fly in and land on that spot and

take care cattle and get back in the airplane and either go back to Page or usually back to Flagstaff.

MH: Bush pilot. That is a wild...

LB: We did a lot of small animal work in Fredonia and Kanab in those days. I was the only one that would come over. We would go into the home and put the animal down under an anesthetic and spay them on the kitchen table and do the surgery, leave the animal asleep and tell them how to take care of it and we would go back.

MH: Tell me what kind of things would force you to go out into the field, when they would set up a trip for you? What were those problems?

LB: Birthing was a big one. Vaccination and birthing. Retained placentas, when the afterbirth pulls the uterus completely out of the cow and you have to put it back in a surgical procedure. After four years of that in Flagstaff it was enough and I got smart and went into small animal medicine in Las Vegas.

MH: What does small animal include?

LB: Everything that is not a farm animal: skunks and snakes and birds and cats and dogs and rabbits, pigs now and a few small goats. [In] Flagstaff we got a lot of skunks; did a lot of de-scenting of skunks.

MH: You mean people wanted them as pets?

LB: Oh, yes. Springtime in Flagstaff was skunk season. We are going to have to end this pretty quick.

MH: You didn't tell me about your writing yet?

LB: My writing? When we retired and came back here, why, we started writing novels set on the Arizona Strip. Most people that read them like them and we enjoy it, keeps are minds active and busy. It is fun.

MH: So, where did you meet your wife?

LB: In Las Vegas. Janetha Lamb.

MH: Of the Lamb fame from around here?

LB: No, she grew up in Texas. Her twin sister is Jacquita. I met her in Las Vegas. She worked for another veterinarian there that was a real super nice friend of mine and he got killed in an airplane accident. When that happened why we, Janetha came and worked for us and we just got together and we have been that way for thirty-four years.

MH: Congratulations. And you came back here. Were you excited to come back here?

LB: You are hitting on a very touchy subject. You have got to be careful.

MH: Well, she has got her cats and a pretty view.

LB: We left Las Vegas and went to Hawaii for eleven years and then I got the crazy idea to come up into Kanab and buy a piece of property and build a veterinary clinic, which we did. Our idea was to have somebody run the veterinary clinic in the winter time and then trade with us and they would go to Hawaii in the summer and we would come up here in the summer because we still had a summer home up on our ranch.

MH: It didn't work, huh?

LB: Nope. We had over a hundred people who wanted the job application, but they could not pass the Hawaii State board. It was a son of a gun down there. We had a big bunch of money setting in a building we had built up here. It sat empty for about eight months and finally we sold out in Hawaii and came up here and Janetha was in shock. She was literally in shock. Hawaiian people are hard to leave. They are just really nice people.

MH: Lyle, I will let you go. Thank you for your time, I appreciate it. This was great.

End of Interview

UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

INTERVIEW AGREEMENT AND DEED OF GIFT

I hereby give to the Utah State Historical Society the tapes and transcriptions of the interview/interviews recorded on Feb 27 2004 and grant the Utah State Historical Society the right to make the tapes and transcriptions available to the public for such educational and research purposes that are in accordance with the policies and procedures of the Society's Utah History Information Center.

NARRATOR Lyle Brooksbey

ADDRESS Kanab, UT

* SIGNATURE Lyle Brooksbey

* DATE 6-18-04

INTERVIEWER Masha Holland

ADDRESS Tropic, UT

SIGNATURE Masha Holland

DATE 6-14-04