

UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

NARRATOR: Iris Bushnell and Doris Liles
INTERVIEWER: Jay Haymond
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SUBJECT: Memories of Paria: aka Pahree, Pahreah
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JH: This is an interview with Iris Bushnell and Doris Liles. The date is April 8, 1998. We're going to talk to them today about their memories of Pahreah or Pahree as it is spoken down here. We're in the library of the Bryce Valley School and my name is Jay Haymond. Who would like to be first to talk about the memories that you have? How about you starting for us, please, Iris?

IB: Okay, what would you like to know?

JH: Well, let's talk first about the family into which you were born. Talk about your parents first.

IB: Well, my dad was James Edward Smith, Jr. His father was James Edward Smith, Sr. And Pahree goes back to about the third generation of my grandparents. My two great, great grandfathers helped to settle Pahree. So, I guess my dad just liked Pahree, so he had a little place here close by Henrieville, and he called it Horse Valley. He owned that, and so he found out that there was a Jack Seaton that lived at Pahree at this time, and he was getting older, and he wanted to kind of get back into civilization, I guess. He knew that wasn't a very good place for him all by himself. So he talked with my dad, and they traded Horse Valley for Pahree. (Chuckles)

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JH: My! Acre for acre?

IB: No. Just they traded. Their word was their bond then, you know.

JH: Any paper that changed hands — like a deed or anything?

IB: I don't think so. I have never seen any. Anyway, he had cattle, my father did. And my oldest brother moved to Pahree, and he'd leave mother in Henrieville with the family, and we'd go to school in Henrieville. In the Spring, usually in April when school let out, he'd get his wagon and team and come up the creek from Pahree and get momma and all of the kids. We'd get in the wagon, and he'd take us back to Pahree. We'd follow the old creek down through the little settlement. We'd stay there all summer, and then in the fall in September when school started again, he'd load us in the wagon and up the creek we'd come again to Henrieville to go to school. That's the way it was. But anyway, in the summer time, we'd go down. There was quite a farming area down there. He could raise a lot of alfalfa, and the best watermelons in the land down in Pahree. There was a lot of water, and he just knew how to raise watermelons.

DL: There was lots of things there. There was grapes, lots of things — fruit.

JH: What did they do with the grapes — table grapes?

IB: I think they were just the regular old Concord grapes, you know.

JH: Juice?

IB: Um hum.

DL: Um hum. Juice, and to eat too.

JH: What do you remember about your mother, Doris?

DL: Well a lot of things. One thing when we'd go in the spring, she would take flour sacks, sugar sacks -- anything that she could make a mattress out of. We'd get the corn stalks. They would be dry then, because they had been put away through the winter. And we'd make mattresses. Every spring we had to make mattresses.

JH: You know that sounds lumpy. Are you talking about the leaves or the stalks?

DL The stalks. The shucks.

JH: Oh, I see. I see. Sure.

DL: And we'd fill our mattresses. We had to do that every year.

JH: Did the material kind of break up by the end of the summer? You didn't have as much padding?

IB: That's right. (Chuckles)

DL: It sure did. Mattresses were kind of flat before it was winter. But, oh yes. A lot of things we had to do. A lot of rattlesnakes. It's the darndest thing. With all these kids that they had. Mother and Dad had seven girls and two boys, and I don't know how we ever got out of Pahree without one of us being bit by a rattlesnake.

JH: There were snakes down there?

DL: Oh yeah.

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IB: Alcolei, snakes and what? Sand?

DL: Yeah. Grass spiders.

JH: How about gnats?

IB: Oh dear, they were so thick.

JH: The times that I've worked in this country, we've done a lot of talking about gnats. It was unkind too.

IB: Um hum.

.DL: Yes.

IB: I know we'd have to herd the cows, and we'd make a little fire — smudge, you know — make the smoke, and we'd kind of stand in the smoke to keep the gnats away.

JH: Sure. Well, you mentioned herding cows. What were your jobs when you were down there?

DL: Everything. We worked hard in the fields and in the gardens — the fruit — everything. We did it all for the families. They had little rock buildings — supply houses for the cattlemen and the sheep men that would come in, and they'd do supplies, and they would come in once in awhile and get supplies. Dad would rent those little buildings to them.

JH: That's nice.

DL: Um hum.

JH: A little income.

DL: Yes. That was about it too. We raised all of our food. Only just the flour and the sugar. Mother even made the soap that we used. And then there was the miners that come in down there. I don't know how many years we were there when they come in.

IB: Well, it was Charlie Spencer. He'd been there off and on I guess before they started the Marble Canyon Bridge down on the Colorado. When we lived there he came back. But they couldn't do much with the gold. They say there's gold there, but it is in clay and they just can't get it separated from the clay. But this Jack Seaton that I spoke of at first — when he lived there, he used to raise a lot of corn, and he would make corn whiskey — it's mostly stalk. So when these old boys would come in from the sheep herd or staying out on the cattle range for weeks and months at a time, he'd give them a treat of corn whiskey. But anyway, I think the federal officers was after him, and I think that was maybe one of the reasons that he traded to them. (Laughter)

JH: Probably. He changed his life.

IB: But anyway, Doris, you tell the story about the whiskey.

DL: Okay. There was a pile of ashes out in the backyard, and I was out digging in the ashes. We used it for scouring pans and cleaning, and I was digging in the ashes, and I found this big jug in there mixed full of corn whiskey.

JH: Ooh. He hid it in the fire.

DL: He hid it under the ashes to make it look like nothing could be there. He'd had a fire there.

JH: Clever fellow.

DL: So, I guess he thought maybe some of the federal people were coming in.

JH: You have to take precautions when you're operating on the edge of the law. Isn't that right.

(Laughter)

DL: And I told Brad about it, and he said, well, I guess Jack must have forgot it, and he left in a hurry.

IB: Well anyway — and it was just as clear as water. I never did taste it, but I just imagine it was awfully strong, but mamma did put it in a jar, and she kept it for medicine. They used to doctor a lot back in those days with a little toddy now and then when someone was sick.

JH: A little tranquilizer.

IB: Yeah.

DL: I wouldn't doubt if Dad took a nip.

JH: Well, you know, a little soothing medication at the end of the day. Well, that's an interesting story about Jack. But it raises an issue about your family. What did you do about church down there?

IB: Well, we just didn't go to church in the summer time.

DL: We didn't go to church, but we always had the prayer and the blessing, and we had to wait til we

got back to Henrieville to go to Sunday School.

JH: Well, I can understand that quite well, I can remember being out with good bush, we used to call it, and how when we had to work over a weekend, you just sort of did the best you could about observing the conventions of faith. But, the place of Pahree — having you talk about the richness of the crop, there has to be something in the farmer's green thumb to make that as productive as I hear you describing it.

DL: Um hum, in the soil.

JH: Help me understand that a bit. Can you describe the water works to get the water onto the land.

IB: About two miles up from the little town is where they took the water out of the creek. The banks weren't as steep up that way, so they would make a pond, and force the water up into the ditch, and it followed the foothills down into the town.

JH: Now the ditch was already there from the earlier settlement?

IB: Um hum.

JH: So they didn't have to build a ditch each time?

IB: Um um. No. I suppose you can see some of it yet.

DL: And they'd kind of slant it as it went along.

JH: So it would flow all the way, I guess.

DL: Um hum. And the pond, it come in off -- we had to irrigate by ditch -- little rows and all in the garden and also the fields.

JH: So you were raising alfalfa, not wild hay?

IB: Alfalfa. Um hum. And corn. He had alfalfa and corn.

DL: Lots of vegetables. You could just raise a lot of things there. Anything.

IB: And there was also a citrus that they would raise, and it would feed the stock and also mother would make preserves out of it.

DL: Citrin.

IB: Citrin. It was a — you probably know what a citrin is.

JH: Well, all I know is it's smaller than an orange.

IB: It looks like a watermelon.

JH: I don't know what that is. Hum.

DL: You couldn't eat it like you could a watermelon.

JH: Yeah. Interesting. Well, you know watermelon is another story. It seems to me like there are special skills required for watermelon, and hot nights is also one of the requirements.

DL: Um hum.

JH: Do you remember what they did especially to make good watermelons grow? What did he do?

IB: Well, it seems to me that they watered them every day.

JH: Is that a fact?

IB: You just had to keep them wet all the time, and there was plenty of water there to do it. And they just watered every day or irrigated...

JH: Hum. Isn't that interesting.

DL: Very good watermelon and also cantaloupe.

IB: I always remember the grapes -- the grape vines were so pretty growing along —

JH: Did you ever help with the pruning?

IB: No, I didn't.

JH: It was already done by the time you folks got down there, I guess.

IB: I don't remember doing any of that. I was about nine or ten years old at that time.

JH: Lets talk about family life down there. I hear in your voice when you describe the garden and driving the cows that you enjoyed yourselves down there. Would that be true?

DL: I did, but I was glad when school started.

JH: (Chuckles)

DL: It seemed good to load up the wagon and come up the creek. It would take us all day long to go those 30 miles in the wagon, and I was always glad to get to Henrieville, see friends and go to school. But we had a good life down there. Didn't you think? It was rough, and we had to work hard.

IB: Lonely.

DL: And lonely, but we all stuck together.

IB: We were busy.

DL: We were a family.

JH: Um hum. Sometimes kids out like that don't always work. Sometimes they play. Did you folks play?

IB: No way.

DL: We had to work.

IB: Yeah.

DL: We had our moments. In the evenings when everything was done. Beside the log cabin house, there was a house over here that was called Summer House. And that's where us girls slept. We had wall to wall cots. That's what the mattresses was made for.

JH: Now you're talking about six girls?

DL: No.

IB: The two older ones were married then.

JH: So five?

IB: Um hum.

DL: Five girls.

JH: Did the days work — was that so exhausting as to cause everyone to drop off to sleep immediately?

IB: (Chuckles) Almost, but we had to get up early in the morning before the sun came up to get our work done, because after 10:00 o'clock, you just couldn't stay outside too long, you know, and work. It was too hot. Too many gnats.

DL: And that was probably our play time.

IB: And then when it would cool off in the afternoon -- the evening, we'd go back out and finish up what we were supposed to be doing.

JH: Did you have to weed -- let's say -- the watermelon?

IB: We sure did.

JH: Get the weeds out of there?

DL: The corn, the beans, everything. We had fields of corn. We hoed it and kept the firs open so the water could go down. Dad built a root cellar, and we'd keep our food down in there. We would gather Brigham tea. That was my favorite drink. We'd keep milk and all cool in the water down in the cellar.

IB: This was a rock cellar that he built. It had the most beautiful building rock down there. That was what all of the buildings over at the mine are made from is this yellow — or red sandstone, you know, and it's pretty rock. And he built the cellar with that. And it was just a lovely, cool place to go in the afternoons.

JH: Who did the milking?

IB: Well, I don't remember milking myself. I think it was just Dad mostly and Layton. But we did the churning of the cream. We had to churn the cream to make our butter.

DL: But when we were in Henrieville, we had to milk. I did anyway.

JH: You don't remember milking?

IB: I don't.

DL: Well most of mine was during the war years when there was no boys around. Dad had everything. Us girls had to lots of chores.

IB: Made boys of us.

JH: Yeah (chuckles). Survivors.

DL: One time I spoke of the supply cellars in the houses. This one — Sam Pollock -- he lived in Tropic. He left his door open one time to come in for supplies, so I sneaked over there and checked out everything in his cellar. I took a can of milk, and I drank all of it. And I thought, oh geez, that was so good. — that can of milk, because it was something out of the store. We raised all of our food, and to get something out of the store, that was really special.

JH: It was a treat.

DL: Um hum.

JH: Did he ever find out?

IB: Did you ever tell him?

DL: I didn't tell Mother, Dad or anybody. (laughter)

JH: I knew Sam.

DL: You did?

JH: Um hum. We lived down here in 1958 for a little while, and Sam was sort of one of the main

figures. Didn't know him very well, but enough to appreciate what you're saying about Sam.

Quite a colorful person.

DL: Um hum. Yeah. He had a good looking son — a couple of them, didn't he.

IB: (Chuckles)

JH: You know that's something that you bring up there that I may dare to ask a question about. When Fall came, did you folks have plans to kind of call yourself to the attention of some particular person back in Henrieville that you could kind of get acquainted with? Did you ever talk plans like that? You don't remember ever talking like that? That's a little too young — nine or ten?

IB: No, I don't think so.

DL: Um um.

JH: Okay, I won't push it any farther.

DL & IB: (Laughter)

JH: Well, the idea of having produce on hand — you didn't consume all that you raised out there, did you? Who purchased it, or who did you trade the garden produce to for the milk. You made butter and cream.

IB: That would be just for our own use, you know.

JH: Sure.

IB: You'd have to do that. We made butter about every other day. You know we didn't make too much at a time because there was no way to keep it.

JH: Did you trade it off to —

IB: Um hum. If anyone happened by. If the stockmen came in —

DL: And the miners.

IB: They'd always get some of it. Then there used to be a lot of people who would like to get out from these towns here. They would come down in their buggies and their wagons, and they'd always bring a load of watermelon back with them or whatever. They'd bring it back with them — back up to the town. And there were people who came over from Kanab too, and they'd take the watermelons out.

JH: They appreciated a good watermelon as well.

IB: Um hum.

DL: And Mother did a lot of canning. We did bottling. One time all of us worked down in the lower fields, and we had this trail and it went under these tamarack bushes, and we went down the lower fields to work, and coming back to the house, we'd go one at a time up this trail. My older brother was right in back of us, and he looked up at this branch, and there was a rattlesnake laying right across this branch.

JH: Wow.

DL: Every one of us kids had walked under that rattlesnake. Just things like that happened to us.

JH: Um hum.

DL: (Laughter) Yeah.

JH: Well talk about a typical encounter with a rattlesnake — do you remember anything?

IB: Oh dear.

DL: Duward playing cars — He'd crawl around on his knees, and he'd make his cars --

JH: This was your younger brother?

DL: Um hum. Our younger brother. And he almost run right into one while he was down on the ground crawling around playing cars. This was right out in the front yard.

JH: Oh wow. It was a contest over whose property was whose.

DL: Um hum.

JH: Well, may I assume that the rattlesnake was killed?

IB: Oh absolutely.

DL: You bet.

IB: We wasn't supposed to let a rattlesnake get away from us.

JH: How would you go about killing a snake?

IB: With anything we had.

DL: Throw rocks. We had to make sure that the head was off with the shovel.

IB: (Chuckles) And this little dog — we called him Rags. He was a shaggy little old thing. He was a good dog, but when we left the yard, he was to go ahead of us. He was to go down the trail first. And if there was a snake around, he'd get it.

JH: Fast.

IB: So maybe Rags is what saved her from getting her snakebites.

DL: Dad would cut the hay with the mowing machine. Then he had the big long rake, and he'd go along and rake it up. Then we'd have to put it in piles. Then bring the wagon through the fields, and throw it up on the wagon. And us kids would have to get up on the top and tromp the hay down. And one time, as I was doing that, I'd got too close to the edge, and the team jerked the wagon, and I went right off on my head.

JH: Oh dear!. Were you hurt?

DL: Yes. I was knocked out for awhile.

JH: Oh dear!

DL: But my oldest brother, he picks me up and takes me over under a shade tree, and they sent me back to the house.

JH: Did you feel like it was a concussion, or were you just shaken up a bit?

DL: No, just shaken up a bit.

IB: That's what's wrong with her today. (Laughter)

DL: But just — we had a few accidents, but nothing very serious.

JH: Um hum.

DL: There was one man that got bit by a rattlesnake that was living up the creek about a mile from us.

IB: Oooh. Did you tell him how Momma doctored it?

DL: No, you tell it. I believe you remember better.

IB: They put him on the horse and hurried back down the creek to Momma's and Dad's and Dad went out in the chicken coup and cut the head of a chicken off and brought it back in, and she just slit it from the neck just enough that he could poke his hand right down in to the cavity of the chicken to take the entrails out and everything. And he kept his hand in that for I don't know how long. But anyway, they saved him. He was mighty sick, I guess.

DL: Oh yeah.

IB: But they said when they took his hand out of the inside of that chicken that the chicken was just black.

JH: The hope was that it would draw out the poison?

IB: Yeah, it did. That was one way of them, you know — one way of them doctoring for bites. So, that was quite something.

JH: That's an interesting home remedy.

DL: There's this little log cabin that was about a mile up from where we were, and he reached upon the shelf to get the coffee pot, and that was where the snake was.

JH: Boy oh boy! Well, that must not have been the only disease or affliction that occurred in the years that you were down there. What other kinds of medical problems occurred? Do you recall any, Iris?

IB: Well—

DL: Mother does.

IB: I think they just had a lot of good old home remedies that they used. If they had a cold, they used a lot of Vicks, and this whiskey toddy that I was telling you about. But Mother got to the point where she was having gall bladder problems, and I think that maybe that was one of the reasons that Dad sold out, and we had to come back to civilization.

DL: Yeah.

JH: Do you remember any more details about that, Doris? Do you have any memories of your mother's sickness?

DL: I remember her being sick in the front room. We had the bed put in this one bedroom, and one thing that she wouldn't eat was watermelon. She figured that that was one of the things that probably caused some of her problems.

JH: Was it a matter of pain on her part?

IB: Um hum.

DL: Yeah. That's what I remember is her laying in that bed.

End of side one; Tape one

Begin side two; Tape one

JH: Okay, we were talking about your mother's — shall we call it an attack of gall bladder problems?

IB: Um hum.

JH: And you were talking, Doris, about her symptoms.

DL: I just remember her laying in the bed sick, and the look on her face — how pale she was. And we would bring her water, whatever she needed. But she had enough girls to do all the work, and she was able to lay there and not worry about the work. It was all taken care of.

JH: Did she have any home remedy for what she was feeling, or it was just endure the pain?

IB: It seems like it was just endure the pain. I don't remember what she did for that.

DL: I don't either.

IB: I do know that in the Fall they would go out and pick the peppermint. They'd dry the peppermint, you know, and she'd store that away for winter for medicines. And then there was the hops, the hops vines. And she'd dry the hops.

JH: Did anybody turn that into beer?

IB: Not that I know of, but we sure used a lot of it for — she said blood purifier, you know. In the spring, you had hop tea to purify your blood, she said.

JH: Did you steep it and then you'd drink the tea?

IB: Um hum. Um hum.

JH: I see. Interesting.

DL: And also peach leaf tea.

IB: Um hum. That was one.

JH: But you said Brigham tea. That's always very good medicine.

DL: Boy that Brigham tea is something else. It is still good. I gather it whenever I see any. I still like to drink it.

IB: Maybe that's what kept us from having a lot of colds. They say there's a lot of vitamin C in that.

DL: Um hum. I think so.

JH: Did your father ever get sick?

DL: I can't remember Dad being sick.

IB: No, I don't either.

DL: Not until he got older. I don't remember him being sick. He didn't take time.

JH: You're probably right.

DL: Yeah, he was a busy man.

JH: Well, let's see though -- there are other creatures out there that might get sick. How about the livestock? Did anybody doctor the livestock?

IB: He sure did.

JH: What did he use?

IB: Sage brush. He'd boil the sagebrush and use that for a poultice, you know. And, I remember him

-- when the feed on the range was low, you know. They were so many sheep herds and cattle herds in that area, and they just kept the feed on the range -- just eat right down. But I remember in the spring, when most of the hay would be gone, that he would go out and get these barrel cactus. You know the round ones. And they grew way up here like this down at Pahree, and they were big cactuses. And he'd get those cactuses and burn the --

JH: Stickers --

IB: Off from them. He'd chop them open, and the stock would eat those cactuses -- the horses and the cows.

JH: I bet they were good.

IB: Um hum.

DL: There was a medicine that smelled so bad that if they got a sore, they'd doctor it with it.

IB: I don't remember.

DL: I can remember something that smelled very bad.

JH: Was it oily?

DL: I can't remember what it looked like or anything. And Dad had his own little blacksmith. He kept the shoes on the horses all the time. He done all of that. And he'd mend the harnesses on the work team. He kept his machinery going.

JH: Did he have a stone boat?

DL: I don't know what a stone boat is.

JH: It's a device that might be just a flat piece of metal, but I've seen it made out of a log with a fork in it. And you can haul reasonably sized rocks with it. How did he haul rocks? With a wagon?

IB: Um hum.

JH: What if they were too big to lift? He didn't use them?

IB: He didn't use them, I guess.

DL: Probably, yeah.

JH: What about other equipment? You said they had a mower and a rake.

DL: Um hum.

JH: How did they stack the hay?

DL: With a pitchfork.

JH: I see.

DL: Put it in piles, and then they'd come along and put it on a wagon.

JH: And then when they got it to a stack yard, what would they do? Just unload it?

DL: Um hum. With the pitchfork.

JH: And would they have any kind of a device, like a hay derrick?

IB: No. No.

DL: No, all by hand.

JH: They didn't ever get to be that big?

IB: No. Um um.

DL: Just a pitchfork. They'd put it in piles -- pile it as high as they could for the winter.

JH: What other preparations for winter can you remember? There must have been food. You said your mother bottled.

DL: Uhhuh. Our older brother spent the winter down there.

JH: I see.

DL: He'd take care of the stock and everything through the winter. Yes, he'd have plenty of food that she'd bottled. They had chickens.

IB: They raised all their meat. They had chickens, pork.

DL: We didn't have very much red meat. Only we'd have chicken. Sunday chicken. Most of our food

was just vegetables and fruit and plenty of that.

JH: Sounds like a nice healthy diet.

DL: Uhhuh.

JH: What was there in the way of treats -- special treats -- any kind of molasses?

DL: Mulberry trees.

JH: Yeah, right. Describe that would you please, Doris?

DL: Oh, there were two big mulberry trees right in the front yard. The ditch ran down it right in front of the house, and there were these two big mulberry trees. They were all over. A lot of tamarack bushes.

IB: Cottonwoods.

DL: Cottonwoods.

IB: A lot of their old buildings were built with Cottonwood logs.

JH: Boy that sounds hard. They weren't exactly straight, were they.

DL: I don't recall pine trees around there.

IB: No pine trees, only just your little -- what do you call -- it's not juniper. No. That's cedar, isn't it.

DL: A few cedar trees.

JH: There might be some pinion.

IB: That's what it was.

JH: What have we forgotten that we ought to include?

IB: Ohhhh.

JH: You've got a list, Doris. Help us.

DL: I just wrote two or three things down.

JH: Good for you.

DL: But I think we've talked about all of them. Oh, and the quicksilver. When the miners were there -- remember the quicksilver running down the troughs.

IB: Yeah. I'll say.

JH: Did they -- wow!

IB: They couldn't separate the gold from the clay, so they thought they'd get the mercury in there and get that, but it didn't work.

JH: Well, that's poisonous.

IB: Oh yes.

JH: How did they survive using that?

IB: I think it got away from them anyway, but I don't remember what they did.

DL: I can remember trying to pick it up. You could never pick it up. I would be afraid to touch it now.
But we didn't care then. We didn't know any different.

JH: Yeah, that's pretty awful stuff. Well, let's not neglect your list.

DL: I've talked about everything that I put down.

JH: Okay.

IB: And then some., huh?

DL: Yeah, and then some.

JH: (Laughter) Yeah. Very good.

DL: I remember about the miners a lot.

JH: Do you remember any names of any miners?

DL: Yes. Ellis. I remember an Ellis. And what was the lady's name from Texas?

IB: Vivian Server.

JH: Was she a prospector or somebody's woman?

IB: Yes. Her husband was -- well, they worked in the Assay Office.

JH: Oh yeah. So there was actually an Assay Office here in town?

IB: Oh yeah. Um hum. And then of course, Charlie Spencer, you know. He was over it all.

JH: You remember him?

IB: Yes.

JH: I'd like your impressions, both of you, of Spencer. He was an unusual character, wasn't he?

IB: Um hum. He was quite determined. He just wanted that gold so bad, and he tried it so much, but I guess he got too old and tired, and so he had to give it up. His daughter came in with him. Just before we left, she was there with him, you know, but they didn't stay long.

JH: What do you remember, Doris?

DL: I remember this couple that come in from California. And she lived right close to the cabin we lived in -- a little summer house. She was a classy little gal, and she wore high heels out there in the old dirt roads.

JH: Interesting.

DL: And she had to wear a hat all the time so she wouldn't get sunburned. And every day at noon, they'd walk up to the mine for dinner, and when they'd have beans, she'd eat one bean at a time with her fork, and the guys made fun of her. They'd just laugh.

JH: (Laughter) I'll bet.

DL: But she was just a classy little gal. You remember her, don't you?

IB: Uhhuh.

DL: Yeah.

JH: Well, there are city folks and country folks.

DL:: She was definitely city -- from California.

JH: Uhhuh. Did you say she was Charlie's daughter?

IB: No, she wasn't --

JH: She was the wife of one of the miners?

DL: Her husband -- one of the miners.

JH: Thank you. Well, you have to admire a person that will follow her husband to the ends of the earth so to speak.

IB: Yeah.

DL: Yes. She sacrificed quite a bit to walk up that -- and it was quite a ways -- that block or more where they'd walk to have their meals.

JH: She'd take his meals to him.

IB: They had a bunk house. They built a bunk house and a kitchen. I guess it was -- well, it was a bunk house too. But then they built this one building. It was a big room, and they had that for their kitchen and their dining room and the cooks and everything.

DL: I remember the lady cook that was there.

IB: Dirt floors.

DL: Big long tables and the benches built onto the table, that type.

JH: Do you remember the -- I guess we're talking about smelting works, aren't we? Do you remember how they processed the gold?

IB: No. I guess they tried so many different ways to get that out but it didn't seem like there was much of anything that would work. I know they used to use -- they took the water from the ditch. Dad let them use the water, you know, and they'd run that down. And I remember using that water on that clay to try to get it out that way. I don't know just how that worked.

JH: They must not have used too much water then, because it didn't interfere with the farming.

IB: Oh no. Uh uh. It was just the water, you know. And they'd use it and shut it off, and use it when they wanted to again. No, I don't think there was much of it used.

JH: You know you mentioned them getting water out of the ditch, and it was just a ditch, but maintaining a ditch is quite something.

DL: Quite a bit of work.

JH: Do you remember your father or your brothers going out to do that every spring time or talking about it all the time?

DL: They always would keep the ditch cleared out. When there was a flood come in, sometimes they'd wash all of that out -- it would take a long time to get it back in order again.

IB: They'd take the team and the old wooden scraper and go and scrape the ditch out, and make another dam to hold the water, so that it would run down into the ditch.

JH: Would they build rocks out into the creek?

IB: Lots of times, um hum.

JH: And force the water over into the retaining pond.

IB: Um hum.

JH: Well, gosh, that sounds like a nice place.

DL: It was at that time, and then to see it now, and there's nothing there.

JH: Yeah. What about visitors? Was there such a thing as visitors during the week? I think you mentioned some, Iris, on weekends — people coming down from Bryce Valley and Kanab.

IB: Yeah. Not so much Kanab, but there would be a lot of people come down in their buggies or their wagons.

JH: Could they go down and back in a day in a buggy?

IB: Uhhuh.

JH: Boy, that would be a long trip, wouldn't it?

IB: It is. We'd leave here early in the morning, and we'd go to Crack Springs, and I think that's about half way down the creek. This Crack Springs, it's just pretty water, clear water that comes out of a crack in the ledge, and that's where we'd noon. We'd call it noon. And we'd stay there and have our dinner, and then we'd go on down. It'd be about 5:00 or 6:00 o'clock in the afternoon when we'd get down to the ranch.

JH: But when you're talking about — that was in a wagon.

IB: Yeah. In a wagon.

JH: But when they'd come down in a buggy, they'd get there about 2:00 and then back by midnight, I guess.

IB: Yeah, they could go faster in a buggy. It wasn't as hard to pull.

DL: A lot of times, there'd be people come in horseback.

IB: Um hum.

JH: Were they headed across the river, or where were they going do you think?

IB: Oh, I think just to get away, get out and see something a little different maybe.

DL: Wandering around in the mountains, in the hills.

IB: Some of them -- toward the end when we lived there -- they used to hike down — some of the fellows around here. In Cannonville, there was one time this older man and his son and two or three other of the older boys, they hiked down the creek, stayed over night, and then they hiked back up just to, you know — I guess the older man wanted to show the boys that he could hike as well as they could.

DL: There was also two fellows that worked on the mine there, and in the evening, they would play their instruments. Remember the Browns?

IB: Uhhuh.

DL: They played the mandolin, and what was the other one?

IB: A guitar.

DL: A guitar. And we spent some evenings listening to them. That was a little bit of entertainment that we had there.

JH: Did you have any musical instruments in your family?

IB: What was the name of that that Layton had?

DL: He had an old guitar.

IB: No, it was another one.

JH: Concertina?

IB: Something like that.

DL: The Zither.

IB: The Zither.

JH: Oh yeah.

DL: And he had an old, old guitar there. I still have it. It's pretty well beat up. He played on it, and we all tried to sing. That was it.

JH: Ruby sang some of the songs that your father sang.

DL: Um hum.

JH: I mean they were delightful.

IB: (laughter) Dad liked to sing.

DL: And he liked to dance.

JH: Was it more than square dancing?

DL: Um hum.

IB: Ballroom. Ballroom dancing. He was a great waltzer.

DL: Oh yeah. When we would go to the dances, all of us would go. Even when we were small, we would go, and he would dance with Mother first, and then he'd go oldest by oldest, and he'd dance with all of us seven girls.

JH: So you learned how to dance from an expert?

IB: (Chuckles)

DL: Oh yes, my dad.

JH: That sounds like fun. Did he go around the hall and dance with the rest of the ladies?

DL: Ooh yes. The dances were right in the hall — the old hall that's down at Henrieville.

JH: I know it myself.

DL: And here in Tropic — wherever they had a dance.

JH: Yeah. There's one subject that we've mentioned, but we haven't followed up on, and that is floods. What do you remember about floods in Paria?

IB: Oooh, they were terrifying. It's just amazing. Of course, there's a lot of drainage in that old Pahree creek starting from right here. This is the head of it. But on down that creek and all of the canyons that empties into that, and you can just imagine what it would be like when it got down there. And I don't know that flood was just determined to take the town, and it did too. It just whipped right up in there like that and it just came and came and came. And over here, such a lot of space for it to go, but it wouldn't go that way. It just had to go right to where the town was at and cave off everything.

DL: Dad tried to make — what would you call it over this side of the creek.

IB: Flood control.

DL: Um hum.

JH: Rip rap?

IB: Uhhuh.

DL: He'd take his team, and they'd plow and break rocks trying to make the flood go that way, but it never would. It would drain right back toward the house.

JH: And take the rocks down?

IB: Oh, it took everything with it.

JH: Um hum.

IB: Yeah.

JH: Maybe we're to that point that we ought to repeat the reason for abandoning the farm. You said a minute ago why you think they abandoned the farm. Repeat that for me, would you please?

IB: About my mother?

JH: Yeah.

IB: Well, I think it was her health — one of the reasons that he came up, probably the biggest reason, but it was hard work, and he was just tired and getting older, and he couldn't stay up with it. But it was just harsh living down there.

DL: We traded it for some land down here at Cannonville — the Red Rock Ranch, but we didn't ever live there. We'd go down and just work through the day and —

JH: Come home.

DL: And by that time we were teenagers, and some of the older girls were getting married and leaving. And Oris Nelmo had that ranch afterwards, didn't you?

IB: Um hum.

JH: The Red Rock Ranch?

IB: Um hum.

DL: They took it over.

JH: And the growing for — what was it, hay?

IB: Yes, mostly hay.

JH: And did you sell that to a stockman?

IB: Not really. We used it for our own use.

DL: That's probably what all of them did — just raised things for their own use. There wasn't very many sales around there. Not like it is now.

JH: Well, the economy's changed.

IB: Um hum.. I'll say it has.

JH: If we were to have you give an overall plus or minus to your experience down in the Pahree country, what would it be?

IB: Ooh, I don't know. It was just —

DL: It's hard to say, isn't it?

IB: Um hum. I guess everyone just kind of lived — that was their way of life then, but thinking back on it, it was sure a rough, rugged one.

DL: Yeah. I missed a lot, I think of not having anything from the store. That's why I stole the can of milk.

JH: (Laughter)

IB: (Laughter) And not having any association with other kids, you know.

DL: Yeah, it was a lonely place.

JH: Did you have a hideout where you could go if you felt bad sometimes and you wanted to go be by yourself?

DL: Go down under the bank. (Chuckles) But we did — we walked out and hiked a lot. Across the creek was the old cemetery. We'd walk over there a lot of times. And we'd have to walk out a lot to take the stock to feed, drive the cows and sheep.

IB: There was a lot of beautiful wildflowers down there. Oooh, the most gorgeous cactus flowers you ever looked at. There was a lot of cactus, but I remember of the Seago Lilies — how beautiful they were. And some of them were yellow, and then the others were just real pale blue. Have you ever seen a blue Seago Lily?

JH: I don't recall that I have.

IB: Oooh, they're beautiful, and there was a lot of them down there.

JH: The cactus flower along toward August — late August, what did you have in the way of Spring flowers? You've mentioned the Segó Lilies.

DL: There was wild flowers. Little orange flowers.

JH: Paintbrush?

DB: Paintbrush. The tamarack were beautiful down there.

DL: Oh yeah, the little cactus flowers are prettier than orchids.

JH: Beautiful.

IB Um hum.

JH: Nobody said plus or minus yet.

IB (chuckles) Oh. Well —

JH: Is that a big balance sheet?

IB: I guess. It just wasn't very good.

JH: Yeah. So you would have given it an overall minus.

IB: Um hum.

JH: How about you, Doris?

DL: I think so too. I guess, because I was always happy to leave there and come back to Henrieville.

IB: Well, it just wasn't a very good place for a family, you know and little kids.

JH: All work and no play.

IB: Um hum.

DL: That's right. It was rough.

JH: As you observed the miners, did you see that same — maybe we could call it social deprivation. They had to stay right there and work that dirt, and not much in the way of pay.

IB: Um hum. That's right. Yeah, that's right.

JH: So it wasn't such a red hot deal for them either.

IB: No, no.

JH: Let me tell you something that Ruby told us. She told us that about all the money that your father made was from the rent on those storehouses.

IB: That's it.

JH: Most everything else was subsistence for the family.

DL: That's right.

JH: You agree with that, I suppose?

IB: Um hum.

DL: They were — I can't remember the count of these little supply houses, do you?

IB: Oh, there was about 12 of them, I guess.

DL: And then the one great big cellar that Sam rented.

JH: Did he have range land over on the mountain?

DL: However they — permits, I guess.

IB: Well, I don't think they had permits then. The range was there, and they turned their stuff.

JH: Would this be the in '60's? Are we talking about before the 60's? Before the war even?

DL: Oh yeah.

IB: This was in your early '30s that we were down there.

JH: See, the BLM came into being in 1934. So it would be awhile after that the permit system came in.

IB: Yeah. Um hum. Yeah, I don't know. I just know on the range out here, there was sheep, cattle, donkeys everywhere. There was about four big sheep herds just from Tropic and Cannonville. There wasn't anyone in Henrieville that had sheep. And there were — I'm talking maybe a thousand head of sheep in each herd or even more than that maybe.

DL: Yes.

JH: Oh, that's a lot.

IB: Yeah, it is. And it was the same way with cattle. There wouldn't be that many cattle. Well, you can just imagine how the range went in a little while with that much stock on them. I guess it's a good thing that BLM or whatever it is came in to take control.

JH: It was the grazing service.

IB: Grazing. Yes. That's right. That's right. But anyway — plus all the donkeys, and there was a lot of donkeys. They had to go in and take care of those like they're doing this wild horse business out in Nevada wherever that's at. And then everyone in the little towns had their own stock — their milk cows and their horses, and they'd turn those out around town. The farmers had to keep their fields all —

END OF TAPE

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