

INTERVIEW WITH: Deloy Dutton  
INTERVIEWER: Marsha Holland  
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MH: Ok, today is March 9, 2012 and I'm in Enoch, Utah, and I'm meeting with Deloy Dutton. Thank you so much for meeting with me.

DD: No problem.

MH: Deloy, if we can just start off by introducing yourself and give me your date of birth and where you were born please.

DD: Ok, my full name is John Deloy Dutton and I was born in Cannonville in September the 17<sup>th</sup>, 1932. And my parents was Oscar Dutton and Delphia Shakespear.

DD: Yes. And I grew up, all my childhood days was in the little town of Cannonville 'till I was about six years old and then we moved to what they call Georgetown, the old town of Georgetown below Cannonville three and a half miles. And my parents bought that ranch and I grew up on that ranch until I was, oh, eighteen or nineteen years old. Well, I was graduated from high school and then I moved on. My elementary school was all in Cannonville. And then I went to Tropic for high school. I graduated from the high school in Tropic. And then I went to Dixie College in St. George.

MH: Ok. Let me ask you a couple things about growing up in Cannonville.

DD: Ok.

MH: And I know it's kind of a hard thing to remember when you were a kid. You went to school in Cannonville, do you remember who some of the teachers were at the time?

DD: Yes, I do. Rachel Thompson was my first and second grade teacher and maybe even the third. And then a guy by the name of Kent Winch came there and taught for it seemed like he was only there one year and then Ethel Clark from Cannonville. They're both, Ethel and Rachel, from Cannonville. And they taught me. Ethel taught me up till I went to high school.

MH: Was that eighth grade at the time?

DD: No. It was seventh grade. I went to Tropic High School then. It wasn't Bryce Valley's high school then. I graduated from Tropic High in 1952.

MH: So, in those days the school was where the Cannonville Park is now?

DD: Yes.

MH: And there was a big bell there and that marked where the old school was?

DD: Yes, it was just a three-room school; they had the one room for the first, second grade and third and then the middle room was for the fourth and fifth and then the sixth and seventh went in the other. They called it the big room. And that was... for the big kids. That was basically the way the school was laid out. And my grandfather helped build that school.

MH: What was his name?

DD: George James Dutton. He was a carpenter. And he helped build the school and the church in Cannonville. Then they remodeled the church, added onto it in later years, you know. It had a big bell on it too. They used to ring the bell for church and ring the bell for school.

MH: Your family has been there for quite a while, it sounds like, for several generations. Do you remember when the Duttons came to Cannonville?

DD: Well, I don't. My grandfather, George James Dutton, was born in Cedar City and then his family moved to Hatch Town. And then some of them stayed in Hatch Town and my grandfather, he went on over and farmed and was a carpenter living in Cannonville. But what year it was I don't know. But my dad was, born in Cannonville and he was born in 1903.

MH: Do you remember him ever telling you anything about Cannonville or stories or...

DD: Yes. He always had stories about things that went on in Cannonville, you know, in the early days. Telling stories was the best entertainment we had.

MH: Anything you can remember or want to share?

DD: Well, one that sticks out in my mind is they said that the Indians, well, even in my day I saw 'em when I was a kid, the Indians would come into Cannonville and trade blankets for horses. And anyway, there was some of them camped over by what we call Promise Rock. And my dad told the story that it was just about dark and this Indian lady looked up and she saw a bear standing on the ledge above and she came running into Cannonville. I guess it took her quite a little while to get there, but anyway, she couldn't speak too much English but she kept sayin' "The moon about down and a bear." They could make out that much. So Owen Clark, who lived there in Cannonville, and was one of the hunters or something, he took his rifle and went down and killed the bear. But that was a story he always told about. But...

MH: That's kind of interesting, a bear in Cannonville. There's a couple stories of bear in Cannonville. That's the second one I've heard.

DD: [laughter] Yes, this was probably when my dad was quite small from the way he talked. But anyway, he said that back when he was a kid they would always have several milk cows. The men would stay home and do the farming and the women and the kids would take the cows...

up on the mountain to what we called the East Fork up by the Tropic Reservoir and they would spend the summers up there milkin' these cows where they had good pasture for them. They'd build a little corral and they'd milk the cows and make butter and cheese and put it away for winter. And then they'd move back down to Cannonville in the fall.

MH: Right, so up by the East Fork, people from Cannonville they would do that?

DD: Yes, up on the East Fork.

MH: Did they have some kind of cabin or tent?

DD: Well, they had some little cabins up there but a lot of them just lived in tents. They just had tents that they'd stay in. But it was mostly the women and their daughters. The girls would do this and the men and boys would do the farmin' and getting stuff ready for winter. Puttin' up the crops and stuff.

MH: No one had to go away for work, really.

DD: No, there was no work, you know. They just had to make what you could and live. I tell my grandkids and my kids this, they say Grandpa is that so? But I remember when my dad bought Georgetown, why, we lived there. He borrowed the money through the Farm Home Administration to buy it and our payment was \$300 a year. And we used to have to rake and scrape all year long, sell what calves we could or pigs or whatever we could raise to raise enough money to pay that \$300 a year payment. They say, "Three hundred dollars a year?" Yes, well, you know that's really changed now.

I used to ride my horse to Cannonville in the morning to catch the bus to go on to Tropic to school. I rode my horse back and forth from there [Georgetown]. I had a place there in town, in Cannonville, where I could put my horse in a corral and feed it, usually at Uncle Jack's. [Jack Seaton] The bus stop was right by his house, by the red hill.

MH: That's what I was going to ask you, where would you tie it up for the day?

DD: I had a corral there at a good friends place and I would feed it and it had food and water and then when I'd get off the bus, I'd go saddle up my horse and go home.

MH: Head on home...

DD: Yes.

MH: Were you doing that sort of travel to get to high school with anyone else at that time...?

DD: No, it was just me at that time and it was... some of them mornings in the winter time was pretty cold coming up from George Town on a horse.

MH: No kidding. So that's about a couple miles out of town?

DD: Three and a half miles from Georgetown to Cannonville.

MH: [laughter] Ok.

DD: I'd know exactly what it is. It would take me about a half hour. Something like that, yes.

MH: And would they wait for you at the bus?

DD: Well, no, they didn't wait. If I wasn't there on time, it went on. But I knew enough to be there early enough to get my horse took care of and get to the bus stop.

MH: Right, so that's giving yourself about an hour, huh?

DD: Yes.

MH: Wow. Impressive. So tell me about your family. Did you have any brothers and sister?

DD: Yes, I had one brother and one sister.

MH: What were their names?

DD: Carvel was my brother, Carvel Dutton. C.a.r.v.e.l. Dutton. And my sister was Idella Dutton. And then I had some more siblings that died at birth.

MH: I think some of those people are out at Georgetown Cemetery, right?

DD: Yes. But not my family yet. I've got a lot of relations that's buried in there but my sister's buried in California and my brother is buried in Idaho. They moved away.... That's where they lived when they died. But, yes, it was tough times and fun times and I wouldn't trade it for anything. Like I say, I'm pert' near eighty years old and I've had a good journey. (Eighty-three years old during this edit)

MH: That's great. Ok, so Georgetown, your dad bought Georgetown. How big was that property? Can you give me some parameters? I sort of know the area like where Yellow Creek is and the cemetery.

DD: Yes, it was at the time we bought it, 360 acres. We only farmed about 40 of it or 50, something like that cause there wasn't really that much water. But we bought the perimeter there, you know, the deeds for it was 360 acres.

MH: Right. Now where the road is now, was that where the road was before, where the paved road ends?

DD: Oh, they haven't got it paved over to Georgetown have they?

MH: No, they don't. I'm just wondering if it extended out to the pavement.

DD: The old road is still right where it was and that road was just dirt like the one that goes over past the cemetery and to Georgetown. It was all dirt.

MH: So what kind of buildings were in Georgetown when your dad purchased it?

DD: There was three or four buildings, a log house that we lived in on the center property right below the corral and stuff there where the road goes down between the two properties. And there was a house, I guess it was just burnt down in the last year or so.

MH: Unfortunately, that's true.

DD: But that was our house that we lived in and then there was another old house up on the right side of the road that was, it wasn't livable but someone used to live in it. And then on down in them trees just over from the house, why there was remnants of old building and an old, there must have been a school house there because I found parts of an old school bell there you know. And I asked some of the old timers there and they said, yes, there used to be a little schoolhouse there. 'Cause Georgetown I guess was a settlement before Cannonville.

MH: That's interesting, I haven't heard about the school bell yet.

DD: Well, it's over in them trees right over from where the old house that they burned up sat. Why it was in them trees right there and there was some rock foundations.

MH: I'll go check it out more carefully. It's kind of grown over now.

DD: Oh, yes.

MH: You can still see those foundations and stuff.

DD: Yes, well that's where it was, was right over in them trees and that's where there was an old schoolhouse there I guess. My dad said he could remember being in a school there. But I don't know whether they were using it then, because he went to school in Cannonville. Of course, he only went to the third grade then. Back then that was a pretty good education.

MH: Right, usually you couldn't spare the child that long.

DD: That's right.

MH: They went right out. Yes, so in Georgetown... he has some memories of Georgetown so they were moving up from Paria at that time.

DD: Yes. Yes, there was Georgetown and then on up the road a little ways there was another little place they called Wooden Shoe. And there was a few little houses there. And then on into Cannonville. And there was another as you go on down, going to Kodachrome where the road that turns just below Georgetown property to the right goes out to Skutumpah.

MH: Skutumpah, yes.

DD: Yes, Skutumpah area. Well, right there just after you cross Yellow Creek, there used to be when I was a kid, you could see the remnants of an old dugout back in the bank and rocked up and everything and they say that's where the Moore's were, they call that Moore Cove up through there and they said that's where Lige Moore held up, you've probably heard of him.

MH: Yes.

DD: They said that's where him and his brother lived in that dugout when they first come into this country. They brought a herd of horses out of Arizona or New Mexico and anyway, they...

MH: So it was he and his brother?

DD: Yes. I don't know his brother's name for sure but they called him Bunk, Bunk Moore and Lige Moore. And they used to, when I was a kid, they used to race horses up the street in Cannonville. That was a big deal on every holiday. They'd get together, all the ol' cowboys and farmers and they'd race their horses. They'd match 'em up. They'd even run their work horses to see which ones could run the fastest, you know.

MH: [laughter]

DD: And it was quite a celebration they'd have there and everybody'd look forward to it. And Tropic and Henrieville would come down to watch the races, bring their horses. It was a good time.

MH: I've heard a few stories about the area horse racing and how popular it was.

DD: Yes.

MH: One story was about one lady getting mad at her husband and hitting him over the head with a broom 'cause he was spending more time horse racing or something like that.

DD: [laughter]

MH: It's kind of funny. Yes, so that's really interesting. So many questions, see if I can get to them all. Did you ever race horses?

DD: Yes, I had horses and all kinds of 'em and rode them, you know. I keep telling' everybody I was born on a horse cause I've rode them since... as far back as I can remember my dad always had a team of horses that he worked and that was our transportation was a wagon. And so he always had a team and he had one big white horse that was quite gentle. And that's the one I learned to ride on. And he would put me on him, I was just about three years old or so and I'd ride him around the lot. When he'd get tired of me, that old horse was smart enough that when he'd head for the clothesline. I'd just try to pull him and turn him and if I couldn't, he'd scrape me off on that clothesline every time.

MH: [laughter]

DD: But that's how I learned to ride. It seems I never could steer him away from that clothesline [laugh]

MH: Yes, they'll just peel you off. I've had horses do that to me, too. So how old were you when you got the ranch down in Georgetown with your family?

DD: I was six when we moved to Georgetown.

MH: Tell me about your dad's operation out there: what did he farm, did he run cattle and where did he run them?

DD: Yes, he had a few cattle and we farmed; we raised hay and grain and squash and stuff like that, for our own to put up for winter. And my mother always raised a big vegetable garden and she would can all of that for wintertime. And we raised potatoes and winter squash and stuff. We didn't have hay bailers back then. You had to just haul the hay in loose. And we'd stack it in the stack yard, big stacks of hay. But we'd dig back in that stack of hay and put our winter squash back in there so they wouldn't freeze. So anytime we wanted a squash, we would go dig back there, get one out, then cover them back up. Cause we didn't have refrigerators or no electricity. And so we could have a cold glass of milk at night, we would take a two-quart bottle or a gallon jug of milk, wet a towel and then wrap a towel around it and we had a big ol' lilac bush out by the house. We'd set that jug of milk down in the center of that lilac bush and then about two or three times a day we'd take a bucket of cold water out there and dump the water over it. And so by night time we had cold milk to drink.

MH: Evaporation.

DD: Right, evaporation and the breeze a goin' through that bush and all. And we ate a lot of bread and milk. [Laughter]

MH: Yes. Where would you get your basic supplies?

DD: Cannonville was the closest, yes.

MH: Would you grist your own flour or would you buy sacks?

DD: No, we had to buy our own flour. Some of the people, I guess, would go to the mill, they had a grist mill near Tropic, up in the canyon and some of 'em would take their wheat up there and get it ground and make flour. But I don't remember my family haulin' any up there. I remember them just buying the flour at the store.

MH: Who was running the store in Cannonville then?

DD: Well, Angus Baldwin run the store in Cannonville, Angus and Myrtle.

MH: Was Uncle Seth still around when you were a kid?

DD: Johnson?

MH: Yes, Seth Johnson.

DD: No, I don't remember him. I've heard a lot of talk about him but I remember Sixteth Johnson. I guess he was Seth's son, Sixty they called him. And I can remember him real well.

MH: Was he in Cannonville?

DD: Part time. After... he lived in Henrieville most of the time, but anyway, him and his wife when they got older they bought a place in Cannonville and lived there for a few years. Then I guess when they got to where they couldn't take care of themselves, the kids took 'em into their homes, Thorley and them over at Henrieville.

MH: Right. Sixteth was Seth's son?

DD: Yes. I don't remember Seth but I've heard talk about him. And I've heard my dad talk about him. He knew him well.

MH: Yes, I've heard stories about him, he was kind of like the medicine man, the doctor.

DD: Yes. There was a lot of those people like that. In fact, when I was born, my dad had to take the team and wagon and go clear to Tropic to get a midwife. Sister Riding, they called her, was the midwife. And when my mom started to having labor pains he said he loaded up, hooked up the horses went to Tropic and got her and got her back there in time to deliver me.

MH: Yes, and you were in Cannonville then?

DD: Yes.

MH: So that was lucky. That extra half hour out she might have not made it for you.

DD: [laughter] Yes.

MH: Ok. That's great information. So now in Georgetown again your dad was doing some farming it was corn and hay, or alfalfa.

DD: Yes, alfalfa and grain. We raised grain.

MH: Did you have any leased land? Did he graze cows?

DD: Well, we had a permit on the BLM. Yes, we had a permit on the Bureau of Land Management where we run our cattle in the summertime and then we'd bring 'em in for the winter and feed 'em with the hay we raised.

MH: Ok, so you brought them into your place for the winter.



DD: Well, we wintered some of 'em out for a while there, but snow got too deep and so we had to bring them back to the ranch.

MH: Was that 1936?

DD: Yes.

MH: You might not remember that.

DD: I've heard 'em talk about it. But in my day I've had cattle snowed in there to where we had to go in with Caterpillars and plow 'em out and bring 'em out. We lost a lot of cattle there in '47.

MH: So where was your lease land from the BLM?

DD: It was just in that area above, up toward Sheep Creek, and out toward Willis Creek and Averett Holler, right in through there is where we run our cattle. In the summertime we run 'em up on what they called the Big Sheep Flat. And then over through South Bench into Indian Hollow and Averett Hollow and up through there. We run cattle in that area when I was a kid.

MH: Do you remember who were running cattle at the same time? Were the Chynoweth's out there?

DD: Well, on our side was Thorley Johnson who run cattle there. On Marion Frost, Jasper Henderson bought out Marion Frost, oh, after I was about 10, 11 years old. But anyway, Marion Frost run cattle there and then Jasper Henderson and Tommy Richards, we all kind of run in that area up there. And then there was some of the Johnson boys, Hart and Clive [could be Clyde] both of them got killed.

MH: Now these are the Johnson boys who were killed...

DD: One of 'em went in the Bull Valley Gorge. And the other one, Clive, wrecked coming down Tropic Canyon. He hit a deer and he was riding a little jeep and flipped him off into the creek in there and killed him.

MH: Yes, up by Water Canyon?

DD: They both just got home from the military and was just gettin' started in the cattle business and gettin' set up and then this happened. To both of them

MH: Really pretty close to the same time or...?

DD: Well, it was about four or five years apart is all.

MH: Yes, that's pretty devastating for the family.

DD: Pretty close. Yes, it was a bad situation. They were both good men. I knew 'em real well.

MH: Now on the Bull Valley story, you know, people speak about that. You know you can barely see the truck anymore?

DD: Oh, can't you?

MH: They've buried it.

DD: I haven't been out there for several years.

MH: I go out there a bit. You can barely see it anymore from above, but you know it was... Which Johnson was it?

DD: Hart Johnson. And Clark Smith and Max Henderson.

MH: Max Henderson. Ok. And they were headed out to do ranching.

DD: Well, what they would have done is Clark Smith had been cowboyin' for a big cattle set up out there by Skutumpah, for the Johnsons out there, oh, Calvin Johnson. But anyway, he'd been riding for them for a while and anyway he got home and got through out there and so he said to Max, they were cousins, Max and Clark was. He said, "Why don't you take me out there to get my saddle and my gear that I had to leave out there at the bunk house." He said yes and so Hart went with them and Max was driving his father-in-law's pick-up, an old Chevy pickup. But anyway, they got out there and got his gear and they stopped and put some shoes on a horse for one of the cowboys out there just coming back and I guess they was partyin' a little. So when they came back, the way that road used to go is going towards Willis Creek, you know, coming from that way to this way you used to go down and across that little bridge and then it was steep up out of it for, oh, maybe fifty yards it was quite steep. And the bridge across there was just logs and planks. And it was just wide enough for a vehicle that was all.

DD: So they got started up that side and powered out in the truck and when he went to shift gears I guess he missed a gear and slammed on the breaks and the breaks was gone. So as it rolled back towards that bridge, apparently Hart Johnson, he was a big man, he was 230 lbs. 6'4, he tried to get out on the passenger side and as near as they could figure, the door caught him and knocked him off of the bridge as the pickup went over. So he went to the bottom, Hart did. Bounced down to the bottom and Max and Clark was still in the truck. They had to, I guess, cut the steering wheel out and everything else to get them out 'cause they were smashed.

MH: Get the bodies out, yes. Now one of them was married to Rae right?

DD: Rae, yes, it was Max. Yes, she had three girls. And the other one was married to Anna Mae Fulson, Hart was. And one of his boys lives right over here in Enoch now, Lorne Johnson, one of Hart's boys. But Clark wasn't married. He was still single.

MH: Yes, that's a sad story and a big loss for the community.

DD: Oh, man, was it.

MH: Three people.

DD: Yes, well, when they didn't show up and they started lookin' for 'em, why there was cars and people goin'. My Uncle that lived there in Cannonville, my dad's brother, Kendall Dutton and his son-in-law, Jody Heaton, they went. Jody had a pickup and so they went out there drivin' out there lookin' to see if they could find 'em or see anything and Kendall told Jody, he says, "Stop here and let's throw a rock off this bridge," he says, "You can hear it bouncin' down the ledges. Let's see how long it takes it to hit the bottom." He just wanted to show him, you know, about how deep it was and what they'd done. So, they picked up a rock and walked out there and looked down and there was the pickup they were looking for.

MH: Oh, my goodness.

DD: So then they turned right around right quick and come back to Cannonville and notified the authorities. And the Garfield County Sheriff came over and all of 'em went out there and got the bodies out.

MH: Yes, so that's deep into the night then.

DD: Yes.

MH: Yes. That's really hard.

DD: Oh, yes. It was bad. You said something about Gerald Stock. His dad, Burt Stock was his name, he was the one that went down on a rope to the bottom to see if anybody was down there. 'Cause they figured they was all three mashed in the truck. But anyway, they let him down on a rope and he told me when he hit the bottom down there he said the rope was spinnin' till he was so dizzy he couldn't stand up. So he just fell down, you know, and sat there until he could get his head cleared. He said when he got his head cleared so he could see he was sittin' right on top of Hart Johnson down there.

MH: Oh, my goodness. Yes, right. So that was Burt Stock? Adelburt

DD: Burt Stock, yes. Yes, it was a sad situation.

MH: So tell me again, Deloy, they were coming back to Cannonville?

DD: They was coming back to Cannonville. They was coming from Skutumpah back to Cannonville.

MH: Yes, ok. I always thought they were going the other way.

DD: No.

MH: So that's good. I'm glad you cleared that up.

DD: Clark Smith went out to Calvin Johnson's over by Kanab in Kane County. His dad ran cattle over on the Deer Range. They run cattle on, I don't know whether you know where the Deer Range is,

what they called Nipple Bench and Molly's Nipple down there. That's where they run their cattle. And that's who Clark Smith was riding for. The Johnsons had a bunk house there somewhere between where you go down there and the Deer Range...

MH: I'm trying to think of the name of it, it's... there are a couple of ranches out there.

DD: Yes, the Brinkerhoffs has one there.

MH: Yes, like Swallow something or...

DD: Swallow Park. Swallow Park Ranch.

MH: Is that where it was?

DD: Yes. It was right in that area. But anyway, that's the story as well as I know it and heard.

MH: And that's a lot more detail than we have so far.

DD: They was coming from Deer Range going back to Cannonville because going the other way where you cross that bridge it wasn't that steep. It was pretty gentle, it inclined a little but not much. But comin' back towards Cannonville, it was steep there for like about fifty yards...And that's what they figured happened is they got up on there and something went wrong that they rolled back.

MH: Yes, I heard it was their brakes too. Yes, unfortunately you can't really see the truck in there anymore. I always just thought it was really interesting.

DD: Have you tried walking up along the upper end of the gorge for a couple a hundred feet and looked back in. You used to could see it.

MH: That was the thing. And I hike down in there. Pretty covered over.

DD: Oh.

MH: It's just they've had to reinforce that bridge so many times.

DD: Yes, I'll bet they have.

MH: There used to be a guardrail. That's gone.

DD: Oh, yes. Yes, they've had to put a lot more material down in there.

MH: So when you come out of there, let me ask you this, I'll try and draw a good picture for you. This is Cannonville...

DD: Yes.

MH: And you're crossing and you continue out here like you're going to Lick Wash or Podunk heading towards Kanab. There's like an old road that goes up in here. Do you remember anything about a road or people accessing that area, going up Bull Valley Gorge on the south side, going up this way towards the park?

DD: I don't. There's some old wagon trails back in there. That's where they'd haul wood and stuff out of there but I don't remember any travelable road goin' back in there.

MH: Right. It was probably like a wagon or horse trail or something but it's a big flat area right here so maybe they used this material to make the bridge or push in on the bridge cause there's a big, flat road that you can see across the Gorge and it goes up for quite a ways.

DD: Yes, the BLM's made a few roads back in there since, you know, since the early times, but the old bridge, I think the CC boys built it and it was, like I say, just some poles across some big logs underneath and they had planks nailed across it and then a couple of poles about so big around on the sides and that was, well, I don't even remember them bein' on there. It seemed to me like it was just a plank that you had to hold your breath and shut your eyes and step on the gas [laughter].

MH: No kidding. It was a wild place.

DD: I've crossed it a lot of times. It's hard to get a horse across it. Since they filled it in you could do it but a horse was scared of that bridge, you know. I've fought quite hard to get a horse across there, on a saddle horse when I was going through there. [laughter]

MH: And they're looking off both sides. Yes, they're smart animals. Would you tell me about some of the things that went on around your home and your family's ranching operation? You were there until you were eighteen or nineteen. So there's this whole period of time that you're ranching and farming. And there were probably ups and downs in ranching?

DD: Oh, yes.

MH: There was flooding. There were good years, bad years. Anything stick out in your mind?

DD: Well, it was all pretty tough. I know that. And most of it was drought, you know, didn't get enough rain and stuff. But everything we raised, we had to irrigate. My dad said when he was a kid that they raised a lot of dry land corn and stuff that they'd just plant it and there would be enough moisture for it to grow. But in my day, you couldn't; we didn't get the storms and stuff to do it. But one year we had a crop of grain in down by Yellow Creek and the big flood came down in August and went right over our fields, wiped out all of our grain.

[telephone]

DD: Excuse me.

MH: Yes, no problem. We're talking about Yellow Creek flooding and you had a new crop.

DD: Yes, and the floods came down and went right up in through the fields. You know, it come right out of its banks and went down through there. So we lost a grain crop and then we had a lot of rock and debris that we had to haul off of our farm ground after it dried off.

MH: Right, after... left from the flood?

DD: Yes, left a lot of drift wood and big rocks and stuff. It was quite a job.

MH: Did you have a couple cuttings in a year?

DD: We'd get three. Yes, usually two good ones and if we was lucky in the fall we'd get three. But if not, my dad used to say "two good cuttings and a pasture."

MH: Yes, because you would leave your cows in for the winter.

DD: Yes, so we had to raise enough to feed our horses and what cows we kept. We always kept a few milk cows to have our milk and butter and cheese curds.

MH: And how did you get your cash? Did you use your dairy income?

DD: What little bit of cash we did get we would...

[telephone]

DD: Oh, dear.

MH: You're ok. Ok so you were talking about irrigation, no... oh, gosh, I forgot what we were just talking about.

DD: So did I.

MH: Anyway, we talked about the grain, losing the grain from the flooding. But irrigation-wise did you have ditching?

DD: Yes, we had to ditch our water from out of Yellow Creek up on there and it was about a half a mile run down to the farm. And then we'd store it in an overnight pond. We had an irrigation pond that we'd store it in overnight and then we could irrigate during the day with it and then shut it down at night.

MH: And that was above?

DD: Yes, up above.

MH: And so each row would be irrigated then.

DD: Yes, that's the only way we could irrigate it is we had to plow and plant and then we would cultivate, make the rows and then we'd have to... and it was a quite a job to keep that water from all going down one row and washin' a gulley.

MH: You knew how to use a shovel, huh?

DD: Yes. And then at night time lots of times in the summertime it would get so hot that the water wouldn't run so we'd irrigate at night and when I was a kid I got to the field and we'd set the water so that each row got as good amount as we could get it before dark. And then I'd go down at the bottom of the field at the end of the rows and sometimes I'd lay down and go to sleep and keep the hand in the furrow. When the water hit me it'd wake me up so I could go change it.

MH: Oh, my goodness.

DD: It was quite a job and it took all of us to do it, you know.

MH: Yes, I'm sure. I know what we were talking about, talking about getting cash. And how would you get cash?

DD: My mom would make butter and she'd sell it to the store, trade it for groceries.

MH: To the Baldwins?

DD: Yes, to the Baldwin store and then other people in town would order butter from her and eggs. We had our own chickens; we'd sell eggs and butter. And she used to make the best cottage cheese you ever ate. I mean... she'd make it and then she'd put the separated cream on it, you know. We had a separator that separated the cream from the milk. But anyway, good thick cream, you'd put that on that cottage cheese and stir it up. And she sold a lot of that.

MH: And those are curds that she was making?

DD: Yes.

MH: Do you remember her doing that? Do you remember the process or anything?

DD: Well, yes. She would put a pan of milk, all we had was wood stoves then. She'd put a pan of milk back on the warm part of the stove, not the hot part, the warm part and she'd let it sit all day there and then it'd gradually sour and what we called clabber and then there'd be whey come to the top of it and she'd skim that off, take that all off. It was like a water and she'd take that all off and then she'd start cookin' it and cook it down and stir it and keep drainin' the excess whey off of it. And then when she'd get it to where there was no more in it, then she'd stir it up and it'd turn into a curd-type and then she'd squeeze all of the whey out of it and put it in containers and then that's when she'd put the cream on it and a little salt and pepper and it was good.

MH: People loved it, huh?

DD: Yes, one guy that used to come by there every day, Loren Twitchell from Cannonville. He was always haulin' wood. He made his livin' haulin' wood and cuttin' cedar posts. And he had what was a big truck then, a ton truck. But anyway, he'd come by the ranch there every morning and

he'd stop and give us a quarter for a quart bottle of that cottage cheese. That was his lunch. Every morning, he'd stop there and then he'd bring back the clean bottle the next morning and take the full one. But that was about all we had to buy our staples with until fall, like I say. But we always raised our own beef and pork. But then we would sell calves. Of course, back then if you got fifteen dollars out of a calf you was getting' a good price. And that's what we'd try to get, enough to pay our mortgage payment on the ranch. But times was pretty slim.

MH: Yes, because it was really a time where you were just coming out of The Depression when you were born.

DD: Yes. Just in between hay and grass [laughter], you know.

MH: Exactly.

DD: Yes, it was tough but...

MH: Deloy, you spent a lot of time on a horse. Did you ever get out to, I'm sure you did, out into the Dry Valley area?

DD: Oh, yes. I've rode all that country. Ralph Chynoweth was a good buddy of mine and him and I, he'd help me with my cows and I'd go help him with his. But I've rode a lot of that Horse Valley, Dry Valley Country. I know most of it from there clear to the lake (Lake Powell). And in fact, before when the BLM kept switchin' stuff around, I had my dad's permit after he passed away and I used to run cattle down on the Wahweep in the wintertime and then back up above the ranch there in the summer time. And that was kind of the situation until I sold it here a few years ago.

MH: You were always running those permits right?

DD: Yes.

MH: Yes, so you were in Cannonville.

DD: Well, I was in Henrieville towards the... I lived in Cannonville until, let's see, it was... '58, '59 somewhere around in there we moved up to Henrieville. But I was, Cannonville's kind of my home base. Right after, in '52 I worked at the iron mines out here (Cedar City) for a couple of years and then I got laid off so I went back to Cannonville and I'd kind of farm on the side, me and my dad. He was kind of back and forth, too 'cause he'd moved to Cedar cause he starved-out over there. But we'd do a little farmin' and take care of the cows and I'd followed construction in the summertime. I'd go on road building jobs and then come back to Cannonville for the winter. And I followed construction until my kids got into school and I couldn't jump 'em from one school to another so we set up there in Cannonville until, like I say, we've sold our place in Cannonville and bought one in Henrieville in 1966 and lived up there till 1980. After I quit working construction, I went to work for the Forest Service in 1962. 1966 was the last year we lived in Cannonville, then we moved to Henrieville until 1980 when we moved to Cedar City.



DD: When I first got on for the Forest Service I would stay in a camp trailer during the week and home on the weekends. Then they transferred me to Cedar. I had to be over here to the supervisor's office. They promoted me up to the Construction and Maintenance Supervisor so I had to move over here to the office and I always figured I'd go back when I retired but because of our health and stuff we couldn't go back. But I've still got a lot of good memories, a lot of roots over there and a lot of relation.

MH: Yes, Ralph's still there. I'm trying to get in touch with him and talk to him.

DD: Yes, he's in Henrieville. He's a good guy, Ralph is. I think the world of him.

MH: So do you remember ever moving cattle up through Kodachrome? Was that open then or was it the State Park then?

DD: Yes, that was open then. It was open and we run cattle through there.

MH: That was your route?

DD: Well, I drove cattle through there because that's where I went to my winter range, down to Wahweep and Four-Mile. But we would drive 'em from Georgetown down through Kodachrome and Dry Valley and clear out to the winter range. And then in the spring, we'd drive 'em back. So we was movin' cattle through there. But the Chynoweth's had the permits in there. They run cattle in there more than I... my permits was on the other side of the Paria Creek. Ralph and them run in there...

MH: Yes, I was thinking you told me that you helped Ralph out that you might know of this cow trail; there's a cattle trail that goes through the Kodachrome State Park over the hill into Henrieville.

DD: Into Henrieville, I've rode that trail. I don't know whether they ever drive cattle on it anymore. It goes up over what we called Sam Mecham Bench and comes into Kodachrome area there, yes.

MH: Now there were two trails. Jean Hall, (or Jean Pollock Chynoweth) and I hiked up the one that was out near the Chimney Rock. Do you remember that one?

DD: I do. I remember that trail. I can't think of what they called it but it goes out towards Chimney Rock.

MH: Yes, it takes off right on the back side of Chimney Rock. We hiked it one day.

DD: Oh, did ya?

MH: We got up on top and there was a big drift fence up there. Do you guys remember that?

DD: Was it a wood stake and rider fence or was it...

MH: Yes, well it was kind of tumbled down rip gut. It might have been at one time.

DD: Yes, I remember that. I know where you're talking.

MH: I mean there was wood piled up. You can tell it was a drift fence.

DD: Well, that's how they used to make them. They used to call them a stake and rider because they'd put two like this and that was the stakes and then they'd put a rider in the middle [laugh] another stick of wood. They'd build them out of dry wood. And that way they'd make 'em and then keep stackin' wood up there to where cows couldn't get through them and they wouldn't dare jump over them with those poles a stickin' up. We used to call 'em stake and rider, rip-gut fences because if they went to jump over it they'd rip their guts out and so that's why the old timers used to call 'em that. But, yes, the cowboys built those fences.

MH: Yes, so that's the one trail that I'm kind of interested in because you ran in that country. So if you remember the name let me know. And it was the one by Chimney. And then the other one, I don't know what they call it now. I think they call it Angels Landing but that's the main trail through Kodachrome.

DD: That's the main trail that come out of Henrieville and over the creek and up. But I can't remember the name of that one but Ralph would. Ralph knows that country really well.

MH: So the Sam Mecham Bench was the bench that you would come up on?

DD: Yes. When you come up out of the Henrieville Creek and you get out on top, that's what they call Sam Mecham Bench. And it's a big bench. They've drilled an oil well out on there a few years back. And so they built a road from, they did build a road from... I don't know whether you know where Richard's ranch is there, Tommy Richard's place.

MH: I do.

DD: They built a road from right there just before you get down to Tommy's Ranch. It goes out on there. It's probably washed out now to where you could never get back in there.

MH: I hike up there.

DD: Oh.

MH: I always wondered why the road was there.

DD: Well, they had an oil well up there. That's why they built that road. If you look real close when you get up on there you can see it capped off. There's a pipe sticking up out of the ground.

MH: I'll have to check it out.

DD: It's kind of a clear area. You can see where they've cleared a spot. They had an oil rig up there and that's why they built that road up there but it's probably all washed out now. But that Sam Mecham Bench there used to be an old timer I guess from Tropic there that run sheep up on

there and his name was Sam Mecham. And that's all I've ever heard it called anyway was Sam Mecham Bench.

MH: I've hiked up there a bunch of times. I never knew that's what it was called. I'm always just kind of like going around in the back country checking out things and... one of the things, there was a... maybe your dad talked about this or maybe you even know where Water Canyon or Paria and Henrieville Creek meet. There's a bunch of caves on the back side of Kodachrome. All those big red rocks and you can follow them all the way up into Henrieville. They're sort of opposite Promise Rock.

DD: Yes, you can see the cavern back in there.

MH: Yes, exactly. I've never been up in there. I went out there a couple times with Don Mangum but we never got up that close.

DD: I never been right up into them either but I've seen 'em as I've rode through there but never went right over there to see them. You can see that they're caverns back in there of some kind.

MH: Yes, somebody told me about a guy living up there. Is that where the place was? His name was Luman or....

DD: Oh, I've heard of Luman, they called it Luman's ladder that went up there.

MH: Was that where? Was that the place?

DD: My understanding of the Luman's Ladder is below Cannonville where the Red Rock comes down before it gets to what we call the Georgetown Bench. I thought that it was right in that area there that went all over into Yellow Creek. But I've just heard. I cut my teeth on that Red Rock as far as that goes, you know, around. But I never did get down that far.

MH: That's up where the Ott's live.

DD: Yes, back up from Bob and Mira Loy's place there. That's what they call Luman's Ladder. But I heard them talk about the old man Luman, you know, I heard my dad talk about it, but that was my understanding where it was, back in there.

MH: Ok, good.

DD: It might be over on the other side.

MH: No, I think that you're right. I have this image of it more than anything. So that's why I asked you.

DD: Yes, well that's where I would say it is. Like I say...

MH: Now, there's a big cave up on that big band of Red Rock that's by Ott's place now. But you know the Red Rock that runs over in-between Yellow Creek and Cannonville basically. Did you ever go in that? It's in the White Rock.

DD: No. I don't believe I ever have. That trail that went over the Georgetown Bench there by Bob Ott's place that goes up over and comes off right at my ranch where I was born and raised, why I've traveled that a million times, but I never got back up in there. I don't know how come, but I've...Combed every other place and the Yellow Creek and all around and over into Skutumpah. Just too busy working, I guess.

MH: Yes. Back to Dry Valley, there was an old corral out there....

DD: Yes.

MH: Is it Rock Springs, is that where that...?

DD: Yes, right there, there is the water tank and corral there at Rock Springs as you go down the Cottonwood there you can see it.

MH: Now did you ever kind of explore in that area because doesn't that go out to Lone Rock if you take one of those benches out it heads out into Lone Rock and the Paria.

DD: I'm not sure that it does. It could, but... I'm not familiar with that.

MH: But there was some mining up there. You know, out where the second corral is. There's a second corral out by Rock Springs and I guess it's more to the south. I remember one time going, I think I went out there with Don, Don Mangum and he was showing me big holes in the ground where they did mining.

DD: Oh, yes. I know where you're talking about now, but there used to be a couple of old brothers that done some mining out in there, the Willis's, Clint and Pat Willis. I can remember Clint Willis but I can't remember Pat. But anyway, he was an old old man when I was a kid. He lived there in Cannonville until he died. But they said that they'd done some mining there and then another place out by Willis Creek they dug some holes. And they was always gonna make it rich. They called it the Hattie Green or something like that. The name of the mine they had there.

MH: Hattie Green, huh? Never heard the name of it, Deloy, thank you.

DD: Well, that's what they called it anyway. They was these two old brothers and they was both bachelors as far as I know.

MH: Did you ever hear about anyone bootlegging?

DD: Yes, a little bit.

MH: I know there was a couple places around Cannonville. These are just stories. I'm just wondering if you heard...

DD: My family's best friend, he was just like part of the family, was Jack Seaton, and I rode and lived and did everything else with Jack. He was just like an uncle to me. We called him Uncle Jack. Well, anyway, he used to brew a little whiskey down at Paree, he started out down there. And these guys would come and buy it from him and then they'd pack it on pack horses over to where the oil rigs was on the Rush Bed up in there and sell it to the drillers, you know. And they'd be a little of it get back to Cannonville and Tropic to the dances in a mason jar, you know.

MH: [laughter]

DD: But he used to brew a little and he left Paree and came to Horse Valley. Jack Seaton had a little place out there in Horse Valley.

MH: Was it a store?

DD: They was a little store there. I don't remember it, but I've heard 'em talk about it. They used to get supplies there for the sheep camps. But Jack, he lived over to Horse Valley for a while, for a few years. And then he sold Horse Valley and bought Georgetown and that's how my dad got it. My dad bought it from Jack Seaton. But anyway, Jack was tellin' me just a few years before he died and he said, "Do you ever get out to Horse Valley a ridin' around anymore? And I said well I haven't done for a year or two. And he says, "Well, right up above where the old cabin was there," He said, "back up on the hill there there's some cedar trees and stuff." He said, "I hung a whole bunch of copper tubing up there and a copper boiler." where I brewed my home- brew so the Feds couldn't catch him." He said if I ever get up there look and see if it is still there. That old copper pipe boiler and tubing is worth something. He was talking about having a big roll of it, but he had it hid out up in there. I did ride back in there and could not find it, someone must've got it before. Jack could make whiskey pretty good, I guess, corn or barley. He told me the story that when he was down at Paree the feds come and checked on him, they heard he was brewing stuff. He said he brought some of the mash that he had used to brew the whisky, and after he had got all the juice out of it he would bring it down and feed it to his chickens. He had it hid somewhere in the hills. He said that they come there checking on him, and he had just fed some of the mash to the chickens and this one old rooster was just a wobbling all over the place (Laughter). They asked, "What's the matter with that rooster?" Jack said, "I don't know, he acts crazy like that all the time." He said he thought he was caught. (laughter)

MH: I think George Thompson also mentioned, maybe it was Jack also he referred to, that he would feed the mash to his pigs and that many from Cannonville wanted that pork. Was that Jack also?

DD: That was Jack. He was an old bachelor, but one of the best guys in the world. I thought the world of him.

MH: Where did he come from?

DD: He came into this country from Jackson Hole, Wyoming. He was born in Pennsylvania. He drove a herd of registered roan-Durham cattle from Jackson Hole, Wyoming to Cannonville, below there. Somewhere down below where we call Slick Rock, he was taking them down in that lower country to graze them before there was Taylor Grazing. It was free grazing then. Those cattle had never been in that kind of country and when it snowed at night, and when they got out on those slick rocks and he lost about half of his herd which about put him out of business. He run cattle down in there for a while. He was down on the Colorado River in the winter time, he would pull down in there to what they call Jack's Bar, a big bar there where he would trap in the winter and take care of his cattle. He pulled out of there and went over to Patee. That is how he came into the country. The only family he ever had, he once told me he had two nephews left out of his family. One lived in Colorado and the other one lived in Butte, Montana. When he died they both came to his funeral. He would go up once in a while on a bus to Montana and stay with him, he was a big rancher up there. Jack would go up and spend a little time with him and I would take him to the bus or go pick him up. He lived with my wife and I for a while and then we had to put him in an old folks home in Parowan. It kind of made me feel bad. We buried him right by my parents. And they just had a little marker for him. Someone wrote a piece in the Garfield paper looking for donations to buy Jack a headstone. That bothered me, so I went and bought Jack a headstone, took it over and put it up. He was my friend, like family. I thought a lot of him. Buried in Cannonville cemetery right by my parents, and where me and my wife will be one of these days.

MH: Would you tell me how you met your wife, Karen?

DD: Well, she lived in Henrieville, I lived in Cannonville. Her sister, Lee Ida Savage was married to Edgar Dunham (also of Cannonville). Karen was down staying with her sister overnight or something, but anyway, it was MIA, the Mutual, we went to and after Mutual was over they had a little dance. They were dancing to the Virginia Reel, all the kids grabbed a partner and I looked around and spotted her sitting over there so I went over to ask her to dance with me and I guess it was love at first sight. We courted from then on and had a good courtship, a good marriage and in three more days we will have been married sixty years. (They were married sixty-three years when Karen died in February 2013)

MH: Oh, my goodness! Congratulations.

DD: We had six children. We lost one a few years back.

MH: Karen's maiden name is Savage, her parents?

DD: Her parents were Henry Leo Savage and Serilda Smith. She was from Henrieville and he was from Payson. His family did have a little hotel in Henrieville, a board and breakfast deal, at the Savage place there. Her father Henry Leo, went on a cattle drive from Payson to Kentucky. I don't know how many months or years it took them, they drove the herd to Kentucky then he sold the cattle and they sold their horses and rode back on the train. He was about twenty-

seven when he met Serilda. When he got back to Henrieville he met Serelda and they got married on May 6, 1912.

MH: Thayne Smith told me a bit about Serilda and the Smiths...

DD: Well, Thayne's dad and Karen's mother were brother and sister, Tom and Serilda. The Smith family was a big family, they were a polygamous family and I think they had 27 children between the two wives. Karen's grandmother, Grandma Elizabeth Jeanette Smithson Smith, had fifteen kids, a big family. Her mother lived in Henrieville, but the other family had roots in Cedar, I don't know where they lived.

MH: Then, since you lived in nearby towns, did you end up going to high school together?

DD: Yes, we went to school together.

KD: Yes, I saved him a seat on the school bus.

DD: There are probably still some horse tracks up the Henrieville creek from Georgetown. (laughter) I could ride it in the dark.

MH: What was it like in high school?

DD: Back then it was hectic. Tropic School House was three rooms upstairs and the elementary was on the bottom floor. You was congested in classes to where you had two or three grades in one room, one teacher. It was tight and cold. It had an old coal stove they would heat it with. It was rustic. It burnt down after we had graduated from there. There was a dance hall right below where the Tropic School House was, at the bottom of the same block there. There was a big dance hall there. During my junior year in high school it burnt down. That was our only place to play basketball. We had to travel to Panguitch to play our home games. We had to go over there, if we got any practice, we had to drive clear to Panguitch to practice in their gym and clear back.

MH: Did you hate it?

DD: I hated it and Panguitch hated us for it. There was bad feelings there.

MH: I had a similar experience with baseball when Bryce Valley was without a baseball field for several years, they practiced at the town park. When we would go to Panguitch to play, the Panguitch kids would say, "Oh, you are so poor in Tropic, you don't have a baseball field." Shocking for me.

DD: That was the way they done us. Their coach at that time in Panguitch was worse than the kids. (Ray Englestead) He threw a fit every time we came over and said, "If they practice here they will get used to our floor and beat us, we won't put up with it."

MH: It is a county school. So, you played basketball. Anything else?

DD: Basketball, baseball, run track; I ran the 440 and the relay. But when I played baseball we went to State my senior year, but we got beat. I played third base. We played, well, I can't remember the team we played but, we were warming up. There was one of the guys knocking flys out to us and we were out there catching them. One went way back over my head so I didn't pay no attention to it because there was a guy behind me. The guy behind me caught the ball and meanwhile another ball got knocked out there which I caught while the guy behind me hollered and threw his ball to me. And I, not knowing, got hit right square in the eye. I spent the afternoon in the hospital and missed the game. They lost it though.

MH: Now, everywhere you had to travel then was kind of a big deal. How did you get over to Escalante then?

DD: We had to go up on top of the Dump and up to Widstoe and over the Escalante Mountain. They wouldn't take the school bus, they would take a couple of cars and we would all pile in two cars. We would have to push one over, then get out and push the other one over when it got stormy and the roads were slick and then we would push them back the other way. (Chuckles) Escalante was a tough team, they were mean, especially if you beat them, you wanted to get out of town as quick as you could. They were poor sportsmen, but then there was Panguitch. They were a rival.

MH: Nothing has changed in that way at all. Although Escalante is a lot friendlier, all the kids get along in a nice way now.

DD: It is a lot friendlier than it used to be, no doubt about it. I remember playing over there and one lady, kind of a relation to Karen, she would get so wound up she would stand up on the bench and yell, "Kill him, kill him, grab him!" (Laughter)

MH: Who was on your team then? You remember?

DD: Oh, yeah, there was Marlin Johnson, he was high school player, top in State for two years in a row, a good ball player. Evan Henderson, and LaRen Quilter who was killed right after we got out of high school. Shot in a deer hunting accident. Then there was Dale LeFevre, from Tropic, Heber Littlefield, he was from Tropic. Then the kid from the airport named Bob Smith.

MH: Good job remembering Deloy! So, the airport was there when you were around?

DD: Yes. The airport was there and the housing that has gone to pieces there on the side of the road, the airport people lived in there, the ones who ran the airport and they bussed down to Tropic with Bryce Canyon kids. They picked up Bryce Canyon kids then come around and picked up the airport kids, maybe a half dozen kids and a few from the ranches above Tropic, the Alhstroms and Johnsons, picked them up. They had about a sixteen passenger bus that they hauled them all to Tropic. There weren't too many that lived up at Bryce Canyon then because they shut down in the winter time, all that was there was the superintendent and a couple of helpers. And now it is year round.



MH: And now there is Bryce Canyon City, and a whole lot of kids from out of there now.

DD: I remember Ruby's Inn when I was a youngster, was just a little gas station and a curios store and they had that lodge there and a couple of three cabins behind. In was in about the same location, I guess it was remodeled it or it burnt down. I remember Ruby and Minnie. I remember her well because before I was old enough to buy beer, seventeen years old or eighteen, and she would not want to miss a sale, no way. She wanted the money, but if I asked for a six pack of beer, she said, "I can't sell this to you, you are underage", but meanwhile she was getting it for you and then would say, "You get out of here with that and don't tell nobody where you got it."

MH: Did you have a car by then?

DD: No, no. We would bicycle mostly then. By that time we were working at Bryce Canyon at the Lodge and we would ride our bicycles down. I worked at Bryce Canyon at the Lodge from the time I was thirteen years old until I was sixteen or seventeen, worked in the summer up there. The manager up there I knew pretty well, and every year he would ask, "Are you sixteen yet?" I would say, "Yep." He said, "You have been sixteen for four years!" I started out washing dishes and then I got to drive the linen truck around, picking up the dirty linen and dropping off the clean linen. They had a dormitory and we spent the summer up there. There were kids they would bring in but there were a lot of local kids from Cannonville, Henrieville.

MH: That sounds like it would have been a fun summer.

DD: It was. You didn't make much money, only fifty cents an hour. It wasn't bad and you had you board and room and you had a lot of fun with the other kids. It was enjoyable. They would bring in a few kids, one of the guys I buddied up with was from Junction. We got aquatinted and palled around there every summer. Then I lost track of him. Last account I had of him he was in Minersville and I couldn't locate him nowhere. One day, about three four years ago I picked up the phone and said hello and he said, "Are you Deloy Dutton?" I said I was and he said, "Are you the Deloy Dutton from Cannonville?" I said I was. And He said, "Well, I am Ivan Pierson." I said, "Ivan, where have you been?" I came to find out once we got together and talking, that we both worked on one construction job and never did run into each other. He was a surveyor running grade and was operating a bulldozer on that job. When we were talking about [what we had done] we realized we were both on this one job. But it was funny we never ran into to each other- we have kept track since.

MH: Wow. So, let's get back to your family. When were you and Karen married?

DD: In fifty-two. Six children; our oldest was Russell, then Darnell, then Hud, who we named Kelvin but he didn't like it so he went through a name change and changed it to Hud. Then Pateresa and then the last two boys were Randell and Roger. About four-five years apart. We had four boys and two girls. Our oldest boy died three years ago, keeled over with a heart attack at age 55.

- MH: Any Dutton relations in the area still? Occasionally, I see a Dutton name come through the schools.
- DD: I don't think so. I have some Dutton cousins, girls that lived in Cannonville. Bea Reynolds and Evelyn Heaton are Duttons and they are my first cousins.
- MH: I know I am keeping way too long here, I apologize.
- DD: No, no, I am enjoying it.
- MH: There were a few families that lived down in Paria Town in the summer. Cannonville in the winter. Do you remember them?
- DD: The Twitchells; they were my relation. You bet I remember them. They moved from Cannonville they moved to Jerome, Idaho. There are about three of them still alive; Lavena, Ileda, and Virgil they were still alive. I can tell you a story about the horse races and them...they match horses up and running up the street in Cannonville. One day they decided they were going to hook two work horses together, back to back, hook their tugs tighter and see which one could out pull the other one. This one guy had a big sorrel horse that was a pretty snappy horse, and the other guy had an old slow horse, big but slow. They got all ready to pull and hollered "Go!" This horse that had a lot of steam, he caught the other horse before it could ever get started, he pulled it backwards. Everyone thought it was really funny, everyone laughed and hollered. Virgil's older brother Cecil. He had rode up from Patee and was on a mule, rode a big mule up there. He was sitting there on the mule and said, "I think this mule can out pull that sorrel horse." They said, let's get a harness that will fit him and try it. So, they went around and got a harness and all and when they went to put the bridle on, he said, "No, I don't want to use the blind bridle on him, I want to leave the riding bridle. And I want to holler go." They all said okay, and he walked over to an old granary that was in that lot below where the Dunhams live in Cannonville. We went over to the granary and picked up an old goat hide, skinned off a goat, dried up and sitting there, and put it behind his back and came walking out there, said, "Go!" and threw that old hide under the mule and BOOM off the mule went, he was so scared he jerked that other horse over backwards.
- MH: Any money exchanged on that?
- DD: I imagine there was. I was just a little feller, so I don't remember. But those old timers would bet on anything- if two birds lit on a fence, they would bet which would fly first. (Laughter)
- MH: Deloy can you tell what you remember about the old road that went through Cannonville, before the Hwy 12 went in. Like trying to cross it at certain times, it wasn't always possible right?
- DD: No, no when the floods came down. In the flood season, we used to get some real big floods down through there before they reseeded some of that upper country so it wouldn't wash so

bad. There were some monstrous flood. They had some culverts in there that they would try and cross over, but they would be washed out. Henrieville was stranded, if you happened to be on that side. They would pack the mail across on a horse and have a vehicle on the other side to go on to Panguitch with it. I have heard them tell that a lot of ladies that was pregnant and ready to go to the hospital would have to be packed across on a horse so they could go onto Panguitch. It was hard to keep that road in, it would wash out and a lot of vehicles were ruined in that, tried to cross it and would get stuck in that old mud and sand, it would stop the motors.

Going back to my dad and talking about the creek, down where the road crosses now to go out to Kodachrome crosses the Paria where the bridge is, my dad lived on that farm right there back when he was a kid. You were talking about that little store out at Dry Valley, man by the name of Watson had it out there. My dad said he was an Englishman. My dad said he had been into town, into Cannonville and got some supplies for his store and was on his way back and the creek was booming. I guess he thought he could cross it on the horse, my dad said him and his dad saw him start into the creek, so they broke and run down there figuring it would be too much for him. He started out there and that flood whipped his horse out from under him and took the horse down a little father where it got up on a bar, a little island, and the old man Watson paddled back some way to the shore there. My dad said when they got to him, he was wiping the mud out of his eyes and looked up and said, "Did you see me swim?" (With a British accent) (Laughter) My dad said they were scared he drowned, but there he came up and said, "Did you see me swim." Watsons had a place out there and the shepherders would pick up supplied there, rice and flour.

MH: Do you remember the sheep coming in?

DD: Oh, yes. I remember the shearing corral there at Promise Rock below Cannonville, herds of sheep would being there. Us kids used to like to go there, I would come up from Georgetown up there and watch them shear. Sometimes they would put us to work, tying fleeces or tromping the wool sacks. I hated to tromp them because there were a lot of ticks on you all the time, tromping them wool sacks. You would get a few on you tying the fleeces. I would a lot sooner tie them than tromp. Karen's dad was a mechanic. He would run the tractor (P.T.O.) that ran the belts for the shearers. He got to be where he was crippled up with arthritis, and he would go down there and run that plant for them because he could set there and not have to do too much to keep it running. He run that for a lot of years for the Henderson's, W.J. Henderson who was over the shearing corral there. There would be big herds that would come in there. Thousands of sheep. It looked like river of movement. There was an Ingram that lived in Cannonville that had goats. He used to run them out there on Sam Mecham Bench. It was Oral Ingram, something. He lived there in Cannonville.

They was gone in my day, but my dad said that out in Dry Valley there were wild burros, used to be herds of them. He said, when they was kids and got out of school in the spring they would go catch them a burro, break it to ride, ride it around all summer and take care of it and when time come for winter and they had to feed it, they would turn it loose and it would go back out there

for the winter. I guess when they put the Taylor Grazing Act in effect and made the grazing permits and stuff, the BLM went out there and shot them all. There were big herds of burros there. He said that a lot of the sheep men would catch some of them for pack outfits to move their sheep camps all over the country.

MH: What about the mustangs? A Quilter from Henrieville told stories of rounding up mustangs.

DD: The closest wild horses that I knew of or heard about was down on Buckskin, by Kanab. A lot the guys I knew, the older guys would go down there and rope some and bring them back. There were some there and then there were some over what they call Clay Hole Valley towards Hurricane. They used to go down in there and catch wild horses, catch a few, bring them back and break them to ride.

MH: Interesting Deloy. What a great life.

DD: It was, a good life, I enjoyed it. Like I said, it was tough but we didn't know we was poor, everybody was poor. Never felt isolated, make your own way, and make your life what you wanted to be.

MH: What were some of the fun things you did? I know there was a theater in Tropic.

DD: Yes, I went when I was older. I would go up there to Tropic and was pretty neared barred out of Tropic. (Laughter) They had an old bus, a cab over engine set by the driver. This old cab-over bus they would run from Henrieville to Tropic, for the people to ride to the show. Jack (Chynoweth and Dean (Wintch) that owned that old bus and had it there. I was a big kid looking for something to get in mischief over, I slipped in there one night and put a smoke bomb in there so it smokes and whistles and put it on that bus. They got it partly loaded up and ole' Brian Johnson was driving the bus, he talked pretty slow. He hit the starter and the smoke bomb took off smoking and squealing and he was trying to get everyone off the bus. I was ashamed I done it now because some of the people were jammed up trying to get off. Nobody got hurt, thank the good Lord. It was quite funny at the time.

MH: Were there repercussions?

DD: No, they know who done it, they laughed and said not to do it anymore.

MH: And the Ingrams, I just heard about the Ingrams in Cannonville from Gloria Clark.

DD: It was the one family, Gloria's side of the family that was Ingram. They moved out when I was pretty young. But I remember them because they was the one family that had goats. Just the one family. Gloria's mother was an Ingram who married Mabin (?) Johnson, brother to Hart Johnson who went in Bull Valley, and Erv Johnson that lived in Cannonville. It was quite a big family.

MH: When do you think the peak population was in Cannonville?

DD: Probably the peak was 150 at the most, always about the same except for a few new homes and curb and gutter and sidewalks that I figured I'd never see in my life in Cannonville. I drove over to Henrieville for a funeral a while back and had my son drove down through Cannonville and I couldn't hardly believe it. I knew that they had done the (curb and gutter) work because my granddaughter's husband, a cement contractor, bid on that project over there. He done the first one they did over there, he bid on this last one and didn't get it.

MH: Do you remember any of the homes up by where the KOA is now built?

(Now looking at a colorized old photograph)

DD: Let me show you something...where that KOA Campground is there is a wash that comes down right behind it, down to Don Magnum's. That wash right up by where that KOA campground is there was a little house on the wash bank to the right, that is where I was born, right there in that little house there. My folks didn't own the cabin, just renting it, but that was where I born. They guy that owned it was by the name of Ray Taylor. I don't remember it because I was so young, but they told me that was where I was born. I do remember the little house there back there when I was young. Johnny Palmer had an orchard there where the orchard was. When we built the road, Highway 12 put the cut through the hill, the road alignment changed the road to go right down through his orchard there and up rooted it. Johnny Palmer had the best apple orchard right there. When they put the right of way down through there everyone felt bad because of that deal. When we put the cut through the hill here, I worked on that road through there for Morrison Knutson Construction Company. I worked a CAT on that cut pushing it out and built the road.

(Still referring to the photograph)

MH: Is this Indian Hollow Deloy? Here is The Cut.

DD: Indian Hollow is on the other side, just as you go through the cut. Up in there, just a little ways on the right side of Indian Hollow there is a cave that goes back in. Johnny Davis, a settler who helped settle Cannonville, he buried an Indian buddy of his in there. Said, he wanted to be buried like a white man. Then he buried another of his Indian friend of his in the Cannonville Cemetery. He buried an Indian in that Hollow and that is how it got the name. I have been up there and you can see where they had the dirt piled up.

MH: I always thought from Don's description that it was next to Peter's Crack.

DD: Peter's Crack. A guy by the name of Peter Schow built that road through there from Tropic.

MH: Look there is a horse track still running from Georgetown to Henrieville.

DD: (Laughter)

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Deloy Dutton

MH: This is great country. Deloy I am going to have to let you go. I have taken a lot of your time and appreciate all the information.

DD: I have enjoyed it.

MH: Thank you again. Let me turn this off.

Thanks to Pateresa Dutton Lowe for help in editing this document.