

INTERVIEW WITH: Allan Gomez
INTERVIEWER: Marsha Holland
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MH: I am in Mapleton, Utah with Allan Gomez. How are you doing today Allan?

AG: Fine, thank you.

MH: Good. Let me go ahead and let you introduce yourself, date you were born and tell me a little bit about the family you were born into, please

AG: I was born in Spanish Fork, Utah August 21, 1932 at my grandmother's home, Lynis and Annie Braithwaite. My grandfather was a large sheep and cattle man in Colorado. He passed away at 32 years old with appendicitis. My grandma remarried and they moved to Spanish Fork. My dad herded sheep for Will Pace all over the front mountains above Spanish Fork and out in the West Desert. Then he got a job on the Union Pacific Railroad. We moved to Erda in Tooele County. Erda was the first place I remember. We lived in a one room house with a wood burning stove and a coal oil lamp for light.

My dad worked on the railroad. He was a section foreman; he was the boss. We moved from Erda to Warner, which is actually part of Tooele now. From Stockton we moved to Uvada. Uvada is a Utah-Nevada border just west of Saint George. From Uvada we moved down to "Big Springs", which is east of Caliente, Nevada. There wasn't ever a road into Big Springs. You got in and out by the train. From there we moved to Spanish Fork, Utah for five months where my father worked for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. We then moved to

Lund, Utah which is 33 miles west of Cedar City. We moved there when I was four. We were doing a lot of moving at that time. In Lund I went to school in a one room school house, one teacher. The teacher, Mrs. Reese, lived in the corner of the school on a little cot, and had a wood burning stove to cook on and to warm the school. There were eight of kids in the school, mainly Union Pacific Rail employees' kids whose parents worked for the railroad. It was interesting because at recess the girls would do the teacher's laundry and wash her dishes and the boy's would chop wood for her. Before we could get into the school in the morning she would make us brush our teeth. Only she had one toothbrush and used soda and lemon. We would take turns brushing our teeth even if you had brushed them before at home.

During the eight years I lived in Lund, I wandered around the desert finding a lot of Indian relics and Indian graves. There is a unique grave there; an Indian chief is buried there. And to this day, it remains interesting, I take people down there and you get within twenty yards of the grave and you can feel a sensation that he is there, you want to kind of back off. The grave is one mile west of Lund.

MH: Is it near the Parowan Gap area?

AG: No, one mile west of Lund, Parowan Gap would be east of Lund. There was a dirt road going into Cedar City which is where we would once a month to get groceries. We would go to Parowan once in a while. They had a roller skating rink there and my sisters liked to roller skate, so we would go through the Parowan Gap, to Parowan.

MH: You traveled by...what sort of transportation?

AG: We had an old Ford car I can remember that the lights used to go out on it. My mother liked to chew gum, so she had tin foil that was wrapped around the gum. One of the fuses was gone, so my dad would get out and use the foil to make the connection and the lights would come on and we would go putting back down through the country.

MH: So, tell me your mother's name.

AG: My mother's name was Lily Braithwaite. Grandma Braithwaite came from Beerstead, Denmark, when she was nine years old and came across the Plains from New York. Her family was headed to Canada, but Grandma was working for some other people as they was coming across the Plains and she came to Manti, Utah with them and her family went to Canada. I guess they had already paid the money to her father, and so Grandma came to Manti. That is where, years later, she married my grandfather, Roland Lyness Braithwaite.

MH: Let's talk about your dad a little bit.

AG: My father came from a family Las Mesitas, Colorado, in Canejos County. They raised cattle, sheep, and goats. I had a patient that retired at the age of ninety-two as the County Recorder for Canejos County. She told me a lot about Great Grandpa Gomez. He had ranches all over Canejos County with twenty thousand head of sheep, fourteen-fifteen thousand head of cattle and a lot of goats. He had another big ranch down near Santa Fe, New Mexico. Down there he had four thousand head of goats in one herd, and cattle, and sheep because the Spanish people who lived around Santa Fe loved the goat meat.

MH: Many of the economies around here would depend on the angora goats for the hair and the meat, and the sheep for the wool and the meat.

AG: My grandpa Gomez died at thirty-two of appendicitis. My great-grandpa was in his late sixties at the time and he was so distraught that his son had died that he gave all the ranches to the herders. When I go to Colorado, I am very well liked because those ranches could have been mine. I had three great aunts there; Anna Gastina, she died at one hundred and eight, up on the hill with her goats. Grandma Luce, she died at one hundred and five and Grandma Tofi and one hundred and three. When Anna Gastina died, she left me about five sections of ground. At that time I would have been a junior in high school. My father said, "You will never be to Colorado" so, he gave the ranches to my cousins. My chance to be a cattleman and a sheepman went away.

After my grandpa died, my grandma remarried and they moved first to Price, then to Colton, then to Spanish Fork. My dad worked for Will Pace herding sheep. He was nine years old at the time.

My father, Joseph Bonnie Gomez, met my mother, Lily Lucille Braithwaite, who also lived in Spanish Fork, during the time he was herding sheep. Her father, my grandpa Braithwaite, also had a farm out in Goshen, where he would sometimes pass through herding sheep. When my father was twenty-two years old, and I think mother was twenty, he trialing sheep out to the West Desert when he decided that he better get Mother for a wife. So, he asked my grandpa for her hand in marriage. Nothing against the Catholic Church because my dad was Catholic, but my grandpa Braithwaite said, "No Catholic is marrying a daughter

of mine.” So, a month later he was L.D.S. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple one year later. There were not many jobs there at that time, coming into the Depression when I was born in 1932, so they had moved from Spanish Fork out to Erda in Tooele County just after I was born. I was born in Grandma Braithwaite’s bedroom in Spanish Fork.

MH: But you have it in your blood to be a rancher, herder. How did you pursue that interest?

AG: When we moved back from Lund to Spanish Fork, I was eleven years old and started the fifth grade in Spanish Fork. My father was still a section foreman for the Union Pacific Railroad and we lived northwest of Spanish Fork in Palmyra. Living there I was among all the farmers and the farmers’ boys and so I learned to top beets, trap muskrats, coyotes, foxes and haul hay, clean ditches. These were the only jobs available; farm work.

MH: What was the market like for the skins?

AG: Good with the muskrats. I paid my way through BYU trapping muskrats. I trapped muskrats from the time I was probably in the sixth grade on through until about 1953, ’54 when I quit.

MH: Muskrat trapping worked out well here because of the drainages through here?

AG Yes, there were a lot sloughs down there below Spanish Fork and the Spanish Fork River and the ponds up around Mapleton and the Hobble Creek and down around Nephi and Mona. I trapped a large area.

MH: What was the gathering like when you sold the fur?

AG: We would sell to Utah Animal By-Products, down below Spanish Fork, which doesn't exist anymore, there and Kunhi's. I would sell some to Kunhi's, which was in Provo and which is now down in Levan. Fifty cents for a muskrat hide, the bigger one was a dollar and once in a while if you got a pretty blond one, a dollar and a half to two dollars. At that time they wouldn't let you trap beaver, but I would trap mink and get more for the mink.

MH: So, you went to BYU, then?

AG: Yes. After high school worked for the Bureau of Reclamation for two and a half years, then I was drafted into the Army and the Korean War. I got my training at Fort Ord, California then went overseas to Korea, from Korea to Okinawa where I was in the Central Intelligence Service. I got back from Korea on December 4, 1954. I had gone to BYU one quarter before I went into the service and I had played freshman football for them. When I came back I went back to BYU.

MH: I bet you were glad to be back?

AG: Yes, yes. It was interesting there. I went back to BYU. I married my wife, Sharon Fern Swenson on December 5th, 1958 at the Manti Temple. She helped get me through school working at the telephone office in Spanish Fork. I graduated from BYU with a degree in Agricultural Physics and Chemistry. I got a job with the government as a County Agent for Tooele County for Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service, which is government loans and regulations for livestock and crop acreage control to farmers. So, here I was back with the farmers and ranchers again. I got to know people and the Indians in Tooele County. After two years in Toole Country we were transferred to Davis County

with the same type of job for another two years and from Davis County to Utah County. Utah County Agent was supposed to be the largest and most prestigious job which we were fortunate to get at the time. In 1967 I was transferred to Washington, D.C. I turned the job down.

I had always wanted to be a doctor, but I didn't want to miss deer season for four years in a row (laughter) so I had never gone. But, when we came back from Washington, D.C., I got back into BYU. I was accepted to medical school in San Francisco in 1968. I graduated from medical school in 1972.

MH: How did you end up meeting the people from Garfield County area?

AG: Actually through Lars Petersen, Dr. Petersen. He is from Boulder. He went to dental school in the L.A. area. I had a lot of patients from Bicknell and all through there. They kind of related to me because I was interested in ranching. By herding cattle with Lars I got to know the ranchers and they knew Lars so they thought since Lars was O.K., then I must be O.K. And Lars would refer them as patients to me; Lars was a dentist in Spanish Fork. Through that we ended up herding cattle all over down through there.

MH: So, how did you get through hunting season?

AG: (Laughter) I finally got through medical school and came back here. Two years ago, September 2002, I killed a very large elk that was 396 points, which was a trophy. I didn't realize the mountains had gotten so steep. I have raised hunting dogs, trained them. I had a hard time selling them because I liked them, so, I kept

most of them. I have four mules out in back. I have hunted with Dr. Frischkneet and Dr. Batemen in Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, Nevada and elk in Mongolia

MH: Did you ever get a tag for the Paunsgant?

AG: Yes. I drew out on a Desert Bighorn Sheep in Southeastern Utah between Blanding and the Colorado River. I did get a very nice one. After that I guided for two years for bighorn sheep. There were not a lot of them, but it was very interesting going after them and watching them, how smart they were and how they could stay in one area like Dark Canyon. If the Bighorn sheep can live with a little bit of water and grass, they would just stay in that area. About the only way you would find them was by smelling them, or tracking them.

The year I was hunting down there, a doctor from Heber had a permit in the Dark Canyon area. I would hunt on the weekend and he would hunt during the week. On this Thursday when I came in he had been hunting and had wounded a big ram and he had waited for me to come in late that night. He told me where he had last seen the tracks. I was alone. I tracked that animal. It was interesting while tracking him; it was in Dark Canyon. The canyon goes down to a lot of little dead end canyons and falls over into the Colorado River. While tracking him, there were five or six other sheep with him, I found some Indian Kivas that still had all the vases and everything in it, there were three of them. Then there were also three caves there that had a lot of artifacts in them. But, I was close enough to the sheep that I could smell them, so I knew I was very close and that was my priority. And I thought, "I can come back to the kivas anytime." Two hours later the sheep went over and down into the Colorado River; it was so steep I couldn't

follow them. I went back down to Dark Canyon four times and I never could find the kivas again. I did find a lot of Indian relics and houses and they are still there.

I imagine people haven't found them yet.

MH: When did you meet Lars?

AG: I met Lars probably in 1954.

MH: So just before you were married.

AG: Yes, we got married in '58. Immediately we struck it off. They lived in our ward in Spanish Fork. I had known him as a dentist also. He would take me down there with him because I appreciated what was there and didn't destroy things like other people. It was kind of sad because the road from Bicknell over to Boulder wasn't oiled; it was just a slick single road. I would go over to Boulder with him and over to Boulder Creek and the west fork of the Boulder where Lars when he was a young boy used to walk from Boulder up to Boulder Lake in the summer and stay with the milk cows. He would milk them up there and he would put the milk cans in the west fork of the Boulder Creek to stay cold and then they would come up in a wagon and get them. So, he stayed up there in the summers.

We spent a lot of time up there and he showed me where Indian relics were, where different pioneer trails had gone across and it was kind of sad when they started developing all that country like grading the Burr Trail and putting highways in there. The one thing that we could see that made a real change in there was when they came in with the uranium. They cut roads everywhere; down below Boulder, down the Burr Trail, in the area of Wolverine and Horse Canyon. Lars had cattle in that area and we rode all over there. There were petrified trees

laying there that were large enough that I can remember riding my horse across the top of one that had fallen across a wash. It was that large. When the uranium people came in there, they dug up everything, there was no respect for anything. The roads were cut everywhere. They had ruined the water and creeks and the springs.

MH: Did they have heavy equipment?

AG: Some of it wasn't such heavy equipment, but they would dig and dynamite everything out. There was one uranium mine right there in that area, by Wolverine Canyon where the government is protecting the petrified trees now. There is still one area where you can walk back into a cave they dug in and there is still uranium ore just as yellow and black in color right there. There are two caves in this area, they used, when drug running was so great and worth so much money...

MH: Really? Never heard any stories about that.

AG: Right above this uranium mine near where the petrified wood was, the uranium people had smoothed out an area where they camped. Lars said that he and Mac LeFevre, went in there one time and there was an airplane that had landed on a rough cleared runway. One of the other herders that had been in the area, I can't remember his name, said men came with pick-up trucks and unloaded all the drugs off of the plane. They left the airplane there and the government finally confiscated the airplane.

BYU had a wilderness program out in Wolverine Canyon. Lars and the rest of us were getting the cattle out of there one year, when Lars said he was missing

calves and couldn't find them. Later in the spring Mac and Lars were down to Wolverine area to take a trailer down there. They were going to move some cattle around and work on the water troughs that they had set-up in different places around there. They dropped the trailer off in Wolverine Canyon and went back to Boulder to get their horses. The trailer wasn't locked. When they came back the trailer door had been kicked in and the windows broke out. There were a couple of sleeping bags, some food, and other stuff missing. Being the old cowboys they were, they looked around there and found several sets of human foot tracks. They saddled up their horses and went down the canyon and there was the BYU leader and several of the students. Lars said he was an interesting guy he packed a bow and arrow; he had been down in that area many times. Like Mac and Lars said, he thought he was an Indian and knew everything and could live off the land, which he did fairly well. They came up on them and they had the stolen items from the trailer. At this time Mac's knees were bad, but he could ride a horse and rope very well. Lars said the BYU instructor notched an arrow, because he knew what he had done and was trying to back them off. Lars said they kept talking to them and the guy was cussing them for interfering. Then Lars saw Mac untie his lariat. Lars saw the lariat loop drop down. The first thing that guy knew Mac had roped him and was dragging him around a little bit. The BYU leader and his group left the area. Lars said he got their stuff back and reported the problem to BYU and they never let them back in that area again.

The next spring we were in the same area again, looking for some cattle because we had to have them out of there by the 1st of April, and I went down this side

canyon, where the BYU hikers would go down Wolverine Canyon into Boulder Creek then into the Escalante River. It was tough; you could just squeeze a horse through some of the areas. There were some caves in the canyon where the BYU students would camp and sleep. There had been some high water in the canyon and I could see some skeletons back in the caves. I crawled back in and found the skeletons of Lars' calves. The BYU students had butchered them. That was when Lars got real upset. Lars said, "That was really living off the land."

MH: So, that was in the '70s, then right?

AG: Yes, the early sixties. When you come into Boulder, just below Dell LeFevre's place in the creek that goes down there, I had come from Lars ranch in Boulder and rode out there deer hunting. I went up on a ridge east of Lars' place where nobody hunted. I got into an area where I had to climb up on the ledges to get on the ridge. I found there was a road that went down the other side of the ridge. I looked down into the bottom of the canyon and I could see gardens down there. Later I asked one of the guys in Boulder what was planted in the bottom of the canyon, and he said someone was down there was someone raising something and he wouldn't let anyone down in the canyon. Then he told me later it was a lot of marijuana. It was interesting to see how, I guess you could say "progress", destroyed the reality of what was going on there.

I had an interesting experience with Lars and Mac. We were taking cattle down below Bowns and Long Canyon. Lake Powell was just backed up, backing up from the new Lake Powell dam. It was the last year we took cattle down the Escalante Trail and around over into Bowns and the Waterpocket Fold area, and

when we were coming back, the cattle would either run from you or hide, just like a pheasant, because they hardly ever saw a human. Mac had a dog that would go into the tamarisk and rout them out. We were coming back up from taking the cattle down below. Just as we come around onto the Escalante Canyon, starting to ride up the bottom of the creek towards Boulder to the northeast, the clouds were black. It was raining, and Lars said, "Good thing we are not up there." Just after that we jumped a big steer and when it ran up the canyon, we wouldn't let him run back. Lars said, "We will just push him to the truck and then we will beef him out." We went following it further up the canyon and all of a sudden this big steer turned and came running back towards us. We thought he was going to try and break through us, but instead he ran up on the hillside, on the steep ridge. We went tearing up there after him and no more than got up there and there was flash flood that went down the canyon. After it was gone Lars looked at the steer and said, "Have a nice life." (laughter) We rode off; he saved our lives.

MH: That was one adventure with flash floods, but they were common enough?

AG: Yes, but you didn't want to be down in there with them. We just didn't realize it would be coming from that far.

MH: Did you do much trapping in that area?

AG: No, but Lars worked at trapping foxes over on the Waterpocket Fold with one of the old gentlemen (May have been Harris Willis of Boulder) He trapped all the area through The Gulch and Halls Creek Canyon to the old Baker ranch site, the Grand Gulch and Waterpocket Fold. Lars spent a summer with Harris Willis trapping foxes. Lars said, "We lived off the land, I had my dogs and he had his

two dogs and he had two horses.” Lars had ridden one of the pack horses down the Burr Trail, Waterpocket Fold, Hall’s Fork to Baker’s Ranch. The horse was a pack horse with their gear. Lars said about the first of August he was tired of that type of living. The fox hides were worth a lot of money then. But I told him that I had to go back, to go back to school. He said, “Well, go” .Lars said he had to walk halfway down the Gulch, up the Burr Trail to Boulder.

MH: Like in the Water Pocket Fold?

AG: Yes, the Waterpocket Fold area. Lars said, “I was half way down that and so the next morning I struck out walking, me and my dogs, and I made it just about to the Burr Trail. Then it took me a day and a half to walk from there to home in Boulder.”

He told me about how the foxes would bark at him and one of the reasons for the dogs was the foxes would bark at the dogs and then they would know where they were. Then they would try to trap them. Lars and I shared a lot stories about our lives. I told him I had trapped a lot around Spanish Fork, Palmyra. Lakeshore and all through the Spanish Fork River Drainages and down in Mona and out on the West Desert for coyotes. In fact, when I lived in Lund, there were so many coyotes; they had government trappers that would come down there. They lived across the road from us in an old garage that was halfway destroyed and I would go with the government trappers out there to check their traps. After awhile, I got so that I kind of pulled for the coyotes. (Laughter)

MH: There is a bounty still on coyotes down there and the rabbit population is out of control.

AG: I can remember when I was a young kid down in Lund, Utah, I got a coyote trap from some place and I went out and tried to catch a badger. I set the trap in the badger hole. The badger got caught in the trap dug up the trap and pulled it down the hole with him and I lost my trap to him.

MH: So, you would run with Lars, whose family had a herd. What was his route in for the season, did he have permits on the Forest?

AG: Yes, he had cattle permits on land north of Boulder Creek, and south of Boulder from the turnoff on the Burr Trail to Wolverine Canyon/Petrified Forest sign, southwest to below Horse Canyon. Lars had cattle permits from the top of from the old Baker Ranch site in Hall's Creek Canyon, southwest to Cow Canyon, southeast down to where Bowns Canyon and Long Canyon drop-off into Lake Powell. From Boulder we would herd them down the Burr Trail and take them out onto Wolverine and Horse Canyon areas. The cattle would winter in this area. The cattle had to be out of the area by the first of April every year. We would go down in March and had some interesting slick rides down there and lots of getting the truck stuck. We would trail them up the Burr Trail to Boulder to their summer range.

I was in medical school in 1968, when the BLM told Lars he had to get his cattle out of down below. Lars had cowboys from all come to get the cattle out. they went up above Hall's Fork and across out into Bowns and Long Canyon. He said they started out with 175 cattle and by the time they got to where you go up the Burr Tail they had 35. They were wild and they would run everywhere and he said they didn't make a real effort to collect them. Friends of his would go back

down. One of them from Boulder, took some horses back down to Waterpocket Fold turned them loose, so again they had horses and cattle on the Waterpocket Fold that weren't supposed to be there. The BLM went in and shot a few of each.

I can remember there at Hall's Creek at the Baker's Ranch across from Bullfrog Marina, there was a log cabin and a big spring and a creek. The Indians used to live around there. The pioneers were sent down in there to raise grapes and to make wine down. I remember the first time I went down to there, it was late in the evening and we were tired from riding all day. I got up on the inside of the cabin and ran my hand around the eaves and found an old tin can, 4 inches high and $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches round, with the instructions on it stating that it was a kind of a super aspirin that would cure anything. (Laughter) It was interesting, the artifacts that were down there, old pack saddles and things like that.

One time instead of riding clear down Hall Fork in The Gulch, we went down a road that cut across and went over and around on east of there. We went over there and came down to Baker's Ranch that way, but those canyons were mud and quicksand. We about lost horses. We had a hard time getting through, but we finally did. It actually took us longer than if we had come down The Gulch. The horses on the slick rock, they would fall and cut their legs.

MH: Who else was in the crew when you were trailing?

AG: Mainly Lars, Mac LeFevre, Dr. Lynn Bateman, and myself. That was usually the group. Once in awhile there was another fellow from Boulder, he helped Lars farm some of his area in Boulder.

MH: Was it Georgie?

AG: I'm not certain of his name. Dark hair, cleft chin?

MH: Yes, Georgie. I heard he was an amazing horseman.

AG: He was. Mac was the roper. It was interesting going over to Mac's home. His wife was quite a lady, a tough girl and a good cook. She always had goodies for us.

MH: How fun to be around those guys.

AG: Once in awhile, Lars' brother, Rulon, would go down below with us. Lars had one brother who was kind of interested in the cattle; the rest had left the area. Rulon lived in Bountiful and he came down once with us and he said it was the longest ride in the world he had ever taken, because we just take the horses and pack them and go.

Lars had two mules and a Quarter horse named Susie. He would ride the quarter horse down but when we got down onto the slickrock he would always switch over to Nellie, the mule. He is one of the reasons I have four mules out here and three donkeys out in front. The mules are sure footed and they can go and are predictable. And they are smart.

MH: How was the fare, the eating, when you were out there?

AG: Lars was a very good cook. He made a lot of Dutch oven stews, pancakes and bread. Here I have taken some of these pictures on the slickrock where we would

sleep. (see photos included) He would make a bonfire and he loved to cook. He'd say, "Go off and find some Indian Relics." And I would go off and find Indian relics, mark them and take him back and show him.

One time Mac, Lars, Rulon and I went down below and made good enough time down The Gulch that we got up on top of the slickrock for the evening. There were cattle up there. We set up a tent and that night the wind blew so bad that each of us had to hold one corner of the tent to keep it from blowing away. The cattle were not used to seeing man; some of them had never seen a man before. They would either run from you, to you or hide.

The next morning I went after some cattle south of me. I was tracking the cows and jumped two large buck deer, they ran south. I didn't realize I was at the end of the mesa. They were so afraid of me, they had never seen man, they both jumped off the ledges, killing them. It was kind of sad.

I remember a deer going down, I think it was Long Canyon, riding out Bowns to get the cattle out of Long Canyon. There was just a little narrow trail going along there, but there was a deer going down on a level above us, a big doe. Mac said that the trail ended down there. All of a sudden that deer looked back at us and she was so scared of us that jumped off the ledge into a cedar tree, a good twenty or thirty feet into a big cedar, rolled down there, got up and run on down the canyon.

There was one spot in Bowns Canyon where we used to set up camp. There were some caves there that the Indians had lived in. They were large enough that in the back of the cave they had stalls where they would keep their horses, probably in

the winter or whatever. There was water $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile down from there. Where these two little canyons come together, we would always flip a coin to see who would get to go up on the mound of sand to look for arrowheads. During the winter the wind would blow and uncover the arrowheads. When the Indians lived there, there something that they were fearing, because they had rock guard houses on every turn in the canyon where you could look from one guard house to another.

Up at the end of Bowns Canyon where the springs came out, there had once been beaver dams. The beaver dams were now probably fifty feet above the creek beds; the canyon had cut that deep. Up at the end of the canyon where the Indians lived there were three large caves back in there with a sandstone ledge that went straight up above the caves. There was one area, like a crevice, where they had cut hand-holds. They would evidently climb up to the top of the cliff three hundred feet high. Lars and I were always curious about what was in these caves. We went up there one time and Lars took his mule, Nellie. We rode up there and tied them up underneath the caves and were digging around at the front of the cave. We found the ramous bone of a human jaw. We were bent over and being real quiet, no digging noises, when we found it and were looking at it. Unbeknownst to us, there were five deer that we had pushed up the canyon. They had gone into the caves. When we quit making noise and were looking at the jaw, they came running out and jumped over the top of us. Lars had kind of a bad heart, and I think I about lost Lars there. Lars said, "Oh, if anything is going to kill me, it was those deer." We found a couple of human skulls there; Lars brought the jaws out.

When we came out of there, the short cut was to go down the canyon, where the water came over and it was sand. The one trail that Lars was starting down on, Lars said, "We can't get across here because it is too wide", where the gully had cut down through it. It was probably a good sixty degree slope. He said, "Nellie can jump it." So he slapped her on the rear end and she made a big jump. Her feet were on the other side and she was a'clawing, the sand gave way. She turned around and looking up at us and she was a braying and her ears were forward towards her nose and she slide down the gully. It didn't hurt her. I always remember Lars saying, "Did you get her picture?" (Laughter) I said, "No." He said, "Do you think we can get her to do it again?" I said, "No way!"

That was at the head of the Bowns Canyon.

You could walk down to the end of Bowns Canyon where Long Canyon would come in from the east, there was a ledge there that you could look off into the Colorado River, Lake Powell. Dr. Bateman, one time after Lake Powell was there and he was out of medical school, they went down there and he and some of his boys climbed up in to that area. He said, "You would be discouraged because people had found a trail into there and had cleaned everything out." There were a lot of Indian caves we would just look in, and would be pots and all kinds of stuff and different packs wove out of different materials and bags made out of willow.

MH: Do you still go down in there?

AG: Dr. Bateman and I decided a couple of years ago we were going to go down in there while we could still make it in there, then I had a spinal fusion, so we

kind of gave it up. I'd love to get in there. A friend of ours said he had a friend with a helicopter that could take us in.

When they drove the cattle out of the Waterpocket Fold and some of the cattle went back in, and the guy from Boulder took some of his horses back in later the BLM came in with a helicopter and shot them all from the helicopter. He said it was sad. He said, "I was going to go down, but my wife wouldn't let me go, because I was taking my rifle, target unknown." It was an interesting area; how being where no other person had been other than just say Indians. It is interesting why; too, they left that area. When I was hunting sheep on the east side of the Colorado, it was the same thing over in there, in those canyons. The Indians had guard areas, overlooks, whether they was fearing other Indian groups or the Spanish.

MH: OK that is a good start. Interesting adventures. Thank you.