



extremely

Mee In Hall. Dad's Oldest Brother - Trouble on The Boulder, Boynton Road - The road
Dad, Mamma & Elmo traveled from Escalante to Salt Lake entering the land they abandoned Salt Creek year ago

1911

Merlin Job Hall @ dog, Marrila P. Hall, Lidia Jane Hall, Thirza Hall on horse, Morias E. Hall lying on his elbo, and Joseph Tryon Hall standing in his boots. Cleo Rad, Horace not in photo.





THE PHOTO LETS US SEE THE GARAGE, HOUSE,
BARN, GARDEN SPOT, THE HALL'S STORE, AND
THE STATE PARK ANASAZI MUSEUM, WHERE WE
DUG AND HUNTED INDIAN ARTIFACTS, MANY MOONS
PAST: : photo taken 1978: from the top of Schack Mountain ledge .



THESE ARE THE FULL BLOOM OF THE MOUNTAINS I LOOKED UPON WHEN I WAS A BOY AT BOULDER.



Dad. Anasco R. Hall Do L. ... Taseo Laombs. 1910.

Gulch and fall time Boulder, "Home Sweet Home" we sang while Mamma strummed her guitar!

Oh! The shortness of this human span through the swiftness of time, for me is incomprehensible. (H.H. Hall 1990)

When youth stare into the morning light of life, then as youth passes aged with time, they reflect and look into the twilight of life's evening light of life. Both the beginning and terminal space of life are beautiful. Oh! Sweet life. Let it be forever! It will be carried forward in the genes transferred to another beginning!! Our children, grandchildren, et,al.



DAD AND I STAND ON THE FRONT LAWN AT THE GULCH RANCH 1934:



The buck fence in the back or North of the lot. Darrell Leavitt, myself in rear, Dixie, Clella and LeFair in front sitting on the stump of an old Juniper tree that had been topped for fence and fire wood.



Photo Taken 1931 or 1932?

Home Boulder Utah 1942
 The house when we lived in it and
 went to school in winter - was only the
 south part. the two south doors
 and the up stairs & down stair window
 there was only pine boards inside the studs

The house was only the front part of the home 1942. The two south doors, two east windows and the rock foundation. The house then did not have siding, asphalt shingles nor painted doors and window frame. There were big Pinion and Cedar trees where the children stand and a tater cellar where the pole stands, dug beneath a large Pinion tree's branch. We would unload the furniture, beds; food was stored in the cellar and pantry. Beds were set upstairs and quilts spread upon the straw filled ticks. Mamma and the girls cooked some meat, fried potatoes, baked biscuits and gravy. Erna would drive old May Henry, the milk cow, over in a few days. Then we would have fresh milk to drink, so Mamma and Dad told us.



Erna, LeNora, Mamma, Ciella and Dixie posed for this photo I took of them in the spring of 1942. We had gathered to celebrate Mamma birthday of April 28th, 1942. It was a special day Mamma said to have all her girls with her to celebrate!! Mamma was 59 years old that spring and she said, "I do hope I live far into my 80's as Mother has." I wish we four boys could have been there, Dad, Elmo, LeFair and I. Darn!! It would be great to have such a photo of Mamma and her men kin.

from the top of the ...



Diana Lee
I were
There. 1988

The Aluey Lake, Dick Thompson Ledge South Eastern 1984

Diana and I
were atop
School House
Ledge--



from the top of the Ledge - looking down upon our school, store & school house
Church house
Fall 1942



After the thistle had been cleared and burned we had to bank the house. Summer wind and badgers had torn away the sand, only rocks held the house. Before we banked the house we, Clella, LeNora and I would crawl beneath the house.

Dad would direct us as we gathered and piled the tumble weeds into a large stack using our shovel, rake, pitch fork and hands we soon had a stack. Dad would set the stack on fire when the breeze was in proper direction. Huge pillars of black smoke billowed into the sky. Watching, working were exciting moments for all of us. The weeds all cleared and burned our next task was to bank the house foundation with sand and small rocks aborting the rats, squirrels, mice and badgers plus the cold north winds and air of winter chill from going beneath the house floors filtering into the kitchen and living room.

Before we banked the house some of us would crawl under the house hoping to find any thing that may have fallen through the cracks and knot holes in the floor. It was rather spooky. We had no flash lights. Certainly matches could not be lit to give us light. Our eyes soon adjusted as we searched for some treasure. Occasionally we would find marbles, jacks, a spoon or fork. Once I did find a small handkerchief and tied in its corner I felt some money. Upon my return from beneath the house I showed Mamma and the girls. Mamma said, "Heber that handkerchief has H.L.L. initials. That's the handkerchief Hilma lost here last spring." So Erna took the handkerchief with its two dimes and returned it to Helma. Heck, there went my treasure.

After the search was completed we would bank the foundation shoveling dirt and small rocks as fill. In the house Dad would again cut the lids from old tin cans and nail them atop the knot holes in the floor.

One fall a large wood rat hid in the upstairs some where when we moved to Boulder. After eating our supper we were tired so all of us went to bed. In the late hours I heard thump, thump, thump, up and down the stair steps. Mamma was soon up and had lit the old kerosene lamp. She awakened all of us. We searched the house but could not find the wood rat. Through the night even with the lamp still lit the noise continued. Thumpedy, thump, up and down the stair steps.

In the morning we found big rat tracks, or rat droppings on the floor, table and stairs but there was no rat to be seen. Dad told us he could catch that varmint. He cut the lid off of a gallon can with his pocket knife. Then he cut very thin splinters of wood and filled the can half full of soapy water. Placing the splinters on the can top

we took the beds. Upstairs had a V shape ceiling. Upon the metal cots we placed the straw ticks. Mamma and Dad slept in the west upstairs room and all of us children slept upon the two iron cots.



The little house set upon a rock foundation as depicted in the photo where Mamma and the then grandchildren set upon that rock which held the little frame house. Photo taken in the fall of 1942. The big lava rocks held the house and were the steps. The concrete foundation was set many years past. (1928+)

Many years had passed before I photographed Mamma and the then grandchildren sitting on the rock foundation which held the old house. The photo from left to right stands, Dell, Mike, Richard. In front is Jay, Mazel, Grandma holding Rett and Sharon, Marie had her hand in her mouth and Hurley is sitting at her side. Denny stands in front of Marie.

The enclosure or lot was always packed with large Russian Thistle or tumble weeds. We would cut, pull and stack them. Because it was late Sept. the fires would send black smoke and ashes high into the sky. I can hear Mamma calling to Horace, "Be careful, we don't want the house to burn." Dad worked and had us help so there was really no chance that the house or corral would be set ablaze. He too realized that the old frame house was kindling dry.

took most of the day from the ranch to the Boulder lot. At the steep inclines, Rocky Bench and Big Hollow we children would walk lightening the load. At the top of the Rocks Dad would stop the team. We children would climb from the wagon. Dad would check the brake shoes and pull line assuring himself that all would be secure. Climbing back into the wagon he, Mamma and LeFair would descend the rocky road driving slowly, braking and holding the team in check with the brakes pulley system. We children followed behind scampering about the sand ledges upon which the road was built. At the bottom of the Rocks the road traversed sand filled washes. The teams big hooves sunk deep into the soft sand as did the loaded wagon wheels. Dad talked to the team with the reins and they would belly down, their tugs pulling the wagon. Dixie would get back onto the wagon but the rest of us walked all the way to the house, our winter home, as Mamma put it.

Crossing the ditch and undoing the bars we then drove to the house. The old long skeleton keys unlocked the doors. Mamma and the girls began to sweep the dust and sand from the floors. Dust and sand had accumulated through the empty summer months. Dad and I unhitched the team and took them to the corral. There we unharnessed them and lead them to the ditch to drink. After that I filled the nose bags with oats and hung the bags on the team's heads. After they had eaten the oats we let them free to graze along the ditch bank in the lot. The lot was boarded with a buck fence. The bars and east gate were closed. The photo depicts a bit of what we saw each fall as we came to our winter home so that we could attend school.

At the top of the Rocks, as exhibited in the photo where Darrell and I and Larry and Darrell stand, can be seen the same panorama we would see when we reached the top of the Rocks. The land and farms of Boulder lay before us.

Dad would stop, let us children climb from the wagon and he would check the brakes and brake lever and let the team rest. While he checked the harness, call, and tugs, all of us would walk down the steep sand stone road through the soft blow sand at the bottom of the Rocks to Boulder Creek. Some times we walked all the distance to the Boulder lot, some two plus miles. We always stopped and gazed at the big sand stone stool north of the road.

The house at Boulder was a small frame house. A kitchen and pantry on the west side. The old Monarch stove, wood box, small table and wooden benches filled the kitchen. In the front room there stood a pot belly stove. We unloaded some chairs, a small baby bed and Mamma's guitar. The upstairs was reached by steep steps. There



Standing at the top of the rocks. The panorama of Boulder as I remember it the Fall of 1927 when Dad and I road to Salt Gulch.
Photo taken 1954



Here Darrell stands at the old road which pulled on top of the upper most incline of the sand stone ledge road, cut there some hundred years ago as I write this. Photo taken 1954



RICHARD HAD CLIMBED HIGH ONTO THE SOUTH HIGHEST SADDLE, I DID NOT FOLLOW HIM. UPON HIS RETURN, I TOLD HIM THAT MY OLD SCOUT MASTER FRANCE LYMON HAD TAKEN US SCOUTS HERE COLLECTING INDIAN ARTIFACTS, AND THEN HE TOOK US TO WHAT HE SAID WAS THE "WHATCOTT HAT, NAMED BECAUSE MR. AND MRS. WHATCOTT HAD HOMSTEDED THIS AREA.



RICHARD TOOK THESE TWO PHOTOS OF THE WHATCOTT HAT. I THINK THEY LOOK AS THOUGH THE ANASAZI PEOPLE COULD HAVE CONSTRUCTED THE BASE OF THE STOOL UPON WHICH THE GREAT WHATCOTT HAT SETS. THE PHOTOS ARE INDEED INDESCRIBABLE, YET WE DID NOT SEE ANY EVIDENCE THAT PEOPLE HAD WALKED ABOUT THIS STARTLING STRUCTURE. THERE WAS STILL ANASAZI ARTIFACTS NEAR THE WHATCOTT HAT. THAT WAS SEPTEMBER 1994.



THESE WERE THAT GREAT SAND STONE POINTS WE COULD SEE THAT JULY AFTERNOON WHEN ALL OF US CLIMBED FROM THE EAST DEER CREEK ONTO THE SOFT SANDY FLAT NORTH OF CLINTON AND KAY'S HOUSE. WHAT A DAY TO CLIMB THESE SADY NIPPLES. WE RAN JUMPED ACROSS THE SANDY RUTS.



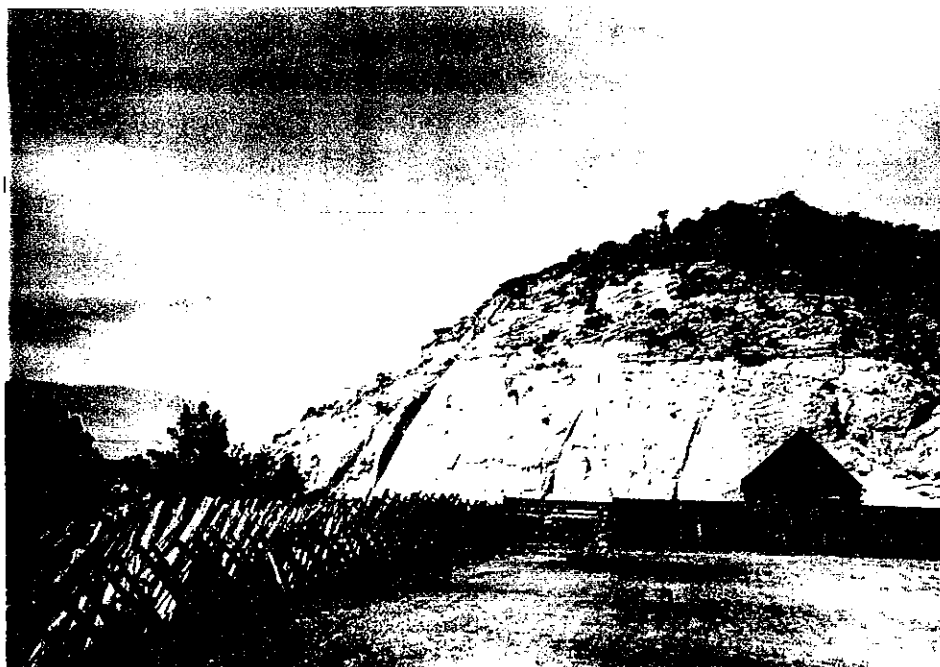
AS WE APPROACHED THE GREAT SPIRES OF SADY NIPPLES WE AGREED THAT IVAN AND FERREL SHOULD LEAD THE WAY UP THE STEEP SLOPS OF THE SOUTH NIPPLE. THEN ALL OF US WOULD FOLLOW. THAT WAS A REAL SCARY CLIMB. YET ALL OF US REACHED THE TOPSIRE. THE WIND WAS BLOWING SO STRONG SOME OF US LAY UPON THE CAP BUT IVAN STOOD AND YELLED TO THE TOP OF HIS VOICE::: ALL OF US SCREAMED IN SUPPORT:::

would bat it with our home made guinea club. The object was to knock the guinea across a predetermined line some place far beyond the goal. One afternoon Darrell, Kay, and Elroy and I were playing guinea. It was my turn to bat. I struck the guinea and it came into perfect batting position, striking it full abreast with my oak guinea club. The guinea peg sailed like a rocket clear across the ditch and road crashing through the big window pane of the new Relief Society house. Glass shattered and crashed with a loud boom. Mamma heard the crash and came out questioning, "What was that?" Elroy told her I had knocked out the window pane. She said, "It can't be, why that's too far." But it had happened. She told me to go and tell Mrs. Mary Moosman about it. Mrs. Moosman was the Relief Society president. My friends went to her house with me but stayed out side. I had to tell of the accident all alone. Mrs. Moosman listened and said, "I will drive up and look at it." Soon she came in her old Model T Ford. She, like Mamma, could not believe I could knock a guinea that far from the ditch to the house. She said, "Heber because you came and told me and because the guinea flew so far we have enough money to buy a new window. If you can get Horace, your Dad, to install it." I did ask Dad and he was pleased. We boys got boards and nailed across the broken window frame until a new window could be installed which took several weeks to arrive. Dad and Albert Coleman installed the window which Eph Coombs freighted from Escalante.

One summer night I had been at Parks playing. It was past sun set when Hazel, his mom, said maybe I should go home. Darkness fell upon the land and field as I began to walk home alone. The field was so big, the alfalfa was tall. I struggled to follow the trail across the field onto the shale hill, down the road to home. As I ran, stumbled, and listened, the entire valley seemed to close in upon me. I tried to sing. Mamma had told us when we are alone sing loud and that will frighten away the coyotes and mountain lions. I ran, tried to sing loud but was out of breath, too afraid to stop and rest. Alas I crested the hill separating Kings ranch from ours. No longer could I see the light at Kings. Nearing Sweet Water Creek, the road curved, dipping sharp into the stream. Running, not daring to look back or to my sides I splashed through the water. As I splashed, a large barn owl, perched upon an old dead saw log pine tree, hooted. I thought my heart would stop. Even though I had heard owls hoot I thought it must be a mountain lion in the tree. Stumbling up the bank onto the road I ran, soon in the land I could see the light at our house. Dad said, "Looks like you fell into the creek." I agreed. Mamma questioned, "Are you all right? You look sick." I said, "No I am OK. I just ran home." Supper had been served, dishes washed, so I went to



It was north of the fence near the school house ledge where I buried Tip that day many moons past. Now I stand there and remember my Dog.



The now new buck fence bordered the corral and hay barn where I milked May Henry our cow, stabled and fed my horses Peggy, Nelly, Tuck and Smoky. Living there at Boulder as a young boy. 1922-1936



East face of old house at Salt Gulch. Dad attached the lento and porches after he and Mamma purchased the ranch from Uncle Rob.



Me and my dog Tip. Tip grew into a very good watch dog and cow heeling dog. Tip was my dog, my friend, my ever companion.

pole I slipped, mashing the goose egg in my bib overall pocket. The egg was spoiled. The yolk and white of the egg had fermented. Rotten egg yolk and fluid spilled into the pocket then onto my shirt and chest. The stink was intense. Falling onto the ground the slimy egg splashed onto my face. I staggered to my knees. The stink overtook me and I began to puke. The sour acid vomit, the egg stench and slime caused me to faint. One of the girls saw me fall and faint. She and Mamma ran to me and lifting me they too were overcome by the hideous smell. Mamma and Erna dragged me to the ditch, slid me into the water, unclad me and let the clean cool water lap away the egg slime and acidic vomit. The cold water revived me. I told them what had happened. Mamma always able to see humor in the most trying circumstance said, "Heber I thought you had ruptured a gut. You smelled just like the dead sheep we skinned when you cut its pouch." We all laughed and talked about my goose egg smell the rest of the day. Much later in life at a chemistry class we had to prepare Hydrogen Sulfide gas. The goose egg experience lay upon me as the rotten egg gas filled the chemistry lab where all of us were producing Hydrogen Sulfide gas.

I told Dr. Gurney about the goose egg I had smashed in my bib overall pocket. It smelled exactly like the H₂S gas we were producing. Virginia Lund said, "I think I too am going to puke." Dr. Gurney said, "Oh! Not in our lab. Go to the rest room fast." She did. Now when I occasion to see Virginia we still laugh about the rotten egg gas we made and my goose egg story which I shared with her and Dr. Gurney.

Our little dog we called Spot gave birth to eight pups. Far too many for her to suckle. We were accustomed to feeding lambs. There for Ciella, Dixie and I helped Spot feed her pups. Each of us claimed one pup. The eighth one Mamma claimed. When the pups were old enough to wean there was a family council. Dad had decided which pup was to be kept but the remaining seven would be given away. Spot was a very good sheep dog. The sires of the pups were no doubt many. The pups were as varmint and different in color and temper as though they were not brother and sister pups at all. I had selected a smooth, tan male pup. The white slash on his nose and chest and the white tassel at the tip of his tail caused me to give him the name Tip. His mouth was very black roofed. Dad stepped toward the pups. Half asleep by old Spot, he picked up Tip which I had named and said, "We shall keep this male pup. He will become a very good ranch dog." Joy filled my soul. The girls and Elmo accepted Dads choice of keeping Tip with his black roofed mouth and he would be a very good ranch dog, a good heeler.

leaving the cut bandaged for several days. The wound healed, mend it did. I still carry the long razor blade cut scar on my hand. No stitches were taken, only Mamma's potato and salt poultice let my hand heal. There was no infection. Plus there were no medical doctors in the country.

Digging in the sandy wash south of the Indian mounds which is now the Anasazi State Park at Boulder, Lester and I uncovered a human skeleton. The skull, arm, leg, backbone, hands and feet bones. We were very excited. I ran to the house and told Mamma about our find. She said, "Heber you and Lester take the shovel, dig a big deep hole then put all the bones in it. We do not dig up buried people." Lester said, "But Mrs. Hall it's only an Indian." Mamma said "True but how would you like it if someone went to our cemetery and dug up one of your family members who has been buried there." We took the shovel, dug the hole, reburied the skeleton. We did find some arrow head and we kept them. In fact some of them I still have.

Many days when we were not working and/or going to school we did hunt for arrow heads. Uncle Rob would buy them from Dad. Dad would give us a few pennies for them. Had I but seen the value of those I found and sold!! Again youth is so inexperienced!!

One day when I was digging at the Indian ruins I struck my left thumb with my old pocket knife and cut deep into the flesh. I still have that scar. A reminder of my search for arrow heads on the old Indian ruins. LeNora, my sister, who has lived at Boulder and Salt Gulch all her life has found hundreds of arrow heads. She has them all mounted and framed.

At the age of six Dad gave me a heifer calf in the spring of that year. I could select any heifer calf in the herd. It would be branded in my brand, H.H. Upon returning from Boulder where we stayed attending school in the cold wet stormy months of November, December, January, February and March, Elmo, Dad and I walked among the cows checking the calves. Bally, a big Hereford milk cow had given birth to a dark red striped faced heifer calf. I selected it to be mine. We built a fire and heated the branding iron and while I lassoed the calf and held it Elmo branded it H H I was owner of a calf. I thought I would one day own a herd of cattle. Elmo, nine years my senior, had been given a calf. He now owned several head of cows and calves. I dreamed I too would.

Sheep sheering time came. Dad went to the sheering corrals in Escalante desert. Upon his return he displayed the new things he had either traded for or purchased at Munson's store in Escalante. He showed us a German made Tree Baker knife. It had pearl handles, long steel blades and one leather punch blade. What a beautiful

Dad taught me to swim by holding my head beneath the water and not breathing. In the field near the big wash where he and Elmo made a dam to cause the water to be ditched across the wash he would let me swim in my skinny suit. Even though the water was cold it was fun and I learned to dive, swim, and dead man float. One afternoon when Dad had changed the water we walked atop the white shale hills north of the fields. He showed me how, by holding flat, long rocks one could make them sing by throwing the rock down the steep hill side along the ditch and coves. I practiced throwing long slim shale rocks making them hum and sing. Clella loved to listen to the singing rocks as we herded sheep and cows so they could not eat the alfalfa, grain, and corn yet fill their stomachs.

Elmo was cutting hay near the house lot one afternoon. I followed the freshly cut hay, walking on the newly mowed hay to keep my bare feet from stepping on the stubble's. The hay was tall, standing above my head. I decided to sit in the tall hay, shadowing my bare head. Just waiting for him to make the round. Elmo did not see me sitting there nor did I realize I was sitting in the path of the mower machine cutting blade and guards. As the team closed the mowing machine cutting bar upon me, Flash, the big white mare, sensed me and halted. I stood up. The blade of the mower was only a few feet from where I was sitting. Had Flash not sensed me and stopped Elmo would not have seen me. I would have been cut badly by the slicing, cutting blade and guards. Elmo jumped off the mower, grabbed my, jerking me and booting me all the way to the house. Mamma listened to what Elmo told her and she said, "Kick him again, that is better than having him all cut up." Then Mamma said, "Glad our good mare Flash sensed you. It was a silly thing to do Heber, to sit in the tall hay."

Returning from the shearing corrals one spring I was helping Dad unpack and unload the wagon. There I saw the blade of a razor, as Dad took items to the house. I opened the blade to the German razor Uncle Merlin had given Dad upon his discharge from the U.S. Army. Holding the open razor in my right hand I began to climb from the wagon. I slipped, slicing my left hand lateral side from the little finger to the wrist, into the palm of the hand the sharp razor blade cut. I fell to the ground. There I sat bleeding like a stuck hog, Dad said later. Dad wrapped my bleeding hand with his red handkerchief, carrying me to the house. I did not dare cry. Boys were not supposed to cry. Grin and bare it was what we were taught. I did. Mamma scraped potato and mixed it with salt, packed the deep cut, heated cloth on the stove, wrapped the cut and cloth tight,

