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INTERVIEW WITH: Heber Hall  
INTERVIEWER: Jay Haymond  
INTERVIEW NUMBER: one  
DATE OF INTERVIEW: July 14, 1998  
PLACE OF INTERVIEW: Salt Lake City, Utah home of Heber Hall  
SUBJECT OF INTERVIEW: Life in Salt Gulch, other memories  
TRANSCRIBER: Patricia B. Haymond  
DATE: Unknown

Interview recorded with Sony TC-142, cassette recorder, three-60 minute cassette tapes.

JH: This is an interview with Heber Hall. The date is July 14, Tuesday. We are at Heber's home on Thornton Avenue. We are going to talk to him about his early life in Salt Gulch, Garfield County. My name is Jay Haymond.

What I'd like to know first, is for you to tell me a little bit about your family, the one into which you were born. Your father and mother, brothers and sisters, and let's start with that.

HH: My name is Heber Hall and I was born at Salt Gulch, Utah, 1922. My father was named Horace Riley Hall and he was a great sheep shearer, and he was shearing sheep when he saw this beautiful, black haired, petite little lady who was Maude Christina Riding. He told a friend, I want to marry that lady some time. She was a cook for the shearing crowd. Anyway, continued to shear and later he did ride from Escalante, Utah, where he lived, to Tropic, Utah, about seventy miles horse-back to court his darling little lady, who was my mother, Maude Christina Riding. They married many years later and then they lived for a short time in Tropic, but there wasn't much work so they moved back over to Escalante. Mother didn't like Escalante. She didn't like the situation there at all, and there was an opening for homesteading in Garfield County. That was the post--I forget the people who initiated it, the president. Anyway, you could homestead it. So my father decided he would move over to Salt Gulch, Utah, and take up a homestead along the Salt Gulch Creek.

Now the word Salt Gulch is named by those early pioneers who went there, and the cattle that graze along the gulch swale would lick what the cowboys thought was salt, but it was actually potassium and sodium bicarbonate and not chloride. So they called that Salt Gulch, Utah. Dad, my father, took out a homestead. For \$14.95 he was able to apply for the homestead, and if he worked and built home and took care of it, I think it was five years (I could be in error here), then it would be his. It cost him \$14.90, he told me. So he got the 120 acres. Much of it was mostly

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pasture grazing area. I think there may have been forty-five or fifty acres of good arable land. So he and Mother, they together and his friends, actually his brother and then later his dad, moved over to Boulder also. But they went into the mountain by wagon and horse and pulled and cut aspen trees and pulled them down to where they could load them on the wagon. It wasn't much of a road at all. Then he and Mother built a little log cabin on what we called the Salt Gulch property, or the homestead. He built a log cabin. I don't know, it took him several years to build it. Then his brother moved over and had friends. They all worked together. So they built that and made that their home for several years. It was a very difficult thing because the Sweet Water Creek he deeded- out went through his property, but he had to bring it out of a great gorge or a gully, arroyo, and it was about maybe 18 to 20 feet deep. With hand and pick and shovel, he made ditches out of that creek. When I was older and I looked at that, I couldn't believe a man could be that strong and that willing. All he had was a shovel, a pick, and a crowbar and an ax and muscle. Mother helped him some, but she took care of the garden. Where they built the cabin, there was a natural spring of water there. This spring could water about a full acre and a half of land, so that was Mother's garden. She planted tomatoes and cucumbers and squash, etc., and corn, and they lived there for several years. I don't really know how many. I have it written in my journal, but I have forgotten. It was several years when they lived there. Then they just had to work everywhere. He'd go every spring to the shearing corrals and shear sheep. He always took his bag wagon and team and took what equipment he needed. At that time, they sheared the sheep with just hand clippers. Then later in years gone by, they actually purchased or organized to make the shearing corral and the shearers off of the sheep shearing cutters like the hair clippers on hair. Dad would go over and shear, and that would be his source of prime earned money. Each spring when he would come back, we remember as young people, he always had a different team. They traded teams when they would go to the shearing corrals. And the old road was so rough and so steep, some places he had to have four horses pull a wagon, with maybe 500 pounds of weight on it. It was just the old primitive pioneer road. I have traveled that much and photographed it and taken the idea. But I have written a book called *Going Home as Mama Said* and I have traveled that old road and photographed what they had to drive through.

JH: Was this going over the mountain?

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HH: No, it was going from Salt Gulch, Utah, down to the Escalante River and up through the Escalante pasture and over to Escalante. Then from Escalante we drove over the great mountain, which is the Escalante Mountain, over the top and down to Widtsoe. From Widtsoe we drove across the Sevier River, the east fork of the Sevier River, bumpity-bumpity road, and then we drove from there down to Tropic and that was called "under the dump." The reason they called that Tropic was because it was so much warmer climate than over at Panguitch. So that was a tropical world for those who moved to Tropic out of Panguitch. Mother's folks had moved from Panguitch to Tropic.

They worked there a long time. Later, Dad was able to work for some people over to Boulder and he decided that he had to have a larger piece of property. So as the cycles turned, his Uncle, that is Rob Hall, had a lot of sheep and cattle. He had purchased what they called the old McGath farm, the old McGath ranch was 160 acres. He would have Dad, my father, and he would sometimes come over too. They would herd the sheep up on the great mountain, on the Aquarius Plateau and over toward the Escalante Mountain. Then in winter time they would bring them down to the old McGath ranch and my uncle Rob still owned it, but Dad would work for it. So he moved over there to that old house, that old log house on the McGath. He still kept the property there at the homestead.

But it made it much more profitable because he could raise the sheep, shear them, and Uncle Rob, his uncle, would give him a certain percentage of that. Then he would lamb those every spring. I don't remember how many he had, about 3,500 ewes, and they would lamb those. They actually made, he and his Uncle Rob and other people, made a big barn, a lambing barn and a hay barn. I remember when I were very young, we'd go out to the corral at night and separate the sheep, the ones that were going to drop their lambs, into places in the corral or in the barn where they could drop them and then the coyotes or lions wouldn't come down and get them. We had dogs that would bark, but they still were there, the cougars. They were actually cougars not lions. They would let them drop, and then Dad would get a percentage of those lambs as profit for the work. Life went on and he lived over there.

Then they were also able to buy and build a little frame house over at Boulder. That was because there was no school in Salt Gulch. So we would move over there in the winter so the older girls

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and Elmer could go to school. He made this little frame house out of two-by-fours and old knotty pine, twelve inch-by-one inch, and this little two-room house with an upstairs. The upstairs were so sharp and so steep; we did put little old straw ticks up there.

JH: Anything else you would like to say about that house? Do you remember growing up in the Boulder house or the Salt Gulch house?

HH: Both. The little frame house that Dad built there at Boulder was about 14 by 28 feet. It had two little rooms on the floor. In that house we had a little old pot belly stove which was our heater. Then we had an old Monarch stove. I still have that Monarch stove up to my cabin up in the Weber Mountain. That's where Mother would cook the breakfast and cook all the food. The wood we had--we just had to cut the wood with axes. Anyway, the house was a big, big, steep steps so we could get up on the roof. There were two little rooms up there. One was where Mother and Dad slept, and the other was where all of us children slept. We didn't have beds. We had straw ticks. By straw ticks--we'd put straw inside of some canvas material that Mother made. We called them straw ticks. We'd just sleep bumper to bumper on those ticks. The girls would sleep on one and Elmo and LeFair and I would sleep on the other.

JH: How many sisters?

HH: I was going to tell you about that. There were eight of us all together born. Dad was the primary deliverer of those children. There were no doctors, there was no midwife. There was a midwife over at Escalante, Susan Heath, but it was so far to come by horse, by the time they even could get her informed, the baby was usually born. Mother gave birth to all seven of us very easily. Then the last baby was breech, and she could not abort it. I can still remember--I was about five years old, and I can still hear him say to myself and my sister Erna, he said, Erna, Heber, heat the water. We've got to pull the baby like we did the calf yesterday. I thought, oh my heck, we pulled the calf with a big old lasso rope. But we did heat the water and he just had to pull the baby and the baby was in the birth canal so long, it died a few days later. Mother was so badly torn, the fistula, the whole thing, the excretory system of the vagina and the anus was one aperture. I'm sure she had septicemia because she was very sick for a long time. She did heal, and later as life went on, maybe a couple of years, she conceived again, but she aborted these twins. We don't

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know whether they was girls or boys. Erna told me about this; I was very young. She aborted those and Dad and Erma took them up in the fields and buried them in the shale hill. I don't even know, but they were too young to even name or anything like that.

But later in life, just relating to Mother again, she was so sick. I would almost guess that she had septicemia, or blood poisoning. I didn't know much about it, and of course there were no medical help. Then I didn't know it. But, oh, she was so ill. Finally she had a very extreme pain in her abdomen, so we took her out in the old buggy out to Wayne County, and then from Wayne County they took her out in the car to Richfield, and there the medical doctor, Dr. Horace Dewey, he decided she had a ruptured or nearly ruptured appendicitis. So he had to do surgery. Now he didn't tell me at this time--I wasn't even with him--but later he told me, he said, Heber, I know you want to be a doctor. I'm going to tell you this: Your Mother was so badly torn; I completely re-sutured both the vaginal track, the urethra, and the anus as separate units. Anyway, Mother, on down the time, one morning she said, I don't know what the doctor did, but I feel so much better. I've been sick for at least fifteen years, since Maria was born. I said, well, I'm sure the doctor took care of that for you. Course I didn't really know what had happened at that time. Later in life I did tell her what had occurred.

So those children were born and we all grew there in Boulder. Later in life as we would move over to the little house there in Boulder to go to school, then I would ride horse-back from Boulder to Salt Gulch to help feed the cows and milk the cows and take care of them. It would take me about maybe thirty minutes to ride eight miles--lopety-lope, and we all rode horse. We hadn't any school bus or anything like that. So at recess we'd have horse races. Sometimes us young supposed cowboys thought we were the great explorers like Escalante and Dominguez, and those great explorers, the Halls. We would go way up on the mountain and think we were true explorers.

I'll just tell you this because I think it's interesting. On Friday afternoon the men would put their cattle in the corral and it was our job as young men to look and see what cow the calf was suckling. Then we would lasso it and ear mark it according to the ear marks on the cow's ears. Then on Friday afternoon we would always castrate the steers. We would make a big charcoal burner fire and we'd get some willows and we'd roast the rocky mountain oysters and eat them. That was great. Well like Mother always said, we are honest hard-working people, but we don't

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waste anything. But we lived over there.

Then later in life, actually Erna and Lenora and Elmo graduated from their eighth grade. Elmo went to school one year, but he didn't like school, he didn't like it. He wanted to work. He became a very competent man with the building systems of road. Anyway, Erna went to school over at Tropic as did Lenora and Clella. So they would go over there in the winter and I would stay home and help with the family things and take care of the cows and sheep and things like that. I also went to Tropic my first year of school. Now is this okay to talk about?

JH: It's great.

HH: I went over there the first year. Actually I wanted to go to school. I'd graduated from eighth grade and Mr. Memmott, my great teacher--he was my teacher for four years--and he told Mother and Dad, he said, Heber just must go to school. He wants to go to school and he's very learned and he's very able. But he said, I don't know what's wrong, but he doesn't see too well. Later I learned I had astigmatism and I'd also see reversal. So they selected that we go over to Tropic and I'd go to school. By that time in 1935, Dad had purchased a little pickup truck, a little International truck. So Mother and Dad and I think Clella went with us, and Dixie and LaFair, the two younger ones. We all rode in that pickup truck over to Tropic. The road had become more reasonable. It still needed--across the fifth pasture-- we still needed a team of horses to pull us through that sandy soil. We rode over. If I remember right, I think I am, we stayed at a cousin of my dad's in Escalante. So we stayed there that night and went on down to Tropic. Oh, Grandma Riding, Mother's mother, she was so glad I'd be there to help and take care and be able to help her. Grandpa Riding had died very young, about 58 years old. So I was to milk the cows and feed the pigs and all of those things. Dad said to her and to Julius (that was Mother's brother), Heber can kill those pigs. He knows how to do that. He can kill them as good. Julius said, well there's a killing man up the street. Dad said, look, Heber will do it and he won't charge you for it.

So anyway, I started school at Tropic. It was a whole new experience. Instead of one teacher for four grades, there was five teachers or six teachers for each of us. Mr. Bigler was our principal, and he became very fond of me as a scholar. He really thought I could do it, so he opened the doors for me. I took his algebra class and geometry class. Mrs. Winch taught speech and theater

and I've forgotten the other teachers' names right now, but anyway they taught. And one of them was a very competent lady as far as theater, which was Mrs. Winch. I was asked to be a member of one of the funny old shows, *Crazy Horse* or something like that, *Old Winch, the Crazy Horse*. I was supposed to be Old Winch, the old man. So my Aunt Cleo, she went over to Mr. Winch's place (he wasn't related) and got me an old hat and made me an old funny beard and put on some old ugly levis they'd brought from somewhere. Then Mr. Grant up the street let me take an old pair of dirty cowboy boots. I came out on the stage and sang a song, one that I had learned, *A Burglar Bold*.

A story I'll tell of a burglar bold, he started to ride a horse. He opened a window and started to rob the house. He opened a window and then crept in as quiet as a mouse. [ I'd partly written that.] He looked around for a place to hide till the folks were still asleep. And then said he for the money I'll take a quiet sleep. So under the bed the burglar crept. He was close to the wall. He crept so close the little lady didn't let him hear her at all. Finally he raised up and she grabbed him by the neck and had a gun in her hand and said, "Young man, if you don't marry me, I'll blow off the top of your head." He looked at her ugly hair and her black glass and eye and teeth out of her mouth, and he said, "For God sakes shoot." So she shot him off the head.

But they gave me big applause for that. So then I began to be interested in semi-theater, and we had a lot of fun.

I also had played softball, baseball, over at Boulder. My father was a great baseball man and he had taught me how to bat, so we had a good team. We would go down to Henrieville and play those people down there. We all went to Tropic High School--Henrieville, Cannonville--but we all played with the men, and we played the CC men. The CC men were there and we'd play the CC men. And we did very well. We had good players, and I was a great batter. I could bat that ball clear over the sage brush. So that was fun. At Christmas I went home and I came back, and it was a very good year. I just truly felt at school that the doors of life were opening to me. Mr. Bigler and Mr. Simmons and those men said, "You must study and be a doctor. You want to be, so you must." Gee, the doors of life were opening to me, I thought.

So we returned home for summer and, again, work, lots of work. And Dad by that time...

JH: Were you still with the sheep?

HH: Yeah, he still had the sheep. But at that time he also had purchased what we called the Osborne Ranch. That was a ranch just south of ours and just north of the old homestead. So we had three ranches, and we had to build a lot of new, what we called buck fence. Buck fence--maybe you've seen them, I don't know--there are two stakes sticking upward and right across a rider. A rider lays on it and we called them buck fence because sometimes a buck deer would jump over them and stick his gut on one of the fence posts and that would be a buck fence. We'd get the bucks and eat them.

JH: What's the difference between that and a rip-gut fence?

HH: Well, the rip-gut fence is quite different. The rip-gut is more actually poles stay way tall. These were two stakes, like my hands scraped here and a big rider going down. So rip-gut was more the stakes of posts setting up in a long ditch, or a long trench.

JH: I see.

HH: So I was over there and we built fence, my brother and I, and then we had a little man that came down. He wanted to be a rancher, I don't know, Willis Potter. I think he came from Duchesne. He came down, and oh, we built fence and made water and we had to irrigate our property because we didn't have any sprinklers. So we had to go all the way up the ditch, all the way up from Salt Gulch to Sand Creek to get the water in--dig the ditch clean and we used picks and shovels and what not, and then we'd bring the water down. We also had water out of Sweetwater Creek. We had to clean that ditch. Then we would irrigate.

My father was a competent irrigator. He always knew how to put the water in the furrows. It was my job to drive a team of horses--we had a little old furrow gutter, and I would pull it way up there. We'd cut little fence, then he'd go out along the ditch and make what he called a finger type trench for water. He would make an elbow like fence. He'd make this elbow and the water would all run into the furrows.

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It was my job to go along the furrows, and I had a club--a killing club--and if a gopher came out of a furrow, I was to clink it on the head and kill it. I would take it to my dog or my Dad's dog and let them eat it. One day I was killing one and one big one came up, and, oh, he was a big one, and I grabbed him. I thought he was dead, but he wasn't, and he bit my hand and I still have a big scar where he bit my hand. I clinked him and killed him. Dad said, "Well you've got to hit them hard before you pick them up, Heber."

JH: [Laughter} A lot of sympathy.

HH: Well, he was very definite. Anyway, we made big, what we called, semi-reservoirs, just dammed the water off. Dad was a great swimmer. He had swum down in the great Glen Canyon when he worked at the area down where they were panning for gold, down by the beach, glacier gold, and he was a great swimmer.

So we'd all go out and swim, the girls and all of us. We didn't have much clothes, just a little something around us. On Sunday, quickly, though, this big reservoir--it wasn't too big. It was maybe a thousand feet one way and five hundred the other, and six, seven, eight feet deep. Anyway, on Sundays it was the girls turn, women's, the ladies turn, to go over in Salt Gulch to swim. On Saturday or next Sunday it was our boys, the boys' swim. We always took very good responsibility. They just didn't come on. But one time there was Hyrum and Park and Stewart and Glen and Sterling and myself, we were over swimming. We always put our clothes up under a tree so that they'd be dry. All at once we heard the girls. There was my sister, Erna, and Bessie and Eileen and all these girls say, "We've got your clothes. We've got your clothes". We didn't know what to do. So Hyrum was the oldest, and he said, "I'll get them." He jumped up and he pulled a big piece of rabbit brush. He said, "I'll put this across my privates like Adam did and I'll chase them." He chased them they dropped the clothes. He came back and he said, "I really scared them." Anyway, we said, "What'll we do now? Your mother might be real angry." He said, "No, I think I'll be all right." So finally we decided to get dressed and go up--that was over to King's cabin. We went up there and Mrs. Coleman said, "Hyrum, why did you do that?" He said, "What?" Run out after those girls naked? He said, "They stole our clothes." He said, "Besides that, I took a big piece of rabbit bush and put it across my privates like Adam did when he chased the people in the orchard." She said, "That's right, so girls were wrong. From now on, you just

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keep your promise.” Your day is one day and the boys' day is the next. That was always the summer.

JH: That's great.

HH: But that was just one of those special--that was our Sunday. Sunday afternoon was our play. We wouldn't go to Boulder. It was eight miles to go to church, so the women would meet and they would visit and always had a quilt on the quilting frame. So they would quilt and talk and laugh and we boys and girls played. And swimming was our every other day in the great reservoir, we called it.

JH: What did they do in the winter time when it was cold?

HH: In the winter we would move over to Boulder. Colemans and Kings and us would move to Boulder when it was real cold, so we were always over there. And again, they each had their own little group. Mrs. King would move in and her family, John King, and Mrs. Coleman would move in with her. I think they had a little house over there too, a little frame house. So we'd move over there in the winter. But Sunday afternoon was our time for play. The rest of time we were working. Mother and Dad always said, “There's plenty to do. Each of us has our responsibility. If we can't be responsible and helpful,” then he said, “I'll have to give you the toe of my boot.” So it was just one of those beautiful places to live. It was so quiet and so cool out there at Salt Gulch, and so pleasant.

And I always asked so many questions. I remember one time we had a lot of old bed bugs, *germaseta anasota* bed bugs in our beds. We were always glad in the spring to go out, so we could move our ticks outside and then they wouldn't suck the blood out of our bodies. And Dad always burned or made sulphur up the upstairs and down, and I can see that blue flame of sulphur, sort of blue-orange flame. I said, “Dad, how can that kill anything?” He said, “I don't really know son, and don't ask such silly questions,” but he said, “It kills them.” He said, “That's why we can't sleep up there till after it is aired out.” And I just couldn't understand it. Went out by the ditch, we didn't have any pipes for the spring water or pumps for our cistern, only by the spring where we had a little flume where we had water coming out of the main ditch. I went out there

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and I kept thinking, how could that kill bugs. I just don't understand it. So I went back in and started to ask Mother. She said, "Don't ask such silly questions, Heber. We don't know, but it does kill them, and don't you breathe it or it will kill you."

JH: Well it's that curiosity, you know.

HH: So I had lots of questions.

JH: You know, you talk about the quiet and what I hear you saying, too, is peace.

HH: Peace.

JH: There's another word: isolation. Did you ever feel isolated out there?

HH: We never did because we had our horses. We had lots of work to do. Sunday was our play time, and it was just jobs that had to be done, like weeding the garden, moving the water so it would water the garden, make sure the dishes were clean. I sometimes were rather lonesome, but not isolated, in a sense, no. We had our family, and then Mother was a great Spanish ancestry and she played the guitar and sang songs. Oh, what beautiful songs she sang. She spoke some Spanish, but later Dad encouraged her to forget that and learn the English because that's what most people sang. She taught me how to play the guitar.

JH: So she was a Spanish speaker?

HH: Yeah, in her early years. So she taught me how to play the guitar and I sang songs and tried to yodel and all those things, and that was kind of fun. But I didn't really feel isolated. I felt sometimes I'd like to have a nearer friend, but I didn't. Elmo was older and LeFair was younger, but Clella and I and Erna and I were really--Erna was a great horseman. Oh, she loved to ride horses, so she and I were in a way sheep herders and cow herders and we did that. And she could ride a horse. Dad always said she should have been a boy, she rides horses so well. But she loved to ride horses, and I'll just talk a little more about some of this if you want.

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JH: You bet, we've got plenty of time.

HH: As time went on, one time we were haying and we had big hay poles, sixty-five foot tall, with a slice on top and big pulleys, and it was my job to ride the pulley horse. He was a big black horse we called Nig. Course we didn't understand what that meant at that time in terms of being black. The men would load the hay on the hay racks on the big wagon. They had teams on them. And the hay loaders would put them on hay ropes. Then we'd go to the hay stack. We'd tie this series of pulleys on the hay load, and Dad would say, pull away, Heber, pull away, or Pull old Nig. I'd pull them up and Dad would swing them and drop them. Called the loading man, trip it, and he'd trip and the tripper would let the hay fall on the stack. And we'd load up, up, up to the top. Then sometimes in the evening when the lights--well actually we'd go out there and jump from the hay pole down on the stack. One time Erna was jumping from clear off the top of that big thing, maybe about forty-five feet. I thought, well if she can do it, I can do it. So I went up there, and down I went. And my knee came up and caught me on the chin and knocked me out. [laughter]

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HH: ...clear all the way out to where Wallace was out there, one of the hay men, one of the hay boys, and he said, Take it out, we've got to get Erna, she got kicked. He went out there and he picked her up and put her on the wagon and loped it all the way back. And we all stopped; haying stopped. They took her down and she was just bleeding, her whole face and a good big cut across here. Oh, we didn't know what to do, of course, because there were no doctors. We did have kind of a first aid man, Mr. Wilson. We called him Doc Wilson because he helped a little bit. Later he actually was assisting with the delivery of children. So Dad told Mother, Call Doc Wilson. Tell him something's happened to Erna and I'm afraid she's going to die. So Mother did, and he also said, he was over there trying to keep her, and Doc said keep her head way down low. Don't let her swallow that blood. So Dad did that, and he said also, Just keep her from jumping or kicking if you can. And Elmo said, we'd better call Lorus, that was Erna's lover. So

Elmo run down and he called Lorus and Lorus was up to the pasture, way long from Boulder. We talked to Bill and Bill said, I'll lope up there as fast as I can and Lorus can come across the Wash and he'll be there as soon as he can. So we were just fit to be tied. What to do. And she did stop bleeding.

Finally Doctor Wilson did come and I can still see him--I had to be right there watching. All we had was some thread and a regular needle and a pair of pliers. This mouth was cut so bad, both lips, upper and lower, and the jaw was definitely broke. We didn't know it at the time. But I can still see him sew that wound together with that little old needle and that thread, and all he had on the thread was a little alcohol. Then he would tie it. He sutured both rows so that they would stop bleeding, then he packed inside where that was bleeding from the inside. She was just so sick, and she just wouldn't recover. We just were worried.

So, finally Mother and Dad said, we'd better call Mr. Bigelow over at Panguitch. Mr. Bigelow said, Well, I don't think there's any options if she's that sick. You better bring her over here if you can. It'll take you several days, I know. Dad said, well I think we can get Mr. Hansen--he's got a little car parked out on the top of the rocks. We'll have to carry her in a carry-all we'll make out of a tarpaulin, pounded on small logs, and four of us will carry her all the way up to the top of the rock. So the morning came and they left early. We just didn't think she'd ever live. They went out and Elmo went along too, to make sure that he knew how to drive a car. Old Mr. Hansen, you know. And they put her in, and Mr. Wilson went with them, Doc Wilson, we called him. They drove all the way over to Panguitch.

We had telephones in Boulder, little crank telephones. That was the only place. They didn't have them in Tropic and Escalante. We had individual crank telephones. I still have one of them over at the cabin. So Dad called and he said, Dr. Bigelow seems very concerned. They had no anesthesia then and he said all we could do is hold her real tight while Doc Bigelow cut all of that jaw. It was completely broken on the left side of her mouth. So he cut that out and I think later I learned that he put some carbolic acid on it to reduce the possible infection. That's all he had. So she was over there and Dad came home.

We were haying, so he came home, but Lorus, her lover, stayed with her. He stayed right there.

She stayed there about eight-ten days and Lorus called and he said, I think we can bring her home. She's feeling better. So they had that little old car and Omar Hansen went over and they brought her back over the top of the rocks. Again, we went out there with a wagon. We put her in a wagon, actually a buggy, and we brought her all the way up to Boulder. She began to get better. In fact, she started to walk and enjoyed visiting with her friends. Truman Lyman, one of her friends, as was Lorus. Truman says, "You and I got the same kind of a problem. We both got kicked in the mouth and got a big scar. He had been kicked by a horse, also. But anyway, she got along very good. We went back to Salt Gulch and she began to really ride horses again. She felt so good.

Then something happened, I don't know what it was, I guess an extension of the other. But she became ill again and she had a great abscess, a big, big red abscess on the side of her face. Mother put potato poultices on it and soaked it and all of that. So Dad called Dr. Bigelow over at Panguitch, and he said, I can't come, but I think we'd better send my son. He's just a new young returned medical doctor. If someone could meet him down there on the top of the rocks, he'll bring his new little car over. Elmo said, I can meet you, but I'm not sure he ought to bring a car. He said, It'll be his fault. She was so sick. She was unconscious. Anyway, this young doctor came and he looked at this abscess and Mother said, "What do you need?" He said, just a sack. I'm going to have to lance that. I have nothing but just this scalpel knife that looked like a sharp knife to me, and I was always watching. He also put a big tube in her mouth. I said, What's that tube for? He said, that's to determine if she has a fever or not. Mother said, I can feel it. She has a fever. Her temperature was about 104, and very ill. Anyway, he said, now Horace, we've got to hold her tight. I'm going to lance that and just pray to god that abscess has collected and not migrated to all that tissue. No anesthesia, no nothing. So he just put that old scalpel in there and my Dad just held her so tight, and Lorus was on her legs holding her tight. She tried to scream a little, but she was so sick. He cut into that abscess, and he said, Oh, thank God. It has collected. And it just come out, and I said, it smells like dung, meaning cow dung. He said, It's bad. He said, We've got to be careful. That's poisonous stuff. I said, What do you mean, poison? I was always asking questions. He said, Well it has a lot of nasty, nasty bacteria (I didn't know what that meant), but if that gets on you, you could be poisoned too. He were wearing some gloves, and I said, Why do you put those rubber gloves on? He says, So, I won't get poisoned. Anyway, he kept squeezing and squeezing, and she was kind of squealing, and then Mother said, What can

we do, what can we do? And he said, Heat some water and make a big pot of hot water. I've got these soakers. I'll soak that and I'll let it soak for about three days. I've got to keep that open. He had a special tube he put in it, and he said, I'll stay here. So he stayed and finally it drained and she regained her consciousness and began to talk a little. The abscess went away and it began to get less red, but a big incision was made. He said, We'll just have to leave it open. It'll heal eventually.

So, he showed Mother and Dad how to keep it open by putting a special, I suppose kind of a tweezer effect inside of it. He said, you must keep that open so it will drain. It will be maybe a week or so, but I'll stay. So he stayed three or four days and finally he went home. Dad walked out to the gate with him, and he said, How much do we owe you? He said that'll be Dad. He'll have to determine how much it will cost. We just couldn't imagine how much it would cost. Elmo again, with a big old horse called Bally, took him all the way up to the top of the rocks. It was a whole day ride, and he got off and went back to Panguitch.

Anyway, Erna got better and started to ride horses again and ride around and she was feeling better and the wound went down and the swelling went down, and the healing of the wound, it actually started to knit again. So she and I--we was back over to Salt Gulch by then, early spring--and she said, Let's go over and get the mail. So we were over, I was riding my little horse Nellie and she was riding Nippie, and of course we always had horse races and all. We rode over--Mrs. Hansen was the postmistress, but really she was a post man and she had it in her own little extension of her house. We went down and she always read all the mail she could before she gave it to us. She handed us this one and Erna said, this is Dr. Bigelow. It must be the bill. I said, Well let's get on our way over there and let Dad open it. She said, I hope it isn't too much. The other one cost us \$40. I said, It'll be a lot of money, I'm sure. So we went over and after dinner--all we had for dinner was bread and milk and onions, we had a good little dinner, and we called it supper really then--so we opened it. Dad said, I'd better open this and look at out. Elmo said, Oh, I hope it isn't too much. He looked in and it was \$650. Mother said, That's more money than men make around here in a whole year. Dad says, I know, but nothing we can do about it. And he said, Besides that, we've got to pay Uncle Rob. He wants his last payment.

Anyway, I had my little horse Nellie and my little horse Smokey, both of them were just special

horses. Uncle Rob came over and he had a friend with him... I'm sorry, he only wanted \$160. That's all he wanted, instead of \$650. His friend came with him and I whistled and my little horse, Smokey, came rapping up there, loping up there. He said, That horse. I want to buy that horse. Dad said, It isn't mine. It belongs to Heber and he won't want to sell that horse. So we had dinner and went out again, and Uncle Rob said, Horace, you've been a good man. You're like one of my sons. All I want for the last payment, \$300, is your Hamilton saddle. He said, That would be like selling one of my kids. Uncle Rob laughed. He said, What's your option, either the saddle or \$300. So we owed the doctor that, and Dad says, All right. Take the saddle then in the morning. The other man kept looking at Smokey and Smokey was blue--oh, what a pretty horse he was. Pretty soon in the morning I whistled and Smokey came loping up again, and he said, Horace, I'll give you \$60 for that horse. I said, I don't want to sell the horse. But we owed this for the doctor. It was \$360 or \$370. So we went down and looked at it again and came around and he pulled out his wallet and he said, Horace, here's four \$20 bills, and no more. Eighty dollars for a horse. Dad put his arm on my shoulder and he said, Heber, let's go for a little walk. He said, you know we have to pay Dr. Bigelow. Uncle Rob has taken my best saddle. So I think you've got to sell the horse. Besides that, he said, you have another horse, little Blue. I said, I don't want to sell Smokey. He said, Well, what's the option? He said, Besides that, here's \$10 of this and we can get you another horse for \$10. So we took the money and the money which he saved from Uncle Rob and was able to pay for the medical doctor.

JH: Wonderful.

HH: Yeah, it was. But I lost my Smokey. And as I saw them leave in the morning, I could hear them clippity clippity down the road and I wanted to run and scream, You can't have my horse. You can't have my horse. I don't want to sell my horse. But I didn't. Mother put her arm around me and she said, I know how difficult it is for you, Heber, but it helps the whole family, and the bill had to be paid. You know your father--if a bill is due, it's being paid. So I heard the horse go and she said, Besides that, Heber, Uncle Rob and Allen will take care of Smokey. It won't be like the horse William James wrote about Smokey in the book he wrote about Smokey, his horse. So I said to myself, That's the way it goes. I went up on the hill and I cried most of the morning about losing my horse. And that was the summer of 1937, if I remember right.

JH: You know, that raises an interesting question; at least it's been an interesting question to me.

What is the relationship between a man or a cowboy and his horse? You know, he may have more than one horse, but whatever horse he's riding, is his horse.

HH: Some of us really and truly put special emphasis on our one horse like I did my little Nellie I was just talking about. She was the foal of both my horse Tuck and Smokey. And Elmo, he borrowed her one day and had to go over to what they call Death Hollow. That's where we put our cattle in the spring. And he loaded her with a bunch of stuff that he had to take, packs and salt and all of that. Nellie somehow slipped, rolled down a hill about 600 feet and was killed with her pack on her back. And he and his friend, in fact his uncle, Maris, they went and got the stuff off her back and the pack saddle. So, Nellie was killed. I lost her. Smokey had been sold; I lost her.

Anyway, this little horse, Tuck, I really hadn't paid much attention to him. He was younger and kind of a cute little horse. He was supposed to be a thoroughbred, so we called him Kentucky. And that's what Mr. Memmot said, Well, Heber, you had to sell your one horse. You liked, Smokey, but Tuck is a real beautiful horse and you haven't given him much time. That was my great teacher. Dad put his hand on my shoulder and he said, That's right. You have neglected Tuck. So we began. I said, Okay. He brought him over--I was over at Boulder then for the winter. He brought him over to Boulder and I began to rub him and curry him and braid his mane and put my little saddle blanket on him, and made sure I would lead him over to the water and feed him a little grain.

Dad always said, If you take care of a horse, you feed it, you water it, you keep him out of the cold, he knows you. He won't kick you. He won't bite you. He'll be good to you. So I did that and I really become interested in this Tuck. Oh, what a horse! That's a long story, but I did rope, get him to ride. Erna was feeling better and she would lead the horse with me and we'd go down the road and I actually put a little kind of a false saddle on him and tied it down tight and I put my one foot in the one stirrup and got her near me and finally she said, Now I'll snub him and he won't buck with you. He likes you. So she was snubbing around her horn and I'd get on him and he would ride down, and oh, pretty soon I was running that horse, racing him, and what a wonderful horse he was. Golly. But he became one of my favorite horses for some time. I thought a lot about horses, but as you said a moment ago, when you have a special horse--like Erna's horse was Nippy. She could whistle at Nippy like I could whistle at Smokey and he would come loping

up through the corral. You'd put your saddle or your blankets and your bridle on him and away you'd go. That's what I did with Tuck, and he became such a great horse. But it's a long story here again.

Dad had an accident with his one truck and he needed quite a bit of money and he didn't have the money. He had to get the truck fixed because it was the only truck he had. One of his friends from over in Escalante came over and he saw that horse, Tuck, and he said, Horace, I've got to have that horse. That's the most beautiful horse in all the world. His name was Mr. Griffin. Mr. Griffin came over and he wanted a horse, and I said, I don't want to sell it, Dad. It's the only horse I have left. He said, Well, I need the money and I'll give you just one-fifth of it. He'll pay me \$50 and I'll give you \$10. I said, What can I do with \$10? I can't buy a horse like Tuck. Anyway, the horse was sold. I was over by what they call the old school house there. The school house had a ditch and some willows and I saw Tuck being rode away and I just sat there and I cried and cried and I heard the bell ring and I thought I'd better get to class. This was early part, but I went to class and Mr. Memmot said, What's wrong. I said, I just stubbed my toe badly, which was falsehood, but I was playing an illusion. He said, Well that's too bad. I just couldn't get to work. I just kept thinking about my horse, Tuck, and I could hear him walking around down by the Mooseman place. So he came by that afternoon, Mr. Memmot did, and he said, what happened to Heber? He seemed so upset. Dad said, I had to sell Tuck. Not your little horse, and I said, Yes. And tears again filled my eyes. That was the end of my horses. I've ridden many horses since then, but I've never owned a horse. Maybe I just didn't want another horse, I don't know.

JH: Well, there'd been some pain involved with every one of them.

HH: With every one of them. That's right. But that little Tuck, he was so responsive and you'd just pull the rein this way and that way and you'd kick him on the side and he'd go, and he had the best catering gait, he'd just waltz along. He would go prance, prance, prance, and oh, that's why this Griffin wanted him. He was one of Dad's friends and Dad knew him very well. So he needed the money. So that was the last of my horses.

I continued the next year at school at Tropic. That's the year, the second year, a big storm came. Snow fell and I had to stay home to help with the sheep we had and the cattle and drag the roads

for the cattle and feed them. So I didn't go to school that year. The next fall, which would be in 1938, I guess it was, Dad took me over to Richfield. He had a little grocery store then and wanted to get some gasoline. He was talking to Mr. Ogden who had actually some cattle he milked, kind of a dairy. Mr. Ogden said, Well, I could handle this young man. If he can milk a cow he could stay at my house and he could milk the cows and I've got a boy who will help him. I thought, Oh, to go to Richfield High School. What a way. Dad said, Great. I'll bring him up as soon as school starts. He went up to school and asked Mr. Maughan when school would start and Mr. Maughan and Mr. Kenny said, We'd like to have this young man here. Mr. Wise said, Boy, he looks like a real player. Dad said, I don't think he can play. He just had his appendix out last year so maybe he can't play football.

So I came back out to Richfield the second year. I had missed a year, so I was a sophomore at Richfield and I should have been a junior, so I was a year older than all the rest. There were 86 of us in that class. What a class. The doors were opening. It was twice as many students as we had in all Tropic High School. So I started school at Richfield and Ogdens lived about fourteen blocks from school. I'd get up at 4:00 in the morning and milk the cows, and this boy never helped me once. I'd go all the way. Finally I told Mr. Kenney, I said, Mr. Kenney, I don't know, the boy doesn't help me. He said, Look, Hall, they're using you. We'll find you another place to live. You're just being used. So my one friend Even Peterson and Mr. Baker had a little old rooming place and they said, Come over and sleep with us. We'll be all right. We all sleep in that bed. So I went with them. Anyway, Dad came back out and he said, I'm so glad. And Mr. Kennedy said, Horace, they used this boy, they were using him. So Dad went down where this fellow had this dairy. I went with him. He grabbed this man by the nap of the shirt and the neck and slammed him against the wall. He said, I should kill you. I should give you a fist-to-skull treatment you'll never heal up. He smacked him in the face. He said, The way you treated my son, he said, don't you say a word about this or I'll shoot you right here. Dad wouldn't have done it, but he was angry. So he knocked him down and kicked him and we went away. I never saw the man again. Dad said, I had to do that. That man used you and he abused you. So, long story.

At Richfield High School, Mr. Maughan, the principal had a mink farm. He said, If you'll work for me, you can clean minks, help me tend them and feed them, I'll give you twelve and one-half cents an hour. That was a dollar day, which was a man's wages. So then I had a little place to

sleep. So the rest of the year, the doors of life opened to me at Richfield. I did some play some football, not too much, but I was on the team. I also learned how to work in the welding company.

We had a little shop there where I learned to weld. And all the boys and girls were just my friends. I was older and bigger, but they liked that. So I just became friends with many. The doors of life were opened in Richfield, plus the fact they had a little movie theater, mostly western. For ten cents you could get in and see a movie. It was mostly things about the early, early explorers and the cowboys, and I just truly... Well, heck, I was making twelve and a half cents an hour, so...

JH: You could afford it, right.

HH: I was actually earning three or four dollars a week, and oh, I was rich. And even my friends, Darrell and Al Leavitt and Evan and said, Boy you've got lots of money. I said, why don't you get you a job? There's jobs here if you want. Anyway they asked me to fight in a smokeless smoker. So, I went over to old Bill Jepson. He was an old Boulder man and he'd come out to Richfield and he would go back and forth. He was a great boxer in the war, that was World War II. He taught me how to box, me and Evan Peterson. Boy, he was good. We just became very good. So they matched me with one of the most competent of the juniors because I should have been a junior and he was kind of a bully, and he knew it, and he just pushed people around. I was a little concerned. But anyway, I went in and Evan said, Now look, Hall, we've learned how to box. Jepson's taught us how to hit and how to guard. He said, Just use that left hand and catch that bully's left face and just knock the heck out of him. I won the fight.

JH: Good for you!

HH: Yeah, five dollars they gave me. Five dollars! Anyway, Art Harmer was his name, and Art and I later became good friends. We learned that we began to box together and we actually became friends. We began to swim together, we had races together. Anyway, we had a program, actually it was Future Farmers of America. I was in that group in Mr. Kennedy's office. He awarded me the privilege go to Ogden to judge the horses and the cows and things up there at the big Ogden farmers fair. So I went up there. We went up in a nice little car and drove all the way. I had never seen the land like that. The doors of life opened. We stayed in the big hotel in Ogden, I forget the name. It was Key West or something like that. And, oh, what a place to sleep. It was so clean

and so big and so warm. Anyway, I judged the pigs and the horses and the cows. I'd learned how to judge. I knew cattle and I knew sheep and I won first prize for that. So they awarded me--I was one of the first prize winners--a special dinner at a big cafe. I forget the name of it right now, but up there in Ogden. And, oh, we could go in--it was a open buffet. I'd never been in a buffet before. Everything was out there and you could take what you wanted, go back and eat, and myself and one of my other friends, and then Darrel Leavitt was with me. I think we over-ate.

JH: It would be hard not to.

HH: I just kept going back for ice cream and I think it was some kind of a pumpkin pie like my mother made. But, oh, what good food. So we ate and we ate and we ate. And then they announced me as one of the winners. I had to go up and tell what we had done at Richfield High School to learn to be what we were. My teacher, Mr. Kennedy, come up and he said, Boy, that was so well done. You just know how to say things right. He said, Where did you learn all this? I said, It must have been from you or my father.

JH: Good for you. You said the right thing.

HH: So we went back and from then on out, the rest of spring, the doors of life opened to me. It was a special place at Richfield High School. Just another thought here, though. When I did have my appendix removed, Dr. Dewey and Dr. Lowell operated on me. I fell in love with Rowena Lowell, the old doctor's daughter.

JH: Was this in Panguitch?

HH: No, it was in Richfield. I had to walk all the way from Richfield High School down to where she turned up to her home, and then I'd run home down to my little apartment. I just couldn't believe. I was so anxious to know this girl and she liked me. Anyway, this Dr. Lowell, we'd go up there. We'd sit out and he'd say, Heber, I remember you yodeling and singing songs when you had your appendix removed. Can you still do that? I said, Sure, why not. He said, Well, I'll get my guitar. So he got his guitar and we sang songs together.

JH: That's the way to ingratiate yourself.

HH: And Rowena thought I was really a great singer. So we were great friends all the rest of the year. Come spring, I had to go back to Salt Gulch and Rowena's father decided he wanted to move and live in San Diego, California. So they moved to California. That was the last spring I ever saw her. She did write me a Christmas card a couple of times, but that was all. My love of Rowena went away as the open doors closed on it.

JH: For lack of nourishment. What a great story. When you went back after your sophomore year, that's about the time when responsibilities really start to pick up when you're working with stock. What was that like that next summer?

HH: Well, the summer was good. I went back and we had the stock and we put the cows, drive them over into Death Hollow, and it was very difficult. Elmo and I went over there. He was a great driver and he liked his horses. I just remember this, in the early spring, we went over early, and we thought maybe we'd sleep--we never took our bedding. We just slept on our horse blankets under the shade of a tree. That night the wind began to blow. We'd put our cattle, about forty was all we had, over in Death Hollow, and then come spring we'd put them up on the Roger's (possibly near Blue Spruce area) up on the mountain for grazing. The trees began to wave and it got so cold that I said, Elmo, I think we'd better go home. He said, I don't know if we can find our way. I said, My little horse has been here before, that was Nellie before she got killed, and I said, We can do it. He said, I don't know. I said, Yes, but if it starts to snow, we may get a big storm this spring. He said, Oh, I don't think so. So I finally talked him into it. We got on our horses and went up that great steep trail. He had a little horse called Verl that hadn't ever been there before. Nellie she went up and we had to get off and walk and take a hold of their tails and we'd pull them up. We got up on top and it began to snow. Oh, snow! He said, Let old Nellie take us home. So she just went down that old trail, that nasty trail over Hell's Back Bone, all the way down and she never missed a turn. Course Verl followed her and we finally got into what we call the open flats or home bench or the home flats, Harry's bench and what not. Oh, it really began to snow. He said, Let's move them out. So we loped all the way to the ranch. We got to the ranch and there was maybe six or eight inches of new snow at the ranch. Dad said, I was worried about you. I thought you may get snowed in there if you didn't come home. He said, Let's all kneel here by the fire

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stove and pray and thank God that you were able to get here. So we did kneel and thanked our God that we were able to get there.

The next morning when we wakened, there was a good fifteen inches of snow at the ranch. I'll bet there was at least three feet up there on top of that. So we got home. That was quite a trip, too. So we were able to take care of the cattle because they were in Death Hollow way down low and they'd be all right and we knew that. We wouldn't even try to go up on the mountain until later. We had a little fence made, but they wouldn't try to break them down.

So the summer was work again, just work. We had those three ranches then and we had to build fence and water and irrigate and dig ditches. And the fall came and I wanted to go back to Richfield. I really felt the doors of school and life were opening to Richfield. It just seemed like it was a much more adequate school than Tropic was. But the County gave us who lived in Boulder, Faye Haws, Lester Baker and me \$75 to go to any school in Garfield County. There was only three high schools: Panguitch, Tropic, and Escalante. So we decided it would be better to go to Escalante, we three, and get the \$75. So we rode over and

End of tape 1, side 2

## HEBER HALL TAPE 2, SIDE 1

JH: This is an interview with Heber Hall, tape No. 2. The date is still July 14, 1998. We are talking about his growing-up years in the town of Boulder and Salt Gulch. You were talking about visiting with the principal in Escalante.

HH: We went over and he said, Oh, we just really want you to come. He said, Heber, the doors of life are opening to you still. So Faye had a cousin over there with which she could live, and Lester and I, he had a very, should I say, neat cousin also, the Listons, Alberta and Neil Liston. We went over and talked with them, and Alberta and Neil said, Oh, we'd like to room you. We'll only charge you eleven dollars a month, board and room. I'll cook, she said, but you'll have to help. Neil said, Yes, we would want you to help with herding the cattle and taking them down in the lower country

and hauling some coal for us and cutting some wood. You both have a bed upstairs and Alberta will completely feed you, morning, noon and night. So we shook hands and that was it. And I was just so excited to go to Escalante, but see, at that time I would only be a junior. So I went over and Mr. Bigler looked at me and said, Heber, because you did so well over there at Tropic that half a year and you went to Richfield and all your grades are A or A plus over there, I'll give you an opportunity to make up that half a year. Then you will be a senior this year and not a junior. So I said, I think I can do it. He said, What do you mean think? You know darn well you can. He said, I can help you too, as can the other teachers here, Mr. Aaron and these people.

So, I began school in Escalante and it was only not even a good block and a half to walk to school. There was just lots to do in Escalante. There were jobs, there were men who needed help with their watering and irrigating, and they had to have coal brought. Neil would let us take his two big horses and a big wagon and go up to the coal mine. We had to shovel it into the wagons to bring it down. So, we earned a little money plus the \$75. I think \$11.50 she charged us, something like that per month plus work. I just truly enjoyed going to school at Escalante. I was sad that I didn't go back to Richfield, but it seemed to me that there was much more opportunity because there was only thirteen of us at Escalante High School. If I remember right, there were six boys and seven girls. They were just good Escalante people and I knew many of them because I'd gone over to Escalante to go dancing at Fourth of July and Twenty-fourth of July and Homecoming and things like that. So we just really went to town. I was able to make up all that work. So Mr. Bigler gave me all the credit I would need to make up that half year I had lost over at Tropic.

JH: You had a friend.

HH: Yes, he was really a friend and he liked me and I liked him. He taught me how to play baseball

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and he taught me how to play tennis. He liked the way I could work. He said one time, I always wondered why you had to ask me what I had written on the board. No, he didn't say that. I would pose the question and I would make an error because I couldn't see it very well. He said, I always wondered why. You did so well on your tests. Later I told him in years after when I went to college, I was so astigmatic and so reversible, I was embarrassed then to wear glasses. You didn't do that as young men. That was just girls. They were sissies who wore glasses, not men down in Escalante and Boulder. When spring came, I was in the plays and I was playing tennis and I was playing basketball. We got to go Marysvale and to Panguitch and Kanab for competition, and we rode in a big old funny truck, a big old truck that had a cab over it. But it was fun. We had a true time and I met my great friend Chad Howes. He was from Marysvale. We went Marysvale. Chad and I tried to battle each other to see who was the best and we pushed each other and he kind of threatened me a little, and I said, No, no, let's not do that. Let's play ball. So anyway, he became my very good friend later on in life.

That spring the dean of Snow College had written a letter to Mr. Bigler asking him to award one of his students a Snow College scholarship. And I'll be darned, Mr. Bigler sent my letter up to the dean up there. I got a scholarship to go to Snow College the fall of 1940, full paid. The president, Mr. Nuttall, said I'll give him an opportunity to clean and stoke the stokers and clean and take care of them for twelve and a half cents an hour. So I had a job and a scholarship. What a door opened. I still have the letter that Mr. Nuttall sent to me and the one that Mr. Bigler wrote. He also sent a letter to Mother and Dad. He said, The doors of life are opening to Heber and we mustn't let them close. That was so complimentary.

Anyway, I still had that astigmatism, but I thought, I'll be all right. I worked that summer over at Boulder and built fences and hauled hay and all those things. That fall, if I remember right, school began at Snow in early September or late August, I can't remember which. Dad said he had to

take some pigs and sheep up to Provo, so we had a little truck. He loaded that up and we went up there. We went along and he talked to me and he said, Heber, I hope you do become a doctor. You want to be a doctor, you want to be a medical doctor. When I were young, your age, I wanted to be a judge. But he said, There were no doors to open to me. I didn't even get to go to high school. I went to the sixth grade. But he did learn. He was a smart man. We went along and we talked and we visited. When we arrived there, and I'd arranged with one of my friends from Grover, Utah, Walt Goodman--he was a football hero up there at Snow. He and I and Chad Howes, this fellow from Marysvale, and Art (I forget his last name) we rented a little two-room apartment. We lived there.

Oh, heavens, it seemed like life was just opening to me. I registered for classes and I just truly enjoyed college. Plus, I was a man then. At that time we had a lot of good orchestras and we had the big Dreamland Hall where we danced. The men all dressed in their best, which I didn't have too much, but I had a little suit, and the girls dressed in their beautiful formals. We danced and we just enjoyed it. But we danced, we didn't jump around and kick and yell. We learned to waltz and to cha cha and samba and rhumba, and those kinds of things. Also there was a lot of entertainment. Mrs. Nielsen, the leader of theater, she encouraged me and Boyd Greenwood and Walt Goodman to act and to play in some of the theaters. I remember one of them was called *The Male Animal*. I was one of the great heroes of the male world at that time. So I really enjoyed that. I was awarded an honor role for being on the theater. I played in the theater and I danced and I waltzed. We went to the theater and we played football.

Football then was not as immediately competitive. We had the cheerleaders and us who were football players got to go to places like Twin Falls. We played Westminster at that time. We went down to Cedar and St. George to the colleges there, junior colleges. We went over to Carbon College in Price. My Dad said, Why are you playing this football? He wrote a letter. I said, Dad,

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this gives me a chance to see the world and I get to meet new some girls. He said, Who, who?  
Don't jump in the river yet. I ask you not to jump in the river till you can swim across it.

JH: That's good advice.

HH: Yes, it was. I recall when he let me out there at Snow College, he shook my hand and he said, Heber, if only I could have gone to college. (Maybe I told you that already.) So college opened its doors and I did enjoy it. I was able to get like I say, jobs around the area and again President Nuttall, he wanted me to dig garden for him and plant garden and dig the weeds. He told me, Your dad said you could do anything and I believe it by now. I also got a job with the local telephone system. They were putting in a bell telephone system. So I was to dig the post holes: 4 to 5 feet deep. Then they would put those big poles in and I was to tamp the thing. They paid me twenty-five cents an hour for that. So I worked Saturday all day and that was \$2 a day, so I earned money for that.

JH: Did they give you one of those big spoons so that you could get that dirt out?

HH: No, we just had big long-handled shovels. The city had them. We didn't have the spoons then that they clamp down now. Just shovels and then a pick in case you hit rock, and a pick, not a pick, but a big crowbar.

JH: Let me ask you a question about the way that livestock was run on the mountain and then down on the desert.

HH: In the Boulder town when I was there?

JH: By then there would be permits that had to be obtained. How did your father and his friends feel about that kind of permit system?

HH: He wasn't too happy about it. The permits for the sheep was quite numerous, but for cattle, his was limited. But like he said, I didn't come here early. The Kings, the Bakers, the Petersons, they get the biggest part of permits. He said, I think it's wrong that they pay so little for grazing that land. We ought to pay more. I said, Do you feel that way, Dad? He said, Sure, get a summer permit for \$5 for a cow? That's cheap feed. He said some of the men feel they own it. They believe they own that land, it should have been theirs. So, it now is Forest Service or BLM. He said many were very angry about it and tried to crowd their sheep. Later, they actually then insisted on tagging their ears, in other words putting special tags in their ears so they would know they were counted and it was accounted for, that cow or that sheep.

JH: Identifying marks.

HH: Identifying marks. And later in that summer, sheep became actually moved. They had over grazed, they had over abused, and the profit of sheep was not so high. I think that was the onset of some of the polymers, I'm not sure. But at least there was other things that were being implemented instead of sheep shearing and sheep wool.

JH: Competing with the fabric.

HH: With the fabrics, yes. So sheep pretty well was taken out of that world. One time on the Boulder Mountain and the Aquarius Plateau, on the Escalante Mountain and the Caanan Mountain, there was 45,000 sheep grazed that land. That's the evidence I have on my master's thesis, *The Use and Abuse of the Land of Upper Hales Valley*. That was the Spencers and the Petersons and the

Griffins and all those people, research has told me. So they pretty well reduced that to only maybe two or three herds of sheep. I know Uncle Rob's were taken off. He no longer could graze the sheep. He did move them over to Antimony and grazed in what they called Cedar Fort and on the west side of the Great Griffin. But he could not bring them on the Aquarius Plateau any more. So Dad didn't have the sheep any more. He had already settled that. He had already paid for that ranch. We had a few sheep there on the farm, but we had no permits. But they did over use that and particularly winter grazing. They would put hundreds and hundreds of cattle down in those lower countries where now is the Grand Staircase-Escalante Monument, over on the Spencer and down in the Flats, down the Wolverine and down through the space which is called Horse Canyon and out in that section towards Burr Trail. A lot of cattle. A lot of cattle. So again they were just over using it and they were not responsible to taking them off.

JH: As you remember it now, I can hear almost a sense of spite on their part.

HH: I think it was. Yes, it was. They were angry because in a way they believed that land was theirs. Like John King and other people said, But I could have taken that whole east end of the mountain for two cents an acre. But I thought it would be ours forever. At that time they did. They didn't understand or know that this would transfer and it would get regulation. But permitting did regulate cattle, at least on the mountains.

JH: Well and it did after the Taylor Grazing Act, it did down on the desert.

HH: Yes, on the deserts and down into that drainage and on the rivers. There are still people down there who are upset about that. They think they should have a right to graze that forever, even now. Course the grazing along the canyons became limited because there wasn't much there to eat. Pretty soon you get a hundred cows; you have nothing left but sandstone and sagebrush,

which they won't eat. But they were angry and they were upset and they were discouraged, I guess, in a way. The doors of life were closing on them in terms of grazing and cattle, and it still is. It still is down there. I hear people talk down there and they're still upset. LeFair, my brother, he said, I'm glad I got out of the ranching and the cattle business. He said, the doors of life are closing on us. I said, how do you feel about it LeFair? He said, Because I am now in my own store, I've got another business, I don't really care. But, he said, if I still owned that old ranch over there and the cattle, I'd be very concerned. He said, Del is very concerned. But Del has had the opportunity to buy quite a few permits that other people didn't want. So he sort of had a door opened to him. I don't know how many cattle has, really I do not. But he has quite a large herd, and he grazes them in the winter still down in the Spencer and down in the desert. In the summer, of course, he puts them with tags on their ears on the mountain. I was down there two weeks ago, and boy, there was a lot of cattle on that mountain. It's been so cold down there and so wet, the grass hasn't grown very good. So they won't fatten like they have before, I don't think this year.

JH: There's a dividing fence some place, but last spring, a year ago, I filmed a drive from the Sandy Ranch up Oak Creek Canyon up on the Lower Bowns. I know there's a division so that the Boulder people and the Wayne County people don't mix.

HH: No, they have it fenced.

JH: It seemed to me that those cowboys riding for the Sandy were more or less having fun. They weren't serious stock men at that point. It's almost like they were doing it as a bit of melancholy.

HH: Melancholy and pleasure, yes. That Sandy Ranch is a big ranch. They have a lot of cattle there, a lot of sheep. I hear you on that, and they do limit that. I notice when I go down to the east end of the Boulder now, there's cattle guards and that keeps the Wayne County cattle on one side

limited in their numbers. When I was talking to my sister-in-law who was a Coombs, and the Coombs own big sheep country and for many years lived in Teasdale. Course they're all gone now, but she said she thought it was wrong that they limited the number of cattle they could put on the mountain. I said, LaRee, out here in your pasture, you don't over graze it. You put a limited amount of horses and cows on that. She says, That's different. That is mine. But that up there should be ours too. In other words, mine and not mine.

JH: It's almost like they expect irrationality to hold forth where it's public land.

HH: That's right. Many are still upset about it, as I understand. They don't have the numbers of cattle and sheep they did years ago. I don't think there's a herd of sheep at all on the Boulder Mountain any more. I don't know of a single herd on either side, not in either Wayne or Boulder or the Escalante country. I don't think there are any sheep in that country any more. It's non-profit. They cannot compete with the farmers now, I know that. So sheep wool isn't nearly as effective in making cloth as it was at one time.

JH: It's an interesting evolution. Let's return to Salt Gulch for a few minutes. Let's talk about some of the things you did as a boy. Did you ever hunt for arrowheads?

HH: Oh, yes, yes.

JH: Was there arrow heads in Salt Gulch?

HH: Down in what we call the Swale Knoll, there's kind of a swale with a little pasture with water and then on this side that was the Swale Knoll. We would collect arrowheads down there all the time. Then over at Boulder where the Anasazi Indian is, when I were young, us boys and girls would go

over there and there were arrowheads by the hundreds. My Uncle Rob--I was kind of young and dumb--and Dad, they would give me a penny each for an arrowhead. Course in a day I could make maybe twenty-five cents, didn't have to work. We collected lots of arrowheads. I still have one I collected. I had about 400. I separated those and gave them to my three boys. They have them all framed in beautiful frames. I collected those and kept those. Let me just show you one arrowhead that I collected and I still have it.

JH: That's a beauty.

HH: Yes it is. When I found it, Dad said, You ought to keep that one. But I had collected a lot of them. He said, That's one of the most perfect spear arrowheads I've seen. He said no doubt the Anasazi used that as a spear, not a bow arrow.

JH: It's beautiful.

HH: It is. So I am very careful of that one. The rest of them I put into those. Karen, Darrell's wife, still has hers. Larry has his and Jeffrey has his. It's a frame about that big. I put them in and glued them to the back of the containing material then I put slashes out in front. They really liked them. So we hunted arrowheads. We were hunting over there one time. My friend Darrell and Lester and I. We were digging on the Anasazi--we called them the Indian ruins...

JH: That's up on that little hill?

HH: Yes, where the village is now, where the actual show and tell is. In fact that area belonged to Darrell Leavitt's folks. That was the Leavitt's property. We were down in there digging and having fun and we just made the find. We'd find a big arrowhead. We found a skeleton. So we began to dig. It was maybe that deep in the sandstone. We dug, had little shovels and hoes, and we dug it

out. We got the skull. We went over and showed it to my mother, and oh, she was just fit to be tied. She said, Boys, you take that back and bury it where it was. And Lester said, All it is an Indian. She said, how would like someone to go up and dig your grand dad out of the cemetery because he's not an Indian. Take it back. We took it back and we buried it and we never dug any more like that. But Mother was very rigid on those kinds of things. You didn't molest that kind of world. You picked an arrowhead up, but you didn't dig up the skeleton. So we took it back. I was quite young then.

JH: Let's go back to Snow College. You were working for the president, digging garden...

HH: Digging gardens, cutting his weeds and also the stokers.

JH: Did you stay there over the summer time or did you come back?

HH: We would only stay there through the winter time, the school time. Then we would go home. The first year I went home after I'd had two years of college, I again herded sheep for Uncle Rob over on the Birch Creek upon the west side of the great Escalante Mountain, out of Antimony. In fact, I'd gone over there cause Dad was a shearer, and I'd gone over there to tromp the wool as it went through and Mr. Steed asked me to stay there with them, and I did.

JH: Was this Newell?

HH: Newell Steed, yes. So I stayed there with them. He had two brothers who were herders. The one boy was a true, true syndrome (Downs). He was totally incompetent. The other one was kind of a know-it-all. I began to work with them and they couldn't speak. They were so dirty. They wouldn't wash their hands. They were very vulgar in their behavior. The older one would shoot a

deer and we would eviscerate it and take it down and give it to Steed and the people down at Widtsoe. Finally, one day, this syndrome, I saw him over there, he went to the bathroom and he went over, course he used grass and what not. He came over and wanted to eat, and I said, No, way. Go wash those dirty damn hands. You're not eating here. The other Ostler said, he isn't going to eat out of your plate. I said, He isn't going to eat here at all. I said, I'm cooking. I'll make the decision. Then he started to get mad. I said, Look, you two--I called them all kinds of names-- I said, You can have these sheep and you can go to hell as far as I'm concerned. So I rode back down to Newell's and I said, Newell, I'm quitting. I'm not working with that kind of men. They are ignorant, they're unskilled, they have no language skill. The one's so dirty, he's like a pig in a peck. I said, I'm going home. He said, How are you going to get home? We won't take you home if you're quitting. I said, I'll hitch hike then. I said, I want my money. He said, I can't pay you till I get the wool check. I said, How do I know you'll pay me. He said, Your dad will trust me. I said, Okay. So I had my little seamless sack full of stuff and I went down to the road and I thought, well someone will come along. I started to hitch hike and pretty soon three men in a little two-door car come along. They stopped and they said, Where you going? Oh, you're Heber Hall. You played basketball at Escalante High School. I said, Yes, I am. I'm going home. He said, get in the back. So I rode all the way over to Escalante and then I caught the mail train over to Boulder. I got home and Dad said, after he listened, Well, I don't blame you for quitting. There's no need to work with that kind of incompetent and ugly and dirty people. He said, I'll tell Newell next time I see him. I said, Don't get after him till he sends me my check.

So I worked there. Dad and Mother had a little store, so I helped them, and I dug ditch and I built the fence and so forth the rest of the summer. That fall I got a call from the superintendent of schools, Dr. Gardner. He said, Come over. I hear you've had two years of college and Mr. Bigler said you are really quite a scholar. Why don't you come over and we'll interview. Maybe you could teach the junior high this winter. So I went over, had a little old funny pickup truck. I went

over and visited with him and he looked at my credentials. I had my Snow College reports, and he said, Yes, you're qualified. You can teach that. He said, I can pay you--I think he said he would pay me \$57 a month. I said, but Mr. Gardner, I've been herding sheep and he's been paying me \$65 a month. He looked me right in the eye and he said, Mr. Hall, you had much more responsibility herding 2000 ewes and lambs than you will teaching 14 boys and girls.

JH: A clever negotiator.

HH: He said, besides that, you have Saturday and Sunday away and while you were herding sheep, you worked around the clock, didn't you. I said, Yes. So I took the job. That fall, 1942, I began teaching school at Boulder Junior High School. There were three sophomores and seven eighth graders, and no juniors. So I only had thirteen, if I remember right. Oh, it was open doors for me. The boys and girls were so inquisitive and so anxious to learn, and I wanted to teach them many things, so I did. This Gale Alvey was just a competent little mathematician. You'd throw him a number and he could multiply it, divide it, subtract it and everything. Don and Leah, they wanted to write, and they wrote beautiful history stories. I taught them how to measure trees by looking at a ruler and getting the angle and walking and measuring the height. I also taught them how to measure a load of hay on a rack or wagon and determine how heavy it is and how much hay they had. Well the parents really opened the doors to me. They just couldn't believe it. I also had the parents come over and I said, Now I know this is rather unusual, but I'd like to teach these young men and women a little about what happens when they watch a baby suckling the mother at church. How come? And what happens with the mother when she gets big and then she gets small. This one lady said, You know, Heber (that was Mrs. Peterson), I think that would be the greatest thing these girls could have. I said, I won't be vulgar. I won't tell dirty jokes. I will speak as scientifically as I can. So I taught them about reproduction, about mathematics, about grazing land, about ear marking and castrating steers and eating rocky mountain oysters. Then one day

Clyde King, a man I knew over at Salt Gulch--he'd moved back over to Boulder--called me and he said, Heber, I know you're teaching those students about reproduction. This one cow's going to abort a calf in about an hour, it looks like. Why don't you bring them down. So I said, let's go and we walked down to the ranch, maybe thirty minutes, something like that. Here this old cow was just getting ready to abort this calf.

JH: Was this down on the creek?

HH: Yes, down on the Boulder Creek, Escalante, that's the old King Ranch there. It was kind of up on the hill where the ranch was a big barn. The boys and girls just looked at that and one of the little girls, Karen Coombs, she said, I don't know why Dad hasn't let us see this happen. We have cows born. I said, Maybe he just doesn't feel comfortable. Without knowledge we sometimes are embarrassed. So the cow dropped the calf. Then it came around and licked all of the sac around it, licked that off, licked its face and cleaned it and then Clyde was there and he cut the umbilical off with a knife, tied a string around it. That gave me a chance to teach a lot about reproduction through a calf and not being personal. That was a great, great experience. In fact, I just re-wrote that book some time ago, *Teaching School in Boulder*. I took it to Gale Alvey. He said, I can still see that calf being kicked out of the mama. That's the way he said it. Gale was a great mathematician. He became a very scholarly man and went to work with the State Department for a long time. Then he moved down to a little town there by Salina, Aurora. He had a little home there. That was just a special year. And I took them out on trips and we went up and tried to look for arrowheads. And we did find some pottery up on what they call the school house ledge. Then I took them up to Nine Room Cave. Have you ever been up there? It's up Boulder Creek, and I'd been there when I was a boy. Go up Boulder Creek past the Hawes' pasture and this great steep wall is climbing into nine special rooms in a cave. That's why they called it the Nine Room Cave. They were big rooms. Some were as big as this.

JH: That's got to be above the power plant.

HH: It's south of the power plant. You know where the one place called the Whatcott home on Boulder Creek? It's up past Gary Hawes's pasture. We went up there. We climbed in those and, oh, they just couldn't get over that. I told them much about the geology. I had studied geology both in my pre-world of aviation as well as that which was at college, how that was formed, how the sandstone was formed, how erosion may have washed this out and how the cave may have been made by a great ocean that was in there at one time, a possibility. I always said it was an intelligent guess or a hypothesis. Oh, these kids just couldn't believe it. But they had to climb all the way in every one of those caves. Every one of them, even the girls. I photographed them.

End of Tape 2, side 1

HEBER HALL, TAPE 2, SIDE 2

HH: We had a good time with that. We just went out and hiked, just seeing the world. I taught them a lot about botany, the names of plants, and why they named this one popular fremont, *populous angustifolia*, and about the great boulders that were glaciated down there and how they rolled and how they were glaciated on the top. The parents just didn't know that I had so much information, but I'd worked with some very competent men at Snow College, and they had taught me that. And I wanted them to know. I had questions that needed answering. I also learned to fly airplanes and I taught them a lot about flying airplanes.

JH: Where did you learn to fly? Let's go into that a little bit.

HH: At Snow College when Japan hit Pearl Harbor, the doors opened to us because they wanted aviators. There was an international or interstate wide aviation program. At Snow College they brought two good training pilots, Cowley and Inger, and they came down and we had just small planes, little, I think they were 45 engines, propeller type. We all learned how to fly. Oh, that flying was something else. But this one man, he was so good and he would take us up as high as we could go and we'd spin down and pull out and sometimes it felt like my whole belly was coming out. We learned to fly. I also began flying later. Out of the 38 of us who began flying, I washed out. My eyes kept me from going in. But out of that 38, only 13 of us came back after the war. The rest of them were killed. The Japanese and the Germans had a lot more experience, better planes, more maneuverable planes. No doubt about it. Anyway, I lucked out because I went in the Navy. After I taught there at Boulder, I joined the U.S. Navy. I wanted to be a doctor, so I transferred into what they called the medical corps. They taught me an awful lot. I was trained to help and to do so many things to assist the doctors. Some of the work, like suturing and things like that, they let us do. It was just exciting. I actually scrubbed in and helped over 4000 operations. I'll tell you this one because I think it's quite exciting.

We were aboard the USS. DuPage, that was an old ship I sailed on. A young man was brought in from another small ship. He had such pain in his stomach and everything. His white cells and red cells were normal count. McDermott, the doctor with whom I worked, said, What do you think, Hall? I said, I don't know. There is no evidence that he's got a real infection or a bad gangrenous appendix. I think we ought to operate. He said, I do too. He's got too much pain. I said, We'd better do a incision not a Birney incision, a little one. So we opened way down here and we got in there and I was helping them and we were working around. I can still hear McDermott say, My God, Hall, what's this? I said, It's a uterus and a fallopian tube and an ovary. He said, This is a hermaphrodite. What shall we do? McDermott said, There's nothing we can do. We've got to do a complete hysterectomy on this man. This is a hermaphrodite. He has both male and female but

nothing external on the female is showing. So we did a complete hysterectomy. We was all way down into the vaginal tract, the uterus, the vagina, the fallopian tubes and all, and put in a big tube and sutured him back up. I said, What are we going to do? How can we tell this young man? He thought he was really a true man. He had been inducted into the Navy. He said, We'll let the priest talk to him in the morning. So in the morning when he wakened, the priest did talk to him and he was very pleased to think we had moved out and learned, and we sent all that data back to the medical world at Brooklyn, the great naval hospital. And that was published in the naval science, the first removal of a hysterectomy of one of our sailors thus recorded, Hall and McDermott. That was all that was in it, just Hall and McDermott. So that was an experience all its own, too.

JH: You know, you hear about that as a theory but to actually witness, that must have been quite an experience.

HH: At that time it really was. In fact, they estimated later as I learned and read about, that about every five million births, a boy or girl is hystromatic. But it's rare. In fact this Christina, you remember hearing about Christina, she selected to be a girl instead of a boy--he, it. I talked with my daughter-in-law, and she said they have actually taken one or two up here to the medical school a year now. They know better how to determine than we did then. This young man, as far as he was concerned, and see, what was happening, we decided why he had so much pain. He had begun to menstruate. When we got in there, he was just full of blood. So he was actually forming the woman part of his world and that's why he had so much pain. That's what McDermott said. I don't know.

JH: So it was an internal discharge.

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HH: Yes. He was discharging that into the anatomy of his gut. I didn't ever see him. They sent him from our ship to another ship and back to Bethesda, Maryland, for study. I don't really know what happened to him. I am assuming he was discharged, but I don't know. That's only a theory.

HH: I'll tell you this one too. One time we had the USO girls come over and entertain us and we were at this great section along the Aleutian Islands. I was one of the chief medical/surgical assistants. Olivia deHaviland came out. I saw her in *Robin Hood* in that film and also the one where she played one of the great women in *Gone With the Wind*. In *Robinhood* where he took her out of the tree, Robinhood will succeed or win the war. I saw her in those films when I was very young in school. I thought, oh, if I could just sometime see that beautiful, beautiful person. Anyway, she came into the surgical ward and introduced herself as Miss Olivia deHaviland. I said, Olivia deHaviland? And she said, Yes, and you're supposed to escort me over to the lunch room. So I went with her.

JH: Did your knees get weak?

HH: I shook like a broom. So, I escorted her and all the medical group was sitting at one table. That's who were released at that particular hour. I was sitting there and we sat her at the end. She said, Gentlemen, sailors, whence do you come from. Each of us told, and when it got to my turn, I thought Salt Gulch, Utah, that's no good. She said, From whence do you come. You are Heber Horace Hall. I've met you already, a First Class sailor. I said, I'm from Salt Lake City. She said, Oh, that's where those men have all those women. How many do you have, Hall? I said none, But if you will marry me, we will get to the priest today. She laughed, and she said, If only I could, I would. The guys just clapped and hooted. She came back through the surgical ward and she said, Hall, I would like to see something happen here that's kind of exciting. I said, Well, we're

diagnosing a young man. We're going to do an appendectomy removal. She said, Would you arrange with your great surgeon, Dr. Walkowsky and Dr. Gabrith and maybe I'll watch? I said, I'll ask them. I won't guarantee. I asked them, and Dr. Walkowsky said, Of course she can watch. And you, Hall, can do the suturing up. So we went in and she was sitting up there and we put a big mask on her and a big apron on and her gloves. We stood her right where she could see. So he did the incision and he opened and he looked at her and said, Are you okay, young lady? Oh, this is beautiful. I've never seen like this. And besides that, I want to see Hall suture. So when it come out, I got to suture from the peritoneum all the way out through the fat and up through the skin. I was so excited I was just shaking like a leaf to think she was watching me. Then after that, Gabrith said, Hall, you can have the day off and you may take Miss Olivia deHaviland for a walk up that great hill and look down upon those ships which we sail. I said I would like to ask one of the other nurses to go with us and then they won't think we're doing something wrong. I'll ask Mrs. Reed. Mrs. Reed was out. She was one of the great nurses. I said, would you go with us? She said, I wouldn't miss it. We walked up that great, great knoll up in the Aleutian Islands. It really had no trees on it. We called it a great mountain. It didn't have any trail. We just followed the terrain of the ruffles. We got up to the top and we sat down and then they asked a few questions what I was seeing. Again I sang the song, the Burger Bull for them. Then Olivia said, Oh, the doors of life have opened to me since I became a USO girl. She said, this is much more exciting and rewarding than trying to be an actress under some director that doesn't know what the hell he's doing. She said it just like that. It's more real. She said, just to sit here with you two, a nurse sailor and a sailor and just look down upon that land and those great ships which you are fighting for and you're fighting the war. She said, All I've been doing is sitting home while the war is being fought. She says, I won't have anybody to tell. Mrs. Reed said, I'd just like to say something for a minute. She talked about a time when she were young. She had memorized a poem. I cannot remember it, but something to the effect that, "I look upon this land. I see the blue, the gold, the yellow of the great trees in the land I lived in Maryland. And the fragrance of land is

open and the tundra is shaking for us, like the leaves shook when I was at home.” Anyway, it was a poem she had learned, and she said, if you don’t mind, I had to memorize that when I was a sophomore in my high school. I have that written somewhere. But anyway it was just fun. Then we walked back down and both of them said, Sailor, you’ve got to hold our shoulder or our hands. I said, That sounds good to me. So I took hold of her shoulder or her elbow and walked down. This Olivia said, Miss Reed, if I were out here with this young man, he would have a new pursuer.

JH: A guy could get flattered.

HH: Yes. Miss Reed said, Well, I really like this man. He’s just a special man, but darn it (I’ll say it that way), he’s going to be taken away, going up to Hoola Two to help with the Russians getting ready to invade Japan. Olivia left in a day or two and I left about two weeks, three weeks later. I corresponded some with her (Miss Reed), but I don’t where she went or what.

JH: Great story.

HH: It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining and the great view was there and those big ships were out there rocking and waving. We sailors would be on them and do our job. I was a little worried. I thought, if we have to invade Japan, they estimated five million of them and us and would die. So we went to Hoola Two and we got ready and we worked with the Russians, and that’s where I learned some Ruskie. I corresponded with two of the Russians for years. It was just simply exciting. We were up where it was quite cold and yet it was nice in the winter. It was windy and cold in the summer. We were getting all ready to invade Japan--the Russians, the Chinese, the Australians, the English and us. Like I said, it was estimated five million of them and us would die. We were all ready to go and what happened? Truman had that bomb dropped on

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Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and they surrendered.

JH: Congratulate them for being smart.

HH: I've always said that's why I'm a Democrat. Well five million of them and us and that old ship we was on had 5000 Marine troops on it. We would have been one of those the Japanese would have dove a plane right into it. No doubt about it. But I came home and then after I was discharged, maybe two or three months later, most of us were discharged out of the Navy and out of our reserve. I came home and what happened? Roosevelt had initiated the GI Bill of Rights. So I got to go to school, to college up here. I could not have gone without. I just wouldn't have had the money. So between that and dropping the bombs, I said, I'm going to be a Democrat all my life. People said, I think you're kind of goofy. The state has always been Republican. I said, It hasn't either? Who declared this end of the polygamists? It was a Democrat, McKinley. I said, He was the one that opened the doors for you who came back from the prisons and got to work with your wives and had polygamy later abandoned. That was a Democrat, not a Republican. Many of them had never heard that, but it was true.

JH: It isn't hard to figure out.

HH: So I got to go to college up here. I went to school for years and years. Never quit, say it that way. I'll tell you two other things that I think were important.

I was working on the Great Rio Colorado prior to Lake Powell, one of the three geological botanical surveyors...

JH: Was that late forties or early fifties?

HH: It was 1956-57, along there. This blinkety-blinkety-blink went across and I had been corresponding with Dr. Kavesky just a little bit. He had said something about in one of his papers (I didn't keep them, darn it--he later couldn't write) the Ruskies are making a sputnik. I really didn't know what a sputnik was until later. I thought, I've got to look that up and check it out. I had an old dictionary and I have a sputnik, an associated satellite. Anyway, this blinkety-blinkety-blink went across. About the next few days it went across again. I said, That's a sputnik They said, Hall, you've got it up your bunk. How do you know what a sputnik is? Grant said, We don't know what sputnik means. I said, It's a Russian word meaning associated satellite, and they're working on one. They said, Oh, baloney. I said, that's the one that's going over there. Later we learned that was a Russian sputnik. So that was kind of exciting on the great old Rio Colorado.

JH: So you were surveying Glen Canyon. What was your specialty that you were trying to collect data on?

HH: We obtained the assignment from the Bureau of Reclamation from the University of Utah--Dr. Woodbury, Dr. Grant, Dr. Reece, myself and Dr. Bowers. We were to make a survey, geological, botanical, archaeological, and anthropological along the canyons to determine what was there prior to being inundated by water.

JH: I wanted to ask about Jess Jennings. What part did Jess Jennings play, especially on the archaeology?

HH: Jennings was archaeological and he had his own team out there. We would collect things and we couldn't excavate. We couldn't take away. But they would do the work. If we located an Anasazi dwelling like a cliff dweller or something, we would tell them where it was. I did climb the top of Slick Rock Canyon. Slick Rock Canyon was where Dewey got out to walk and it was as slick as

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snot on a doorknob. I climbed the top of that. Merrill Ridd and another went with us for a ways and they said, We're not going. It's too hot, Hall. You'll die.

JH: Merrill would be an undergraduate at that time.

HH: Yes, and I was too. Actually I had a master's degree at that time. Merrill Ridd and Nolan Dean and Guy Musser went up there. They wouldn't go but about only half way. It was hot--115 degrees and that reflection of that sun. I thought, I've got to climb to the top. I must go up on top. I've got to see what's up there, a snoopy old man that stepped out. I climbed up on top of that. Here open to me were the doors of an antique Anasazi dwelling. Big buildings. Rock. They had brought that all the way up that mountain, no doubt. What they used for water, I don't know. I had a canteen. I looked around and I did bring some artifacts back and I had to give them to Jennings' people--Floyd Westerman I think his name was. He said, I'll go up and check that. I've always wondered if he ever did. I don't know. I want to go down there and climb that again or have a helicopter take me up there or something.

JH: That would be above the high water mark.

HH: Oh, it's a long ways above the high water mark. It's 2000 feet above. It's about 2700 feet. Anyway when I was coming back, I became so faint. One time when I was working on the sand ledges down in the Boulder country, I had a heat stroke and fainted. I thought I'm going to faint, I'm going to faint. I lay in a kind of a crack and pulled my old shirt over my face and poured water on it from my canteen. Then I came back and went on down. But I was just afraid I was going to have heat stroke. I finally got down and Dr. Grant said, Where in the heck have you been. I said, Well, this shows you some. So I had a few old pieces of pottery and things like that. I told them about that. Then I went over to where Westerman was and he said, Yes, I'll get up there and

check it out. But I'm not sure he ever did. I've always wanted to go back and see. I keep thinking I ought to do that some summer. I would go with someone else, though. Go down on a boat and it's a long way and a big steep son-of-a-gun. I think it would be best if I get someone in a helicopter. I've read some of his work in some of the publications he did, but I don't see anything about that at all. I don't know. I went back down after the lake was dammed, just boating and water skiing and things like that.

Then I also was one of the surveyors of the Green River prior to the Flaming Gorge Reservoir. That was one of the most scenic beautiful places in the world. Then I was one of the surveyors of the Gunnison River prior to their ?? four kerakantis??. The dam's on the Black River in Black Canyon. Black Canyon is a long ways down. Grant sent myself and two other men down the river. We were supposed to float down and check it and determine the geology and the climate. We went down quite a ways and we just decided it was too doggone rough. So luck would have it. We couldn't get the small rafts out. We climbed out and went out. Later when I got down there, if we'd have gone maybe another quarter of a mile, we'd have gone in that great puddle and drowned. No doubt about it, because that river cuts in a great big chisel. If you go out there sometime, you can see where that river runs right through this great chisel. It's almost 2500 feet down there. We finally climbed out on top and got back way late at night. Here again Grant was always willing to compliment, but he always had a comment. He said, We thought you had drowned. Nolan Dean was with us and he said, We thought we were too, for sure. But we got back and we told them about that this survey and that fall in that publication which is really the anthropological publications of both Woodbury's and Jennings'. That's all up to the University.

JH: Those are great experiences.

HH: Then the San Juan was even more exciting, Saint John, that was the Spanish that named that.

That's on the San Juan River going down into New Mexico. We went down that one, and, oh, that was a beautiful area. We did have to excavate. The river would back up and the reservoir would cover much of the Anasazi burials. We were actually legally able to transfer those and move those skeletons into another area. We couldn't take things, but oh, there were so many beautiful arrowheads and flint pieces and pieces of pottery they had made. We excavated and then we took those up to a higher ridge, a higher level and buried them again. We weren't allowed to take them out. But the Indians didn't want them buried under that, and they had some authority. We had one Indian with us, Old Joe, and he just felt we shouldn't leave them under the water. I don't know how many we excavated, but it was quite a few. That was a lot of good digging. We were real careful. It was interesting how they folded those people, though, when they buried them. Knees and legs way back and head way down and just almost in a fetal or prenatal position. So we could dig them out. They were pretty well found. They were pretty well marked where they would be. Then again Jennings' men over there helping us. That was a special summer, too. All those summers were four summers. The doors of life just opened to me those things. In fact I was the only one of the whole original group that went all four summers.

JH: Those are wonderful memories.

HH: Have you ever been over in the Gunnison River?

JH: No.

HH: Oh, those big reservoirs over there now. We had some real struggle there with the people who owned those ranches. Many had bought those ranches. One man had such a beautiful home, big buildings, a big horse ranch and horse stable, and he had about 350 acres right down there. The Gunnison River was right there and the river was just full of fish. We caught a lot of fish while we

were there. And they were so angry--they were going to shoot us if we came on the property. We had to go up to Gunnison and get the Bureau of Land Management people and the Forest Service People to come down and protect us. I partly understood what those people were all about. Their land was there and they had bought it and they had owned it. Now it was going to be buried under water. So I pretty much understood. We would ask permission, and Dr. Flowers was a very competent mediator. He just knew how to interact with people. He was a botanist (interesting his name was Flowers). He said, I'm a Flower because I love flowers. That was pretty exciting, too, for me.

Then another job I had--I had a lot of jobs--talk, talk talk. I worked at the Stewart Training School. That was named for the great William M. Stewart, who was one of the first educators, that is educators in the sense of teaching teachers how to teach. I taught there for many years. I taught science there. I can quickly tell you, that's where I first began my actual teaching training. I had taught down at Boulder and also in the Navy. There was a beautiful lady, and all the boys and girls called her "Black Beauty": I was her teaching instructor. I could see what they meant. She married and went to Colorado, so Mrs. Hughes (Dr. Hughes) was there and she said, Mr. Hall, I'd like you to take her place. I said, Well, I don't have my teaching certificate yet. She said, Heber, you are the man we want. So I began teaching at Stewart School and I finished my teaching certificate and my master's degree while I was there. I taught for many years. In fact, just when you called me the other day, I thought it was one of those boys and girls I had taught fifty years ago, which would have been one of the first groups I taught. That was a fun time.

So I taught there, and when that terminated (talkety-talk) I didn't know what I wanted to do. I wanted to stay at the University but they didn't have a space. They had closed the school and the education department didn't want to open the doors to all of us who had taught at Stewart School. We were not really on professional staff. We were instructors only. That's the way they kept us

there. I didn't know what I wanted to do, and Kay Hawes, one of the people who had taught there, happened to know one of the people who had worked for the Bureau of Indian Services out at Shriver's office in Washington. Kay knew him very well and he went to work for him. He called me and said, Heber, insomuch as Stewart's terminating in about a month, why don't you come and work with us. So I went to work for the Bureau of Indian Services out of the Indian Service office at the University. We were responsible from the University, our Bureau of Indian Service staff, both men and women, for 175-185 reservation bands and tribes over the Northwest. For five years I worked with the Bureau of Indian Services. That was under Community Action Program, or Shriver's office. I can still hear this old Blackfoot Indian say when I was up at the Blackfoot Indian Reservation. He was a very old man, very competent old man. He spoke his Indian language as well as some English language. He said, Hall, good program. Next president will knock it right out. I didn't know what he meant, but later, when it happened, when Nixon became president, the Bureau of Indian Service, the Community Action Program was completely terminated, just over night.

JH: How did he have that insight?

HH: The Indians? They were really were anxious to learn and to know and to become. And what our program was, was to help educate them, help train them, get them structures, move them into a structure where they could become more individualistic and competent themselves. We had several Indian people with whom we worked: Ralph Keane, Martin Seneca, they were truly scholars, both lawyers. They were very anxious. In fact, we actually moved and got them to do such things as make sawmills, cut posts and sell them, go fishing and get their fishing all started. They were so anxious. But when they cut it out, it was completely lost.

JH: Why did the Nixon administration cut it out?

HH: I don't know. There's just no information. Even Shriver, see they knocked him right out of the organization. Kay Hawes, Jim Coleman, myself, all flew back to Washington to see. We had a little money to work with. Shriver said, I have no answers. He just did it and he won't talk about it. He said it wasn't worth having. He wants to spend his money on armies and navies and making the big war game. So Community Action Program--see that was under President Johnson. He said Johnson was a big talker and he liked to think of his community as people. But Nixon wants to think of it as war and killing. That's what Shriver told me.

JH: How did your Blackfoot friend know that that's what Nixon was going to do?

HH: I guess what had happened--I don't know. I didn't really know him well. I just talked to him a bit. I knew him only because he was always there when we flew in. I would almost hypothesize that perhaps that had happened before, that other things the tribe had developed and then another president or a new management had cut it off.

JH: Almost like cynicism.

HH: Right. I have written two stories about that. One, I call it *The Old Lady Roasting Stick*. They believed but did not know. And Old Lady Roasting Stick lived up Fort Rocky Boy. Her father, Chief Rocky Boy, and all the chief Indians and all the braves were defending that when O'Connor's cavalry came in that area and finally O'Connor got Chief Rocky Boy to bring a white flag down and surrender. When he got down on the side of this great mountain, she said the army opened up fire and killed every one of them, every single soldier and every single brave. She said they didn't even let us go in there for three or four or five days later to get the braves and bury them. That's what Old Lady Roasting Stick told me. She took me out there. I became very

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friendly with her. She didn't talk too well, but her daughter did. So we went up

End of Tape 2, side 2

TAPE 3, Side 1

This is a continuation of an interview with Heber Hall. The date is July 14, 1998. We are at his home and we are talking about his memories. My name is Jay Haymond.

JH: You are talking about the folks up at the Rocky Boy

HH: Old Lady Roasting Stick. Anyway, she said let's go out and one of the other gentlemen who worked there at the Rocky Boy over to the reservation, we went out in the cart and she went with us, and her daughter. Just at sunset, she said, there, you can see the blood on that hill where those men lost all their blood. That whole wall was red like blood. She said, That's where O'Connor shot every one of our chiefs and Chief Rocky Boy and every one of our braves. He didn't let a single one--in fact he even went back and killed a lot of the women and children.

JH: Black mark.

HH: And that is not well published, either. That's what Shriver said. O'Connor did it, but that isn't published. He said we have shut the doors on those things that were hideous and wrong. So I agreed with him. It was a good afternoon with her. Later we went back to help another old gentleman, that was Jim Colmer and I. We wanted to get information about what was happening at some of the reservation tribes and what they had been doing. They had been doing some wrong things, should I say dishonest? So we went back up to Havre, Montana. We flew up there to see him, and this old gentleman was an old Anasazi or Rocky Boy Indian. He was quite

competent, but he was very sad and very upset to think that they had booted him out because he was trying to get them to be honest about what they were doing with the money. We told him we would meet him over at the cafe. Jim and I were in there and he came in. He was a tall, big man, teeth gone, hardly could talk. He was so sad. We had him sit down. He sat down and this little lady over here said, We don't allow Indians in here. Jim stood up and said, Young lady, or old lady, whatever you are, we're from the Bureau of Indian Service out of Washington, D.C., and we're visiting with this gentleman. He is not an old dumb Indian. He is a competent man. We will sit here and if you don't like it, we'll call in our army police. She looked over and walked out. Old Joe said, They don't like us here. They hate us. They think we're terrible. He said, Maybe I should go. Jim says, Sit down. We're okay. We're going to have dinner. He said, I don't know. I am just really worried. I said, Come on, we'll be okay. Some other people looked at us and I said it's all right. We're in charge. We're in a cafe, and if you don't let us sit here, I'll call the state police and we'll have this damn place closed up. I want no more talk about to. We're sitting here and we're doing our thing. Jim said, that's true. From then on, people were quite nice.

We talked to this old gentleman. He told about how they were treating him and they were threatening him, and they had burned his house down because he wanted them to be honest about the money that was being brought. He was talking about how they had defrauded and cheated and stolen posts and lumber. We just listened. We told him, Okay, then. We shall go back to Washington and find out what's happening and we'll keep you on the payroll. We visited and talked and he finally began to tell about his world and what had happened and how sad it had been. He's a very able man. He wrote and he had his own bachelor's degree and he had been a philosopher and a printer in the papers there at the Rocky Boy. Finally he left. We said, Good-bye, we'll see you another time. Jim and I went to our hotel and went to bed. We were supposed to go out the next morning and make sure that he was okay, checked his house. We got a call from one of the service men at Rocky Boy. He said Old Joe had been killed on the way home. So

we drove out real fast. What we learned was, we think someone had pushed Old Joe's car over a great hill with another car and he was killed down there because he was going to tell the truth the next morning. We were going to meet with him and Jim Wilson was coming out from Washington, D.C. to meet with us and get the data and straighten it up. But it didn't occur. Old Joe was dead.

JH: About what year would this be?

HH: That would be about 1965-67, along there. I worked for them for four years. Then after that, well actually the whole program was terminated, as I said. So the Bureau of Indian Services and the Community Action Program went over the hill. But I just felt so badly. This story I have written about this was *The Ugly Sin of Being Poor*. They were poor. They were impoverished and they couldn't get any help. Yet that program was opening doors for them. Some of those doors are still open.

I was over at Portland last summer when I went down this great hill down into wheat fields near the Hot Springs area. They have completely changed that whole section of the Indian reservation. Now instead of being just a little pasture, they have completely opened that to raising wheat and corn. I stopped and talked to some of the people there at the Indian Service and they said, yes, the doors of life opened to us after the Bureau of Indian Services helped us get started. I'll bet they cultivate 100,000 thousand acres of wheat and corn right in that area. And big homes now and they're all feeling good. Like this one little man said, We feel like we're good Americans now we're wealthy like you people are. I asked them what was over at Hot Springs and they said Hot Springs is really working, too. They've opened that up and they've got a big swimming pool and many people go there. They said it used to be only ten cents a swim; now it's ten dollars. And the people come and pay it.

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JH: Raise your prices.

HH: Well they learned. They learned what could be. And I'm so pleased about that. But many have gone down hill. When I was over in Blackfoot Reservation, I went up to see the section of the last wars of Colonel Custer when he got killed up there. I went over to see that with some friends years ago. There, again, those Indians are having the same problem they had then. They just haven't been able to awaken to the opportunity. But some have. Many have.

END OF INTERVIEW

Transcribed by Patricia B. Haymond