

Norman JOHNSON  
Kanab 1998

## Southern Utah Oral History Project

The Southern Utah Oral History Project was started in July of 1998. It began with an interest in preserving the cultural history of small towns in southern Utah that border the Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument. The project was managed by Kent Powell, from the Utah Division of State History, who oversaw the collection of oral histories conducted in Boulder, Escalante, Bryce Valley, Long Valley, Kanab, the Kaibab Paiute Reservation, and Big Water, by Jay Haymond and Suzi Montgomery. Also in cooperation with the state was the Bureau of Land Management and the people of Garfield and Kane counties, with support from the Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument. The goals of the project were first to interview long-time local residents and collect information about the people and the land during the first half of the twentieth century. In addition, the interviews were to be transcribed and copies of the transcripts were to be made available to the public at the Utah State Historical Society and at local repositories. Lastly, to build a relationship with state agencies and the local communities and provide a medium for the local communities to express their interest in preserving their own history and culture in the areas that are now included in the GSENM. Thank you to everyone who took the time to care and share their memories and stories.

INTERVIEW WITH: Judge Norman H. Jackson  
INTERVIEWER: Jay Haymond  
INTERVIEW NUMBER:  
DATE OF INTERVIEW: September 24, 1998  
SUBJECT OF INTERVIEW: Growing up in Kanab and experiences with sheep/cattle  
PLACE OF INTERVIEW: Matheson Building in Salt Lake City, Utah  
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SIDE: A

JH: This is an interview with Norman H. Jackson. We are in Judge Jackson's office in the Matheson Building in Salt Lake City. The date is September 24, 1998. We're going to talk to Judge Jackson about his experience in Kane County around Kanab, and my name is Jay Haymond. We're in business.

NJ: All right.

JH: Did I understand correctly that you were born in Kane County?

NJ: Yes, at home in Kanab on South Main, April 14, 1933.

JH: South Main Street; you walked to high school, it sounds like.

NJ: I went to school in the same building for 12 years. The elementary classrooms were on the South side of the building and the junior high and high school were on the north side of the building, so, yes, until I got my driver's license, I walked back and forth.

JH: That's an interesting institution all by itself. Tell me about the family to which you were born, your father and mother, brothers and sisters.

NJ: My mother was Leah Meeks, and she was born in 1901. She was born in Orderville. My father, Lorum Elmer Jackson, was born in Fredonia in 1897. My father's parents, the

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Pratt's and the Jackson's, came into Fredonia seven miles south of Kanab across the Arizona line in the 1870s. His grandfather, Lorum Pratt, was one of the early settlers, you might say, in the area. He worked in the Canaan Ranch west of Pipe Springs and then came on into Fredonia. There were five families that settled Fredonia, initially, and the east/west streets are named after those families, and the southerly-most street is Pratt Street. That's where the Pratt's lived. The Jackson's came into Fredonia later. The pioneer Jackson, Jesse Taylor Jackson, came to Fredonia from Nephi. He'd been a settler in Nephi and a settler in San Bernardino, back to Nephi when Johnson's Army came into the area. He and his youngest son decided to go on one last adventure. They were headed for Mexico with a herd of horses, but the tall grass of the Arizona Strip, when they arrived there, they decided that was far enough.

JH: The Arizona Strip. That has a romance all of it's own doesn't it.

NJ: Well, to me it does. I have very fond memories of early childhood, as a shepherd, a youth, and adulthood as a cowboy. Our ranching operation was mainly, of course, federal grazing permits. We had four BLM allotments on the Strip south of Pipe Springs; Hitzen, Robinson, Wildband and Burnt Canyon, plus a Park Service permit. Then two allotments east of Kanab between the Paria River and Glen Canyon; Flat Top and Blue Pool. Plus, we summered on the Kaibab Forest Plateau between Jacob Lake and Grand Canyon.

JH: All of your permits were in Arizona.

NJ: Yes. Except the Paria allotments straddled the state line and were mainly in Kane County. Our headquarters place, a 540-acre farm, two miles south of Kanab adjacent to the Arizona line is still in the family. But with those rather wide-spread operations, we were likely to have a stray cow most any place in Kane County or Coconino or Mohave

County, Arizona, (north of the Grand Canyon) at any given time.

JH: Tell me about your father teaching you to be a, let's say, a shepherd.

NJ: Well, it was simply by observation and experience, and someone had to be with the sheep all the time. There was a sheep wagon and a camp trailer that accompanied the sheep from the winter range west of Kanab Creek over to Mount Trumble, and then east on to the Kaibab in the summer. They would go out to the Grand Canyon Rim west of the Kanab Creek on the snow in the winter, and then there were catchment tanks of water that worked back towards Fredonia and then go easterly onto what we called the north end of the Kaibab. En route to there, we had a shearing corral at a place called the Bullrush Wash, and then passed south of Fredonia onto the plateau where the lambing would occur. Then we would spend the summer going towards the North Rim of the Grand Canyon where it cuts through the plateau, turn around, and go back in the Fall. That was the circulation with the sheep. We also had a docking corral in the canyon east of Jacob Lake where we would dock the lambs when we got to that point; dock and castrate the lambs. That canyon, of course, had the Orderville name because it was part of the United Order, and there had been a United Order dairy in that canyon earlier on. I just observed how the adults worked with the sheep, and got in and did what ever I was capable of doing, given my age. Then we sold the sheep herd in '44 and went into cattle operation in '45.

JH: Was that exclusively, in other words, were there no herds after that? No sheep herds?

NJ: Ours was the last sheep herd on the Kaibab Forest. That was the end of an era because there had been thousands of sheep there in the years past. About the only sheep I'm aware of in the last three or four decades on the Strip are those operated by the Heaton family from Alton, who were our neighboring ranchers on the Strip in the lower country.

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JH: Weren't there also some Heaton's in Moccasin?

NJ: Yes. They originated at the same time. I think it was the family of Jonathan Heaton and he had 15 sons, and so their holdings in the Moccasin area, as they got older, wouldn't support the whole family, and several of them went to Alton. So, there are the two communities that are Heaton towns.

JH: There was a commissioner named Heaton, a lady, not too long ago, maybe ten years, fifteen years ago?

NJ: Yes, that's right. Her name escapes me at the moment, but my brother will recall- I think her name was Beryl.

JH: When you made that transition from a sheep herder to a cowboy, tell me what that was like.

NJ: Well, looking back on the experience, I didn't fully understand what was going on at the time. My father had been a cowboy in his earlier days as well, so initially, we started out without corrals everywhere, but we needed them. For instance, trailing the cattle between the summer and winter range, we would just go as far as we could go during the daylight hours, and then we would night-herd. We would be rounding up the cattle in the four different allotments as we came northerly from the rim of the Grand Canyon to cross the Kanab Canyon near Bullrush, and then go easterly to the Kaibab Plateau at the entrance to the Warm Springs Canyon which runs up to Jacob Lake. We would go up that canyon part way, and then head south onto the top of the plateau. One notable experience on the cattle drive was a stampede. On that occasion, we had gotten through what was called the Forest Reserve Fence west of the Warm Spring Canyon entrance and an old mining community by the name of Ryan. There were facilities there to stay overnight to hold the

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cattle. We got inside the Forest Reserve Fence. We thought we'll hold the cattle overnight here on the upper side of the fence. The moon didn't come up that night, and it was pitch black. We started a campfire to cook some supper, and one of the cowboys was looking in the grub box for some dishes. He couldn't find what he wanted, and he struck a match for light, and that match set off the herd.

JH: Just that little bit of stimulation?

NJ: Yes, on that cold, black night, so the cattle just started heading back to where they had come from, basically, and mowed down the fence for about a mile and then just scattered out into the dark countryside. After they went by the camp, then we got on our horses and started trying to gather them. We could only find them by listening to them bellowing; cows for calves and calves for cows. So for a while it was gathering by sound, but we eventually gathered up everything that we could find. When we counted out the next morning, we'd gotten every one of them. However, there was an interesting sequel to that, because when we were counting them out, they strung several miles up towards Ryan. When we came along with the stragglers, we missed the tracks of a little group that had gone down a side canyon and we missed them. When we got to Ryan, of course, there was another fence. We closed the gate. The next morning, we realized we had missed some, but we thought since we had counted them out that they must be on the upper side of the second fence where they could find water. This a is true Ripley's believe it or not tale. There was a fellow by the name of Ed Hatch who had a little herd of cattle that he wintered down in Kanab Canyon and then summered at Jacob Lake. His small little group of cows he knew them all by their first names, and he didn't have a horse, he just went with them on foot. He was coming up through to the summer range about three weeks later and discovered this little group of cows of ours choking to death. In fact, some of them were already dead. It took him a couple of days to get to a phone, and so when he called us, it was three weeks. My dad and I went out with the truck and

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located them where he had described their location. Two cows were already dead. We had water in the truck and we used that to try and tempt the others into the truck, but a couple of them drank so much water that they died right there. We ended up saving one little cow and a couple of calves. We dehorned most of our livestock but the little cow had some distinctive horns and she made the trek many years after that. I remembered watching for her each year, so that was the stampede experience with the amazing recovery of the choking livestock.

JH: It's a hard one. I neglected to ask why that change in livestock was necessary. Was there a sanction from the permit?

NJ: No. It was just economics and two main reasons; one was the difficulty of getting competent shepherders, and the other was that the Forest Service had been controlling fires. What we call the Jack Pines had been allowed to grow up in large groves and covered the floor of the forest, so it became very difficult to herd the sheep where, in the earlier days, you could see through the forest, through the tall Yellow Pine. The longer it went on with fire control, the thicker the Jack Pine thickets got, and then you would lose the sheep as you would go through. It was hard to keep them together and then predators would get them before you could find them, so those were the two main reasons.

JH: When the fire controls were not in place, what was the feed like underneath that cover?

NJ: Oh, well, to me it was a beautiful forest and, aesthetically, I think the undergrowth destroyed that beauty. Of course, in addition to the natural fires, the Indians would start fires to drive the deer a certain direction so they could capture them or shoot them for food.

JH: Did you ever observe them setting fires?

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NJ: No. My father did.

JH: You know, there's been a good deal of interest in them controlling that environment to that extent, thinking that we of the modern era are the only ones to really do much to manipulate nature, but was it true? Did your father ever say that they controlled the time of year? In other words, they waited until the end of the summer season before they fired the forest pastures?

NJ: The Indians?

JH: Yes.

NJ: Yes. They would do it in the fall when it was the natural harvest time. It's interesting how much money was spent in fire control over the years and that, of course, made it more subject to natural fires being more severe. The Yellowstone fire is a good example of that. Of course, now they're beginning to realize, when they see how beautiful Yellowstone is coming back, and there are plants and trees there that have never been observed before. They realize that's part of the natural process, and so they are coming back with a policy of controlled burns.

JH: Um-hum. Interesting program on the public radio today, and probably tomorrow, on that very subject.

NJ: Well, my father considered himself somewhat of an expert on that. He was very critical of the control of the fires and what resulted from it.

JH: Did he have any other complaints about the Forest Service management of the land and resources?

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NJ: Well, we could probably spend a day on that! (laughter). One notable example was that Teddy Roosevelt was brought out to the Kaibab to hunt, and he thought it was so beautiful and so nice that he made it a game preserve so that hunting was not allowed. The deer became so prolific and so high in numbers they were destroying the forage, the forage that they would consume. My father tells one story about a fellow from Kanab by the name of Billy Hamblin who had been in World War I and came home with his army rifle and 500 rounds of ammunition or more. He said that it was in the early 20s. They were out on Swamp Point next to the Grand Canyon, gathering cattle. There were deer dying of malnutrition by the hundreds, and that Billy sat on a point and shot all 500 rounds that he had with him and killed about 500 deer just to put them out of their misery.

A couple years later, my father was called on a mission for the L.D.S. church, and it was customary for him, and I guess other missionaries when they went to new city to introduce themselves to the mayor. He had introduced himself to the mayor of Seattle and told him about his background, where he was from. I still want to verify this by checking the Seattle papers of that era, but the mayor said he had read in the paper that the government was organizing a deer drive to drive the deer across the Grand Canyon to the South Rim where there was more forage. Dad told the mayor that they would never succeed, that it was an impossibility. The day that it was supposed to take place, it didn't happen, but the headline in Seattle that Dad said he took to show the mayor was, "Deer Drive Ends in Blinding Snow Storm" (chuckle). So they blame it on a snow storm, but he doubted that was the reason.

We also had pressure from the Arizona Fish and Game people and the Forest Service claiming that there was competition between the deer and the livestock for forage, so we agreed to do a stomach content analysis. We donated several cows that had been grazing in the forest. Arizona Fish and Game donated several deer, and those stomach analyses

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then were compared. They showed that the cattle and deer did not compete for the same forage, that they consumed different plants. So the truth of the study was that it was the plants that compete on the ground for their life, and if you get either too many livestock or deer, then they'll make it a better place for the other. The Forest Service sought to falsify that report. One of their leading scientists resigned as a result of that and moved to Albuquerque. He spilled the beans on them, so that was another interesting episode.

As a family, we continued to expand our operation until the 1960s. We negotiated the purchase of a ranch from Delwin Hamblin who ran on the north end of the Kaibab in the summer and off in the north end of House Rock Valley in the winter. When we went in to transfer the permits, we'd given \$1000 earnest money, the Forest Service said when this permit is transferred, we're going to cut it 20%. That made the deal unfeasible for us. We backed out and that was the last attempt we made to enlarge our holdings. We kept the allotments we had and tried to improve them to make them more productive.

JH: What you described sounds like a down-sizing in the land management policy. I suppose that whole process has been going on ever since.

NJ: That's correct. Yes. That's been a constant battle since the late 50s. There would be very few livestock operators, I think, who have not had their permit numbers reduced. Although, most of them have entered into management plans with the respective governmental agencies and rotated pastures and done seeding projects and other things to improve the carrying capacity.

JH: By the time you were on the scene, the Taylor Grazing Act was well in effect, perhaps. Do you remember that?

NJ: Yes. Yes. Well, I remember it from my father's story about it. One of his favorite stories

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is when they were holding the hearings regarding the Taylor Grazing Act. Senator Pat McCarren from Nevada, for whom the Las Vegas Airport is named, held one hearing in Phoenix. Three fellows from the Arizona Strip went down; two of them being my father and a fellow by the name of Roy Wooley. When it became Roy's opportunity to speak, he was a gruff old fellow, he got up and said, "I'm Roy Wooley from the Arizona Strip." Senator McCarren said, "The Arizona Strip? Isn't that where the place the renegades and criminals and horse thieves used to go to get away from the law?" And Roy said, "Yeah, and some of us are still there!" (laughter). I have discovered the notes that my father wrote on Adam's Hotel Phoenix stationery. That was where the Arizona Cattle Growers' headquarters was. They stayed at that hotel. I have his notes of the statement he made concerning the Taylor Grazing Act and his main point was that they should be considered grazing rights instead of privileges and, of course, they came out in the legislation as privileges. From then on it was downhill.

JH: There are various levels of ownership when it comes to land use. I've been trying to articulate, maybe, some names or some words that would describe how ownership could be construed. For instance, the true fee-holders, maybe, is the land management agency, but what kind of ownership did those users feel? How would you describe that kind of ownership?

NJ: They felt like they had a form of ownership.

End Side One, Tape One

Begin Side Two, Tape One

NJ: Some operators had developed water rights certified by the state of Arizona in order to service the livestock and distribute them more widely on the forage. So those who had done that then were awarded grazing permits at that time. If you're looking for a

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classification that might work in property law, there's a mere license; that's a permissive idea. Then you have a lease-hold that can range from a tenancy at-will, where you could be evicted at any time, to a long-term lease arrangement for 50 to 100 years, and then the fee title where you own it outright. Maybe it's not that they owned the land outright, but they owned the forage outright and the water, which made it possible not only for the livestock but for the wild life to survive.

JH: Sure. It's been a battle for land-users and land-managers.

NJ: One of the things that disturbs me the most about that battle, and my father as well, and again it grows out of the concept of ownership. That is, that the environmentalists and others who opposed the grazers have sold the idea that they're getting a subsidy as compared to rental of private property. There are several distinctions that can be made. One principal thing that's been overlooked is that although the governmental agencies, as a theoretical matter, have not recognized that you transfer a grazing permit from one party to the next, rather that you waive it back to the government and then they re-issue it. The fact is that, and particularly the Forest Service transfer forms, for a long time, the forms were such that they looked like it was a direct transfer and in any event, they recognized that investment money was being paid up front, just like you were purchasing private property. In order to get the permit transferred from one person to another, money had to be paid and that was an up-front investment. Nobody has ever recognized that in this discussion about the rancher getting a subsidy. When you go out and lease private property you don't have to pay a big up-front amount of money. The other thing is that for any body that's been across the Arizona Strip, you know that it's a long way between watering holes. The operational expense of vehicles and gas and cost of maintenance and the availability of water is much less than private property, which is usually the best property with water on it. So both from the standpoint end of the up-front investment and the ongoing operation and maintenance expense, federal range

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should be priced substantially below private property for leasing.

JH: Let's return to your experience with the livestock industry. How long did you stay with the family operation?

NJ: Well, we stayed with family operation, in terms of livestock, until three years ago this December. We sold the last forty-head that we were running on the 540 acre farm at Kanab.

JH: And you've been involved with them all during that time?

NJ: Yes. We sold the grazing permits between 1980 and 1985 and transferred them. Got out of the range livestock business at that time. So the Jackson family was there for over 100 years, five generations.

JH: That's a real heritage.

NJ: We're still there. We have a 20 acre parcel down on the Paria River that was part of the old operation down there, plus the headquarters place, as I mentioned.

JH: Did you construe that Paria property as a line camp or just as a...?

NJ: It was the base property for the permit. We bought into a common allotment there with several other operators. In 1951, we got separated out into private allotments. In fact, we did the same thing; at that time, on part of the Arizona Strip. There was a two-year period there in the early 50s where we participated in the building of over 50 miles of fence to get into the separate allotments.

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JH: I'm thinking social cooperation. You know, there's a big variety of that sort of thing among members of the Mormon church. You have the Orderville operation which would be the United Order, all things in common, but there's also the co-op. Is that how you'd describe that lower grazing operation?

NJ: Actually, in that area, I'm not aware that there were any so-called grazing associations, at least in the early part of the century. Whether some have been formed more recently, I don't know. But in the common allotment, when somebody needs help you go help them, kind of thing. No business partnership. The L.D.S. church bought into that common allotment, and that's how the place that's called Church Wells got it's name. Actually, my father had read in the Arizona Cattleog magazine that there was an old Mexican down at Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, who was witching wells for New Mexico operators. He drove down and got the man and brought him back to witch some wells in the area, and he witched a well there on the east Clark Bench. The location happened to be on a State section that we had leased, and when the highway went to Glen Canyon from Kanab, it bisected that State section. Dad was very glad to get the well which we drilled where he told us to at the depth that he said the water would be. Later the church would have welfare outings to develop the corrals and water storage and facilities at the well, and that's how it came to be known as Church Wells. There's a little community on the north side of the highway. Since our well indicated that water could be had there, then people drilled wells on the north side, and that's the present community of Church Wells. We also drilled a successful well located by the Mexican at Bullrush, Burnt Canyon Ranch. It's 12 miles south of Pipe Springs. The well driller wanted to give up several times but the locator said that it would be, I think, 235 feet, but the problem was that it was through solid limestone. When the bit got to that depth, then it dropped into a 15-foot crack that was full of water. That well is still operating. There were two or three others. Earl Sorenson of Orderville adjoined that allotment on the south and a well was located for him, and it's still operating as far as I know.

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JH: I don't suppose analysis has been done on the source of that water?

NJ: No. We had geologists out there prior to that time who said there's no chance of getting water here because you've got deep canyons on three sides.

JH: What constitutes the, I guess the word uniqueness comes to mind. What constitutes the uniqueness of that Kanab country located and using land in Arizona, and yet being part of the state of Utah? Describe that. Was it ever a big problem that way?

NJ: Well, there were those years early on when we had to license our vehicles in both states, for example, but other than that the commerce flowed rather freely and most of the operators on the Strip resided in St. George or Kanab just across the line, but it was mainly a matter of geology and geography. The people always felt like the Arizona Strip should have been part of Utah, as a matter of common sense. And that they were ignored by the county officials in Flagstaff and Kingman, as well as the state officials in Phoenix, with one exception. Barry Goldwater paid some attention to them and he would come to Fredonia each time he was running for public office and kick off his campaign in Fredonia, which was a very wise political move. I think there's two things that make the area unique. For instance, Kanab is still the county seat that is the farthest removed from a railroad hub. It's 100 miles to Lund. It used to be about the same distance to Marysvale. Those were the two railroad hubs, so it was isolated from the railroad. It was somewhat isolated by the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon, until the Marble Canyon Bridge was finished in 1928. Incidentally, Grandpa Heber J. Meeks dedicated the Marble Canyon Bridge. The governors of the four corner states were there on that occasion. It was a big celebration, so the isolation was one thing that references back to McCarren's story. The other is the beauty of the area. I always thought that the Grand Staircase was the most beautiful sight in the world. I never cease to be amazed when I drive down northerly off of the Kaibab Plateau with the Grand Staircase in front, and

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then, of course, the Grand Canyon and all of the other canyons in the area. We felt like Bryce, Zion's, Grand Canyon, the Grand Staircase, were just part of our country. The natural boundary of the mountains on the north just into Utah, and then the Colorado River Gorge, and Grand Canyon on the south. Plus, as I've described, the aridness of the area. No living water on the Arizona Strip, including the Kaibab Plateau. When we switched from sheep to cattle, one of the big projects we had to do was go up and build pole corrals around the snow lakes on the Forest so we could gather the cattle and trap them. Until we did that, the round-up of cattle on the Kaibab was always a tough project, but it was really tough before we got the water fenced. We didn't have to do that with the sheep herd. There are some large springs that come out the sides of the Kaibab Plateau, like the Big Spring on the west side, Thunder River on the south into the Grand Canyon, and in South Canyon on the east side of the plateau that come out of the limestone. The only three really big, natural, living water sources on the Arizona Strip are Big Spring on the east side of the plateau, Pipe Springs and Pakoon Spring over south of St. George on the west end of the Strip. That's really the only living water out there of any consequence.

JH: Did you welcome that isolation? Did you and your family?

NJ: I think, looking back on it, that I treasure it now, maybe more than I did at the time. But, I learned to enjoy the solitude, the beauty, and the quietness of it. I was recently describing it to someone as sort of an Abrahamic-type life; drifting with the seasons and working by the seasons and by the sun and hardly ever seeing another human being, unless it was an adjoining rancher passing by.

JH: Camp Jack.

NJ: What?

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JH: A person bringing you supplies up to your camp?

NJ: Yes. You could be out there for two or three weeks and never see another living soul. Yeah, I treasure that experience. When President Clinton created the Grand Staircase Monument, he said he was doing it in part because he spent two hours watching the sun go down at Grand Canyon when he was a young man. His experience, compared to living out there year in and year out, is nothing. It is an entirely different experience, but if two hours for someone is significant that's fine. In fact, on T.V. last night I saw that they'd opened a new horse-riding trail along the points on the south end of the Kaibab and they had a lady there from California who was just praising the experience.

JH: I remember living in St. George when Grandma Bundy wrote for the Washington County News about the news from Mt. Trumble. Did she represent the Strip, or was she talking mostly about the western end of the Strip?

NJ: The western end. Interesting...a couple years ago, I met Lyman Hafen, and he's written some stories about the Arizona Strip. Meeting with him, he said, for most of his life he thought the Arizona Strip was that part south of St. George, and he'd only come, in later life, to realize that it was a much larger area. That's one thing I think is quite unique about our experience, because we covered the central and the eastern and in our operations we were all over a large part of it. Lately I've been going with my brother to become more familiar with the terrain south of St. George. We've made two trips the last couple of years, and next month we're going down again to get a better feel for the area we didn't operate in.

JH: Do you have any literary ambitions about that country?

NJ: I wrote my masters thesis at BYU in 1958. It's entitled "Competition for Use of Public

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Lands Emphasizing Grazing,” and I used the Arizona Strip as a sample area and as an example of having to deal with the Park Service, the Forest Service, and the Bureau of Land Management. Of course, we also had Arizona State leases and water rights and private property out there as well. One thing that I think is not widely known is that there were two proposals made for Utah to acquire the Arizona Strip. One was that they could have bought it for \$20,000 and didn’t come up with the money.

JH: When was that?

NJ: Well, I’d have to look it up in my book, but it was, I think, between 1910 and 1920. In there somewhere. There was one proposal made by a Utah State Legislator, and then there was another proposal made in Washington. That would have been, in my mind, very nice if that had happened but we’re way beyond that now.

JH: I’ll say. Price and everything.

NJ: But, since my thesis and as I’ve gone along, I’ve been gathering materials, articles, anything having to do with the Arizona Strip. I have a rather large gathering of material. I’ve been doing that with the intention that when I retire, I’ll write some kind of history of the Arizona Strip. Nellie Hafen, who is somewhat of a historian, has written a couple of volumes about the Arizona Strip, and I think maybe Mrs. Bundy, that you mentioned. Maybe it’s too big an area and too big of a project to try and do in one book. That’s a bridge I’ll have to cross when I come to it, as to just how to handle that much time and that much area. It may be that I’ll have to do it in different sections or different areas, like political and economic and so forth. That remains to be seen. So that’s one of the purposes of these trips is to become better acquainted with the area that I didn’t come across in my earlier life.

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JH: I wanted to return to Kanab and talk about the community. Growing up in that community and what you remember about the influences of the livestock industry there as an economic enterprise and how that played out?

NJ: Well, it was basically a livestock/agricultural area in the economic climate until after World War II I think that would be a good point to delineate. They did have the movie industry in there, beginning in the early 30s. That was kind of a summer thing and there were a number of livestock operators who had about 80-to 100-head permits. Others even as low as fifty. That wasn't an economic unit for a family, so those folks worked a lot for the movies. There were even some who didn't have ranches that would just go on unemployment and then work for the movies. That's the way they worked their way through life, which wasn't very good, in my way of thinking. It has essentially remained that way, with a little bit of mineral activity that has come and gone with the uranium and the oil, but that's been somewhat sporadic. I was there when the Whittings came and built what later became the Kaibab Lumber Company at Fredonia and I ended up representing them as their Utah attorney in later years. But, there again, they alleviated some of the undergrowth and uncontrolled forest growth by their timbering operations. That was probably until they were forced out here just a few years ago. One of the stablest economic activities in the area, as far as people having a living wage and compensation, through the 50s, 60s, 70s, 80s, into the 90s. They were a substantial economic contributor to the area. I hated to see them go, as did many other people.

JH: I'm sure that's right. Did they just fold up, or did they move to other enterprises?

NJ: They moved into other activities.

JH: The community of Kanab is struggling, I think, like other communities, with this change in land status with the Monument, but in my observation, Kanab has been in the tourist

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business for a long time. Do you recall that part of the town's business when you were growing up there?

NJ: Oh, very much so because when the movies were in town, they filled up the motel rooms...they, together with the tourists, there were many nights all the motels rooms were filled, and so tourists would stay in homes. There were occasions when we had tourists stay in our home. The nature of the tourism business, however, I think, is changing because of the improved roads. Then Kanab hadn't become the destination-type place. Now there are organized tours that reach Bryce and Zion in one day out of Salt Lake, or hit all three out of Las Vegas in an over-nighter. They may or may not stay in Kanab. People can drive longer distances in their private vehicles. More and more people have their own motor homes and trailers. Camping is very popular, so I don't see Kanab getting any real significant shot in the arm from tourism. The last couple of years it's been down because the Japanese haven't been coming and the Germans haven't been coming as much, so I think its still sort of problematic. I don't think that the Grand Staircase Monument is going to attract a high number of people who will stay in motels and eat in cafes.

JH: Maybe it will take some kind development of that industry, in other words, more than just the scenery, to make that market interested.

NJ: That's true. It's a matter of population-base. I think the I-Max theater at Zion...

End Tape 1, Side B

Begin Tape 2, Side A

JH: ...the date is September 24, 1998. We are talking about his experience and observations of Kane County and the Arizona Strip. My name is Jay Haymond.

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NJ: Let me make just one comparison to the idea of maybe some big development in Kanab, illustrating my concern. Maybe the Tuhacan activity there at St. George is an example of that. They have invested a lot money there and they have a nice school and a nice production there, but the population-base isn't there and they're having a hard time competing with Mesquite and Las Vegas. They have struggled. If they can't do it, then I think it's less likely that Kanab will.

JH: Not nearly the money over in Kanab, but apparently it was put into that St. George operation.

NJ: Right.

JH: Yeah. That's a big item. The town of Kanab is very much a...I was thinking of it as a self-contained community. What I mean is, the people were happy. I've heard you express the satisfaction of being isolated and managing to suit yourself. Would you say that the community does that same thing?

NJ: Well, that was true of earlier times perhaps than it is now, although I think there's still a lot of that same feeling there. In the early days, a lot of people came from the United Order. I remember that most people had a quarter-block home property with the gardens and livestock right there surrounding the home. For instance, we had cows, sheep, pigs, and chickens, as well as our horses from the livestock operation. The Aaronic priesthood in the two Kanab Wards had an assignment and that was to take the milking cows south of town in the morning after they'd been milked so they could graze in the 10-acre fields that most people had, and then after school they would bring them back for the evening milking. That was kind of a unique cooperative community effort.

JH: That's a strong tradition in those Mormon communities isn't it?

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NJ: Yes.

JH: Is Kanab still predominately Mormon?

NJ: Oh yes. There are some other congregations of other churches established there. I would say it's like most southern Utah communities and still in the 85-90% category.

JH: Is there such a thing as a way of life in those communities. I was thinking about Long Valley? Maybe Bryce Valley? Maybe Escalante? Is there a way of life that is unique to the circumstances that we've been talking about in those communities?

NJ: I would have to say yes. That's influenced, in part, by the fact that they are small communities. Each person has his own unique sense of identity. My oldest daughter wrote a story, after she was away from home and married, about something like a stroll down main street. She talked about walking down Main and going in each of the shops and being recognized by the shop owners and operators, and recognizing them. In Kanab and in Richfield, with my children and with my parents, you could go into any store and the operator would know you and you could charge something without I.D. or credit card and they would bill your parents because they knew everybody. That's kind of the hometown idea. Plus, the idea that if you know other people personally then you are watching out for them. My wife had a flat tire just driving down the street. Well, people knew her and came out of their homes and got the tire changed. She didn't have to call for help. Those kinds of experiences are hard to duplicate and then that is augmented by the fact that most of you worship together and have the same values and religion. You have contact with other people in a variety of relationships. That's one reason why I moved back to southern Utah to raise my family. It's because I thought the southern Utah experience was good for me and I wanted my children to have a similar experience. That's one reason why I went into law, so I could hopefully make enough money to

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enjoy a good life and still live in a rural community (chuckle).

JH: There's that funny old chestnut about inheriting a million dollars and then just keep farming until it's all gone.

NJ: Right (chuckling). My father was a good reader of trends, both in economics and politics, and he could see the handwriting on the wall that this range livestock business was going to gradually decline, and so he and mother placed a high priority on college education for his children, although we stayed involved in the operation. I don't think he was entirely happy that we didn't all remain living in Kanab. I think he was happy that we didn't have to struggle the way people have struggled and continue to struggle to try to stay there in that business.

JH: Right. Would you say that the livestock operators are sort of caught in the middle between the agriculture part and the management of the land? The regulation of the land?

NJ: Yeah. One part of the problem is that the range livestock operator, of course, in Arizona they didn't have to have any base-property to operate, and even in the Kanab area, the farms consisted of these small fields basically. We had 100 acres under irrigation. That was one of the largest farms in the county, so it may, in final analysis, yield us some income later on. But if you've just got a small parcel of real property, it's not going to do much for your economic well-being at the end of life, as compared to some of the larger farms in the northern Utah valleys or in the Midwest where you do have some land that can be disposed of at increased value. I think that's a problem for people in that area, although they have some private property. It's not as much as livestock and farm operators elsewhere.

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JH: Right. That northern Utah property probably came from the railroad land that was disposed of as a subsidy. I'm looking at livestock operations up and down the state and it seems to me that most of them are small herds, small farms, mostly just marginal subsistence farms.

NJ: I think that's true. It must be that people, in some measure, enjoy the independence and the lifestyle, although it's difficult. We were looking at a case here recently of a farm operator in northern Utah. I was surprised to learn that he only had 15 acres. He was an operating dairy, so he was buying all his feed. He had become handicapped. I originally thought, well, why doesn't he just sell his farm, but for 15 acres, he's not going to get very much retirement or disability support.

JH: Kanab, in my reading, mostly has a bit of a reputation growing out of folklore tales, as written by Diedre Poulson. Her father, I think, Roland Rider, was the originator of these tales. One had to do with the Roll-Away Saloon down at the border. That story suggests a schism in the Kanab population, or maybe even the county population. Where the cowboys went to the Strip and sort of enjoyed a life of freedom, and the ladies stayed at home and lived their religion. Do you care to comment on that?

NJ: I think there is an element of truth in that. Even my father, in the early days of their marriage, would be gone for six months and the person that brought the camp supplies would carry letters back and forth. We, of course, cherish those love letters that were written back. That began immediately after they were married. In fact, they had their honeymoon at the sheep herd so I'm certain there is an element of truth to that. Plus, I remember going to a funeral in Fredonia with my father, and this has to do with the availability of alcohol, and some of my relatives in Fredonia became alcoholics, in part, because the alcohol was available. But I mentioned my father going on a mission, another fellow by the name of Dart Judd, still living and from Fredonia, was called on a

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mission the same time as my father and they went to the northwest together. They made a pact that if they went up there and found out the church wasn't true, they'd get on steamer and go to South America, but they both decided it was true and stayed. Mr. Judd was out herding goats on the Hurricane Rim when the supply guy came out and said, "Your Dad (who was the Bishop in Fredonia) wants you to go on a mission." And he said, "I'm going back in the morning and I want to know if you're going." He said, "Well..." In fact, my brother and I interviewed him, Dart Judd, and he said I went because my father wanted me to. That indicates, you know, they didn't get a lot of schooling. They didn't get a lot of church so that was something that came later on in life. Getting back to the funeral, my dad and Dart Judd were the two speakers for someone of their generation. We got to looking around the congregation, and Dad and Dart Judd were the only ones left of that generation. They, of course, didn't smoke and didn't drink because of the mission experience. So that was another aspect of that dichotomy; the cowboy/shepherd life. It was a hard life in a way, but it was a romantic life at the same time. I know that it was difficult for Dad to deal with children problems because he was used to cussing the livestock and hitting them with a rope or whatever, and so he left child discipline mainly up to Mother. I think that would true of most men of that era. The isolation was not only from the family and from the mother, the wife, but also from the church and from the schools. A lot of them never overcame that. I remember my father, when he decided to help his children go to college, he said many times I would rather invest this in your education than have you drink it up after I'm gone, as he had seen a lot of his contemporaries do.

JH: Sad waste.

NJ: Yes, so the Rolling Saloon idea has a basis in fact; although I don't believe the saloon was there. If it was, it would have been located adjacent to our farm (chuckling).

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JH: It might have been just a good idea that Rider...

NJ: Oh, Rider was quite a story teller. We grew up with the Rider's. You take some of his stories with a grain of salt.

JH: The territory has Indian lore as well. You mentioned earlier the way the Indians treated the land. What relationship do you remember having, growing up there, with American Indians?

NJ: We had close relations with both the Navajo and the Kaibab Paiute. In fact, my father was very close friends with a family by the name of Bullets out of Moccasin. Two stories come to mind regarding them. They were leaders in that tribe. One was that my father was the first white man invited to an Indian wake at the Kaibab Tribe. As I recall, that was one of the Bullets family. Also, one fall, my father rode into a band of Navajos on the Kaibab who were poaching deer, and they thought he was a government person. One of the Bullets family was with them, I guess as a guide, and he said the Bullets fellow started to arguing with them about whether they should kill Dad or not. He said, fortunately, he had a horse that was good at backing. He said while they were arguing and concentrating on one another, he was gently pulling back on the reins and backing his horse up until he got far enough away that he could turn and high-tail it out of there, which he did, but he says that the Bullets man saved his life. We usually employed some Indians and my grandparents did at Fredonia. Maybe that's where the relationship with the Paiute's began. I had, in the office in the other court house, a covered wagon model, and this is the story behind that. There's a fellow by the name of Stan Bullets that worked for us and lived on the adjoining lot in Kanab in the back of the Mackelprang property. He worked for us on the farm for many years. His son, I guess, thought that since they were such close friends that he borrowed one of Dad's check books and forged some checks to get money and ended up at the state prison. While he was there, he built

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this covered wagon model and painted beautiful design on the white cover, including my father's brand. Stan brought that over as a kind of peace-offering to my father and then my father gave it to me. I just took that home. As a result of those experiences then, my wife and I were active in the Indian Placement Program and had many Navajo children in our home; one who came with us when she was eight, and stayed until she was 23, stayed and finished high school and a cosmetology license at the trade tech in Richfield. She's married, has four children and lives in Cedar City. Recently, three years ago, she got an associates degree from Southern Utah University.

JH: She is Navajo?

NJ: Uh-huh. Her four children consider us as grandparents. This is a Navajo ring my mother gave me.

JH: I want to get the spelling of that family name in Fredonia. B-O-W..

NH: Just like a bullet. B-U-L-L-E-T.

JH: Bullet. I was hearing a bow in there.

NJ: My Southern Utah accent (chuckling).

JH:: (Chuckling) Wear it proudly! I was wondering too about arrow-head hunting. Was that something you remember doing?

NJ: Yes. That's interesting. My wife and I were talking about puncher burrs yesterday and it reminded me that the Union Pacific ran the busses between the National parks and they had a restaurant, curio shop, and laundry in Kanab for many years. The children of

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Kanab would go out, myself and brothers included, and gather up any pottery and arrow heads, and then when the busses came in with the tourists on them we would sell our items. I specifically remember one perfect, black arrowhead that I had found. I've regretted all my life that I sold it for a dollar or two. There were some youngsters who would sell cockle burrs as porcupine eggs and get away with it (chuckle). My brother and sister and I visited recently with a fellow in Kanab who owns the property--most of those Indian artifacts were found on the west side of the Kanab Creek. There's a big Indian mound on his property and he's trying to get some museum or institution to preserve that. I think he's working with somebody in Arizona. Apparently, there's still a lot of artifacts there.

JH: State archeologist might be interested.

NJ: Yeah.

JH: You mentioned the uranium boom in the 50s. What's your memory of that period?

NJ: My memory of that period is that we saw a lot of people running around with Geiger-counters, strangers, and we had one murder case in Kanab. My Uncle, Mason Meeks, was the sheriff at that time, in the late 40s, early 50s. I attended the murder trial, and I just learned at a judicial conference that the accused person is still alive and living over in Iron County. They had a fight over a uranium claim that was just on the west side of the creek from town and the one fellow was shot and died. But, the accused was acquitted. His name has escaped me but that was a big deal in a small community to have a murder and to have a murder trial. I attended that.

JH: Can you trace any of your interest in the law to that experience?

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NJ: I think my interest of the law grew out of that, plus the desire to help my family and other livestock operators fight their battles with the federal agencies, which I did quite a bit of. I was telling a story of defending a rancher who ran out on the Buckskin Wash and up towards Bryce, and kept getting charged with trespassing. His cattle were on his allotment but he was on wrong part of it at the wrong time, and those kinds of things. He wasn't on somebody else's allotment. We had an administrative law judge from San Francisco sent in to hear the case right there in Kanab, and spent two or three days trying it. The main issue was the counting of livestock and whether calves were counters or not, being under six months of age or older. BLM counters said that the way they made the count on the calves was if their tail was below the hock, then it was a counter, and if it above the hock, it wasn't. We went through that three-day trial, everyone was leaving, the attorneys were gathering up their files and the administrative law judge came around asked me what is the hock?

JH: (Chuckling) Oh no! and he was the man adjudicating...

NJ: Yeah. We had to appeal his decision in the Federal Court, and then we settled it with the BLM solicitor. I took a couple of cases all the way to the Board of Land Appeals and have appeared at various government hearings over the years. For instance, with respect to creating a wilderness area on the Kanab Creek. Those kind of things, although I haven't been involved in that for a number of years, at least actively. I'm still mentally involved in it--try to keep track of what's going on.

JH: Sure. Hard to let go.

NJ: Hard to let go (chuckling). Still part of the story of the Strip, you know? Remained to be told.

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JH: I wish you success with that part of your career.

NJ: I hope I have time to do it.

JH: Describe how you suffered as yourself, let's see if I can say this right...How did you do with your primary education?

End Tape 2, Side A.

Begin Tape 2, Side B.

NJ: We still have the farm at Kanab. Recently, I was trying to relocate the 20 acres base property down on the Paria River which we have not utilized since we separated the common allotments in the early 50s. It's just been sitting there, so I enjoyed, recently, returning there and just hiking around on it and enjoying the great outdoors. As I indicated, we're still making trips down there to become acquainted. The transition to college I didn't find difficult because I would still be back home in the summer and holidays and weekends a lot, so I remained involved, even after I was practicing law in Richfield. Of course, that's one reason why I went back that way, in addition to the family: Raising a family there was in order to remain involved in the family business operations. When we sold the last 40 head, three years ago, it was a significant enough day that I went down and helped load the cattle and take pictures, so I've never been entirely disengaged from it. I was telling attorney, Tex Olsen, that I have a pair of cowboy boots that my mother gave me that I still wore when I went out in the hills. The only difference was that now they don't have any cow manure on them. They just had Paria dust. I think the 12-year education in the little school house there at Kanab was a good education. We had some excellent teachers, particularly Helen Burgoyne who was the high school English and drama teacher. I attribute what success I've had in my reading and writing and verbal skills to her and to that early experience with her. So,

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then I was prepared to compete in college with the people from East High and the big city schools.

JH: How did she go about that? Did she just assign you to write?

NJ: She was a real stickler. You hear quite often, well I didn't like that teacher at the time because she was hard, but right now I appreciate what she did for me. She introduced us to a lot of the classics, like the Bronte sisters. When I was on my mission in England, that was in Yorkshire, I went to the Bronte home and the moors, having had that background in Kanab high school. Those kinds of things, and then drama. She even broke her hip at the opening of school our senior year. We usually had a big bonfire rally at the airport and somehow she broke her hip. A new fellow came in that was just out of BYU and we didn't think we did very well that fall with a three-act play, so we asked the principal if we could do our one-act play for competition by ourselves, and got permission. It was called "The Opening of A Door." We took that to the B-state competition, and won first place. Mrs. Burgoyne was well enough by that spring that we got her to come in two times for a dress rehearsal to help us polish up the play. As a result of that experience and the music experience, I'm still very involved in music activities and writing and those kinds of things.

JH: Instrumental? Vocal?

NJ: Well, mostly as a spectator now. I learned art and music appreciation and appreciation for good writing because of the teachers that I had there. Fred Major was an outstanding fifth-grade teacher that introduced the students to things like Ivanhoe and some of the classics as well. Although I'm a small town person and hold myself out to be such, I don't feel like it was any particular disadvantage to me in what I've done since.

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JH: Did you have any military service?

NJ: Very briefly. The Korean war was on while I was in college. I went into the army ROTC at the U, and then after two years I transferred to BYU and entered into the air force ROTC. I discovered, after I reported for active duty, that I never signed the four year air force obligation, and just had the two-year army obligation, and that was even cut shorter. When I'd been in 18 months, it was the end of 1959, and the government was having budget problems and asked all the reserve officers to get out or to go regular, so that's when I decided to go to law school.

JH: You went to the U?

NJ: Uh-huh. I went back to the U.

JH: When you made the original choice for your undergraduate work, you went to the U then? Is that true?

NJ: Yes, I had a choice between an academic scholarship to the U and a drama and basketball scholarship at Dixie college. I chose to go to the U. Looking back, I think that was a wise choice.

JH: That seems like a good deal of confidence to come up to the U. That's sort of, maybe that's your Arizona Strip experience giving you confidence to get out there and compete. Would you agree with that?

NJ: Well, I think the high school experience too. That engendered a lot of confidence because you tried a lot of things like drama and art and sports and those kinds of activities. I think you are able to size up your abilities against other people although

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most of those were Southern Utah, but the one-act play experience was state wide B schools, you know.

JH: I've heard other people talk about being a country boy, there's a little pride in being a country boy. Do you know that feeling, that sense that you have confidence in being a country boy?

NJ: I think so, because you have to learn to be independent and have your wits about you, as well as your physical abilities to get the job done. So, it does breed a lot of independence. You have to trust in yourself. It was interesting that I played on that theme a little bit when there was an opening on the supreme court. I went before the interview committee and I had some kind of a line that I knew how to get up in the morning and work hard all day and that I had to protect the sheep from predators-- something along those lines. It was amazing at how many people on that interview committee responded that they grew up on a farm or a ranch.

JH: Interesting. Afton Pollack lives in Tropic. He told me about baling out of an airplane that was on fire in Burma. He had no doubts because he knew what to do on the land. Do you identify with the land in that way? When you go out to the Strip, even though you haven't been there before, do you feel oriented, so to speak?

NJ: Right. I think you feel oriented because you've spent so much time out there, unless it's a real dark and cloudy day, it's not difficult to get your bearings as long as the sun's shining. Then having learned to exist on rather plain, ordinary food, you see, because we didn't have water out there; we even had to haul our drinking water. I still have a taste for certain things like canned milk, evaporated milk, canned peas, things like that, that were regular fare--bottled peaches. That was our standard. If we were going out for the day, our lunch was a tomato sandwich and a bottle of peaches, and, of course, the water

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jug. I never go out without matches or a pocket-knife even though I might be in a four-wheel drive.

JH: They made me give up my pocket knife (laughing). Afton spoke quite fervently about what he thinks that virtue is; the confidence, the willingness to engage whatever he finds, and so it's...we sort of decided it closeness; being closer to the land, being used to the land.

NJ: Oh yeah. That's something you're very familiar with.

JH: Maybe that's Kanab again. Maybe we're talking about the people who live in Kanab those other communities.

NJ: Yes. I think so.

JH: I wrote a little outline here about small populations. Everybody knows everyone else. They worship together. They're providing neighborly assistance when neighbors are in need and maybe that closeness to the land is another issue.

NJ: Oh definitely. My brother feels particularly strongly about that. You're going to visit with him. He, over the years, has talked about being bonded to the land. He, of course, spent more of his later life in Kanab than I have, being the stake president there, so we both ascribe to that concept. We were talking about it. In fact, we have a cousin from Fredonia, Weldon Jackson, who played football for BYU, then has been an engineer at Boeing, and has returned to Utah after retirement. We invited him down, in connection with a football game last weekend. He left Fredonia when he was 14, and he expressed a desire to go back to the Strip to visit some of the places that he had visited with his father as a youngster, and related some of the stories his father had told him, so we invited him

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to go with us on our trek next month.

JH: Sounds wonderful. What have I forgotten? Are there parts of your career or Kanab or Kane County that I should have asked you about?

NJ: I think you've been an excellent questioner and have covered some bases that I hadn't anticipated.

JH: Good. Thank you very much for the time and good memories.

End Tape 2, Side B.

End Interview.

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Interview Description

Date of Interview Sept. 29, 1999

Primary Subject Kane County, Kanab, Arizona Strip

Other Topics \_\_\_\_\_

Number of Tapes 2

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