

Joseph Smith THALSON
1973 1979)
House Rock, Lees Ferry

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, Suzi Montgomery, Marsha Holland and other volunteers. 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: Joseph Smith Johnson
INTERVIEWER: Experiences as told to Gary Johnson
INTERVIEW NUMBER: one
DATE OF INTERVIEW: Taped reel to reel in 1972 or 1973, then copied to a
Maxell UR60 audiotape for transcription.
PLACE OF INTERVIEW: unknown
SUBJECT OF INTERVIEW: Life experiences and stories; House Rock Valley,
Lee's Ferry, Bar Z Ranch.
TRANSCRIBER: Vectra Solutions/LA(further edit: M. Holland)
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(It's on Grandpa)

JSJ: Well we had hard times.

GJ: Tell about when you were up in Wyoming and got in that water that night.

JSJ: That's when I was young and foolish. Have you got that going now? Well I was working the holidays and I was working on Salt Creek and I was working for a man by the name Old Flipner. And at Salt Creek, Flipner's farm was right on the edge of it and the corral, he had it fenced right down into the crick where the cattle could drink out of the crick and still stay in the corral and the crick made a big bend right there. We went, oh, a couple of miles I guess down the crick and they held a dance at night. You could go in the parlor and dance in there and Wilson Reed* went out of the dance hall out among the horses and one of the horses kicked him in the head and laid him out there and we worked with him and when we took him home that night, there was a bridge that crossed the crick right close to the school house and he lived up the crick about a half mile or a mile and I helped take him home and stayed there with him for awhile...it was way late and that late the best way to get back home on account of the ice on the crick, is to come back down across the bridge, oh it's maybe a couple miles farther, but, I thought that I could, I was riding a colt then. I rode him up right close to the corral there, down by the bunkhouse, right close to the corral. The crick was floodin' over on both sides but there was a spot safe in the center. I thought I could make him go back across that crick on the ice but he wouldn't. I'd get him out on the ice and he

wouldn't get off down into the crick. Finally I got off of him and I thought well I'll push him in and he'll come out on the other side and I'll wade across and then I can get to the bunk house in two or three minutes. I did, I got out and pushed him, but he come back out on the same side.

(Laughter)

JSJ: Well I tied him up to a tree and I went in and got wet and then I thought well I'll ride him down the crick aways, cross him down there where I thought I could cross. I went down there and it was frozen all over and I couldn't get near the crick. So I headed out for the bridge, clear, way down the crick and had to go way around to get back up to it. It was daylight when I rode in on the trail that morning. I rode in there and it was cold. It got cold up there. I went in and made me a fire in the bunk house and didn't get to bed at all that night. Now see if he'll go up there.

(A group of people laughing and talking,)

JSJ: When I was working for Bar Z, Mansfield sent me down to South Canyon. The first year I was down there I had one stallion, and South Canyon was pasture and that's where we kept the horses, mostly mares. And I went down there and hauled some hay and grain and put the stallion down there... the watering holes, cattle and horses could get in to em' but they couldn't get out. The gates were up high, they'd just stick their heads underneath and push against the gate and it would open and then it would slam shut on 'em and they couldn't get out. Every morning I'd go out there and there'd be cattle and horses in there (inaudible) and the mares I'd turn into another corral and if there were cattle in there I'd let 'em out. One morning I went out there, opened the big gate and the fence ran right up to the cabin. And the porch, the end of the porch, of course, you could jump off of that and then you was right out in the field oh, about 100 feet to the big gate from the corral and I opened that gate and the first thing I knew there was an old cow with long sharp horns headed right for me on the run. She had left her calf out in the woods and she was... I didn't have time, I thought I could beat

her to the house and she was after me and I ran as fast as I could. That was the fastest race I ever ran! I jumped up on the porch and the door happened to be open and when I slammed that door as I went in, she was right on the porch. That's once I out run a cow. Slammed the door right in her face. (Laughter)

JSJ: When I was a cop up here in town, I was not only a cop but I had all the books to take care of. I was Town Clerk and had all their books to take care of and we had a six-inch pipe line from Kanab to Cave Lakes to get that water, six inch wood pipe. I remember we had pipe all over town [that] was wood. Reached from (Inaudible) up to Cave Lakes and I had all the book work to take care of and the Marshall job to take care and couldn't do anything right. But we had a young fellow in jail here. Guy Chamberlain had some sheep up the canyon here above town and he got in trouble a' taking some of those sheep and we had him in jail. It's when Jay Forbes* was Sheriff. And I left home one morning to go down and take care of him. I had my hip boots on to fix the pipeline in the town or up the stream, up the canyon and when I got to the jail house I discovered that this boy had broken out. So I got to looking around and found out that this boy had broken out of jail in the night. He had worked for Frank Farnsworth*, and he went down to his place and got into his saddle house and got a saddle and took one of Frank's saddle horses and some provisions with him that Frank had stored to use out on the range and took out. I went up to town again to look around and discovered that Frank and Jay had gone to Fredonia to see if they could get a lead on which way he had gone, and I had known that this boy had herded sheep way off of the Hurricane Hill*, down in Pauquin* country. So I turned to the phone and called Leonard Heaton at Pipe Springs and asked him if there was a lone horse track on the road the night before that had been made the night before and he went out and come back and said there was one track on the road that had passed there in the night so I found out that the Sheriff and Frank was

down to Fredonia a looking, trying to discover which way he had gone, so I beat it down there, drove my car down there and found them and I left my car in Fredonia and got in Jay's car with him and the Sheriff, and we took out for Pipe Springs and there we run on to his horse track and Frank got out and examined the track and said that was his horse track. So we took out. I knew about where he was headed because I knew that he knew that country down there. So we took out and went down through Pipe Valley where the road took off of the main road and went down around the Cedar Ridge. And that track went down that road and we could see that he'd try to take his horse in for stream, around the point of the Cedar Ridge Mountain there. So we drove straight down the road until we got on top of Cedar Ridge and then took the road that went down and around and back up to that stream. And when we got there was no horse tracks, no fresh horse tracks, so we came around the point back into Pipe Valley and we couldn't find no horse tracks there. The cattle had tromped the tracks out right in there. So we started back down around the point. Frank got out on one side of the car and took out and I went out the other side to see if he had purposely stayed off of the road somewhere and we run on to his track. So we took right after following that track in the car. When we come to a wash why the car couldn't get across. I'd take it afoot and follow the track and the car'd go one direction or the other until they found a place to cross and then when they saw the tracks again they'd come and catch up, we followed him way out in the desert. Found where he had stopped and rested his horse. He had tied his lasso to the horse and had rested and slept a little while and then went on. We went and kept a following more tracks and went way down right straight towards Trumble Mountain. And it began to get late and the sun went down and we followed it and I'd just sit on the front of the car and followed it as far as we could by the light of the car and I had been before that time down the road from Short Creek down to Trumble country with my brother Frank while he was carrying the mail. I figured about where he'd hit the road but went from Short Creek to Wahweap County, and then we headed for Short Creek, we was getting short on gas and it was quite late and by the time we got to the Kane Bed Wash. Just as we went down into that wash we ran out of gas. And about then we saw a car coming from Short Creek. When it got

to us it was May Black. She was our county nurse. She turned around went back to Short Creek and got some gas and brought it out to us and we went on into Short Creek and went to Larry's place and slept for two or three hours and then from there, Larry knew the country better so he went with us and we got down on the top of the bench where we had left the tracks the night before and we found his tracks. From there on he followed the road around the big knoll there and to a ranch house and there in the shed was Frank's saddle and his equipment that the boy that had taken and the man of the house told us that this boy and his son had gone up with the horses to the spring. It was oh, about a mile from the house. Right up next to the ledge. North Spring up there and those two boys were sitting out on the rock. When we got to them, they didn't see us coming until we got right there and they couldn't get up the hill on account of the ledge. They'd have to come right by us to get back and so we had him cornered. We came back down to the ranch and Frank left his horse there and they promised to pick him up and leave him at a sheep camp and then Frank would go to that camp later and get him. Well, we brought him home and he couldn't figure out how we got a line on where he went. He had planned to take off down onto the hill. Had he got a half hour a head of us we'd a lost him because that was about as far as our car could go. We brought him in and they had a trial and sent him up to the Point of the Mountain. But he never was able to figure out just how we found out where he went. He came back and shortly after he was let out of jail, he went out on the movie set and he fell in love with one of the lady stars that was there and soon they got married and he went to California. The marriage didn't last too long and they separated and he came back to this country and I don't know what happened to him later. But I went all that distance; my wife didn't know where I was, in those big, heavy, hip boots, in the desert. But we made it and we got our man and brought him back and that's it.

End of Side One, Tape One

Begin Side Two, Tape One

I don't remember that date but when I was working for the Bar Z Cattle Company out in out

in House Rock Valley, I was down at the ferry. It was when Bar Z Company run the ferry and Mansfield sent me down there to help Frank. While I was there was some county officials across the river, it was a county attorney, I don't remember, there was a car load of them all. They came across and left coming into Utah here, or Fredonia. Got out in the 'Badger' Sand and their car broke down. Something went wrong. And Frank had crossed and come out there and I was still out to Kane, but just at that time this Mansfield sent me down to help Frank. And when I got down to Badger Sand these people were there and had a fire going and they was just standing around telling jokes and when I came along I suggested that there was a little pin in the rear end that had broken off and I said, "If one of you men would go to the ferry", I said, "Frank could make you another pin to put in that." And so he did and the mechanic went down there and they came back and fixed it up, they thought they had it fixed rather, but it wouldn't go anyhow and they hired me, so they came back to the ferry and wondered if we wouldn't drag them out into House Rock Valley. So I took the old team and went out there with a double tree and chain and hooked on to them and drug them down to the Bean Hole,[a ranch on the south of House Rock Valley, named that 'cause I suppose that was all they got the eat] on the House Rock Wash and there I left them. I went from there down to the Clem (?) Ranch [possibly Tram's Camp] down the wash from the Bean Hole...

??: Let me stop you. Was the Bean Hole the same place where Bill Mackelprang's boy was murdered?

JSJ: Yeah.

??: That's the same Ranch?

JSJ: Yeah. And I went down to Eric Trams' camp where he had a trail camp, stayed all night with him and hobbled my horses out and the next morning I walked half way to Salt Creek to get my horses, they was heading for Lee's Ferry. I got them there back to Tram's place and got

my harness and double trees and chain and started for the ferry and just as I was going down into Salt Creek I met Sammy coming back from the ferry. He had gone down to the ferry to get me and just met right there at Salt Creek and he told me that mother was sick and was asking for me. So I put both harnesses on one horse and secured them, tied them so they wouldn't get in trouble and I had just a little rope on his nose and rode him bareback down to the Bean Hole. Put a note on the horse and turned him loose and he went to the ferry and this old horse, he was a big fellow, he weighed 1400 pounds. We rode him bareback out to the Bean Hole and borrowed a saddle from him, started towards House Rock while the Bar Z's boys were gathering cattle. I rode about half way between the Bean Hole and House Rock and there was two brothers that were homesteading on the wash and the man was just ready to go out in the valley and get some horses and he says, "Here, you take this horse and ride him to House Rock." I was going to head to House Rock to get a horse from Bar Z to ride to Kanab and he said that the horse I was riding, that old big work horse would do him. Took a while but he didn't have too far to get his horse and then he'd turn him loose and let him go to the ferry and when I got to House Rock just turn his horse loose and he'd come back to where he belonged. Well, we got to House Rock, and Mansfield who was running the outfit wasn't there, he'd ridden out somewhere and I told the boys that was there that I wanted the best horse they had. They went out and caught a horse and brought him in and I saddled him up and we took off. It was just noon that day with Sammy...

?: Was that Sammy Judge?

JSJ: Sammy Judge...and we took off and we stayed together until we got up to where the trail, about two miles, took up over the hill and there I told Sammy so long, I'd see him in town and so I rode ahead of him and left him there. My horse was faster than his and so I took out and it got dark on me up on the mountain, but I knew the trail and knew which direction to go pretty well and come on down and it was just about nine o'clock that night when I got into Kanab, but mother had already passed away. It was too late. They had contacted Bar Z a few

days before and asked that they send somebody down and she was calling for me and Mansfield said I wasn't a doctor and couldn't do her any good so he didn't send anybody. But I was too late to greet my mother; she was dead when I got into Kanab. That's it.

When I was a working for Bar Z and we was camped at oh, Kane [Creek], Charlie Lewis from House Rock Valley looked after the pipe lines and I was helping him. He wasn't there that day and I rode down to one of the pools to check on the water. When I checked on the water I went to the old house, it was a log house then, and Jerry who was at the ferry had been to town and had a bunch of mail for me and he'd hung it on a string in that house. I gathered my mail and then rode up to the upper pools. And I was riding a horse called Old Green One. I don't know why I kept that old fellar up there to ride. He wasn't worth a dime, you could ride him alright, but he wasn't dependable a bit, you had to watch him every minute. I rode up to the upper pools and checked the water and everything and I had already read some of my mail and I had one letter that I took out, was going to read it again, and when I took that letter out of the envelope and spread it out, the wind was blowing a little bit and rattled that paper and that horse stampeded with me and bucked a little and I lost my mail and my hat and by the time I got him stopped and turned around going back after my mail and hat, he'd quieted down a little bit and I got off and gathered up my mail and hat and rode on back to Kane.

But that old horse, one time Frank, I got in trouble with him out in South Canyon. At Kane I was hauling poles off of the mountain and it was a rough road, rocky and I broke one of the tires on my hind wheel and I made it down to Kane and then sent word to Frank to come out and weld that tire. He came out and while he was there I had something to go to South Canyon for and we went down to the trail to check the horse and to ride to South Canyon and I said to Frank, I said, "You catch that old white horse there." And he went and took his bridle and went after him and chased him over in the corner and he turned with his head towards Frank and when he got nearly to him he filled his lungs with all the air in the country

and blew it out, liked to blow Frank's hat off, and Frank.... (Laughter from several) and Frank says, "What are you trying to do to me?" (Laughter) Well, I laughed and said, "Oh well, here you take this horse, I'll ride that one", and we changed horses (Laughter) but Frank couldn't figure just what I was trying to do and neither could I... so that's another horse incident that happened.

When they were building that bridge five miles this side of Lee's Ferry, I had worked on that for a long time and Roy had worked there and Price and Jerry were there working and Dolf Johnson, Frank Johnson's oldest boy, was ferryman at that time. Before I started to working there they had completed the opposite side of the bridge from where we go down the road that goes to the ferry, about half way across, and they were planning to work on this side of the river on the bridge. So I got a job down there... later though. But there was a trader from over on the reservation and an Indian with him came to the ferry and Dolf went down to cross them across the river. Well. he did cross them across the river and they came to Kanab with their blankets and when they went back, Dolf, his mother, and Dolf's wife went over to the boat when they crossed and Dolf was going to cross then and they crossed over okay and in order to cross they lower the rear-end of the boat so it's on a 45 degree angle with the stream of water. The current hitting the boat pushes it and the cable holds the boat so it forces it across the river and when he landed the boat he threw the back end of the boat up equal with the front end to go in to the shore. Dolf had this automobile and trailer and the Indian with their hides, a load of hides that they had got out to Kanab country and when they got into the shore, Dolf jumped off of the boat and before he could get it anchored, a gust of wind came along and pushed the boat out in the stream again. The trader and the Navajo were standing on the boat and Dolf hollered to them to lower the back end of the boat, all they'd had to have done was lower the wench or release the wench and the current would take the hind end of the boat back and the current would bring it back to shore. But they were scared till they couldn't move. Dolf a' hollering at them telling them what to do and when he saw that they wasn't going to do anything he hollered to them again and told them

to put their life jackets on, they were right there handy and then he jumped in the river and pulled himself hand over hand back to the boat, but it had gone out. He knew what would happen if that boat, when it got out in the middle of the river where the main current hit that square, that it couldn't go either way then, but the force of the river would gradually lower the upper side of the boat and just as he got to the boat, that's what happened. The current tipped the boat up. Of course the men were washed into the river and when the boat filled with water and it was standing on edge and filled with water, and the pressure of the stream, the cable broke and let the boat down. And all three of them were drowned. Dolf's wife and his, let's see, and another lady, I don't know who was out there with them.

?: Was it Aunt Rose's mother?

JSJ: But they were out there and watched them go under. They saw the Indian and the trader's body come up down below, but Dolf's body never showed up. The river was high. And later Frank and Roy and Elmer and I went down there to go down the river to see if we could find the bodies. We fixed up two boats and went back to the river and Frank and I got in one boat and Roy in the other and they went down one side of the river, one edge of it and we went down the other. Went down under where they were working on the bridge, just that one side of the bridge, they were getting ready to start on the other side, so we went down through there and searched every driftwood pile along the edges, both sides, until we got to Salt Creek. There the river made a sharp turn and Salt Creek come in from the right side of the river going down and there we found the trader's body. As the river made the turn his body had washed up on a rock above where the water line was at the time we went down. So we stopped there and carried the corpse up above high water mark on the ledge and on the shelf where it came out and we went back up under there and made a place to place that body, put some flat rock down for cushions and on the sides and then got a big flat rock and put over the top of it and then we went down and examined the river from there down a short distance where it made that turn and then it made another right angle turn when it come out of that

canyon and them boxed up so the river hit the ledge on both sides. Frank and I went down that big curve which was almost, well it wasn't a fall...

?: Rapids?

JSJ: Rapids. We sized the situation up and Frank figured that two of us would be too many in that boat and so he took me across the river. I got out and went down and around the bend of the river and he was going to try to cut in through a big eddy at the lower end of the rapids....

End of Tape One, Side Two

Begin Tape Two, Side One

I got out of the boat and went around the bend of the river where I could look right straight up the river and in the middle of it and Frank was to try to make it across the river from where he was and come out beneath the rapids into a big whirlpool that was in there...big eddy, but he couldn't do it, he got out in the middle of a current and it just brought him right down the middle of the river. I was up on the ledge, quite a distance above high water marks, and there's times when the waves of the water hid Frank from my view and I was afraid that he'd gone under, but he'd come up over another wave and finally made it down, didn't take long, seemed like a long time but it wasn't. He came down and threw his rope out and I pulled him to shore. Frank says, "That's far enough, we won't look any farther." We had found one body and taken care of him and Elmer was to come down later and help bring him out, which he did, but we crossed the river again and into that eddy, anchored our boat and took what equipment we had walked back up the river to where the other boys was. They was to stay up there until we made it down across over those rapids. Well, they was down there by that time so we carried all of the equipment up there and walked out. Found a way to get out, up the Salt Creek ledges and then had to walk clear back to the ferry, fifteen miles. Later this trader's folks came out to the ferry and Elmer took them down there and they

carried the body out and took it back over into Arizona and buried it.

When I was a young boy, I was just a Deacon. At church one Sunday our Stake President, Byron Sessions*, gave a talk in our meeting and before he sat down he appealed to the people for funds to send a missionary. Moroni Calvin asked the people to donate to send to him to help him out. I was just a young boy. I don't remember just how old, but I remember after meeting I hurried up and caught President Sessions before he got home and gave him all the money I had in my pockets, which wasn't much. Couldn't been more than \$.50, because in those days I never carried any money. Didn't have any to carry for that matter. But he took my money and put his arm around my shoulder and drew me up to him and says, "Someday you'll go on a mission and you will never want for funds." Well I straightway forgot about that incident. I don't remember thinking of it anymore until years later when the Bishop called me in (inaudible), Wyoming, Bishop Thomas, Emanuel Thomas. One of his little children came up to tell me to come down, his father wanted to talk to me and I had been taking their oldest daughter to a few dances and I thought maybe it was her I was to go see and when I got down there, there was the Bishop and his two counselors and they talked mission with me and I had promised to go back onto Shell Creek the next spring when spring opened up and work on a cattle ranch, I got more money then they ordinarily paid to the ranch hands, I got \$40 a month and \$30 to \$35 was the ordinary pay with board and room. Well I told the Bishop if he'd give me a year I thought I would have enough money to keep me on a mission for two years and he said that would be fine. So I canceled my job and there was some contractors going up into Montana to work to put out a canal and I went to them and I knew them all and got me a job to go up there with them. I thought I could make more money and then I canceled my job on the ranch over on Shell Creek and when spring opened up in May I sold my horses, I had three saddle horses, two of them was sorrel mares, young

animals and I used them for leaders on a four horse team, but they were good ride animals. I sold them to the ???* boys, contractors, and told them I would, I sold them my three horses and saddles, the whole riding outfit, told them I wouldn't take their money now, I'd wait until that fall when I left. They had a contract in Northern Montana, taking out a canal out of the Milk River. So I contracted with them to go for them and in May we loaded up their equipment and drove the wagons almost to Billings, Montana, where we loaded on to a box car. There was another boy, Harry McCallister, had a team and he went with us with his team. He got his team on. We went up there and loaded all the equipment and horses on there and then we found places up on the tools, and wherever we could lie down we pitched our beds. Went up in Northern Montana, up through Great Falls, Montana and around and down the to Milk River, almost to Glasgow. There were railroad yards, a train-stop and water right close to Glasgow, and I worked there all summer. When we went up there it was the later part of May and a six horse team couldn't plow on the north slopes of the ridges, we had to work where the sun hit the ground and I worked there all summer and I didn't draw any money from the outfit, just enough spending money and I worked there, and if there was anybody got over time work, why they gave it to me and we worked there until November. In the meantime I got a letter from Box B and I was to leave for my mission from Salt Lake on the 10th of January in 1914. I worked there until about 16th of November. I drew my pay, left there and they had the money, I was lucky, they had money to pay my wages that I had coming and what they owed me for my horses and my riding outfits, I was lucky because there was lots of contractors going broke along that time. But I came down to Byron, Wyoming, where I was called for my mission. And there they gave me a party and they gave me a wallet that had about \$50 in it. Mother and Roy was already in Kanab, so I came down to visit them and Fredonia gave me a party and I got about \$50 from them. And we did leave Salt Lake, Roy and his wife took me to Cedar City to get on the train to go to Salt Lake. Well I went to Salt Lake and we went to the Temple on the 10th and then from there right down to the train. There was quite a group of us. We went over the mountain there. The other boys, they were used to riding a train and knew the ropes, so when it got night going

over the mountain they tore the seats up and fixed it so they could lie down, but when the conductor come along he saw to it that we patched up the damage and made us sit up the rest of the way. Well we went on down to Denver. They split up and sent the boys different directions. Was quite a group went to the southern states. The headquarters then, the mission was presided over by Charles H. Callas*, and the mission headquarters was in Chattanooga. On the way down there we had quite a lay off in one of the cities, I don't remember now which one, but it was Sunday and we was walking around, had quite a little wait for our train and we walked around and went by a Negro church. There was a man out on the curb inviting people into their church so we all went in and the minister gave us a chance to get up and talk. Well there wasn't any of them talk but one boy and he figured he had something to tell them so he got up and talked and after the meeting of course we went back to where our train took off from and boarded the train and went to Chattanooga. When President Callas got us together he got to telling us our duties and telling us about missionaries that had made a mistake and what we should do and should not do. He said one Elder didn't have any more sense than to do what he done anymore than the boy that preached in the Negro meeting when we was a coming down. Well that showed us that we was glad that none us but him had talked because we wasn't sent down there to preach to Negroes. But it went on when I left the mission home I was assigned to the Alabama Conference, Elder Hebrew Mauer*, and I was assigned to that conference and one of the boys, the President asked him if he had any choice where to go and he said he wanted to go to one of their conferences and he said, "What do you wanna go there for"? Said he had a brother that was in that conference and he'd like to travel over some of his foot tracks. President Callas said, "Make some foot tracks of your own, you're going so and so", and he didn't send him to that conference. And before I left Byron, Wyoming, a lady came to me and hoped that I would be assigned to the Alabama conference. Frank Jones was in that conference and we were raised there in Byron together. He was older than I, so I decided I wouldn't tell him, I'd tell him I'd go where I was sent and I did and he said, "You and Elder Mower go to the Alabama conference." So we went down there and went clear down to Pensacola, Florida and De Funiak Springs, just

east of Pensacola. Elder Mackelprang who was the president of our conference was there and so we went there and I had never met Billy out here but that's the first time I ever met him, in De Funiak Springs, Florida. I had met some of his folks. We worked around there a few days and then he took me to Montgomery, Alabama where the conference headquarters were. He took me up there and we worked out of there. I went with him a place or two, two or three places and then Frank Jones, the boy from Byron, Wyoming, my hometown, saw in a weekly report that he got that I was in that conference so he came into Montgomery, he and his companion and his companion had left him in his work and stayed all night and he'd leave whenever he took a notion and he eventually was sent home, but when Frank left, the conference president sent me with him and Frank told me years later that when I left Byron to go on this to the southern states, his mother went and said her prayers and asked the Lord to send me to Alabama so that I could be with Frank. He told me that later after I was home and married, but I went down there and when I left the office I left all my money with President Callas there in his office and I figured that two years, that by spending \$20 a month I would have enough to see me through, but when my twenty four months was gone I didn't get a release and I knew I was pretty well out of money in the office so I wrote to Roy and told him to send me some money and he went to the bank and borrowed \$75 and sent it to me or to the headquarters for me and when I got my report that weekend it had on there that they had received \$75 and my account now stood at \$75.03. And then I remember what President Sessions told me when I was a little kid. That I would go on my mission and never lack for funds. I still had \$.03 left in the mission bank.

When I was in the Army, soon after we got to Camp Lewis, before we got our cots to sleep on we just put our beds on the floor and there was my bed and Mark Hick's bed and then Homer Wringle's*(inaudible) bed on the floor. We'd been out drilling and came into a little hot weather and was lying there reading and Mark went to sleep and had his mouth wide open, snoring and I looked over and saw him and tore a page out of my magazine I was reading and rolled it up and just dropped it in his mouth. Homer was sleeping in the next bed

to him on the right and no more than put that paper in his mouth until Homer had it set afire and about the second breath Mark took, a blaze come down and up and about the next breath he hit the ceiling....

(Laughter/several)

....and there was oh, one hundred and eighty, ninety boys on that floor. Everybody was laughing, but Homer and me and we were both asleep. (Laughter/several)

End of Side One, Tape Two

Begin Side Two, Tape Two

JSJ: ...once we'd heard that girl screaming and we ran to the door and she was headed for the house, and pretty quick my boss said, "You fellars go out there to the rest house and destroy that hornets nest underneath the seat." (Laughter/several)

JSJ: So we had to break the Sabbath and get rid of that hornet's nest. (Laughter) I don't know what would be interesting stories. While I was working on that ranch the people's name was Wayley*, and the young man got married. Went out east and got his wife, just a young couple and he smoked a pipe and he was on the binder cutting grain one fall and there was two or three of us shucking the grain behind the binder and he stopped and come over to where we was and said, "I lost my pipe, we've got to find it." So we each took a row of where he'd bound the grain and went round and round so we'd be sure and find it and we finally picked the thing up. He was a happy man again. But we had to make our fun on these ranches. We'd get together, a bunch of us, and decide where we'd have a dance and then we'd notify the people that lived there and they'd clean out a room and it was a custom, we'd go there and dance until midnight and then they'd serve us with a lunch and usually we'd dance 'till daylight. Sometimes we'd have to ride ten, fifteen miles to these entertainments.

Joseph Smith Johnson

Dancing and baseball was about all the entertainment we had except when we'd throw an oyster supper somewhere. But we had to make our own recreation and we had our fun. We thought we had more fun than anybody else.

?: You must have had a lot of fun if you danced till morning.

JSJ: Yeah, we danced till morning. I have taken my breakfast with favors along the road going home from a dance. When I was going home from a dance. Sometimes we'd have girl companion on another horse and sometimes on the same horse, taking her home. Goodbye!

End of Interview

Foot note:

William Lynn Johnson helped clarify some of the names and places mentioned in this interview. Lynn also added that his father was born at Lee's Ferry and by the time Joseph was eight the family had decided to immigrate first to Canada, and then when they found out the Big Horn Country was just as good they settled in that country of Wyoming and Montana. Lynn's grandfather, Joseph's father was named Warren Marshall Johnson.