I was born in New Mexico (January 27, 1915) but came to Utah when I was about six months old. We lived in an old house that pioneer’s built and it was just four rooms. But anyway we lived there up until I was in my twenties. But Mama had a baby about every fifteen months. There was three of us when we started out, Wesley, Mae and me. And then my sister Neva was born and we was pretty much a little bunch of squirming maggots when we were small. Pretty much for her to handle. Anyway, after Neva was born she had a boy, he was born in March and he died of pneumonia in April. I remember we had a buggy (buckboard) with a fringe on top. I remember riding out to the graveyard to bury the little boy and we had to ride in this buggy.

Anyway, we played around here most of the time, just the three of us kids, and Dad took up a homestead out on Johnson Run and every summer we’d go out there to live. He had all the fences built, corrals and everything. We had a big cornfield, we had big scarecrows to scare off the crows because there was a lot of them out there then days. But it was a dry land farm, we didn’t have to irrigate because we had enough moisture in the wintertime we didn’t have to irrigate in the summer like we do here in town now.

But we had to haul our drinking water and instead of coming to town for it, there was a spring up against the mountain, just north of where we had the homestead, and we’d drive
up there with barrels and fill it up there. And one time when we went up there was a shepherder there. He had a little lamb, a little doggy, and he wanted to know if I wanted that. Oh, I wanted that lamb awful bad, but I was so bashful I didn’t dare say yes. He kept asking but I wouldn’t say yes so Mae said yes, she’d take it. Then after that I cried and I wanted that lamb after we got away from the herder. But, anyway, we took it back to the farm and she would help Mama milk the cows and feed the lamb. Then they got to letting the lamb suck the cow so that they didn’t have to feed it all the time. She made a mistake in leaving the lamb in the corral with the cow. Next morning we went out to find the lamb. We couldn’t find it anywhere. And Mama she came out to milk and when she made the cow stand back, there was the lamb that she’d laid on all night. Oh, that was the flattest little lamb I ever saw in my life. I laughed and laughed because I wanted that lamb so bad and it was Mae’s lamb and I couldn’t have it so I laughed to think that she couldn’t have it either.

Anyway, Dad would have us go down with our little buckets down to the garden. He’d made steps down the bank of the wash down there so that we could go up and down there and carry little buckets of water. There was a stream of water that run down, clear past our place, into Chatterley’s where they put it on their alfalfa. But sometimes when we’d get through watering we’d run up the ditch and play. It was cooler down there than it was up around the house in the sand. It was sandy down there and one day Wesley, he took off his bib overalls and he was a-playing there in the little hole in the ground that the water had made and I says, “You better get your pants and let’s go. Here comes a flood.” “Oh,” he said, “there ain’t a flood today.” The sun was shining and hadn’t rained or nothing. I says, “It is, the water’s getting higher, you better get out of here.” He looked up and the water was getting a little higher all the time so he grabbed his pants and away we went up to the top of the bank. And when we looked up the creek (there was a lot of dust) and we could hear a big roar a coming. Sure enough, it was a flood. So we just set there and watched until it came down.
They had so many floods that it had rained up where our ranch is now, up on the Pink Mountains, that it would take hours and hours in the night to come down to where we were there on the run. And we hadn’t had a drop of water.

BM: Could have been the summertime because we couldn’t afford shoes. Most of the kids in the neighborhood all had some kind of shoe to wear, but mostly we were barefooted. Anyway, me and Mae was pretty small. My mother had just had another baby and she was up there in the bed and here come a squaw down the street. Me and Mae was sitting on the sitting on the front fence down there and we decided we’d call her name, so we called her Sally Ann, Squawkin’s wife, and oh it made her mad. She picked up a stick and started after us. So we run to the house as fast we could go, and Mae, she stopped and crawled under the bed where mama was, not me, I went through the front room and through the kitchen and over Nick Findlay’s fence in the back. That old squaw, she come up and she said, “I’m not Squawkin’s wife. She seen Mae under the bed so she poked her with the stick, hit her a couple of times, not very hard and mama let Squaw see her baby and she talked to her for a little while and then she left, but I never got caught. But we was always doing something. We had to do something because we was pretty small.

One day I was over to Aunt Louise’s and my grandma asked me if I’d go up town and get her a little pint of ice cream. She gave me a twenty-five cents to buy it with and a bucket- that’s how they sold it, so, she says, “when you do, don’t tell her that it’s for me, tell her it’s for you.” I run all the way up there as fast as I could go and Aunt Cil said, “Is this for grandma?” I said, “no, that’s for me.” And she said, “Yeah, well I’ll bet it’s for grandma.” So she filled it up. I got it. She wouldn’t take the quarter, so I run back as fast as I could and give it to grandma and she said, “Did you tell her it was for me?” And I says, “no, I said it was for me, but she wouldn’t take the quarter. They made a damn liar out of me, whichever way, both sides.
Anyway me and Mae would have to go up the store to get any groceries we needed and when we did we had to pull a little red wagon up there to haul it in. So we’d go up by Six Johnson’s place and up to the Equitable to buy what we needed and we’d get a couple of pennies worth of candy or something like that, not much, and when we came back down, there was old Tamer Hambrin and her cousin that lived there at Six Johnsons. They’d come out there and take our candy away from us. We would cry and then come on home and tell Aunt Louise about it. She says, “Next time you go up town, if you let them girls whip you like that, she says, I’ll whip ya.” So we wasn’t very big, but next time we got groceries and started back down the street, here they come. Boy we flew into them things and hit them so hard and so many times that they run, and from then on we was all right. We could go up town and back; it didn’t bother us. But when we’d go up around the main street, right across the street from the big white building that used to be there, big bunch of men would be sitting on the sidewalk and one of them would run across where we was and stop us from going across the street to the store and they’d tell me to swear. Mae would say, “Don’t you do it, don’t you do it.” I’d try to get around him and go, but he wouldn’t let me go, he just kept getting in front of me so I couldn’t go, so then I’d stand there and I’d swear and I’d call him every name I could think of and then they’d all laugh and let me go on down the street.

One day on the Fourth or the Twenty-Fourth of July, don’t remember which, me and Mae was up town to see the celebration. They was having a rodeo up there and there was quite a few people up there, course, small town, and here come a car down the street. He was coming east from down from the west part, and they stopped right there in front of us. Oh boy, I thought that was something, the first time I’d ever seen a car. It had a canvas top and all the doors and windows, well there wasn’t any, it was just wide open and there was a big fat woman that came down from up in the other end of town, didn’t know who she was, but we watched her. She went over to the car and opened the door and got in the back seat and she got set down and the front wheels went up in the air on that car. My gosh, I thought that
as a funny way to do, and then all the men that was up on the street, which was always a
bunch of them, run over there and oh, got up on the engine and pried it back down again so
that woman could get out the back seat. (Laughter) I think she walked home. I never seen
her ever get in that car again.

My sister, Mae, she used to have nightmares awful, quite often. And this one night we was
there in bed and I heard her start to scream. I didn’t know what it was all about and I started
to scream with her. She jumped out of bed and started for the windows, why I got up and
started for the window too, and I started to push her out the window, she said, “No, don’t do
that.” I says, “I’m coming too.” So I pushed her on out and I got out with her. We got
outside and Mae said, “Don’t ever do that when I’m having a nightmare, you’re not supposed
to wake me up like that.” And I says, “I wasn’t having a nightmare, there’s a man under the
bed.” (Laughter) We got down on the floor so I could look under the bed to see that there
wasn’t a man under the bed. There was no man under the bed so I went back to bed.

When Nick Findlay was going to build his home down there, they made the bricks down in
the bottom of our lot. I was about a year-and-a-half old at the time, and Mae and Leslie, my
older sister and brother, went down and started to run up and down these bricks that they had
laying there to dry. Well I toddled down after them and just got there and got on top of the
bricks and started to run too, my dad picked me up in his arms and told them to get off those
bricks and to not ever come back, you’re supposed to build houses with them, not to run up
and down. That’s the first I remember, running up and down, or trying to run up and down
those bricks.

The next thing I remember is Mamma had a little baby boy. He was born in March, and
there was snow on the ground then, it was cold. Oh, we thought he was the cutest little
feller. We’d go outside and play in the snow and we’d get back in the house where it was
a little bit warmer. He was sitting in a high chair by the stove in the kitchen. We’d go up
and talk to him, like any little kid would do. The next thing I remember he had died of pneumonia. We were all going to the cemetery in a buggy with the fringe on top. Me and Mae was sitting in the back, Alma Heaton was up there in the buggy, I don’t know how come, not unless maybe it was their buggy. Anyway he spit on us and I’ll never forget that. I think it’s because of what he did.

The next thing I can remember, we were little bigger. We were a few years old, but we wasn’t in school yet. We were down sitting on our front gate and here an Indian squaw comes down the street. We started to holler, “Sally Ann Squawksquaw” and we kept it up and she got a stick and she came after us. Momma had had another baby, and she was in bed in the living room. Me and Mae went through the living room, she crawled under the bed, me, I went right through the kitchen and out over the fence, back of Ed Finley’s barn. That squaw, she went in, she still had her stick and she poked me a couple of times, but she stopped because she talked to Momma and seen the baby.

I must have been pretty small when I decided I wanted to ride a chicken. There was a lot of chickens in the back yard, so I finally caught me one and got straddled of it, waiting for the chicken to go and grandma Avert come to the back door. She wanted to know what I was a doing with that chicken. And I says, “Well, I’m going for a ride.” She said, “You get off of that chicken right now.” So it scared me, so I got up and got off of the chicken all right. I had to have been pretty small to think I was going to ride one of those chickens.

That old house we lived in was cold. The wind could blow through the cracks. All we had to heat with was a fireplace. Imagine about eight of us crowding around the fireplace trying to keep warm. That was the coldest house in town. It was one of the oldest and as soon as we could, we got out, any place, by gosh, where we could get in a little bit of warm. Oh it felt good when I stayed up to Flanagan’s and had a bed of my own and a room that the wind didn’t get in. But it still did down to the old place. Before I ever got through I built my mom
a house out of an old tourist cabin that I bought up-town. That was the first time she was ever comfortable too, and had a cook stove that was nice, and a bathroom…

We had that farm out there on the run. Every summer we would go out there to stay. We’d raise a big garden. We had a cow and a team of horses and dad; he built fences around all the pastures. He had the work all done there. All we had to do was build a house that we had windows in and a door. As it was, we had a shed and a built-up tent that we were living in and me and Mae, we slept outside on a swing. And one night we could hear a rattlesnake under us. We moved back and forth on the bed and I guess it heard us and it started to rattle. Boy, if we didn’t holler at dad. He was just inside the house a little ways, come out, there’s a big rattlesnake. He came out with a light and he killed it, but we didn’t dare get out of that bed until the sun was up.

Well the first airplane I ever saw we was standing out in the back yard, me and mama and Mae and I don’t remember who else, but anyway, here come an airplane over and mama said, “That must be the Germans.” And Mae, she started to cry and she run in the house as fast as she could go and crawled under the bed and hid. Me, I didn’t. I watched the airplane until he went on over town. Went down the lane somewhere, down south of town, don’t know where it went, but the last time I seen the airplane it was still a flying. It hadn’t hurt anybody.

Well dad had a herd of goats that he’d brought up from Arizona. Everybody told him when he come up that he would get the goat fever. Oh, he’d never heard of the goat fever. So I remember he was in town with the goat fever, mighty sick. Mama and us four kids was out there and we had an Indian boy to herd the goats, but before dad left and come to town so sick; he had put some nails in a can, an old rusty tin can, way high on a post, so we couldn’t get a hold of it and pound it in anything we happened to want to pound. So I decided I wanted me a nail. I put a chair there under the post, then put a box on top of the chair,
climbed up and got on the box, reached up, got me a nail out and the box tipped off and so did I and I ripped my arm open with that old tin can. Well, the Indian boy, he was there, so he bandaged it up and I’ve got an awful scar from it, but at least I didn’t get infection or anything. He took care of it and I’ve been fine ever since.

Well me and Mae wasn’t in school yet, but we was just a fooling around one day and we seen a horse tied up over there by Findlay’s corral and it had a saddle on and so we decided well, we’d go for a ride. So we went over, climbed up on the board fence. We couldn’t get on it otherwise, walked along the side of the board on top and she got in the saddle and I got behind her. She undone the reins from over the top of the board that was there and we turned it around and was going out east and decided we’d go out to the sand hills. And we didn’t know what the sand hills was, but we’d go out that way. So we rode, plodding along out about to Three Mile Hollow and decided that that was too far to go out to the sand hills, so we turned it around and decided we’d go home. Well we went home, I guess we was an hour or two on the way and we went back up the lane there put the horse right where we got it. Got off on the board fence and walked down a ways and jumped off and crawled through our fence and came on up the house. Come to find out, the man that owned the horse, I don’t know remember who he as now. He said, “Why that was a wild horse.” Ed Findlay seen us ride the horse back and tie it up, so we told him where it had been and he said, “Why he bucks me off every time I get on him, how did those two little kids get to ride him and the horse didn’t do anything?”

Anyway, we lived down the ranch every summer until it was about time to go to school. So, one day I was playing at Claude Ford’s – we wasn’t in school then – we was down to his place up on a old shed they was buckets made of boards, wooden tubs up there. They had some white cloths on ‘em, and I says, “What’s in them?” and he says, “Oh, it’s something the big boys had made,” and so we climbed on top of that old shed and I says, “Well, let’s take off these cloths and see what’s down in there.” And so we did and
dipped our hands down in there and they was a lot of raisins. They was makin’ some wine. And so we tasted the raisins, they wasn’t very good to eat, so we picked them out of that and threwed them all over the top of that shed. We wasn’t even old enough to go to school when we done that. When we got through there wasn’t anybody around so we climbed back down and was playing up to their corral.

Here come the big boys that was making that wine, and they found out what we had done, oh, they said they was going to kill me. So I ran around on Jessel’s Corner and up home as fast as I could run so they couldn’t catch me. Pretty soon here come Claude up there and I says, “What’d they do to you?” And he says, “They didn’t do anything to me but they was sure mad at you!”

Anyway, he was one of the boys that was always playing along with the rest of us kids there. When he went to school, why, he stayed outside of the schoolhouse all winter, he didn’t go in. I’d always see him sitting out there on the south side of the schoolhouse. I asked him, I says, “How come you don’t go in there to school?” he says, “Oh, I’m scared,” he says, “I’m not a-gonna go inside, I’ll sit outside.” So, I decided when I went to school I was going to spend all of my time sitting outside. But Maude McAllister, she was of our playmates, and Deneve Millette, Lana Pratt. There was quite a little gang of us there.

At night, in the summer time when we wasn’t out on the ranch, why, we’d build a little fire and then we’d holler Leave Ho! All the kids knew that we was gonna want to play Leave Ho! At night, so they’d come in and we’d play Leave Ho! until our parents made us go in and go to bed.

Well, when I was six years old, I went to school but I was too bashful to say anything to anybody and, oh, that was a miserable first year in school. I could read but I couldn’t
read to the teacher. I was too scared that a word that I said would be wrong, so I’d read to Mae at night. She was a good reader and so, the end of the year I was retained. But I wasn’t the only one! Maude and Genevieve and me and Claude and all the kids in our neighborhood was retained. We couldn’t tell whether it was retained or promoted but Mae come along and says, “The one that got the P on your report card, it means promoted, but the ones that’s got R on it’s retained.

When we started into school the second year, oh, we were all happy, we was all together in that grade and we’d had it once so we could just fly through it, it was easy. But after the first grade, my dad decided we’d go to Neola, Utah, where his brother lived, he said it was such a good place to make a living and farm and, oh dear, up into Uinta Basin. Our farm (in Johnson Canyon) was our dad’s homestead. He had taken up a homestead and was supposed to live on it so long, and improve it before we could get our title. So he had all the fences, corrals, and everything built, but we had to build a house with a door in it and windows. And he didn’t have the money to do that, so he took a job herding sheep so that he could get enough money to do that. And Uncle George in the Uinta Basin, he wrote and told him to come on up there, there was a lot of good money up there and he had a big herd of cows they milked. Separate the cream from the milk and send it to the dairy over here and he got pretty good money. So anyway there wasn’t much doing here, so dad decided we’d move. We left the farm and everything we had out there because they wouldn’t give us a title until we built that house with a door and window in it. So that’s when we went to Neola, Utah.

We went, it took us five days to get there, and that’s the time that none of us had seen a train, and old Wesley – he’s my oldest brother – he took a big rock, all that he could roll down and stuck it on the train track. He said he was going to wreck the train and I wanted to know what he was going to do that for. “Oh,” he said, “to see that big train fall over.” Anyway, fellers come along and cleaned the track before that train came along so
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he didn’t see the wrecked train. Course we’d just see a train when we happened to stop at
night, but one morning we woke up and the train was a-coming, we could hear it a-
whistling down the canyon, so we all run over to the fence as fast as we could to see the
train go by. Just a little old engine and a caboose, but we had thought it was big. I
thought I’ll climb on top of this post so I’d see it better. I climbed up on there and then
the engineer, he tooted that horn as he went by and I fell over backwards on the ground.
Mae and Wesley, they was all right, they was standing and watching and then that man on
the train, he started to laugh, and tooted as he went on by and I never, ever wanted to get
close to a train after that.

It took us five days to get to Neola and when we got there, of course Uncle George and
his family was living there. We got a place to stay, it was two little cabins stuck together
and they had dirt on the roof for the shingles and every year they’d pile more dirt on there
when it leaked off and it rained and mud and stuff would leak off and they poured more
dirt on it.

But we thought that was a pretty good place, it was nice and warm; it was lots warmer
than this house here in town that we’d been living in. And they raised turkeys up there,
first time we ever seen turkeys and oh, they had big herds of turkeys. Big stream of water
ran past our place. We had electricity up there. We didn’t never know anything about
electricity until we went up there and our cousin got us to take a knife and stick up in that
hole of that light bulb goes. No, we wasn’t going to do that no more.

But, my little brother Virgil, he was great at building fires and oh, he would build little
tiny fires everywhere. We was afraid he’d set the house afire and one day he went
outside, we had a bed out there, he was a-sleeping out and it was pretty nice weather, he
built a little fire in there as he crawled down in bed. But when he put the covers over it,
why it smothered the fire out. I discovered him in there, a little fire, I told my dad about
it, showed him about it, and I said, “He going to set us all afire if you don’t stop him.”
So Virgil went out to the outside toilet, of course, and they was paper in there was paper
and so he sat that paper afire and he about burnt himself up that time. But Dad was there
and he got him out in time to so he could put the fire out before he burnt the toilet down.
And I think he really spanked Virgil that time and he kind of let up on his building fires.

But we learned how to milk a cow. I cried so Dad made Wesley teach me how to milk a
cow. I was sorry afterwards ‘cause when the snow come that winter I had to go out and
help him milk the cows before school in the morning. Oh, it was cold in Uinta Basin in
the wintertime.

But we went to school there in two little log cabins and of course I was in the second
grade there and Mae, she was smart enough, she got promoted twice in one year up there.
But I thought I was doing pretty good when I got the book of Pinocchio. I was homesick
all the time. I’d cry every once in a while, I’d cry to come home. There wasn’t nothing
to do up there. Of course, there wasn’t very much to do, all we kids that went to school
that was in any of our grades, they lived out on farms, out on the ranches somewhere and
they always come to school with horses. They rode their house to school, winter and
summer. Well, not summer, they’d let school out along in April too, them days. But they
had awful hard, cold winters when we were there.

And anyway, one year my dad, he started to make booze with Aunt Liza. I don’t know
how they made it, but they made whiskey, and then the Indians would come in and they’d
buy that whiskey. So they come up from Roosevelt to find out who was selling the
Indians liquor. They lived at White Rocks, the Indians did. And they was one old Indian,
he’d come in and he’d buy the liquor and he wouldn’t ever tell where he ever got it. One
time he was going back to White Rocks and the sheriff and his men was after him and he
seen them coming behind him so he smashed the liquor horn and away he went. They
had quite a time a-catching him and when they did they was no liquor on him. (Laughs) He wouldn’t tell where he got it but they finally found out who was making it and Dad and them had to pay a fine for making the liquor, but they couldn’t prove that they sold it to the Indians. Course they was against the law.

And he decided he’d come back to Kanab because they wasn’t very much to do up there, not like Uncle George and them said they were. So, in April, why we started back to Kanab. Oh, I was glad, I didn’t like it up there! And it took us just about the same time a-getting back as it did going up, in that old truck we had, loaded everything on, beds and everything, come back. And while we were there Helen was born – my sister Helen. And every time Mama went up there she had a little baby, when she come back she had a little baby. But it was warm enough; she made it all right. But, oh, when we got to Kanab all the kids knew we were a-coming and boy they was out in the street and a-hollering and they followed the truck up to our place. Gosh, they was quite a gang there. By the time we hopped off that truck there we was a-hugging each other and a-hollering and a -yelling.

We settled back down in the house then. I’d gone up to Neola when I was eight and we come back when I was nine. Well, after Dad got us settled here, new shingles on the roof and all, why he went to work for Ben Hamblin, herding his goats. And while he was out there this summer, I wrote a little letter and asked him if I could come out and stay for a couple of weeks. We was tired of being there in town, nothing to do but go to the swimming pool. We didn’t have a garden to work in. So, he said yes, me and Lee to come out – that was my younger brother, he was four years younger than I was. So we went out and spent a couple of weeks, oh, that was nice.

And so the kids in the family, they wanted to go and take a turn. So, me and Mae, we decided we’d go out and Paul Hamblin was the one that moved the camp and took the
supplies out to the herd. He wasn't, I don't think, any more than eighteen or nineteen, if he was that old. And it was Ben Hamblin's youngest son, so we'd ask him when he was going to go and he'd tell us so we'd go up there and get on the wagon the morning that he was all loaded and we'd go up the canyon and there's just an old wagon road going up there, before they made the Bowman Hump. And we went up by the dam and on up to Cave Lakes, then we'd go up through Cave Lakes, out the other end, through Cottonwood Flat, and over the mountain, down into Harris Mountain Camp.

When we was up in Cottonwood Flat it was starting to storm. Me and Paul was sitting on the wagon, he was up on the front, he always sat on the seat, 'course, because he drove. I was in the back of the wagon but I was a-watching Mae, she was riding the horse out in front of us. All at once the lightning came down and it come between - missed the back of her and the horse and hitting a tree, side the road. That horse run forward and Mae, she said it burnt the back of her head. It didn't scorch her hair, but it was mighty hot. And the horses stopped, it was dragging the wagon, they'd scairt them....

When I was about nine-years-old, I used to go out every summer to the herd where my dad was. (Herding Ben Hamblin's herd) As we went up Kanab Canyon, it was pretty sandy in different places. Right here at the dam, a car would go up there and they'd get stuck in that sand all the time. Course the team always pulled the wagon through, so we wasn't worried about it. But the town city people decided they wanted to fix that so that people wouldn't get stuck, so Bob Bowman was the head of this bunch that built the road up over the side of the hill (Bowman's Hump). So they did. I don't know how long it took them, but they would take their cars up that steep old hill, I over the top and then down the other side, just to get around the dam. You can still faintly see where that old road used to be up over the hill above the dam.
I remember another summer. Dad was sick in town with the mumps and we were out there taking care of the garden and the cows that we had there and all. And then I got the mumps and my dad, he finally got better and went out there to the ranch with us and he was greasing a wheel on the wagon, putting old black grease on there and he got it up a little bit too far and he hollered, told us to help put that wheel back on. He wasn’t supposed to lift anything. So we all got over there and pushed, all us little kids and all, and we got the wheel back on again, but then dad, he got sick. The mumps fell on him. And he was down sick with mumps again. And then he got through with it and able to get around. He was out to the herd and I came down with the mumps. Then I got so I thought I was well. They told me to be careful or the mumps would fall on me and I said, “Well, I’ve never heard of that.” Course I was a little kid so didn’t know any better. Why I got in the swing and I was just a swinging up and down and pretty soon I didn’t feel very good. So I told mama that I was sick and I went to bed and the next day I had the mumps fall on me and it looked like a great big beard hanging from my chin clear down to almost the middle of me. I was really sick, and don’t think the mumps can’t fall on women, because it sure fell on me.

When we got old enough we used to climb up on Kay Hill. Course we didn’t go clear on top. We’d get up there as far as the ledge and play around and come back, but finally we got so we kept a going around the side of the hill until we found the way that we could get on the top on the north side. And from then on we’d go on up what we’d call the Dance Hall. Most of our time we was just fooling around was spent climbing up on Kay Hill. We went up there once or twice a week. And then as we got a little older we’d go up to Canyon and up to where the falls were, the waterfalls and we’d always have a drink of water up there. It was nice going up, but oh, it was a long ways back home. But most of our time was spent on our hill, the Kay Hill.
We spent a good deal of our time out there to the city ditch. They had a big pool of water out there, a big stream of water going down to the fields and we spent most of our summer there at that swimming pool. Every day we’d go out and go swimming. We had an awful good time there, but we’d hear the big boys coming and then we’d grab our clothes and away we’d go. Go hide, if they wanted to go swimming, all right, they could have the pool. We came on home, but otherwise we stayed out there all day.

Maude McCallister told us it would sure be funny if somebody went out there where those men were playing poker and fired in the air, hide good, fire in the air and see what they would do. So we decided that’s what we’d do just as soon as it got dark. So me, Maude McCallister, and my sister, Neva decided we’d go, so I got the 30.30 out and we waited until good and dark and then we went up through the alfalfa field towards where they were playing and we could see the light on the other side of the city ditch, so we knew just where they was at and we were in the field where it was dry, and they was over there where they couldn’t get across the ditch, so we all squatted down there and I fired in the air, and boy, you should of heard those men. Why they jumped and said, “That’s a warning, let’s get out of here.” They grabbed everything they had around the poker player, jumped in their cars and one of them say, “Where’s Forty?” “He’s dead”, “No he isn’t, he’s drunk, throw him in the back of the pickup.” Two guys said, “Let’s go over there and see who that was.” “No they’re gone by now.” We wasn’t gone, we was squatting down in that dry ditch, hoping that they didn’t come over. All of them got in their cars and away they went to town as fast as they could go. And we stayed there and laughed, oh we thought that was funny.

We had a buckboard that was just sitting there in the backyard and we was out of wood. We didn’t have anything to pull that buckboard with, but I told my brother Virgil and Lowell Ford, we was pretty good-size kids then, that if they would help, I’d take the tongue of that buckboard if they’d push it, we’d take it out there where those fellows had been playing
poker. I knew there was some wood out there and we could get it and bring it in and so they said all right. They was willing to go at first. Well we got the buckboard out there; it was light and didn’t have any trouble getting it out there. When we got it loaded with what wood we could find, started back in, Lowell, he said he was tired, he didn’t want to go any farther. I said, “Well you’ve got to, we can’t leave this buckboard in the middle of the road.” There wasn’t any lights in town then. All we was going by was the moonlight. So he started to helping again and I was still a pulling on the tongue and them pushing in the back. Finally, he decided that he had a toothache. I says, “Oh, you can’t have a toothache now, we’ve just got two blocks to go. If you’ll help us get this wood home I’ll make a cake tomorrow and give you some cake,” So he decided well that would be a pretty good idea. So he started to push again and we finally got it up to the gate, our gate, and got it inside the gate and he said, “Well, that’s far enough.” And no, I says, “We’ve just got to go up the house.” The house was in the middle of the lot. So we pushed and pulled until we finally got it up there-threwed if off on there, we had a pretty good little pile of wood. Not very big, but at least we thought it was. The next day, old Wesley, he came home, says, “Why did you get all that wood?” And I told him how we went and got it and I says, “I’m going to make a cake so Lowell can have some cake, I promised him could have some cake if he’d help push that buckboard”, so that’s how we got the wood in here.

When they first got cars here in town they put a sign out east on the way to Johnson, 15 miles an hour. When you think about that now, that was pretty slow but we thought it was pretty fast- it was faster than the horses could ever go with a wagon.

One day when I was in town I went over to see my friend, Maude McAllister. Her dad had bought a car, a Ford car, and Eva, her older sister wanted to drive it. So they told her to get in and showed her how to steer it and push on the gas and me and Maude was sittin’ on the sidewalk and we thought well when she come around the block well we would have a ride. Well, she went around the block once and she didn’t stop. And she went around the block
again and didn’t stop. By the time she’d gone around the block the fourth time why we was still sittin’ there waiting to get a ride and Fay, her brother run out and jumped on the running board and asked her if she knew how to stop it and she said no. That’s why she kept going around the block. If she went around enough times she would have run out of gas. He showed her how to stop it and she went around the block again and she stopped in front and she got out and she didn’t want no more drivin’. She didn’t know how to stop it so me and Maude never did get a ride in that car.

Wasn’t much to do in the summer time- we didn’t have anything to work at- there was no work around town and of course we were just young. So we spent most of our time down at the swimming hole, down at the city ditch. Every afternoon we’d go down there and spend most of the afternoon there. That’s where we were all baptized in the city ditch. I was about twelve when Mrs. Flanagan came down and asked me if I would go up and stay with her mother and her sister while she went to the herd. Oh, it was all right with me, I thought that was pretty good. She was the one that taught me how to cook. Anyway, her mother was quite an old lady and her sister had polio and had to walk on her knees- she couldn’t talk. She would make grunts. I finally got so that I could understand what she meant, she’d point at things and anyway I stayed there long enough that I could understand her but her mother and Mrs. Flanagan didn’t get along very well. So towards fall she decided she was going to move to St. George, she had a daughter down there. She moved down and then Mrs. Flanagan wanted me to hitch up the team and drive her up to the herd. Well, I was used to doing that so I came in pretty handy with her, she had me takin’ the supplies out to the herd and takin’ care of the team and stuff. And I didn’t mind that at all. My dad was workin’ for Flanagan by that time, he had to go take the goats out Lamb Springs to dip em- you had to dip them for lice at least once a year. It was in towards fall that they decided to go out to dip so they (Flanagans) got my sister Neva to go with us; she was a year younger than I was. There was no highway over the sand then but there was an old wagon road so we followed the wagon road up there. Course Ren was with us and he was taking Darryl Swapp with us, he was
supposed to help dip when my dad brought the goats in. They had some whiskey along with them and they was a drinking it. And when we got to camp, Flanagan was drinking too. Dad didn’t know I was the one that was supposed to help him with the herd. So he told Flanagan that he had to have help—that the three thousand head was more than he could take care of and keep them together and so it made Flanagan mad. He said, “We brought you help.” And he started over to give dad a lickin’. Well, he did get close enough to hit him and knocked him down. Dad was trying to get over to where his gun was. He always carried a pistol but he took it off at night. And Flanagan was trying to keep him from getting to that pistol. He was knocking him around because he was drunk. And I run around the side and I could see where the pistol was. I was going to get it to hand it to him as dad got it and he turned the pistol on old Flanagan and boy talk about easing down and being a real nice man, he was scared to death with dad with that pistol. He was pretty good with it—both hands too. They kept a drinkin’ and sent old Darrel down to town or some place down the canyon to buy some more whiskey and he took a gunnysack and when he came back that gunnysack was half full of whiskey and bottles! They stayed there and drunk all day, Mr. and Mrs. Flanagan was stark naked up there under a tree. And me and Neva, we were quite a little ways away from them but we got hungry at noon and those guys, they would just drink more whiskey and I don’t remember just what we ate but we dug into the grocery bags and got us some bread and something to go with it anyway. That night they just threwed their bed out there on the ground and they just slept there on the ground, but they didn’t drink any whiskey during the night so when my dad showed up the next morning— he had been gone all the day before and all night and he was hungry so he got them all up out of bed and got breakfast and helped load that stuff in the wagon so they could get started to Lamb Springs and get the dipping done. So anyway, we got on the wagon with them, and hell I bet they had a hangover. We crossed Cottonwood Flat and got down to Lamb Springs all right, but it was awful sandy then—couldn’t go very fast. And when we got down there to Lamb Springs, why Mrs. Flanagan and Neva, we were there alone and Ren and my dad was out with the goats getting ready to dip the goats. They had to have a tub with some water in it and put this
arsenic in it and boil it. They’d sent for the arsenic up north somewhere (up around Provo where it grows) it just grew up there somewhere in the ground and they’d have to boil it for I don’t know how long and then they’d put it in this big vat that they had built, put so much water in it and so much poison, and bring the goats into the corral and then take one goat at a time and put it down in that dipping vat and shove em down with a big stick. Then they could climb up the other side, they had steps so they could get out the other side. There weren’t very many goats died of that poison, but once in awhile they would drink enough that it would kill them. Oh, it took us two or three days to get them all dipped, but we did. I was on one side to help push in the dip, but my dad wouldn’t let us get around there where we would get any poison on us. We got those dipped and then instead of leaving, we came back to town all right but I stayed and lived with Mrs. Flanagan there for, oh a year or two. But my dad decided he had to have someone help him herd those goats cause the Flanagans had just about 3000 head. That was quite a big herd. So they told me that if I helped him herd the goats they would pay me for it. So I did and I rode a mule and I had to have a packsaddle on there and a pillow on the packsaddle to ride it. I’d go around those goats and get it on the run and they’d see something black and they’d stop to look at that something black and I’d a keep a goin’ over its head and down I’d go. I got threwed quite a few times but I didn’t get hurt. So I thought that was a heck of a note- have to ride a mule with a packsaddle. But I spent most of the next summer there helping dad with those goats- that’s were I first started out with them.

When I was in my teens John Cram had built a swimming pool up there just north of his house a ways, a cement pool. Oh, boy, that was nice, we really thought that was something! Because he filled it with city ditch water but we used to go swimming in the city ditch all the time but it wasn’t as nice as that pool, it wasn’t as deep. It had a diving board and everything in it. Well, we was going up there one afternoon to swim and I got on the east side of the pool, was walking around, I was going to go to the dressing room, and there was a little girl up there at the end of the pool. She kept going down into the
deep water. She couldn’t help it, she kept...it was quite steep right there and she kept
go ing down in a little deeper, deeper and finally she started to choke and so I could see
the kids around her was a-hollering she was going to drown. So I dove in there and
pulled her out, helped her get her breath and got her straightened. Then I walked out, the
kids went and told John Cram what had happened so he came over and told us, me and
Neva, that we could swim there for nothing for bein’ the guards there at his pool. Well,
we sure had a lot of fun in that swimming pool. We were there on and off all summer
and that’s one summer that I didn’t have to spend so much time at the herd. (Laughs)

We spent a lot of time swimming when we were little. We’d go up here, what we call
The Falls, the city ditch east of town and then it would go on down to the reservoir.
When we got a little older we would go down to the reservoir but the watermaster came
along, Mr. Brown, one day and he told us what to do to learn how to swim, to kick our
feet and paddle our hands and gosh, it wasn’t long until we become pretty good
swimmers. So, that’s the only place they had before John Cram built his swimming pool.
But they made him quit putting that kind of water in his pool, somebody from up state
said that it wasn’t sanitary.

And anyway, we began to go to Three Lakes to swim. We’d go up in our part of town
and wait until somebody was going along and catch a ride up there – that’s when they had
built the new road around right by the lake. We’d get off there and swim and then, it
wouldn’t be only us, it would be a lot of other kids from Kanab that was up there
swimming too. We’d usually spend the day up there in the water and then, when we got
ready to come home, we’d catch another ride with somebody, sometimes we walked
halfway to town before we caught a ride back into town. But we didn’t mind, I was used
to walking all the time anyway.

In the wintertime it was a different story. In that house we lived in, it’s an old house they
first built when the pioneers first come in. And gosh, it didn’t have any ceiling in the kitchen. When a person wanted to bathe in the winter time they had to heat the water on the stove, pour it in a number three tub and then, besides that, it gets cold if the wind would happen to be a-blowing. So we decided there was a better plan than that. I had worked for Guy and Vera Chamberlain when they first built the hotel up there, I’d help do the laundry and do the washing their dishes from their café and I knew the back stairs that went up to their bathroom up there in the back of the hotel. So me and Neva, we’d scoot up them back stairs and go in the bathroom there and lock the door and, oh, we’d have a good time in that great big tub they had there. Nice lot of soap and hot water, lot of nice towels. We’d have a good time until it was time to go, which was when we got tired. And then we’d see that there wasn’t anybody around and tiptoe down the stairs and come home. But we used that bathroom quite a bit in wintertime when the snow was deep instead of using that number three tub.

Well we always left the herd to come to town to go to school. And one night, my brother and his friends, they stole some chickens and had a big chicken-fry there in the kitchen. They left a lot of bones there and Wesley told us to boil ‘em the next day and make some chicken soup. So we put a lot of water on ‘em in a big black pot and boiled them and boiled them for a couple of hours and when he came at noon to eat he brought a friend with him. Well they sat down there to eat and gosh they said that chicken soup was good. And Wesley said, “I want me a gizzard, I like gizzards.” So he reached down in there and brought him out a gizzard, big, plump gizzard and put it on his plate and he looked at us and he said, “Godamn you!” We knew something was wrong so we just turned and run. We run down the path as hard as we could go and him after us. We got away but we didn’t know what he was mad at, and come to find out we hadn’t cleaned the gizzards. We didn’t know we had to clean gizzards! When I killed a mutton- mutton didn’t have gizzards, so how would I know that a chicken had gizzards.
Well I helped dad herd those goats until school when of course I had to quit and come into town. They paid me money and I bought me new clothes and some new shoes- we always had to get new shoes for school, otherwise we went barefooted in the summertime- we never had any shoes to wear in the summer. In the spring everybody took their goats over to shear, over to Johnson – Ben Bunting’s house is up that canyon. They’d shear them every spring and usually every fall. When they got out there and got the shearing done, the bank come along and took Ben Hamblin’s (angora) goats. When they took Ben Hamblin’s goats, they got my dad to take the Hamblin goats and Neif Hamblin got him (dad) to take his dries and Tom Robinson got him (dad) to take what little herd that he had so he had a pretty good-sized bunch and he come into town and he wanted me and Wesley, my older brother, to go with him to help get those goats up on the sand and camp there so we could take care of them while they were kiddin’ and all. And he (dad) had a little bunch of his own so we had a pretty good-sized herd. Well, when we got up there he separated them- I had one herd and he had one. He had a horse, my dad did, and Wesley had another herd and he was afoot. Well, it got so that it was awful hot on that sand and they had taken Ben Hamblin’s sheep wagon too, along with the goats, they took everything. And in the back of the sheep wagon there was a lot of old shoes that Mark Hamblin and whoever had been there with him had threwed away because they was about wore out. Well we didn’t have any shoes so we took those shoes and went down to the ditch and soaked them in the ditch overnight, went down the next day to see if we could get our feet in ‘em and the ones we could get our feet in, why we wore. It was a darn sight better wearing those shoes than it was going barefooted in that sand herding those goats. So I had a dog that followed me all the time and I would get him just to bark when I wanted to turn the goats back. They’d scatter all over when they was eatin’, course they had to, you couldn’t keep them in a little bunch. We’d get up there and in them days there wasn’t all these cedar trees around. You could see for miles. I’d get up on a little high spot and if I thought they was getting to far away, why I’d get the dog to bark and he’d bark as long as I wanted him to and turn the goats back. And then we’d let them go out and feed again, the same thing until it was time to turn them in to take them back to camp. Well we’d
go out early in the morning and about 11 am we’d head ‘em back to camp. We’d lay around in camp till about 2 pm and then we’d start ‘em back out to feed again. They eat all the time, and if you didn’t watch them when the moon got real bright they’d go out in the middle of the night to eat.

Dad had to come to town one day and he told us take care of the goats till he got back. Well my brother Wesley, he was sleepin’ in the sheep wagon and me and my other brother Lee was sleepin’ outside on the sand and Wesley said he would put an alarm clock on and he put it on a tin plate so he’d be sure and hear it. Well the next morning I heard the tin plate a rattlin’ in there and I jumped up and the goats had gone and left camp. So I went in the sheep wagon and shook Wesley and told him the goats had gone out and I’d go after them if he’d get breakfast and feed the horse. We had a horse that time and I grabbed some grain and put it in the nosebag and stuck it on the horse and away I went afoot after those goats. They’d got up there quite a little ways before I could turn them back and I finally got them back down to camp and by that time the horse was threw eating and I took the nose bag off and put the saddle on it and climbed on the horse and went back out to the goats. I had to let them go then because they were hungry and they was determined that they was going to eat. I come in close around 12:00 o’clock that day and I was tired and I wanted my brother to take that horse down to water. We had to ride about a mile down the road there in Cottonwood Flat where the water was. He didn’t want to go. He says, “oh you go.” He’s says, “you’ve already been a riding him.” So I got half way down there to the water and the horse throwed me off and oh, I’ll never forget, I landed on my stomach right in an old dead sagebrush. And away that horse went. Down that country as fast has he could go. So I just walked after him. I knew I had to go get him. He had gone down and took him a drink of water and then he started down the canyon. Well he didn’t get very far because we had fenced it off. It was a good thing that there was a fence there because there he was standing by that fence and I walked up to him, if I’d had a gun I’d a shot him, but I didn’t, so I had to go get him and crawl on him again and drag him back to camp. When I got back to
camp, Wesley, he was a laughing when I told him what happened. He thought that was awful funny. "What did he throw you off for?" And I said, "Well I guess he was tired of me. I don't know." But I made him go out with the goats that afternoon. He still had an hour or two before he had to go, but I took that afternoon off.

When the bank decided to take Hamblin's goats, they had to have somebody herd them down around Hurricane, that's where the bank was, in Hurricane. We had gone over to Lamb Springs to dip the goats and my brother, Virgil, he went over on the edge of the sand dunes with the goats with the fellow that was supposed to herd them for the bank. He hadn't been in that country before, so Virgil showed him how to get over where the road is now to go to the sand dunes, as they call them. And when he was over there, there was man that was camped there in an old wagon, so he (Virgil) spent the rest of the day looking under the wagon wheels in one place or another, hunting for this man's so called "gold". And I says, my word, what if he'd a caught you there while you was a doing that? And oh, he said he ain't nowhere around. I said, well he was around one time when Ren Flanagan was out with his herd of goats and was stark naked up there and came up the rim and his mule ran away with him because he scared the mule so bad and he wanted to buy a goat for mutton and Ren told him $3 and he wouldn't have it, then he turned and left and he was still a running the last time he seen him and I thought maybe my brother, Virgil, would run into that guy. He was the one that was camped in that wagon. (Virgil was a little boy and thought that there would be some gold he could find at this wagon- he thought this crazy old man was a gold miner. The old man was away from the wagon and Virgil was looking for gold. Bessie talks about how there was previous encounter with this crazy man and Ren, and she was glad that Virgil did not get seen snooping around the wagon as this man was crazy)

(About goats- all male kids (goats) born were castrated because they were not ideal for mating- they were not purebred...The purebreds (bucks- bucks are actually sheep and billies are goats but the word buck is used out at the goatherd for both male sheep and male goats
sometimes) would be bought and shipped in to mate and ‘they stunk like hell’- they cost at least $50 a piece and lasted for years. A lot of them came from Texas or were imported from the Mediterranean. The purebred buck (billygoat) would be separated from the nannies (the breeding females) until breeding time. The castrated kids were called dries and they were also called weathers because they couldn’t make kids and they had great long hair and were used to shear. Sometimes one of these dries (weathers) would be killed for meat and the meat is called chivon. At the goatherd Bessie would say, “I am going to kill a mutton” but this really meant a goat (chivon) and mutton is really a sheep.)

Anyway, we delivered the goats to the bank and then after that we didn’t have any cash. They paid us $25 a month for taking care of their goats, but we had Tom Robinson’s goats. He furnished us flour to eat once a month and Neif Hamblin, and had his goats taken soon after. A guy came over and took his goats and took them over somewhere in Johnson, and so we had ours and the goat herd was quite a bit smaller, but when they “kidded”, they had one bunch that was just going to “kid”. One of us took them and they wouldn’t go very far out from camp and then come back again and have their “kids” usually around the corral. So I had a bunch of “dries” and one day I got a little time off when they got through “kiddin”, to come to town. And while I was in town I caught cold and I was so hoarse I couldn’t speak. I was here a day or two in bed down to my cousin’s place and when I, it was over the weekend, and when I went back to camp, my dad told me that my dog wouldn’t go with my brother when he went out with his herd. He threwed rocks and everything else at that dog and he wouldn’t go. He stayed right there out in the brush until I got back. Well when I got back I still couldn’t speak enough, just above a whisper, so it didn’t bother me very much because I’d just tell the dog to bark when I was a herding goats, but he wouldn’t go with Wesley so Wesley couldn’t get anything out of him, but I tried to holler, and it changed my voice so I talk now kind of hoarse and a lot of times when people call on the phone and I answer it they’ll say, “well is your wife there?” (Laughter)
Well it was sure a Depression after the bank took the goats. But early every morning my dad would walk Wesley up and tell him to go get his horses. He’d stake them out at night, hobble them, and there’s lots of grass up there on the sand in them days, because it had a lot of deep snow in the winter time and quite a bit of rain in the summer and Wesley, he’d lay there, and lay there, and so dad, he’d come over and get me up to go find his horses and it would be just good daylight. You’d have to go out and, they had a bell on them but they wouldn’t move one inch when they thought you was a coming after them. They knew about the time we’d have to go get them and so you’d have to track them. I’d track them and then I’d stop right still for quite a little while and they couldn’t stand still that long. They’d just make a little tinkle with that bell and I could tell where they was at and then I’d go get them and take them into camp, get them fed and saddled so dad, dad would be cooking breakfast, and I’d get everything ready so he could ride the horse and go out with the goats, so this one time I had been out there, I didn’t have my sister with me, but this time she (came up to the herd) and went out with me. She didn’t like it out there but I’d rather be out of town than I would in town. Anyway we were going to stay in camp while dad came to town. He didn’t get to town very often, but he had to come in and file on the homestead that was down on the Johnson Run, and so anyway we got up one morning early and I says, build a fire under the beans and we’ll warm them up and eat them for breakfast. I’d overslept and I was supposed to be out there with those goats before the sun got very high and I went after the horses while she built a fire under the beans and by the time I got back the horse had been fed and saddled, why the beans was warm enough that we could eat. So we ate the beans and had to take the goats to water. And that took us, oh, quite a long while to get over to the water and we wouldn’t get back to camp until night, so we took out over the sand hills and down to water and just before we got to headwaters we heard an awful racket down there. Boy, I couldn’t imagine what in the world that was making such a racket. And I rode up there on the edge and looked, there was a whole lot of men working down there and they was crushing gravel. Well they were building the highway over the sand and I didn’t know it then, but this was the Depression and boy we were poor and them old shoes we had on and our britches was dirty
and holey and I still had to herd them goats and my dad asked me one day, he says, “Oh, how come you swear so hard?” I says, “Anybody that had to herd them goddamn things would swear.” He never ever said anymore to me about it. He didn’t swear, but I did. I used to get so mad at them goats I could have killed them all. But anyway we rounded them up after they all got their water full and started back to camp. When we got back to camp it was just getting sundown and the goats was on the bed ground and we went over to the sheep wagon and dad was in there and the beans had boiled, they hadn’t really boiled that morning, but they sure was foamed up and had the lid off the top. They had spoiled. We lost a whole pot of beans because we didn’t boil them that morning early, but we didn’t know, we didn’t have very much time, we had to hurry up to eat a little bit and go.

Us kids never had very many clothes anyway, but when I was herding I had one pair of bib overalls, they were the stripped kind, and the only time I’d ever get them washed of course was when I came to town to wash them and then have to go back. But by that time, I’d wore them for a few weeks and they’d get pretty ragged up there through that brush and all that we had to walk. So one day I came to town to get the mail and I didn’t have anything else to wear, only the ragged clothes, ragged shirt and pants and I went to the post office and got the mail and old Dalley, he was the postmaster there, so I went to leave the door and he says, “Hey Bessie, you know you’ve got a hole in the seat of your britches?” I turned to him and said, “Well if you be right nice I might let you kiss it.”

I got kind of tough when I was herding those goats. Kids made fun of me of how I talked and how we dressed and all. It was hard times. No money. We had to save a nickel to buy a box of matches and we had to keep the fire a going or we just didn’t have anything to eat, so what we had to eat there was just bread and meat and so dad said he found a bee tree, so we’d go up there at noon one day and build a fire under this bee tree and get the honey out. So we went out and got this honey out of there and when the bees would come out, they wouldn’t get back into the hive because of the smoke. We kept it a smoking while Wesley chopped a
big hole in the side of the tree and there was the honey. Oh, boy did we enjoy that honey and honeycomb. We had a little bucket with us. We got all we could in the bucket and carried the comb in with our hands. We had honey. I'm telling you, you don't know how good that honey tasted to us after all that time with nothing but bread and meat. But anyway we had to herd there all that summer and me and Neva went out one day with the herd. Dad, he had another one. We had them separated again and I got tired. I was pretty thin. I weighed about 120 pounds and I didn't feel very good. Well this one day I got awful tired and I laid down under a tree in the shade and I told Neva, said, "I'm going to go to sleep for a little while." I says, "You follow those goats, they'll take you right on into camp and if they ask you where I am, you tell just tell them I'm just taking a nap up there under a tree." So when she got to camp she told dad that. Well it didn't take him long to get on his horse and come up the canyon until he found me asleep and wanted to know what was the matter and I told him I didn't feel good, but he got me to ride the horse and he walked on back into camp. He says, "I think we'd better go in to the doctor and see what was wrong." So the next day why we left for town and Doctor Aiken had moved into Kanab from down in Dixie country and he took me up to the doctor and he examined me and he says, "She's got an awful poisonous goiter there in the neck." And he says, "It's affecting her heart. She's got to have it out." And that's what made me so tired and didn't feel good and so dad, he made arrangements with Dr. Aiken to take me over to Cedar to the doctor. We didn't have any money to pay the doctor or hospital. But Dr. Aiken and my sister Neva, they took me over two or three days after that and they operated. Took the goiter out. He must have known what he was a doing because he sure done it all right with me. I've never had any trouble since. But I was in the hospital for oh, about ten days, I'd imagine. Anyway, after I got out of the hospital I was tired- just seemed like I was tired all the time. And I had a cousin that lived over there in Cedar so they took me over to stay with them, him and his wife until I could catch a ride back to Kanab because there wasn't anybody coming. There was no buses or anything. Sandal Findlay used to go to California and back and he was supposed to come back along there around Cedar and I would come to town with him. Well when he came up after me and
Gene, that was my cousin, Gene heard that his dad had died, so he got a ride to town with Sandal and I stayed there with his wife for another week or ten days (Tape skips) It was about time for me to go out and help them (Wesley, dad, and Lee) get the “kids” going with their mothers out to feed and get out of that corral. I told him no, I couldn’t go. I couldn’t walk anymore; I was too weak. I never did go back to that herd.

Well, Virgil and Loren decided they’d go fishing up on East Fork and they got all their things ready to go, they had a team of horses to pull the buckboard and two riding horses. And then they decided they wanted me to go with them. They was kind of young, they was still in their teens and they was a little leery about going up there alone. So, I said okay, if they’d start the next morning, I’d go with them. So, we went, started out, gosh, we didn’t have brakes on that little buggy that we had. We had to tie the hind wheel so it wouldn’t go too fast and run into the horses. But we made it out there to Johnson the first night, camped there. It wasn’t bad. Had to get up at daylight, get going so we could make it up there to East Fork.

We had pretty good time all the way up there ‘till a car come along and scared the horse Virgil had tied to the back of the buckboard (buggy). He had just one eye and they come up on the wrong side of him and he jumped up on the buckboard. Well, I was up there driving, I didn’t know whether to go over the front or what, but the guy in the car stopped and they got the horse back down off that buckboard and I made Virgil ride it, I says, “You ride that thing, I’m not going to have it tied to the buckboard any longer.” He got up there to go down in Skutum. That was a long, long, steep trail then. We didn’t have anything to put on that wagon to weigh, like gravel or anything. And so we tied both hind wheels. We went down there all right, we thought that was okay. And none of us knew where East Fork was but we turned up the right road and went up Mill Creek and when we got to Jimmy Maxwell’s place, why, we didn’t go much further than that because we had to... the buggy couldn’t go up on top of that high mountain, boy, it was
steep.

So, I walked and those guys drove the horses with all of our packs on them and groceries and stuff and they rode their horses. But when we got on top, oh, if that wasn’t a beautiful sight! Green grass, big, tall trees, nice and cool. We turned and looked back where we had come from, oh, that looked like dried up country, sagebrush and cedar trees, for miles we could see. But, anyway, we went on, over to where the stream of water was we set up our camp in a bunch of trees and Virgil; he went out to fish. And while he was there fishing, why Art, he had come along when we were down below but that was before we had started up to fish and we told him where we were going so he told my brother Wesley and Wesley he left the camp and came on top there. He tapped ole Virgil on the shoulder and says, “Where’s your fishing license?” He scared Virgil till he didn’t know whether to fish any more or not. Didn’t know any rangers was supposed to be around there and Wesley told us they was there and they’d get us. Anyway, we didn’t stop that night, we went fishing and camped there that night and they decided that they’d go back down the next day and maybe get a fishing license and discover whether we could fish up there or not.

We made it back down...we had a good time all along the way, but we didn’t get any fish. When we got to town, we got to talking to the kids that we knew around there, they all decided they wanted to go. Brother Lee, he was there, and Elmer Rider, Sister Helen and we decided we’d all go. So we got our camp ready, Elmer Rider’s dad, he took us there to the bottom of the mountain with all our supplies. Arnold Button and my brother Virgil was supposed to bring the horses. We would camp there at Jimmy Maxwell’s until they got the horses there and we’d take them on top to carry all of our supplies. Well, when they came up the next morning, early, Dan Button (Arnold’s Dad) brought them up in his pickup and all they had was their groceries and their camp...their bedding. There we was all a-foot at the bottom of the mountain.
But, we decided we wasn’t going to go back to town. Old Dan, he turned around and come back and left those kids there with us so we all loaded up with everything we could carry and started up to the top of that mountain. Elmer Rider was in the bunch, I think he took the biggest load, even the gun, and I don’t know why they brought a gun, if we’d of seen a deer and shot it none of us knew what to do with it. But anyway, we trudged up that big mountain and we got on top, course nobody else but me and Arnold and Virgil had been there before so they were just so tickled to see the place as we was. And we went down and made us a camp in a nice shady spot and we all had a good time. We cooked supper and with the big bunch, why they was a-kidding each other, then they got to making a bed there and everybody, they had a quilt to lay down on and then they had to have another quilt over the top of them — it got kind of cool up there at night. But us girls, we just laid there and laughed at them trying to make their bed. Finally we got settled down and they quit telling jokes and we finally got to sleep.

Gosh! We was still asleep the next morning when old Elmer Rider come in and he had been out fishing, he got sixteen fish. He was a fisherman and that’s what we had for breakfast was fish. He had cleaned the fish right alongside the trail that went right by our camp over there with our fishing poles all leaning up against the trees and we had one fish left over and we put it in the ashes there to cook, somebody else might eat it.

Here come two rangers up on horses and they stopped to talk and I says, “Is this fishing stream closed?” and they said, “Oh, yes, this is closed.” We’d already fished there. And they didn’t even notice alongside the trail where Elmer had cleaned those fish and we thought we was caught for sure but they just said, “Well, have a good time,” and rode on. And well, we decided we didn’t want to fish anymore that day ‘cause it was getting kind of warm. Oh, the kids, they went from one place to the other, they looked it around and that night they all went out fishing again ‘cause the rangers wasn’t going to be there that
night. Caught a few but not like Elmer did that morning.

So next morning we packed our stuff and started back down the mountain. Well, we got down there to Jimmy Maxwell’s and we didn’t have any way to get to town. So Elmer and my brother Lee, they walked down to Skutum and they said they went in the house of Skutum and they was hot and tired and they had some milk in there in some pans so they just drank some milk, drank what they wanted and walked back out, got down the main road that went from Alton to Johnson, don’t remember who they caught a ride with, but they got a ride down into town and borrowed Elmer Rider’s dad’s pickup to come up and pick us up. Well, while we were there camped at Jimmy Maxwell’s, he had a lot of turnips planted, I didn’t like turnips but I did when we got through cooking them and eating them ‘cause we were about out of groceries about that time. But it was a heck of a trip but it sure was a lot of fun.

So, I was seyenteen years old when I got operation on my goiter. I married once and divorced but I don’t want to talk about that. (*I had a daughter with my first husband who now lives in Oregon*) Anyway, when I married Art, why, he had a herd of goats. I never herded them. I used to go out with him and Roy, he (*Roy*) was born in March of 1939 and in May, why it’s kind of cold in that upper country, but I took him out whether... We’d have to get him in the sheep wagon and dress him and all, because he had to keep warm, but I sure did like to be out of town. And then, Art, he didn’t want his kid out there when it got very cold. We’d spend the summer off an out to the herd and back and I had Van that summer at the hospital in Kanab, (1941) my next little boy. (*Tape is blank for about eight minutes.*)

**End of Side Two, Tape One**

**Begin Side One, Tape Two (Tape begins at approximately 30+ minutes)**
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Roy was three years old; he had a ruptured appendix. We had to take him to Cedar, of course, to have it removed. By the time we got him there he’d had it for a day or two, why, peronitis had set in. But the two doctors was ready for him ‘cause we’d called ahead of time we was coming and they took him in to operate and when they brought him out, the one doctor says, “Well, there’s no hope.” He says, “he’s got...gangrene has set in, so we done all we could.” They took him into the room me and Blanche was there, and when he woke up, why he was thirsty and they said to not let him have any water, to just let him have a few ice cubes, as he needed it. Well, he just kept at me; he wanted a drink of water. Finally, I went and got him a glass of water; let him have what he wanted right then and, oh, Blanche says that’d kill him. I says, “I can’t help it, he’s thirsty and he’s got to have it.” So, anyway, the next morning when he woke up he felt just fine. And the doctor, he came in and he examined him and he had two drain tubes in him, they had filled him full of sulpha drug and he was doing just fine. He didn’t even have any pain; he didn’t even know he’d been operated on. And so, Dr. Graft, he looked and he says, “Well, somebody higher than me saved him!” And I came home, he still had bandage on but he got along just fine, you’d never know that he’d ever been operated on.

When he went in the service after he was grown, why they ask him... he had to of course have an exam and they says, “What is that big scar there on your stomach?” Roy says, “Well, I had a ruptured appendix when I was a little kid.” And they says, “What’d they do, use an axe?”

(TAPE IS BLANK FOR ABOUT 1.5 MINUTES.)

When Roy was about eight years old, he begged me to let him go with me when I went hunting deer. So, I finally decided that he was old enough that I wouldn’t have to carry him back to camp. So, we went up on the mountain north of camp one morning and started down the hill, and we didn’t see any deer or anything so we decided we’d just go on down the canyon where Art was cutting posts. As we walked below the edge of a
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cliff, a lot of rocks and things along there, and as we just got just about to the place we could look over into camp where Art was, why there was a rattle snake a-coming at us and, oh, he was a-rattling at us and he had his mouth wide open and he was mad. It was early in the spring, ‘bout the 15th, 18th of May, and I shot it with a 30-30 and Roy decided he wanted the rattlers so he stopped to get the rattlers off and I walked to the edge of the hill to look down in the canyon and I heard a little buzz close to my foot. I looked down and they was a rattlesnake there, it was about six-eight inches long. I never seen one that young before. I killed it and then I looked up and all along the big, flat rock that was there, there was rattlesnakes curled up asleep. I never seen so many rattlesnakes in my life in one place.

So I started to shoot. Some of them was big fat ones and others was a-lean ones, little ones, all kinds. I shot and shot. Roy said, "What are you shooting at?" and I says, "Oh, there’s millions of rattlers here." He run over where I was and he had a .22 so he started to shoot. And we shot snakes until I ran out of bullets and then he could see where the snakes was coming out of the big crack in this rock, so he went over there by that crack and he started to shoot down the crack. Man! Talk about buzz, why he kept a-shooting and the snakes down there kept (buzzing-a big roar down there) (TAPE ENDS)

End of Side One, Tape Two

Begin Side One, Tape Three

Me and my mother and Min McAllister (Maude McAllister's mother) was sitting in the front room of my mother’s house and here come, through the back door, Lavar Pratt and Kay Wilson. They had Dad’s 30-30 with them, they had borrowed it from my mother and went out hunting rabbits. Lavar came over on the other side of me close to the front door and Kay; he stood behind his Aunt Min. Lavar had that 30-30 in his hand. They talked for a little while then pointed the 30 at Kay’s head and Min, oh, she just screamed
at him and told him to not dare shoot that gun in that living room. “Oh!” he said, “it isn’t loaded.” “Well”, she said, “I don’t care if it’s loaded or not, don’t you dare point that gun and fire it here in the house.” So he took and pointed the gun at the clock that was there on the mantle and pulled the trigger. Blowed that clock all up. We never ever had a clock after that. They didn’t buy us anything to use as a clock; we were just out one. But what would they have done if it killed poor old Kay there in the living room.

Old man Flanagan, he had a big herd of goats and he couldn’t find a herder. It was when the war started, so he had his goats up where they call the Red Knoll. He said he’d auction them off. I don’t know who was all there, but there was a bunch and he said he’d sell them to the highest bidder, and (Ivan Ford my cousin- “Fordy”) said six bits (.75) Ren said, “sold!” So Ren, he left. Before that he had all those goats, about 3000. But all they did was just take what they wanted for mutton, and there was goats scattered around this country for quite a while until the bank finally sent somebody out to get what was left. Art and Burt Leach was the only one’s left with a herd of goats. Art had been trying to sell his for a couple of years. When Roy was about two years old, he’d finally found a guy in Texas that wanted them, so he delivered them over the north end of the mountain and down into House Rock Valley. They loaded them there on trucks, shipped them to Texas. That left Burt Leach with his herd and Willy that had herded for him for so many years, they drafted him, so he had to go. So there Burt was with just Trevor left and he had to have a herder. He had to have somebody that moved the camp. So, I don’t know who he sold his to. It’s too long ago for me to even remember that. But Art took his money and bought some cows with them. He just had three dollars a head for his goats and a cow cost a lot more than three dollars, but he started his herd of cattle that way. He had a place in the Sand Hills that he’d take them in the wintertime, and then we’d bring them back in the spring, and take them up to the ranch. He’d drive the cattle and I’d drive the truck. He had his brother Frank who was his partner and both of them had cattle so, they’d drive them, and I’d drive the truck to camp. After they got up to the ranch, of
course, they didn’t have it fenced or anything, so they’d turn them loose but they couldn’t get up there before the middle of May. That’s when the BLM came in and they ruined the whole country. By the time they got through with it, all there is now is sagebrush and cedar trees.

When the kids got to be pretty good-sized, I went to work for Vin Pughes at the Kanab Motel. She was good to work for. I worked for all the summers for two or three years there. One summer there was a bunch of movie guys staying there. In every room, of course they had their whiskey. Then Vin come in one day, I was in number six and I said, “Well, let’s have a drink of whiskey.” “Okay,” she says, “if you will.” So I mixed her up a drink, and me too. Course I didn’t take as much as I give her, because I had the rest of the cabins to clean. We had this drink and she went on into the house. I kept on working; I was working alone. Pretty soon she came out again, and she says “Oh, let’s have another.” I laughed and said, “okay”, so we mixed up another. Then she went back into the house, she called Vance, Vance was her son that had a service station right there on her lot, just in front of the cabins, she told him she couldn’t let them cabins out, she guessed he’d have to do it. She had drank too much. She had to lay down; she could get up to let those cabins out. So when I went to work the next day, she said “I don’t want any more of that stuff.” She said, “I couldn’t let my cabins out.” Anyway, we never ever tried that again but I worked for her for about three summers. But then I wanted to go up to the ranch in the summer time. In the wintertime the cabins were closed. So I went up to Peaches Trails End Restaurant, and got a job there washing dishes. I would wash dishes all but the weekend, then I’d let Roy do the dishes; he was about fourteen, fifteen. I had all the summer loose so I could go to the ranch and do as I wanted to do there.

Anyway, I worked there a couple of years. The second year they wanted me to cook. I didn’t want to cook. They used to have so many people come in there at six o’clock at night; it was just like a herd of sheep- they all come in at once. Boy, those cooks were sure busy. I finally went over and started to cook. We had somebody else to help there
too. Roy was washing dishes and we got really busy, he wasn’t too busy over there, he’d come over and help there on the grill. He was working there, so he got to be a pretty good cook there in Peaches. Anyway it went on for a couple of years, and Van, he decided that he wanted to work and earn a little bit of money too. He’d been up to the ranch with his dad all summer building fence, but when he come in, he didn’t feel very good and oh, Donna, she was real nasty because he wouldn’t hurry and do what she thought he’d do, so I took him to the doctor. Doctor Aiken said he had yellow jaundice. It went on another couple of weeks. He didn’t go back to Peaches of course and then I took him back and said, “There’s something else was wrong with him.” I said, “He’s sick.” Doctor Aiken, he took his blood, tested it and he says “Get him to Salt Lake as fast as you can.” He told us which doctor to go to. Well, I went home and told Art about it and finally, Wilford, a brother-in-law got his car, he said it wasn’t in very good shape. We got in it and headed for Salt Lake in the night. When we got up there, there was snow on the ground. Anyway, we got to the hospital where they told us to go and Doctor Aiken hadn’t called up and said we were coming or anything, but Doctor Winthrop’s assistant come in and she examined him. When she got through, she put him to bed and didn’t say anything to us. We went over and got us a motel. The next day we went over and seen the doctor. Van was there in bed in the ward with a whole lot of other kids. The doctor told me what it was. It was Leukemia. Man, I just about fainted, I knew what it was, I had read too many stories about it and I knew it was fatal, but Art didn’t know. He couldn’t imagine why I kept crying and couldn’t stop. We went down to my brother’s place in Springville, and told them about it. They didn’t tell Art what it was. I had to stay there and Wilford and Art came on into town. When Art got here, he went to see Doctor Aiken and Aiken told him what was wrong. We were there for a couple of weeks, we went up the second of December, and he got to come home for Christmas. From then on we had to go back to the doctors every week or every two weeks. When it got along in April, he was back in the hospital for another week. They’d give him blood and changed the medicine on him. All the time they were changing it. Trying to find
something that would stop it, but it went on until August. Every week or two, me and him was back up there on the road in that old Jalopy, didn’t know if it was going to keep going or not. We did go to Salt Lake and back on two tanks of gas. He died on the 17th of August. The doctor said he’d never live for more than three months, but he did. When we knew about it in December, until the next August. That was quite a long time.

After Van died, Peach (Beard) tried to get me to come back to work. He done everything to get me back there and I couldn’t go back. Seems I went up there one day, thought I’d work, I couldn’t come back the next day. Anyway, I started to work for Ralph and Karen Mace, in what they called Snack Bar. I was cooking in there and he was working for Bernell Lewis cutting meat. Me and his wife Karen; we would run the café. So I was there a year and then I wanted to leave and go up to the ranch. I was always wanting to go up to the ranch. I’d hunt deer, summer and winter. I didn’t kill them, I’d go out with a gun and walk all day long, and I’d find a bunch of deer and I’d sit down, if they didn’t see me, and watch them. Just to see what they’d do. They was a lot like goats. They’d walk around for a while and they’d eat. They’d eat almost the same thing as a goat did. They’d have their fawns with them. By the time they got through eating in this certain place that they was in, they’d climb up the hill over the top of something and disappear. I’d follow them up the mountain, not hunting them, but just seeing where the deer went. Not just them, but any deer.

Roy, he was asking to go before he got old enough to get a license, and Van was still alive. He wanted to go with me and I told him “no he couldn’t go.” I was afraid if he went he’d give out and I’d have to carry him in. He was getting too big for me to carry. So finally when he got, oh he was eight or nine I guess, when I first let him go. We run into some tracks, a little bunch of deer going down the side hill, so we started to follow them up and the further we went the closer we got to them. We could see that they had just passed by. So we got on our hands and knees and crawled up to the top of this hill
just so we could peek over. They seen us before we got to see them and away they went.
We’d been hunting all day long, so we just gave it up then and had to walk a couple of
miles to camp. It was after dark when we got there. Both of us were tired, but at least he
didn’t give out.

Back when we had cows out in Sand Hill we had to haul water two miles, clear up that
mountain and over where the cows were. Oh I don’t know how many miles, but it was
quite a long way and the sand was deep. Well, we took the two kids with us. They just
was with us because Delores (her daughter) was in school and there wasn’t anybody else
around to take care of them, so we took them out there. Dad set a trap for the squirrels
that was out there. Well, they set a trap for the squirrels and couldn’t get the squirrels out
of the trap after it died. I wanted to know how come. Well, I can’t get the trap open now
myself, so I don’t know why I thought those two kids could do it. We had to haul water
every other day for the cows. Well, we were there, oh a couple or three months. I told
Art, I says, “You can’t make any money with cows that you have haul water for, it costs
too much to keep that old truck going.” So he sold Sand Hill and (his shares of water)
Two Miles. He had to have interest in the two miles, so many shares to water his stock,
so he sold it all to Willy. Willy and he bought a place out here in Arizona, south of
Fredonia, sort of on the way out to Big Springs and he run the cattle out there. But then
he had to start hauling water there because it didn’t rain, fill the reservoirs. When they
moved, they had to go up through Johnson and in the spring the cows would just go on
their own, until the CC’s built so many fences here and there that they couldn’t get
through. Otherwise they’d turn them loose there in Arizona and they’d make it to the
ranch. They liked it up there. Then of course, we’d follow behind. Take them on up to
the ranch. We could take them into the ranch the 15th of May. He’d see that they got
there that time because grass would be up. They always come out of that place looking
mighty good. Other people’s looked like they were a little starved.
We’d keep the cows up to the ranch till it snowed. Sometimes six inches, sometimes there was a foot of snow. We’d go up, me and Roy and drive them down a foot. Course we never had a horse, so we drove where we wanted those cows to be, we drove them there afoot. They were used to it. They’d come down the canyon to Charlie Brinkerhoff’s place. We’d make it down there just about noon, or just after, and then over the hill and down to another corral just ahead of Johnson Canyon. We’d put them in there for the night, feed them plenty of hay and the next morning we’d get up early and go up and get them. Take them down here to the old CC Corral, where there was water, we’d put them in there and watered them. We’d either get somebody to truck or to haul them on in, we’ve had them here on the place a time or two and fed them here out of the barn. Then we got to taking them up here just north of Kanab, to Cowhide Adam’s place. That was pretty nice, we had a pretty good herd up there, there was fifty-two head I think it was. Then in the spring, we’d take them up and turn them loose there at Charlie’s corral. They’d go on up to the ranch themselves. Didn’t have to herd them anymore, but they hadn’t ever seen a horse. One time Trevor came down there to get a bull, down at our place. He was on a horse. He tried to drive the cows up and put them in the corrals so he could put the bull in the back of his truck. The cows wouldn’t go, they just kept turning around and going back to smell his horse. (Laughter) He said, “What’s the matter with these cows?” He says, “I can’t get them to go anywhere.” We got to laughing and said, “Well they are not used to a horse, they want to find out what that is, what you are riding.” We had to go drive them afoot to get them into that corral. I never did know that cows can get that way, but all we had to ever do with our cows when we wanted them to come, was to go out to the edge of the road, edge of the hill and holler. Holler as loud as we could, two or three times, and then we could hear the cows a-bellowing to us from different parts of the ranch. You wait there until, maybe forty-five minutes or so, and here they’d come. We never had to go round up the cows. We just holler at them and they’d come down to us. Either we’d haul them to town, or we’d drive them down the canyon for the winter.
Art decided he’d take a bid for cutting a thousand posts, I think it was for the BLM. He took Roy out with him cause he figured he could help him trim the limbs as Art cut the trees. That night here they come- blood all over their towels and all. Roy had chopped his foot with the axe. So, we rushed him up to the doctor. They had to sew it up, so I thought, well, I guess I’d better go out so Art wouldn’t be alone if he happened to get cut or something. He was cutting with an axe. Anyway they were supposed to cut a thousand posts. We camped out there in a tent. I would cut; I get up to two posts a day, and I thought that was pretty good. That’s hard cutting. Every day or two, every few days, I’d cut another one. Finally I got so that I could cut twenty posts a day. That’s a lot of post to cut with an axe. Anyway, we kept trying, and cutting and cutting, and every time we’d get a load we take them over there across the reservoir and put them in a big pile, big long pile. It rained out there one day and I wouldn’t let Art drive in that reservoir with that load of posts. I said, “you do, you get right in the middle of it, and then you can’t go any further.” So I made him go around to unload it. Then I stayed in town and he had somebody else out there, I don’t remember who it was now, to help him finish getting the rest of those thousand posts, his brother Frank was out with them, but he wasn’t cutting post. Anyway, he got the last of the posts on that big truck; he had an International. He drove down and he thought, “Well, I’ll try this reservoir.” He did. He got right in the middle of it and then it quit. He was stuck. So, Frank, he had to walk into “The Seeps” (*Von Hake’s ranch where the water always seeped out into the grass*). Rex Sherfelt was there, and another fellow, I forgot what his name is now. Anyway, he was there and he came out with a CAT, Caterpillar, and pulled him out of that place with a caterpillar, that mud was deep. I was here in town, his mother wanted to know how come he didn’t come in, he was suppose to be in this certain day. I told her “I know just where he is. He’s right in the middle of that reservoir.” Well she says, “What you gonna do about it.” I says, “I don’t know how I can do anything about it.” She thought I ought to out and see.
I had got a car, borrowed a car so I could go out the next day. I thought least I could do was bring him to town. Before I could get ready to go, here Frank comes, he’d caught a ride to town and he says, “Don’t go out, Rex has pulled him out with the CAT.” So I went down to tell his mother that. She says, “Why haven’t you gone yet?” I says, “No and I ain’t going, he’s already out.” I told her just what happened. Told him not to do it, but every time he ever seen a puddle of water he’d always wanted to drive in to see if he could make it through to the other side.

He decided he had to build a fence across the ranch to make two big pastures out of it. So he hired Jack Mognett to go up with his caterpillar and built us a fence line so we wouldn’t have to dodge all those cedar trees. He built us a fence line all right and we got started on it. Man! We had to go clear up to the ledge and start out. That was pretty hard digging those postholes along the side of that big hill and carrying posts up and putting them in there. We got down on the level and we guessed just about where we was going to make our gate when his brother Frank showed up one day. He said he had went up to the Bald Knoll (really a volcano) and his Jeep quit on him and it wouldn’t start. He tried everything. So, that afternoon Art took our tractor and the two of them went over, around over to the Jeep. They pulled that thing, and done everything that they could to get it started, so they both came back, of course, to our camp and Frank stayed there overnight. The next day, we had got the fence down to where we wanted to make a gate. Well, Art got the two holes dug, big holes and he had the great big posts to put in. I sure didn’t want to have to help put those posts in there, but Frank was there and he did. Oh! That tickled me, I was sure glad that his jeep broke down and we got the gate built. Maude Hamblin and Paul, they happened to come up and brought some beds, old bedstids (beds and springs) and things up there. When they went to go that afternoon, Frank asked if he could come to town with them, and of course it was fine with them, he could drive in the wild country where they wasn’t used to it. So he left and come into town and we started—we got the fence down to the corner, then we started straight west. We built fence and
built fence and finally Paul he came up too. Roy, he had come out from, he was working out towards Grand Canyon and every weekend when he had his days off, anyway, he would come up and cut post for us. Gosh! I thought we never would get that thing done.

We gradually, everyday we were cutting post with an axe and one day Art got eleven posts out of one tree. Anyway, we got to the big wash. We wondered how we were going to get across that. Finally I says, “Well I’ll take one wire, the bottom wire,” I says, “I can get down in the ditch and you hand me the wire and then I can go up the other side and wrap it around a post we had there.” We’d already set the post ahead of time. We put it around that. And then we could get the rest of them over the same way. Man! I’m telling you that was hard, but that was before Paul was there with us. We went up the hills, and down them, until finally . . . Paul was with us one day and he started to run. We were just getting ready to go up the steep mountain with our fence. Paul, he started to run, and I says, “What are you running for?” He says “yellow jackets!” I look down and I was almost in the yellow jacket bed, so I run too. We quit building fence that day. When we got to camp, why Art says, “Fill that coke bottle full of gas and we will take it with us in the morning when we go to work.” Oh, we filled it, and the next morning, when we got out there he says, “all right”, he didn’t know where the yellow jackets were, but me and Paul did. So we went up there, I spread the gas all up and down this dead tree that was lying right in our way to build the fence. That’s where the yellow jackets were. I spread the gas all out and he threw a match in. Man! I telling you, I never knew yellow jackets were so dumb. We burned the ones that were there, but the others that had been out doing something, getting something to eat, and then they’d fly right into those flames. So they were dead. We had destroyed them all.

We had a steep hill to go up then. We were supposed to go up this steep hill, clear to the ledge. Me and Paul carried a big roll of wire up there; it was barbed wire. We thought we’d get up there then string the wire down instead of stringing it back up there. It would
be easier to build a fence that way. I told him, “Don’t leave that wire there so it will roll down the hill, be sure.” I showed him how to use it so that it wouldn’t. The first thing I knew, I turned around and the wire was going down the hill as hard as it could go and Paul right after it. It took two of us to carry it up there the first time but he carried up himself the second time. I told him if he let it go he’ll have to go get it himself. Anyway, we went up that hill just as far as we could to put a post in and strung the wire down. We finally got through with that fence, but it took us almost all summer.

End of Side One, Tape Three

Begin Side Two, Tape Three

*Bessie tells the story of building the fence around the whole ranch*

So we started the 1st of April. Gosh! It was cold up there then and he would dig the postholes. We had the fence line all made out by Jack and Butch Mognett. Art rode the tractor then and made postholes and I dug the postholes out, put the post in, put the dirt in, tamped it down with a crow bar, lined the posts up. Well, we’d go quite a little way each day but it took us from the 1st of April into October to build that fence. That was a long old fence. We had a saw to saw the posts with and that made it a lot better. I didn’t ever use the saw. I knew if I did I’d have to cut posts, so I wouldn’t use it. There was big holler over there that we had to cross. I kept getting Art to try and let’s go across that holler when it’s cool in the spring. Then we could hitch onto that holler from both sides and finish it then we wouldn’t be hiking up and down there when it’s so hot. He wouldn’t do it. I don’t know why he has always said he’d get the Indians to help him get across that holler but he didn’t. Indians wouldn’t work. So we went on, trudging along the fence. Imagine how many posts we could put in and postholes we could dig in one day. An old man and an old woman, I thought I was old when I had my back out. Every time I’d come to town I’d go down to Fredonia to get the guy down there to put it in. He kept telling me to quit lifting them posts or I’d get arthritis in there, but somebody had to. Roy, he was working out on the mountain, when he’d come in, why he’d cut posts and help when he could, but he didn’t have very much time. Anyway, we went through the
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fence line, we didn’t set any trees a fire, we just cut the ones down that we had to have posts out of. When we got on the other side of the holler, old Bill Mognett built a road on the south side of our place through there for getting coal. So we followed that road to the truck. That helped us a lot, we could at least get through real close to our fence, carry the post down around to Thompson. When we got down there, we had to fill up a couple of ditches so that we could get across there, get the truck across.

That tractor wouldn’t go all the time. It gets tired and it would stop, and there wasn’t nothing you could do to make it go. One morning we got up and it wouldn’t go. I pulled it around and around camp a couple or three times and it wouldn’t go so, I says, “Well, it won’t go so we will have to take the spark plugs out and clean them.” Every day or two he would have to clean all those spark plugs to get that tractor to go. We couldn’t get up the hill. It was too steep for the tractor to go up. So that was clear down around by Thompson’s, on the east side of the wash. So, I got Trevor Leach to go over there with his CAT and help to take off a little bit of that hill so Art could get up there with the tractor. He did, he walked his tractor over from his place, took enough off it that Art made it up there with the tractor. It wasn’t a very good tractor, but at least it goes when we had to have it. We got the tractor up on the hill and he started digging holes. We attached to that fence (the pasture fence) we had to build in the middle of the hot summer. It was getting fall this time. We got that fence done but we wouldn’t take that tractor off that hill because we were afraid that we wouldn’t get it back up. Oh dear! He stretched that fence with that tractor and that wire would go way up in the air and I’d have to holler and tell him that he’d have to let her down. I couldn’t bring it down to the post. Well, we finally got it down and got the tractor down off of that hill. Made the fence, I mean the corner of the fence, and the gate. Then we had to have it surveyed so we could get all the land we could down at the bottom of Thompson cause that was flat ground. Used to be a meadow. Anyway, we finally got that done and started to build the fence across the creek. Oh man! That’s awful. Could hardly get up and down that creek, but we did haul
our post around from our place down around into Thompson, so that he could dig the posthole with the tractor. We went clear across that; it took almost all the flat land there in Thompson. It took days and days trudging along two of us trying to get that fence up. I didn’t think we ever would. I finally told him that if we didn’t get it up before October, I wasn’t gonna build fence anymore. I was going hunting. He finally got it up, I think it was around the tenth of October or so, hunting didn’t start till around the twentieth. So we finally got it up there, and across the creek again, against a big ledge. That was the end of it for that summer. I figured I built that fence. He sat on the tractor and I cleaned the holes and put the posts in, and lined it up, and then put the dirt in around it, and Roy said when he went up there last summer that it was just as tight a fence as it was when we put it in. Didn’t think those posts would ever move, unless an earthquake anyway.

One thing about it, when we got the fence up, it stopped the spotlighters from coming in in the night. We lost two cows that way. They just upped and flew, we never did find any . . . they look a lot like deer anyway, we got them from Texas. Had them shipped up, had to go clear to Flagstaff to pick them up. Then somebody ate those because they spotlighted them at night. If we weren’t there, that’s before we built the fence. Then we put a gate on it and put a padlock on it, and still have it that way. If they go in, they take the fence down. Of course, the game warden now checks a lot. There used to not be a game warden here.

It was a few years after we got the fence up that Roy decided that he wanted to clear the trees off and plant grass. He planted, he had Butch Mognett push all the trees off the south of the corral that’s up there now and put them in a pile and when they dried we went up and burned them. Then he got a caterpillar and hired one. It had a big chain. He chained all the trees he could get at up there on the ranch and I burned. Oh, I burned seemed like for months. It was always a big smoke going. We got most of them all taken care of and then we started to plant. They told us to plant in November. November that
wasn’t a very good time, I didn’t think, anyway, but we did. There was eighty acres. I took all day to go around, and round, and round that place. I got that all planted. Then we went up there the next spring; there wasn’t a spear of grass that came. Those fellers came up to see how it was doing, wasn’t a spear of grass. They dug down to see if they could see any grass down in the ground, wasn’t nothing. So I told Roy, I says, “I’ve always planted in July.” He always had a good stand. In the meantime Roy had gone and got a great big plow, after he got through with the trees, he got a great big plow, and he was a plowing. Plowing all around, it didn’t take. It was a brush plow. Then I’d come along and burn up the trees and whatever there was to burn. Then he started to plant. We did plant about an acre or so up above the dugway. It was in July, my gosh, it wasn’t long, a couple of weeks, then he could see the grass coming. Gosh! He got busy and we planted, and we planted as fast as we could plant. Gosh! By that fall, we had grass coming everywhere. Everywhere we had planted. It turned out so good that the next year I had an airplane come over and fly it over on the hills and things where we couldn’t reach, we couldn’t get up there with a tractor. *(A guy from St. George did it and it cost $200.00)* I couldn’t do it all with my little bucket I had to plant. I planted a lot of it with a little tub I had bought, up and down the hills that used to be covered with trees. I tried to get people to go up there and get the wood. There was an awful lot of wood lying around there after he got through knocking it down with that caterpillar. They wouldn’t do it. Oh gosh! They’d get their saws dirty. Now twenty years later, now they want to know if there’s some wood up there that they can have. Well, there’s wood up there but it’s all burned up. Every morning I’d be up there with a big fire going. They’d say, “Well, Bessie’s busy today you can see the smoke.” We sure have got a pretty place up there with all that grass going on now.

Roy was working in Las Vegas when we finished building the fence around the ranch. He came home for the deer hunt. He always wanted to go up on top of the highest point there was. He said there’s a lot of bucks up there, he hollered down at us one day, me and
the girls from California was up for the hunt, told us to get the car, go around a big hill that was there, up the next canyon and met him there to bring in this big buck he had. Well, it was an awful long trip. Art took us around on the tractor, and then we took this cart, and wheeled it up. Oh boy! That was hard getting up to where he was. He had came down on the side of the big point to meet us. We finally got the cart down, got the buck on it. It was so heavy that we could hardly make it up that hill. It was a steep hill. So I says, “Let’s take the head off.” We cut the head of it- that was quite a little bit. We got up a little way further and I says, “Let’s skin it.” I didn’t dream buckskin was that heavy, but we skinned it and put the raw buck there on the cart. We went up on the hill; it wasn’t bad then. It was heavy- it was a big one. We got to the point and we hung what we couldn’t carry in the tree. Then we slid down that great big old high point, down into our place to the rest that was waiting for us down below. It was Art, and this gal’s husband down there to the reservoir. Well I had my turn, I didn’t want to go back up that mountain.

We decided we’d go hunting again. Danny and Butch Mognett was with me and Roy. They decided they’d climb that great big old high point and get one of those bucks up there. I went up over the little old ridge that was there looked down into the next canyon and I seen three bucks down there. They was all lying down, resting. Course I always pretty careful when I went anywhere and I got two of them but the other one got away before I could shoot it. It got up behind some trees. It was too steep to try and crawl up there and get it, I knew he could out run me so I hollered at Roy and them and said, “I got two bucks down here.” I heard him say, “Oh, she’s got two bucks down there.” They had to turn around and come back. Good thing they were just half way up the hill. Anyway we had quite a struggle to get them two up on the hill from down in that canyon where I’d shot them. We came to town. We never hunted anymore that day- that was enough. For years it seemed like we were always hunting.
Roy he finally quit the fire department where he was working and he went and joined a union and got a job, one job after another in the union down in Arizona. He gets so much off after a job was through; he had a little time off before they’d call him to go again.

Then in the meantime, Art he had a reservoir built there and a head gate put in and he cleared the ground below this dam he had made. I thought, “Well, I’ll plant a garden and see how it does.” So I took, it was the second of June; I took a few kernels of corn and put in the ground where it was good and wet. When we went back, I thought the corn would be up. I could see where the rodents had dug up the kernels and ate them, so we made us some rows and I planted some corn and every place I planted some corn I put some cayenne pepper. I never had any more trouble with the rodents. So I planted corn and squash, Roy, he planted peas. We had carrots and peas and corn and squash and potatoes. We had about an acre, or half an acre anyway there. I’d go up, at least once a week and water. We had a garden down here.

He knew some people out there he was working out here at Page at the time. They would buy twelve dozens ears of corn every week. Boy, I’m telling you that corn was pretty. Never a worm in any of it, it was big long pretty ears. Gosh it was good. Better then any that we raised in town. Old Frank Mackelprang (Art’s brother) he’d come around and he said, he used have his cattle up there, he says, “Oh, your corn stalks ain’t very high.” I says, “Well it’s high enough, it has a couple of ears on each stalk, you don’t need anymore than that.”

A couple of years there we planted corn, had darn good corn, but I got so that to get a bigger stalk, bigger corn, I’d take nitrogen, put a hand full of nitrogen down by each corn stalk and I was there hoeing around them one day. I had the legs straddle out a foot or two, I had a great big long hoe and I was busy hoeing and I rested on the hoe for a little while and here come a rattlesnake, he was right between my feet, up and down those
rows. I waited till he got far enough away so that I could get him good with that big long hoe, and I chopped him up and left him in the garden. There was always rattlesnakes around there.

I went up one day and turned the water out and was watering in my elderberry brush, and here come a rattlesnake after me, he was mad. He was there wagging his old tail and he had his mouth wide open and he was sure mad at me. I happen to have a . . . I always took the shovel with me when I went up there. I waited till he got close enough and I cut his head off with that shovel. Can’t imagine why he was so mad at me. I haven’t done nothing to him. So, I hunted around and found his mate. She was in another bush there, right close to the garden. So I chopped her up. Said it was against the law to kill rattlesnakes, but not on your own place.

I was going to take the cows up. When me and Roy built the fence around there, he said, “Oh you won’t need any jiggers (limbs all trimmed up that you tie to the fence wire in between the post to keep the cows from getting through), these here posts will be close enough together, you won’t have to worry. I says, “I’m going to put jiggers anyway.” Well, I kept cutting the jiggers, he was gone, so I thought, “Well, I’ll jigger this fence.” I’d seen a cow sticking her head way under the fence trying to get some weeds that she had on the outside that was just as thick as it was on the inside. She was getting ready to get in and get that corn. So I got all those jiggers carried up there and I jiggered that fence. The cows couldn’t get in cause I put three jiggers in it, in between each post.

I left Roy plowing up there at the ranch, that’s before we got all of it seeded and took a vacation. I went with my sister Mae and my other two sisters (Shirley and Velma) up to Idaho to visit Helen; she was the youngest one. We were gone for about a week and then we stayed there about a week. Then we went on into Canada...
...to Lake Louise the next morning and came down through Canada. My gosh! You've never seen so much grain in your life- miles and miles of wheat. The house was set way over there in the middle of the wheat field. I couldn't imagine how they could find their homes with so much wheat. They didn't have any trees around to let you know which was which. Anyway, we came down clear through that wheat fields in Canada into Yellowstone Park. We stayed there that night. Next day we toured the park. Well, wasn't many bears to see but we'd seen all the hot spots that they had, Quake Lake, then we came on down toward Utah. Got down to my brother's (Wesley) place that night and stayed with him. Next day we headed for Kanab. Got down here, I decided I had to go to the ranch and start planting some more grass. Roy had been up there plowing while I was on my vacation.

We got back up there, why it had rained awful heavy while I was gone. Darn if the grass wasn't coming. We'd had planted the biggest part of it before I left. That was up in Quincey (named after Quincey Adams who took a homestead up there). The grass was coming and so was the alfalfa, we planted grass and alfalfa. Boy, we sure were tickled over that. We used to think that a little grass around there was good, but after plowing and knocking the trees down and plowing the sagebrush under, gosh! We got that beautiful stand of grass now. Well when we came down through Idaho, we stopped at a cheese factory, we bought cheese there. Gosh, they sure did make good cheese, just like Panguitch did.

The next spring we went up to the ranch and the grass was growing. Oh, it was just beautiful everywhere. So we advertised in the paper to rent pasture out for the summer. That's when Hafen got it from St. George. He had it three or four years. I don't
remember whether I told about having the pigs up there, I believe I did, but anyway, he finally went broke. We had the pasture to let out again. We let it out to Brent Alvey. Now they have a hundred head in there this summer and they still didn’t use all the pasture’s brome grass and alfalfa. We fenced it off in different pastures, five or six of them, with electric fences and then we’d change pastures ever so often. I’ll never get away from the ranch till I die, I guess. Always going back up there to do something else. Anyway, I haven’t done very much the last few years.

It’s funny how animals can learn things so easy, and so quick. You wouldn’t think they would. We were stringing electric fence across the bottom of this one pasture, where we have our camp and the cows had been going back and forth from the top to the bottom of this canyon. We had to make two pastures out of it. So we strung the wire across there and this one cow, she came down, she seen us there, so she was going to run through as fast as she could go, she seen that wire stretch out along the ground, she plowed to a halt, looked turned around and went back. I says, “She must of hit that wire some time or other.” Roy says, “yes.” Just down below where he had strung one. So they knew what an electric fence was. Didn’t have any more trouble with them. We don’t have trouble with them, even the elk have got sense enough to go to the gate instead of trying to go through the fence.

One day me and Van (Roy’s boy) was up there and we was checking the electric fences, see that they were all running through. We got down in a little ravine where the wind had blown the grass around and round the fence and I says, “If you go over there and turn that off, I’ll get this grass all unwrapped from it.” The grass had been pretty high. He went over there to turn it off and I wasn’t watching. I’d never been stung by that fence. I was determined that I wasn’t going to. I guess he hadn’t got to the turn off the knob, anyway, I touched that fence, and oh man, if I wasn’t knocked for a loop. It can sure get you. Anyway, we checked out the whole fence and then as we were going back to the camp
the truck started acting up. I'd never had any trouble with it, I had it just about twenty years, it was an old Ford. We kind of doctored it all the way up to the camp and decided we'd better go to town. Roy wasn't suppose to come up for three days and I says, "We'd better get out of here, especially if it's going to storm and we'll be stuck in here and the car won't go." So, we got all of our supplies in the back that we had to bring to town.

Got down past dugway to the gate and as we stopped for him to open the gate... he was driving, I opened the gate, then the car died. We couldn't start it again. He kept trying to start it; it wouldn't start. We'd wait for a little while and tried it again. I says, "Roy isn't coming for three days, I guess we'd better get our stuff out of the back, the groceries and stuff and carry it back up to camp. Just content ourselves until he gets here." So Van started getting the stuff out of the back and I thought, "Well, I'll try this just one more time." I says, "Give me the keys, I'm going to try it." Just before he got it all out, I tried it and it started. I said, "Hurry up, throw the things in the back and let's get out of here." Oh, we never stopped. Van said he'd never went so fast in his life. When we got to the outside gate I kept that motor roaring till he got the gate open and I was through and he had it locked. We came to town; we never stopped again, till we got up to his place.

Told Roy about it, I didn't know what was wrong with it. We had Worth look at it. I don't remember what they said was wrong, but whatever they said was wrong, wasn't right. Every time we'd go to the ranch with it, it'd go fine up there and after we got up there it would start to act up.

We were coming down one day; it just stopped on us in the middle of a flat. I says, "How come you stopped?" Of course Van was driving, he said, "I didn't, it just stopped." I says, "See if you can start it again." He tried, and nothing. So we sat there for about an hour, it was in the middle of the afternoon. I says, "Well, I guess we'd better go walk down to Skutum, see if Grants down there, we can get him to see if something was wrong or we could get to town someway. So Van says he'd walk down and I could stay in the car and wait, and I says, "Oh see if you can start that thing again, pump it, give
it plenty of gas.” So he did, and darned if it didn’t start. So I says, “Now don’t stop.” Oh, he just drove that thing and some of the curves we had to go around, I wondered if we were going to make it but it kept on going. We finally made it down here home and drove it into this driveway out here instead of taking it up to Roy’s like we usually did to take him home. The next morning we wanted Worth to look at it. He says, “Well, bring it down and I’ll see.” So Van, he took it down to have Worth look at it. He says, “Ahh, you burnt the carburetor up.” I says, “It stopped on us clear on the other side of Skutum, it just stopped in the middle of the road.” I says, “How come we could drive it clear to town?” He says, “I don’t know how you ever done it.” Then he started this morning and drove it down to the garage. Neither one of us could ever figure out how we could get that motor going again. The carburetor was burned up.

These next few stories belong on the first cassette I made out of these three. We were a little bit older in school. One day old Ms. Johnson, she came out, we got of school and started home, and Maude McAllister was usually always with us, cause she was our next door neighbor. Ms. Johnson accused us of stealing somebody’s little cups. I don’t know where they were suppose to be or anything but she told us to hold out our hands and, oh, she whacked Maude over the knuckles with that big old long ruler because we said we didn’t steal them cups. I never knew nothing about those cups. I put my hands behind my back.

Just after that a while, we were playing Hide-n-Seek down our front yard. The kids were always over there at our place cause there were three or four of us there then. Mae decided that she’d go in and hid in the oven in the kitchen. So she hid in the oven, and I left it open a crack so she could breathe and I forgot she was there. We got to playing outside. We forgot she was in there, so when Momma come home and built a fire why, Mae she was pounding on the oven door to try to get out. So she wouldn’t bake, finally Momma heard the rattle. She was (almost) deaf. I never thought about that when I put
her in there. She let Mae out; she was startled when Mae came crawling out of that oven when she’d built a fire to get supper. Mae comes out and she sure bawled us out, oh, Mae anyway cause she could have burned up.

Well, we spent an awful lot of time out on the ground, out to our farm. One day, me and Mae and Dad out there, he was working and he built all the fences and everything that was on there. Had his cows in different places, because he had different pastures and here come Uncle Jim Sorensen out and he told Dad that Lee, my younger brother, had got bit by a rattlesnake. So we piled into his buggy and started for town. Boy, that was a wild old ride. He hit those horses going pretty fast and those roads them days wasn’t very smooth. Me and Mae were hanging on and bouncing around in the back of that buggy, seemed to me like it took a long time to get to town, but when we got here the snake bite poison had gone clear up to his knee. Then it kind of quit, didn’t go any further and they thought he’d be dead by the time we got to town, but he wasn’t, he was just a little bit better. Dr. Norris was here and I don’t think he could do a thing, them days about it. He started to get better; it took him quite a while, after that. We never could find the rattlesnake that was supposed to have bit him. It was suppose to be under an apple tree, lot of weeds around there, but we didn’t… never did find the snake.

I remember when they started the library up here. Oh, I could read then and I enjoyed that. Go up there and get a book, then we could take our time reading a story. I could always go back and get another. They were old books, yes, but they were taken pretty good care of and we were sure careful that we didn’t hurt any of them when we borrowed them. We had to take them back within the two weeks. Course we were, me and Mae were the ones to get the library books and we’d always take them back when we got through, so we could get another book. Mrs. Hamblin was the one that had the library. My Dad had a lot of books, but they wasn’t very good books. I asked him later, how come he had them and he said that he got them on sale, whole boxes of them. They
weren't very good stories in them. We sure loved that library.

End of Side One Tape Four

Side Two, Tape Four - Blank
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Interview Agreement and Deed of Gift

In view of the historical value of this oral history interview and my interest in Utah history,
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☐ Date of Interview March 94

Primary Subject An selection of stories in Johnson Canyon

☐ Kanab

Other Topics

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