

Southern Utah Oral History Project

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

INTERVIEW WITH: Don Mangum
INTERVIEWER: Suzi Montgomery
INTERVIEW NUMBER:
DATE OF INTERVIEW: Sept. 16, 1998
PLACE OF INTERVIEW: Home of Don Mangum in Cannonville
SUBJECTIVE OF INTERVIEW: Memories of Don Mangum
TRANSCRIBER: Vectra Solutions/MW
DATE: February 25, 1999

Begin Tape 1, Side 1

SM: This is an interview with Don Mangum, September 16, 1998. We are at his house in Cannonville. My name is Suzi Montgomery. Okay Don, just tell me a little bit about the surrounding area. I've been told you are one of the men who know most about the landscape in this area and you know every nook and cranny, so I just want you tell me a little bit about what surrounds Cannonville and, go ahead.

DM: You want to know where I was born?

SM: Yes, everything!

DM: Georgetown, three miles down to Yellow Creek. Used to be a town. It's a ghost town now. There's one cabin there, and my oldest brother built that cabin. I don't have anything to do with the farms anymore. My oldest brother and my Dad homesteaded there after the town broke up; two hundred and sixty acres. Homesteaded, two of them, right together.

SM: When did the town break up?

DM: Georgetown must have broke up somewhere around the turn of the century or shortly before; in the late 1800s they moved up here.

SM: Up where?

DM: To Cannonville. I've roamed these hills around here half my life (laughs). At least half of it or more. This highway right here, that's what we call the Bulldog Point.

SM: And that is the mountain?

DM: Yeah, well we call it the White Hill. The White Hill west of Cannonville. That's a beautiful view from out on that point there, and it's not very far out there. You can drive a vehicle right on to the point where you can look over without getting out.

SM: Do you have any memories of doing that as a younger boy?

DM: Oh yes, when I was real small, we used to go up this ridge here. We call it the Backbone. This is the red rock right here. This big rock that sets out, comes out, into the valley. We used to walk up there and there's a cave up there. You start in the cave and you have to have some light; we used to make torches, wrap a stick, you know, with bark and then rags around the bark so it would hold the bark solid. We'd take the torches and go down through the tunnel. There was another outlet, another opening, but you had to climb a little to get up to it, from the bottom of the cave. You had to climb up there. Many times I've gone up there and gone down through that cave (laughs). A bunch of boys could get together and make torches. We never had very many flashlights back then. This bench south of us here that breaks out there is what we call Georgetown Bench. That's between Cannonville and Georgetown. That's two miles over the bench to where the old town was there, just two miles. I used to walk to school when we farmed there. My dad would never move into town until all the crops was up, so I had to either walk or ride a horse to school for a month. Then about the first of October, we'd move in town for school.

SM: So let me get this straight. Is this after Georgetown was no longer a town, your father had a farm over there?

DM: Right. In fact, he farmed there for twenty-six years. During this time, I was born there. The old log house don't stand where the one I was born in. I was born there in 1921. The house that I was born in was torn down a long time ago. My brother's house still stands.

SM: What did the house look like?

DM: Where I was born? Okay, it was in a grove of cottonwood trees down in the field. Mother got tired of the irrigation water running around the house, you know, when they irrigate the alfalfa, so my Dad and a bunch got together and put it on skids and moved it up above the ditch. That's the part I remember. Actually, it was one big room, then we had a loft on top of the kitchen. I can remember I used to sleep up there. There were stairs to go up. I was just a little guy then, not very old (laughs). I'd sleep up there. The rest of the family, some of them, of course, they was gone, the older ones. My oldest brother was thirty-three when I was born, so half the family was married and gone with their own families, almost, before I come along. The rest of the family lived in the big room. We had beds all around the outside of the floor, all around it.

SM: Oh, so that's how you did it, You put beds along the walls and then you lived in the middle?

DM: Along the walls and we lived in the middle. It was quite a nice little kitchen. Dad built it so that he had the upstairs over the kitchen. There was one bedroom up there. In fact, I remember after Dad sold out, why we used to rent it. Me and some of my nephews, we lived down there. The old house was still livable then, so we just lived there in the summer months while we was farming (for the Ott brothers).

SM: So when you were little, I suppose you could smell breakfast cooking every morning when your Mom would get up, being right above the kitchen.

DM: Oh yeah. I was right above the kitchen.

SM: That must have been a nice way to wake up in the morning!

DM: Yeah. That's right.

SM: Tell me about your mother. What did she busy herself doing? How many children did she have all together?

DM: I'm the youngest of twelve. I have one brother that's still living. The rest of the family is all gone. I'm the youngest of twelve. My oldest brother was born when Mother was sixteen. I come along when she was forty-eight.

SM: That's unreal. Was she a hard worker?

DM: Hard. It was hard on them back then you know. The old scrubbin' board. Did you ever see one of them old scrubbin' boards? They washed the clothes on that. (They heated the flat iron on the stove to iron the clothes with.) You had to heat the water in the old stoves. The old coal range stoves had a warming oven on the back of them. They'd fill that up with water and then the heat from the stove would warm the water. Mother used to set a tub on when she got ready to do her washing. She'd just set the big tub on the stove, number two, to heat the water to do the washing. Then she'd just put the scrubbing board in there and some soap. They used to make their own soap.

SM: Do you remember how they made it?

DM: I don't know too much about the ingredients they used for that except the pigs. They'd use the grease from the pork, and they'd process it. Someone had to boil it, then put lye in it. That's one of the processes for soap.

SM: Where did they get lye?

DM: Well it was in the market place; lye was. That's what they used to make the soap with. It was good hand-making soap. You could get green with it (laughs).

SM: Where would you go to buy the lye?

DM: Oh, Cannonville, most of my life of growing up around here, why they had a store here. They had a mercantile store. In fact, there was two stores here when I was school age.

SM: Who were they run by? Do you remember?

DM: Angus Baldwin owned one of them. He started out with \$100 worth of groceries in a little building, one still stands down here, one store building till stands where he lived. Of course, they're all gone on before now. June Nelson had one. That's the lower one. The old store building still stands there too. It's got the old pump, the old hand pump. For a long time why he had a sign on it that said "too pooped to pump," after he quit using it.

SM: Is the sign still hanging on that?

DM: I don't think it's still there. I'm not that sure. Anyway, the old pump is still there out in front of the store. It still stands there. You had to pump the gas up in and then the pressure from the gas would tell how many gallons, and then you just take the hose and put it in the gas tank, open it up and then get what ever you wanted to. A gallon or two gallons, or whatever.

SM: So, did you drive cars?

DM: Cars come along by the time I got old enough, in fact, I had some old cars around here. Maybe we can't see Promise Rock from here. You can't see Promise Rock.

SM: You got some old cars back here in the yard?

DM: No I don't. I never did keep any. Promise Rock is the big rock that sets out. Have you been down toward Georgetown at all?

SM: I haven't. No, but Promise Rock is...

DM: The Promise Rock sets out across the creek.

SM: Southeast?

DM: Southeast. Yeah.

SM: Tell me about Promise Rock.

DM: Promise Rock. She promised a man that she'd marry him on Promise Rock. That's where it got it's name (chuckle). That's still something else. The kids still go over there and go on there. I was all over that half my life, that big rock. It's a beautiful rock. It sets out in the valley. You can get on to it on this side but it's easier to go around it and then come back in, then you can walk right up on an incline until you get out to the top.

SM: Tell me about some of your experiences on Promise Rock.

DM: We used to go over there and have a parties (chuckle). And we had some guitar players and we'd get up on there and we'd play the guitar and sing, and we'd dance.

SM: Did you sing your old time cowboy songs?

DM: Yeah (laughter).

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SM: We have a book sitting here on the table and it's a book Don bought at an old time cowboy song book. I've heard him sing a couple tunes out of it.

DM: Let me see if I can find one right quick. Page 54, I believe. "Home on the Range."

SM: Do you want to sing it?

DM: No. I can't sing.

SM: I've heard you sing. You're good. I do know that one.

DM: Do you know this one?

SM: Yes.

DM: And then there's one on 81 that's a pretty one. No, that's not it. Where did I get off on that one? "Utah Carl."

SM: Why don't you read the lines of you don't want to sing them on tape. Just read them out.

DM: "Utah Carl."

SM: Is this one of your favorites?

DM: Yes. This one. [He reads]

*Kind Friends you may ask me what makes me sad and still,
and why my brow is darkened like the clouds upon the hill.*

*Reign in your ponies closer and I'll tell to you a tale, of Utah Carl, my partner, and his
last ride on the trail.*

*We rode the range together, and we rode it side by side.
I loved him as a brother, and I wept when Utah died.
We were rounding up one morning and the work was almost done
when on the side they started on a maddenin', fearful run.
The boss-man's little daughter was holding on that side, she waved a bright red blanket.
They charged with maddened fear. Little Lenore, seeing the danger, knew she would
have to ride.
Leaning in the saddle, she flung the blanket in the air,
and leaning, lost her balance and fell in front of that wild tide. Utah! Wildly shouted
"Lay still Lenore," he said. His only hope was to raise her and catch her at a full speed,
as he oft times had been known to catch a trail rope off his steed. The cinches of his
saddle had not been felt before
and the back cinch snapped him under and he fell beside Lenore.
He picked up that red blanket and waved it o'er his head, and he started across the
prairie, "Just lie still Lenore," he said.
Well he got the stampede turned and he saved Lenore his friend,
then he turned to face the cattle and met his fatal end. When we broke the circle to where
Utah's body lay,
with many a bruise and wound, his good life ebbed away.*

SM: Great. And that's the Utah Carl?

DM: Yeah. Yup. There's quite a lot of the older ones in here. This is a new one here that I didn't know. I'd Like To Be In Texas For The Round Up In The Spring (laughs)

SM: So you were on Promise Rock and you'd be singing folk songs?

DM: Yeah, folk songs. We used to build us a big fire and have a big corn roast or whatever we had to eat over there.

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SM: Do you remember some of the guys? Was it girls and guys?

DM: I remember girls and guys. Yeah. I had the old car. I used to load up the old car and take them over; an old automobile. I had a 1928 Dodge. It was a Victory Dodge.

SM: What year was this?

DM: I believe it was '28.

SM: That you had this car? (laughs)

DM: I had the car. Yeah. In 1940. I worked for a man (Loren Twitchell) that lived here in the valley, and he was a trucker. He trucked for 35 years here. I worked for him. I went with him one trip up to Salt Lake, and I bought the old Dodge for fifty dollars! (laughs). He loaded it up on his truck and hauled it down here for me. I paid fifty dollars for it, and I drove it for three years! (Laughs).

SM: That's amazing; fifty dollars.

DM: When the CC's come here back in the '30s, they had their camp over here in Henrieville creek, right in the valley where the Henrieville drainage comes out. They had a big CC camp there. They had a movie house. I used to load up the kids and take them to the movies up to the CC camp.

SM: This is what year?

DM: Well, the camp came here in the late '20s, the CCs did. They was around here, oh, for several years. Some of the boys, we have one right here in town that stayed here. Hobert Feltner. He never did go back to Kentucky. There was a bunch of boys out of Kentucky.

He still lives here. He married and raised a family here.

SM: I've met him. Tell me about the CC camps. Why were they here?

DM: They were here to have something for the boys to do. The government had a program going so they could pay the boys a little money and a place to sleep, their eats, and all that. They done a lot of work around here. These big stockade corrals; maybe you noticed the one up here on the wash?

SM: Uh-huh. I have, on the left there?

DM: The CCs built them. They built a one out in what they call the Dry Valley out here. They built a big one, and they built one over in Sheep Crick; them stockades, and then they used to put in the abutments along the creeks where the roads come off into the creek, why they'd dig down and they had a caterpillar or two, you know, and they'd put posts in deep, and then they'd put net wire around the posts. They called 'em abutments. Some of them are still in. That's what the CC boys done. They built these roads. They built the road all the way to Willis Creek out here through the roughs. It's about twelve miles out there. I guess they fixed the road on what we called the Shepherd. Shepherd is on the way out in to the park Kodachrome? Have you been out to Kodachrome?

SM: Yes, I've hiked it.

DM: They built that road over the Shepherd. They call that the Shepherd because it was the only place where they could get the sheep through for several miles there. There used to be, what, 40,000 head of sheep in this country. At one time they had a big shearing pen down where the cricks come together; Henrieville Creek and Paria were they come together there. They had a big shearing corral right there, and they'd shear sheep all through the month of May every year. My oldest brother, Squire, I talk about him quite

a lot. He was quite a feller. He used to shear sheep.

SM: Oh yeah? Is that all he did?

DM: No. No. He was a trapper by heart, and a farmer. He had a farm over here. He homesteaded when Dad did. He used to trap coyotes.

SM: What would he trap coyotes for?

DM: Get the fur. The pelts used to be worth quite a lot of money back then.

SM: Who would he trade or sell the furs to?

DM: Well, he was a government trapper. He worked for the government. Do you want me to tell a little story about him?

SM: Um-hum.

DM: Him and a man that lived in this little house right over here, we called him Johnny Palmer, was the man's name, him and Johnny Palmer took an old model-T Ford and loaded up their supplies and headed down onto the reservation that's in Arizona, across the Colorado river, and they was gone down there for 30 days. They was trapping. When they came out of there, there was enough furs to get him \$1000. That was good pay back in them years you know.

SM: Oh yeah! I can only imagine. You could buy a lot with a \$1000 back then.

DM: They knew how to trap, so they just . . .

SM: You could buy twenty cars! (laughing)

DM: (Laughing) Yeah (laughs).

SM: So when he was across the river there in the reservation, did he befriend any Natives?
Native Indians?

DM: Oh yeah. In fact, he went to work for the Indian Service on the reservation in later years.
He retired from that. He lived in Kante.

SM: How do you spell that?

DM: I don't spell very well, but uh . . .

SM: Is it K, or . . .

DM: Yeah. It starts with a K.

SM: Does it sound like Kante or something like that? I just want . . .

DM: I believe that's the way you pronounce it.

SM: Okay.

DM: Some say Kayantee. I tried to come out with it so that it sounds more Indian.

SM: Do you remember any specific stories he told you about the Indians? I'm interested in
the relations that the people in these small towns had with the Indians in the area at that
time.

DM: There was some Indians that used to camp in some of the lots around here. An old cow man by the name of Johnny Davis brought the first cattle into here right around the turn of the century I guess, or sometime around there. They used to camp in his yard. The Indians would come here and bring blankets, Navajo rugs and blankets from the reservation up here, and then they would trade. They'd trade blankets for horses, or anything they could get to trade. They come in here quite regular after they got tamed down. It was pretty rough here when they first (laughs) came. Them old Navajos, boy, they was mean. Oooh.

SM: They did not want their lifestyle changed.

DM: Yeah. It's changed now. They used to swim across the river on their horses. I think they did it, it wouldn't of been high, I guess. There's another crossing; Crossing of the Fathers. Crossing of the Fathers sounds right. That's where quite a lot of them crossed, but a lot of them crossed down to the ferry.

SM: Did they use that? I was going to ask you, did they use Lee's Ferry to get across?

DM: It might have been before that. I don't know when they used to swim them. They used to swim their horses right across.

SM: That's a pretty raging river to do that isn't it?

DM: Well, that's rather quiet right there, where the ferry was, unless they got into one of those whirler-twirlers (chuckle). I can tell you a story about the Cattle Company that run down in House Rock Valley. Grand Canyon Cattle Company. One of my brother's rode for them. He was a cowboy. He was a real cowboy. I'm just amateur compared to him (Laughs). He rode for them, and when they moved them cattle out down there, what happened, they made a park out of it; the VT Park. It was before you get to the south

rim. They took that and made a park out of it, and that killed their summer range when they did that.

SM: Was the park at the north rim of the Grand Canyon the one that you're talking about?

DM: Yeah, so they had to do something. They couldn't go on the mountain in the summer, and it was too hot in the desert for their cows, so they moved them out, those cattle out. They trailed them and took them around the ferry, and they swam the herd. I don't know how many they had.

End of Tape 1, Side 1

Begin of Tape 1, Side 2

DM: . . . strung out for 5 miles. The leaders was over to the highway that crossed where the bridge was. When they got them all across, the leaders were five miles out. There was that many!

SM: Wow? How many do you think? Give a ball park.

DM: 5000 (laughs).

SM: Whoa!

DM: My brother was, I'm not sure if he was with the cattle when they pulled out or not. I couldn't say that, but, anyway, he worked for the Grand Canyon Cattle Company in House Rock Valley.

SM: So you don't know if your brother was actually involved in that moving of the cattle?

DM: I'm not sure about that, but my brother Grant was down to the ferry when they crossed.

SM: I see.

DM: One of my other brothers, but he wasn't the cowboy type. He was different, but anyway, he was there when they crossed, and he says they was strung out for five miles when they got the tail-end out of the canyon.

SM: Unbelievable. So where did they set up their new . . .

DM: I think they went in to New Mexico with the cows. I believe they just trailed them right on into New Mexico. There used to be a lot of cattle around Rayma. What's the name of that town on 66 out that way? Albuquerque? That sounds right. Rayma is only about 30 miles, and there's a lot of cattle in that area there. I think they went into New Mexico.

SM: As you were growing up, would you call yourself a cowboy?

DM: Well, I didn't do that much riding until later years. In fact, I done a hitch in the army before I ever got started to riding that much, but I have done cowboying.

SM: Oh yeah. Tell me about that?

DM: Right here with Bob Ott.

SM: Bob Ott.

DM: Bob Ott was one of the cowboys. I worked for him and my son-in-law, Ed Dunham, has cows now. I go out with him occasionally. I was just out the other day, and we moved his cows from one pasture to another up on the summer range here. I have helped on the

docking - the calves. We done fifty-head, I think, down here in Bob's corral. One day he had chute, and he had a table to put them on. They'd go in to the chute, and then he'd tip it and it would throw them on their side. It was more of a modern way of doing it.

SM: Of doing what?

DM: Doing the docking.

SM: Can you explain that? Docking?

DM: Well, on the males, they have to take them out.

SM: Okay. So it's castration?

DM: Yeah, the castration type thing, but they gotten modern thing where they use a rubber. They put a rubber on them. They have an outfit that's about that long, and it's got a, it's like a pair of pliers. It's got prongs sticking out on it. You stick the rubber over there, and then you just put it up on there as far as you can and then just pull the tongs out and it's right up against them. I think that's not very good way to do it. They fall off you know.

SM: Oh really? So they just cut the blood circulation off.

DM: It's cuts the blood circulation off. That's the way they do it now, but the used to do it with a pocket knife (laughing).

SM: Did you ever indulge in the delicacy of these parts called Prairie Oysters?

DM: What?

SM: Did you ever indulge in what's known as a delicacy in these parts called Prairie Oysters?

DM: No.

SM: I heard of that during some interviews.

DM: I never did do that. I knew of people using their teeth with the sheep, they did with their teeth; pull them out with their teeth.

SM: People would do that, but then they would eat that part, and it would be called Prairie Oysters (laughter)

DM: Well I never tried that, but I can't see where they'd be a lot wrong, it's just another part of an animal, but I never did go for anything like that, but I have cowboied 35 years. I have done some of it.

SM: How often do you go out?

DM: Well, less now, but after I retired, why, I went quite regular. Ralph Chynoweth, another one that's in the cow business over to Henrieville. I used to go down below and camp with him in the winter, and he'd go down on the winter range. We used to go down and rough it out down there and move the cows around.

SM: Tell me about a trip that you did with Ralph Chynoweth. Moving the cows in the winter. Was the snow just incredibly deep? Tell me about it. Was it freezing?

DM: Well, there was never that much snow when I was doing it, but it was cold. Had a tent with a stove in it. Phew! Makes me shiver to even think about it!(laughter)

SM: I bet. How cold was it?

DM: Cold! I don't know. Down there it didn't get awful bad, I guess. Maybe down to 5° or 10° above, unless the wind was blowin', you'd get the wind factor you know.

SM: So what would you do down there? How would you get the cows together?

DM: Well, especially in the spring, is the time to gather. I was down there. The longest I was out was five nights and six days out there on the range. That long. That's the longest at one time I was ever out there. We was gathering then. We had to gather and it was rough country! We had them on what they called the Brigham Plains. There's some places back in there, and the old cows would get around in there and get hid. They'd hide up quite a time. (chuckle) It used to be a lot of fun. Now I'm just about away from that. I help Ed once in awhile, my son-in-law. I've never been out with Ralph for a long time though. Bob, he quit asking me to help. I guess his boys grew up, and they do a lot of it for him now. I did help Bob quite a lot; on the summer range too on the mountain back here, on the East Fork. Oh it's quite an experience. Horses are odd creatures.

SM: Horses?

DM: You might think they're gentle. A little story; we was just leaving the corral down here, Bob's corral down on the bottom below town, to take a herd up on the bench over here. They called it Coal Bench back there. They had a white bull that they left in the pasture. I was trailing right along the fence and, man, my old saddle horse, he was gentle, he seen that bull, and man did he come unwound! (laughter) If he hadn't been bucking up hill a little bit in the grade there, boy, he'd a lost me! (laughing), but I finally got him shut down before he throwed me off. He was gentle, but that's what I mean. See. He thought he'd seen a white elephant for sure! (laughter). If I'd a got throwed off it might not be so funny, but it was kinda funny the way it was!

SM: Pretty scary too! So you'd say that horses are unpredictable?

DM: Oh yeah! Them old things! Well, when you're least expecting it you know (laughing). I didn't have any idea he'd buck with me! But he did! (laughing)

SM: So that was your horse?

DM: Yeah. Old sorrel horse. I called him Lewis. He was eighteen years old. Been around cows all his life. He seen that white bull and, boy, I'll tell you know, I was pulling leather for a few minutes (laughing).

SM: Have you ever been bucked off a horse?

DM: Oh yeah. I've been throwed off. Yeah. Most people have been throwed from horses (laughs).

SM: Who do you think your best horse was? What was your favorite horse?

DM: The best one I broke him myself. It was a mustang off the west desert. Got him when he was two years old. He was broke to lead, and that was all. He'd never been gelded or anything, and I had that done. Earl Jolley is dead now, but he was a good hand at that, and I had him take care of that right here in the corral. Soon as he healed up, I got my boy that lives in this next trailer down here, Ben, he's a pretty good little hand with a horse. I got him to help me. I had an old roan horse, who was a wild-rope saddle horse. He as the gentlest thing I ever seen.

SM: An old what horse?

DM: Roan?

SM: Roan horse.

DM: Yeah. They use to call them steel dust and copper bottom.

SM: Why is that?

DM: You could go all day (laughs).

SM: Really?

DM: They'd stay right with you, but anyway, he was getting older, this horse was. He was well broke. We tied the little mustang solid to the stockade there. Ben got on him, he only had about that much length on the rope where he had him tied. He threw Ben off! (laughs).

SM: Really?

DM: So he got up, and he monkeyed with him, and put his foot in the stirrup and swing on, then he'd swing right off, then he'd swing on and swing off for a little bit. Then when he set up there, why he never did try it again.

SM: I wonder why that worked?

DM: Well, that was the first time. He'd had the saddle on him before, but he never tried to get on before. We got him lose; untied him after he'd been tied up all night. Got my old roan horse up there and got up on him and took the rope and dallied it on the horn. Threw the dally on the horn and led him around the corral for a little bit, for a few circles around the corral. I don't remember whether we had somebody to open the gate or not, but anyhow, I had to drag him, almost, out of the corral (chuckle). We did get

him out of the corral and got him started down along over on the other side of the oil here, straight down there.

SM: And after that he was fine?

DM: Soon as we got him going, why, he was pretty good. We done that for several days, every day. After he got to going pretty good, why, then I'd take him and go alone. I'd just take him and go out here 5 or 6 miles and back, and then I'd stretch it out a little farther. I rode that horse everyday but Sunday for 30 days. I didn't let up on him. I wanted to tell you, that winter, I had him in the corral all winter, and he was in there alone. There was nothing with him. Every time I walked up to him, I had something in my hand for him. I had a rope hanging down about this long, walk up to him and take a hold of that rope and then let him eat out of my hand (laughs). Yep. He was the best one when I finally got him broke.

SM: What was his name?

DM: Snorts was his name, and how he got that name, when we put him in the corral and I left the lasso around upon him and let him drag, when I first put him in, then he run across that corral and turned around and let out a snort. You could a heard it (laughs) for a mile down the road. So he got that name, Snorts, but he was good. He wasn't very big, but he could pack me all day. He was a mustang off the west desert.

SM: Are there a lot of wild mustangs out there?

DM: Oh yeah. There used to be more, but there's still some.

SM: Just running around out there?

DM: Yeah. I got some new muscles on that power saw yesterday (laughs).

SM: What other wild animals would you come across out there in the country? What have you seen out there? Have you seen any cougars?

DM: I've never seen a cougar in all of my experience on the range. I've been pretty close sometimes, so you see, you sit down on the ridge after you been walking. I used to hunt a lot out here. I'd hunt on foot quite a lot, just pack my rifle and go hunt. You'd set down to rest, and look down there and see a big cougar's track about that big around! (laughs) Just as fresh as it could be, and the hair come up on the back (laughs) of my neck. I guess that's about as close as I ever got one. We come on the kill, one of my brother's and I, come on the kill out there one time where they'd just killed an old doe. I think we was pretty close, but we never did see him. Never did see the cougar. The kill was fresh, real fresh, so I don't think he was very far from there (chuckle).

SM: Just killed by a cougar?

DM: Yeah. A cougar killed it. We didn't quite see it, but it was fresh.

SM: How did you know it was a cougar?

DM: Well, you can tell by the tracks, for one thing. He tore the top off of the ridge, the old doe put up a pretty good fight, I guess, for a little bit. It looked like it. It was all tore up all around. The old cougar track was there.

SM: Have you ever seen other bears anywhere in this area? I know I've heard they're in the LaSal Mountains.

DM: Yeah. There's bear here, back on this range here that we call Griffin, back there.

SM: Is that near the Escalante Mountain there?

DM: That's between here and Escalante.

SM: Okay.

DM: Only back to the north farther. The Griffin tops. They used to go over that way to Escalante. They couldn't go around here. They used to go right over the mountain there. It got real bad in the winter time. They was snowed in over there in Escalante, quite a bit (chuckle). There was a bear back there. The choppers used to camp up there on the Griffin when they was choppin' spruce. They seen the bear. In fact, one of them come around the camp there. I guess there must have been some of the women folk staying with their husbands. It got kind of spooky! (chuckle). They'd come around the trailer. I guess they'd see them quite often when they was cutting timber.

SM: I see.

DM: You know, cutting saw timber.

SM: Was there a mill back then at that time?

DM: Well, there was mill in Panguitch, the Kaibab Industries. It come out of Arizona up here, and they had a mill in there for years. I retired from there.

SM: Oh did you?

DM: Oh yeah.

SM: Tell me about that experience.

DM: I retired from, when I moved back here in the spring of 1960, why I started to chopping. I had my power-saw, and I started in the timber that year. I remember the ninth of May, 1960, I started chopping for them. I worked in the timber for five years, and I went in the planer department in the saw mill. I worked on the planer. I put in 22 years.

SM: Describe what a planer does.

DM: The planer, that's where they make it smooth like this. That's where they make the boards. I used to stack them. Called it slick chain. I stacked lumber for a long time, then I finally got some bids. They had a bid system, and I bid on the re-saw, then I'd make 1 inch out of 2 inches through the re-saw; band-saw. I done that for 10 years on the re-saw. I was getting up there anyhow, so it was about time to retire anyhow, so I pulled out but, anyway, that was quite an experience, that planer mill. I got acquainted with a lot of guys. I had a lot of good buddies over there in the mill. I used to go back once in a while for a while after I retired, and visit with them a little bit.

SM: Is that still going on now?

DM: No. They closed it out. It started breaking down, and there was two or three of the bosses retired too, shortly after I did. I think the younger generation, I don't believe they wanted the saw mill. The older men retired, I guess, the bosses, and done something else. They was in the petroleum too, Kaibab was. They had a lot of stuff in Phoenix. That's where headquarters was, the Kaibab Industries.

SM: Is there still plenty of resource?

DM: What?

SM: Is there still plenty of resource like wood, to keep it going had they wanted to?

DM: Well, I think there was, but I don't believe the younger generation wanted it. They just wanted out. That's my feeling on it. There's a big one over here in Escalante. There's a lot of logs goes right by here. That saw mill come out of northwest. I can't remember the name. They have a lumber name, but names is terrible. I can't remember names (chuckle).

SM: So, you basically, what did you do after you finished school, right after your school? You went into the army, you said?

DM: Right after school?

SM: Um-hum.

DM: Well, I was around for a while after. I herded sheep some. Yeah.

SM: Is that where you had your experiences with . . .

DM: No. I didn't do very much herding around here. Some around here, the rest took place in 1960-61 after I remarried and came back to Cannonville. But I went out on the west desert for some people that lived in Circleville. Cannons were their name. I herded for them out on the west desert in the spring, and I drove the water truck more than I herded sheep (chuckle). I had to haul water to them. Those old ewes, they had what they called Antelope Spring, and had it run into kind of a reservoir, and had a gas water pump, and a big tank on the truck, 2-ton. I'd back up to that, drop the hose in and start the pump, a little motor, and let the tank fill up. Then I had troughs scattered all over the place, and if you didn't get the water to them, why, them old ewes would leave their lambs, because they were dry and wanted a drink of water (chuckle). I hauled water quite a lot, and I hauled wool too. They sheared on the desert in the spring. I hauled wool into Milford in big old sacks. I had to roll them up a pole to get them on the truck. I had two poles

separated so that the sack, and then just roll them up.

SM: And Milford was what?

DM: Huh?

SM: You said you took the wool to Milford?

DM: To the train. Load it on the train in Milford. I don't know where it went from there. Gone! (laughter). Oh, I've done a lot of things. Herded goats when I was a little guy. There was a man here in Cannonville who had 200-head of goats. He had these corrals that crossed the crick here right by the hill there. Bill Nelson owns it now. He had some corrals back in there. Me and my nephew, twenty-five cents a day, and we had to pack our own lunch. We'd go turn them goats out and herd them over in Wild Cat, this next canyon over going into Henrieville. Those goats would go right up those trees, and they liked the pinion needles. They'd eat them. They'd walk right up the trees, just like I did when I was young (chuckle).

SM: I can't believe they would walk right up a tree!

DM: Yeah, well, the limbs. They'd get up in the limbs, and then the limbs kind of project out, and they'd just go right up there. They was comical things, them goats! We corralled them every night, then we'd turn them out in the day time and let them graze. Twenty-five cents a day, and we had to pack our lunch! I don't think you can buy a sandwich for twenty-five cents now. (laughing)

SM: Big money!

DM: Big money!

SM: What kind of goats were they?

DM: Angora. The hair was beautiful, the Angora.

SM: Were they sheared too?

DM: They'd shear them in the spring, get the hair. I guess it was worth quite a lot of money back then.

SM: Angora sweaters are coming back in now too. So, then after sheep herding in the West Desert, what did you do after that?

DM: Well, I went in the military in '43.

SM: What was that like?

DM: The army? It was pretty rough. I went down in Louisiana for my basic-training with heavy maintenance ordinance. Our company overhauled and fixed heavy equipment. There was 300 hundred of us down there in Camp Claiborne, Louisiana. When it start to rain, it would rain for three days without stopping (chuckling). Chigger bites and heat rash. I was down there for four months.

SM: Did you hate every minute of it?

DM: Oh, dear me! I didn't like Louisiana. We come out to the Mohave Desert, down in the lower end of the Mohave, in California. Indio and Palm Springs. We come out to there and set up a big, what do they call them? Hanger? Yeah. Hanger-type things. Do equipment. Pitched them big tents, and that was a dry heat, but oh it was it hot! We come out there in July (laughs).

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SM: You went from really moist, humid, hot to . .

DM: We come out there in March and . . . wait a minute. We come out there in July. Right in the middle of July and set that thing up, and stayed there until March, then they shipped us over seas. It was about a year, about a year I'd been in by then; shipped us overseas. Went over in Europe and was over there in Europe for 27 months during World War II.

End Tape 1, Side 2

Begin Tape 2, Side 1

SM: This is tape two of the interview of Don Mangum on September 16, 1998, and we're talking about his experience after the Mojave Desert. He'd been in the army a year, and now he's been shipped over to Europe. Where were you shipped in Europe?

DM: We went back to New Jersey. We were stationed there for a little while. We got messed up and had to be around there for awhile before we shipped over. They put us on a British freighter; one of them old freighters. We was right on the bottom (chuckle).

SM: Underneath?

DM: Down in that tub. Wow!. Talk about slow; 15 knots.

SM: And you were down in . . . explain that. They shipped you guys, they put you underneath? Under the deck?

DM: Yeah. Right under the deck.

SM: Why was that?

DM: Well, I guess that's all the room they had.

SM: Explain, what did it look like down there?

DM: Well, it wasn't very pleasant. We had to sleep on the tables and eat off of them too. All I had to throw over me was just get on the table and throw a big overcoat over me; maybe use my shirt for a pillow (chuckle) For three days I was too sick to die. That's the reason I'm here; sea sick. Oh, man! Whew! Dry heaves. I'd just go up and hang over the deck and try to get rid of it, and there was nothing to get rid of (chuckling). I started to eat, and when I started to eat, why, I'd eat anything I could get my hands on. They had some loaves of bread that you could mop out the sides the boat with it; French loaves, if you could throw it hard enough (laughing), but I didn't care. I ate it. I got everything. Every time I got a chance to eat, I would eat, and then I was all right after that. After three days, why, I done pretty good, but was on that thing for 15 days in that old tub. We got into a storm one night, and I, like I told you, I had just a table and my shirt for a pillow and an overcoat; one of them big army overcoats throwed over me, and I'd just get settled down right good, and then she'd (making a whooshing sound) up over a wave, and I'd go off, right down the table (laughing). I'd get myself gathered up again, just get settled down (laughing), and then water was scumming up over the deck. Wow! Them big high waves, you know (whew).

SM: So were you scared? Do you remember being scared?

DM: I don't remember being too scared about it. I don't know. It wasn't very pleasant. It wasn't too bad when the storm was over. Things leveled off a little bit. The waves were pretty high. South Hampton is where we landed, South Hampton, England.

SM: You were a long way from home.

DM: Yeah. I was in England from March to August, and D-day was . . . no. Let's see. Was it D-Day? It was in June. Wasn't it?

SM: I think so. The fourteenth.

DM: Those beach heads on France across the channel.

SM: Were you part of doing heavy machinery still?

DM: I drove truck mostly.

SM: You drove a truck?

DM: Yeah. I drove a truck. We was in England from March until August. There was 900 girls working over there in an ammunition plant. Some of them was from Ireland; Irish girls. I got with an English girl there. I don't know what happened.

SM: Had a romance.

DM: (Laughs). Anyway, we got married over there before I come home, but it didn't work.

DM: We lived together 11 years. I finally moved into Salt Lake, and that's where it broke up.

SM: Where did you live together for 11 years?

DM: Well, Cannonville for 3 years, and then went out in Roosevelt, Uintah Basin, for a year. And then Salt Lake for 11 years.

SM: Was she home sick?

DM: Had a family, and she got tired of me and kicked me out. Now it's 40 years Louise and I been married. It was a good one. It worked. I've got some good kids, but I don't seem 'em very often. Some of them are still in Salt Lake, and one's in Nephi. I got one in Idaho, one in Ivans, my first wife. We only had one, Louise and I, and she had five when I married her (chuckle). So that's got to have been mine, yours, and ours.

SM: What is it?

DM: Mine, yours, and ours (both chuckling).

SM: That's how you distinguish huh? Well, I have pretty much asked you all the questions I wanted to. You might want to take a break. Do you have anything you want to add? For the record?

DM: (Chuckling). Are you going to put this in a book about Garfield County?

SM: Well, it won't be a book. We're not compiling a book. It will be transcribed and put into a historical record.

DM: Historical record?

SM: Yeah, in the archives, and then if people want to use things for publications and things, they can pull it out. You never know what will be compiled later, but we don't have any plans for a book right now.

DM: I see. Uh-huh. When we went in on the Omaha Beach . . . we landed on the Omaha beach. I've never seen a mess in my life; those barges, along Utah and Omaha beach heads. Terrible! We lost a lot of men right there.

SM: Did you see the fighting actually?

DM: I didn't get into the action on the beach. We went in after. See, that was in June when that happened, and we didn't go until August, but there was still some snipers around. We was guarding the stockade right on the coast; a German stockade, and when that Belgium Bulls come along when they pushed back the Germans, pushed back, we doubled our guard on the stockade. Man! That was spooky!

SM: You didn't know what was going on?

DM: We didn't know then exactly, you know, if they'd a pushed back very far, but the thing that happened there, they turned on Russia, see, Hitler did. Hitler turned on Russia, and that's what won the day for us, when he turned, went another direction, why, then, we picked up our . . . you know, got more troops in. It takes awhile to get them in you know.

SM: Sure.

DM: We got more troops in and got set up, and it wasn't very long after that until we got them. They give up.

SM: You were there for how long?

DM: Well, I was over seas for 27 months altogether. That's quite a stretch, you know. We went into Germany after the war ended, as MPs. We come home shortly after the war ended. I was about due to come home after that long time

SM: You came back to do what?

DM: What?

SM: You came back, and did you get right into timber or . . .

DM: No. No. I done trucking for myself for three years, right here. Jobs was pretty scarce. It was a little rough. Adjusted again.

SM: Your new wife.

DM: Having a new wife. It was kind of hard, and she didn't like here it either, so I moved her out, and then I left her in Salt Lake. I wanted to come back home, and Louise was born and raised in Beaver, so she's not very far from her hometown although Louise had never even heard of Cannonville before. So I come down here and got into the lumber industry and retired from that. Didn't like it, but I didn't have no choice. Had to stay with it. I'm glad I did. Got a pretty good pension out of it. (After I got Louise here she wouldn't move anywhere else, but I tried to get her to.)

SM: It was hard work.

DM: Yeah.

SM: Working for somebody else.

DM: Yeah. It was pretty hard. Jack of all trades and master of none of them (laughter). I've done about everything. You name it and I've done it.

SM: Are you enjoying yourself now?

DM: I've really enjoyed my retirement.

SM: Good.

DM: But now asthma's come on me , so I have to be a little more careful than I have been in the past. That roughing it out, I can't do that no more. I have to take that little camp with me when I go.

SM: Well you camped down with us in the Paria. That was pretty amazing. I loved that!

DM: Yeah.

SM: That was great.

DM: They're going to take their mechanism down to see if they can find the graves I guess, and Charlie and I are going down with some other guys. We're going to put those crosses up down there. We haven't give that up yet. Hopefully, towards the first of October.

SM: Excellent! Is that with the BLM down there?

DM: Yes. The BLM

SM: Doug McFadden?

DM: Yeah.

SM: Good. I'm glad to hear that. You've kept up with that project.

DM: Well, I hope we can get that wound up and get those crosses in. Charlie and I done the work on the fence, and, you know, it'll look like something.

SM: And it's good, you can actually find out where the bodies are so you can do it properly.

DM: So we can put the crosses up right. I've got a little history in there. I've gathered a little more and I found out that my Dad was ordained a deacon down in Paria.

SM: Really? Wow! How did you find that out?

DM: It's in some record I got.

SM: Interesting. Now did he run sheep over there? Is that his connection to Paria was? Did he herd sheep?

DM: No. They mainly had cows back then, but I don't think Dad had every had very many cows. He had some, but he used to herd sheep when he was younger. My Dad herded sheep, but not down there. It was in this area, well, it was for some people out at Kanab, but he used to go on the summer range, I think, in the higher country with the sheep.

SM: So what was your connection down in Paria?

DM: Well, my Grandfather raised corn down there. He helped feed the Indians; tame them down, kind of get them so they . . . thought maybe we was helping them instead of fighting them (chuckle). One of the other old boys, let's see, I can't think of his name, but, anyway, he said it was cheaper to feed them than it is to fight them (laughing). My grandfather did that. They had 13 children. He married Marianne Adair. She was a midwife. She took care of the women when they had their births. She was one of the best, they said.

SM: I actually have heard about her through other interviews.

DM: Marianne?

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SM: Adair. Yeah.

DM: Yeah. My grandfather's wife.

SM: Oh. It all comes together in the larger picture.

DM: Yep. Yep.

DM: I guess, probably, I don't know. I could sit here and talk all day I suppose (laughing).

SM: Well we can shut this interview off, and if we want to do it again, we can do another one.
How's that? Does that sound good?

DM: Yeah. I wanted to show you that bit of information I got there and kind of let you browse through it. If you want to. Maybe you have one of them? I don't know.

SM: I might take a copy of that or borrow it for the record. We'll see. Thanks so much for the interview.

End Tape 2, Side 1

End Interview

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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,

I, Don Carlos Mangum
please print or type your name

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Interview Description

Date of Interview February 25, 1999

Primary Subject Memories of Don Mangum

Other Topics _____

Number of Tapes 2

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