INTerview WITH: Sears Willis, Julia Vern Willis
INTERVIEWER: Vernon A. Condie
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The following interview was part of a project that Vernon A. Condie worked on in the early 1960s when he was a park ranger for Bryce Canyon National Park. The purpose of Mr. Condie’s project was to collect local oral histories in order to enhance archival material for Bryce Canyon National Park. Through collaboration with Mr. Condie, this interview was copied from the original transcription and taped interview, both currently in Mr. Condie’s possession. The Willis Family has donated the interview to the Southern Utah Oral History Project.

VC: We are at the home of Sears Willis in Henrieville with the intention of getting some first hand information on the history of Henrieville and other communities under The Dump. Also with reference to some of the early hunting and trapping that went on in this country. Mr. Sears Willis is the father of Roy Willis and Mrs. Willis (Roy’s Mother) here with us also. So we’ll just turn the time over to these folks and let them tell us what they can about the early history of this area.

SW: My wife and I were married in 1915, here in Henrieville. And I had an uncle that was a forest ranger at that time. And we were married in February and along about June or July, why we went up to Davis Holler’s Ranger Station where he was living. Went up horseback. We went through Bryce Canyon and when we got up there why just a little after lunchtime, they fixed us lunch and he says, “Would you like to go up and see Bryce’s Canyon.” I said, “Well, yes, I wouldn’t mind going up.” He said, “I’ve got something to show you up there.” I’d seen Bryce Canyon before, but didn’t think much of it. It was just a canyon to me. Well, he’d taken us up and we looked at the canyon
round the rim, around the rim there where the lodge is now and the inn there. He says, “Sears, I want you to take up a homestead here right down through this SW:ale.” He said, “I can fix it that there won’t be too much timber in it.” And he says, “Someday this is going to be a scenic place.” He said, “Everybody in the world will come and see this after they been, it’s [been] advertised. He says, “You can make your home here and there you can raise cows for a dairy. I had a few cattle cows bring up here and a dairy. You can raise a little dry land grain, something, and hybrid oats for a few years to prove upon it. Then you sell it.” Well, I couldn’t see that. It didn’t look very favorable to me.

(Laughter) {Inaudible} ... Canyon, to go up there and live just for that canyon. So, I turned it down anyway. I told him, “Well, we’d think about it.” I never thought anymore about going up there... And I don’t know if it was that fall or the next spring that Ruby Syrett moved in there.

VC: Put up his lodge?

SW: Put up his lodge. He got permission to put up a lodge. He didn’t homestead any ground.

See, that’s when he sold it out, he sold it for $175,000. Wasn’t...

VC: Well, I think that Earl was telling me that Union Pacific bought it and they gave him eight or ten thousand dollars for his buildings.

SW: Oh. That’s it, yeah. But it was a School Section to start with where he had his stuff:

VC: And, uh, so they wouldn’t, they couldn’t sell it. But they could lease it. The Whittaker Brothers had it on lease and they told him he could put up a building.

SW: Yeah. They had it on lease for cattle.

VC: Cattle, that’s the story that they told us.
SW: Ya! Well, I understood, well, I might of got it wrong, but I understood that he got quite a price for it. Well, I guess all he had was just his rights.

VC: Just the rights and his buildings.

SW: Buildings, yeah, and then after, why then he homesteaded down where they got that place now, Ruby did...I...

VC: Yeah. He started the place down there and he was going up there taking people up there to see the canyon.


VC: Who was your uncle?

SW: Elias Smith.

VC: Elias Smith?

SW: Elias Smith.

VC: Oh yeah. Well, you’ve heard him mentioned before in some history because he was the one that got Mr. Humphreys, the forest supervisor, over there to look at it.

SW: Yeah. Uh huh.

VC: And he started advertising it?

SW: Yes. He was quite interested in it, see, but I just didn’t study it enough. And you know didn’t care for...I’ve been in those canyons before and around in the rough country. Lived here all my life in rough country. I couldn’t see anything for me up there. And then in 19 and 19 I started to work for the forest or government as a government trapper. And George E. Holman was my supervisor. He’s from Salt Lake. I trapped for 19 years for the government. I had trapped some, I’d herded sheep before that, and trapped some
around the sheep herds and that's how I come to get this job cause the sheep men
recommended me for being around their herds you know and shootin' coyotes and
trappin' 'em and savin' their sheep. Well, after I started, why, they was at that time, they
was giving trappers, a' sending them a newsletter every month and on this newsletter
they give the trappers that got 12 points or over...now a coyote counted 1 point, a lion
counted 10, a bear counted 10, and a wolf counted 10 points. Well, the ones that got 12
points or over, their names would be in this news. They called it an 'honor roll'. On this
list so...I started in right off the bat. My name was right up at the lead. Some of the
trappers had been trapping for the government 9, 10, 15 years, see. And a 'course I made
a big hit right quick. This country had never been trapped too much either and I was on
to the game and knew the country. So's I went along...there's 117 trappers now. When I
started to trap. An' I got 95 dollars a month, furnished everything; horses, food, feed and
everything, when I started. Well, I went along 'til I trapped a few lions and then
poisoned a few and I knew that you could catch them with dogs. An old fellow down
here on the Kaibab; Brother Jones, Mr. Jones.

VC: Jones. Yeah...

SW: Yeah.

VC: He used to get 'em up in Yellowstone, too.

SW: Yeah. He, I know he got 'em with dogs so I made it a point to get a dog from another
uncle of mine, Ben Swapp, that lived down to Kanab. So, he got me a dog down there
'course I didn't use it too much out a huntin'. Just used it on the trap line. Well, it
wasn't very long 'til this other fellow came along with a dog and I got that from him. It
was just a half-breed an’ finally I got another half-breed dog. Well, I lost those two and then I got me another half-breed and, well, there was two half-breed dogs. I had just half-breed hounds. And I got one in Escalante, well, one of ‘em I’d raised out of these other dogs; the one I got in Escalante. And the first lion I got with the dogs come a fresh snow in the fall of the year, along in October. I went up here at this old Smith Ranch and struck a big old lion track. Well, the dogs, the old dog took it right now ‘cause he’d been used to trackin’ cats and coyotes and such as that. It was along late in the afternoon an’ they went over in this rough country and by night, why, time it was gettin dark, why, I got into some real rough country. Had to leave my horse and go-a-foot. An’ I had to walk about three miles up through the rough country, up where they had this…, I met this one dog, this youngest one, a comin’ back, an’ just as soon as he seen me he turned and went back again. I, but this one old dog wouldn’t bark very much. And I kept followin’ him them until I could find a track. And finally I could hear the old dog a bayin’, see. I went up and had a big old male lion in the tree. An’ I threwed snow. They didn’t know where the lion was, this young dog didn’t. I threwed snowballs at it, at the lion to show ‘em where it was at, then he was ready to try to climb the tree, see.

VC: Uh huh.

SW: ‘Found out where it was at, that’s the way I had of trainin’ him, what they do, where they went to when their tracks left the ground. Well, I went to work, and uh, shot it out and skinned it there an’ took care off the head an’ the old big feet. I didn’t skin the feet out, but the head out. It was supposed to save the skull so that they could clean it and sent that in with the hide so they could have it mounted, or put into a rug, or…An’ it was way
in the night when I got home here. An’ mother here was in bed with Roy, here. An’ they was all three worried when I got in; way in the night when I got in here. I was proud to get, get that lion. Ha! I started from there then and then I got more dogs and hunted more lions, hunted lions all over this southern part of Utah, down in northern part of Arizona. I got the most of the lion that I got, that’s got in, down around Orderville, between Orderville and around the head of Zion.

VC:  Oh, yeah?

SW:  At that time, that time, the forest or the park fed my horses and boarded me in Zion.

VC:  Zion?

SW:  In Zion, at that time, they was just slaughterin’ the deer and then they had Mountain Sheep in there too, so...

VC:  Uh huh.

SW:  Then the stockmen had their sheep. Their sheep there in the summer and they was killin’ their sheep, them lions. Well, that’s where I made a big hit and made a sure I was goin’ down there. I went down there for about 9 years, I guess, I think. And then I and my brother, my older brother; he got to trappin’ for the government and he went down there with us one year. We started out here in Willis Creek that fall in October, and we follarred the pink ledges clear around to Kanarra, then we went up through and back and come down Bear Valley. And it was on the 8th day of April when we come out from to Bear Valley.

VC:  Who was your brother?

SW:  John, John Willis. He died here...We got 42 lion that winter on that trip.
VC: 42?

SW: Yep. Young ones and old ones. We got the young ones and sent [them] into Salt Lake. Got 4 young ones and sent them into Salt Lake.

VC: Alive?

SW: Alive.

VC: Oh, what’d they do? Put ‘em in the zoo or something?

SW: They put ‘em in the zoo, an’ I got, oh I got several young ones and sent [them] in to ‘em. Got, went down there again and I got three (3). But that Holman come and got them. Then I had another experience that was quite a thrill to me. Had these wolves. They’s the ones down in House Rock Valley, called him Old Three Toe. Had this toe taken off his left front foot.

VC: The next to the little toe, huh?

SW: No. The...yeah. The next to the little one. We called him Old Three Toe and some called him Three Fingers. An’ they’s offerin’ a thousand dollar ($1,000.00) reward for anybody that could trap ‘em. I was trappin down there; that was the first year that they opened deer season. An’ I got hydrophobia, got bit with a coyote.

VC: You did?

SW: Ah uh. I was 31 days over there in the Panguitch hospital. They treated me, had to send off and get the serum to treat me.

VC: Yeah?

SW: An’ I never even got to come home. Soon as I was ready to leave the hospital, the fellow, the field man come down and picked me up and took me back. I...down, camped right in
Jacob Lake, at the time. An' that's where my horses and camp was, an' the traps was out there. An' he said that he wanted to go down an' poison the hock of a deer. That was the first year that they allowed them to hunt deer on the Kaibab. So, I went down and pulled up what traps I could find. The deer got in some and carried 'em off, out and some had took 'em off. Then, we went down in what they called Big Saddle, right down by the Grand Canyon, on the floor of the mesa.

VC: Is that, is that in the park area now?

SW: Yes, yeah. That'd be in the park now. You may...have you heard of Boat Mountain? No Man Mountain? Steam Boat Mountain?...Back south...canyon back there...And uh, well, we camped all over where they had ...'course they had some hunt camps in there. Men brought their tent and horses, they furnished the guide. They was in there with guides to take the hunters out. We got in there and got set up. We had our stuff a comin' in. And this Burt Turner was a trapper, government trapper, trapped for years and he been catchin' these wolves over here on the San Rafael Desert. He cleaned 'em all out. There's 7 or 8 of 'em got started in there an' he trapped 'em out.

VC: Around Moab Country?

SW: What?

VC: Up by Moab?

SW: Yeah. Uh huh. What they call San Rafael Desert. So he, he's the one that was taken me down there. Well, the cattlemen come and a bunch of 'em camped there and they wanted to know...they wanted to know why I didn't come down and get that wolf. Well, I says, I just told 'em...I says, "Here's a man." I acquainted [them] with Mr. Turner. I says,
“Here’s a man. He’s a field man. Talk to him about it.” So they wanted to know why they didn’t and he said, “Well, this is in Arizona.” He said, “We’re trappin’ in Utah.” They said, “Why can’t you come in here.” I had went over the boundary quite a bit trappin’ and I had trapped over in Arizona anyway. Well, I told ‘em I’d done quite a bit of trappin’ already in Arizona. So, he said, “Well,” he said, “I’ll go into Salt Lake and find out, see what Holman says.” [And then] Send word right back if I could go, but this Rasmussen told me now he says, “Providin’ they want you to go in there.” I says, “Now listen, Turner...nothin’ to it. I don’t believe I can trap a wolf. They’re smarter than a man is, they’re smarter, an’ I don’t...I just don’t believe I could trap a wolf.” Well, he says, “I’ll tell you how.” He says, “The big secret...,” he says, “You know a wolf can smell a mouse a hundred yards down wind.” Laughing, he says, “They’ve got the best smellin’ power of any animal there is. He says, “The thing you got to do is not have a bit of human scent on your traps or around where you set your traps at all.” He says, “That’s the secret.” He says, “There’s a lot of fellers don’t know that and that’s the only thing” He said, “Boil your traps in sage tea.”

VC: Sage tea?

SW: Sage tea, wild sage brush tea.

VC: Uh huh.

SW: Your traps and your packs, your gloves and your moccasins, your sheep hide...And he said, “Be careful to not let your sweat from your horses get on your traps, be careful.” So I boiled a burlap sack in sage tea and put my traps in there. So, of course he went right back up there and told Holman and Holman wrote and said he didn’t want me to go down
until spring. "Till after the old one had pups." They wanted to get the pups. But...I got ahead of my story. This old one went over into Arizona and got a female. An', uh, they had pups that spring and the cowboys run on to 'em and had caught 'em, all but one. They knew one had got away from 'em. So that made the three that was in there then. And boy they was killin'; they was killin' deer and cattle. Goin' down to House Rock Valley and killin' cattle. Just cuttin' up the whole country. An' a wolf won't eat off 'en anything a second time. Them lobo wolves, when they eat, they eat fresh. They won't eat no carrion. So, therefore, they kill every time they eat. That's the reason why they're so destructive. Well, I went down in, in April...? Latter part of April. I went down there an' they sent another field man down to take me down and see about gettin' some help down there, see. So, he came down in a car and he says, "I'll go down to Kanab and see if I can get a man to go with you." I said, "I haven't been down through here before. I don't know that country too well." And I said I figured the way, the best way to trap is around a waterin' hole cause that's a big country. I said, "An' waterin' holes are scarce from the way I understand it." Trapping around waterin' holes. [That's how you] Catch 'em... He said, "I'll go down to Kanab." An' he had his car and I had my outfit ready that afternoon. An' he said, "Well, I'll go down to Kanab and talk with them Kanab boys and try and get somebody to go with ya. Well, the next morning I got up early and had four packs...Pat and Sue...I lined out and went down through Pahree Canyon and through the Cockscomb. No, I went through The Sand that time, up through The Sand, up to Kanab. An' he hadn't ever got anybody to go with me. An' I was goin' up the street
[and] a fella down there by Kanab, an' old cowboy, called 'em Rawhide. There he knew me, he hollered at me...motioned me to come over. I started right over...took off, pack off and while we was takin' the packs off me told me his story. He says, "That feller, your partner...?"

{Inaudible section}

VC: Did they have a bounty on the lion?

SW: Um, huh.

VC: What was that?

SW: When I was hunting the lion, I hunted for the government; I was paid by the government. People got up to ten dollars, a ten-dollar bounty for a lion. Now they down to two and hardly anything.

SW: [Inaudible section]

VC: ...your grandfather carried the mail?

SW: My father had the contract, [took the] mail from up there at the old cedar ranch at East Fork Creek. There was a fellow that had the contract from the other way, from Panguitch way and [my father] came up and took it to Escalante. He put me on that rugged route when I was sixteen years old, carrying the mail on horseback. I've traveled through the Upper Valley in the wintertime, going towards Escalante, as you go down. In the summertime....we used to have a mail station and we used to meet right there where you go down in the upper valley there. (The top of the Blues)

Interview continues with Sears' wife, Julia Vern McBride Willis:

JW I was born in Iron County and I came over to here, to Henrieville when I was eighteen
years old. I traveled in with the mail and a buckboard and horses and a young boy about nineteen years old driving the mail. And we pulled in from the old... [inaudible], awfully poor and the road was so dusty that I just felt like I had been buried when I got there, because of the dust. But I thought it was the most beautiful country I had ever seen. When we got to the top of the mountain and looked down in here, I just wondered if there was really a road that went down, I wondered how it could go to get down the mountain and down across it. But we wound around the road to a place they called “the hair pin bend”, probably you have seen it down off of the new road when you come through the place where the old road used to be, to what we called “the hair pin bend”. When we got to Tropic, I thought Tropic was the most beautiful. Tropic Canyon was beautiful, but Red Canyon was too, so I enjoyed the ride even though it was hot and dusty. I got to Cannonville, the mail didn’t come on then, but horses and the buckboard had to meet mail on horseback that came from Escalante. I guess his father who might have been the one riding the horse that day, I don’t remember, but I rode with a man that was freighting, He had go to Marysvale to go get their freight for their store here, however, I had come over here to work for my aunt, that lived here and had the store. So, I came over to work for her, and that’s how I came in [to Henrieville]. I had to ride with the freight, a double-bedded wagon and on top of the double bed was the framed seat way up in the air. I had quite a time getting up, in and down, out of the wagon. That was my first experience here in Henrieville.

VC: Where were you born?

JW Paragonah.
VC: (Inaudible) Maiden name?

JW McBride. No my folks were McBride. I didn’t meet Sears until the next year, the following year, when I went back over there to work. I had seen him and knew who he was, but I didn’t think I would ever marry him. (Laughter) The following February, January was when I first went with him, we were married on the third of February. There was only one car in Henrieville and my way over here I was thinking the whole way, I wonder if a car will ever get down there. We had one car in Henrieville when I first came here.

VC: Can you tell us about any of your experiences here?

JW Well, we have had a lot of experiences here.

Inaudible section

Tape 1, Side 2

SW: He wanted to know if he could set up his tent in there.

Remainder of tape is inaudible.

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IMPORTANT EVENTS IN OUR LIVES

Written by Fern Willis at Grand Canyon, Arizona, February 1960

Our first date, January 1st at a dance. I was working for Aunt Sadie Savage at the time. Shortly after, we were engaged and were united in marriage February 4th, 1915, at the home of his father and mother. We were married by Sears' father, William Patterson Willis, whom we loved very much. It was a very cold day. The snow was about 36 inches deep and it came up to the window sills.

After the wedding all the relatives and friends of Henrieville honored us with a reception and refreshments were served and we were presented with many nice and useful gifts, mostly dishes, which made it possible for us to set up housekeeping.

In the year of 1917 we bought a home at Tropic, Utah from Hazel Kerstead and in 1918 we moved to Henrieville in a home we bought from Martha Reynolds. We moved back to Henrieville for the purpose of helping Grandpa Willis with his farm work. Owing to his age, he was unable to do all of the work himself.

In November, 1919, Sears was employed by the Biological Survey as a trapper and hunter. On this job he served for nineteen years. He bought supplies such as pack saddles and food to start the trip down on Horse Mountain and Last Chance country southeast of Henrieville. A distance of 60 miles.

William Pollock, a trapper and hunter employed by the Biological Survey, from Tropic, met Val at Cedar Wash, 14 miles from Henrieville and they went from there together. It was a very hard experience and very exciting.

The second day they arrived on Horse Mountain at the head of Last Chance. There they set up camp. They put up tents which was to be their permanent camp. They left most of their supplies and grain at this camp. Then they left and took a few supplies and went to Kane on the Last Chance. They arrived there about sundown that evening. Next morning the sun was bright, extra warm for that time of year. They spent the day on Kane Bench where they killed and poisoned three burros.

When they arrived back at camp that evening, heavy clouds covered the sky. They prepared supper by gathering small brush and cattle chips to make a fire. There was no large brush or timber available. Therefore they had to go to bed early. About 11 p.m. it started to rain. They had no shelter at all and no wood to make a fire. All of the camp equipment, bedding and food got drenched. The rain kept up all night.
As soon as daylight came they got their horses and packed them up and started back to the permanent camp on Horse Mountain. They left without breakfast. By 9 o'clock a.m., the rain had changed to snow and it was awfully cold. Their clothes started to freeze on them. Everything was still drenched and frozen. By 12 o'clock they got to where the timber was. The found a over hanging rock where it was dry. They took off the packs from the horses and made a large fire. With dry wood they were soon able to dry their wet clothes. But the bedding was never quite dry. They cooked some food and ate. Then they packed the horses and headed for the permanent camp. There was eleven inches of snow. It was then 2 o'clock and still snowing. They arrived back at the permanent camp at 7 o'clock that evening. When they got there the clothing was frozen to their bodies again.

Before unpacking their horses they built a large fire, got warm and thawed their clothes out. Then they unpacked the horses, gave them a good feed of grain and prepared supper. It was still snowing. They tried to dry out the wet bedding, but it was impossible to get it dry. Night came and they had to crawl into it still wet and steaming. The following morning it was still snowing. The snow was now 26 inches deep.

The horses came into camp for their grain. They just remained in camp all day the snow was so deep they nor the horses could get around anywhere. The snow continued to fall all that day. The following day they journeyed back home. They travelled all day until they came to the Cut on the Wawaap. The snow was the 3 ½ feet deep. It quit snowing and turned off very cold. There was no wood, except dry trees that were standing above the snow. They shoveled snow from around a big dry cedar tree. It looked like an Eskimo house. The snow was piled higher than their heads when they got it all cleared away. They broke limbs off the tree and started a fire at the trunk of the tree. About thirty feet from there they cleared a place around a big green pinion pine tree to put their packs. Then they unpacked the horses and grained them. They stayed there all night. Next day they travelled on home. When they got into Butler Valley the snow was four feet deep. They had eight head of horses. The lunged and plunged through this deep snow breaking trail the rest of the way home. They arrived home about 3 a.m. the next morning. Dad's clothes were frozen until they sounded like boards hitting together when he came into the house. He was unable to lift the packs off the horses. He just had to push them off. The packs fell to the ground like large blocks of ice. This was only one of the many hardships Dad experienced during his trapping and hunting life.
This all happened in one week. The snow was so deep and it was so cold, they were unable to go back to find any result from the three burros they had poisoned.

(This next part was written for Dad)

There were one hundred and seventeen Government Trappers in the State of Utah, when I started to trap. The Biological Survey sent out a new letter each month to each man, stating the amount of predatory animals each man had taken during the month. All men getting twelve animals and over during the month were listed on the honor roll. At the end of the year a list of the men making the highest score for the year was sent out to each trapper. I was on the honor roll every month and at the end of the year I was high score man almost every year I worked, with the exception of three or four years. One year I had more points that the next two high men put together. That was the year I trapped nine wolves that were in and around the vicinity of House Rock Valley. They were doing enormous lot of damage to the stockmen. Each wolf counted twenty points. Each wolf would make as many points as twenty coyotes. This was how I made such a high score.

Four years later I was sent down on the Fifty Mile Mountain, at the lower end of the Escalante Desert, to trap a large grey wolf called the Lobo Wolf. This wolf was doing a lot of damage to the cattle men in that territory. It was estimated that he would kill an average of a cow or yearling calf every other day.

The cattlemen offered a reward of one thousand dollars to the man that could trap him. But no one had been able to. He was sly and clever. So I was sent by the Biological Survey to try my skill at catching him.

The fourth night after I arrived in Mr. Wolf's destructive area, I outwitted him and caught him in the trap I set for him. (Dad boiled his traps in sage brush to take away all human scent). I could not accept the reward offered for him, because I was sent in there by the Biological Survey.

He weighed two hundred pounds. He was ten inches across the top of his head between his ears. His hide and skull were sent into Salt Lake City. It was mounted life size and placed in the Capitol Building for exhibit. He was the last Lobo Wolf in the State of Utah.
Dr. Burgess came from Cedar City to go on a lion hunt with me. We left home with packs and camp outfit. I took the horses. Dr. Burgess went in his car. We went to Panguitch the first day. On our way to Panguitch, at the mouth of Red Canyon, we seen where a lion had crossed the road. I knew that was a good opportunity to get a lion for the Doctor. I took the horses over to a ledge where there would be shelter for them. I tied the horses and dogs up and left the pack there. I went back over to the road to catch a ride into Panguitch. In a short time the Cherrington boys came along and gave me a ride into Panguitch.

I contacted Ken Lynn, a Government trapper, and got Dr. Burgess. We went back to where the horses were. I gave the horses hay and grain, got the dogs and went back to Panguitch.

The following morning we left early and went back to the horses. We saddled up and turned the dogs loose to follow the lion track. About seven hours later, over rough country we came to where the dogs had Mr. Lion treed. Dr. Burgess took several pictures of the lion. It was snowing so he took pictures until the snow covered the lens of the his camera. But by climbing up in the tree with the lion, he did get some pictures. I let his shoot it out of the tree.

The track we started the dogs on was a small female lion. But this lion was a large male. It measured nine feet, eleven inches from the end of it's nose to the tip of it's tail. I know that somewhere during the hunt the dogs got off on the larger track. We loaded the lion on one of the horses and rode back to the head of the canyon where the hunt had started.

It came up a terrible north wind and snow storm. We had to face it for four miles. It was getting dark when we got back to the pickup. Ken Lynn and Dr. Burgess loaded the dogs and the lion. I left them and took the horses to the Showalter ranch down on the river where we could get shelter and feed for the horses. Ken Lynn and the Doctor picked me up at the ranch and we went into Panguitch. Dr. Burgess and I stayed at one of the Davis Cabins.

I know there was another lion back in the vicinity of Red Canyon. We had about four inches of fresh snow when we started out early the next morning. We drove out to the ranch, saddled the horses, then rode back to where the dogs had taken the larger track the day before. We hadn't gone far when the dogs picked up the track of the female lion, steaming fresh. These tracks were leading up into the pink ledges. After the dogs got up in the ledges, she really gave them a chase. After about two and one half hours they managed to tree her. Dr. Burgess got several more good pictures. I gave the Doctor the privilege of shooting the lion out of the tree, then we loaded her behind me and we started out.
of the hills toward the highway, just below the lower tunnel in Red Canyon. We were unable to follow the highway with the dogs on account of traffic, so we had to follow down Red Canyon Wash.

We rode until we got about two hundred yards from the mouth of Red Canyon. The dogs then picked up the tracks of another lion which was going North. Mr. Lynn did not want to follow it on account of it being so late in the day. But I always believed in getting anything while the getting was good. The doctor said "turn the dogs loose, and I will stay will stay with you". So I did. It was slow trailing for the dogs at first. But they gradually worked it out. We watched them go up over the volcanic rock mountain on the north side of Red Canyon. It was impossible for us to go up over there with the horses. We rode down to the mouth of the canyon and unloaded the female lion off my horse and hung it on a Forest Service sign post at the side of the road. We then followed an old road that led around the foot of the mountain. We got around past the lava bed, then found a place where we could climb the mountain on the north side. The snow was very deep which made it very slow travelling for the horses.

Before we reached the top, we could hear the dogs out on top of the mountain baying "treed". We got into the lava rock and thick trees and had to leave the horses and go on foot. Before we got to the dogs, one of them had climbed and run the lion out of the tree. He ran back on the other side of the mountain toward the highway and the dogs treed it within three hundred yards of the highway. I told Dr. Burgess he could go to where the lion was and shoot it out of the tree and get some pictures. Then drag the lion down to the highway. I would have to go back around the way we came with the horses. When Mr. Lynn and I got back around to Mr. Burgess, we took the lion back down where the other hung on the sign post. This lion was also a large male. We then left the lions there and went down to the ranch with the horses. Mr. Lynn and I took care of the horses while Doctor Burgess took the pickup and went back for the lions. We went back to Panguitch and spent the night.

Next morning we skinned out the three lions. The news got around that we had bagged three mountain lions and in short time we had a crowd of spectators, taking pictures and asking questions.

In the afternoon we went to the Showalter ranch and got our horses and dogs. The following day Dr. Burgess had to return to his business.
The next day, accompanied by Ken Lynn, Irelad Heywood, Forest Ranger, and Kenneth Cherrington, we went into Sanford Canyon, North of Parquitch. Very soon, the dogs hit a fresh lion track and they left running. I knew the track was fresh. After two hours of running up and down through the ledges, they managed to tree and old female lion.

If you want to get a real thrill and give the a good workout, just turn them loose on a steaming fresh lion track, where they can chase their prey in and out among the ledges and up and down the rough, steep hills.

THE LION HUNT WITH MY BROTHER, JOHN WILLIS

My brother, John, was also employed by the Biological Survey as a trapper and hunter. We were sent by George E. Holman, our supervisor, to go into the following territory: From under the South rim of East Fork Mountain into Long Valley and around the South end of Cedar Mountain to Zion Canyon and around the Kolob Mountain near Kanarraville.

We left Henrieville with our pack horses, dogs and food and other needed supplies. We went into Willis Creek the first day. The next day we got a large male lion. The following day we moved to the water trough in Indian Hollow. The next day we got a female lion and two kittens.

We pulled out camp and travelled to Merle Findley's ranch. We spent two days there hunting in Crawford and lower Podunk canyons. We failed to find any lion there. We went from there around to Scootum Ranch. The next day we went up into what is called Mill Creek. We struck a track of a large male lion. We followed it all day and into the middle of the night before we arrived where the dogs had the lion treed. The snow was so deep that our feet dug in the snow as we rode along on our horses. It was very slow going for the horses, the snow being crust and they had to break through the crust. It was sunrise the next morning when we got back to our camp with the lion. We were very much exhausted and very hungry. The dogs and horses were also very leg weary and hungry. We remained in camp the rest of the day to get rested.

We went to Orderville, stayed over there one day and met with the sheepmen to work out a program with them. We wanted to find out first where the lion were doing the most damage. We went from there up to what is called Mineral, seven miles from Orderville at Sorenson's ranch. Here we made camp.

The next morning, we rode up Meadow Canyon. We travelled a distance of about three miles and found where a lion had crossed the canyon during the night. The
lion was headed into some very rough and rugged country. Too rough to get our horses through. The dogs took the lion's track. We had to make a circle with the horses in order to get them through. The snow was sixteen inches deep and crusted. This made it very hard for the horses to get through. It was 3 o'clock p.m. when we got around to where the dogs had the lion in a tree. We found that it was an old female lion and we knew that she had some kittens back in the country where she came from. We killed the lion. It was 11 o'clock that night before we arrived at camp.

The following morning, we got up early. We went up to where we struck her tracks the day before and back-tracked her about 3 miles back into some ledges. Here we found where she had left her kittens. After two hours running about through the ledges we were able to bag three kittens. The following morning, we went back up into the same canyon, three miles farther up from where we had been. Here the dogs struck a track that was several days old. The dogs took the track. The snow was crusted so the dogs couldn't travel much faster than we could on our horses. We were unable to stop them. We followed them all the rest of that day and all night until daybreak, to where they had the lion treed. We killed the lion, made a large fire and dried out our clothes and got warm. It was the 17th day of January. The coldest day of that year.

As soon as it got light, we skinned the lion and fed the dogs some of the lion meat. We had no food for ourselves. I kidded John about eating some of the lion meat. He made the excuse that if he had some salt to put on it, he would try some of it. It sure did smell good.

We were in a strange country. He nor I had ever been in this country before, we hardly knew just where we were at. We started back in the direction we thought was right to find our camp. We took turns breaking trail through the deep and crusted snow. We were riding two very tired and faithful horses. They had cut their legs in the crusted snow until anyone could have followed by the trail of blood that they left behind.

We arrived back at camp at ten o'clock that night. It had been two days and a night since we had any food of any kind. I had got awful thirsty for water, and had eaten so much snow to try to quench my thirst, it had chilled my stomach and made me awfully sick.

Arthur Perry, a trapper from Cedar City, was at our camp when we got back. He had come the morning we left. When we didn't return he was getting alarmed and was ready to go get a posse of men to go and hunt for us, just as we got back. He was happy to see us and learn that we were okay. The next day we went into Orderville and got supplies and moved into North Fork. Mr. Perry joined us. While we were there we got two male lions and three females, and four kittens. We took
two kittens alive. We took them to Zion National Park, where they were kept in captivity. We gave the skin of one of the large male lions to the Park Service. They had it tanned and head mounted on it for a rug. We were gone from home on this hunting trip from the 1st of November to the 4th of April. We took thirty-six lions and seven bobcats during this hunting trip. We had seven dogs, five of them were mine, and John had two. The dogs names were Tom, Moose, Buck, Queen, and Ginger. John's dogs were Royly and Loul. There wasn't an ion lived that got away from them when they found it's tracks. They always got their prey.

Out of this pack of dogs, Queen lived the longest. She raised five litters of pups. They all turned out to be good lion dogs. She was thirteen years old when she died. She took part in the capture of one hundred and forty-two lions.

During my trapping career, I took two hundred and eighty-seven lions; nine grey wolves; and over four thousand coyotes and cats. These stories I have related are only a few of many of the experiences and hardships I endured during the period of nineteen years as a Government trapper.
Wolf's Last Stand

by Bob Halliday

Mormon pioneers at Sweetwater River, Wyo, reported: "Over 200 head of cattle had died in the vicinity of the fort. This led droves of prairie wolves into our camp and it was almost impossible to keep them away from the cattle even in daytime. We were obliged to corral them at night. Wolves cut out a small bunch one day and ran them off despite efforts of herdsmen to stop them. In fact it became dangerous to face these wolves. They were at times almost ready to attack men. We soon found it impossible to save the cattle. Twenty-five had died or been killed by the wolves within a week. It was decided to kill the rest, some 50 head."

The wolf also aroused presidential ire. In Theodore Roosevelt's correspondence in the Item, "The grey wolf, wherever it exists in numbers, is a veritable scourge to stockmen. During the past three years these brutes have killed nearly a score of my cattle, and in return we have poisoned six or eight wolves and a couple of demon coyotes."

In A SORT of unwritten range law, no cowpunch would risk past a carcass of any kind without doping it with strychnine sulphate in the hope of killing one more wolf. The hazard to other wildlife was not recognized at the time and thousands of kit foxes were killed because they usually were the first to find and eat the meat.

Bounty trappers made good money. One of the best wolf-hunters, Bill Cawood, brought in 140 wolves in 1912-13 and was paid $7,690 at the rate of $50 per animal.

But Bill reportedly used a gimmick—his small son. When the two found a wolf den, the boy would crawl into the hole head first and grab a young wolf by the hind leg. He then called to his father, who grabbed the boy by the feet, pulling boy and wolf out in the open. With the wolf cub dispatched, the boy repeated the performance until the den was cleaned out.

Often the youth grabbed a young wolf full of fight, and occasionally latched onto an adult female, but luckily he never suffered a serious injury. Eventually the boy grew too large to negotiate the narrow den openings, and Bill resorted to use of a forked stick or wire poked into the den and twisted to catch in the young wolf's fur as a means of removal.

ONE VETERAN wolf hunter was working on a large cattle ranch on a contract calling for payment on all wolves caught, regardless of size. Eventually he so reduced the wolf population that the menace was insignificant and, when he brought in three wolves on one day, the rancher decided not to pay the bounty on them.

"Takin' the reward quietly, the hunter moved to another stock range where wolves were plentiful, captured three adult wolves alive, put them in a box cage attached to his camp wagon, and drove back to the ranch of his previous employ. Asked what he was going to do with the three predators, the hunter replied bloodily: "Well, I borrowed three wolves from your ranch a while back. It's kind of an obligation I figure to pay (Continued on Page 6)"