

Howard Wilson
Zion National Park Oral History Project
CCC Reunion
September 29, 1989

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Don Graff: This is Don Graff and today I'm interviewing Howard Wilson. It's nine o'clock in the morning on the 29th day of September 1989. We're seated in the Nature Center. Howard, why don't we just start off by you telling us where you're from?

Howard Wilson: Well, originally when I was, now you mean?

Don Graff: Well yeah, now and then...

Howard Wilson: I'm from American Fork, Utah, right now. Originally, when I was inducted in the CC camp, I was from Payson, Utah. We went over to Provo and signed up to be in the CC camp and we were called up, and that's where we all met.

Don Graff: That was in Provo?

Howard Wilson: Yes. They took us in and outlined the different things we was to do. Then we got the night off, or we could stay there in the barracks, but the next morning we were shipped on a train down to Cedar City and then the trucks picked us up from there and then we went to Duck Creek Camp.

Don Graff: Did you know ahead of time where you'd be going or did you just sign up to be in the CCs?

Howard Wilson: No, they lined us up and they counted fifteen men here. My friend, very good friend all this time, we was used to being in together, he was the fifteenth man and he went.

Don Graff: And you were sixteenth or the first man on the next one.

Howard Wilson: Yes, and I was the first one on the next ten.

Graff: So they split you up?

Wilson: They says, "You ten here will go to Duck Creek." And one of the guys says, "Where in the heck is Duck Creek?" Our educational advisor from Duck Creek stepped up and he says, "You are ten of the luckiest men here today." He says, "You are going down to the most beautiful country there is in the state." And when we got there, that night, by the time we got down off the train and over to Duck Creek, it was past chow time for the regulars, but ours was still waiting for us and it was a nice meal, wonderful meal. It was a beautiful place.

The next morning we were called in and Captain Hansen talked to us and he explained, “Now we have classes here that you can go to, our foremen, and our Rangers teach these classes after work and you’re invited to take advantage of them. Now, there’s a chance for you to come in here and learn to do things, and make something out of it. Otherwise you can make fools of yourselves like some of them are doing and cause a little trouble here and there.” But, I thought it was real nice of him.

Next day, we started out. First thing we were doing was building little dams in Duck Creek there so the fish would have places to stop and things. The main job was cutting down these buggy trees, and different things like that. We started to build that one dam, up there and I got to drive a team. They called us to talk to us. “Yes, I’m a farm boy and I’ve handled horses.” They were renting them from people in Cedar City and that. This one gentleman had this big, beautiful gray team. He come up there and he was going to make sure who was going to drive his horses, and I got picked out. We was doing it on a fresno [a horse-drawn bucket scraper], you know, hauling the dirt out on there and then they were rocking up the face of it as we built it up.

Graff: Let’s back track a little bit. You said you were a farm boy, is that what your parents did, you were farmers in Payson? How far out of Provo is Payson?

Wilson: About 14 miles.

Graff: How was it that you heard about the C’s or decided that you’d join up with them?

Wilson: A friend of ours, don’t know where he got his information, but he got talking about the CC camp. Now we graduated out in 1935 out of school.

Graff: You were through high school?

Wilson: In May, yes. Then we all went over to Provo; there was about six of us from Payson. But this fellow told us, the one that was talking to us, he says, “You know, they have this place they call the CC Camps. You go in there,” he says, “They pay you thirty dollars a month, board and room, and clothes, all this stuff.” And we thought, boy, that’s a deal. We went over, and in the interview, why more or less our folks had to be on relief.

Graff: Had to be hard times for sure.

Wilson: I was living with my grandmother after my mother died. I told them “Well, I was living with my grandmother; all she had was a little pension to get by on.” And they said, “Well, that’s okay.” That made me available that I could go.

Graff: So that twenty-five dollars a month, was that sent to your grandmother?

Wilson: Yes, and then I got five.

Graff: But they sent twenty-five home to your grandmother? It didn't go to your parents? Of course you said your mother...

Wilson: Passed away when I was seven.

Graff: She was gone, so you just had your father, but the money didn't go to him, it went to your grandmother.

Wilson: My father had nine kids left there. Originally, we owned a big ranch just the other side of Payson. At that time they were considered very wealthy people. Sheep, big ranch, and when the crash comes, it all went down the river.

Graff: Sure. So the kids moved in with the grandmother then?

Wilson: Yeah, well, two little girls went to California to my aunt, me and my younger brother went to my grandmother, the oldest boy was (unintelligible) well, he would be twenty-something, and he was kind of on his own. The other two brothers went with other different families.

Graff: So was that part of the consideration of joining up with the three C's, was in order to help your grandmother also, because she needed the help, so that was part of the reason that you joined then too.

Wilson: Right. So like I said, we were sent to Duck Creek, and my grandmother passed away that September, and so I had no home to go to. My uncle moved in my grandmother's house with that gang of kids of his and took over everything that was left, and so I had no home. The CC camp was my home for the next 22 months.

Graff: Is that right, that's almost two years.

Wilson: Yes, but we stayed there.

Graff: Were you at Duck Creek when she passed away or were you already down here to Zion?

Wilson: Captain Hansen sent the sergeant out. He came out and he called me over, we were playing tennis, it was on a weekend, Saturday. We were playing tennis up there and he called me over and he says, "Howard, I had a telephone call from your home, your grandmother passed away. I understand she's more or less your mother after your mother passed away." They took me into the office and Captain Hansen says now, "Howard, have you got any money at all to go home on?" And I says, "Well, all I've got is just what's left out of my first month's pay." Or one of them, you know. He handed me ten dollars and he says, "Now, we've got it all fixed. The pie wagon's going to Cedar in just a little while, and here's some things to show there to the railroad and you get on for so much, you know, reduction on it." When I got down to Cedar City, I found out that a train wasn't going through until midnight. So I got out and started thumbing a ride and the first guy that picked me up took me clear home.

Graff: Is that right?

Wilson: Yes, clear to Payson. They were on their way to Salt Lake.

Graff: How much time did they give you off?

Wilson: They told me to just come back when I was through. Of course, when got there, like I said, my uncle had moved in and taken...we had a lot of my mother's furniture and stuff there and they weren't even going to let us have that. Me and my older brother, we just bullied right up and took it out and put it away. So then when I came back I paid Captain Hansen, he didn't want to take it, but I insisted he take the ten dollars.

Then we worked around there all summer long. I got in on cutting some of the timber down, building these dams, and driving the horses. Then one day, the truck driver had some of these logs on and he became ill and the foreman came over and says, "Do you think you could run that truck back down to camp?" I says, "I think so," because I'd run an old model B ton and a half truck, you know, before. I got it down all right, but I think I aged bout two or three years before I got down. (Laughs)

Graff: Made you a little nervous, huh? Before you go on, now you say trucks with logs on it. Were these trees you were cutting down, were you taking them somewhere?

Wilson: Yes, we were hauling them down and then I don't know who was picking them up after they got some of them down there or not. It was just some of them, I think what there were doing was checking them out for these bugs and things, trying to determine what they were. I recall Chick Chidester was one of the foremen down there, and he says, "You've done a pretty good job. As soon as there's a truck available, I'll get you one." But before that, they lined us all up and give us the news that they were disbanding Duck Creek Camp. Then they counted off, so-and-so you go here, and you go there. I think, about ten of them, or fifteen went to Bryce Canyon. There again, the educational advisor he says, "You are lucky, you guys are going to Bryce, but they're going to move to Zions for the winter."

And all the time I was a boy scout they used to have these trips once in a while. It cost a whole five dollars to come down on a trip to Zion or to Bryce. By the time we earned enough money to get to go, we'd used it for clothes and things. I thought, 'Boy, am I lucky I get to see it.' We got over there and they were just preparing then to move down here.

So, we come down here and I worked around. Then Red Irwin, he was over the motor pool, he come over and he says, "Would you like to drive one of those dump trucks?" And I says, "I sure would." They were the '35 Chevys I believe. I got to run that around, hauling guys up in [the] different places. They were sloping the banks up there on the switchbacks and they'd haul the rocks down, go up the river where they were rip-rapping to keep it from washing out.

Graff: How did that feel driving a dump-truck load of rocks off those switchbacks? That must have been a little nerve-racking?

Wilson: It was good experience, it was real good. Of course, I was taught when I was first driving the trucks around the farm and that. They says, "When you go up a hill, and you go in second or third gear, that's a way you go down a hill and the bigger your load, the lower your gear." And I used that real good to advantage. Another thing, what time I spent with my dad, he says, "A car is just like a horse. You got to warm it up before you start running it too fast." And different things like that.

Graff: But you had a little experience, anyway, before?

Wilson: Yes, some experience. Then Red Irwin, which was his job, would ride around with each one of us. But when we were hauling these rocks up the creek there to rip-rapp, you had to back down, oh maybe two big long blocks, because there was no place to ride down and turn around. You had to turn around, back down with your load of rocks, dump it and then the fellows would rip-rapp. The first trip he rode with me, I started backing down and going along, watching through the mirror and that. All at once I felt it hit something. I threw the clutch in, stopped it before it killed the motor, got out of my truck [and] went around. One of the rocks had fell off one of the other trucks. Nobody threw it out, but it had got run over and was trying to cover it with sand. Picked the rock out and threw it to the side, put it on my truck's what I did. Got back in the truck and Red says, "By gosh, I got to congratulate you. I have gone back and forth here two or three times with different ones, same thing happened. But they gunned it and went over the rock. You were the first one that ever got out to pick it up." (Laughs) But then we'd done that, and like I said, I worked around different jobs.

Of course in the mean-time, like the rest, we'd go into Hurricane and things for evenings. I met a nice girl down there. Anyhow, all winter long this work was very different. Spring come and I heard them talking, "Yeah, we're going to head back to Bryce and some of the other truck drivers said, "Yeah, but they're only going to leave two trucks down here for sub camp." Of course, I'd heard them talk about sub camp all the time, they was best places to be because army wasn't there to dress you up and down, line up for chow. I thought, "Oh gosh, I sure wished I could, but I know I wouldn't have a chance with these older guys." Red come up one day and he says, "Howard, would you like to stay down here in the sub camp this summer?" I told guys later, "If he hadn't been so big and homely, I'd have hugged him." (Chuckles) I says, "I sure would."

And that one picture in there, that one little truck there with that little bed on it, it was a dump truck, but it was just about a ton job, just small. My job then, Mr. Hall, I can't think of his first name, was the foreman down here. But I would haul the fellows that were here working on various little pick up jobs and things like that around, but my main job was chauffeuring him around because he didn't want to drive.

Graff: Did you do that in the truck?

Wilson: In the truck. We never had a pick-up. Then I had to go down after the mail come in to Springdale, pick up the mail and I'd go up to the Zion Lodge where they had the cooler, a big ice house and pick up milk and fresh groceries and vegetables and things. They'd had made arrangements for them to do that, see, and I'd go up there, pick up the stuff, and take it down. Then once in a while I'd go in to Cedar City and pick up supplies and things like that.

Graff: So you kind of had a good job?

Wilson: I had it. Mr. Hall had relatives in St. George. One day he says, "I have some business down to St. George that's got to be taken care of. So we'll be going down about ten o'clock." I said, "Okay." So I let him out to this place and I thought, I wonder what the government's got to do in there. He says, come back in about two hours. So, I wandered around St. George and looked it over. I'd never been there, so I go pick him up, bring him back then I hauled him around to all these different things.

Then when they all come back from Bryce, they come and they says, "Now we're going in to Cedar City to pick up some new trucks in the morning and I would like you to go." He was naming all the guys who's going up there [and he] picked us all out. He was superintendent, not of the Park, but of the work details. I tried to remember him. I rode up with him in the pick-up and he had a little deal hanging there and there was about four or five pipes on it that he was smoking.

Graff: Now that was something somebody asked me the other day, was that Johnny Excell?

Wilson: No, not Excell.

Graff: Somebody asked me if he smoked pipe and I said I didn't know.

Wilson: No, no, it was, I keep saying Zobell, but it isn't. Dog gone it. I know.

Graff: Anyway, Excell wasn't the one.

Wilson: No.

Graff: Because one of the guys I was interviewing yesterday day asked me something about Johnny Excel and he said, "Now was he the one that smoked the pipes?" And I said, "That I don't know."

Wilson: I liked Johnny; he was a good guy. Anyhow, we went up there and in front of Lunt Motor Company Dodge and Plymouth was this whole row of new trucks and pick-ups. It was four stake beds and dump trucks and three or four pick-ups. They lined us all up there and took our pictures and everything. It went on and it went on and they says, "Okay, you take this one, you take that [one]." and I says, "I'm going wind up without one; they ain't enough to go around." And Red says, "You take the last one right there."

That was the stake bed. Oh, what a thrill that was riding that big blue thing. All the other guys judged you on your truck driving how you shifted gears without scratching the gears. The first thing we learned on them, you had to shift so much faster than you did on the old Chevys.

Graff: What kind were these? What make were these trucks?

Wilson: Dodge. They were Dodge. You had to double clutch and shift real fast. The old Chevys, you'd double clutch and take your time shifting, and you'd never scratch a gear. Had quite a coincidence later on, about a week later one of the truck drivers called me and he says, "Howard, I noticed that you don't scratch yours hardly at all. I just can't figure it out." And I says, "Well, I think what it is you got too much compression in your flywheel." He says, "Oh, that's it (chuckles) I didn't realize what I'd done." And he took off, went up to the garage and told Mac Bean, he says, "I've got too much compression in the flywheel and I can't shift those gears." (Laughs) The master mechanic, he come out to the head mechanic, looked at him. Finally he says, "Who told you that?" (Laughs) He told him to go back, come down and he says, "What in the world did you tell me?" (Chuckles) He spread the word around so much to the others and they'd come up and wanted the compression drained out. Anyhow, I stayed here all summer and in the winter. The next year, they were starting to get ready to move back up to Bryce, and by that time I'd been engaged to my bride and we decided we was going to get married.

Graff: Now where'd you locate her at?

Wilson: Hurricane.

Graff: She was down here in Hurricane?

Wilson: Yes. And I got thinking, no way can I live on these wages and be married. They were starting a big road construction crew down there in Hurricane and they was going to run a new road from Hurricane clear down and connect it with Highway 91. Otherwise, you used to have to go clear up to Toquer [ville] and back that way to get there. In the meantime we decided that we'd get married. It was pretty close to March, starting to talk about moving back to Bryce. So, I decided, "Well I have got to get out of here because we can't, no way can we live on that." I would've had a rating if I'd stayed. I talked to different ones that said they were married, and they says, "It's pretty rough." So I told Red Irwin when I was about ready to move out, and he says, "Oh gosh, I hate to see you go, but I understand." We went to St. George to get a marriage license and I forgot to lie, I wasn't old enough. (Laughs) So then, the next week we went to Kanab, and I made sure now in fact I was a year older. (Laughs) But as we got ready to go, her father, who had a nice big farm and an orchard and done lots of peddling out to Kanab he says, "Take my pick-up and I want you to take these trees and these bushes out there to our friends, the Whipples while you're out there." So we did.

We got in there to the county clerk who happened to be a very good friend of my wife's family and she was a good friend of their daughter. He says now, "Ardell, you are not old enough to get married." "Yes I am. I'm older than Jane." "Now Ardell, you tell me." He had to call his wife, and she says, "Yes, she is older than Jane." (Chuckles). Then, he says, "Now you're from Payson, Utah. Now which one was your dad?" And I says, "Ed Wilson." "And Ivan, and Will, and your Grandpa was Frank". I says, "Yes." "They owned that whole west end of Spring Lake." I says, "Yes." Oh, we sat there while they went all through school and the things they'd done. (Chuckles) Anyhow, we got out of there.

Graff: Now you were still in the Three C's at this time?

Wilson: Yes. I was still in the CCs. This couple had just moved into their big new home and they says, "Now why don't we go get the bishop and get this over with right now." All we wanted to do was get our license then go back and arrange a little wedding. We looked at one another and I says, "Well?" She says, "I guess." And we says, "Yes." They called the bishop up, and he had just back off of a mission and wasn't married himself. He lined us up in front of the couch, and he went over and grabbed a chair and put behind him. He says, "I might have to set down too." We got married.

Graff: This was in Kanab then?

Wilson: In Kanab. Mrs. Whipple says, "Now, you can stay here tonight if you'd like. We have to go down and take care of my father, and you're welcome to stay right here in this little home." So, they took off. Then my wife started getting nervous. She said, "Well, I think we'd better take dad's pick-up back because he'll need it". And I says, "He told us we didn't need to." "Well, I know but he'll need it." (Chuckles). I says, "You want to go home?" "Well, I'd like to go back." So we took off, stopped in at the Bridge Mountain CC Camp. The big dance was on. There was a lot of local boys.

Graff: They were holding the dance right here in the camp?

Wilson: Yes. See, they had those CC dances in the mess hall all the time, different ones all over. So we went in. Then pretty soon everybody knew, "You got married didn't you?" "Not yet." "I'll bet you're married." "Well, how come she's got a ring on?" I says, "Well, we was afraid she'd lose it." Anyhow, it didn't work out too good. That night we had a room up in the upstairs and I just thought, so I just put coat hangers and dishpan and a few things all up the stairs after we got up there. Pretty soon in the middle of the night, came clattering and banging, guys, women, and girls all sneaking up, *chivery*.

Well, the next day they took me and I never even got to see my wife. Monday morning I had to check back up here. I got up here and there was my truck all loaded up to go to Bryce. So, I got in and I sent word down to one of the others. She had a neighbor that was one of the foremen here. I says, "You tell her I have to go to Bryce." She said, "Okay." So back to Bryce we went. I got up there and we worked around that. Me and this Blinky Spendlove decided we was going to take off, and it was on the weekend. Of

course, there was nobody there to give us a weekend pass right then, so we just hitch-hiked down. We hitch-hiked into Panguitch, down to Zion, had to come through Zion. So we got down, and that's when I got the recommend from Red Irwin. I told him I was going to quit and told him we got married, took it down and showed it to the superintendent down on that road job. He read it, says, "All right. Tuesday morning at four o'clock in the morning, you start to work." So, I went back Monday up to Zion, showed the captain, there was a new captain then, I can't remember which one that was. He read it, and he says, "I understand Howard." He says, "It's no place for a married man and it will give you an opportunity. He says, you know really, you and Blinky were AWOL." I says, "I know." He says, "I know the sergeant was gone and I was down to Panguitch at the time. You had a perfect record and we're not going to put it on your record." And congratulated me and away we went.

So I followed construction, but I took some of those classes. I learned a few things about reading the blueprints and a few other things that helped me in my career.

While we're down here I got to operate that little tractor with the dozer on it and learned how to drill with the jackhammers. The main thing: always more your foot away. See that joint. It's still there. (Chuckles) But, I learned how to put powder in, and how to prime it, how to cut her loose. Same way when we were down in the gravel pit. Learned lots of things like that. I worked on construction for two or three years. Then I and this Leon Glazier who's from Hurricane, he'll be up for his interview this afternoon. We took off and went to Pioche, [Nevada]. I had a cousin there. We were going to Ely to go to work over there because he knew where we could get a job there with the railroad. But all of this time, while we were living around Hurricane. After the job was finished, then we just worked around contracted jobs here and there with the truck. Anyhow, we stopped in Pioche and they says, "They're building a great big mill over here and they're hiring men." So we went to work there. I was on common labor about two weeks doing different things here. One day he foreman came down, he says, "Could any you fellows run that little twenty-two cat we got there?" I says, "I can," because I stood there like a dumb head when they asked for a truck driver before. "Okay." We went in, it was in the shop, they'd just serviced it and got it all fixed. He says, "Now, I'll drive it out of the shop for you." I says, "If I can't get it out of that shop, I can't handle it." I drove it out, hooked on a big trailer and I hauled steel and motors and things all over the plant where they were working. Next thing, I got on the bulldozer a D6 Bulldozer pushing ore into the hopper. Leads and zinc's what we were mining. My job was building roads out to different claims and mines that they had, and doing assessment work. We stayed there and Caterpillar Tractor Company come down. I'd been running this D8 that had a front-end loader dozer on it, and I could still have my can on that, working them both. Here they come, Caterpillar Company. Because they had sent a mechanic out from Las Vegas where they had the Caterpillar District Center, and checked my Cat out, and my Dozer, see if it was needed a job because by then it should have had plenty. Well, he towed it down and he says, I can't believe it, but I had to service and take care of my own tractor. Next thing I knew they were taking pictures of me and the bulldozer. They put a big deal on it, how many thousand hours I had on that Cat which was miles on automobiles, and never had to have it overhauled and the dust and all this stuff. They even had it on a

calendar, everybody got a calendar. I had one. Then the superintendent came down and says, "Well, one of the big wheels is down here from Tooele. And we need one more calendar, can we take yours? We got some more coming." I never did get one (chuckles).

Graff: You feel like the work you did in the Three C's helped you as far as your other work was concerned and that you gained the experience you needed?

Wilson: I do, because when I went to work on that operating this heavy equipment they says, "Where did you learn to run?" He says, "You come out of that garage just like a veteran out of that thing." He says, "I didn't even worry about it." And I told him, "Well I was in the CC Camp and I learned to drive some of this equipment and doing all this." Then along with these other jobs, I'd go down just building dams for the tailings. They had the jack hammers down there drilling to get the material loose so I could build the dams with it. Then I'd get on the jackhammers. He says, "Where did you learn that?" I says, "In the CC camp."

But anyhow, I stayed there sixteen years and after the war they took a subsidy off the lead and zinc and because they didn't need it for war time work anymore. Mines couldn't operate without it at that time. By then [I] had two little daughters and that army kept calling me. We was out rabbit hunting one Saturday, whole bunch of us, had two carloads. The manager of the time office stopped and we all got out, and he says, "The Japs bombed Pearl Harbor today. Oh my gosh." He says, "We're at war." All [of us] standing there [and] pretty soon somebody says, "Where's Pearl Harbor?" (Laughs) By then, we had to go sign up, see. I was signed up in St. George,. Pretty soon, finally I got my draft notice, and the company just kept deferring. By that time, I had a little girl and anyhow, finally I got one that says, *now this is his final deferment, no more*. So I got my deferment. They called me one day and the next day, got my 'greetings' from the army. So I had to go in, take my physical. By that time they were really scratching around getting the men. They was calling a lot of the 4-F's back then. When I went through I heard that one he hollered he says, "We got a live one!" (Chuckles) So I passed and he says, "Okay, you got ten days and then you're in."

So I went back told my wife and I come back to Hurricane and got a place to rent. And Superintendent come down and he says, "Now Howard." He says, "You stay here. You are not going to go". I says, "I am, they told me I am." He says, "You're not going." I says, "But I'm going to get my wife ready and my family and take them back home." And he says, "If you will stay here and if they draft you, we will move your family to wherever you're going to live and they will get a month's salary." I says, "Well I couldn't lose there." Went on, went on, and I really got upset. My best friend, a good friend, ran the post office and I kept saying "Didn't I get my call?" because all these other guys are gone. He says, "Howard, if I got [that] thing in the Post Office, I'd have to stamp it they day you picked it up." Boy, finally my wife says [talking over one another] And she says, "I understand what you're under." Anyhow, it went on and then here comes the secretary. She says, "Howard, I want you to read this letter that we sent to the draft board." And she showed it to me. (Laughs) Later on the Superintendent come down and he says, "I guess you got your notice that you were deferred again." I says, "Yeah,

and by the way Sam, if I am that good, I think I need more money.” “Damn it, Howard.” (Laughs) Finally he says, “Well if you want to know the truth, you are.” And so I got a raise.

When that all stopped, I moved up to American Fork, where my brother and them was living and he was in the construction business building. He’d been after me to come up there, so I went in the building business and like I said, no time at all, I could take the blueprints and lay out, because [of] what little I learned here.

Graff: Let’s back track just a little bit, tell me who your wife was down in Hurricane.

Wilson: Ardell Humphries.

Graff: Humphries, okay. So she was a local girl down there?

Wilson: Yes.

Graff: Did you meet her by going to dances and things down there?

Wilson: To dances and different things. I had a date with another girl and we went up to this party. But I had noticed her down at the dance. I was always kind of bashful back in high school. On leap year, remember, when we supposed to ask the boys for dates and go to the party, she says, “I chased you all over that school and you [was] just like a jack rabbit.” (Chuckles) But I thought, gee, ‘I’d like to meet her.’ Anyhow, we had a party after the dance, and I had this other girl and pretty soon, she said, “Well I have to go check in” because and she just lived across the street. So she did. By that time, I went back over to where her home was, my girl, this was the one I married. Her boyfriend had had to leave so we got to talking.

Next day, I have to back track a little. You wasn’t supposed to have cars. Well, I went to Cedar City and there was this little Model A sport coupe, had a rumble seat in it, and a guy from Modena, [Nevada] owned it that lived on the railroad. They only time he ever drove it was from St. George to Cedar because he always went on a train. And you know, I paid twenty-five bucks for that down and my payments were seven dollars and thirteen cents a month.

Graff: How did you swing that much because you were making five dollars a month?

Wilson: Yeah, I was getting all of my money because my grandmother died. I turned it over to another, my friend’s mother and she sent it back. Then, I was hauling guys to Hurricane ‘two bits’ a head and taking them back.

Graff: So you were making the payments for your car just hauling guys around.

Wilson: One day the sergeant came down, Frank Holland, originally from St. George. Anyhow, they told me they wanted me up in the office and I thought, ‘uh oh’. Now Lieutenant

N_____ was there, he was the new lieutenant, had his riding boots on and his spurs, all the time. There he was with his feet propped up on the desk. Frank says, "Howard, me and the Lieutenant would like to rent your car tonight." I says, "What car?" "The one that you drive up here, you know, behind Mrs. Fern's Service Station, then up behind the bushes, then you come along and you scratch the tracks out with a brush." (Laughs) So, he says, "What we'll do is each give you ten dollars and it will be full of gas when you get it back and Howard, no more KP." Now us truck drivers always had to take KP on Saturday or Sunday.

Graff: Is that right?

Wilson: I says, "Oh well, so what, they got me". About two hours later, here he comes. He says "Howard, we got Roy Gillards car, it's a sedan, for the same deal, but here's ten bucks and he says, we've made arrangements to fill it up there to Mrs. Fern's gas place." But I'd haul guys, like I said. Then, when we'd come back to these dances, I didn't know it, but those guys was bringing in their little high-balls and things.

Graff: Sure, bring a little booze with them.

Wilson: And old Scipio, he was the night-guard, that wasn't his name.

Graff: Yeah, but everybody called him that.

Wilson: Yep. I was a sneaking through, I was helping them carry it and I had some in the pants and in my shirt (chuckles). One of them clattered down on the rocks. Didn't break, but he says, "All right Wilson, hold it." I says, "Okay." He says, "You thought you were going to get in here without giving me drink didn't you?" (laughs) That was some of the fun times.

Graff: So he took a little charge off the bottle and let you on in with it.

Wilson: In fact, I thought he was going to take a drink and he about killed the whole half bottle and when I told the guy that I bought it for about it he says, "Boy, you're lucky; he didn't take the whole thing. He generally makes me give him the whole works." But years later, walking down the street in Fillmore and we'd stop there just for a break coming from American Fork, [Utah] down to St. George you know, to see her mother. Walking along the street there and all at once somebody behind me, "All right Wilson, hold it." Turned around there was Scipio with a big star on and a pretty uniform. He says, "I came right out of the CC and went right into the police force."

Graff: So that's what become of him. That's pretty neat. So you got to drive truck then the whole time you were....

Wilson: Most of the time. Like I said, after we moved into Bryce and we got down here and then it wasn't too long till I was on the 'track'. Like I said I got to drive that stake bed, but I didn't like it because they put benches in it and a canvas on it and you hauled the guys

down to dances and things. Even went up to Veyo, took them up there to the dances. St. George [and] down to Santa Clara, they had dances down there, different places.

Graff: How often were these dances going on, one a month?

Wilson: Different camps were having them at least once a month. What they would do, now like here at Bridge Mountain, [they would] go down to Hurricane and LaVerkin and pick up the girls and bring them up here to the dance. You were more or less responsible for them. Made sure they all got back home and like that. I liked the action in the dump truck, things like that. I've been called a 'workaholic' all my life. My wife calls me a 'clothesaholic.' Now some of them pictures I had, but like I said, I'd be getting this money myself. I had these riding boots, rip-cord britches with the leather in here.

End of interview.