Part One: At Home on the Range

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Part One

At Home

on the Range
The Utah-Arizona Border Area
Scene of Rider's cowboy experiences
The Roll Away Saloon

This is quite a notorious story on the Arizona Strip because it involves liquor. As far as I can remember, all the cowboys liked to drink alcohol. Oh, boy, they’d drink home brewed, they’d drink lemon extract and vanilla extract. The freighters couldn’t get it in there fast enough. The stores would sell out right away. That’s a fact.

So they built this little saloon and it was right on the Arizona-Utah line four miles south of Kanab and four miles north of Fredonia about seven or eight rods to the west of the present highway. It was just kind of a two-room affair, with a bar at one end and the barkeeper’s bedroom at the other end. It wasn’t very large, maybe twelve by eighteen feet, but it created quite a bit of disturbance among the Mormon housewives of Fredonia and Kanab because their men would come staggering up home on their horses, too late for dinner, unable to take their saddles off. So the men of these towns, fearing their women, built this saloon on rollers, log rollers that went clear under the joist.

Well, one day when the women in the Relief Society up to Kanab got together sewing and having a quilting bee, they decided among themselves that too many of their men were going down imbibing at this Roll Away Saloon. So they organized a posse to go and burn the thing down. And their plans were all kept a secret from their husbands, of course. So when the men all went out on the range or out in the fields or doing something, the women saddled up their horses, a lot of them rode, and some of them took their white-tops\(^1\) and they headed for this saloon.

Just fortunately for the saloon keeper there, there’s a little raise of land to the north about a quarter mile from the saloon, and on the south side there’s also a little incline up to a little ridge there, what we call Halfway Hill. And sure enough, this saloon keeper saw the dust coming from these women on horseback and these four or five white-tops as they came over the rise. And he got the crowbar and rolled the saloon back into Arizona. The women got down there and were all ready to light their torches, they had their bundles all ready,

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\(^1\)Four wheels with a framework like a small covered wagon. Wooden benches, enough to seat several people, were added.
when the saloon keeper said, "You can't touch this business; it's in Arizona. We don't belong to Utah at all. There's the line."

It was well paved, the line was, and it always had been. So they had a little confab, then said to the saloon keeper, "Well, if you sell our men any more liquor, we'll get you next time." So they went back home all disgusted that they couldn't go over into Arizona and wreck that place, and went back to their quilting.

Well, anyway, in a few days or a few weeks maybe, why the women down in Fredonia would be doing the same thing, quilting and making things for the needy and so forth. They would find out that their husbands had been spending all the spare cash up there at the Roll Away Saloon, so they'd organize a posse and here they would come. They'd come over that little ridge down there a quarter mile from the saloon and the saloon keeper'd see them coming, and it'd just take a few little pushes on those crowbars under the logs under the saloon, and over she'd go, over into Utah. The women would come up and the same thing would happen. "You can't touch me, I'm over here in Utah. Look there, there's the line." So the women would give up, threatening, and go back to Fredonia. And this went on for years.

Well, now, that's the Roll Away Saloon story and I guess I'm the only one that ever told it. And I think if you want to take a picture, you might find a few of those old rollers still rotting over there.

S'n'Ostrich

Well, I'll tell you one more funny little story. We had these round-ups in the spring in which all the cowmen in the country joined. It was necessary because it was a common drive and the territory was tremendous. We started up under the red ledges up there at Kanab and went all the way over to the Paria. We would drive these cattle, but they had been driven year after year so all you had to do was dash up to a bunch of them and hit your chaps with your quirt and let out a few war whoops and give them a start in the right direction. All those trails went like a tree backwards from the watering holes, branching out as they went. So all we had to do was ride the head of those trails and give the cattle a boot and there they would go. And you could see the dust for miles because of the cattle going
toward Pipe Springs where the turnover was made, where the buyers came to buy the cattle. And that old Roll Away Saloon was there on the way.

I had as my riding partner that day, next to me, a cowboy from Missouri. His name was Amos, but he was the slowest man in the world and we all called him "Swift." He'd light a cigarette and before he would take the second puff it would be burned down so that he couldn't puff the second time. Well, Swift turns to me and says, "I've got to get a drink, Rowland." And I says, "Come on, Amos, you can't do it. We've got to keep the end of our line up." And he says, "It won't take me a minute. I haven't had one for months." I knew that this was true because he had been in the outfit that long and there was no liquor. So I says, "All right, if you'll only take one so that we can join the rest in the line." We went in and I went with him to see that he didn't stay too long and he drank one and put it down and drank another one before I could get hold of his arm. I said, "Come on, Swift. We have got to go." But by the time he got in his chaps to get the money out, why we'd got behind a little bit and so we jogged along.

About a mile from the saloon there was a colony, and there has been for many years, a colony of ground owls, beautiful owls about the size of a pigeon with little ears and they look just like Siamese cats, except they have a beak instead of the cat's nose, and they got the ears stickin' up there and a big round face and, oh, boy, they are beautiful things. They build their nests in the springtime in the badger holes. The badger drills down there about three feet and it's there these owls nest. They build their nest down in these badger holes and the female sits on the eggs down in there, but the male sits on top and he's the guard, seeing that no rattlesnakes or anything can get down there to interfere with his mate hatching the eggs. And if you come over there he won't fly or run, he just sits there and dares you. He turns right around and just looks at you.

Well, we rode along and there was a lot of them along there and time we got out there about a quarter of a mile, Amos leaned over his saddle as he saw one of those things and says, "T'is it?" Well he meant "What is it?" so I knew his tongue was getting thick. I says,
“It’s an owl.” And he says, “S’not n’owl, ’s’n’eagle.” In his condition he thought it was too big to be an owl, so it had to be an eagle.

And he rode closer and I can still see him looking over his horse on that warm spring day, looking toward that thing. Well I guess the poor owl finally lost his nerve because he ducked back down into his hole, and old Swift said as he saw that ground owl bury himself, “Snot ’neagle, ’sneither, ’s’n’ostrich.”

Ground Owls

Well, you know, I had seen these little owls for so long riding in that area that whenever I did I would respect their nests, and I would turn my horse out around them, and naturally you would, and everytime I would do that they would look at me. And they’d look at me here in front and as I went along they’d turn their heads and keep lookin’ at me.

So one day I thought I’d do this for an experiment. I rode toward this little ground owl and when he saw me, why he put his head up and watched, you know, and I rode along there with him watching me. And I was real careful because I didn’t want to run over him. I rode around there again and he kept watching me and I rode around again making circles around him. He kept watching me come around and I went around three times and his head fell off.

Betting Gold Pieces

This’n’s a wild cowboy story. No one will believe this. Those cowboys in Kanab had nothing to do. They didn’t have a saloon, you know, because their wives would go down there and roll it back into Arizona. So they’d set around and whittle. I’m not kidding you, there was three or four inches of shavings all over everywhere up and down that main street. These men would sit around the post office, most of them waiting for the stage; we didn’t have automobiles, we had a stagecoach pulled by four horses, and on a buckboard because it was five spoke sand from Kanab to Mt. Carmel over the sand dunes. (I don’t know whether you know what five spoke sand is. That means if you’ve got a wagon wheel and you’re pulling it
through the sand, that the sand would touch five spokes on the periphery of that wheel. And that’s the way it is on the way to Kanab—there’s sand dunes across there.) These fellows once a year maybe would get some mail from the stage just before tax time and probably on Christmas. So these men would whittle to pass the time... and would bet, bet on anything you can think of. They would bet gold. And one time the betting was on how far a horse I was riding jumped when he was bucking.

Eck Findlay owned this particular horse. Eck was a cattleman, one of the wealthiest down there. We brought his horse in on the Fourth of July for the rodeo. A bunch of us went out and rounded up a wild band so we’d have horses to ride and we brought him in with this wild band. He had Eck’s brand on him. He’d branded him when he was a colt, but he was a stallion now and wild and had quite a few mares with him in that big herd. Eck decided he’d make a saddle horse out of him and I said to him, “Eck, that horse will never make a saddle horse.” And he said, “Oh, yes, he’s a good horse, good blood.” And he hired Bud Wilson, the professional bronco buster, to break him.

Practically every man in Kanab would turn their horses to Wilson to break. He had so much business that he had his corral full of horses all the time. He had been a bronco buster a long while, was well-adapted to it. In fact, he’d ridden so long he was bowlegged. He had to ride a horse ten times before he could earn his twenty-five dollars. That’s all they paid him to break a bronco. The horse had to be trained to the hackamore only, not the bridle, just the hackamore—and had to stand still while you hobbled him, and had to receive the saddle. And then Wilson had to learn him to swing on his hind legs back and forth.

One day after we had brought this horse in, Wilson was riding him and it was about the third time that he’d ridden him. He rode him uptown to see how the whittlers were getting along and then turned around and went out of town and was going down by my brother Dave’s place. I was there helping him put the feed boxes in the barn. All of a sudden, we heard this horse squealing and we felt the ground trembling. We come out of the barn and we looked up over a little orchard of peach trees my brother had down there along the road inside the fence. There were about three or four rows of peaches and they were young trees but they were up eight or ten feet
at least. And we could see above these peach trees this Bud Wilson going up and down over there. He went high, I'll tell you. Well, all of a sudden, this Bud Wilson just kept on going and the horse went down in front of my brother's home and turned east on the road to his range where he was raised just as fast as he could go with Wilson's saddle and hackamore.

Well, I had a good horse, the only palomino in the country at that time, a big, tall fellow. And he was trained so that when I'd whistle, he'd come. This day he was out in a little alfalfa field there next to my brother's orchard with some of my brother's other saddle horses. And he heard this squealing and he was excited. So I whistled and he came and I just held the bridle out—I didn't have time to saddle him because I wanted to catch that horse right away and get Bud's outfit—and he grabbed the bit and I slipped it over his ears. My brother run and opened the gate. When that horse started running I grabbed his mane and leaped right on. We took after that stallion and drove eight miles on a fast run. I caught him at Cedar Ridge. He was given out and running down and he didn't think anyone was after him, I guess. I rode alongside of him and picked up the hackamore rope. He'd been trained to be snubbed, so I just took him in a circle since there were no fences. I just let him keep running and finally changed directions and come back to Kanab, slowed down, of course, and come in on a walk.

When I arrived in town I was really tickled; half the town had come out to meet me to see whether I'd caught the stallion or not. They didn't think anybody ever could. Bud was riding bareback behind someone else. He was sure glad to get his outfit back, but said, "I never want to see that horse again. Eck, I wouldn't ride him, I'd kill him first." And so Eck Findlay says to me, he said, "Rowl, do you want to finish breaking him? I have seven more rides comin' to me, so that's all you've got to do, just ride him seven times." I says, "Okay, I'll do it."

I took him down to my corral and because I knew he'd been broke to lead and saddle, I put my outfit on him, saddle and hackamore. Along with the hackamore was always a six- or eight-foot rope that you used to tie the horse up to the tying post or held to when you was sitting on your haunches. Mine had a big knot at the end made of rawhide that Orson Hamblin, a little fellow, a little dwarf who was an expert on making rawhide ropes, had woven.
Lucky I had had him weave that on the end because that knot saved my life that very day.

Well, I decided to try the stallion out, and he went along fine. I was watching for him, though, because I knew that he had taken Bud unawares, so I kept alert. And he went out of town all right and went right on down south toward the Roll Away Saloon, passed it up and went right on down into the White Sage flats below. I was giving him a good workout, going along at a nice big gallop down the grade there towards the little town of Fredonia, when we came to all these trails that all came into one big trail where the horse and cattle went to water. And that horse apparently had come, over the past years, in there to water. When he came to those trails where they crossed the road, he stopped of his own accord and he threw his head up in the air and he whistled. I don't know if you've ever heard a mustang, or a stallion especially, whistle. You can hear them a mile. They just bulge up their chest and they let loose. Then he broke to the right on this trail toward the creek and he started to buck and boy, did he buck.

I didn't expect he was going to buck. I'd never been thrown but I knew I had to really ride that time because I'd seen him throw the best cowhand in the country, that professional bronco buster. I stuck and I stuck to him until he stepped in a badger hole. His front feet went down one of those and he went end for end and I went the end of that eight-foot rope that had the knot in it. That horse when he come up wheeled around and come right at me but I was up on my feet by then. He come right at me striking, and he grabbed with his great big old teeth and then he'd strike. He'd rear up and strike and squeal and the only thing I could do was take that knot, give it a little leeway, and when he'd strike I'd hit. I knew I had to knock his eyes out or he'd kill me, so I knocked out his left eye first because I was right-handed. I got that out but that didn't even slow him down at all.

Now I had a time getting that other eye, though. Boy, I thought I was a goner several times. If I had stumbled or anything, there wouldn't have been anything left. He would’ve just tromped me to pieces, which I had seen them wild horses do, not to men, but to other horses. I finally got the other eye out but even then I didn't dare go near him. Anytime I'd move he could hear me and he'd rear and strike. He'd come up in the air and down fast with his big old
sharp hooves and his mouth wide open. I let go of the hackamore and ran over to the highway and walked up beyond the saloon up the fields a little ways. I walked about two miles and Homer Spencer was coming out of his field on his horse. He'd been down irrigating and I told him what had happened. He said, "Jump on. We'll go uptown and get some horses."

By the time we got uptown and told some of the other boys, and by the time I got my six-shooter, why, all the whittlers were out there on their horses. They all wanted to go back with me to see that horse. Now there was a fellow there we called Highpockets. His name was John Cram. He was six foot six and everyone called him Highpockets. He wasn't known by anything else. And he would bet on anything.

Now when I escaped from that horse and went back to the highway, I thought, "No horse could ever leap that far with a man on him," but it seemed like he'd never light when he did go up in the air. So I went back, made sure I was out of range of that stallion, and stepped it off and it was eighteen feet, you know, just roughly. So I told those guys, I says, "That horse jumped eighteen feet as sure as I'm sitting on this horse." And Highpockets says, "No horse can jump that far," and Gid Findlay, cousin of Eck Findlay who owned the horse, says, "Yes, he can. If Rowl Rider says he can, he can, and here's $100 to say he can." And John Cram pulled out his old deer pouch purse and shelled out $100 in gold, five twenty-dollar gold pieces. Gid matched it and they give the $200 to Jimmy Sorenson to hold. You see, they wouldn't trust each other so they gave the stakes to a neutral party. Then they went over to my brother who was a builder and got one of these fifty-foot tape measures that unrolls. And by that time we had fifty cowboys wanting to see that horse and how far he jumped.

So we marched down there and, sure enough, that horse had jumped twenty feet. And while Eck Findlay shot the horse, so we could get my outfit and, of course, for humane purposes, Highpockets turned over that $100 in gold to Gid Findlay.

**Shoeing Little Dickie**

This story's funny, I think. I roped a bay, a two-year-old stallion down at Nail's Crossing on the Kanab Gorge on the Kanab Creek.
It was the first mustang I'd ever roped. And he was a fine, deep-chested horse with one white front foot and a white star in his forehead, fine pointed ears and broad between the eyes. I turned him out in the winter range in Nail's Gulch with the rest of our horses for the year and then went and got him in the spring and brought him in. I snubbed him to a cord and he came along with my saddle horse and we went back to Kanab and I put him in the barn with my other horses, fed him grain, and curried the ticks out of his mane and tail. He loved that. I intended to break him, but I didn't want him to buck because I wanted to use him as a cow pony. So I gentled him and learned him to lead and to follow me, and then I put my saddle blanket on him and let him walk around with that. When I decided it was time to get on him, I got my brother, Dave, to snub him for me to the horn of his saddle (on another horse) so that he couldn't buck if he wanted to.

I had a brand-new saddle all engraved and I thought, "Well, I'll go uptown where the boys are setting up there waiting for the stagecoach." They were all sitting on a log whittling. They had three inches of shavings all over the place, and they'd talk about cattle, and about when the railroad was coming to town, and one fellow would say, "Well, if it does come to town, I hope it comes in the daytime so we'll get to see it." And they'd size up new horses in town. And so I had this fine saddle and I was going to be proud setting up on that horse that I had decided to call Dick to show all these cowboy friends of mine a good horse and a good saddle outfit.

Well, I cinched him up all right, got the saddle on—no bucking. I done this without riding him in the corral, just led him around a little. He was used to that. Then I mounted him and my brother snubbed him and we got just about a half a block from my corral going along and, all of a sudden, that little horse let out a squeal and I guess before my brother could do anything, Dick ducked his head down and jerked the rope down off the horn of my brother's saddle and that give him a chance to jump, and we went up in the air. He broke both of the cinches. Dick came down but that saddle and I went in the air no less than fifteen feet. And when I come down again, the ground was soft and sandy, and I went in the ground about a foot. Boy, I thought, that horse can sure go into the air.

Well, Dave said he'd go up to the stockman's store, to Bowman's store, and get a new set of cinches, the front and the rear cinch,
double rig it was called, while I held Dick with a hackamore. When he came back, we put the cinches on my saddle and saddled Dick up again, and that time Dave was careful not to let him get his head. So we rode him five, six, or ten miles and came back and then next morning I took him out without a lead horse. And he was very fine, he was gentle, and he was fat. I fed him good. When we got back, Mother called, “Lunch,” wanted to know if I wanted lunch before I went on to try him out on the open road. That sounded good, so I put the hackamore reins over the pickets in our front fence on the south side of our home.

We were just about through eating when we heard a tremendous squeal and a crash right at the front door on the south side of our home. Boy, I ran out to the front door and there my horse was hanging up on top of the picket fence with two pickets stuck clear into his stomach. The hackamore rope had come tight just as he was leaping over the fence and it jerked him down and the pickets ran right up into his barrel, right back of his ribs. I held his head and twisted his ears so he wouldn’t struggle anymore and Dave took the axe that was right there by the woodpile under a big pear tree and he chopped the pickets down and that let Dick down.

Dave said to me, “Well, go ahead and shoot him,” but I said, “Oh, no, I can’t shoot that horse.” So Dave went to get Isaac Brown. Ike Brown was the only veterinarian and he hadn’t had any real professional training, but he did do all the veterinary work in the country there. So we led him down to the barn where Dick’s entrails were by now hanging out. We had to tie the horse's hind legs so he couldn’t step backward, then we had to pull one foot up and back so we could lay him down without too much trouble. All we had was salt water, hot boiling salt water, for an antiseptic, and so we bathed him in that. And Ike Brown had some needles and some buckskin and he sewed up this hole the pickets had made and we made a canvas sling and bound that around Dick so that the stitches wouldn’t be forced open by his intestines. Well, the hole got infected, nevertheless, and in a few days the swelling got so bad Dick couldn’t walk forward so he’d back up. He’d back around the corral, back over to the water trough. The veterinarian told me to boil sage and make a good strong sage tea and then bathe him with that every day. Well, I couldn’t bathe him standing up because the wound was down in front of his back flank. So I trained him to lay down. All I
had to do was lift up one foot and he'd lay down and I'd bathe him and he'd just kind of groan. Well, next then I'd chirp to him and he'd get up. And day after day I'd go down and say, "Lay down, Dick." And he'd lay down. He got so he'd lay down when he saw me coming. It makes me laugh when I think of it now. I would bathe him for half an hour and he seemed to like that. I'd let him lie there and he'd get up anytime he wanted to.

Although he had quite a big welt on his stomach like a hernia, he finally got well so he could travel, so I put him back to the range with the rest of the horses down in Nail Valley. Next spring I went down to get him for the spring roundup. There was twenty of us including W. W. Seegmiller, who run for governor here one time, all down there to round up our horses that had got fat on the winter feed. We all assembled, by prearrangement, of course, at what we called Castle on the west side of the big mountain, Kaibab. Each cowboy had to know how to shoe his own horses and that was his job. We carried shoes in our packs and nails and hammers and clippers so that we could do this operation, because the Kaibab formation where we'd be rounding up our cattle for the next month was rocky and a horse couldn't go barefooted only about one day riding him and his feet would all be tender and you couldn't use him.

I got my other three horses shod all right and I thought I'd shoe Dickie. I called him "Dickie" by now, changed his name to "Dickie" after he got hurt and I had to doctor him every day. He was gentle, but wild, and he was fat, and, oh boy, he came in with the rest of the horses feeling fine. I lifted up one of his front feet, I was going to shoe that first, when immediately he laid down so I just went around and shoed all four feet.

The other cowboys were all hammering away on their horses' feet, you know, the cowboys were all scattered all around this place where there was a nice big spring called Castle Springs. Well, I had one shoe on Dickie before Seegmiller saw me, and then he got the attention of all the other fellows. And they all quit shoeing. They all dropped what they were doing to come over and watch. I got the hind foot shod then, and I rolled Dickie over and he held up his other two feet, and Seegmiller, he laid there, and he laughed till he couldn't stand up and most of the other boys did, too. They all sat down or laid down. But Seegmiller, he just about died. He was about six feet four inches tall and he laid on his back and he'd roll
back and forth. He'd roll over there away from me and kinda get a good laugh and then he'd roll back to see me shoeing that horse upside down and start laughing all over again.

Pal

Now we're talking about horses, I'll tell you about another good horse that I had. This was the first palomino horse to be brought into Kanab. He had thrown a cowboy over at the rodeo in Cedar City and jumped on him and killed him. I think the cowboy's name was Bullock. Of course, the cattlemen turned this palomino back on the range. They had all that west range out toward Lund that they turned their horses out on in the wintertime, and summertime too, while they were in the herds with the mares and the colts and that. And then once a year they had a roundup and they'd bring the horses into Cedar City.

So this year, when I was at school there in Cedar City, I'd heard about this palomino horse. He belonged to a fellow named Jones from Enoch, the little town of Enoch north of Cedar. I went down there and this palomino was there and I said, "I'd like to buy that horse," and the guys, some of them said, "Oh, he's a man-killer, you don't want him." And I said, "Oh yes, I do. I want that horse." So they told me this fellow that owned him, and I went over and I made a deal to buy him and I bought him for twenty-five dollars, cheap because he'd killed a man.

And so I borrowed a cowboy's rope there and walked out in the corral and the horses come rushing by from one end of the corral to the other. I put my loop out and picked out both of that palomino's front feet and set him down and tipped him up. One of the other cowboys, while I held his feet, sat on his head, and then I come over and put my hackamore on him. I took him up to Bishop Corey's barn, where I lived in Cedar City there, and made arrangements for Bishop Corey to feed him. And I bought some grain and I grained him and I raked all of the ticks out of his hide. He was full of ticks, you know. Out on the range they got these wood ticks, all the horses did. I just curried them out of his mane, all over. It was in the spring of the year, see, and he had long hair through the winter that had grown. And his hide was just full of ticks everywhere—boy,
under his belly, oh dear, and I scraped all of these out with a curry comb and he just loved that. That gentled him.

But I daresn’t ride him, so I just put my saddle blanket on him and then I would lead him around the corral. Bishop Corey would feed him then when I’d get home from school, I’d curry him and lead him around and feed him sugar. He was a real pal. I called him Pal. Then about two months before school was out, I finally got up on his back. I knew he’d killed this man, but I put my saddle on him and walked around there for a week or two without getting on him except to ride him bareback sometimes. But he never made any effort to buck or anything. And then I rode him with my saddle and I’d ride him clear to Enoch and back every night after school when the days got longer. That’s about eight miles out, eight miles back, and I’d gallop him out there and gallop him back and curry him down and put him in the barn. Then I trained him a little bit how to rope. All the time I’d be riding him, I’d be swinging my rope and dragging it so he’d get used to it. I trained him to back up and hold the rope tight.

Sketches of horses and buffalo found scattered among the stories are by J. Roman Andrus.
So when school was out, I put my saddle on him and I went from Cedar City right straight up over that mountain, that old sheep trail over there, and I landed in Kanab that night at eleven o’clock, and that’s a straight line if you didn’t have to go through canyons and over mountains and around hills. That was about ninety miles straight through on an airline. And I rode him in one day. He was a dandy horse. Every cowboy I talked to said they couldn’t ride half that far in one day over those mountains from Kanab to Cedar City on one horse. And that horse went in on a gallop over that last twenty miles of sand between Mt. Carmel and Kanab.

Next day I got on him and I rode him uptown and went over to my girl’s home. Her dad was Frank Hamblin and he was one of the biggest cattlemen in the country. I went over there to just show Pal off, you know. I knew Frank would like him because he was a cattleman and liked horses. He said, “I’ll give you $250 for him. Take off your saddle.” And I said, “I’m sorry you made me that offer.” So the next day he saw me downtown and he said, “I’d give you $300 today for that horse. I want him.” And I said, “Boy, I’m sorry again.” I says, “I wish you hadn’t of made me that offer.”

Well, I fussed around with him and I done a little roping there in the corral and branded a calf or two. I’ve got pictures of him holding a calf down. But one night, by gosh, he laid down in the field down there and there was a sandy place where the water ran out of the main ditch onto the alfalfa, kind of a little shallow place there, and he rolled in that like horses do. They roll in the sand, you know, and then get up and shake. And danged if he didn’t roll in there on his back and died. He couldn’t get up. He just smothered to death there. I don’t know how long he’d laid there until he died, but the next morning he was dead. And I always say it was because Frank Hamblin offered me $300 for him.

Isn’t that a heck of a story?

Indian Trading

I’ll tell you another story that happened the next year. I was at Cedar City. I went down to the horse roundup again at the same corrals and I spotted a stallion that was about two-and-one-half years
old, or at least two, a sorrel stallion and he looked like he'd make a good saddle horse. And so I found out who his owner was and gave him twenty-five dollars for him. And, like old Pal, his hide was full of ticks. And it took me two days working after school hours before I could find them all and dig them out. They were all full of blood, you know, and I curried them out of his mane and his tail and I gentled him that way. And I kept him around Bishop Cort's barn and fed him and grained him—he was kind of poor. It had been a hard winter, I guess, on the range and all those ticks, too. That was the worst thing that could happen to an animal was to get ticks and so many of them. I can't believe, to this day, that there could be that many ticks on one animal. I've dug them out of cattle's ears and back of their ears, but I never have seen them out all over a horse like he had them, especially under his stomach and between his legs and his fetlocks where he couldn't rub them out on a tree or a post.

Well, I fattened him up and trained him every day, learned him to lead good. But I didn't have my saddle in Cedar, so another friend that was to school with me, went with one of the girls from Kanab there whose name was Hicks, and she said her brother was coming with a white-top to take her home and I could ride with them home. I thought that was a good opportunity. So I led this horse home, tied to the back of the white-top. It took us one day to Toquer, the next day to Cane Beds, and the next day we made Kanab. Took us three days to get to Kanab in this white-top.

Nevertheless, I had this stallion down to my barn there in Kanab and I hadn't ridden him yet. I'd been on him bareback but that was all. He was getting fat and was slick and nice. Well, the Navajos came to town and they were making jewelry and trading blankets right up in town, right near the main corner of town right in the middle of the street. So I went down to the barn and got this horse and got on him. First time he'd been out of the corral with me on him. I just had a rope hackamore on him, looped over his nose.

And so I rode him bareback uptown, right up into the middle of the Navajos and got off from him and crossed my arms. One Navajo came out with a blanket, a nice big blanket, and I kept my arms crossed and he threw on another blanket, kind of middle-sized blanket and he stood back there, wanted to trade and I didn't trade. And he looked the horse over again. All these other Navajos came and looked too. They saw he was a stallion and they talked to them-
selves. And the first one went over and got another blanket off the pile and threw it down and I uncrossed my arms and he got up on that horse like I had been and the horse threw him sky-high. The ground was soft there, too, it was sandy. He came down and all the Navajos they just had a ball, they just laughed and hollered and clapped. Oh, they had the best time, you know, because he went high in the air. The Indian was riding him bareback, but that stallion just went wild. He just really went up in the air and he give about two squeals and on the second jump the Navajo kept on going.

And I thought the Navajo would want to trade back. I supposed he’d want his blankets back, but he just come over and laughed and laughed and laughed. And he says, ”Heap bueno horse.”

I took the blankets, carried them home. It was all I could do to get home with them. And that big blanket was on our front room floor down in Kanab. It was a tremendous thing about twelve, fourteen feet long and I can’t recall just how wide. And it was a beautiful design, a beautiful rug, all red and black and white. A beautiful thing.

Governor George Dern, who was the governor of the state of Utah, came to town and wanted to buy a Navajo blanket, I guess, and somebody told him that if he wanted any blankets he’d better go down to my home and talk to me. He came down there and he says, ”I’ve got to have this blanket.” And I said, ”Oh, that’s not for sale, Governor Dern, I’m sorry you want that.” But I said, ”I’ve got these others. Wouldn’t you be satisfied?” He said, ”No, I’ve got to have this for my home.” He says, ”No, I can’t let you.”

He was going to leave town the next day. Next morning he was back down there. He says, ”I’ve got to have that blanket. I’ll give you $350.” And I said, ”That’s twice as much as it’s worth, but if you’re that set on getting it,” I says, ”I’ll be happy if you’ll give me $300.” So he took the blanket and paid me. And the horse that I traded for it was only worth twenty-five dollars, that’s all I give for him and a bushel basket full of ticks, wood ticks, you know, that was in his hide. And I’d trained him a little bit and learned him to lead and had been on his back, but never had ridden him with a saddle.

And that’s the story of the second horse I bought in Cedar City. Isn’t that funny? And the other two blankets I still have, and the
saddle blanket, the last of the three he piled on before I uncrossed my arms, is out in the Thunderbird right now where we put our suitcases.

Fighting Stallions

I’m going to tell you a story about an act in the animal kingdom that no one in my acquaintance has ever seen.

In the area of northern Arizona and southern Utah, there’s millions of acres of land that were used for grazing purposes only by sheepmen and cattlemen. And, naturally, in such a great area there developed, finally, through the years, many wild herds of horses. Some areas yet they still exist and men, in order to preserve the range crop for cattle and sheep, have gone out and shot these wild mustangs, as they are called. But I believe that I am the only man that I ever heard of say that they have ever seen one stallion kill another and take his string of mares.

I was traveling from Kanab in about the year 1908 and as I went on the Navajo trail from Kanab across the north end of the Kaibab Plateau into the House Rock Valley, I came upon two large bands of mustangs, wild horses. They were grazing in the center of White Sage Flat which has very choice food for cattle and also for wild horses. These two bands of horses were lined up in two rows facing each other. On the north side was a black stallion with twenty mares, and on the south side with about twenty-five mares and colts and yearlings, was a white stallion. These two stallions were fighting and their various groups were spectators as intent as spectators in a ball game, one side on one side of the stadium and the other on the opposite side, keeping their distance apart in this battle to the death. In the background, several hundred yards away, were several two-year-old stallions that had been whipped out from the herd by the large stallions who owned the mares and colts so they wouldn’t get involved in the fighting.

The white and black stallions reared and struck and bit and they stood on their hind legs and struck with their large, sharp hooves, trying each one to outdo the other. Finally, after maybe ten minutes more, the black horse, after having a front leg broken, was overcome by the white stallion who got him just in front of the withers with
his teeth and broke the bones of his neck. Then the white stallion threw him to the ground and just stood and pawed and jumped on him, just cut him all to pieces. There wasn’t much left of his body; his hide was all torn, he was all bloody. As I approached, I could see the blood all over the coat of the white mustang, too. He had become red, almost, from the blood of his enemy.

As soon as the black horse quit struggling, this one white mustang, that was the victor, rounded up the twenty head of mares and colts that belonged to the vanquished mustang and run them over into his herd. When he saw me coming he come out to meet me, but before he come to meet me, he started all the horses up toward the mountains. He rounded them up and put them all in one big herd and run along back of them and got them going into a gallop and then he turned around and come back to see me again. And when I got close to him, he turned and hightailed it off into the forest.

This is the only event like this that I have ever seen. I have seen two horses fight each other a little bit, but never have I seen two mustangs fight to the death.3

Old Mose Indian

This is a story about the commotion that took place in a little wickiup village in the confines of the city of Kanab, and at this time I happened to be marshal, and I was supposed to keep peace. Two Piute papooses ran frantically and got me and they says, “Oh, come quick, Marshal. Heap trouble down to our village.”

So I ran with them down to the creek bottom where they was camped and when I got there there was quite a ruckus. Old Mose had married his brother’s wife, which is permissible in the Piute tribe. After the brother dies, he can take over the responsibility of his brother’s family. Therefore, he married this other squaw.

3Rider says, “More than a year after this incident, I came upon the white stallion and his large band of mustangs. This incident I refer to in ‘The Seven Bags of Gold.’”
But his first squaw was over in Moccasin, twenty miles from there, and she heard about this. And so in the evening, she got over to Kanab on her pony and she created quite a bit of trouble down in this little village with the tepees down there. Therefore, these two papooses was very desirous that I get there in a hurry.

And when I heard what the trouble was I said, “Pronto.” When I got there I said, “Mose, the white man’s law won’t permit you to have two wives. You, therefore, will have to send either this squaw or that squaw back to Moccasin or I’ll put you in the hoosegow.”

And Mose then said to me, “Me no tellum, you tellum, Marshal.”

Indian Medicine

Well, now, this puts us back a few years prior to the time when the last chief of the Piutes in that area, old Quagance, died. He had got ill, had pneumonia, and they put him in the hospital. But Doc Farrel said he was doing fine and would have been back with his tribe in just a few days.

However, two nights after he went in the hospital, some Indians stole him. I know this personally because his son, Alec, that I rode with a great deal said, “When Dr. Farrel was asleep we stole Quagance and we took him over to Two-Mile on horseback.” Two-Mile was the location of a spring and is about seven miles away and they have a subkiva over there. I’ve only seen one other like it and that’s down the Canyon De Chelly. A subkiva’s a pit built of stone, arched up and covered with stone. And outside of it there’s a great fire bed and they build a big fire and then put stones in the fire and get them hot and then they put them in this kiva and put the patient on top of blankets, wet Navajo blankets. And so they shoved Quagance in there and closed it up. This made lots of steam, of course. And that was the cure for sick Indians.

And I said, “Why did you do this, Alec?” And he said, “White man medicine no good.”

“Well,” I said, “when you put him in the kiva did the Indian medicine work?” And he said, “Yes, him die.”
Butch Cassidy’s Escape

I knew Butch Cassidy’s brother, Bill Parker, and Bill Parker told me that when the sheriff got the drop on Butch when he went to visit his home in Circle Valley, Cassidy said, “I’ll come with you, sheriff, but just give me a chance to kiss my mother goodbye.” Her picture was hanging on the wall across the room and the sheriff said, “Go ahead.” So Cassidy went over there and acted like he was going to kiss that picture and he put his hand around back of the picture and got his six-shooter and had the drop on the sheriff—and he got away. Took the sheriff’s gun. They never caught him.

Of Cowboys and Weather

There’s a lot of things that people don’t know about cowboys. They don’t know that cowboys can tell the weather by their boots. You know, when there’s low and high pressure, your boots tell your feet. You can tell by the way they act on your feet whether it’s going to storm—rain or snow. Cowboys can always tell that except me. I can tell the day after the storm.

Ten Requirements to Become a “Top-Notch Cowboy”

To become a good cowboy in certain areas, there’s ten rules that you’ve got to comply with before you get your silver spurs.

1. Handle a lariat correctly on foot or on horseback.
2. Rope an unbroken horse within the corral and break it to lead.
3. Saddle a horse correctly. Also, properly set and cinch a pack saddle. See, after a horse is saddled, after you’ve pulled it up and

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4Rider rode with Bill Parker—Parker told this story to Rider one time when they rode together from Kanab to Fredonia. Parker also told Rider that Butch Cassidy at that time was in Mexico.
shaped it up nice and straight, you should take hold of the horse's hackamore rope or his bridle reins and walk him a little ways before mounting him. Then he won't buck. And then, after you've ridden him for ten or fifteen minutes, you have to reach down and tighten both of the cinches; you have a little trigger belt, quick setting. You don't have to get off, but you have to tighten it in case you're going to ride or you're going to jump logs or you're going to rope.

And after that, you have to know how to guide a horse with one hand and also to guide him with your knees, nudge him, tell him what to do with your knees. And you've got to know how to hold the reins in your hands, which way to hold them and how to handle them, on the neck with your left hand, swinging from side to side.

4. Properly pack an animal including throwing the diamond hitch. This means cinching, in the shape of a diamond, the ends of the rope that holds the pack saddle.

5. How to approach a horse or a mule to hobble it. This is the "psychological approach" without which it would take two cowboys to hobble the string of horses. Most interesting. It isn't easy. You have to have a certain method. You walk up to a horse with your head down and your hobbles in your hand. You don't look him in the eye. You just walk up and crouch and go down and put the hobbles on him and step back. And if you don't walk up to him like that, you never could catch him. But as long as you go like that, go down, you're all right.

And if the horses are out where they're feeding, then you have to take the rope off their necks and hobble them. See they've got a hobble on their neck. And you've got to know how to put that rope on their fetlocks, and wind it around and slip it through the knot. You just duck your head and go right through their feet and then when you get a hold of their leg, reach up and take the hobble off their neck. And the same way when you go to unhobble them. It's a funny thing. You don't even look at their eyes. You just go down, right towards their feet, just kinda stoop and go right down there on a kind of an angle. And they stand just as still—well, that's a knack. But a stranger couldn't get near those horses if he didn't know how because they just would whirl on him, you know, they wouldn't stand for it. But if you know how to do it, you can do it every time with no trouble. You can't train every horse. But mostly you can. It takes a little while.
6. Memorize the local brands of the area and their position on the animal. Also know the "earmark" for each brand.

7. Know and be able to perform the proper procedure to rope and stretch out an animal for branding and marking. You've got to catch the calf and you've got to put the de-awelta on and set your horse down and hold that calf and then you've got to get off of your horse and go down the rope to the calf, see, and talk to your horse all the time you're going down there so he won't come forward. Say "Back, back, back." Make him back and hold that rope tight when you're out there wrestling with the calf, see, and you've got to keep that rope tight and the horse knows it. It don't take him long.

8. How to use a "branding ring"—the proper temperature and method. To use a branding ring, you run two wooden sticks from either side through the branding ring, intersecting in an X. The ring is made of iron, flattened, three inches in diameter, and about one inch thick, leaving a hole in the middle about an inch and a half in diameter. Then using the sticks as a handle, run the ring along the hide of the animal, forming the brand. The ring doesn't turn, it just slides along the skin. You have to run the ring slowly over the skin so it will burn out all the hair, leaving a scar.

You have to heat the ring several times unless it is a simple brand like \( \text{R} \) then one heating will do it. Usually we'd use green sticks or sagebrush so they wouldn't burn, but occasionally the sticks would burn and we'd need to change them. The hotter the ring, of course, the faster you can make the brand; it should be a good cherry red, and that's about as hot as you can get it in a brush fire.

9. Proper identification of cow and calf to insure proper ownership before branding. You let the mother cow search out the calf in the herd, and the calf will follow by her side. See, all the cows and calves are all mixed up and milling around before you brand them, and you need to make sure the calves are part of your herd.

10. To ride a cutting horse without "pulling leather" after the rider has indicated to the horse which animal is to be cut from the retained herd. The horse must be given free rein. For the test you

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3See the story on cattle brands.

4A Spanish word which describes the method of winding the lariat around the horn of the saddle.
must cut out ten calves. This is the most difficult test and most interesting to watch. This is to go into that herd and indicate to your horse which critter you want to cut out of that herd and after you have showed him, by his ears he shows you he knows which one you’re after as you go through the herd. He spots him, he’s got to spot the critter. You slacken the reins, and you’ve got to let him take that critter out of the herd to the boys on the outside and take it on away. And you can’t pull leather; you can’t touch leather nor spurs. And that’s the difficult one—you’ve got to ride that horse without pulling leather or spurring. And that horse will take him out of there, boy, and you’ve got to be a good rider. If you can stay on there, on a good cut horse, you’re a dang good cowboy. See, that calf wants to stay with his mother, see, and after you get him out towards the outside, he’ll break back into the herd and all of them will try to get back in. And then you’ve got to take them to the outside cowboys and they give them a shoo back towards the range where they come from. These men on the outside hit their chaps with their ropes and give those cows a jump and a run and they head out back to where we picked them up on the range. And that’s the last rule.

Yes, that’s quite a job, passing those ten rules before you can get your silver spurs. But at least you don’t have to know how to break a horse. The breaking of a horse was up to the professional broncobusters.

And I could do all of those when I was seventeen. Ride and rope—I could rope anything, stretch them out. I could go down the rope and take a yearling, tip him over my hip, put him down. Didn’t have to drag out his hind feet. I could go down the rope and tip the calf up. I’ve gone down and taken and roped those buffalo calves and they’re twice as wiry as domestic calves. Boy, I’ll tell you, it’s something to do it. I’ve only done that twice, gone down the rope and tipped one of those bawling buffaloes over my hip. Wow.

Cattle Brands on the Arizona Strip and in Kane County

In the little town of Kanab, four miles from the Arizona Strip, most of the men were cattlemen or sheepmen, but the cattlemen distinguished themselves by their brand and their earmark to identify
their stock on the range. There were quite a number of cattlemen, so naturally, each man had to have a brand, and I'll recall for you some of the famous brands which were known in that country.

In 1870 Brigham Young called a work mission to build the Windsor Castle at Pipe Springs, Arizona. This castle was built around the spring of delicious water that comes out of the point there and from this point the great cattle range projected to the south and to the east and also to the west, which was like a grainfield. Therefore, Brigham Young organized the Windsor Cattle Company. This cattle company belonged to the L.D.S. Church, but Brigham Young also had private interest in it and the brand was W. In later years, when the federal government took over the Church-controlled property on account of polygamy, it was thought advisable by the Church leaders to put all their property in the names of private individuals so it couldn't be confiscated by the government. And therefore, this W brand became John W. Young's brand, which is W. By the addition of the J on the end of the first V of the W and the straight mark to form the Y on the second V of the W, or Y, this brand was changed and continued to be in active service for many years and later became the horse brand of the Church. And in 1907 and 1908 I actually ran this brand on the left side of horses' rear right thighs to identify them with their owners, the Z at that time.

Another interesting brand at that time was SOB for Samuel O. Bennion and to the saintly, this brand, of course, would recall the words of Titus when he said that to the pure, all things are pure, but to the unholy, nothing is pure.

Another brand was an umbrella, just a V turned upside down with a dash from its apex down a little below the slopes of the sides. The man who was identified by this brand was called Umbrella. It's difficult for me now, so many years have gone by, but I believe his name was Palmer. And as far as you could see on the range, you could see that black umbrella up in the air above his horse long before you could see his horse and as he approached other cowboys, their horses were always shying away from him because they were frightened of this umbrella. Really, I think they were giving him the "horse laugh" for carrying it. Nevertheless, my brother, who was one of the large stock owners in the country, was named David Rider and his brand was Bar DR, DR, and one day he and
I were fencing a horse pasture and we were setting cedar posts, which are the best wood for fencing posts, and Umbrella approached us and he looked down from under his umbrella on top of that tall horse and he said, "Bar DR, I'm ashamed of you." And Bar DR answered and said, "Why, Umbrella?" and Umbrella said, "You know better than setting those cedar posts without charring them first." And Bar DR said, "How come?" Umbrella said, "Because if you char them they'll last you fifty years; I've tried them twice." So I've laughed at that statement. I laughed at the time and I've laughed sixty-five years since until June 4, 1970, when my granddaughter and my grandson were with me on a trip to Jacob's Pools for another purpose (to photograph the pools and the dike that retained the water at the pools—for another story). And that day I had my photograph taken at the cedar posts set sometime before 1915 and I took my hat off then and decided that I would not laugh anymore at Umbrella, because he probably was over a hundred years old when he gave us this advice from the top of his horse, shaded by his umbrella. I think he looked like he was over a hundred then.

But there was other brands as interesting, too. One man, who settled at Paria Creek at the little old town of Paria down below Canonville on the Paria River, was named Porter and his brand was Y with an upside down Y next to it, Y. And we called that the Lord's Prayer, and the reason was that every time we called at Porter's ranch in the morning to go out to ride the range, he was either getting down to pray or getting up from prayer.

And another interesting brand was the Pratt brothers' brand at Fredonia, Arizona. These men were cattle owners together. And their brand was one of the lazy brands that was used. For instance, an H as you regularly mark it, would be just H, a quarter circle above it as Jacob Hamblin's brand H and that brand has come down to his sons and to his grandsons now, but when that brand was laid horizontal, it became lazy and we called that the Lazy H J. And so this brand of the Pratt brothers was a figure two lying down horizontally, then the two P's were burned into the cowhide back to back, see, so we called that the Two Lazy Two P CEP. But whenever we addressed either one of the Pratt brothers, who were big husky men, we just called them Two Lazy, we didn't put on the other two letters.
Some other brands were: the brand of John Findlay, X Diamond X XX. This became quite an estate and still is administered as an estate to the present. FDR recalls one of our late presidents of the United States, but belonged to Franklin D. Richards, one of the early apostles of the L.D.S. Church FDR. He didn’t have too much, mostly in Cache Valley. G.A.S. GAS that’s George A. Smith; that one would look better on a neon sign up one hundred and fifty feet above a gas station. And Bar JR JR for John Rider was my father’s brand. We had quite a few cattle. We ran Bar DR and Bar JR together and they were all over this mountain. E. D. Wooley, who was president of the Kanab Stake for a long while before he died, his brand was DE, just DE, DE and they’d call him Uncle De, see. And he had cattle all over these plains. When I was going down there, Quarter Circle X X, the brand of the Robbers Roost gang, hadn’t been run for fifteen years. But W. W. Seegmiller roped a big steer with this brand on it, fifteen years after that steer was branded. They live a long while. He was a big one. Seegmiller always talked about that, roping that big steer.

Well, an Arizona corporation, headed by Stevenson, bought the JWY, the Church holdings, all of them. Called themselves the Grand Canyon Cattle company and their brand was Bar Z Z. Dimmick was their local forman and they employed my brother as straw boss. He did all the cattle work. And by agreement with them, we ran Bar JR and Bar DR with Bar Z.

And then later, when the Forest Service come in here, we had to take them off. Well, the Forest Service restricted their numbers, made us buy a permit, pay a grazing fee. And then there was a drought and everybody lost their shirt; cattle died by the hundreds. Cattle went up canyons where water was and the drought had dried up the water and they’d never get out, they’d just stay there and die. Two weeks, no food, you know. Scarcity of water in the country; everybody had the water rights all sewed up. Well, we drifted our cattle. We gathered them all on the west side of the mountain and

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*Rider later explained that part of the reason for this grazing fee was that the Forest Service went to a large expense to build a drift fence to separate the local, Kanab, cattlemen from the Bar Z. This ran from Two-Mile to Swamp Point. (However, the Bar Z built a fence from the ledge above Upper Pools, across House Rock Valley, to the Box Canyon at the North Canyon, a distance of about twenty miles.)

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drifted them from the mouth of Jacob's Canyon clear across to the Nipple country and then from there down to the Baldies. The Nipple country was our summer range and the Wahweap was the winter range (down where the Wahweap Marina on Lake Powell is now).

The Bar Z sold and moved all their cattle off of here about the same time we moved. They wouldn't pay the grazing fee that the Forest Service imposed on them. They drifted to Arizona through House Rock, across Lee's Ferry, to New Mexico where they had a range. That was the end of the Bar Z.

But my brother still had a big herd. He died suddenly, though, and then his wife sold the remnant to the Kanab people there and then the Church took that over, Kanab Stake, and they've got a big cattle ranch down on the old cattle ranch.8

Well, I've run a lot of brands in my life. We put them on the left thigh down on the hind leg. A lot were stencil brands on the end of irons made by blacksmiths and you just heat them. But if you got the cattle on the range, you'd use what we called a branding ring. Every cowboy had one tied to his saddle or had one in his saddle pockets. And this was a ring about four inches in diameter, one-quarter inch thick, with a two-inch hole in the middle. You'd take two green sticks or sagebrush, anything, and run them through the hot ring and you could run the brand, you'd run it around in circles. This is the way I branded those JYW horses, with a little ring. And it would take quite a little while to do it; the cattle or horses would have to be stretched out.

Oh, and then the earmark identified them as well. We put them on one or both, usually both ears. An earmark was the slitting or cutting away of part of the ear either on the upper part or the lower part or the end—some of them were cropped. The Bar Z earmark was a figure "7" and Bar DR was the downfall. That meant the lower part of the ear was slit to the head—that meant the lower part of the ear fell downward; that was why it was called a downfall. And looking at cattle, you could always tell a Bar DR or Bar JR cow. Bar DR's right ear fell downward, and Bar JR's left ear fell downward.

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8Rider added that LeRoy Wooley (the last baby born in Windsor Castle when the U.S. marshals were looking for polygamists) took over Kane Ranch which had been Bar Z's winter headquarters. He ran it until he died, in the spring of 1973.
And these brands and the earmarks that went with them, of course, were recorded in the county's record and they would hold up in court against cattle rustling or cattle-brand changing which often took place. Of course, cattle or horse rustling was a serious crime at this particular time in Arizona, punishable by hanging. But most people were honest. Mavericks, you know, are unbranded cattle who have been weaned from their mother and, regardless of age, if they do not have a brand or an earmark, they become anyone's property who can catch and brand them. But in order to make sure that the critter did not belong to any other cowman, it was the practice to just earmark it first and then later, when it was found on the range, if no one else had claimed it, then to rope it and put on the brand. This I have done quite a few times myself. And so that's a little story, a very minute story, of the history of brands in the Arizona Strip and of the Kane County cattlemen.9

Songs of the Range

_The following are_ "songs I was requested to sing by the cowboys as we sat around the campfire after a long day's work. If my brother, Dave, was present, he would accompany on the harmonica._ Rider records the following as being the setting for these songs: the cowboys would be sitting around a campfire and they could _hear in the silent night the hooting of an owl, the crying of coyotes and if you listened carefully, you would hear the listing of the wind in the forest._

_"One of the most popular songs that I was asked to sing around the campfire for the other cowboys, when we rested after a hard day's ride on the range, was 'Sweethearts.' I'm not sure where I learned that but my dad used to sing to me a lot when I was a kid and I learned a lot. He was a good singer. I don't know why I remembered the words. And Alex, an Indian, with whom I rode as a companion on the range, always requested 'Falling Leaf.' I think as I sing it you will understand why he made that request. But it wasn't very often we could get together and have a campfire songfest. Everyone was tired and went to bed."_

9Rider stated that cowboys made one dollar a day, thirty dollars a month, "and foremen, like my brother Dave, made $50 a month and board."
I asked him whether other cowboys used to sing, too. "Oh, sometimes they would hum along but I don't remember any that could sing. Sometimes they joined in with a little tenor. But what I sang were all love and romance songs."

"Did you have any cowboy songs?"

"'Run Along Little Dogie,' but I never liked that song. Some of the boys riding along the side would sing it while driving the calves along."

Sweethearts

A little maiden with eyes of laughing blue,
Cheeks with sweet smiles laden,
Hair of golden hue;
Standing in the Moonlight, bowed her curly head;
Jack, our dream is over and tonight we part she said.

Chorus:
We were sweethearts, Bess and I,
Dreaming of happiness in the years gone by,
Loving and trusting, thru weal and woe,
Until there came a parting—we were sweethearts long ago.

Cross words were spoken,
Bitter words were said,
Cherished vows were broken—
All our love was dead.

Chorus:
You may go your way—I will go mine,
You with another, true happiness will find:
The past will have no sorrow or disappointment
When you forget we ever met and will never meet again.

Chorus:
Time has its changes and there came a day
When I met a woman, oh! so feeble, old and grey.
Kind Sir, she faltered, won't you please help me;
I am an outcast and in poverty.
Chorus:

Tears dimmed her faded eyes, her head bent low;
I knew her then, we had met again,
We were sweethearts long ago.

Chorus:

Falling Leaf

Far beyond the rolling prairie
Where a noble forest lies,
Dwelled the fairest Indian Maiden
Ever seen by mortal eyes;
For her smile was like the sunbeam,
Daughter of an Indian Chief,
Came to bless their home in Autumn
And they called her Falling Leaf.

Chorus:

Falling Leaf the breezes whisper
At thy spirit's early flight;
From within the lonely Wigwam
Comes a wail of woe tonight.

To this land of Laughing Water
All alone one wintry day,
Came a hunter, lost and weary,
On his long and lonely way.
Days passed by and still he lingered,
Gentle Falling Leaf he cried,
'Til with a kiss of love she promised
Soon to be his woodland bride.

Chorus:

One bright day this hunter wandered
O'er the forest trails alone,
Long she watched and long she waited,
But his fate will ne'er be known:
With the Summer days she faded,
With the Autumn leaves she died,
Then she closed her eyes forever
By the roaring river's side.

Face in the Fire Light

I sat by the fire on the hearth stone,
The embers were burning low,
And scenes of the past came before me
And pictures of long ago.

Chorus:
Only a face in the fire light,
Pictured within my heart,
Pleading with me from the embers
Asking why we should part;
Only a face in the fire light,
A dream of a winter's night.

I scarce said goodnight to the old folks
Who stole softly off to bed,
For there was this face in the fire light,
The face of a love long dead.

In 1967, after Rider had finished singing this song to a group of his workers at his plant, the Rider Plastic Company, one of the men recorded Rider's comments.

"Not a sound would be spoken after I finished this song, not a word of thanks. All the men gazed into the fire light probably seeing the faces in the flickering fire light and remembering events that had taken place in their lives. Some were young and some were middle-aged men, all rugged in their characters and in their aspirations in life.

"Nevertheless the silence was only broken by the wily, spine-chilling yell of the coyote in the distance or the hoot of the hoot owl in the nearby pine or by the listing of the wind in the forest, which, if one will take time out to listen to, he will hear. It isn't obvious but

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10Of this song, Rider stated: "Every cowboy loved this song and usually would steal off to their bedrolls. When I camped alone—I often sang this song to keep the coyotes company."

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it's a sound of nature and referred to in the Bible, 'where the wind cometh and goeth, no man knoweth, where it listeth, no man knoweth.'

"The men then would, one by one, seek out their bedrolls, protected from the elements by the tarpaulin. (In those days, before the bandaid or the tent, we had no facilities for carrying a tent and we never knew what a bandaid was.)

"So this is a memory that has come back to me over sixty years and I’m happy to record this. I want to close with the thought that the God-given mind of man is more wonderful than all the electronics of the modern age."