Part Two: Of Guns, Gold and Near Starvation

Published by

Paulsen, Deirdre.
Roll Away Saloon.
Project MUSE. muse.jhu.edu/book/9325.
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Of Guns, Gold and Near Starvation
Seven Bags of Gold

Since, in my early youth, I was a cowboy eager for the thrills associated with wild mustangs, the lariat, wild, renegade long ears, and bawling, pouncing calves—campfire stories during these years found me an eager listener. I heard at first hand about lost men in the forest who, according to these stories, never traveled in a straight line but wandered about on the arc of a circle. This behavior of rational men seemed rather unreal as I had never had the experience of being lost. The stories also told of lost persons who, instead of getting panicky when they knew for sure that they were lost, gave their horse his head and were brought safely into camp. They often swore that they felt the horse was traveling in the wrong direction all the time.

The natural instinct of direction seems to be inherent with the animal kingdom, but in man this instinct has to be developed. One's environment must be carefully studied by constant vigilance day and night; one must note the direction of winds, the bending of flowers, the shadows, the moss on the bark of trees, the difference and density of foliage on hillsides, the direction of drainage in all draws and ravines, and many other natural signs. It also requires a constant observation of our universe night after night; the position of all the visible planets and prominent constellations in the heavens every month of the year must be known.

On one occasion, my three companions decided I was leading them in the wrong direction in the forest and under the stress of being frantic, none of them could identify Polaris. Being overruled three to one, I told them I would follow them until they decided they were going in the wrong direction. Half an hour later we walked into the low burning embers of the campfire we had left shortly after dark. This experience proved to me that men actually travel in a circle when losing their sense of direction. I have had other similar experiences to this one but believe this is sufficient for the purpose of this story.

In the fall of 1909, I was camped at Jacob's Lake, Kaibab Forest, Arizona. I was a lonely cowboy sitting on my bedroll watching the slowly dying embers of my campfire. Occasionally the ring of the bell on my pack mule or the yelping howl of the coyotes nearby would distract me from the faces I thought I could picture in the flickering firelight. Suddenly I became conscious of a different noise
and strained my ears to get a more-distinct sound and, though it was very low at first, it became louder and I could determine the rhythm of unaltering footsteps of an approaching animal. In the silence of the forest about me, I could determine it was coming directly toward my campfire and I watched with anticipation because from its direct approach I knew it must be a friendly visitor. I threw onto the dying embers some pitch splinters and a bright flame lighted the darkness about me. At the same moment, two long ears and the bright eyes of a pack mule came between two big pine trees. Immediately behind him a trudging, tired stranger shouted, "Hello!" I invited him to throw down his pack while I prepared him a late supper, and boy, was he hungry. He hardly said a word until he had eaten everything I had prepared.

The next morning, after breakfast, he inquired the direction to House Rock Valley and Lee's Ferry. As I was waiting for a runner with instructions from the foreman of the Bar Z outfit and since I had nothing in particular to do, I rode with him for a mile on the trail and outlined the directions for the rest of his journey before I returned to my camp.

Night came and no runner appeared and again I was watching the dying embers of my campfire and dreaming of happier, less lonesome nights, and again the rhythmic thud of hoof beats descended upon my ears. They approached directly toward my fire and I stood up to welcome the runner I had waited so many days for. And, just as I threw more wood on the dying coals and the fire lighted up the darkness, the bray of a tired mule broke the silence of the forest and between the same two big pines sauntered the weary pack mule and behind him the old prospector, visitors of the night before. It was just sunup when I bade him goodbye that morning on the trail to House Rock Valley, and now, according to the stars, it was almost midnight. He had traveled in a complete circle without stopping and had come into my camp from the same direction he had come to my camp the night before. Upon recognizing me, his first words were, "How in the world did you get away out here?"

In the darkness it was rather difficult to prove to him that I was in the same place that I was when he came to my camp the night before. It was necessary to take him to a small, covered well on the edge of the lake in order to really convince him. I remember the expression on his face when he finally realized that he had traveled
all day and part of the night and arrived at the identical spot he had left so early that morning. This to me was an unusual event because the prospector was driving a mule supposedly in the direction he thought was right, but the mule gradually deviated just enough from that course to finally come to the place where he could get relief from his pack and get water and forage. The prospector did not know he was lost and had no occasion to panic while he was traveling which probably would have cost him his life. It was for this reason that it was so difficult for him to believe his mule had completely reversed his direction of travel without his master knowing it. I prepared supper for him again.

The following morning, I told the prospector I would go far enough to put him into Trail Canyon from which point a definite trail could be followed to his destination. As we started our journey, the sun was well up and I took lead at a slow gait, carefully watching the mule tracks in the grass. At a distance of about five miles from camp, the mule tracks turned gradually from the general eastward direction in the forest but I continued straight east toward the head of Trail Canyon. At this point I bade the prospector goodbye and good luck. He thanked me many times and expressed himself as being most grateful for my help and hospitality and, after traveling a short distance down the trail, turned and said, "I am most thankful that my mule has a great deal of horse sense."

I supposed that he would find his way to House Rock Valley and Lee's Ferry without further difficulty and I would not see him again. He told me he came from Nevada but did not tell me his name. This was my first experience with a genuine prospector who had all his provisions and equipment on his mule and yet had no animal for himself to ride.

It was a glorious ride back through the forest, bunches of deer leaping away into the quaking aspens and occasionally the unusual white-tailed squirrels ran from pine to pine or sat up watching me as I passed.11

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11The white-tailed squirrel is one of Rider's favorite animals. On our trip to the Kaibab we spent at least forty-five minutes chasing one and trying to get his picture. Rider explains, "The Kaibab Forest is the only habitat of this beautiful tosseled-eared and white-tailed squirrel. They climb high in the pines and leap or partly fly downward to the branch of the next tree, but if they are frightened will climb to the topmost point of the tallest tree."
That evening the runner I had been expecting came with instructions from the Bar Z foreman that I was to go to the Paria Ranch and drive twenty-five head of purebred Hereford yearling bulls to House Rock Valley. These bulls had been shipped from Iowa to Marysvale, Utah, the nearest railroad terminal, and had been drifted in short stages from Marysvale to the Paria Ranch. My instructions said to be most careful in handling these animals as they were worth more than $2,000 each. My mission was an important one as I would be cowherd to the first "imported" bulls into the Kaibab territory. Several days later I, my faithful horse, and pack mule, after traveling through many miles of country I had never before seen, came upon the Paria Ranch. The large grove of cottonwood trees, under which I could see a small cabin with surrounding cultivated fields, was a beautiful, welcome sight to me. I was greeted at the gate near the cabin by Mr. Porter, who gave me the welcome news that supper was just ready.

The next day, while my saddle horse and pack mule were enjoying a much-needed rest, I inspected each of the bulls carefully to see if, in my judgment, it could withstand the long five-day trek to House
Rock in the House Rock Valley. There were twenty-three head I felt could make the journey. Sunup of the next day found me started on the trail with my twenty-three head of valuable bulls. My thoughts turned to the hospitality and home-cooked meals of Mr. and Mrs. Porter and I turned in my saddle a number of times to wave goodbye as they stood under the great cottonwood trees. It had been more than a year since I had seen a woman or eaten meals prepared by one. This visit aroused in my mind many happy experiences of home and loved ones. These thoughts kept resounding in my memory as I hazed my charges slowly southward along the trail toward my destination. My pack mule took the lead and my horse, trained in the ways of handling cattle, weaved back and forth, patiently nudging the trailing bulls. In my experience with drifting cattle, there was always, no matter how small or how large the herd, one who always was in front and led the way and there were also many trailers which had to be prodded forward. The leader of this group I nicknamed Curley Top. My pack mule would gain some distance ahead and then would stop to graze until Curley Top reached him and then he would jaunt forward again. He used this method each day and since he had been trained to follow a trail, never did he deviate more than a few yards to either side to forage.

Soon after sundown, I arrived at the first day’s destination which was Rattlesnake Springs. My charges were thirsty and so were my pack mule and my horse. After tanking up on pure spring water and replenishing my canteens, I moved out some distance from the spring in order to obtain better forage before I threw pack for the night. May I say here that a cowboy’s life in this section of Arizona began at daylight and finished at sundown or later without a stop for lunch. This held true too for the saddle horse and pack mule.

Usually cattle on the trail had to be guarded at night to keep them from scattering in all directions, but my bulls had been raised together in pastures and at daylight the next morning I found them grazing peacefully. They were grazing in the same direction with Curley Top on lead. The same procedure as outlined for the first day and night continued the next four days of the journey. We stopped at Buckskin Gap the second night, at Coyote Spring the third, at Two-Mile, the old Indian battleground, the fourth night, and arrived at my destination at House Rock Valley the fifth night with twenty-three sore-footed bulls following old Curley Top. I was happy to
have fulfilled this part of my instructions without having lost any of
the animals enroute.

I was now on the Bar Z winter range and the grass was stirrup
high and I knew that the bulls would survive in their new range. My
instructions were to wait at House Rock until one of the straw bos-
ses came down from the winter range on the Kaibab. I had no idea
when this would be but I was to help him in gathering semi-wild
saddle horses ranging far south in House Rock Valley along the rim
of Marble Canyon. This I knew would be an exciting experience and
would take every ounce of skill of both riders and their mounts to
gather and force these horses from their native range. I looked for-
ward to this experience because it offered excitement and adventure
and would compensate for the long, lonesome trek with Curley Top
and his twenty-two followers.

The arrival of my friend, Archie Swapp, the straw boss from the
Bar Z outfit, was a happy occasion for me as I loved to have com-
pany. At sunrise the next morning we mounted strong, fast horses
and by sundown had rounded up this herd of horses and, after many
exciting moments, brought them into the great spreading wings
leading to the corrals and water tanks at House Rock. The water at
this point was piped eight miles from springs at Two-Mile and was
padlocked during the spring and summer seasons. This protected the
winter range from all grazing and provided grass and browse for the
Bar Z cattle that grazed on the Kaibab Forest during the spring and
summer months.

The instructions Mr. Swapp brought me stated that I was to help
him with his horses up the Kaibab and through the drift fence into
Trail Canyon, and, after this was done, I was to go with an impor-
tant sealed letter to a Mr. Emett at Lee's Ferry. One unusual and

12Rider explains, "The ranch at Lee's Ferry, owned and operated by Jim Emett, was iso-
lated in either direction by more than ninety miles of ungraded road from the nearest
towns. Mr. Emett, by virtue of controlling the water, thereby controlled the cattle range in
the area. He had built up a considerable number of cattle and quite a sizable herd of horses
which grazed the year round on his domain." Mr. Rider further explains, "All public do-
main, except that under the Forest Service, was dominated by men or companies who con-
trolled the watering places which were relatively few in the area of House Rock Valley. All
cattle that grazed in these controlled areas were considered strays by the outfits who owned
the water and were drifted out by them. The Bar Z outfit owned all the water in House
Rock Valley, except Emett Spring and Soap and Badger Creeks, all of which were in the
eastern part of the valley and bounded on the north by the Great Vermillion Cliffs and
interesting episode, which occurred while riding at a gallop behind wild horses after we got them into Trail Canyon, was that I exchanged shirts with Mr. Swapp since he was going to town and did not wish to be seen in his ragged and torn and soiled shirt. Bidding him farewell and hoping he would find his sweetheart loyal and true, I turned back to House Rock and to another lonesome but interesting trip into a new and foreboding territory.

I looked forward for the coming daylight the following morning and anticipated the new adventure which would take me along the trail I had almost three weeks before directed my prospector friend. I expected to follow his footprints to Jacob's Pools, then to Soap Creek, the next watering place, then to Badger Creek and from there to Lee's Ferry, a total of more than forty miles which I hoped to cover by sundown. It was in the fall of the year and the grass in House Rock Valley waved in the breeze like fields of grain in Kansas. The day was hot and when I arrived at Soap Creek, I threw my pack and saddle to give my horse and mule a half an hour rest while I rested in the shade of a pinnacle boulder which is common at this creek crossing. Also, I wondered what had happened to the prospector whose footprints I had followed to within two miles of my present location. They had turned off to the right of the trail and I had expected to find them at the creek crossing as there was no other place a man and a mule or even a man could proceed toward Lee's Ferry. As I leaned on my saddle I was pondering what could have happened to my friend and as I gazed across the plain toward the direction the tracks had led, I thought surely he had come to a tragic end. I determined, since my mission was urgent, to pursue those tracks upon my return.

I continued on to the Ferry and arrived about sundown and partook of the hospitality of Jim Emett, his wife, two sons, and eight daughters, and above all I enjoyed fresh fruits from the orchard and delicious watermelon from the fields. Reluctantly, I left the ferry at sunup the next morning for the return trip back to Kane Ranch, thirty miles south of House Rock but on a different route. I carried a sealed message which was to be delivered to the foreman of the Bar another barrier, the Marble Canyon, on the southeast. These two barriers converged at Lee's Ferry. This point thus was the only feasible crossing of the Colorado River between Moab, Utah, and Harper's Ferry, Nevada, four hundred miles downstream."
Z outfit. I learned later the reason I had been the emissary to Mr. Emett was because of the ill feeling and hatred that existed between the Bar Z outfit and the Emett spread, and because I was just a very young man whose father and brother, Dave, were friends of Jim Emett. As I wound along the trail of the Colorado River, my thoughts occasionally turned back to the Emett family and especially to the youngest and most beautiful daughter, but more often to the delicious fruit she had given me that morning.

I arrived at Soap Creek and watered and refreshed my animals and myself and made my stay short because I wanted to settle my curiosity about the old prospector. When I arrived at the point on the trail, I followed the foot tracks to the south across a rather shallow canyon, and when I reached a higher elevation, from which point I could see a good deal of the rim of Marble Canyon, to my surprise, there in the distance, near the rim of the canyon, was the prospector's mule and I concluded that if the mule was still alive after these many days that his master also must be and was carrying water to him. I reined my horse and wheeled about, happy in my thoughts that the prospector was continuing his vocation. My mind turned then to the long hard ride to Kane Ranch.

I arrived at Kane, the winter headquarters of the Bar Z outfit, and I was happy in the thought that I could replenish my food supply and get some badly needed clothing. I arrived at about sundown and was greeted at the hitching rail in front of the cabin by Mr. Dimmick, the Bar Z foreman, who had come down from VT Park, the summer headquarters, to receive the sealed document which I carried from Jim Emett. This man was, in my estimation, very reserved and quiet and until he opened the document which I took from my pack I had never seen him smile. We prepared supper together after which he said, "At last we get rid of the long thorn in our side. Jim Emett has accepted our offer to buy him out lock, stock, and barrel." We talked late and he outlined the part I was to play in the transfer of all the Emett cattle, horses and material to be left at the Lee's Ferry Ranch. My instructions were written out in detail.

Mr. Dimmick left for VT Park at sunup the next morning and I shod my three fresh horses and another pack mule which Mr. Dimmick had brought down from the mountain. These horses were to play an important part in the transfer of the Emett stock at House Rock which was the agreed delivery point. I was to be the only Bar
Z cowboy present at this delivery. However, the agreement with Mr. Emett was that Bishop Henderson, from Cannonville, was to receive and tally all stock according to the classifications stipulated in the proposal by Bar Z.

I was thrilled with my new assignment as I knew that there would be much excitement and much hard work involved. I was to go to House Rock and check all corrals, the water tank and the eight-mile pipeline to its source and check the horse pasture fence and other incidental details relative to the delivery which was set approximately two weeks from that date.

One night, while awaiting the coming event, I was sitting by my campfire, a lonesome cowboy dreaming of the luscious watermelons and the beautiful cowgirl at Lee’s Ferry and wondering if she would be there when I again returned. The yelping howl of coyotes broke the silence of the night and I listened to see how long it would be before all the coyotes in the nearby area would join the chorus. A stranger not familiar with these animals would swear that there were at least 100 of them in the chorus, but as each howl joined the initial one, I could spot the direction and I was sure there was not more than five. As the chorus died down, I heard the familiar rhythmic hoof beats of an approaching animal. I threw on my dying fire some cedar wood and stood in front of the blaze, facing the approaching footsteps. As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I made out the form of a pack animal and, just as I did so, the familiar bray of a mule greeted me and again my old prospector friend shouted, “Cowboy!”

I helped my friend with his pack, watered the mule at the corral and took him over to the horse pasture. I returned to my camp and prepared a meal for a hungry and weary traveler. This time he was more talkative and after he had finished eating, he took from his alforjas\(^\text{11}\) seven small, canvas durham bags and said to me, “Hold out your hands.” He put one at a time in my hands and I thought from their weight that they surely must be filled with lead. He took them and placed them on his tarpaulin near the fire and said, “Would you like to see what is inside?” He untied each one of them, then very

\(^{11}\) (Rider pronounces it au fo gay) Heavy duck bags or wooden frames covered with leather with leather strap loops—looped over the pack saddle horns.
carefully opened wide and I looked with amazement as I beheld seven bags of glittering gold.\footnote{This story is different from the others in that, although told orally, it wasn't told before an audience but rather was dictated to Rider's wife, Romania Rider, who then transcribed it from shorthand. It was also told quite a bit earlier than the others, about 1956. The style, as a result of it being dictated, is much more studied and formal. This can easily be seen by comparing the ending of this tale and one I taped when we were down in the area and Rider was casually telling the story to my cousin, Steven Rider, and me. The conclusion of that recounting, all that was recorded, is quoted below.}

Buying Out Emett
(Or, Looking Down the Barrel of a Six-Shooter)

This following's a story I've never told before; I'd made a promise at gunpoint not to. In the year 1909, I think I was eighteen years old, in fact I know I was, I was a cowboy riding for the Bar Z Cattle Company, also called the Grand Canyon Cattle Company, which was the biggest cattle company in Arizona. At the time, they had for their cattle range the entire Kaibab Forest and also the great House Rock Valley as their winter range, a domain forty-five miles long and
forty-five miles wide, triangular, which they jealously preserved, and no outside cattle except my father's and my brother's cattle were allowed on it. And down at Lee's Ferry, which is about sixty miles from the headquarters of the winter range ranch at Kane, on the west side of the House Rock Valley, was another cattle spread originated by a man named Jim Emett who ran the ferry there for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and also for what profit he could get out of it. Over these years he had built a great herd of cattle but he had no range for them except the House Rock Valley, Bar Z's winter range. He therefore became a thorn in the side of this great cattle company, the Bar Z, who had at least 100,000 head of cattle in that area. Plus it soon became obvious that Emett was stealing cattle from them because, out of a herd of just scrub cows and bulls, that he had taken for toll for crossing the ferry from emigrants who had towed them along with their wagons to furnish food (he would take anything, guns, anything he could get as payment), he had now produced a herd of white-faces that were just about as good and looked about as good and were the same breed as the Bar Z stock. The Bar Z had gone to great expense to import bulls and those bulls probably cost $1,000 apiece time they were got into that area.

It became evident that in order to separate these two herds that they would have to build a drift fence to separate the water rights of Emett, which was Emett Spring, from those of Bar Z. So they built a $30,000 barbed wire fence which ran from the Jurassic fault scarp,

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16In another account Rider speaks of the difficulty they had in building this fence. He states, "They had to haul that wire from Marysvale down here. And then they had to get the posts over here on the Kaibab, snake them down the hills there you know, with horses and chains, and load them and carry them over here and build a fence here. Took quite a crew of men. Most of them were Tropic men and Cannonville men they hired from up there."
a ledge on the north side of House Rock Valley which forms a natural barrier that only birds can get over, to the North Canyon barrier which ran near the Lower Pools, which was the last water right of the Grand Canyon Cattle Company. This seven- or eight-mile fence would prohibit the Emett cattle from coming in and eating up the winter range of the Bar Z Company, whose cattle were always drifted onto the high Kaibab Mountains through the spring and summer months and into the fall.

But occasionally after this fence was built, we would still find herds of Emett's cattle grazing over on the Bar Z range and we would investigate and we would find that Emett and his sons—he had two boys and eight girls that were just as good riders as boys—they would stampede this buffalo herd that was in that area (it consisted of about 150 buffalo) and they would stampede them and tear this fence down for eight or ten rods. And then that next day, of course, here would come all of Emett's cattle, grazing on the Bar Z winter range. It would take ten or twelve cowboys and the fence repairmen about two days to search out all the valleys and canyons to get the cattle back beyond the fence and repair the fence again. Plus Emett would increase his herd by twenty-five or thirty cattle at a time by shooting the mothers and stealing their calves; some of those cows that he killed had twins, you know. I can take you to one box canyon where there's twenty-five skulls still remaining probably today. Emett could make a herd pretty fast when he'd get twenty or thirty calves at a time, you know. I'm not saying he shot the mothers, but they've got a bullet hole in the middle of their skulls.

So, as a result of all this, the Bar Z and the Emetts were bitter enemies. They carried guns. Dimmick, the foreman of the Grand Canyon Cattle Company, always carried a six-shooter on his belt, was never without it, and so did Emett and his two sons. And they swore that they would kill each other if they ever came in close enough range.

Emett had been taken to Flagstaff by virtue of the Bar Z hiring a detective cowboy to check on Emett and he had been subpoenaed and was in court at two different occasions at Flag. But both times the jury acquitted him because of lack of sufficient evidence. If they could have found the evidence though, Emett would have gone to the gallows because a man got the death penalty in the state of Ari-
zona for stealing horses or cattle. It was the only way the cattlemen could protect themselves.

Now this man Emett was quite a character. He stood six foot four and I tell you he had steel gray eyes. He’d look right through you. I know this because I had to look at him a time or two. He was the master of that entire range for hundreds of miles because on account of the barriers no other cattlemen could get in there. He was right down in the neck of a bottle and no one could get him out. He was there to stay. And that’s the way he built up his great herd. And then in the fall of the year, he would take his steers, swim them across the Colorado River, and take them over through Tuba City and into Flagstaff to sell them. So this war became more bitter year by year and the Bar Z tried to buy him out.

And I was the man, I was a young cowboy, that was the only one in the group that dared go down to Lee’s Ferry, down in the Emett domain. I’ve never seen any Bar Z men go in that area at all. No one would ever go beyond the pools. That drift fence, that was it. They’d go and repair the fence but they never saw any of Emett’s people. But I wasn’t afraid of Emett. He had been a friend of my brother Dave’s. In fact, Dave had lent him his horse, Ned, to ride in a rodeo in Kanab in the fall of 1907. Emett didn’t win, even though he was a fine horseman and an expert roper, but it was the first time he’d ridden Ned. So I knew Emett from that. We were friends.

Well, now, I went down on various occasions with my horse and pack to take negotiations to Emett from the Bar Z headquarters. The time of the sale was set, the price was stipulated—so much for calves, so much for cows and calves, so much for two- and three-year-old steers, so much for mares and colts, so much for geldings, so much for stallions—all was specified in this contract price. Now these terms, each of them had to be okay’d by Emett, and then I would have to take his proposition back to headquarters at Kane for Dimmick, the foreman, and Stevenson, who was one of the main owners of the company, to figure out whether they would accept or need to

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*I wondered how Emett could ride so openly in a rodeo in Kanab in 1907 if he was a "wanted" man in 1909 and presumably for a few years before then, so I asked Rider about this. Rider said that only the Bar Z men were after Emett. No one in Kanab was concerned. So Emett came across the range during the night, by way of Buckskin, to avoid the Bar Z men.*

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make a counteroffer to this man Emett who had cost them so many thousands of dollars for quite a number of years.

Finally, after several months, the terms were agreed on, but the cattle and horses still had to be delivered to House Rock Ranch which is under the Kaibab on the western slope of the winter range in the House Rock Valley. They had great corrals there and water tanks which were filled by water piped by Bar Z for about eight miles from a spring at Two-Mile up in the sandhills. And there, at House Rock Ranch, the cattle were to be branded from the Emett brand into the Bar Z brand. And a man by the name of Bishop Henderson, a fine man from Cannonville, Utah, was the neutral man chosen by both sides to transfer these cattle and Emett and the Bar Z took his word. Henderson kept a tally of all the calves, all the cows and every critter that was branded and turned. And he marked this in his record and on this record it showed the price that the Bar Z had to pay Emett.

All of these cattle, by the way, were delivered by Indians. None of the Emett family, not even the girls or boys or Mr. Emett himself, approached the Bar Z territory at all. They never came beyond that fence I was telling you about earlier, the drift fence we called it. Emett's hired Indians rounded up the cattle and brought them into the corrals there and corralled them, then they would leave and go back and gather more cattle. And then they'd get the horses the same way. And they cleared out all of the Emett stock entirely except for one stallion which they couldn't get.18 I helped brand all these cattle. I helped brand them and change their earmarks and so forth. And then, of course, this whole valley, this great House Rock Valley, after this transaction, this became the Bar Z range because Bar Z then owned all the water in that valley.19

On the last day, when all of the cattle had been turned over to the Bar Z Cattle Company, I was instructed to go to the headquarters at Kane and I rode to Kane and there I received from Steven-

18This is the subject of a later narrative.

19As a postscript later in this account Rider states "By virtue of owning water, the law stipulated that you also owned the range rights. But, since that time, the Taylor Grazing Act has changed this. Now on all the ranges all over the country, they're divided up now so that nobody, although they own the water, can actually own the land around it."

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son, the president of the Board of Directors of the Grand Canyon Cattle Company, written instructions fulfilling the terms of the contract which had already been entered into between them and this man Jim Emett. It stipulated in there that I was to pay Emett, after measuring the hay that he had on his ranch, so much a ton for that hay. I knew how to measure hay and to do that. And I had to pay him so much for every dogie calf he had there and for every old milk cow that had not been drifted to the House Rock Valley, which was sixty miles away up to the House Rock Ranch itself, and there were other stipulations there. It was necessary for me to fill out the blank check signed by Stevenson after I had done this work.

I started on my way and after awhile I approached Soap Creek which was twenty-five miles from Lee’s Ferry. A little trickle of water comes down there across from the red ledges to the north and if you dig in the sand, water collects there and you can water your horses. And that’s the way the cattle would water; they’d water in the tracks that they’d made in the sand—it was the only place the water would collect as there was not enough water to form a stream. So, as I approached this place, I took the saddle off my horse and the alforjas off my pack horse, so that the animals could rest a little while and the blankets dry, and I laid in the shade of one of these umbrella rocks that are prevalent down there in that particular area and especially right there where the trail crosses Soap Creek. And I figured that I would do the next twenty-five miles late that afternoon and get into Lee’s Ferry about sundown. And as I was laying in the shade of this big umbrella rock, I noticed two ravens and they were flying around a little hole in the rocks up on the ledges about a quarter of a mile away. And I watched them and watched them and couldn’t figure out what it was all about. So I went toward this ledge and near the base I picked up big boot tracks. I was really curious now, so I clumb up the ledge, the last little slope was kind of hard climbing, but I got to this little pocket that was about as high as I could reach, and in the pocket I found two ears with a seven on each ear—that was the Bar Z earmark—and a square foot of hide with a Bar Z on it. That was the brand on the hide. The ears

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20The highway distance between Lee’s Ferry and Soap Creek is 14.5 miles. Certainly, however, the old horse trails were not as direct, and the distance that Rider actually traveled could have been close to twenty-five miles.

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and the brand were stuck behind a rock about eight inches by four inches which was wedged in the pocket. 21

Well, I couldn’t figure out where the carcass was, so I went back down to the creek where the seep crossed the trail and I saw there some offal out of the paunch of a cow and I knew I was on the right track. And so I followed down this little seep and then down where it dropped off about twenty-five, thirty feet, I saw down in the gorge the carcass, or the rest of the hide and the legs of this critter, who now I had the ears and the brand of.

So I laid there until almost dark, deciding whether to go back to Kane or whether to go on to Lee’s Ferry because this was the evidence that twice before they had needed to convict Emett for stealing cattle. It was ironic that the final day that they were to turn these cattle over, Emett went from his spring and went to Soap Creek. Cattle were always in there to water and he, or one of his men or children, killed one of the Bar Z critters, although he would be paid soon for all the cattle that he had turned. So it was up to me, just a kid, to decide whether or not to take this evidence to Stevenson, the owner of the Bar Z Cattle Company at Kane—which would have cancelled the deal and probably sent Emett to the gallows—or to go on down to Lee’s Ferry and say nothing about it. After several hours I decided since Bar Z had bought Emett out and since he was moving out of the country and the deal had already been made, I’d go on to the ferry.

So I went on to Emett’s ranch at Lee’s Ferry and I got there late at night. I took my horse over by the shed and unsaddled him and unpacked my pack horse. I just had got a little campfire started to going and was getting my frying pan out, and as I was doing this Mr. Emett came out and he says, “Anything I can get you from the house?” And I said to him, I said, “Mr. Emett, have you any fresh meat?” And in the flash of a second I was looking down the barrel of that big six-shooter and I didn’t like the looks of it. He says, “What do you know about fresh meat?” And I says, “I don’t know anything.” And he says, “Oh, yes, you do.” He knew that I had to

21In June 1970 my cousin Steven Rider and I followed Rider’s instructions and easily found this “pocket” exactly as he described it. Inside the pocket was the eight-by-four-inch rock, wedged in there exactly as Rider said. (He said he replaced it the same way he had found it.)
come by Soap Creek where he killed that cow, see, and he thought I must have seen that evidence, that carcass. But I really hadn’t meant anything by my remark.

I finally said, "Yes, I have the ears and I have the brand but I haven’t got them with me. I buried them over there at Soap Creek and I decided after two or three hours I’d come and forget the thing." But he said, "Well, I haven’t forgot it."

I’d already ridden forty-five miles that day, but he said to his son, Dude, to saddle up a certain horse for me to ride and to saddle his horse, and Dude did. He put my saddle on one of their horses and I rode, then, for twenty-five miles in front of that man with the six-shooter back to Soap Creek. Of course, this was all riding at night and I didn’t know any minute whether he was going to shoot me or not, but I didn’t think he would until I uncovered the evidence, so I was pretty happy about that. I would have felt better, though, if he would have talked to me. I kept feeling he was determining what to do with my body after he had recovered the evidence I was going to dig up for him. I used one statement over and over. "Mr. Emett, the fact that I did not return to Stevenson and Dimmick at Kane Ranch should surely convince you that I’m your friend." I also said, "You’re my brother’s friend and this fact helped me make up my mind to go on to the ferry. And I have, after my former visits to your home, felt a great deal of friendliness and sympathy for your family who have been so kind to me." But not one word did he answer in reply. I recall that my prayer was that he would realize that I had done what was right in his behalf—the last five miles of the trip I left the decision in his hands.

We got to Soap Creek and I dug up the brand and the ears. Then I didn’t know what to do. And I was pretty frightened. It was a pretty precarious position for me as a kid. My thought was that he’d drop me in the Colorado River where the road paralleled the stream near the ferry. The river flowed into a box canyon there and he could’ve kicked me off and no one would have ever known what happened. I don’t know what he would’ve done with my horse and pack, though.

"Well," he said finally, "Come on. I’ll tell you my story." We rode side by side then along this trail. It was kind of an old wagon road there, very, very rarely used, wide enough, though, for horses to go side by side along most places. Anyway, we rode side by side and
he unfolded his life story since he had been there at Lee's Ferry from 1895 until 1909. He was a pretty good talker. I think now he was trying to get my sympathy, but I didn't think of that then. It was quite a story—I hadn't known anything about these things. He told me about his family and he told me about the two times they had taken him to Flagstaff to this court, how he'd been acquitted and so forth, and how he met Zane Grey at the second trial and took him in.\textsuperscript{22} He told so many things, about hiring teachers and building a little schoolhouse there at the ferry and how he'd paid out of his own money for teachers to come there every year and teach his eight children.\textsuperscript{23} And, of course, that was one thing the defense attorneys in Flagstaff talked about, what a great man Emett was, to think that he would hire someone and take them out there, ninety miles from Flagstaff, to teach his children in that Godforsaken country.

Well, we passed the point where the road went near the river without incident, so, by the time we were nearing Lee's Ferry, I was feeling pretty comfortable and I said to Mr. Emett, "You know, Mr. Emett, this would make a dandy story to tell Zane Grey." Emett whirled around and said, "Now listen, and listen good. I've spared your life but you are never to tell what events transpired here while I'm alive. I want you to promise to that." I was certainly in no position not to, the advantages to the story not being told were mutual. I should have turned Emett in, and more than one cattleman would have been upset that I hadn't.

We arrived back at Lee's Ferry and after we'd measured the hay and counted the cows and I'd made out the check for him, it was for $65,000 plus whatever the hay was worth, I've forgot, then I helped him load the wagons and I saw a whole wagon bed full of Navajo blankets for which Emett had traded the Navajo Indians there on the Navajo reservation; the Indians would swim their horses across the river and trade with Emett. And the other trinkets he had mostly was bedding and probably one or two items that he wanted to take out of there. The rest of it he couldn't haul because there was no

\textsuperscript{22}This is the subject of a later narrative.

\textsuperscript{23}In 1971 Rider contacted David Leigh in Cedar City, Utah. Leigh's wife, Julia, one of Emett's daughters, had died, but Leigh related that he was one of the schoolteachers Emett had hired and that while at Lee's Ferry he had fallen in love with Julia and had married her.
road. He had four horses on one wagon and two on another, and he had a scraper tied on the back on one of them because they had to make a road to get out of that country. And so I got quite well acquainted with the family in the two days I was there helping him gather up his things, and when they rode out, I rode the twenty-five miles back to Soap Creek with them.

I kind of took a shine to that little girl called Lena, one of Emett’s youngest daughters, same age as I was. And she could ride, boy, she could ride. She could go along with a rope and run her horse through it and everything else and just wonderful. So we rode side by side then all this distance, or until we got within about five miles of Soap Creek, and then Emett come back on his horse and he said, “I want to talk to you a minute.” And he sent Lena on, told her to go on and we’d catch up. So he and I rode along together. Now he offered me at least $500, I can’t remember exactly how much, but to me it was a lot of money. But I says, “No,” I says, “I don’t want any money.” I said, “The reason I didn’t turn you in was because I thought you were moving out of the country and you’d had enough trouble down here in this country as it is.” I knew some of the things that had happened.

Then he said, “If you won’t take any money, here, take my spurs. They’re my pride.” They were silver mounted, made by the Navajos, and all inlaid with silver. The straps over the top had solid-silver conchos on them. The buckles and everything were inlaid. And even the rowels on the spurs were inlaid. And they had little silver bells that hung down from the spurs so you had this little tinkling of the bells as you rode your horse along. Boy, they were beauties. I couldn’t believe he gave them to me.

And so we parted. I shook hands with the whole outfit. They all stopped and I waved my old cowboy hat and told them goodbye and I turned back to Lee’s Ferry to await further orders from Bar Z.

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24 Lena, we learned from her husband, Samuel Bennett of Holden, Utah, died in the fall of 1969.

25 The Arizona, Coconino County, Recorder, Deeds, Book 355, pp. 285–86 records that “The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and James S. Emett sold the ranch and the ferry to the Grand Canyon Cattle Company on August 18, 1909, and September 11, 1909.” Further documentation of the history of the management of the ferry is given on a plaque erected by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, No. 350, on the site of the fort at Lee’s
Enter Zane Grey

Zane Grey entered into the picture during the trial of Jim Emett by the Bar Z Cattle Company\(^{26}\) which I mentioned previously. And Emett told me Grey had come from Ohio. His father had sent him from Ohio with a letter and $500 in cash to an old fraternity pal of his from the university who was now the presiding judge in Flagstaff, Arizona, and who presided at this trial of Jim Emett. And Zane Grey's father said in this letter, "The doctors here say that my son, Zane, has tuberculosis and won't last, only probably three months, maybe not that long, and if you will take care of him, or find some ranch out there that will take care of him until he dies, and bury him, you can have the $500. I've sent all the cash I could dig up with him, outside of his train fare, and if you'll see that this is done, I'll appreciate it very much." And that was the extent of the letter.

So Zane had got there about two days before this trial and he was still living at the home of the judge. And the judge, by virtue of Zane being a guest in the house, got him a seat in the courtroom which was a very difficult thing to do because it was a notorious trial and all the cattlemen from all over the country came in there. They even built scaffolds up all around that courthouse on the outside to watch these proceedings through three big windows there.

Well, now, because this was the second time Emett had been brought in, they thought surely they'd get a conviction this time. That's what all the cattlemen were wishing, at least. So the judge had a good seat right near the witness stand for Zane during this trial. And after the second day of trial, the jury come in and ac-

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\(^{26}\)This is substantiated by Angus M. Woodbury in "A History of Southern Utah and Its National Parks," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 12 (July-October 1944): 192-93, who says that Zane Grey came to Arizona in April 1907, and that, "Incidentally, Zane Grey built his novel, *Heritage of the Desert*, around Emett's trial at Flagstaff in April, 1907. Emett, whose headquarters were at Lee's Ferry, had been accused of rustling by the B. F. Saunderr's [Bar Z] outfit."
quitted Emett. (This was one of the things Jim Emett was telling me on our trip back from Soap Creek to Lee's Ferry that night.) Zane Grey jumped up, shook Emett's hand and he says, "Mr. Emett, I feel like I know you from the evidence that's been brought out here in this trial and the description of Lee's Ferry and so forth." And he said, "I would like to go with you to your ranch. I have $500 and here's the letter that my dad wrote to the judge here and it specifies that you can have this money if you will take care of me until I die and bury me out there." And Jim Emett says, "You're my man."  

So Zane Grey then went to Lee's Ferry. The old judge probably hesitated about giving him the okay on this trip, but Zane was determined to go. So that was how Jim Emett met Zane Grey.

And every day then, now I don't know the exact number of days or the number of months, but Emett had Zane sleep out in the open, and every day he sent him up on the mesa to take care of a little band of sheep he had up there. Zane Grey'd go up there and herd those sheep every day and round them up at night and put them in a little corral there so the coyotes couldn't get at them and then he'd walk back down and he gained his health out there in the dry air and sunshine.

And so this was the advent of Zane Grey into Arizona and also into his storytelling because, out of this experience, he became attached to the great outdoors and Arizona and the cowboys and the cowmen that he had met out there.

Incidentally, it was about in 1907, two years before the event I've been telling you about of the Bar Z buying Emett out, that I first met Zane Grey. Now on the occasion that I'm talking about, the foreman of the Bar Z ranch, Dimmick, and I were camped at House Rock Ranch after having made a previous arrangement to meet within a two- or three-day period as there was no communication in the area except by word of mouth. And we were sitting by our small

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*This story was related to Rider by Jim Emett on their return trip from Soap Creek after Rider had dug up the evidence which would have indicted Emett. Rider acknowledges that the account is thus secondhand and possibly subject to error. But perhaps the reason for the vast discrepancy between Emett's account of why Grey was in Arizona and Grey's biographical accounts, which record that Grey came west to gather material for a novel, not because of illness, is that Grey was "playing the part" of his hero in *Heritage of the Desert* who was supposed to be in Arizona for his health.*

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fire on the saddle porch of the rock house which is close to the cor­
rals that I have spoken of, those tremendous corrals, inside of which
was a reservoir and also pine watering tanks.

It was dark and we were just ready to roll into our blankets when
the big swinging gate creaked and called our attention to some in­
truder at the corrals. So I went down immediately toward the corral
to see who it might be, as a stranger was welcome because I had
been there four or five days alone before Dimmick came. And I
wanted to see if it was someone I might know in the country. When
I got there it was Jim Emett and Zane Grey. They had had time to
water their horses and their packs, each had a pack, and were just
coming out of the gate when the foreman of the Bar Z ranch ap­
proached. When he saw who it was, of course, he drew his six-shoot­
er and he would have shot Jim Emett had I not kicked the gun out
of his hand. I was sixteen years old but I was all muscle and had had
good experience in wrestling and boxing, and I held Dimmick so
that he couldn't recover his six-shooter. And Emett also carried a six­
shooter, but Zane Grey begged him not to shoot Dimmick, the fore­
man of the Bar Z.

Now the only thing I could say was, "Move on, because I can't
hold this man forever." They mounted their horses and drifted. And
they were going to meet Uncle Jim Owens with whom Zane Grey28
hunted lions.29

28Rider's personal comments about Zane Grey are most interesting. He states, "In­
cidentally, going back to Zane Grey and his hunt with mountain lions on the Kaibab For­
est, it has been recorded by some writers that he was a great rider, a great hunter. Well, I
can tell you after we had run a lion down, got him treed, killed him and skinned him, then
we'd have to take up the hunt for Zane Grey, and have to hunt for him about half a day,
because he couldn't keep up with us. He couldn't ride like the rest of the cowhands and he
couldn't leap over logs like we had to do to follow the hounds, and, therefore, he'd be lost
within about fifteen or twenty minutes in the forest. Zane Grey didn't have the ability nor
the training and this is easily understood because he had had no experience whatever in
packing and riding which he obtained in later years. But, of course, his stories are fiction,
and naturally he'd want to be classed as a real cowhand."

Rider continues, "The men whom he characterized in his first story, *Heritage o[ the
Desert*, were acquaintances he had made while in Arizona, one of whom was my own
brother, David Rider, and another one was a good friend of mine, Brig Riggs, and another
was a good friend of mine too whom he wrote about later, Eugene Stewart, who trapped
wild horses on the Kaibab in baited pens with salt rock. . . .

"I have often said that I would set up half the night telling Zane Grey stories and I
didn't know at the time that he was contemplating becoming a millionaire by quoting
The Black Stallion

After the horses had all been turned into the Bar Z, there was one stallion that the Navajos couldn’t capture. And he was a black one and he was a beautiful horse. He was up on the mesa above Soap Creek. There’s quite a mesa there, runs from there to Lee’s Ferry and all of Emett’s horses were raised there and they ranged up on this mesa. And this horse was too good for the cowboys. He could outrun any of them and he got away, so they couldn’t bring him in to be sold to the Bar Z outfit.

After the cattle and horses had all been turned at House Rock, this one Navajo said to me, he said, “We’ve got one stallion still out there.” He told me to tell Bishop Henderson, who turned the stock,

these tales into print. A lot of the stories I told him, more or less, were true to life and true to a cowboy’s life and I exaggerated a little occasionally just because I didn’t think he knew what I was talking about. . . .

“As soon as I read the obituary of Jim Emett, the wife and I went to California to tell Zane Grey the story of his benefactor and the man who, according to Emett anyway, saved his life, for which I hoped to receive five percent royalty of all sales and all movie rights by so doing. At morning we were instructed from his home in Altadena that he had gone to Australia and so we were disappointed and returned to Salt Lake City and later I was advised that he died after his return from that trip.”

Asked about Zane Grey’s description, Rider said, “He was blond. Weighed about one hundred sixty pounds. At the time, I weighed one hundred eighty. And he was light-complexioned and when I first met him I realized that he hadn’t been in too good a health. That was my impression at least. He didn’t seem robust like my companions and cowboys that I knew from day to day and rode with. He had an observing, inquiring mind, though, and he listened intently to anyone with whom he was speaking and I realize now why he became such a good writer and a good descriptive writer. And he also was aware of the beauties of that area of the country, Marble Canyon, the Grand Canyon, and the Kaibab Forest with its thousands of deer. . . . He was too serious-minded to have a sense of humor and this led me to believe that he had a serious illness. Of course, at this time, I did not know the entire story of how he became acquainted with Jim Emett. . . .

“Now why he didn’t like the Mormons is something else because two of us were the only Mormons in the outfit that he associated with and I don’t even think he knew we were Mormons. Emett was supposed to be a Mormon, but whether or not he was, I’m not sure of that, either. I believe Emett’s wife was a Mormon. But he went down to Fredonia to live. And he told some wild stories about that town of free women. That’s what Fredonia means. But he didn’t know what he was talking about half the time. . . . He was just a young fellow, you know, out in the west for the first time. But when he went down to Fredonia then he got all the history about the Windsor Castle out at Pipe Springs and how all the Mormons kept their polygamist wives out there.”

29Mountain lions or cougars.
about this horse and wanted to know if they could get money for it. And of course, they couldn’t get it. The specifications said only those horses and cattle that are branded can be paid for and so Henderson told the Indian that. And I said to Henderson, “Can I have that horse if I can catch him?” And he says, “You surely can. You’re welcome to him.”

So I took Alec Indian, who was one of the cowhands, my best Indian friend who I’d ridden with for several years, a very fine roper, and we went to Soap Creek that afternoon and we went up the trail at the head of Soap Creek. And as we got up to the head of Soap Creek, to the spring, we saw fresh track, a fresh sign there that he had just been in to water. We followed his trail out onto the first mesa and sure enough, he was out there on the mesa grazing. He went out on a point and I went ahead of him so he couldn’t go around the mesa and Alec come behind him and so we ran him down on this point overlooking the valley below. Well, I went one way around, I went to the left, and Alec come to the right and we knew that that horse would have to come by one of us and we had a chance of roping him. We both had fine horses.

But as we approached the end of the point, there was an island of stone about twelve feet high and extending about a quarter of a mile toward the end of the point, and this stallion was back of that. Neither one of us could see him, but we knew he had to come between that ridge and the edge of the mesa to get by us, and we had the best opportunity there to rope him. But when we got over to the end, he wasn’t there and we couldn’t imagine where he’d gone. We looked down in the valley—and there was a string of dust going towards Soap Creek. That stallion had leaped from that ledge which is fifty feet, at least, and hit the slope below and had slid down through there. It’s a wonder it didn’t kill him. He passed Soap Creek and left just a string of dust behind him, running as fast as he could run out into the open valley.

And we never saw any more of him. We went on around and up to the head of Soap Creek and come back down and we thought we’d find him out there somewhere and we kept riding into the sunset, but he turned off toward the left out there. We couldn’t track him, of course, but we thought he’d go toward House Rock because the other horses had been drifted that way and we thought he’d take their trail. But when we got to House Rock about dark, he wasn’t
anywhere in the area. I had to go to Kane the next day and Alec had to help scatter these cattle we’d just bought of Emett’s out to the various watering places, some up at Two-Mile up at the old battleground, and some went to the Upper Pools and some were drifted toward Kane so they would be acquainted with the new range and the waterholes and so forth.

Anyway, three weeks later, after all of this transaction had taken place, I was waiting at House Rock for my friend, Archie Swapp (who plays an important role in one of my lightning stories), and I was lying out there with my bedroll, out in front of this old rock house at the House Rock corrals and reservoir there. No one in the country at all, just I alone and I woke up one morning at daylight and down toward the corral about 100 yards from me was this black stallion surrounded by six or seven coyotes all ready to jump on him. His head was almost touching the ground and he looked like just skin and bones, and he was really. That was three weeks that horse had gone without any water and without eating anything.

Well, I jumped up and pulled on my boots. I knew those coyotes were waiting for him to die. Just as I was pulling on my boots, I
looked up and he'd keeled over and those coyotes had jumped on him and tore him open before I could get down there. And so I got my horse, saddled him up, and drug that stallion's body over south a little ways into a little ravine out of the way there, off of the area round the fences that guided the horses and cattle into the corrals. But he didn't weigh anything. He was just skin and bones. He was hurt internally, you see, when he jumped off that ledge, and his hide was all scarred up, his legs were scarred from the injuries coming down off that mesa. And I just left him there. Those coyotes, though, had been watching him for a long while. You know, they were waiting for him to die. And they put up a great hallo that night. Boy, I thought there was 150 of them, but although the whole valley seemed full of coyotes, really there was less than a dozen of them. They'd have had quite a feast of that black stallion.

And that's the end of that beautiful black stallion that no one could catch and Alec Indian and I couldn't either. And rather than be captured with a rope, he jumped off of that ledge. And I could show you that sometime, I can show you that very ledge where he jumped off. You wouldn't think a horse would do it, but he did.

**Julius F. Stone Expedition**

After Emett had left the ferry, I returned. My instructions were to remain at the ferry until replaced and I didn't know how long that would be but I hoped not too long. I wouldn't sleep near the old dwellings there, John D. Lee's cabin or the old two-story driftwood home that Emett had built for his family. I went out in the orchard a little ways away and threw my bedroll down there.

I was sound asleep one night when I was awakened by voices calling intermittently from the direction of the ferry, about a quarter of a mile from where I was. Now the ferry is hemmed in by tremendous, perpendicular, impassable ledges and by the Colorado River. It would be impossible for anyone to pass through the area without crossing the ferry, which would require my help, or by coming down the river in boats which hadn't been done since Major Powell did it in 1869. So I supposed it was Navajos who had swam their horses across the river. They were coming along the trail toward the ranch and as they drew closer, I decided they were not Indians; I
could tell from their conversation they were white men and I could
tell they didn’t have horses but were walking. I was happy to know
they were white men. While I was a friend of the Navajos too, I was
glad to see somebody, even though I couldn’t figure out how they
got there. It was pretty lonesome country.

When they got about within a rod of me, I spoke up and I says,
"Hello," and they all ran back up the trail. And they sure went, boy.
I says, "Come on back. We’re friends, down here." They came back
and one of them introduced himself as Julius F. Stone and in turn
introduced his three companions. One of their names was Galloway
and one was a photographer. I can’t remember the other. He in­
formed me that he was from Columbus, Ohio, and that he and his
companions were the much advertised Julius F. Stone Expedition go­
ing through the Colorado River from Green River, Utah, to Needles, Arizona. And he said, as I knew, that this was the first expedi­
tion down the river since the initial successful exploratory expedition
of Major Powell. Stone's trip, essentially a picture-taking one, was
news to me as I hadn’t seen a newspaper for months nor had I seen
anyone who had heard of this.

They had run out of food and so I cooked them up what I had,
and boy, did they eat. I thought they was going to eat everything
my old alforjas held. They said, "Well, we’ll have some food for you
tomorrow." They wanted to know where the owner or the operator
of the ferry was and I said, "No one here but me." And Mr. Stone
was quite concerned. But he said, "Well, we’ll still find food tomor­
row morning." He says, "I have a letter where they’re to bury this
cache of food in case there’s no one here." He handed me a copy of
the letter he had sent to Emett. In it Stone outlined the essential
foods that they would need to make it possible for the continuation
of their trip. He listed all these and enclosed a fifty dollar money
order to compensate for the items. Then he underscored the follow­
ing words: "In case there's no one at the ferry, make a cache of these arti­
cles within a twenty-five foot radius of the north support of the cable that
pulls the ferry." So Stone asked me to meet them there at daybreak
and to bring a shovel if I could find one.

Well, I was so excited with the events and the prospects of having
company that I couldn’t sleep and was glad when the first colors of

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Dubendorff.
morning shot up over the red ledges. I pulled on my boots and was successful in finding a broken-handled shovel. I hurried up the river to join Stone and party, who were still asleep there in their sleeping bags. My saddle horse was so excited when he saw the three brightly-colored boats that he stampeded and I let out a war whoop. I caused such a commotion that my friends thought the Navajos had found them and they scrambled out of their sleeping bags. They were happy to see it was only me.

As soon as they were dressed, we went up to that ferry mooring, you know, that cable mooring there. And we dug all that day until dark and all the next day until noon. Five of us out there, blisters on all our hands, everyone helped. But we couldn't find that cache. There wasn't one, by the way. By using my food and some powdered milk of Stone's, we prepared some meager meals.

They decided, because of the food situation, they couldn't stay any longer and they asked me how much bacon I had, and how much flour and how much dry fruit. And I had some beans, too, by the way. I didn't have very much. Just one man don't need very much, you know. And so I said they could have all of it except about one pound of flour and a half a pound of salt bacon; I was expecting a relief to come around the ferry, anytime, maybe tomorrow, maybe

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31 It is interesting to compare Rider's version with Stone's. "Wednesday, October 27, 1909... We reach Lee's Ferry at 12:35 and go into camp among the willows opposite John D. Lee's stone fort... the fort is deserted, as is also the ranch house that was occupied by Mr. Emmett [sic] when we were here before, he having sold out to a cattle company and gone to Kanab, so Mr. Ryder [sic], a cowboy whom we find here, tells us. A careful search for the supplies we were expecting to find in the place where they were to be cached is fruitless. We also ransack the ranch house and corn crib with the same result, except that we find about three pounds of dried apples and half a pound of raisins. Galloway, who knows Emmett [sic] better than I says, 'I believe the old cuss has kept the money and purposely forgot the supplies.' If so, it is very awkward, because we have but three or four pounds of flour, very little coffee, no baking powder, bacon, or anything else. In fact it is an aggravating situation. When I was planning this trip I wrote to Emmett [sic] who then lived here and whom I knew, sending him a check for fifty dollars, with the request that he have ready for us at the time of our probable arrival enough provisions, flour, bacon, one ham, coffee, baking powder, et cetera, for five men for ten days, also in case he should be away to cache the stuff, properly boxed, at the upstream side of the stone fort. This he wrote he would do." Julius F. Stone, *Canyon Country; the Romance of a Drop of Water and a Grain of Sand* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1932), pp. 83-84.

Ironically, Rider says that a few days after Stone had left, an Indian came with the supplies. Stone didn't know this until twenty-one years later when Rider and Stone met in Columbus, Ohio, at Rider's instigation and Stone honored him with a banquet.
the next day. I didn’t know. Well, nevertheless, I gave them that and they decided to go. They estimated that by doubling their daily traveling hours and with scant rations they would be able to make it.

Mr. Stone, during the time of our searching, had unloaded everything from the three boats and had dried out all the wet equipment and discarded every possible item that he thought would be unnecessary for the hazardous journey through the Grand Canyon. Now they reloaded their boats and every pound of equipment not absolutely necessary was left on shore. About one o’clock, after a scanty meal of rice and bread, they bade me goodbye. They got into their boats and buttoned up around their necks a waterproof jacket which was attached to the boat with fastenings. The boats had been built in Grand Rapids, Michigan, especially for this trip, and contained watertight compartments in either end. They also contained waterproof food compartments.

Mr. Stone manned the first boat, Mr. Galloway the second, the photographer and boatman manned the third boat, and in this order they rowed out into the river and swung their boats into the half-mile rapids. I mounted my gray saddle horse; I had to ride along the bank at quite a trot and a slow gallop sometimes to keep up with them. This was really an experience for me as I expected all of them to be lost before they reached the quiet water at Marble Canyon at the end of the rapids. They were expert boatsmen and kept a distance between them of thirty or forty yards, following the course set by Mr. Stone. I saw each of them disappear in one extra bad spot but they reappeared and soon entered the box canyon at the entrance to the Grand Canyon area.

I had ridden my horse out onto a large flat shelf protruding about a foot above the water level and extending into the center of the river about twenty feet, and was waving and shouting goodbye and good luck, when to my surprise, all three boats swung into the eddy below the projection on which I was and rowed their boats right up to me. They unfastened their jackets and all came out upon the rock with me. They gave up the trip. Stone said he’d decided they

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"Stone records: "Thursday, October 28, 1909 . . . And so at 1:23 P.M., having had a light lunch, we start. Mr. Ryder [sic] . . . [is] on the bank to see us run the first rapid which we do in a little over four minutes, and at its foot say good-by to Ryder [sic] who has ridden along the bank at a gallop." Ibid., p. 84."
wouldn't go. No mail for them, no nothing there, no food. So I says, "You guys are crazy. You go on down there and you'll find all kinds of food down that canyon." I'd ridden every point all along there and I'd seen a few mountain sheep up high on the Marble Canyon ledges, way up. But I'd never seen anything in the bottom because no one had ever been down there since Powell went through. But I thought they certainly would find something. I was just a kid, you know, I was only eighteen. I've kept the Word of Wisdom all of my life and I've been prompted so many times that saved my life—maybe I was prompted to tell them that they would find food. I don't know. I was just an ordinary cowboy, I didn't know if there was anything but grasshoppers there, if that. But anyway, I says, "You go ahead, Mr. Stone."

After they had shaken hands and left again, I was sure that I was going to be the cause of their death. I hoped that they'd change their minds again and come back, but as they disappeared around a bend, I reluctantly turned back to my camp in the orchard and soaked my blistered hands. My humble prayer to God that night, as I crawled in my blankets and closed my eyes, was that they would make it through the canyon. But I didn't think they would.

I didn't know that their trip had been successful until I got back to Kanab, six or eight months or a year later, where there were letters and a picture he had taken of me waiting there.33 But ironically enough, it wasn't until twenty-one years later in August, 1930, that I was informed at a banquet given in my honor as the guest of Julius F. Stone in Columbus, Ohio, that my predictions of food for their journey came true. Mr. Stone addressed an audience of 250 men and said, "This cowboy saved our lives by predicting that we would find food down the river. Through an act of Divine Providence, we found five head of domestic sheep about twenty-five miles below Lee's Ferry. We preserved every bit of that meat by drying it and boiling it and making jerky out of it and it supplied us with ample provisions for the balance of the expedition."34

33This picture is the frontispiece of this work.

34Stone records that they saw five goats on a ledge at Soap Creek, and that they were able to shoot down one and that that goat "ended all prospect of short rations." Stone, Canyon Country, p. 85.
But when Stone asked me to talk, then I said, “I don’t want to disillusion our good friend, Mr. Stone, but that was not an act of God that those sheep were placed there, but it was an act of the devil really.” And then I told them about the range war between the sheepmen and the cattlemen where lots of men were killed in Utah and Wyoming. You see, when sheep graze, cattle will just sniff and stick their heads in the air and drift. They’ll drift day and night. They’ll never eat a bite. And so the cattlemen were afraid this whole, vast cattle country would become sheep country and they’d lose their herds. Well, the sheepmen decided to trail 10,000 head of sheep across this area and the cattlemen thought they were going to graze them permanently here so they cut the dikes and two reservoirs, Two-Mile Reservoir and Jacob’s Pool Reservoir, so these sheep couldn’t water. I know who did it but I never told anyone. I might tell you it wasn’t me. But this let those 10,000 head of sheep choke from thirst so much that when they smelled the water of the Colorado River, although they were up seven hundred and forty feet from it, on those ridges there above where Stone navigated those rapids, all 10,000 plunged over to get water. Every single one of them went over the brink. The herders couldn’t stop them. They just piled up, dammed the river. And I’ve seen the bleaching bones on the first shelf which is about forty feet down. And they filled that up and then they bounced off of those and went right on down to the river seven hundred feet below.

But five of those domestic sheep drifted down twenty-five feet to Soap Creek where Stone killed them.

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Rider states that on the ride back from Soap Creek (see story “Buying Out Emett”), Emett told me about all this, and he showed me right where they [the sheep] left the herders and went.” Emett also said, according to Rider, that “his daughters, after this had happened, took a rowboat and rowed down to where they [the sheep] went over the brink. And they skinned for several days until the stench prohibited them from continuing any more for several days. And they rowed those pelts back up in the rowboat to Lee’s Ferry. And they sold them to Navajos, no other outlet, you know, traded them for blankets, or for jewelry. That’s all they had; the Navajos had no money. Emett’s daughters had some wonderful rings and bracelets clear up to here on their arms, that they traded for those skins. The Navajos, of course, they took the wool off and wove it into rugs and they preserved their hides to make leather clothing and sandals and so forth.” Samuel Bennett, who married Lena Emett, the youngest daughter, said Lena often spoke of this incident when we talked to him in Holden, Utah, in 1970.
Gee, those guys at that banquet they all stood up. They wouldn't believe such a thing could have been possible, but it's the truth. That's a great story.

So that's the final episode of my contact with Julius F. Stone and his expedition down the Grand Canyon at the time I told him it was the act of the devil instead of the Lord that provided him with food to make that trip.