Part Three: Capers on the Kaibab

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Part Three

Capers
on the
Kaibab
Scaring President Roosevelt

One of the greatest experiences of my life was making the acquaintance of our great President of the United States, Teddy Roosevelt. This episode was entirely unexpected and it happened on the Kaibab Forest in Arizona many years ago, in 1913. Alec Indian, who was a Piute Indian and one of the greatest cowboys I ever rode with or ever became acquainted with, was my partner this particular day. We were camped at VT Park on the Kaibab and we were assigned to ride the forest, bring in all the cattle that we could find, drive them into Park Lake, into the corrals which we had built there, brand the unbranded, and take out the steers which would be joined with the day herd for the trail to the railroad 350 miles away at Lund, Utah.

About midmorning we jumped about twenty head of cattle in the vicinity of Bright Angel, on the north rim of the Grand Canyon. They were wild and as they broke to run, they crashed the timber and made considerable noise. Our horses were trained for this event and knew exactly what to do. Alec was riding my right, I took the left, and our purpose was to follow that herd of cattle until they were winded and then come out in lead of them and, finally, as they gentled down, to turn them in the direction of the corral which was some six or seven miles away. As my horse broke into a fast run, he leaped over a very large, fallen pine tree. And, as we went over, I saw along the side of the pine tree a cougar feeding on a deer which he had just killed. My horse sensed the situation, and, as a horse is very much frightened of cougar, he decided that he did not want to light at all in that vicinity. He quivered in the air and almost shook me out of the saddle and when he did land he was really drifting.

I was letting out war whoops and my partner, Alec Indian, who was on the other side of the herd, but behind them, was shouting, too, with all the excitement that the occasion demanded. Letting out shrill war whoops as only Indians and real cowboys can do, we approached a group of horsemen and packs. We shouted louder as the cattle went by and we passed those men and horses, not knowing who they were and caring less because the cattle was our game and we had to round them up and bring them back into captivity.

We finally headed out these cattle and turned them, after a mile or two, down this canyon and got them winded and gentle enough so that they could be directed. And we drifted them up the canyon.
and onto a trail that led into the corrals at Little Park where we corralled them for the night. We then continued on to our camp at VT Park, laughing and kidding each other all the time about frightening to death our visitors to the Kaibab. But upon arriving at our camp, the cook told us that the party camped within several hundred yards of our camp was President Theodore Roosevelt and his party. Then we, of course, became serious and thought what an event we had been through that day to scare the President of the United States half out of his wits with our shouts and with the breaking of timber by the wild cattle as we dashed by him and his party.

The next morning I thought it would be in order to go to President Roosevelt's camp and apologize for the fright we had given him and his party the previous day. I approached him and told him who I was and that I wanted to apologize for the interruption which I'd made in his progress through the Kaibab Forest, and that in order to compensate, the cowboys, I said, would be happy if he would permit us to put on a rodeo for his entertainment. He said that would be one of the finest experiences of his visit and something he had not expected. But he said, "Today is Sunday," and he said, "I prefer to honor the Sabbath Day. And, if you will forgive me, I appreciate this offer, but I'd rather you didn't today."

I said, "President Roosevelt, tomorrow is another day. We didn't know it was Sunday today. Sorry." Cowboys never knew, or we did not in those days, know one day from another. We worked every day, seven days a week, thirty days a month, and that's all we knew. We had no communication, no letters, no nothing to inform us what day it was. That was before the days of sleeping bags, where we had only our blankets and tarpaulins. We did not have the luxury of even a tent. We laid out in the open under the trees if there were trees and out in the desert if we were in the desert. We trailed cattle, we branded cattle, we rounded them up and we branded the calves, and separated the ones that should go into the day herd to be trailed to the railroad in the fall of the year when the sales took place. And that was all we knew.

So, on the following day, we got some of the wildest cattle we had out of what we had corralled the previous day, and instead of separating them, turning them loose, we held them for this event. Fortunately, we had a wild, unbroken horse that had never been ridden and we decided, after roping the steers and riding some of them,
we would ride this wild, unbroken horse. And I was the man that rode it. Two of the other cowboys helped me put the saddle on and then I mounted this horse and he really put on a good show for a few minutes. And then suddenly he reared over backwards, hoping to crush me as he came over. But I politely stepped off to one side and let him fall. At this point, I took off my cowboy hat and bowed toward the President and his party and at that time they gave me a great ovation, yelling and shouting and laughing like they really enjoyed it.

This was the end of an episode that began with a great scare for a President's party when they heard us rushing through and breaking down the timber as we came toward them in the little canyon toward Bright Angel. And it was the only time in my eighty years of experience on the earth that I have become personally acquainted with a President of the United States and had the honor of entertaining him, and also of having felt the great handclasp that he gave me.36

The Death of Yellow Hammie

I must tell you the story of my saddle horse, Hammie, Yellow Hammie. He was a yellow gelding, weighed about 1,000 pounds, and was trained to be a very fine cattle horse. He was a big, strong one. And I rode him one day when the cowboys in our outfit were gathering the east points of the Kaibab. They are the points that face and overlook the House Rock Valley country from North Canyon to Point Imperial of the Grand Canyon. And it’s necessary every fall, after the first heavy snow, to gather these points to take the cattle off, as otherwise they stay and starve to death during the winter months. In fact, one point is called Carcass Point, and you cannot walk without stepping on bones of dead cattle. That’s true. And horses, a lot of the wild mustangs drifted that way too, trying to get into the lower regions, you know, for the winter, and these points

36Rider adds, "I became acquainted with Kermit, President Roosevelt's son. In fact, he lived at my home in Kanab. I recommended that he stay there if he would like to remain a week or two. My sister Jen, who lived at home at that time, was very happy to have him as a guest."
have no escape route. You just go out on these points, like the ends of your fingers from the main mountain, and there's ledges all around them and it's only a matter of a week or two or three weeks probably at the most 'till the stock are all dead if they stay there because they eat what little foliage they can get to, then they starve to death. So, this became evident from observation and therefore the Bar Z outfit sent the cowboys up there every fall after the first big, heavy snowstorm, several days later, giving the cattle a chance to drift toward the House Rock Valley.

So we rode these points, and we rode North Canyon Point, and Carcass Point, which is rightly named as I've said, and then the next one south is Wildcat Point, and the next one south is South Canyon Point and then there's a long rim without any points projecting out over the valley below until you get to Saddle Mountain Point. The first day we covered everything from North Canyon to Wildcat Point, and Wildcat Point had a deer trail down it, from off of it, down through the sides of the ledge so you can get the cattle off there. That's the way we'd take the cattle down, down that trail down to the valley below. It was a very steep trail and difficult for the saddle horses to get up and men usually had to hang to the horses' tails in order to get up through it, it was that steep. But the second day the three boys that went out on Carcass Point got in a heavy snowstorm and were unable to get the cattle off of that point on account of the wind and the blowing snow. And that Carcass Point drops off for about a hundred yards at quite a steep angle, then projects out over the valley with sharp ledges all around. They found forty-five head of cattle out there and they tried to work them back up this slope that I just mentioned to get them up on top where they could drift south to Wildcat where they could drift them off, but they couldn't; the cattle wouldn't face the blizzard. And then they thought they'd get out themselves but their horses wouldn't face the blizzard either. Of course they'd exhausted the horses trying to get the cattle off. And the cowboys couldn't face it either, so they decided they'd have to lay there all night in these pine trees out on there; they were spruce, no dry wood, all green.

Well, they gathered up some tinder from under the trees and, after quite a few attempts, the cowboy whose name was Amos Wilson, who was nicknamed "Swift" because he was the slowest man I've ever known, with his very last match that he had, started the fire
that saved the lives of those three cowboys. And I can still hear Nate Petty—he stuttered you know—I can still hear him telling us afterwards, "B-b-b-b-y G-G-God, it lit!"

So they kept piling on this fuel that they could break off from the trees all night long and kept themselves warm enough so they survived. But all three horses perished and the cowboys laid right in the legs of the horses, up against their bellies to keep warm, and they had a fire in there, but parts of the cowboys froze anyway, their wrists and their ears and necks were frozen.

Well, the other five cowboys down at the bottom of the ledges had a nice warm camp, plenty of firewood and plenty of forage for the horses who were hobbled out in the area. But we were concerned all night, so we didn’t sleep, just built a big fire, hoping that these three cowboys would come. Their names were Johnny Wilson, his brother, Amos Wilson, the one we called "Swift," and Nate Petty from the little town of Rockville in southern Utah. The other two boys were from Kansas; they were cowboys from Kansas. As soon as daylight permitted, we wrangled three horses and we headed up the Wildcat Trail. The wind had stopped blowing, but it had blown all night, though, and it blew snow off the Kaibab in great drifts. Oh, the drifts would hang from the top ledges and go clear to the bottom of the valley, there was that much snow that had wiped clean off of the Kaibab, 'cause it had been snowing all day and there had
been about three foot of snow there. Anyway, by the time we got up on top, that was the normal. Well, we got up just to the top of the Wildcat Trail, and here came our three cowboys dragging their saddles behind them, heading for the trail down, to come down and tell us they were all right. It was over a mile down to our camp, right down that steep trail, yep. But anyway, we never thought we'd see them anymore, not alive. And of course the horses couldn't take it. They had been ridden and exhausted trying to get the cattle up that slope I told you about, to get 'em up on top so they could run along the rim with them and take them on the trail they come in on over the Wildcat Trail.

So we layed in camp all one day and thawed those three boys out, and it was storming all day and the wind ablowing up on top and we could see it blow clear out into the valley, that snow'd come out over. Anyway, you look out there and it would sprinkle your face with snow, and yet there was no snow down where we were; it was clear. But the wind was ablowing, oh boy, did it blow. Well, the next day eight of us went up the South Canyon Trail; that was a good trail because we drifted horses down there in the fall and every spring—out of the House Rock Valley and to Cape Royal where we had the summer range for the horses in the summertime. And that trail was not too steep because that South Canyon runs back toward the Kaibab, probably a mile and a half from the edge of the ledges, so it became a rather moderate-grade trail, easy to navigate when there wasn't any snow. So we headed up there and the boss divided the group up—all but three of us who went south toward Saddle Mountain Point to gather cattle, if there were any, and bring them back to South Canyon Trail and down the trail.

And it seemed to be a fine, quiet morning. The wind had died down and we had no trouble at all a getting up there except getting through some of the drifts on the side, a few of them. And as we turned south, we ran into bare ground where snow had been swept off of the entire top of the Kaibab, except where some trees and branches had held it back, and so we were on bare ground going down toward Saddle Mountain, south along this level rim—top of the ledge, you know. But, boy, about that time the wind started and here come the blizzard again, blowing snow for miles back across the Kaibab, bringing it through the trees just like it was falling from above, you know, and it was clear sky. I didn't think it was going to
be too bad, but the other two boys said, "Oh, boy, the heck with the cattle; we're going back." But I said, "Well, I'm not going to quit. I'm going on; I might find a herd of cattle out there." In fact, they were two of the boys who had laid out all night and their horses froze, and they says, "We're not going through that again." So they went back.

Then I went on, facing the storm; it wasn't too bad right then. Boy, I hadn't got very far when my horse threw up his head and stopped. And while he was stopped there with his ears pointed, I heard a "moo," from a cow, you know. I listened again and sure enough, here was another "moo." So, I knew the direction to go, so I went a little further. I left Hammie, threw the reins over his head and I went down to where, I couldn't see any tracks, of course, but I went down in about a foot of snow down this slope. And I could see this overhanging ledge and I went down and went in the cave down there and there was seven head of cattle in there, and they were all down, starving to death; they was just down, couldn't get up. So I slit their throats out of mercy. They'd never get out of there. They'd been laying in there since the first storm hit, and probably three weeks before that when the first storm drove them out there and they missed the Saddle Canyon Trail.

So then I went back up to my horse and thought, "There must be some more cattle down here," so I went on down, along the rim and I got down to Saddle Point, and there was no cattle out there on it. And I assumed that these seven head were the only ones that had drifted out there and drifted down this little slope and got in this cave. And the storm got bad so I decided to turn around. My horse wouldn't go any further. He knew that the other horses had gone back. He didn't want to go. He couldn't face the storm anyway and neither could I. So we turned around. I thought we could get back to that cave and make it all right. It was filled with pine burs and small pieces of pine limbs and so forth that the squirrels and chip­munks had carried in there over the years and I knew it would be a good, dry place for us to stay. I could have made a fire, but it'd be warm anyway, and I could have laid in there with those dead cows. And of course there'd be room for Hammie too.

But when I got to where I thought the cave was, I couldn't see very well. I saw a little hump down there and I thought, "Well, that's the ledge above the cave," and I threw the reins down. So I
started down that slope, pretty steep, and there was about a foot of
snow, maybe two feet of snow on the slope there; the rest of it had
been drifted on over on the main ledge which was a little further
down. And I got right to where I thought I was right on top of the
cave, and I heard old Hammie neigh. I looked up and there he was,
shaking the reins ahead of him and coming down that slope, and I
hollered "Hammie, Hammie, stop!" And just as I hollered at him,
he lost his footing and he come down like a toboggan on that snow
right down toward me and I jumped out of the way quickly, three
or four feet, just about the time he would have hit me, jumped back
right out of the line of traffic that he was in so he wouldn't hit me.
And he went out of sight, and I went out of sight, about three feet
from him. We were in a snowdrift. Instead of a ledge it was a snow­
drift that had blowed over the edge of the cliff. And so I didn't
know anymore for quite a long while. I went down through this
snow and finally stopped. I knew I was falling straight down 'cause
there's nothing but straight ledges. It was just like nothing, just soft,
just like getting in a feather bed, just goin' down, just gently down
quite fast then finally slowing up.

And the snow had piled up under my big cowboy hat with the
strap under the chin, and it was choking me, and I got ahold of the
strap with my fingers and dug this snow out and got my hat off so I
could get the snow out of it. And I had just put my hat back on and
I could see daylight out there, I could see the whole House Rock
Valley right there, and just as I was looking out, bang, I went again.
I started to go and I come out of the snowdrift clear down to the
bottom of the mountain. And I came out about a rod from where
Hammie came out, out of a little hole, not much bigger than three
feet in diameter in the snow. And the hole he came out of was about
a rod across, great big, it was about ten, fifteen feet in diameter
where he came out of the snow bank. And after that he hit the
slope, the slope that went off gradually into the valley, and he hit
this and he skidded down that until he hit an oak that was high
enough to stick out of the snow and it stopped him. So I just went
on down to where he was and he was a bag of bones; there wasn't
one unbroken bone in his body. The saddle was just tied to a bag of
bones. Hammie had hit a projecting ledge, or maybe ledges, and I
didn't; over where I went it was perpendicular, rocks projected out
in the snowdrift that he was going in and he hit that ledge and
mashed himself all to pieces. Those three feet when I jumped out of his way saved my life. If he hadn't neighed, I would've gone where he went. One more step and I would've been gone. I wouldn't be here telling you about it either!

Well, I took my saddle off and took my de-awelta (you use it to tie cattle up, you tie it around your waist, it's about three feet long) and hooked that to the horn of the saddle and drug it down, went on clear down and went over into camp. We had a good camp in the cedars, and when I come up the cook had a good fire down in there and I could see the smoke comin' up through the pine trees down there. And all those boys were looking up there thinking they'd never see me again. And when I walked in there, they all spilled their coffee. They sure let up a holler.

This took place in 1908 and I went back in there in 1921 to build a monument for Hammie, a rock monument, to put his skull in this monument, but I couldn't build it. I took two fellows with me, a cowboy and a friend, and we went to a water spring that I'd always known from where I'd camped before, expecting to find water, and it was dry. So we camped there anyway. It was nighttime, and the next morning we had to follow our horses about six miles back to find them. They'd gone for water, you know, back on the trail that we'd come over. They, of course, couldn't find any. Then we brought them back to camp and packed up and went up the Saddle Mountain Trail up on top of the Kaibab and over to Greenland Spring, this spring at Greenland. Greenland is where you go down to Cape Royal—last time we were there we saw ten head of bucks there, boy, they were big fellas. So that was the end of Yellow Hammie.

Roping Wild Steer

The whole bunch of us were riding on the Kaibab, gathering cattle for the sale in the fall at Pipe Springs. All the Kanab men that had cattle were riding with us, plus the Bar Z men. All together we gathered this whole mountain. And we struck some wild ones out here a little ways. They went down off of these ridges. And I caught a big, tremendous steer, the biggest steer that was ever seen on the
mountain here. Golly, he was a whale. I forget how old he was now, quite old, but he was a big fellow, a big old red steer, bigger than my horse.

And I thought, "Oh, boy, I'm going to put a rope on him as soon as he gets to that open spot." And I did. I caught him and right around the horns, too, just a perfect catch. But I couldn't throw him because it was in the trees. And so I just let my horse stop him and let a tree come between him and the horse so the steer couldn't get to the horse. That steer fought just as soon as he turned around, why, he made a dive for my horse and my horse went on the other side of a quaking asp tree. It was a good thing he did. My horse was just standing on his hind legs, turning to get out of the way, you know. He was a great dapple gray horse named Boyce. And when the rope come tight, it threw Boyce down on his side and I just left my feet right there in the stirrups—I just sat right there on him. And then I held Boyce from getting up with the bridle reins so he couldn't get his head up and talked to him softly so he'd stay quiet a little.

I held him there for about four hours until that old steer'd let up on that rope. See, when that steer'd fight, then he'd back up a little, and I'd pull up a little of the rope around the tree and wrap it around the horn of the saddle. When I thought I had got enough slack on the steer so that I thought I had room to get up without my horse getting gored, then I chirped to my horse and let his rein loose and my horse jumped up. But boy, that old steer made a high dive. And he was so close and he was mad and he frothed at the mouth and he'd just blow that froth all over me. But my horse was a good one and we got that steer under control and we took him into Mile-and-a-Half to await the others.

Well, in the meantime, six or eight of the other boys caught a steer with a Quarter Circle X brand, the brand of the Taylor Button or Robbers Roost gang, as it was called, and it had been fifteen or eighteen years since that brand had ever been run on cattle. That's how old that steer was. Well, the funny thing about that Quarter Circle X steer was that they neck roped him to a two-year-old steer so they could bring him into their herd and take him into Mile-and-a-Half there at the corrals. And the two steers were running along, tied together, and the little one run under the old one's neck, back and forth, and the old one stepped on the two-year-old and broke his
own neck. So that's why they didn't come back to me. That's why they was so dang long. They cut this Quarter Circle X's throat and bled him and skinned him and hung up all the meat in the trees around there. Next day, we sent the packs over there to get him and we made jerky out of that meat. By golly, there was a ton of it there. Everybody had all their saddle pockets and their own pockets full of jerky on that trip.

Well, when they brought a bunch of that wild band in, then they turned the steer I'd caught loose; one of the boys pulled out his hind legs and we took my rope off. Well, then that steer took after my horse and followed him. He wouldn't look at any other horse. And by golly, he stayed behind my horse's tail and we led that herd, twenty head of cattle, I think there was, right into Mile-and-a-Half where we were camped, right into the corral. All that way. And my horse pranced all the way in there, looking back at that steer, afraid he was going to get gored.

From then on, from there to Jacob's Lake where we camped, we'd have to take the cattle out and day herd them so they could eat. And then at night we'd drift them into the corral. But when they'd herd this old one, he'd never eat, that big steer wouldn't. He never ducked his head down to take a bite of food. And you could look out at that big herd, 3,000 head of steers, and you could see that feller standing shoulders above all the others, about a foot above any other critter in the herd. He was proud. He'd never been roped and he was an old steer and he wouldn't eat a bite.

And when they started to drift from one place to another, from Mile-and-a-Half to Three Lakes, or from there to Jacob's Lake, he was always right on lead, pointing the herd. Boy! And he went from Jacob's Lake down to Jacob's Canyon on the way to Pipe Springs—and he died walking. The boys that were on the trail with him said that steer just died standing up, a-walking, just keeled over in his tracks and died. Never ate a bite, broke his heart when I roped him.

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99I asked Rider how they made jerky and he replied, "Just boil salt water, make brine out of it, and then just dip the meat in and hang it up on the limbs around."

10Pipe Springs is where they would sell the cattle. Rider says this steer was worth twenty-three dollars. "That's all they'd give for a big steer in those days. Cows and calves sold for seventeen dollars."
Riding The Points

There was approximately 60,000 head of cattle on the Kaibab Forest in 1908 and '09, 150 to 200 saddle horses and ten cowhands, cowboys, experts all of them, to herd and move and wean the calves and, generally speaking, to drift the cattle from the winter to the summer ranges on the Kaibab and to brand the calves and to gather the steers in the fall of the year and to drift them off the Kaibab to the nearest railroad, which is Lund, Utah, a 175-mile drift from Jacob's Lake.

But every year (since the Kaibab Forest, or the southern part of it, is a plateau with sharp points breaking into deep, steep canyons, really box canyons, all the way around) it was necessary each fall for ten cowboys, after the first snowstorm, to make sure all the cattle had drifted to the points or were off the winter ranges without any trouble, that no cattle were lost in those areas. It was necessary then, that these ten men, five on each side, five on the east side, five on the west side, would come from the winter headquarters after the first heavy snowstorm, which is usually the latter part of November, to make sure the cattle were drifted. This drive to gather them off the points wouldn't be successful unless it was late enough to make sure all of them had drifted to the points. So the ten men, with five horses each and a pack mule or pack horse each, would get their equipment ready at Kane.

All the horses had to be shoed and the packs had to be shoed also and the provisions had to be loaded in each man's pack according to what his pack could carry. And these provisions had to last at least three weeks, with what deer could be killed on the way to supplement the food that we carried in the packs, because there was no other source of supply on this three-week trip. So the boys would leave after everything was ready, they would leave Kane at daylight, first part of December, usually, and climb the mountain straight west up the gradual slope of the Kaibab to Pleasant Valley. The first night, they would cut quaking asp trees to feed the horses on the point just east of Pleasant Valley. The next day, they'd fight through the snow to VT Park where we had a big cabin. That was the summer headquarters. And then they'd make camp there and go on the ridge just east of the cabin up on the side hill and cut quaking asps for the horses there. It would take a full day to go from Kane to
Pleasant Valley Point and a full day through the snow to VT Park headquarters and a full day from there to Robbers Roost Canyon without food for the horses except for the quaking asps that they would eat. And sometimes the horses wouldn’t eat for two or three days.

And it was difficult work because the snow was deep up through the mountain, that snow was up to the horse’s forelocks, five to ten feet deep, and each man rode his horse until he was tired, or getting tired. And then he would take the next horse back of him and he would ride him until he was tired, ride him without a bridle or a saddle, and then he’d take the next one back of him and so forth until he rode his five. And the cowboy back of him would be coming up then in line and he would ride his saddle horse, with his saddle, until he gave out and then he’d take the next horse back, kick him out of the trail and let him fight, so on and so forth, until all five men rode the twenty-five horses. And the packs followed behind in the trail we made through this deep snow.

And when we got down to Robbers Roost Canyon, there was a deer trail under the first rim and there was a lot of grass down there. So at the end of the third day, the horses had some grass to eat and we’d lay there one day and let the horses tank up on this grass on this deer trail under the ledges in a little valley. And it was not much of an area, but it produced a lot of grass. And then we’d pack up and move and draw cuts, usually, to see who went left toward the east rim, toward Bright Angel and Cape Royal and Saddle Mountain and South Canyon Points, Wildcat Point, Grass Point, Gooseneck Point and North Canyon Point, and those that went west to Sublime Point, which is the next point west of Robbers Roost Canyon where we divided. So five men went each way and we divided the packs and the horses.

This particular winter, I went west and we drifted all day down to Sublime Point after we left Robbers Roost Canyon where the horses had a chance to eat and get rested up for a whole day. In the meantime, the cowboys rolled rocks off the ledges for entertainment. Then we made camp down on Sublime Point, well, not quite down on the point, but back up in the quaking asp trees, about a mile and a half away from the end of the point. We got down there before the sun went down and two of us made camp and the other three went down on the point to see if there was any cattle and to bring
them back up this mile and a half or two miles up to where our camp was. And they found forty-eight head of cattle on this point and drifted them back up to where our camp was and pushed them a little beyond our camp toward the next point, west and north, and then we laid there; we had a good dinner that night. But the wind had been blowing for about two and a half days all up through the VT Park and the Pleasant Valley, and it blowed all this night.

And it started to snow just before daylight and we knew we were in for bad trouble because we had all the snow we could handle then. And so we packed up and without giving the cattle another thought, we drifted out toward Swamp Point and Powell Plateau, or the Powell Saddle; that was a point where we knew we could get to lower elevation and our only salvation was to get out of the country. It had never been done before and, therefore, we traveled all day without getting breakfast. And that night at sundown, we hit the Swamp Canyon, which was quite a deep canyon, and we drifted down that for about a mile and a half or two miles, the distance is indefinite in my mind, through the deep snow.

And it was snowing all day just as hard as it could snow. Each man rode his five horses and then the next man in turn took it so that they all had equal distribution of work, all the horses did, except the packs and, of course, they just trailed along in the trail we plowed for them. And we were all wet. Boy, we were just wringing wet all the time, riding on wet horses, and snow, you know, would pile on us. The snow would come off the trees, blow off of them and fall. It snowed all the way across there, snowed all day just terrifically, just piled up the snow all day and we were just as sopping wet as you would be if you jumped in a swimming pool.

We laid down at the end of Swamp Canyon. This canyon, if we had continued, would have gone right into the Grand Canyon itself and, of course, it was necessary for us to stop before we got there. And the snow stopped about dark that night and so we left our saddles on our horses, took the packs off the pack saddles and loosened the belts on the saddle horses and left them all standing in a row in this trench in about six feet of snow. And we laid down our tarpaulins in the snow, dug out a place underneath the big pine trees where the snow wasn’t very deep, because all the snow had piled up on the branches, and that’s the way we made our beds down that night.
And Joe Miller, a cowboy from Kansas, got his tarpaulin out; he dug the snow away by the tree and got his tarpaulin spread out under the blankets and laid his blankets down and just as he had them spread out, a limb at the top of that tree let go and all the snow that had piled up in that tremendous tree came down, piled up fifteen feet of snow over his bed. And he was fighting for breath and we were fighting from the outside trying to dig in to him and he come out crying and I don’t mean crying, I mean he was really “boo-hooing” and he said that if he ever got out of this trip alive, he was going back to Kansas and look an old mule in the hind end down the corn rows the rest of his life. Anyway, we got him quieted down, got his blankets out and shook the snow out of them and got his bed down and we all went to bed there without supper. We couldn’t make a fire, too much snow and we were too nervous, anyway. So our horses stood still right there in their tracks all night long.

And next morning the boss hollered, “All out,” and we all threw back our tarpaulins. There was only just two or three inches of snow that had come in the night. It had quit about the time we got there, almost anyway. But when I rared up (there was Ed Chalk there on one side and Joe Miller on the other), when I rared up, well, behold, there were those forty-eight head of cattle right in the trail standing right there just like our packs—in order. By golly, here they followed us out.

Well, we began our daily task of loading up without trying to prepare breakfast or anything. We just took some cheese and some raisins and stuff and that’s all each man had in his chap pockets to eat because we didn’t want to waste any time getting out of the country. And we looked around and Ed Chalk hadn’t moved under the snow. His tarpaulin was still out there and I went over there and said, “Come on, Ed,” and I kicked his tarpaulin. It was like a board. And I said, “You’ve got to get out of there; the rest of us are almost packed.” He said, “I can’t move a limb.” I got down and pulled his tarpaulin off of him and I said, “What’s the matter?” and he said, “I don’t know.” I knew he’d been wet all day the day before coming through that snow and he’d been wet all up for three days prior to that coming up to Robbers Roost Canyon and I supposed he was just stiff or something, but he said, “No, I can’t, I can’t move.” He said, “You’ll have to take care of my pack.”
And so we did. We got him out of his bed, he slept with his clothes and his boots on like we all did and they were partly dry; they’d dried out through the night a little bit. But he couldn’t move. We had to lift him around. And he just begged me to let him stay there and die. “I can’t move a muscle,” he said, “let me die.” He’d holler and yell but my brother, Dave, and I, we put him on a horse called Ball, one of the strongest horses out of the twenty-five saddle horses we had. And he was a skittish horse, but, oh, he was a fine roper and he belonged to my brother and no one had ever ridden him until that day and we put this man, Ed Chalk, on him. Ed was about thirty-five years old then and I was eighteen and we put him on this horse and that was my job to put him up on that horse and to tie him on: put his saddle on Old Ball and see that it was properly cinched up and to put him on and tie his hands to the horn and to tie his feet underneath. And he just hollered. He gritted his teeth when I would tie his hands to the saddle horn.

In the meantime, doing this, the rest of the leaders, the rest of the horses and the packs, had gone on. They had taken a long, gradual slope from this point in the bottom of the canyon, where we laid down for the night, and they went gradually up toward the rim of the canyon, up onto Swamp Point, and followed a trail that we picked
so the horses could make it up the incline without going directly to the right and climbing straight up. They could never have pulled it, they couldn’t get up, they weren’t strong enough, so we took a long, sloping climb out so they’d be able to navigate. And my brother led them. He knew the way and he led them up through this long slope and went on.

And I was there with this sick man that couldn’t move, tying him on, and the forty-eight head of cattle that we had rounded up down on Sublime was in the trail, single file, forty-eight of them strung out behind us. They were waiting to go, too. When we moved, they all come, too. So when they saw the packs going, they wouldn’t wait for me to get this cowboy, Chalk, on Old Ball. They broke a new trail around us there for a rod in the snow and they went on by, all forty-eight head went by and up this incline trail in the snow that the rest of the horses and the packs had plowed. And by the time the last one got by, I had got on my horse and started off and Ed Chalk’s horse followed me and I followed right behind these cattle.

As I got up there a little ways, maybe a five minute ride, I saw the cattle was going down the sidehill, sliding sideways, going end for end, just going down in all directions, sliding right off into the canyon. And I could see them kicking their legs and switching their heads as they went off and out of sight down into the canyon below. They went a long ways in mid-air before they disappeared from my view down over the ledge. See, they were going so fast they sailed right out in the air, you know, and they went over the brink and they went quite a ways kicking before they disappeared and went down into the canyon. And every one would go, every one. That hill was as slick as glass after the first ones went.

When I got closer, I saw the last cow was a cow with a calf and the calf was ahead of the cow and the calf made it, he went across this slick spot, which was only about six feet long, and the calf got across it all right. But his mother, the last cow in the string, slipped and hung on a minute, and then away she went and she bellered as she went sliding, like a cow would do, you know, calling for her calf, and the calf turned around and took after her down that slope. It was just like a toboggan slide. That calf run four or five good jumps down that hill and then he lost his footing and he just went end for end like a cartwheel over and over, kicking as he went out of sight, down out of my vision, down over the ledge.
They all slipped in the same cockeyed spot within six feet. And there was two Hereford bulls that cost over $1,000 apiece to get them into this country by trailing them in from Nebraska, by railroad part way and then by trailing them by slow stages. In those days there was no cattle trucks to haul them from the railroad. They had to be trailed by cowboy, you know, so far a day and then fed at night or turned into a pasture somewhere along the road. And they had been trailed and were very valuable animals and there was two of them. One of those got just about through, he plowed kind of a new trail for himself, but he slipped and just before he went over the ledge, there was a small pine tree. I judged it must have been about a foot in diameter down there. And he hit that and his head went on one side and his body went on the other, he was going that fast. Yes, they split and there the head was going and here he was kicking his body and his head going along with it at the same time and they were separated. That was all of him.

I stopped there and watched them go, and old Ed sat up there gritting his teeth. I said, "Ed, what do you want to do?" And he says, "Just release my hands." And I said, "Okay." "And my feet, too," he says. I put my lariat on him and I says, "I'll wait. I'll see if old Ball makes it." And I kicked the snow out of Ed Chalk's horse's hooves; I led him up to the side of me and my horse and picked up his feet and where the snow had all gone in there I dug it down with my boots. Then I got a rock that was loose there and I took that rock and I hammered the hooves of the horses and got the snow that had caked in them so the hooves wouldn't slip on the caked snow, you know, so the shoe would have a chance to hang. And then I untied Ed's feet and his hands from the saddle and then I put my lariat around his body and I stayed there so that if his horse slipped, I could pull Ed off and he wouldn't go down the slide. But, fortunately, Old Ball went just as carefully as he could across. It seems like he sensed what was up. He'd watched all those cattle, that horse had, he'd watched them all slide and he just was as careful as he could be and he just took one foot right after the other and he made it. And then I led my horse across. I walked in front of him because I didn't want him to trip and throw me if I had hold of his tail. So I just walked carefully. I just made him go right slow and I went right slow and carefully, and boy, that old horse just followed me all the way across. And he didn't slip because I'd kicked the
snowballs that caked up under their shoes, you know, like they do in the snow. And so we got across.

And then I tied Ed's hands and feet again to Ball, got on my horse, and took the lead. We had a good trail then clear on down to the point, down to South Pass Saddle. And I hadn't seen any of the men since before I loaded Ed on his horse. They'd left, you see, and then the cattle all went by and I watched them go down the slide. When I got about a mile from the top, after I come out of this dangerous place and went along on the level Swamp Point down through the pine on the trail that had been made, our horses could go rather fast because they didn't have to buck snow, they had a pretty good trail. And they would step in the other horses' tracks, too, they'd learned how to step in their tracks as they went and that helped too.

We got down there about a mile from the top where we stopped out there and here was a yearling more than a little over a year old, about a twelve- or fourteen-month-old heifer, very fine flesh because she had had plenty to eat all summer and only had two hard days coming across through that snow. I didn't know it had got by that slide, didn't see any of them get by. But she did. But she couldn't keep up, couldn't go as fast as I wanted to, and so I nudged her a little and the horse bit her tail and she turned around to fight and when she did that horse just pushed her out of the way into the snow and went on. We went on and left her there and thought that it was the last we'd see of her.

But anyway we went on down and caught the rest of the packs and the horses just at the top of the Powell Saddle, at the end of Swamp Point. And my horse was fresh, hadn't been working all day, only carrying me along you know. He didn't have to fight the snow like the others had and so I got in front with him and I plowed a trail down. We just went right straight off down into Powell's Saddle without winding back and forth, just went off. There was enough snow to hold him from slipping over the rocks or the ledges or the brush or anything. And he just slid down there, half on his haunches, you know, went on down there, plowing snow about eight, nine feet deep, right off into that saddle. And at the bottom of the saddle I turned right and I broke trail, then, because he was fresh, my horse and I broke trail about a mile and a half to the first
bunch of quaking asp trees that we found down in Stynie's (this is a place down under the ledges there).

And when I got to these trees, I knew that was the feed for our horses. If we ever expected to ride them out of there, we had to get some quaking asp trees. That was the only thing that they would eat. They wouldn't eat anything else. All the oak leaves were gone. They would eat those, boy, they loved those, but there wasn't any here. The frost and the snow had caused them to fall off.

So we camped there for twenty-one days and we cut trees every day for those horses and they ate every little limb up to about a quarter of an inch in diameter and they'd peel all the bark off of the big limbs and the main trunk of the tree with their teeth. They'd just trim them, all they could get on the upper sides, you know. And then each day we'd go out and cut some more for them and that kept them alive but they were skin and bone, they couldn't carry a man, they were too weak; you could just pull them down by taking hold of the top of their forelock, and just by giving them a quick jerk sideways, they'd go right down in the snow and then you'd have to help them up.

After we got down there, there was five feet of snow at the bottom, down under Stynie, and we had our camp shovels and we took these little short-handled shovels and we shoveled that snow out of a circle about ten feet in diameter. And after we'd got it all shoveled out, we had about twelve feet of snow and then we dug five igloos, one for each man to put his tarpaulin and his blankets in, and we slept in these igloos for twenty-one days and took care of this sick man. Had to feed him, like a baby, you know; he could move his jaws, that was all. He couldn't twist his head; couldn't move his arms. And we made Brigham tea, we got some Brigham tea down there and we fed him Brigham tea. He liked coffee, but I got him drinking this Brigham tea. That's what I drink. Boy, it was good.¹⁹

¹⁹Later, when I asked what Brigham tea was, Rider explained, "The Indians drank it, and so they told Brigham Young about how good it was and so now we call it after Brigham Young, we call it Brigham tea. I can't think of the name that the Indians called it. You just boil water with these little, short stems. They're like jointed stems, little joints on them, like a fishing pole, you know. It's a little bush... Boy it was lovely with sugar. I wouldn't like it without, but I sure did drink it. And it's a good tonic in the springtime. I've drank it for years. I have a whole bag of it now in my basement, down in my store-room."
But, anyway, the next morning I was the first one awake and I
looked out from my igloo, wasn't five feet from my head where the
fire was, and standing over the still-hot coals of our fire of the night
before where we had cooked a good meal, first one in three days, was
this heifer, standing right square over the coals. And so we killed her
and that kept us from killing our pack horses to eat because we
would have run out of food without that critter down there. So by
an act of God, one out of forty-eight head of cattle followed us
down, her own self, followed us, and stood over the fire ready to be
butchered and provide us with food over this long twenty-one day
stretch.

We had to ration our food, by the way. We only had so much
flour, and so much cheese (we had some of these round cheese,
about that big around, with a kind of a cloth on them, cheesecloth
on them), and so much dried fruit, and rice, and raisins. And that
was our menu, because we'd expected to kill deer, which we always
had done previous years, for meat. But this critter, this yearling,
made very good meat and we even roasted the head and ate the jaws,
ate every bit of food that there was on that beast.

And we had a campfire going day and night. We had good, dry
wood for our fires, cut it down off the trees. It was laying around
there. There were dead trees lying just like there is always, and they
were dry. Boy, we didn't have any trouble. We'd find kindling and
dry needles every morning, you know, and we threw them on the
coals. We covered the fire up at night with our little hand shovel
and the next morning we'd just dig it out and throw that kindling
in and we'd have a fire in two seconds. And we melted snow over
this fire for our water.

So we had fire, water and some food, but we never thought that
we would get out of there. No one did. I didn't think that we
would ever make it out. I didn't have anything to write on or I
didn't have a pencil to write with so I couldn't write anything. We
had hopes if our horses didn't live, or were too poor to pack us out,
that we could go around those ledges and come out at the Big
Saddle and maybe by packing enough of our food with us on our
backs, that we could make this little ranger station down there that
we call Jump Up. Probably, but we weren't sure if we could, but we
had been thinking about that out loud. We'd say, "Maybe we could
make it afoot." Boy that's a long way, wow!
One cowboy lost his button. He got to cursing the Lord and I had to rebuke him for profanity, and I had to do it in the name of Jesus Christ. I just told him. I commanded him, in other words. And it just quieted him down and he shook like a leaf and he never swore anymore on that trip. That was the end of it. But it's a wonder that we all didn't go nuts down there.40

When that yearling was gone, we began to draw cuts to see which pack horse we'd eat and you know we got old Deadman. He killed a man—and when he threw him off and fell, it broke his hind leg. And for the life of me I don't know how that leg ever mended but it did. And he was a good pack horse. He'd stand still and he'd carry a big load although he limped quite a bit with that hind leg. But he plowed through the snow with the pack on him just fine. And we were going to kill him. We had five pack animals and we had a stick for each one from Deadman on down, the longest one was old Deadman. And when we drew these, I forget who drew Deadman's, but he was the one that we were going to kill.

See, there's no deer down in there. But we could see deer way up. We could see them when they jumped in the air. We couldn't see them after they landed in their trail, but when they made a jump coming around there, you could see them above the snow, kicking as they'd land. Lying right down in the bottom there, you could see the stars in the daytime, looking straight up. And I was looking up and I saw these deer coming around in the snow, going around that sidehill. They knew there was ledges there, too, you know. And they come around, I guess, 'til they could come down. I don't know how far they come around or they might have come clear around and found our trail, I don't know. Clear up on this ledge trying to come,

40In another version, Rider mentions that he was the only one in the bunch that kept the Word of Wisdom, the health code of the Mormon Church which forbids smoking, drinking alcohol, tea and coffee, and advocates doing all things in moderation. I asked him if the others were Mormons. His reply was "Oh, no. Joe Miller wasn't and Ed Chalk was kind of a Jack Mormon. He drank more coffee than water. My brother [David Rider], of course, was a Mormon. He was baptized when eight. He'd been on the range all of his life. The only thing that he drank was tea. He didn't swear. He never cursed, and he was a good cowman. He was the boss of the Bar Z. He said when to go, where to go, and what to do. And Orin Judd was a baptized Mormon. He was the one that I had to rebuke. Joe Miller wasn't any faith. He's the one that said he'd watch that old mule go down that row of corn. And Ed Chalk was, like I said, a Jack Mormon, inactive in the Church. He was a cattleman, too. But he never drank or cursed hardly in his life since he was a kid."
coming right toward our trail. Rows of them. You could see them jump when they'd jump out of the snow. See, they'd drifted off, out of the forest, and couldn't go any further when they hit the ledge, so they went around the hill. And I could see them up there from down where we were, and I called it to the attention of the other four cowboys. Boy, we watched up there.

On the twenty-first day, we figured that we could make it without killing Deadman. We needed him to pack. He wouldn't have been very good to have eaten, anyway, because he was nothing but skin and bones. We knew we'd have enough provisions then, when we'd get out of there. We knew that if we could make that Big Saddle that we'd only be a short distance from all kinds of deer. So we crawled out on New Year's Day. Of course, we all had to walk, we couldn't ride our horses. There wasn't a one who could hold us up. Only man that rode was Ed Chalk; we loaded him on Old Ball again, he still seemed to be the strongest horse—put Chalk and his saddle up there and tied him on, and then we started at daylight.

The snow had been melting because the west part of that mountain was almost sheer and the afternoon sun from noon on shone right directly against it. And it melted the snow way down, so we only had about a foot of snow to travel that twenty-first day, most
places only about a foot deep. And then we went zigzagging back across what we call Stynie's over to what we call the Big Saddle country, and we knew there was an Indian trail out of there. And that was the place we were heading for in hopes that we could climb afoot if our horses couldn't, or our packs couldn't, get out.

But when we got over there, it faced south, and the snow there wasn't nearly as deep as it was down where we'd camped, nowhere near. And so we could pick out a pretty good trail and the horses didn't have to fight anything but wet soil and we picked out a zigzag trail and finally got up on top of the saddle. And we knelt down and prayed and built a big fire and I made candy for the cowboys out of sugar that we had rationed and baking powder. It wasn't very good candy but they ate it.

And the next day, we drifted the horses, they were still weak, and we'd ride a little ways and get off and walk and then we took them down to a deer trail that my brother knew down under what we called the Jump Up. Well, when we got down over there, of course, there were all kinds of deer, my golly, they were just dying of old age. We went down that deer trail and while we were camped down there, there would be a hundred head of deer, right there in sight of us, right there in camp. You never saw so many deer. Boy, I took after a big old buck. I run him out of camp. Then the old son-of-a-gun died. He died of old age. Just because he had to make a few jumps, his heart failed him and he died right there. Gee, he had tremendous horns, wow. He must of been old because he didn't have any teeth. I don't know how he got so fat. Gee, he was an old fellow. He could only make ten jumps and then he died. That was the first deer that I ever saw die from old age; he actually died running ten big jumps and then he was dead. He didn't make eleven.

And down there, the grass was up to the horses' knees and those horses just run back and forth and neighed to each other; they'd eat a bite or two and then they'd neigh again to each other. That grass had never been eaten. Deer had been down in there, but, boy, those horses just neighed, oh, boy, they neighed to each other and they'd grab a mouthful. We left them there five days, filling up and regaining some of their strength.

But on the third day we put this sick man on Old Ball again, and my brother took him to a ranger station, what we called Jump Up ranger station, and there they had a little cabin down there with a
stove in it and they had a telephone, a one-wire telephone and they telephoned to the ranger station at Ryan. And they in turn telephoned to Fredonia, Arizona, and they got the sheriff, Thomas Jensen, with a white-topped buggy to come out and pick Ed up and they took him to Fredonia and doctored him at the hotel there for a number of weeks. He got a little better, so that he could travel on a wagon, and his folks from Tropic come down the Paria Creek and got him. That’s what we heard later. It didn’t do any good. He died anyway when they got him back. Inflammatory rheumatism, he couldn’t move a joint, you know. All swelled up, his joints did. It nearly killed everybody.

That’s the end of the twenty-one days and today—what’s the date today, September 7, it’s Labor Day—we’re down on Swamp Point, just about five miles from where the saddle trail goes down, camping for the night, and our sleeping bags are all laid down and we’ve had a good cold lunch out of some kind of canned meat and raisin bread and one-third of a cantaloupe and a good drink of water. And, we have been down on this saddle today and Deirdre Murray and David Paulsen, who are with me, went down the trail, tried to get to these two bunches of quaking asp patches. There’s only two of them in that whole country and if they hadn’t of been there, we wouldn’t have had any horses. So that was the ending of this long, twenty-one day period in one spot. And we’re trying to seek today the pictures of the place where the forty-seven slipped off and went sprawling into the canyon, kicking as they went, in mid-air. So we’re trying to get to this point where we can take a picture of the toboggan slide, I call it, where they slipped and went over. Good night. See you tomorrow.

The Lone Timber Wolf

Uncle Jim Owens, who was the government trapper, trapped cougars, or mountain lions as they’re called, on the Kaibab Forest in order to preserve the deer population.41 He trained his dogs to trace

41But Rider later interjects how this government plan was successful to a fault. "And then the deer increased so that there were thousands of head of deer; you just couldn’t go anywhere without seeing deer going in all directions. Well, then, they were feeding on the range here, too, and that was one reason why the cattlemen got off of here. So dang many
and to tree these lions and after they were treed, it was an easy matter to shoot them and to skin them. He got twenty-five dollars a head for them, bounty from the state of Arizona; twenty-five dollars each, whether they were adults or kittens, it didn’t make any difference. All he was required to take for evidence to get his pay was the paws with the bone joints right in their paws. That’s all he had to present. The last time I talked to Uncle Jim Owens, he told me he had captured 1,165 lions, and I’m not kidding, no, because he could catch one about every day.42

Now those dogs of Owens’, they were good. But one day, they came up missing from Bright Angel. Owens was camped at the Little Bright Angel cabin at Bright Angel Springs about a mile and a half from the now famous Bright Angel resort center there on Bright Angel Point. His dogs took off, in the night, and for four days he didn’t know where they were. He had tried to train them when he was tracking not to follow coyote tracks, nor bobcat tracks, but only to follow the scent of the cougar. But this was somewhat of a difficult job. I’ll tell you this little story to represent this, of how these dogs got sidetracked and followed a wolf’s tracks.

I was going from Jacob’s Lake to VT Park on horseback and, in that area, there was the advent of a timber wolf, the only one that had ever been known to come into that country. Never had one been killed or trapped. But somehow this timber wolf migrated into that Kaibab area and he would kill about once a day, although he never went back to feed on his kill. He would kill cattle, calves and deer, they just cleaned out this forest; you could see through it for miles. You know, no underbrush meant no browsing for the cattle. Those deer ate everything they could stand on their hind legs and reach.”

42Angus M. Woodbury, “A History of Southern Utah and Its National Parks,” *Utah Historical Quarterly* 12 (July-October 1944), p. 192, says that between 1906 and 1923 government hunters were provided to hunt the predatory animals on the Kaibab and that during that period “more than eight hundred cougars, thirty wolves, nearly five thousand coyotes and more than five hundred bobcats were removed.” He continues: “One of the interesting characters among these hunters was ‘Uncle’ Jim Owen, who with his hounds took about six hundred cougars from the Kaibab and one hundred and thirty from regions to the north and west. He had previously been a member of the Jesse James gang and when intoxicated was a man to be avoided. At El Tovar, one night, he took a dislike to the clerk, tried to shoot him, and filled the room so full of holes it cost the party $100 to settle the damages.”
heifers, and the ones that I've seen were always young stock. His track had been seen from Jacob's Lake clear to VT Park, then it crossed over and down into Dry Park and down through Nail's Canyon and back up to Jacob's Lake through Warm Springs Canyon; so apparently he'd go in a circle. My brother saw him chasing a two-year-old steer one day near Crane Lake; my brother didn't have a gun but he dashed toward him and shouted and so forth and scared him away. So my brother knew then he was a timber wolf. But he was the only one that had seen him, as far as we knew.

I was camped at Crane Lake and we had about 3,000 head of mooing cattle in the corrals there, tremendous corrals. And it was in the fall of the year, it was in the drift time of the year, and we had been collecting steers to drift to Lund, Utah, to be sold, then to be shipped on the railroad to L.A. There was about fifteen cowboys there, eight or ten of them from Kanab and some of us from the Bar Z outfit. And when we were all sound asleep, the sound of this wolf, which none of us had previously heard, chilled everybody, and it chilled me, too. This timber wolf opened up on a little saddle just east of Crane Lake, about a quarter of a mile from where we were sleeping, and on the first howl we all reared up out of our tarpaulins. My good friend, the cook, who was named Johnny Kitchen, he took his bedroll on about the third or fourth howl and he dragged it into an old salt shed there that was full of mud and muck where the cattle had waded in and out to lick the salt. He was that frightened. He just pulled his tarpaulin right over into this old muddy shack and there he stayed for the rest of the night.

And 3,000 head of mooing cattle stopped at the first or second howl. There wasn't a sound. And every cowbell on the mules, in the meadow there were mules who were grazing and their bells were tinkling as we went to our beds, stopped and were hushed. Nothing moved, not even a hoot owl. And that was a bloodcurdling event. I'll tell you, I'll never forget it as long as I live.

Now the next year, I was going from Jacob's Lake to VT Park again. There were no roads in those days, just a trail where the cattle drifted. And in the sand of that trail to VT Park were these great wolf prints, tremendous footprints, and I followed them from Crane Lake all through Pleasant Valley. They were right in the trail I was following with my pack and my horse. And as I got up to the south end of Pleasant Valley, I saw a tent pitched in a little bunch of quak-
ing asp trees and I wondered why there was no smoke or no sign of a campfire because I saw the horses and pack horses grazing close by. They were hobbled. But I couldn’t see any other sign of life. Now I had left Jacob’s Lake early that morning, probably a little after daylight—it’s a long ride from there to VT Park going horseback—and it must have been about noon when I got to this point I’m talking about where I saw this tent pitched in the trees, off about 100 yards from the trail. As I approached it, I looked down the trail and I saw where this wolf had sat down and his tracks were marred there a little bit and beyond that point I never saw his tracks again. So I knew that he must have stopped there and diverted his line of travel off of this trail toward this tent.

Well, when I got near, someone opened the flap of the tent and hollered at me, and I rode over to see what was wrong and they said, “We’re frightened to death. We heard the most bloodcurdling thing that we have ever heard in our lives and we daresn’t even go and get our packs off our horses. We’ve been here all morning afraid to go out.” And they said, “We just couldn’t sleep a wink from that time until daylight. And we thought at daylight we could look around, but we still daresn’t come out and we’re sure glad you come along.”

And I said, “You know what it was?” And they said, “No, tell us.” And I said, “I followed it from Crane Lake clear to here; I’ve been following for six or eight miles now the track of a great timber wolf. And he sat down right there and that’s where he was howling at you.” And they said, “Thank God you come.”

All right, I’ll tell you about Jim Owens’s dogs now. I went on to VT Park and I told the cowboys there about these people afraid to leave their tent and they had a good laugh because some of them, also, had heard that cry that night at Crane Lake a year previous and they said, “I don’t blame them at all.” And I didn’t myself. I knew just how those people must have felt that were strangers in the country and had never heard such a noise before; there’s something powerful in a voice that’ll even command the attention of his fellow animals. Well, I stayed with the rest of the cowboys there at VT Park and about three weeks later the story of Uncle Jim Owens, who had lost his dogs for four days, was brought to my attention by one of his nephews, Bob Vaughn, who helped him in this precarious work of hunting mountain lions. And he told us that on the fourth day all of the dogs came limping back to Bright Angel. All their feet...
were sore and they couldn’t move, hardly, but they come home of their own accord. Apparently, they had got scent of this timber wolf when he come down to Bright Angel there; they’d taken his track and they’d barked and frightened him and chased him clear out of the country. They chased him for four days at least and they never would stop; once on a trail they would just go and go and go. And they chased that timber wolf out of the Kaibab into the sand hill country, which is just off the north end of the Kaibab and to the east toward Glen Canyon and toward Lee’s Ferry. It’s a different geographic area entirely than the Kaibab, all sand. And then the cattlemen over there began to find their cattle killed and they found the wolf’s tracks, see.

So the cowmen in Kanab that run their cattle out there, Uncle Jet Johnson, Uncle Bill Hamblin, Walt Hamblin, and Zara Hamblin, and several other large cattle owners that run cattle in that country, offered a $1,000 reward for this wolf. So all the cattlemen got together and they stationed themselves across the barrier, which is only about seven miles long from Paria, where it cuts into the solid rock, to Two-Mile where the fault scarp starts. Nothing could pass it, not even a coyote, and they lined themselves across this area and they all had their rifles on their saddles. They knew from the fresh kills that this wolf had made that they would find him there in that area and sure enough, Walt Hamblin, who presently was the sheriff of Kane County, he jumped that wolf. He took in after him, and of course he had his rifle, but shooting from a horse, he wasn’t doing very good. He run the wolf across a washboard place, solid stone, cross-beded, where the sand had all blown off. And the wolf run across that and went around a projection, a little ledge, and there was the Paria Creek, which nothing could cross because it was 600, 700, and 1,000 feet deep. It was about 16 foot across and too wide for a wolf to jump so Walt Hamblin thought, “Well, I’ve got him now.” And he went over there and got off his horse so he could get a better shot at him because he knew there was no way for the wolf to get away with this here tremendous gorge on one side and the ledge on the other. He kept approaching around the shelf slowly and he got there and, lo and behold he saw a bridge across this sixteen-foot span. Never knew it was there. And the wolf had gone across this bridge into the Escalante country and then the cattlemen over there began to lose their cattle.
It was resolved that this bridge was built by the Robbers Roost gang because the cattlemen never could find where that gang had drifted cattle out of the country. They knew they stole them, they missed their cattle, but they never could find them. But no tracks showed on the cross-bedded sandstone, which is about five acres in extent there. I’ve been there. And, therefore, when the gang drifted the cattle through the sand, they’d drift them onto these rocks and no tracks would show. They drifted the cattle over there then they’d fallen these long cedars across the Paria Creek, and bound them together with rawhide and made a bridge, and they were over in a new country, isolated from all this other country by this tremendous Paria Creek gorge. And so that was how the Robbers Roost gang got the stolen cattle out of the country; they drifted them over to the Escalante country into Boulder and sold them. And no one knew it until this timber wolf event.

Buffalo Jones “Outbuffalos”
a Buffalo

Now I want to tell you some buffalo stories. Buffalo Jones, who owned a buffalo herd, drifted those buffalo from Lund, Utah, in short, daily drifts to Jacob’s Lake. And I was there at Jacob’s Lake the night the buffalo were corralled there in the Bar Z corrals. Buffalo Jones, as he was called, went out into the corral to look at the condition of these buffalo, and especially to inspect their hooves and so forth, to see whether he should continue on because the buffalo had become quite lame.

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1. Taylor Button’s gang.

44 According to an Arizona Game and Fish Department Bulletin entitled Buffalo (Form 4037, revised 9/70), Buffalo Jones shipped via railroad from Garden City, Kansas, to Lund, Utah, eighty-seven head of buffalo and trail-herded them 200 miles to the Kaibab Plateau, early in 1906. According to the bulletin, this shipment augmented a "nucleus herd" of thirty to forty head, which Jones had trail herded along the same route in July, 1905. Jones’s purpose was to hybrid the buffalo with Galloway cattle which would be not only larger but would better be able to survive the desert conditions. His experiment was a failure, but remnants of the buffalo herd are maintained today by the Arizona Game and Fish Commission at House Rock.
Well, I had never seen a live buffalo before, but beyond that, the thing that sticks in my memory about this event was the fact that a buffalo bull attacked Buffalo Jones while he was out there, but instead of running, as I would have done, Buffalo Jones got right down on his hands and knees and with his hands he threw dirt just like the buffalo did. Jones just pawed and pawed the dirt and threw it high. The buffalo would swing one foot and then the other, and Jones would do the same and they came within six inches of each other with their heads and the buffalo backed away.

This was a great thing to watch, for me, because I didn’t think any man living would dare go up against a big buffalo like that, a wild buffalo. But believe it or not, the buffalo gave up and backed away and Jones still pawed the dirt there. This little incident has always stuck in my mind as quite an event in my cowboy life.

"Darting" From A Buffalo

I had further experiences with the buffalo. Their range was the House Rock Valley. But one time I saw a lone bull up toward Crane Lake on the Kaibab. This was unusual and I wondered what he was doing up there. He was in a little swale and there was a little lake there. I thought, "Oh, boy, I’ll go down and just take a good look
at him." I pulled off into this little valley where he was and, boy, he come at me like a bullet. The horse I was riding was named Dart and sometime prior to this time, when my brother was riding him, a maddened cow with sharp horns had gored this horse in the thigh, in the right hind leg, and Dart was very much concerned about such an event happening again. So with all his might, he raced with me on his back, and I leaned forward, giving him all the assistance I could. We outdistanced the buffalo so he didn’t catch us.

**Branding Buffalo**

Later I had quite a bit of experience with the buffalos, these buffalo herds. Along in about 1908 or '09 or '10 or '11 or '12, in that area, when I was associated with the buffalo, it was our duty as cowboys to brand the calves that were born to this herd. And I have gone down the rope after my good friend, Alec Indian, had roped one of these little, young buffalo calves, to see just how easy it was to handle a buffalo calf, to see whether he had more strength or more agility or was more vicious than a young, domesticated calf was. So I went down the rope on this occasion to throw this buffalo calf over my hip so that we might brand him, and I just couldn’t do it. He threw me over his hip several times. Boy, he was strong. So it was necessary to pick up his hind legs with a lariat and stretch him out with the other horse, it was my horse, before we could brand him.

**Old Cattalo**

Incidentally, one of these buffalo cows became crossed with a white-faced Hereford Bar Z bull and the result was a “cattalo” which was quite notorious in the country. I also branded and castrated this cattalo, and years later the cowboys took him up to Jacob’s Lake and they built a pen for him and fed him hay and Highpockets charged fifty cents apiece for tourists to see this white-spotted buffalo. He was just like a buffalo and cow, half cow and half buffalo. He was tall, really tall, and he created quite a sensation among the tourists there because they’d never had a cross between a buffalo and a Hereford as far as was known in that area of the country. And in Yellow-
stone Park, they'd never reported any such thing with the great herd they have there. So I had something to do, quite a serious operation, in fact, on this half-breed buffalo, Old Cattalo. I don't know what became of him, but I do know that they brought him to Kanab. They bought him from the Arizona government, the State of Arizona, and brought him to Kanab. And Al Drake, a pretty good cowboy and a very good bronco buster, tried to ride him at the Fourth of July celebration in the rodeo there and the cattalo threw him sky-high, threw Al Drake sky-high right there on the town square.

Lightning In The Forest

When I was eight years old, I was confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Sixty years later, I can vividly remember that confirmation and the promise that by keeping the commandments of God, I would always have a still, small voice to guide me and to protect me throughout my lifetime. This narrative reveals three instances, there have been many, in which this promise was literally fulfilled in my behalf.

I have always been an admirer of nature and the works of God in our universe and have humbly tried to understand them. I have witnessed, in my lifetime, with awe and admiration, and without fear,
quite a number of incidents relative to the elements obeying natural laws, such as cyclones, floods, violent blizzards, and lightning and thunder storms.

Many times, I have watched with pleasure but with awe exceptional thunder storms and sought a place of vantage in order to behold lightning displays, notwithstanding that three of my personal acquaintances have been killed by lightning.

In the summer of 1912 I was a cowboy on the Kaibab Forest, Arizona, and this particular day my uninteresting job, because it offered little excitement, was to graze the day herd. The herd was only about 150 head and my foreman thought one good cowhand was sufficient for the job. This day, however, proved to be one of excitement and one which often returns vividly to my mind. While grazing the day herd in the vicinity of Crane Lake, about midday, a violent thunder storm came up out of the southwest. The cattle took shelter on the lee side of clumps of quaking aspens and pine trees, but as usual, in order to get a better view as the storm approached, I rode my horse higher on the slope of the shallow glen where I was grazing my herd and stopped my horse under a tremendous ponderosa pine tree. From this point I could see the lightning display in the forest which increased with intensity as the storm crest came nearer. I saw the smoke break forth from a great pine tree on the opposite ridge and at that moment the still, small voice told me to move quickly from under my sheltering pine. My horse was most nervous and did not share my enjoyment of the storm. I touched him lightly with the spurs and he leaped into a gallop. Our destination was a small clump of quaking aspens about fifty yards distant. When about half way there, a simultaneous white flash and tremendous roar filled the immediate forest. At that instant, my horse tumbled to the ground, throwing me rolling in front of him and as I looked back, pieces of the pine tree which I had been under were flying through the air in all directions. My horse and I had been miraculously preserved.

Years later I took my wife and three children off the main highway to the Grand Canyon to see the place where this incident occurred and related the story to them. The shagged stump and the scattered pieces of the Monarch of the Forest still were in evidence.

In 1914 my good friend, Archie Swapp of Kanab, and I were hunting cattle near Dry Park in the Kaibab Forest. A violent thunder storm forced us to take shelter under the pine trees. The light-
ning was striking all around us and it seemed to us as if one place was as safe as another. Again the small voice seemed to tell me to move quickly. Archie didn't hear the voice at all. Without hesitation I gave spurs to my horse and shouted above the roar of the storm to my companion to follow and, as we reached the open valley, this same bright flash and simultaneous crash, which I had experienced at Crane Lake, resounded in our ears and our horses leaped faster forward. After we got about fifty yards away, we looked back over our shoulders and we witnessed the destruction of the great pine tree under which we had sought shelter. There wasn't a piece as big as your hat left anywhere. My friend afterwards realized that our lives were saved through my quick action and often asked how I knew that the lightning was going to strike that particular tree. "How'd you know to get out from under that tree?" he'd ask.

A number of years after this event, the Kaibab Forest Supervisor, Roach, and his wife and two small children, were my guests on an automobile trip from Kanab, Utah, to Bright Angel Point on the north rim of the Grand Canyon. Bright Angel is a distance of eighty miles from Kanab, but there were no surfaced roads in the area so our plans were to leave Kanab at daybreak and go to Bright Angel Point for a view of the Grand Canyon and to remain at this point for a basket lunch, then return to Jacob's Lake Ranger Station for the night and return to Kanab the following day. As there was very little travel in the area at that time, we did not anticipate seeing anyone except the forest ranger in charge of the Jacob's Lake Ranger Station. It was a beautiful summer day about the middle of July and we looked forward to a glorious ride through the virgin Kaibab Forest with its magnificent pines intermingled with quaking aspen groves. The children enjoyed watching the deer as they scampered through the forest at our approach. Occasionally we stopped to watch the antics of the white-tailed squirrels as they leaped from pine to pine.

While enjoying one of these stops, we noticed great thunderclouds approaching from the north and we decided that if we were to keep ahead of the storm and reach the safety of a partially constructed ranger station at Bright Angel Point, it would be necessary to drive with all the speed the road would allow. Great shafts of lightning struck deep into the forest behind us and it was evident that a major storm was sweeping across the entire forest. Our
thoughts were on our destination, and the beauty of the forest, with its draws and glades with the beautiful flowers, swept by unnoticed.

As we approached Bright Angel, we noticed great thunderheads making up over the canyon and this storm was coming from the south directly toward us. By the time we reached the end of the road, which ended at the rim of the canyon about fifty yards from the ranger cabin under construction, the storm in the canyon was a great sight to behold. My guests took the children and ran to the shelter of the cabin, but I was so thrilled with the awesome and furious storm raging down in the great chasms of the Colorado River, that I chose to sit in my car and watch the great, forked lightning bolts strike deep into the darkening gorge before me. It was the most unusual sight in my lifetime and one I had often hoped to see. The roar of the thunder reverberated from ledge to ledge without ceasing and actually seemed to shake the earth. Soon the crest of the storm hit the rim of the gorge and the rain came down in torrents. I was blinded by the lightning flashes but still chose to remain in my car which was partly under a small pine tree about five yards from the very edge of the canyon rim. I knew my companions were sheltered in the partially built cabin and I decided, from the intensity of the storm, that it would be of short duration and that I could remain dry sitting under the canvas top of the Buick.

At that moment, again, the still, small voice urged me to move quickly from the car. I dashed at full speed through the downpour toward the partly finished ranger station and my companions who had sought its shelter when we first arrived at the rim. I was possibly half way to my destination when a simultaneous blinding flash and roar seemed to shake the earth and atmosphere. Within seconds, I was upon the porch of the station and out of the downpour. Mrs. Roach, with her children clinging to her, was terribly frightened and her children were crying. The noise of the downpour on the roof of the cabin added to the vibrating impulses of the thunder as it rolled from ledge to ledge from the canyon below. Mr. Roach had never experienced such a storm, but was trying to quiet his wife and children. As I turned from this scene, I saw at about 100 yards distant, a gray jackass standing near a tremendous dead pine tree which stood in a small clearing of pine trees. At that moment I was blinded by a lightning flash and the earth shook again with the roar of the resulting thunder. When my eyes again regained their vision, the tre-
mendous pine tree had disappeared and was laying in great broken pieces of smoldering wood. The jackass was sitting on its haunches like a big dog and remained so until the storm had passed. Then I urged him to get up and he sauntered off. Only a hole in the earth remained of the giant pine tree that formerly stood there. The tree under which I had parked my car had also been hit by the lightning and had split open, and the ignition wires of the engine had been burned.

Prospecting Without a Mule:  
Or, Tragedy in the Grand Canyon

This is a story about prospecting without a mule. As the owner and operator of a garage business in Kanab, Utah, in 1923, I became acquainted with all of the stockmen who had automobiles, some of whom had pickup trucks. On one occasion, I equipped one of my customer’s trucks with a Moore transmission. This was a Ford car but with this transmission it gave it four speeds forward and it would climb almost anywhere a wagon had traveled. My customer’s name was Nephi Johnson, a good friend who had been a cowboy south of the Grand Canyon in Arizona for quite a number of years. He had returned to Kanab and gone into the angora goat business and presently was owner of a large herd of these goats.

One day about the first of February, Windy Jim, a real prospector, made his initial appearance in Kanab with some very rich ore samples that he had procured along a shelf in the gorge of the Colorado River about seven miles east of where the old stockman’s road came close to the rim, near the Mount Trumble Mountains. He interested the hotel manager, a very good friend of mine, in investing in the claim as he did also several other stockmen in the area. And they, in order to develop the prospect, had to build about seven miles of road up to the claim, and the claim was down under the top of the hanging ledge about four or five hundred feet and was on a fairly wide shelf. Now they got wagons, and several teams with scrapers, and men with shovels and they soon constructed this seven-mile road sufficient for an automobile truck to go up to the claim with supplies and working equipment and men.
About two weeks after the men had begun to work and to build equipment for the working of the claim, my friend, who owned the Ford pickup truck, the one on which I had previously installed a Moore transmission, came to me with a proposition. He said that he knew all that country down in that area across the Colorado gorge, across from where this Windy Jim claim was located, as he had been a cowboy there for quite a number of years, and if I would condescend to join him in a proposition, and help with the prospecting and also the financial part of the expedition, he would give me half interest in whatever we, together, found. I agreed upon this, and when we got his truck all equipped and went over to the Cattlemen’s Equitable Store, the manager there said, “Where you going with all this equipment, with all these supplies?” And we told him it was a secret prospecting trip and we didn’t want him to divulge the whereabouts of the location. And he said, “Well if you’ll cut me in, I’ll furnish all the supplies you need for one-third interest.” So we agreed right there to do so. And we loaded up our truck. And I had previously told my wife we was going on this trip with Mr. Johnson for a few days and got her consent.

That afternoon we left Kanab on the old wagon trail to Lee’s Ferry and arrived there just about sundown and employed the ferryman, Jerry Johnson, to cross our truck over on the ferry and deliver us to the south side of the Colorado River. We continued on from there to Peach Springs, Arizona, a country with which Mr. Johnson was well acquainted. And from Peach Springs we went over to a windmill pump about ten miles from there toward the Colorado River and from there it was necessary to go east somewhat and follow cattle trails until darkness overtook us and we made camp. The next morning, at sunrise, we were ready to travel by foot with a small pack and with a minimum quantity of clothing as we were hiking and we didn’t want to be burdened with extra coats. So we stripped down to our shirts and proceeded to hike toward the south rim of the Colorado River, heading due north. As darkness came, we gathered enough wood to provide us warmth around the campfire through the long night.

As we approached our camping location, we noticed a great number of coyotes in the area, all of which were shy of man, of course, and a great many big jack rabbits who would spring out from their hiding place and dash away, leaping with their kangaroo leap to
make observation as to where their pursuers were. As we finished
our meager meal around the campfire and were preparing to stretch
out nearby after gathering plenty of firewood, we noticed that a
great many eyes were looking at us, and we determined, as we
looked out from the campfire, that these were coyotes that had come
to investigate the fire. And after darkness fell, we heard a great
chorus of coyotes throughout the surrounding area where we were
camped and apparently they were calling all of the coyotes to as­
ssemble and the assembly place was near our campfire. We were not
particularly afraid of them, but we didn’t have a gun as we were trav­
eling light; we had left our .22 rifle with which we killed cottontails
and other game, and therefore we couldn’t frighten them off. As we
supposed, they were frightened of the fire and would only come
within about four rods. That’d be about fifty or sixty feet from the
fire, but they circled the entire fire area and it was quite a thrilling
experience to look in all directions and see the reflection of the fire
in the eyes of all those coyotes. So it meant that each one of us
would take an hour’s sleep, then wake the other one who had been
tending guard. In case that they did come closer, we could throw fire
brands at them; we kept plenty of firewood on so that we could grab
the unburned end and hurl it through the air at them had they ap­
proached. We got through the night that way and by daylight all of
the coyotes had left and after a meager breakfast we again proceeded
toward the south rim of the gorge of the Colorado River.

And we made it in about two hours’ hike and determined from an
observation point that the beginning of that newly-made road was a
considerable distance west of where we had come to the rim. So we
hurried back as fast as we could go on foot to our truck and then
proceeded back to the mill and water and from there we followed
the ore road which had been constructed from a mine that Mr. John­
son knew about. We got to a loading platform about noontime
without any particular difficulty on the old road and we left our
truck there; that was as far as it could be driven. Then we took our
water canteen and a little bag of food supplies and headed out to­
ward the east along the shelf which we knew the outcropping would
be in if it coincided with the Windy Jim outcropping on the north
side of the canyon.

We traveled until nighttime and hadn’t arrived at the point we
were hoping for. We found a cave which would accommodate both
of us, barely, with enough shelf room in front of it, before dropping off the main ledge, to build a fire which would provide heat in the cave. We were sound asleep when a thunderstorm broke out and in a few minutes water was pouring down the channel leading to this cave. What didn’t flow on over into the gorge came back around, followed the rock into the cave, and tried to wash us out of there. It swept our fire out immediately, of course, and all our wood we had stacked up. So it was necessary to lay there until daylight before we dared move. We were wet but sheltered from the wind so we didn’t suffer too much. But it was daylight before we could see our way and be safe leaving that cave.

Going further up on the main shelf, we proceeded on eastward for about two hours and the going got quite rough and pretty hard to navigate. So we decided to go up on top of the main shelf at the first opportunity, which we did, and went up through a rockslide and went up on top and of course the terrain there was level and we made good headway afoot then. The same afternoon, just before sundown, we approached what we thought would be about straight across the gorge from the Windy Jim claim. And we looked over the ledge, and down on this wide shelf below us was this outcropping of a different character rock. It was mineralized and of course it was easily identifiable. And this was the point and the place that we had made this long trip to locate.

Johnson went east further to see if there was a possible chance of getting down through this upper ledge without going back to the place where we crawled out about noon. That was quite a long ways, and we knew that was the only place we could get down on that shelf. We had not seen any other break in the upper ledge. But right immediately in front of us was a tunnel that, looking down into, looked like it went clear down onto the ledge below, onto a shelf, not a very wide shelf but a shelf about half way down to the shelf that we wanted to travel on where the outcropping was. And so while Johnson went east to investigate some other entrance to that shelf, I went down through this tunnel in the ledge, and, by using my knees and hands and hanging onto rock projections, I got down to the little seven-foot-wide shelf which appeared from the top of the ledge to blend in as it went westward onto the main shelf. This is what I hoped it would do. And so I went to the end of it—about 150 yards—and it lacked about fifty feet of reaching the upper edge
of the shelf on which we wanted to work. And I decided that was the end of my journey there so I retraced my steps and got halfway up through the end of the tunnel and met my partner coming down.

Johnson was stuck there in the tunnel in a narrow place and I tried to lift him out by letting him put his feet on my shoulders. It was difficult for me to hang on with my elbows and my knees and my feet and I couldn’t push him back up through; he’d got wedged in there. So we decided to pull him on down through and go out on that shelf and take a twenty-five foot, quarter-inch sea grass rope, which I had wound around my waist, and anchor it on the end of that shelf and slide down it and drop off it onto the shelf below.

We made a small loop in the end of the rope and hooked it over a stable rock, part of the shelf. I slid down first to the knot at the end, then I hung by my hands and swung out a little so I would miss a big boulder immediately under me and I hit the soft talus down there just like a cushion. Then I removed all the rocks, this rock and the other rocks nearby, out of the sand, so that when Mr. Johnson came down he wouldn’t be injured. So I shouted up to him to throw down our food and canteen, and he come down the rope and hung onto the knot as long as he could, then he let go and he plowed out the sand for quite a little distance there as it sloped off toward the main shelf. We gathered up our canteen and our food bag and headed around the shelf toward the claim.

We got about 100 yards from there and, crouched over in a little niche in the ledge, was a magnificent mountain sheep. He was a beautiful specimen; he stood there a-stomping his feet and making the dust fly as he stomped and he dared anyone to come near him. Mr. Johnson was rushing on around to the claim and I said, “Come on back here and see this beautiful mountain sheep.” He said, “The hell with the mountain sheep, let’s get some beautiful mountain ore.” And he was gone, so I followed him and paid no more attention to the sheep except to make sure he didn’t attack me with those tremendous curled horns.

I caught up to Mr. Johnson at the outcropping, and oh, it was a beautiful sight with quartzite and crystals and quite an area of mineralized ore. And so we proceeded to build monuments, stake them out according to the law. We had procured at Flagstaff, Arizona, from the county there, prospector’s claim forms, and we filled out
one of these claim forms and buried it in a can which formerly had contained part of our grub, some pork and beans. And we built this right into the monument the next morning. But first, we gathered firewood to keep us warm in that cave.

We hadn’t explored the cave until this point and so we carried the firewood to the mouth of the cave. By this time it was dark and we lighted the fire and, lo and behold, we about lost our buttons. This entire cave, as big as the interior of a good-sized room in a home, literally sparkled like diamonds, every square inch was a diamond, and it almost blinded us to look at the reflection from our fire as we looked inward from the cave entrance. So we thought we were living in heaven that night. We laid down by the fire to keep warm and in the morning we got up and built our monuments and ate the last parcel of our food that we had brought with us. Then we chipped off broken pieces of the samples of the rock and wrapped all of the samples, the choicest ones at least, in one of our red bandanas from around our necks.

And we proceeded back on that shelf to see if we could retrieve the rope that was hanging from the ledge above. And we threw rocks at that little loop up there about fifty feet away until our arms gave out and we decided it was hopeless to try and recover that rope. We didn’t know whether we’d need it again or not, but we would’ve liked to have recovered it. Then we walked westward, intending to crawl off of this ledge at the place we had crawled out at noon the day before and get up on top where it would be easy going. But as we did so, the shelf began to narrow markedly. We did find a fresh water spring, however, coming out of the ledge and we refilled our canteen and had a good drink. Then we went about 150 yards and the ledge terminated in a gorge that reached clear, almost, to the bottom of the canyon, four or five hundred feet straight down, perpendicular, with a gap of about ten feet to the shelf beyond.

Now we drew cuts here to see who would run and jump first. And Johnson got the short stake; that meant he ran first and jumped. So we threw the canteen of water over across on the shelf and also the handkerchief with our samples in it, well beyond where we would land when we would reach there with our feet. It was a little difficult to run straight, you had to run a little bit on an arc. So Johnson got back about twenty-five yards and ran and he jumped,
but as he landed, he hit the overhanging ledge with the left side of
his head just above his temple, and of course he was immobilized
immediately. He laid stretched out there on the ledge without even
moving for several minutes, and it seemed like several hours to me,
and all the time I was shouting, “Double up your knees, Neph,
double up your knees.” So when he did regain consciousness he
heard me, as he said afterward, and he pulled his knees up under
him, ‘cause his feet were hanging out over the ledge, and had he
rolled the wrong way, he’d a gone down, a way down, and we never
would have recovered his body. And then as he regained con­
sciousness, he crawled out along the ledge, then out of my way, so
that I ran and jumped and made a more successful jump because as I
landed I crouched low and did not hit the overhanging part of the
ledge as he had done.

And so then I took my bandana handkerchief from my neck,
dumped out the ore samples on the ledge, then wet the handkerchief
with the cold water from the canteen and bathed his wounded head
with it for a little while until he got his senses back. Then we
wrapped his head up with the two bandanas, the wet one over the
wound and the dry one to hold it in place under his hat as we pro­
ceeded toward our car. He could not walk straight and it was neces­
sary for me to hold him all the time by one arm and we made the
rock slide, which was our destination, and we climbed out of this up
on top. From there it was not difficult traveling and I led him back
to our car and we got back to it about two hours before sundown. I
prepared a good meal, we had plenty of food there, prepared a good
meal while he bathed his head with the cold bandanas to ease the
pain.

And we took the old road back to the windmill where we replen­
ished the water in our canteen and rested a few minutes. Then we
bathed Neph’s head with the wet bandana and tied it on so it would
be effective while we rode along in our truck toward Peach Springs.
From there we went to Harper’s Ferry and ferried across the Colo­
rado River on to Las Vegas where the doctor told us we had done
everything we could do under the circumstances. We continued on
to St. George where we had some minor mechanical trouble repaired
at the garage and then continued on to Hurricane by way of the
Virgin River highway and then on to Pipe Springs and over through
Fredonia to Kanab where I delivered Neph to his family.
They consulted the local doctor and he determined that it would be better to drive Neph to Panguitch for consultation with the doctor there. Then they went on to Salt Lake City where he received some attention. He then was returned to Kanab where he passed away in just a very short time.

While he was confined at Kanab, Dr. Mayo, of the Mayo Clinic, came to my garage for service and for some road information. I became acquainted with him sufficient to ask if he would do me a favor and he replied in the affirmative and I told him about this prospecting trip and my injured partner. And he said he would accompany me to his home and make an examination. And it was from his examination that the family took him to Salt Lake, the trip previously spoken of.

So this was the end of a rather dramatic, non-profitable prospecting expedition triggered by a total stranger to the community, the prospector by the name of Windy Jim and his famous mine.
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