

Canyon Legacy

Journal of the Dan O'Laurie Canyon Country Museum

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Childhood Memories



Canyon Legacy

Journal of the Dan O'Laurie Canyon Country Museum

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Within.....

When we let others into our lives, we share with them our childhood memories. In this issue, individuals through oral histories and writings create an intimate picture of growing up in the Moab area. Some of the words are similar, despite the authors' years are separated by decades and nearly a century. The following histories should not be considered "fact," as memory sometimes fails in portraying a perfect historical picture. But, the stories and experiences are real, painting a rich texture of the authentic Moab childhood.

This issue also points out the importance of sharing stories. If you haven't written a personal history, start it now. If you've been asked to share an oral history, sit down and record your life. Two of the following stories are from an oral history project performed in the 1970's. One from a small booklet published in the 1960's. Another from an opening talk at a museum event. Childhood memories won't last unless they are recorded.

All of history begins with the telling of a story. Share your memories. Write your story. Preserve history with your life.

Museum Membership

Purpose

The purpose of the Dan O'Laurie Canyon Country Museum is to collect, preserve, study, exhibit and interpret for the public those objects that will serve to illustrate the history, geology, archeology and paleontology of the Colorado Plateau Region, concentrating on that area within one hundred miles of Moab, Utah. Interpretation will occur through museum exhibits, school programs, lectures, publication of the journal Canyon Legacy, and other educational offerings. Additionally the museum will support the local arts and crafts community by hosting temporary exhibits.

Membership Benefits

The personal satisfaction of contributing to the protection and interpretation of regional, natural and human resources.

Subscriptions to the museum's journal Canyon Legacy for all members but individual and supporting.

Advance notice of special museum events, displays and programs.

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Table of Contents

Volume 33 Fall 1998

Early Days of Moab

Interview with Lydia Taylor Skewes by Betty Tibbits Farrow.....Page 2

Growing up on the Warner Farm

Interview with Emma Peterson Walker by Janice Gilliland.....Page 9

Excerpts from the Moab Story

by Otho Murphy.....Page 11

Moab Similes

collected in 1953 by Austin E. & Alta S. Fife
from Pearl Murphy Knight, Anne S. Chamberlain and Opal C. HowellPage 13

Memories of Growing up in Moab, Utah

by Bill Meador.....Page 14

Legend of Latigo Gordon

by Jay W. Palmer.....Page 20

Second Settlement of Castle Valley

by Kristin Johnson.....Page 22

Upcoming Events.....

.....Page 28

Previous Issues of the Canyon Legacy.....

.....Page 29

Front Cover: School Kids on the steps of the Central High School. Date Unknown. Boys Left to Right: Jackie Goodspeed, Jack Walker, Fermin Lopez, June Taylor, Leland Stocks, Chester Parks, Mitch Williams, Jack Leaming, Swasey Kirby, Everett (Hart) Taylor, Niel Merling. Girls left to Right: Anne Mae Brown, Liela Duncan (Turner), Ruth Shafer, Cecil Taylor (Gilmore), Dorothy Peterson, Margaret Harbison, Marjorie Tangren, Helen Murphy (Beason), Erma Allred (Bunce), Etta Johnson. Boys in back: Allen Dean Voorhies, Felix Murphy, unknown.

Early Days of Moab

Interview with Lydia Taylor Skewes
by Betty Tibbets Farrow on April 29, 1974

Western Studies Oral History Project
Kellogg Community Improvement through Local History Project
Department of History at Utah State University

Lydia Taylor Skewes lived in Moab nearly a full hundred years, from October 1885 to August 1985. The following was edited from a transcription by Kristin Johnson. The words are Lydia's, but have been slightly rearranged and edited to ease the flow of the story. The original transcription is available in Special Collections at the University of Utah Merrill Library.



Lydia Taylor Skewes age 16.

I was born October 8, 1885 in an old log house across from where the City Market now stands. My two older sisters and one brother and I were born there. There were eleven children in our family and nine grew to adulthood. My father built the old brick ranch house north of town in the spring of 1896.

His brother, Uncle Elmer Taylor, laid the brick and two men named Carter came down from Provo to do the carpenter work. They also did the painting. A few years ago I was upstairs in the old house and the same paint was on the upstairs rooms and it still is in good condition. The Carter brothers that painted the house made their own paint and they used white lead and coloring and turpentine. It's been several years now and I don't know if it's still that way or not. They made the brick over where the Miller's Supermarket is now.

I remember watching the men pile the brick in big piles and burning them with fires around them. Uncle Elmer was a mason and he made all the brick and then later laid the brick up in the old house. He made the brick for the building and then he laid the brick up. The walls were three bricks thick; the one outside red and the two inside layers

were made of the mud dobies. They, the pioneers, called them dobies.

Before we built the big house, there was an old log house on the place where an old man named Pritchett lived. A Negro lived with him and the neighbors that lived over where the Westwood Palisades is now, they had some kind of rough-necked boys and they made the --- well, they told everybody they were going to run this "Nigger Bill" out of the country or kill him. Of course, people put Nigger Bill on and he went up over the hills and down into Nigger Bill Canyon -- that's where Nigger Bill got its name. He stayed up there for quite a while and then he went on and no one ever heard from him after that.

My grandfather, Norman Taylor, came with the first pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley and he drove the second wagon into Salt Lake behind Brigham Young. He was the second man. On the next day after he got to Salt Lake he was sent back to Winter Quarters (now Council Bluffs, Iowa) to lead another colony in. While he was back there, he married my grandmother, Lurana Forbush was her name. He went back for the second colony to come and to pilot them in and he was married while he was back there.

After my grandparents were married in Council Bluffs, they came back to Salt Lake and then they were sent down in around Santaquin in Utah County. They were there for quite a while and then he was sent to San Bernadino, California. They lived there I guess for several years. I know my father was born in San Bernadino. And I don't know how long they lived there, but when they came back they were sent back to Utah to colonize some of the towns in the central part of Utah down around Sevier County.

My mother and father were



Arthur Taylor Family at Grand Old Ranch House in 1900, built in 1896 and one of the first brick homes in the Moab Valley.

married in a little place called Little Salt Creek, I think it's in Sevier County. And John Shafer Sr. and his wife Mary Forbush were married the same time. They had a double wedding. They were married one day and the next day they left for Moab.

They built corrals about 6 or 7 miles on this side of Salina on each side of the road, and the corrals are still there. I know a few years ago an uncle of mine was staying with me and I was going to Richfield, and he told me to be sure and watch for these corrals. He said they built those corrals to corral their cattle in when they were bringing them to Moab and it took them three weeks to come from Salina to Moab.

When they came to Moab they got to the canyon and they had to take the wagons apart and lower them down over the cliff and then reassemble their wagons and go on to the river. And when they got on to the river they had to ford the river. The old ford was just below where the Atlas Mineral pond is as you go

down the Texas Gulf road.

In order to ford the river they had to go right in at a certain point and then follow the current down. When our folks came in there was one man that got cold feet and he wouldn't drive. So my mother was, I guess she was quite a brave woman, she drove that wagon for the man across the river. When they got into Moab they went up to the Old Fort.

A few days before they got here a couple of men had been killed by the Indians. The Indians had turned their water off and these two men went out to turn the water back in. The Indians were laying for them and they killed these two men. The people in the fort got their bodies in and buried them inside the fort. There were two graves and by the time my folk got here nearly all the space was taken up in the fort, all but where the two graves were. My father and mother had to flatten out the graves and pitch their tents on the graves. It was the only space there was left in the fort. They lived in the fort for quite

a while and then they moved to town.

I remember when I was a little girl the walls were up at least 8 or 10 feet high and we used to play over there. The walls were quite thick and we'd run around the top of the walls.

My father bought the land there just across from the City Market on south Main Street. There was an old house, I don't know whether they built the house or not or whether it was already there, but they had to live in that house for quite a while, and it just had dirt floors. They would sweep them clean and then wet them down until they were real hard. I know one year I was telling the school children about where we lived and the conditions we lived under. A few days after I had told them about having to live in this place with dirt floors, I had one letter from a little girl. She said, "Mrs. Skewes, it's just too bad the way you had to live, but it just couldn't be helped."



Helen Taylor Knight and Peck Taylor, Lydia's siblings as children in 1905.

There were eleven children in our family, but nine grew to adulthood. Two died in infancy, and nine lived. At this date I am the only living one of the whole family. My brother Bish died a few years ago, and he and I were the last two in the family. And just a few years my last two brothers have died, Claude Taylor from Fruita, and L.L. or Bish Taylor from Moab. I happen to be the last one now of our family. I was born in that place across from City Market. Yes, it was a log house, and a dirt floor, and I was born there.

We all had to take care of each other. Well, washing things, diapers especially. I remember when my sister Helen was a baby I used to have to wash out her diapers and I'd get so mad. I remember I was eleven years old then -- I said, "By the time she's eleven years old maybe I'll be married and she'll have to wash my diapers." But she never did. I don't think I ever put that chore on her. I did it myself.

We had a big iron kettle. It must have held twenty gallons, and we used to build our fire outside and heat our water in the big kettle for our washing. The first washers we had, was a kind of a; oh I don't know how to explain it, but anyway you had to push it back and forth, it was some kind of thing inside the washer that had grooves in it you pushed that back and forth to wash the clothes. But most of the washing was done on the washboard by hand. I think those were about the first washing machines they had, and of course, they were operated by hand. Then after were moved down there and we had those big springs, and they had the water piped, not piped, flumed down from the head of the spring.

We had a water wheel and they had the water wheel fixed so that it would run our washer and our churn. We used to have one of these churns that you operated it with a dash up and down in the churn, but they had that fixed some way so that this water power would turn the churn and run the washer, so it really does quite a bit of work, because we used to have to do the churning and none of us like that job very well.

My mother had a beautiful voice. She taught us children all the songs she knew and she knew many. In the evenings we used to sit on our front porch and sing. Our neighbors -- about one-half mile south, was the old Shafer place near where the monument of the Old Fort is now. Essie Shafer, her name was Johnson before she was a Shafer, used to tell us they would sit outside in the evenings and listen to our singing, our voices carried in the evening. There wasn't much noise around in those days. Seemed like our voices carried in the evening better than they did in the day time.

When the first movie came to town they showed on the screen

"Where the Silvery Colorado Wends It's Way." Blanche Sperry was a young girl, she was about my age and she was a real pretty singer. They came and asked Blanche and me if we would sing this song as they put the pictures on the screen. And we sang, "Where the Silvery Colorado Wends It's Way." Just not long ago I was in a restaurant for lunch, and Lucien Tangren -- it was just a while before he died -- he came up to me and he asked me if I remembered the night we sang that song to the movie and I told him "Yes sir, I did." He said Elsie Hammond and me, but it wasn't Elsie it was Blanche Sperry, we sang that. He said, "You know when you sang that I thought it was the prettiest thing I ever heard." I felt that was quite a compliment, cause Lucien was a good singer himself.

All the people would gather for the programs. And I know, nearly every Sunday night, they'd have my two sisters and me sing for those meetings. (Mutual Improvement Association, MIA in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints.) There weren't very many people in town that sang then, and we were quite in demand for singing. I'm not saying that we were very good singers, but we were about the only ones that could carry a tune in town.

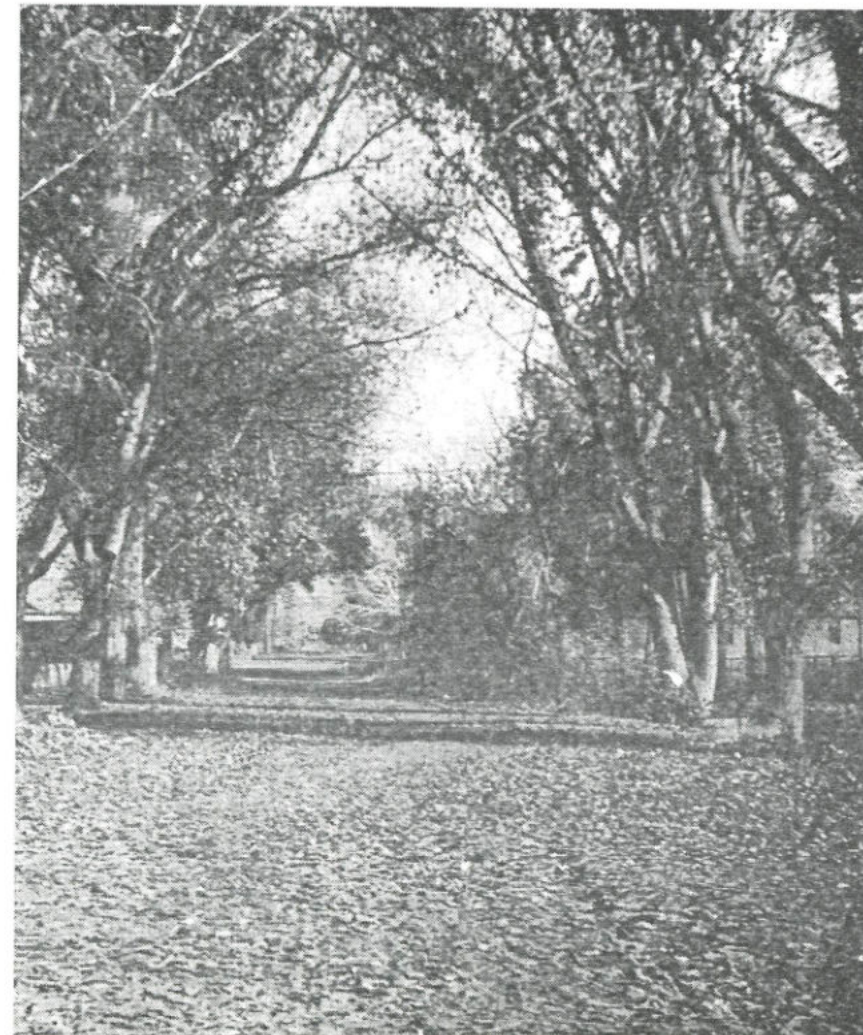
There were a few others, I know one was Mrs. Hattie Holyoak. She was a real good singer. I can remember her, the very first funeral I went to, it was one of my aunts and Mrs. Hattie Holyoak sang this song. I remember the song she sang was "Farewell All Earthly Honors... I bid you adieu, farewell all earthly pleasures I want no more of you..." I remember her singing that and I thought it was the prettiest thing I ever heard. She was a real good singer, and she used to sing at nearly all the funerals and all the social gatherings before some of the others grew up and started to sing.

The first dance hall was built on the corner of the courthouse lot, right where that monument stands. Mr. Warner, a grandfather of Emma Walker, he owned the hall and we all called it Warner's Hall. Whenever they had a dance there everybody in town went. We lived down at the ranch then, and my mother would load all of us kids in the wagon and take us to the dance, and we usually would sleep in the wagon while she and my dad and my older sisters would go in and dance and we usually would sleep out in the wagon while she and my and my older sisters would go in and dance.

They had these hanging coal oil lamps and one night one of those

lamps exploded and some fellow grabbed the lamp and threw it outside. He threw it right out on my mother. Mother was out there and she was holding her baby in her arms, Bish was the baby. They threw that lamp out and it went right on her dress and burned all the side of her dress. She just quietly laid the baby down and rolled over in the sand and put the fire out. But I remember she had a long back dress on and a white underskirt under it. It burned the whole side of her dress of and it showed her white underskirt. I can still see that white underskirt looming out in the darkness.

All the music we had was a violin. Billy Allred used to play for



Center Street. Photo taken from Main Street. The building on the right is the Old Woodman Hall, which burned down in the 1920's. Note the horse droppings and wagon wheel tracks in the foreground.

the dances. He used to play the violin for the dances. I remember when he married one of the Borresons. They had one child and her name was Dolly, Dolly Allred. I know whenever there was a baby born in town, all the kids around town would go out to see all of the new babies. I know one day we went down to Allred's to see their baby and Mr. Allred was playing the violin to this baby. When we walked in he said to the baby, "Can you see the little folksies, can you see the little folksies?"

Later for years, all the music they had was violin and piano. Jimmy Stark, he married one of my cousins, Mellissa Taylor. They lived here and he played the violin for the dances and he had me play the piano. All I could do was just chord, but I always played the piano.

But the year "In the Shade of the Apple Tree" came out, that song, he had the sheet music to it and he sent it down to me. We lived down on the ranch then. He sent me the sheet music down to me. I was washing, my mother had died and I was the oldest one there at home. I was there washing and I'd get a washer started. Then I'd go in or get a bunch of clothes ready to do, we had to do them by hand. And I'd got in to the piano and play a few strains of that song until I learned the whole thing.

And it was "In The Shade of the Old Apple Tree." Oh, I can't remember now, but anyway, they got a parody of it anyway and it wasn't too nice, so I won't recite that, but we sang that song. I learned the song and when I played for the dances. One night I was playing that and I sang it. And just about a week after that everybody in town was singing, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree." But, of course, they had to get a parody for it, but I won't relate that.

We used to have "hard time" dances down there and every year they would have a "hard time" dance.

People would bring produce instead of their tickets. One night a fellow brought a little pig and turned it loose. The little pig ran around in the hall nearly all night about scared to death. I guess he could not imagine what was happening.

I remember one night they had a dance down at the Emphy home. They had dances down there and everybody would bring their babies. And of course, everybody had a great big wool shawl they'd wrap them up in. They had one little room in the back where they always put their babies on a bed in there. One night Tom Trout got in there and changed all the babies around in different shawls and of course when the women went in to get their babies they'd picked up their shawl but they had somebody else's baby. When my mother got home she had Arthur Loveridge. My brother Peck was real dark, he had big black eyes and was real dark and Arthur Loveridge was redheaded and freckle faced. So it took the women nearly all next day to go around and find their own babies. They had to go in wagons and the sand was so deep it took them nearly all day to make rounds in town. We didn't have paved roads then it was just sand up to the hubs.

The first school in Moab was in a tent, and my grandmother and one my aunts, Mrs. Augusta Walker were the first school teachers. My grandmother was the main teacher and her daughter, Mrs. Walker helped her.

After the tent school they made a school in the old Lutz Building. Mr. Lutz had a three room log cabin right where the Dr. Allen home is, right on the corner there, and the school was held in this log building. My two sisters went there, but I didn't go there.

I wasn't old enough to go to school then, but later they built this brick building over where the junior

high building is, and my first school days were in that building. We had a horse named Peanuts and my two sisters and me used to ride this horse to school. Mrs. Horace Johnson told me one day that whenever we passed we were always singing. We used to carry our lunch in a flour sack, and of course, we used to have to take the sack home every night in order to have it to carry a lunch the next day. In the mornings when we would go to school, our hair would all be braided and nice. We would have to go to school all day, and by the time school was out our hair was unbraided and just blowing in the wind. We would ride this horse, the three of us, we would pass Mrs. Johnson's place. She was nearly always out standing by the fence. She told me along time after that she always went out there and waited for us kids to come home from school because we were always singing. They didn't hear very many people sing in those days. But my mother knew so many songs and she taught these songs to us girls.

A few years later Helen, I think Helen was about eight years old, and we still had that old pony and she was going to be good to him one day and she fed a whole lot of corn and it killed him. That was the end of old Peanuts.

My grandfather thought that they ought to have a better means of crossing the river rather than the ford. So he got busy and built a ferry boat. I had a picture of the second ferry boat that he built, but the first one was just a small boat. He sold the boat to the county and then they operated the boat until they built the first bridge.

The big rock on the other side of the river is where they landed, and in order to cross the river they stretched a cable across the river and it was about two or three inches in diameter and then the boat would run

across pulleys.

I remember one year they used to cross on the ice. I don't know why it was but the river always froze over, and the minute we got refrigerators it quit and never has frozen over since. So things move in mysterious ways, I guess.

But anyway, we used to haul ice. Everybody in town that could afford it would have an ice house, and everybody that had wagons and teams would cooperate and haul ice and fill all the ice houses for the summer. I know that we had an old ice house down on the old ranch and early in the morning before daylight you could hear those wagons rolling past.

There's a little old rock house up under the cliffs up by Goose Island and Mr. Darrow used to run the

eating house in that little rock room. I know the men would go in to eat from hauling ice. He cooked for all of the ice haulers that happened to be up there at meal time. He'd meet them at the door and say, "There's taters in the oven and beans in the pot."

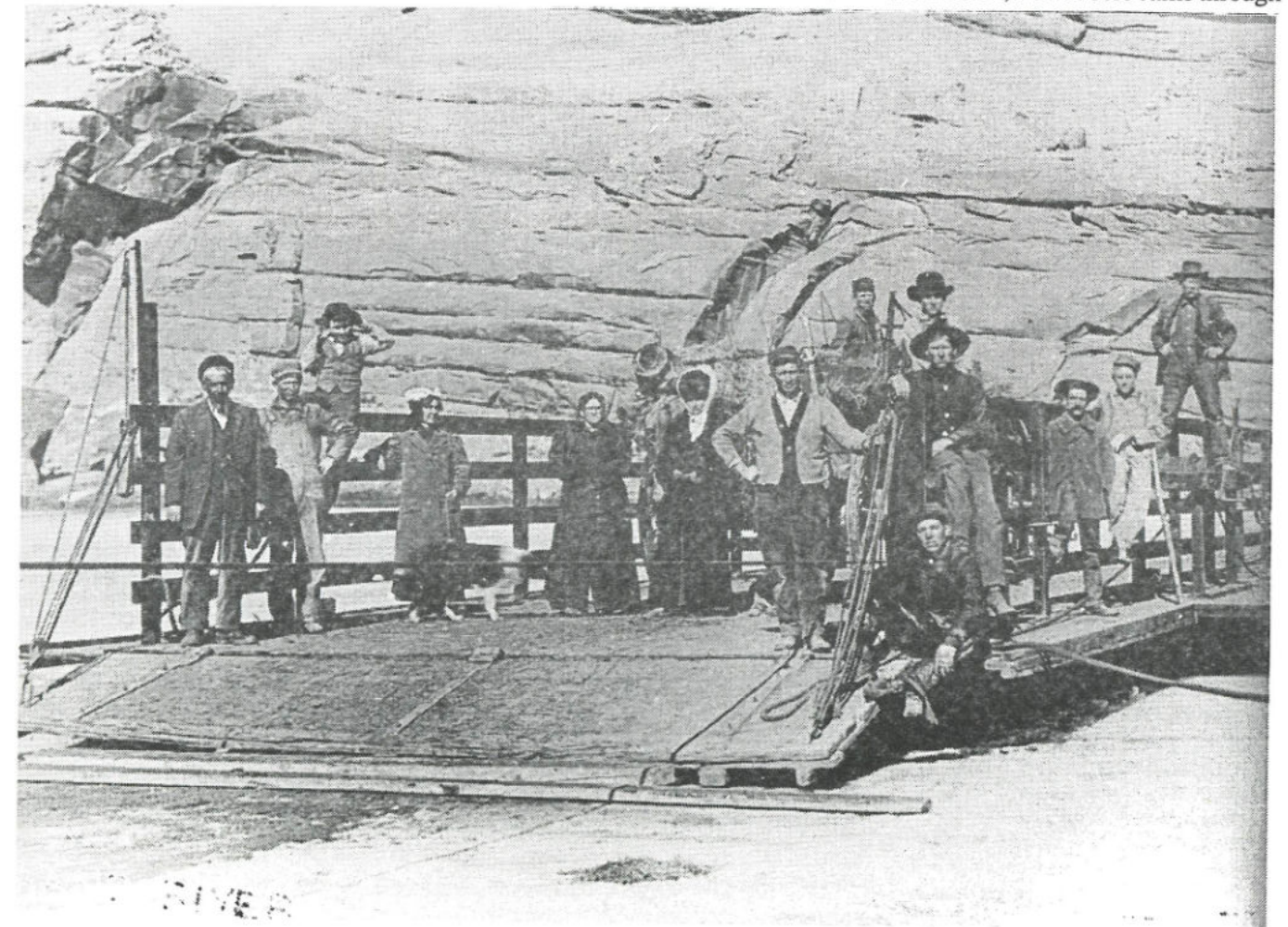
We used to raise these thin little squashes. They were little tiny round yellow squash. They were real good. My mother used to cook them everyday. Well besides potatoes and gravy, we always had potatoes and gravy, and then these little squash. She'd put a kettle of potatoes to boil and then she'd have a little kind of colander thing and she'd put it full of these little squash and put it on top of the potatoes. They steam done from the potatoes. They were really good. I haven't seen any of those for years. I guess they just don't have them any-

more. I've tasted some that something like it but nothing can equal those little thin squash that we used to have.

In the wintertime we had a great big cellar. They used to dig the carrots real deep and put them in the corner of that big cellar and then cover them over with soil and when we had to use any, well, they'd just dig them out from that soil. They'd stay fresh all winter until spring and they'd start to raise gardens again.

I suppose most of you have heard about the Robbers Roost Gang. They lived down below Green River and they had their cabin up on a kind of a table rock. They could look all over the country and they could see anyone coming from miles around.

When the bank in Telluride was robbed, the robbers came through



Grand River Ferry at Moab. Photo from 1900 to 1910.

here and they stopped up at Mr. Warners place. They were always real friendly with Mr. Warner, he was awfully good to everybody. They stopped there I guess and got a supply of wine. He used to make wine, he had a big grape vineyard. They always stopped there to see him cause they thought a lot of him.

I remember the night they passed our place. They stole one of our horses. The horse got away and came home and we named him Teag after one of the horse thieves. One of the fellows that was in that gang reformed and went to Price to live and I understand that he was a real good citizen after that. But of course in those early days people didn't think much of being outlaws. They could do almost anything and get off with it.

When these bank robbers got down to the ferry -- my grandfather ran the ferry -- they wanted to cross. He used to charge twenty-five cents to take a man on a horse across and when they got across the river they gave him a 20 dollar gold piece cause they had plenty of money -- they just robbed a bank!

The half-way station was in Courthouse. About fifteen miles out from here there's a spring. They had a cabin and there was a half way house. Everybody would stop there to eat and it would take them about a half a day to get to Courthouse. An old lady by the name of Mrs. Farrel used to run the boardinghouse at one time. There were different people that run the boardinghouse, but this particular person I know when the stage would come up and the people would go into eat, she'd say, "If I'd known you were coming I'd have cooked a chicken." But she always had these beans for one of the main dishes.

People were going to Thompson. It'd take a half day to get fifteen miles and the sand was so

deep. After they'd rest their horses and water them and feed, then we'd go on and go the rest of the way and meet the train. That's the way we used to go places was on the train.

Usually we'd meet at the grove Warner's for the picnic especially on the 24th and on the 4th. They'd usually build a kind of a oh, some kind of a stand or thing and they'd have it all decorated with bunting and everything. They'd have their picnics and everybody bring a picnic and they'd eat together down there.

Mrs. Warner was hostess always of those picnics. I remember on the 4th of July she always had a big kettle of green peas and new potatoes, and I can just remember how they tasted. They were really good and she was a real hostess. She was just a charming woman. She had the sweetest smile and everybody loved her.

They would have parades. Everybody would have their covered

wagons and some of them would be leading some cows behind their wagons. I know one year Elsie Hammond was leading a cow and the cow got stampeded right on Main Street and broke away and she had hold of the rope and he just drug her around for a ways and finally she just let go of the rope and let the cow go.

They always had races up and down Main Street. And then like on Labor day and the Fourth of July they'd have the races down by the river. We'd call it the Cottonwoods, down in the big Cottonwoods. You know, they had a big race track down there. Everybody in town would go. That was the first time I ever saw Matt Warner. He was there one day and he was just betting to beat the dickens. And someone hollered and said, "Where'd you get all the money?" And he said, "Out of the Telluride Bank!" It's funny how you can remember him saying that, "Out of the Telluride Bank," cause everyone knew about the bank robbery.



Early Moab Main Street, with the rapidly growing cottonwood trees around the Main and Center Street blocks.

Growing Up on the Warner Farm

Interview with Emma Peterson Walker

by Janice Gilliland on May 19, 1974

Western Studies Oral History Project

Kellogg Community Improvement through Local History Project

Department of History at Utah State University

My grandfather, Orlando W. Warner, with his family came to Moab from Deseret in the summer of 1880. In the canyon just beyond the entrance to Arches, in order to get into the valley, they took their wagons apart and let them down over the cliff along with their other belongings, drove their animals over the rocky rim, assembled their wagons and came into the river which they had to ford. He settled on the land between Mill Creek and Pack Creek and lived in a dugout. Later he built a one room log house.

About 1885 he built the two story adobe house which at that time consisted of two large rooms: one upstairs and one downstairs; two downstairs bedrooms and two upstairs bedrooms with four small rooms to be used as storage rooms off the larger rooms. The large room upstairs was used as a parlor and only on special occasions. The large downstairs room served as a kitchen, dining, living as well as a bath which was a number three tub brought in and put behind the stove and filled with water carried from the ditch and heated on the stove. Each one would take their turns washing in the water which later was carried out by bucket. The adobe bricks from the home were made from the adobe hills in the upper part of the valley. The walls were eighteen inches thick. The doors and windows were hauled by wagon and team from Salida, Colorado.



Children of John and Delilah Warner Peterson. From left to right: Flora, Jewell, Emma and infant Cecelia Virginia.

Grandfather was active in the community helping to build and organize the town. He was appointed to serve as second counselor in the first ward that was organized in 1881, which was apart of Emery Stake. He planted the farm into varieties of all kinds -- fruits of all kinds having every pear, apple and cherries. Also quince and almond trees. He filed for water from Mill Creek.

Some trouble came about as to how much he should have. A suit followed. Grandfather won the suit, but found himself in debt and a desire to leave the community. During this time, my father, John Peterson, had come to town and married my mother Delilah Jane Warner. They lived on the plot of ground where a Church of God Prophecy and other homes are.

My father ran cattle in Indian Creek country. Through the years of hard work, he had acquired a good herd. He was called into the mission field in 1897 and served two years in the Tennessee Mission with headquarters in Knoxville.

By 1906, grandfather sold

the farm to my father for six thousand dollars and went to Woods Cross to live. At that time there were six children, then three were born later. We were all taught to work and help with chores.

In the summer, since spring as we know it today did not exist, old sacks were torn up or cut in strips and tied around the trees. Then we would untied the strips, kill the cocoons or worms that were hatching, turn the strips and tie them back on. By the time we had finished the large orchard, it was time to start over again.

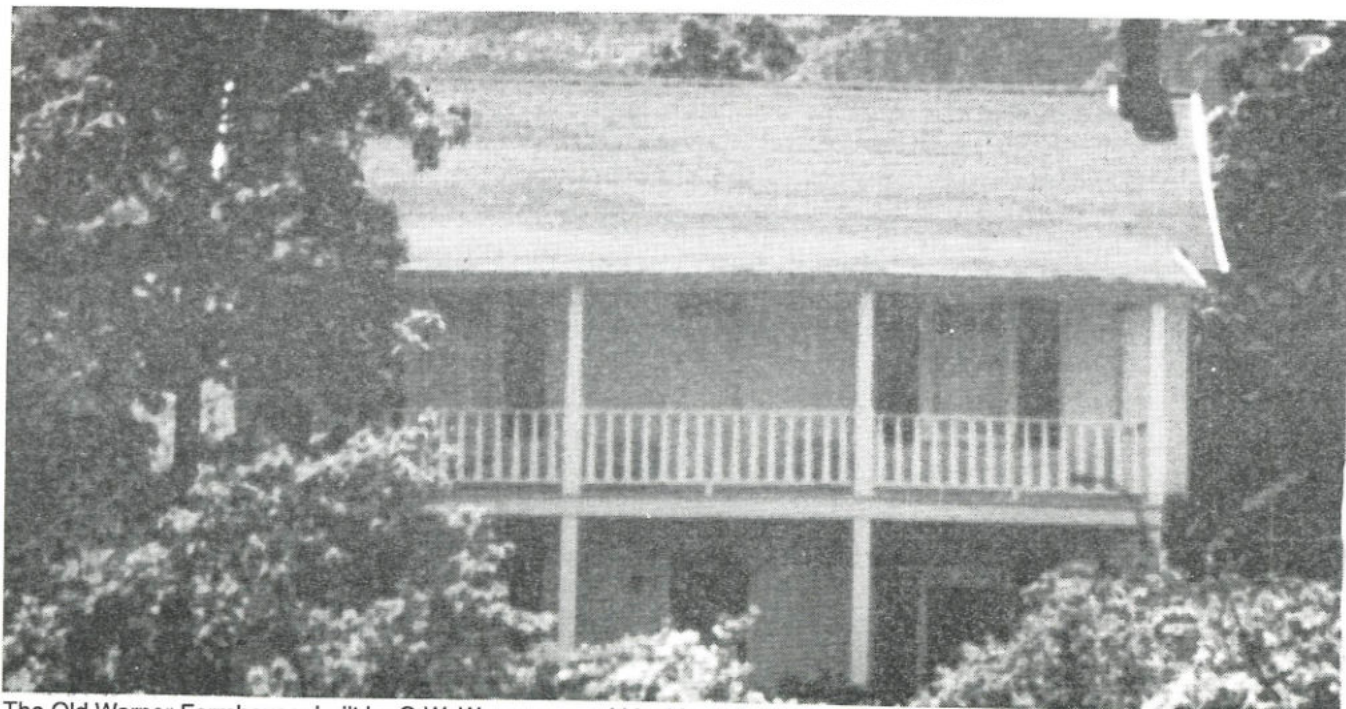
Father was a hard worker and he acquired property in town on Main Street as well as other lots. These he would plant, the farming land to orchards, hay and corn. So, another summer job for us was to ride the pull up horse for the hay, or the cultivator horse for the corn. Along with these jobs, there was cherries to pick as well as currents and gooseberries, and always cows to milk.

Then as we grew older, there was fruit to pack. I was the only one of the children that helped with the fruit. I never was able to start school

until after Thanksgiving because of the fruit packing. Before trucks were available, the fruit was packed in to boxes, loaded onto two wagons and six horses, (according to the weather) and taken to Thompson to be put on a waiting car to shipped across the country. A car of box timber back later to be made into boxes for the fruit. The trip to Thompson took four days if the weather was good. But if it rained, the clay through Klondike would be so bad that the horses could not turn the wheels and they would have to stay there until the road dried up.

As children married and went their way, father did many things. One of the buildings in town he operated was a restaurant. Flora and I had to serve the patrons during our noon hour from school and then run back not to be late.

The building next to it was a hotel. Here we had to clean rooms and make up the beds. When the work piled up so that father was unable to do it all, he leased part of the property and some of our chores were eased.



The Old Warner Farmhouse, built by O.W. Warner, one of Moab's early fruit farmers. The Warner ranch is one of the last estates to reflect the flourishing success of Moab's turn-of-the-century fruit industry.

The Moab Story

by Otho Murphy

Excerpts from the book

"The Moab Story" published in 1965

The Baptismal Pond

O.W. Warner brought his family into Moab in July of 1881 and began construction on a badly needed grist-mill, which would serve to grind all kinds of grains, especially wheat for flour. This mill was still pretty much intact as late as 1910, and the pond until about 1918. For quite a number of years, the old mill pond served as a skating paradise in the winter, swimming pool in the summer and a baptismal font all the year around. A goodly number of Mormon children were baptized in that old mill pond.

One early spring day when the ice was still clinging to the edges of the pond, there were a number of eight year olds taken there for just that purpose. When it came Tom Perkins' turn, the Elder led him out into the water to a little above the waist and ducked Tom under.

When Tom came up out of the water he exclaimed, "Jumpin' Jehosiphath, that's cold!"

The Elder plunged him under again and when he came up he yelled, "_____, that's cold!"

The Elder submerged him a third time and when Tom came up, the only sound that issued from him was the chattering of his teeth. The Elder grinned and let him go.

Black Bread

During 1886, the wagon train didn't get into the valley with any white flour. It so happened that all the wheat grown in the area that year was badly smutted, due to the continuous heavy rains that had come during and after harvest time. But it was all they had and as a result, the flour they used all winter was quite black and coarse. Mrs. Murphy had just weaned her little son Heber, and even though there were vegetables and fruit always to be had at the table, he seemed to prefer just the black bread, butter and milk.

In the spring when word was received that white flour had finally arrived, everyone awaited with eager anticipation for the first beautiful, fluffy white biscuits. Ma would be able to make now, at long last. Mrs. Murphy walked the two and a half miles into Moab herself and carried a fifty pound bag of the white flour back home on her shoulders. Then she made a batch of new butter and a huge pan of good white biscuits for the evening meal. Of course, the whole family could hardly wait to sit down and enjoy good hot biscuits, butter and honey. After the blessing, Ma broke a nice biscuit in two, buttered half and handed it to little Heber. He took a bite and then to the amazement

of everyone seated at the table, he threw the biscuit across the room and howled, "I don't want that kinda' bread. I want some of that damn' black bread!" Mrs. Murphy said later that it was harder to take Heber off the black bread than it had been to wean him.

Cowboy Contests

When the cowboys came into the home corral at Moab at round-up time, they were always greeted by an admiring group of youngsters. These cowboys, happy to be in town after many hard days out on the range, were primed for fun of any kind. They would greet the kids loudly and with gestures and comments as to each one's appearance and abilities, either gather them around for a tall tale or instigate a contest of some sort.

Their hands would go into their pockets, bringing out dimes, nickels and pennies. Since in those days a bit of change in your pocket was a seldom enjoyed pleasure, the kids, of course, would be willing to do almost anything.

One of the cowboy's favorite kicks was to ask which of the youngsters could cuss loudest. The kids would start in with surprisingly fluent tongues, expound every cuss word they'd ever heard and try to add a few

of their own, so great was their enthusiasm for that handful of change. To the amazement of everyone around, it was always the same young lady who would come out with top honors.

Branding

When Bill Murphy was a small boy, he had to walk the two and a half miles from home to school and back each day.

One day as he passed old Tusher's place (Tusher was one of two winemakers in the valley at that time) he ran into Amasa Larson and Al Holman. They were just coming down the lane from Tusher's and it was obvious that they had imbibed a generous quantity of Tusher's happy juice. When Am spotted Billy trudging up the road, he decided to have a little fun with the boy, so took out his rope, made a good loop in it and roped Billy, jerking him to the ground. Going hand over hand up the rope, he reached Billy and hog-tied him.

"Now Al, I think I'll just burn my brand on this maverick," said Am.

Al laughed and answered, "Naw, Am, you can't burn your brand on him without no runnin' iron."

"Sure enough I can't," said Am. So he looked around and spotted a bunch of cockleburrs on the ditch bank, walked over and gathered a few, returned to where Billy lay and began to put them in the boy's hair.

In Amasa's own words twenty or so years later, "Billy just laid there, not sayin' a word, while I filled up his hair with them cockleburrs. Gol' dang', I sure did fill his hair full of 'em. Then I let him up, he just walked a piece up the road, then turned and pointed his finger at me. 'I'll grow up one of these days, and when I do I'm gonna' knock the hell out of you for that,' Billy said."

Amasa scratched his head and said, "Sure enough, he did."

Fourth of July Celebrations

Horse racing was always the most popular past-time in Moab during the early days. There was never a celebration at which horse racing was not the main event of the day. They would start on the Fourth of July, generally, and run until after the Twenty-fourth. The races were accompanied by much betting of the green stuff and generous amounts of red-eye.

On one particular Fourth of July, the last race of the day was a relay race, starting on Main Street, circling two blocks, and winding up back at the starting place. Ray King was riding one relay string; Ray Loveridge his attendant. As King entered Main on the first lap with about a hundred feet to go before reaching the change-point, he started to uncinch his saddle. About the last jump of the horse, Ray set back on the reins, the horse planted all four feet in the dirt. Ray shot over his ears, still astride the saddle.

He landed with a skid. Literally bounced to his feet, with the saddle in hand he ran over to the horse Loveridge was holding for him, threw the saddle on it's back and deftly and swiftly reached under for the flying cinch and drew it tight.

"Gol' dang'! If you'da had this blamed horse where I told you to, I'da been on him and gone by now." Leaping into the saddle he rammed the spurs home and raced away. Leaving behind a string of vituperation directed at Loveridge, the horse and everything in general. King made a good run, but lost the money.

After the races were over, it was time for the children's events, so everyone would evacuate Main Street and walk up Center to the corner in front of the Woodman Hall. There a huge wagon would be stationed, loaded with four wooden fifty-gallon barrels. One contained orange-ade and one lemonade for the kids, one

fresh mild cider for the women and the men who drank nothing stronger than an occasional cup of tea, and the last barrel contained hard cider for the more venturesome, who like to think of strong drink, but let their consciences guide them against using it. After everyone had a cool drink, the afternoon's entertainment would begin. Pie eating contests, sack races, greased pig races, and kid's races were the order of the day, with a dance to be held that evening.

Lydia Skewes, in her days as a child, was the top runner of them all. Every year, she could outrun every kid within two or three years her age. Lydia recalls one time when she was perhaps a little too over-confident and almost lost a race.

One of the men had come to her and told her that he would give her two and a half dollars if she would let his daughter win for a change. Lydia said that she had taken the lead so far ahead of the others, that she didn't run as fast as usual, but glancing out of the corner of her eye, saw the little girl coming up on her, so speeded up. It was nip and tuck to the end of the track, but she won by a nose. The prize was a dollar.

Moab Similes

Common phrases used in Moab, Utah, collected by Austin E. Fife and Alta S. Fife from Pearl Murphy Knight, Anne S. Chamberlain and Opal C. Howell in 1953. Found in Western Folklore Volume 25, Number 3, July 1966.

As big as a mountain.
As bitter as gall.
As black as coal.
As black as soot.
As blue as indigo. (down-hearted)
As blue as the sky.
As bright as day.
As bright as the stars
As cold as ice.
As cranky as a bear with a sore ass.
As cute as a bug's ear.
As dark as a dungeon.
As dead as a doornail.
As dry as a bone.
As dry as Utah.
As dumb as an ox.
As fat as butter.
As fat as a pig.
As gay as a lark.
As good as gold.
As green as grass.
As hard as a nut.
As hard as a rock.
As high as the moon.
As homely as a mud fence with polliwogs scattered on it.
As hot as fire.
As hot as hades.
As hot as hell.
As innocent as a baby.
As kind as my grandmother.
As lively as a cricket.
As low as a snake's belly.
As mean as the devil.
As neat as a pin.
As ornery as hell.

As ornery as Lucifer.
As poor as a beggarman.
As poor as a church mouse.
As pretty as a picture.
As red as cherries.
As red as a spanked baby's bottom.
As rich as a king.
As round as a barrel.
As sad as a petunia in a onion patch.
As sharp as a razor.
As shiny as a bald man's head.
A shiny as a new penny.
As skinny as a rail.
As slick as snot on a doorknob.
As sober as a judge.
As soft as silk.
As sour as swill.
As smart as a whip.
As strong as an ox.
As sweet as sugar.
As thin as a rail.
As ugly as a mud fence.
As weak as water.
As wet as water.
As white as snow.
As wild as a deer.
To chatter like a magpie.
To dance like a fairy.
To dance like a nymph.
To roar like a lion.
To rain cats and dogs.
To run like a deer.
To sing like a canary.
To sing like a lark.
To sleep like a log.
To swear like a trooper.

Memories of Growing Up in Moab

by Bill B. Meador

The following was delivered by Bill B. Meador at the Annual Dan O'Laurie Canyon Country Museum Dinner held on January 16, 1998 at the Moab Civic Center.

Over my desk at my home hangs a black and white picture of Moab, taken from the hill just in back of the Civic Center on Legion Hill. This picture was given to me by Sam and Adrien Taylor a few years ago and it has very special meaning for me because it was taken in 1933, the year of my birth.

As you look at the picture you see quite a few poplar trees, some cottonwoods along Mill Creek and Pack Creek, some orchards, the Central School and Star Hall. There's a lot of open space, unrestricted views and dirt roads. The houses suggest the possibility of hard times, and there isn't a single automobile in sight. It must have been taken in early spring because the fields appear to be freshly plowed and most of the cottonwoods have not yet come to life.

In 1933, Moab was not a tourist destination community. Movie companies did not film feature presentations here or glitzy commercials, and we did not have a controversy over garbage services!

Unlike a lot of today's population of Moab, I had the op-

portunity of growing up here and watching the community change. I would like to share with you some of my personal memories of people, places and events from those days.

When I started kindergarten in 1938 I realized I wasn't related to anyone in town. The vast majority of my classmates seemed to be related in some way to each other. My grandfather and father (Jasper and Carroll Meador) didn't get here until 1905 when my father was nine years old. The Taylors, Wilsons, Murphys, Petersons and others had been here since 1881. The Stocks, Holyoaks along with others came in the early 1880's. Randolph Stewart, his three wives and children moved to Moab in 1884 when he became the first bishop of the newly established L.D.S. (Mormon) Ward.

Kindergarten was a fairly new schooling concept in those days, lasting about six weeks -- 5 1/2 weeks longer than my interest!

It wasn't long after my realization of family connections that I became somewhat concerned, mainly dealing with play-

ground fights, school assignments and other peer group conditions. Sam Taylor and I were in the same school class. His Aunt Helen (Helen M. Knight) was the superintendent of schools. I thought Sam might be a good school allie. Possibly our acts of unacceptable social behavior might receive a little leniency from his close relative. Much to my dismay I found his connection did not carry any weight in such matters. Superintendent Knight treated everyone with equal consideration. She was fair, honest, dedicated and tough. Helen M. was one of the truly outstanding individuals I've ever had the privilege of knowing -- a lady of the 90s living in the 30s. Sam became and remains a very good friend.

During my early years, Moab's Main Street was one block long, from the present day First Security Bank on the corner of to be Miller's Coop). Unlike some small communities, both sides of the street were occupied by buildings. Main Street was lined with huge trees on both sides of the street north for two blocks. The corner that is now the Jail House

Cafe was the home of Bart and Ida Stewart.

Just north of that was Bill Hinton's home. I had a lot of opportunity to walk past Mr. Hinton's on the way to my friends' house. Bill sat on his front porch in a long leather duster and tall cowboy hat. Sitting there in the

shade it seemed to me he must be the biggest man in the world. It didn't hurt his image that every time I saw him I remembered the stories I had heard which portrayed him as a outlaw fast gun from Texas. A man not to be fooled with. However, he always waved or spoke to me.

Just north of there I would pass the Bowen Motel, a little spot with a few cabins. Mr. Bowen probably didn't know it then, but he ran one of the first convenience stores in the area. You could buy a few items to get by, but like now in a convenience store, you wouldn't do your week's shopping



This 1932 photo was taken from Center Street, looking north up Main Street. Part of the Moab Irrigation system is visible in the foreground. Main Street at this point turned east up Center Street and onto 4th East and out of town via Mill Creek Drive.



A strand of Christmas decorations stretches across the intersection of Center and Main Streets. The men in this 1938 picture are from the Dalton Wells CCC Camp, coming to town for a little R&R.

there. He also had one gas pump with a glass tank at the top which held 10 gallons. You filled the tank with a hand pump on the side of the upright metal tank. If I timed it right he would allow me to pump the glass tank at the top full in readiness for the next customer. It was a few years later when I read the story of Tom Sawyer that I knew I had been had!

Not unlike most Moab families in the 30's and 40's, the Meadors spent most evenings at home taking care of chores and other daily responsibilities. My family spent a lot of hours together in front room each reading the book of their choice. We did have a large Philco-Ford radio console and we would listen to several radio shows a week such as the Lux Theater, the Phillip Morris Radio Hour and little later on a scary one

called Intersanctum.

My main baby sitter was my sister Donna who is with me this evening. She teased me unmercifully when I was smaller. She made me dance with her, during the late forties, to the music of Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman and others. The way I've gotten even with her over the years, for her acts of unkindness, has been to invite her to place where I have been asked to speak.

On occasions my father would allow me to go across the street from his office with him to the First National Bank (First Security Bank is now on that corner). Basically the bank was much like those pictured in western movies. Tall iron barred teller cages, big vault doors and all were very imposing. On one desk was a five dollar bill. David L. Goudelock

(D.L. Taylor's Grandfather) signed those bills where the Treasury normally signed.

Moab had more black topped roads in those days than any other small community in the area. In fact 1st North also had curb and gutter, the curb was cut and shaped from red sandstone. Even in those days Moab was a progressive little town.

World War II brought Moab together like no other event in history. We picked up every scrap of metal in the valley to be recycled for the war effort. We bought War Bonds and Stamps at school and at the movies, and when our stamp books were full we would have a \$25.00 War Bond. We ate unsweetened Kool-Aid for candy treats. Families were issued ration coupon books for sugar, coffee, shoes, tires and

gasoline. The American Legion hall which had good rubber tires. Someone, a miner, rancher or farmer was given those tires because those occupations were still important in those days and critical to the war effort. Ten young men from Moab were killed in combat during the war and while their deaths were devastating to their families, their deaths were felt deeply by this small connected community.

In the 30's and 40's, Moab did not have a recreation director. The neighborhood kids designed and organized the games or activities in which we participated. Summer of course offered a great variety of events. Swimming at the Powerdam and Colorado River and later the swimming pool located on the corner between the Dan O' Laurie Museum and the library. Playing and climbing on the hills on both sides of the valley, lots of Steal the Flag, Kick the Can and digging underground houses in the arroyo that went down through town were a few of the outdoor activities. Organized football and basketball were reserved for later when we were in high school. There wasn't any little league baseball, softball, football, basketball or soccer.

We also spent a great deal of time in the creek beds and swimming holes created by each new flood that came down Mill Creek and Pack Creek. In the late 30's the Civilian Conservation Corps (the CCC's) built rock cribs and installed large concrete blocks at the end of the cribs to help stop the erosion of Mill Creek. These efforts created some great late

summer ponds where we swam and fished. The creek beds themselves were open cobble rock channels through town. Each flood wiped away any new growth, took out the bridges which were only a few feet above the deepest part of the water, fences and any other improvements the community was foolish enough to put in or near the flood plain. I would watch the clouds and if it looked like a thunderstorm I would try to be on the town side of the creek. Our home was located where the Taco Bell is today and when floods came down both Mill and Pack Creeks our island home was isolated. If I was lucky I would be on the town side, get to go to the evening movie and sleep over at a friend's house. If school was in session, I would try to be on the home side of the floods. That way I got to miss a day or so of school. Mr. Stout, a high school teacher, solved that problem, however, by building a small one person cable tram over the creek above the bridge that is now on 3rd South by the vocational center so that all of us living between the creeks would have access to the town and school even in flood season. Mr. Perkins who lived across the street from us had a big white horse that he would use sometimes to take people across the creek by where the Greenwell Motel and Woody's Tavern are after the water had gone down to about one or two feet. Moab hasn't had on of those old 10' to 15' wall of water floods for many years, due to the rock cribs in the creek the check dams on the hillsides surrounding the east and northeast side of Moab, plant

growth and less rain.

In the winter the most popular activity was ice skating on the sloughs, (now the Matheson Wetlands Preserve). Most days we would divide up and play our version of hockey which amounted to cutting a willow for a hockey stick and beating at each other with it for several hours. Of course, the ice would break before the day was over and most of us would walk home cold and wet.

We hunted everywhere and everything including rabbits, geese, ducks, chuckers, doves and deer. In the spring we would take bow and arrows (not the fancy kind they have now) to the sloughs and shoot carp. We would take some home to the chickens, but a few of the Mom's would bottle them, a practice that still makes me about half ill.

The entire recreation program was based on our imagination, energy and personal commitment. I really don't remember anyone wanting to construct a building or secure a center for us so that we could have something to do.

Moab was football town. On game days the stores and gas stations closed at game time and the citizens met at the football field. We had on small bleacher, no sound system, scoreboard or fancy anything. Most fans just ran up and down the side lines cheering each play. Almost every boy in high school went out for the team, and since we had very few boys, I made the team! Games were replayed at the barbershops, pool hall and any other place where more than one person gathered. Younger boys would follow

team members down to the Riley Drug Store (where the T-Shirt Shop is now) after the games and the players would buy a few treats and make sure the little people really knew who had been important to the team's success on that day.

All ages attended the public dances at the Arches Ballroom (corner of First East and Center Street). Krug and Aggie Walker, Jerry and Jimmy's folks, provided the music. Krug on the sax, Aggie on the piano, Fred Markle on the drums, Jerry and Jimmy on whatever was needed. Others in the community such as Sam Taylor, Buster Stewart, and some of the Sommervilles would join at various times, and the music was

great! The hall had a huge mirrored ball that hung from the ceiling and picked up colored lights. I am sure all of you have seen one of them -- it really made us feel like we were down town!

Almost all the teenage boys in town, whether L.D.S. or not attend the Mutual Dances, because that's where the girls were!

The Ides Theater was a community gathering center, it was where the First Security Bank parking lot is now. Movies changed three times a week. Wednesday and Thursdays were class B nights with lots of better shows and on Sundays a special feature presentation was offered at 7:00 and 9:00 p.m. Student tick-

ets were 35 cents and popcorn a dime, no drinks. Mrs. Clark patrolled the aisles to ensure there was no talking enabling everyone to hear the movie.

All that doesn't seem like much now, but in those pre-television days, movies provided our main entertainment outside of the home and were almost as important as front porch visits and barbershop rumors.

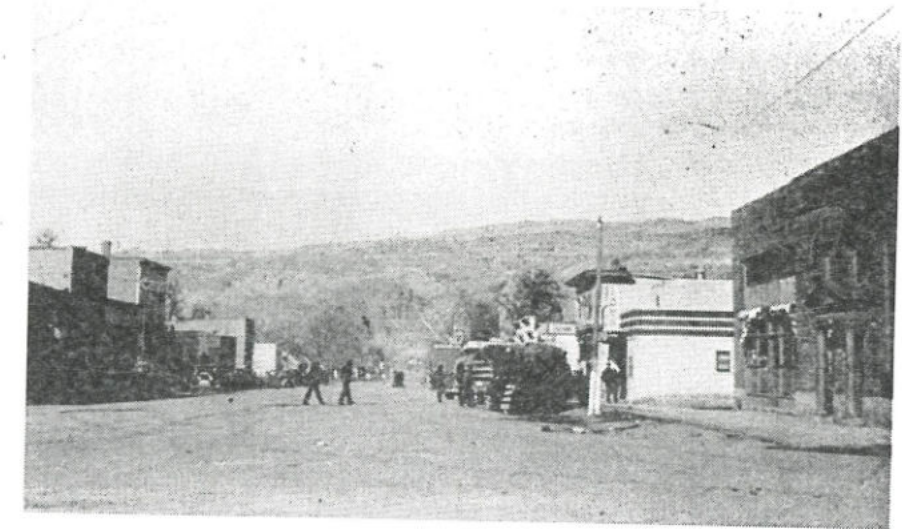
Moab had most of the downtown business required to support this small community. Ranching and farming were very important sources of revenue. The peach orchards produced some of the best fruit in the state and if people had heard of Moab it was

because of the peaches. Farmers also grew great watermelons that some kids I knew would pilfer from the fields in late August for watermelon busts.

Mining was always important to Moab. Most mines were family owned and operated businesses with few controlling government regulations. In 1952 Mr. Charles Steen discovered his Mi Vida mine and Moab was never again the small little Utah outpost I have been speaking about this evening.

The uranium mines, the rush to discover and the uranium reduction company mill brought immediate change to our lifestyles, decision making process and government policy. Many peach orchards became trailer parks and there were no vacant houses in town. Suddenly people who had not grown up in Moab or even had relatives here were in leadership positions making policy, designing zoning ordinances, expanding the police force and voting to increase taxes to pay for all the new services. With these changes we also had jobs outside of family owned businesses. Many of the young men who returned from World War II now had their first jobs in the mines or at the mill. Jobs that paid benefits including retirement. Since that time Moab's economic base has gone from boom to bust, up and down and back, the point being that change is in fact, an on going process, not just an event such as Charley's discovery of uranium 46 years ago. Moab has always been able to meet the challenge.

If my remarks here this



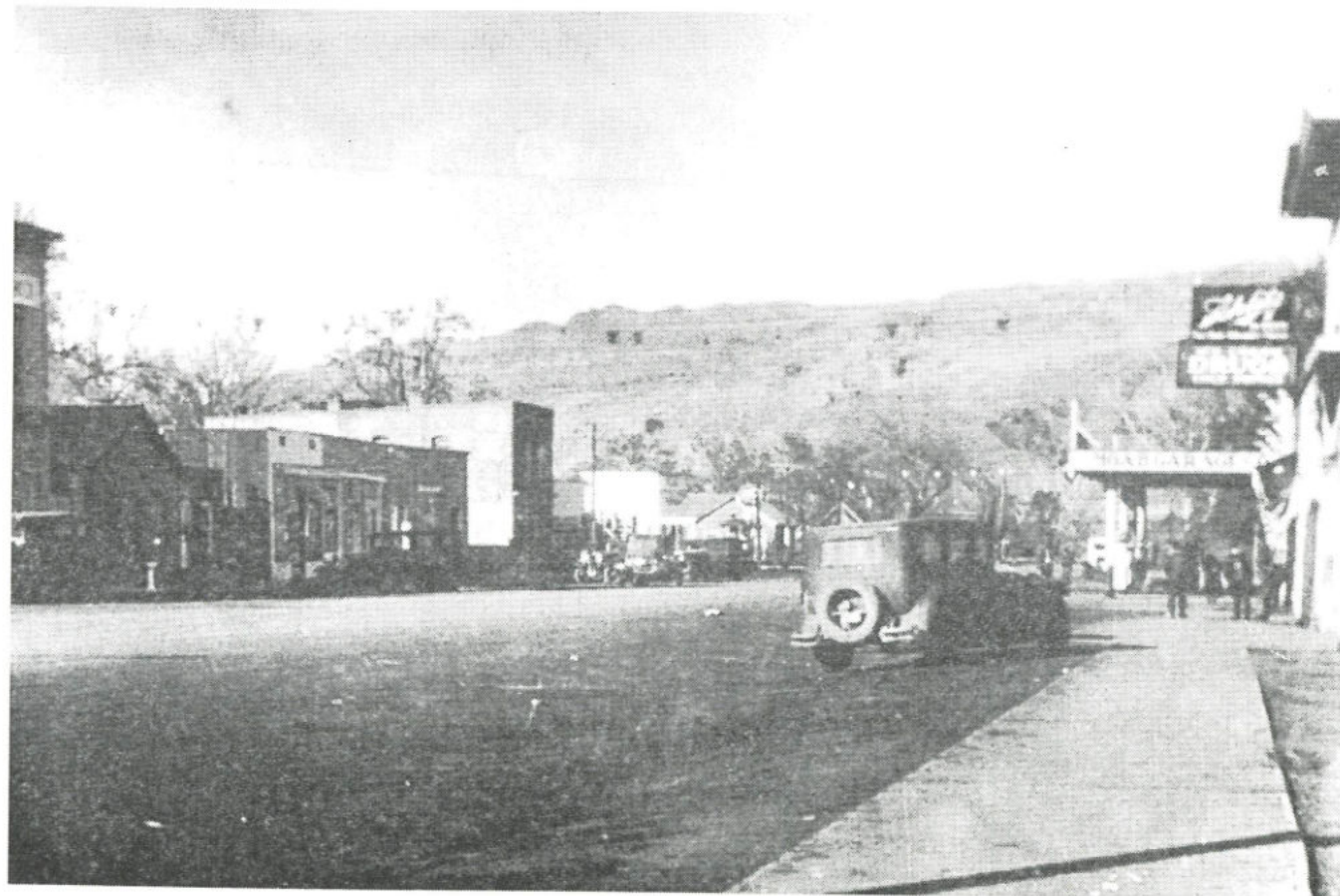
Moab Main Street 1938 to 1939. Dalton Wells CCC Camp Trucks are in front of the Ides Theatre.

evening have any significance, it would be to help you visualize the Moab of my youth, to help you understand how the community was deeply connected by people, relationships, places and events. The remarks may also help those of you who are latecomers to the valley -- and for me that is anyone who came after 1952 -- to understand why change has been so difficult for some of my generation and certainly the previous generation. Hopefully it will provide a little better understanding why some of us get upset when individuals speak at public meetings like they discovered Moab, even changing names of canyons and arches like they discovered them, and want to place a gate on the river bridge marked "closed." Since they are already here, it appears they don't want outsiders coming in crowding the limited space, ruining vistas and impacting the quality of life.

Moab was discovered by the Ancient Ones, the slave traders of the Old Spanish Trail were the first intruders. Members of the Elk Mountain Mission of 1855

were the colonizers -- but the Taylors, Wilsons, Stewarts, Stocks, Murphys, Holyoaks, Greens, Maxwells, Powells, Rays, Barletts, Shafers, Burkholders, Geyser, Warners, William Granstaff (Negro Bill), Frenchie, Hatch, Pierce and all those other families and individuals of the late 1870's and 1880's were the settlers. They gave us a history and a culture. They knew they could survive by working together, by promoting connectedness and showing genuine care for each other. We don't have much of that in Moab right now. Perhaps it's the responsibility of all of us to be a little more tolerant of others, try to accept and understand new ideas and interests, to care a little more about people, places and events from our past, to put extra effort and care into the actions required to produce a future we really want for all of us and those who will follow.

Thank you for your attention. I want to thank Jean and the museum board for allowing me this opportunity to speak with you this evening.



The trees are gone, the sidewalks paved, but much of Moab's Main Street looks as it did thirty years before in this photo from the mid-1930's. The main road was graveled and oiled in 1932, at which time the old cottonwoods lining Main Street were removed.

Legend of Latigo Gordon

by J.W. Palmer

Some of our memories are based on the stories of our heroes. J.W. Palmer relates the story of a local legend who influenced his childhood.

Willard Eugene "Bill" Gordon, commonly called Latigo, was a hero of mine when I was a growing boy. I was around six years old when I discovered him. I had opened an old trunk my family had and found a pair of cowboy boots and a six-gun holster. My dad told me he bought the boots and holster, the trunk, some haying equipment, several horse halters, a bridle, five tanned sheep skins, and a branding iron from Latigo Gordon. The branding iron, a figure two, was Latigo's horse-brand and had become our brand.

I wore Latigo's boots whenever I could and practiced my "fast-draw" using Latigo's holster and my grandfather's single action Colt 45 peacemaker. I wore out the boots and almost wore out the holster.

My greatest glory came while I was wearing Latigo's boots and holster to the Monticello School Halloween party when I was in the sixth grade. I was in cowboy duds, and on one boot I

wore a long-shanked, big rawled spur that I had found on our ranch. My dad would not let me take grandfather's peacemaker, so a friend of mine, the sheriff's son, brought his father's 38 "police special" revolver to complete my outfit. I won first prize.

As I grew up, I became steeped in the legend of Latigo Gordon. Our ranch house sits about 500 feet from where the old road from the Spring Creek and Indian Creek Ranches intersected the old road to Monticello from the Double Cabins at Carlisle ranch on Vega Creek. This intersection is at the crest of a ridge where the cowboys would first see "Monticello." They called it Hurrah Ridge in honor of the yelling and gunfire that accompanied them as they spurred their cow ponies on a two-mile race to "Monticello" and civilization.

I found many 44-40 cartridge shells and even some 45-60 and 45-70 shells along that road to Monticello. I also found a

woman's silver mounted spur. Whose I do not know, but perhaps it belonged to Mrs. Carlisle or Mrs. Gordon.

I learned much about Latigo's toughness. I learned that he had four fingers on his right hand pulled off while roping a large steer. According to legend, it did not harm his shooting eye or his roping ability. He could still shoot holes in the whisky jugs carried by drunken cowboys returning from town.

I learned that Latigo had been shot numerous times in gun fights. In one altercation, he was badly wounded with a bullet in the lungs. Long-time cowboy, Old Hickory, saved Latigo's life by cauterizing the wound with a gray-hot running iron. His only anesthesia was several good slugs of rot gut whiskey.

I learned Latigo talked with Tom McCarty, Matt Warner, and Butch Cassidy at Carlisle Ranch in late June 1889 when the triumvirate outlaws were fleeing

a posse after robbing the San Miguel Valley Bank in Telluride, Colorado. Ten years later, almost to the day, Latigo saw Harvey Logan (Kid Curry) at Carlisle Ranch. Logan had just robbed a train in Wilcox, Wyoming, and was fleeing the Pinkerton detective, Suringo. McCarty, Warner, Cassidy and Logan were well known in the La Sal and Blue Mountain country.

I learned that Latigo had gone to jail for feeding a horse to his pigs. The horse was named Old Billy and did not belong to him.

I learned that while Latigo was serving as sheriff of San Juan County in 1896, he was jailed in Moab for disturbing the peace. This incident cost him his job.

Later Latigo opened the Blue Goose Saloon where the cowboys did their drinking. This "watering hole" was located in an old cabin on Main Street in Monticello.

Finally, I learned that Latigo was the model for Lassiter in the novel Riders of the Purple Sage by Zane Grey.

However, there is another side to Latigo Gordon. He was born in North Carolina in 1855 and arrived in the Monticello area in 1886, about the time his mother married Harold Carlisle, one of the owners of the Carlisle Cattle Company commonly called by their brand "The Hip, Side and Shoulder."

The Carlisle Cattle Company was part of the Kansas and New Mexico Land and Cattle Company, an English corporation. At its peak, the Carlisle Cattle Company was one of the largest cattle operations in the west, run-

ning over 30,000 head on an enormous range.

Bounded on the south by North Montezuma Creek, the range extended west deep into the Blue Mountains, passed east of Piute Spring well into Colorado and New Mexico, and extended north into Dry Valley. An east-west fence was built in 1883 which crossed just south of where the Monticello Library is today.

Because the range was so large, cattle in the eastern part were wintered in the Gallegos Canyon Country south of Farmington, New Mexico while cattle in the western part were wintered in Dry Valley. In 1885, the Carlisle Hip, Side and Shoulder bunched almost 10,000 head of cattle in a spring roundup at the foot of Peters Hill. That year the calf tally was 5,300.

Latigo became a tough but effective foreman for the company. He was also responsible for the building of the Gordon Reservoir northwest of Monticello, which opened up irrigation for many acres of land along Vega and Spring Creeks.

He took time out in 1906 to marry a Monticello Mormon belle. He and Mary Bronson reared their five children at the Carlisle Ranch in the "White House" until it burned down. They then moved to Monticello and eventually to Moab.

The Carlisle Cattle Company had sold all of its cattle by 1896 because of the extreme drought. Then, in the fall of 1897, Latigo and his stepfather Harold Carlisle went in the sheep business and formed the Carlisle-Gordon Sheep Company. They ran their

sheep on the northwestern part of the Blue Mountains and in the country north of Monticello and Dry Valley.

After selling out in 1912, Latigo joined a group of developers who were opening up 1,500 acres of irrigated farmland at Indian Creek. About 1914, my father, J. Ward Palmer, and my grandfather, J.W. "Jack" Palmer, were at the Dugout Ranch in Indian Creek. Grandfather, who was a forest ranger at the time, became ill. Latigo quit working, quickly harnessed a team of horses and brought him to Monticello in a buckboard.

After he moved to Moab, Latigo helped found and served as director of the Moab State Bank - "The Bank with a Heart." Apparently there was too much heart for the bank went under in 1921, and Latigo went bankrupt. He then took a job building roads with a span of mules. His wife, Mary went to work for the telephone company.

Even though he was in financial trouble, Latigo helped post bond for Charley Glass, the Negro/Indian foreman of the Turner Cattle Company north of Moab. Glass had killed a Basque sheepman in 1921 in a gunfight over grazing rights.

When Latigo left southeastern Utah in 1926 to live with his daughter, Jessie, in Ogden, about all he had left was his faithful dog and the "Legend of Latigo Gordon." He died in 1947.

Settling Castle Valley: Late 1970's

by Kristin Johnson

I grew up in Castle Valley. We had no television, no telephones and heated our home with a pinion pine burning in a black wood stove. No, it was not during the 1870's, but during the 1970's.

Our family was one of several Mormon families from Vista, California who visited our former ward member mural artist Jerry Ehlers and family and fell in love with the tall wingate cliffs, snowtopped La Sal Mountains and elegant spire of Castle Rock.

My family first came to Castle Valley in January 1977. My father took time off from work and borrowed his boss' RV. I spent most of the trip sketching the deserts and mountains I saw from the rear window as we traveled from Southern California to Southern Utah.

We drove Highway 128 after dark. Winding, icy and narrow -- cliffs on one side and the Colorado River on the other -- the river road was an adventurous introduction to what would become our new home. We could not find the Ehlers' home in the dark and chose to spend the night on the side of the road.

Castle Valley greeted us with the amber light of morning. The cliffs were blood red, heightened in hue from the white snow and green pinion and juniper. I knew at that moment that I wanted to live there and prayed to God my parents would know, too.

The Ehlers' home was a one room studio cabin on top of a pump house. On either side were carports that stretched out like wings. Jerry and Joanna lived in the one room studio with their daughters: Cori, Deone, Heather, Angelique, Jennifer, Raelene and newborn Amber. A guest house across the lawn had running water for a bathroom and kitchen.

I spent the next few days hiking on the rocks, playing in the scattering of snow, and hunting for eggs laid by the Ehlers' free range chickens. I enjoyed playing with the Ehlers girls, especially Heather who had been my best friend from the time we were toddlers. I didn't want to leave.

On July 27, 1977 I turned 10 years, one month and 3 days old. It was also the day my father packed up the large U-haul truck

with many of our belongings, my sister Debbie age 17 and me. My mother remained behind in California to continue packing. The truck had no air conditioning and crawled over the mountain passes. Hot, tired and irritable - my sister and I naively thought that the pioneers couldn't have had it much worse than we did with sweat pouring off our bodies and thighs sticking to the vinyl seats.

The scenery changed as we hit the San Rafael Swell. Magnificent colors and shapes and reflected in the desert sky. I felt the hairs rise on my neck and smelled electricity in the air. Thunder cracked loud and close, shaking the truck, shaking my body. Rain fell in sheets. The dry air sweetened with sage and wet dust. My first desert storm. I was both afraid and delighted. I quit whining. I was hooked.

I spent the first month with the Ehlers as my father and sister returned to California to help my mother pack. We slept under the stars on their lawn that month, each night rolling out our sleeping bags side by side. I was in awe

of the Milky Way. We discovered constellations and created a few of our own as we imagined dot to dot mythical characters in the night sky. We tracked red blinking lights and conjured stories of alien spacecrafts. Years later I learned about satellites and felt foolish.

Their father woke us each morning, booming in his tenor voice "Oh What a Beautiful Morning" from the musical Oklahoma. We rolled up our beds, ate our breakfast and proceeded with the chores for the day.

Every morning we watered the orchard, still short and skinny trees in their youth. We discovered toads that hid in the mud of the tree wells. We weeded rows of corn and squished the red and black bodies of squash bugs between our fingers to preserve the zucchini. We retreated to the cool of the studio to watch Jerry as he sketched and painted. I was fascinated and inspired by the fantastical stories he told about the imaginary worlds he created on the canvas.

Sometimes we invited Jeff and Kim Stucki to play in the creekbottom. One afternoon we discovered thousands of toads the size of quarters. We dammed part of the creek to build a small pond for the babies. They were gone the next day.

I didn't wear my shoes much that summer and my soles of my feet grew tough. When we ran across the vacant fields hordes of grasshoppers rose from the knee high grass, covering our bodies with their sticky legs, green wings and tobacco juice colored bug spit. Some landed on my palms and in-



View of Castle Valley towards the La Sal Mountains. Note the lack of trees and houses.

ner arms, tickling the tender skin with the sharp grips of their feet. At night I listened to the adults talk of organic methods of eradicating the grasshoppers, like blending up the bodies into a juice and pouring it along the perimeter of the gardens. Secretly I loved the grasshoppers and the way they flew and attached themselves to my body. I wished that the adults wouldn't and couldn't drive my precious bugs away.

At night we ate corn on the cob. One night I ate 12 full size cobs and earned the reputation of having a bottomless stomach. As I ate the kernels, I displayed several styles of consumption - the typewriter method where you go along the cob side to side, the lawn mower where you go around the cob in a circle and the muncher where you attack the cob with gusto! (Everyone needs a talent and I found mine eating corn.)

The Stuckis and Officers came over for games of Kick the Can, No Bears Are Out Tonight, and various forms of Tag. My favorite game was Sardines where everyone searches for other people

hiding. When you found someone hiding, you hid with them until everyone was crowded like sardines hiding in the same place.

I loved that summer with the Ehlers, playing with sisters my own age and for the first time in my life having younger sisters as well. I was intimidated by Cori's confidence, in awe of Deone's grace, competed with Heather, performed acrobatic tricks with Angelique, reveled in Jennifer's tomboy streak as wide as my own, cuddled Raelene and felt joy when Amber reached out her arms to me. Amber was the first baby I ever held and was pleased that she saw me as one of her own sisters. Jerry introduced me as one of his daughters. I wanted to grow up just like Joanna raising lots of babies, milking cows, and growing a garden.

When my parents returned we moved into a small house on Chinle Street in Moab while my father built our home in Castle Valley. The Stuckis and Officers often stayed at our home in Moab for school and church activities.

Matt and Randy Stucki had dinner with us a few times and taught me how to draw cartoons of pigs, cows and other barnyard animals.

Mrs. Negley was my fifth grade teacher at Helen M. Knight Elementary. My tomboy behavior appalled both teachers and students, but soon earned the respect of the boys in sports. I was one of the first picked for football, even though I didn't know or understand any of the rules. I could tackle and run with the ball in my hand, even when dragging the bodies of boys who attached themselves to my legs and back.

I earned Presidential Award for fitness that year and excelled in running. I ran barefoot on the asphalt, as I thought that I could run faster without shoes. James Leech bet me that he could beat me. He and I often competed in football and tether ball to prove

who was better. He taunted me by saying that I was "as stubborn as a mule" because I wouldn't give up. Even though I picked up a few goatheads in my bare feet while running, I was determined not to let him win the footrace. The stickers were fairly deep and very painful to remove.

This Southern California girl's first snowman was built on the playground afterschool. Mark Richeson and Darrin Wells knocked off the snowman's head. In anger I threw snowballs at them and they responded by throwing snowballs at me. By the time we were having a good time, one of the teachers caught us and took us to Principal Olerain who lectured us then gave us each a swat with the paddle. We must not have learned our lessons as Principal Foote and Principal Johnson punished us three for throwing snow-

balls at the Grand County Middle School in sixth and seventh grades as well.

My father completed the basement of our house the spring of 1978 and we moved out to Castle Valley that summer. We had indoor plumbing and carpeting in what we called our living room, family room and one bedroom. The other bedroom, kitchen and bathroom had only concrete floors. Our house, though only a basement, became a social center for relief society parties and bridal showers because it was bigger than most families' and actually had carpeting.

The following summers I continued the practice of sleeping under the stars by lying on the roof of our basement. Over the next two years new families moved into the valley and more friends slept on

my roof like Tina Plastow, Annie Martin, Dee Walker, Colleen Glines, and Colleen Pueblo. We talked through the night until we were too tired to speak. One morning we awoke to the sound of a lawn mower. Looking up we saw Jeff Stucki, who was hired by my dad to mow down some weeds. We all had a crush on Jeff and squealed in terror that he would see us with our hair mussed. We ran into the house in a panic.

My father returned to California to work the fall of 1978. Snow fell by Thanksgiving and the temperatures dropped dramatically. We tried to keep warm by burning quaking aspen in the wood stove to no avail. Jeff Whitney and the Cluff brothers came to our home and installed insulation in the ceiling and sheets of plastic as makeshift walls to keep our living quarters warm. The youth from the Seventh Day Adventists Academy chopped pinion and ponderosa pine that burns hotter than aspen for our family. Despite these efforts, it was still very cold.

A quick thaw in December created a stream of mud that pushed through the front door and flooded down the stairs to the carpeted living room where we had previously held valley socials. My mother soon left for California to spend the winter with my father. I stayed in Castle Valley with my sisters Cindy age 22 and Debbie age 18.

The snow piled deep and the temperatures dropped lower. I was not prepared for the unusually cold weather and didn't have a real

coat. I wore several layers of t-shirts, flannel shirts and sweatshirt jackets to keep warm. Having no gloves, I wore socks on my hands. The mercury rarely rose above zero when it was time to catch the bus.

One morning as I walked to the bus stop I forgot to wear the socks on my hands. Carrying the heavy baritone I played in the sixth grade band, I couldn't put my hands into my pockets to keep them warm. The instrument offset my balance and I fell on the ice several times. My hands numbed. When I looked down I saw they were gray and realized that I couldn't feel any sensation. Panicking I, rubbed my hands together to warm them and chanted the words, "fire and blood," a phrase that often helped me bear the cold by imagining heat. In terror I stuck my hands in my mouth to warm them. Abandoning my baritone, I ran home as quickly as I could. In the bathroom I placed my hands under running hot water until the sting of life returned. I missed the bus and didn't move away from the wood stove the whole day.

We hooked up the dryer outlet to our bathroom to serve as a heater. Before taking bath, we'd turn on the dryer - whether there were wet clothes or not. I used only hot water and entered the water at its hottest, leaving my skin scalded red. Within minutes the water cooled and water crystals formed on the cinder block walls. I quit taking baths as frequently and was often too chilled to completely undress to change my clothes. At the middle school some of the richer boys teased me,

asking if we had running water in Castle Valley. Oblivious to the teasing, I answered with pride that our house did have running water because there were some families in Castle Valley who didn't have that luxury. Then they asked, "If you have running water, then why don't you take a bath and wash your hair?" I still didn't realize that they were harassing me and tried to explain how cold it was, but they ran away laughing before I could speak.

When I remember that winter I am horrified at the extreme situation. At the time, I didn't think it was too bad. I can distinctly remember one night that I couldn't warm up despite my best efforts. I put on all my clothes, layered every blanket, and even took the cushions off the couch to layer on top of the blankets to keep me warm. Instead of thinking that it was so rough, I thought of Laura Ingall's stories of winters on the plains. I imagined myself as a brave pioneer girl and was proud of my ingenuity and endurance. It was more of a grand adventure than a trial.

On days we missed school because of extreme weather, I spent the afternoon at the Stucki's house playing Risk and Monopoly with Jeff and Kim. I always gave armies and money to Jeff so he would win. Their mother, Marge, made the best bread in the world. Their home was always warm and smelled good.

My sister Cindy worked at the Ramada Inn in Moab. Some nights we stayed at the motel. I luxuriated in the electric heat and unlimited supply of hot water



View from Kristin's home in Castle Valley, late 1970's. Round Mountain and the La Sal Mountains are to the south. Note the lack of trees and homes.

The Colorado River froze over that year. My sister Debbie was engaged to Kent Officer at the time, who on a dare drove his truck onto the ice. I didn't believe that he really did it until I saw his tire tracks in the snow on top of the ice go halfway across the river. There was ice at least a foot thick as it broke up in the spring.

A herd of horses ran wild in the valley those first few years. They dug through the snow to the grass in our back pasture. I jumped down into one of their holes and found the snow to be as high as my shoulder -- approximately 4 feet deep.

When the snows melted, the dirt roads became deep ruts of mud. My sister Cindy had a green 1974 GMC truck with four wheel drive and she helped many drivers who got stuck in the mud. Jeff Stucki and I were regularly late for our shop class with Mr. Welling at the middle school due to the school bus getting stuck in mud at various bus stops.

In the spring we missed a few days of school when Castle Creek became a torrential river and washed away the bridge. Volunteers in the valley rallied together and quickly built a new bridge, as it was the only access into the valley except for a four wheel drive road at the end of Shafer Lane. The creek rose again and washed out the new bridge just a few weeks later. Again volunteers got together and built another bridge. That summer the Property Owners Association invested in building a large stable bridge complete with a culvert large enough to walk through erect. My friends

and I were the first travelers to cross the bridge - on horseback.

The summer of 1979 was the most memorable. My friends and I were involved in a 4-H horse club and found an excuse to ride horses everyday. As a young girl in Southern California I rode my father's sawhorses praying for the day I could ride a real horse of flesh and blood. Stacy Kingsley taught me how to brush, clean hooves, bridle and saddle up. I loved her very much and appreciated her patience as she showed me how to be a horsewoman of both gentleness and strength.

After our chores were completed, we would ride in the heat of the day. We sang various renditions of "I Wish I Were an Oscar Meyer Weiner" - the only commercial lyric we remembered from the summers we spent in front of the television instead of outdoors. We often rode up to the Seventh Day Adventist irrigation pond to swim. Tina Plastow, who appeared to be the innocent of us all, would dare us to skinny dip. We usually finished our swim by teasing each other that boys from the academy were spying on us.

We also had a hiking 4-H group that my sister Cindy directed. Almost every kid in the valley was a member. We attended 4-H camp at Buckeye Reservoir and had one of the largest camps. When we weren't busy with arts and crafts, we were swimming. After a few days we had severe rashes from stinging nettle. I think we used up all the calamine lotion in every first aid kit available.

When we could find a ride into town, we skated at the roller rink, which is now ALCO. A group of us did a 12 hour marathon for a charity. During this marathon Shawn Pueblo and Jeff Stucki, acting like 12 year olds, tripped me several times. My left knee hurt very badly, but I kept skating. At home it was hard to tell that I had a knee, as it was swollen from my thigh to my calf. We didn't have insurance, so my parents took me to Mr. Fenton who lived in an A-Frame cabin and used to be a chiropractor. He examined my knee and said I tore two ligaments. He put horse liniment on my knee and told me to keep off of it for three weeks. I hobbled around on crutches for awhile, but soon grew bored of being slow. As soon as I could put weight on my leg, I was running again.

When school began again a group of boys challenged me to a race. As it turned out they had been practicing all summer in hopes to beat me. I was very disappointed to discover that I couldn't run as fast as I did before the injury and was humiliated to be beaten at my own sport.

There was no girl's basketball team at the middle school, so I tried out for the boy's basketball team. That created a bit of scandal, but my science teacher Mr. Miller was very supportive. He said I had natural talent and encouraged me to be on his team. He taught me the basics of dribbling with my fingertips and to toss the ball gently "like an egg" into the hoop. Some of the boys were no longer interested in competition

and turned mean. After some intentional fouls, one of which I sprained the knee that I had injured the previous summer, I decided it was no longer fun and quit.

The next year Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Olsen started a girl's extracurricular basketball team. We girls called them Uncle Bernie and Uncle Ron in appreciation for recognizing that girls like to play sports.

My next door neighbor built a dance studio in her log cabin and provided lessons to area children.

Holly Gruher, with her experience as a student from Juilliard, taught each of us the basics of dance. In her class she had children from ages six to twelve, and we all worked together for a recital.

I was especially interested in dance and she invited me to attend a modern dance class with some of the ladies from the Valley.

This was quite an experience for me. These weren't ladies from Relief Society. They looked different, smelled different, thought different.

I quietly hung on every word they said as we practiced the shimmy, worked on our mamba steps, and shook our hips to the beating of drums.

Their words were my introduction to the private conversations of women. I learned about feelings, male/female relationships, and politics.

My mind began to open up in new ways exploring philosophy, feminism and relationships in my

own life.

As I grew into adulthood, friends remarked on my "unique" perspective. I just smiled and said it was the result of growing up in Castle Valley - a mixture of conservative Mormonism and the 1970's Hippie Movement. To this day, I can't think of a better mixture to have.

Years later, one of the grown ups in the valley pointed out to me that each of the Valley kids excelled in their talents at school. We may not have all been A-students, but we were recognized in drama, dance, art, or sports.

Looking through the school years I remember Jeff Stucki and his talent for cartoons, some of which I still have in my keepsake box. Tina Plastow was recognized as Miss GCHS for her academic and athletic achievements. I was able to attend college by a scholarship I earned through speech and drama. Deone Ehlers was valedictorian. Her younger sister Jennifer was the high school student body president. Dee Walker served as student body president at the junior high school. The list goes on and on.

Analyzing this, we Valley Kids had a few advantages most of the town kids lacked. Some would call these advantages disadvantages: poverty, hardwork, no television, isolation.

We were all poor, so it didn't matter as we went to eachother's homes that were unfinished. Some had electricity

and plumbing. Others did not. Some had carpeting, others had only rough plywood floors.

Instead of watching television we read books, wrote stories, drew pictures, sang songs, played games, danced and talked.

I learned through the trials that no matter how rough it gets, life does get better. Whining doesn't help, but hard work and fortitude does.

Of all my memories of the Valley, my favorite are the times I was alone.

In the mornings, I'd wake early and watch the sunrise over Castle Rock in silence. At night, I walked along Castle Valley Drive, listening to the coyotes that lived up in the cliffs. During thunderstorms I sat in the relative safety of my mother's car watching the rain as it fell in sheets and felt the lightning as it hit the valley floor, letting the thunder carry me in waves of sound.

There is, and never will be, anything on television that will compare to the sunrise, starlit nights, and rainshowers.

I'm very grateful that my parents uprooted my sisters and me from the suburbs of Southern California. I wouldn't have missed it for all the luxuries of the world.

Upcoming Events

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October 3, 1998
Old City Park

Ute Native American Exhibit

October through November

Grand County Middle School and High School Art Exhibit

December

Renovations continue in the Pierson History Hall

Come see the progress!!

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Friends meet the first Wednesday of the month at 7 p.m.

Board of Directors

The Board meets the third Wednesday of the month at 7 p.m.

Museum Summer Hours

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Closed Sundays and Holidays

Winter Hours

Monday through Thursday
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Friday and Saturday
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