

# Canyon Legacy

Journal of the Dan O'Laurie Canyon Country Museum  
Summer 2002/ Volume 45

\$6.00



## TRAILS TO TOWN The Cattlemen and Women of Southeastern Utah





**Journal of the Dan O'Laurie  
Canyon Country Museum**

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history and natural history of the Colorado  
plateau in southeastern Utah and the Four  
Corners region.

Materials for possible publication should  
be submitted to *Canyon Legacy*, 118 E.  
Center Street, Moab, UT 84532 or call 435-  
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Articles should be typed, double-spaced,  
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ISSN: 0897-3423 Summer 2002

### Within...

are several stories of the ongoing history of ranching in our region, and the cattlemen and women who were often much more, broadening their horizons, becoming the foundations of the developing towns and businesses. As the first people into our wild unsettled areas, the ranchers put down roots as they saw to their families and their herds of cattle, each growing and becoming better with time.

Beginning in the late 1800s and progressing through the 120 years that have intervened, the cattlemen and women of southeastern Utah have faced unique hardships. But they have also experienced distinctive joys and shared a beautiful land which was truly theirs to savor as few others, who were further removed from the land, could ever do.

In this day of re-examining the use of lands and the place of the cattle industry in relation to our recreational and tourism interests, it is fitting to see this portion of our heritage in a truer light, neither glamorized nor villified, praised nor scorned. It was a viable, sustaining business venture which supported many of our finest citizens for numerous years. Only time and the economics of our culture will determine the long-range outlook of the ranching tradition in southeastern Utah.

- Rusty

A special thanks to Ned Chaffin who participated in an interview with Gary Cox and Cynthia Beyer representing the National Park Service and Canyonlands National Park, and who was kind enough to give us permission to add portions of his transcript and use some of his photos. His succinct flavor and descriptions, even though taken out of context, add a special color to the understanding of cattle ranching in this country. His comments are scattered throughout this issue.

Another special thanks goes, as always, to our ever-vigilant proof reader, Karla Hancock. Thanks so much, Karla, for all your help!

### Museum Membership

#### Mission

The mission of the Dan O'Laurie Canyon Country Museum is to preserve and display artifacts and information, and to promote research and education which accurately reflect the natural and cultural history of the Moab area.

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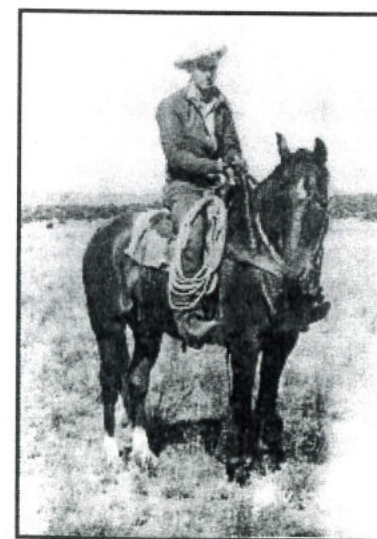
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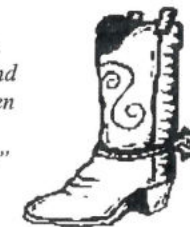
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**Front Cover:** "Land of Tomorrow," a 1948 painting by Dot Larsen, embodies the cowboy of the West and the vistas of southeastern Utah. Courtesy of Bette Stanton.

**Back cover:** Snow dusts the pine-covered sides of a string canyon in the Book Cliffs. The fall gathering of cattle is supervised by cattleman Bill Cunningham. Photo courtesy of the Bill Cunningham collection.

**Left:** Bill Racy on Cheyenne, photo courtesy of Ned Chaffin. "That's a good lookin' horse and a good lookin' man on him. And ya' had pretty good help when ya' had either one of them. When ya' had 'em both together, a little bit better than good help."  
From "A Conversation with Ned Chaffin"





# HENRY GOODMAN: Moab's Forgotten Icon

By Dick Dalrymple

Portions of this article originally appeared in a paper presented at the Western Literature Association's 34<sup>th</sup> Annual Meeting at Sacramento, California, 14 October, 1999 under the title "Mr. Goodman: A Western Archetype on the Colorado Plateau." The original of this paper appears on the "Cowtown West" website at <http://www.larned.net/rogmyersd/rogmyers.htm>. Since then, subsequent revisions and corrections have been made.

In the spring of 1892, Henry Goodman took up residence in the Grand Valley with his young wife, Lula, and their year-old daughter, Teddy. For the next forty-plus years, until his death in 1934, and Lula's several years later, the Goodmans were among Moab's most respected, civic-minded citizens. Lula was a prime moving force in the formation of the recently disbanded Ladies Literary Club and the First Baptist, now Community, Church of Moab;



Henry C. Goodman, cowboy, rancher, community leader, seen here in later years. Photo courtesy of author Dick Dalrymple.

Henry was a successful stockman, who also owned real estate in Moab, Salt Lake City and Denver. As a couple, Mr. and Mrs. Goodman represented the best part of the "good life" among Moab's large "gentile" population; from 1911 to 1917 the family often "wintered" in Southern California, forsaking the comforts of their imposing home at the corner of Center and Third<sup>1</sup> for the season, and even before and after, they traveled extensively and generally were considered to be among Moab's "400."<sup>2</sup>

Despite his association with many of the West's best known figures, Henry Goodman has received little or no mention at all from local historians (and generally, when he does, such mention is, appallingly, incorrect). This for a man whose story begs to be told, the mention of whose name still

brings a smile to Moab's remaining "seniors," each of whom, in turn, has his or her imitation of Henry's Southern drawl or a favorite Goodman story. Most have an image in mind of an elderly gentleman who wore overalls, grew grapes from which he made his own wine, annually brought in a small crop of fine Carolina tobacco, dabbled with his highly-bred line of gamecocks, or spent hours greeting passersby from his front porch rocker.<sup>3</sup> Others know him only from the photograph in the Dan O'Laurie Museum as the dapper old codger, snoozing away a warm afternoon on a bench in front of the Williams' building.

This was the Henry Goodman known to the good people of Moab, the Henry Goodman living the second half of his life in a manner that almost diametrically opposed the first half.

Though this Henry Goodman was a colorful and revered character, few of his activities after 1892 could justify the awe and respect he seemed to command among those who really knew or sought to know him. Awe, first noticed by my mother when a young writer named Zane Grey came to call at the Goodman winter home in Los Angeles sometime in 1911 or 1912.<sup>4</sup> Respect and emotion, both,

from "Charlie" Redd one May night in 1953, as we sat in the Alta Club in Salt Lake and he reflected. "Dick, your grandfather was the most remarkable man I ever knew."<sup>5</sup> No doubt the latter was an exaggeration for the benefit of a wide-eyed teenager who never knew his grandfather, but much less of an exaggeration than I supposed for many years after. So, I offer this in an attempt to set the record straight about Henry Goodman, the Henry Goodman who created that awe and respect among those who really had known him in New Mexico and Colorado and into the Utah Territory before his move to Moab.

First, what he was not. He was not "...an outlaw turned cowboy,"<sup>6</sup> not to say he did not use his "long rope and gun" to collect "dogies" from the open range in his early

years. At that, because of an unfortunate phrase in Judge Fred Keller's "Ballad of Blue Mountain," he is mistakenly identified as "Yarn Gallous"<sup>7</sup> (the good judge may have had Henry Goodman in mind, but "Yarn Gallous" actually was D.L. Goudelouck, whose mother sent him a new pair each Christmas from Missouri). He did not. "...raise hell through the Southwest"<sup>8</sup> with Davy Crockett II (the Alamo hero's grandson - the "Scourge of Cimarron"). His association with Crockett can be linked to a far more significant episode of New Mexico history than a simple carouse. Nor did he first see "Billy The Kid" crossing the Colorado north of present-day Moab, as his obituary claims.<sup>9</sup> He first saw "The Kid" as he was trailing a herd to Colorado across the Vermejo River north of Cimarron, New Mexico. There is also little evidence to suggest that his afternoon with Zane Grey furnished the young author with any ideas for the forthcoming *Riders of the Purple Sage* and its hero Lassiter, though there are some parallels in the book with some of Goodman's early exploits, and at least one local historian has suggested that another of Moab's early personalities was the model for Grey's character.<sup>10</sup> Finally, Henry Goodman did not own a part of the Hotel Utah.<sup>11</sup> Instead, his holdings in Salt Lake City included a stake in the Peery Hotel and four substantial properties along the Third South corridor from Second to Fifth East.<sup>12</sup>

But he did witness or participate in many of the significant events that shaped northern New Mexico, southern Colorado, and Moab's backyard in San Juan County to the "Four Corners." He knew many of the principal and lesser players of that era we call the "Wild West." In fact, his participation spanned the entire period from the end of the Civil War in 1866, on the eve of the great cattle drives north out of Texas, until the close of that romanticised epoch just before World War I in 1913 when he and Harry Green sold the Goodman-Green livestock operation and grazing rights on Elk Mountain to the Indian Creek Cattle

Company for \$50,000.<sup>13</sup>

Henry Goodman was born in Edgefield, South Carolina, on August 2, 1852, to William Wallis and Annetta Louise Goodman. The war had devastated the Confederacy, and fearing the impact of reconstruction, William and Annetta decided that fourteen year-old Henry should join his brother, William Pulaski Goodman, in Texas.<sup>14</sup> Unfortunately, the 1866 reunion of brothers was short-lived, for soon after Henry's arrival, William was killed and scalped by a band of marauding Comanches. Rather than return to South Carolina, Henry took up with several trappers and for the better part of the next two years wandered the southern Rockies, learning the dialects and customs of the Comanche, the Arapahoe and the Southern Ute, gaining knowledge that would serve him well for the rest of his life.<sup>15</sup>

In the spring of 1868, Henry returned to Texas and the area near present-day Abilene. There he met Isaac W. Lacy, a man who would become like a second father to him. With Lacy came an extended family that included names well known to anyone familiar with the regional history of the time. This "family" centered around Cleburne, Texas, and would expand on the north to Dodge City, Kansas, west to Cimarron, New Mexico, Trinidad, Durango and Dolores/Cortez, Colorado, and, ultimately, the San Juan and Moab area in Utah. Even Chaco Canyon and Tombstone, Arizona, would play a part in the story. Lacy's wife, Hettie (or Hattie) Brumley, had been married previously to J.W. Short and was the mother of the notorious gambler/gunfighter Luke Short.<sup>16</sup> Hettie was also a first cousin to Ike and Port Stockton. Ultimately, in fact, the entire Brumley family would figure prominently in Henry's life.

Lacy owned a combination saloon/gambling hall and gave Henry a job helping in the latter. Almost immediately, he showed an uncanny ability with cards and people, and Lacy put him in charge of his gambling operation. But I.W. Lacy had a vision that extended beyond

central Texas. Henry Goodman also had a similar dream so in the spring of 1869 he went to work for Texas cattle baron John Hittson, who evidently was as taken with him as had been Lacy. With Charles Goodnight, Oliver Loving and John Chisum, Lacy and Hittson were looking east and north to the cattle markets, and west and north to a new avenue for joining those markets with cattle suppliers. Goodnight and Loving established their "trail" in 1866. Instead of glutting the already established Chisholm Trail with even more cattle on the route directly north out of Texas, the Goodnight-Loving Trail took a more circuitous route southwest, gradually bending back around Comanche territory and then to the north along the east side of the Rockies through New Mexico and southern Colorado, with Denver as its terminus.

In 1869, Lacy and Louis Coleman formed a partnership which became the LC Cattle Company.<sup>17</sup> The next summer the enterprise began its first large drive up the Goodnight-Loving trail. Lacy continued to show faith in his teenage charge by asking Henry to ride point. The trail-boss was Coleman's brother-in-law, Robert "Clay" Allison, who had been with the first Goodnight-Loving drive. This was the same Clay Allison who would later be known as "The Wolf of the Washita," who would state, when asked what he did, "I am a shootist."<sup>18</sup> Allison not only tolerated but embraced his young friend as a fellow Son of the Confederacy (as, indeed, were many other of the LC cowboys), and so taught him the finer points of the handgun.<sup>20</sup>

The herd would winter and fatten on the land of the Maxwell Land Grant at Cimarron, New Mexico. Allison liked what he saw there and so decided to stay, taking as his payment 300 head of cattle and establishing a ranch on the land grant.<sup>20</sup> Lacy and Coleman also liked what they saw, and each also established spreads several miles outside of town on the Vermejo River.<sup>21</sup> Allison's prior role with the LC fell to Henry Goodman, who had already become familiar with the terrain as a trapper and working for



Hittson; the previous spring, at seventeen, he had led twenty-two men and the Hittson herd of 6800 head of cattle north to Denver, just behind the John Chisum herd of 7,000 head. He would do the same with the LC drive of 1871. For the next ten years, only an abortive partnership between Goodman and Hittson intruded upon the LC-Goodman association. The market for cattle fell apart in '73, resulting in a bitter lesson for Goodman and Hittson, who lost about \$60,000 between them. Fortunately, Henry salvaged enough to buy one hundred head of yearlings and Lacy would always have a place for him.<sup>22</sup>

Until 1877, the LC operated primarily from their ranches in the Cimarron region. And Cimarron was becoming a powder keg. Two contending forces were attempting to assert control over New Mexico Territory; the powerful politicians in Santa Fe, who had "Yankee" sympathies and represented the old Spanish "grantees" (the so-called "Santa Fe Ring"), and the Texas cattlemen, who were moving large herds onto the old grants. Lincoln County was one of these battlegrounds, Colfax County was another, and, later, San Juan County would become still another. In Colfax County the matter came to a head when a series of letters critical of "The Santa Fe Ring" brought conditions in the county to the attention of the *New York Sun*. The resulting article in *The Sun* decried the political corruption of "The Ring." The local newspaper, *The Cimarron News and Press* refused to reprint *The Sun's* article. Allison and friends, including Henry Goodman, wrote a rebuttal and all signed a petition asking that their answer be published in *The News and Press*. When the editor refused, Allison and some of his friends (it is not known if Henry was

among them) stormed the office and seized the printing press and the paper's current, uncirculated edition.<sup>23</sup> As a result of this and other subsequent events, members of the Ninth Cavalry "Buffalo Soldiers" were dispatched to Cimarron to maintain order. This proved to be a terrible mistake and erupted tragically on the night of March 24, 1876.

On that night Henry Goodman, Davy Crockett II, and Gus Heffron [sic] had been making the rounds of several saloons in Cimarron and decided to stop by Lambert's Bar in the St. James Hotel. Crockett and



(Left to right) Henry Goodman, Gus Heffron, and Davy Crockett II, ~ 1875 or 1876, Trinidad, CO. Photo courtesy of the Henri Lambert Papers, Chuck Hornung Collection.

Heffron were friends of Henry from the early LC drives and also friends of Allison. When the three entered the bar, several members of the Ninth were seated at a table. A notorious "loose cannon," Crockett became visibly agitated. Henry tried

to guide him outside, but the outer door was blocked by two other members of the Ninth seeking entrance. Crockett snapped. Before Goodman could react, Crockett had killed the two soldiers at the door and another of those in the bar. Wisely, Henry Goodman took refuge behind a pile of lumber, out of range.<sup>24</sup> Over the next several days, fearing the incident was part of a conspiracy, the court ordered warrants for Crockett, Heffron, Allison and Goodman. Amazingly, Crockett and Heffron were fined and released: the judge excused their conduct as being liquor-induced.<sup>25</sup>

Allison was released on too little evidence. Henry was questioned and totally absolved.<sup>26</sup>

The upshot of this was that Governor Axtell came to Cimarron to discuss the situation but ordered his bodyguards to level their guns on Allison and his associates (among them Henry Goodman) and kill anyone who made a hostile move. Apparently, Axtell felt that Allison's associates were as dangerous as "The Shootist" himself. Fortunately, no one showed up for the meeting on June 3, 1876, and it did not end in violence.

In this charged atmosphere it must have been very difficult to run a major cattle operation, and by any measure, the LC was a major operation. There was only so much range available from Cimarron to Trinidad, and it was becoming crowded as more outfits moved into the area. Once again the LC would be on the move. Maintaining the ranches

near Cimarron, Lacy and Coleman combined a major portion of their herd with that belonging to "Doc" South of Trinidad.<sup>28</sup> Earlier, in 1874, Goodman had moved a portion of a herd owned by the same three principals to Durango. This time

they focused on northwestern New Mexico's San Juan County. In the spring of 1877, with Henry Goodman at its head, the herd took the trail from Cimarron west.

Now it should be noted that Henry was still a very young man. It should also be noted that he was physically imposing at six feet four inches in height, around 220 lbs. in weight and, by all subsequent accounts, roguishly handsome.<sup>29</sup> He was also possessed of an uncommon grace and wit, and a character already tempered by a firestorm of episodes that would have filled most lives when his was just beginning. Most important, he had survived Cimarron and was still alive. Subsequent events would further change his life and the face of the Four Corners - San Juan Basin region.

Initially, Lacy and Coleman set their sights on the Chaco Canyon area, an open range coveted by other stockmen as well.<sup>30</sup> Old beyond his twenty-four years and now much wiser, Henry Goodman led the herd across northern New Mexico to the arid rangeland on the edge of Navajo country and the fringes of what Marc Simmons has referred to as "The San Juan County War,"<sup>31</sup> less well known than either the Lincoln or Colfax County wars, but no less violent, and for Henry Goodman, more significant.

Ironically, two of the principals in this conflict were Ike and Port Stockton, numbered among Mrs. Lacy's Brumley clan from Cleburne, Texas, who had first come to New Mexico on the heels of the LC drives. At the same time the LC herd was settling at Chaco Canyon, Ike and Port Stockton were crisscrossing the border between New Mexico and Colorado, Ike settling near Durango and Port in Farmington.<sup>32</sup> Cattle were beginning to disappear along the border, and the Stockton herd was beginning to increase. Soon another range war erupted. Apparently Louis Coleman had had enough of range wars and poor cattle forage, for he and Lacy decided to dissolve their partnership in 1879. Coleman returned to Cimarron; Lacy established a loose alliance with George W. "Racehorse" Thompson

of Trinidad.<sup>33</sup> Such was the climate in the San Juan Basin.

The histories of Montezuma County, Colorado, recount that "In 1879 came the LC herd of 5,000 Texas Longhorns, in charge of Henry Goodman."<sup>34</sup> In fact, by 1880 the LC and Henry Goodman were almost as interconnected as were the LC and I.W. Lacy. For the following two-plus years, the LC herd thrived on the virgin bluestem grasses that covered Western Slope country, and with Henry Goodman in charge of the herd, and in direct competition with the other cattle companies<sup>35</sup> Lacy and various associates continued to build a small empire, establishing stations from Ft. Lewis in the east to above Rico in the north and to Verdure Creek and Recapture on the west. Henry Goodman also began to establish his own, separate operation just to the west of present-day Cortez at today's Goodman Point (there is also a Goodman Canyon and Goodman Lake), but he remained foreman of the LC into 1883 and through an especially dark episode in the spring of 1881.

Two events began to unfold in May of that year that involved Goodman. The Pinhook fight, June 15-16, 1881, and the events leading to it<sup>36</sup> included the killing of John Thurman and Dick May by marauding Utes. Henry Goodman was among those who first found the bodies. In fact, he and some of his cowboys were those who had told May and Byron Smith "...of Utes 'on the prod' and warned them to turn back."<sup>37</sup> But the record is silent on Henry Goodman's participation at Pinhook. Some might surmise that he was "leery" about involvement, owing to the fact that Goodman Point bordered Ute country. There were, however, other, far more compelling reasons for his absence.

First, among the conclusions about Pinhook, it has been stated that the "...real intent was to fight Indians."<sup>38</sup> My grandfather told my mother that there had already been "...too much senseless killing." Besides, as he also stated, using terminology known to seasoned gamecock fighters, "you nevah pit yuh best stock in th' uthuh felluh's

pit."<sup>39</sup> However, the most telling reason for his absence from Pinhook is that he was occupied elsewhere; his schedule that spring could not include chasing "renegades" across the San Juan Basin.

Indian troubles notwithstanding, the Farmington - Durango axis still had its own problems. Lacy had joined with Ike Stockton, and the Farmington faction feared the possible result of this union; moreover, they coveted both the LC herd and the land that sustained it. But, rather than engage in open warfare, they first tried other strategies, everything from writing letters to Lacy, hinting at Hettie's infidelity and Stockton's perfidy, to planting a spy among the LC cowboys.<sup>40</sup> Finally, they brought in a gunfighter from Tombstone named "Big Dan" Howland (first cousin to the notorious Dave Rudabaugh, Billy the Kid's "lieutenant"), who went to work for Lacy. Of course, Lacy was unaware that Howland was also working for his enemies, but he became suspicious of Howland and let him go. On Thursday afternoon, May 13, 1881, at about 3:00 p.m., Howland confronted Lacy at the LC's slaughterhouse ranch near Ft. Lewis. After demanding ten dollars from Lacy and being refused, Howland shot Lacy in the chest. Lacy died soon after. *The Dolores News* of May 21 headlined "Murder Most Foul! ... I.W. Lacy Killed By One Of His Employees ... Suspected That 'Big Dan' Howland was not the Only Man Who Helped do The Deed..." After recounting several eyewitness versions of the event, the editor stated:

"... A squad of twenty men were started in pursuit of the murderer about twenty minutes after Howland started but failed to capture him. Handbills were out in a short time offering \$3,000 reward for the murderer, signed by Mrs. Lacy. It is reported that Henry Goodman, who was Lacy's foreman, has started out after him and the chances are that he will be captured".

Nothing more than that: "Henry Goodman... has started out after him



and the chances are that he will be captured." Apparently, Goodman, who already had an established reputation as a tracker and scout, followed Howland for about one week, then returned to the immediate business of taking care of the LC herd. It is almost too tempting to think that Goodman's pursuit had something to do with Howland's late June letter to *The New Mexican* claiming self defense.<sup>41</sup> Ultimately, Howland fled to Arizona, where he was arrested "...taken back to Tombstone and hung high for killing a man in Bisbee."<sup>42</sup> At Howland's trial it was revealed that he had been hired by the rustling faction from Farmington, which not only feared Lacy's association with Stockton but felt that, with Lacy gone, his grieving widow would sell the herd at a loss, once again opening the rich grazing lands to the north and the west.

They miscalculated badly. Rather than sell the herd, quitting her home in Cimarron, and turning the operation over to nominal partners, Hettie wrote to brothers James and William in Cleburne, thus taking the advice of both her husband's foreman and her younger brother, John, who had recently arrived at the Cimarron



Harry Green, mayor and banker, was an associate of Goodman's from the early cattle days and they had a partnership which lasted from 1896 to 1913. Green also eventually became his brother-in-law. Photo courtesy of author.

ranch with his own wife and children. James and William agreed to come immediately, but didn't actually arrive in the Dolores/Cortez area until early 1882; John followed from Cimarron in the spring of 1883.<sup>43</sup> Henry put his own plans on hold until John arrived, although he did continue to expand his own herd and ranch at Goodman Point and into Utah Territory, to Cross Canyon and Indian Creek country.

Now, according to many who know the history of the region, LC cowboys were, and had been, "...prone to violence: the Lacy people (I suppose one could read here, 'Henry Goodman') hired drifters who died with their boots on, and at least one of them carried a gun regularly long after he became a Moab banker (Harry Green, Moab's first mayor)."<sup>44</sup> A very rough bunch. Hence, although many grieved over I.W. Lacy's death, others living in the area breathed a collective sigh of relief. Unfortunately, "...under the Brumleys the bloodletting continued."<sup>45</sup> So the Brumley brothers, out of Cleburne, Texas, came to southwestern Colorado in 1882, and the next spring, with the arrival of John H. Brumley and his family, Henry Goodman's life would begin to change dramatically. For John H. Brumley had a sixteen year-old daughter, Mary Louise, "Lula," a real beauty, already known as the "Belle of Cleburne."

For Henry, the '80s were filled with memorable events and associations. Even before "Lula's" arrival, his association with the LC was becoming nominal. Shortly after Lacy's murder, Lew Wallace, Axtell's successor as Governor of New Mexico Territory, had given Henry a stake to help establish his own independent operation.<sup>46</sup> And one January night in Durango, 1883, after an particularly good run of poker (another Goodman aphorism: "Ah nevah went into a room filled with pokah playahs, but what ah knew ah would leave fah bettah off than ah was when ah entehd"), he walked into the cold and was confronted by a young man who looked to be down on his luck. "Could you spare the price of a meal,

Sir?" "Why, sutainly, young man," Henry answered, pulling a handful of twenty-dollar gold pieces from his pocket. "Help yuhsef."<sup>47</sup> So, too, Rennsalaer Lee Kirk, newly arrived in the west, son of a wealthy upstate New York family and desperately wanting to be a cowboy rather than go off to Italy with his two sisters and study "the dance" and other such matters, began to realize his own dream.<sup>48</sup> The Goodman-Kirk partnership would last until 1896; the friendship they established, and that of the families, would last through several lifetimes.

Lee Kirk had a rude introduction to life with Henry Goodman. In an interview with Arnel Holyoak conducted on August 20, 1938,<sup>49</sup> he alludes to two harrowing incidents that also occurred in '83. After the "victory" at Pinhook, Poke and his men had become increasingly more aggressive and openly hostile to any intruders into the area. Shortly after they partnered, Kirk and Goodman were running cattle on Montezuma Creek when Poke and about fifteen hostile Piutes appeared. According to Mr. Kirk, they

"... asked Mr. Goodman to cook, so the two men got busy and cooked... There were no other white men within 75 miles of the camp. The Indians told the white men to move. They did not go immediately, so the Indians came back the next day and said, 'What's the matter, you no move?' Polk [sic] was the chief who was so anxious for the white men to leave. ... The next day the cowboys left their cattle and went... toward Dove Creek, in about three weeks there was real trouble between the Indians and the white settlers."<sup>50</sup>

That "trouble" culminated in the White Canyon incident. After Indians ran off horses belonging to cowboys running cattle west of Dove Creek, wounding several cowboys and burning the "mess wagon," a posse was joined with cavalry, and the group followed the Indians to the bottom of the rim above the canyon. Kirk's account continues:

"... Mr. Goodman and the

cowboys crawled near the camp at night. They told the captain of the government troop that the Indians were ambushed (*waiting in ambush?*) on the mesa. Next morning the captain ordered a charge. Goodman told them it was impossible to make a charge due to the present position of the Indians. So Captain Prine called for volunteers. Mr. Wimmington and a cowboy by the name of Rowdry volunteered to go up this trail. When they got half way up the Indians killed them both. Then the cowboys and the government troop called retreat."<sup>51</sup>

Later, Henry Goodman would chuckle as he recalled a retreat where he rode hell-bent down the canyon, his .44 Colt in one hand, saddlelegun in the other, shooting up at shadows on the rim. Presumably, Lee Kirk was suitably impressed by his new partner. He might have been even more so had he been with Goodman in late 1879 or 1880.

In 1879 Goodman and two other scouts tracked hostile Navajos onto a mesa. The Navajos fired upon the three. In the ensuing gunfight, kept up until dark, Goodman was pinned behind a rock and his two companions were killed. With darkness, he managed to escape and notify the troops of the Indians' location. But his most harrowing encounter with Indians probably was the result of an incident that took place sometime in late 1880, and has since become a part of western folklore: the legendary lost Navajo silver mine and the disappearance of the two ex-Kit Carson scouts who sought it. Many accounts of the Merrick (Myrick?) and Mitchell search for the lost mine exist, some more colorful than others.<sup>52</sup> All make mention of the posse that went in search of the two when they didn't return from Monument Valley to Dolores. Few mention that Henry Goodman led that posse west from Dolores (Cortez), nor has the story included the precarious nature of that search.

My mother's version of the episode basically matches that found in *The Times-Independent* account of



John Brunley who, with his brothers came to help their sister, Hettie Lacy, with the cattle operation after her husband's death. His daughter, Mary Louise Brunley, married Henry Goodman. Photo courtesy of author.

May 31, 1934, following her father's death:

"... the two left in search of the rich ore, much against the advice of Mr. Goodman and others, who knew the Indians were very hostile. Goodman agreed to go in search of the two if they did not return within 30 days. At the end of that time the men had not returned and Goodman got together about 10 men and they set out... One evening they made camp in a canyon, and a bunch of Indians rode in. They sat around the fire for awhile, and seemed very angry. Finally the Indians took sticks and started scattering the fire about... Eventually the Indians started to leave, one at a time, and Goodman knew they were surrounding the camp and would kill all the whites unless something desperate were done. Suddenly pulling his gun, Mr. Goodman shoved it into the stomach of the chief [Hoskinnini?], and told him in Spanish to call back his men or he would kill the chief. This strategy had the desired effect...."<sup>53</sup>

There are several accounts of what happened next. Some say the posse was shown the remains of Merrick and Mitchell but decided to leave them in Monument Valley.<sup>54</sup> Goodman said the remains were found about four miles apart, covered and returned to Cortez.

Through the '80s Goodman's life continued to be filled with unique experiences and he continued to encounter some of the West's better-known characters. Much of this, untold now for so many years, has become only a part of a family's, a region's oral history. Among his experiences, two come to mind. One, because of an absence of any documentation is better left untold but involved a shadowy group known as "The Danites." The other, despite an equal lack of documentation, deserves a place here simply because common sense and plausibility lend to its credibility.

Everyone knows that the Wetherill brothers "discovered" the Cliff Palace at Mesa Verde.<sup>55</sup> At least, they were the first to exploit the financial possibilities of the site. The Goodmans, the Brumleys and others always believed that Henry Goodman saw the "Palace" several years before the Wetherills, though they claimed and were credited with the discovery. As the time has passed and more has become known about the exploitation of Mesa Verde and its artifacts, and in light of accompanying historical support calling to question the Wetherills' claim,<sup>56</sup> the Goodman - Brumley version has become increasingly more believable.

It goes something like this. Late in the summer of 1885, while grazing a herd along the western base of the mesa, Goodman found that a number of his horses were missing. He tracked them to the top of the mesa and back along the rim of a long canyon. Looking across, he was astonished to see the wondrous Anasazi complex, now called the Cliff Palace. He had seen many ruins before, but none of quite this magnitude (there is, after all, a series of ruins similar to those on the mesa at Goodman Point and in Goodman Canyon just west of Cortez, hence the



name given him by the Utes, Henry-of-the-Haunted-Valley, so this was not, at least for Henry, a unique sighting). Later, he heard of the Wetherills' interest in ruins and told them what he had seen.

The story told by Richard Wetherill and Charles Mason differs significantly.<sup>57</sup> They claimed that just before Christmas, 1888, they were on the mesa looking for stray cattle. At dusk, as the sun was setting, they saw through the early winter mist what appeared to be the apparition of a city. This account is flawed in several particulars. From about the first of November on, weather on the mesa can be very hostile. No real cattleman is running cattle at that altitude at that time of the year. Very unlikely. More to the point, Henry Goodman had nothing to gain by telling his story: he shunned notoriety, in fact saw nothing that unusual in another ruin. It is now known that others had seen numerous ruins on the Mesa Verde before 1888, and, like Henry, had not attempted to profit from their discoveries. To the contrary, not only did the Wetherills and their associates profit from the removal and sale of artifacts from Mesa Verde and other sites, but their actions resulted in the passage of the Antiquities Act, now prohibiting, such removal.<sup>58</sup>

As the '80s moved toward the '90s, an era had passed. The "Wild West" was becoming tamer. An old poker friend of Goodman's in Durango and Leadville, fellow southerner Doctor John Holliday, was in his last days. Other friends from Leadville, the Browns, were just making their mark.<sup>59</sup> Even the old-time gunfighter-desperado was giving way to a new type of outlaw. In the area of Goodman provenance, a group of adventurous young men was assembling with the sole purpose of robbing banks and trains. They would become known as "The Wild Bunch." Several would work for Goodman, both before and after his days with the LC. The most notable of these was the young Harry Longabaugh, who showed up at Goodman Point one morning looking for work. His family had just moved to the area and he had been told by an

uncle that Goodman was always looking for good horse wranglers. He returned home flushed with pride that he had been hired by "Henry Goodman, foreman of the LC."<sup>60</sup> Later, when Harry became better known as "The Sundance Kid," he put the knowledge he had gained wrangling to his new line of work, establishing the relays used by the gang to escape into Robbers' Roost country and disappear. Some say, too, that since only one of the gang qualified as a real gunman,<sup>61</sup> "The Wild Bunch" was always well behaved in and around Moab where more than one of the older citizens had long since not only displayed such talent, but also a willingness to use it.

In the late 1880s Henry Goodman would face the greatest challenge of his life. By the mid '80s Henry began to notice that Mary Louise Brumley was becoming a young woman. By 1887 she was more than fulfilling the promise of her adolescence. She was also smart, albeit very headstrong. Goodman was so intrigued that he began to call more frequently at the John H. Brumley home. The Brumley women were deserving of such attention. Hadn't Mary Louise's Aunt Hettie been married to Henry's mentor, Isaac Lacy? And Mary Louise's sister, Annie, had married "Doc" South (and would marry Harry Green), another sister, Jeffie, marrying one of the Hosea boys (Charles). Of course, Jeffie didn't really count: they were moving to California. Everything was changing. Even Hettie Lacy was ready to move to Oregon. Confusing business for a man who felt more comfortable on a horse, chasing cattle, or being chased by Indians. Nonetheless, he asked for Lula's hand. She was so taken with him that she gave him a tentative yes. He asked only that she give him time to stabilize his interests. For the next year and a half she waited, while he acquired more cattle and consolidated his holdings.

It was a strange courtship. He probably saw her no more than once every four months or so when one of his herds was passing through Brumley country. Each time he

would send an outrider ahead to announce his arrival. On one such occasion in the early fall of 1889, the outrider returned breathless. "Mr. Goodman, they said to hurry. Lula's



The "Belle of Cleyburne," Miss Mary Louise "Lula" Brumley. Photo courtesy of author.

getting married today to the town banker and he's a night-drinker!"<sup>62</sup> Covered with trail dirt from weeks moving cattle, Henry Goodman arrived at the church in Cortez just as the ceremony was beginning. Hearing the sound of boots mounting the steps outside, accompanied by the deliberate jangle of spurs, the groom turned just enough to sense the source of the shape filling the main entrance to the church and ran, terrified, out of the side door. As Henry swept her from the church, Lula said merely, "I didn't know if you'd get here." Lula stayed with the family of General William Jackson Palmer, another of Henry's friends, until she and Henry married at Lewis, Colorado, in 1890. Two years later they moved to Moab.

## AFTERWORD

Henry Goodman's funeral in May, 1934, was talked about for years after. Moab had lost one of its most beloved citizens, *The Times-Independent* of May 31, contained a lengthy tribute to him:

*"...sorrowing friends... gathered to pay their last respects to the memory of one of the outstanding characters of the western country.... Charles Redd of La Sal, a close friend of the deceased... paid a warm and sincere tribute to the life of Mr. Goodman. [He] was always a man of integrity and highest honor, and was never guilty of small or scrubby dealings, Mr. Redd stated. He at all times commanded the respect and admiration of those who knew him, and in his death a splendid character passes out."*

The Editor continued:

*"He was a leader of men and was devoid of all fear. His assistance was always in demand in the troublous days of the Seventies and Eighties in the San Juan basin country. A complete record of his life would be a most thrilling narrative.... He numbered as close friends some of the most influential men of his state and the west. An institution in Moab, his unaffected manner, his quaint and charming Southern accent, his strict honesty, his unfailing courtesy and dignified bearing, attracted immediate attention and won him countless friends."*

*In his death, a unique career comes to a close. When the history of southeastern Utah and southwestern Colorado is finally written the name of H.C. Goodman will find a prominent position within its pages. He leaves behind him a priceless heritage --- the record of a brave, gentle, honest and honorable man."*

## Endnotes

1. Regrettably, the abandoned Goodman home was declared a "public nuisance" and torn down at the very time it was to be considered for inclusion into the National Registry of Historic Places.
2. Moab's "400" also included, but was not limited to, the Kirks, Clarks, Williamses, Goudeloucks, Greens, Coopers, Martins, and other "Gentiles" who, according to B.W. Allred, established and controlled Moab's early political and economic infrastructure. For Allred's comments about "Gentiles" and this infrastructure see B.W. Allred Oral History, June 2, 1973, pp.14, 51, in *The Chas. Redd Oral History Project*. For other comments on the same topic see Hardy Redd's "Comments" on Chas. Peterson's "San Juan - A Hundred Years of Cattle, Sheep, and Dry Farms," Part 8, Chapter 3, of Allan Kent Powell's *San Juan County, Utah: People, Resources, History* (Salt Lake City: Utah Historical Society, 1983), pp.205-206.
3. For this view of Henry Goodman, see Allred, pp. 60-61.
4. I am indebted to my mother, Louise Goodman Dalrymple for her sense of history and family, and a willingness to share these stories with me over the course of her lifetime, thus creating and sustaining a "Goodman Oral History." Although I initially may have been skeptical of their actual basis in fact, subsequent material from many other sources has verified their authenticity. I am also indebted to a legion of others who knew and cared about the contributions made to Moab's "other" history, among them, especially, at least five of my Goodman sibling cousins, Helen Goudelouck Taylor and Mrs. R.L. Kirk, who also regaled me with these stories.
5. Conversation with Charles Redd, Alta Club, Salt Lake City, Utah, May, 1953.
6. Molly K. Wardrip, *Montezuma's Trails of Time* (Cortez, CO.: Molly K. Wardrip, 1993), p. 128.
7. Faun McConkie Tanner, *The Far Country: A Regional History of Moab and LaSal, Utah* (Salt Lake City: Olympus, 1976), p.316. Others have depended on the authenticity of this comment and have continued to perpetuate the confusion of "Yarn Gallus" and Henry Goodman, but

- both my mother and D.L. Goudelouck's daughter, Helen Taylor, insist that "Yarn Gallus" was Mr. Goudelouck.
8. Chuck Hornung, "The Other Davy Crockett," *The West*, Sept., 1972, p.34.
9. *The Times-Independent*, May 3 1, 1934. Subsequent references to this article will be *TI Obituary*.
10. Tanner, p. 177.
11. Wardrip, p. 128.
12. Among these were The Oaks apartment bldg. and the northwest corner of Fifth East and Third South, the latter still owned by a Goodman grandchild.
13. *The Grand Valley Times*, January 17, 1913. Few knew that Harry Green was not his real name. Great-uncle Harry's birth name has long been forgotten.
14. Matthew Lee McHugh, *Some Goodmans and McHughs* (Columbia, S.C.: Kohn Printing, 1968), p.41.
15. Henry Goodman's considerable reputation as tracker and scout depended upon this knowledge. His survival to a ripe old age partially was attributed to his vast understanding of Native American customs.
16. Dale T. Schoenberger, *The Gunfighters* (Caldwell, Id.: Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1976), p.133.
17. "Allison, Robert Clay." *The Handbook of Texas Online*. <http://www.tsha.utexas.edu/handbook/online/articles/view/AA/fal39.html>
18. Schoenberger, pp. 12 1. Also see Chuck Parsons, *Clay Allison, Portrait of a Shootist* (Seagraves, TX.: Pioneer Book Publishers, 1983).
19. Until recently, I had made no connection between Clay Allison and Henry Goodman. I now realize that my grandfather's references to one "Mr. Ellison" were, in fact, to Clay Allison. For some of these connections, see Parsons, pp. 25, 62, 82; Schoenberger, p. 11; F. Stanley, *The Grant That Maxwell Bought* (Denver: World Press, Inc., 1952), p.68.
20. Schoenberger, p.5.
21. This reference to Lacy's ranch is found in his *Dolores News* obituary of May 21, 1881, Parsons states that... "Allison..., with his brothers had established their ranch at the,



junction of the Red (Canadian) and Vermejo Rivers. Some fifteen miles northwest was located Irvin (sic) W. Lacy's ranch, and some eight miles further on was the ranch of Lewis G. Coleman. (p. 11)"

22. *TI Obituary*.

23. Parsons, pp.23-24.

24. Howard Bryan, Robbers, Rogues and Ruffians: True Tales of the Wild West (Santa Fe:Clear Light Publishers, 1991), pp.21-22.

25. *Ibid.* Crockett was killed by Sheriff I. Rinehart on September 30. Heffron (sic) was wounded in the same gunfight and escaped to Colorado, only to reappear in 1881, working for the LC and my grandfather. He is mentioned in connection with the Pinhook battle as one who volunteered to help scout.

26. Much has been made of Allison's arrest and trial (see Schoenberger and Parsons); however, no mention has been made of Henry Goodman's involvement, other than his initial presence at the scene and later questioning. Nor was there any later attempt to implicate him.

27. Parsons, pp.26-27.

28. *TI Obituary*.

29. Mary Akin, "Uncle Henry Goodman," Come Walk With Me (Albuquerque, N.M. - Creative Designs, 1993), p.71.

30. Robert H. and C. Florence Lister, Chaco Canyon (Albuquerque, N.M.: UNM Press, 1981). According to the Listers, the foundation of the LC ranch house still exists at Chaco Canyon.

31. Marc Simmons, "War in San Juan County," When Six-Guns Ruled (Santa Fe, N.M.:Ancient City Press, 1990), pp.8-11.

32. *Ibid.*

33. G.K.A. Ott, "George W. Thompson: early cattle baron," Cortez Library Album Collection.

34. Ira S. Freeman, A History of Montezuma County (Boulder: Johnson Publishing Co., 1958), p.55.

35. Charles S. Peterson, Look to the Mountains (Provo, UT.: BYU Press, 1975), p.85.

36. Rusty Salmon and Robert S. McPherson, "Cowboys, Indians, and Conflict: The Pinhook Draw Fight, 1881," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 69 (2001): 4-28.

37. *Ibid.*, 10.

38. *Ibid.*, 14.

39. I found these two comments among my mother's notes with the notation "Pinhook" penciled in. This was her only reference to the incident. I have taken the liberty to transliterate my Grandfather's more colorful statements, and there are many, into this pseudo-Southern dialect.

40. "Damning Evidence," *Dolores News*, May 28, 1881.

41. Reprinted in *The Denver Tribune*, July 2, 1881, p.6.

42. Wardrip, P. 128. Cautionary note: information from this source may be open to question as it appears to contain a number of inconsistent statements; however, this is the only comment I have found relating to "Big Dan Howland's ultimate end.

43. Freeman, p.62, Apparently, Hettie's sister, Lucy, also came with her husband, Milton McConnell.

44. Peterson, "San Juan: A Hundred Years," p. 177.

45. Peterson, Look to..., p.92.

46. This may have been reward for Henry's efforts to bring Howland to justice. I.W. Lacy and Wallace were known to be on friendly terms.

47. I recounted this "Goodman version" of the Kirk-Goodman meeting to Mr. Kirk's grandson, David "Dick" Allen, in a conversation with him on August 5, 2001. He agreed that it was a very probable incident.

48. *Ibid.*

49. R. Lee Kirk, "Pioneer Personal Questionnaire," UTAH HRS 314.

50. *Ibid.*

51. *Ibid.*

52. Richard E. Klinck, Land of Room

Enough and Time Enough, (Albuquerque: UNM Press, 1953)

53. *TI Obituary*.

54. Klinck

55. Even the official handout given on entrance to the Park gives the Wetherills credit. Online, one may refer to The National Park Service site under "Mesa Verde National Park:History," <http://www.hps.gov/meve/mvnp/pages/history.htm>.

56. Stan Talcott, Smoke Spirals from Forgotten Camps: Mesa Verde, Cortez, CO., Quality Book Store. In the Cortez Library Album. See also Nat'l Park Service, "Mesa Verde... History,"

57. Nat'l Park Service.

58. The Antiquities Act of June 8, 1906.

59. The Colorado Census of 1880 shows Henry Goodman with residences at both Rio Mancos and Leadville. According to his "Stockbooks," he also maintained a summer range at Leadville until the Goodman-Green dispersal in 1913.

60. Donna B. Ernst, "The Cortez Connection," Sundance, My Uncle (College Station,Texas:Creative Publishing Co, 1992), pp.22-32.

61. Probably Harvey Logan, also known as "Kid Curry."

62. This story has been recounted by members of the Goodman and Brumley families, *ad infinitum*, since the incident took place. I suppose its validity may be questioned, though, to my knowledge, no one has ever had the audacity to do so.

*A prodigal native son, who still proclaims his Moab roots to any and all who will listen, Dick Dalrymple is a grandson of Henry and Lula Goodman, his mother being their youngest child, Mary Louise. Now retired, Dick taught literature and humanities for thirty-five years at Shasta College in Redding, Ca., where he continues to reside. He may be contacted through your editor.*



# THE LC CATTLE COMPANY: A COW OUTFIT PLAGUED WITH DISASTERS

by JAY W. PALMER

Cattle everywhere. Such was Texas after the Civil War. Herds of Texas cattle were driven to Kansas, the Dakotas, Montana, Nebraska, Wyoming, and eastern Colorado and New Mexico to establish the first big cattle ranches of the West. After the U. S. Government in 1876 brokered a treaty with the Ute People, cattlemen began bringing their herds into the Four-Corners Country encouraged by the phrase "best grazing land in the West." At this time the law of the land was the gun and the herds grew rapidly. However, by 1896 following a severe four-year drought many cattle were gone — two cattle companies in southeastern Utah alone shipped out over 50,000 head. One of these, the LC Cattle Company, sold most of its herd, over 22,000 head, to various ranches throughout the Southwest and Colorado and the rest locally. The time of the first big-cattle ranches in this part of the West was over.

The LC Cattle Company was organized by I. W. Lacy and L. G. Coleman in Texas in 1870, probably around Cleburne near Ft. Worth where Mrs. Lacy's family, the Brumleys, lived. Henry Goodman, who had been working for Lacy in a gambling hall, tells of helping drive a large herd of LC cattle from Texas on the Old Charley Goodnight Trail to the Cimarron Country in New Mexico. Clay "The Shootist" Allison was foreman during this drive. At this time, Lucien B. Maxwell was selling large acreages from his old Maxwell Spanish land grant in northeast New Mexico and southeast Colorado. There were so many range disputes and violence between newcomers and the establishment in Cimarron Coun-

try that the Territorial Governor of New Mexico was removed from office because he could not bring about law and order. Both Allison and Goodman rode with tough gun fighters and learned their lessons well.

In the late 1870s, Coleman and Lacy dissolved their partnership. I. W. Lacy retained the LC Company and brand—"L" on the right hip, "C" on the right ribs and a cropped left ear. Probably because of the violence in the Cimarron country, Lacy, with Henry Goodman as foreman, drove a large herd of cattle to the Chaco Country in northwestern New Mexico. In Chaco Wash they built several stone buildings for a ranch headquarters near the Pueblo Bonito ruins. However, they soon abandoned these holdings and headed northwest with their cattle. With so many cattle outfits coming into the region, a range war had developed in the border country of Colorado and New Mexico over winter range rights south of the San Juan River including Chaco.

In the spring of 1879, the LC herd of 5000 cattle entered Montezuma Valley in southwestern Colorado with Goodman as foreman. The LC wintered its herd that fall at Mitchell Springs (now Toltec) and, in the spring of 1880, moved west to the Blue Mountains (Sierra Abajo) of southeastern Utah. Here they established a ranch headquarters at the junction of Johnson and Recapture Creeks and a line-camp on South Montezuma Creek now called Verdure Creek. The LC outfit now occupied an enormous range -- from the Montezuma Valley of southwestern Colorado in the east across Montezuma Creek to the eastern and southern slopes of the

Blue Mountains in the west. They were bordered on the east and southeast by Colorado cattlemen such as Major Sheets, and on the south by recent Mormon settlers who had just settled Bluff along the San Juan River. Navajo and Ute/Paiute sheep outfits were bordering on the west, north and northwest as well as Colorado cattlemen to the north and northwest such as Johnson, Nunn, Paquin, West, Willis, and O'Donnell. Further north, the "Spud" Hudson, Green Robinson, and Dudley Reece cattle groups and a Mr. Peters (also called Peterson) ran their cattle. Still further north on the southern slopes of the La Sal Mountains the related families of the McCartys, Maxwells, and Rays had their cattle outfits. To the northeast were Colorado cattlemen including the May brothers.

On 1 May 1881, horse rancher John Thurman and cattleman Dick May were killed at Thurman's camp southwest of Dove Creek, Colorado, along the Utah-Colorado line. Also during that spring, a ranch helper of Al Nunn's had been killed at the Hudson cow camp where Monticello, Utah, is today and a number of Hudson's horses stolen. Within two months, numerous posses had gone after the Indians believed to have done the killings which resulted in ten more cowboys and an unknown number of Indians being killed in skirmishes in the La Sal Mountains.

Apparently, Henry Goodman did not join any of the posses perhaps because the LC Cattle Company ran their cattle on the same range as the Indians grazed their sheep and horses and did not want to antagonize them.

Also, about this same time I.W. Lacy, owner of the LC Cattle

"...I guess he was not only a good cowboy but a good cowman too. And there is a difference you know..... But I guess he was one of the rare people that was both.....A cowboy is a guy that's a good roper and a good rider and so on and so forth. They call him a good cowboy. A cowman is a cowboy that knows how to cowboy a little bit, but that really knows how to handle cattle; knows how to select bulls for best production, and the whole gambit, the whole ball of wax. Lots of guys claim to be cowboys .....that really weren't cattlemen."

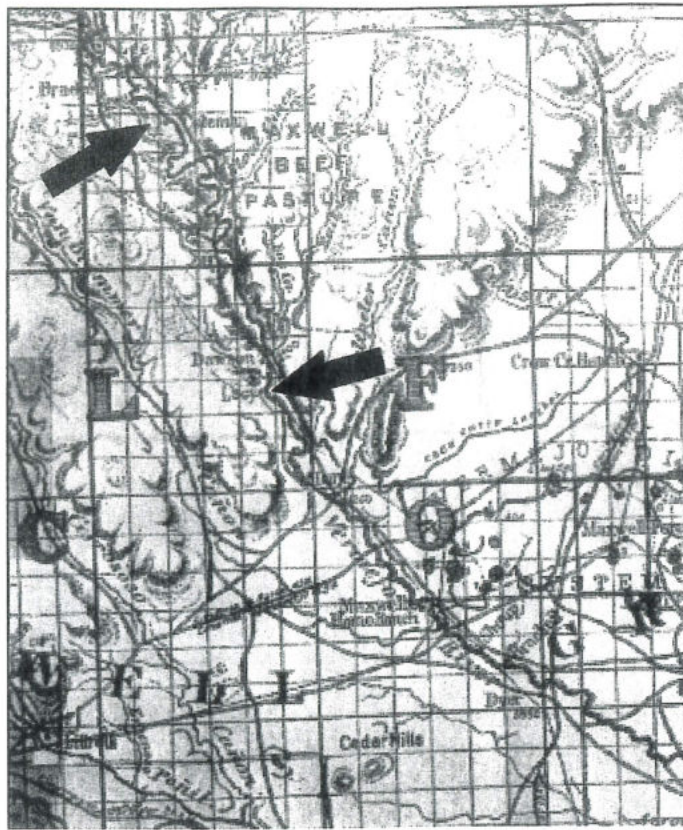
From "A Conversation with Ned Chaffin," an oral history compiled by Gary Cox and Cynthia Beyer for the National Park Service, Canyonlands National Park



Company, was killed by "Big Dan" Howland in a gunfight along the La Plata River near Ft. Lewis, Colorado. Howland, in turn, was hanged in Tombstone, Arizona, for killing another man and was buried there in Boothill. As a result of the death of her husband, Mrs. I. W. (Hettie) Lacy, who lived in Durango, invited her three brothers from Texas to come run her LC herd on shares. They arrived in 1882 and 1883 and homesteaded on Brumley Draw in Montezuma Valley just northwest of Lewis, Colorado, where they established a headquarters. Later they also bought land just below Big Bend along the Dolores River.

When the Brumley brothers arrived, Henry Goodman left the LC Company and started his own cattle outfit in partnership with R. Lee Kirk in the Cross Canyon country on the Utah-Colorado line. Later in 1885, these two cattlemen established another ranch on Indian Creek and ranged cattle on the north side of the Blue Mountains. By now, the Brumley brothers were trying to run the LC cow outfit with only two cowboys.

For the past six or seven years, cattle outfits around the Blue Mountains had been having problems with Indians. Many cattle had not been worked for years. Even as early as 1875, the Thatchers from southeastern Colorado had brought a herd through Mancos, Colorado, destined for the Blue Mountain Country. There is no record of what happened to these cattle. Apparently the Thatchers returned to southeastern Colorado without them, where they were still cattle ranching in the early 1900s. Charles "Race Horse" Johnson Sr. also turned a herd loose in the area in 1879. With Indian problems in 1879 and again in 1881, many of these cattle had been left to fend for themselves. This was especially true with the LC outfit who had many of their cattle running south of the Blue Mountains on White



Location of the Lacy and Coleman ranches (arrows) along the Vermejo River during the early days of the LC Cattle Co. Map of the Maxwell Land Grant courtesy of Jim Peters.

Mesa. However, since mavericking and the creative use of the branding iron were in common practice at this time, any unclaimed cattle in the area would quickly disappear into the herds of the surrounding cattlemen.

Indian trouble began again in 1884, when LC riders were corralling horses near Iron Springs in South Montezuma Creek (now Verdure Creek). A Ute rode up leading a saddle horse carrying the "Spud" Hudson brand "B" which was now owned by the Kansas and New Mexico Land and Cattle Company later called the Carlisle Cattle Company who had bought the Hudson, Robinson, Reece, and Peters cattle interests. A heated argument over the ownership of the horse ensued. When the Indian showed fight, a cowboy shot him in the mouth with the bullet coming out the back of the neck. Guns blazed from every direction. Two more Indians were killed and two cowboys wounded.

The Indians fought a delayed action back to the LC cattle roundup

ground where Blanding is today. By the time the LC cowboys got to their camp where they had been branding calves for the first time in several years, the camp was in shambles. Two mules were lying dead, two wagons of grub and much camp equipment had been burned or destroyed, and about a hundred horses stolen. Only one wagon of grub remained. Billy Wilson, a one-armed Indian fighter from the Texas Panhandle, had taken charge of the fighting. With only twenty-one men, most of whom only had six-shooters, and seven Winchester rifles, he soon realized that they were not prepared to fight Indians. In addition, some cowboys had lost everything including horses and saddles. Therefore, the cowboys traveled to Durango for more grub, new outfits and help from the U. S. Army stationed at Ft. Lewis,

Colorado. At Ft. Lewis, the cowboys were able to enlist the help of Captain Perine and about eighty soldiers, who left for the Blue Mountains where they took up the trail of the Indians. They were soon joined by about forty cowboys and cattlemen from neighboring ranches. The chase continued over Elk Ridge, through rugged canyons and rimrocks to the Colorado River country.

At a place now known as Soldiers' Crossing, the detachment of soldiers and cowboys stopped. The trail led up a hill, then down a 2000 foot cliff through a very narrow pass. Captain Perine thought it foolhardy to proceed. He was supported in his decision by Henry Goodman who had scouted ahead and found the Indians waiting in ambush. A vengeful cowboy, whose family had been killed by Indians, turned a deaf ear to the danger. Calling the others cowards, he started up the trail. He was followed by a government guide, who also was opposed to backing out. Captain Perine protested, but the two

"...But it was the times. It was just the way people did things. ...But, you always did what you thought was the best you could do with what you had to do with. And usually you didn't have a hell of a lot to do with. Hard times. Rough go for short dough."

From "An Interview with Ned Chaffin"

kept on going. They rode part-way by horseback, then walked. The Indians fired at sunrise, and the guide was killed in the first volley. The cowboy started to run but was shot and killed. After being under siege for several hours and running low on water, Captain Perine and the others realized that nothing could be done for their two dead members or with the Indians, so they withdrew and returned home around the south side of the Blue Mountains on 15 July 1884.

The next tragedy for the LC cow outfit occurred in April 1886, when its foreman, Bill Ball, was killed by two desperados. In one account, in the fall of 1885, two young fellows came by way of Cedar Mesa, Grand Gulch, and White Mesa to the Recapture Creek headquarters of the LC. They said they were looking for work. As there was little work to be done during the winter, Bill Ball agreed to board them and their horses as advance payment for work they could do at roundup time the following spring. When spring approached, the two gathered up all available horses and departed. When Bill Ball started trailing them, they ambushed and killed him. In another account, it was stated that there were three renegades and that Bill Ball and his cowboys trailed them to Butler Wash. Ball then went to Bluff, Utah, and obtained reinforcements. After following the horse thieves to the edge of Comb Wash where the posse could easily kill them, Ball instead rode ahead to talk them into surrendering. He was shot at close range. By the time the posse reached Ball, his silver-mounted spurs, cartridge belt, fancy holster and pearl-handled six-shooter had been stolen, and he had been left to die. He died before the posse reached Bluff and was buried in the Bluff Cemetery.

A few weeks after the killing, a posse of twenty cowboys on the trail of the murderers appeared at Bluff, commanded by Mack Goode, foreman for the Carlisle Cattle

Company which was now headquartered at Carlisle five miles north of where Monticello, Utah, is today. It was rumored that the desperados were holed up at the Henry Mountains and Goode wanted guides who could take them to the Colorado River at Dandy Crossing.

On the second day out, the posse picked up the trail which led down Red Canyon to the camp of Cass Hite at Dandy Crossing (now Hite) where Hite operated a ferry. The posse made camp about two miles from the crossing and placed guards at the river. Another posse had taken the railroad around to the western side of the Henry Mountains so they could flush out the murderers and drive them towards the river crossing.

After a while the posse members grew impatient and hailed Cass Hite to cross the river to the eastern side. When he did so, the posse placed him under arrest, accusing him of working hand-in-glove with the outlaws by ferrying them across the river thus helping them escape. Hite's arrogant response enraged the posse, and they wanted to hang him on the spot. The two Bluff cowboys had cooler heads and insisted that no man should be hanged on such little evidence. Their views prevailed. Mack Goode then warned Hite that if he ferried the outlaws across the river again without notifying the authorities, he could expect little mercy. With provisions running low the posse returned to Bluff without finding the murderers.

After the murder of Bill Ball, George Brooks, a nephew of I. W. Lacy, became foreman of the LC Cattle Company. By February 1887, the LC grazed thousands of cattle near Bluff, and Brooks unsuccessfully attempted to negotiate a range division with the Mormon Bluff Pool which had organized a cooperative cattle herd in January 1886. The LC division would include Elk Ridge, where cattlemen from Durango, Colorado, were also interested. Before the end of the year, a Mr. Gahleger had established

a headquarters at Rincon and moved 2000 head of cattle (ELK brand) onto a summer range on Elk Ridge and a winter range in Comb Wash and Grand Gulch. The entire herd was bought out by the Bluff Pool in 1888. Thereafter, L. H. Redd and H. J. Nielson managed the so-called ELK Cattle Company for the pool.

Shortly afterward, Brooks was killed in an Indian fight at Big Bend of the Dolores River a few miles east of the Utah line and R. P. "Bob" Hott was made foreman. About this time, the L. D. S. (Mormon) Church settled North Montezuma Creek (now called Monticello) east of the Blue Mountains. They also established farms along South Montezuma Creek now called Verdure. Verdure Creek was part of the LC cattle range and the location of their line camp called the LC Ranch. In addition, Mormons homesteaded and claimed part of the LC range on the Blue Mountains.

The situation was complicated further since the North Fork of North Montezuma Creek was part of the range rights of the Carlisle Cattle Company. In addition, the Blue Mountain area between South and North Montezuma Creeks was shared by various smaller cattle companies. Some, including a number of Carlisle Cattle Company cowboys, flatly told the settlers to leave or be annihilated. F. I. Jones, Bishop of the Monticello settlers, was sent to Mancos to confer with L. D. S. Stake President Hammond before going on to Ft. Lewis for U. S. Army help.

Things had been muddied even earlier when in July 1887 a Ute Indian reported that a white man had been killed by lightning near the head of Devil Canyon. An investigation showed that Hopkins, the LC cook, had been shot in the back and was found face down with a pair of field glasses in his hand. The settlers blamed the Indians; the Indians claimed to be innocent but appeared to be nervous and expecting retaliation. For many days, signal



fires burned from the La Sal Mountains to the Blue Mountains. Soon Jones and Hammond returned from Ft. Lewis with fifty soldiers. The soldiers established garrisons at Mormon Springs (later called Soldier Springs), a short distance southwest of present-day Monticello and at Recapture Creek where it enters the San Juan River near Bluff. They remained until 1888 averting any further trouble.

Soon after Monticello was settled, Bob Hott, the LC foreman, married Emma Peterson, the sister of John and Mons Peterson who were among Monticello's first Mormon settlers. The Hotts built a home on Verdure creek about one mile up the creek from the road dugway and raised a family. Hott continued working as foreman for the LC Cattle Company.

Apparently in 1891, because of the shortage of grass, Mrs. Lacy began selling off her cattle, for on July 6, 1891, William (Bill) Simpson on behalf of Mrs. Lacy complained to the county that the her cattle had been assessed too high. They were reduced by 500 head.

Shortly afterward Simpson and a cowboy buddy, Bill Jackson, were going to a dance at Miller's home in Monticello. Jackson arrived there first and when Simpson got there Jackson was dancing with the Henry Freeman's sixteen year-old daughter, Phebe, Simpson's girl. Simpson became enraged, pulled his sixshooter and shot and killed his friend Jackson. Simpson was well liked by all and was not charged. About six months later Simpson and the Freeman's daughter eloped, got married and left the country.

In the fall of 1894, hundreds of Ute Indians from Colorado poured into San Juan County, Utah, bringing thousands of horses, sheep and goats. For years, there had been talk that San

Juan County would become a Ute reservation; now the Utes had been told that the time had come. However, years of drought had depleted grass and waterholes, and the additional Indian livestock put more pressure on the depleted range.

The San Juan cattlemen sent a delegation of three, J. M. Cunningham, Jack Silvey, and Harry Green, to enlist the support of Utah Governor Caleb West to protest the Ute invasion. A separate request for help signed by county officers including R. P. Hott, the LC foreman and a San Juan County selectman stated that the people of the county were scattered and not prepared to fight -- that they were only 120 whites in the county compared to 300 to 500 Utes and 300 Navajo.

The governor ordered two hundred rifles and twelve hundred rounds of ammunition to be sent to and stored at Moab, Utah, and requested that U. S. troops be used to remove the Indians. He and two military aides traveled to Monticello to participate in discussions between Indians and whites. The pow-wow began in the log meeting house in Monticello with Chief Mariana acting as spokesman for the Indians and C. L. "Lingo" Christensen of Verdure as one of the interpreters. After much discussion, the Indians agreed to return to Colorado. When the U. S. cavalry finally arrived, all but a few Utes had left. The whites had won at great cost--thousands of cattle were dying of starvation and thirst.

Troubled by the continuing drought, Mrs. Lacy continued to sell the rest of her cattle to various buyers throughout Colorado and the Southwest. Apparently, the Recapture Creek headquarters, the LC ranch at Verdure Creek, and over 900 head of cattle were sold as early as 1892 or 1893 to Dr. W. I. South of Trinidad.

With the big LC herd finally dispersed, Mrs. Lacy moved to Oregon, and her Brumley brothers became cattlemen in their own right.

R.P. Hott continued as foreman for the much smaller LC operation. The new owner, Dr. South, moved to Dolores and married Mr. and Mrs. John Brumley's daughter, Annie, who was also the niece of Mrs. Lacy. However, before long, Annie divorced him and married Harry Green, Blue Mountain/Indian Creek cattleman and future first mayor of Moab. Henry Goodman, now a Blue Mountain/Indian Creek cattleman, married Mary Louise "Lula", a sister of Annie's and thus became a brother-in-law of Harry Green. The two cattlemen soon became partners of a big cattle/sheep operation on the north side of the Blue Mountains and in Indian Creek, and both moved to Moab.

Dr. South later sold his LC ranch to the Woods brothers, who in turn sold it in the spring of 1902 to Joseph A. Lyman. The chimney and foundation were all that was left of the Lacy headquarters, the house having been burned some time before.

The LC Cattle Company survived many disasters such as range wars, Indian fights which were also a type of range war, confrontation with Mormon adversaries, and killings by lawless desperados. However, it was the sustained drought and destructive overgrazing that mainly caused its demise. This was the end of the first chapter on the big cattle companies of southeastern Utah.



Jay Palmer, raised in San Juan county, retains his interest in southeastern Utah. A professor of chemistry and archeology, he is currently living and teaching in Florida.

From "A Conversation with Ned Chaffin"

"...And we ate lots of gravy. You know, take a little piece of salt pork....Throw it in the frying pan and fry the grease out of it. Then you would make the gravy with the grease. Best gravy in the world..... pour it on that old baking powder biscuit. .... we'd each get us one of them baking powder biscuits, dip it down in the gravy... in the pan and eat it. You didn't have your own pan. Who the hell wanted to wash dishes?... Good old bakin' powder biscuits. Baking powder and flour and a little bit of salt. And sometimes you might have an egg to put in it. You know, we'd take the fresh eggs that have never been refrigerated and wrap 'em in newspaper and they'd last for five or six weeks. .... In the bread it goes. You don't eat the fried eggs. You don't have that luxury. .. And then all those guys wondered why we was always thin. There wasn't any fat guys down there. I'll guarantee you!"

# V. P. MARTIN: A MULTIFACETED MAN

by Jay W. Palmer and Merilyn Palmer Lisenby



Vincent Peter (V.P.) Martin who was not only a cattleman but also a businessman and State Representative. Photo courtesy of grandson Steve Bauer.

The Honorable V. P. Martin drove a herd of fine Hereford bulls through Moab for the Indian Creek cattle country -- so ran a news item in the 1 July 1898 issue of the *Grand Valley Times*. Vincent Peter Martin had won the election in November 1896 as the first state representative from San Juan County in the new state of Utah. Four of the five precincts in San Juan County voted overwhelmingly for him. Only the Bluff precinct voted in favor of his opponent, Platte D. Lyman. Martin had campaigned on a platform of better roads for San Juan County and won the election with 63% of the vote. Now he and his new partner, David Cooper, were buying high-

quality Hereford bulls for their recently purchased Dark Canyon operation. Each time Martin returned from a legislative session in Salt Lake City, he would bring back a herd of bulls.<sup>1</sup>

By 1890, cattle rustling and horse thievery had become so common that, in addition to a sheriff and several constables, three detectives, F. B. Hammond, I. W. McGrew, and Henry C. Goodman, were appointed to hunt down those breaking the Livestock Laws of the Territory of Utah. These law officers were successful in arresting a number of lawbreakers. This was expensive since there

was no jail in the county and miscreants had to be constantly guarded or boarded out in the Carbon County Jail. Even so, additional complaints were brought to county officials that unknown parties were still killing cattle and destroying hides and marks. Others such as Arthur and Lester Taylor and W. McClure in 1895 complained that the sheriff was not doing his job. They desired that the county appoint a man to watch after their cattle and pay him a salary that would be large enough to keep him on the job.<sup>2</sup>

Then, in 1894, many Ute Indians entered San Juan County from Colorado. The Indians had been told by their U.S. Government Indian agent that this was to be their new

home. San Juan County Sheriff Willard Butts wired a request to the Governor for troops. This was accompanied by an official appeal from the county probate judge and selectmen as well as other San Juan County citizens. Independently, cattleman of northern San Juan County selected a delegation consisting of J. M. Cunningham and Jack Silvey from the La Sal area and Harry Green from Indian Creek to go directly to Salt Lake City to see Governor West. The Ute Indians were finally removed.<sup>4</sup>

There had also been irritation for years towards the Bluff City political establishment for its high tax assessments on cattle and property and for prying into private lives. (The Edmunds Law, passed by the U. S. Congress, required that the assessor must also swear all taxpayers that they did not practice polygamy or adultery or in any other way violate the law.)<sup>5</sup> The antagonism between the voters of the other four county precincts to the Bluff City precinct resulted in not only victory for V.P. Martin of Indian Creek as state representative but also others from La Sal, Indian Creek, Monticello and Verdure. The only candidate from Bluff City to win a county office was George Hobbs as sheriff; however, on 7 June 1897, he resigned, and upon the nomination by D. L. Goudelock, one of the new County Commissioners, W. B. "Latigo" Gordon of Monticello was appointed sheriff.<sup>8</sup> Victory was complete for the non-Bluff City precincts.

After election, the Honorable State Representative Martin carried out his objective to get funding for road building in San Juan County. In addition, he and the state representative of Grand County teamed up to obtain funding to build a bridge across the Colorado River near Moab.<sup>10</sup>



V.P. Martin, as he was called, originally came from Wichita, Kansas. He arrived in San Juan County in the fall of 1885 and established a ranch on Indian Creek about one mile northwest of the Dugout, where he ran his T Cross cattle. Sometime during 1897, Martin formed a partnership with David B. Cooper, who had established his ranch in 1885 at the Dugout.<sup>11</sup> One of their first acquisitions occurred in July 1897 when they bought cattle and range land in Dark Canyon.<sup>12</sup> On 9 December 1898, the partners bought Wilson Brothers Store in Moab. Three weeks later, it was disclosed that David L. Goude-lock, a neighboring cattleman, had become a partner of Cooper and Martin and would become manager of their cattle operations. Martin would become manager of the new Cooper and Martin store in Moab.<sup>13</sup> In 1898, Martin ran for reelection in a three-way race with L. H. Redd and T. B. Carpenter. He lost by two votes to L. H. Redd.

By late 1899, the partners had built a new mercantile store in Moab, and in January 1900, a new office building. In addition, they had bought another cattle herd in Colorado, as well as the Trout and Standifird cattle operation in Dark Canyon and Chesler Park.<sup>14</sup>

In early 1900, Martin married Emily Amelia Beach,<sup>15</sup> the daughter of Bishop and Mrs. Lyman S. Beach of Molin, Emery County, Utah. They had three children; V. P. was very fond of his children and served many years on the Moab school board.<sup>16</sup> The partners continued to buy and sell cattle outfits for their Indian Creek operation and to expand their businesses in Moab. In 1905, they sold their Dark Canyon operation to L. H. Redd, bought the Lee Kirk outfit, incorporated their Cooper and Martin store, and built another store.

The Indian Creek Cattle Company was formed in 1907 with Goude-lock as

president. In the same month, their new company bought the Hyrum Wilson cattle operation, and a short time later, the Joseph Titus and the Hyrum and Mel Turner cattle outfits as well.<sup>17</sup>

After the Indian Creek Cattle Company was formed, neighboring stockman Harry Green became more active in the company. The Indian Creek Cattle Company took over management of Green's cattle outfit as well as Joseph Titus' new cattle operation, for Titus had recently bought the Stevens Land and Cattle Company. Then in 1913, the company acquired the Goodman-Green sheep operation.<sup>18</sup>

In other ventures, the partners incorporated the La Sal Mountain Telephone and Electric Company in 1903, which later became part of the Midland Telephone Company. In 1909, they established the Grand Valley Publishing Company which began



V. P. Martin and his wife, Emily Amelia. Photo courtesy of grandson Steve Bauer.

publishing the *San Juan Record* in 1915.<sup>19</sup> In 1916, they organized the First National Bank of Moab. Shortly afterward, Cooper and Martin sold their mercantile business.<sup>20</sup>

While V. P. Martin retained many business interests in southeastern Utah, he and his family soon moved to Los Angeles. In 1918, the partners sold their cattle operation to a consortium consisting of the two Scorp brothers, J. A. and James, two Somerville brothers, Andrew and William, Jacob Adams, and Joseph Titus.<sup>21</sup>

V.P. Martin left his mark in many ways in southeastern Utah: as one of the founders of the Indian Creek Cattle Company, the Cooper-Martin Store, the La Sal Mountain Telephone and Electric Company, the Grand Valley Publishing Company, and the First National Bank of Moab. Few remember that he also served as San Juan County's first state representative in the new State of Utah.

#### Endnotes

1. *Grand Valley Times*, 20 Nov. 1896, and 1 July 1898 also see Cornelia A. Perkins, Marian G. Nielson and Lenora B. Jones, *Saga of San Juan*, published privately, 1957, pp. 192-93, 221.
2. Minutes of (Board of) County Court Commissioners of San Juan County from 26 April 1880 to 5 March 1900, also see Harold George Muhlestein and Fay Lunceford Muhlestein, *Monticello Journal*, Privately printed 1988 p.53. According to early Monticello settler Thomas B. Foy, cattle rustling was so bad at this time that when he and his brothers brought a herd of cattle into the county across the Colorado River at Dandy Crossing, they were immediately rustled, then rustled again from the rustlers by another group of rustlers and so on. It is interesting that the Foy brand on these cattle was the letter T ( T )

(Interview by Jay W. Palmer in 1939). V. P. Martin registered the brand T cross ( T with a line through it ) at Monticello in 1900 (Linda Johnson and Gail Patterson, "Early Brands in San Juan County," *Blue Mountain Shadows*, 6 (1990), 50). It would be interesting to determine if there is a connection between the two brands. In 1895, cattle rustling around the La Sal Mountain had become so bad that the Taylors moved their cattle to the Blue Mountain country ranging them around what later became known as Taylor Springs on Blue Mountain.

4. Frank Silvey, *History and Settlement of Northern San Juan County, Utah*, (n.p.) (n.d.). Reprinted in 1990 by *The Times-Independent*, Moab, Utah, pp. 1-54. also see Muhlestein pp. 47-52.
5. County Commissioners Meetings Minutes, also see Silvey p. 29.
6. Beatrice B. Malouf, "A Century Ago--1895," *Daughters of Utah Pioneers*, Lesson for September 1995, pp.1-11.
7. Ibid.
8. *Grand Valley Times*, 20 November 1896. Also see San Juan County Commissioner Meetings Minutes.
9. County Commissioners Meetings Minutes. Women had received the right to vote in Utah in 1870, which was strongly endorsed by Governor Brigham Young. Women's suffrage was revoked in 1887 by the U. S. Senate as part of the national effort to rid the country of polygamy. Some had opposed women's right to vote by sug-



V.P. Martin, wife Emily Amelia, and grandson Steven Bauer.

- gesting that wives were at the mercy of their husbands which would give their husbands two or more votes. (Allen Kent Powell, ed. *Utah History Encyclopedia* (Salt Lake City:University of Utah Press 1994), 324, 641-642.
10. *Grand Valley Times*, 5 Mar.1897, 9 Dec 1898.
11. Silvey, p.36
12. *Grand Valley Times*, 5 Mar. 1897, 21 May 1897, 1 Jul. 1898.
13. *Grand valley Times*, 9 Dec. 1899, 30 Dec. 1899.
14. *Grand Valley Times*, 29 Oct. 1899, 12 Jan. 1900, 30 Mar.

1900, 31 Aug. 1900, 14 Sep. 1900,-28 Sep. 1900.

15. LDS Church records, Monticello, Utah.

16. *Grand Valley Times*, 5 Oct. 1900, 21 Dec. 1900, 17 Sep. 1902, 9 Jun. 1905.

17. Muhlestein p.86., also see *Grand Valley Times*, 7 Apr. 1905, 11 Jan. 1907, 12 Jul. 1907, 27 Dec. 1907, 9 Oct. 1908.

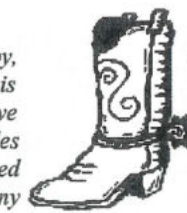
18. *Grand Valley Times*, 19 Mar. 1909, 22 Sep.-1911, 10 Jan. 1913.

19. *Grand Valley Times*, 18 Jul. 1902, 5 Jun. 1903, 11 Jan. 1909, 12 Feb. 1909, 29 Sep. 1915.

20. *Grand Memories* Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Grand County, Utah, 1972, pp. 101.

21. Neal Lambert, *Utah Historical Quarterly*, vol. 31, 1964. Reprinted in *Blue Mountain Shadows*, Issue VI, Spring, 1990, pp. 20-31.

Marilyn Palmer Lisenby, sister of Jay Palmer, is also a Monticello native and currently resides there. She has returned after spending many years teaching elementary education in Wyoming where her son still lives. While interested in historical documentation of the southeastern Utah region, other historical interests also occupy her time.



"But I'd get lonesome lots of times. ...., I went down the winter I fed the cattle for George Franz, which was the winter of 1931. Down on the Green River. I never saw a soul except Clell and George Franz from the first of January 'till the twentieth of April. Never saw one single person, outside of them. And I was down on the River which was more of a traffic lane, you know. Trappers and so on and so forth. But, the winter I was down there, I never saw a single soul. And that's a long time. I was only seventeen years old then. Hey, you want to see somebody, you know. You want to talk to someone."

From "A Conversation with Ned Chaffin"



# LEGENDS LOST

## WOMEN OF THE UTAH-COLORADO BORDER COUNTRY

by Bette Stanton

*In the early years it was a common practice to omit women when documenting the historical chain of events. Legends Lost brings to life two of these women, one a cattle queen and one a cowgirl and area artist. Both rode the wild and challenging wilderness along the Utah-Colorado border.*

### Florence "Bote" (Harris) Fuller, 1866-1930 *Cattle Queen of the Colorado Plateau*

Born in Virginia on, March 21, 1866, to Nancy and LeRoy Harris, Florence Harris became a legend in her own time, but a legend lost along the way. The following narrative will renew this legend by bringing her out of the shadows of time. The stories were told to the author by Florence's niece, the late Sylvia Harris Ekker (of Hanksville) and L.H. "Dude" Larsen, father of the author. Florence was a sister to Ink Harris of Green River, Sylvia's father. Ink married Clara Larsen, sister of Tom Larsen, the author's grandfather.

Along with others, LeRoy and Nancy Harris decided to leave Virginia and move their family west. Taking their time, they stayed for a while in Kentucky, Tennessee, Kansas, and Colorado, where they invested in some mining ventures. By 1881, their daughter Florence had grown into a lovely and talented fifteen year old. She was nicknamed "Bote," which was probably short for Botetourt County, Virginia, where she was born. According to Sylvia, she could play almost any musical instrument. At this young age, and in search of adventure, Florence decided to travel south



*Florence Harris Fuller, a talented and determined young woman. Photo courtesy of author Bette Stanton.*

to Texas and make it on her own. She returned to her family several years later with some fascinating stories. Sylvia idealized her aunt and loved to go through Florence's trunk.

*"That trunk was full of beautifully beaded dresses, the kind entertainers wore in those days. My family was always hush, hush when it came to talking about Aunt Bote. This simply added intrigue and made Aunt*

*Bote an even more exciting character."*

Shortly after Florence left Colorado, her mother Nancy's interest in the Gold Queen mine paid off enough to get the family moved on into Utah Territory. This was somewhere between 1883 and 1885. Nancy and LeRoy settled on the San Rafael desert at a place later known as Harris Bottoms. Nancy ran a freight station on the banks of Old Woman Wash, thought to be named after Nancy when freighters couldn't remember her name. The freight station was also a handy stop for outlaws traveling between Robbers' Roost and Price. One of the outlaws, John Griffith, better known as "Blue John," gave Nancy a pearl handled British Bull Dog gun. He was tagged "Blue John" because he had one blue eye and one green eye. Some claim that he came into the territory with the Harrises. The gun is still in the family with one of Sylvia's sons.

One bright day in 1885 or 1886, Florence Harris came riding into Utah Territory with several hundred head of cattle, and a trail boss named Bob Fuller.<sup>1</sup> Florence was around nineteen or twenty years old at the time. She later told Sylvia the cattle

were given to her by Tom Horn to get her out of Texas. Some historians claim Tom Horn was never in Texas, others say that he was — and left a blood trail to prove it.

Based on her time spent with Florence, it was Sylvia's conclusion that she was a saloon entertainer, who also dealt cards. She was a superb poker player. Sylvia felt Florence may have won the cattle from Tom in a poker game, or maybe won the money to buy the cattle. The facts will likely never be known. This would have been just prior to Horn becoming a key civilian scout in the Geronimo campaign, a little more than five years before becoming a Pinkerton Detective, about eight years prior to becoming a hired gun for the Wyoming Cattle Growers Association to clean up the rustling, and about 18 years before he was hanged in Cheyenne for mistakenly killing a 14 year old boy.

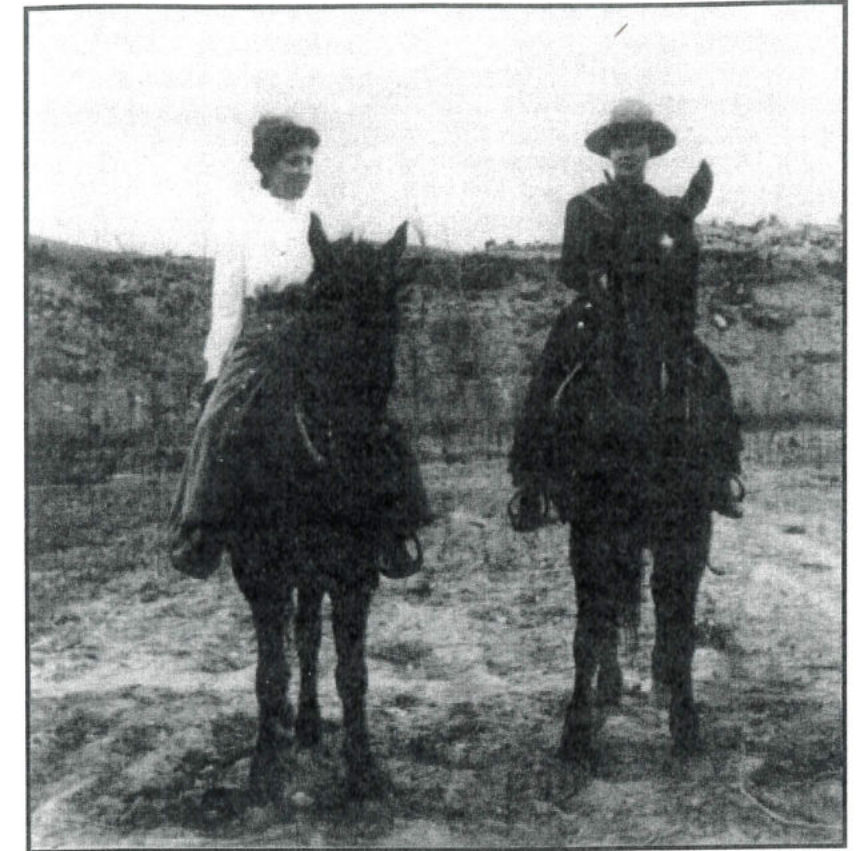
Sylvia remembers the following characteristics about her aunt Florence:

*"She wore the clothes of an entertainer, fancy and beaded. She could play poker with utmost accuracy. She could shoot a six-shooter with some of the best of them and she rode astride, when other women rode sidesaddle."*

Florence ran her cattle out around Woodside and up in the Book Cliff Mountains in Florence Creek.<sup>2</sup> In the 1890s, the outlaw "Blue John" ended up working for Jack Moore, foreman of the 3B ranch, better known later as Robbers' Roost. It was during her time in Florence Creek and the Woodside desert that Florence became acquainted with various members of the Wild Bunch.

Dude Larsen remembered a story she told him in 1921 at the Cattleman's Ball in Fruita, Colorado. He was about twelve and she would have been 55 years old at the time. The story follows:

*Florence related the story of how she knew members of the Wild Bunch and rode with them down into Robbers Roost on occasion. She said she was never with them on any of their*



*Florence Fuller (left) and her daughter Leola. Photo courtesy of author.*

*capers, but was there one night when a posse was in hot pursuit Florence claimed she caught a bullet which went through the cantle of her saddle and right into her fanny. She said the boys had to dig out the bullet when they reached the Roost.*

Dude said he would never forget how she looked at the dance that night. "She wore a leather riding skirt with high boots and looked just like she had walked off the fashion page." Florence ended up marrying her trail boss, Bob Fuller, and together they had one child; a daughter they named Leola.<sup>3</sup> By this time the Fullers had developed quite a cattle business which they moved to Westwater along the Colorado River. The Fullers ran the cattle on the south side of the river in the winter and up on Pinion Mesa (Colorado) in the summer.

Florence was a lovely woman who valued her appearance and noticed that the hot sun and wind were taking their toll on her skin. For

protection, she had a doeskin mask and gloves made which she often wore when gathering cattle in the dry desert country. She was known to have paid her cowhands some of the highest wages on the Colorado Plateau. However, on payday the boys always got in a poker game with Florence and she ended up winning half of their wages back again. Following her husband's death, Florence joined forces with Joe Pace (Bob Fuller's cousin)<sup>4</sup> to form the Pace and Fuller Cattle Company, also headquartered at Westwater.

On October 3, 1903, Florence, Joe Pace, and Bert Graham had been out gathering cattle. As they were coming in for dinner along the public range, just outside of Florence's place, they saw her neighbor, Joe Harris (no relation). He was driving some of her cattle out of the field. According to the *Grand Valley Times*:

*As they met, Joe Pace said to Harris: "What are you driving my cattle for and what do you want?"*



Harris is said to have answered: "None of your G--- D--- businesses!"

There had been a seven-year feud running between Joe Harris and Joe Pace, where Harris had threatened to kill Pace on several occasions. Also, it should be noted that on August 22, 1902, Joe Harris had killed Charles Seiber, a wealthy Colorado cattleman. Because Seiber was carrying a Winchester, Harris claimed self-defense and was acquitted.

Now, as tension grew between Pace and Harris on that fall day in 1909, Harris reached toward his hip pocket. Pace, feeling he was going for a gun, jumped from his horse and shot Harris. Harris fell to the ground and Pace continued shooting. When the dust settled, Harris was dead. Pace himself sent the telegram to Grand County Sheriff Bliss. The *Grand Valley Times* noted:

*The killing of Harris by Pace and his subsequent telegram to the sheriff recall the wholesale slaughter of the Brock family at Westwater by "Cap" Davis in 1891, at which time Davis sent his famous telegram to the Grand Junction undertaker: "I met the Brock gang this morning. Ship immediately three plain coffins."*

Florence and Bert were witnesses to the shooting, and Pace was charged with first degree murder. The trial was held less than two months later in a filled-to-capacity court room in Moab, Utah. After deliberating only four and a half hours the jury, feeling Pace feared for his life, returned a verdict of not guilty.

Florence became known as Cattle Queen of the Colorado Plateau. Over the years she continued to entertain by playing with local bands in and around Grand Junction, Colorado. She was truly a legend in her own time. Florence Harris Fuller passed away of pneumonia in March of 1930. She was only 64 years old. With her went many exciting stories of the Wild West.

### Dorothy "Dot" (Robb) Larsen, 1909-1990 Cowgirl and Western Artist

"From way up here I can see clear into tomorrow," Dot exclaimed, as her horse picked his way along a high rim in the Book Cliff Mountains. She spotted two fawns in a nearby meadow and reined her glass-eyed bay to a halt. Dot savored the magnificent scene before her. Beyond the deer stretched an endless panorama of a pine and aspen forest, rugged canyons and the distant blue-hued desert. The beauty of it all gave her inspiration and new energy.

To Dot, gathering stray cattle in the Books wasn't work, it was pure heaven. She rested there on the rim with ol' Glassy, dreaming of days gone by and the wonders of the future, yet unknown. Puffy white clouds began drifting in, cloaking the ridges beneath her.

"This truly is heaven," Dot whispered to her horse, "and we are riding on her clouds." Realizing a storm was imminent, she reluctantly nudged ol' Glassy down the trail and back to the ranch at Westwater Creek.

Dot loved this land and her way of life. Realizing that the final curtain was coming down on the "Wild West" as she had known it, she vowed to someday find a way to share with others the wonderful things she had seen and the excitement she had experienced.

Her first attempt was as a writer. In the late 1920s or early 1930s, she wrote of the romance of the West, short stories about colorful people in chal-

lenging times. On mail days, Dot would ride like the wind into town, with high hopes that a positive response from a publisher awaited her. Unfortunately, none of her stories ever reached print.

Later in life, Dot discovered she was better with a paint brush than the written word. On canvas, she captured the wild beauty of the land and the essence of nature. Her paintings reflect her love for horses and the life she lived. During the 40s and 50s, Dot's western paintings, along with those of her husband (Lewis H. "Dude" Larsen), were lithographed on postcards and sold by the thousands across America. As she was putting her life on canvas over the years, Dot shared her feelings and experiences with her daughter Bette (the author).

Born Dorothy Grace Robb in Tacoma, Washington on February 5, 1909, she was the first child of Walter Randle and Amanda Wallin Robb. Dorothy was only a year old



"Springtime" a 1947 painting by Dot Larsen. Courtesy of author.

when her family moved to Glade Park, Colorado, a huge mesa of approximately 600,000 acres, southwest of Grand Junction. Her sister, Wava (who later married Ballard Harris of Dewey), and two brothers, Nathan and Bill, were born after the family reached Colorado. Their small cabin on Pinion Mesa was miles from the nearest neighbor. It was a hard life for Amanda, who was every bit a city lady. Outlaws and Ute Indians often dropped by the cabin for food and water. As frightening as it was for Amanda and the children, they were never harmed by these visitors. In those days, it was important for travelers to maintain a good relationship with the settlers, so they could obtain needed provisions along the trail.

In 1926, the family bought the old Mason Mowery Ranch at the bottom of the Serpent's Trail, so named because of its 54 switchbacks down a very narrow and steep two-and-a-half-mile drop from the mesa to the valley floor. The Serpent's Trail had been built by John Otto (founder of the Colorado National Monument). Here the Robbs raised dairy cattle and cultivated wheat and various kinds of fruit trees. Growing up on the farm, Dorothy became very proficient at riding horses and handling a team and wagon. At a very young age she discovered her passion for horses and felt born to be a cowgirl.

Dot made a habit of riding in the hills behind the ranch every day. She used to tell the following story about her encounter with John Otto.

*I was about 18 at the time and loved to ride my horse, Smokey, up*

*the nearby canyons. One day I noticed what appeared to be a note tied to a bush along the trail I most often traveled. Curious, I untied the note and was surprised to find it addressed to me from John Otto. He had apparently seen me on my frequent rides. The note was of a*



Dot and Dude Larsen on the Kaibab in Northern Arizona, 1944. Photo courtesy of author.

*romantic nature and I may have been amused had he not been so much my senior. Why, he was old enough to be my father. I wasn't going to let him spoil my rides, but I was a little apprehensive knowing he could be out there watching me. This went on for the next few weeks. On each of my rides I would find a note tied to a tree, bush, or fence post. Then one day, as I got off my horse to open a gate, there was another note. This time it held a proposal of*

*marriage. This scared me and I confided in mom. She took me and the notes on a trip to see the sheriff. He apparently had a chat with Mr. Otto, because the notes stopped. I never saw him along the trail, but felt he was out there.*

Fascinated with rodeo stunt riders, Dot soon taught herself to ride standing up on the back of a horse, and even tried Roman style riding with two horses, standing up with one foot on each horse. She could ride bareback as easy as with a saddle and eventually learned to break broncs as well as any man.

In 1931, Dot met her future husband, Lewis H. "Dude" Larsen, at the rodeo and wild horse races in Fruita, Colorado. Dude, who was born at Professor Valley Ranch (Utah) and later moved to Westwater Creek, was with his cousin Hap Tomlinson. They brought a string of wild horses in for the event. Dude and Hap took Dot and her friend, Elsie Crispin, to the dance that night.

Dude's family, along with the Tomlinsons (extended family), owned ranches just over the Colorado border, where they ran about 2000 head of cattle in the Westwater region of southeastern Utah. Their spread covered 30 miles square, along the desert and into the Book

Cliff Mountains. Following the wild horse races, Dot and Elsie visited the Larsens on weekends and helped with the cattle. During one of their trips in late fall, the girls became snowed in and decided to spend the winter. It was a bad winter and the cattle had to be fed. Dot and Elsie were welcome extra hands.

By May 1932, Dude and Dot were married. In those days, most ranch women rode and worked alongside the men, and Dot was no exception. One story Dude told about his wife



"...But, if you think there is anything glamorous about getting on a horse and riding from Flint to the Tidwell Ranch on a cold, winter day, why if that's glamour, I'd just as soon leave glamour alone."

From "A Conversation with Ned Chaffin"

occurred right after they were married.

Dot took a fancy to a pretty sorrel filly belonging to my brother Ed. It was yet to be broken. Ed told Dot the filly was hers if she could ride it. She was delighted. They put a snaffle bit on the sorrel, blindfolded her, and Dot stepped aboard. The guys opened the corral gate and away she went. The filly went a-buckin' and a-runnin' and Dot rode her down out there -- pulled her up, brought her back to the corral, stepped off, and had herself a horse. Dot was one of the best cowgirls in the country.

In the Utah-Colorado border country, Dot stood out as a colorful and beautiful individual. She was 5'8" tall, with intelligent blue eyes that took in everything in view. Her auburn hair glistened in the sunlight. Head held high, she walked with a stride full of purpose.

Like other cowgirls of the time, Dot wore the necessary gear to fit her way of life: long chaps to keep the high brush from tearing up her legs,

boots made to order, spurs, a Stetson hat with a tie down, and leather gauntlet gloves. But Dot added a few extra touches that gave her a special flair. A bolero she made from a deer hide tanned by Ute Indians, set off her slim figure. She designed the bolero with fringe and beadwork to give it style. Her trademark was a long bright-colored scarf tied around her neck. As she rode the mountains and valleys, she could be identified from over a mile away by her scarf flying in the breeze.

As newlyweds, Dot and Dude lived in a cabin at the family's lower Westwater Creek ranch. Inspired by a little romance and good sense, they decided to build a log cabin up East Canyon of the Book Cliffs to use when they were gathering cattle in the surrounding areas. They found the perfect location near a fresh water spring in a cottonwood grove.

Dot never won any trophies, but her daily life was often one big rodeo. Dude recalled one incident when he and Dot were taking a bunch of horses up Dry Canyon, which wasn't dry at all.

*We took a bunch of saddle horses to the lake about every*

*day for water. I'd take the lead and Dot would bring up the rear. We had a little glass-eyed horse -- pretty as a picture -- with a diamond on the forehead and one on the nose, black stocking legs; he was a red bay, with black mane and tail Pretty and wild! Boy could he buck. He threw me off, saddle and all, one day. But on this particular day he was leading the herd. Dot called and said that her horse went lame and I'd have to catch her another one. I leaned down, made a loop and caught that bay -- and was he mad. The other horses went on to water, while I saddled him up. I had hold of the bit while Dot stepped aboard. He was so mad, I knew he was going to buck. Then the horse jerked free, bent the shank of the bit and pulled it clear through his mouth. He lit buckin' up the hill and had to work too hard going up. Jumped on my horse and outrun him to the top, headed him off, and stopped him. Lumped off and got the bit back in his mouth. Dot stayed aboard all the way. After that she had no more problems with ol' Glassy. She had let him know who was boss.*

When the Big Depression hit in the 1930s, the Larsens sold most of their cattle and Dude went off to Arizona to find work. Dot went back to the Serpent's Trail ranch to stay with her family while she had their first child, daughter Bette. In time, Dude found work breaking broncs at the Martin Bugland spread on the south rim of the Grand Canyon. Dot and Bette soon followed.

Dude had always dabbled in oil painting. In the late 1930s he found that painting western scenes was a lot more profitable, and less hard on the body, than breaking broncs. His oil paintings reflected many of the happenings at the

Westwater Creek ranch, along with events told to him by his father, Tom. Dude had them made into postcards, which provided their living for well over a decade. Dot thought painting looked fun and tried her hand with oils on Masonite board. Her first subjects were flowers and birds. Before long she was also painting scenes for the western postcards.

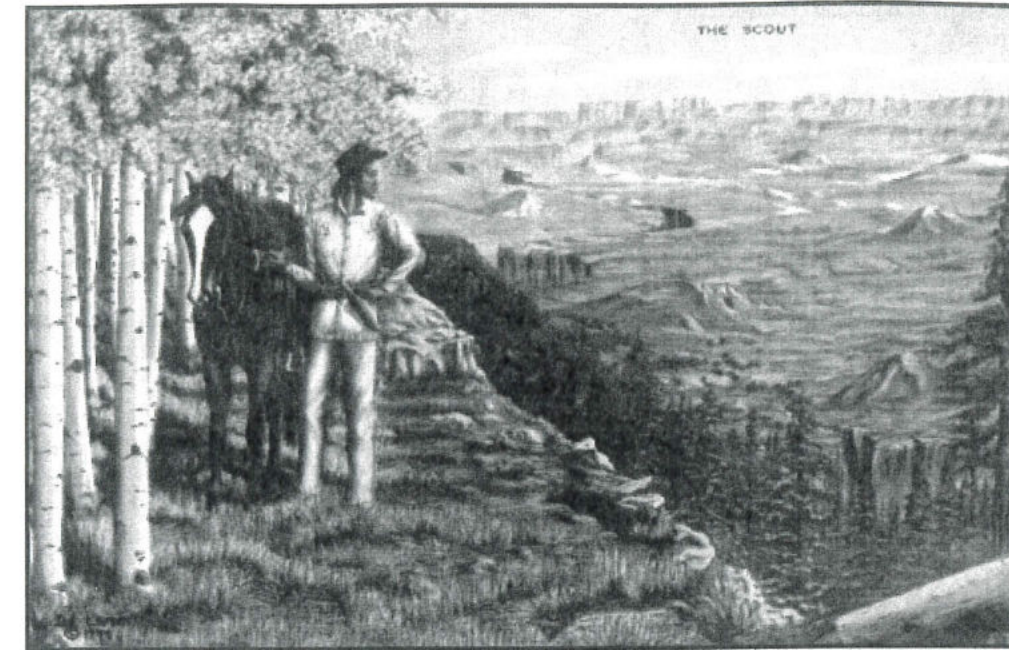
Between 1939 and 1952, Dot and Dude lived in Kanab, Utah where they painted over 65 pictures and ran a very successful postcard business. Dot felt her first painting, that of an Indian chief riding down the mountain, wasn't good enough. Dude asked if she would let it be made into a postcard if it went out under his name. She agreed. Sometimes they both painted on the same picture, which always went out under Dude's name. Somewhat settled, they had three more children, twins Tom and Lee (boy and girl), and Sharon.

Although Dot had never had an art class, she painted expressive, beautiful pictures that depicted the end of an era. She was aware of the many city people and travelers who were deprived from ever having the opportunity to experience the last of the Great American West. She found satisfaction in finally being able to share her memories with others.

Eventually, they moved to Salt Lake City and went into the oil and gas business. Then, in the late 1950s and early 1960s, Dude and Dot once more found themselves in the ranching business. They ran 2000 head of cattle at the Diamond Dot Ranch along the Utah-Wyoming border, out of Fort Bridger, with a winter spread at Milford, Utah. Dot was back in her element again and she loved it.

In 1982, she moved to Moab, Utah, with her daughter Bette. Dot passed away in April of 1990, following a sudden heart attack.

The twins carried on the family art tradition. Son Tom shared his feelings about his mother's painting:



A 1946 painting, "The Scout," by Dot Larsen. Courtesy of daughter and author Bette Stanton.

*"Mother's work was refined, her use of color involved, and her choice of subjects sensitive. Her lines were tight, but fresh. I feel she was a woman who looked into what she painted not only to share an impression, but to say, 'I've been there and I've done that.'"*

So typical of the times, Dot never received credit for her paintings in her own right. On the back of the postcards it read: *Taken from an original painting by Dorothy Larsen, wife of the cowboy artist, L.H. "Dude" Larsen.* She always said, if she had life to live over again, this would be one thing she would see changed.

#### Endnotes

1. In one area history book, Sylvia's parents, Ink and Clara Harris, submitted narrative stating that Ink Harris brought the cattle in with Bob Fuller when the family first arrived in Utah Territory. Ink would have been ten or twelve years old at the time, and Fuller didn't come until later. Sylvia felt this was likely a cover-up for how Florence got her cattle, since the family didn't like talking about it.
2. The family thought Florence Creek was named after Florence Harris, but Don Wilcox (Sylvia's cousin) has a

book that indicates it was named at an earlier date by John Wesley Powell during his expedition.

3. Leola grew up to marry Ross Scarlett of Grand Junction, Colorado. They, too, became prominent ranchers of the area.
4. See more on Joe Pace in *Canyon Legacy*, Fall/Winter 2001, Volume 43, page 5.
5. The cabin still stands today in remarkably good repair. Carved on the logs inside are the many names of those who found welcome shelter over the years. Some inscriptions also convey that the guests repaired the cabin on various dates, even replacing broken windows.
6. Today the Larsen western postcards are collector's items. Most of the original paintings (of both Dot and Dude) are still with the family.

*Betty L. Stanton is presently working on the Southeastern Utah Human History Library, a collection of oral and written histories of area old-time and senior residents. She is also researching and writing a book From Whence We Came (a family history) and wrote the book Where God Put the West, a Moab to Monument Valley movie history (1993).*



"The Signal," a 1945 painting by Dot Larsen, courtesy of author Bette Stanton.



# The Cunningham Ranch

by Bill Cunningham

*This is part of an oral history by Bill and Joyce Cunningham discussing the 250,000 acre Cunningham ranch located in the Book Cliffs and the Cisco desert, now owned by the Nature Conservancy.*



*Original rancher, Harry Bogert, arrived in the 1880s. Photo courtesy of the Bill Cunningham collection.*

In the 1880s, one of the original men who came into the area which became the Cunningham Ranch, was named Harry Bogert (not Bogart) and he came from New York. Bogert used the Book Cliffs - Bogert Canyon locale for his summer range and the desert for his winter range. A buffalo hunter originally, Bogert built a cabin which we called "Old Bogert." (We later moved about a half a mile up Bogert Canyon and built two new cabins which are known today as Bogert Camp.) Bud Milton managed Bogert's cattle. When Bogert left, he had built a corral down at the lower place (our ranch) and a rock house which is still half-standing, but he finally gave up and went to Mesa. He sold his Mesa property and ranch in 1914, moving first to Palisades, then Grand Junction, and eventually he left the area in the 1920s and moved his family to California.

Harry Ballard had acquired much of the land in the Book Cliffs. The Turner family, including brothers Charles, Oscar, and Albert who had

Willow Creek Ranch and property in and around Thompson. Most of these ranches were in the mouths of the canyons where the canyons just started to hit the desert. You had to get down out of those narrow canyons to find enough ground to till and that's the "shoestring bottoms" as we used to call them.

## Family History

My father's name was Wallace Cunningham and my mother was Kate Jones. My grandfather was J. M. Cunningham who developed the ranch at La Sal. They lived in what they call "Old La Sal." My dad also owned the Webster City Cattle Company which was on Hill Creek in the Book Cliffs at that time. They

settled in the Cisco, Cottonwood and Willow Creek areas purchased a great deal of it from him, including properties in Thompson. Oscar Turner had the Cisco Ranch, Albert Turner had the Cottonwood Ranch which is in Cottonwood Canyon, and Charles Turner owned the

still had the La Sal ranch but they got the Webster City property in order to lessen the cattle numbers at La Sal. They'd take the steers over there so they'd have more room for the cows near La Sal. This was back in the days when big steers, three and four years old, were in demand. They were sold by the head and they didn't weigh them. They ran three or four thousand steers.

My mother graduated from Greeley in 1913 and her first teaching job was teaching school in Thompson in about 1914-15. That's how she met my father who was at Hill Creek at that time. They were married in 1917. That's what happened to all school teachers in those early days. They got to be some cowpuncher's wife.

After they were married, they moved to a ranch at Ileff in northeastern Colorado which was purchased by my grandfather. He sold the La Sal ranch to Charlie Redd who was the manager and my grandfather got quite a bit of money for it for those times. However, after ranching there for



*The Turner brothers, Albert (l) and Oscar (r) are seen at one of the early ranches with the Book Cliffs in the background. Photo courtesy of the Bill Cunningham collection.*

*"...there's still a few cattle left in that country. But for all practical purposes, stock raising in that country is no longer a factor. It isn't an economic factor. The tourist spends more money in Green River in one day than all them cattlemen make in a year. So I don't know. Maybe it's the right thing to do. I can't say."*

*From "An Interview with Ned Chaffin"*

seven years, my mother and father could see there was not a balance of farm land and range land and the Ileff ranch was sold in 1924.

I was born in Denver because the ranch had been sold. My parents stayed in Denver for a short time with my grandparents and traveled, looking for other opportunities. They went to California and then, when I was a year old, they worked for my mother's relatives, the Turners, over on Willow Creek for one summer. My grandmother, Eugenia Turner Jones, became partners in the Cisco ranch with her younger brother, Oscar Turner. (That's the Cunningham Ranch now but the family called it the Cisco Ranch.) The Turners also had the Cottonwood Ranch and the Meadow Creek Ranch at the same time.

My mother and father decided to go in with my grandmother who came up with an arrangement with her brother, Oscar. My grandmother wanted to get the ranch on the south side of the Book Cliffs because the winters were better, there were more frost free days on that side, and, because she was a terrific gardener, she wanted to be where she could raise fruit and garden. My grandmother also had a son, Waldo, brother to my mother, who he died when he was about 30 years old in about 1930. I was three years old when we settled at the ranch and was an only child.

At one point my mother was going to teach school at the Carbon Black plant out by our ranch. I was in first grade and I'd ride behind her on an old pet horse for the three or four miles from the ranch down to where the Carbon Black camp was. But they closed the camp that year and that ended that. The next choices were Fruita (Colorado),

Moab or Cisco, all of which had a school. They debated sending me to Cisco, driving back and forth every day but, if snow came, you couldn't get in and out. So they decided to board me out with an aunt and uncle in Fruita. That winter was a hard winter. They brought me in here the day before New Year's and I never saw them until the 20<sup>th</sup> of March. I stayed with this elderly aunt and uncle until the 4<sup>th</sup> grade and then my mom decided she'd teach me at the ranch, which didn't last long, about a year.

## Charlie Glass

During the 1920s, when there was friction between the cattlemen and sheepmen, one of the Turner employees, Charlie Glass, became locally famous when he shot a sheep herder but was acquitted. Charlie was around for many years after that and, as a young boy, I knew Charlie well. On one occasion when I was just eleven years old, two cowboys, Ballard Harris and George Lockhart, were with me and they said, "We're goin' off to trough a spring. We've got to cut a tree down, hew it out with axes and be gone a couple of nights so we'll leave you here. But we've got a piece of buckskin (deer meat) for you and,



*Charlie Glass who, despite his notoriety, was an excellent cowboy also enjoyed participating in local parades and rodeos. Photo courtesy of the Bill Cunningham collection.*

of course, you can fry it up" and so I said "All right." They hadn't been gone an hour when I looked down and saw a whole bunch of horses coming and it was old Charlie and another cowboy coming up to build a cabin and they'd brought about twenty head of horses. I thought "What's this?" but, as soon as they rode up, I recognized Charlie. As I got towards evening I thought I'd go ahead with supper but was thinking "I've only got this little piece of buckskin and it'll only feed me" so I was wondering what to do.

About that time, Marv Turnbow, who ran cattle at the Arches, rode in with his boy. I thought "What am I going to do about feeding these guys?" Well, we had a lot of trout in some beaver dams by the side of the cabin so I told old Charlie "I'm going to go down and catch some trout and you can make some biscuit dough and cook biscuits." So I went down and caught 8 or 10 trout. They were fairly good-sized so I brought them up and Charlie made the biscuits.

We always had a sourdough jug going to use for making biscuits but the cowboys had taken that jug with them. So Charlie had to make baking powder biscuits and they were really big. When they got the biscuits out of the oven, you could actually open them up and pour raw flour out of them! He hadn't even gotten them wet clear through. And someone said, "Damn, those are good biscuits, Charlie!" Well, as I remember they weren't bad but you had to pick the dry flour out of them!

One time when Charlie went down to Cisco to "ride the rivah," as he called it, he came in to the ranch with two or three other fellows who lived in Cisco. I was just a little kid and I saw that his lip was all cut and laid open. I asked him what was the matter and what had hap-



pened and he said a fellow slammed a door in his face. Well, the real story was that Charlie was staying at the hotel and he was gambling with a bunch of guys. When he got out of the game, he went and casually looked over the shoulder of one of the other gamblers who turned around and busted him. Charlie just said "Just sit right there. I'm goin' over to the hotel to get my gun." And that guy got on the next freight that left Cisco, regardless of which direction it was going. That was the end of that.

Another time we were sitting around the table and some of the men were there and Charlie got to talking about this Indian woman he was going to marry in Ouray. Now my dad thought the world of Charlie, so Charlie says "This woman's got a 12 year old boy. I can't take care of that boy and I don't have no place to put that boy. I think I'll just ride off the mountain tomorrow morning and ask Wallace (my father) if he won't adopt that boy." And I thought "Dad'll not turn him down." And I laid awake all that night because I knew I was going to have an Indian half-brother! But Charlie never married her because he was killed that winter.

#### Later Years

After a year of my mother trying to school me at the ranch, they finally rented an apartment in Fruita, and my grandmother and I moved to town for school. When I got to be a freshman in high school they sent me over to Mt. Pleasant to Wasatch Academy to finish. I went into the Navy, and then went over to Colorado State University (A&M) before coming back to ranching. After the war you couldn't get in a better business because we were feeding Europe.

Up until the end of WWII, the ranch hadn't changed very much. The grazing service took the Land Office and the Grazing Service and combined them and made the BLM. They streamlined it a little, but it didn't change much, at least not any big change.

We got mechanized instead of using teams, though. The grazing service had the Moab district and the Monticello district and they bought a bulldozer between the two of them.



*Much of the Cunningham ranch was not accessible by vehicles. Bill Cunningham is seen here packing supplies into an area. Photo courtesy of the Bill Cunningham collection.*

They built many reservoirs out on the desert and built a road from the ranch up to the head of the canyon. It was a pretty primitive road but by that time, due to the War, we had four wheel drives. We could haul the salt up there, come off the mountain with mules and load up and go back instead of going clear back to the ranch. It cut the trip from 16 miles to about 6 or 7.

I met my wife, Joyce Allen, while I was best man at a friend's wedding. She was the bride's sister. She grew

up at Eagle, Colorado, graduated from the University of Northern Colorado, and taught school for one year before we got married in 1952, in Glenwood. We came back to the ranch and lived there until 1991. During that time we had three children - Greg, Carolyn, and Leslie.

My work was always away from the ranch and Joyce worked with my mother. We had an acre of vegetable garden. We also had raspberries, black caps, gooseberries, and all kinds of fruit trees. It was a beautiful



*Bill and Joyce Cunningham, in the 1950s, in front of another cabin on the ranch called Byron's. Photo courtesy of the Bill Cunningham collection.*



*Kate Cunningham worked for many years on her spectacular gardens which were even praised by local newspapers who came out to do interviews with her. Photo courtesy of the Bill Cunningham collection.*

place. My mother had these beautiful flowers and gardens. As you walked through the berry patch down to the barn there was a path and she always had 125 dahlias that lined that path. We kept a few cows at the ranch in the summer to take care of "dogied" calves. We used the extra milk and took cream into the creamery in Fruita. We also had chickens and sold the eggs. Supplies were usually bought in Grand Junction, an hour and

a half drive from the ranch.

Joyce moved into town when Greg was in second grade. We bought a home in Grand Junction that was just for the school months, and then they came home on the weekends. After the kids got older and involved in school activities like sports, it got difficult to go home too many weekends except when we shipped. They always had to be out there for the gathering in the fall. They'd come



*The Cunningham ranch sits at the base of the Book Cliff mountains in isolated but beautiful surroundings. Photo courtesy of the Bill Cunningham collection.*

out once in the spring if they could and help brand, and also be out there during Christmas. They'd come out and try to spend all the time that they could but it's difficult to do it when your children have activities. But they always loved to come to the ranch.

#### Wildlife

We always had a lot of deer. We put up hay until the deer got so thick and grazed it off so much that we never even got a first cutting. Before they went to the high country, there would be 400-500 deer in the field. Now the deer are about gone, due primarily to over-hunting and predators, but I believe they're coming back. Bears were a constant problem as well as lions. The Tumers also battled the wolves for a long time. Antelope weren't native there but were planted in the seventies. Another thing we had on the Cisco desert and clear to Thompson were lots of wild horses. Horses are very hard on the range. And there were no elk there, none at all. They planted them in the late '60s on the Indian reservation, on the Uintah-Ouray extension and then they fanned out. But you know, you can't fight the public because everybody loves elk and nobody likes cows. That's really what you're up against.

*The ranch was eventually sold in 1991 when Bill and Joyce retired. It is now owned by the Nature Conservancy, usually has a caretaker in residence and the canyon, which is locked off for vehicles above the ranch, can be accessed only by foot or horseback.*



*Bill Cunningham and his wife Joyce now limit their ranching to visiting and helping out occasionally at the ranch that they jointly own with their son Greg, his wife Mary and their family in Wyoming. After well over a hundred years the Turner and Cunningham Ranch of the Book Cliffs has passed out of the family's hands. The favorite chair of Charlie Glass, however, still sits in their living room, just inside the front door.*



# ROBBERS ROOST

by Gayemarie Ekker



This picture, taken around 1920, shows the Biddlecome's first cabin. Photo courtesy of Gayemarie Ekker.

Early morning light appears behind the La Sal Mountains. High plateau country, fingered by deep canyons on all sides, stands up between the Green, Colorado and Dirty Devil rivers. The first rays of sunlight catch the Henry Mountains to the west. On the east side of the plateau, the canyons run north toward the Green River. Out toward the southern end, the canyons tip toward the south and the Colorado. All of the canyons on the northwest and west run toward the Dirty Devil. A narrow neck of land, about three miles wide, runs from the Roost Canyon on the west to Horseshoe Canyon on the east. Outlaws could easily watch the neck, and the Angel Trail out of Roost Canyon. And they did.

Joe Biddlecome did not like losing his cattle to the mud on the San

Rafael. He did not enjoy running his cattle with the farmers from Ferron. They put their cattle out and left kids to tend them. Before long his wife Millie was feeding the kids, and Joe was herding kids as well as cattle.

Joe knew that after the Wild Bunch broke up and Butch and Sundance went to South America, Ern Wilde had moved his cows to the Roost. It was over one hundred miles from his place in Emery County and Ern was giving it up. Joe inquired around about water holes and springs on the way. Joe left Millie and baby Pearl on Ferron Mountain to keep an eye on their livestock - keep the rest out of their "grub" and keep the calves counted, and started down the San Rafael River.

Joe was gone several days. When he returned Millie quickly "rustled

up some grub." From Millie's stories, Joe was always a man of very few words, but whenever he was away from camp, he didn't disclose any information until after he had eaten.

Joe was excited. There was plenty of country. Water was a little harder to come by. He had come out by Blue John Spring. It was a shallow canyon before it dropped off and ran north into Horseshoe Canyon. He found the big Roost Spring with-

out any trouble. It had a set of wooden troughs in place, water running over and on down the canyon. It was a big country. Joe had already picked out places to scrape out for ponds, and hoped to find more springs. Millie got their camp together, Joe gathered up his cattle and in a very few days they started out for the Roost country in the early summer of 1909.

The water at the Roost Spring is bitter. Actually, it makes humans very sick. Cattle will drink it, horses will, in a pinch. A little side canyon, Silver Tip, has very good water, but there isn't much of it. The canyon is long and narrow with lots of deep sand. For a camp it would be a long way to carry water. Joe thought Blue John would be fine for a permanent camp. Millie wouldn't stay at Blue John because she "couldn't see out."

"....What kind of a man was he? One of a kind. He was a breed of himself. He was a thoughtful, good-thinking man. Uneducated of course. Couldn't even read or write. He signed his name with his brand. ....That's the way he signed his checks. And if you took that check to the bank I guarantee you, you got your money. No questions asked. And he was a hard man. He was hard on horses. He was hard on cattle. If he had a dog, he was hard on the dog. He was hard on his wife. He was hard on his kids. ....The person he was the hardest on, was himself: the way he always put other people just a little bit ahead of him. If he only had one cup of water he'd make sure you'd get two-thirds of it. You follow me? That's the kind of a guy he was."

From "A Conversation with Ned Chaffin"

Joe was looking over the country when he came across a lone horse track. Following it, he found where a black horse that he eventually named "Crow" had pawed out a place big enough to get a drink. The permanent camp where Millie could "see out" was built at Crow Seep.

The Biddlecome family camped in a tent. With a new baby coming, Joe moved Millie and little Pearl to Hanksville for the winter. Hazel was born in Hanksville on February 24th, 1910. Late spring found Millie, Pearl and Hazel back at camp in the Roost country. After the third winter in Hanksville, Millie announced she would not be going back come winter. What Joe said, or thought is not clear. When October came, he began to suggest Millie and the girls get ready to go to town for winter. Millie reminded him that she had said she was not going back to town. In late October Joe could see that he was not going to change her mind and he built a log cabin in three weeks for his family to winter in. The cabin still stands today. Arthur, Hazel, Gaye and AC wintered in the cabin in 1947 after the board house burned.

Joe and Millie loved the country. Joe hunted springs, scraped out ponds, built corrals, and forged his own hinges, branding irons and other tools. School-age girls forced Millie to move to town for school. She chose Green River.

When Hazel was old enough to be in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade and accepted by the Catholic boarding school in Salt Lake City, both Pearl and Hazel went. Mil-



Horses belonging to the Ekkers get their fill of water at Crow Seep. Photo courtesy of author, Gayemarie Ekker.

lie went back to the Roost with Joe. Later, when the school moved from the west side of town to their new site on the east bench of the Salt Lake Valley, a new name was to be selected. Hazel's entry, "Saint Mary's of The Wasatch" was chosen. Pearl and Hazel graduated from high school there.

Joe had terrible bouts with quinsy, an infection caused by bad tonsils. In desperation they traveled to Salt Lake City and had his tonsils taken out. Millie tried to get him home. Infection set in. In 1928 there were no antibiotics, not even sulfa or penicillin. Joe was too sick to go farther when they reached Castle Gate where his sister Olive lived. He planned to stay there a day or two

then go on to Green River. Joe died there in the early morning of June 16, 1928. Joe had only been at the Roost for 18 years. Seventy-five years later the enormous amount of work he did is still visible. Millie was bereft. Hazel was about to go off to college. Pearl was married with two small sons. Millie turned the outfit over to



Joe Biddlecome working his cows. Photo courtesy of Ned Chaffin.

Pearl and her husband, Mel Marsing. Millie and Hazel opened a little store and catered to all the sheep outfits that were moving in. That endeavor was short-lived. Millie could not stay at the Roost without Joe. She moved to Green River to stay.

Pearl and her husband, Mel Marsing, signed papers to buy the Roost range rights in June of 1929. Mel died September 13, 1929 from suspected blood poisoning. Pearl was a widow at age twenty-two, with two small sons and the Roost.

Pearl married James Baker. He was known as Slim, a tall sandy-haired good-looking man that tucked his pants legs inside his fancy boot tops. Slim had fancy ideas. He leveled off the top of the flat by the house at Crow Seep and bought an airplane. In 1939, Pearl, Slim, and their 3 boys headed for Klamath Falls, Oregon and a dairy farm.

Hazel married Arthur Ekker in 1930. They bought Dobink on the Grand Valley side and were running cattle there. Millie drove out to see them one night. Pearl was leaving the country, about to sell to sheep. If Arthur and Hazel would take the Roost, Millie would make them a real good deal.

Arthur and Hazel sold out to Cecil Thompson. Tissey (Evelyn) and Eddyjo were seven and eight at the time. Arthur, Hazel, Eddyjo, Tissey, family, and local cowboys helped gather cat-



tle and trail them to the Roost. They spent the first night on the trail at the Ruby Ranch on the Green River. They forced the cattle to swim across the Green the next morning. Swimming cattle across the San Rafael near its mouth at the Green was easier because the river was not so wide and they headed for the Roost country as Joe and Milie had done thirty years before.



An early photo shows the cow trail used to get to the road. Photo courtesy of the author

By the mid-50s, our family only made a trip or two each summer to gather up the cattle that had drifted back to the San Rafael trying to go back to Grand County. Any cattle we gathered went to the sale.

Pearl states in her book, Robbers Roost Recollections, that Joe Biddlecome sold off one thousand head in 1925, fearing drought. The year 1942 is tagged as a good year, with lots of green grass and a calf with every cow. The winter of '48 -'49 we were snowed in at the Roost. We only listened to the radio for news because we had a battery charger in the garage that didn't work very well. Mama tore old levis into strips to make letters in the snow with. The radio broadcast messages describing what signs to make if you needed food, or hay for livestock - or water. We thought that was odd. We had a wash tub on the stove all the time melting snow. We had lots of water.

When Eddyjo went to Mesa College in Grand Junction, Tissey was sent to that same Catholic boarding school, Saint Mary's of the Wasatch, and AC and I went back to the Roost with Mama and Daddy.

AC and I eventually went to school in Green River. We would go to the Roost for Christmas vacation and be home-schooled until late March. Mama was an extraordinary teacher. She loved all the subjects, and was excited to share her knowledge and learn new things. AC and I would go back to school and spend the rest of the year tutoring the other kids.



Gayemarie and her brother, AC, in the early 1950s. Photo courtesy of author

We "droughted out" in 1956. We moved as many cows and calves as were still able to travel. The sand was deep. We didn't know anyone that had a four-wheel drive truck. We trailed the best cows through the sand, all the way to the Jeffries Well and hauled them to the mountain back of Wellington. If a cow had black manure you could bet she wouldn't make it. She had eaten cactus and the spines had caused her to bleed internally. It was a long summer, and a lot of time was spent in the truck going back and forth from the Roost to the mountain.

It was called the Robbers Roost Round-Up when Tissey was rodeo queen in 1947.

Daddy bought hay and pasture where he could bring the cows off the mountain in the fall. He was pulling a slip with the tractor through the field and Eddyjo was throwing the hay on it to take to the stack. The slip got stuck, the tractor clutch didn't release and the tractor tipped over on Daddy, pinning his leg to the ground. He ended up losing about six inches out of the front of the tibia of his left leg.

It took all winter to get the cows gathered up. Everyone helped by taking ours off the mountain with theirs, to Cleveland, Castle Dale and other places. It was a long winter and then the horses got locoed at the Roost that spring. We finally got all the cattle home back to the Roost. Mama made Daddy a sling so he could drive the truck. Thirteen surgeries later, he was fitted with a brace. He had it fitted with a lace-up "farmer's shoe." He went back to riding and branding - everything he had done before. He even went back to dancing.

Mama had her first "bad spell" in 1958. By 1962, her activities were curtailed a great deal. A September 1962 hearing cut our BLM permit by almost half. Other means of income had to be found. Outlaw Trails, a tour outfit, was formed to meet that need. Daddy and AC, and Daddy's brother, Ted, toured many dudes over the Roost country.

By 1967 Mama was on oxygen all the time. She died in January, 1969. Mama and Daddy had a partnership. The estate taxes were terrible. Daddy

AC and I were involved with Green River's riding club, the Saddle Pals. Daddy hauled horses in his big stock truck to rodeos and we performed show drills. Tissey brought hats and ties for all the Saddle Pals to the rodeo in Price, the Black Dia-



Moving bulls in the area of Sam's Mesa. Photo courtesy of author.

and the four of us formed a corporation for the Roost permit, cattle, horses, water and homestead. Although each one of us had a brand of our own, all the cattle were to be branded Cross S, Daddy's brand. AC took over Outlaw Trails. He added a river running division that he later sold.

Daddy liked Herefords. He said they weren't welfare cows - they'd get out and hunt food and water, and were good mothers. The beef market wasn't good, and AC was into rodeoing, winning the Intercollegiate World All-Around title in 1967. Daddy and AC bought two long-horned bulls and put them out the fall of '77 - another really bad dry year. AC felt there was better money in rodeo stock, and Daddy agreed it was time to try something new. By early summer of 1978, Daddy had seen two little spotted calves. Daddy had a massive heart attack and died July 26, 1978.

AC operated the Roost and the Cross S Cattle Company, along with all his other personal endeavors, Outlaw Trails, Cabalgatas International, Redtail Aviation, and a construction company. He earned a couple of titles in the Senior Pro Rodeo at Reno, Nevada, in 1995, and he even owned a motel once. Grand Canyon Trust approached AC about selling the permit on the east end, the Spur, the

Gordons, everything east of the Hans Flat Ranger station in the Glen Canyon Recreation Area. We assured AC that it was the thing to do even though we were all reluctant to let the country go. AC insisted on retaining the water rights.

After he received the papers he telephoned me. "I can give them back their earnest money and say I have changed my mind." We talked awhile and I reminded him that somebody was going to take it, sooner or later. It would be a park some day. Neither of us talked about how old we were and that nobody wants to work that hard for so little money any more. Later he told me it was one of the hardest things he ever did, even leaving the envelope in the post office waiting for its ride out. The fence was being completed and AC was beginning the final gather in November, 2000, when he was killed doing what he loved best.

The gather is now complete. It has been a comfort to me that he did not have to watch the relinquishment of the country, the killing of cattle because they could not be

removed from the canyons. It was the end of era, ninety-one years since Joe Biddlecome first came to the Roost.

With endings come beginnings, and with the drought we are facing this year, we are glad to have enough live water for all the cattle that are left. The feed is pretty good. We are watching for rain clouds.

We have found friends we didn't know we had, old friends came home, and we made lots of new friends through this "changing" time. To those of you, too numerous to mention, as Tissey says, "who stepped up to bat," we thank you. In 2009, we are going to have a big centennial celebration. We hope you will all come and enjoy the expanse, the beauty, and the history of the Roost. If it's as dry as it is this summer, bring your own water and handi-wipes for hand washing. But we are counting on a summer like '42, with a calf for every fat and sassy cow, the ponds full, and lots of friends to help us celebrate.

Gayemarie Ekker has lived in Cedar City, Utah, for the last 35 years. She is the registrar at SUU for the School of Continuing and Professional Studies but has also operated her own dance school as well as a travel agency, and helped AC Ekker with his international horseback rides. She has 4 grandchildren and is particularly interested in oral histories of the Roost area.



AC drives truck over  
milk can graded road  
into mud puddle  
last nights rain  
I hang on door frame  
watch leftover clouds  
reflected in rain barrel  
red and purple bellies still promising  
Worry about hair washing  
tangles yanked from my long hair  
squeaky rain water  
clean

By Gayemarie Ekker



# RED CLIFFS : The New Face of the Ranch

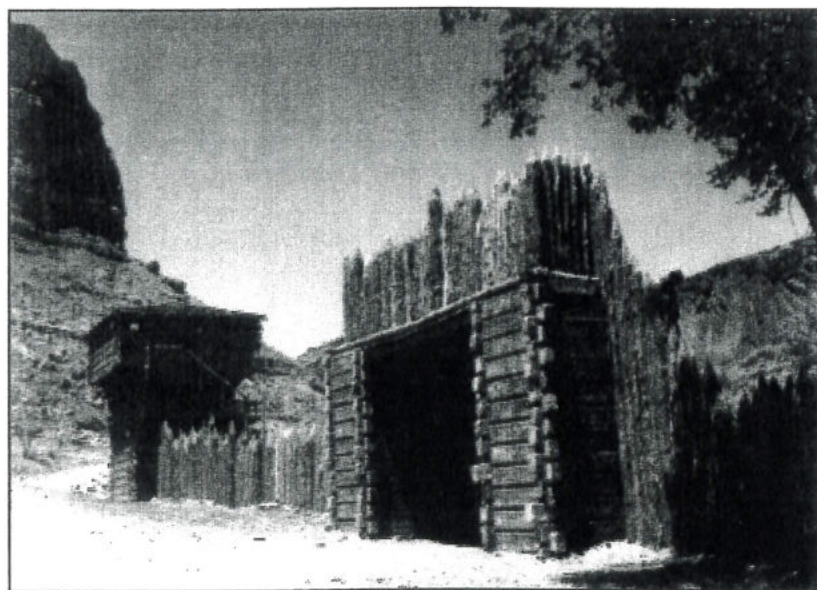
An interview with Colin Fryer

*Red Cliffs Ranch and Adventure Lodge was formally known as the White Ranch and has had a long and colorful past, first as a regular cattle ranch, and then additionally as the headquarters for many movies including various sets which were built right on the property. Located 14 miles up the River Road ( Highway 128), it has changed with the times as its owners have adapted the ranch and its uses to the demands of the economy or their vision of its future.*

I was born and spent the early part of my life in northern Utah in the small towns of Collingston and Riverside which are about 20 miles from Logan. My parents' families were farmers and also raised cattle, although the farms in cattle country up there were all well settled with big fenced pastures. I loved farming and the country life. After our family moved to Salt Lake where I went to school, I always returned to work on my grandpa's farm during the summers until I started college at the University of Utah.

Although farming was what I really liked, I realized that the economics of it were dismal. If I wanted to have my own farm or ranch, I was going to have to make money elsewhere. In this day and age, it's very hard to buy a farm or a ranch and expect to make the payments with the income derived from it. Otherwise it's necessary to make money else-where and spend it on a farm instead of a condo on the golf course.

I got involved in the electronics business when car stereos were first becoming popular. I was going to college and met some people who were in the business. I started a little company in the early '70s selling car stereos, speakers, and tapes. We started off with a little tiny office in the bad part of town. I would travel to sell our products in Utah, Wyoming, and



*The Fort constructed for use as a movie set existed for many years at the location of the current entrance to Red Cliffs Ranch.*

Montana. I had a van and would call on the truck stops, the music stores, and the little stereo stores that started to pop up. We soon opened stores of our own and, at one time, had eight retail stores. Later, I got in the waterbed business and had a waterbed manufacturing plant in Boise called Atlantis Waterbeds. We then started stores called Rocky Mountain Sound and Waterbed. With three stores in Idaho and four in Utah, we sold a combination of waterbeds, car stereo electronics, videos, records and posters. I was involved until the middle to late 80s when we closed the plant and sold the stores.

I had always wanted to ranch or have a lodge so I started spending a lot of time around Yellowstone where I had looked at several lodges and

ranches. That's where I thought I would really end up living. I had a place in West Yellowstone with fourteen units and also had a cabin on the river where I did a lot of fishing in the summer. I was still on the road during the winter.

## The Ranch

I came to Moab around 1990 with a friend, drove the Loop Road, and, in the course of that trip, I saw this ranch. There was a "For sale" sign

on it. I saw this magnificent country with this mix of high desert, pine trees and mountains, and these spectacular cliffs and the river. I inquired about the ranch and, over time, made an offer. I didn't expect all the elements to come together but eventually it did happen. It took several years, however, to actually begin living here and start making it my home.

After my children from a previous marriage came here to live, my life really changed. I went from being a traveling salesman to a Mr. Mom.

When I first saw this property, my goal was to build a lodge here. I had planned that all along and had looked at lots of lodges over the 15 years I had spent in Wyoming and Montana in the "land of the big lodges." The Glacier lodges and the Yellowstone

lodges are examples of majestic buildings.

I realized, after I came to Moab, that there was a real opportunity here, more so than in Montana. When they set up those older national parks, they were still allowing and encouraging that type of building. Then they started building these little sanitary visitors' centers that are very functional but not what anyone would consider unique. You can't go into Arches and get the same experience that you can get at Yellowstone, Yosemite or Grand Canyon where you can visit these great old buildings which are magnificent structures. In my estimation those buildings were always part of the draw.

This ranch was as close as I could get to having that same environment without being in the park. I wanted to build a building that would match the country and yet would still have some special "spectacular-ness" about it. I also needed to be able to build it within the confines of the modern building codes and modern land planning rules. I'm trying to build a resort that might have been in a national park. I chose Moab over

Yellowstone because I thought that there was such a void here regarding that type of lodge.

## The Resort

This is now a destination resort with all the activities that one would expect and then some additional offerings. We have the regular amenities such as the pool and the spa, and all of our rooms have a riverfront view. We also have horses and bikes, and we're working with the outfitters on the river. Our theme is "Moab's Adventure Headquarters" and we have an activities desk to coordinate those adventures for our guests. I like this big view, so all of the rooms have private patios. It's a place to come and be as busy or relaxed as you want, because there's a need for both.

We've just recently opened so we're still very rough around the edges and we've got another year ahead of us to get the landscaping in and all the fine tuning done. My theory on business is that you make people happy, one person at a time, and one by one, two by two, they come back to you and the word spreads.

The potential that I saw for this ranch included the rich history of being one of the earlier ranches settled. It had the cattle heritage and then it also had the film history which I recognized people are interested in. I'm using that as part of the theme of the resort. The cowboys and the movie heritage will be on display everywhere. We expect to have the Movie and Cowboy Memorabilia Museum open by fall.

The conference center is another segment of our business here. There are people who want to come to Moab and bring their business meetings, workshops, and forums. Although, there are some nice meeting rooms downtown, there are conferences that want to be located out of the mainstream and they want to have more of a "retreat" type of environment. Any of the major resort towns, such as Park City, Sundance, St. George and our Colorado neighbors - Telluride, Aspen, Steamboat - have those types of facilities. Moab doesn't currently get that type of customer and it's a business to encourage because these clients are



*Sandwiched between the Colorado river and the horse pasture, the new lodge and facilities are dwarfed by the magnificent scenery which first brought cattlemen and then the movie makers to this country. In late afternoon, Fisher tower (located in the distance, center of picture) is highlighted and stands as a sentinel overlooking this portion of the river valley.*



usually more affluent and often take advantage of guided tours rather than doing things on their own. It's an entirely different clientele that we're not seeing but which should be encouraged.

My idea is that traditionally a lot of these conferences center around golf courses and people like to go to their meetings in the morning and then play golf in the afternoon. Now we'll throw our hat in the ring and we'll be the conference center that gives them an alternative. Many times they go to several conferences a year so, instead of playing golf, we'll give them the choice of going on a river trip, riding a horse or a mountain bike, or participating in a wine-tasting. We can arrange an ATV outing or a scenic air flight. It's an option other than the golf course. Additionally, Moab has a nice golf course in town that they can also use.

We're not going to look for the mega-conferences. Our conference facility is built to handle around 200 people, but our first event had 220 attendees so we know we can accommodate that many.

#### The River Road

The River Road is always going to be problematic. It's a scenic byway which is heavily advertised and there's been ever more pressure from that type of usage. The Red Cliffs and Sorrel River resorts are obviously going to add some traffic to it. Castle Valley is only a third occupied so, as it builds up, that population will add considerably more traffic. I remind people though that, even at its busiest times, this road isn't that crowded.

I think the biggest problem is that people don't take the time to appreciate the road they're on. It doesn't hurt to slow down a little and there also needs to be more road etiquette.

Another of our big issues is the conflict with bicyclists and the fact that we haven't, as a community, insisted that we get bicycle paths here. They have beautiful bicycling paths in our neighboring states and in other locations in our own state. Highway 128 critically needs to have a bicycle path.



Colin Fryer, owner and developer of the Red Cliffs Ranch and Adventure Lodge, sits below the sign on the road to his ranch house. Photo courtesy of Colin Fryer.

I know there's talk of a small bike path from Lions Park to Negro Bill Canyon, which would really help. Everyone I know that lives up this road has had one or two close calls. Fortunately, there haven't been any serious accidents. But bicycles are a big part of our economy and there's no reason why we can't get a bike path that follows the whole river. Otherwise, we're going to eventually have accidents and serious repercussions.

#### The Cattle and the Ranch

The cattle operation will now operate out of my property in Castle Valley which is geographically better. Besides being adjacent to our summer pasture, there's a trail that comes across the gap that's next to part of our winter pasture. We also have our hay ground there, and we've been working on a set of corrals that will efficiently run a couple of hundred head of mother cows. That's still my passion and I'm going to continue to do that although I recognize that the face of the West is changing and it's starting to change quickly. There's a lot of pressure to get me and people like me off of the range and it's pres-

sure from several directions.

The first pressure is economic. Prices haven't changed dramatically in a long time, yet the cost of doing business has escalated on everything. Additionally, more of what we eat comes from outside of the United States and this will increase. I'm not complaining because it's really a good thing for the American consumer who has such a wide variety of food to choose from in supermarkets; yet they pay an ever-decreasing percentage of their income for that food. That's the positive thing.

But, if you're a producer, you can't produce it economically in the United States anymore, so everything's coming from developing nations that have cheap labor and cheap land and want American money and trade. That's the first and biggest pressure on ranching - the fact that there's no money in it.

The second pressure is an ever-increasing demand for recreation. As people spend less money for food, they become more affluent and have more money and time for recreation. People want to come to places like Moab because of our natural beauty and spectacular scenery and, when

they come, some don't want the cows to be there. It's kind of an oddity that they are using the trails that were created by the cows and roads that were built by the miners but they don't want to see any cows or miners.

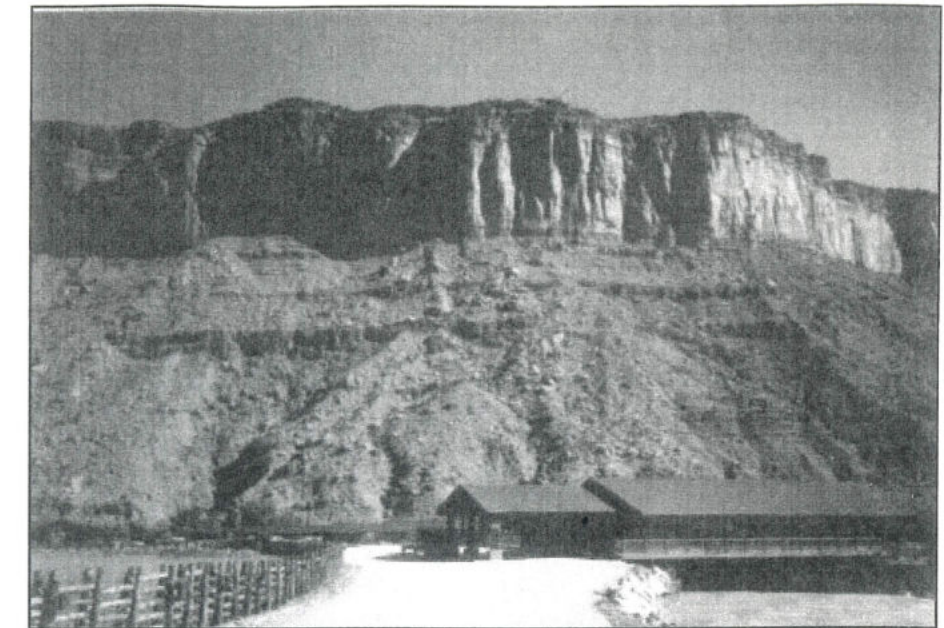
The demand is for land for recreation and that's where it will go because the government agencies that oversee our public lands are more interested in recreation than they are in agriculture. I see the face of the BLM and the Forest Service changing. There aren't any young people holding positions in those offices that came from a farm background because there are a very few agricultural-based families anymore. The young people all come from the city, go to the state universities, and learn the same book-way of taking care of the land. Each year that goes by, there's less support for mining, timber, or cattle so this affluent society will import more lumber, raw materials, and food and we'll put more emphasis on using the land for leisure. In some ways it's sad but it is reality and so I'm prepared to be, at least on this small ranch, probably the last owner to run cows.



Bill Racy with a roped steer out on the North Trail near Big Water in 1938, courtesy of Ned Chaffin

"That river was just one quicksand bog from the head of it to the foot of it in those days. ... We just spent all our time diggin' them cattle out of the mud. They'd go get stuck in the quicksand.... We'd have to go dig 'em out....Hell, it's just like they're cemented in there.... So, you have to get down there and dig and ..... get their foot out....Boy, that's the only time I ever was in a nightmare."

From "An Interview with Ned Chaffin"



The new lodge's amenities include a restaurant and bar, and it will house the Movie and Cowboy Memorabilia Museum.

#### The Future of Agriculture and Ranching

My vision of the future is that I see traditional agriculture declining, and I don't see it returning in the very near future. However, in addition to trying to be in the tourist business, I also want to be in the winery business and the winery agriculture offers something that is a viable agriculture product. We have the potential to have a winery industry here.

Grand Junction started theirs at about the same time Moab did, 12 years ago. While our region now has two wineries, they have close to twenty wineries with almost 300 acres under cultivation. They have created a multimillion dollar industry creating hundreds of jobs and putting land back to work. Grand County has all these small fields and we have a tourist base to support it but current State regulations and taxes mean that there is no chance of ever making a profit in the winery business.

Ranching is only a small piece of history in the legacy of this country where we now live. It's taken millions of years to form and the time of the cowboys will just be a small footnote but I'll be proud to have participated and been a little part of that footnote. That's all you can do in your life..... to be sure to try to do what you want to do and know that, when you're done, you did something that you're proud of.







Ephie Tidwell (Delbert's mother), Mary and Delbert, and June Marsing. Photo courtesy of Ned Chaffin.

"Now you're talkin' about good ropers. You see that old boy right there on that little gray horse sittin' up there like he's awake and wants to go after a wild cow or somethin'? That guy was a roper. That's June Marsing. I sure did like June Marsing. If he wasn't the best roper I ever saw, he's in the very, very, very, very top. He was the best horse roper to rope horses in a corral, and, I mean, he just wouldn't miss....he built a little old loop about that big around and he'd just flip it. Call it the June Marsing twist. He'd bring it up like this up over his head, like this, and he'd kind of twist his wrist like that. .... June would sit there and let 'em quiet down. And when they'd quiet down a little bit, he'd flip that. And he'd throw that loop high and it seemed like it'd just settle right over the horses head and then just slip down right..... He was a real horse roper.

From "A Conversation with Ned Chaffin"

## Museum Hours

### Summer Hours

April 1 through October 31

Monday through Saturday

1 to 8 p.m.

Closed Sundays and Holidays

### Winter Hours

November 1 through March 31

Monday through Thursday

3 to 7 p.m.

Friday and Saturday

1 to 7 p.m.

Closed Sundays and Holidays

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