

Oral History of
Clyde E Conover & Gil L Conover

By Garrett Conover

6th hour
U.S. Studys
Mrs. Carter

CATTLE DRIVES

I am interviewing my grandfather, Clyde Conover. My grandfather spent all of his working life as a cattle rancher. His father and grandfather were also cattle ranchers. All my great-grandfather's brothers and several of his children were also cattle ranchers in Ferron. At one time, if you combined all their cattle, they had more cattle than any other family in the state.

GARRETT: What is the first cattle drive you ever remember going on?

CLYDE: The first thing I remember was when I was ten years old and Preston Nutter came over to Emery County and bought all the steer calves in Emery County to take out on his ranch in Nine-Mile. I had the opportunity to go with my dad to drive those calves over. At that time there was no other way to take them; we always had to drive the calves to the railroad or wherever anybody bought them so they could ship them or take them out on their private range. I remember getting ready for it and we were all set and we had the calves and they were all wiener calves and balling for their mothers. We thought we would take about 10 drovers over there to handle the calves. We left Ferron early that morning and went along the highways and through Clawson and on over into Castle Dale where we trailed the calves that night. There's where we had to fix our bed. We came back to Ferron that night to stay. There was just two or three of them that stayed there with the calves in a

tent. Then the next morning we were back there at daylight again and we started from Castle Dale and started driving them along the highway as far as Huntington that day where we went up to the Huntington cattle corrals and put the calves in there so they would be safe. From there we camped for the night. On the third day we got up and left at daylight and went along the highway along towards Price, but we only went as far as the Twin Peaks and from there on the range and on down into Wellington. We stopped at Wellington in their cattle corrals in our side of town where we spent the third night. The next morning as we got up early, Preston Nutter was there and told us if we would taken them up the mouth of the canyon he would have his drover there and he would take them on out to the range. So we left early and got the calves up there about 10 o'clock and that's where Preston Nutter took his drovers and took over. Those calves, Nutter kept them and then the Great Depression came in '29 right after, in '30; he kept those calves for eight to ten years. They got so big and so wild, he never did get the money out of them that he paid for them. That was part of life at that time. Those calves got to be 10 and 15 years old out on his range and people would go out there and he would let them shoot them like you would shoot deer if they wanted one. And so it was quit an experience for a young 10-year-old boy to have made that trip so early. Then the next time I remember is the time we decided we had to have more range because the Ferron permit on the mountain wasn't enough to keep our family and all my brothers in the cattle business. So we bought range out in Nine-Mile in Carbon County in 1941. At that time I was going to school

at Carbon College when I was 22. My family consisted of my dad and his three brothers and my three brothers and myself and Wallace Conover. The family business was called the Conover Brothers so as we got ready in the spring to transport them on out to Nine-Mile, of course we had to drive them because we had no trucks to drive them so we would drive them down along the reef all the way through. We would start at Ferron and go down to Molen out on the Dutch Flat then follow the reef down to the head of Paradise where we'd go down to the south side of Paradise and down to the bottom and there we'd cross the Ferron Creek. At that time the Ferron River was running mighty high water and so we would have to force them the swim the river and as we crossed the river onto the north side we went down the river or Ferron Creek to what we call the San Rafael or the head of the San Rafael where the Castle Dale, Cottonwood Creek and Huntington Creek come into the San Rafael and forms the San Rafael. There we'd cross the Castle Dale River then went on up the Huntington River to about down where you go down Buck Horn and down that road and we'd camp there and night herded. Because there was no corrals to put them in there we'd have to night herd. To night herd it would take about three of us to kind of stay up all night and take turns and ride our horses around to make sure they weren't drifting off and would keep in this area. That's why it's so important that you always start a drive as it first gets light. The cattle will get up then and they are ready to travel. We would be all ready and have our breakfast and have our camp put together and ready to move them at daylight. From there we would go along the Huntington River north and then we

crossed that and went up toward Desert Lake and you know Desert Lake is below Cleveland and Elmo. From there we went over to the Victor school house. It was an old school house where the town of Victor used to be. They had a band in the school house, but there was a corral we fixed up to put our cattle in for the night and then we went in and stayed in the old school house with our sleeping bag and things on the floor of the school house. This was quit an experience for us. The next morning we'd get up at daylight and be ready to go and travel then north along there where we hit Miller Creek Wash and then we went east along that road down into the Price River. When we got the to Price River, there was a bridge there that we could push the cows over it. That helped us a lot so we didn't ever have to swim across the Price River. From there we went up towards Wellington out passed the gas well and then on over into the corral in Soldier Creek there by the power lines and that's where we spent the third night. That was a big day so we were all tired. The dogs were tired, the horses were tired and especially the men. I can remember it felt like I had gone a hundred miles that day. That was part of life and that it was always long hard days to move the cattle especially when they didn't know where they were going. That was our first trip to Nine-Mile. So we spent the night there in that cattle corral and the next morning we got up and it was not too hard of a day. We went up the highway right along Soldier Creek road right up passed the coal mine which was always a nightmare to get a herd of cattle passed a coal mine. It took us hours to get them finally through that. Once you'd get the first bunch then the rest would come

running. You really had to watch what you were doing. You had to keep the moving and had to keep out of their way. It was almost like a stampede by that coal mine. From there we went on up into what they call the Park. In the Park we had the little canyon there that we were able to put our cattle in for the fourth night. And then we'd partially night herd. We'd didn't have to get out and travel like we did before. We'd just stay there and then put our camp in the mouth of the canyon there so we could watch them. We'd come out early in the morning and be ready to leave and go down from what they call Nine-Mile Canyon. From there down to where we have our range is about six or eight miles. We'd take them down there. We'd be down there by about 10'o clock usually on the fifth day and it was such a treat when we got there. We had one problem was going through Keele's property. There was one section along the road that was not fenced and it was real hard to keep them out of the ditches and his fields which we were able to most of the time. From there we took them on in to our private property where we spent the fifth night kind of getting them distributed and getting used to the area. We had a couple hired that would go out there and live and spent the summer with the cattle. So along the first part of October we'd go back out and spend about 10 days and gather cattle. Especially that first year, I remember the snow got deep, but we did get them out. To make that trip was the same ordeal. We take them up into the Park that first day there and from then on we'd following our route back into Ferron which would take another four to five days. It wasn't long after the first couple of years that the BLM divided their land and put fences

everywhere so we couldn't drive our cattle out along the reef anymore. From then on we couldn't get through the fences so it was quit a change and different life entirely to move the cattle along the highway. I remember in 1944 was a special year and special time for us. I planned to marry my wife, Alice, and right after on the twentieth day of June. So we started our cattle drive about the fifteenth of June and we had myself and my two brothers Ray and Harry, June Killpack, George Conover and about four or five nephews that wanted to go out and learn how to be cowboys. There was quit a group of us. We had to drive from along the highway so we left Molen down there and went along the road that comes into Lawrence where we spent our first night with Jens Johnson. He had some big yards and corrals where so we would stay there. On this time of our life we had a camp wagon we pulled along behind one of the trucks and Jesse would pull the wagon and he'd be the cook which is a poor excuse for a cook because he would get visiting and forget where the cattle was and the drivers and forget about everything else so we'd go hungry. It was quit an experience. I remember when we left Jens that morning and came up from Huntington and then across there and hit the highway on the north side of town and hit the old Huntington River bridge there by Killpack's and then went on over to the highway. Any time we were one a highway we had to have a lead man or flagger. And of course, that would be June. June was an ideal man because he thought he was tough and he wasn't scared of nobody. He would go out and flag. I remember one place where he was flagging and one of the car started driving up and he said stop. The car said you can't make me stop and June said oh

yes I can. He got off his horse and said don't you dare move that car and that's was June whole life to be tough. I remember we were going across through Huntington and on through what we call the Washboard Flat north of Huntington and stopped and had lunch there. We had the cattle all over the flat there. My future wife, Alice, came out to pick me up. We had to go into Huntington to get our blood tested. I remember she drove up there and parked the car there and I rode over to where the car was parked and sat in the car there where she was. June had a habit of killing more time looking for more excuses to get back behind so he wouldn't have to be out on lead. I remember one time he had to use that bathroom so he got out on that flat and got behind the horse behind the legs and sat there and of course I knew what he was doing but Alice didn't. We sat there and we visited and visited and he would shuffle. He didn't have hold of the reins. We must have kept him there fifteen or twenty minutes. Then that night we after we drove off, he was going to kill me. He was so mad he had cramps and he couldn't walk, but that was some of the fun parts of the trips. He was a great hand to bet, he always wanted to bet. I remember we had some cows there ready to give birth to some calves and he said well I'll have to pack that and I said no it will never happen until we have lunch. So he bet me most of his change. Sure enough we kept driving until we had lunch and she had her calf. I wanted to know how I knew that and I told him that was just part of being a cowboy. We put the calf in the truck then and hauled the calf and would put it with its mother when we would get there at night. That day we corralled over by the Cleveland road there where they

built the stock corral so we didn't have any night herding so we had a nice evening there. We left the next morning, it was daylight again. Of course, June was out on lead until we got across the washes then we'd cut through toward Miller Creek so then we went through the Twin Peaks and over by the Miller's Canal. Then we went on down through Miller Creek and got one down by the south of Wellington and there we ran into at the bridge, there was a little narrow bridge and there was only one way for a car. When we got to that bridge, low and behold, right out in the middle of that bridge was the assessor from Emery County and the one from Carbon County and they wanted to count the cattle. Well, there was no way we could get the cattle across the bridge with them in the middle so after 15, 20 minutes, trying to fight them we finally got them all bunched up and got the dogs and pushed them and they went across that bridge, 10 broad fold and as fast as they could go. I tell you the county assessors were climbing up the side of the bridge to get out of the way. Of course, we didn't care if they counted the cows but they could have come to us and ask us how many cattle we had. But to put them right in the middle of that bridge and try to count them as they went across, there was no way you could do that. We got them across the bridge and they were so mad they were going to sue us. We stopped and talked to them and said if you want to know all you have to do is ask us or you can count them one by one. So they felt better about it. I can remember June and George and the dog whipping and hollering and getting those cows. We really had them boomed trying the get them across. But anyway, they were satisfied with the number we gave them. Then

another experience that we laughed a lot about, as we were going out across Wellington, June got in the head again, and of course, that was his life to stop everybody that came with a car to pull them over to the side of the road and make them wait. From there down we went up the highway up toward Soldier Creek where we'd always camp. It was a fruitful and enjoyable day but a lot of excitement. From there we ran into a little pup and we fed it our scraps so then we couldn't get rid of it and it started to follow us. The next morning we got up and at daylight and headed up Soldier Creek and up passed the coal mine and I remember I went on ahead to the coal mine and asked them if they would stop it and they said they would. They said they would shut it down and they said they would. Then the cattle could go right on by. On the way through there this little pup got sick, it got poisoned and it was really sick. June was wondering what we could do. He was going to stop all the trucks and ask if they had a gun so he could put it out of its misery because it was going to die anyway. He didn't think that any of them would have one. I told him these people out here were really tough. So any way, here comes a truck. June rode up and said we've got a sick dog here and we need to get rid of it and asked if they had a gun. The guy said yes and handed him out his 30-30. He said wait a minute, what about a bullet. The man said there's already some in it, it's clear full. All you have to do is pull the trigger. Any way that made a believer out of him. By that time June had spent all his money but 10 cents. I had talked to him about the big store down Nine-Mile Canyon we had and if we had an opportunity to stop, he wanted to go there and spend

it on a cigar. He saved that money until we got down there. When we turned off the road to go to our private range, he realized that we had just been kidding him. There wasn't no store and he was really mad at us. From there on we went on up to camp. While we were at camp getting ready for the truck to come home. When we got there June had to use the bathroom like usual, so he went over and was using it and he didn't have any toilet paper so he reached over to take the little bush there and used that and low and behold it was stinging nettle and I tell you he was in a real bad way for that day. It was just part of life and the enjoyment we had on the trip. We were headed home the day of the ninth we were headed back home with our saddle and things, we'd leave our horses out there all summer so we'd have them in the fall to bring the cattle back. As we got ready to come back, we all got into the car and Jesse's truck and Harry pick up, when we got into Price, Harry and Ray and I went on into Ferron. The rest stayed there, of course, they partied a little. I went back so I would be there to be married at my wife's folk's place there. I always remember that trip, that month, that day and what a great thrill it was.

I am now interviewing my dad, Gil Conover on April 17, 1997. I am interviewing him on cattle drives. He was a fourth generation cattle rancher. The farm he and my grandfather worked had been in the Conover family for over 100 years.

GARRETT: What was the first cattle drive you can remember going on when you were growing up?

GIL: I remember going on several while the time I was growing up. We used to gather the cattle off the desert and used to trail them up to the corrals in the spring time so we could brand them and get them ready to go on the mountain. I used to remember gathering them up and bringing them into the corrals and having them down by the creek and when the high water floods down the creek would come we would have to run the cows and their calves from one side to the other. Then we would have to keep a close eye on the calves so they wouldn't get in the creek and drown. We would always have to get the horses on the down side of the cows to give them something to swim against them so we wouldn't lose them. Then we would take them up to the corrals and separate the cows from the calves. We would run the calves through and brand them then about three days later we would take them to the stock corrals where everybody in town would meet to take them up on the mountain. Then the Forest Service would come down and count them and mark them so that you didn't take more than you were allowed to take on the mountain. Then the next morning you'd all get together and start driving them up on the mountain. We would take them up to the Forest Service line on the first day, drop them off, leave them there, and go back up early the next morning and gather them all up out of the creek then take them on up and put them on the Dairy Trail and take them on up Ferron Mountain to whichever allotment they would let us go in to. I remember pushing cattle up the Dairy Trail by myself. I'd have to take 20 or 30 head of cows and push them up the narrow trail so you didn't push them off the ledges. So we'd have to ride up there and try to push them up the steep trail. A lot of times

we would get off and walk behind the cows and lead our horses. If you get thirsty there were always a lot of ponds in the rocks. As you got up close to the top of Dairy Trail you could lean out against your horse and get some water out of the little ponds in the holes in the rocks in the cliffs. That would one of the highlights of day to get a drink up there in that dry area. There was a lot of pretty country. When we would get them to the top we would always stop and let the cattle scatter out and try to find their calves and wander up through the mountain. We'd usually stop and have a sandwich then ride back down the mountain to get to the trucks and go home late that night. It would always a long two weeks of riding, real hard riding before we ever got our cows to the mountains. Then when we would take them to Nine-Mile we would spend three days of trucking. We would truck them all over to the corral in Nine-Mile Canyon then we would leave them in there for three days and feed them. We'd make five to ten truck loads a day of cattle. My dad would and my uncles would and on the third day we'd get all the cattle over there and then on the third day we'd all show up early with our horses. The cow herder would turn them out them we would push them all the way from Nine-Mile Canyon to our ranch in Nine-Mile. Then it would take us a full day from way before daylight until after dark before we could get them to our corral in Nine-Mile then we'd just let them go for the night then we'd go to camp spent to night and get up early the next morning and round them up and push them clear up on top of the mountain then down into Sheep Canyon and those areas and turn them lose for the summer. We'd wait until the fall to gather them. So that's

what I remember from the first cattle drives Garrett. We used to do that every summer for years.

GARRETT: What was your most favorite cattle drive to go on?

GIL: I hated gathering cattle on the desert just because it was always hot, lots of knats, long days, just dusty trails, but I really enjoyed taking cattle up on the mountain. The funniest part of moving cattle on cattle drives was in the fall cause then you would always start it off in the mountains where it was cool and you'd go up and find them and they were always quite wild and fat and sassy. You'd find them and all they would want to do is run so you'd end up running your horse the whole time. You run them clear to the bottom and get them in the corral before they got away from you. Then you'd turn around and let your horse get a drink in the creek, catch it's breath and start walking back up on the mountain and find another one or two. You couldn't just round up a whole bunch because they were so wild you'd never find them so if you found one you'd have to take it clear to the bottom put it in the corral then go back and find another one. I enjoyed that because there was always lots of wildlife. It was a nice and cool time of the year. The deer were always around, they always had their horns. It was an enjoyable ride going up to find cattle and a fast ride off the mountain chasing them. But that was the funniest part riding and gathering cattle in the fall.

GARRETT:

riding and gathering cattle in the fall.

GARRETT: Do you ever remember having any bull fights or having any cows dying when you were herding the cows?

GIL: Yes, I remember several times. Every winter we would take all the cows on the desert to winter and they's usually have their calves down there and we'd go down and gather them every spring. We never took the bulls on the desert because it was too much pressure on the bull and too much traveling they had to do. Also we wanted to keep the bulls away from the cows because we didn't want to have calves in the middle of winter. But when we would bring all the calves up in the spring to brand them we would always have the bulls out in the fields and then we'd bring all the cows in and all the bulls would fight for days. They would fight and fight. I remember after getting a group of them branded and getting them ready, take them up the next morning to the corrals to start hauling them to Nine-Mile and getting them ready to go on Ferron Mountain. I went down and went into one of our lower pastures and there was three or four bulls there fighting and after they get through fighting their heads are always skinned up, their heads are always bleeding, their noses are bleeding and they're all gored on the sides where they would always break and run the other one would always gore them. We had this one old big bull down there and they'd been fighting all night with another bull and he'd broken his horn right off flush with his head. And he just walked around moaning and blood all over his face like it really hurt and

it looked like it really hurt. But he moaned for days clear until we got him up on the mountain. He acted like he had a giant headache. I remember driving them up from the lower corrals and lower fields up to the stock corrals and we get there by Becky Larsen's house and Kurt Larsen's home and they used to have a tractor right there outside with a blade on it and then they had their truck parked there one time and the blade was up and these get fighting and when bulls fight you just couldn't do nothing with them, you couldn't go up to them on a horse or anything else cause if one of them broke to run they'd run over anything, cows, calves, fences, they didn't care they'd just run over anything. The other one would be right on the other ones tail trying to gore him so they'd just stomp you. So if you ever had bulls fighting you just had to sit and let them finish fighting or sick the dogs on them to break them up. We got going up through there just about to the stock corrals and there was these two bulls that got to fighting right there in front of Becky's house and they fought for 10 minutes. We had traffic stopped and nobody could get through because they were fighting all over the place. So finally we sicked the dog on them and the dog got chewing on them a little bit and the one bull figured he'd had enough so he broke to run and ran right into Ray's blade on that tractor. It moved that tractor about ten feet and it put a big cut right in his side and that other bull was just goring him the whole time. But it moved a big tractor when that bull hit it all you could do was watch it and let it go cause it would run right over a horse. So all you could do is wait til they stopped fighting and herd them up to the corrals

and then they'd spar off later in the corral. Then whenever we'd haul them to Nine-Mile we'd usually put the front half of our cattle truck we'd fill them clear up with cows as tight as you could get them that way they would lay down and then the back half we'd put in four or five cows and all their calves. Then we'd drive them out and it would take two hours to get them there. There were several times when we'd get out there with the rough roads and as whinedy as twisty as it was, we'd always stop and check to see if we had cattle down. If we did we'd have to find a corral somewhere and unload them so they didn't suffocate. But we used to lose several cows, we'd lose two or three a year to Nine-Mile. They'd get down and then another cow would get down on top of their head and suffocate them. When we'd get there we'd have a dead cow in the back and couldn't get our gates open, but that was part of dealing with cattle. That did happen all the time, it wasn't something we planned on, we tried to avoid it as much as possible but it would always happen. We'd always lose two or three cows a year hauling them. That's just the way cattle are. They can't get up once they're down cause they're just too big. Other will stumble and fall and get on top of them and suffocate them. But we've had a few of them before we went up the Dairy Trail, like I mentioned before was steep and ledgy. If you pushed them too hard then they'd crowd each other and one of them would be pushed off the side off the ledges and they'd fall down. Sometimes it would kill them in the fall going off the ledges and other times they would land on other ledges and no way to get them back out. Then after you got all the cattle on the mountain you would go

back. There was times when we'd spend days hauling hay into them to get a way or cut a path into them or try to get a rope around them to pull them up. Sometimes we'd save them, most of the time they'd die of starvation or else they'd fall off that ledge and fall to their death anyway. But that never happened very often; we used to break them up into small groups and not push them real hard. Once in a while it would happen. We even lost a couple of horse that way. My Uncle Harry was leading a bunch or horse up on the mountain up there in the narrows where the road goes now. There was a wooden bridge up there and you can see if you drive up there now there's still a couple of poles you can see across the road by the creek there. He was leading a little mare and her colt. He had a rope around the colts neck and he'd tie it to the mare's tail so it would get away and when he went across that bridge the colt got frisky or nervous or whatever and fell off the side and hung there. It killed itself just by hanging because he didn't have a pocket knife to cut the rope. He about lost the mare too but he got the mare out and that was one reason he always told you should always have a pocket knife. Every time he'd find us without a pocket knife in our pocket he'd always tell us that story so we usually always have a pocket knife with us now days even though we don't do much cattle driving any more like we used to. That's about all I can think of right now, Gar.

GARRETT: What kind of dogs did you have and how many and what was your favorite dog?

GIL: We never had a lot of dogs, not at one time. We've always had one cow dog. We usually had male dogs just to take with us so they could take care of the bulls and send them into tamaracks or whatever to get some of those wild cows out. They'd always help us load cattle cause they would always stand on the side of the load chutes and when we'd try to push cattle up into the trucks the cows would stop and try to bunch up the dogs would always reach through the bar and bit them and keep them moving. They always helped loading cattle that way. Dogs were always there. They'd be a bother though when you would be driving cows with calves because the cows would always turn on the dogs and try to protect the calves. You'd would spend hours just to go one block, so we'd usually leave our dogs home when we were driving cows and calves. We had several, I had one that I grew up with when I was in junior high and high school. He was one of my closest buddies, we did everything together. Everywhere we went he was there. I'd go out and feed the cows and calves in the corrals every morning and night. Every morning I'd go out, I'd ask him if there were any calves out and as soon as I'd say that he'd turn and run right to the corrals and run all the ways up and down both sides of the mangers and around the hay stacks and I'd just sit there at the house and then he'd come back. If he came back pretty quick I knew there were no calves out. If there was a calf out, I knew it because he would sure be tearing them up to get them back in the corral. I wouldn't even have to go back to the corral. I used to do everything with him. I've got all kinds of pictures of him riding a motorcycle with me or we'd go out to the corral and feed

and come back in and I'd put my hands out and he'd run and jump and hit me right in the chest and just sit there then I'd have to carry him to the house in my arms. My dad hated it because every time he'd go out there, Cody thought my dad would do the same and he'd always hit him and try to knock him down or he'd cuss him or whatever, but he always wanted to be carried back to the house. But he used to do anything and everything. He used to ride on the swather with me and cut hay all summer out there all day long in the dust and the dirt. It didn't matter how hot it was, he sat right there in the swather and always looked out into the hay and waited for the hay to start moving and then he would know he had a rabbit or something out there or a pheasant and he'd bail off and out through the day he'd go. He'd either catch a rabbit or chase a pheasant until it flew. Then a couple of times he's gone out and done that. One time he caught up to a fox and he let the fox go because he didn't know what to do with it. Another time he went out and saw the hay moving and so he went out and starting chasing it and it was a fawn. I stopped him from chasing the fawn and got him back on the swather and the fawn went over and laid down in the ditch where its mom could find it. But he was the dog that I grew up with. Every morning when I had to get up or go to school, I was like Garrett in a lot of ways, but not as bad; I didn't have as hard of time getting up in the mornings. My mom and dad would just go out and open the doors and Cody would come in and bail right in bed with me and wouldn't get off me until I got up and so he was always a good companion. He would always check my room every morning even after I'd gone to college and wasn't home he'd have to

come check my room then he'd want to go back outside. Dogs are good companions, I used to do a lot of stuff together. We used to go down and load silage out the silage pit. We'd shovel it in with big forks. He used to love it because while I was down there I'd shovel it in there until I was tired and then while I was resting I'd pick up kernels of corn and I'd throw them up in the air and he'd try to jump and catch them and he'd always do somersaults. He'd jump off ledges trying to catch rocks or dirt clots, it didn't matter. He'd grab them and chew them up. He was always a good companion to have around. I remember one time when we were out to Nine-Mile. that's when we used to do the cattle drives out there, there was myself and our cow herder had his son out there which had two boys, one was my age and one that was a little bit younger. We were always on the drives, we were always together. My Uncle Harry would always come up to camp and would always want to take a nap. We were always out there with our pellet guns and always wanted to hunt things. This Kenneth Barker kept bugging my Uncle Harry to take us down further so we could hunt some pot guts. Uncle Harry told him that if he could kill one with that little BB gun he would eat it. So my Uncle Harry didn't worry about it and he went in and had a nap and was asleep. We were out there hunting and Kenneth got up close to one so he shot it and killed it and took it right in to my Uncle Harry and put it right on his chest while he was asleep, woke him up and asked him when he wanted to eat it. He didn't think that was too neat. He didn't eat, but Kenneth sure didn't let him live that down anyway. We used to have a lot of dogs. We used to have a big dog named Cheeco when I was young. We

used to have a swimming pool up in the creek in our field. Every spring we would go up there with a cat and we'd push up a big dam and the whole town would come up there and we had a big rope up in the trees and we'd have a swimming hole. Kids would keep going up and down through there and after a while with all the bikes going through there the kids would keep kicking at him where he would get quite mean and he would go out and try to bit the kids when they were going up there. So we didn't let him do that too much. We finally changed the route up to the swimming hole, but he used to always go up there with us and everything. I remember when we were in high school we used to always used to go up to Millsite after they built it and we would waterski and have a good time. Cody was with us all the time. We'd go up there and we'd been diving and swimming and he'd dive off the ledges just like we would and swim around. One time we decided to swim from where the golf course is now up to a little island out there in between that and the boat ramp. So we all dove off and started swimming out through there and I got out there about 20 yards or so and he diving off and was swimming behind us but he could swim faster than we could. About half way across he was getting tired and I was getting tired. He was just like any other animal. He just tried to climb on me because he was tired. He bout drowned me. I didn't think I was even going to make it. I finally made it to the island and we had to go get our boat to get me off the island because he almost drowned me. That was the last time I went swimming with Cody.

GARRETT: What can you remember about Ted and Liz?

GIL: Ted and Liz Barker were the cow herders for our family out in the Nine-Mile area. They herded for us for fifty years. They raised their family out there. They worked for us for fifty years; they got so old, he and Liz quit and they moved to Wellington where at his son's house. They were wonderful people. They'd always, you'd go up and an airplane could fly over and you couldn't tell whether it was a car or an airplane, but Liz always knew. If you heard a noise she could tell you if it was a truck coming up the canyon or whatever it was. She could tell where they were turning and where they were going. Every time we showed up out there they were very thrilled to see us. They stayed out there all summer, from April until November in the mountains. Whenever we'd show up they'd always feed us and take care of us. We'd stay with them, spend nights with them. We'd go up and ride and move cattle all day long and then at night we'd come back to the cabin. Every time Liz would have a big dinner for us. At night for entertainment she always wanted to play cards. My uncle and dad and Liz would stay up most of the night playing cards and then get up early the next morning to look for cattle. They were good people. There's a lot of people still in Carbon County that remembers Ted Barker. He's quit a legend in that part of the country. He was quit a rough old cowboy. All he's done all of his life is herd sheep and cattle. He'd get people on our property that wouldn't be invited and they would be trespassing. They would usually go through and leave gates open so the cattle would get out. Ted would always follow them up and if they left a gate open that would make him real mad. I remember one time we had a guy from the state that worked for the

government and he was working his way over to Bruins Point out there to work on a microwave station and he went through our property and left the gate open on top. Ted went up there and found the gate open so he took his chain saw out and fell 15 or 20 big quakes across the road so this guy couldn't go back through there. I remember the phone ringing at our house one night about midnight. There was a guy from the state wanting to know who the crazy guy was out on our property who closed the gate so his man couldn't get out. I remember my dad telling him they had never called for permission to go through there and they must have left the gate open or something. My dad was backing our cattle herding because that was his jog to protect the cattle and the property. He said that the guy would have to find another way off the mountain because he wasn't welcome to come back through our property. That's the way Ted was; he did that more than once to several people. He'd get people in there bow hunting that came in from East Carbon and they knew they were trespassing but they were just trying to sneak passed Ted to go down on our property to hunt. Ted would catch them in there and he would make them load all their stuff up and instead of going back over the mountain where their camp was, maybe a half mile, he'd make them load everything up and take them down through our property and out the bottom end of our property which meant they had to travel 30 miles from there just to get back to Wellington. Then from Wellington back over to East Carbon and clear back on top. It would take them a full day to travel to get back to where their camp was, but they never trespassed after that, at least not that Ted ever caught them. He

was a wonderful person, he had a big heart. He was also a big tough and tough guy. He was like that old cowboy on City Slickers. If you ever wanted a reference of Ted Barker, you could reference him to that movie.

GARRETT: How long did you run cattle and where at did you run them?

GIL: We ran cattle on Ferron Mountain until about 1970 and then we sold all of our mountain permit and started running all of our cattle at Nine-Mile. Then we ran cattle out there for several years and after I got out of college and was working for the power company, my dad and I would do all the farming and I would run all the cattle at Nine-Mile. I leased all the cattle from him for a couple of years before we sold them. I think we sold the cattle in 1985, I think it was where in that area. It was when Brandon and Garrett were still young. We sold the cows and just farmed. We lease our grazing permits at Nine-Mile and we'd farm and raise calves to feed our hay out here at the house. We used to buy four to five hundred head of steers every fall and feed them until spring and take them back to the auction and sell them after we cashed our hay out. I remember these new corrals out here. We had 500 head of Holsteins one year and we used to haul straw out into the corrals so they would have a dry place to lay down. I remember Garrett and Brandon would want to ride them, especially Garrett. He was just a little snot-nosed kid. I kept telling him he would get hurt but he always wanted to ride so one day while I was out

putting bedding out there in the corrals for them to lay in, the Holstein calves were still standing around. You could just reach right out and touch them. They were more interested in eating they hay so I grabbed Garrett out of the back of the truck one time and put him on the back of one of these 400 pound Holstein steers and his corral was clear full of mud, deep mud and manure. It was just real wet a boggy. As soon I put him on this calf's back, it began bucking and running around. Garrett made it about three jumps, maybe, and lit right down in the mud. I thought he was going to get trampled by all the other calves that were running around there, but they didn't. He got up and wanted to do it again. I figured he didn't learn anything on the first one so I put him on another one. He did the same thing, he made it about three jumps was all and lit right on his head, right on his face in the mud and the manure. That was some of the happiest days he had out there. He always wanted to do that. We have several stories about Garrett riding a few things for short distances but not quit making it all the way. I won't go into that part. We ran those calves here for six or seven years and then my dad decided he wanted to retire so we sold the bottom half of our farm and we haven't had many cattle around the yard here for six or eight years. So Garrett and Brandon don't remember a lot about the old days when we used to run the cows from down in the bottom fields after branding them. That's as far as we've taken cattle. Now all we do is feed a few horses and raise hay on what ground we've got left and just kind of do a little bit of city farming.