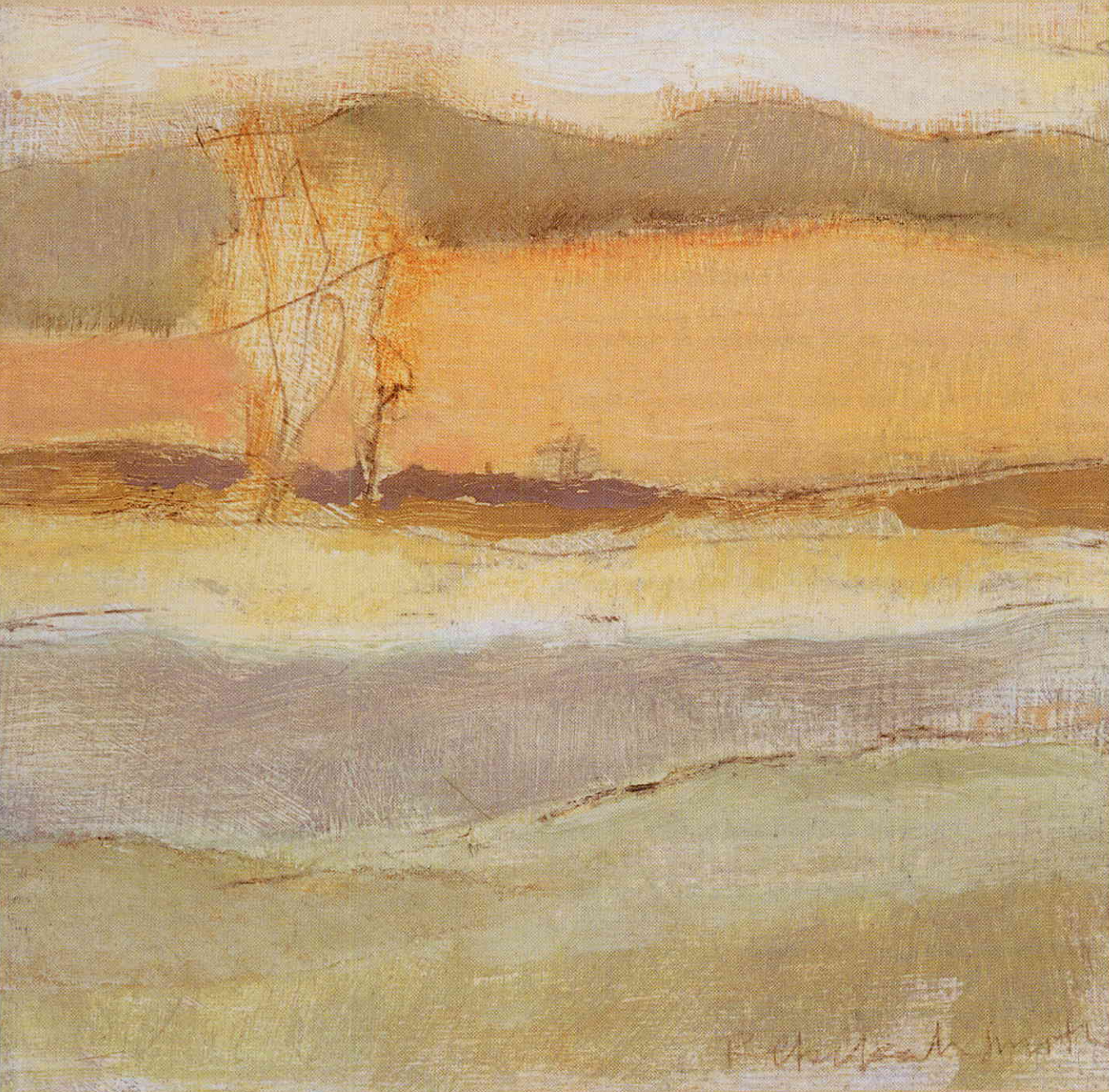


BEEHIVE HISTORY 26



living on the land

THE LAND: attitudes and choices

BEEHIVE HISTORY

living on the land

All of us are connected to the earth, which supports and sustains us. But our individual relationships with the land vary. 🌱 Some Utahns work with the land, coaxing a living from the soil. Some play on the land. Others view it in various ways: as an exploitable or marketable resource; a place where memories and history reside; a building site; a threatened ecosystem; a source of delight and renewal; or merely an expanse to traverse as quickly as possible during the morning commute. 🌱 For some Utahns, the landscape may be hardly a blip in a frazzled consciousness. And of course, for many others land is a big issue, the center of conflict. 🌱 We may do well to pause and consider those who came before us, their unique relationships with their surroundings, and how their choices affect us today. In like manner, the effects of our present relationships with the land will continue in the lives of future generations.

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On the covers: "In Wildness is Renewal" (front) and "The Sudden Poetry of Springs" (back), Utah landscapes in egg tempera and oil, by Rebekah Smith.

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FIFTEEN YEARS after the Mormon settlers arrived in Utah, their livestock had so overgrazed the native grasses and seeds that the Indians were starving, noted Jacob Hamblin, one of those settlers. The Great Basin was hardly lush to begin with, but indigenous peoples had survived there for centuries. How did they live on the land? And why was the Euro-American way of living so devastating to the native tribes?

Each group of Native Americans survived by adapting to the resources of its own area. Consider the group now called the Northwestern Band of the Shoshone Nation. Earlier, they called themselves kam-mitikka, "jackrabbit-eaters," and lived in northern Utah and southern Idaho. They lived in small and fluid family groups, hunting and gathering scarce resources throughout the spring, summer, and fall. During the winter, the small groups gathered together into larger camps in areas that provided cover, timber, and food sources to supplement the foodstuffs they had gathered and stored. Often they wintered near hot springs at Battle Creek near Franklin, Idaho, or at Promontory Point or Crystal Springs in Utah, erecting brush or tipi homes.

THE SHOSHONE OF NORTHERN UTAH by KRISTEN ROGERS



Rachel Perdosh stands beside a typical tipi. Lucy Honovea, 1830-1920, born and raised in the traditional lifeways, experienced the changes that occurred as her people were displaced by Euro-American settlers. Next page: Sogwitch, oldest son of Shoshone chief Sagwitch, survived the Bear River Massacre.

The Northwestern Shoshones were neighbors to two different groups of Shoshone peoples. Those to the north fished the Snake River drainage and depended heavily on bulbs like bitterroot and camas. The Shoshone in western Utah and eastern Nevada lived in a dryer place, relying on foods like pine nuts, grasses, and desert animals.

The Northwestern Band moved between these two groups—after all, the Shoshones were all close relatives—and used the resources of both areas. They fished Bear Lake and the Bear, Weber, and Snake rivers, using spears, gill nets, and basket traps. They snared or shot waterfowl, grouse, coots, and owls, and they snared small animals like wood rats, muskrats, and squirrels. To cook these, they singed the fur off then roasted the animals whole or stuffed.

Large game required other hunting techniques. Working as a group, hunters might drive deer into brush corrals in narrow canyons. They also hunted mountain sheep, stalking or ambushing them or beating on logs to simulate the rams' rutting battles.

Men often joined forces to hunt pronghorn antelope. A person who was thought to have spiritual power directed the communal hunts. This shaman would visit the herd, sing to the animals, sleep with them, and help drive them to a brush corral, where they could be shot. Large hunts such as this were only held every five or ten years, however, as it took the antelope population that long to recover.

Other animals used by the Shoshone included beaver, elk, porcupines, mountain lions (rarely), bobcats, hares and rabbits, otters, badgers, marmots, and bears. The hunters often took care to avoid killing female animals, birds, and fish during times when the animals would be bearing or caring for their young.

Plants were also critical to survival. The Shoshone ate such diverse plants as thistle stems, sagebrush seeds, the leaves and roots of arrowleaf balsamroot, buffalo berries, limber pine seeds, sego lilies, wild rye seeds, Indian ricegrass, cattails, and much more.

Of all the plant foods, pinyon nuts were the most important. The band usually went to Grouse Creek, in northwestern Utah, to gather the nuts in the fall. After they harvested the green cones, they would roast the cones to release the seeds. They would then parch the shells to make them brittle, crack them with a metate, and winnow the nuts with a fan tray. The parched nuts could be eaten whole or ground to make a warm or cold mush.

THE PINYON HARVEST was a time of religious ceremonies, and the people regarded the pinyon-gathering areas as sacred. But the Shoshone apparently approached all of their relationships with the land spiritually. Animals killed were often treated ritually, with their heads placed to the east or their organs set out in the brush or trees; the dead animals were addressed with special respect. Plants were harvested with prayers and offerings. When digging a root, for instance, a Shoshone might leave a small stone or bead in the hole.

According to anthropologists, Great Basin peoples regarded animals and plants as powerful agents that could help or hurt the people. Certain plants—sagebrush, for instance—were used ritually. It was crucially important to the Shoshone to maintain a harmonious relationship between the natural and human worlds. Prayers of petition and thanks, then, were part of everyday life.

These attitudes still persist among many. In 1980 a fieldworker interviewing Western Shoshones for an MX missile environmental impact study wrote that the people had a high attachment to and reverence for the land. The interviewees described sacred sites on the land but would not identify them, fearing that the sites would be disturbed. They also spoke against the impacts of the MX missile system,

saying that “When the land is sick, the people are sick.” In the Shoshone view, wrote the fieldworker, the land, water, fish, and fisherman are all holy.

IN THE PAST, there was no ownership of land among the Shoshonean people; all Shoshones had a right to its resources and all had a stake in keeping it well. But the end of this way of life, with its seasonal migrations and small-group cooperation, began when Mormon settlers moved onto the traditional Northwestern Shoshone lands. Also, emigrants hunting and grazing their livestock along the Oregon Trail decimated food sources and polluted streams.

To fill the gap, some Shoshones turned to begging, stealing food, or raiding livestock, acts that they saw as “collecting rent.” Others became more violent, killing Euro-Americans in retaliation. But in the long run these strategies could not sustain the band. The Anglos reached their own goal—to permanently remove the Indians from settlement lands—far more efficiently. The Bear River Massacre was one part of the “solution” to the “Indian problem.”

Another was to move the band onto a 1,700-acre farm at Washakie, in northern Utah, in 1875. There, the people who had successfully hunted and gathered for centuries

were taught to build permanent houses and to farm. They learned a different way to live on the land, and although they held on to some aspects of their traditional life, in essence they had to give up their own culture and adopt much of the worldview of their conquerors.

With the band relocated onto farms at Washakie, it was not very long before the traditional Shoshone lifeways on the land had disappeared forever.

Kristen Rogers is the editor of Beehive History and associate editor of Utah Historical Quarterly.

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Photos courtesy of the Northwestern Band of the Shoshone Nation.



BEYOND POPLARS

Trees on Utah's Cultural Landscape

by Roger Roper

"Many large trees, especially elms, about a house are a surer indication of old family distinction and worth than any evidence of wealth. Any evidence of care bestowed on these trees secures the traveller's respect as for a nobler husbandry than the raising of corn and potatoes."

Henry David Thoreau, "Journal," July 2, 1851.

THOREAU'S OBSERVATION holds true for communities and society as a whole. Cities with impressive, towering street trees gain our notice and respect. Some of the most memorable streetscapes in Utah include the main streets of Brigham City and Santa Clara with their rows of overarching sycamores, Torrey's cottonwood-lined Main Street, and the sycamore-shaded neighborhood along east Center Street in Provo. You feel like you are in an important place, one worthy of respect, as you pass under the dense and lofty canopies of these treescapes.

Trees are indeed potent symbols of the cultural landscape, the built environment we have created for ourselves. They tell us much about the lives and attitudes of those who planted and used them. They symbolize both practical and passionate aspirations we have for the world we create around us. Much about Utah's history can be deciphered from the trees we find on the landscape.

When it comes to trees and the Utah landscape, one tree dominates the memory, the Lombardy poplar. Rows of these tall, columnar trees planted as windbreaks provide one of the most evocative images of Utah. Historian and writer Wallace Stegner observed: "Wherever you go in the Mormon country...you see the characteristic trees, long lines of them along ditches, along streets, as boundaries between fields and farms.... These are the 'Mormon trees,' Lombardy poplars."

Stegner then proffers an interpretation of this distinct landscape feature:

Perhaps it is fanciful to judge a people by its trees. Probably the predominance of poplars is the result of nothing more interesting than climatic conditions or the lack of other kinds of seeds and seedlings. Probably it is pure nonsense to see a reflection of Mormon group life in the fact that the poplars were practically never planted singly, but always in groups, and that the groups took the form of straight lines and ranks. Perhaps it is even more nonsensical to speculate that the straight, tall verticality of the Mormon trees appealed obscurely to the rigid sense of order of the settlers, and that a marching row of plumed poplars was symbolic, somehow, of the planter's walking with God and his solidarity with his neighbors.¹

While Stegner's comments ring true for many, the story of trees and their influence on those who have lived in Utah is more complex than this image suggests. While Lombardies may be important symbols, they don't tell the whole story.

The First Plantings

WE KNOW THAT trees had great practical and spiritual significance in the lives of Utah's aboriginal peoples. The relationships between native peoples and native trees were probably multifaceted and deep. On the other hand, Anglo-American settlers, though they may have had deep feelings about trees, probably differed in their arboreal relationships. For one thing, the col-

onizers used trees as one of their strategies for manipulating and creating landscape. Indian alterations of the landscape were far less dramatic—and probably did not include tree plantings.

Settlers planted trees for both aesthetic and practical purposes. Actually, the first tree planted by the pioneers was a black locust tree—not a “producing” tree but an ornamental. Purportedly, it was planted the day the pioneers arrived in 1847 on the lot that would later be occupied by Brigham Young’s Beehive House. The black locust quickly became a favorite street tree throughout Utah. Its wood was strong and durable for farm implements, though it is doubtful that the thought of harvesting the wood in thirty years was the primary motivation for planting that first tree. Intentionally perhaps, that tree symbolized a long-term commitment to this land and a sinking of roots.

There was also probably a desire to re-create part of the past and former homes in this new land by planting familiar trees. Although pioneer accounts indicate that there was actually more than one tree in the Salt Lake Valley in 1847, the legend of a “lone cedar tree” in the valley has endured through the years. The perception that this was a near-treeless wasteland likely added to the motivation to plant trees in the territory.

MANY OF THE EARLY settlers of Utah were experienced arborists and quickly set about importing and propagating desirable species of trees. Among the first pioneers, “George A. Smith brought peach stones,” “Edward Kay brought locust tree seeds [to Mona],”

Harriet Decker Young also brought locust seeds in the toe of her sock, and Eliza Saunders Johnson brought a variety of tree seedlings and cuttings in her wagon crossing the plains and would soak them in streambeds whenever possible to keep them alive.² These tree pioneers were committed to a vision of leafy matri-



A cottonwood near Ouray held what is believed to be an American Indian burial platform. The photo was taken by Charles Kelly in the 1930s.

ty that would take decades to fully develop.

In 1851 Salt Lake City passed an ordinance stating that “every holder of lots...are [sic] hereby required to set out in front of their lots such trees for shade... [that would] be the best calculated to adorn and improve the city.” Three years later LDS (Mormon) Bishop E. D. Woolley instructed a group of men in his congregation to “see that shade trees be set sixteen feet apart around each block.”³

Smaller towns also made trees a priority. Only twenty years after pioneers struggled to settle Ephraim, a traveler enthused at its loveliness: “its neat cottages,

and streets shaded by long lines of trees...”⁴

In addition to imports, settlers made use of native trees, transplanting junipers, cottonwoods, and evergreens from the hillsides and streambeds onto town lots. Small towns throughout Utah are still dotted with remnants of these first plantings or with trees transplanted by later generations. For example, the c.1906 Iver and Maria Christensen house in Spring City is fronted by seven full-grown “white pines” brought down as seedlings from the mountains by the original homeowner, a second-generation Utahn.

Existing trees sometimes served “structural” purposes in early Utah. The settlers of Pleasant Grove named their town after the grove of trees that gave them shelter that first winter of 1849–50. Though trees were sparse in Utah Valley and the need for construction timbers was great, the Pleasant Grove settlers chose to preserve their sheltering trees, so they ventured several miles south to the Provo River bottoms to obtain cottonwood logs for building.⁵

The 1879–80 settlers of Bluff in southeastern Utah used a towering cottonwood along the banks of the San Juan River as a meeting place in the early days. The tree offered welcome shade in this desperately hot region, and it probably created a sense of enclosure and protection for them as well. These settlers, exhausted from their arduous, five-month Hole-in-the-Rock trek, were willing to take whatever shelter they could find. The “Old Swing Tree,” as it was known, was lost to the river in a 1908 flood.

The residents of Fruita, in what is now Capitol Reef National Park, also used a large cotton-

wood for community purposes. The Mail Tree, named for the mailboxes nailed to its trunk, was a social gathering place in this small town for many years. Although the mailboxes have long since been removed, the tree still stands and is a significant feature of the Fruita Rural Historic District.

Arboricultural Advancements

THE MORMONS' PATTERN of systematic settlement and their intent to make Utah their permanent home fostered a cooperative and committed effort toward planting trees. Garden clubs and horticultural societies were formed throughout the state. The St. George area was especially active in this regard, due in large part to Joseph E. Johnson, a horticultural expert and ardent promoter. Johnson's foremost contribution was in the growing of fruit trees and grape vines (more than 100 varieties), though he also advocated the introduction of ornamental plants and shade trees. In the early 1870s Johnson even published a statewide horticultural newspaper, the *Utah Pomologist*.⁶

Through the efforts of Johnson and others, hundreds of species of trees and other plants were brought into Utah and "tested" under various soil and climatic conditions. Some prospered and some did not. Fruit and nut trees grew reasonably well, especially in the more temperate southern parts of the state.

Old fruit trees, especially apple trees, still remain on many home lots in rural Utah. Often overgrown and untended now, these old trees probably descended from or replaced fruit trees planted by the original settlers. A

self-sufficient, family-farm economy characterized rural Utah life in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, as most families had a cow, chickens, pigs, a garden, and fruit trees to provide them with much of their food. The trees are often all that remain to document this way of life.



This black locust, which grew on the Beehive House grounds, is said to be the first tree planted by Euro-Americans in Utah.

Mulberry trees represent a distinct phase of Utah's history. The silk industry, which started in Utah during the 1860s and continued in some places for decades, relied on mulberry leaves as food for the silk worms. Many households planted their own trees. Because silk production required no special buildings or structures, nothing remains of this remarkable, and seemingly exotic, industry but the non-script mulberry trees.

Trees remained important even as the population shifted to urban areas. During the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, developers used the promise of

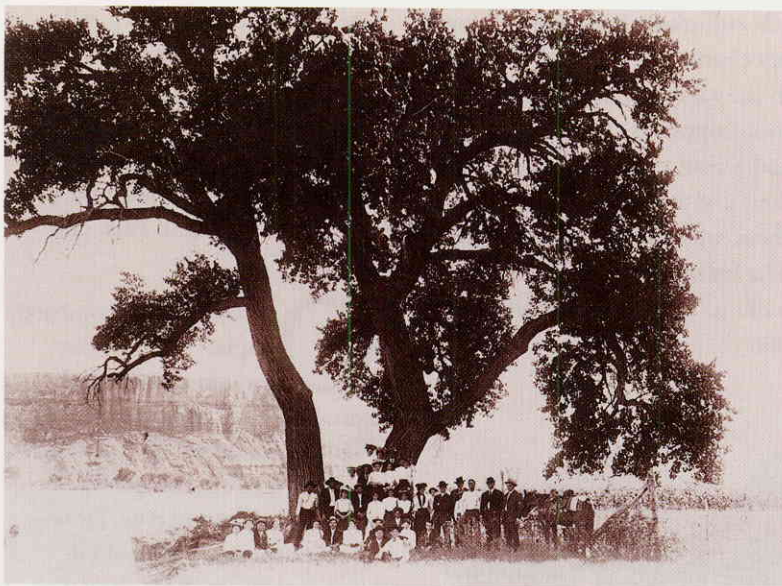
tree-lined streets to help sell homes in their residential subdivisions. In the 1910s one Salt Lake developer, Kimball and Richards, reportedly planted 7,000 ornamental shade trees in its massive Highland Park development.⁷

OF COURSE, the Lombardy poplar⁸ was another import that thrived.

Introduced to Utah in the early 1860s, the Lombardy was a fast-growing tree that adapted very well to local conditions. Dozens of other species took hold in Utah as well and have gained almost-native status through their longevity in the landscape. Examples include the Carolina poplar, white poplar, catalpa, black locust, Siberian elm, ash, tree of heaven, and others. These trees are still present in most Utah towns, though they have fallen out of favor over the years because of their various "vices."

The qualities of the various species of trees came under scientific scrutiny during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. One of the foremost arborists of this period was Joseph Alastor Smith (1852-1924). A native of England, Smith established a remarkable tree-covered estate in Providence, Cache County. Between 1887 and 1924 he planted thousands of non-native trees on his 40-acre Edgewood Hall property. In one stand alone he had more than 1,500 ash trees.

Smith proved that a wide variety of trees could prosper in Utah. In the laboratory of his estate he successfully planted dozens of varieties of fruit and nut trees and a vast array of hardwoods: birch, alder, beech, elm, linden, hawthorn, hackberry,



The “Old Swing Tree” in Bluff was a place for community gatherings until a flood swept the tree away in 1908.

oak, sycamore, and more. His nursery provided thousands of saplings to surrounding communities, greatly expanding the spectrum of Utah’s tree plantings. He also shared his careful records of soil and climatic conditions with the nearby Agricultural College.

One tree Smith did not promote was the poplar. He actually held a deep antipathy toward these trees.

(O)ne sees in passing from village to village, poplar trees, always poplars.... In Logan the poplar has become a nightmare. It stands on every street, on every block, on every lot.... Its limbs are sere and issue from a withered trunk. Others are only half decayed, and present the melancholy spectacle of life in death. All give the effect of wearied, futile, unconscious indifference.

The cause of this distressing plague is easy to find. It originated in the unwise enthusiasm of certain dealers in trees who flooded the country with

cheap and undesirable varieties, and added to by defective information issued by the Agricultural College in its early bulletins.⁹

Smith’s views may have been colored in part by the condition of many of the first generation of poplar trees, which were probably dying at the time. But modern arborists reaffirm Smith’s judgment.

Despite Smith’s criticism of the Agricultural College, the school worked hard to improve Utah’s plantings. In 1925 the college established in north Farmington a botanical garden and arboretum to test the suitability of trees and other plants for the Utah climate and to serve as a showcase for recommended species.¹⁰

Trees Today

ON THE CURRENT landscape, trees still provide us with hints about larger issues and events. Urban growth and sprawl are forcing the orchards from such traditional fruit-growing areas as Orem, the

“Fruit Way” in Willard and Perry, and Fruit Heights above Kaysville. New orchards are emerging, however, around Santaquin and Goshen in southern Utah County. And whether for nostalgic or practical reasons, some of these new orchards are bordered with vigorous windbreaking rows of poplar trees.

Trees are often the center of controversy between downtown business owners and those promoting Main Street revitalization efforts. Shade trees, brick pavers, and period benches and lightposts, all designed to make the streetscape more pedestrian-friendly, are common upgrades for old commercial areas trying to make a comeback. But business owners tend to dislike the trees once they start to fill out; merchants feel that the trees block their signs and obscure their businesses. As a consequence, dozens of Utah towns bear evidence of a cycle of tree planting, pruning, and even removal.

Many small towns are losing their old shade trees because they have replaced the open ditch system with piped, pressurized irrigation. This results in greater water efficiency, but the ditch-reliant trees suffer. Even in towns without pressurized irrigation, not all the ditches remain in working order, so many trees are literally left high and dry. For whatever reasons, town leaders and residents today do not seem as concerned as their forebears were with planting and maintaining street trees.

In larger towns, the choice of trees that can be planted along the street is often regulated by a city forester. The large shade

trees of decades past do not rate well with these professionals. Black locust, sycamore, black walnut, cottonwood, green ash, catalpa, box elder, mulberry, and all varieties of poplar—Fremont, Carolina, and Lombardy—are among the trees deemed “less suitable” for street plantings. Their faults, in addition to their too-large size, include invasive roots, messy fruit, heavy leaf drops, suckering, weak wood, and susceptibility to disease.

Cousins of some of these traditional trees, however, have gained favor. The fruitless mulberry is not messy like the original, purple-berried variety. The honey locust is faster-growing and less imposing than the old black locust. And if a really fast-growing tree is needed, a recent hybrid strain of poplar is considered more acceptable than the traditional Lombardy.¹¹

Most trees recommended for planting today, especially street trees, fit into a safe middle-ground of practicality. The home and garden centers steer our choices to the tried and true: maple, flowering plum, Bradford pear, honey locust, aspen, and so forth.

The urban foresters and tree experts’ recommendations make sense to those looking for attractive, non-aggressive, low-maintenance trees: small-to-medium size with moderate crown—nothing too tall or spreading—flowering but fruitless, shady but not too shady for grass and flowers below, fine leaf for minimal autumn cleanup, and no invasive roots or suckers. Perfect. They won’t offend or cause trouble for anyone. They fit in well with our busy lifestyle. These “perfect” street trees are probably pretty good symbols of our current



LDS Seventeenth Ward Relief Society, Salt Lake City, plants a tree on Arbor Day (not dated).

society and culture.

REGARDLESS of any faults they may have had, early Utah trees were cherished for their good qualities. Those who planted them had a vision of making Utah a better place, and they succeeded: Joseph Johnson and his fruit trees in St. George; Joseph A. Smith and his groves of exotic hardwoods in Providence; and unnamed settlers across the state who planted their hopes and dreams in the Utah soil. Their passion for creating a tree-studded landscape in the Utah desert became, in places, a reality.

But in many places the cultural landscape is changing with the changing of Utahns’ values. Trees no longer seem to matter as much as they used to. Air-conditioning has replaced overarching shade trees. Family economies don’t rely on the fruit from home-lot orchards. And civic improvements usually focus on roads and ballfields instead of onstreet trees.

If Wallace Stegner were still alive today, he might be surprised to learn that Lombardy poplars

are actually hard to find on the Utah landscape. Then again, he might not be surprised at all.

Roger Roper is the USHS preservation coordinator.

1 Wallace Stegner, *Mormon Country* (New York: Bonanza Books, 1942), 21, 23-24.

2 Quoted in Richard V. Francaviglia, *The Mormon Landscape* (New York: AMS Press, 1978), 104-105.

3 Quoted in Camille J. Russell, “The Historical and Cultural Significance of Trees in the Lives of Early Utah Pioneers” (unpublished University of Utah/Tree Utah internship thesis, 1994), 3-5; available at USHS.

4 Quoted in William Mulder, *Homeward to Zion* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1957), 191.

5 Howard R. Driggs, *Timpanogos Town*, (Manchester, NH: Clark Press, 1947), 30-31.

6 Douglas D. Alder and Karl F. Brooks, *A History of Washington County: From Isolation to Destination* (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Washington County Commission, 1996), 105. Copies of the *Utah Pomologist* are available on microfilm at the Utah State Historical Society.

7 *Salt Lake Tribune*, May 5, 1912.

8 Technically, the Lombardy is a male clone of the Italian poplar.

9 Quoted in *Providence and Her People* (Providence, Utah: Providence History Committee, 1974), 187.

10 The facility was demolished in 1999 to make way for a highway expansion.

11 E. Gregory McPherson and Gregory H. Graves, “Ornamental and Shade Trees for Utah: A Tree Guide for Intermountain Communities,” (Logan: Utah State University Cooperative Extension Service, 1984).

Photos from USHS collections.

John Lytle Whipple was born April 7, 1874, in St. George, where his parents had been called by the LDS church to settle. His father, Eli, owned "all the upper end of Pine Valley and had a large farm and a saw mill....We shipped lumber to Pioche, St. George, and other nearby towns. I helped as best I could, for my age."

John started cowboying at a young age. In a memoir written around 1950, he tells a harrowing story of driving cows north from the Colorado River for Utah cattle baron Preston Nutter. Besides being a story of adventure and hardship, the account demonstrates how the wealthy increased their holdings by using human labor and the land to their advantage. Following this 1890 drive, Nutter took control of the Shivwits Plateau by claiming springs that had been used by smaller ranchers for years; he then fenced the springs off and put up No Trespassing signs.

Here is an excerpt from John Whipple's memoir:

WHEN I WAS 14 or 15, I went out to ride for cattle in Parashaunt [now called the Shivwits Plateau, in northwest Arizona] for Antone [Anthony W.] Ivins, and at the age of 16 I started to work for Preston Nutter. He bought 4,440 head of steers then wired home for his man to fetch his outfit. When his outfit arrived in St. George they decided to hire more men. They hired five of us St. George boys. I was the youngest.

[After a few days of riding and four or five days spent rounding up scattered horses] we found ourselves very short of supplies. The big boss of the outfit, Allan Montgomery, figured Mr. Nutter would be waiting on the Colorado River at Gregg's Ferry with supplies so we went on.

When we reached the Colorado River, Mr. Nutter was not there, because the hot weather delayed the cattle trailing, and our supplies were practically gone. We had nothing left but dried peaches, and they were wormy.

After we lived on these dried peaches about 6 days, our boss, Allan Montgomery, got on a saddle horse and led a pack horse and went over the high Mountain Range to St. Thomas, Nevada, about 50 miles, to get supplies. When he arrived there he found no stores but managed to get two sacks of flour and some coffee from one of the ranchers. He could get no baking powder, sugar, or any other supplies. We were plenty glad to be able to have a good cup of coffee and a flap jack when he returned. This we ate without any trimmings, only black coffee made of river water.

After [we waited] two or three days more, Nutter and his outfit came in from the Arizona side with the cattle. They had about thirty-five men in their outfit

and with our twenty-one it made fifty-six men there without much supplies.

After getting about one-half the steers (2,200 or 2,300) across [the river], seven of us cowboys started on the trail. The first night we went up into the foothills and made camp, knowing we had a big day coming up. The next day, we got up and started the cattle at the break of day—about 3:00 a.m. We had a long, hard dugway to trail the cattle over the high mountain. We were without any food or water all day. The horses were tired so we rode a while and then got off our horses and chased the cattle on foot to the top of the mountain.

We had been told there was a small spring where we could get a drink of water. After getting to the top, the cattle were left with one man to hold while the others went to hunt the spring. I was the one to

The Coffeepot Rescue

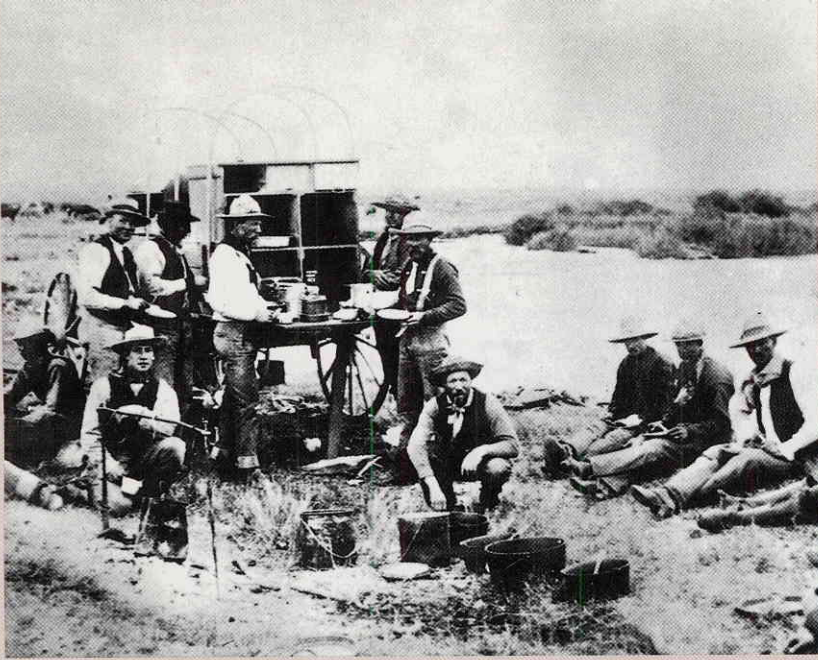
*The Cowboy
Adventures
of
John
Whipple*

stay with the cattle. In order to get a drink we had to use "bottle stoppers." This is a wild weed that is hollow like a straw. We were forced to put the bottle stopper in the crevice where there was a little pond of water, and suck it out. The boys

were very nearly choked, and it was hard to get each one to give up while the others had a chance to drink. One boy grabbed the other and pulled him away, and they had a free-for-all for a few minutes. Finally they all quenched their thirsts as best they could.

WHILE THIS WAS GOING ON the horse wrangler and cook came up. They had had a hard time getting up the mountain and had been forced to leave their outfit and come up to the spring on horses. They had brought flour and coffee to fix supper for the boys at the spring. When they found there was not enough water to cook with, they went on to the Virgin River, arriving there after midnight. After they left, the boys came back and I went for a drink. It was getting late and we still had had nothing to eat since 3:00 a.m. and only this little bit of water to drink. We proceeded to drive the cattle until it was too dark to see, but we managed to get into a deep canyon.

We unsaddled our horses and turned them loose to



& the Six-shooter Fire

feed. One man on each end [of the herd] had to stay up and herd the cattle while the others slept. We sang or hollered most of the night to keep the cattle from getting too quiet. If no noise is made, the cattle lie down to go to sleep and then the least little noise could cause a stampede, and they would trample anyone in their path.

AT THE BREAK OF DAY we went to wrangle our saddle horses, still very hungry and weary. We found our horses; two had gotten down during the night and were unable to get up, as they were very thin and worn out. We fetched our other three horses into camp. As we had no cooking or dish washing to do, we weren't long in getting on our way. We also had no bedding to roll up or no clothes to pack, as we wore all we carried. We put the five saddles on the three horses and turned them in with the cattle. This made five of us men, or boys, herding over 2,000 head of steers over those rugged mountains by foot.

We continued down the canyon until about 10:00, at which time the sun shone burning hot, and we were so near choked and so hungry that we were forced to abandon the cattle and walk to the Virgin River to save our lives. After traveling some time through the head and hills, three of the boys' tongues became so swollen from thirst that they could go no farther. We put them (Hon, Biz, and Allen Montgomery, son of the boss) in the shade of some ledges, and Dave Foremaster and myself continued to the river. Before leaving, the boys bid us farewell and told us what to tell their folks, as they, and we, never

thought they would survive the ordeal. It was a tough and hard parting, but we promised them we would do all in our power to get water back to them. After traveling perhaps a mile and a half, we met the horse wrangler coming back on foot, bringing a coffee pot full of water, as he had no bucket. He knew we would be choking and he had left the river soon after he had arrived there, without any sleep, in order to save our lives. He was exhausted and very weak from having no food or rest for about 48 hours. He was unable to take the water any farther, so I, a boy of 16, had to take the coffee pot of water

back to those boys, who were dying of thirst, while he and Dave laid there and rested.

After reaching the boys, I had a real scrap with them to give each a little water at a time. They practically went crazy, being so thirsty. I had to hold each one by the hair of the head and force him to take just one swallow at a time until they had enough and got quieted down so I could leave them. I left the coffee pot with them and advised them to lay in the shade until evening before trying to make it on to the river. I went back down to where Foremaster and the horse wrangler were waiting, and we started on toward the river, which was ten or twelve miles away.

THE COOK HAD LEFT the little flour and coffee that he had brought to cook for us on the ground, and he told us where to find it. There were no matches so the cook and the wrangler had been unable to make a fire and cook. They had been compelled to go back without anything to eat.

As there were no flint rocks or hardwood in the vicinity, we were puzzled as to how we were ever going to make a fire to cook something to eat. But all at once Foremaster had an idea.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, "I have an old six shooter; we will take a piece of this old quilt the cook has wrapped around this flour and take some cotton out of it." He then took the slug out of the cartridge and stuffed it full of cotton, leaving the powder in. He wadded up the other old cotton and some brush, and shot the gun into it. Two little sparks showed up. I took one and Foremaster the other and

we both blew and blew. In a few minutes mine blazed and we soon had a fire. They had taken the coffee pot, so I found a can and a frying pan. I took the can and went out in the stream of muddy water and filled it. I knew better than to take the clear water at the side of the stream, as it would be alkaline and would be apt to make us very sick. I had learned this from cattlemen in other places. We had no pan so I took the old cloth with the flour in it and molded it into a pan shape, leaving a little hole in the flour. I poured the water, a little at a time, into this inverted cone and mixed as best I could with an old spoon I found there, until I had made a stiff dough. I then put a little flour in the hot frying pan and made my flap jacks. I also got some more water in the old can and made some coffee. Oh, boy! What a meal, and how glad were we to get it! The other three boys came in about sundown and we fixed them some supper, too. The boys were terribly tired and worn out, but had been able to make it.

The memoir, which is housed in the USHS archives, goes on to say that the cowboys met Preston Nutter at Bunkerville. The cattle were so worn out that they could not be driven north to the winter pasture Nutter had planned, so the cowboys trailed them to the Shivwits Plateau. After this experience, John Whipple kept cowboying for a time; in later years he freighted, ranched, mined, and ran a post office. He died in 1966 in St. George.



From Stream to Gorge:

Home on the "Et Out" Range

The settlers who first turned large numbers of cows and sheep onto the range found that the lush native grasses were not infinite. Overgrazing dramatically altered the landscape, causing flooding, shrinking wild animal populations, and destroying the food sources of Indian peoples who depended on grass seeds and large and small game.

Here, eyewitnesses to the process describe the deterioration of the range.

JOSEPH J. PORTER: c. 1935 statement to a Works Progress Administration writer about range conditions in southern Utah.

ESCALANTE was settled in 1875. Prior to that time a few men had run a few head of cattle in this country. There was grass everywhere so thick that one could throw his hat or a blanket down any place and it would never touch the ground. In about 1890 I remember going out on the desert on a rabbit hunt, I was only a big kid at the time and was driving a team on a wagon. At the time there was a lot of dry grass around and I remember one of the fellows set a fire in it and it burned for several days and covered practically the whole country. Along about this time several fellows from over around Fillmore and Kanosh brought a lot of cattle into the country and a lot of sheep came in from up around Sanpete. The number increased until in about 1900 there must have been between 15 and 20 thousand head of cattle in the country and perhaps 80,000 head of sheep. Beside all the wild horses and there must have been several thousand of them, anywhere you went whether it was up on the mountain or out on the desert

you seen them in big bands. There was also a lot of deer and some antelope in the country....

I helped Griffins take their sheep out on Griffin Top [on the Aquarius Plateau] about the first time sheep were ever taken out there, that was about 1890. I remember the grass was so high that you could hardly see the sheep for it. Griffins Spring Draw was just a large willow patch from one end to the other. While we were herding sheep in that country we never did turn our horses loose, we just tied them with a long rope and they could get all they wanted to eat during the night. We always brought the sheep back to the same bed ground each night and they never had to go very far away during the day to get all they wanted to eat. We did the same down on the desert during the winter. Griffins built some small cabins and camped in them all winter and bedded their sheep on the same bed ground for three or four months at a time. Everyone handled their stock the same way until the feed started to

get scarce, then they had to move around a little for feed, but they never did have to take them off the desert in those days to winter them.

About three years after the sheep went up into North Creek the streams started to get muddy every time it rained. The first flood I remember seeing come off the mountain was about 1887 but we thought nothing of it. Before that time it could rain for days and the streams never got muddy. About that time I can remember there used to be a small bridge across the Escalante Creek down here in the field lane, it was perhaps twelve feet across it and today it is about 400 feet across and 20 feet deep—all caused in the lifetime of one man.

EVEN AT THE TIME the [national] Forest was created the Mountain range was badly depleted and floods were common. At that time about 150,000 head of transient sheep were forced out of the country because the government would not issue a permit to them. Since that time the mountain or Forest range has come back considerable, but I don't believe it is over 50% as good now as it used to be. The Desert range has continued to go down until it will care for less than 10% of what it would formerly.

NETHELIA KING GRIFFIN: excerpt from a 1938 history that she wrote called "Life in Boulder."

IN ABOUT 1900 began a period of struggle between cattlemen and sheepmen...for control of the range [near Boulder and Escalante, Utah]. Every year the country became worse overstocked until, beginning in 1890s, there were several years of drought that naturally intensified the evil of overgrazing. Cattle died by hundreds....

By 1905 the rich meadows on the mountain plateau had turned to dust beds. Sheep, bedded on the headwaters of the mountain streams and dying in the

water ditches, so befouled them that ranchers' families could hardly get a decent drink of water. Cattle bones bleached on the dry benches and around mudholes and "loco" patches, these poisonous weeds seeming to grow after other forage was dead and to attract



starving animals with a false promise of food.

FORTUNATELY, with the advent of Theodore Roosevelt's administration came government intervention with the creation of the Forest Reserves. It was necessary, not only to protect the range but to save the watersheds. Shrubs were dead or dying and sheep had trampled the hillsides so hard that rain and melting snow ran off in torrents, causing floods that ripped open great gulches in the valleys, even on the ranches. The writer recalls a small stream through a neighbor's place that within seven years became a gorge fifty feet deep and a hundred feet wide.

Government intervention came, though, not in response to request of stockmen, but over the protest of most of them. Perversely, they objected to the regulation decreasing their herds and did not give the ranger a complete count if it could be avoided....

Photos on pp. 11-13: Cowboys at camp; Jim Robinson, 2-Bar cowboy, c. 1890; cattle at a ford on the Virgin River. USHS.

A memoir by Florence Bailey

Florence A. Bailey, an aspiring 30-year-old nature writer from New York, spent the summer of 1893 in Utah. Full of curiosity about the people, customs, climate, plants, and scenery to be found in this new place, she took up residence in an unnamed little community—probably Farmington—north of Salt Lake City. She interacted freely with the people there, made careful notes, and seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed her adventure.

Penning her experiences in the genteel and prim style of the day, Florence wrote a delightful memoir, *My Summer in a Mormon Village*, under the pseudonym of Florence A. Merriam.

The following excerpt comes from the final chapter of the book and reflects Bailey's special appreciation for the aesthetic and recreational values of the Wasatch Mountains. It shows, as well, other viewpoints toward the mountains in its descriptions of botanists, hunters, and miners. And it reveals a sensitive visitor's concern for the fragile nature of this seemingly rugged topography.

Although no botanist, I was eager for the trip. I had not lived under the shadow of the Wasatch all summer without longing to get back into the mountains; and it would have been a sore disappointment to have left the Territory with only a picture of their face....

The trip had a delightful mountain flavor from the outset—we were to meet the Professor in the Rio Grande Western station with tickets to the Wasatch. We went to Salt Lake a day beforehand in order to catch the early morning train, and had been waiting impatiently at the station for some time when the preoccupied Professor came hurrying in, looking for us through his spectacles. He was hung with field glass, barometer, botany can and press, and after a few abstracted remarks to us, went out to watch over his dryers—a stack of brown pads that, to my astonished eyes, suggested a Saratoga trunk. With logic characteristic of a naturalist, he had considered his coat took bulky to carry—though we were bound for the snowy mountain tops. After a personal interview with the baggageman, the Professor concluded to let him take charge of the precious

dryers—the baggage being merely partitioned off from the passenger end of our car.

The plan of our trip was to enter the Wasatch a few miles southeast of Salt Lake City; climb the cañon—Little Cottonwood—on a tram; cross the divide separating it from Big Cottonwood, on horseback, coming down through Big Cottonwood cañon by stage to Salt Lake.

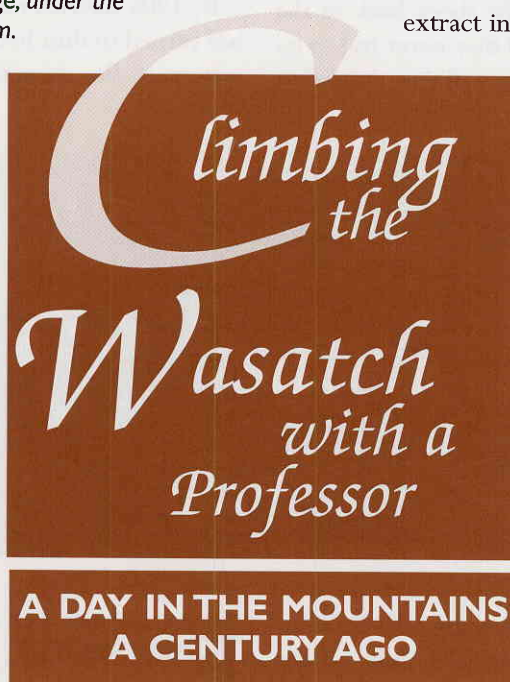
As I was more interested in geology than botany, in the short intervals between the discovery and discussion of flowers along the way, I tried to

extract information about the geology of the mountains. Just before we entered the cañon, the Professor pointed out the famous earthquake fault, there a drop of sixty feet, which extended two hundred miles along the base of the range, and which, a geologist had hinted, was only a prophecy of an earthquake that should swallow up Salt Lake City itself.

On reaching Wasatch—the mountain village where the granite was quarried for the [Salt Lake LDS] Temple—we saw perched on a terrace above us a most remarkable-looking con-

veyance. It proved to be our tram car—a hand car furnished with three wagon seats, each protected by a parasol-like blue and white striped awning. It was drawn up the cañon by two horses, tandem. It came down by gravity—and a brake. “Ben,” the rear horse, put down his head and strained steadily, but the leader’s tugs were often slack, and our driver’s exhortations and admonitions were our accompaniment along the way. “Walk up, Dick!” “Get out of this, Dick!” he shouted with increasing emphasis; snapping his long clothesline-like whip at the leader with a louder and sharper snap as practice gave dexterity, his face growing tenser with exasperation.

The awnings protected us so effectually that we saw little along the way, except when we craned our necks to look at a suddenly opening view of the grand walls of the cañon. Fortunately for our serenity there was usually little to see, the tram car brushing through the green undergrowth of maple, elder, and cottonwood most of the way. Occasionally, in an



interval between pointing out a rare plant or a glacial moraine, the Professor caught a bunch of chokecherries as we passed.

The tram had been built to bring down ore from the Alta mines to the railroad at Wasatch. We reached Alta in time for dinner. It was an interesting type of a deserted mining camp. Opened in 1864, it was one of the oldest and richest silver mines in the Territory. When it had boasted three thousand inhabitants it was suddenly swept by fire; and now held but nine families, having, during the "silver trouble," but one open mine.

The superintendent of "the Grizzly" and his assayer, who received us with great courtesy, were the only educated men in the place; and in winter, the superintendent went down to his family, leaving the young assayer cut off from the world.

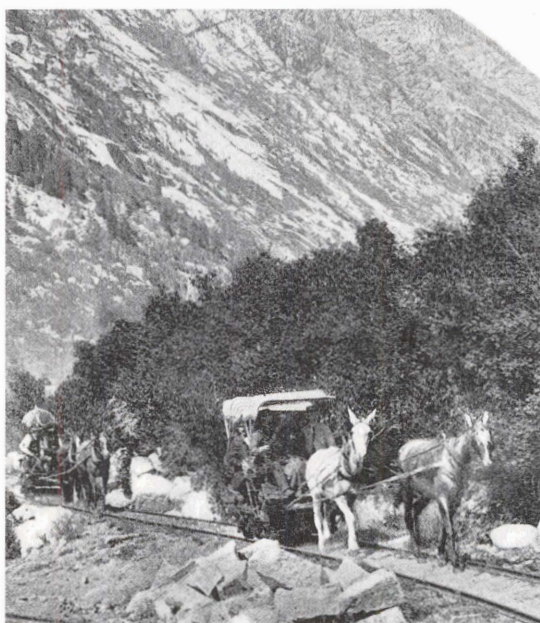
"What do you do?" we asked.

"Oh, I've plenty of books," he answered quietly; but when pressed acknowledged that it was lonely. He brought out a pair of Norwegian snow-shoes—skees—fourteen feet long and six inches wide—his winter walking boots—his only means of going abroad. Pointing to the precipitous mountain wall opposite, he astonished us by saying that he had ridden down it on his skees. He could not fasten the snowshoes to his feet, it would not be safe. It was dangerous, but exciting work, he said simply. He had been up and down most of the mountains around Alta.

The people had cut the trees from the steep sides of the cañon to use in the mines, leaving the town without protection, and a hundred men had been killed by snow slides. Six had been killed in the cellar of the assayer's house, he informed us calmly.

We spent the afternoon collecting flowers—that is, the Professor and my friend collected, and I went along. In the evening we visited the post office—a small compartment in a far corner of the camp store. The store having been stocked in the days of Alta's prosperity, its goods were not wearing out on the shelves. In

more ways than one, the store echoed the former glories of the mining camp. In following the postmaster to his office, from the group of old drunken miners sitting telling yarns in the front part of the shop, we passed into the silent dimly lighted interior. In the back of the room was a bar filled with old black bottles under a sign of "Positively no Credit." From the bar we followed through a dark closet-like room with a large table, laid, presumably, with gambling counters. This opened into the post office, where the postmaster showed us with pride where powder had been put to blow up his safe.



Photos, pp. 15–17:
Horse-pulled railroad in Little Cottonwood Canyon ♦ Two women enjoying the scenery in Big Cottonwood Canyon ♦ Sam McNutt and Billy Schaaf at Sam's cabin in Big Cottonwood Canyon ♦ A group of recreationists at Brighton, 1898.
USHS photos.



We did not find it difficult to believe that “Alta had been a hard place;” and we drew our own conclusions when we found a big revolver casually lying out on the table of the English family—to the care of whose good women my friend and I had been consigned. The next day, as we rode on up the trail, we looked back on the desolate town, moralizing sadly on the place the mining camp holds in our present civilization.

As we climbed toward the divide, our trail often looked like a brown thread winding over the face of the mountain.

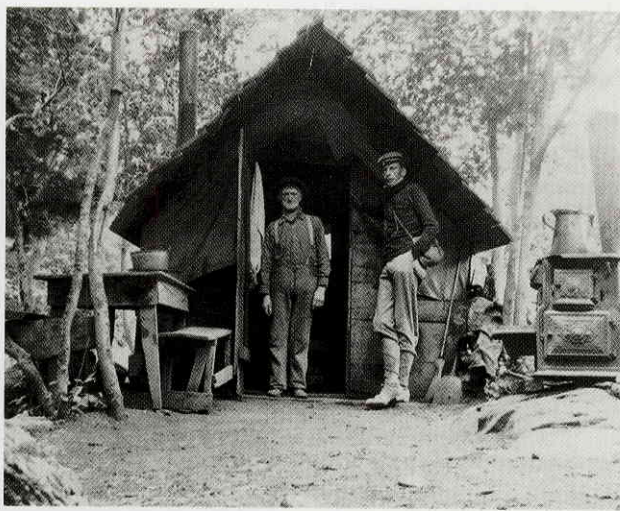
All the morning we rode through a veritable garden of flowers. They were astonishing, although the season had turned, and the Professor had nightmares lest those he was in search of had already been touched by the frost. To my unbotanical eye, the ride was a feast of color. There were exquisite clusters of blue flax, tall groups of white columbines of surpassing purity and beauty, rich purple monkshoods, luxuriant clumps of mertensias, of such delicate Frenchy pink and blue shading that my friend dreamed of them after she got home; besides the glowing “painted cups,” and great stretches of yellow flowers, like patches of sunshine on the mountain sides. The Professor told us which flowers marked off the ascending life zones—for we found even Alpine plants, we went so high. But in my ignorance, I had soon forgotten the names; though I shall long remember a boulder with a line of blue flowers blossoming out of a crack along its face.

As we stood on the divide, where the Professor’s barometer registered an altitude of 10,250 feet and patches of snow were unmelted in August, we were silenced by the wonderful pictures in both directions below us. The grandest view was behind us. We looked back upon the bold peaked V walls of Little Cottonwood Cañon, and through the blue notch where Salt Lake valley lay in the distance. Looking forward, we exclaimed with delight at the peculiar richness and beauty of the picture. Below us—a thousand feet—among the evergreens at the foot of our trail rested two beautiful Alpine lakes, mirroring the blue sky and white clouds. Beyond them, was the horizon of green undulating mountains.

The Professor said the little Alpine lakes marked the birthplace of one of the main branches of the great glacier that had hollowed out Big Cottonwood Cañon. Indeed, he assured us that the névé or glacier-snow had risen a solid white hall high above the divide on which we were standing. The lakes, resting

now where the snow had lain, belonged to the last page of the glacial history. Their basins, scooped out originally by the living glaciers, had only filled with water as the old glacier, pursued by the sun, withdrew of the cañon to its birth-place and there melted away. In melting, it dropped its last burden, forming dyke-like terminal moraines, which dammed the outlet of the basin and made the little lakes.

From the divide, we rode down the flowering sides of the mountain to the lakes, when the Professor sent a man back with the horses: for we were now only a



short walk from “Brighton’s,” the stopping place at the head of Big Cottonwood Cañon, and we wanted to loiter at our pleasure along the way.

Clouds seemed to be gathering, so we hurried on to a miner’s cabin among the evergreens. To our chagrin, when we got there the door was locked, the host absent, and we were obliged to sit down beside the ashes of the camp-fire.

I was getting hungry by that time, but I saw clearly that no morsel would pass the lips of the botanists till their precious plants were all a pressing; so I looked about, enjoying the streams of pure water running by the cabin, and the delicious flavor of the balsams growing over it. Then I sat down on a stump by the campfire and whetted my appetite by looking at the lunch bag...

While we were absorbed in [the] gambols [of squirrels], the owner of the cabin appeared—a big burly Irishman with mild blue eyes and a patient face. He took the door key from under a tin basin, and, hospitably disregarding our having camped before his front door, began asking about the fishing. I smiled to myself at his mistaking the Professor for a fisherman.

When he opened his door I looked curiously into

the cabin where we had hoped for shelter. Frying pans and other utensils were scattered over the floor, and a ragged old sheepskin hung over the edge of the rude wooden frame that served for a bed—a dreary home to come back to, after a hard day's work. The lonely miner sat down on an upturned box and took up a newspaper, politely leaving us to ourselves—in his front-door yard.

When he found us watching his little friends, however, he came out. I asked him if they would come to him. Pointing to the mother, he said, "She will, she likes sugar;" and turning back into the cabin, he brought out a slice of bread thickly spread with molasses. Leaning down in the doorway he held it out, gently calling her to come for it. As soon as she heard his voice the little creature ran trotting up to her big friend, and stood by his hand licking off the syrup as confidently as a kitten. It was a touching picture, and reminded me of the prisoner cherishing the little flower that sprang up in his window.

"Will she ever climb up on your lap?" I asked.

"Oh, sometimes, when you're sitting on a chair, she'll come up, if she's right hungry," he said.

When the Professor took a flower from his botany can and began making notes upon it, the miner's blue eyes lit up with interest. "Does every flower have a

The miner, when we suggested that he might become lonely, answered, with assumed indifference, that he had plenty of company; but when thanking him for his hospitality, on leaving, the sad expression settled back over his patient face, and he said gratefully that he was glad to have any one come to see him.

As we walked down toward Brighton's, he passed above us on his high trail across the mountain side going to his "claim," and at our last sight of him, he was looking down the black mouth of his tunnel—a lonely figure on the mountain.

The Professor, who had just been collecting mining statistics, grew warm as he discussed the exaggerated expectations of miners, telling us—in figures—how little is averaged by the prospector; and how the trained miner, whose skill is greater than that of a carpenter or other tradesman, combines prospecting with his trade, so taking his hard-earned money and "blowing it all out."

We walked past the two beautiful little lakes—typical Alpine lakes—with grassy points running out into the clear water, suggesting feeding deer; willows growing along the banks, and great granite boulders standing in the water.

The sight of a dear homelike robin warmed our hearts as we passed, but white clouds were piling up over our heads, and we could only hurry by.

When the trail led through a grove of fir, we met a party of summer hotel young men, calling for a gun—they saw grouse in the trees. I heard them recalling their recent achievements—they had killed a badger, a deer, and an eagle within a few days. It was a rude shock to me, and I thought bitterly that even these wild grand mountains would soon be "civilized" by the pleasure-seekers who destroy all they can of the nature they come to enjoy; leaving the country lifeless and bare, after having had the refined satisfaction of taking pleasure in giving pain, of taking life to evade the tedium of an idle hour. I could only reflect thankfully that though the mountains might be made patent-medicine advertisers, and the deer that drank from the lakes at their feet and the eagles that soared over their heads might be killed to gratify man's lust of power, the cloudless blue sky above us was beyond their reach....

From *My Life in a Mormon Village*, by Florence A. Merriam (New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1894)



name, or do you name them?" he asked; adding something about "classifying" them, much to my surprise.

The Professor, in his turn, inquired about the miner's "claim." It was gold and silver, he said; but he was only "working out his assessment." "It doesn't pay to get out silver, now," he explained quietly. Then, referring to the "silver trouble," with a force that surprised us, he exclaimed, "It takes a good deal to kill a Western man. It takes more than one thing to starve a Western man."

Even though the last silver mine shut down in 1982, mining is still big business in Park City. Walk down Main Street any weekend day—make that any day—and you'll find the sidewalks packed with window shoppers. Refurbished turn-of-the-century mining-era buildings stand chic to chic with recent imitations, luring visitors with upscale souvenirs and ethnic fare. Modern hotels self-consciously mimic the heavy-timbered look of the old mills. About 75,000 people, thirsting for more information about the colorful history of the old silver-mining camp, visit the town's museum each year.

It is easy for tourists and newcomers to romanticize Park City's mining past. But they only have to venture a block east of Main Street, to the edge of Rossie Hill, to find a different kind of legacy.

Flowing beside Swede Alley—though parts of it are now buried in a pipe—is a tributary of the Weber River that pioneer explorer Parley P. Pratt christened Silver Creek in 1848. Pratt was struck with the bucolic beauty of the basin drained by Silver Creek and other tributaries of the Weber River. However, it wasn't a quest for Shangri-La that drew hordes of immigrants to Parley's Park some twenty years later. It was a lust for silver. By 1870 several mines were operating; that year Parley's Park had a total population of 164.

In 1872 came two events that helped mold the future of this adolescent mining camp. One was the federal Mining Law of May 10, 1872, which announced that "all valuable mineral deposits in lands belonging to the United States...are hereby declared to be free and open to exploration and purchase." The other was the discovery of a rich vein of silver on the banks of a Silver Creek tributary and its subsequent sale to mining entrepreneur George Hearst. The fabled Ontario Mine helped make Hearst a very wealthy man.

Settlements grew up around the major mines, then consolidated in a narrow canyon where three tributaries of Silver Creek came together. The new mining camp became known as Parley's Park City and, before long, simply Park City.

By the late 1890s, two large mills, the Marsac and the Ontario, loomed along the banks of Silver Creek, dominating the Park City skyline. Above town, also in the Silver Creek watershed, were sev-

eral other large mining operations, including the Daly, the Daly West, and the Silver King. On the banks of Silver Creek just below town were the Park City Smelting Company and a concentrator owned by the Crescent Mining Company. With little apparent regard for the environment or the health of local residents, the mills spewed effluent loaded with heavy metals onto the ground and into the air. One early photograph shows mill waste cascading down the hillside above present-day Swede Alley.

By this time, Park City residents had come up with their own nickname for Silver Creek: Poison Creek. Fouled with mill tailings and human waste,

MINING leaves **its MARK** **on PARK CITY** by **David Hampshire**

the water was no longer fit for human consumption. The contamination forced farmers in the downstream community of Wanship to stop using Silver Creek water for irrigation.

For years, local residents appeared to tolerate this fouling of their nest. But in 1913, 200 east-side residents signed a petition urging the city council to compel the operators of the Ontario Mill to control the fumes circulating in the city. An investigation ordered by the council revealed that "Wires on pianos were corroded, sewing machines put out of commission by the needles made useless; clothing rotted by the fumes and carpets, rugs, etc., ruined," according to the *Park Record*. "Many complained that throat and lung trouble were prevalent in that vicinity and doctor's visits made more frequent on account of the obnoxious smoke. The trees were all dying and flower beds and vegetation generally being killed." At the urging of the council, the mill operators agreed to install equipment to control the emissions.

Critics of the Mining Law of 1872 point out that it made no provisions for the reclamation of land ravaged by mineral extraction. While miners and their families bore the brunt of the environmental

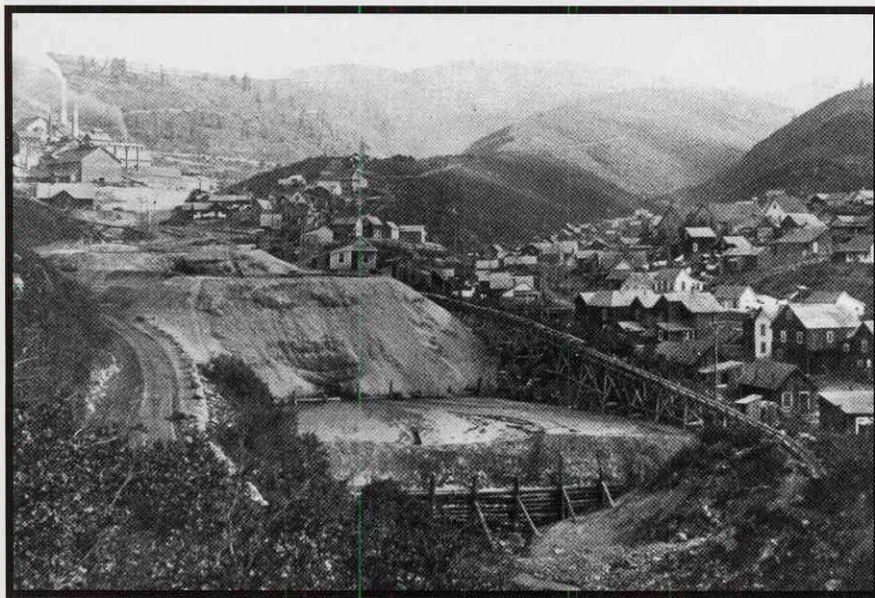
damage, mine owners reaped the financial rewards. Besides the millions it made for George Hearst, the Park City mining district nurtured a number of other fortunes. By the early 1960s the region had produced minerals worth more than \$470 million.

Over the past fifty years little ore has come out of Park City mines. The last producing mine—the Ontario—sputtered to a halt in 1982. Today, skiing has replaced mining as the lifeblood of Park City. Many of the remaining miners' cabins have been

the metal-bearing ores have been processed. And the Prospector area on the edge of Silver Creek had been used for years as a dump for mill tailings. Park City officials estimate that 700,000 tons of tailings were dumped there between 1900 and 1930. In the 1940s the Pacific Bridge Company reworked the tailings using an acid-leaching process. The area became a dusty wasteland where local kids sometimes went to ride their bikes.

However, as property prices exploded in the 1970s, the old tailings dump became prime real estate. Heavy equipment clawed into the contaminated soils, digging foundations for houses, condominiums, and office buildings. Significant portions of the Prospector area were already occupied when the first soils study sounded the alarm.

And what an alarm it was. The widening investigation soon involved the Summit County and State of Utah health departments. The state health department ordered further soils testing, collected



carefully restored and the surrounding hillsides now support a growing number of million-dollar mansions.

But that's not quite the end of the mining story.

In 1983 the Utah Geological and Mineral Survey conducted a soils study in a newly developing area north of town known as Prospector Park (residential) and Prospector Square (commercial). The study was designed to test the ability of the soils to support new buildings. But it found something else quite startling. The Prospector soils had high concentrations of lead, arsenic, cadmium, and mercury, toxic metals known to be dangerous to human health. Lead, arsenic, and cadmium were all by-products of the silver mines; mercury was used in the milling process.

The old silver mine dumps that stud the Park City hillsides are composed largely of waste rock that is unsightly but, from an environmental standpoint, relatively benign. Most of the toxic contamination comes from the mill tailings, a fine powder left after

samples of the water in Silver Creek and dust from area homes, and drew blood from Prospector children to look for elevated lead levels.

The soils studies confirmed that levels of lead, cadmium, and arsenic were several times higher than safety standards. The studies also found higher levels of lead in Silver Creek below Prospector and elevated levels of lead and cadmium in household dust. Although blood tests found that lead levels were, on average, no higher than the national norm, four children tested statistically higher than average.

The state health department took its findings to the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). By 1985, the site had been recommended for inclusion on the EPA's National Priorities List, better known as the Superfund list.

The media knew a story when they saw it. Each step in the unfolding inquiry was reported by area newspapers and broadcast media. In one instance, television station KUTV even arranged early on for private blood tests on some Prospector children in



First page: The Ontario Mill was only one of the mills that left a huge waste dump. At left: Park City, looking south, in 1891. Opposite: the Prospector mill tailings in the 1920s, from a viewpoint to the west, above the Spiro tunnel entrance. The intersecting roads are state highways 224 and 248. Photos courtesy of the Park City Museum.

order to get a scoop on the official findings.

Prospector residents—and Park City officials—were incensed over the way the investigation was handled by state and federal agencies and reported by the media. In December 1986 came the ultimate insult. “EPA Official Says Park City Site Comparable With Love Canal,” said a headline in the *Salt Lake Tribune*. Although this comparison with an infamous toxic-waste site in upstate New York was quickly repudiated, the newspaper devoted more attention to the original story than to the subsequent correction.

“The publicity stirred by Superfund—the state’s news media descended on Park City—sullied the pristine image of this town of 5,000 people,” the *Washington Post* reported in a front-page story in March 1987. “Soon, property values plunged. A hotel-condominium complex went bankrupt. The Federal Housing Administration stopped underwriting mortgages. Tourists called off ski trips. And a supermarket planning to locate in Park City postponed its plans.”

Concern over the town’s sullied image, Prospector’s plunging property values, or both, prompted city hall to roll up its sleeves and take on the EPA. The city hired a consulting engineer who found flaws in the state studies that had attracted the attention of the EPA. City officials also charged that the EPA was more interested in finding the culprit and collecting damages than in finding a solution to the problem.

“More is at stake here than the cleanup of toxic

wastes,” said the *Washington Post* story. “It is a battle for control of a city’s destiny: residents who see no health risk versus regulators who do. A look at what happened here suggests bungling by state health officials, compounded by bungling by the EPA. And it demonstrates the destructive forces of politics, mass media and the marketplace when unleashed by a single government decision.”

Park City ultimately devised its own solution. Utah Sen. Jake Garn, then a Park City resident, attached an amendment to the 1986 Superfund reauthorization bill that prohibited Prospector from being considered for the National Priorities List as long as no new data justified its inclusion. The bill passed in October 1986. The city council also passed an ordinance calling for all exposed mine tailings in the Prospector area to be covered with at least six inches of topsoil.

In July 1988 an EPA report also called for exposed tailings to be capped with from six inches to two feet of “suitable cover.” Even with this protection, the EPA noted, activities such as gardening, construction, street repair, and utility maintenance “could present a potential exposure pathway to the residents.” However, the agency concluded that there was no evidence that area residents were being exposed to harmful levels of lead, arsenic, or cadmium.

“Park City gets a clean bill of health,” said a headline in the *Deseret News* announcing the results of the EPA study.

In the dozen years that have passed since then,

Prospector has vanished from the headlines. Property for sale in the area no longer carries the stigma that it once did. But no one is under any illusions that the city has permanently buried the environmental legacy of its mines. In fact, recent events only emphasize how pervasive that legacy is.

First, soils tests revealed that other parts of town have, in the words of one city official, “enjoyed the same influences” as Prospector has. Those discoveries prompted the city council to greatly expand the boundaries of the area governed by the so-called soils ordinance. Second, the major remaining mining company, United Park City Mines (UPCM), which still owns about 7,000 acres of resort property in the Park City area, has announced its intention to develop Empire Canyon and Richardson Flat, two parcels of land in the Silver Creek drainage that have also felt the impact of mining. Third, the city itself became involved as a landowner in the process of tailings mitigation when it announced plans to build a transit center on a 2½-acre parcel that overlapped the site of the old Marsac Mill. Predictably, parts of the site—which is on the banks of Silver Creek and only a stone’s throw from Main Street—were found to have elevated levels of lead, cadmium, and mercury.

All of these events again attracted the attention of the Denver office of the EPA, which contended that the time to do any investigation or cleanup was before any development occurred. But to address the “serious environmental issues” in the watershed, the EPA said that this time it would use the carrot instead of the stick. Toward the end of 1998 the agency began quietly talking to a number of individuals and agencies that had a stake in seeing the contamination cleaned up. “We think there are some serious environmental issues we need to look at in the watershed,” Jim Christiansen, the EPA’s Park City project manager, told a group of citizens in May 2000. “Silver Creek could sustain an ecosystem, but it isn’t.” The watershed needs to be cleaned up, but this time the EPA has promised that any solution will be a group decision, not a decree.

Cleanup could take years, Christiansen said, but exactly what constitutes a “cleanup” remains to be seen. Officials see the removal of all the waste rock

and tailings in the Park City mining district—millions of tons of it—as unnecessary and prohibitively expensive. The solution of choice, especially if there is no apparent contamination of surface or groundwater, is to take the Prospector approach: stabilize stream banks and cover the waste with a layer of topsoil.

Park City’s experience with contaminated mine residue is hardly unique. In Salt Lake County, a large plume of contaminated groundwater traced to copper-mining operations around Bingham Canyon threatens water supplies in South Jordan and West Jordan. Contaminated soils also have been found around old smelter sites in Midvale, Murray, Sandy, and Tooele. A popular campground in Little Cottonwood Canyon was closed in 1998 after high levels of lead and arsenic were found in its soils. And, in an eerie echo of Prospector’s 1980s nightmare, tests conducted in the old mining town of Eureka,

Utah, in the summer of 2000 found areas where soil was contaminated with lead; some children had elevated levels of lead in their blood. Some media reports on the Eureka test results even mentioned the dreaded “S” word, suggesting that Superfund designation was possible.

Mark Mesch, administrator of the Utah Abandoned Mine Land Reclamation



Pop Jenks photo

Program, estimates that there are about 1,000 abandoned mines along the Wasatch Front and perhaps 20,000 in the state as a whole. In neighboring Nevada, he says, that number could reach 200,000. As people begin to develop these waste sites as housing developments, shopping centers, and ski resorts, these issues will, no doubt, come to light. How many times the industrial past will thus affect the suburban present across Utah and across the West is an open question. And whether today’s solutions will protect the people of later generations remains to be seen.

Writer/editor David Hampshire is co-author of A History of Summit County (1998) and author of articles in Utah Historical Quarterly and Utah Preservation magazine.

Information for this story came from the files of the EPA and Park City Municipal Corp., from personal interviews, from the minutes of the Upper Silver Creek Watershed Stakeholders, and from stories in the *Utah Historical Quarterly*, the *Utah Mining Journal*, the *Utah Mining Gazette*, the *Deseret News*, the *Park Record*, the *Salt Lake Tribune* and the *Washington Post*.

THE CONSERVATIVE & CONSERVATION

SENATOR REED SMOOT AND AMERICA'S PUBLIC LANDS, 1903-1933

BY THOMAS G. ALEXANDER

Many Utahns remember Reed Smoot for his service as a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints or for his thirty years as a United States Senator (1903-33). They might remember him for his early battle to keep his senate seat against strong anti-Mormon opposition or for his role in drafting and passing the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act of 1930.

Many do not know, however, that as a member and chair of the Senate Committee on Public Lands and Surveys (often called the public lands committee) he played a key role in the passage of a number of laws and policies to protect our public lands.

Smoot supported or sponsored measures that 1) strengthened the hand of the United States president and Forest Service director in protecting national forest lands; 2) established the National Park Service; 3) designated Zion and Bryce as national parks and Cedar Breaks as a national monument; and 4) required those who mined public lands or used river sites for the generation of electricity to pay royalties. For the most part, Smoot's constituents in Utah supported his efforts.

By the early 1900s many people had become worried about the growing loss of and damage to America's natural resources. During Reed Smoot's time in the U. S. Senate, at least four groups proposed different approaches to this problem. One group, best represented by John Muir and the Sierra Club, opposed most uses of public lands and resources that would cause their destruction or change. These might be called preservationists.

Another group, who might be called progressive environmentalists, favored use of the resources by the government itself. Suspicious of both the states and private business, they felt that the government should run the mines and log the timber on the land it owned. Included in that group were Senators Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, Miles Poindexter of Washington, and John F. Nugent of Idaho.

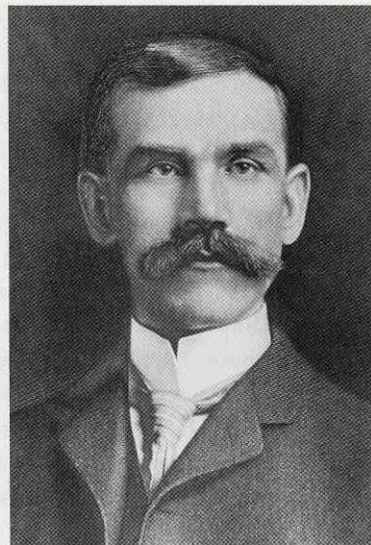
A third group opposed almost all federal manage-

ment of resources. They believed that anybody ought to be able to use public resources without permission and without paying a fee or royalty. These included Senators Weldon B. Heyburn of Idaho, John F. Shafroth of Colorado, Clarence D. Clark of Wyoming, and William H. King of Utah.

A fourth group consisted of business-minded conservationists who favored federal management but thought that mainly private business should extract resources from the public lands. These people also believed that the states ought to play a major role in the management of resources within their borders. This group included Reed Smoot, Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, Irvine E. Lenroot of Wisconsin, Key Pittman of Nevada, and Thomas J. Walsh of Montana. Gifford Pinchot, head of the U. S. Forest Service, and Theodore Roosevelt would likely fit into this group.

The federal government began to set aside national forests after the passage of the Forest Reserve Act in 1891. In 1905 the Forest Service, under the leadership of Gifford Pinchot, began to manage them. Concerned about the destruction of mountain watersheds from overgrazing and damaging logging practices, Smoot and like-minded senators supported the efforts of the Forest Service to regulate grazing and logging. In opposition, however, Weldon Heyburn and his supporters pushed through Congress a measure that prohibited the president from setting aside national forests in Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, or Colorado without congressional approval.

Smoot, however, believed that the president should have the authority to protect the public lands



from abuse. He and his supporters insisted that the law allow the president to continue to designate national forests in Utah, California, Washington, and Nevada.

In an effort to publicize the need for conservation, President Theodore Roosevelt invited the nation's governors and conservation leaders to a conference in Washington, D.C., in December 1908. Recognizing Smoot's solid support for the Forest Service, Roosevelt invited him to chair the Committee on Forest Reservations at the conference. In Smoot's keynote address to the committee he emphasized the need for the careful management of forest land and watersheds in order to protect land, cities, and businesses from damage.

In 1910, while William Howard Taft served as president, Smoot—by then chair of the Senate public lands committee—played a key role in drafting the Pickett Act, which authorized the federal government to classify the public lands according to what it considered to be their best uses, whether recreation, mining, grazing, forestry, or farming. After classification, the government could either sell lands; allow miners to buy or lease them to remove minerals; or retain and manage them as national forests, parks, or monuments.

After the election of Woodrow Wilson and a Democratic majority in the Senate in 1912, Smoot lost his chairmanship and became instead the ranking Republican member of the public lands committee. In this role he considered other public land problems. He lined up with John Muir and other preservationists to oppose the Hetch Hetchy Dam, which would flood the Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National Park in order to generate electricity and provide water for San Francisco.

Smoot had two reasons for opposing the dam. The first was aesthetic, a value that he sincerely believed in. In a speech before the Senate, he defended Muir's philosophy of preservation. But the conservative Smoot also was opposed to having governments operate utility projects. Despite opposition, Congress voted to build the dam.

Smoot began as early as 1912 to propose laws to establish the National Park Service. Until 1916, each of the country's national parks had its own management, but no government agency provided overall direction. Although Smoot argued that the national

parks needed some central administration, his bills failed. In 1916 Congressman William Kent of California introduced his own Park Service bill in the House of Representatives. This Kent bill did not appropriate much money for Park Service administrative expenses, however, and it allowed for livestock grazing in the national parks.

President Wilson had appointed Stephen T. Mather and Horace M. Albright to advise his administration on national park issues. In his position as ranking minority member on the public lands committee, Smoot worked closely with Mather and Albright to reshape the Kent bill while he shepherded it through the Senate. Smoot introduced amendments to provide larger appropriations, and he insisted on striking the general permission for livestock grazing in the parks—although this surely must have angered some of his constituents.

In his memoirs, Albright gives Smoot credit for his persistence and skill in the passage of the bill. Wilson signed the National Park Service Act on August 25, 1916, and at the inauguration of the service in January 1917 he invited Smoot to speak.

A deadlock of competing interests and problems connected with World War I blocked additional environmental legislation until 1919. In the 1918 elections, the Republican party regained control of

Congress, and Smoot again became chair of the public lands committee.

Above all, Smoot wanted to finish the work begun by Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson in setting aside national forests, monuments, and parks and in classifying lands under the Pickett Act. He particularly wanted to pass laws that would allow private businesses to develop minerals on the public lands. Since the states had to provide services for the people who worked on the federal lands, he wanted the federal government to return much of the royalty payments it collected from these businesses to the states.

Along with many others, Smoot thought payments to the states a fair return for the services they supplied. The constitution did not allow the states to tax federally owned lands, yet private property owners paid taxes to support schools, build roads, and pay for police, fire, and other services. In the West, the federal government owned much of the land; in Utah two-thirds of the land belonged to the

Back when the
conservation movement
was in its infancy,
U. S. Senator Smoot, a
business-minded LDS
apostle, worked to
protect many of the
nation's public lands.

federal government. Since people who worked on those lands used state roads and sent their children to state-funded schools, Smoot thought the federal government ought to help pay for these services.

The federal government had a number of choices about how to manage lands that contained coal, oil, or phosphates. The government could sell land that contained these minerals, as it did lands that contained precious metals; it could lease mining rights to private businesses and collect royalties on the minerals; or it could retain the land and hire miners to work the mineral deposits. In general, Smoot opposed federal mining operations and favored publicly regulated private ownership. On this issue he was not inflexible, however, and eventually he came to support leasing.

The bill Smoot introduced in the Senate in 1919 treated the states quite generously. He proposed that the federal government return to the states 45 percent of the royalties business paid for extracting minerals like coal, phosphate, or oil. In addition, he wanted the government to use another 45 percent of that income to pay for irrigation projects in the West. The United States would retain the remaining 10 percent to cover administrative costs.

Various people proposed amendments and provisions for the bill. Some wanted the highest possible royalty and lease charges; others wanted limits on the total amount of land any one company could lease; and some wanted to exclude all aliens from leasing. Representatives of oil companies wanted the government to pay them for developments they had made on the public lands prior to the passage of the Pickett Act.

Congressman Nicholas J. Sinnott of Oregon introduced a somewhat different leasing act into the House of Representatives. On January 3, 1920, after the two houses found that they could not arrive at a compromise on many of the most controversial provisions of the two bills, they turned the negotiations over to Smoot and Sinnott. The two held conferences with representatives of oil companies, the Interior Department, and others to try to work out their differences.

By the end of January the two had reached compromises on everything except one: They could not agree whether or not to distribute part of the royalties to the states. Frustrated by Sinnott's refusal to consider returning substantial money to the states for schools and roads, Smoot issued an ultimatum.

Unless they could agree to pay the states at least 37.5 percent of the royalty income, he said, he "would let the bill die." Sinnott agreed, and the two houses approved the bill. Wilson signed the Smoot-Sinnott Leasing Act on February 25, 1920.

The act was extremely important because it affirmed certain principles that are still in place. Through this act, the federal government would continue to own and manage lands containing resources such as oil, coal, or phosphates. The government would grant leases to private companies to prospect for these minerals, then it would charge a royalty for those minerals that the miners removed.

Except for a small administrative fee, these royalties went to the states for schools and roads and to the reclamation fund to pay for water projects in the West.

In 1920 Congress also worked out a similar system of leases for hydroelectric power sites. Smoot did not play a central role in this legislation, but he made sure that 37.5 percent of the income from the leases came back to the states.

By 1921 the most significant years in Smoot's role as a conservationist had passed. Unfortunately, however, because of his chairmanship of the public lands committee, he found himself swimming in a whirlpool called the Teapot Dome scandal.

The Teapot Dome affair had its origins during the Taft and Wilson administrations. The threat of war in Europe had led the presidents to fear that a shortage of oil could hamper the effectiveness of the U. S. Navy. To protect the oil supply, these presidents designated three Naval Oil Reserves fields: Elk Hills and Buena Vista Hills in California and Teapot Dome in Wyoming.

In May 1921, shortly after Warren Harding was inaugurated as president, the Secretary of the Navy proposed that he transfer management of the reserves to the Interior Department, which could more effectively prevent the loss of oil to private companies that were drilling nearby. The government had apparently lost a substantial amount of oil to outside drilling, and Harding approved the transfer.

In April 1922 Interior Secretary Albert B. Fall granted leases at the California reserves to Edward L. Doheny of the Pan American Oil Company and at the Teapot Dome reserve to Harry F. Sinclair of the Mammoth Oil Company. Fall negotiated the leases in secret, and he approved the Teapot Dome lease without getting competitive bids.

Smoot supported the federal regulation of grazing, logging, and mining. He also worked to create the National Park Service and Zion and Bryce national parks.

After learning of the leases, Senator John B. Kendrick of Wyoming asked for a report on them, and Senator La Follette asked Fall for an explanation. Fall submitted his report to the public lands committee, and Smoot had it printed in the Congressional Record. Smoot actually took little interest in the matter at first because he had turned his attention to other issues, such as tariffs. Besides, he considered the issue to be merely a political one, with the Democrats trying to gain some advantage from a scandal.

But a number of people were concerned about the secrecy surrounding the leasing, and they charged that Fall had failed to follow proper procedures.

Under pressure to investigate the lease agreements, Smoot scheduled hearings for October 1923. During this time, revelations of fraud in Harding's Veterans Administration and Justice Department fueled the intensity of the Teapot Dome hearings. As the hearings proceeded through December 1923, Smoot met privately with Fall and Sinclair; they convinced him that nothing improper had taken place. Smoot later accused the two of lying to him.

Fall eventually spent a term in prison for accepting a bribe, and Sinclair was sentenced for tampering with a jury. Doheny went free. Smoot came under sharp criticism for his support of the Harding administration—and for an unfortunate relationship he had with Doheny. Smoot had paid the California oil man money to clear the debts of one of his sons, who had speculated in the stock of one of Doheny's companies.

Increasingly concerned with Senate Finance Committee matters, Smoot resigned his lands committee chairmanship during the Teapot hearings. But he did spend time with environmental issues during the 1920s. For instance, when California's delegation introduced legislation into Congress to construct a dam at Boulder Canyon on the Arizona–Nevada border, Smoot opposed it. This dam—Hoover Dam—was to generate power and store water for sun-parched California farms. But Smoot thought the federal government should not engage in the electric power business. He also feared that Utahns might lose their water rights to Californians. He changed his position in 1928 only after amendments protected Utah's water rights.

He continued to work for the designation of new national parks and the expansion of others, for the

management of national forests, and for the "reclamation" of arid lands through irrigation. During this time, he successfully secured legislation establishing Zion and Bryce National Parks and Cedar Breaks National Monument in southern Utah. He also supported legislation for the enlargement of Mount McKinley (now Denali) National Park in Alaska and Hot Springs National Park in Arkansas and for the preservation of sites on the Mormon Trail in Nebraska. He helped create the presidential forest reserve in the Kaibab National Forest near the Grand Canyon. And he promoted the exchange of privately owned properties within national forests.

Joining with
preservationists like
John Muir,
Smoot worked—
unsuccessfully—
to block the
Hetch Hetchy Dam
in Yosemite National
Park.

Although Smoot would not be considered an environmentalist today, he broke new ground in his day. Because he both worked to set aside land for watersheds and parks and at the same time worked to allow resource development in other areas, he somewhat bridged the gap between Pinchot's utilitarian brand of conservation and Muir's aesthetic conservation.

Much of what Smoot did set the stage for the management of America's natural resources during the rest of the century. His work on the Pickett Act provided for the classification of federal lands, ensuring that some were preserved for aesthetic reasons and that others were managed for resources and economic gain. The National Park

Service Act established the administrative mechanisms that are still in place to manage the national parks. He strongly supported the Forest Service in its efforts to protect the land, trees, and watersheds in the national forests. He helped establish a leasing system that is still in place to manage public lands containing minerals like oil, coal, and phosphates. On balance, he played a significant role in the ongoing effort to provide effective management of America's public lands.

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WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN

THE
REINTRODUCTION OF
BISON
TO ANTELOPE ISLAND

by D. Robert Carter



IN 1841 THE UTE chief Wanship told mountain man Osborne Russell that bison had once roamed the Salt Lake Valley. During dry seasons, Wanship said, the animals crossed the Great Salt Lake to

Antelope Island without having to swim. But Russell was visiting the valley decades too late to witness that sight. By the time he arrived, all the bison were gone.

Almost 50 years later, two entrepreneurs, William Glasmann and Charles J. Jones, reintroduced bison to the Salt Lake Valley. The story of how American bison were returned to Utah and eventually taken to Antelope Island provides a seldom-told tale of the embryonic stage of the conservation movement in the state.

In his early life, Charles J. Jones made a living hunting bison, but as the number of animals became depleted to near-extinction, Jones realized it was possible to make more money protecting them than hunting them. He caught and raised bison calves and sold them at a good profit to zoos and private collectors as far away as Europe. His campaign to save the American bison from extinction earned him the

nickname "Buffalo Jones." Jones also dealt in real estate and helped create Garden City, Kansas.

Somehow, William Glasmann, who lived in Utah and also dabbled in real estate development, met Buffalo Jones and became interested in his efforts to save—and profit from—the monarch of the plains. He convinced Jones to establish a bison ranch near the Great Salt Lake. In due time, thirty-five of the animals, seven bulls and twenty-eight cows, were prodded onto a train headed for Utah. Jones and Glasmann planned a combined zoo and game preserve on the south shore of the lake, with Jones acting as manager.

Glasmann had a particular motivation for bringing bison to Utah: he wanted to stimulate interest in a real estate development on the south shore of the Great Salt Lake, where he and several business associates planned to take advantage of the transportation provided by the Utah and Nevada Railroad and the popularity of saltwater bathing. They purchased a block of land west of Black Rock and Garfield Beach resorts. On

Photos: John Dooly and the J. W. Walker family on the "buffalo boat" that they used to ferry bison to Antelope Island (USHS); "Buffalo Jones," Charles Jones (from a book by Col. Henry Inman, courtesy BYU Special Collections).

this gentle slope, surveyors laid out a triangular townsite that was intersected by the railroad.

HOPING TO CREATE a park-like appearance, the developers planted 5,000 trees on the homesites and promised to water them without charge for two years. They also promised to build a pier from the edge of the townsite out into the lake. After giving their development the rather optimistic name of Garfield City, they offered residential corner lots for \$250 and inside lots for \$200.

Ads in the *Salt Lake Herald* and the *Salt Lake Tribune* dubbed Garfield City the best-watered area in Utah. The ads boasted of a large artesian well called "The Giant Spouter" that developers claimed flowed at two million gallons a day, a flowing well that provided 270 additional gallons of water per minute, and two large natural springs of pure water. Two other wells provided sulphur water and soda water, and E.T. Irrigating Canal Company water was also available. The trees, beach cottages, fountains, and flowing streams promised to beautify the drab desert terrain.

A large tract of land in the northern section of Garfield City blossomed into a glorified corral that the partners named Buffalo Park. Jones also collected other exotic animals, and eventually the park claimed to own a hundred bison, twenty half-breed bison, thirteen deer, ten elk, twelve antelope, nine moose, two wild Mexican ponies, five bears, two seals, and six silver-gray foxes. The foxes, caught by an Indian in northern Canada, were said to be worth \$250 each. Some fifty-three animals, including at least thirty-five bison, had arrived at the site by the spring of 1890. Starting with this small nucleus of animals, Glasmann and Jones formed the rather grandiose goal of making Buffalo Park the largest zoological gardens in the world.

Many of the wild animals had panicked during their ride over the rails, however, and had injured themselves and each other. Jones estimated that about half of all the animals he transported by rail

died. Evidently, one "fine old gentleman" bison lost part of a hind leg on the trip to Salt Lake, and when he arrived at the park his owners wondered if he should be put out of his misery. However, Glasmann designed a wooden leg that was soon strapped to the amazed animal. At first, the bull seemed puzzled by his new leg and spent several days gazing in wonderment at this new appendage. When he finally grasped what its function was, he seemed to take solid pride in it. It is said that he even grazed near the railroad track on purpose to display his new leg to train passengers. Never has a bison acted more proud of a wooden leg.

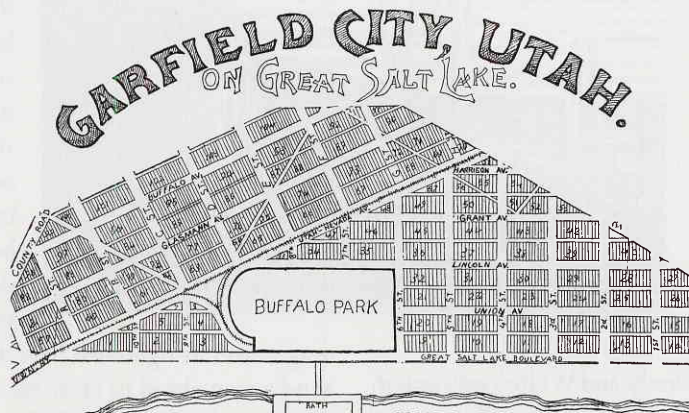
The projected resort town did attract a number of eastern buyers, and Buffalo Park brought groups of curious visitors eager to see the animals. However, by

the time the chips were down and barely dry enough to kindle a good cooking fire, it became apparent that the whole project was eventually going to fail. Jones left and went back to his ranch in Kansas. Within a year and a half of the park's opening, there were rumors that Glasmann was reluctantly planning to sell

the bison, and it seemed as if Utah would lose its herd. In June 1891 a representative from Rush Park, near Independence, Iowa, came to Salt Lake City and offered to buy the animals. But Glasmann seemed to be sincere in his desire to help perpetuate the bison in Utah, and he refused to sell. People in Salt Lake Valley felt proud to claim one of the few small bison herds left in the country.

ANOTHER YEAR AND A HALF had barely passed when a more palatable option presented itself. John E. Dooly and John H. White, the owners of most of Antelope Island, expressed an interest in the animals. On January 17, 1893, the lords of Antelope Island struck a deal with Glasmann and took possession of three yearlings and nine full-grown bison.

Dooly, White, and Glasmann kept the details of the purchase a secret. John Dooly hung his head and claimed the price was so stiff that people would laugh



Plat of Garfield City, from an ad in the Salt Lake Herald, Sunday, March 9, 1890.

at him if they knew what he had paid. The Ogden *Standard* and the *Deseret Evening News* observed that the last yearling bison Glasmann had sold went to France and England for \$1,000 a head. The *Salt Lake Tribune* ventured the guess that White and Dooly had paid more than that.

The Antelope Island partners took possession of the small herd and announced their intention to establish a large game reserve for all animals indigenous to the West. Several years earlier the two men had reintroduced deer and transplanted California and eastern quail to the island. The transplants had thrived. Now the partners had bison and planned to add antelope, elk, moose, Rocky Mountain sheep, and more. If their experiment succeeded, they would possess one of the first large game preserves west of the Rockies.

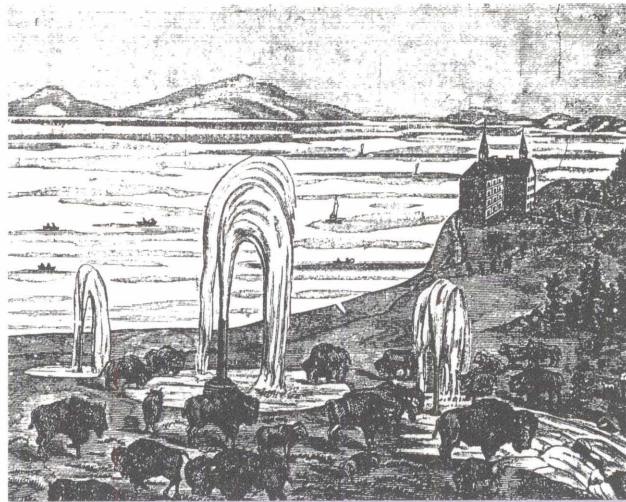
ON FEBRUARY 9, 1893, Dooly and White confronted a formidable challenge as they attempted to move the bison from Lake Point eastward along the south shore of the Great Salt Lake and then northward via Salt Lake and Lake Park to Antelope Island. Mr. White soon found that bison are not very tractable animals. A group of interested neighbors gathered to watch as he gamely swung into the saddle and rode out to face "Major McKinley," a giant bison bull reputed to weigh 3,600 pounds. White and the "major" met eye to eye on the field of battle and stared each other down. The man saluted the animal with his hat in an attempt to "shoo" the bull. Wrong move; McKinley charged, and White quickly turned and spurred his horse away. For about two miles the indignant bull pursued the horse and rider. Fortunately, the bull finally paused for a drink of cool water. This offered White the opportunity to slip away. But in a mere two miles, he had lost his desire to chase bison, and he turned the job over to the herders and to his partner, pointing out that Dooly was the buffalo man anyway.

After half a day's work, the men induced the bison to leave the park and hit the trail. The animals spent

that night at a cattle ranch. The next day the caravan crossed the Jordan River on the White Bridge, entered the outskirts of Salt Lake City, and traveled up Second West to the Union Stock Yard, where the animals bedded down.

The next morning they clumped northward along the state highway. The trek over this thoroughfare created quite a stir as people gathered along the route to watch the cavalcade. The bison often

spooked the horses of fellow travelers, and the Wild West assemblage almost ended in disaster when the herd spied a loaded hay wagon lumbering toward them. How lucky the great beasts must have considered themselves to meet this bison version of meals on wheels. The beasts did not stand on ceremony but charged forward to help themselves. After the animals were finally separated from the



An idealized Buffalo Park, from the Herald ad.

wagon and its lightened load, the herders decided to send a man ahead to clear the road of all traffic until the unpredictable bison had passed.

On Monday, February 13, the herd left the state road and headed west. They finally reached Lake Park, west of Farmington, where James William Walker, White's ranch foreman, waited with a boat to ferry the critters to their new home on the island. Walker had anticipated the difficulty of transporting the bison over the lake and had prepared the boat by making its sides higher and building a frame of poles over the top of this seaworthy cattle corral. The work of loading the animals began Monday afternoon and continued Tuesday morning. Forcing the unwieldy cargo up the chute and onto the boat required considerable effort. After finishing the task, the men sailed for Antelope Island, where the critters likely disembarked with far more zeal than they had shown for loading. Bison had returned to Antelope Island.

Because of their rarity, bison commanded high prices on the market. A February 8, 1896, article in the *Deseret News* claimed that bison robes sold for a minimum of \$100, and a bison head could bring \$300 to \$500. The meat could also be sold as some-

what of a curiosity to those who hadn't tasted it. Zoos and potential breeders paid \$1,000 to \$2,000 for a mating pair of bison. Dooly and White must have hoped to make some money while helping save the bison.

By 1896 the Antelope Island herd had grown to fifteen animals. The newly evolved policy of Dooly and White seemed to be to leave the bison alone to multiply unless they became troublesome. If an animal presented a problem, it was killed for profit.

As the original shipment of bison acclimated to the island, ranchers noticed that one solitary bull seemed to be ostracized from the herd, roaming the north end of the island, and frequenting what the ranch hands called Satan's Gulch. The bull became cantan-

kerous and chased bird and rabbit hunters. Twice, this bull attacked foreman William Walker. One of its final acts of violence occurred when it caught Walker by surprise and gored his horse to death. The man barely escaped with his life. This experience convinced him that the animal was too dangerous to keep, and plans for the island's first commercial bison hunt came to fruition two weeks later.

ON A SUNDAY MORNING early in December 1896 fourteen men, including a butcher, several hunters, two journalists, and four sailors, boarded the *Ergo*, a large, lubberly, flat-bottomed schooner capable of hauling some thirty head of cattle. Since the boat was an open affair, it offered little or no shelter from the elements. The men hoped to complete the twelve-mile trip to the island in several hours. According to plan, they would land on the island, kill the troublesome bull, and return that evening—or on Monday at the latest.

The sailors knew that the Great Salt Lake was a tricky body of water to navigate. Because it is large and comparatively shallow, the force of the wind frequently caused water to shift from one section of the lake to another. The depth of an area could vary, ris-

ing or falling several inches in the same day, depending on the velocity and direction of the wind. When the *Ergo* was launched, a stiff northwest wind blew across the lake. The boat was within about two miles of the island when the wind ceased; the water dropped and deposited the cattle barge firmly atop a large sandbar.

The men began working to free the craft. They likely considered themselves in little peril, since the

lake was calm and they had ample provisions to last several days: a roast loin of beef, several cooked chickens, abundant links of sausage, ample bread and vegetables, some water, and plenty of whiskey. They had also brought several small skiffs along in case they had to abandon ship. The adventurers struggled to



A bison hunt on the island in 1903.

free the *Ergo* from the sandbar until the next day, but even after all those hours of work, the craft remained firmly stuck on the bar. At this point the men terminated their efforts to free the boat, piled their supplies in the skiffs, and rowed toward shore.

William Walker and his ranch hands welcomed the belated party to the island as warmly as was possible in December. The combined group hurried to the ranch house and prepared to take to the field. The cowboys saddled the fleetest horses, and the hunt began.

Walker knew that the rogue bull, which they named "The Mighty Sullivan of Satan's Gulch," would charge the horses as soon as he spied them. So Walker and Harry Edwards rode into the gulch to decoy the renegade bison out into the open, where the men in the wagon could more easily reach his carcass and dress it after he was shot. The other hunters deployed in various places around the mouth of the canyon, hoping for a clear shot at the bull. Colonel Shaughnessy stayed close to the canyon; Burt Brown, manager of Western Union Telegraph in Salt Lake City, guarded another possible escape route; Otto Stallmann stayed quite a distance below the canyon on the flats; and Colonel Treweek climbed a tree that

proved to be an excellent lookout position.

After a short wait, Treweek bellowed a warning of the bison's approach. Then the two men on horses dashed out of the canyon with the bison charging after them at a distance of forty yards. When "The Mighty Sullivan" spied the men at the mouth of the canyon, he warily veered northward and ran along the foothills. Then he sighted the men in the wagon and temporarily thwarted the plans of the hunters by running away from them toward the ranch house, stopping to rest in a large meadow about a mile from the structure.

The hunters rapidly followed. The men on horseback reached the bull first and thought he was too worn out to charge again, but the animal surprised them. When they rode toward him, he lowered his horns and chased Edwards's horse a short distance before he changed his course and headed to the east shore in an attempt to skirt around the men and make toward the north end of the island.

When the furious animal turned north, Shaughnessy and Brown, who were within shooting range of him, received a good broadside view of his massive body. Shaughnessy shot first. The bison briefly fell to his knees, rose, and ran another 150 yards, where he came into the sights of Brown's rifle. The sound of a second shot rent the air, and "The Mighty Sullivan of Satan's Gulch" wheeled around in final defiance, took several unsteady steps forward, fell to the ground, and breathed his last.

AFTER THE WAGON ARRIVED at the dead bull, Martin Lannan, the butcher, dressed the carcass. The bull was then loaded into the vehicle and transported to the ranch house. The men measured the animal at 13 feet 2 inches long and 6 feet tall. They estimated his weight to be about 2,000 pounds.

Tuesday evening the men loaded "Sullivan" onto a boat that they poled toward the mainland through calm water. The voyage back proved to be as slow as the trip to the island. That night the travelers were surrounded by an ice floe and could do nothing but helplessly huddle wrapped in their tents and blankets as the sluggish current nudged them shoreward.

When they finally reached the mainland, the tired hunters boarded a train for Salt Lake City, and the carcass was again loaded onto a wagon to make the trip to the metropolis. The men arrived Wednesday, a day before the bison reached the city. Some Salt Lake sportsmen remained skeptical of the stories they heard about the successful hunt, but when William Walker delivered the bull Thursday afternoon, they

became believers.

"Sullivan" was unloaded Friday and placed in a life-like position in Lannan's meat market. News of the hunt excited the sportsmen and general population of Utah's capital city. People crowded in front of the market eager to get a glimpse of the bison. Lannan anticipated that thousands would view it.

The bison's head and hide were preserved and sold. The meat appeared on many a holiday table as an oddity, and some old-timers likely ate a steak or two and reminisced about the days long ago when they had crossed the plains and witnessed thousands of these now-rare animals.

THROUGH THE YEARS many other managed bison hunts have been held on the island, but a nucleus of breeding stock has always been preserved. Today, thanks to the protective actions of "Buffalo" Jones, William Glasmann, John Dooly, John White, and the successive owners and lessees of Antelope Island, the bison have been safeguarded there for over a hundred years, making them one of the oldest herds in the country. They are now owned and managed by the State of Utah and have grown in number from twelve to a managed stock population of about 550. These bison comprise one of the largest publicly owned herds in the nation. Each year a few of the animals are still hunted, and about 150 of them are sold to the highest bidder.

Thanks to early conservationists, the chips are still down on Antelope Island.

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Photos: Buffalo boat and bison hunt are from USHS collections.

EVADÉAN'S STORY

Stories about making a living in the West usually get told from a man's point of view. Here is one told by a woman. Evadean Francisco has lived in the valley east of Bryce Canyon for more than half a century.

When I came over here [to Henrieville, 1948] there was no oiled roads at all. We traveled on dirt roads. It broke my mother's heart cause I had an old wood stove to cook on. She thought I had lost my mind coming backwards to this hillbilly country. My father's expression was "You have come to the end of the world." And it still is the end of the world, as far as how advanced we are here compared to other people.

It was very hard. I washed on a washboard. It took us quite a few years before we had enough to buy a washer. We used to have the old cooler down in the cellar. We would keep it wet and that is where we would keep all the butter and milk and stuff like that.

When we came over here the stars were just gorgeous because there were no street lights, nothing. You had everything done so when it got dark at night you was in the house. I remember the old coal oil lamps.

Aunt Sarah Willis, she had a store. You could buy anything you could buy in the supermarket. If she didn't have it she would get it for you. She was a little old sweetheart from England. I can see her toddling around there. She went to every child's birthday party. She went to all of the dances, she went to all of the weddings. If Aunt Sarah didn't come everybody would say, "What is wrong with Aunt Sarah?"

I was the only woman in the town of Henrieville that could drive. All the men had to leave this area and go out to work on construction or any job they could find. So all these women were left without a soul who could drive. So if I went anywhere, I always told them in church that I was going to Cedar [City] or wherever. I would have a list two and a half feet long....

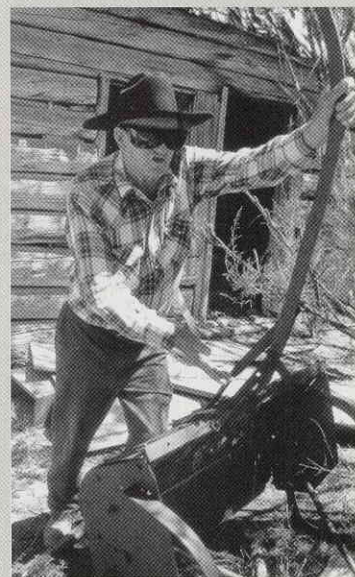
I used to take everybody to the doctor, night or day, or whenever. I used to because when the men would haul their sheep out and stuff, they wasn't here to do that. When they would come home, you had to go when the auction day was. So guess who drove the big trucks of sheep? I've drove sheep; I've drove cattle. I drove beside those silage cutters, 'cause no other women knew how.

This is why I said it's hard here. Angeline Ahlstrom told me when she moved down here, "Evadean, it is a prison. It is a paradise here for men and children, and it truly is. But it's a prison for women, because a lot of women simply can't handle it. There is nothing here culturally...all you have is the [LDS] church."

I feel really sorry for all of these women who move in here who have this wonderful idea of this beautiful town and country life and that. Before a year is up they are having all sorts of mental trouble and everything. I went through that myself.... I learned more about me, just to learn how to live in this area.

It is very trying. Hard. But if you ever have any children here they never want to leave. It is a country that literally holds its people who are here. They get out of here and all they see is to come back here, even if they have to live on nothing. It is, it is a very hard country to live on. I used to say we couldn't even give it back to the Indians, thirty years

**An oral history by
Evadean Francisco**



**Evadean Reeves Francisco
in 1948 and today; Charlie
Francisco demonstrating
the use of a Fresno slip-
scraper in Loseeville.**

ago. The Indians wouldn't even have the damn place.

[A woman makes her] world here, you have to make it. Like I say, when we came up here we came with eighty-five head of sheep. We could have made it. It was the government that broke us. I can honestly say that. Because we got a government loan, we bought 160 acres. Had they left us alone with the sheep, we could have made it. The guy that was in here first, he didn't like sheep. He insisted that we buy cows. Then we go in and buy cows. We haul our milk to Panguitch every day. Do that, the silage bit, the big farm, the whole thing.

It was hard, it was damn hard. I lost my health trying to do it. I used to do the plowing. When we first come up here, Charlie would pitch the hay on, and I done the tromping and the stacking of the hay. It was just everything like that. You had to work just like a man. And Charlie will always say, "I did this and I did that." But he had a woman in his [back] pocket, which was me, and three little girls. Without us he would have never made the farm.

We are like white squaws here. This is the truth; I am telling you the truth. These men here are lords unto themselves. It's always "I did": I, I, I. I, me,

mine, and my. But there is always a woman in their [back] pocket that walks four steps behind.

[Charlie and Evadean later sold the farm, and Charlie got a job working on the state road—which gave the family their first steady income. They also bought a trailer-house but still owed \$500 to the government ("It just as well been a million"). She got a loan for \$400 to build a greenhouse to pay off the loans, then worked the greenhouse from 1964 to 1985, when continual bouts of pneumonia forced her to quit. Charlie and Evadean then built a log house and began renting bed-and-breakfast rooms.]

I have people come in here and they will say, "Where do you go to shop?" I say, "You don't go shop." If the stores depended on us women, they would never survive because we never have to go to the store. We are self-sufficient. You have to be and you had to be. I do all of my own canning. I walk into those great big malls...down in St. George and in Cedar City, and to me it looks like so much clutter. I can't believe they buy that stuff.

Taken from a 1998 interview for the Southern Utah Oral History Project conducted by Suzi Montgomery at the Francisco house in Tropic. Photos by Suzi Montgomery.

